

focus on the family®

Heartlink®

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College-age women are our most "abortion vulnerable" population. Is your center reaching them?

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upcoming events

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Boardlink

Get practical information for your board with our new Boardlink section of www.heartlink.org. Boardlink was created to help pregnancy center board members be more effective and informed. Be sure to tell your members about it at your next meeting—and check it often for updated information.



Option Ultrasound™

Are you interested in converting your center to include medical services? Log on to www.heartlink.org for information about Focus on the Family's Option Ultrasound program. We have now included information on the dates and venues for our upcoming informational meetings. If your PRC qualifies, you could receive a grant for either an ultrasound machine or training. We'll also provide the support you'll need to be successful!



A True College Education

I'm sure you've all read about a number of recent polls which show that today's college young people are much more inclined toward a pro-life position than their predecessors. For instance, a *New York Times*/CBS News poll in January 2003 found that among people 18 to 29, those who agree that abortion should be generally available to those who want it was 39 percent, down from 48 percent in 1993.

That's great news! Yet in spite of that increasing pro-life sentiment, pregnancy resource centers *in general* may be reluctant to focus on young women on college campuses. I don't read or hear much about satellite centers being located on campuses or ad campaigns designed for that population—even though the largest percentage of pregnancy center clients fall into that 18 to 24 (college) age range. The largest number of abortions are performed on young women in that age range. We're not reaching them!

Just last week a pregnancy center director in Denver participated in a panel discussion on a university campus. She was joined by representatives from Planned Parenthood, the Religious Coalition for Choice and Right to Life. She was there primarily to speak about the devastation she experienced from her own abortions. (Interestingly, the university staffer who put the event together indicated she was having quite a hard time identifying anyone willing to speak about her past abortion.)

The Denver director shared with us that the audience was very quiet and receptive as she told her story. When things were opened up for Q&A, one young lady told of taking her friend to Planned Parenthood, where all they discussed with her was abortion—no other options. (Surprise, surprise!) She then asked, "Where *can* we get information about all of our options?" That wide open door, of course, gave the PRC director an opportunity to tell about the services area PRCs provide; the audience seemed delighted to learn about them.

Afterward, two young men told her how astounded they were to learn that abortion could have such negative effects. They thought they were doing their female friends a favor by parroting the "your body, your choice" line, never dreaming they might be encouraging something harmful.

My point in relating all this? They simply DON'T KNOW! Talk about folks who are in need of an education! They're found in abundance on the campuses of our institutions of higher learning.

May I ask you to prayerfully consider how your pregnancy center can effectively reach the campus in your town? There are outstanding free ads at www.heartlink.org—or God may give you other ideas. Just don't overlook or forget about this incredible mission field for life that needs the information you have!

With anticipation of all God can do,

Julie A. Parton

Julie A. Parton, Ph.D.

Manager, Pregnancy Resource Ministry

Why men love abortion

BY JACK GRIMES

None of us can remember a time when abortion wasn't legal. January 2004 marked 31 years since the definitive case, *Roe v. Wade*. We can probably remember the early to mid-1990s, when abortion debates raged, and when we most likely made up our minds one way or another. The public debate since then has cooled. We may have slowly realized that the debate centered not so much on the arguments, but on the very terms of the issue themselves. For what do we call what is aborted? If we say it is a "fetus" or "cellular tissue," then we are employing obscure, technical language to mask or outright disregard any humanity at all (much like "collateral damage"). Likewise, if we use "baby" or "child," we have already shown our hand, and revealed a commitment to the continuity of human life from beginning through birth. People on both sides either ignored or failed to recognize the impasse, and simply kept debating past one another until the point of exhaustion.

I won't try to resolve the debate here. Another subject demands attention. For in all the commotion, few have noticed the omission of a very important contributor: the woman herself. Nowhere is this clearer than with the very "Jane Roe" of *Roe v. Wade*, Norma McCorvey. Norma has changed her mind on abortion, and now counsels women away from it. Do any of us know why? Have we taken the time to ask?

