



Training Thousands to Win Millions One at a Time.

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Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

Although I felt that the Justice for All staff had readily prepared me, I couldn't help but feel inadequate as I stepped out of the cool bus and into the hot sunlight on Monday morning.

I joked around with my roommate Al, to lighten my mood and try to shake the heaviness from my heart. As we approached the enormous pictures that had made my stomach turn during the training session, I was once again reminded of our purpose and the certain spiritual warfare.

Al and I began the day with a prayer walk circling the exhibit. This calmed my jumbled nerves and seemed to prepare me for the day ahead. God was working on my heart the entire day. I keep feeling Him prompting me that I needed to share my past experience, but the time never came.

Finally, the day ended with me frustrated and confused and not really feeling that much of a help to the cause. Maybe tomorrow God would open a door.

Tuesday, I prayed that God would stretch me. I began the day giving questionnaires with Tyson, which was interesting, but the conversations didn't lead me to sharing my story.

We were supposed to give questionnaires for most of the day, but decided that we would take a break, so headed back early. That is when God led me to Kayla.

She was on her phone talking to her mom about the exhibit. I overheard her telling her mom that she was pro-life but that the pictures were really upsetting her. After she got off the phone I approached

her and asked if the photos made her mad to get the conversation going.

We exchanged names and I started sharing my past with her, I just opened up to her completely, I wasn't really sure why.

As I finished, she gave me a hug and said, "Jenna, I took a pregnancy test this morning and scheduled an abortion appointment, but I can't have an abortion after talking to you."

We both started to cry and just stood there hugging each other; complete strangers and at the same time, sisters sharing a common bond of pain. I asked her if I could pray with her and she said she would love for me to.

After we prayed, I gave her my e-mail address so that we could stay in touch. As she walked away, she shook her head and said with a smile, "who knew?" I could only laugh and wave, "God knew, Kayla".

I now realize that God is bigger than all of my pains and problems in life, He orchestrates divine meetings. The entire event was worth training, setting up for, and being there, for Kayla. She will always be a reminder to me of how important one life is to God.

This verse encouraged out to me while I was there, Jeremiah 1: 5, 6:

"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you; I appointed you a prophet to the nations...Do not say, 'I am only youth'; for to all to whom I send you, you shall go, and whatever I command you, you shall speak. Do not be afraid of them, for I am with you to deliver you, declares the Lord."

*Name omitted for privacy



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Kelley Alford
JFA Reflection
October 3, 2008

There are few things in this life that I have seen that has wrenched my heart so deeply. I can say that the JFA exhibit was one that took the knowledge I knew about something and turn it into a picture that made me sick.

There's nothing neutral about the display; it is grotesque, bloody, and emotion provoking. Normally, I would not agree to displaying things of this caliber to the public on such a big scale, however, after talking to CSU students, I could see why this tactic has been such an influential piece.

During training, they drilled us on debating and strongly defending our view to this extremely rough issue. So in any case, I was fully prepared to defend these beliefs expecting harsh statements, screaming, and disrespect from these students that so adamantly supported choice for women.

However, my biggest surprise wasn't the abuse I took or the general hatred for me or the exhibit. It was something that broke my heart even more. It was apathy.

The majority of conversation was spent squeezing an opinion out of people that could look at those pictures and not care. Yes, they would agree that the pictures were disgusting and even complain that it ruined their appetite but as far as killing babies or giving mother's rights they were wishy-washy.

My generation has a glazed look on the reality that surrounds them and even in this case when it was staring them right back in the face. Have we become so desensitized to the way our world is headed that instead

of finding our place and fighting back we roll on by on our skateboard not giving it a second thought?

That is what pained me most, the future citizens and rulers of America staring at images of dead babies not moved to any emotion whether anger or tears.

The conversations I enjoyed the most were pro-choice [students] that could give me their viewpoint and why they believed it and stuck by it. We would present our arguments, get each other thinking, and respect those thoughts.

I think my biggest contribution to the exhibit was not debating and winning people over to my side but it was engaging in those around me, listening, and carrying on intelligent conversation with people that have extremely different beliefs than me.

...My most memorable conversation was with two freshman girls that were pro-abortion, pro-Obama, pro- everything I am not. I was able to see inside their world and shine a little light on these subjects that they have yet to think about and even on this new college world they were entering into.

Afterward, I prayed for them which was the first time they had ever prayed. As awkward and tense as it was, two girls walked up the exhibit frustrated and angry, and walked away thinking but also with the love of God prayed over them.

