

Three WHCS Patients' Testimonies Indicating Post-Viability abortions for Illegal Reasons

Received by Operation Rescue Via the Internet

1. From "Janice" – aborted baby girl in 9th month of pregnancy in December, 2003, for fetal anomaly (not allowed by to K.S.A. 65-6703)

I do however agree with you on one thing now, and that is that Dr Tiller's abortion clinic should be closed. After some deep soul searching and many sleepless nights up thinking about the care I received there, I agree it's not right. I live in Canada, a country with some of the world's best health care, and free health care at that. I think I was so grateful to him [abortionist George R. Tiller] because he was able to terminate a pregnancy for me because I couldn't face the results of that pregnancy.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not some girl off the street who got pregnant and decided in my third trimester that I all of the sudden was not ready to be a parent. I was newly married had a new home and had been helping raise my stepson since he was 6 months old. We were beyond elated to be having this baby we loved her from the minute we found out she was coming. We had the nursery all painted and basically were waiting.

I was due to have her on the 15th of January, 2004. It wasn't until the 23rd of December that it was noticed that there was something wrong during a routine ultrasound. The next day (Christmas Eve) me and my husband were sent to [a] hospital. They [the hospital] have the best prenatal diagnosis and medical genetics program in the country. It was then, after a bunch of tests, that they were able to tell me that our daughter, whom we were expecting in less then a month, more then likely had Complete Trisomy 22, a condition incompatible with life.

An MRI the day after Christmas confirmed that this was true. I was then faced with two decisions: I could wait and deliver any time and watch my child expire before my eyes while I stood there helplessly and did nothing, or I could go see this doctor in Wichita who would terminate my pregnancy for me so that I would not have to go through that. I was distraught. I didn't know what to do and I let others sway me into going to see him. Now I don't know what these procedures normally cost being that we have free health care here but Dr. Tiller charged 19000 Dollars US. OHIP (Ontario Health Insurance Plan) paid for it, of course, and then all I had to pay for was my flight and accommodations and to have the body of my daughter sent back to [Canada] for a full autopsy.

Now most of my trip to Kansas is a blur. This is because from the time you arrive at Dr. Tiller's clinic, you are on some form of drugs. You're in a daze. Though I remember a lot, there is a lot I don't remember. I will never however forget the day I was given the digoxin shot through my stomach into the heart of my baby. It took me 45 minutes to calm down enough so that Dr. Tiller and one of his nurses could come in to do this. I was hysterical because after this there was no turning back. By telling them I was ready for

them to come in and do it, I was telling them that it was ok to kill my daughter. They sedated me and then did it.

Now I have spoken to many other women who have been to Dr. Tiller's clinic. NONE of them were sedated for the procedure. I woke up and my baby was dead. After that I was given a perscription for a drug called "Pentazocine," while all the other women were given a prescription for something similar to TYLENOL #3.

I was then sent to have laminaria packed up into me. While inserting the laminaria they broke my water "accidentally." I was then shipped off to the La Quinta [– Ed. Note: This hotel chain has since disassociated themselves with Tiller.] where my labour began. It's now 6 pm the clinic is closed for the day and I'm in pretty intense labour. My contractions were less then 5 minutes apart. My mother, who was with me at the time, called down to Edna's room. [-Ed. Note: This is Tiller employee Edna Roach.] Edna told my mom to give me 2 pills, then one every hour. After that I didn't know my left from my right. After a few hours I was to the point where I was begging my mother for no more pills. I was in excruciating pain and I was vomiting from the pills. I had this HORRIBLE pain in my cervix that to this day I can't explain. (To this day, I still experience that pain from time to time.) My mother called Edna several more times she finally came down to my room and examined me on the hotel bed and said I was fine. She then gave me another shot that sedated me. The pain was so intense that when it would come I would come out of the sedation then pass back out. This persisted for several hours until the sedation wore off.

By this time it was about 1 am and my contractions were one minute apart. My mom called Edna several times screaming at her. She then came again and gave me another shot and sedated me. All the while I was still taking the pills every hour on the hour. By the time the second round of the sedation had worn off, I could no longer stand because of the drugs and because of the extreme pressure on my pelvis.

I remember saying I needed to go to a hospital I didn't care about Dr. Tiller's clinic. I needed another doctor. My mom was crying and she ran into the hall. When she opened the door, the man in the next room heard me crying and screaming. He was a doctor. I thought I was saved! Turns out the doctor in the next room was [Tiller abortionist] Dr. [LeRoy] Carhart. He had just arrived and checked into the hotel. He came in and examined me. Immediately he then called Edna and the exchanged some harsh words and he said I needed to go to the clinic NOW.

I had to be carried out to the van. Both me and my mother [were] in the back seat. Dr. Carhart and Edna [were] in the front. My mother and I had to listen to Edna's rap music the whole way there, which I found highly unprofessional. At this point, [my mother and I] were both, like, what did we get ourselves into? What kind of clinic is this? I left the hotel at 5:15am by the time I got to Dr. Tiller's clinic (they brought me in through [Tiller's private] garage) they registered me, undressed me, sedated me, and I delivered my child. It was 6 am, 45 minutes [after I arrived at the clinic.]

