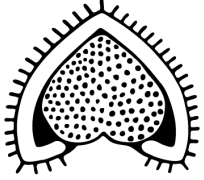


abortionintucson.org

tucson abortion support collective



Help someone else have a totally supported and positive abortion experience.

Chava makes zines and other stuff they are hesitant to call "art."

They now have three kids and hope that if any of them ever want an abortion they can access it safely and without barriers.

You can find more stuff they do on Instagram:

@chava_lah

After my abortion I went home to my son, who laid on the couch with me for the afternoon. Our life continued. I rarely think about having an abortion other than to reflect that it was as positive an experience as it could have been. It was the abortion I wish more people had. It wasn't difficult for me and they shouldn't have to be for anyone.

that people wrote in after their abortions. I read through the book and saw entry after entry, filling dozens of pages, each entry affirmed for me that we should be proud of each other in that room. We were in that room together because we prioritized ourselves in myriad ways.

a totally undramatic story about an abortion



My physical experience of surgical abortion was not terrifying. It was simple and passed quickly. Afterward they brought me back to a comfortable communal recovery room. There were a number of other people there, who waited for medications to wear off before being sent home to rest. The volunteer escorted me to the recovery room and showed me a book

She was an older woman and I don't even remember her name. But her impact on my life was profound. She assured me that she would sit right beside me, hold my hand, and be present with me the whole time. She told me I was making a good choice for myself. She didn't say she was proud of me, but I felt affirmed by her and it felt like she was proud of me for prioritizing myself.

When I was 24 years old I had an abortion. It was not difficult. It was not fraught. It was not filled with the human drama or personal growth that makes for exciting books or movies. It was instead a completely practical decision made without second guessing or hand wringing. I'm telling the story because I think it is exactly the kind of abortion story people deserve to have. Uncomplicated, easily accessed, and well-supported.

I didn't have an easy abortion because I'm rich and well resourced. I was a 24-year old single mother to a soon-to-be two-year old son. I got pregnant and instantly knew that there was simply no way I could afford another child nor did I particularly want another child at that time. Parenting a kid was hard enough. I struggled to make ends meet.

When I got to the clinic they told my friend who accompanied me that he would need to stay in the waiting room. A volunteer would accompany me during the procedure. They didn't call them abortion doulas then, but that is what she was.

I filled out some simple forms and was on my way towards a no-cost abortion at a clinic in Boulder, Colorado. I chose to have a surgical abortion because the idea of being at home alone with a toddler for a medical abortion seemed impractical. I had absorbed terrible and traumatic stories through pop culture and personal accounts about how terrifying a surgical abortion was. I felt afraid going into it because of that dominant story that had imprinted in my mind.

We ate a lot of pasta and PB&J. We visited the food bank regularly and suffered through the compulsory Christian prayers to make sure me and my Jewish family had food in the cupboards. When I saw the dreaded plus sign on the pregnancy test I winced while calculating the cost of an abortion. I did not have enough money in my bank account for the electric bill, let alone an expensive medical procedure.

I borrowed a friend's computer, we did not have a computer or internet at home, and searched for "abortion help." After wading through some search results for the predatory pregnancy crisis centers, I found the Women's Freedom Fund (now called Cobalt Abortion Fund).