In conclusion, this experience didn't really push me out of my comfort zone or give me some Damascus road experience. It helped me get more of a realistic view of where my generation is headed, what is concerned with and really what hope it thinks it has.

As pessimistic as it sounds, our generation has no belief that they can



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change anything, so they walk by hoping that at least their world can stay intact while the rest of the world is falling apart.

If anything, this experience has given me a new heart ache for my peers and wanting to bring healing to that pain.



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Becca Beam
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

For me, the whole Justice For All training and mission trip was really amazing. I've grown up knowing about abortion and being taught about it all my life. My parents have taken a pro-life stand publicly numerous times, even with negative consequences, so the general ideas of this were not new.

One reason why I was so excited about getting this training is because I'm involved in a group back home in Mississippi called Branded. We go into the schools and talk about all kinds of purity, including sexual, divorce, cutting, and abortion and so on. I usually help with the group on abortion because I'm very close to the lady that leads it and I'm there more for her moral support. However, with the training I received from JFA I believe I can have things to say myself now. This is something that truly gets me excited.

Beforehand, I really wasn't that nervous, I don't know why I wasn't, I just had a peace about the whole thing. I felt fairly confident about being able to talk to people about abortion. When we got to the campus I started getting a little more nervous, I guess from the reality kicking in, however, I still had a confidence about the whole event. I know what really helped me was that I had a ton of people praying for me and the other students and the event.

After listening in on a few conversations and getting the hang of things I started trying to talk to people myself. The first few tries didn't really go anywhere. I finally ended up talking to this one guy Brandon for awhile. Some of what he said I think he was trying to shock me with, but I didn't really let him. He was glad

we were there because he said controversy is a good thing. He was my most important conversation of the first day. I really think I made him think about some things.

The second day was really cool because I talked to this girl named Courtney for almost two hours. I would bring the conversation around to abortion some of the time but the majority of the time I think she just needed a friend to listen to her and show Christian love to her. She got my email and face book so we could stay in touch. That conversation with her was probably one of the best things that happened on the outreach. I really feel like God is going to use that connection some more in the future.

Overall, I thought the two days were both really great. The first was good because we were all fresh and ready to go at it; we knew the arguments and how to use them in a non-confrontational way. The second day was nice in that most everyone was already used to us and we were able to have more personal, relational conversations with people. I can't say that one is better than the other, they were both amazing.

I think the best thing I got out of this experience was the training; not just the training on abortion but the training on how to be able to talk to people about hard subjects and to be bold about what I believe. I don't believe there is any way to measure how valuable this training and experience will be to my future. It changed something in me and made me stronger.

I would like to thank all of the JFA Staff and helpers for all that you do and for the impact you are having not just in the secular world but the impact you have had in my life as well. I pray that God will continue to bless you with boldness and



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humility and rest in His peace. Once again,
thanks for being willing to be servants and
messengers for Christ.



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Jessica L. Cunningham
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

Abortion, there is nothing nice about it.

Before my JFA experience at CSU, abortion was such a vivid scene in my mind that it was nearly paralyzing. I knew and felt that I didn't need a picture to show me the tragedy of abortion, when it was so clear in my mind.

So the thought of going to CSU with Justice for ALL displaying 30ft tall posters was unsettling. This issue is so controversial that it catches emotions like wildfire. I was definitely in need of a divine intervention!

It is quite easy for me to take on the perspective of another. Throughout my JFA experience I was able to grasp the viewpoint of others. It devastated me to know that I could be displaying graphic pictures of aborted babies to a student who already had an abortion.

I worried that instead of hearing a voice of truth, they would only hear a voice of wrath. They would not see a person arms open and available for a warm embrace but instead a cold glare with a finger pointing out in angry condemnation. I didn't know these students and they most certainly didn't know me. My days were filled with prayer, tears, and pleading that God would give us favor and allow our message to be both loving and compelling.

Millions have bought into a lie! From my perspective, the students of Colorado State University have purchased this lie and have engraved it on their hearts! This lie says that abortion is humane, permissible, and a right!

It is this idea that abortion does not kill a human being (preface: the unborn is a

human). This lie tells men and women that abortion is a trophy achieved by American Women's Suffrage. By reasoning that abortion was wrong was a religious and sexist attempt to take away unalienable rights.

The vast majority of students at CSU were loud and clear that abortion was a woman's right. I don't know why I was continuously surprised how God gave me the capacity to clearly articulate my thoughts in a compelling way. God always shows Himself faithful.

