My name is Mysti and I am 19 years old. When I was 14, I got together with my first boyfriend. A few months after I turned 15, he and I found out I was pregnant. He told his parents but I was afraid to tell mine. His parents didn't like me to begin with, and they knew their son had better things going for him than a baby at 17. Although I was completely against it, I was more afraid to tell my family and hear what they had to say so I made an appointment in Pittsburgh.

When I got there, they told me I was making the right choice and told me since I was only 15 that I would have to go in front of a judge so she could decide if I was old enough to make this decision to have an abortion. We went back to Pittsburgh a few days later and had a hearing. Apparently the judge decided at 15 years old I was old enough to decide I wanted to do this. In the back of my mind I was so scared and my brain and heart were telling me it was a mistake but my boyfriend was telling me it was the best decision for both of us, and that we could pretend it never happened and nobody would have to know.

They took me back to a room and performed a sonogram and then they performed the abortion.....I still cannot describe how I felt when this was happening except I was crying hysterically. Those doctors didn't care how I was feeling, they just went where the money was. After everything was finished, I felt empty inside. There is really no other way to describe it except empty. All I wanted to do was take it back or die because I hated myself so bad. I prayed everyday and cried non-stop for about two weeks. I thought God hated me and I was going to hell and I was only 15 years old and had nobody to talk to.

Shortly after , my boyfriend and I got into a fight and he told my parents. I don't even remember any reaction except tears and anger. So now not only was I 15 and hating myself thinking God hated me, but now thinking my family did too. After that all I wanted to do was get pregnant for reassurance that I could have kids in my future.

My Mom talked to me over and over again telling me God forgave me because I was truly sorry for what I had done. Then I was able to forgive myself.

A year later, almost to the day, I got pregnant again. I was afraid to tell my parents but I did and I had so much support from them that I wasn't afraid at all. I was so happy, I knew in my head that I was truly forgiven if God blessed me with another child. So at 17 I had my gorgeous son Cameron and ever since then, I haven't thought of my huge mistake.

Now at 19 I am 4 and 1/2 months pregnant with my next baby and I couldn't be happier. I know for a fact if I would have told my family when I was 15 that I was pregnant I never would have gotten an abortion and went through the hell of hating myself. As for the laws that say if you are not 18 you need to go in front of a judge to have them make a decision that you are mature enough to kill your unborn baby, it is ridiculous! Nobody under the age of 18 is mature enough to make that decision.

I never want to think about the way I felt that day or what I did to my family or my unborn baby by having an abortion. Nobody deserves to feel like that and no baby deserves to be killed no matter how young and scared you are.