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Christopher's Story

By: **Allison Johnson**

For years my mom did not acknowledge my existence. But, she knew who I was when I appeared to her in a vision nearly eighteen hours after I was aborted. In fact, I appeared to her one-month-older for each minute I was deceased. Yes, I was eighteen months old when she saw me and gave me my name, Christopher Lewis.

In this vision I was like most eighteen-month-old babies, busy playing and reaching for my colorful animal mobile. I actually looked pretty cool that day. I had on my royal blue corduroy Osh Kosh overalls, my short sleeve blue, red and green striped shirt and, of course, my white Buster Brown shoes. I had a little afro and I was cute as a button. Although I did not pay her much attention, mom knew me instantly.

For the next twenty-seven years she wouldn't pay me any attention either. She denied my very existence. You see, the doctor told her that he wasn't sure she was pregnant: she had a blood test that came back positive (this was all before the pregnancy tests you can get now), she had morning sickness and she fainted. What did that man mean by saying I wasn't really there? He told her he would do a D&C though – just in case. How badly she wanted to believe that story! She held onto it for many years. Yet deep in her heart, she knew she had a son.

I was growing happily in her womb when the doctor told mom she had to wait several weeks before he could perform the procedure. He did not tell her this was because I had to grow before they would do the procedure. It was a cold evening in early March when I went to heaven. I remember hearing the doctor ask, "Did we get it all?" He wanted to know if I was totally out of my mommy's womb, so she wouldn't get sick. Well, he succeeded – he got all of me. But by then I was at the door of heaven. Just as I was reaching out to open heaven's door, I heard a distant scream behind me. But there was nothing I could do. All I could see was the door in front of me.

Then, I reached up on my tip toes and peaking into the gigantic door to heaven. It was so bright and familiar. I stepped in and gently closed the door behind me. I had been gone for ten weeks and now I was home with the Father. My story might have ended here, like it does for many of my friends; instead, it was my beginning.

My short life on earth had meaning, and mom finally recognized this when she mourned for me twenty-seven years later. I shouted Hallelujah! In fact, I heard the heavenly choirs sing praise unto Him and I joined in. Mom experienced a profound transformation and went on a crash course, learning about her abortion experience. She discovered that God was calling her to help other moms who had abortions.

I was so proud of her the first time she co-led a Post Abortion Healing Bible study. She spoke to me for the first time and apologized for not letting me live. And apology really wasn't necessary, but I know it made her feel better. See, I know things were complicated back then, and I know she would have let me live if she had known better. Since 2003 mom has been honoring my life by talking to women, conducting Bible studies and helping my friends in heaven receive love; recognition and names from their moms on earth.

No matter who you are, if my mom talks to you, it means your son or daughter, niece or nephew, granddaughter or grandson is here with me in heaven. I am telling him or her – just wait; my mom will help your mom know you. Just wait and see.

The best thing about my mom and her love for me is that at the end of any presentation, she smiles and gives me a mental high-five. She knows that I am in heaven telling my friends, "See I told you my mom would get your mom to know you." Although, I had a very short life on earth, it was so rich with meaning. Mom knows that my life was not in vain. She knows the number of my days is known by our Heavenly Father. She is not proud of what she did but she is dedicated to helping women who have had abortions feel the forgiveness and love that is found in Jesus Christ.

What I love about mom since she has come to recognize me is that she is not afraid of what others think, of their judgment. I mean more to her than the comments of others. She knows that we both have been called for this work. Yes, we are quite a team, my mom and I.

Thanks for reading my story. I hope it helps you take the next step to finding total peace and forgiveness from Jesus Christ. Psst... talk to my mommy... she is ready to listen and walk this journey with you. I hope to see you in heaven.

God Bless,

Christopher Lewis

A postscript from Christopher's mom: I know that it is only through the grace of God, the shed blood of Jesus Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit that I am able to walk in the freedom from guilt and shame after my abortion experience. We serve a loving and mighty Heavenly Father who loves each of us and wants all life to bring Him glory.

In His Service,

Allison

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