Even the most callous and ruthless male and female feminists were listening to my words with visible consideration. I promoted the idea of critical thinking and the common duty as citizen to vote. I argued that it is our duty as American citizens to vote. And that because this is an issue we must vote on, it was their responsibility to know the truth on abortion.

I argued that whatever the individual position on abortion was, that they must know the truth and be responsible enough to research the issue critically! I contended that JFA position was researched critically and that these pictures were facts and bolstered our idea that abortion was wrong, which was the explanation for their intense emotions that reflected our stance that abortion is inhumane, dirty, and a reason for intense anger.

They saw that even pro-life activists can be people of compassion, love and intelligence. Over those two days, I was able to talk with over 35 students. Only 2 of those individuals were pro-life. I felt used by God, even if they didn't change their ideas at that point. The best story for me was for a young girl to say to me, "I just



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don't know what to say! I didn't know this was what abortion was!" Praise God!

When it is all said and done, God's truth is never changing and will prevail. These two days just showed that in my life and I hope theirs!



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Bethany Andrews
Focus on the Family Institute
October 3, 2008
JFA Outreach Reflections

Training day was long and intense. I learned that our most powerful tool would be to ask questions and have people clarify their meanings so that there is understanding of the foundation where people are drawing their conclusions.

I did not feel comfortable asking the questions in our practice sessions and thought that I might be by the voting poles or on the survey team. Boy was I wrong.

The early ride up to Colorado State was seemed pretty calm. Several of us girls in the Alpha apartments had had a prayer time for this exhibit and acknowledging that the Lord had already paved the way before us.

As we pulled into the campus, I got tightness in my chest like I couldn't breathe. We were instructed to meet before we actually started talking to the exhibit. I was antsy and did not want to be in the meeting because I felt we had heard all of this information in the training the week before.

We were advised to listen on some conversations in order to become familiar with our environment so I tried that. I knew that I wouldn't mind being a participant on listening to conversations, but initiating conversations with complete strangers, I needed help.

I felt more comfortable talking with females so I figured that they would be the only ones I would converse with. Wrong again.

I stood looking at the free speech boards, pretending to be a student while I read the heart breaking opinions. As more and more CSU students came through the

plaza, there were mixed reactions on their faces. How will I ever be able to start a conversation?

Then I remembered that the Lord had gone before me and already knew who I would talk to that day. Some conversations were longer, others shorter, and by the end of the day, I had three big men talking to me about abortion! I really saw that once I acknowledged that I valued them as a person despite our differing opinions, the resistant attitude diffused before my eyes. I had a great first day.

The following morning, our host mom read to us from Ephesians about putting on the armor of God. I wondered in the back of my head if I would have a rough day. I knew I could possibly get a big head if I remembered the day before, so I prayed that the Lord would put my pride aside and humble me before Him. What a rocky beginning.

I wanted to capture those same conversations as I did the day before. My hardest time was talking to a girl who had such a high wall around herself that I could only ask a couple handfuls of questions without much response. I almost felt that I was being pushed away. I saw a glimpse of her eye through her sunglasses, with such an evil glare that I would not sway her. I tried to let her know that I valued her opinion but she didn't care, she knew her opinion was important.

After that experience, it was hard to talk to others for a bit. I was spitting out facts and speaking truth, which was good, but for the first time during the JFA exhibit, I sat down and cried while my heart broke. Questions reeled in my head. How could they not acknowledge these lives? Do they truly not believe that there are consequences? Can they get rid of their



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emotions so easily and act like nothing ever happened?

When I have children, I want them to know that they were made in love and were wanted. How could these women not have emotional hurts and brokenness for their actions? How could guys really say they didn't care when they were a part of creating these lives?

I had a fellow classmate come and comfort me and listen. I was glad that I not only have the head knowledge but the heart to realize that there is hurt and brokenness that so many try to conceal. I praise the Lord because I even got a couple opportunities to talk about abstinence, permanence in marriage, and value ultimately coming from God.

I was asked to help at the JFA exhibit in Phoenix this coming winter and I think I will take the opportunity. Growing up in a Christian home and deciding to follow Christ at an early age, I honestly felt that I not only received training to defend truth, but intentionally apply it in a meaningful way. I have a new confidence that will carry throughout the rest of my life, no matter where I am.



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Kristen Bell
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008
Justice For All Reflection

Before JFA, I was skeptical. I wasn't sure how I felt about using giant pictures of aborted babies to get across the message of saving lives.

The topic hit home to me. One of my good friends had an abortion. We weren't friends at the time, but the two of us later became close and we're good friends now. She taught me that there is more background and story behind each abortion than just waking up pregnant and deciding to kill the baby.

