

## I Wish That My Child Should Live.

In December of 1980, Martha Lynch received the news that she was pregnant. Martha was newly eighteen, had just graduated high school, and had her whole life ahead of her. She was unwed and frankly alone, being that the father of her unborn child was a marine who was home on leave before being deployed. The idea of having her own child was extraordinarily daunting and left her with the question, "What comes next?"

Martha carried her daughter through the following nine months. In August of 1981, she began having back pain and went to the hospital. She was told that she was not in labor, and they attempted to send her home. Weary to make the drive home herself, she asked if she could stay the night. Her daughter was born two hours later.

The nurses on the maternity unit, shortly after birth, tried to separate Martha from her daughter. They thought that leaving them together would influence her decision, for Martha had chosen adoption. Martha fell in love with her daughter at first sight. She held her every moment she could and named her daughter Elizabeth, after her stepmother, her greatest support system through her pregnancy.

Martha knew that she and Elizabeth would live a life of financial struggles and face many hardships. She and her stepmother had chosen Catholic Social Services, an adoption agency for Catholic families, for she knew that giving Elizabeth a life with someone else was better than no life at all. She decided what family Elizabeth would go to and chose Gary and Patricia Pearson.

Gary and Patricia were a couple in their thirties trying to make a family of their own. They were high school sweethearts whose biggest desire was to have children, seven to be exact. However, Patricia was unable to bear children of her own. When they were blessed with

Elizabeth, they were ecstatic. Gary and Patricia raised their daughter with nothing but love. Two years later, they received another gift from God, their son, Garrett.

Giving Elizabeth up for adoption was the hardest thing Martha ever had to do, but she never lost her faith. She knew that, through God, they would find each other again, and they did. Nineteen years later, Martha was setting the table for dinner. The phone rang, and it was her daughter. "You gave birth to me. I am getting married, and I am having twins!" She knew in her heart that her daughter was okay and that she made the right decision. After adoption, Elizabeth's name was changed to Erika, my mother.

Erika never hesitated to carry on with her pregnancy, drawing from the love she received from both her mom and her mother. As difficult as it was, being a young newlywed with twins, she couldn't imagine how difficult the decision had been for her mother to give her up. Erika carried and gave birth to her beautiful twins. A year to follow, a third daughter was born. Five years and one miscarriage later, I was born. Through Erika and Garrett, Patricia and Gary were blessed with seven grandchildren, the exact amount of children they'd always hoped for.

Martha, like Saint Gianna Molla, chose life for her child, no matter what it meant for her own. Because of my mother's biological parents, I was blessed with my grandparents, who I could not have imagined my life without. I, myself, am living proof that the decision to carry a child with unconditional love affects generations. Although both of my grandparents have now passed, the indelible impact they made on my life will never be forgotten. Because of the impact these three women have had on my life, I am pro-life. I wish that my child should live.