

JFA Reflection

It's 5:30am Monday morning and my alarm is ringing in my ears. As I roll out of bed, finish packing, and get ready, I can't help but wonder what the next 36 hours will hold. I've heard stories and been through training to help prepare me for this new experience, but neither of the two seemed to help calm my nerves so I tried not to think too much about it. Once we were all on the bus and on our way to Ft. Collins, again besides an occasional prayer, I tried to avoid the subject. There were a million and one different scenarios that could arise in a conversation, and I knew that I was no where close to even having all the answers. There is so much out there that I don't have a clue about, and honestly I don't even know how to defend a lot of what I believe—that made me really nervous. In the past I usually feared people would reject me or think I was stupid or ignorant, but that was different this time. I didn't really care what these people thought of me, but I knew I was out there representing the pro-life movement and more importantly was an ambassador of Christ. I knew my words would play a huge part in forming these people's opinions about Jesus, and that is what made me cower. I knew Satan was trying to convince me that I would ruin everything if I opened my mouth but I also knew that Christ had given me a spirit of power. All of this was going through my mind for the two and a half hour bus ride, however as I stepped off the bus I knew God would answer my request to lead me to those who needed to hear the words He would speak through me. It was not about my abilities or my knowledge, but rather about my willingness to let Him use me as His vessel of Truth.

I never knew 36 hours could hold so many amazing experiences! As we finished up our debriefing time, I found it difficult to walk by the exhibit and not start engaging with those standing around. I forced myself to head back to the bus and once I got there was grateful for some time to reflect on everything. Throughout the past day and a half, I was struck with an overwhelming sadness for those who don't know Jesus. When I would sit down and simply observe my surroundings, I realized how many people that pass by me every day who are hurting

and lost, yet I am not offering them the answer. It broke my heart and deeply convicted me at the same time. As I fought back the tears, I thought maybe the reason I got so frustrated with people who were apathetic about the issue of abortion was because I myself was apathetic about my Christianity. I know the truth, just as they knew abortion was wrong, but I am unwilling to do anything about it. It will take a lot of work and probably a lot of sacrifice, but I need to be able to give an answer for why I believe what I believe and I have a responsibility to tell others about it. I remember sitting there watching hundreds of people pass by and thinking, "They're probably going to hell" or "I bet they don't know how much Jesus loves them". How could I stay silent any longer when I am constantly around people who are straight on their way to hell? I can't stay silent any more. These 36 hours working with JFA made me realize it is my time to stand up and do something for my Jesus. He endured so much for me, I think He deserves me to tell others about what He did for them. In the past, I've been able to ignore this calling, but God brought me to a point these past couple days where I can no longer push Him aside. Although I cannot go back and take advantage of the opportunities God has provided me in the past, I pray that I will actively seek opportunities to share Jesus with others and always be prepared to give an answer for the hope within me.

Amanda Teeple

October 6, 2004

Justice For All Outreach Reflection

Holy Canole! That is what is going through my mind when I reflect on my JFA experience at Colorado State University. I have learned so much about our culture and witnessing. What God taught me at CSU in two days will last far beyond the exhibit, it is of eternal value and significance.

On the bus ride there I was very nervous. I kept reading through all of the information given us in order to prepare as much as I was able. I also spent time in prayer, but I could not seem to shake my nerves. In fact, they only got worse when we arrived and the first thing we hear (before the display is even finished being set up) is a loud protesting yelling, "Visual Assault!" Can I just say that at that moment I did not think I had a stomach anymore?

After the prepping my friend and I decided that we would begin each day walking around and praying. So for over an hour we just walked around and prayed for people, prayed for the day. I would have to say that this was the most impactful and important act that I did the whole two days. It was just like we were tithing our day to God, giving Him the firstfruits of all that it held. I know without a doubt that He then took the rest of our day and anointed it for His glory. His presence was amazing and beyond any truth that He revealed in conversations was the truth He revealed to us in prayer.

God was very gracious and showed us almost immediate results of our prayers. For example, we watched a Republican pro-life couple rip a young protestor to shreds. The woman actually told the young girl, "Well, if you would just keep your legs shut then we wouldn't have this

problem!” We could not believe it! We immediately prayed for the girl, that she would not be closed to any conversation later because of the painful words these people spoke. Also that God would somehow break the impression that this couple just gave her about pro-life and all those who stand for it. We also prayed for the couple and that God would convict their hearts. Well, less than an hour later as we are walking and praying we see a FFI student making friendly conversation with this girl. They were respectfully dialoguing and the girl was responding with nods. God is so good! We also learned later that the couple had been confronted about their approach and God was working on them.

I had the opportunity to have several in-depth conversations on Monday, all leading to God (which I felt was the goal anyway). One conversation was with a Darwinist Pantheist fellow. I have no idea how I got involved here because it was definitely out of my comfort zone! We came to a point in our discussion where I felt stuck, but God humbled me and came to my aid. At the very moment where I did not have an answer someone else walks into the conversation and knows exactly where to take it. It was a divine interruption! That fellow left agreeing to read Lee Strobel’s *A Case for Christ* and searching for the truth.

There was one particular interaction though that I will absolutely never forget. It was with a young girl named Morgan who called herself a Christian, but she was also pro-choice. She held to the argument about adoption. After our conversation on Monday she left thinking about what it was she was standing for. I prayed that night over my conversations and I asked that the Lord make them restless until they find the truth. The next morning I was extremely discouraged to see Morgan now protesting the exhibit with a sign. I immediately thought that I had failed, but reminded myself that I do not serve a midget and He is the one in charge of the results, not me. I asked the Lord to open a door for me to approach her again and, of course, He did. I saw her crying and so I walked over to see if she was okay. She told me how I man had just belittled her

and told her that she should adopt then. I knew that it was really the Holy Spirit grabbing on to her heart, and so I just loved on her. We talked for awhile and she was feeling better. She told me how she used to be involved in Campus Crusade for Christ, but how it was not personal enough for her. She then had to leave for an interview, but told me that she would find me when she returned. Later I saw another woman with tears and gently asked her if she was okay. She proceeded to tell me that she hates abortion and that she is actually on staff for Campus Crusade for Christ! What!?! Once again, God is so good! I told her about Morgan and she unhesitatingly gave me her information and told me to get Morgan's so that she could contact her. God was clearly fighting for a relationship with this girl! I am humbled by the fact that He used me in this battle for His relationship with Morgan. She has no idea what He is doing to reunite them!

From a broader perspective, I learned how apathetic our culture is and how invaluable they feel. The Lord showed me that as I began to talk with individuals more and dig deeper into their lives, they do not know how valuable they are. Since they do not feel value in their own life, they do not feel value for the unborn life. This problem was at the heart of every discussion! That is absolutely crazy! The further I got to see into a person's soul the more I saw hurt, pain, and worthlessness. It completely broke my heart! More than anything, I pray that I showed them how valuable they are and how precious they are to God! I also pray that those whom I keep in contact with hereafter will know that they are loved! That Christ will hide me behind His cross and all they see, whether in an email or letter, is Him.

Amy Jo Preston
JFA Reflection
October 7, 2004

My heart has been tender to this issue for a few years now. I have been involved in a Crisis Pregnancy Ministry and was aware of the prevalence and desperation of this situation. Still, the first time that I heard a CSU student declare that it in fact was a living child, but one could not demand morality from others, I wanted to weep. I wanted to weep for the thousands of children that lose their lives daily and for the millions of Americans that are dying spiritually in their temporary and misguided lives.

It took mere minutes to realize that the battleground extended much farther than the issue of abortion. As I walked on campus, the intense feeling that many individuals were walking aimlessly was impressed on my heart. My past two years have been spent at a Taylor, a Christian college, where no doubt individuals are struggling and hurting, but there is an acknowledgement of a Lord and Savior who ultimately defeats the aching of this world. At CSU, instantly I knew God wanted to do more than work through me or others to debate abortion; he wanted to be exposed in His true light.

In this way, I thought God would bring me wounded individuals, those who were deeply connected with the issue of abortion. The opportunities that I got on Monday were not of this nature, but instead a chance to encourage and strengthen in His name. I met girl after girl who identified herself as a pro-life Christian. I thought God where are you taking this? Then, I knew that he wanted me to pour into them if only for ten minutes. I found myself asking the question-is it hard to be a Christian on this campus? For this day, God gave me the girls that wanted to follow him but needed some strong fellowship. He gave me time to listen and love his own children who were struggling in other areas. God confirmed that he loves his children and he will do anything to help them through struggle-even if that means a conversation with a random and unknown Christian. I have often heard that God is mysterious. As the Bible says, I as a human do not think like God. His plan for me on Monday was not the plan I had for my day, but He confirmed that he knew exactly how to use me to strengthen his Kingdom.

Monday went and Tuesday came. I knew that Tuesday was going to be very different. I knew that God wanted me to speak unashamedly for his name through the issue of abortion. The day was full of frustration and an overwhelming peace. I was frustrated as the conversations that were plagued with apathy time and time again. When I planted myself in front of the poll table, directly in front of the sign that said "yes" [abortion should stay legalized], I knew that I would be in the direct line of fire. I felt God's shield as I talked with countless individuals who continued to insist that a woman's choice was more valuable than a living child. Yet, God confirmed as individuals walked away in disgust or just not having budged from their position, that He is mighty and moving. It was evident in the individuals that they were pondering the issue and their words. The battle is not over. I am off the front lines, but God has only just begun. The experience has made me hungry for that boldness that God gave me in those two days. I want to willingly put myself on the front lines more often, on college campus or not, the battle is worth the fight.

Amy Liu
Focus on the Family Institute
10/7/04
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.

Beth Smith

Volunteering with the *Justice for All* campaign this week proved a challenging but valuable experience. I have to admit I was not excited to participate because I was nervous about what to expect, and I did not want to spend my twenty-third birthday uncomfortably milling about a college campus. However, I am grateful I spent two days discovering what it is to proactively stand for a just cause and was able to learn more about both sides of the abortion issue through training and through the observed reactions and opinions of CSU students.

The first morning I spent observing the reactions of those who passed through the plaza where the exhibit was set up and grappled with my own feelings about the manner in which we were presenting our side of the issue. Though I believed the information was the truth and should be known, I was asking myself how Jesus would handle this situation and if students would be “turned off” because of the aggressive nature of the display. The first thing I had noticed when I approached the campaign area was an angry young woman who carried a sign that said “VISUAL ASSAULT”. We came to find out that Holly had an abortion at the age of fifteen and recently had a baby who she believed was the reincarnate of her aborted baby. She claimed to be a Christian and did not want to believe that what she had done as an adolescent was wrong. Later that morning I had a conversation with a staff member at CSU and we exchanged our thoughts on the exhibit itself. Though he believed JFA legally had the right to be on campus, he was most concerned for the girls who had been through an abortion experience. Thinking of Holly, I agreed and said we really want to be sensitive to those young women, but I also thought that women should know the reality of abortion beforehand, so they can make an educated decision after knowing both sides of the story.

That afternoon I met several Christian students, including RJ, who also struggled with whether an “offensive” eighteen foot display was the best way to love others. I was able to explain to him that I had felt the same way just that morning, but by the end of the day I had come to terms with the exhibit and believed it promoted more good than harm. I explained that I knew how he felt, but after observing all day long, I saw that students were thinking, engaging in conversations, and showing passion. Many were upset by the display, but many others went away with a new knowledge of the truth. I also realized throughout the day that whenever social reform was needed in history, advocates had to act proactively to get the public’s attention and to shed light on a matter that people may be ignorant about. I ran into RJ three times within the course of two days, and he told me that if nothing else, he now saw the exhibit as an opportunity to witness to other CSU students because the display was so controversial.

The last time I encountered RJ, he invited two of us from the Institute to eat lunch with him and a friend. This was an awesome opportunity because we ended up eating chili with several CSU students who came and went during lunch. We were able to get to know them on a deeper level and were able to tell some of them why we were here. The reactions were varied, but the most memorable came from a freshman named Kevin. Kevin sat down at the table and someone immediately mentioned what Matt and I were doing at CSU. Kevin’s irritated response was, “We just won’t talk about it then”. He proceeded to tell me that we were making a lot of people mad and then it dawned on him who we came with. It was evident he was not a big fan of Focus on the Family. However, I was glad I had the chance to eat with Kevin and have a normal conversation, especially since my personality is laid-back rather than confrontational. It was so interesting (and sad) to see how angry some students were that we had come.

Even though we upset a lot of people, I now believe that the exhibit was an effective tool for allowing truth the chance to prevail. I was excited to see students debating, discussing, and THINKING. I was even excited to see the protesters out with their signs because they were passionate. It was those that were apathetic that bothered me the most. The ones who wrote “screw babies” and “I think abortion tickles” on the free speech boards were the ones who broke my heart. A conflicting opinion can be changed, but apathy seems even more dangerous because it is so passive. I am thankful I was able to be part of promoting justice and truth because it is

what the world needs. Though it sometimes seems like an unrealistic task, this experience taught me that lives really can change when someone stands for truth.

Christopher Rohr

My experience with *Justice for All* at Colorado State University for those two days was amazing. I learned an incredible amount from it, and God taught me life long lessons. It was an experience I will treasure and never forget.

Going into it, I was very nervous and unsure of how I would do, but our training was helpful and I learned much useful information from it. Although, we had those training days, I still felt unprepared and afraid of what I would be encountering. I was afraid that I would come upon questions that I would not be able to answer. As it turns out everything ran smoothly and God ended up teaching me some valuable lessons.

When I first came upon the exhibition, I was shocked as to how big the display was. The first couple of hours, I just prayed and walked around the display studying it. I listened in on some of the debates and conversations trying to become familiar with the arguments. Finally, I encountered my first conversation. He was studying the display, so I walked up to him and asked him what he thought about the whole display and the subject matter. He told me that he was pro-choice and that he believed it was OK to kill the baby at any time of the pregnancy. I was shocked and questioned him some more, only to find out that he believed the earth was overpopulated and that abortion was necessary to control our population. I explained to him what I believed, but it did not change how he believed. We shook hands, introduced ourselves, and went our own ways. From that point on, I engaged with many more students.

