

# Lori Baker

## Director of Client Care

**O**n a gloomy spring morning in 1979, my boyfriend and I drove to a Columbia, SC abortion clinic. I was 17 years old, scared and confused as to what that day would hold.

After signing several forms giving my permission to end my pregnancy, I was led into a room where nine other women sat... waiting.

When my name was called, I was taken to the procedure room. After a few minutes of prep by the nurse, a doctor came into the room, never spoke to me, but asked the nurse if I was ready. She said yes. As the procedure began, the pain became intense, bringing me to uncontrolled sobbing. The nurse held my hand and said, "It'll be okay. It will all be over in just a few minutes." Little did I know then that her statement would be one of the biggest lies I would ever be told.

That was the day that my 7-week-old preborn child died, at the hands of an abortionist with permission from me, his mother. It was also the day that guilt and regret settled in to be my constant companion... sometimes as close as my own heartbeat and other times like a nagging backtrack. No... it wasn't over...

The day the emotional pain of the abortion began to end was when I summoned the courage to tell a Christian co-worker about the abortion, which I had kept secret for five years. She asked me if I had prayed to God for Him to forgive me. I said, "Yes! Many times!" She matter-of-factly said, "Well, then you're forgiven." Yes, I was... I believed that. However, what I didn't know is that there was more healing I needed to experience, mainly learning how to forgive myself.

Nine years after I began my healing journey, I attended an abortion recovery weekend retreat. While there, all participants were asked to pray to God for Him to reveal to us if our child was a boy

or a girl and what we should name him or her. God made it clear to me that my aborted child was a boy and that I was to name him Peter.

On Sunday morning, the last day of the retreat, all of us attendees participated in a memorial service for our lost children. When it was my turn to honor Peter, I walked down the chapel's middle aisle, holding a lit candle representing Peter's short life. I placed the candle next to his name-card on the altar adorned with blue and pink carnations.

In that moment, through a cascade of tears, I felt the release of my long-held guilt, totally and completely forgiving myself; and for the first time, I acknowledged my child as a part of my life and family. I imagined that one day when I see Peter in heaven, he might say to me, "I forgive you, Mom, and I thank you for courageously claiming me as your son so many years ago and for giving me such a special name. I love you."

At the conclusion of the weekend, all of us mothers received Certificates of Life for each of our children. Peter's certificate has a special place on a bookshelf in my Daybreak office, that I have many times shown clients, visitors and friends. It is a reminder to me that what we do at Daybreak is a quiet battle for LIFE — physical and spiritual — with God leading the way and us following, fully clothed in His spiritual armor of protection.

It is a privilege and a blessing to share the truth of LIFE and the GOSPEL with our clients. I also love sharing about God's forgiveness and restoration for those of us who are affected by abortion, directly or indirectly. Isn't it beautiful that God is always with us... no matter where we are! *"If I ascend into heaven, You are there; If I make my bed in hell, behold, You are there." Psa 139:8*

**Lori Baker, Director of Client Care**  
[lori@daybreakcola.org](mailto:lori@daybreakcola.org)