Through knowing her story, I went into the JFA project with different eyes. My heart wasn't to go in and just tell someone that abortion was wrong. I wanted to know their thoughts and stories.

I was surprised by the apathy that I encountered when asking people what they thought about the display. Many of them simply did not care and did not have an opinion if abortion was right or wrong. When they said they didn't know what to think about it, I almost felt stuck.

I secretly wanted them to either agree with me so I could hopefully challenge them to further consider why they thought abortion was wrong or to disagree with me so that I could employ some of strategies and arguments we learned in training. When they were neither for it nor against it, I didn't know what to say. You can't just force someone to care.

By mid-afternoon, I was frustrated. I was tired of the apathy evident around me. I was also emotionally drained. One of my friends and I went on a prayer walk

around the CSU campus. Afterwards, I felt more refreshed. During the quiet time of prayer, I realized that, as much as I wanted to have God's heart for the people, I was going into conversations with "my agenda" and not necessary God's eyes for the people. God used the prayer time to convict me.

When we returned to the exhibit, I was still drained, but I felt as though I had a new perspective on my mission there. There wasn't much more time that day, but God had a divine appointment for me that day...and several the next day.

Bez is a girl who made up her own religion. She studied different religions, picked several things she liked from various ones, and created her own set of beliefs. We had a long talk about God, Christianity, different religions, and truth. It was stimulating!

The next day, I talked to a girl named Bree for two hours. Her morning class had been cancelled, so that was the reason she was at the display...and the reason we ended up talking for two hours.

We briefly talked about abortion, but that short conversation was only a springboard into talking about a plethora of subjects including life, truth, God, and homosexuality (she is gay). Because of being abused by her grandfather, she turned to girls. Because of being rejected by Christians, she turned away from church and God. We had a wonderful talk. She challenged me to think and she told me that I challenged her to think.

Then there was Chelsey, a girl who is strongly pro-choice and is struggling in her faith. She doesn't know what to do because she feels that science and the Bible are conflicting. She asked several of the same questions I asked in high school, so it



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was exciting to be able to share with her what I learned and to challenge her to continue to seek the truth.

God used the two days at JFA to break my heart. Although we have only been at FFI for three weeks, it is easy to be inside a bubble here. It was painfully heart-breaking, yet valuable, to be reminded of the real hurt and real brokenness that is in the world. It was also a good reminder that God is the redeemer. He uses our experiences to bring glory to Himself and to minister to others. I saw God at work first-hand...and it was exciting!



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Focus on the Family Institute
Fall 2008
Justice For All Reflection

When I found out that we were participating with Justice For All (JFA), I was very anxious about it. I have had many personal experiences with abortion, and was apprehensive about going to a college campus to defend it.

I was nervous about what message would come across as we went to a secular campus to talk to people who may or may not have the same view as I did. When JFA came to the Institute, the training day was very difficult and emotional for me.

I did not want to be reminded of those images that were shown on the exhibit. However, through talking to a few other people, God really reminded me of the importance of fighting for the lives of an innocent human population.

Right then and there, I asked God to bring hurting people in my path, so that I may share Christ's love with them. So here starts my experience at Colorado State University (CSU).

As we drove up there, I was really at peace with what we were going to do. Seeing the magnitude of the exhibit was shocking at first, and I really tried to keep that feeling in mind as I spoke with people.

The first conversation I listened to was a conversation between a CSU student and David Lee. I was so impressed with David's loving communication; yet, truthful words spoken to the student.

The first student that I spoke with was a girl named Lauren who is a junior human development major at CSU. I was simply walking around, and I noticed her in the

background with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Here, God was directly putting someone in my path that was hurting. I went up to her asked her if I could pray with her, knowing that it would have to be God who would speak through me.

After I finished praying, she was so grateful. She basically began to pour out her story, which brought me to tears because it was somewhat similar to mine. She is at a point in her life, where she has made many mistakes and really struggled with sexual sin.

For the first time in my life, I did not have to have an answer to everything she said. The Lord showed me that I was just there to listen. He gave me compassion for her, and we exchanged emails. I have already heard from her twice, letting me know that she is looking for a church and going to begin counseling.

A second girl that I had the opportunity to talk to was a girl named Cassie. Cassie is a freshman at CSU. Our interaction began as she started yelling me actually. She shared some choice words with me, how she could not believe how insensitive we were to people's pain and what they were going through.

