

**BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE OF OHIO**  
**HB228**  
**CHAIRMAN WHITE AND MEMBERS OF THE HEALTH COMMITTEE**

**PREPARED TESTIMONY OF DEBORAH SAMPLES**

**June 13, 2006**

My name is Deborah Samples and I am from West Carrollton, Ohio.

At 23 years old, I was going through a very nasty divorce from my first husband. It took almost a year for my divorce to be final. During that year, I met a man who became my second husband. Shortly afterwards, I became pregnant with his child. Because my divorce from my first husband was not yet final, my soon to be second husband thought it was best for me to abort the child. He made all of the arrangements and brought me to the abortion facility. I felt that I had no other choice as I was afraid of what people would say and of losing his love.

The only thing I remember about the abortion is the pain. I bled very badly afterwards, and I ended up going to my own OB/GYN who had to perform a D&C. At that time, I never shed a tear and the subject was never discussed again. For years, I kept my secret.

When I turned twenty-nine I went into a deep depression. My doctor put me on anti-depressants but they didn't help. Every year around my birthday I would cry for about two weeks. I was uncomfortable with getting birthday presents and hated February, my birthday month. I had my tubes tied thinking I didn't deserve a child after what I did to my unborn child.

Slowly, I grew to hate my second husband and I didn't know why. We eventually got divorced. My depression was a little better, but I still suffered every February. I would cry uncontrollably when I saw a pregnant woman or would walk through a baby department in a store. I isolated myself, put up a lot of walls never allowing anyone to get close to me. I didn't want them to know my secret. When I turned forty, I found myself getting chronically depressed and thinking about how old my aborted child would have been. I went to see my doctor who happened to have an office across the street from an abortion facility. I was overcome with grief. I drove over to the facility and yelled at the protesters with their signs saying "where were you years ago when I needed you." I was crying hysterically and this gentle woman came over to console me and held me till I quit crying. She gave me a brochure for a care pregnancy center where I could go for abortion recovery. I put it in my glove box.

After 911 happened, my son informed me that he was being deployed to Iraq. I remember shutting down emotionally and thinking that I might lose my living son. For the first time, I realized and acknowledged the child that I had aborted. I began to grieve that loss of my aborted child. Later, I found the pamphlet that the woman had given me outside the abortion facility and called the number. I went through the abortion recovery program and found that all the women

in my group were carrying the same guilt and shame that I felt. Through the group, I learned why I would get depressed every February as that would have been the month that my aborted child would have been born.

Over time I learned to forgive myself and my ex-husband, but I will never forget. Please don't let women continue to suffer the pain that I and many other women here today have suffered. Please stop abortion in Ohio.

Thank you.