

# LADY LIBERTY

The book, *Lady Liberty* blends artwork and testimony to chronicle Julie Weber's story of being set free from the negative affects of her abortion experience. Transparent testimony reveals the path God used to heal Julie of the physical trauma and emotional scars, she experienced after the abortion. The artwork included is in the form of a God inspired children's book she created to release her aborted child to Jesus and to give honor to her aborted child.

*Lady Liberty* is a strong statement of God's desire to heal and restore that which is broken in our lives.

Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV)

*"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."*



JULIE WEBER RESIDES IN EDEN PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA WITH HER FAMILY. WITH HER HUSBAND SHE IS A SPEAKER IN THE AREAS OF MARRIAGE, FAMILY AND POST-ABORTIVE HEALING. SHE IS CURRENTLY STUDYING TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL FINE ARTIST.



# LADY LIBERTY



A POST-ABORTIVE STORY  
OF HEALING

*Julie Weber*

Copyrighted Material

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Front Cover Drawings: Cast Drawing by J. Weber "Cherub"  
Cast Drawing by J. Weber "Pieta" (after the antique)



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## *Letter from My Husband*

Dear Reader,

The Lady Liberty testimony describes how God healed Julie, our children, and our marriage from the effects of an improperly dealt with abortion. God deserves and gets all the credit for the healing in our lives. However, as you will read, God had Julie, and sometimes us as a couple, take some specific steps along the way. We believe His purpose was to help Julie move beyond the prison she placed herself in that she couldn't get out of on her own. The healing described occurred in layers and over twenty years. If you need a healing, it can be instantaneous or it may take some time. In the end, Julie needed to hear what God wanted her to do and then she needed to believe what He was telling her was true. When she heard from God and was obedient, she moved forward. Be encouraged, we have found that God is in the restoration business as well as the healing business. Since the healing has taken place, God is continually restoring the things that were lost to Julie over twenty years of struggle. Her painful memories of the past are being replaced with new pleasant memories. Her weaknesses have become her strength as she shares what God has done in her life. We pray for you as you begin or continue on your healing journey.

Blessings,  
Jeff Weber

*The LORD will keep you from all harm—he will watch over your life.*

*Psalm 121:7 (NIV)*

## *Expressions of Gratitude*

To God who loves us constantly.

To my aborted child, Innocence, my miracle children Ethan and Sharon, and my husband Jeff. I love you.

To my living mom and dad (who went home to be with the Lord) for giving me life and raising me.

To the following couples who came into my life in the order listed. You impacted me with your help, prayers, love, advice, encouragement and support.

Brent and Pam Greenlee – University of the Family (formerly Marriage Ministries Int'l), St. Paul, MN.

Michael and Marilyn Phillipps – University of the Family (formerly Marriage Ministries Int'l), Hdqtrs., Highlands Ranch, CO.

Mark and Cynthia Kretschmar – P.A.T.H. (Post-Abortion Trauma Healing) which is part of Flames of Fire Ministries, Minneapolis, MN.

Pastors Dale and Sandy Sisam – Life Church, Eden Prairie, MN.

Dr. Hal and Jane Baumchen – Northland Counseling Services, Eden Prairie, MN.

To the Minnesota River School of Fine Art staff. My instructors for the cover drawings, Pat Jerde and Darren Rousar.

To Mike McCann of McCann Advertising Photography for the cover photographs.

To Bethany Press Staff, Barak Gideon for your professionalism and assistance.

## *My Testimony*

# *Lady Liberty*

### **How it All Began**

During my teenage years, I lived a lifestyle of promiscuity, alcohol, and drug use. I felt lonely and unloved. Needing attention, I naturally looked to my parents. But because our home was filled with strife, I began to look for the love I needed outside the home. In the arms of many men, I did anything to be held, to feel accepted and loved. The result—I ended up pregnant at 20 years old. At first I was shocked that this could happen to me. When I told the father, he didn't want anything to do with me or the baby. I felt I couldn't tell my parents or anyone else. What would people think of me? How could I support this baby? What about school? Fear and loneliness gripped me and I felt that I had only one alternative and that was to abort the baby.

### **My Decision to Abort and My Experience**

In the clinic they explained to me the process of abortion. I was told that in the early stages there would be no harm to my body and I would be up and around in no time. "Great!" I thought. "No harm to my body. This is what I want." They said I could have the abortion and go on with the rest of my life. So with a cashier's check and a goodbye

from the father, I aborted my baby over the July 4th weekend in 1978. Following the abortion I was led to a recovery area. While I was lying down on some type of table, I observed another girl being led to a big chair after her abortion, and still another three other girls were leaning against some furniture crying. I couldn't help thinking that this is a strange place. Then I began to cry as overwhelming emotions came over me. My roommate picked me up at the designated time and I continued to cry all the way home. When she left me and I was alone, I began to think, "What have I done?" I cried out to God, "What have I just done?" That little voice inside was saying to me, "You killed your child and that is a sin." Suddenly I came out of my state of shock and realized that I had killed my baby through abortion.

It was then that I got down on my knees and cried out to God to please forgive me for murdering my child. "Please forgive me, Jesus, for I have been living a life of promiscuity, lies, drugs, and alcohol, and so many more things that I don't want to be doing. Jesus, I've heard that the way you lived your life can help me. Please come into my life and lead me away from all of this."