I do remember a few minor things about the delivery, but because of the anesthetic, I hardly remember anything at all. I was sent back to the hotel at 9 am. I returned to the clinic around 10 am the next day for a “check-up.” It was at this time I was allowed to hold my daughter and have her baptized. They recommended I did not look at her because of all the disfigurements she had due to the Trisomy 22. They suggested it would be better for me to just think of her as the perfect little baby I had imagined she would be. Now when you first get to the clinic you get a check list of things you can ask for, [for example] the baby blanket, hand and foot prints, pictures, etc. I asked for these things and they told me they would mail them to me. I was hysterical. I just needed something to hold onto. I threw a fit in a waiting room (a waiting room I had never seen before). It was FULL of people. All of a sudden, they brought me my stuff. It seemed to me as soon as my abortion was over they couldn’t wait to get rid of me.

[Tiller employee] Sarah Phares and [former abortion chaplain] Reverend Gardner [-Ed. Note: Gardner is now deceased.] however were there for me and consoled me to the best of their abilities. I now see that the medical care I received there was the worst kind of medical care one could ever [have] received.

Now my story is almost over, but there is a little more to it. The prescription I was given there had a refill on it, but it cost my 75 dollars US to fill this so I figured I would wait until the next day when I got home to refill this prescription because it would only cost me 35 cents. (I have a medical plan.) So I had been home for 2 days and had not slept. I was vomiting I had nosebleeds, the shakes, the sweats, and uncontrollable spasms. I thought this was because of stress, so I went to see my doctor and he wanted to run tests. I agreed. On my way out his door I remembered my prescription so I gave it to him and asked for the refill. He looked at me with a very strange look on his face and asked me to sit down. He explained to me that this drug was illegal in Canada and he could not give it to me, and that basically it was synthetic heroine. And he couldn’t believe the amount of milligrams in each pill. I then explained to him that I was told to take 2 and then one every hour. He then did a quick blood test and it confirmed that the levels of pentazocine in my system now – let alone 2 days ago – should have killed me. I was not having all these symptoms from stress. They were my body’s way of trying to detox me.

I am no longer grateful for Dr. Tiller “helping me.” He didn’t help me at all. I wish now I would [have] had the courage to deliver my little girl and let her get even just one breath of air before she passed, to let her see my face just once before she passed. I will never have that chance now and I will always have to live with the decision I made and the nightmares of what happened to me in Kansas. All I have now is my little 6 lb. 2 oz. daughter’s ashes in a tiny silver engraved box in my living room. I have a small box of pictures and footprints and a receiving blanket with green goop on it that I can’t bring myself to wash because I think it will wash her away. I still cry every day and I miss her everyday. Dr. Tiller didn’t help me. He robbed me and I let him. Women need to know what goes on there. People need to be educated on what goes on inside his clinic.

2. Anonymous – Scheduled for an abortion in December, 2007, at 25 weeks for fetal anomaly

(Note: While this patient tells us that Tiller would not do her abortion, it was not because he believed aborting her baby was illegal, but because she was upset and conflicted. If she had been resolved, there is no doubt that Tiller would have done this abortion even though fetal anomaly is not a legal reason to abort at 25 weeks and the woman's life and health were not in jeopardy.)

About a month ago my unborn child was diagnosed with severe hydrocephalus. For those of you who don't know that is the term for "water on the brain". At first we could not accept that nothing except a shunt could help our son. We went from dr. to dr. and all opinions were the same. There was no hope for our baby. The pediatric neurologist told us she didn't even think our son would breathe at birth if I carried him to term and that his quality of life would be none at all. I just turned 20 and the babies father is only 18. Because the idea of facing this at so young not to mention the pain our child is facing, we decided to come see dr. Tiller. We made funeral arrangements and bought things to bury the baby in. We wanted to hold our baby and have the opportunity to say goodbye. We were confident in our decision. We live in Annapolis MD so it quite a trip to get here not to mention a huge financial expense. We got there and had our consultation. I was in with 3 other mothers making the same choice I was for similar reasons. Of everyone there I was the most emotional. Between me the babies father and my mother who went with us I don't know who was crying more. When dr. Tiller took us back he did the ultrasound and determined me to be 25 weeks and 1 day pregnant. The size of the babies head was the size of a babies head at 30 weeks. Because of the hydrocephalus dr. Tiller said the babies head would cave in at birth. Since we were so adamant about wanting to hold our baby this was bad news. I started to cry and dr. Tiller said he wasn't going to perform the procedure on me. He said that he didn't think abortion was the best option for me and that I should let mother nature run its course. He said he could tell I was conflicted and he had made his decision. He didn't charge us for anything and sent us home with the advice that I continue my pregnancy. I felt very relieved to leave the clinic because I didn't think I belonged there. I just have a hard time thinking dr. Tiller is all about money when he turned me down. It seems as though if that was the case he would have got my six grand no matter how conflicted I was or if he could give me what I wanted or not. I do not believe in abortion. There are a few circumstances like rape where I believe women should have the option early in pregnancy. However there are so many couples out there who can't have children who would love to adopt a baby. I feel like adoption is a much better option than abortion. In cases like mine however adoption is not an option. I will tell everyone who has commented on here that you may think you know what you would in certain situations but you don't. The simple fact is that you have NO IDEA what it is like to hear that your child will never even be able to play with a toy. You will do anything to protect your child from pain and constant suffering. Dr. Tiller is right. Abortion is not the answer for me. In all honesty I am very grateful to dr. Tiller for turning me down. He saved me from doing something I would have regretted. I am going to let God and mother nature take over. I know my baby is going to die, if not right away soon after birth. I know he is also going to have a huge head. The babies father and I will hold him while he dies. It will be so hard to see but that will be God's plan and not mine.

