

August
2019



The Guadalupe Workers



Often, I receive newsletters or mailings from other pro-life organizations that show graphs or publish statistics about how many mothers have turned away from abortion, either by direct action at the clinics or by educational work. I am grateful to these organizations for their work, work which I pray can be multiplied tenfold. Perhaps, if Guadalupe Workers ever becomes larger or more successful, we will also be able to publish such statistics. We will be able to announce the number of our “saves” in the past month or year. However, for better or for worse, we are still very small. We don’t have any statistics or graphs. We just have faces and names: Erica, Juanita, Jasmine, Milly, Karen, Elizabeth....

Our involvement with them is very intense, partly because for many of them our involvement began in the most intense place—at the door of the abortion facility. This summer, we have been going on weekdays (sorry, any escorts who might have gotten their hands on this newsletter, I’m not telling you which days). Almost every week we have seen someone leave the clinic, with whom usually we have further contact and interaction. A couple of months ago, for example, a young couple parked on the side street next to the clinic. I approached the car and talked to the young man. His eyes were open. He listened and nodded. I then left, to give them time to talk and process. I told Alicia that the couple was open to our message. Sometimes Alicia and I do a tag team routine; I do the initial approach, we give the mother or couple five or ten minutes, then Alicia follows. Accordingly, in about ten minutes she walked over to the car but passed around to the passenger side, where the young woman was sitting. They conversed another fifteen minutes or so; then Alicia straightened up, looked at me and signaled that we were leaving. The couple, whom I will call Anthony and Sophia, followed us to the Eastside, where the mobile ultrasound was parked. Sophia saw her baby’s image, which delighted her completely. Since then we have followed up with furniture and some financial help, but all in all, it has been a very smooth road, and perhaps this baby—and mom, and dad—truly is “saved.”



There was another young lady, Olivia. She, too, turned away from the abortuary; and after further visit and conversation, we were prepared to help her move into a place of her own and get her little daycare business out of her mother’s basement. Yesterday, though, when I was on the sidewalk outside of the clinic, I turned and saw Olivia, in tears, talking to another sidewalk counselor, Keri. I first had the panicked thought, that she had come back to have the abortion. I soon learned, though, that she had been passing by, had seen us, and stopped to tell us that, the day before, she had lost her baby. And of course, we remembered all the other miscarriages suffered in the last year by our mothers, and of all the times that Lou has led us in prayer at the Angelus Memorial in the Holy Spirit cemetery. Only a few weeks ago we brought twins there, 21 weeks old. We had been at the hospital when the mother bore each baby and held the child while he struggled, for a few minutes, to live (a tragedy wrought by a uterine infection).



Alicia sidewalk counseling.



The twins’ burial.

Yesterday we visited Sophie and her new baby. Sophie is 16, the age of most of my students—and, in truth, she probably lacks the maturity of most of my students. However, there she was, holding an infant, her face radiant with maternal pride and joy. She’s not married, though. She has no father; her mother is full of cancer. She lives in the home of her boyfriend’s parents. Her life is dominated by him, by them. She is 16 years old; yet her life has been robbed of all the 16-year-old joys that my students experience—a secure home, family vacations, school, happy memories.

I hope you see my point. And I hope you can forgive us for not citing statistics and announcing our annual number of “saves.” Are there saves in the above narratives? I’m sure there are; at this point, though, I don’t have the perspective to say whether the scenario of Sophia and Anthony is any more of a save than the mother who lies in her hospital bed and holds the struggling, dying body of her 21 week- old child. That mother wept for her twins—the same mother who, a few weeks before, was ready to kill them.

If I ever get to heaven, and if my perspective ever becomes a little wider than it is now; if I can ever fully know a human heart; if I can ever see where the line of action and consequence will ultimately end; that is when I will publish a newsletter with something like the following announcement:

Abraham was the father of Isaac, Isaac the father of Jacob, Jacob the father of Judah and his brothers: Judah was the father of Perez and Zerah, whose mother was Tamar. Perez was the father of Hezron, Hezron the father of Ram....

To turn to more mundane matters: two weeks ago, Emmanuel, Alicia and I had the joy of carrying a very heavy crate into our office. The crate held our new, our very own, ultrasound machine! Meanwhile, Megan leads a core group of nurse volunteers in the ultrasound certification process. The husband of one of our Guadalupe mothers ran the proper wiring into the ultrasound room; and, after our nurses complete their certification, we will be ready to go.

And our old house this summer has received loving care from Edmund, Patrick No.2, and from Emmanuel. We’ve been trying to make repairs and improve the seals on our old windows, with the obvious aim of keeping down heating bills in the winter (sadly, no one has come forth with a furnace donation, so we will have to rely again on the old monster in the basement).

Thank you all,

Mr. Miller



Our new ultrasound machine, and other happenings at the office.



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