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JFA Exhibit Reflection

Just this past summer, I had learned about how God poured out his wrath on cities in the Old Testament because he abhorred their practices of idol worship and child sacrifice. If there's one thing God could not and cannot tolerate, it's the shedding of innocent blood. Likewise, some church leaders have declared that either we repent as a nation for the atrocity of abortion, or else God's judgment, which had been restrained for so long, would fall upon *our* generation. The urgency in such a proclamation alarmed, yet confused me.

Now, a day after our Justice for All outreach, I think I understand. The issue of abortion has grown to unbelievable proportions - the statistic on panel 2 of the exhibit compared the Holocaust and mistreatment of African-Americans, which each claimed over 11 million lives, to this present genocide, which has killed *40 million humans*, since 1973 (and counting). *God, how did we get here?* I pleaded inside.

The training materials we studied in preparation for the event took away every doubt in my mind that there was any rationalization or reason for abortion. Those pictures and facts took me past the point of no return – I was fully convinced, and therefore ready to defend the unborn and convince others of the truth.

Once I began talking to people the first day, my uncertainty vanished as I realized we were all more than adequately prepared. The SLED and trot out the toddler arguments worked marvelously time and again, and I was surprised by how these real interactions resembled the “role-plays” we had done with each other. Because I knew the only issue at stake was the question, “What is the unborn?”, it allowed me to steer the conversation in the right direction and avoid wasting time in meaningless debate. I felt confident as I gradually found that there wasn't a single argument (regarding the issue of abortion) that we had not heard and prepared a response for. Yet, I can't describe the feeling of knowing you have the truth in your possession, and are dying to relay it in a way that will cut through people's blinders and twisted perceptions.

Our generation has been fed pro-choice “propaganda” for so long that even when students realized that the tiny, living, growing being inside a woman is a baby – a *human being* – they were still so hesitant to prohibit abortion doctors from going in there to dismember and destroy in the name of “choice”. It completely boggled my mind and broke my heart to see the faulty logic that drove some well-intentioned girls to protest in the plaza square, holding up signs that read, “2.5 million orphans in U.S.,” “Visual Assault Ahead”, “Get your religion out of my uterus!” Their belief was that even though they knew abortion to be wrong, they would fight tooth and nail to defend a woman's *choice* to have one.



On the other hand, it was refreshing and encouraging to encounter intellectually honest students, who were taken aback by the evidence we provided, and allowed themselves to be persuaded by the truth. In dialoguing with a student named Iris, I saw firsthand how disillusionment with marriage caused her to take sexual intimacy lightly. She conceded finally that abortion was wrong, regardless of the situation. However, I was surprised to see the fire leap into her eyes and to hear her point out that there were deeper issues at stake, that this epidemic of abortion was a by-product of the sexual revolution, the collapse of the family, and demoralization of society. We then discussed God as the standard for right and wrong, and it became clear she was searching for meaning in spirituality and Eastern religions. What a perfect opportunity to dive into how Jesus Christ differs radically from all others! At the end, I commended her hunger for morality and truth, and told her as we exchanged emails and parted ways, "Keep seeking – because I know God is seeking you."

Another girl I talked to, Quynh, connected the dots and saw the implications of this whole abortion debate away. The first thing this feisty Vietnamese freshman girl told me was, "I was going to vote for Kerry, but now I'm voting for Bush." I had to keep myself from whooping out loud, and instead began to ask questions and press in further. We came to a quick consensus about the status of the unborn, and she remarked, "I used to be all for choice, but now – who cares about choice??!" You've got it, girl.

As women we speak an average of 30,000 words a day. That number must've tripled those two days we were on CSU's campus, but it was incredible knowing that every word I spoke those two days carried the power of life. I will seek out any opportunity I have to extend this exhibit, from challenging friends and strangers alike to think through this issue, to keep in touch with the students I connected deeply with, and to train up other Christians to defend and give a voice to the unborn.

God impressed me with the fact that so many of these collegians were ready and willing to engage in conversation about their personal beliefs. After interacting with them, I am excited about praying for more "divine encounters", and to be intentional about seeking non-Christians out to talk to. Ideas truly have consequences – I love knowing that the truth and love we have to offer someone could alter their life, and possibly the life of another, forever. I also feel much more equipped to step up and confront the atrocity of abortion, to fight it on 2 fronts: affecting change in people's hearts, and affecting change in legislation, in the political arena.