### **From Bad to Worse**

Immediately following the abortion, instead of resting and recovering as recommended after the procedure, I moved from Florida to Minnesota where my family was living at the time. I thought that a fresh new start is what I needed and that no one needed to know I had aborted my baby. However, in an attempt to get my life back together, I became sick with the PID (Pelvic Inflammatory Disease), a condition that happens more frequently to women who have had an abortion. The doctor said I was anemic and as a result of having the PID I was sterile. If I ever did get pregnant again, I would have a tubal pregnancy and would have to abort the baby immediately because it would be life threatening to me.

Besides my physical health, the rest of my life also began to deteriorate as a result of the abortion. I dropped out of college, broke all ties with my college roommates of six



years, and because of a strained relationship with my parents and the overall circumstances, I went out on my own, working many jobs in order to support myself. Eventually, I fell back into promiscuity again, this time with the men at work. I was lonely and miserable, and hated myself for falling back into old habits in my new life in Minnesota. I tried hard to put away memories and behavior of my past life in Florida, but old habits are hard to break. One night when I was sick to my stomach and totally disgusted with myself, I helped myself throw up. That night was the first experience of what would become several years of serious bulimia.

I spent all my money bingeing on extra food and throwing it up. I began to lose a lot of weight, so much that I needed new clothes. I looked good on the outside but I was hurting inside. I loved losing weight, but the way I was doing it wasn't right. I think I did it as a way to punish myself because I felt I was a bad person and that my personality was the cause of a lot of problems in my life.

### Professional Help

I began seeing a psychologist. Along with my self-hatred, I was now depressed and sad most of the time. I had a few acquaintance-level relationships but nothing solid. I didn't get involved with anyone because I didn't want to get close to anyone. Bulimia was running my life. I had lost quite a bit of weight. In the beginning, I kept it a secret from the psychologist. I didn't know her very well and even though she was a trained doctor I was careful what I shared. "Share safe stuff," I told myself. I didn't share the abortion experience with her because I didn't think it had anything to do with my life today. In my mind, I couldn't tie the abortion to any of the problems I was having in my life at the time. I thought the abortion was just an old mistake I had made, and one that I never wanted to repeat.

One day the psychologist asked me if I ever thought about God. She was not a Christian, so it was a surprise to hear her ask me a question like that. "Sure," I answered, "I pray to Him every night and always ask for His help." What

she didn't know was that I had been crying out to God to help me hold food down. She asked me if I belonged to a church. I said, no, thinking to myself, "Where would I even go?" She suggested that I start attending a church, especially since I talked to God as much as I claimed. That made sense because even though I prayed to Jesus immediately after my abortion, I hadn't done anything to help my spiritual life grow. So I took her advice and began looking for a church, visiting many churches of all denominations in the area where I was living. It was so confusing to me. There were so many viewpoints on the message of Christianity. Finally, I decided to just start reading my Bible to seek out God and to increase what little I did know of Him.

### **Health to My Body Direct from the Bible**

"The Bible is a big book. Where do I start?" I thought as I thumbed through the pages. That little voice inside said, "Try the beginning". So I began to read from the beginning. I read how God walked with Abraham and talked with him, and how they ate together. I read that they cooked with foods like lentils, barley, and figs, in the land of milk and honey. A thought came into my mind. "I wonder if I ate some of these foods mentioned in the Bible, maybe God would help me to get well and I would be able to hold food down." I looked up some of these foods but I didn't know how to cook with them. So I decided to take some cooking classes at a Yoga/Vegetarian Cooking school. By attending the school, I learned much about nutrition and about one of the ways to care for my physical body, and that was through yoga exercises. I continued reading the Bible as I learned to cook some of these new foods, and exercised. During the meditation time of the yoga classes people would hum to their God. This was new to me. I had never called to God by humming before so this part of the class I didn't agree to. While others were humming, I prayed quietly to the only God I knew, thanking Him for showing me new things. Eventually, I began to hold down foods. I received my healing from reading God's Word and following what it said.

Eventually after I had gained trust in the psychologist, I did tell her about my bulimia and she sent me to a nutritionist to learn how to manage my eating habits. The nutritionist had good things to say and I tried to follow some of her advice, but I started to get worse again. For me, I had to rely upon what God had revealed to me about my situation, so I went back to the Bible diet and once again began to get better.

### A Good Report

Then I met my future husband Jeff. He was actually the first man who didn't want sexual favors from me. He wanted a friend but I didn't know how to be a friend other than the sexual kind. It was totally new to me. I didn't want to be close to anyone, so why bother to have a friendship. I told him up front to not get any ideas and he told me the same. He had just come out of a divorce and explained that his ex-wife had had an affair with her boss and left him. Sexual favors weren't on Jeff's mind either. So reluctantly, we became friends only.

As time went on, we developed a deeper relationship with each other and began thinking about marriage, Jeff mentioned that he wanted children. Well, that struck a chord in me. I couldn't have kids and I hadn't told him about my past yet. I didn't want to tell him either, but he became insistent that we talk about children. When I finally told him about my past and that I couldn't have children, he stopped talking and just looked at me. I could tell he was thinking something like, "I'm not going to marry her unless we can have children."

"Have you ever prayed for a healing from God?" Jeff asked.

"What are you talking about"? I replied.

He explained about laying hands on me and praying for a healing. "Well," I thought, "What have I got to lose?"

I made an appointment to see my doctor and explained to him about my past abortion and everything else following it. He suggested that I go for a specific kind of histogram test which was done in the hospital. There they would shoot ink

through the fallopian tubes to see how clear they are. If the ink went straight through and the rest of the gynecological exam checked out, there wouldn't be any reason why I shouldn't be able to get pregnant. Actually, you can lay there during the test and watch everything on the screen in front of you. I explained this procedure to Jeff before I had the test; then he laid his hands on my shoulder and we prayed together for a healing.