I finally looked at her, and asked her if I could pray for her. She then broke down and went to explain how she had been raped, conceived a child, so went for an abortion. She felt so condemned by the exhibit, and it was so neat because I was able to explain to her our heart in being there. I told her that I knew how offensive it was because I too was offended. We were then able to pray again, and commit her feelings of guilt and shame to Him.

God definitely used JFA to draw me to His heart and show me His compassion for



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the unborn! I'm thankful I was a part of this opportunity!

*Name omitted for privacy.



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Austin Baker
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

The Justice for All Exhibit that we participated in this last week was a very revolutionary experience for me. I went into the experience with several strong apprehensions and very uncertain about what was going to happen.

Coming from the University of Texas I am used to seeing many different forms of right-wing conservative "Christians" get up on walls or street corners and shout damnation at the students passing by.

As we prepared for the Justice For All exhibit I knew that shouting damnation at passerby's wouldn't be what we would do but nonetheless I didn't want to be lumped into the same stereotypical category of the guys doing damage to the movement of the Gospel on my campus. My experience with JFA was eye opening.

I saw some amazing things on the Monday and Tuesday that we spent at the Colorado State University campus in Fort Collins, Colorado. Initially as we were setting up several angry faculty members from the university walked by shouting profanities at the team setting up the exhibit, this I was sure would be the beginning of two very long days of hatred.

As the day continued however there was growing interest in the display and even though you could sense the tension in the air, everything had remained relatively peaceful. The images of the display upset me so much that I couldn't stomach to stand near it.

I decided to stand near the "Free Speech Boards" and engage with students as they would right down their thoughts. Most of the time I was baffled by the lack of

intelligence in the students comments, causing me to see first hand how the vast majority of students have not been taught how to deal civilly with conflict when it meets them unexpectedly and how they don't know how to process objectively the information that's being conveyed.

However when a male student would walk up to the board and read the comments intently I took it as my cue to engage in a dialogue with him. Every conversation I had over the two days we were on campus was fueled by moral relativism on the side of the guy I was talking with. By the end of three conversations the guys I had talked with had completely changed their perspective on abortion and many others had begun to think objectively towards the issue.

I noticed that with nearly every student I talked with, that they had very poor rational and logical trains of thought, and by simply organizing and presenting the facts in a logical manner many were left without excuse.

The ones that weren't willing to change their minds both impressed me and broke my heart. They were willing to accept the logical ramifications of their beliefs towards abortion, in realizing that to be consistent they had to also be ok with infanticide and euthanasia. This broke my heart.

I saw that not only are many students misinformed about the realities of abortion and poorly trained academically but also they were completely apathetic towards the devastation of life. They had no regard for the lives of others and all I tried I could not convince them of the intrinsic value of each individual life.

This revealed to me that there is something much more drastically wrong in



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our society than just the manifestation of sin, it was the complete control sin has on our culture. I realized that more than facts these students need Jesus, they need laws and a healthy society but at the end of the day they need Jesus.

I was left after the experience with wrestling yet again with whether I even care enough about their salvation to be as radical as we were with the abortion issue in order to save their souls not just their lives.

All in all the experience taught me that it's ok to be radical with your message just don't forget that you're message is for the people hearing not just the "rightness" of the person delivering.



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Brenda Benson
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

First, I want to say that our outreach with JFA was my first real outreach. I have never been on a mission trip or anything, so it really was an amazing experience for me.

During the bus ride to Fort Collins I was not really thinking about the outreach. I had other things on my mind, such as sleep, family issues, and a friend's injury. I did not really feel nervous about doing the outreach, but I did feel a little intimidated because I was still uncertain of what to expect and if I knew all of the arguments.

The briefing on Monday morning helped to reassure me a little because I was told that we could just listen to the staff to begin with. I was also encouraged by the fact that one of the girls in our group took the initiative to start a prayer sign-up sheet and made sure that we were all signed up and also prayed for.

When we first started, I actually just wandered around for a little while. I listened to David Lee talk to some angry people around whom a crowd had formed, and then began to talk to people myself.

Most of them went all right and I did not have any really hard ones. After a while I went over by the poll table and was talking to people there and telling the pro-life ones about the club on campus. That went well.

Some time later I went back over by the poll table and Jon Wagner was there talking to a couple of the FFI girls and we ended up being able to talk to a few more people.

I talked to a Jewish woman for a little while at one of the free speech boards. Our conversation seemed to go well, but I did not really know where to direct it after we went over our positions on abortion and

she was very set in her opinion. Afterwards I talked to Steve Wagner about it and he gave me some suggestions of where to take the conversation when I next talk to a Jewish person.