It's easier not to, especially as a man. I found it quite easy to glibly parrot my line, "I've no right to tell a woman what to do with her own body." It cost me nothing to say, and could even reap me gain—such "sensitivity" works well on a date with said body. A woman's welfare was not my concern. But it should have been. Had it been, I would have actually asked whether abortion, even safe and clean, was her best option. But it was far easier to give cold respect than a warm hand. Little did I know how much my "respect" would limit her freedom. There

are several men in the life of a pregnant woman who are quite content to keep abortion unquestioned.

When a woman is thrust into the hallway of pregnancy, the ability to abort closes doors quickly. Let's look at those doors. The father, if he is unwed, is likely to slam his shut. He has enjoyed, howsoever gained, the pleasures of her company. She should know (shouldn't she?) that he did not intend to be "so serious." The sensible thing is to "take care of it."

We may see the door to her own father quietly close, too.

Perhaps he is ashamed, or perhaps she cannot bear to even tell him. It is a private issue.

Her school, or her workplace, is under no obligation to offer help. It is her "problem" after all, is it not?

The politician's door belongs to one more man who'd rather see her resolve "it" quietly. No need to spend effort on equal opportunity, maternity benefits or education to be elected. He has her vote with two simple words: "reproductive rights."

It is little wonder why there have been, in over 30 years, as many abortions in America as AIDS infections in the world (40 million). The cold, steel light of the operating table streams from the only door left open. **There will be 3,500 abortions today.** To the pregnant woman, it is hardly a choice. She is alone.

Though not entirely. One tiny companion remains, the baby. The potentially lifelong friend cradled inside her. With her son or daughter, the mother enjoys a relationship unparalleled in all of nature. Nowhere is there a bond more finely tuned, more deeply intimate. Not even the best of lovers can get so close. **The relationship consummates on that day when the mother holds the child in her arms for the first time. On that day of birth, the mother would be holding a baby with a heartbeat that is eight and 1/4 months old.** A baby with

six-month-old fingerprints, seven- and 1/4-month-old fingers and seven- and 1/2-month-old hands. With seven-month-old eyelids and eight-month-old eyes. A baby with seven- and 1/2-month-old brainwaves and a fully nine-month-old set of DNA, completely unique and never before seen on

earth. **But that day does not come.**

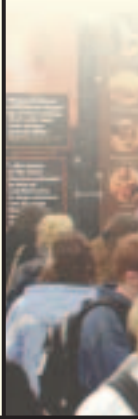
Abortion robs the mother of that day. By methods of extreme violence, the child is wrenched from the mother. By dissolving chemicals, dismembering forceps, slicing suction tubes or a well-placed pair of simple closed scissors. Antibiotics, anesthetics and equipment of the past three decades may have made abortion physically safer, but by no means less violent. The child is gone. And the mother is left with the nightmares. Dreams of children and

“It is little wonder why there have been, in over 30 years, as many abortions in America as AIDS infections in the world (40 million).”

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Invading the Camp

by Tom Hess



How do you get ‘pro-choice’ students on public university campuses to talk and think in new ways about abortion? Try shock and awe.

By including the following article, we at Focus on the Family do not imply any position on the usage of graphic photographs in the PRC counseling room. We know there is a divergence of opinion on this topic. Please understand that Justice For All uses graphic photographs in an educational setting and provides ample warnings before viewers come in contact with their display. We do feel that you need to be informed about and prepared for clients that may come through your center due to a JFA event.

You can see it from a quarter-mile away—the bloody remains of an aborted baby. It’s a 20-foot high photograph, nauseating in its detail of torn limbs. And that’s the point, of course, or at least one of the points. The other point is the word printed on the picture—Why?

Many of the students walking toward Bruin Plaza, at the crossroads of the University of

California-Los Angeles (UCLA), are asking “Why?” too, but for different reasons. One is talking into his cell phone, muttering expletives and asking: Why do I have to look at this obscene display? Who let these people on campus?

Over the next six hours, many other students, cell phones in hand, alert their unseen friends to the “sick,” “offensive,” “insensitive” exhibit.

A few bold or angry observers approach the interlocking barricades that form a perimeter around the three-sided display. They’re prepared to argue with the people who’ve spoiled their day. A few passersby start shouting. But the staff of Justice For All (JFA), the nonprofit group that set up the display, hasn’t come just to debate. They’re also here to listen.