In the hospital before the test, Jeff said he would be praying for me. As I watched the ink going up my fallopian tubes on the monitor, the left one started to move up much quicker than the right. In fact, the right one wasn't going up at all. So I silently began to pray and within a short time it started to go up the right side very slowly. After the test, my physician checked my recent health exams, and based on those exams and the results of the test, he didn't see why I should have any problems getting pregnant. God healed me from total sterility to being fertile once again. I was amazed and thankful. He honored our prayers. We were married within two years from the time we first met each other and we have two beautiful healthy children.

### Still in Prison

Even though I experienced a miracle when God healed me of my sterility, a deep sadness still persisted in my heart. I didn't know why I felt the way I did. It's interesting that I gave birth to 2 children with birthdays on July 2 and July 6, both around the fourth of July—the same time of year I had the abortion. An example of the sadness I felt was that every year when it was their birthdays, instead of feeling happiness and joy for them, I would be unexplainably depressed and sad. There were times when sadness would overwhelm me so much that I didn't go places with them because I was tired of acting happy when in reality I felt extremely sad and wanted to be alone. My son commented to me one day, "Mom, you never laugh." I think he was 7 years old when he said that, but it was true. I still had no joy in my life.

As life went on my emotions became pretty frazzled. I

wrestled a lot with anger, sadness, depression, shame, guilt, joylessness, and isolation. There were times when I would be angry toward Jeff and the kids and would kick them out of the house. As soon as they would leave, I'd cry out to God, "Why am I like this? Why am I so angry at them? What is wrong with me? Why can't I love them?" In some situations my emotional state would override my ability to have natural reactions and I could tell that I was hurting them with my words and the way I acted toward them even in our arguments. I just couldn't love them.

### God Healed My Marriage

Our marriage began to suffer in many ways. We both had issues. Jeff was working a lot and didn't seem to appreciate me anymore. He and the kids had become very self-sufficient, our calendar filled with all their activities. I sensed that my emotions were ruling my life and my marriage, but I didn't know what to do about it except leave the marriage. So I began to plan a divorce. This may seem strange, but while I was planning to leave Jeff and plotting in my heart how I would leave him, we agreed to attend a 13-week Bible-based course called "Married for Life," offered by University of the Family. Maybe you can relate, sometimes you find yourself (your body, flesh) committing to something, while at the same time your thoughts are screaming "don't do this." How could this happen? I wanted to leave my marriage not enrich it.

We understood the course we signed up for was nothing more than a Bible study on marriage. We thought that the only serious problems we had were my emotions. We were wrong! I remember going to the classes thinking, "Don't you people have any problems?" It seemed that only Jeff and I shared openly about our marriage, and what we did share didn't line up with the blueprint God laid out for marriage in the Bible. We had a horrible time doing the homework together because we would fight so much. So, we wouldn't do it together. I would read the lessons and homework section while he was at work, thinking to myself, "This is good

stuff. Too bad I don't follow any of these biblical principles. I would really have to change and that would take a lot of work." I remember thinking that our house would probably be peaceful if I started to apply some of the biblical principles I was reading about—especially the lesson about stopping strife before it starts.

Completing the course was hard, but God had shown us some principles to put in place to help us survive in our marriage. We finished the course and remained together, even though I still wanted out. It was later through continuing to study, applying the principles, and teaching the Married for Life class (especially what I learned in the area of covenant) that I changed my mind on getting a divorce. My husband Jeff and I were involved in teaching and promoting the Married for Life class for many years and continue to be amazed at the enrichment and healing God brings to couples through this course.

### What I was Thinking

Over the entire time period I've described following the abortion, I would still get regular flashbacks of having the abortion. It bothered me to the point that I began to question whether I had really asked Jesus into my heart or not. Every time a pastor would pray the prayer of salvation I just kept repeating it, fearful that I wasn't going to make it to heaven. I was still dealing with many emotional issues in my life, and felt as though I was in a prison with no way of escape.

All this time I didn't think I needed help in the area of abortion. In my mind I felt that it was just something I had done in my past and I didn't want anyone to know about. I remember once the church we attended had a special Women's Function on abortion. "I'm not going there," I thought to myself. "I don't need that. No way! I have dealt with that in the past. I already know enough about that subject and I don't need to learn anything more." Then a flashback of the whole scenario of my abortion would come rushing through my mind again.

## Happy Birthday to Me

It was time for my 40th birthday. My husband kept asking me if I wanted a party. No, I would say. No one would come to it. I thought of all the birthday parties I had attended for all the other people I knew and I couldn't think of one person who would come to my party. My husband kept saying that people would come. But in my heart I knew that I hadn't given to any of the relationships so why should they come. I didn't want to do anything. Besides, we couldn't go out on my birthday because on that day we were visiting a new church for University of the Family. We wanted to meet and bless the new pastors. Of course, I used this as an excuse not to have a party.

At the new church we were visiting we met some special friends of ours, Brent and Pam. They brought another couple over to meet Jeff and me. The wife happened to be the director of PATH ministry. PATH stands for Post-Abortive Trauma Healing. I immediately directed a thought to God, "Gee, everyone else gets a party and lots of gifts on their 40th birthday, and you want to give me a healing?" Well, that thought shocked me. The next thing I knew, I had somehow committed to go through the next PATH class being held.

