

## My Recent Incredible Encounter with Late Term Abortionist Leroy Carhart



I want to tell you a story—one that this pro-life activist leader finds incredible—one which I believe was guided by the providence of God.

On Saturday, Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> I traveled by plane from Detroit, MI to Omaha, NE to deliver the keynote address at the Nebraskans United for Life banquet. A young twenty-three year-old female college student sat next to me on the flight. She asked me why I was traveling to Omaha and I told her that I was going to give a speech at a pro-life event. I had hoped to share with her a promotional card for my book *Abandoned—The Untold Story of the Abortion Wars*—as a way to evangelize on the issue of abortion—but I failed to put any of those cards in my coat pocket—and was kicking myself for missing the opportunity to give one to her.

When I was at the banquet I made a point of holding one card back from the table upon which my books were displayed and put it in my coat pocket—just in case I would meet someone on the flight back to Detroit to whom I could give the card. Well—not only did I have the card ready to take back—but two books remained unsold and I said to my Nebraskan host, Ann Marie Bowen (a great lady!) “Let me just take these books back with me since there are only two that will easily fit in my suitcase.”



During the banquet I met great pro-lifers and many of my conversations with them centered on the nationally-known notorious late-term abortionist Leroy Carhart who operates an abortion clinic in Omaha. I spoke with pro-lifers such as Larry Donlan, who are dedicated to keeping a heroic pro-

life witness outside of his clinic. Carhart also does late term abortions in Germantown, MD at his clinic Germantown Reproductive Health Services. Not only does Carhart kill the unborn but at least 2 women have died due to complications from the abortions they received from him: Jennifer Morbelli and Christin Gilbert. [See link at end of this memo.](#)

The next day I arrived at the Omaha airport for my 8am flight. The airport was de-populated and very quiet, the atmosphere relaxed on this Sunday morning. Eventually my Delta flight to Detroit was called and I got into line for "zone 3" boarding. Suddenly I noticed a gentleman get in line for "zone 2" and my heart nearly burst out of my chest. The man was none other than Leroy Carhart! I said to myself: "Oh, my gosh, I am about to share a flight with one of the most notorious, committed abortionists on planet earth—this is a golden opportunity to say something to him!"



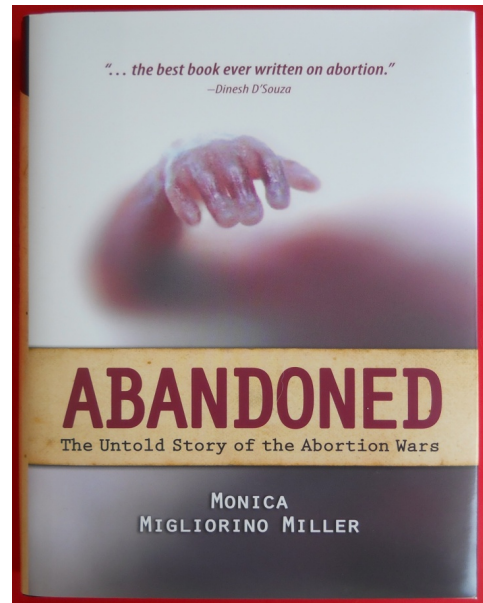
We boarded the plane. Carhart was seated 4 rows behind me on the other side of the aisle. A woman, about the same age sat next to him.

All through the 90 minute flight I prayed that God would give me courage to approach him and that Carhart would be open to listening to me. I rehearsed in my mind what I would say—and now, unlike the flight to Omaha, I was ready—not only with a card about my book—but with actual

copies of the book itself! This was no accident. This, as the late Fr. Norm Weslin was fond of saying, was a “divine set up”!

The plane landed. Since I was 4 rows ahead of Carhart I got off the plane before him. Once inside the concourse I quickly unzipped my suitcase, grabbed one of those “unsold” copies of *Abandoned*—took the promo card waiting in my pocket, slipped it into the book and watched the gate for Carhart to emerge. In a matter of minutes he was entering the concourse with the woman seated next to him on the plane now walking at his side.

He passed right in front of me and I asked stepping forward: “Are you Dr. Carhart?” He immediately stopped. “Yes, I am,” he answered. “Hello, I’m Monica Miller.” Carhart held out his hand to shake mine—and we shook hands. “I want to give you my book.” I handed it to him and he took it without a bit of hesitation. Indeed, it seemed I had caught him completely off guard.



