

The Power of One

Impact Report

JUSTICE FOR ALL

May 2013

Training thousands to make abortion unthinkable for millions...

Our team is comprised of more than just our full-time staff. We are frequently joined in the field by dedicated volunteers, some of whom have experiences and special gifts that help us in our work. Angela Weatherly is one of these volunteers, and in this report she shares her story.

Thank you for helping us provide opportunities for hope and healing while we attempt to make abortion unthinkable.

NOTE: I am still compiling reflections and pictures to share from Georgia Tech. I will be sharing Part 2 of *A Different Kind of Spring Break* next month.



...one person at a time.

I was in the restroom at a Justice For All outreach when staff member John Michener texted me saying, “Where are you? I need you.” I texted him back, “Give me a minute. I’ll be right there.” I came out to meet a young lady who was obviously tortured by guilt. She had been only fifteen years old when her mother forced her to have an abortion against her will. During our intimate conversation, I encouraged her to consider Christ’s forgiveness and seek counseling. We ended our time together in a warm embrace. I still pray for her healing.

Why did JFA turn to me to minister to this girl? I began volunteering with JFA more than two years ago, but the story begins many years before that.

I was the first child that my biological mother decided not to raise. So I was adopted at birth by two wonderful people. I was their one and only child, and I was given everything a child could want by my doting parents. For six years everything was perfect. Then, just before my seventh birthday, I lost my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandmother, leaving me the only child of a single mother in a time before single parents were common.

I was a good girl all the way through high school. I didn’t miss school or cause trouble. I didn’t smoke or drink. I didn’t even dance, much less party. I was on the honor roll and graduated among the top of my class. I was the good one.

My mom and I were in church every time the doors were open. I became a Christian as a young girl during Vacation Bible School. I was in the choir, and I served as a youth leader, teaching other young ladies the importance of abstinence. Later, I became a Sunday school teacher, the church secretary, and the church treasurer.

During high school my body started doing weird things, and doctors put me on birth control pills to help regulate my cycles. But they also said, “By the way, when you’re on this stuff, the likelihood of you getting pregnant is less than one percent.” Hmmm...the power of one suggestion.

Before I turned twenty-five, I decided to rebel. I had done the church thing and been the good girl. I wanted to have some fun, so I did. The power of one decision.

One day I was not feeling well, so I went to the doctor. Imagine my shock and horror when the nurse told me that I was pregnant. My worst nightmare had begun...and so did the voice. The voice in my head said, “But you’re the good one! How can you be pregnant? Are you going to disappoint everyone?” Then the nurse asked a question. “Would you like to be referred to an *abortion clinic*...or an OB/GYN? Which number do you want?” Again, the power of one suggestion.

In that moment, my life changed forever as I made the decision to end my pregnancy. What they told me was that it was only a clump of cells, that it could not survive outside my body. It was up to me to choose when to become a mother. The procedure was quick and easy, and it would take care of my problem.



Angela at a Justice For All outreach event

What I told myself was that I was the only one. No one at church would ever do so heinous a thing, so they would never know that I had—this abortion would be my one secret. I could not disappoint my mother, my mother's friends, or our church. They just couldn't know. I was the good one.

What no one told me was that the guilt would be immediate, the emptiness overwhelming, and that the sound of the vacuum would haunt me forever. I can still feel the cold table and the ice-cold clamps. I can still feel the pressure inside as my one and only child was being removed. I still remember the sparse recovery room where there was no sound—none. Three other women were disbursed about the room. We did not make eye contact or speak. The silence was deafening. Our bodies, our minds, and our spirits knew that we had ended our babies' lives.

Pain, confusion, isolation, and even thoughts of suicide became my constant companions for years. Why, you may be asking, would I bear my soul to you? Why share something so embarrassing, something that I will regret for the rest of my life? Because I want you to know the power that just one individual, one suggestion, and one choice can have to change the future.

All I needed was one person to tell me no, one person to tell me the truth about how I would feel for the next twenty-five years. That's why I bear my soul to you; because I want to be that one person to you. Hear me. I understand the power of the secret. I have dedicated my life to spreading the truth about abortion, to spreading the truth that there is grace and mercy beyond the secret.

So that is how I came to be in the bathroom that day. That is why I travel on mission trips with JFA. On another trip in Boulder, Colorado I met several young ladies who had experienced abortion when they were teenagers. I wish I could explain the pain I saw buried inside each of them. That pain in their lives, and in mine, motivates me to be the voice that tells them, "I know how it feels. Let me talk to you. Let me show you healing."

Last year we were at the University of North Texas, and once again I was in the restroom. The Holy Spirit thinks it's funny to schedule my divine appointments while I'm indisposed. Again, John texted me: "Are you ready?" I introduced myself to a young lady who had just had an abortion two months before I met her. I sat and held her, and we cried. Her experience was so similar to mine. She had thought she was the only one. We got her connected with local counseling so she could begin the healing process. I was also part of a team that visited a woman who was contemplating abortion. I'm happy to report that that little baby is out and about these days.

The power of one. On one side Satan offers you one little suggestion, one little choice, one little secret you can choose that will solve your one little problem. Of course the problem isn't so little, and neither is the choice or the secret.

On the other side, God offers hope and healing. He offers mercy and grace. Will you help me share the message of reconciliation? You can cover for me while I'm in the bathroom.

by Angela Weatherly
ed. John Michener



Hear Angela tell her story at

www.jfaweb.org/Media

(click on Audio)

In addition, pray for these JFA volunteers who have received forgiveness for abortion and who help us share the message of reconciliation. Some of their stories are linked below:

Brenda Kilhoffer: www.jfaweb.org/Reflections/Brenda.pdf

Lori Navrodtzke: www.jfaweb.org/Reflections/Lori.pdf

Yvonne Morris: www.withthycounsel.com/yvonne.php

Judy Caracheo: www.jfaweb.org/Reflections/Judy.pdf

Anne: www.jfaweb.org/Reflections/Anne.pdf

Your unique story and gifts are needed during JFA outreach. Let JFA train you for the pro-life mission field!

**JUSTICE
FOR ALL**