

Remember when you tuned in to watch a much-anticipated “all new” episode of your favorite TV show only to be treated to sixty seconds of all new material and then an entire program made up of flashbacks to episodes you had already seen? As a ten-year-old boy hooked on *The Dukes of Hazzard*, I was traumatized when this happened. Young and naive, I did not understand what was happening behind the scenes. I assumed that the writers were just being lazy, that they were trying to buy another week to get over their writer’s block, like when I begged my English teacher for another week to put the “finishing touches” on the paper that I had not even started.

The real cause of the “all new” episode was a labor dispute. The actors were on strike until their salary was negotiated to their satisfaction. Well, I am not on strike, but I do have a labor problem. With mission trips to Georgia, Texas, and Oklahoma in March, I find it necessary to provide you with an “all new” newsletter. I would not think of it as a flashback episode, though. Think of it as a rerun of your favorite show. The TV shows *Mash* and *Seinfeld* have each been rerunning now for longer than their original air dates. That is because they are so good and worth watching over and over. So, here comes the flashback...er, uh, I mean rerun.



I recently spoke at Fairview Baptist Church in Edmond, Oklahoma upon the fortieth anniversary of *Roe v. Wade* and for Sanctity of Life Sunday. In that message I shared many of my favorite stories from the last two years. I’ve posted the video on the web. There are three ways to find it:

- 1) go to www.youtube.com and search for “**John Michener at Fairview,**”
- 2) follow this direct link: <http://youtu.be/NA3yujHfjEs>, or
- 3) follow the link on my archive page: www.jfaweb.org/John_Michener/Archive.htm.

Ah, but you were expecting a newsletter, not a video. Well you are in luck. Remember that time I talked about our [Novel Navels?](#) What about the adventure of [Storming the Castle](#) in Mesa, Arizona?

Wasn’t that funny when I wouldn’t let our dinner host bake the cookies in [The Great Cookie Caper?](#) And who could forget the dramatic sacrifices of our [Hometown Heroes?](#) These stories, and many more, can be found on my archive page noted above.

On the back side, do not miss one audience member’s moving response to my message at Fairview Baptist.

Thanks for supporting and following this series, and tune in next month for a truly all new newsletter!

John Michener



Dear John and Justice For All,

I am not much of an author, but I tried. I never cried over my baby before, but I really needed to, and I cried a lot when I wrote this after hearing your presentation upon the fortieth anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*. I am not a man that cries easily, and this took place in 1975 or 1976, but I can cry about it now.

Feel free to use these letters wherever you go. Thank you for giving me a venue to express my remorse.

God bless you and your organization,

Jon S. Davidson

Dear Cindy,

I have wanted to tell you how sorry I am that I advised you to abort our child. I made a lot of excuses in my head back then to justify what I did, but I have had remorse ever since. The guilt was tremendous on the day that I became a Christian seven years later because I knew that I had broken the commandment, “Thou shalt not murder.”

I have had the sense that we had a girl, and I named her Cindy-Jon. She was real, and I know she would have been beautiful like her mother.

I was more guilty than you because you did not want to abort Cindy-Jon, but I treated you horribly and basically ignored you. I am sorry that I made you feel that you had to go through with the procedure and that you may have even seen our little developing daughter before she died.

I hope that you have found the Lord and that you know his forgiveness is for you, too. God bless you, Cindy. -*Jon*

Dear Cindy-Jon,

I want to tell you how sorry I am that I deprived you of life. I know that you are with the Lord and that I will see you some day. I want you to know that you are mourned. I wish that I had a marker for you someplace so that I could put flowers on your grave. I know that you were a person, not *just* a fetus, that you were deprived of your right to live.



I have often wondered what you would have looked like and what kind of relationship we would have had. I know that I would have spoiled you. Instead, I killed you. I can only imagine you now, and I hope that this apology finds its way to heaven...and even to your mother. You both deserved better. -*Jon*