

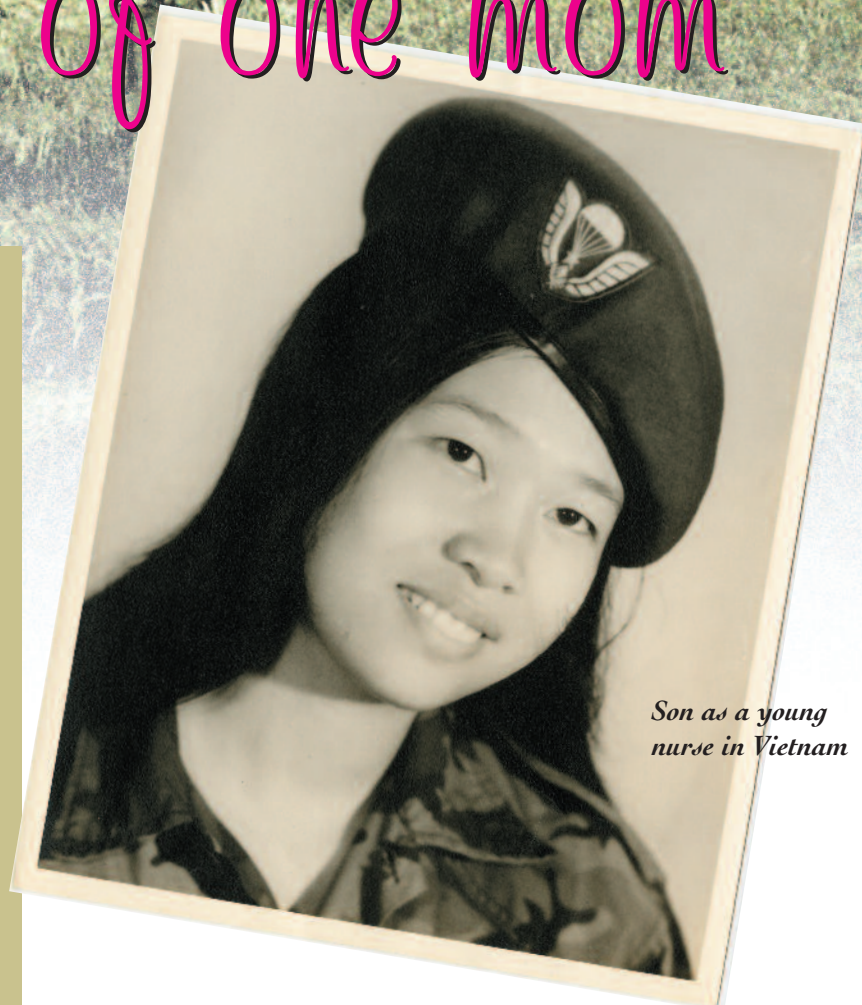
Because of one mom

By Jason Blevins

On a warm spring morning in 1963, machinegun fire broke the silence in Tan Phu Trung village. As the violent battle between government forces and the Viet Cong took place just 27 miles west of Saigon, Vietnam, one stray bullet penetrated a hut and struck a sleeping girl named Son Thi Nguyen. Rushed to a nearby nurse, Son endured a painful operation fully awake as five men held her down while the nurse removed the bullet from her head.

That young girl survived the operation and later became my mom. It was the first of many painful trials she would endure in her life, but if we let Him, God has a way of using our trials for His glory. In the same way that intense heat and pressure turns ordinary black coal into a shining precious diamond, God used pain to beautify my mom.

In impoverished war-torn Vietnam, my mom had learned to make do with little. At times this meant sharing a meal of one orange with her entire family. But she worked hard in school and eventually became a nurse. During the war she was assigned to a U.S. hospital where she met my dad, who was a soldier. After his tour of duty, he returned to Vietnam and married my mom. She left hardships, poverty and war behind to start a new life in the United States of America—or so she thought.



Son as a young nurse in Vietnam

The only 'choice'

Years after the last bullets were fired, my family became a casualty of the Vietnam War. My dad struggled with post-traumatic stress disorder from the moment he got home until the moment he dedicated his life to God in the late 1980s. The post-traumatic stress disorder affected his relationships, employment and judgment skills. After my brother Lee was born in 1974, my parents struggled financially. By the time I was conceived, things were stretched thin. Having another mouth to feed was more stress than my dad thought he could handle. Seemingly running out of options, he tried to force my mom into terminating her pregnancy—which meant terminating me. But my mom had experienced hardships before and she knew God would see her through. After all, she came from a faithful Catholic family and she kept the faith. The concept “pro-choice” was not a term in her English or Vietnamese vocabularies. Thus, she took an unwavering stance against my dad’s marred judgment and saved my life.

Several years passed and things got worse. My dad was unfaithful to his marriage vows. My mom worked hard to save the marriage but she soon found herself alone. Abandoned in a foreign land and barely able to speak the language, she was forced to raise two young children with little support. To our astonishment, however, as life got tougher, so did she. Sometimes my mom worked several jobs. Because of her and God the Father, we never went hungry, cold or without the basic necessities. We didn’t have the best clothes or toys, nor did we live in the best neighborhood. But somehow my mom made our growing up in a government-subsidized housing project into a memorable and happy childhood.

In the mystery of providence, things didn’t get easier. Through my teen years she endured additional trials that would have caused most people to give up. In a short time span, my mom’s mother, father and sister all died. When I was 13, her car was rear-ended by a large truck so she suffered through many months in the hospital and physical therapy. By the time I started college, my stepfather had abandoned her and she faced the loss of her home. Each

time I watched my mom go through another ordeal it was like watching her begin life all over again. Each time I thought of the great and noble Job, while wondering how my mom could endure her trials. And each time I watched in amazement as she fought through everything that the diabolical enemy used to attack her.

Blessings to generations

I suppose the devil is vexed because his efforts have only led to my mom’s solid faith, tenacious perseverance, strong work ethic and, most importantly, powerful love.

I owe my achievements to her fine example. I was able to put myself through college and became the first one on her side of the family to earn a degree. After college, I enrolled in the police academy, became an officer and later went on



Jason and his mom—more than mere survivors

to serve my country in various agencies. Most importantly, I am a husband and the father of two beautiful children. If my mom hadn’t saved me from abortion in 1977, neither I nor my wonderful son and daughter would be here today. Because I am here, I married a precious woman and together we try to help struggling mothers and couples welcome their children. So I am amazed that one choice—the right choice to bring a child into this world—can have such a huge impact on it.



Holly and Jason with their children

Jesus says, “Greater love has no one than this, that one lay down his life for his friends.” With the deepest gratitude and joy, I am here to tell you that the tremendous personal sacrifice of my mom Son taught us about the greatest love of all. Therefore, her family will carry on and be blessed for generations.

Jason Blevins and his wife Holly are raising their children in Virginia.



Baby Jason and his mom celebrate life