My last conversation on Monday was with a man who started talking about astrology. I did not know how to answer him so we talked for a little while and then got off topic and started discussing other things. By then I was not thinking clearly enough to jump on one of his points and bring it back around, so he ended up just leaving eventually because he had somewhere else to go.

Tuesday was a little different. I wanted to stay by the exhibit because I felt like I was just getting the hang of things when we left on Monday, so I decided not to go out with the students doing the surveys.

I listened to Jon talk to a couple of angry, pro-choice feminists; and I also listened to our "friend", Matt, who came back to "talk" some more.

I then took a prayer slot and spent 15 minutes just lifting up the conversations and the day to our Father. That time really helped me to gain the perspective that really it is not me having these conversations, it is Him. After that I did some more wandering, talking to people and talking to staff.

Curtis and Jon were very gracious to allow me to just hang out with them. Honestly, I probably spent half of my time on both Monday and Tuesday talking to staff members.

I was back at the poll table for a little while, and then, around lunch-time, Ann asked me to watch the Crisis Pregnancy Center table while she went and ate. While I said, "Sure", I was thinking, "I don't know



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what I'm doing; I hope no one wants me to talk to them".

Sure enough, a young man named Alex came by and I asked if he had any questions. He did and by the grace of God I answered them to the best of my ability, even using some of the arguments from the training and manual. When we finished our conversation he thanked me and said that I had answered all of his questions and that he now had something to think about. That was really encouraging for me to see that even when I am not sure what to say, and though it may not come out right, God knows what these people need to hear.

Near the end of our time at CSU, Steve asked for some people to give tours of the exhibit. I joined a guy named Simon, from our FFI group, and we gave a tour to a girl named Jacqueline. She had come with a church youth group, but had missed their training and wanted more information on the exhibit.

After Simon's wonderful explanation of the entire exhibit, I had the chance to talk to her for about 20 minutes. Her mom got pregnant in college and decided not to have an abortion. She now has 2 other siblings and her mom is raising them by herself (she was married and divorced). Jacqueline said that they are doing fine and she is so glad that her mom chose to keep her.

She also told both Simon and I that she has a friend whose mother forced her into an abortion, so we started talking about how abortion is the only surgical procedure that can be forced on someone and how wrong that is. She also said that she and her mom were instrumental in getting this girl the counseling she needed after her trauma.

Jacqueline is a very sweet 17 year old and I was privileged to be the one to

encourage her and help her to become more prepared in sharing the truth about abortion with her friends and other people with whom she may come in contact.

I would be more than happy to participate in this outreach in the future; in fact, I wish that I would have been able to help again on Wednesday, after our 2-day stint.

The entire outreach showed me that I really have dropped the ball when it comes to helping the "least of these" like Jesus says in Matthew 25:40. These unborn children really are the least of all. This was the first time that I have come face-to-face with the abhorring reality of abortion and I want to thank all of you at JFA and Stand to Reason for this experience and for the time and effort you put into this outreach and training us to be effective in our interactions with the people at CSU.

Specifically I want to thank Tammy for the time she spent with my Quest Team and helping us practice during training. This experience really did change my outlook and I am expecting that it will have a lasting impact on my life in general. I will never forget those pictures and hearing the testimonies of people whose minds were changed by seeing the awful reality of abortion.



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Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008
Reflection

The Justice for All exhibits was a very interesting and unforgettable experience. Walking into it I was actually very excited about the opportunity. Abortion hits very close to home in my family, and I was very excited to be a part of something that shed light onto the lies that our culture believes.

I was praying for opportunities to share Christ, and see his healing power come forth in even the small ways. I knew that this was a very hard medium to express his truth, but I also knew that he can use any medium he wants to express his truth and heal his children.

Upon walking onto the campus, I was slightly nervous but overall I was still looking for opportunities to share truth to bystanders. I had several opportunities to do just that. Some did not know what abortion looked like and were honestly confused at why it was so bloody.

I also talked to several pro-lifers, and was able to encourage them and walk them through the exhibit so that they could in return talk to their friends or family. I did not come across anyone who had personally experienced abortion, although I continued to pray for those who would wake up and come face-to-face with the one thing they had wished to forget forever.

By the end of the first day, I was excited to hear stories of success. I was still excited for the next day, and I was certain that the next day held promise as well of successful stories.