“We’re not trying to win an argument,” says Scott Klusendorf, the pro-life author and speaker who helped train the student volunteers at the exhibit. “We’re trying to get



them to think. And it takes time to think it through. The argument is won three weeks later”—at a mundane moment, like “in the drive-thru at Jack in the Box.”

Booked Solid

It's just before 8 a.m. on a Monday in May. A bright red pickup, towing an unmarked aluminum trailer, backs on to the UCLA campus.

The trailer contains the panels and framework of an exhibit JFA has erected on more than a dozen campuses in the past three years. But the first thing an army of volunteers pulls out of the trailer is a string of barricades.

Why barricades?

Setting them up 20 feet from the exhibit “reduces the risk of somebody doing something stupid to it,” says David Lee, founder and president of JFA. “And the exhibit is so tall, it's better to see it from a distance. We're trying to find the right balance, so that it's not so overpowering, but it's something intense enough to spark discussion.”

Before the panels with photos of aborted fetuses are tilted up, Lee tells volunteers to put

“I will not shout”

Justice for All asks volunteers at its exhibit to sign a volunteer agreement that instructs them to be respectful:

1. I will never pressure anyone to look at the exhibit.
2. I may offer approved literature to passersby but will never push it on them.
3. I will always treat people with respect, even if they are angry and/or verbally abusive. I will not shout at people.
4. I will never trespass on private property or disrupt any event at which a JFA exhibit takes place.
5. If passersby threaten JFA property, I will call for law enforcement officers. I will not attempt to physically stop anyone who makes such a threat or attempts to carry it out.
6. If passersby threaten JFA staff, volunteers and/or myself, I will call for law-enforcement officers. I will make reasonable efforts to remove others and myself from the presence of those making threats, but if I am unable to do that, I understand that I am allowed to take lawful steps to protect others and myself from risk of injury.
7. I condemn abortion-related violence in all forms.

“What about the baby?”

College students who support abortion typically offer six reasons for their views. Justice for All’s exhibits rebuts each one.



I’m not ready to be a parent. A baby will ruin my life.

If you have helped to conceive a baby, you are already a parent.

The circumstances of my pregnancy are unfair. I hate the father of this baby.

Do you favor killing a child for the sins of her father?

A fetus is not fully human. It’s not like me.

Should the right to life be based on size, form or function?

It’s best for the baby. Who wants to grow up unwanted?

Is violence ever a good substitute for not being loved?

Abortion is legal. It’s a woman’s choice. Slavery was once a legal choice.

It’s a woman’s body. I don’t want this baby.

Selfishness should not be lawful if it harms another person. What about the baby?

up signs that read “Warning: Genocide Photos Ahead!” The signs are positioned several hundred feet away and anchored with sandbags.

JFA never goes to a campus without an invitation, and it’s on the UCLA campus today at the request of 21-year-old psychology student Charissa Arlen. She’s been a pro-life activist for years, having volunteered at Lifeline Crisis Pregnancy Center (CPC) in Grover Beach, Calif., during the summers of her junior and senior years. The CPC’s executive director knew Lee, and told him of Arlen’s desire to start a pro-life group at UCLA. Lee helped her start a JFA club.

Today, she plans to counsel students from inside and outside the barricade.

“Being behind the barricade means that I’m on this side and they’re on that side, and that gives me more authority. When I’m outside, I’m on the same side with them, so we can examine the issues together.”

Also behind the barricade today is Vicki Kane, a JFA staff member from St. John’s, Michigan, where she worked at the Beacon of Hope Crisis Pregnancy Center.

“I was [the CPC’s] executive director for five years,” Kane says. “I talked to more abortion-minded women in four days at the [JFA] exhibit when it came to Minneapolis [in 2002] than in five years at the CPC.”

That’s just the sort of outreach Lee, 53, the father of 12 children, hoped to establish when he resigned as pastor of the First Evangelical Free Church of Wichita, Kansas, in 1993. In



his first new venture, “I wanted to help pastors find ways to get their churches active,” Lee says, but when that didn’t catch on, he decided to seek a new audience.

