



JUSTICE FOR ALL

Training Thousands to
Make Abortion Unthinkable for Millions,
One Person at a Time

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Newsletter
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Dear Friends,

Your support helped train over fifty JFA volunteers, interns, and staff this past May, who in turn had well over a thousand *individual* conversations with students at Pasadena City College. Thousands more who chose not to dialogue had the opportunity to view the Justice For All Exhibit. I personally engaged in over fifty conversations!

Imagine the quintessential American Indian—tanned skin, dark piercing eyes, flowing black hair tied back, and a hawk-like nose. Paytah* stood glaring silently at our exhibit. When I asked him what he thought, he responded, “I don’t give a **** about talking to you.” His eyes seemed to burn with anger, and he gave no indication that he wanted any part of what we were doing. Yet he didn’t leave the immediate vicinity, and he appeared to be listening as I respectfully answered the questions of his tall, Chinese friend Chen*.



Chen became very interested in our case and changed his view on abortion as we talked. Paytah made a quiet remark about women needing options, but kept a posture that demonstrated that he did not want to be considered a part of the conversation. Eventually Chen had to go to class, but he smiled and thanked me for the way in which we were communicating our message.

I still need your support. Will you make a pledge today?

To my surprise, Paytah leaned in to make a comment. We began to talk. Right in the middle of the discussion he said something out of the clear blue that explained why he was so confused and angry. He said, “My girlfriend and I had a miscarriage a while back, and it really hurt me.” He said it just as deadpan as you can imagine.

We may say we believe one thing, but the truth is, in clarifying moments of crisis, we reveal what it is we truly believe. Paytah said that **both he and** his girlfriend lost something. That he admitted he was hurt reveals that in his heart he believes the something he lost was more than a clump of cells.
*name changed

Nathan was staring intently at the exhibit and scratching his chin as if it would not stop itching.

“What are you thinking about?” I asked.

“It is so wrong, and it really bothers me,” he said. He went on to expound many of the pro-life apologetics that we teach.

“I’m just a college kid with no resources, but I do have time. I just wish I could do something,” he concluded.

I told him he could do what we do—talk to people. I explained that after we left, he would need to carry on the work.

“See that girl? She’s been sitting by the exhibit for a while. Let’s go talk to her,” I offered.

“Oh, I’m not qualified,” he said.

“Nathan, you just demonstrated that you have the knowledge, but more importantly, you have the heart. You’ll do great.”

As we approached the young lady sitting by the fountain, I introduced myself and Nathan. Cass

introduced herself with a smile, then she and Nathan took off talking. When I left twenty minutes later they were still discussing the unborn and what God must think about it all. When I saw Nathan later that day, he could not wait to get another conversation going.



Jimmy & Michael

I met a girl who when I asked her what she thought about abortion said, "It's hard. I feel like it's wrong, but it's a complicated issue." I asked her if she would like to share my brownie. While she munched for a few minutes, I asked her if she really thought choosing between life and death was that complicated. After she finished the brownie, she responded in a heart-felt tone, "Thanks for making it simple."

On Wednesday I talked briefly to Michael and Jimmy. Jimmy was short, well-built, and wore aviator glasses. His short comments were issued in staccato. I could tell he was not in agreement with our position. Michael was taller, with a burr cut. His posture was open and inquisitive. I spent ten minutes primarily addressing Jimmy before they had to get off to class.

Late Thursday afternoon as we were about to break down the exhibit, I was talking to a professor when Michael sidled up to me and waited patiently for my conversation to come to end. He wanted to talk. As we sat down under a tree, he began to ramble about his life. He explained that he was very blessed. His parents were still together, he didn't want for anything, and here he was at a nice school. He explained that he felt like with all this blessing he ought to do something with his life. He grew up

going to church and loved Sunday school, but quit going to church when he went off to school. He talked of being influenced by atheists and evolutionists and of being hurt by people who took advantage of him.

I didn't say much. I mostly listened. I asked a few questions such as, "Do you believe we'll have to answer to God one day for the choices we make in this life?" I counseled that what God wants of us is to love one another, and that love is not a feeling, it is an action. Love is how we treat one another. Love is putting others' needs before our own wants. He responded with a simple statement: "I want to start loving people again."

We talked a little longer about the value of the church community, and then it was time to go. Before parting we prayed together and asked God to forgive our failure to truly love; we asked for wisdom to make right choices, and for strength to follow through on those choices. Turns out, you don't need a church aisle to respond to The Call.

Next month I will report on our visit to a church camp in Oklahoma where we engaged more than a hundred young people on the issue of abortion.

Sincerely,

John Michener

P.S. Please take my call later this summer to help connect me to at least one more person or family who you think would also want to help train the next generation to be salt and light in this world.

