



A Vision of the Power of Love for Aborted Children

One Mother's Experience of Faith

In the early 1990s, my parish held its first Mass for the Unborn, during which the Knights of Columbus dedicated a Tomb for the Unborn that they had set up next to the church.

As it started, I asked Jesus to bring to the Mass every aborted child of every parishioner. Immediately, an image or vision formed in my mind. The front of the church, between the first row of pews and the altar, filled up with children of all ages, from babies to older teens.

I "saw" my own aborted child, whom I had named "Bobby" years earlier during a healing retreat, come and minister to the younger ones.

The Blessed Mother, Mary, came, too. She was dressed in a blue robe with a white dress under it. She gathered the children around her and loved them more than I had ever imagined was possible. I could literally feel the love she was pouring onto them. No one can love anyone more than she loves these children.

Her hands were held out, palms up, like Jesus does in the Divine Mercy picture. Her love was healing the children as a cure for the love they had been denied



when their parents aborted them. I could see that my Bobby had already been healed quite a lot, no doubt because my husband and I have been sending him love, through Jesus, for several years.

After Mass, when the congregation prayed the Rosary, it felt like God was showing me that our prayers go from us to Mary, and then through Mary to the heart of Jesus as she multiplies the prayer power with her love and purity. At the same time, she projects the effects of our prayers and this awesome love outward. I saw it travel from her hands onto the people who need it. On that particular day, our prayers for the aborted children were going through her to them. I saw the children grow and become happier because of these prayers.

I believe that God showed me this vision to tell us that our love and our prayers for aborted children are needed and do make a difference, that the Rosary is powerful, and that the Blessed Mother is a wonderful mother to those who are unable to experience the earthly love of a parent.

~ A true story by an anonymous author