I went home hurt and angry that my birthday hadn't turned out the way I wanted. I began to ponder all the events that had taken place during the evening. Was God trying to tell me something? I thought I had already dealt with this issue and buried it years ago. Why did I have to go back and deal with this again? I didn't want to. It was too shaming and painful, and besides, I didn't think I needed it. So I called the director and told her that the course she was offering was not for me. I said I really think I would be wasting my time and explained that since I share about my abortion as part of my testimony I've dealt with the situation successfully. She listened to me, then said, "That's fine. Why don't you come to the first class and see. After you have listened to the introduction and a little of the first week's course content and you still feel you are wasting your time, then you are free to go during the first break." "The class is free," I thought once again. "What do I have to lose?"

## **Post-Abortive Healing Class and What I Experienced**

A couple of weeks prior to starting the class, I was irritable "big-time" at home and at my job. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. I was eating everything I shouldn't eat and yelling at everyone at home. I had "zero" patience level. I just wanted to be alone, so I took a leave of absence from my job. When the class started I went the first night not knowing what to expect. I thought, "God is this you? If you are trying to tell me something, then I'm going to stay and trust you through this. If you aren't, then I'm out of here. I just want to be open to hearing from you. I don't want to do this, but I'm going to go and trust that it might be something you want me to do. Please talk to me and help me to hear your voice during this time."

When I got to class music was playing softly. That bothered me because I didn't like to listen to music, especially soft music, because I would always get so emotional. Then a few women came into the room and sat down. The moment I saw them I started to cry. Soon the speaker got up and the introduction to PATH ministry class started. As the speaker explained what would be expected in the course, I listened intently because I was trying to determine if I should leave during the first break. First she read a list of emotions that all of us should have been experiencing prior to starting the class. I realized I had been feeling all those emotions. Then she explained that this class was different. She didn't know why, but prior to starting each class during intercession for the class she always received a word from the Lord for that class. The word for this particular class was "freedom." The moment she shared this I tried hard to control myself. I knew God was trying to tell me something. I didn't leave. God was answering all my previous prayers and cries of anguish. He was revealing to me the answer to my own question, "What is wrong with me?"

As the class went on, flashbacks of the day I aborted my child and memories of how I had lived my life kept racing through my mind. I pieced it together and came to the real-



ization that 20 years ago when I aborted my baby I began to run and had been running ever since. I felt as though I was in prison. She described the aftereffects that abortion had on women using the term "post-abortive"—a term I had never heard of. But then again I didn't want to hear anything about the topic of abortion either. I didn't even want this healing. But the more I listened to her teaching, the more I realized that I had put myself into a prison. I kept wondering if this could be the root of all my problems: my anger, my unexplained sadness, my depression, my lack of joy, my bulimia, my flashbacks, my shame and guilt, my source of broken relationships, my desire to be alone, my inability to love my husband and children, and even to love myself?

## *Introduction to Baby Innocence Picture Book*

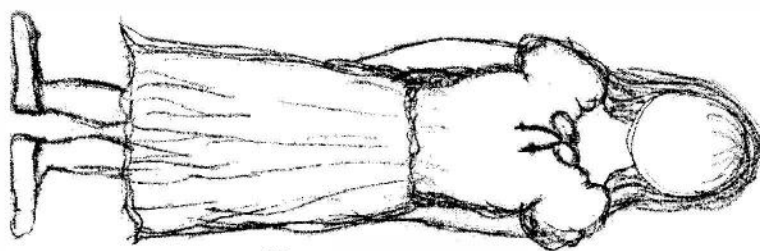
This book centers around a picture book dedicated to my aborted child who I named Innocence. Designing the picture book was one of the final steps God had me take to be healed of the negative effects of my previous abortion.

To set the scene, I was approaching the end of my post-abortive trauma healing class (PATH). Week after week, each class had been building up to the last night which was to be a memorial honor service. Before the honor service we were encouraged to do something for the aborted babies that would bring honor to the child and healing to us. It could be to write a poem, say something, read something, or sing a song. Whatever God placed on our heart, we would have time at the altar to do.

Many years ago, while attending our church at that time, parents of the children in the nursery/preschool age were asked to write a story for the children's department. So my husband and I wrote a story together. The parents and the children responded very well to this. Since that time, one of my desires has been to write children's books based on my earthly children. I felt it would be a great way to honor them. Besides, my husband, Jeff, and I, enjoyed working together on that project. But for various reasons we didn't follow through. Over time it kept coming into my mind to write children's books. While going through my PATH classes, God impressed upon me that before I could write a book about my children here on earth I needed to first recognize the child I had aborted. So, I wrote a book to my child in heaven.

