

Mr. Chairman, Members of the State Affairs Committee, my name is Rebekah Buell, and I am here representing the over 400 women who changed their mind after taking the Mifepristone, also known as RU486 abortion pill, the first of two pills prescribed in a medication abortion. I am here to ask for your support of S-12-43.

In February of 2013, I discovered that I was pregnant with my second child. I will never forget the day I sat there, in a grocery store bathroom, staring at that positive pregnancy test and feeling devastated and ashamed. I was one month away from being 19 years old, a freshman at Sacramento State University, and a mother to an 11-month-old child. I had just left the verbally and physically abusive relationship I had been in for years and felt that raising two children at 19, while in college, would be impossible. Feeling alone, scared, desperate and hopeless, I sought out a medication-abortion.

In the state of California at that time, I had 9 weeks to go through with my decision, and every day leading up to the time I swallowed that first pill brought a new emotion. This was never something I wanted to do, rather, it was something I felt I had to do because of my circumstances.

On March 13th of 2013, I walked into my final appointment at Planned Parenthood. At this point, I was about 8 weeks pregnant, and I was called back into one of the last rooms in the clinic where I sat with a woman who had the abortion pill in a small Dixie cup. She went over, again, how this entire process would be natural and similar to what women experience every month with their cycle. She explained that once I started this, “there was no going back.” With that, I took the cup and swallowed the abortion pill in front of her. I was instructed to take the second set of pills, called misoprostol, the following evening.

I was then sent on my way with a brown paper bag full of medication. By the time I sat down in my car, I broke down. I could not believe what had just happened, and I began to feel intense sadness and regret. Crisis and fear had fogged my mind in the weeks leading up to this day, but I could now see clearly the extent of my actions, and I started to panic wondering what the pill was doing to my baby in that moment and if it had already run its course.

To make matters worse, the following day, March 14th, the day I was supposed to complete phase two of the abortion, was my oldest son's first birthday. It began to sink in that March 14th would forever be a day I brought one child into this world and took another one out. I wanted, so desperately, to rewind and to take back the previous ten minutes of my life. I wanted, so badly, to change my mind and to have this baby.

Not knowing where or who to turn to, I grabbed my phone and typed in something like, "I took the first abortion pill, and I don't want to take the second." To my surprise, I was not the first woman to feel this way, nor was the first that turned to the internet for an answer. Instead, I read countless old blog and Yahoo Answer forums from the years prior from girls just like me—girls that had made a decision out of fear and panic and that were looking for a way to take it all back.

Eventually, I found abortionpillreversal.com and decided to call the hotline number. I spoke with the most kind and understanding nurse who explained the abortion-reversal regimen. She told me there was no way to know, indefinitely, if this would be successful, but that there was a chance to save my baby. The following morning, I drove over an hour and a half to the nearest physician willing to treat me, and to be honest, I would have drove even farther if needed. We followed the APR protocol that was suggested, which focused on getting

progesterone back into my body, because the abortion pill I took was designed to block my baby from receiving it.

When I did not return to my follow up appointment with Planned Parenthood, they began calling, and I finally returned their phone calls and informed them that I had changed my mind and was taking steps to reverse the abortion pill. I was then told that, "if I was able to carry to term, which wasn't likely, my baby could very well have abnormalities." That was the last time I talked to them, yet those words stayed with me throughout my entire pregnancy. Every time I coughed or had a pregnancy-related ache, I feared that this was "it," and that I was losing the baby.

Thankfully, I did end up carrying to term, and on October 20th of 2013, I gave birth to my second son, Zechariah, who was and is perfectly healthy. He will turn five later this year, and I truly cannot imagine life without him. Over 400 other children have been saved because of the abortion-reversal regimen, and on behalf of the over 400 women who have been helped, I am here to express our gratitude, to share our stories, and, most importantly, to ask for your support of S-12-43.