

Our Lady of Guadalupe: Mother and Protector of the Unborn



Our Lord to help me, and asked Our Lady of Guadalupe to pray for my unborn child and for me.

The doctor instructed me to go to the hospital immediately for an ultrasound to check the health of my baby. I vividly recall walking through the hospital doors and lying on the table while the technician moved the ultrasound probe across my protruding abdomen. Her face looked troubled but she didn't say much to me.

My doctor came in to tell me that my baby's heart had stopped beating, probably a few days before. I was told that I would need a D&C with suction. I shuddered. *But what if the test is wrong?* No way would I agree to a D&C – it would be an abortion! I told the doctor that I wanted to go home. He said that he would check on me again the following day.

All night long the strong and painful contractions came, and I continued to pass huge blood clots. I prayed and waited through the night. The following morning I returned to the hospital for another ultrasound, and saw for myself that my baby's heart was not beating. They had to convince me that my beloved baby had died. I needed an operation immediately; I had already lost too much blood, and I was getting weaker.

When I awoke from the anesthesia, I had a couple of extra IV's in me. The nurse explained that I was being given a transfusion, and they wanted me to stay at the hospital overnight. I begged my doctor to let me go home after the transfusion; my small children wouldn't understand my absence. Finally he allowed me to go – it isn't easy to argue with me!

At home the following day, each breath I took hurt my chest. I talked with Dr. Trias, who then told me just what had happened the previous day. I had begun to hemorrhage as soon as I went under the anesthesia. My blood pressure plummeted and my body began to shut down. Working quickly to save my life, the doctor had thrust a tube down my throat to help me breathe, and administered several other life saving procedures. If I had hemorrhaged any place other than on that operating table, I would not have survived.

When our babies' lives are taken before reaching our arms, all we can do is trust that they will go straight into the arms of our Blessed Mother, remembering her words to Juan Diego, "Let not your heart be disturbed. Do not fear that sickness, nor any other sickness or anguish. Am I not here, who is your Mother? Are you not under my protection? Am I not your health? Are you not happily within my fold? What else do you wish? Do not grieve nor be disturbed by anything."



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Virgin of Guadalupe, Mother of the Americas, grant to our homes the grace of loving and respecting life in its beginnings, with the same love which you conceived in your womb, the life of the son of God..." began Pope John Paul II's prayer to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Our Blessed Mother Mary, whose feast is celebrated December 12, is venerated under this title and known as a protector of the unborn. Juan Diego was the privileged recipient of our Blessed Mother's message and miraculous image.

When I was about four months along in my fifth pregnancy, a sudden onset of pain and bleeding occurred. My two previous miscarriages came to mind and I was not ready for another. *How could this be a miscarriage?* I wondered. *I am already sixteen weeks pregnant.* I begged

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