Life is so hard. Many people don't leave dr. Tiller's with good stories but I have one. He knew I wasn't ready for his procedure. I thank him for showing me mercy and not taking my money and making me do it. Abortion was not the answer for me and I'm glad he saw that.

3. From "Tina" – aborted a healthy baby boy in her 27th week of pregnancy because of rape, not a legal exception under the law. (Date unknown)

My experience at Dr. Tiller's clinic for the week I was there was it was physically the closest thing to hell on earth I have ever experienced. He gave me no anesthesia at all and the whole experience was so painful, but the day of my "labor & delivery" was the worst thing anyone has ever done to me.

On that day, me and the 7 other girls in my group went into the basement and we were given hospital gowns to change into. Then we were taken to our beds, which were all lined up in a row. Then, the nurses went down the line. They put 2 IV's into me – one in my hand and the other kind of at the side of my wrist. At that point, they gave me something, (I think pitocin, but I don't actually remember), to induce my labor and I felt like I was dying. It hurt so much and they told me to try and lay with my knees as close to my chest as possible and that would help with the contractions. It didn't. After I had laid there like that for awhile, I really felt like I had to pee. I told the nurse and she said that I didn't have to, that it was just my water. I insisted that she take me to the bathroom and she did...

Then she said that it was time for me to go in see the doctor. I was taken in the operating room, put in the stirrups and the nurse stayed there to hold my hand. He took this curved scissor and broke my water. Somehow my water came back onto me and soaked my gown. He told the nurse to change my gown, I told him that I didn't care that it was wet, I just really wanted a painkiller. He said that they do care and they were going to change my gown.

So after the nurse did that, he took his entire hand and pushed it inside of me to do something to the baby (to turn him feet first, I presume) and I have NEVER felt anything like that in my life. Then he took a bigger scissors and did something else inside of me. I was crying, he told me not to scream because I would scare the other girls, his 1st trimester patients. Then, he took the forceps and did something to me with them. At that point, I had just given up, I thought I was dying and I was told just to stay quiet. Then, he said that I was not dilated enough and he sent me back to my bed. He told me not to push until he told me to. I laid there for what seem[ed] like forever and my body just started pushing. At that point, the nurse took me into the bathroom and she laid a blue covering over the toilet and she told me to start pushing as hard as I could and on my last push, they gave me something that totally knocked me out.

I woke up in my bed and I remember not being in that awful pain. I looked behind me and I saw a chart. I picked it up and it was the information on my baby. That's how I

found out that he was a boy. The nurse grabbed my chart away from me and told me that I wasn't allowed to see that. Then, I had to go back in and see the doctor again. I was so sore and he took the speculum, which almost sent me through the roof in pain. He suctioned something out and sent me back to my bed to rest. That was the worst day of my life.

The days preceding that were bad, when he gave me the shot to stop the baby's heart on the first day. It hurt and I jumped. He told me that I had better stay still or he would miss and then he'd just have to do it again.

The laminaria hurt and I writhed around during all of those insertions and extractions. I was told once again to remain still because if I didn't, it would hurt more. I was only 16 and I had never even had an exam before.

...Tiller had the nerve to tell me and the other girls in my group that having our late term abortions were 40x safer than actual childbirth. That is a complete lie! I have cervical scarring from his repeated insertions of laminaria to dilate my cervix (unnaturally, for his "safe" procedure) as well as cervical incompetence that required me to have a cerclage (a stitch that keeps your cervix from dilating) put in to carry my current pregnancy to term.

...When I had my abortion at Tiller's clinic, he made everyone in my group (myself included) sign a paper saying that if we had any complications at all, we were under no circumstance to go to the hospital. We were to call only him. I had my abortion at about 28 weeks and he gave me no anesthesia, but loaded me up on antibiotics.

...I also want to add that my group was all late term elective patients who were 30 or more weeks pregnant and I was the only girl who indicated that a rape had taken place and I was a minor. [Tiller] did nothing to help me prosecute the crime. He just killed my baby, thus destroying the evidence.

...I am ashamed that I have tirelessly defended a man who subjected me to so much pain. I told my friend that story and she said that it was the most inhumane, horrific story of abortion she's ever heard.

Do I have to go to a church to ask God to forgive me? If I have to, what type of church?

...I cry for my son every day and I have said repeatedly that I would NOT have another abortion.