

Statement from Irene Beltran
40 Years of Victims Press Conference
January 22, 2013

Good Morning, My name is Irene Beltran and I'm a mother of 7 from Southern California. The following is a tragic story filled with horrific events. This is "Leonor's Story"

My entire being was overcome by terror, and I felt deep anguish in the core of my soul when I ended the life of my own child for the sake of convenience. At the clinic I was treated like livestock being herded from one step to the next. I felt like I had a number on my back and a dollar sign on my face. I was inconsolable the entire time at the clinic and didn't have the strength to engage in simple conversation with staff.

When the abortionist administered the poison in my stomach I was mortified and shocked because I felt my child kick and turn very hastily. Years later I found out she was being burned and could feel the pain. Since I was 6 months pregnant this would be a two day process. The second day consisted of the abortionist tearing my daughter out of me - limb from limb, piece by piece. But I did not go back. After feeling my daughter fight for her life I went straight to my mother's home crying for help. She drove me to the Labor and Delivery Department at a local hospital.

I arrived at the hospital grasping on the slim chance they could save my daughter, but there was nothing the doctors could do. The effects of the toxin were irreversible. I was told that the healthy heartbeat I heard over the monitor would soon be destroyed by the poison. The next day after several hours in labor, I delivered an angel named Leonor Bridgette Beltran.

The doctor immediately placed her on my chest. I felt a proud, happy, motherly, glow gleaming from me. My husband was on one side and my mother on the other side. They both huddled next to me in awe because she was just so darn adorable. I gently touched each toe on each foot, each finger on each hand. I gently made swirls on her forehead with my index finger and then dragged my finger across her nose and lips as I told her I was sorry. I continued to stroke her face and repeatedly asked her for forgiveness. My husband helped me wrap her like a burrito. He scooped her into his arms and sat in a corner cradling her tightly, slightly rocking her. He brought her up closer to his face still in a cradle position and I could see the tears from his eyes falling onto her face. My parents and other family members were able to cradle her in their arms and spend the last moments with her...Then a nurse walked in and carried her small, helpless, now cold and lifeless body out of the room. My family and the biological father's family were left with the daunting task of planning her funeral.

I've grief stricken countless people with the "choice" I've made. I've robbed my seven children of a sister that they could have played with, fed and helped nurture. I've robbed three sets of grandparents of a granddaughter; I robbed future generations from ever existing. I have suffered from depression, anxiety, and an eating disorder to name a few. I felt damage, humiliated and hopeless after my abortion. Women deserve better than abortion. I stand before you today because my daughter forgives me, my family forgives me, the Lord forgives me, and I forgive myself. I dedicated the rest of my existence to fight this life and death war. This is why I am.....Silent No More.