I read Isaiah 58 on Tuesday morning, and felt embolden to walk onto the campus and once again share Christ with others. I chose to stand in a major pathway of students on their way to classes early that morning. I just started praying for people as they passed, and my heart began to break for them. The majority were very cynical as they passed by. Some made comments of their disgust to their friends, while others only showed their disgust in their faces.

As the morning died down, I decided to do a prayer walk around the exhibit. I ended up walking up to Anne's [abortion recovery] table out of simple curiosity. I wanted to look at her box of babies closer. As I began to look, she dropped her conversation with David and began to share with me her story.

She began to cry softly. She shared how the Lord had brought her through his redemptive purpose. She told me how the Lord had named her three unborn children, and the healing He produced in her life. I was balling throughout her story.

When she finished sharing I shared that my mom had gone through a very similar process. She had never been told she was loveable and as a result searched out love in the only way she knew how. However, because she was not loved at home, she had never thought she had another option when unwanted pregnancies presented themselves.

My mom has moved through a very similar healing process, and as a result has been able to move into a place of using her story to help others. Anne was very sweet and covered me in prayer after our conversation.

The rest of the day however, was very interesting. I felt like I fought the urge



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all day to cry. I no longer had the desire to disagree or argue with people, and as a result I think I only talked to 4 people all day. I think the idea of the names of my siblings haunted me all day.

As I have processed the day a little, and had an opportunity to talk to my mom I have come away with some new realizations. I have always had compassion for my mom. I have never had a thought to act in any other way.

My mom asked me one simple question though. She asked if I feel like I am now grieving for the loss of the siblings that I never knew. Perhaps that is what I am doing. I am praying about if I should ask what my siblings names were. I have never grieved for someone before, let alone someone I have never met. However, maybe that is what I need to walk through.

I think that Jesus will break our hearts for a certain people group if we let him. Perhaps he is breaking my heart for the unborn people group. Perhaps he will give me the opportunity to speak up for the siblings that I have lost and give them a voice.

I don't know what Jesus is going to do. I know the process is not finished. I am not exactly sure why he brought me to JFA. Maybe it was just to begin this grieving process. We will just have to see what he does next.

* Name withheld for privacy.



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Megan Baldwin
Family, Church, and Society
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

Justice for All is one of the most unique and influential experiences that I have ever been privileged to partake in. This experience is different from all others, however.

It is not your normal “outreach” program. No, this outreach goes way outside of the boundaries that many ministries usually set for themselves.

This outreach was offensive. This outreach was distasteful. This outreach instigated a lot of anger. This outreach brought forth sorrow. This outreach opened old wounds, reminded others of fresh wounds, and wounded others still with the reality of what was exposed. It created a new burden for some.

But through all of this, the outreach of JFA exposed Truth. Healing was initiated. Eyes were opened. Death was exposed. Boldness was added to faith. God was glorified.

The reality of abortion that was exposed Monday morning to 25,000 plus students was the beginning of knowledge for them. The display was massive. It gave no one the opportunity to look away. While some thought this method of using such a large display was overstepping the bounds of JFA, it also proved effective.

Many did not want to look upon the pictures. I don’t blame them. There is nothing pretty or glorifying or easy about abortion, especially once you see the pictures.

The offensiveness of those pictures explicitly shows just how offensive abortion is. There is no getting around it: it is ugly.

No one comes away benefiting from this procedure. THIS reality is what needs to become reality to the thousands of college students who think that abortion should remain legalized.

I realized upon stepping onto the East Plaza of Colorado State University that we were up against a huge battle. Not a battle against abortion so much as a battle for the minds and hearts of my generation.

This battle against death in our country, against my generation, is nothing new to me, but it took on a whole new face when I was put into the battle grounds, on the front lines. There, with my peers, is where much of the real battle is taking place. Not in Washington or in the Presidential Election, but in the hearts of my peers. People just like me.

Coming face to face with these people reopened a deep ache for my generation that I lost long ago. I am so thankful for the reopening of that burden, because it has prompted me to action, to do more than just have good intentions, but to actually take action. Satan is alive and well and is undoubtedly out to steel, kill, and destroy.

When we (88 FFI students) were released to talk to the students who stopped to look at the display, I was provided with the opportunity to speak to a young lady very early on. I first just listened in while one of my brothers talked with her about abortion, and when I thought it appropriate, I entered the conversation.

The conversation ultimately turned to my faith and beliefs. Few times have I ever been challenged in my faith to a point where I had no more answers for the person asking. This is not because I typically have so *many* answers, but because I have so *few*.



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I realized that day that I was severely lacking. 1 Peter 3:15 says, "But in your hearts set apart Christ as Lord. Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have. But do this with gentleness and respect..."

