

Prayerful Witness on the Feast of the Annunciation

Before the governmental ban of large gatherings, on March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, the day to honor the unborn, I went with a few people to pray outside Planned Parenthood.

By the grace of God, we had the opportunity to speak to five people. We only had the chance to speak to one person before she entered the clinic. It appeared as though she thought about what we shared and may have reconsidered having an abortion. I am not sure. She was with a friend who brought her there. He was trying to convince her the whole way there not to go through with it. She was crying so I tried to stay distant and talk with her. In the end, she wanted to go inside anyway. The young man was distraught. We did not speak again. God only knows what happened but we continue to pray for this young woman.

The rest of the people we spoke with were now post abortive with a lot of pain. It was heartbreaking. One mother was driving out and stopped and thanked us for what we were doing. We were praying the rosary. I said, "Why did you thank us?" She said she brought her daughter there and did not know they did abortions in this place. I asked why her daughter was inside, she said she didn't know. She described a complicated, multi-generational family situation. Then the woman shared with me that she herself was post-abortive. So, I gave her Project Rachel information. She went back in PP for a long time and when she came out with her daughter, who was hunched over with tears in her eyes, the mom yells out to us, "God bless you." I was reminded how much our culture has disconnected abortion and its consequences with so much of the emotional pain and dysfunctional relationships women experience even years later.

After that two other young girls with very sad expressions on their faces came out with escorts. I was able to give them Project Rachel information and was able to tell them, "There is help please call the number."

The saddest moment was when the waste truck came out with the aborted babies. The driver and two others in the truck said they didn't know what they were picking up. The driver asked if they do abortions in PP and my friend said yes and he shook his head in disbelief. He allowed me to pray over the truck and I sprinkled holy water on the truck asking God to bless those holy innocents.

May our prayers and sacrifices continue to be offered up for the closing of this heinous place, for the end of abortion and the healing of all those who have had abortions. I was grateful to be there for the Feast of the Annunciation and the day of the unborn. Jesus have mercy, help us and Blessed Mother bring light to this dark world.

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