I met Michael who is an atheist, but he is also a Republican. I was quite surprised by his standing. He was pro-choice, but he only believed it was OK to abort up until brain waves are formed in the seventh week. I was able to tell him that I believed life started at conception. I explained to him that if something is growing it is living. That simple statement of mine was enough for him to agree with me and to tell me that I actually made sense. We didn't get much further than that, but I am going to continue to pray for him. He is lost and searching.

Throughout both days, I walked around just praying for people. I felt the emptiness in their hearts, it was so sad. Throughout my conversations with the students, I would pray for them while they talked to me. I just really prayed that God would open their hearts and that they would see their need for Christ as their savior. My heart hurt and still hurts for them. I have never before felt such a burden for the lost, but this whole outreach really touched me.

I had many more conversations throughout those two days, but one that really struck me was when I was able to talk to Jessica, a student who was working with the pro-choice booth. I sat down to take a break and she came over to talk to me. She said that she noticed me confronting a guy who was in the wrong, because he harassed some of the pro-choice people. She was so impressed with how I dealt with that situation that she felt safe to talk to me. We ended up talking for a long time about issues from abortion to God. We agreed to disagree about abortion, but she quickly moved the conversation to Christianity. She told me that she was a Christian, but that she believes that everybody goes to heaven if they lead a good life. She just thinks that Christianity is one way of getting to heaven. I tried sharing some Scripture with her, but she believed the Bible is up for interpretation. It was hard to explain what I believed because she believed in so much relativity in the Bible. I was able to share with her my testimony and what I believed to be true. She was extremely interested and asked many questions, but still she held to her relativistic view of life. In the end, she asked me if we would still be friends after we left the conversation. I told her that our different beliefs had nothing to do with friendship. She was excited because she was not used to this idea. She told me that this was the first time she was able to have a conversation with a pro-life person wherein she did not feel belittled or attacked. She was very grateful for that, but she still did not change her position. I left her my e-mail address hoping that God will work in her life and that she would e-mail me with some questions. Although, we agreed to disagree, I'm praying that down the road God will convict her and bring her to the truth.

I continued throughout the day talking to people trying to have conversations with them rather than debates. I believe that if I show the love of Christ to them that they will see the truth.

Overall, I think this outreach had a tremendous effect on me and my relationship with God. Going into it, I had no previous experience evangelizing, and I was very afraid of doing so. Now, I am confident that with God's strength I can do anything including witnessing. I learned that if I am able to go up to a complete stranger and ask him/her what they think about the exhibit, then I can just as easily go up to someone and ask them if they know Christ as their Savior. From there, I can move into sharing the gospel with them. This event has magnified my confidence in being able to share what I have. It was an incredible experience, and I would love to be able to do this again someday.

Denise Morris
Alpha
JFA Reflection
October 4-5, 2004

The days before the JFA outreach, I found myself “tolerating” the assignment. I was not excited to go stand outside for two days and yell at people about abortion. I wanted to sit in my comfortable classroom and discuss people’s worldviews. Little did I know that my knowledge and understanding of people’s worldviews was about to be brought to a completely different level.

During the training we received the week before, the tactics we were supposed to learn seemed confusing and difficult to remember. I was sure I would arrive at the exhibit and promptly embarrass myself with my lack of knowledge and understanding of abortion.

During the bus ride to Fort Collins I rotated between taking catnaps and reviewing my abortion pamphlet. My enthusiasm was not at its peak.

After we arrived at the campus and were welcomed by the JFA workers, we headed out to the exhibit to listen for an hour before we engaged in conversation. I ended up listening for about fifteen minutes. I sometimes find it difficult to keep my opinions to myself, especially when I feel my views are morally right. So after about fifteen minutes I decided to ask Peggy, the woman in charge of the pro-choice exhibit, a few questions. As soon as I asked her a question, I got very nervous. I didn’t end up getting very far with her, so I quickly ran back over to the JFA exhibit, a.k.a. the “safe” side.

The pro-life exhibit didn’t stay safe for very long. A very outspoken pro-choice guy made himself known very quickly by shouting slurs and screaming out his opinion. He drew quite a crowd. I listened to him for awhile, and then I noticed a guy listening beside me. I figured I should get started now or never, so I asked the guy what he thought. I found out that his name was Eddie and that he was pro-choice. He and I ended up talking for about an hour about the issue of abortion. We went over each argument and approach that I had learned in JFA training. Eddie had opinions, but he was very willing to listen and to reason with me. We both were able to agree that a fetus has to be a human being, and therefore we had to admit that to kill a human would be wrong. Eddie admitted that, but he still had trouble telling a woman what she could do with her own body. I just continued to ask him how the murder of an innocent human being could be morally justified. He wasn’t able to answer me. At the end of our conversation, he admitted that he couldn’t find a justification, and because of that he had to be pro-life.

I felt much better about talking with people after that conversation, and I think the Lord allowed it in order to give me more confidence. I talked with plenty more people throughout the day, sometimes in group, and other times on my own. I was even able to talk with people about spiritual issues.

Tuesday of the exhibit was the best. I had so many good conversations with people who were both pro-life and pro-choice. I also got involved in a big group debate, in which I voiced my opinion numerous times. I grew more confident as time went on, because I knew that I would be able to refute any justification someone had for abortion. God allowed me to have a sound mind, and I was able to come up with quick, relevant responses.

The best conversation I had was with a pre-med student named Ryan. He sought me out after the group debate in order to talk with me further. He was very analytical, and wanted to know all about the science of the issue. He and I sat in the shade and talked for awhile, and then I showed him the other sides of the exhibit. Although he didn’t change his opinion, I felt like we left off in a good place. I had to leave my conversation with him in order to go to our debriefing with the JFA staff. After we were finished, we all began to head back to the bus. As I was passing by the exhibit, I noticed a guy with a sign preaching against the pro-life exhibit. He was very angry, and was drawing a crowd. Suddenly I noticed Ryan standing next to the guy with

the sign. Ryan also noticed me. He ran over to me and grabbed my arm. “Denise, come talk to this guy,” he said. “I know you can burn him!” I was shocked that Ryan wanted me to defend my position. The next thing I knew, I was asking the guy with the sign a few questions, but Ryan kept butting in to ask him more questions. Ryan, of all people, was challenging this guy in his pro-abortion view. It was awesome to see.

Overall, the work with the JFA experience was one of the most amazing things I have ever done. I was shocked and pleased with the fact that people were so willing to discuss abortion and religion, even if our viewpoints were not the same. I also realized that God has given me the capability to verbally express myself in a clear and reasonable way. I enjoyed debating, and it is something I would like to do more. I would love to be able to work with JFA again.

Through this event, I realized that truth is very convincing. I think it is important for us as Christians to know how to express ourselves clearly and intelligently. But we need to remember that we are not called to change anyone’s heart. God will do that. We are only called to be obedient, and to speak the truth to those who will listen. The Truth will set people free.

Erin Von Muenster
Omega
JFA Exhibit Reflection
7 October 2004

After participating in the JFA Exhibit and taking a stand for pro-life, I feel as though it will take me several days, if not weeks, before I am better able to process what happened and what continues to happen. After the training day at FFI I remember feeling mentally taxed and inadequate for the upcoming challenge. Talking with students at a state university about a hot issue such as abortion was miles out of my comfort zone, but over the years God has taught me that being out of my “safety zone” is the best place to be because He grows us in unbelievable ways. He proved Himself to be true to what I had learned, as I left Colorado State University in humble awe of what God did in and through each student, including myself.

I found my stomach immediately full of butterflies as my alarm went off at 5:45 Monday morning. I had thought and prayed about the outreach over the course of the weekend, but this was the day that it would all begin. Was I knowledgeable? Could I do it? What if I hindered the pro-life movement? So many questions were flying through my head at warp speed. True to His nature, God was good, and when I began walking around the exhibit and listening I was firmly yet gently reminded that it was not about me or what I could or could not do.

The potential existed for me to become jealous of the gifts many of my classmates displayed. I saw and overheard some good conversations, and inside I found myself wishing it could have been me standing there, confidently sharing. In the same incredible moment I wanted to talk with everyone and no one all in the same breath; and it was then that I realized I was relying on myself. I became convicted about the value of humility and about being intentional with conversations. In my heart I had the desire to share, and I was humbled to think that God wanted to use this finite mouth. I was eventually able to enter into discussions with a variety of people over the course of the two days. Some people were pro-life, but did not share the same faith foundation, and the majority of the others were pro-choice. The most frustrating discussion I participated in was with a guy who wouldn't be able to be described as “apathetic,” but he was definitely non-committal. After 30-45 minutes of talking he still would not make a declaration either way. I initially left the conversation frustrated, thinking that the time had possibly been a waste, but then I realized it was not my call to judge the quality of our talk. Chances are very good that I will never know if and when he makes up his mind, I gave him the opportunity to contact me through e-mail, but I am okay with knowing perhaps I gave him something to chew on and digest at some point in his life.

One of the most rewarding conversations occurred with Jeff. We started by talking about skateboards, and he told me all about his personally hand-crafted board. I could tell he was very proud of it. He then suddenly shifted the conversation to the exhibit, and admitted that he didn't know what to think. Jeff was the first and only person I went through a brochure with, and each step of the way I could see in his eyes that he was really taking in what was being said and processing it in his mind. He kept asking questions and could not believe that human lives were being treated in such horrific ways. God was good, and our conversation flowed. Eventually he had to leave for class, but as we finished our conversation and said goodbye he held onto the brochure and thanked me for giving him something to think about.

In the midst of that secular campus, where Satan plays on his playground with the lives of so many students and staff, God was there. He humbled and broke my heart in a new way for the students He loves who don't or won't know Him. The aborted unborn never got the opportunity to speak up, but you and I have been given a voice to speak and feet to travel—what a challenge to live out daily.

Jimmy Nance
10/6/2004

JFA Reflection

Monday morning bus ride to CSU: Do I have what it takes?

The ride to CSU seemed to hold a nervous laughter; it did not have an excitement or jovial quality about it. I reviewed my JFA information packets and role-played pro-life versus pro-choice with my friends around me. We joked around with it, though, as if the scenarios were unrealistic. In the back of my head there was always the thought, *Would a pro-choicer really say something like this, or are they going to have the knowledge and experience to eat my lunch in a debate? How do the JFA staffers know that pro-choice advocates will fall into these neat little traps?* I worried about whether the courage to participate would come or not. Would I be left standing on the side, knowing what to say, but unwilling to speak it to a stranger?

The Impact of the outreach: Swing voters

Well, as it turned out, people are just people whether they live in Fort Collins or Colorado Springs. I talked to many of them, and they all spoke to me in English and shook my hand afterward. Not only do arguments lack gender, they also lack geographic location. Fears are just fears and they are naturally born, but they can be supernaturally overcome.

Most of the conversations I had were with amiable people who knew very little about abortion and had not decided on a stance, or genial people who knew a little about abortion but stood tentatively on one side or the other. This is where the impact of JFA rests. Helping these people work through their doubts, misinformation, and inconsistent logic about abortion is one of the easiest and most rewarding activities at the event. At one point, God merely asked me to direct one student's attention toward the exhibit and then let her work her way through my argument herself. No other conversation on either day came close to providing as great a reward for such little labor. Not all of my conversations came so easily, but many of them merely required looking at the circles on the exhibit and explaining that there is a distinct life when two sets of chromosomes, one from a male and one from a female, come together.

Many were antagonistic, and many were vocal. I do not know if any of the minds of the loudest protesters were changed even a bit, but the well reasoned arguments from JFA staff members and volunteers (that occasionally made the antagonists look a little foolish when their arguments forced them to admit that they agree with slavery) worked wonders with the swing voters listening in the crowd. The firm answers given with gentleness and respect probably gave many people something to think about as they walked away from the encounter. I know that some of my best conversations came from talking to people who were listening to a loud, crowd-drawing argument.

Tuesday evening bus ride back to Colorado Springs: Relief

I sensed an incredible feeling of relief sweep over all of the students as we traveled further and further from Fort Collins and the CSU campus. After spending two rather subdued, somber days defending the lives of the unborn, we exploded with pent up hilarity and probably drove the Applebee's staff crazy. We were all exhausted from the mental and emotional anguish that came from contending with the moral relativists and sympathizing with the ones who suffered. We were physically tired and we were sunburned, but few slept or complained. Instead, the further we retreated from the battleground, the more uproarious we became. The weight and sorrow of the previous two days were lifted. That explosion of joy and merriment indicated very clearly how gravely we felt about the assignment and the sincerity we brought to it, and it revealed our delight at having accomplished our task. There were a few stories about changed hearts and minds, but that is not what we celebrated. Instead, we celebrated and thanked God for giving us the strength to stand up for His truth in the public square, bringing both steadfastness and compassion to our peers. This assignment lasted two days, but I think the

dose of boldness I received, if properly cultivated, will stay with me the rest of my days and continue to grow.

I would participate in an outreach like this again, not merely for my own benefits, but because God commands us to stand for Truth in the midst of lies and to defend those who cannot stand up to their oppressors.

Jessie Marshall
JFA Exhibit Reflection
CSU 2004

David, here is a letter/reflection that I sent out to all those who I requested to pray for me. I hope it blesses you all as well! His, Jess

Hey friends and family,

Some of y'all asked me to update you on how the Justice For All (JFA) outreach went this past Monday and Tuesday. I felt everyone's prayers with me and I was not nervous at all in the least during the 2 days there despite the heated controversy it caused. That is where the rubber meets the road though, when the light of truth is shed in the darkness of our culture.

The first day I got to talk with a range of people on the spectrum of worldviews. All the conversations began with the issue of abortion but not too long after the aspect of worldviews was discussed. I talked to a Wicca New-Age man, an agnostic evolutionist, a very pro-choice but hurting woman who had grown up in a Christian home but had had an abortion when she was 15. Her name was Holly, she carried around signs protesting the pro-life "anti-choice" 28 ft tall exhibit with detailed pictures of aborted fetuses and embryos from all 3 trimesters of pregnancy. She cried the entire time she told me her story and at the end of our conversation she gave me the biggest hug.

The students and staff at Colorado State University were very surprised at how gracious and willing our FFI students were to talk with them and dialogue without ranting and raving. It broke my heart and made me somewhat angry to hear how the church has treated some of these women but it was healing for them to see the true love of Christ.

