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You know, I have not shared this story, but I feel to do this today.

In 1995, my husband and I found out that I was expecting again for the 3rd time. It was a total surprise as I found out when I went to my Dr. for just a routine check up. The day before, I was outside playing with my girls and I remember showing and trying to teach Heather how to do a cartwheel on the lawn. So....anyway...I was in the Dr's office and the nurse said, "Is there any way you could be pregnant?" And I said, "No..I don't think so." All the routine check up stuff gets done, and the Dr comes in and says, " So....you are pregnant."

I mean, that was great. I have always loved kids. Moses and I loved our kids, but we just were not thinking about that at the time and I didn't feel sick. So, it was surprisingly good news.

I continued with appointments and at 16 weeks, at my Dr's office again, the Dr. came in and said, I have some bad news for you. Tests had been done, and he said all markers point to your baby having spina bifida. Something was elevated. My Mom was in the waiting room with my girls and Moses had to work, so not there and it hit me hard. I asked him about what spina bifida was. Dr. said, he would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life and no way for improvement to that date. He said your child will have a disability. So we need to know how to proceed. The Dr. said, you don't need to make any quick decisions but...if you want to have an abortion...you have 2 weeks to do that. Here, I am sitting there with emotions flooding over me. Fear. Disappointment. Scared. Not knowing what this all means.

I said to the Dr. bravely behind tears that started spilling out of my eyes, No...I want my baby. I want this baby, no matter what it's quality of life is. It's God's gift to me. I knew that Moses would have felt the same way. And I left. And then I thought, " Why was the Dr talking to me about an abortion, when I am in a happily married relationship and want my children. And then I thought, no wonder so many single women go the path of abortion when they are scared. They need support and affirmation to go through those scary reports.I went home and believe me, I fell in Moses arms that night and we both just sobbed and cried. We resolved to have this child no matter what together. Then a few weeks later, tests were done again and we found out this baby was a boy.

I went through that whole pregnancy, not feeling right. Having lots of prayer, but tests never improved the whole way thorough. That year, I sang with Anthony Burger and the LaPointes in Houlton in concert while carrying this baby. Anthony said, Let's pray for this baby to be healthy. And He did. Later on, evangelists Bro. Beavers and Bro. Hart were speaking revivals at our church and felt led to come back to my pew and pray for me. Not knowing why. They instructed Moses to put his hand on my stomach and they prayed over me and this baby. That God would do a healing and that God would reverse the bad reports.

Finally, the day before I went into labor was March 17th. St.Patricks Day, 1996. I remember saying, God don't let him be born on St. Patrick's Day. Let him have his own day. Not have to share a bday with a holiday that pinches people if they don't wear green. That is so silly, buy what I was thinking about at the time. Mainly, I just wanted him to have his own say since I was still told he had spina bifida.

23 1/2 hours of labor. Water broke first...almost had to have a C section because there was so much difficulty with him wanting to be born.My friend Tonya York came to see me, I remember and others At that point, horrible back labor and blood shot eyes. My son came into the world, Josiah Aaron Karikala.....and he was a little jaundiced, 5 lbs and 9 ounces, but he was healthy. No spina bifida!!!

What if I had aborted this child in the middle of my fear of a disability and the future? He was born perfectly healthy. And he now works with the youth of our church. Praying, playing teaching and pouring into their lives. I thank God for miracles.

Later on in his high school years, we thought he had cancer. A 6 growth had taken 6 inches out of his jaw and he had to be on a liquid diet for over a year and keep doctoring. Thanks to so many people's prayers and a miracle, it was not cancer, it was noncancerous. But it had to be removed and it took over a year for the bone to recalcify and grow back. Parenting takes you on journeys in life that God will meet you in

I promise.

ABORTION is not the answer!!!

I would have robbed myself from a blessing. (And if God had not healed him, he still would have blessed me to have a son. I choose to work with children and adults that have development disabilities and they bless me every day!!)

When do we judge a person's worth by the community's standard of "normal"??? When does a person's disability make them the target for ending their chance to live? Wake us up, Jesus!!! Everyone has worth!!!♥☐Stephan Karikala