



William J. Frederick (white cap left)
Focus on the Family Institute
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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.