I also got to talk with both of the head women who follow around JFA and put up their pro-choice booths as well. I remember my friend Andy, a history major at CSU, the most. I ended up having a pizza lunch with him in the cafeteria at CSU and he had a lot of questions because I said something about design being behind a human's life that sparked his interest. All I honestly did was ask him his views on different things, which he had no real answers to, and I just got to know him. By the end of lunch, he told me that that was probably the deepest conversation he has ever had before. On one hand, it excited me but on the other, it made me so sad to hear that because he barely knew me and all I did was take the slightest initiative to get to know him. By taking even the slightest interest in his life, it showed him the love of Christ. That is how we reach people.

The second day, I spoke again with Jennifer from the pro-choice table and she loved to try and push people's buttons (and she was very good at it with well thought out arguments) but it takes a lot to get me offended or hot-headed so at first I thought it bothered her that I was keeping cool, but at the end she sincerely thanked me for really listening to her side of the debate and that she was leaving with some things that she was challenged on.

It got even more exciting because the Church of the Latterday Saints showed up to evangelize the campus. I talked to Elder Chin and he said what a day they picked to show up on

campus because there were already crowds drawn. (It was kinda funny b/c I didn't realize that Elder was a title and I thought it was his first name so that is what I called him for most of the conversation until his friend came up to me as well and I saw his name was Elder too.) They laughed pretty hard about it and it was fun teasing Elder Chin because of his canadian accent. I mean these guys were my age but they were so deceived, fully believing lies as truth. I talked to him and his friend for probably 2-3 hours. I asked so many questions about the Mormon faith because I wanted to make sure I fully understood it before I challenged them on the contradictions and inconsistencies. The scary thing about the Mormon faith is that it is very close to Christianity and without their black suits, baby Christians could very easily be persuaded. It was the truth tweaked just a little bit but also just enough for it to be a lie. I am getting SO excited even as I am typing this because the conversation was amazing.

I wish I could go more in detail about each person I talked to b/c God was all over the place. If any of y'all want to hear more in depth about the conversations that took place, and the thousands of arguments raised by the eclectic worldviews there at CSU that I talked with, please feel free to! call me and I would LOVE to talk with you about it! (719-272-0485) My friend Andy came back on the second day to get my email address in case he had anymore questions and I was overjoyed to see that he was willing to do that! I was also impressed with my friends here at FFI and how when I was talking with two of the Mormon guys, they were so persistent in offering some of our Chick-Fil-A lunch to them and the Elders (one of them was named Chris) were very touched and impressed that we were so willing to go the extra mile. Again, that is how we reach people, the real love of Christ is nothing that this world can compare to. One of the Mormons was so touched, he came back to campus to the exhibit to after an appointment he had to say goodbye to me and my friend Matt.

Thanks guys for sticking with me and reading this entire email!! It was my heart and I wanted to share it with you!

Greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world, Jessie <><

Joanna Shenk
October 6, 2004

Justice For All Reflection

The two days I spent at Colorado State were very intense and impacting. Throughout both days I carried my journal with me and wrote down my thoughts and prayers. So I will begin this reflection by sharing my journal entries with you.

Monday, October 4th (at the exhibit)

“So am I just coping out? I guess I could go and talk to someone. I just don’t know. I know Jesus was a renegade. I know he wasn’t afraid to stand up to people. I know he was loving. I know his harshest words were for the religious leaders. I know that God is the creator and that he created each of us uniquely. There are just so many ways to approach this issue. Christians don’t agree. I am just so confused. Maybe here [debating] is a good technique but I know in other cultures it just throws up walls. Jesus, what would you be doing? I just don’t like this. I don’t like the position this puts me in. If success is based on how many I talk to, then I loose. I loose big time. I don’t want to cop out. I really don’t. I just don’t know how to approach the issue. Jesus what do you have to say? What would you be doing? I just want to do that and say that. Jesus I want changed hearts and not changed heads. Ok... [at this point I talked to my first person].”

(later that night)

“It was so good to talk to mom and dad. Thank you for such amazing, godly parents. Jesus I just want to be true to you. I want to stand on your truth. God, give me the words to say to the people tomorrow. You are all about relationship Jesus and about loving others where they are at. What do you think of all these labels? [pro-choice, pro-life, republican, democrat] You frustrated all the religious leaders. You were accused of being like the sinners. Jesus I just want to be like you and do only what the Father is doing. Your love is truth Lord. I just want to seek you for your truth. I want to walk in your truth. I want to be wise and I want to be passionate about what is in me. That passion doesn’t have to be expressed through evangelism – street evangelism I mean. I can show my passion for you in so many ways and evangelism is only one of the ways. It was really cool to get to talk to that last guy. I t was awesome to get to bring you up in a way that he was receptive to. Bless Kyle Lord and speak to his heart. Use me however you want to speak truth into his life. Bless all those I talked to Lord. Let your seeds be sown. Show those people that you are absolute truth. God I wan to radiate you out there. I want to radiate you all the time. You are my vision Jesus.”

Tuesday, October 5th (at the exhibit)

“Jesus I want my words to be yours. When you spoke Lord, like it said in Matt. 7:28-29, the people were astonished by your authority – you didn’t talk like the religious people. That is so cool. I don’t want to talk like the religious people. Put someone else in my path Lord. I want to speak TRUTH. Give me boldness to speak your words. I want to be light in the darkness. God, I don’t know... people are tired of debating. I don’t feel like I’m offering anything. It has to be your words. Your truth. I want people to ask me about truth Lord. I want to speak your truth. Man. I just don’t know Lord. It has to be

all you. Lord, I want to talk to people. I want to be intentional. I just really like being here. I like being faced with these issues. Thank you for being truth Lord. There are so many lonely, hurting people. They need love – they don't like pointing fingers. They want to be listened to and forgiven. I don't want to think except that you are light and love and you have come to love these people. I know who my enemy is – it the darkness and the relativism of this world. It's the father of lies who deceives. Jesus, let these people be free. Let this display push them deeper for truth and meaning. Break open hearts Lord. Thank you for all you are teaching me through this. Continue to break me down so that only you remain.”

This experience taught me so much and challenged me think in so many ways. Abortion is an issue that I have just started to think through because of this outreach. My parents have always been pro-life and I respect that but I want to make sure the decision is my own. So when I talked to people at the outreach I let them know that I was thinking through the issue too. I was not comfortable using the arguments that we were taught because they were not real to me. Yes, they are good arguments but I didn't want to use them and not be totally convinced of the position myself. Therefore, as I talked to people, instead of debating, I brought up the issue of absolute truth. I shared with them that it seemed pointless to me to take one side or the other if there was not a foundational, absolute truth. Everyone agreed with me that relativism is frustrating and that they did want truth. One guy even asked me what I believed to be true and at that point I was able to share about Jesus with him. At the end of his conversation he asked for my email address and it is my hope that I will be able to continue to help him seek the Truth.

If given the opportunity I would not do an outreach like this again. To me it is not representative of the heart of Jesus. I saw many pointing fingers and raised voices on both sides. I felt a lot of pride as well – as if success was in winning and in the number of arguments. I know we spoke against these things but I think they will inevitably happen in situations like this. Ultimately, I just want to be like Jesus. I want to be so close to those that are hurting, that like Jesus, others begin to associate me with them.

Reflection on the Justice for All Outreach Event

Justin Hughes

October 2004

Fear. Uncertainty. Rapidly beating heart. Upset stomach. Excitement. Many words could describe what every FFI student felt on the two buses headed for CSU at Fort Collins early in the morning. What no one could fathom was how much the goodness and faithfulness of God would shine through the two days the FFI students spent on this campus with the Justice for All Exhibit.

Each student had intensive training on the issue of pro-life apologetics and how to have conversations with anybody and everybody who was willing to speak. A little bit of nervousness and uncertainty is never in question when addressing topics that conflict with many people's way of thinking. This will always be the case to some extent, for even the best apologists and evangelists have feelings of uneasiness or discomfort as they address heated issues. The key to being effective when trying to reach anyone with truth is to abandon oneself to the God of truth.

One of the greatest points I learned through JFA is that you never focus on "winning" the argument. As an ambassador for Christ, our responsibility comes down to being faithful in presenting the message. The Holy Spirit is the one who convicts. What freedom from burden this is! The worst thing that could happen is that a person walks away retaining the beliefs they started with. I seriously doubt that many people could do this with JFA, however. The whole exhibit is geared to make people ask questions- questions like, "Is the unborn a human being? Are the only real differences between the unborn and the already-born points that cannot decide right to life (such as Size, Level of Development, Environment, and Degree of dependency)?" It was amazing to see people contradict themselves or to acknowledge the suppressed truth in the ongoing debate over abortion.

Each person that you talk to will never fit a textbook definition of a certain belief. Therefore, the key aspects of communicating with people are to listen and to love them as being created in the image of God (no matter how far they have strayed from him). When you get right down to it, all believers in Christ would be lost and in a hopeless state without the grace of God. When you view the whole exhibit in this light, there is freedom from fear (1 John 4:18). Of course, this does not mean you will not stumble over words or make mistakes or be nervous. It is amazing to know that God uses this exhibit in such a mighty way. For some, it challenges them to face what sin is. For many others, they go away asking the tough questions about life and existence. This becomes a springboard for people to truly examine their worldview. The JFA exhibit is so much bigger than a several day event. It touches lives and encourages people to talk and examine deep issues.

We are living in a generation of people starving for truth. Students at CSU were deeply crying for something more than the emptiness of the lies and deception they have been fed about abortion (and life in general). The universities are not quenching their thirst. Living a life seeking superficial happiness falls short. They are not even getting truth from some churches. The people I spoke with were so hungry for the truth. People are desperate and waiting for you to point them to deeper answers. May we always go forth with the truth in boldness.

-1 Peter 3:15

Lauren Barth - Alpha
JFA Outreach Reflection
October 7, 2004

As I thought about the Justice for All outreach in the days leading up to the trip, all I could think about was fear. I really didn't feel like I knew what to expect or how I was going to do this. I hate conflict and I have never been one to really stand up for things that I believe. I have always been pro-life, but I just avoided ever having to really stand up for that belief against opposition. Not only did I know that it would be challenging for me to face verbal conflict, I wasn't really sure how people were going to react to the exhibit in terms of violence. I knew that these two days were going to be influential in my life, but I definitely underestimated God's plan and power.

The bus ride to Fort Collins and Colorado State University seemed really long. I spent much of the time praying and trying to calm myself down inside. I was really scared and also really excited. At Taylor, my Christian beliefs were solidified and grounded in truth. However, FFI has been challenging me to be vocal about those beliefs. I have come to see that we as Christians are called to be vocal out in the world representing God to those who don't know him. It's not enough to just have our beliefs; we need to openly share them. I am terrible at that because I am too worried about what other people think about me. I knew that this trip was giving me the chance to sink or swim. I could step up to the challenge and take a stand or I could ignore God's calling and stay in my little world. I was excited to have the chance to finally step out, while I had the FFI family around me.

Monday morning I was extremely fearful. I spent most of the time walking around watching the situations and listening to conversations. I jumped into one conversation, but I only said about 5 things. After lunch, I knew I had to step up. One of my roommates prayed for me and sent me out with encouraging words. I began trying to initiate conversations. I got into about 4 or 5 conversations, but they were not deep. I shared my thoughts, but thankfully God brought me several pro-life students and allowed me to encourage them. By the end of the day on Monday, I was excited and somewhat sad that the day was over. I was looking forward to trying harder and being bolder on Tuesday.

Tuesday morning came around and I had lost some of my excitement. However, there were several fellow students who encouraged me to go back out with enthusiasm. Seeing their passion made me want to work harder. I went out and spent all day Tuesday starting conversations. I was even able to get an email address from one student and hopefully we will still be able to communicate. It was incredible. Slowly God led me into harder and harder conversations and by the afternoon I was passionate about sharing and talking with the Colorado State students.

It was amazing for me to see God completely change my heart from someone who would have ran from conflict and avoided the entire situation to a person who was passionate about talking and sharing God's love and truth with others. To me it seemed like God did the impossible. I am still passionate and hoping that I will have other conversations to dialogue with people. I realized that I need to be more open about my faith and beliefs. Non-Christians really want to hear what I have to say, but I have to be willing to step out on the limb. God has called me to that challenge. Through this experience I was also able to see the body of Christ in the way that the FFI group came together. We were able to use the strengths and weaknesses of each person to become stronger together. When one person's conversation ended with a student, there was someone else there to pick it up. I loved the way we came together as one body to serve God through our conversations and interactions with the Colorado State students. I will never forget this experience and the impact that it has had on my life and my heart.

Even though I had the training on Thursday, and I read the Justice For All material nearly the entire ride to Ft. Collins (CSU campus), I was feeling unprepared. I did not think I would be able to defend what I believe, and that others who are more knowledgeable about this issue would walk all over me. I did not have faith in myself and ultimately in God. This was the first time I had done something like this, and I was afraid. The whole ride up, I read through the training pamphlets over and over again preparing myself for situations I may encounter. As I sat in the informational meeting before we started talking, the butterflies started flying. They started to fly away when we partnered up and just listened to what other people were saying. I felt so calm and confident after the first conversation I had. This gentleman did not have a point of view on the whole issue, but I know this was God's way of building up my confidence.

At the end of the first day I was discouraged, as well as physically and mentally drained. I had some great conversations where comments I said made people think. This was encouraging because I felt like I had planted a seed. I was not trying to change people, but I was trying to challenge their thoughts just as they challenged mine. I talked to students who had views that I had never heard before. I had to humble myself and say, I do not know about that. As I reflected on the day, I had a great experience, yet I was discouraged. I attempted all of my conversations relying on the knowledge that I had gained through my readings on the bus ride. I talked to people who had influenced the life of someone on campus and saw the exhibit. I did not have deep, moving conversations, or a life changing experiences. This was because I was running my show and not God. I only had myself to blame.

After much prayer that day and the night before, I began day two with a different mindset. I prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide my conversations. I prayed that God would break me and make me see that He is using me to plant seeds, just as He uses others to harvest. I also made an effort to pray sometime before, during, and even after I talked with someone. People were also praying for me.