Then I said, “Please Leroy, I want to urge that you leave the business of abortion.”

“Yeah, you and about ten thousand other people.”

We began to walk down the concourse together. It became apparent that the woman with him was none other than Mrs. Carhart. Together Leroy and I entered the moving walkway standing side by side.

“Leroy you can change—I believe you have a heart and a soul that can be reached.”

“Yes, I do, and I believe in God and I am doing his will.”

“Ok, Leroy, I want to understand—I want to understand why you think abortion is justified. I want to understand your view.”

“The fetus is not human until birth,” was his answer.

“So you’re saying that the unborn child has no human or moral status until the baby is born?”

“That’s right.”

The moving walk way ended and we together entered the next one—with his wife tagging behind.

He asked me: “Why do you think the fetus is human?”

“I think science demonstrates to us that the fetus is human—a full human being. What is your basis for believing otherwise?”

“Everything,” was his short non-answer.

“Leroy—when you kill the unborn you are involved in terrible violence and injustice—you need to get out.”

At that point he tried to give me back my book. Indeed, by now what was happening to Carhart had to be an abortionist’s worst nightmare, unexpectedly being confronted by a pro-lifer at an airport—and one who has given him a book no less!

I said, “No, please keep that book, it’s for you. Put it in your suitcase.”

Then I turned to his wife. “You need to encourage your husband to stop killing the unborn—that’s your place, you need to influence him.”

Then Carhart said to me: “You are the definition of insanity.”

At first I wasn’t quite sure to what he was referring. Was I insane because I believed abortion was the killing of innocent human beings? But then I quickly understood his meaning.

“You mean to say that I am the definition of insanity because an insane person keeps doing the same thing over and over again even when there is no result—such as pro-lifers trying to talk you out of doing abortions.”

“That’s right. You’re insane.”

“No. I am not insane. It is not insane for someone to encourage another person to do the right thing.”

Then his wife said to me: “We are more committed to our position than you are to yours.”

I said: “I don’t think so.”

And then—with my book still in his hand, Leroy and his wife ducked into the Delta Sky Club—and disappeared—but not before I was able to tell him: “I am praying for you.”

I remain amazed that this encounter with one of the most notorious abortionists took place. I believe that it was divinely arranged. I find it funny that I was intent on being prepared for a pro-life exchange, 35 thousand feet above the earth—with maybe just another college student. But, instead I would share the divinely arranged flight to Detroit with none other than Leroy Carhart, I would have copy of my book available to give to him and I actually GAVE IT TO HIM. It seems like a dream.

I pray that he did not simply toss my book into the nearest trash receptacle at the Detroit Metro Airport. Something tells me he didn’t. If for no other reason he kept it out of curiosity. Furthermore, I believe God arranged that I would have a copy of the book to give to this abortionist—and so whatever good may come of my airport meeting with Carhart it is in God’s hands.

I ponder some of the statements that Carhart made to me—such as “The fetus is not human until birth.” I don’t believe Carhart does not know that the unborn are human. What I think he was really saying is that as long as the “fetus” remains in the womb of the mother the “fetus” has no rights. But let’s keep in mind this is a man who once committed partial birth abortions,

thus even by his own definition these babies were at least “partially human”!

And indeed, if Carhart who sees up close every day the broken bodies of the innocent unborn really does deny that they are human—then he is the one who suffers from insanity.

Now—you may be wondering why Carhart was on that flight to Detroit. I am absolutely sure, and after talking to pro-life activists in Germantown, MD, that he and his wife, who aids him in the abortion practice, were simply catching a connecting flight to D.C. with their final destination that Germantown abortion center. That Sunday night Carhart would already be prepping his female clients for their late-term abortions.

Most likely Carhart is on that 8am flight out of Omaha, NE every Sunday morning with a stop-over at the Detroit Metro Airport.

**Pray for him.** And let’s also pray and **make sure** that Carhart’s wife’s remark is NOT true—**“We are more committed to our position than you are to yours.”**

<http://abortiondocs.org/clinic/abortionist/113/leroy-h-carhart/>