The Best Kind Of Quitting

Dear Pro-Life Partners, June 15, 2025

How many scarred lives will it take for the abortion industry to wake up to the misery it inflicts upon women and the danger it poses to society? I fear that the number may never be high enough in that an agenda can often trump decency. The damage becomes even more widespread when we consider the men and family members also affected by abortion. Interestingly, though, it is not just those on the receiving end who suffer. Many on the administering side of this "medical procedure" have left the industry when they realized what was really happening. (*And Then There Were None*, Johnson).

Abby Johnson also organized a "Day of Exodus" this past April which encouraged abortion workers to walk away. Since Abby left her job at Planned Parenthood in response to a 40 Days for Life vigil, 242 more (and counting) have followed suit, thanks to the prayers of sidewalk volunteers. One such woman was an East Coast Planned Parenthood employee who felt empty as she realized that her work was not helping women (LifeNews, 4/30/25). Not knowing where to turn, 40 Days for Life participants led her to a pregnancy help center where she transitioned to a new career.

Marie Gallagher (LifeNews, 5/9/25) writes of a radio interview she conducted with a woman trained by Planned Parenthood as a comprehensive sex educator. Over a decade in this role, she realized that her employer was grooming children for the abortion business and that this type of "education" led to approximately 300,000 abortions per year--1/3 of all abortions. She left and founded, "It Takes a Family," which teaches parents how to counteract the toxic messages of Planned Parenthood.

Kathi Aultman is a former abortionist who is now a pro-life advocate (NRLNews, 2/3/25, *Live Action* Interview). In medical school, Kathi did not view unborn babies as human beings; rather, she was clinically fascinated by the tiny parts she would extract. She liked the challenge of performing late-term abortions, and in her words, "The bigger, the better." While pregnant, Aultman was proud to continue aborting "unwanted" babies while carrying her "wanted" one. When her baby was born, however, aspects of her work began to bother her, and three patients changed everything:

- The first woman had several previous abortions, three of them performed by Aultman. The doctor did not want to do a fourth, but was overruled. Afterwards, she tried to get the patient to take birth control, but she refused.
- The next woman came in with a friend who asked, "Do you want to see the tissue?" To which the patient replied, "No, I just want to kill it." This response hit Aultman like cold water in the face, thinking, "It's not the baby's fault."
- Aultman's last patient was a mother of four who wanted to keep her baby, but was forced to "choose" abortion because she and her husband thought they could not afford a fifth child. The mother cried throughout her visit, and Aultman states that she just couldn't do them after that because she had finally made the fetus=baby connection.

Despite Aultman's resolve not to perform abortions, she was still pro-choice, believing that an unplanned pregnancy for a young girl was the worst thing that could happen to her. When she began seeing young girls in her practice and in her church who had babies and were doing really well, she realized that the pro-abortion rhetoric she had embraced was flawed. She began to see that, "These are real people that we are killing." The final, pivotal point that won her to the pro-life cause was something as simple as reading an article from a pro-life friend. The article compared the Holocaust in Nazi Germany to abortion in America today, both of which dehumanize an entire class of people. Realizing she had been complicit in this modern-day holocaust, Aultman completely changed her opinion and now speaks out for life.

A woman named Hope was hired by Planned Parenthood as a sign-language interpreter for deaf patients. Here is her poignant testimony (NRLNews, 5/29/25).

> *At 10:30 sharp, we entered the operating room. That's when my stomach started to turn. Previously, when I'd read "medical procedure," it had been for ultrasounds. But this was different – we were in an OR. The lights were too bright for the size of the room. There were cold-looking metal objects on a table. I was in an abortion. I tried to remain calm. I interpreted back and forth, but when the murder began, I lost it. As I watched the doctor pull this*

life out, limb by limb, I couldn't help but let the tears start to fall. What I had thought would be just lumps of blood clots were body parts. Arms, a torso, legs, and a head. I felt as if I was suffocating. As soon as it was over, I ran from the room. I collapsed in the hallway and sobbed uncontrollably. To this day, I haven't cried like that since. A security guard rushed me into his office. I realize now that it was probably not to console me, but because I was scaring the patients. I quit my job that afternoon. I went into the manager's office and signed my papers. Abortion was not a strong enough word for what I had witnessed. Murder wasn't even good enough a word. To me, murder implied that the person might have been capable of fighting back. No, this was a slaughter.

They say a picture paints a thousand words, but powerful testimonies such as these could mean thousands of saved lives.

Partnering with You for Life!

Linda Verhulst, MRL-WR