It was mid-morning when I approached a man named Paul. Paul did not really have much to say about the whole abortion issue except that it was wrong. After five minutes or so the conversation turned into religion and what we believed. Paul was a Catholic who was studying Wildlife Biology. He did not attend church, but believed in God. Though he believed in God, he did not believe God had anything to do with the creation of the world. He believed that evolution was the cause. The conversation kept getting deeper and deeper when he, playing devil's advocate, posed a question: Who is God? Prove there is a God without using the Bible. I

tried to explain, but I could not without referencing the Bible. I had to humble myself and say, I.....I do not know. I felt terrible. The conversation continued deeper into evolution when Paul stopped me again. It was like I fell to my knees, begging for mercy. I admitted once again with a stutter, I.....I do not know. I had to admit once again that I did not know, this time I asked if he would be willing to come with me and find the answer. I found Reza who was a young pastor at Timberline Church. I approached him and told him what we were talking about. When I told him my situation, he took his phone and paged someone else to come over and listen in because Reza was not all that knowledgeable in the area of evolution. They took the conversation from there as I stood and listened to them finish.

Reflecting on the experience was convicting. God used Paul to allow me to see how important it is to know **why** you believe what you believe and not just believe because your parents or Sunday school teacher told you so. God also answered my prayer. He brought me to my knees and humbled me. It was one of the hardest experiences for me to admit that I did not know. He also allowed me to see Reza humble himself by calling one of his friends over during our conversation. My eyes were open to see how important it is to know what I believe and why. Late that night my roommate Grant and I talked about our experiences. He shared with me Philemon 6, which says, “[And I pray] that the participation in and sharing of your faith may produce and promote full recognition and appreciation and understanding and precise knowledge of every good [thing] that is ours in [our identification with] Christ Jesus [and unto His glory]” (Amplified Bible). That same night, I talked to a friend back home, and she shared Acts 6:40-42. It says, “His speech persuaded them....Then they ordered them not to speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. The apostles left the Sanhedrin, rejoicing because they had been counted worthy of suffering disgrace for the Name. Day after day, in the temple courts and from house to house, they never stopped teaching and proclaiming the good news that Jesus is the Christ” (NIV Bible). It was encouraging to lift one another up with scripture and prayer.

I honestly did not want to leave Tuesday night. Because of this experience, I view evangelism in a whole different light, with a whole different attitude and with much more respect. It is a win win situation. It is not about me, the words I say, the brain knowledge I have or what I have memorized, but it goes beyond all of that. It is what is in the heart, and it is all about God. If I have the opportunity to do it again, I would seize the moment. Justice For All ran everything smoothly and was problem free for me. Thanks.

I have had few experiences involving initiated conversation with random strangers on the street in my short lifetime. This fact made the anxiety and anticipation of working at the Justice for All display even more intense. It all started when that guy came to class and started training us on how to argue for the pro-life side of this heated debate. That day I grew in my knowledge of the subject and it helped me begin to develop my own perspective. I began to realize that I could really share these truths with my friends back home and at school. Then the realization began to creep in, the realization that I was going to have to share with complete strangers. I would also have to initiate this conversation and be prepared to stand my ground against the possibility of an intense verbal assault. All of a sudden I didn't feel so confident.

To clarify, I am not much of a confrontational person. I like to listen to people's opinions. I like to take in their ideas and ponder them until I can figure out what I think and feel about these new thoughts. In training for the display on how to conduct myself, I got the impression that we were going to have to debate and even argue with the opposition till they submitted our view. I know this method works great for certain people, but my personality grew intimidated and insecure by this method of communication.

Needless to say, I went to the exhibit with little confidence. This was both good and bad. It was bad because I was afraid to open myself up to getting thrashed by some witty, quick minded pro choicer. At the same time this fear drove me to take my case to the Lord. Though I did not want to talk to anyone, I knew God wanted to develop my character through this. If I ran away, my character would suffer. I went to the Lord in prayer with my anxieties and slowly, ever so patiently he guided me to connect with a critical aspect of my savior Jesus that I hadn't quite understood before.

The first day went slow. I had a few conversations with men of various opinions in the pro-life and pro-choice categories. I said little and listened much. That night I slept in prayer and awoke in prayer. I felt like I hadn't accomplished much and I didn't know what God wanted from me.

Half way through the second day everything changed in one conversation with a freshman named Kyle. Kyle was a guy who loved to think and ask questions. However he had very few answers. As I talked to Kyle we moved from the issue of abortion to morality eventually relative and absolute truth. We did not debate or argue. Instead, something else very significant happened. We walked a road together. Side by side we explored the tough questions of morality and truth. I would present a thought and he would present another thought. Both of us became real with each other. I didn't persuade him to a conversion or win him to my side. We just explored. Two strangers met on the street and shared their hearts and minds in a search for meaning and reality in a truly sinful and confusing world.

I got Kyle's email address and we are going to continue down this new road together. However, I left that day with much more than a new friend. I left having experienced my Lord and Savior loving through me with the same understanding and patience he has given me so often. I pray that God will use this experience for Kyle's salvation and others like him who need to connect to truth by experiencing genuine love in a relationship mirroring Christ.

Matthew McGuire
JFA Reflection
Omega
10/7/04

Justice for All did very well in training us leading up to the event I would participate in at the Colorado State campus. I was actually looking forward to getting adequate training in defending the lives of the unborn. I knew that it would be a part of the year and was eager for it in many ways. I almost went through the training with JFA last year at Denton Bible Church, but my schedule did not allow that. The strategy for guiding conversations through questions proved to be instrumental in my success!

As we arrived near the campus of CSU I did get nervous, despite my excitement to be bold and courageous. I was beginning to think that I was ill-prepared in my knowledge of the strategies and responses to the definite arguments that we would get. I knew through it all though that God would provide the strength necessary, so I reminded myself to just relax. As we offloaded the buses and headed towards the center of campus I could feel the intensity, at least my anxiety intensifying!

Getting out and talking to people was not much of a problem though. I definitely felt that if I was personable, listened, and myself then I had nothing to be worried about. I spoke with several people on Monday, none of them were extremely hostile. I found that as long as I stayed calm and collected that they would usually do the same if we were talking one-on-one. The most memorable conversation that I had was with the pro-choice table. I approached the table and began talking with the ladies. They told me about the literature that was on the table and invited me to sign up. I told the women that I would love to join them if I knew that they were truly pro-choice. I shared a personal story with them and wanted to know whose choice they were representing. If they were taking a stand for choice and equal rights then I was willing to consider joining them, but that was not what they truly believed. "Who's standing for my choice" I asked the ladies. They agreed that the father of an unborn should have input, but definitely not more than the mother. After all, that would make her a slave to have to do what the men desire, she is no longer "in control". Although currently she is the monarch in the decision, her "choice" over rides not only the father but the child as well. Unfortunately, they were not willing to agree with me, although they understood my point.

At the end of Tuesday I felt fulfilled and used by God to minister to the hurting. I had a story and was able to relate to what many knew as deep heartfelt pain. Probably my most memorable conversation was the very last one. Holly, an outspoken pro-choice advocate was demonstrating loudly. I approached her and broke through her barrier to talk to me. She had had an abortion, has a child out of wedlock, does not know her father and was filled with pain. She hugged me several times and told me she loved me. She claimed to know Jesus, but ironically wanted the love and forgiveness of God without the justice. She asked for my email to follow up with the proof I requested on her bent theology. It was so amazing to minister to pain that I knew so close and speak with truth and love to the opposition and her feel comfortable. I only pray that God would pierce her heart and reveal His absolute truth to her so that she may see and know Him for who He really is.

Paige Kuske
October 7, 2004

'Justice For All' Reflection

I have never been a loud voice. Confrontation has, in the past, been something of a nightmare for me, and arguing with hot-blooded activists has never been on my list of exhilarating interchanges. The knowledge that I, as an involuntary volunteer, would be engaging in potential chaos with JFA and the pro-life exhibit, initially gave me stomach cramps. However, during my first prayer about the event, God reminded me that he has brought me through infinite events that I labeled at one point as un-do-able.

Being an analytical, quietly passionate person, I was very encouraged by the training we received before we trekked northward to CSU. Too much of my life has been spent sitting silently on my convictions because I didn't have the quick replies the world demands to make an argument valid. The ammunition the JFA staff pumped into us gave me confidence that even I, a gentle, reflective person, could fire truth back into the eyes of those who might stop to hear it. Even so, as we paraded through the student center, 88 strong, I identified with how a terrorist might feel before dropping his bombs in a crowded building. Could they recognize me for what I was there to do? Would they find me despicable because they disagreed with my mission?

Clearly, my thought processes up to the start of the exhibit were very me-centered. Then, turned loose, I was on my own to figure out what my role would be over the next two days. Immediately, I saw that I was incredibly peripheral to the big event. The 20-foot, extremely graphic panels were saying more than our entire fleet of students ever could. One of the first people I saw around the display was a young woman protesting with a sign. Already there were heated tones, ugly words, so much hurt. Would this be productive?

Never having been enrolled at a state university campus, I was immediately appreciative that students did stop to dialogue. A broad cross-section of views was certainly represented and I, as a silent bystander (eavesdropper?) heard them all. It was fascinating to hear the various arguments put forth by dissenters. Some were well-reasoned, others were just ridiculous. It appeared that shock-value was the major appeal to passersby. The pictures were horrifying to some, repelling to others – but the times that the exhibit was the most flooded was when protestors were abrasively spouting off arguments. I was surprised at how quickly crowds gathered to listen to expressions of rage.

My first day was spent almost entirely listening. I struck up a few conversations, but they didn't go far. I appreciated seeing other students so comfortably dialoguing, and I was encouraged by the presence of several professors, engaging in just the same way I was.

At the end of the first day I went to my host home feeling overwhelmed by the depth of the problems surrounding the issue of abortion. Having the pro-choice tables there to poke holes in the arguments of JFA made it obvious that people are not interested in entertaining black-and-white truth but rather finding ways to exploit the gray matter. I was frustrated that most people wanted to skirt the simple issue: “what is abortion?” and go straight to “why is abortion justified?” I saw that although the exhibit’s intention is to discuss life vs. choice, abortion is just a symptom of a desperately sick culture. Sleep that night brought me peace from a heart heavy for all the hurts that we as humans have created.

Day two dawned a little cloudy and I wasn’t sure if my intentionality in conversation would be any brighter. I spent the first hour of the morning praying with my Quest group and with various individuals. God impressed on my heart to ask for prayer for boldness and confidence, that His words would go forth, that they would have the opportunity to bear fruit. My morning was spent unintentionally meeting up with pro-lifer after pro-lifer. I was encouraged as I asked them my favorite question, “what brought you to the viewpoint you hold?” Some were evasive, some were unsure, and some were eager to tell me about their own experiences. When I encountered Christians, it was exciting to share with them the hope we have. When others felt they had just arrived there by their own sense of morality, I was able to rejoice that they are seeking what is good and right in the world.

The afternoon brought a change in my clientele. The morning was spent largely with pro-lifers, but as the day eased on, I was brought to the toes – and loud opinions – of others. One method I used several times was to lurk by the survey table and ask people how their opinions had been formed. Several pro-choice girls took the offensive, showing by their confidence that they would not allow anyone to sway them. My last conversation of the day was with a philosophical couple who had a highly developed sense of personal morality and believed in the eternality of souls, a collective consciousness, and the uniting force of energy. We discussed abortion and philosophy for nearly an hour before they asked why I was there, and when I claimed alliance with the exhibit, they were appreciative of my gentle approach. “The pictures are honest but tasteless,” they said, and thanked me for my willingness to hear them out. “Unity, not anger, is what will change this world.” I had to agree with them, although their blindness to the truth broke my heart.

By the time we packed up to leave, my greatest comfort was what another student reminded us – “the battle belongs to the Lord.” I didn’t share the gospel with anyone at CSU, or even necessarily sway anyone’s opinion on abortion, but I left feeling confident that I had fulfilled my role in the Lord’s great battle. It was exciting to see that I could openly dialogue

with individuals diametrically opposed to everything I stood for. I could hold my own. The hand of the Lord was steady over us.

But as the rain comes down, and the snow from heaven, and do not return there, but water the earth, and make it bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goes forth from My mouth; it shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish what I please, and it shall prosper in the thing for which I sent it.

Isaiah 55:11

I hurt for the complexity of life, which was not meant
to be tied so tightly, and stuffed into a
round box, when all the facts are square.

I sigh when I hear the story – never a statistic,
but a sad narrative, tossed through the lips and onto a pile –
bouncing once, twice, then settling
in a certain unity with the mass –

It wasn't meant to be like this.

We combat in peace or militancy, or worse –
a blankness over honesty, a shield from disappointment,
and while voices swirl and blend like a
cloud above a mountain, the same
sharp crags always remain
a bloody cold truth
made so by the wreck we call human
and satisfy at every price.

We're digging at the branches of a crisis made of roots

voices and silence pressed in a thick,
inconclusive soup

We'll be here always to give the truth its right
but – in truth – I sit in the grass with my head bowed low
And repent for the shame of humankind.

JFA Reflection Assignment

As the bus rolled up to Colorado State University I felt excited. I had read all the articles and literature and listened to all the speakers. I was ready to put into action all the knowledge about the unborn and human life. I knew once I approached someone I would feel my stomach tighten and my pulse race, but this was a win-win situation I was approaching. We were instructed for the first hour just to walk around and take in the environment at the Colorado State campus. However, about after thirty minutes I was bursting to start talking with students. All day I had nothing but great conversations. So many students whether pro-life or pro-choice could not explain why they believed for or against abortion. I made valid points in every conversation that took place that day, but by about 3 in the afternoon I was exhausted physically and emotionally. I sat down on the outskirts of the display and prayed for those in conversations until we helped break down the exhibit.

My host family was amazing. They were very hospitable and we had a great conversation with them and their kids. That night before I went to sleep I reflected a little on the day. The pre-outreach training was a very valuable tool. Although it was hard to take your conversations seriously talking to a friend it definitely prepared me for the encounters I had that day. Things were not quite as hostile as I had imagined them being and I was expecting a large push from the pro-choice population at the exhibit the next day. I also thought about I Peter 3:15 especially giving an account with gentleness and respect. People not associated with JFA or FFI that day had been rude and disrespectful to many pro-choice people that day, and their lack of tact only made our job much more difficult. I feel asleep to this thought to arise to an amazing breakfast of sausage, eggs, and pancakes from my host family.

