

March  
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# The Guadalupe Workers



At the abortion clinics, we have maintained our presence—as a matter of fact, simply by virtue of spreading ourselves thin, we are there on weekdays as well as on Saturdays. The clinics are making more use of the abortion pill. I don't know yet if that makes our job easier or harder; when the mother leaves the clinic, the baby is still alive, and she has our words to take with her. However, she also has the pill with her, which she can take when the next surge of darkness overwhelms her. Overall, though, the sidewalk counseling is increasingly difficult, simply because with every passing year the urban, welfareed population becomes more at ease with the idea of killing as a means of survival. Massive, missionary efforts to the inner cities are needed. I doubt they will ever happen.

Be assured, we do have our turn-aways at the clinic. Alicia and Tara took a woman whom they met at one of the clinics for an ultrasound. It turned out to be a half-day adventure because the only ultrasound available was out in Madison Heights. The baby did not make a strong presence during the ultrasound, yet everyone was shocked that the mother went to the hospital the very next day with cramping and

bleeding. The hospital determined that the baby had died, and sent her home to await miscarriage; however, arriving home, for some reason her father picked that moment to kick her and her sister out of the house. Alicia sent an uber, which picked them up on the sidewalk and took them to a hotel, where they are right now. And where's the good news here? She did not kill her child and opened herself to trusting someone. Those are life-changing steps.

As you know, our work on the sidewalk is the foundation of all we do, but certainly not the end of all we do. Mothers whom we met months ago, even years ago, continue to call on us when there is no other help (be assured, we are very sensitive to the danger of allowing mothers to depend on us, or to use us). During the bitter cold not so long ago, when wind chill temperatures were at -35, Maria and six children were in a home with no heat, not even a furnace to provide heat, not even the ductwork to carry the heat. Or, more commonly, sewage lines collapse, and septic water backs up in the basements, a very common yet dangerous problem with these older homes. Even with our own office, the very day of the closing we had a man digging up the back yard and replacing the septic line.



At the new office, we've adopted a whole new family of mothers and children. We had a meeting this past Saturday with the mothers we've met at the office just in the past three months. Fourteen mothers were there, with about thirty children. Alicia showed them a video, in Spanish, about Planned Parenthood and its real motives. This group of mothers is especially open to hearing the truth and making appropriate changes. Last week one of them even went to a pro-life doctor to have her IUD removed.



The dedicated duo, Alicia and Ana, at our office.

But there's so much work to be done here! We know that one of the moms is physically abused, that another immediately goes to her boyfriend when he calls her for sex; and Alicia is in occasional phone contact with a third who apparently is an object of human trafficking.

Mr. Miller is trying to learn Spanish so that he can be more helpful with this new group of moms. It may be impossible, though, for one who is so thoroughly anglo-saxon. He's making a sincere effort, though, even having registered for a two-week immersion course in Mexico City.

Our new home is serving us well, although we pushed it to the limits with all the mothers and children we hosted last weekend. The number of kids was really just too much for the upstairs. We will have some breathing space in the summer, because we successfully purchased the side lot and will be able to have older kids there. When winter comes around again, though, we will have to have, somehow, a different plan or more space.

Also looking to summer, we will be looking for volunteers to fix windows and repaint all the trim. Additionally, our 50-year-old furnaces need to be removed and replaced. We are, then, begging for two, four-burner units. Anyone have connections?

Please remember that our costs are ongoing and sometimes staggering. No one else, though, does this kind of work. No one.



Edmund and Alicia with Father Grayson Kean and Audrey Olenzak at the Respect Life Conference in St. Damien of Molokai, Pontiac, Michigan.



Doctors told Nichole that her baby had 88% chances to have Down Syndrome and that due to her financial situation she needed to abort her baby. Thanks to our support and to our dear friend Colleen who visited her frequently, she decided to keep her baby. Meet Janila, no Down Syndrome.

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## CONTACT GUADALUPE WORKERS OR SEND DONATIONS

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