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Although I have always been aware of the issue of abortion and have done many projects for abortion and volunteered at pregnancy centers, I had never participated in a pro-life exhibit before.

When we arrived on campus and walked the stairs to the upper room, I began to feel my stomach flutter with butterflies. We prayed for courage to defend the name of Christ, and for his Holy Spirit to penetrate our words. So with high anticipation, I made my way outside to the courtyard where I saw the exhibit.

I had good conversations with a few people, but it was once I got to talking to two girls that things started to shift.

These two girls stayed and talked to me for over an hour...Every argument they presented I was able to answer, yet they were still unwilling to accept and admit the truth. This was a tiring process, and by the time the conversation was over we exchanged e-mails and said goodbye, I left feeling defeated and heartbroken. I just couldn't wrap my mind around the fact that they could hear all the right arguments

and see graphic photographs of the truth, and still be unfazed and passive.



I remember that when I walked away my classmate Ethan was the first person that I saw, and I just broke down in sobs in his arms.

It was the first time that I realized that abortion was a mass murder that was being ignored simply because people lacked a passion to stand up for what they believed was wrong! They knew it was wrong, but believed that just because it was wrong for them, does not mean that they can tell someone else that.

My FLI classmate Krystin reminded me that my tears were beautiful because, it showed that my heart had broken for what breaks the heart of God. Although sobering, I also felt a sense of joy that I too could have my eyes revealed to what God sees and feels.

One thing I need to remember as God's chosen is that if I ever get to the point in his mission field where I am serving for statistics or duty I am missing the point. God's cares for the mission field, in all it's forms; house wife, missionary, dentist, etc., that God has a heart for his people first. I never want to become complacent or indifferent to his cause.

On day two while I was standing at the poll table I encountered a woman who told me that I was a "visual terrorist", and another woman in a wheelchair who told me that JFA is cold and unloving to cause traumatic feelings in women.

But then two young men approached the table and both signed "no" to the question, "Should graphic pictures be used in this exhibit?" When I asked them to explain, I had no idea that the conversation would last over three hours.

One of them claimed to be Jewish, yet believed that there is no God and no purpose to life. The other claimed to be Jewish and Mormon. Although we only talked about Abortion for about the first 25 minutes, we spent the rest of the time talking about Christianity. To say the least, this was the best and most honest conversation I have ever had. At the end of the day when we said goodbye, he commented that my love seemed authentic and appreciated that I looked him in the eyes and sincerely asked him direct and empathetic questions. He felt that I could genuinely say "I loved him as my brother in Christ." He was not sure where this came from, but he wanted the same love!

After this conversation I realized that God needed to break me on the issue of abortion before I could have this conversation. We have already e-mailed each other, and I am excited to see how God is going to use me to show him Christ! The JFA trip opened my eyes to the truth of Abortion and to God's people. I pray that the experience never wears off!