As I approached the exhibit the second day I was not as excited as the first day. I really felt that the Lord just wanted me to pray. So after having a few conversations I sat down to prayed and then observed at how amazing everyone of my classmates were as they were

engaging in conversations all around the display. Two exciting things happened personally to me from all the conversations I had that day. I was able to talk with four high school kids who were visiting CSU that day. All of them said they were pro-choice, but as we talked and discussed their reasoning why they all realized they were in fact pro-life. They all assumed they were pro-choice because that is what the school system had taught them. I also spoke with a CSU tight end that was pro-life the first day, and he had brought back his friend also a CSU football player to talk with me because he was pro-choice. I loved both of those conversations so much because I was able to see some of the fruit that my conversations were having. People were just flat out loved on and they could not deny or escape the love that we showed.

I would definitely participate in the outreach again. It is great to be stretched and molded as well as be aware of what our culture thinks and believes. Satan has spread so many lies and misconceptions to society, and so many of them do not realize that they have been deceived. Jesus said that we shall know the truth and that the truth will set us free. He only knows how many people we set free and how many people that are going to continued to be set free from us simply obeying what He has commanded to do in the first place. Obeying God is many times the hardest thing to do, but every time it proves to make me feel the most rewarded.

Susannah Perry
Reflection Paper on JFA
October 7, 2004

Although I have been to many pro-life events throughout my life, nothing prepared me for what I experienced these past two days at Colorado State University. After having training for the event on Friday, I still did not feel that I was prepared to challenge peoples' belief about this sensitive issue. As we walked onto the campus on Monday morning, I could feel the lead in the pit of my stomach. Even before we arrived, several college students were protesting and yelling "visual assault." I am not going to lie-I was scared to death. I couldn't do it. I wouldn't do it. I would just sit under a tree and observe all day both days if I had to. Then I remembered what my mom had told me that very morning, "You have to choose your attitude. This is what God has called you to today, and you are going to have to do it. It's up to you what your attitude will be about it." I knew that I had to choose, and I wanted all these lost and confused people around me to choose life. This meant that I was going to have to be brave and open my mouth, something that I usually had no problems doing. "But what am I going to say?" The question continually went through my head. "Trust me, I am with you. I will give you the words to say. Don't rely on yourself." God kept telling me this. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that He never left me, and He gave me the words that He wanted others to hear. What I thought was going to be the worst two days of my life that I had had in a long time, turned out to be the most challenging and best days.

It started off with observing a pretty intense argument between a student and one of the JFA staff. As I watched, and girl next to me joined in on listening. After a few minutes, I swallowed my pride, and asked her "what do you think about all of this?" She immediately responded with her thought that the pictures were too intense and that she didn't agree with all of this. She said that she herself would never have an abortion, but that other women should have the right to choose to have one if they wanted to. We began to go a little deeper as I probed her about when she thought a fetus became human. She said that she really didn't know. Sadly, her argument was that we needed to educate people more so that they wouldn't get pregnant and therefore wouldn't have to get an abortion. She was an RA there on campus, and kept a "condom candy jar" for all of the students that lived on her hall. My heart was sick. However, I know that the Lord gave me questions to ask her, and He will be the One to choose how this conversation plays in her mind.

As I was talking with her, and guy friend of hers joined our conversation. He asked what about children that were deformed or retarded. Shouldn't they be aborted? His argument was on the quality of life. What broke my heart about his question was that he was asking it in reference to his 15 year old brother that was an adopted crack baby. From what he told me, he felt that it may have been better that his brother was aborted instead of allowed to live. I couldn't believe my ears.

On Tuesday, God gave me wonderful encouragement through three high-schoolers visiting the CSU campus. All three were pro-life, and two of them go to a church not far from Focus. I was able to talk with them for about 45 minutes, and felt so encouraged by this younger generation.

I was also able to talk with a girl who had been raped. Although she was healing, she could not forget all of the pain that she had gone through. She thought that if she had become pregnant from the rape, she didn't think that she could have carried the baby to term. God allowed me to ask if killing the baby on top of being raped would have been better. She didn't think so. I hope that she will be able to talk to other friends about abortion being murder. She had such a sweet spirit, and I knew that she would be able to relate to some girls in a way that I never could.

Perhaps one of the deepest conversations and relationships that I developed over the two days that I was there was with an older man named Dave. Dave could not have been much taller

than about four feet, and he was in a wheel chair. He said that he loved to come up to campus just to hang out and talk with students. As we talked and got to know each other, I found out that he was against abortion and a Christian. After talking with him for a while, I realized that I had not asked him his name. His eyes completely lit up and he shook my hand as he introduced himself. It seemed as though no one before had cared to ask him his name. I'm sure that it wasn't true, but I hurt for him. I was able to talk with him for a while on Monday and Tuesday. As I left on Tuesday, he asked if he could stay in touch with me. Although I know that God used me talk with several people around the display for those two days, I wonder if He sent me there just to encourage Dave. I pray that he finds friends and that the students are kind to him.

As I said earlier, these past two days were some of the hardest and most challenging I have experienced. God stretched me in ways that did not know I could be stretched. I was definitely not in my comfort zone. Although I know that I made several bloopers, I rest in God's sovereignty. No matter what I said or did, He can use it for His glory. He can save lives through words of some dumb FFI student. For that, it was all worth it.

JFA Exhibit Reflection

Ryan Sailors

October 6, 2004

Even now, after two days of debate on the Fort Collins campus of Colorado State University, I cannot browse the Justice for All exhibit brochure without being deeply affected. The reality of abortion continues to grieve me deeply, and I struggle to understand how so many college students can remain apathetic. And yet, I too was apathetic not so long ago. When the truth of issues such as abortion are hidden and glossed-over in the public realm, it's easy to forget how serious they are; sadly, I believe it has become necessary for organizations such as Justice for All to confront us with the factual reality of abortion. JFA has challenged me to act on my convictions regarding abortion, and I believe their presentation of truth will cause many to question their own stance in a valuable way.

I will not forget the words of a fellow student volunteer, following our first day serving at the Justice for All exhibit. "My heart is broken." He was right; after hearing the protests in support of abortion, one can only wonder how our country has come to this place, where truth is considered relative, and a personal preference, and where the lives of the innocent are brutally ended for the sake of convenience. Nevertheless, JFA, and its partner organization, Stand to Reason, have entered the fray with persuasive and factual arguments. After participating in their extended training session, and witnessing their fulltime employees/volunteers in action, I believe I am much better prepared to defend the rights of the unborn, and persuasively, respectfully, gently argue the pro-life position.

Overall, I cannot help but be amazed at God's great love for us. Even though we as a people persist in sin, rebellion, and every kind of evil, our heavenly Father remains faithful, blessing us in tender mercy and love. How great He is! As we stand for truth, we should imitate His style:

"You have heard that the law of Moses says, 'Love your neighbor' and hate your enemy. But I say, love your enemies! Pray for those who persecute you! In that way, you will be acting as true children of your Father in heaven. For he gives his sunlight to both the evil and the good, and he sends rain on the just and on the unjust, too."

Matthew 5:43-45, NLT

Ashley Boyer
Alpha
October 7, 2004
JFA Reflection

My thoughts Monday morning on the way to CSU were twofold: I felt extremely inadequate in my ability to defend the pro-life position, and I felt nervous about the opposition and even worse, the apathy that I would encounter. I felt inadequate because my exposure to the secular college campus setting had been rather limited. I went to a private Christian college, and abortion was never really discussed or debated because it was assumed that everyone believed it was wrong. I felt so out of place on campus because my own college experience was so different, and thankfully so. Being afraid of opposition and apathy was a legitimate fear, but it was still a fear never the less. I remember being so relieved that we had two hours to observe and listen during the first day; God really used those hours to encourage me and calm my anxieties.

One of my first encounters was with Holly, the girl who was protesting because she had had an abortion and wanted others to be able to have that same option. She was prepared for the religious condemnation that she obviously had experienced in the past. She repeatedly made mention of being loved by her Lord and wanted all of us to know that she wasn't a "whore who was condemned to hell." Her testimony really broke my heart because a Christian or someone in the church must have hurt her sometime in her past, and that hurt had grown inside her heart. That hurt left such a huge wound that she felt the need to be so defensive just to protect herself. It was reassuring to see FFI girls loving on her and beginning to reverse some of the damage that has been done by other Christians. Holly was just so misguided in her view of God and unwilling to see the just side of God and his hatred for sin. She was so focused on God's love and acceptance of her as a sinner that she completely missed the other half of the equation: we need a Savior.

Another encounter that stands out in my mind is with a girl whose friend had been raped and her parents had not allowed her to get an abortion. This friend killed herself and the baby. The girl that I was talking to told me, "I don't know about abortion, but all I know is my friend and her baby are both dead. Two people are dead." I was not prepared for this bombshell or the obvious pain that this girl was in. I kind of faltered and didn't really say much of anything productive, and the girl moved on. A while later I saw her engaged in a personal conversation with another FFI student, and I thanked God for putting another person in her life that would have more experience with the suicide issue than I. I found out later that Anna, the FFI student who was talking with the student, had prayed that morning that God would put specific people in her path to talk to and that she would be intentional in the people that she approached. This hurting girl was hers to talk to, not mine, and it was so cool to see God through that. He knew who would be the best person for this girl to talk to, and it wasn't me. That was humbling, and I am so thankful that we all have different gifts that we can contribute to furthering the kingdom.

After the two days of interaction, my thoughts on the bus home were far different from the day before. I still felt inadequate, but I also felt peace, knowing God would work through my inadequacy and my own shortcomings wouldn't limit God. I don't know that I had any special impact on anyone, but I am confident that God used me to speak truth to those who needed to hear it. My anxiety about meeting with opposition was replaced with sorrow and heartache. I mourned for my generation and the lies that they have allowed themselves to believe about truth. My heart was broken for the people who manage to live out their worldview and end up with a life void of purpose and hope.

My emotions were leaning toward excitement as we traveled to Colorado State University in Fort Collins earlier this week. I was eager to engage people in conversation and share my defense of the pro-life stance on abortion. I knew that we had been trained well about the arguments that we would face and the inconsistencies we could identify in them. I have always been adamantly pro-life, but I have not always been prepared to present a strong case when talking with a pro-choicer.

Our group from Focus on the Family met in a room to prep in the morning before heading out to the campus plaza where the Justice for All exhibit stood about 40 feet high. Once we joined the students out on the plaza and began to mingle around the exhibit, it was hard to tell us apart with our backpacks and Nalgene bottles. It made it super easy for us to approach an individual or a group and find out their reactions to what they were viewing. The pictures are pretty graphic and hard to look at for long periods of time. I got pretty good at looking as if I was reading the material on the boards, yet not really seeing it for all its shock value again and again all day. I had spent the first part of the morning listening to conversations around me and watching people write statements on the free speech board. I could tell that most people were completely against us being here. My heart was breaking as I read some of the extremely angry responses people had to the exhibit, when I realized that they were unconcerned with the fact that 4,000 unborn lives were being ended every day in our country through abortion.

My first conversations with students stayed pretty much at surface level. I didn't know much about them and they didn't know much about me. Therefore, there was no reason for them to give my arguments any credit. I realized I needed to watch those around me in order to find another approach. It wasn't until the next afternoon when I was walking around giving surveys that I ran into Dave. My conversation with him was anti-climactic in that I didn't change his mind, but I felt we talked about stuff that mattered. I made sure to listen to his responses and ask him more questions about why he had come to that opinion. I then was able to get to know him as a person by asking him about his life and interests. This led to him actually asking me about my opinion on the topic. He asked and I was able to share my position and my heart on the issue. He was willing to listen after I had listened with him. Dave was strongly pro-life and even had an uncle that was a physician who volunteered his spare time at Planned Parenthood performing abortions. I don't think I would have ever found out this information without the initial steps of listening. It was a disappointing conversation to walk away from, but it was encouraging in that we had connected on this discussion. I hope that something I said will stick with him as he is contemplating the morality of legal abortion in the future.

All in all, I learned the most by watching and observing the interactions happening around me. I was able to see how everyone's style was unique to them. It made me realize that I should really be myself and take time getting to know the other person before I throw my arguments out on the table. The training and education I received on the issue of abortion will be incredibly helpful as I engage in debates about abortion with people I come into contact with in the future. I look forward to opportunities that will come my way as I feel much more prepared to give an answer for the hope that lies within me.

On the way to CSU Monday morning, I was very restless and nervous. I tried to remember all the information from the training but just knew that I would mess up and forget something. I kept praying that God would give me sensitivity to the words he wanted me to say and the people he wanted me to speak to. I kept thinking, today, I'm not talking to anyone; I'm just going to listen, observe and pray. Little did I know that was not in God's plan.

As soon as we walked out of the debriefing room to the display, I walked up to the free speech board. I heard a girl say, "I was raped and I had an abortion". I immediately got tears in my eyes and asked her if we could go talk. I told her the story of my mom's rape when I was just four years old. Ultimately, as in most cases, they never caught the rapist. My best friend was also date-raped our sophomore year in college, but chose not to press charges because it was her word against his. The trauma and grief from each of the instances gave me a glimpse into the horrible act of rape. As I was sharing my story, I cried and she rubbed my arm and comforted me. I started asking her about her situation and it was heartbreaking. Erin was raped when she was 15 and got pregnant. Her parents encouraged her to get an abortion and told her she was "on her own" if she didn't. They told her they couldn't afford the baby and "it" would be a burden. Erin told me if she would've had the baby, she wouldn't have graduated high school or come to college. I had a chance to love on her during this time and she knew to a certain extent, I understood her pain. I then shared the stories of my baby sister, Katy, and my best friend, Jessica. Katy and Jessica both got pregnant their sophomore year of high school- Jessica in 1997, and Katy in 2002. Jessica's parents "forced" her to have an abortion and she un-willfully complied. She still lives with the un-dealt-with grief today. Katy's story, thankfully, turned out different. She had warred with my parents and moved in with her boyfriend months before she broke the news that she was pregnant. Her boyfriend was abusive and on parole- not a healthy situation. She told me later, she never once thought about killing her baby, even though it would have made her situation easier. May 6, 2004, my niece, Kelsey Brenna was born. When I first held her in my arms, I cried so hard. She was the most beautiful thing I had ever laid eyes on. Now, she is 17 months old, and the funniest, cutest, most stubborn child ever born. She is the joy of our lives, and when I see the pictures of the aborted fetuses, it breaks my heart to think that was Jessica's baby, and could have been Kelsey if my sister hadn't made the right decision. Even though my sister is just now 18, she has graduated high school a year early and is now in her first year of college. Because of Kelsey, she left her abusive situation and is determined to make something of her future. She is a living example of how God can turn a tragic heartache into the biggest blessing of your life. As Erin and I shared in each other's stories, we shared in each other's pain. We talked little about the "legalities" of the abortion debate, and shared more about our experiences that had changed our hearts. She is still pro-choice and is adamant she made the right decision about her abortion. I think all that mostly comes from her pain. She so wants to justify her actions and not have to face the fact that she killed her baby. I asked to pray with her, but she said, "I'm not a religious person", so I told her I would pray for her and think of her often. I got her email address and promised to keep in touch. The day that was supposed to be spent listening and praying, turned into a time of sharing and showing God's love to a hurting woman. She was the only person I spoke to alone that day, but I realized that night, it wasn't the quantity of the conversations I had, it was the quality. I could have been the social butterfly and yakked to people all day, but one good conversation that touched a heart mattered more to me than that. I learned about how important it is to listen to God's voice and his direction. Choose carefully and prayerfully whom you speak to and what you say. It just might be the most important decision of you life.

