



JUSTICE FOR ALL

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

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Oklahoma & North Texas

Newsletter

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Flags. Lots and lots of little flags. They greeted us Monday morning when we arrived at the University of Kansas (KU). It was the tenth anniversary of 9/11. KU

students had planted U.S. flags with the names of each 9/11 victim on one of the campus lawns. The field covered a triangle over one hundred feet long down each side. Students walked by respectfully as they reflected on the losses.

Whom do you think of when you see flags? I think of hometown heroes, of the brave men and women who are willing to give their lives in service to all of us. Memorial flags are often associated with Memorial Day or Veterans Day, and they traditionally remind us of soldiers, but more recently I also think of policemen and firefighters. They are our hometown heroes.

The events of 9/11 left not only two holes in downtown Manhattan, but also a hole in the hearts of Americans that a decade later they are still trying to fill with meaning and healing. On that day 2,983 lives were lost. Our government responded by spending trillions of dollars on defense and a war in the Middle East. The entire nation mourned, and ten years later we inaugurated a National Memorial.

Out of respect for the day, we chose to erect a smaller version of the Justice For All Exhibit along with a single poll table. Our memorial for the unborn took up only about a twelve-foot square.

Oddly enough, some of the same students who showed such respect for the 9/11 victims responded with disrespect toward our memorial for the unborn victims of abortion. On average, 3,300 unborn children are killed by abortion every day across the United States. Where are the flags for them? Where is their national memorial? Clearly, many of the KU students did not value the lives of the unborn as much as the ones lost in the World Trade Center towers.

I reflected on the flags as I strolled down to our site. I steeled my mind for the task at hand—reducing the number of flags that might one day be planted for the unborn. I thought of my new set of hometown heroes—JFA's trained pro-life advocates who this day were about to speak for the unborn.

Over three thousand unborn children are killed by abortion every day across the United States. Where are the flags for them? Where is their national memorial?

Hometown Hero

Angela Weatherly was one of these advocates that I helped train. Together we began to engage KU students who were waiting for class to begin or for their bus to arrive.

One of our first conversations was with a young man named Armani (yes, like the suits), who was sitting with three girls and another guy on the steps near our poll table. When I asked him what he thought about abortion, he responded that he thought abortions were a good thing. I asked him when life begins, and he said he thought at birth.

I spent some time reviewing the cycle of life with him and showed him pictures of early human development. He was amazed at the advanced development of the unborn as early as seven weeks old. In a light-hearted tone he asked if he could change his initial answer.

At this point Angela jumped in and gently challenged him to exercise male leadership. She let him know that his voice would be respected and heard if he were willing to speak. She showed a lot of wisdom in coaching him on how to respond when he gets that call from a sister or friend who is confronted with an unwanted pregnancy.



Angela and I talk to a KU student.

Angela later reflected, “Armani was awesome. When the light came on, there was a noticeable change in him, and we believe he will speak up in the future when confronted with the topic of abortion.”



“Kasey” approached our poll table and began to scribble something on the pad for those who were voting “YES, Abortion should remain legal.” Her matted dreadlocks cascaded over her shoulders, and she wore a backpack slung low on her back. There was something about her personae that told me abortion was not just a theoretical issue for her.

We talked for some time, building rapport, until she finally came out with it: she had had an abortion at age fifteen. As if on cue, Angela masterfully took over the conversation as I slowly stepped back and away. I ended up having another conversation, but twenty minutes later I looked over just in time to see Kasey clutch Angela in a warm embrace.

Later, Angela said she was not able to change Kasey’s mind, but did impress upon her the importance of seeking real healing and not living in the denial that she was in. I think they made a deep connection.

Later that day we met another girl with a heartbreaking story. “Amber” was pro-choice, and she was very upset with our little exhibit. Angela visited with her for well over an hour and later reported:

She was in tremendous pain... She had a difficult childhood. Her mother told her the man she thought was her father was only her stepfather. Amber began to rebel—drugs and sex were now her norm. When Amber was just fifteen, her Mom decided to put her into a juvenile hospital for troubled teens. Upon entering the hospital, basic blood work revealed Amber was pregnant. Amber’s mother did not share the results of the blood work with Amber; she simply made the abortion appointment and took her. Amber admitted she might have made the same decision, but she had not been given the choice.

Amber has a thirteen-year-old half-sister. I asked Amber what she would do if her half-sister turned up pregnant. Amber responded, “Well, I won’t let her talk to her mother.” We exchanged a deep and heartfelt hug.

I strongly suggested she get counseling and find a good church. She said she was worried that “church people” would judge her. I explained that I was one of those church people, and we hugged again.

I emailed Amber as soon as I got home. She responded right away, “I thoroughly enjoyed your company. Talking with you and with the rest of the volunteers there completely empowered me to...seek the adequate professionals to help the healing process. With all the stresses college brings...it’s about time I figure out who I am and how I feel about everything before anything gets worse. I am so happy you emailed me... Keep in touch.” I will constantly pray she finds her healing and our Lord and Savior. I will carry Amber in my heart forever.

About Angela

I met Angela earlier this summer when a mutual friend introduced us. Angela leads a ministry called *Beyond the Secret...Mercy Awaits*, a post-abortion recovery group. At the time we met, Angela and her team had been praying for God to show them a way to find the women who most need their help. We immediately saw that Beyond the Secret and Justice For All were perfect partners.

Since we met just a few months ago, Angela has been through JFA training two times, joining us on mission trips in Kansas and Colorado. Her ministry team will be hosting JFA training in Carrollton, Texas in early November, and Angela has joined our certification program to become a JFA mentor and teacher. Angela is one of my hometown heroes.

-John Michener



One of Angela’s many conversations at the poll table.