



Guadalupe Partners

Guadalupe Partners
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The good note in the beginning of that week was that, again, on Saturday morning American Family Planning was closed. Accordingly, four of us left AFP at about 8:30 and drove across town to Summit. We called ahead to tell the Summit sidewalk counselors that we were coming; but we made it clear, in order to avoid confusion of roles, that we would be there strictly for prayer support. However, we had barely arrived and begun a rosary when the Guadalupe phone rang. Alicia answered, had a brief conversation, then told me we had to go. Someone there at the abortuary, who had decided not to go in, wanted to meet with us. Alicia suggested the McDonalds a few blocks away, where we then headed.

It was one of those cheerful McDonalds with the bullet-proof shield running the length of the counter. We sat and waited, and waited. They never showed. We went back to Summit, then, where we found a scene of confusion. As the story gradually unfolded, a granddaughter being taken in for an abortion by her grandparents had actually resisted them just before walking through the front door. Her grandmother, in response, had lifted a large purse and knocked her granddaughter to the sidewalk. When the sidewalk counselors, for her protection, surrounded the granddaughter, the grandparents reacted with curses and threats. The grandfather, with a twisted turn of thought, advanced on Patrick and accused him of having sold his people into slavery. Stated in a normal tone of voice, it would have been somewhat comic. The grandfather's face, though, was distorted by rage. When Patrick calmly responded that he hadn't been there, the grandfather yelled, "You're white! You did it!"

The abortuary's "counselor" came out and took the granddaughter into her protection—more or less guaranteeing the death of the baby. Police came too, two squad cars, but did nothing. On Monday of the new week we were encouraged when the mystery couple who on Saturday had called us from Summit called again. We again agreed to meet, on the following day, at the same McDonalds. Even though the next day brought in a snowstorm, I left my house two hours in advance, picked up Alicia, and made it to the McDonalds just a few minutes after the appointment time. Alicia had called them to assure them that we were on the way, but they hadn't responded. Again we sat and waited. The McDonalds was empty until some teenagers came in off the street. With food in their hands, they moved all over the restaurant, clowning, showing off to each other. We still waited.

After 45 minutes, I decided to go where there was some hope. That very morning, a 17 year-old with whom we had twice met literally ran away from her mother in order to get over to Scotsdale for her abortion appointment. The mother had called us, frantic, not knowing what to do. We told her that her daughter could not get the abortion without her consent and that all she had to do was get over to the abortuary and deny the procedure for her daughter. In the early afternoon I finally received a text message reading, simply, "Safe!" The mother, we were told, had caught up with her daughter and had brought her home.

Wanting to achieve something, then, before we left Detroit, I drove through the snow to the southwest side, to the home of this mother and her 17 year-old daughter, Inez. I did not want to bring up what had happened earlier in the day; I intended simply to discuss briefly some ways in which we were planning to help Inez—to get her to look forward, in other words. And that's how the meeting went, as I sat with Inez and her mother. Both seemed cheerful and welcoming, and Inez was interested to hear what I said. So I left thinking that something had gone right.



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The next day we learned that it had all been a lie. Inez had killed her baby the morning before. She had threatened to kill herself and the mother had relented and consented. Later in the day, mystery couple from Summit called again, and again we arranged to meet them on the coming Saturday morning. At the beginning of that Saturday morning, though, we were back at American Family Planning—open for business this time—where we endured a cold wind for about two hours. From there we headed for our 10:00 A.M. appointment with the Summit couple. You guessed it. They didn't show.

But just as we had been leaving AFP, we had seen a couple exit the front door and go to their car to leave. We also saw the man pause briefly to take an envelope from Chris, who spoke to them at the edge of the parking lot. We ended up visiting that couple a few nights later. They were there, at the appointed time. They were both shy, cordial—and real. When I asked her why she had come out of the abortuary, she said that she had come to the conclusion that the abortion would disconnect her from God. She could not have said anything more simple or more true.

This couple does have their financial burdens. Because they are already behind in rent payments, they will not be able to stay at their present apartment when the lease concludes at the end of January. Obviously, we are going to help them; but this time I don't feel like a baby's life depends on it. With this couple, following on such a statement of faith from the mother, I feel like whatever help we are able to give them is more in the category of privilege, not ransom. Her words washed away the burden of the week. God bless them, all three of them.

To support Guadalupe Partners with a tax-deductible donation:

- Mail a check to Guadalupe Partners to the following address:
P.O. Box 554 South Lyon, MI 48178
- or visit www.guadalupepartners.org to make a donation via PayPal, Visa, MC.

Any Donation is Appreciated!

Guadalupe Partners, Inc. is a nonprofit, 501(c)(3) partnership of pro-life people who help abortion-minded women to make life-affirming choices for themselves, for their unborn children, and for their families. Guadalupe Partners helps each woman to rediscover and re-affirm her innate dignity. The Partners offer un-questioning material aid to mothers, including help with utility bills, rent payments, diapers, groceries, cribs and automobiles. Support for the mothers continues through the pregnancy and beyond.