

# But Then He Came Back...

JUSTICE  
FOR ALL

## Prayer Requests:

- Pray for “Psycho” and his girlfriend to come to the foot of the cross. They are still in a tough situation.
- Remember me and the other sidewalk counselors across the country and pray for the men and women who are considering abortion.
- Pray that God would bless our ministry financially.

## Family Updates:

- My oldest daughter Israel is turning five years old this month.
- Remember that bad drought we were having? It’s over, and you can stop praying for rain now!
- My goal between now and Christmas is to raise \$4,000 per month to fund my full-time salary plus other employment expenses.

“My name is Psycho.”

That is how he introduced himself outside of Feminist Women’s Health Center (FWHC). He was rough, not just around the edges, but all the way through. Psycho told me he had brought his girlfriend from Tennessee to Atlanta for an abortion. She was nineteen weeks pregnant.

We talked for about twenty minutes. All I was able to say were a few things like, “This must be a hard day for you” and “There’s just no easy solution here is there?” He did most of the talking.

The conversation came to an abrupt end when he said, “My girlfriend is waiting on me. I got to go.” As he walked away I felt frustrated, even angry. I HAD FAILED to get out the important things that needed to be said, the things he needed to hear.

But then Psycho came back down to get a Coke out of his truck. He glanced my way and said, “Why are you here? Don’t you have a job?”

“I do, but what do you do for a living?” I said.

I could tell from the way he answered that he was a union construction man. He was already twenty feet away from me and moving farther with each second, so I pulled my union card out of my wallet, and raising it up I said “Here’s my union card. Where is yours?”

That turned out to be the most useful thing my union card has ever done! It is an unspoken rule: if a union man

pulls out his card and asks to see your card, you better show it! A look of curiosity came across his face as he walked down to me thumbing through his wallet. It seemed that we repeated our earlier conversation. I figured he just needed to verbally process what he was going through. I listened some more and asked a few basic questions.

Then we heard his girlfriend holler from the top of the hill. She wanted her Coke, and *she was standing next to a security guard!* As he walked away, I felt frustrated and angry all over again. I still did not get to tell him what he needed to know.

But then Psycho came back down the hill to his truck again. This time he pointed at me and said, “You got me in trouble. That security guard told me if I talk to you again I can’t go back in the clinic with my girlfriend.”

“Sorry man,” I said. “Hey, wait a minute. Just answer one question for me. Do you usually take orders from people that you pay?”

“THE [HELL] I DO!” He turned to make a rude gesture at the security guard as he walked back down to me.

I had a Justice For All Exhibit brochure with me, so I asked him if he would like to see pictures of how far along his child was and what abortion looked like at that stage. He agreed, and when we got to the pictures of children killed by abortion at roughly the same age as his child, he stared long and hard at the pictures. For the first time, he was speechless.

“That’s rough man, but I still think



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abortion is the best option for us.” Then he walked away.

Again, I felt frustrated and angry. I still thought that I hadn't said the important stuff. Most Fridays there are anywhere from two to five people who turn back from FWHC; they decide not to go through with it. I waited and waited, but no Psycho ... and no one else either.

It was after dark that night when my phone rang.

“Could we still get that free ultrasound you told me about earlier today?” he said.

My wife and I drove to Psycho's hotel where he and his girlfriend were staying. There they told us that they decided not to complete the abortion. Since his girlfriend had already begun a two-day abortion process, we rushed her to the emergency room to see if her baby could be saved. The next day we went with them to a mobile ultrasound unit so they could see pictures of their little boy.

Poppa Psycho, Momma, and their baby are alive and well. So far they have stayed in touch, and we will continue to offer whatever support we can.

This was not a distant story. This happened right in our backyard, and I was there to help because you cared enough to send me. You, too, were involved through your prayers and financial support. Thank you!

*-Jacob Nels*

**If you are not currently supporting me financially or through prayer, please consider joining me today.**



**Be a part of the team that keeps me on the front lines helping people like “Psycho” (left), his girlfriend, and his child.**