Thank you for reading this!

My mission - and my team’s mission is simple: We’re in the fight for life because we love. We see that every life, from the child in the womb, to natural death - and in between, including the abortion clinic worker’s life, has incredible value and worth. We believe that abortion strips women of their dignity. We believe that motherhood is empowering. We believe that not giving into societal pressures to degrade oneself is empowering. We believe that justice applies to every single human being on this earth. We believe in redefining the pro-life movement.

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“I’m going to perform an ultrasound-guided abortion on this patient. I need you to hold the ultrasound probe,” the doctor explained. I applied the lubricant to the patient’s belly, then maneuvered the ultrasound probe until her uterus was displayed on the screen and adjusted the probe’s position to capture the image of the fetus. I was expecting to see what I had seen in past ultrasounds. Usually, depending on how far along the pregnancy was and how the fetus was turned, I’d first see a leg, or the head, or some partial image of the torso, and would need to maneuver a bit to get the best possible image. But this time, the image was complete. I could see the entire, perfect profile of a baby. The detail startled me. I could clearly see the profile of the head, both arms, legs, and even tiny fingers and toes. Perfect.

“Thirteen weeks,” I heard the nurse say after taking measurements to determine the fetus’s age. “Okay,” the doctor said, looking at me, “just hold the probe in place during the procedure so I can see what I’m doing.” The cool air of the exam room left me feeling chilled. My eyes still glued to the image of this perfectly formed baby, I watched as a new image entered the video screen. The cannula—a strawshaped instrument attached to the end of the suction tube—had been inserted into the uterus and was nearing the baby’s side. It looked like an invader on the screen, out of place. I had a sudden urge to yell, “Stop!” My eyes shot back to the screen again. The cannula was already being rotated by the doctor, and now I could see the tiny body violently twisting with it. For the briefest moment it looked as if the baby were being wrung like a dishcloth, twirled and squeezed. And then the little body crumpled and began disappearing into the cannula before my eyes. The last thing I saw was the tiny, perfectly formed backbone sucked into the tube, and then everything was gone. And the uterus was empty. Totally empty.

That was a human baby—fighting for life! A battle that was lost in the blink of an eye. What I have told people for years, what I’ve believed and taught and defended, is a lie. What if I’d known the truth, and what if I’d told all those women? What if I’d believed a lie? I had blindly promoted the “company line” for so long. Why? Why hadn’t I searched out the truth for myself? Why had I closed my ears to the arguments I’d heard? My hand was still on the patient’s belly, and I had the sense that I had just taken something away from her with that hand. I’d robbed her. And right there, standing beside the table, my hand on the weeping woman’s belly, this thought came from deep within me: Never again! Never again.