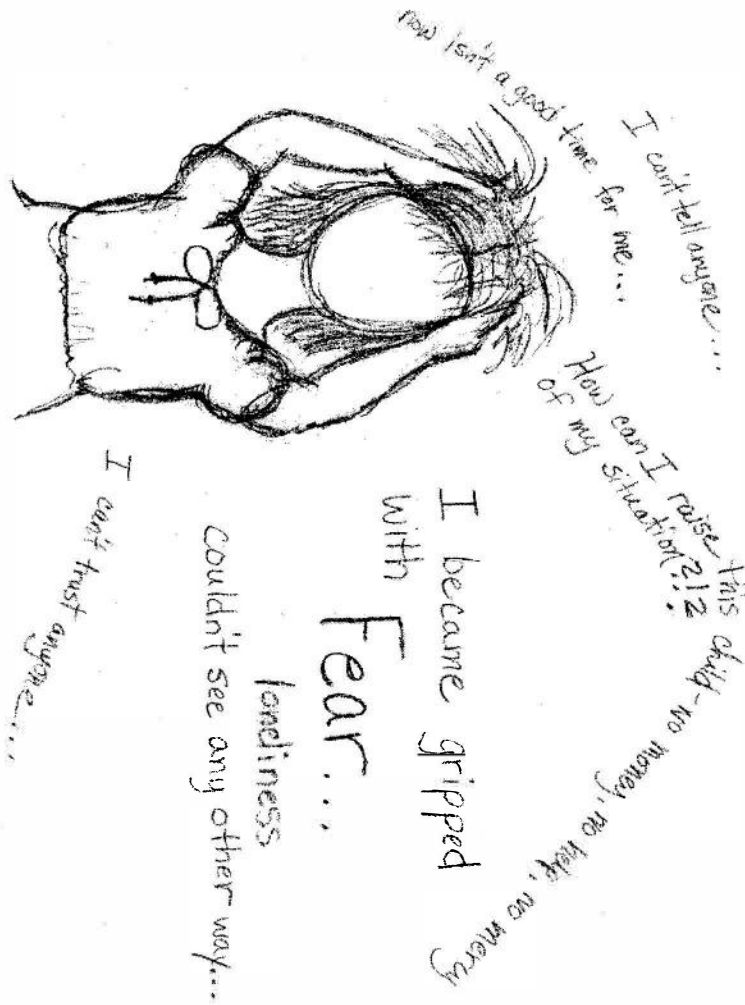
I didn't know if my child was a boy or a girl, although I was told during the abortion. But because I was in pain and obviously not listening well, I couldn't remember what they had said. My husband tried to contact the clinic after 20 years but only had people hang up on him. So we decided to name the child Innocence. When I was seeking the Lord as to how I should honor Innocence in the story, what kind of pictures I should draw, and how I could keep it simple and child-like so Innocence would understand, He kept bringing the flashbacks to my mind. As TV detectives put it, I had to return to the scene of the crime. I realized that God was saying to go back to the beginning of the sin and put it on paper—and that is what I did. I put on paper what had been flashing through my mind for 20 years. Then we went to the honor service and I dedicated this story to Innocence. I read it to the group at the service. Now, I'd like to share the book with you.

