



ProLove Ministries

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ANNUAL REPORT

Promoting new ideas to solve old problems

PRO LOVE
ministries



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Promoting *new ideas*
to solve old problems

➤ proloveministries.org

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Special thanks to our supporters and donors

FROM OUR CEO + FOUNDER



Abby Johnson

Dear Friends,

Since leaving Planned Parenthood and becoming wholly prolife, I've noticed some chinks in the armor of the movement. Maybe because I came in from the other side, I already knew of a few gaps—a ministry for former abortion workers, for starters. Other things were brought to my attention, and as a strong team behind And Then There Were None assembled, we were tackling projects that, while prolife, weren't precisely part of our niche mission.

For example: prolife advocates have been intently focused on making abortion illegal—and rightfully so, but what was our game plan for this post-Roe v. Wade society? Our culture hadn't really changed enough to support life and make abortion unthinkable. So many people on the fringes need specialized care for challenges all over the spectrum. How were we going to help them?

ProLove Ministries' purpose is to identify blind spots and fill these gaps in the movement and breathe new life into projects and organizations who needed to prepare for this post-Roe culture. I prayed for another leader to run this organization, and the answer was clear.

I want to introduce my colleague Pamela Whitehead, the Executive Director of ProLove Ministries. I can't share her entire testimony on this page—you will simply have to hear it for yourself—but know that she has been there, healed that, and even designed the t-shirt for it. I had no hesitations about entrusting all that ProLove Ministries encompasses to Pam. Pam lives her life for Jesus Christ. She answers to Him first, because He changed everything for her. I trust Pam because she trusts Him.

Let me just tell you—if you've ever doubted that He has a hand in your life, try surrendering it to Him and seeing what He makes of it. This report is loaded with exponential growth for our ministry, our affiliates, and for our projects. We weren't wrong in seeing a need, and God did not abandon us in filling it.

*"Amen, amen, I say to you, whoever believes in me will do the works that I do, and will do greater ones than these, because I am going to the Father. And **whatever you ask in my name, I will do**, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything of me in my name, I will do it." – John 14:12-14*

And won't He do it?! He is gracious to allow us to accomplish this work through your support and prayers, for His glory. Thank you for making it possible for us to continue loving, serving, and standing with Him in the gaps.

In the name of Love,

Abby Johnson, CEO & Founder

FROM OUR EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

A little more than two years ago, ProLove Ministries officially launched with a vision to unify the prolife movement and fill in the gaps in services so that women are wrapped in love and resources to confidently choose life for their babies. We came into this endeavor knowing that we were preparing for a post-Roe America. We want to bring new ideas to solve old problems.

And here we are...

In a couple of months, we will exhale as the decision that will affect generations to come is handed down. We could say this has been a "long time coming", but for millions, this has been a lifetime coming. The impact that abortion has made on our nation is immeasurable - nearly every household has been touched.

Our approach is to lead with love and our impact is measured by lives saved and women healed. We are not just looking to help women survive; we want to see them thrive. We are not alone in this work. There are over 2,500 pregnancy centers across the nation whose doors have remained open despite increased government interference and societal persecution. We see countless prolife organizations amping up their efforts to be front and center, disregarding the cancel culture and shadow banning on every platform. Our message cries out above the noise with a resounding mantra: when you love first, life naturally follows. Our movement is becoming proactive instead of reactive.

We end abortion by serving women. When a woman is served, her baby is saved.

In the great state of Texas, we have gotten a glimpse of what our future looks like. Abortions in the state have dropped by over 50% since the passage of the Texas Heartbeat Act on September 1. This brought a whopping 455% increase in call volume to our project Loveline. We made projections for the year at the end of the third quarter, but we missed the mark entirely. We were ready, though. We had applications on hold for case managers, so we onboarded them and they went to work.

I have served in the United States Army. I've worked in the emergency room at a hospital in West Houston. But I have never worked with a better team than the staff and volunteers at ProLove Ministries. This report is evidence that God will use anyone if we are willing. He takes our YES and multiplies it!

Thank you for your support. Check out what you've helped us accomplish in 2021.