One the ride home Tuesday, I marveled at my earlier apprehension and doubt. God totally came through and provided just what I needed in a crucial, difficult situation. It was awesome that so much of my pain was used to connect with someone I had never met before. It was a great lesson in God's ultimate plan for my life and how he uses everything for good for those that love him. I'm so excited to share with others not only what I've learned about the atrocity of abortion, but also how God used my baggage to help me love and connect with someone els

Danielle Emory
Alpha
October 7, 2004

This past Monday and Tuesday were the most impacting days that I think I have ever experienced in my life. While training, packing, and arriving at Colorado State University, I was so nervous that I was almost borderline dreading the debates that I knew I would experience. Even though I have a strong passion to change the minds of those who support abortion, I would rather stand on the sidelines and listen to people discuss the topic rather than to begin debates with college students that I had never met before. I was terrified of the reaction that I would have to witness.

Monday, I walked onto the CSU campus feeling like an outcast. I did not even feel like a normal college student, because I'm really not a "normal" one. I had views on my mind and words of encouragement that I was dying to share. Reaching out to others for the opportunity to share these words was however terrifying. For the first couple of hours, I was numb. I couldn't open my mouth even to tell those who passed hello. I was so nervous that I was almost physically hurting. Then I felt that if I just sat there on that brick wall for two days straight, then I would be wasting a unique opportunity that God has so rightly provided.

I first approached a girl who looked shy, so I figured that I had a good chance of gaining some ground on this one. After I asked her what she thought about the exhibit, she shrugged her shoulders and just stood there. I still began to create a conversation with her, even though her shoulders still shrug at every question and comment that I made. Apparently, she did not know anything, how she felt, what she saw, or what she was thinking. This girl, who I thought I would make an impact on, struck me with the most honest thought. This world is so messed up that we do not even know what we believe, even when the subject comes to killing a child. After this girl walked away, I was broken and I actually hurt inside. Not only could I not even get one statement out of her, I let her walk away feeling the same way that she did when I approached her. I did not know what to do...I just prayed.

God obviously heard my prayer. After speaking with the girl that morning, I approached a guy. Other than God, I do not know why in the world I began talking to this one guy. This was my first encounter, in my entire life, with someone who actually believed in evolution. I almost did not know how to act. I have never been told that I was on the same level as a mite before and to be honest, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. Even though the guy never changed his mind about what he believed, he stood there for four hours listening to not only what pro-lifers believed, but he also listened to Christianity. God provided me with every word to say and when the guy walked away, God gave me an unexplainable peace that things were in His hands from then on.

God did not stop at this one situation though. He put me to use the entire day. I said things that I had never thought of, but they made plenty of sense. The last person I approached was different. I watched him as he wrote words on the “free speech board” and then walked away full of pain. I went up to him and the first words out of his mouth were cursing at me. He did not like the exhibit because of the graphic photos that were displayed. I was so intimidated by this guy, he was at least two feet taller than me and he spoke words that I have never even considered saying. I listened to everything he had to say. He confessed to be a Christian, but he was hurt because of close friends that had allowed abortion into their lives. His last words when he walked away were “you know, you are right.”

I strongly believe that God was in control of these two days at CSU. There were many people who were impacted at the campus, including me. I realized how far this world has moved away from God, the one who put us here. This experience definitely impacted my life and showed me how bad people are hurting, how bad they really need God, how bad I really need God.

The day before we left to attend the JFA exhibit, I went to Rocky Mountain National Park with my roommates. I totally enjoyed the majestic mountains, but in the back of my mind, all I could think about was the upcoming JFA outreach. I was not yet nervous. I simply felt unprepared. These thoughts continued on the bus ride the next morning to CSU even after I reread the ‘abortion apologetics’ packets. I wondered how in the world God could use me.

As I ventured out to the JFA exhibit, I remember an overwhelming feeling invade my heart. I honestly can’t remember the first person I talked with, but I do remember the second person. A girl was standing near the exhibit, with her head cocked staring at the pictures. I walked up to her and asked her what she thought about it. She was pro-life and was more convinced of her opinion on the issue after seeing the gruesome pictures. I felt sweetness in her spirit, yet also I sensed that something was ‘off’. So I asked her if she wanted to sit down and chat with me; she gladly agreed. I left the issue of abortion and asked her about school. It’s amazing how just a few questions allows a person to totally open up. She shared much of her life story with me. In high school, she was in bondage to alcohol, she was depressed, and she admitted that she had to attend professional counseling. I felt the Lord open the door to share the Gospel with her—so I did! She said she was saved, and as far as I could tell, she was. But she struggled with perfectionism and always having to excel at whatever she tried. I shared with her some of my struggles in that area and ended up sharing a few of my favorite verses with her. I then asked her if I could pray for her, and once again, she told me in detail that which she wanted me to pray about. I prayed for her and then hugged her. Then she told me, “Thank you so much for taking time for me today. You really lifted my spirits.” I have no clue what the Lord will do in her life, but I know for sure that He is relentlessly pursuing her.

Another girl I talked with on the second day was also pro-life. She was very moved by the display, though, because she recently discovered that her mother had numerous abortions before and after she was born. This really touched her because she always wanted a brother, and she realized that she could’ve had a brother had her mother not had these abortions. We talked for a while, then we talked and prayed with Vicki (the JFA volunteer). I was amazed at the timing of this situation because she was going to meet her mom later that day. I took her to the Alpha Pregnancy Resource Center and the counselor there prepared her to talk with her mom about this issue. Numerous times before we parted, she asked me how she could get involved with JFA. It was so encouraging to see the passion and courage of this girl to talk to her mom about abortion and to want to get involved in this outreach.

I would love to share more stories in great detail, but I will just say that the Lord knew exactly with whom He wanted me to talk. The majority of people I talked with were not into intellectually debating the issue. Rather, God knew the way He made me—soft-spoken, a listener—and He paired me up with people who needed that style of interaction.

On the bus ride home, I was in awe of God. I do not gravitate toward this type of confrontation. Yet I know God equipped me by giving me the words to say right when I needed to speak them. Also, by the second day, I was not scared or timid in approaching people. I knew God placed me there, and I knew that He already went before me. God surely did a mighty work. I look forward to being in heaven, and seeing the thousands of people—both volunteers and spectators—who were touched by this outreach.

JFA Response

Mindy Leatherman- Omega

10-8-04

When we first received the packets that included all the information we needed to know to have a conversation with a pro-abortion person, I studied it hard and thought I had a good handle on the basics. However, on the bus ride to Fort Collins I began to get more nervous about my words. Many of us were role-playing to get more comfortable with the discussion topic, but when we stepped off the bus, we were greeted by a handful of picketers. My stomach ached and I realized that I was not as prepared as I needed to be and if I was going to be useful today, I needed to take the focus of my words and allow God to work.

I spent the first two hours just walking around listening to passing conversations and praying for nameless faces. These hours were vital for me to get my heart and mind in a position where I was totally dependent on God. As the day went on I began to feel more comfortable in approaching young ladies around the display and by Tuesday I felt my personality unusually bold.

My heart was saddened by a conversation I had with a girl whose words seemed all too familiar. She knew she was pro-choice, but could not come up with valid reasons why she felt this way. I found myself getting frustrated with her position, but my heart could relate to her because I've been in that place. There have been many times as a Christian when I have known what to say my beliefs are, but when my faith is questioned, I am unable to ground my position. This semester has really challenged the core of all that I am. God has taken me to a place where I seem to be re-learning the basics so that I am able to defend my beliefs.

Looking back on the experience, my favorite part was observing my classmates talk to other college students. This semester, I have been struggling with being comfortable with my personality while being surrounded by such an amazing group of leaders. I was able to see how God used each person to minister to different groups. Ray was able to approach and relate to the "jocks" on campus and Brittany was able to hang out with the irrational individuals. Then AJ seemed to attract the "hurting" young woman and it was so beautiful to get to see the big picture of it all. I saw first-hand how God has equipped each one of us for a specific purpose and as my classmates were freely living who they were, I finally felt liberated to be whom God created me.

Justice for All Reflection

My experience with Justice for All at Colorado State University was very positive. On the bus ride up to CSU, I was somewhat nervous but not nearly as much as I have been on similar previous trips. The reason for this was simple: preparation. For once, I felt as though I had been thoroughly trained and was well-equipped to handle the debates of the next few days. Also, I had spent a good amount of time in individual and corporate prayer, and I knew that there were people all over the United States praying for us. This, of course, did not eradicate my nervousness, but it did remove the dread.

I spent my first half hour circling around the display and several pro-choice boards that were set up nearby. I listened to people's comments as they walked by. Most of the comments were not encouraging, and I was starting to wonder how I was going to engage one of them in conversation. Shortly thereafter, I had my answer. I was listening to a FFI student debate with an irate pro-life girl carrying a sign. I missed the beginning of the exchange, but about halfway through, the girl suddenly broke down into tears and confessed that she had just had an abortion. I was very glad that God allowed me to witness this because it gave me confidence that even the most vehement were not completely immune to change.

For the remainder of the day, I engaged several girls in conversation around the display. The results were mixed. On one hand, I was extremely discouraged. Many of the girls held to very inhumane views. Several of them ended up agreeing with me that the unborn are in fact human beings...but they still held that it was the woman's choice whether or not to kill that human. I came away from these conversations with a new realization of how deeply the women's rights rhetoric has penetrated into the American value system. Even when confronted with murder, these girls held to rights and choice.

Some of the conversations I engaged in, however, were encouraging. Several girls had obviously never thought much about the subject. They would begin by telling me they were pro-choice, but by the end of the conversation, they admitted either that they could no longer claim to be pro-choice or that they would have to think about it some more.

At the end of the day, everyone who had been working with the display gathered at Timberline Church and shared our experiences of the day. This time was also impactful for me because it was a powerful example of how the Christian body is meant to function. God had us all doing different things and talking to different types of people throughout the day. Some people prayed, some talked to groups, some talked to belligerent people, some talked to pro-lifers. It was amazing to see God using our different strengths in a situation like this.

At the beginning of the second day, I was discouraged because there were far fewer people milling around the display, and, consequently, there were less people for me to talk to. However, there *were* far more people holding protest signs off to the side of the display. After lunch, I got up the courage to talk to a few of them one-on-one. They ended up being some of the most rewarding conversations because these girls were (obviously!) pro-choice, but it was obvious that they had never had anyone question their stance the way that I was able to. Though they did not "recant," I was able to raise questions and doubts in their minds that they were unable to answer or brush aside.

In short, I was very thankful to be a part of the experience at CSU. I know that I now have much more confidence and desire to walk up to strangers and begin an intentional conversation with them that will help them to see clearly and point them to the truth.

Rachelle Regier
JFA Response Paper
October 4/5 2004

First of all, I want to say thank-you to the JFA staff. Thanks for giving me this incredible opportunity to learn and really strengthen my faith. Two things really stand out in my mind as to what this experience taught me. First, I think I learned more than most of the people I was talking to and second, I learned that I need to be an educated person in order to truly stand up for what I believe. I will never forget what happened on Monday and Tuesday and here is why.

Before JFA came to FFI, I supported the Pro-Life stance because I believed abortion *could* be wrong and because my parents told me it was wrong. To me, abortion seemed to be just an easy way out; and because I thought it was such, I strongly opposed it. People should have to deal with the consequences for their behaviors. If they are responsible enough to have sex, then they are responsible enough to have a baby.

Unfortunately, this subjective view would not get me anywhere in an argument. Thanks to JFA, the readings, practice confrontations in class, the lectures, and the actual conversations and times I listened at the exhibit really taught me what it means to be pro-life and why abortion is morally wrong. The fact that the key issue revolves around the question, "What is the unborn?," my position on abortion gained some direction.

The first day, I was really challenged. I started out taking pictures and just watching others dialogue because I did not think I was up for talking to people I did not know. But, as I walked around and saw people really getting involved, I was soon antsy to get into a conversation; so I dove in.

The first girl I talked to really stretched me. She asked one question that really stumped me. She wanted to know if a woman who used birth control as a means to prevent pregnancy was a form of abortion because it "technically" removes the unborn I defined as a human. Needless to say, she got me...I was stumped. I wanted to tell her that since she was using it as a means for prevention, it was ok. However, she pointed out very directly that if it was ok, then it really was not a human and my whole argument about level of development did not matter. This really made me think. I learned that if I truly believed what I was telling this young lady, then I would have to live according to what I was telling her. I now know I will not take contraceptives that cause a fertilized egg to be aborted.

There were many other conversations I had that taught me about what I believed. Mainly, I found that as I was talking and trying to convince others about what was right and wrong, I was really defining to myself what I believed was right and wrong and why abortion is murder and should be illegal.

The second thing I learned was the importance of being educated. Dan the man brought this to light for me. Dan was an elderly man who sat in a green chair to the side of the display who yelled loudly about how ignorant Americans are, specifically college students and young adults. I readily agreed with him because I do believe young people are not educated and do not care about right and wrong. Instead, they live life to be self-satisfied, voting only for those who give them the most freedom to choose.

