

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

PREPARED TESTIMONY OF DIANE BAILEY

JUNE 13, 2006

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Health Committee:

My name is Diane Bailey and I am from Mansfield, Ohio. Thank you for allowing us to be here for this most important hearing. It is an honor for me to share with you my testimony.

I was raised in a very loving, safe and secure Christian home with both parents and three older brothers. In my senior year of high school, (1974~75), I began dating a boy named Marc and I soon lost my virginity. That is when I believed he would be my husband. I was picturing in my mind a cute house with pretty curtains and a white picket fence outside.

These "dreams" were shattered when I got pregnant. Part of me was excited; the other part "terrified". My first thoughts were about how this would shock and affect my parents. They had me on a pedestal, and I so respected them and would never want to hurt them. I knew they would be upset, but I had to tell them.

The very afternoon that Marc and I planned to tell my mom, Marc got cold feet and gave me an ultimatum - either I have an abortion or he's gone. I was shocked and horrified, and felt betrayed. I had never even considered abortion - not ever!! My plan was to put my baby up for adoption. Because of my fear of being left alone in this scary situation, I grudgingly gave into Marc's wishes.

I was 3 1/2 months pregnant, yet my "close" friends told me that "it" was only a glob of tissue. I was so naive and wanted to trust everyone. If only I had trusted in my own heart, my "child"-- not a "glob of tissue", would be with me now enjoying life.

At the abortion facility, I was checked quickly by a female abortionist who only said 5 words, and not even directed to me. These words are "forever" engraved in my mind, even 31 years later..."Ooooh she's big...3 1/2 months".

On April 26th, 1975, my abortion, the murder of my child was scheduled, and came to be, in Cleveland, Ohio. Everything from the paperwork in the morning to the abortionist in the operating room was cold and clinical. My child was always described as a "fetus". When I awoke 45 minutes later, I was in intense pain. I cannot explain it other than to say that I was horrified at the hollowness I now felt within my womb. I felt barren.

Had they all really cared for me at the hospital, they would have known that I did not have the emotional stability for this horrific procedure. I felt from the beginning, and still do to this day, that it is all about the money, not for my well-being or for any woman.

As days turned into weeks and weeks into months, the guilt, shame and depression was overwhelming. I dove deeper into drugs, alcohol and had to seek professional help with my suicidal depression. Had the Lord not entered into my life in 1979, I would have been, I feel, dead or in a psych ward somewhere. I feel, because of my abortion, I have never been able to conceive; thus I am barren.

Within a year and 1/2 of my abortion, a friend of mine asked me to go with her for her abortion. I tried to convince her that there had to be another way, but she said she needed me to drive her home and "be" there for her. I went, and my guilt intensified as I listened from the waiting room, to the vacuum-cleaner-like sound. Neither of us have talked about our abortions since, but, you never forget!!!

This is a human issue. Abortion had a huge, negative impact on my life and took the life of my only child.

Thank you for your time today and please protect women, babies and families from this tragedy.