Pamela Whitehead
Executive Director

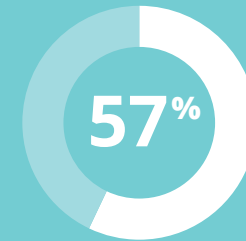


Pam Whitehead

2021 IMPACT

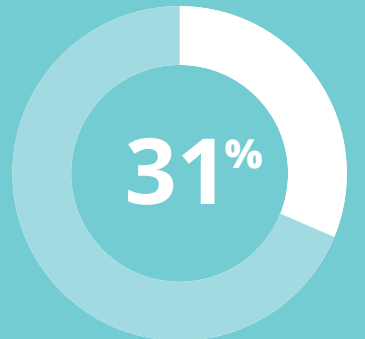
33 WOMEN RESCUED

from sexual exploitation (trafficking through pornography, stripping, + prostitution)



57% of our clients are victims of
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

Served over
**900
WOMEN**
& impacted over
**2,000
CHILDREN***



31% of our clients
have a history of
**SEXUAL ASSAULT/
ABUSE**

Rescued
**119
WOMEN**
from domestic violence



CANCELED
58 abortion
appointments



Onboarded
**6 NEW
AFFILIATE
ORGANIZATIONS**
to fill varying gaps in the
prolife movement



FILLED
\$150,000
IN BABY REGISTRIES
and household necessities

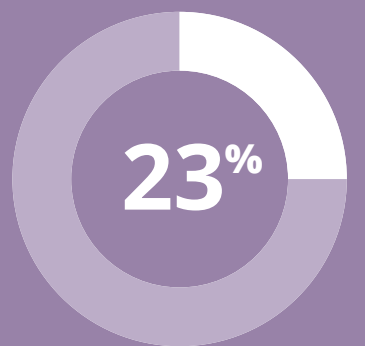


Created
**OVER
10K**

customized rack cards to
share about our incredible
affiliates and the amazing
work they do!



Our educational Myth Busted
video series were watched over
**450,000
TIMES**



23% of our clients
have a history of
**MENTAL
ILLNESS**

2021

IMPACT

We launched.

- Launched the first phase of our transitional housing project near Houston, TX**
- Launched our Loveline Support Group for peer to peer connection
- Launched workshops to share our case management model of care with PRCs around the country (6 workshops in 2021)

**undisclosed location

We informed.

- Obtained inspection reports for 55 clinics through FOIA requests to all 50 states
- Acquired Family Metrics software to track our services and safely house case management information

MOST IMPORTANTLY... We Served.

- Served over 600 participants in Memphis at our ProLife Women's Conference
- Provided 14 intakes for legal consultation for women physically injured in abortion procedures
- Certified 8 case managers as Mental Health Coaches
- PLM staff provided testimonies in multiple states for new prolife legislation
- We responded to over 900 women on our hotline
- Onboarded six new affiliate organizations to fill varying gaps in the prolife movement



Provided

\$18,149

In utility payments

\$88,524

In rent payments
(prevented 56 evictions)

\$42,363

In material goods (household
items, clothing, school supplies)

\$25,000

In scholarships

\$3,674

In hygiene items

\$16,949

In child care payments

\$26,573

For transportation (car payments,
insurance, repairs, drivers education,
drivers license, rideshare)

financial impact

SYDNEY'S STORY

A Client You've Helped

My earliest memories were of my parents fighting. They were always fighting. One day the fighting got so bad that my mom packed our things and we drove off, leaving my dad behind.

She leaned on me then. Just me and her, on the road, with Sarah McLachlan soothing our wounds. I was there for her and it felt good to be far away from the fighting.

It didn't last long. Maybe she didn't know what to do with me, or maybe she didn't know how to fill a father-shaped hole in my life while trying to sort out her own, but I ended up in and out of foster care. I reached for any kind of acceptance I could, and when the rejection was too much, friends who used drugs would pick me up and smoke it away. Cutting seemed to make my outsides match my insides, which bled badly for someone to love me. In between placements, I'd end up in juvie, or I'd go home to my mom's new family, or on the streets where I learned how to survive.

Perhaps that's why I went back to Calvin*. We'd had an on-again, off-again relationship some years ago, but I had been living on the streets and he offered a home and some stability. I felt wanted. We scraped a living while I'd hold a job and he'd sell drugs. We both used and drank and started fighting, but since toxicity was all I'd ever known I stayed. That, and he basically held me there as a hostage. Anytime I'd threaten to leave he'd restrain me. It's not like I had anywhere else to go, and I especially couldn't leave once I learned that I was pregnant.

Initially, I was excited. I told my mom and I made a doctor's appointment. I was eight weeks along. I wasn't met with the excitement that I felt and my enthusiasm waned when I felt like both me and my baby were being rejected, again. Suddenly, I didn't want this baby.

This wasn't my first pregnancy. Years before, I had a baby boy when I was 17. I was in an abusive relationship and terminated my rights as a mother in favor of staying with his violent father. One day, after our child was out of our care, my boyfriend didn't like the way I poured his tea at a fast-food restaurant. His verbal assault got us kicked out, and while we were outside, I felt all of the pent-up rage I had towards him. In public view, I saw an opportunity to get some hits in without retaliation. It backfired. Someone saw me hit him, and I ended up in jail. Angry and betrayed, I was a combative inmate with nothing left to lose—I'd already lost everything I had. I spent the remainder of my teenage years in prison, fighting anyone and anything who came near me.