## Baby Innocence Picture Book

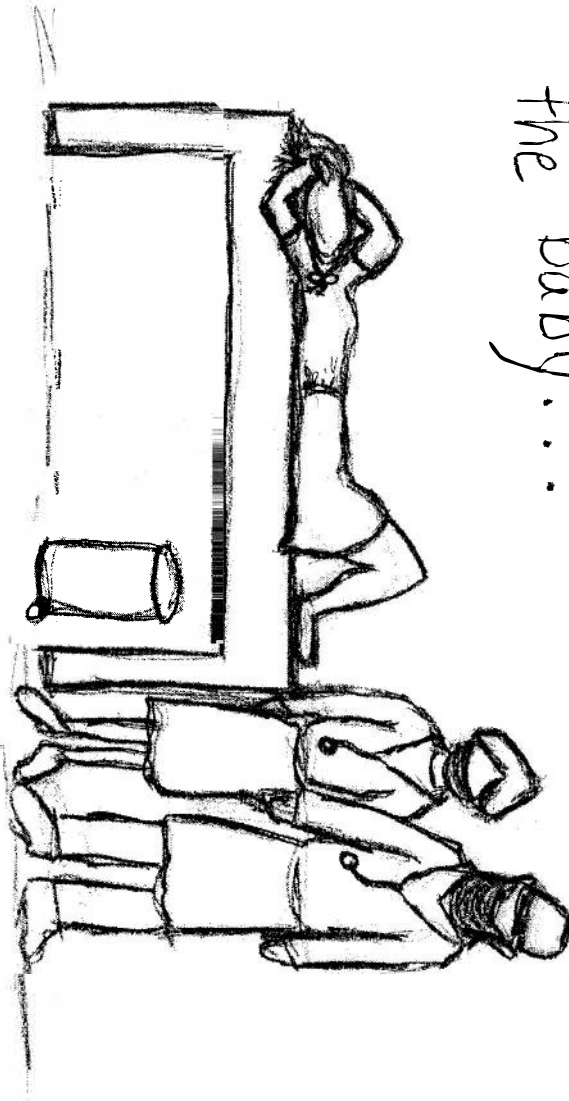


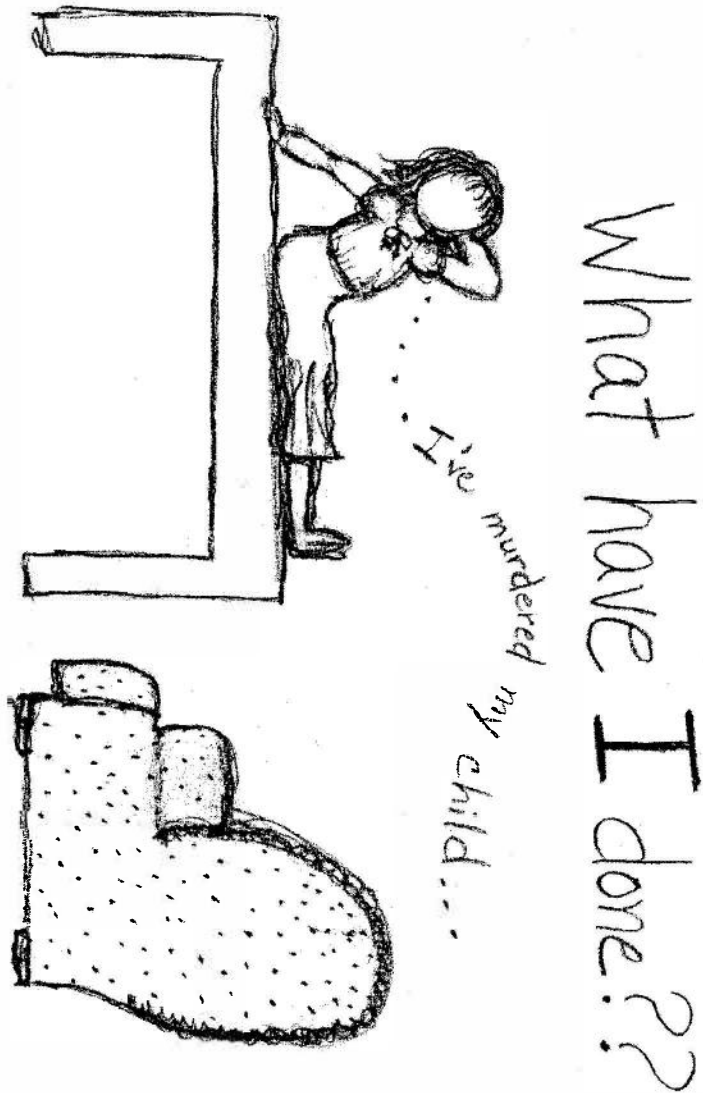
Self  
Portrait

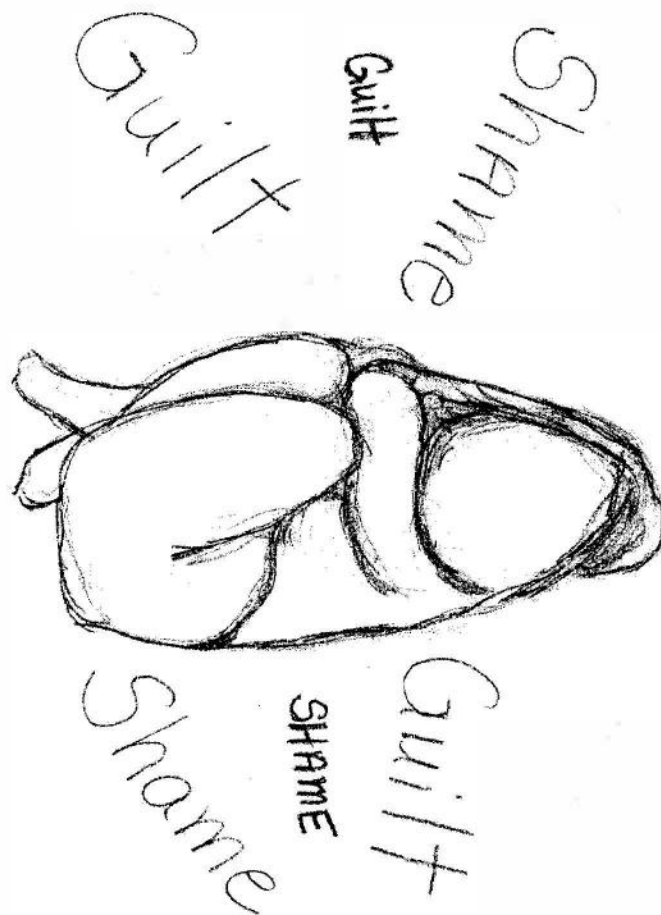
of me  
when I was  
pregnant with you...  
8 weeks



I chose to Abort  
the baby...