As Dan and I conversed, he threw my lack of sources and lack of proof in my face multiple times. Quite frustrated, by the end, I went away feeling quite defeated. However, as I reflected on the situation, I actually grew inspired. Dan made me realize how important it is for me to not sit by and be ok with what others tell me. I need to step it up and educate myself by reading current events, listening to the news, and not only reading the Bible but *knowing* it. Wisdom is one of the most powerful tools and I intend to take the initiative so that next time he will be the one going away feeling defeated.

In conclusion, I could write pages and pages about my experience with JFA. It ranks as one of the most influential times in my life. If I go away from FFI with only this experience, then it was worth it. God truly revealed himself to me in those two days and I intend on standing up for what I believe in from now on and having the resources and wisdom to do that effectively.

As I approached the Lory Student Center on Monday morning, I tried my best to blend into the small crowd of other students mingling on the patio in front of the building. I met with a couple of other FFI students and as hard as we tried, I realized that we stuck out like sore thumbs. The butterflies began to eat away at my stomach, and I could feel my mind move from false confidence to all out anxiety. I knew that I was well trained. The Justice For All staff had done an excellent job in preparing us for the day ahead, yet I could not help but wish that I had taken more time to study the materials with which I had been provided.

I rounded the corner of the building, and before me was the display. I had seen the exhibit in its smaller form only days before, and had studied the brochure in the interim, but nothing could prepare me for that sight. Involuntarily I shuddered. My spirit was praying for wisdom even before my mind was able to wrap itself around the picture before me.

“How, God? How can I talk about this?” The questions swarmed through my mind, even as we met to pray and prepare for the days ahead. We were told to listen for at least the first hour before attempting to begin a conversation, using this time to instead gauge the temperature of the people around us. Would they be angry or apathetic?

The hour passed quickly, and around me I began to notice my classmates engaging CSU students in dialogues. I felt a part of my twinge; I wanted to talk to people too, but something was holding me back. My first conversation was with a girl named Jenny. She was a freshman and a Christian. She was on her way to a family development class, when Riley Buck and I stopped her. Upon learning that she was pro-life and a Christian, we then sought to encourage her in her ability to take a stand in her class. Our conversation ended with a quick prayer for protection and wisdom. I did not realize that my conversation with Jenny would set the pace for the remainder of the day.

The rest of my conversations were with others professing to be pro-life. As I learned of their stance, I then asked them why they held this belief. Many could not answer, but instead asked me to help them before they had to face a professor or classmate less forgiving of their ignorance. I was so thankful for the JFA staff’s instruction. I was able to pass it along with little difficulty, and as the day drew to a close, I knew that I had played a part in helping the conversations continue away from the display.

Monday night I stayed with a wonderful host family. They were members of Timberline Church in Fort Collins and God used them to encourage me. He knew the day that was ahead and the way in which I would be challenged.

Early the next morning, I met a number of other Focus students to help the JFA staff set up the display. It was exciting to see so many of us willing to get up early and risk the glares from other students walking by the exhibit. I know that we were an encouragement to the JFA staff as well.

After meeting with our Quest Teams for prayer, I set out to begin another day of “making people think.” I stopped to talk to Anna, and she extended a challenge presented by Shelly the night before – be intentional in the conversations. At the time I did not understand what that looked like, but I prayed that God would show me. More than once, I was presented the opportunity to begin conversations, but something stopped me. As I look back on the day, I realized that “something” was Someone. God had something else in store for me.

Ironically, one of my most fruitful conversations happened completely by “accident.” By nature, I am inquisitive and analytical, so after reading the sources presented by the JFA staff, I headed to the pro-choice table to compare information. While reading the anecdotes and newspaper-clippings posted on the placards, I could not help but overhear a conversation between a Focus student and the representative attending the pro-choice booth. I chose to ignore

the debate, and returned my focus to the posters. A student walked up beside me, and we began chatting about the petition for educational reform that was available for signatures. I commented that I would love to sign it, but that I found the definition of “educational reform” as stated by the petition to be vague. She agreed, which led us into the topic of the responsibility of the educational community to accurately present both sides to every issue.

At this, the student looked at me, looked at the JFA exhibit, and said “I understand the need for education, but I can’t help but feel sorry for the girls that have had abortions and have to walk by that exhibit day after day. Why can’t they do it in another way?”

I agreed that the exhibit was painful for those who have had to experience, but I also briefly mentioned the JFA staff’s love for women in that position. She seemed a bit skeptical until I mentioned that one of the women standing inside the barricades had actually experienced an abortion herself. The student’s face softened, and she said “I think I may have to go talk to them.”

I’ll never know the end of her story, or the beginning for that matter, but I did get to watch her walk over to the JFA display and speak with one of the staff members. I prayed that whatever burden she was carrying, that someone there might help her realize the hope and the forgiveness that can come from releasing that burden and walking with Jesus. The conversation does not seem to be earth-shattering, but one life may have been saved.

As I returned my attention back to the postings in front of me, I realized that the discussion between the pro-choice representative and the Focus student had escalated to a heated debate. I waited until a break in the conversation seemed to be necessary, then I approached the representative. I had not gone over to the exhibit to engage her in dialogue, but simply wanted to read her information. Inquiring as to her sources so that I could do further research proved to be an easy way to begin conversing. I cannot say that she immediately opened up, but it was interesting to watch her as she realized that I was not there to attack. As I left that display, I had exchanged email addresses with her as the first step to an exchange of ideas. I am excited and a little nervous to see where God takes this one. Perhaps I will be able to use the information gleaned from this conversation to begin a discussion on my campus.

The rest of the day continued in this manner. I had fewer than ten conversations with students other than those from my group, but each one happened in God’s perfect timing. I did not realize the effect these conversations were having on me until after I had arrived home Tuesday evening.

I tried to describe the experiences I had shared with 87 of my classmates to my boyfriend, and it was nearly impossible to put into words. God, in His infinite wisdom, had placed each of us there to reach one or two students. In some cases, one had been unable to relate to someone, and another of us would step in and fill the gap. It was a very real, very powerful view of exactly what the body of Christ is supposed to look like. I was given the opportunity to watch I Corinthians 12:18 come to life. “But in fact God has arranged the parts in the body, every one of them, just as he wanted them to be.”

My prayer is that as we left that campus, God would unite the body of believers that remained and use them to reach out to their classmates. My prayer is as we left that exhibit, that we would be reminded of our place within the body, and be willing to step in and reach out the next time we are presented with the opportunity.

Justice for All Reflections

Rachelle Price

October 5, 2004

When I first heard about Justice for All and how we would be participating in the event in Fort Collins, I was a little apprehensive. Although I believed abortions were wrong, I was not sure I wanted to be involved with this event. I thought that I would be required to protest and that our actions would appear persuasive in a pushy or offensive manner. Once we were trained the Thursday before the event, it became obvious that I didn't realize the way JFA approaches the issue of abortion. Although I saw violent and possibly offensive pictures of real abortions, I respected the way the exhibit panels asked questions instead of telling people what to think. I also became increasingly excited to participate in the event as we were trained with how to logically argue our position and how to ask questions and listen compassionately. Another thing that I became excited about was that I would be able to use some of the communication skills I developed this summer at a sales job. By the end of the Thursday training I was not at all nervous or apprehensive, but rather excited to actively participate in this event.

When we first arrived I waited an hour to speak, as was suggested. Then I just began to hang out in the crowd and ask people what they thought. The first day I had the opportunity to speak with several people who hadn't really thought about the issue much or thought it was a gray issue. I really enjoyed listening to them answer my questions and find their way to the logical conclusion that abortion was the killing of an innocent human life and was therefore wrong. I also felt I had the opportunity to help solidify beliefs and challenge those who were pro-life to become more active and possibly join the student JFA or at least educate themselves more. Tuesday morning, after speaking to a few students who were thankful the exhibit was on campus, I went to talk to a few people at the pro-choice exhibit. Their reactions and the way I interacted with them were quite different and I walked away somewhat disappointed with

myself. I was disappointed not because I failed to “win” the argument but because I didn’t feel like I listened well or validated their feelings. I sat by myself for a few minutes praying, ate lunch and went out with a fresh focus on listening and really connecting with the next person I talked with. It was then that Sai and I found Al sitting along the sunny sidewalk holding up a pro-choice sign. Three hours later all three of us were hugging, taking a photo and exchanging e-mail addresses. We talked about everything from abortion, morals, religions, government and poverty. I brought him back a chick-fillet sandwich and walked away to debriefing wishing I could have hung out with Al all afternoon.

Overall, it was a great experience with appropriate training and fairly efficient organization. A few things that could have been improved are more organization, leading to a greater efficiency, in the exhibit set-up as well as more informed host families. It may have been nice to eat dinner with our host families at the church by having assigned tables so we would have more time to get to know each other and they be more involved in that particular aspect of the event. I feel very blessed to have had the chance to participate in an event like this.

Kathleen Lagerquist
JFA Reflection
7 October 2004

JFA

Monday morning on the ride to CSU, I felt ready to go out and meet the people. I am the outspoken and conservative person that always annoys the liberal professors in class. Ranting and raving people do not get under my skin. I can deal with it. However, I recognized that I would most likely be doing a lot of listening and simply caring.

The first day, I had one somewhat interesting conversation with a student named Tim. Though he was a Christian and formerly pro-life, after his sister's rape and subsequent abortion, he lost his conviction about the unborn. I listened to what he had to say because he was clearly torn on the issue, but (I believe) he did not feel that he could take a stance against abortion and thus condemning his sister. He also had fought in Afghanistan and Iraq and had dealt with plenty of violence and death. I did not feel that he was in any type of mental position to be pressed about the issue. I just let him know that I cared.

Other than my conversation with Tim, I felt that my conversations were not fruitful. I ran into a fair number of pro-lifers and plenty of generally apathetic pro-choicers. The same conversation was repeated over and over again. I could see where the conversation was going and where it was not going. Most people chose not to answer my questions. Many of my peers were able to engage people in a variety of different conversations, but I was striking out. I feel that God was leading me to sit back for once and watch and pray for others as they worked.

At one point in time I walked up to a group that was conversing and tried to get in on that conversation. After some of my questions one man admitted that his girlfriend had an abortion even though he had wanted to keep the baby and take care of it. He kept claiming that it was her choice. After this revelation, many people became excessively confrontational with him. At this point in time I walked away. As I sat on the wall I saw a young lady pointing her finger at him trying to win the argument. He was literally being backed down the sidewalk by her. From my encounter with him, I could tell that he had a genuinely kind and companionate heart. I do not think that the pro-life woman he was talking to realized it, but she was trying to force him to concede that his son/daughter had been murdered. Of course he is going to resist that idea. I felt that he needed a more compassionate listener, rather than an in-your-face preacher. I sat there and said a prayer that he would run into the right person. Low and behold, about 10 minutes later he ended up talking to one of my friends who was loving and compassionate. This young man opened up and shared how he had earlier felt, but also how he appreciated my friends listening ear. They were then able to talk about not only the unborn, but also his relationship with God. I was thrilled to see God answer my prayer so quickly.

That night, we enjoyed amazing food. My host family was amazing. They asked us what we did and how we prepared for it. I told her about our training and our purpose at the display. The only thing that I felt unprepared to deal with was the extreme relativism that I encountered. That aside, the training we had was amazingly thorough.

Overall, I feel that the most effective aspect of the outreach was the staff and volunteers who made people question their beliefs. However, I have realized that though I care about the abortion issue, it is not my main passion. Many people can argue the same points for hours and hours. I can not. The exhibit also elicits strong emotions in many of the people. I am as close to unemotional as a female can be. Consequently, I simply could not relate to people on the emotional level and felt a bit out of my element. While I did not find JFA to be inline with my specific passions and style, I fully support and applaud the work they are doing.

Lucas Ramirez
10-7-04
Omega

Justice For All Reaction

In my experience, the past two days were full of worship. I am slowly starting to operate in a way that everything I do is worship, and these past two days, I believe, glorified God greatly. I was able to use the skills God gave me for the furthering of His kingdom. Furthermore, I was able to sharpen some skills that were getting rusty. My ability to communicate with others and my boldness both increased, making me much more confident in my ability to discuss a stable position. I felt that the training we all received prepared us very well for discussing at the exhibit. Because of this, I did not feel nervous arriving at the exhibit, just a bit shy. Once I got acquainted with the atmosphere and prayed for a while, I became more and more bold: praise the Lord!

I believe that the most valuable tool I have gained from the experience is being able to argue a pro-life position without using the Bible. I believe that the Bible is the most authoritative text in my life, but when arguing with a postmodern person, truth is relative and therefore so is the Bible. This is a sad truth, but our message must be culturally relevant. Practically every person I spoke with argued with me that truth is relative. I had to ask myself how they have become so deceived! The majority of people argue for relativity, yet not one of those people will actually live that way practically. That is so frustrating to me. I had to control myself in order to stay calm and not become outraged at my pro-choice friends.

God also showed me the value of working as a body. I found that there were students I simply did not connect with, yet somebody else from FFI was able to jump in and cover where I was weak. I was so pleased to be operating within the body of Christ, among so many incredible people. Once, a pro-choice guy we were discussing with actually physically moved further and further away from me and closer to my partner as the conversation went on. He was clearly more comfortable with my partner because of our different communication styles. I am grateful for the balance that my brothers and sisters in Christ bring. Overall, I was blessed to be a volunteer and be a part of the front lines!

To be honest, I was not nervous until I arrived on the campus at Colorado State University in Fort Collins. However, I knew God was present, and He was the one who I wanted talking, not myself. Abortion is a sensitive topic to many, and my primary intent was to build a relationship in order that I would have a hearing.

For the first hour, I listened to conversations. I looked for opportunities to talk, but I was disappointed because I was not able to start any conversations. After an hour I finally felt comfortable bringing up the topic of the JFA display. The first two girls I spoke with were pro-life. I asked Heather and Blaire questions and truly listened to their responses for nearly two hours. After speaking with them, I realized that I don't have anything to lose. The worst thing that could happen is that I could be yelled at, and the person would not change their mind regarding abortion. However, I know this is a controversial and powerful display, and a lot of people from both sides wanted to talk. Deciding this also allowed me to realize that some people may change their mind, not only about abortion, but also about Jesus. It was worth the risk to step out of my comfort zone to help break down some barriers in people's lives.