So, after meeting disappointment with this surprise second pregnancy, I looked up the abortion pill. I searched for adoption agencies. But abortion pills are expensive and I was a user. Who would want my baby? I tried to make my body reject my baby by drinking, smoking as much meth and cigarettes I could get a hold of, and stopped eating and drinking water. Calvin and I would fight and he'd restrain and beat me. My mom had somehow seen Abby's video on Facebook about Loveline and texted it to me during that time, but I didn't think they would help someone like me.

One day the fighting was so bad that Calvin took off running, sure that the cops had been called. I was crying on the bed in a ball, broken and bruised, just sobbing.

That's when I felt the first kicks.

I wasn't alone. I thought to myself, "What am I doing?"

I found that phone number for Loveline and texted them. I didn't want to be on the phone when Calvin came back. When it had been a while, I felt brave enough to speak with Nallely on the phone, who connected me with Christy, my case manager. I was honest with them about using, and the abuse, and having nowhere to go. I told them I hadn't eaten and I was so hungry, and in that same phone call we talked about going to rehab. A pizza arrived at my door after we got off the phone.

I made it through two slices when Calvin walked in the door. "Where'd you get that pizza?!" he demanded to know before saying anything else to me. In a jealous, suspicious rage the pizza and soda ended up all over the apartment.

When I was able, I talked to Christy one more time after the pizza incident. She and the Loveline team had secured me a bed in a lockdown facility to help me get clean and booked me a flight to get there. She got on the phone with my mom, who found my lost ID, and made sure it was shipped overnight to me. I told Calvin I wanted to be healthy, but he wouldn't let me and 'his child' leave. He convinced me to stay and I ghosted Christy. I figured they probably wouldn't let me keep my baby anyway. I even blocked her number.

I continued going to work through the morning sickness while

Calvin stayed home and sold drugs. I'd come home to a filthy apartment because he couldn't be bothered with any kind of cleaning. I lived in this wretched, drunken, meth-filled haze.

But every time I felt a kick, I'd snap out of it, just a little more each time. Each kick reminded me that I had something—someone—to fight for.

At about four months along while video chatting with a friend, she cried on the phone when she saw how frightfully skinny and sunken I looked. She offered to come get me and showed up in the wee hours of the morning. Knowing Calvin would try to hold me hostage, she convinced him that I needed to leave and get medical attention. I had my small backpack, my ID which I kept in my bra for fear that he'd steal it and cut it up, and the clothes on my back. When I walked to the door, I looked at her; I looked at him, and put my head down and walked out. I didn't look back.

We drove for some time and stopped at a hotel to sleep, then continued on the road. As the distance between us increased, I panicked and felt like I just couldn't let Calvin go. I argued with my friend, who may have just saved my life, and threatened self-harm. The fear of leaving that toxic situation had such a hold on me that the reality of actually going through with it shocked my system.

After getting kicked out of the vehicle a couple of times in an act of tough love from my friend, we finally made it to the city limits of a small town. Within those city limits was a women's shelter and maternity home, and with some coaching from a friend I knew from prison, I knew exactly what to say to get in. I got a bed and a part-time job. I saw a doctor when I was 22 weeks along and I found out I was having a girl, but my time limit at the shelter rapidly approached and I was turned out.

I called my mom. When I'd tried reaching out before, we would just fight. She told me on video chat that I looked sick and told me to call Christy.

Little did I know that Christy had still been praying for me all that time.

My mom picked me up and took me home. For a moment I felt like I had my mom back, but I needed boundaries with everyone in the home who continued to make me feel worthless. I was not wanted there. I needed to find a maternity home, but was still smoking to numb the sting. I finally found a maternity home that would take me if I could pass a drug test, and they set a date and a time for me to arrive. I drank water all week and tried to flush

my body in preparation for the test. An urgent need to get clean for my baby rose within me.

Christy planned on meeting me there in person for the first time to make sure I arrived and checked in. She arrived 15 minutes before me, and the look on her face when I arrived was not what I expected. "I have good news and bad news," she said. There had been a horrible mistake and there was no bed for me. Rejected, again.

But the good news? She had called Pam, the director of Loveline, and they had a room for me in Houston at the Loveline house** as long as my drug test was clean. I'm pretty sure I just barely passed that test.

Christy took me somewhere to eat and sit down to process the whole thing. Houston was going to be so far away from my mom, and I wanted to be near her when the baby came. I looked across the table at her and resolved to do this for the baby.



I looked across the table at her and resolved to do this for the baby. "She seems like a fighter," I said.

There were going to be conditions on living in this house, though, starting with my phone being taken away for 30 days. It seemed a bit extreme, but understood that it was not only for my safety (in case I reached back out for Calvin in a moment of weakness) and for the safety of the other house residents. We drove and met Pam and Brandy, Loveline's licensed therapist, halfway at a WalMart parking lot. Something about the way they approached me and spoke with me made me feel safe and I impulsively reached out to embrace them.