What I know *now* that I *didn't* know going into this is that Biblical knowledge that may add to my faith is not necessarily the answer that people are looking for. Yes, the Bible, the Word of God, will not return void, but not everyone will accept the Bible as an acceptable answer for the hope that I have found.

This lacking has prompted me to deepen my relationship in Christ. While helpful, book knowledge is not sufficient. My heart was definitely passionately into the conversation. I really wanted this girl to realize her need for salvation, but my good little Bible school answers were simply not enough for her. My believing and having faith didn't help either. Agreeing to disagree, we went our separate ways nearly two hours later.

Immediately I was attacked by the Devil, because I felt that there had been nothing accomplished by our conversation. And yet He is faithful, sending a friend my way to remind me that many times we are simply the seed planters, not fruit harvesters.

This outreach drained so much of my energy. While I enjoy people, I always have to "fill up" after being around them. After talking to this first girl, I felt that I needed the rest of the day just to sort things out in my mind, regain focus, and allow the Lord to fill me back up so that I may continue to give to others.

I learned a lot during this experience. I learned to be on guard, because when I do

feel so empty, Satan uses those moments to make me feel as though I am unable to do anything. While my emotions *were* running high, and rightly so, I allowed that to steal my joy, confidence, and vigor.

That first conversation early Monday morning was the beginning of two days of intense spiritual warfare for me. You could sense the heaviness on the campus, on the students. There was a spirit of apathy, anger, and hurt.

I would eagerly participate again in a campus outreach like the one I joined in at CSU. I believe in the sanctity of human life. I believe in defending it. JFA is a new way to express my passion for unborn human life that I would gladly do again.



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Brenda Chord
Focus on the Family Institute
October 2008

Over the last several days many thoughts have flooded my mind concerning our involvement with the Justice For All (JFA) exhibit. Many of the feelings I do not understand, but I know God worked in my life over the course of the two day outreach.

When the JFA team came and trained us, I honestly was very excited about going and volunteering at the display. I felt more equipped on the subject of abortion then ever before and truly believed God was going to use me greatly.

It is interesting for me to look back on the days following the training. I was in prayer over the days to come and reviewed several times the material we had learned. However, some of the excitement I had received at the training was gone and a sense of inadequacy came.

I believe Satan was trying to come in and dispel me from being used. Deep inside me though, I knew God was going to use this experience for my growth as well as the reaching of students at CSU. When Monday arrived I was truly nervous to get out there and talk to the students.

What if they ask me something I do not know? What if they are smarter than me? What if I don't ever get the chance to share Jesus with someone? These were just some of the questions racing through my mind that morning.

During the morning I was able to talk to people who truly wanted to talk about the abortion issue. Instead of moving into a conversation about Christ, which is what I wanted to do, we ended up staying on the issue of abortion. Even though I

wanted to share compassion with them and dig deeper, God used these conversations to teach me something; it is not about me.

Yes I believe God has gifted me in areas of one-on-one type of ministry by being a good encourager and listener. I also love to help those who are hurting, I truly do. However, I was trying so hard to be that for people that I forgot the most important tool which is to let God do that through me.

I did have some great conversations that day, and was able to really encourage a fellow believer who I prayed with. But at the end of the day, I felt like God was pulling at my heart and reminding me of my selfish tendencies to want to help others for my own glory and not His. This sounds so ugly actually saying it, but it's true. Even with things I do for Christ I can turn back onto myself.

During that second day I really prayed that God would take away any desires I had to bring glory to myself and focus on the people He wanted me to talk to. It was so interesting because when I was willing to do that, then He allowed me to talk to people about Christ and not as much about abortion. I had a lot less conversations that day, but they were much longer and more in-depth.

One guy, named Cory, talked with me for almost an hour. This was such a divine appointment and I am so thankful for God blessing the conversation. For most of the time we talked about Christ and how much love God has for us. He began to ask so many questions and I was basically able to share the gospel message with him. Although I was not able to see any miraculous change in front of my eyes, I know he was encouraged to keep seeking God out and wanted to find the answers to his questions.



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The rest of the day was filled with conversations that were similar to the one with Cory. Instead of trying to dictate the conversation, I was able to allow God to lead and direct. Because of this I listened so much more to their stories, which in turn gave me more opportunity to share Christ with them.

I am so thankful for this experience with JFA. Although it was not what I was first expecting it to be, I believe I learned much about myself. When I gave everything over to God it was amazing how much freedom I felt in speaking the words He wanted me to speak.