

It was a drive-by comment, a hit-and-run verbal volley from a gang banger turned college student. Alex spoke over his shoulder in a loud voice that echoed across the Plaza at Colorado State University.

“Anybody up in here think it’s not a woman’s choice to do what she want with her own body is crazy, yo. You feel me?”

He waved his hand up over his crooked cap to emphasize the “feel me?”

“Hey, man, I feel you, but what are you talking about; what do you mean?” I said with as much volume as I could muster without sounding angry.

He did not break stride as he turned around to see who had addressed him. He kept backing away, but I maintained eye contact and kept pace with his backward steps.

“Do you really think a baby is just a part of a mother’s body?” I asked.

He finally stopped to engage. He continued using street slang to explain that maybe the baby was not part of the mother, but that fact did not matter because it was all relative, and women can decide if abortion is right for them. When I pressed him on moral relativism by asking about specific examples of horrible behavior, he finally admitted that he thought some moral principles applied to everyone.

I asked him if he thought it was true that innocent human life is valuable and should be protected. At that question, he dropped all gangster slang.



“I’m not innocent. I’ve done things. I had to put food on the table for my family. Do you think God will judge me for that?”

“Now wait a minute. Does that mean *my* life is not valuable?” he said. The look in his eyes told me it was an honest question—and he looked a little scared. He continued.

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“Alex, I would not presume to know how the creator of the universe would judge anyone, but let me ask you this: did you ever hear that little voice inside your head saying, ‘Don’t you do this. It ain’t right. Don’t do this,’ but you did it anyway?”

“Yeah, I done that,” he said.

“Well then, you’re right. You are not innocent. You are still valuable, but you are not innocent, and you will need to make it right with God or fear his judgment.”

He continued to stand still as I shared the gospel with him. We went on to talk about the value of the Christian community and becoming a part of it. In the end, he thanked me for the advice and counsel and headed off to class.

God can use our words in ways we never imagined. Here, I had been making a case for the unborn, defending their value, but Alex had keyed in on the word “innocent” and had measured himself by that standard, rather than a baby. His conscience had pricked him, and he had found himself wondering: “What if it’s true that only *innocent* life is valuable to God?” Of course, that is not what I meant, but that is what he heard. I had to clarify that every person is valuable to God, but innocence versus guilt does matter when it comes to legal protection, both in human courts, and before a holy and just God.

-John Michener

A llama, a squirrel, and a bird walk into a pro-life event...

This is not the opening line of a joke; it really happened.



Llama, or long-lost brother? I asked him during our Independence Day outreach, but he just grunted and spat.



Mr. Pro-Life Squirrel ate from my hand at the University of Nebraska — you would, too, if I were holding **chocolate covered bacon!**



This baby mockingbird dropped from its nest just as we finished praying. Moments before, it had been completely dependent on its mother for food. We got to watch it stretch its wings and fly for the first time.

