



Can Enemies be Friends?

Update from Jacob Burow — June 1, 2010



Greetings, friends. I'm excited to be making progress with fundraising: I've raised a full 25% of my support. THANK YOU!

I still need your help so I can move to Wichita this summer! My goal for this month is to have at least ten more people supporting me with at least ten dollars a month. It may seem that ten dollars will not help much, but I want to stress that your gift can't be too small, because added together they do make a full salary!

Here's one way you can help me reach my goal: find others who might give. I would love to share JFA's mission with your church, bible study, friends, and any other pro-life people you know, so that they can consider joining my support team.

And what will that support accomplish? Consider this story about Dan.

I first saw Dan when he showed up on Tuesday at the recent Justice For All Exhibit at the University of Northern Colorado. During that day and Wednesday, he carried signs and wrote on our free speech boards. In both cases, he took quotations of Justice For All's leadership out of context. The quotes came from a 2007 documentary that featured JFA (*Unborn in the USA*).

Dan walked around our exhibit in flip flops and rolled up jeans, silently ignoring the attempts of many people to start a conversation with him. I wondered how we could even begin to interact with him.

Then the police arrived. A squad car came driving up rapidly, and an officer jumped out. Obviously he was looking for something. He hesitated, looked around, and then walked towards the exhibit. I went to meet him. I had talked to him the day before, and he recognized me and shook my hand.

"So where is the disturbance?" he asked.

"Disturbance?"

"Yeah, was it you that called? Someone said there was yelling, and he was being harassed."

I looked around at all of the conversations going on. Everything was quiet. "I have not heard any yelling, sir, and I've been here all day." I saw Dan walking by with his sign, and on an impulse asked if he knew who had called the cops.

"Yeah, that was me," he said, as he kept walking by. The officer went and talked to him, and Dan pointed out a volunteer we had trained. As the police officer went and talked to the volunteer, I talked to several students who knew Dan. They said that he was making it up. No one had yelled at Dan or harassed him. This volunteer had, however, asked Dan questions that he ignored.

Ironically, the police then told Dan that he could not hold a sign without a permit. I was upset that



While Dan was avoiding dialogue, this crowd was really enjoying it. I (left) facilitated between pro-choice and pro-life students.



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they were restricting his right of free speech, but Dan simply left, even though we offered to help him gain the right to be there protesting us.

The next morning I was not surprised to see Dan holding his signs near our exhibit. He had gotten a permit, and around 11 a.m. a group of students from the feminist student group joined him in protesting. Later when visiting with the police officer who had come to check on us, I was mildly entertained to hear Dan complaining that “they” would not be quiet.

“Who is giving you trouble?” the officer asked, ready to go speak with them.

“Oh, no...I mean *my* group,” Dan said. “I wanted it to be a silent protest, but they won’t stop talking to the pro-lifers.”

Score. This is what we hope for and work towards, being able to engage people to make abortion unthinkable for them. I saw all of the feminist student protesters (guys and girls) talking to JFA staff and volunteers throughout the day.

I was somewhat shocked later in the afternoon to see that Dan, despite his intentions of not engaging us, had broken down and was having a long conversation with Trent Horn, one of our staff.

Later, when we were loading the exhibit into the trailer, I saw Dan sitting nearby. I went to thank him for bringing out people to protest, saying that I thought we had great dialogue. Surprisingly, he agreed. “And thank you for having the display. I really enjoyed it, and I hope you come next year.” I couldn’t be sure if he was being sarcastic or not, so I nodded and left. Ten minutes later, as I stood talking to other JFA staffers before leaving, I saw someone wave at us from across the grassy area. It was Dan with his signs tucked under one arm. Shocked, the other staff and I waved back.

It was awesome to see how his walls against us gradually broke down. He started with calling the police and ended with handshakes and friendly waves, saying he hoped to see us around again. This is the first step to creating the sort of dialogue that changes minds. This is what we strive for in relating to people. We want to make enemies into our friends, thus showing them the same love that Christ showed us.

Many Blessings, **Jacob Burow**

P.S. If you are not yet part of my support team, please prayerfully consider sending a tax-deductible donation using the enclosed form today.



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