



The Guadalupe Workers



This past week one of our regular supporters asked if we were still actively doing this work because she hasn't seen a newsletter from us and was wondering if we are still here. We are still here, wanting to tell you exactly what happens every day of the week. Wanting to relate to you the importance of your support and your commitment to help these families, Edmund wrote an account of a day for you:

We arrived at 4:10, with the first appointment scheduled at 4:45. However, since Alicia gets Ring alerts through her phone, we knew that the first mom was at our door at 4:00. We asked her to come back at her appointment time, to give ourselves a few minutes to eat some kind of dinner before the rush. Well, that plan didn't work, because another mom was at the door at 4:30. These early appointments were fairly easy, since they were mothers whom we have been supporting for months. They come for diapers and wipes, infant clothes and/or coats, sometimes for help with utility bills. They always ask, though, to see Alicia; and then they talk about their children, their husbands or boyfriends, their medical issues, and what nonsense they were told recently at the local free clinic. A little later in the evening, the hard cases come in. These might be recent turn-aways from the abortion clinic, or mothers who in the recent past were turned away and who still struggle. Last night it was a mother, 17-year-old daughter and grandchild. We first saw them last April, when the teenage daughter was pregnant but, according to the file, "inclined to abort." Obviously, she didn't, partly because we were able to give her mother critical rent and utilities assistance; but mostly because we were able, through conversation and the ultrasound, to show her the reality of what she was considering. Last night we sat with them more than an hour; yes, the birth mom's mother was again behind in rent, because of GM layoffs she explained. Despite that, though, they both seemed very much at peace, happy with the new life that slept in the car seat between them.



The last visitor, who came in after 6, was a young woman who came to us in distress two months ago, fearful that she was pregnant. She wasn't pregnant, as it turned out; yet, as with every sexually involved single woman who comes to our office, she received the full treatise on the evils of contraception and the meaning of sex. Only one woman in the several years that we have been there ever walked out on that talk; the rest instinctively know that it is true. And they come back to us, repeatedly. This young lady right now is suffering facial paralysis; that concern, though, is secondary to her need for housing. We agreed with her that we would help her pay a security deposit when she found a new place. That was one evening—an evening in which we assured mothers that there are people who will help them, that they aren't societal refuse, that their children are not either.

That was one afternoon at the office; but for us to have such day means many hours have been spent on the sidewalk previously—not to mention many additional hours on the phone. A few weeks ago, we met a woman at the abortion clinic. Right before she entered the abortion clinic Edmund gave her our number and made her think about the place she was about to enter. I still remember the look in her eyes; she really took in his words and came out of there a few minutes later and called our number. She couldn't believe that we were there just to help her and her children. She was afraid of everything and mistrusted us in every way. She kept asking us why we wanted to help her. She indicated that she was not a religious person and that she really didn't understand someone wanting to do something for her just because. I said, "you are not religious and you may not believe in God, but we do, and we live and do what we do because of that." She finally accepted our help. Her baby is 12 weeks now and we saw her sucking her thumb in the ultrasound this past week. The mother laughed as she saw her baby's hands, mouth, and eyes, and as her baby jumped up and down in the ultrasound images. Although this mother still needs a lot of help, she has fallen in love with her baby.





That’s what we do. We could be at the office a hundred hours more; we could have more phones to receive calls and to help more and more families. First, however, we need the means to do what we already do. In an earlier newsletter, we indicated that Guadalupe Workers would be expanding its Detroit presence. This move, as explained, is in response to the recent liberalization of abortion laws in the state of Michigan—to the extent that, essentially, there are no more laws: it’s death to fetal children at any age, for any reason, carried out almost by anyone. Any legal process to amend this situation is years and years down the road. However, there remains one sure road to reach and rescue the fetal child; and that sure road is the best and most necessary road—through the heart of the mother. Edmund plans to teach only part time next year so that he can be more at the office and dedicate more time to development. He truly is the best counselor I have ever met. No one helps the women find the true reasons for their despair like Edmund does. In order for his and everyone’s work to increase, though, we need to be supported by salaries to meet the demands of the time spent doing this work.

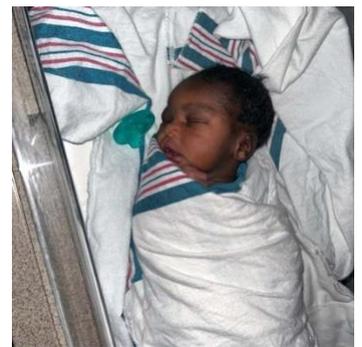


Please help us! We need more funding. We need a stronger commitment, and we need more people to contribute to our work.

We are not a pregnancy center; we are a lifesaving center. We don’t send out statistics and numbers. I know many want to see this, but for us it’s each child, each mother, who is significant, not necessarily the hundreds or thousands. Be assured, though, we have seen hundreds and hundreds of babies born that were going to be killed by their mothers. Come to our office, see what we do. Every week you can meet mothers at our office that turned away from abortion, you can meet their children as they grow up and you can see why we need your help.



God bless you,
Alicia



Contact us at
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