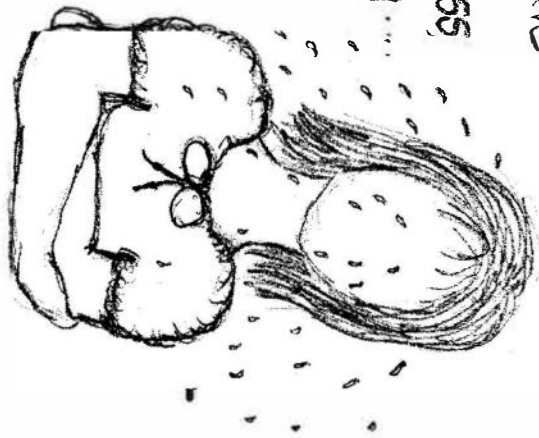


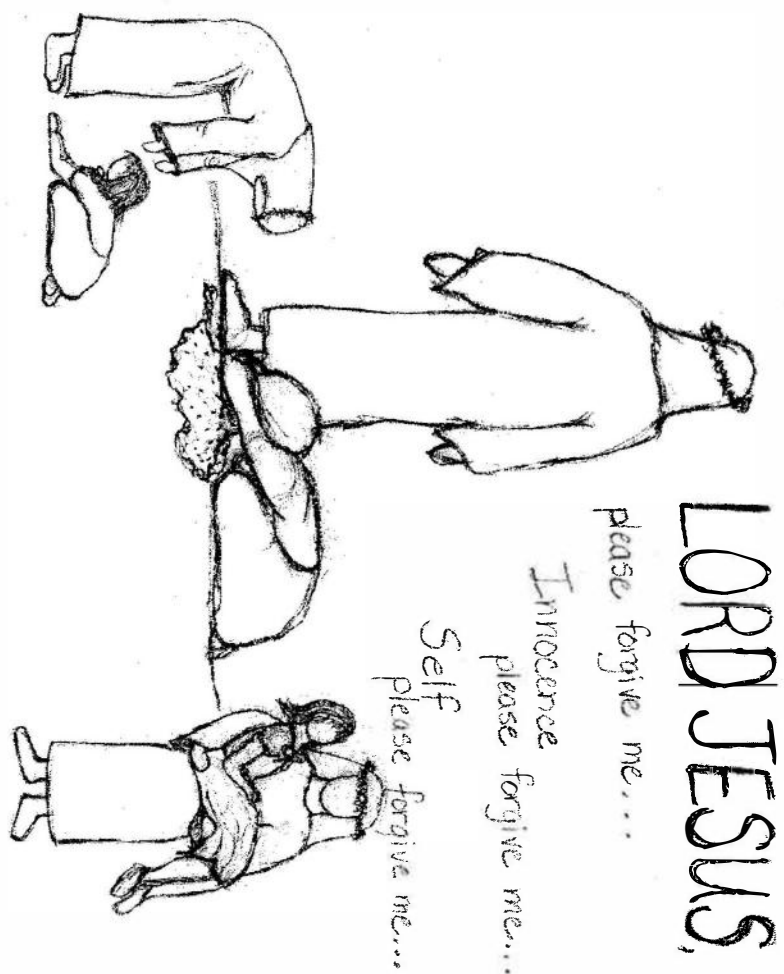


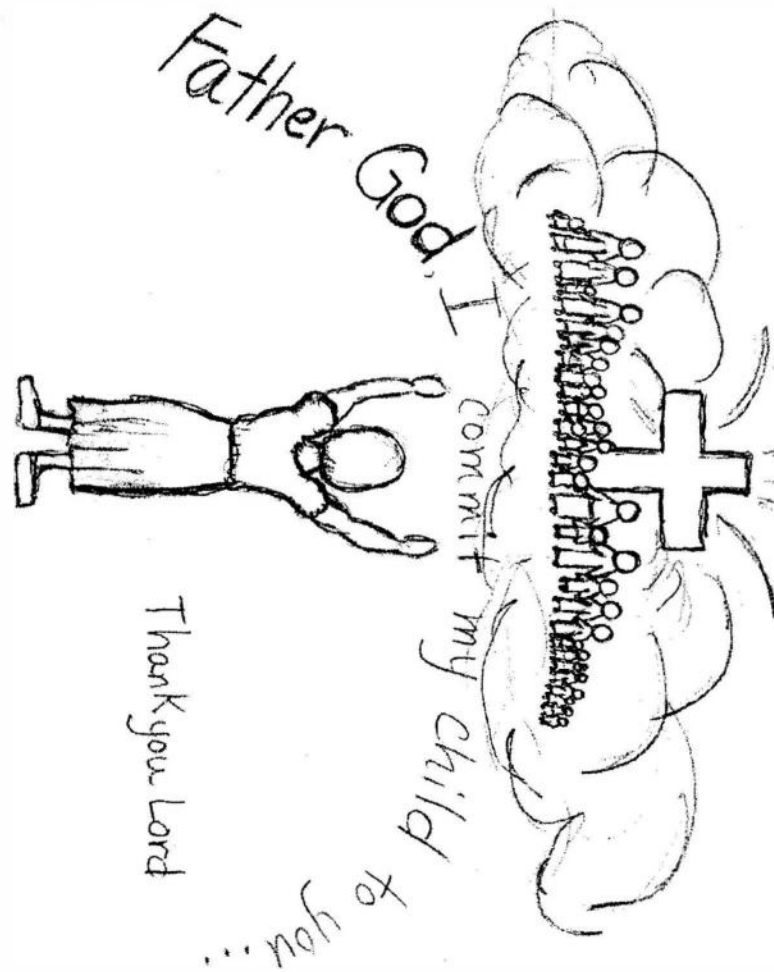


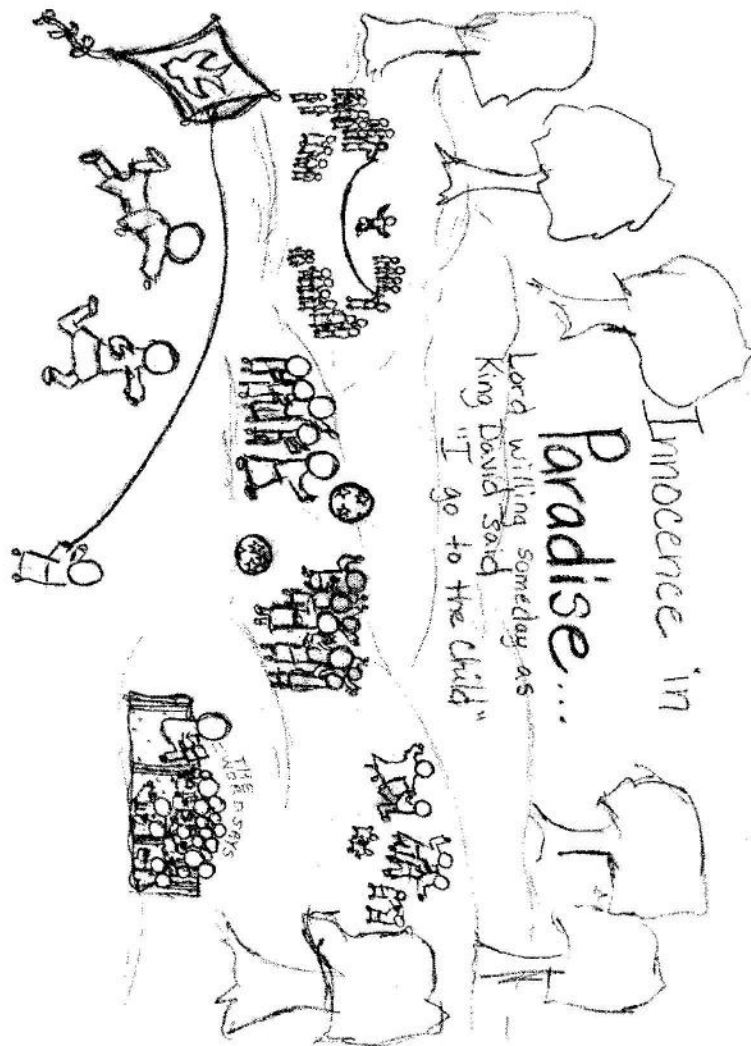


20 years I have  
shed tears of **sadness**,  
mournng, silently grieving....