"You're a hugger!" Brandy exclaimed. I knew I was going to be okay.

Those 30 days without my phone in the new home was a time of detox, not just from the alcohol and drugs, but from my toxic relationship. Toxic people had been my drug of choice. I took walks. I wrote in my journal. Christy sent me a GED study guide and coloring books. A few times I tried getting my phone back but Miss Pam's boundaries are watertight.

I ate. And I ate, and I ate. I made myself focus on nourishing my baby girl.

During that time, I got to know my other housemates, attended group meetings for recovery and with Embrace Grace, worked through counseling with Brandy, and I started going to church. I regularly attended church when I was a little girl, but that all ended with my parents' divorce. My experience with church accompanied fighting and that security dissolved along with their marriage. This was like a rebirth.

I was about 12 days past my due date, bouncing on the birthing ball, taking walks and doing ALL THE THINGS to encourage labor when the contractions became strong enough to go to the hospital. Pam took me and stayed by my side, stroking my hair and soothing me during contractions, taking my mind off the pain by anointing my head and my hands with oils, praying over me, breathing with me. When baby got stuck, she suited up and stayed with me in the operating room for a c-section. I don't think she stopped to eat anything that whole day.

We both waited behind the curtain and Pam continued to comfort me and put me at ease. She even took pictures of me, which was something I hadn't thought of to commemorate the birth of my daughter.

"Is she out yet?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm back here with you."

I heard some scrambling on the other side of the curtain followed by the beautiful cry of my daughter.

"There's your baby!" Pam said. I called out to her by name, telling her I love her, over and over again.

It took some time to put me back together again due to a complication with my uterus and my baby's position, but I feel like this is my war story and I want to share it. I actually had to be reopened, reinflated with a balloon, and closed back up again. My epidural wore off and I loudly let them know about it, but I made it. She made it. We both made it, and once I was cleaned up, I was so ready to feed my baby. It was the most important thing in the world to me, knowing she hadn't eaten yet and it was my body that provided the nourishment she needed.



In recovery, Pam stayed with me until that night, taking care of us. Calvin never showed up at the hospital, and he wasn't there for the signing of our daughter's birth certificate. I believe that's for the best.

Pam went home for rest and Brandy arrived the next morning. These two women who had stayed with me, anointed me, cleansed me...it was like the love of Jesus I had never encountered before.

I sought that love everywhere I could have and shouldn't have. I found it here in this house, with this Loveline family, with my baby, my church, my Embrace Grace group, and recovery group. People who loved me when they didn't have to. They fought for me to keep my daughter and they continue to fight for me in recovery. It's not the kind of fighting I'm used to, where my story began. It's the kind which lays down one's life for one's friends.

My daughter is a thriving beauty, perfect in every way despite what I did to her in the first half of pregnancy. I have a job now, and I'm back in school preparing for my GED. Through Loveline, I have financial coaching and am learning how to budget and plan for the future—our future.

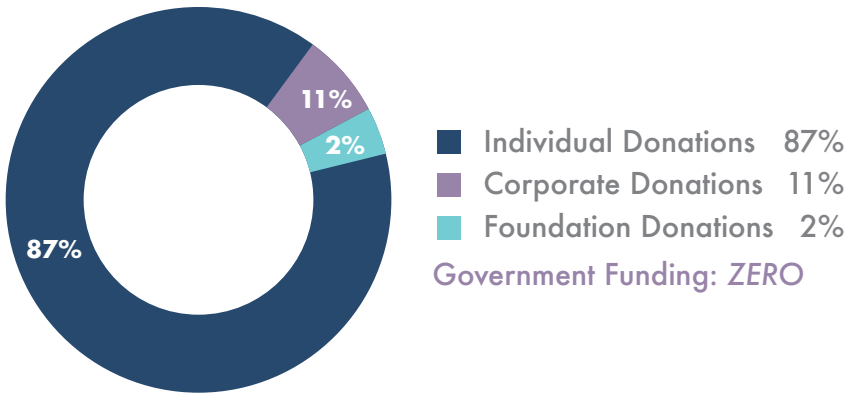
I have the freedom in knowing the truth about myself, 'being confident of this, that he who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus.'
- PHILIPPIANS 1:6

He's still writing my story, but I know how it's going to end. I want to give my story back to Him, who drew me out and made me new. He gave me love I have never known, through people I had never met, and I want to share that love with anyone out there who doesn't know it yet.

*name changed
**undisclosed location

YOUR GIFTS

Your support funds our efforts



Income vs. Expenses

income \$831,500

expenses \$839,300

*Figures from our direct mail program are still being finalized at this time.

