

Heather Lyn Holmes (UNC 2003 Focus on the Family Institute Reflections)

In Randy Alcorn's book Pro Life Answers to Pro Choice Arguments he writes, "For many people, pro-choice thinking is not primarily the result of ignorance but of denial or ignorance-by-choice. What we all know to be true we refuse to admit or act upon as truth, because of the difficulty it may create for us...But no matter how we ignore or deny it, the truth will still be the truth: Human life begins long before birth, and abortion kills children" (Alcorn, 1992 ed., 73). This denial is exactly what I saw on the Tuesday that we visited UNC's campus.

The night before we went to UNC, I took a walk at sunset just like I do most evenings. Usually on these walks, I admire the beauty around me, and I usually talk to God out loud—quietly, but out loud. As I began talking to God this time, I began saying to Him, "I really hope you can use me, because I really want you to – tomorrow and the next day, and the next day..."

The day that David Lee came to our class to train us for our day at UNC, it hit me that God wants to and *will* use me in the area of pro-life outreach. On that walk I came to grips with this call, and I realized what I was about to face the following day. The next day, something much greater happened: my duty suddenly merged with my desires.

A part of our time at UNC that I will not forget was a talk that I had with a girl named Beth. During one of the big heated group debates in front of the **Free Speech Board**, I chose to just stand on the outskirts of the crowd to see what people were saying under their breath.

I do not remember how exactly my conversation started with Beth, but I remember knowing as soon as I looked in her eyes that she had had an abortion, and that was why she was standing in that crowd. As we began to talk, she revealed more to me in what she did not say than what she did say.

A very small part of what she *did* say was that she was married a while ago, she and her husband tried and finally got pregnant with a baby, and three days after the baby was born it died of complications. She got pregnant a second time unexpectedly, and aborted the baby, afraid that the same thing would happen to that baby. The pain of both of these situations eventually broke up their marriage and it ended in a messy divorce.

What Beth did *not* say is that she was mad at God, she had never recovered from the loss of both babies' lives, and she wanted to find healing from someone somehow. After she had told me about her past (the baby she lost and the baby she aborted), I asked her simply, "Did that hurt you?" and without saying a word, her eyes began to fill with tears and her mouth began to tighten. After a few seconds she responded, "Yes," and I began to cry with her. I knew that she did not want to cry, but I also realized that this may have been the first time in a long time that someone had ever cried with her, for her.

This girl was hurting, and my heart was genuinely broken for her. When I think of when Jesus went to see Lazarus after he had died, I don't remember Jesus saying much, but then comes two of the most powerful words in the Bible: Jesus wept (John 11:35, NASB translation).

It is no coincidence that I met Beth that day at UNC. I may never forget her face, I will never forget her words (spoken and unspoken), and I will never forget her babies. I pray for her and I cry for her. I hope that she breaks out of the problem that Randy Alcorn talks about in the quotation above – the problem of refusing to admit the truth because it hurts. I may have planted a seed in her life that I will never see, but she taught me something that I could never repay her for that day: tears speak louder than words ever will.