When I first stepped out into the circle where Justice For All (JFA) had set up their exhibit, I was incredibly nervous. Being only sixteen, I wondered if any of the college students or anybody else would believe me or listen to what I had to say.

Over the course of two days, I talked to roughly nine people, and I was challenged. I have always been competitive, and I felt like I should somehow win every argument.

I had to remind myself over and over, that I was just planting seeds and showing the love of Christ. That was not easy as some were sarcastic, made fun, or started using their supposed science knowledge trying to confuse me.

On the last day, I talked with Sam,\* who believed abortion should be legal. Sam, another girl and I talked for roughly three hours, though we didn’t know it then. Many people came to listen, and we made some headway.

I knew that God was giving me words when I asked Sam what time he believed life began. He told me he didn’t think we could know. So I asked him if he considered himself alive.

He replied he didn’t know. I kind of laughed and asked if he thought I was alive and he smiled and started laughing as he said “yes.” He told me that it depends on what you believe.

So I asked, “So whether a person is alive or not is based on feelings?” This astonished me when he nodded; so I told him a story.

“Suppose there was a man driving in a car, and somehow, I wrecked into his car and he died. Then the police show up, and, after they told me that I had killed the guy, I say ‘well, you know, I... I’m just not feelin’ that he was alive.”

Everyone around us laughed, and so did he, and I concluded with “That is a silly story, but it could totally flow with your way of thinking, couldn’t it?!” Thankfully, he agreed, and that set us at ease and not at odds with each other.

I also had the opportunity to talk with one of the protesters after she had been screaming a while. I was a little nervous to talk to her, because she was so adamantly opposed to making abortion illegal.

We were both resting our backs and our feet on a bench, and I just struck up a simple conversation not about abortion at first. We talked about her shoes and where she got them and where she had traveled in them, and really were able to break the ice that way.

I then asked her just out of curiosity what she thought about the beginning of life side of the JFA display. I saw her kind of sigh like she was tired of arguing, but we began to delve into a deep conversation that was a friendly conversation of exchanging views.

Afterward, I was looking in my purse and saw a DOVE© chocolate that I had left over from something, and offered her a piece. Her eyes got big and she told me that dark chocolate was her favorite. I was blessed to have ended on a sweet note.

On one of the days, I decided to strategically place myself near the response board. I saw a woman on her bicycle standing near the board and witnessing several conversations that were taking place.

Slowly, I approached her and introduced myself. We struck up a good conversation, and, after a few minutes of lightly debating the issue of abortion, she told me that she was a professor of women’s health at OU.

My heart began to beat frantically as I saw the condescending look on her face. I was praying that God would give me wisdom as I spoke to this woman who made a living from knowing all there is to know about women’s health.

She didn’t believe that it was right to “scare” people with the huge boards, and we talked about whether the truth should get out into public. I was discouraged as our conversation ended abruptly when she told me that she had to get to a class. Hopping on her bike, she peddled away, and I prayed God had used me.

But I learned not to be afraid of anyone who has “superior” knowledge on anything. What I have to offer is simple, honest, easily understood logic, and I know that I cannot save her; only Jesus Christ can.

During my experience, God showed me how to communicate in love and not as someone who only has an argument to win.

I was hurt and offended a few times, but that just showed me how much more must those people feel in their hearts without God. It was an awesome experience, and I hope to be able to participate in one again someday.

Thank you for letting me be a part of your group and join in piercing the darkness.

\* Sam is not his real name.