Another conversation I had was with Danny. He was pro-choice and had been hanging out around the display since eleven o'clock. We talked for an hour and a half. He had a lot of questions, and he also held different values. He was respectful of my opinions and listened to what I had to say. He based a lot of his values on his friends' experiences rather than his own. Danny was a senior majoring in political science and philosophy. When asked what his ultimate value was, Danny stated justice for all. God opened the door for me to speak with him about more than just abortion, but I was able to help him more clearly define his worldview. Though I did not agree with his worldview, it was a step in the right direction. Maybe the pebble in his shoe will bother him enough that he will begin to seek more answers for tough questions.

Tuesday morning I helped set up. While setting up, I felt anxious about the conversations I was going to have that day. People had already seen the display, and I was worried that there would be more protesters. When the second side of the wall came up, I realized not only how

close in physical space I was to the reality of abortion but also how close abortion is to my heart. God was able to place an overwhelming sense of peace in my heart, and I knew that I was not alone. He hurt for His children. He was the one fighting the battle; I would allow Him to use my body and my voice to convey His message.

In my mind, the most meaningful conversation I had was with a girl named Kara. She was pro-choice. She had grown up in a Christian home, but her parents had divorced after twenty-five years of marriage. She had been hurt emotionally by the divorce and by the words Christians in her church had spoken to her, but she was also hurting spiritually. She was a protester on Monday and had shared part of her life story with some people. One man called her some nasty names because she had premarital sex, and she was deeply hurt by his words. He had professed to be a Christian, and she thought he was with JFA. Kara was seeking out answers, and once again, was hurt by a person who professed to be a Christian. Praise the Lord that she gave us another chance. Praise Him that Kara was seeking and gave me a hearing. Praise the Lord that He helped me build her up and attempt to show her His love. The topic at hand moved from abortion to her relationships with Christians to God and His existence. She was hungry for the Truth, and I was given the privilege to share it in love. I told her it was great that she asked a lot of questions, and I tried to show her that her value was not based on what others thought of her but rather, what God thinks of her. He loves her and desires a relationship with her, accepting her just the way she is.

Though God allowed me to talk to several people throughout the two days, my experience would have been just as valuable had I only listened to one. He helped show me how to better relate to hurting people and how to have His eyes and His ears to make a difference. He deepened my convictions and stood beside me the entire time. Our God is amazing. All praise and glory belong to Him alone. Thank you, Father!

Jennifer Walk
JFA Reflection
October 6, 2004

As I loaded the bus for CSU, I was experiencing a full gambit of emotions: I felt fear and excitement, dread and anticipation, weariness and energy, preparedness and inadequacy. I found myself grasping at all of our materials, frantically searching their contents for invaluable information that would aid me in “winning people over” and debating successfully. In the two hours it took us to travel to CSU, I “trotted out” enough toddlers to fill an entire pre-school! As I finally landed on the awaited campus, however, quite different feelings came over me.

As my footsteps, whetted by the grass, left footprints on the sidewalk, I was reminded of a similar image of footprints in the sand. God gave me this image as a reassurance that He was walking beside me. Knowing my God was with me and supporting me gave me a tremendous amount of peace and security concerning the task set before me. I was able to spend the remaining time before “the time” came to really converse with the Maker of the lives I was about to defend. We spoke of love, of courage, of wisdom, and of tact. God warned me about my tendencies to forget the person at hand and lend all my focus to the task at hand. He also gave me such an incredible, God-sized hug, that all my insecurities and paranoia concerning approaching my peers, who would immediately judge me, that I no longer cared about the wounding and inevitable judgment.

I took JFA’s advice and truly just observed for my first hour around the display. Seeing the display in full size had quite a different impact than the display that we were presented in Ogden Lounge—perhaps that first hour was necessary just to be able to regain my ability of speech! After an hour, I confronted my first “victim.” I decided to take the role of just another student, totally impacted by the sight in front of me. After a few minutes’ discussion, it became evident that she, too, was pro-life, as well as a believer. I did not let our discussion end there, but challenged her on her beliefs, and by doing so, was able to better equip her to give a reason for the value she placed on that “clump of cells.” The next encounter I had was almost exactly like the first. This one differed, however, in the fact that I revealed myself as “JFA staff” at the end of the conversation. She was totally shocked and gave me a pat on the back for fooling her! The rest of the day seemed to yield similar conversations. The only true debate I had was in conjunction with two other pro-lifers. While the two kids we spoke with were adamant relativists, the guy, Brandon, also conceded that he had never been forced to really reason-out, or look at, the issue in depth before, and that he really enjoyed the debate we were holding because it made him think. I believe that is why we went to CSU—to make people think and spur a conversation that would not end when the display was disassembled for the last time.

My second day generated a very fruitful and inspiring conversation. I encountered a girl who “used to be like [me]...until she went to college.” We discussed the abortion issue for over an hour! I was sensing she had the need to move on to class and was mustering up the courage to ask for her information, when I was beat to the punch: “Hey Jennifer, I am really enjoying this conversation and the arguments you are presenting...do you think I could get your information so that the conversation doesn’t have to end here?” Needless to say, I gladly complied to her request. I am so excited about the countless conversations that are going to ensue over the next few days, weeks, and months, all due to a 20-foot display illustrating Truth. While I know I will not be a part of 99.9999% of them, God will be, and that is the most reassuring thought I could ever muster!

Justice For All Reflection

Tim Ferret

The trip with Justice for All was unlike anything else I have ever done in my life. Leading up to the trip to Colorado State University, I was very apprehensive about approaching people on the subject of abortion. I came to realize in the two training days we had that I was poorly equipped to defend a position I have never failed to believe.

I felt like I had been neglecting an area that God views as important. It was quite intimidating walking past the display into the student union, with pro-choice advocates screaming "This is not ok!" in regards to the JFA display.

Basically, I felt inadequate up to the minute I talked to Megan. Megan believed that abortion should remain legal, but definitely not to be used as a form of birth control. I tried my hardest to make sure that she felt comfortable conversing with me, and guided our conversation to the issue of "Is it a human being?". I used the reasoning and training effectively to show Megan possibilities she had not considered before.

That really got me going. I came to realize that, just as David had told me, I knew quite a bit about why women should not have abortions, and many of the "pro-choice" students I talked to had very little valid reasoning for a woman to have an abortion. I felt like after that conversation, it helped me feel more confident, and I was able to approach people easier.

I came to desire something out of my conversations. I desired that the people I encountered and talked to, would have been shown God's love in some way. I felt like the best way for me to show that was to be very respectful of them, and connect with them in a relational way.

The way I knew I was doing this in some way was when I talked to Stacy. She was a very nice person, who was strongly pro-choice. She knew quite a bit about her stance since her major was in that area of physical health and fitness. But she also conceded to quite a few points I made about the unborn being human, and it not being a judgement call for an individual or society to make. But for whatever reason, she just refused to believe that the unborn was a human being at conception. Somehow we actually discussed ourselves to a point where she said I should be a vegetarian if I was defending the sanctity and right of life, because she believed that animals have souls. At that, because I felt like we were comfortable enough around each other, I merely laughed, and she even laughed too, and recognized that it was a "stretch" of a belief.

When Stacy and I parted, she was still pro-choice. But I knew that she had been listened to, and respected, and had even listened herself to some points that she had

not considered before. I could see that with so many of the pro-choice people I talked to, very little I could say or do was going to make them change their minds. And I quickly lost the mentality that I was going to “win” people over to the pro-life position. I could merely make some sort of impact that would stick with them, and in God’s timing, it might be enough to help them realize that wrong being done in the act of abortion.

I was very thankful that God allowed me to participate in this activity. I was able to see the people I was talking to about abortion. I wanted so desperately to be His hand and feet, but also to see with His eyes. He is good, and His will for all of the people I talked to, and all of those that I was standing up for, will be done.



Denise Morris
JFA Reflection
October 4-5, 2004

The days before the JFA outreach, I found myself “tolerating” the assignment. I was not excited to go stand outside for two days and yell at people about abortion. I wanted to sit in my comfortable classroom and discuss people’s worldviews. Little did I know that my knowledge and understanding of people’s worldviews was about to be brought to a completely different level.

During the training we received the week before, the tactics we were supposed to learn seemed confusing and difficult to remember. I was sure I would arrive at the exhibit and promptly embarrass myself with my lack of knowledge and understanding of abortion.

During the bus ride to Fort Collins I rotated between taking catnaps and reviewing my abortion pamphlet. My enthusiasm was not at its peak.

After we arrived at the campus and were welcomed by the JFA workers, we headed out to the exhibit to listen for an hour before we engaged in conversation. I ended up listening for about fifteen minutes. I sometimes find it difficult to keep my opinions to myself, especially when I feel my views are morally right. So after about fifteen minutes I decided to ask Peggy, the woman in charge of the pro-choice exhibit, a few questions. As soon as I asked her a question, I got very nervous. I didn’t end up getting very far with her, so I quickly ran back over to the JFA exhibit, a.k.a. the “safe” side.

The pro-life exhibit didn’t stay safe for very long. A very outspoken pro-choice guy made himself known very quickly by shouting slurs and screaming out his opinion. He drew quite a crowd. I listened to him for awhile, and then I noticed a guy listening beside me. I figured I should get started now or never, so I asked the guy what he thought. I found out that his name was Eddie and that he was pro-choice. He and I ended up talking for about an hour about the issue of abortion. We went over each argument and approach that I had learned in JFA training. Eddie had opinions, but he was very willing to listen and to reason with me. We both were able to agree that a fetus has to be a human being, and therefore we had to admit that to kill a human would be wrong. Eddie admitted that, but he still had trouble telling a woman what she could do with her own body. I just continued to ask him how the murder of an innocent human being could be morally justified. He wasn’t able to answer me. At the end of our conversation, he admitted that he couldn’t find a justification, and because of that he had to be pro-life.

I felt much better about talking with people after that conversation, and I think the Lord allowed it in order to give me more confidence. I talked with plenty more people throughout the day, sometimes in group, and other times on my own. I was even able to talk with people about spiritual issues.

Tuesday of the exhibit was the best. I had so many good conversations with people who were both pro-life and pro-choice. I also got involved in a big group debate, in which I voiced my opinion numerous times. I grew more confident as time went on, because I knew that I would be able to refute any justification someone had for abortion. God allowed me to have a sound mind, and I was able to come up with quick, relevant responses.

The best conversation I had was with a pre-med student named Ryan. He sought me out after the group debate in order to talk with me further. He was very analytical, and wanted to know all about the science of the issue. He and I sat in the shade and talked for awhile, and then I showed him the other sides of the exhibit. Although he didn’t change his opinion, I felt like we left off in a good place. I had to leave my conversation with him in order to go to our debriefing

with the JFA staff. After we were finished, we all began to head back to the bus. As I was passing by the exhibit, I noticed a guy with a sign preaching against the pro-life exhibit. He was very angry, and was drawing a crowd. Suddenly I noticed Ryan standing next to the guy with the sign. Ryan also noticed me. He ran over to me and grabbed my arm. "Denise, come talk to this guy," he said. "I know you can burn him!" I was shocked that Ryan wanted me to defend my position. The next thing I knew, I was asking the guy with the sign a few questions, but Ryan kept butting in to ask him more questions. Ryan, of all people, was challenging this guy in his pro-abortion view. It was awesome to see.

Overall, the work with the JFA experience was one of the most amazing things I have ever done. I was shocked and pleased with the fact that people were so willing to discuss abortion and religion, even if our viewpoints were not the same. I also realized that God has given me the capability to verbally express myself in a clear and reasonable way. I enjoyed debating, and it is something I would like to do more. I would love to be able to work with JFA again.

Through this event, I realized that truth is very convincing. I think it is important for us as Christians to know how to express ourselves clearly and intelligently. But we need to remember that we are not called to change anyone's heart. God will do that. We are only called to be obedient, and to speak the truth to those who will listen. The Truth will set people free.



Justice For All Exhibit Reflection

Wow. This has been perhaps one of the most impactful experiences I will have this semester. Rarely have I felt the Spirit of God so strongly as I have these past couple of days...I really felt like I was on the front lines, not only with the communication of Truth as it relates to the topic of abortion, and not only in the opportunities to discuss

meaningful worldview issues with people, but in the fact that I was actively furthering the Truth of the Kingdom of God in a way that I could actually see.

The apologetic presented for the defense of the unborn was a good one, and I felt the training to be sufficient for most encounters that we had...and the others were soon resolved by questions of more experienced JFA workers. But as we engaged every type of person these past few days, it became clear to me that this was the work of the Lord, for this engagement quickly gave way to deeper issues of right and wrong, morality, and absolute Truth. In talking with people, I loved relating to their points of view, and helping them understand the implications of their sometimes flawed and inconsistent rationales. It was truly refreshing (though sometimes frustrating) to have discussions wherein I was able to show compassion and empathy for people, yet continue to hold them accountable for the claims they were making.

This experience has taught me so much in so many ways. I learned a lot more about abortion, and why I believe it to be in fact murder. I have begun to come to terms with the reality of the horrors of abortion in our culture as I learn to equate it with genocide. As I come to grips with the fact that there are 4,000 abortions performed every day, and realize that if I thought of these abortions as not just abortions, but in fact *murder*, the gravity of the situation quickly comes into focus. 4,000 murders a day. Far worse than the war in Iraq. Almost twice as bad as what happened on 9/11 *in just one day, but this happens every day*. God, forgive my silence and lack of passion.

Not only has it intensified my passion for the unborn, but my passion for the lost, and the ability to actively engage our culture in the quest for Truth. I have been convicted of how little I know and how meager my *apologia* for my faith is. As I talked to scores and scores of real people, really lost people who honestly wanted to know truth and who honestly believed that they stood for what was right (and did so quite passionately in many instances), my heart began to break with God's love. I prayed continually for God to allow my heart to be broken by letting me see His people that He came to seek and save, and He answered. In so many cases, there were real hurting people longing to be heard and loved and have value ascribed to them, and by the grace of God our words and actions imparted grace to them - letting mercy and grace lead, while speaking the truth in love.

It was so wonderful to work together as a unified, intentional body of Christ devoted wholeheartedly to the advancement of the Truth of God in a loving manner; it is an experience from which I will carry fruit of infinite importance to my walk with God through the wastelands of this culture. And with those fruits, I will walk more confidently through such a world and be more generous with their distribution.