### ***Leave It at the Altar with Jesus***

The night of the honor service for our unborn children happened to be my wedding anniversary. We were asked to bring a friend or someone who would be with us in case we needed help getting home because the ceremony is intensely emotional. Immediately, I thought of my husband, Jeff, because I knew I needed to ask his forgiveness for my behavior toward him as a result of not dealing with the effects of the abortion. At the ceremony, Jeff and I walked almost all the way to the altar together. I asked Jeff to forgive me for my past behavior toward him. Then I took the last few steps on my own. I asked Jesus to forgive me for the sin of aborting my baby. I asked my aborted child to forgive me, and then I asked forgiveness of myself. I committed Baby Innocence to Jesus. Finally, I read the picture book dedicated to Innocence to the people at the service.

I received great release when I read the picture book and committed my aborted child to Jesus. I'm comforted to know that Innocence is with Jesus in heaven and that one day I will be reunited with him/her. I can be sure of this because I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior right after the abortion when I realized what I had done. If you've aborted a child, you can also be sure that you will be reunited with your child again in heaven by accepting Jesus as your Savior as I did. It is not hard. You can pray a prayer like I prayed in the front of the book at the beginning of my testimony. Or you can pray a prayer like the one below:

"Jesus, please forgive me for all my sins. Come into my heart and meet me where I am. I acknowledge you as my Lord and Savior. Thank you for dying on the cross and rising from the dead so that I can live. I desire the gift of eternal life that you promise. Thank you Jesus."

When I prayed a prayer to God like the one above, it was during the most emotional time of my life. I didn't realize that my simple prayer was a prayer of salvation (the gift of living forever with Jesus in heaven). I didn't know how having a relationship with Jesus would help me, but I believed that it would somehow. That same salvation and help from Jesus is available to you.

### ***What the Bible Says About What God Offers***

*When you sin, the pay you get is death. But God gives you the gift of eternal life because of what Christ Jesus our Lord has done.*

*Romans 6:23 (NIV)*

*Say with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord." Believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead. Then you will be saved. With your heart you believe and are made right with God. With your mouth you say that Jesus is Lord. And so you are saved. Scripture says, "The one who trusts in him will never be put to shame."*

*Romans 10:9-11 (NIRV)*

### ***Free at Last***

In one of the pictures in the book, I am reaching out to the hem of Jesus' garment trying to touch him while crying at his feet. That is what I felt like—like the woman with the issue of blood in Mark 5:24-34 (NLT), she knew she was sick spiritually, emotionally, mentally, physically, and financially. She had spent all she had in each of these areas of life and she felt hopeless. She was taking a risk reaching out to touch the hem of Jesus Christ's garment. I could relate to her. For me to come forward and ask for help from Jesus was taking a risk. Abortion is such a private issue for many people today. To publicly admit that you have experienced an abortion means taking a risk. Whatever your secrets or circumstances are, I encourage you to come forth, take a risk today and reach out to Jesus. On the same page you can see Jesus' reaction. He bends over to pick me up and then carries me in his arms. He didn't reject me and He won't reject you. God wants to set you free from the prison you have been in. Imagine for a moment that you can understand the truth of why you have been doing the things you do and what causes you to do them. Now imagine being free from them all. Freedom is one of the greatest gifts we could ever receive from God. To have our countenance enlightened, to be able to smile, to be joyful, to be restored, and walk with a lift in our step. I will not be ashamed anymore. I have gone to the cross and I know I have asked for forgiveness from Jesus, Innocence, my hus-

band, and some day from my children here on earth when they can understand. There is so much liberty and grace in Jesus Christ. Spiritually, mentally, physically, emotionally, and financially I will continue to prepare myself because some day as King David said in 2 Samuel 12:23, (NLT) "But why should I fast when he is dead? Can I bring him back again? I will go to him one day, but he cannot return to me."

In summary, if you read through my testimony and review the picture book, you will see that I went through the following steps to get healed:

- Identifying and remembering the feelings I had when I was pregnant
- Realizing that I had a choice to abort or keep the baby—and I chose to abort
- Realizing the consequences of my action—I took a life
- Dealing with guilt and shame
- Grieving properly
- Understanding and asking for forgiveness
- Committing my aborted child to Jesus
- Release and moving forward

### *An Update*

At the time of this book publishing, it has been five years since God prompted me to create the picture book dedicated to Innocence. During that time, God has replaced some of my horrible memories with new healthy ones of HIS doing. I've traveled to Israel to teach at a marriage conference, spent several more years with my husband as a marriage minister, found a wonderful life-giving church, seen my earthly children reach their teen years, switched careers and I am learning how to be a professional artist. All these new things in my life would not have been possible if I was still holding onto all of the unforgiveness, shame, and negative emotions from the past. For this I am eternally grateful to God.

Julie Weber

Please contact: [liberateministries@gmail.com](mailto:liberateministries@gmail.com)

- ◆ For a current listing of post-abortive organizations and resources
- ◆ For a current listing of marriage and family ministry organizations and resources
- ◆ To order additional copies of this book
- ◆ To receive periodic updates
- ◆ For speaking engagements
- ◆ For information about my artwork
- ◆ For questions or other information



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