“This is a crossroads,” he says, looking out on Bruin Walk, the main artery of the UCLA campus. “This gives us a shot at getting the nation’s future leaders to understand the word ‘abortion.’ ”

Lee, like all JFA staff members, raises his own support. And traveling to distant campuses isn’t cheap. He estimates that each event costs about \$12,000. That figure includes three advance visits plus transportation costs in driving the truck and trailer to the site and flying the rest of the staff to the area.

JFA staff cut costs by spending nights in donors’ homes and inviting local churches to provide meals. Lee built the exhibit’s aluminum framework in his garage, with design help from his neighbor, a Boeing engineer.

Boldly Sensitive

Lee brought the JFA exhibit to UCLA once before, in 2002. That’s when Chris Folk, 30, a graduate student in mechanical engineering, first saw it. And Folk liked what he saw.

“The exhibit speaks with a secular voice, which is important, because there are Jews, Muslims and atheists on campus,” he says.

He’s returned this year to volunteer as a counselor behind the barricade. No one approaches him at first, but then he engages in a conversation that quickly turns to a discussion of faith.

David France, a 26-year-old music student, saw the exhibit when it visited his school, the University of Minnesota, last year. The response of students there—the ones who spent half an hour talking about abortion, sex, adoption and Christianity—gave him hope that attitudes can change, and he’s traveled to UCLA to be a counselor.

“The university is a ‘pro-choice’ camp, and I had the impression that the pro-choice camp could not be penetrated. They think they’ve won; they don’t think they have to defend the camp. But it is penetrable,” says France, who’s earning a master’s degree in violin performance. “God has gifted me apologetically, to be boldly sensitive. I love to do this.”



Several days later, the exhibit is on Library Walk, the main pedestrian thoroughfare on the UC-San Diego campus. This time, the invitation has come from two brothers: Dean Covalt, 30, who’s earning master’s degrees in education and chemistry, and James Covalt, a biochemist. Both are convinced the exhibit will shake up what they agree is an apathetic campus.

“The best part of this display is that you can’t give platitudes in response to it,” James says. “You’re hit with the hard reality of ‘choice.’ It’s hard to make an argument for abortion with a dead baby in front of you.”

JFA says there have been a few dramatic “conversions” in the exhibit’s history, when “pro-choice” protesters have put down their placards and set aside their preconceptions. “Cass,” a student at the University of Texas at Austin where the JFA exhibit visited in February 2001, later wrote JFA to say the exhibit changed her mind about abortion:

“The exhibit forced me to admit that abortion kills children. And since I want to be an elementary education teacher, I was advocating killing the very children that I someday want to teach.”

Continued on page 14.



Colleges, campus, university, higher education. For many of you, those words bring a sense of fear and trembling. *Animal House* may be a thought that comes to mind. For over 10 years my family has lived there—and I mean *literally* lived there. I was a resident director's wife for six

years, working four of those years myself in a dean of women's office. Now my husband is the director of student development for the Focus on the Family Institute, and my life is still immersed in the college culture. "What does college have to do with marketing my center?" you may be asking. Everything.

Abortion-minded women are on *every* college campus across the country, and you must get to them. These are the majority of clients who have the means to pay for an abortion—and in their minds, they have the most to "lose" should they choose life for their preborn child. Their education, fun, friends and scholarships are all at stake. Their "crisis" pregnancy is their immediate future. It is up to your center to reach them, help them and let them know this "crisis" is not going to last forever.

At a time when many in our camp are not reaching the American university, I have a news flash for you—the other side is. So my question is: What are you going to do about it? If you are close to a college campus, you should know everything about it, spend marketing dollars advertising there and utilize the activities that are taking place on campus that could significantly increase traffic to your center. I want to challenge you to meet with the student development staff or medical staff near your campus. Let them know that you offer counseling services and/or medical services. Ask if you could be of service to them and their coeds. Also, don't assume that because it is a Christian campus, they would not want your help. Christian students face the same pressures as those students in other schools, and the administration may need a professional to refer to in a sticky situation. That professional could be you.

You may be nervous, but remember: This year, we are going to be brave and bold and do things that we have never tried. Let me know how it goes. I would love to share your ideas with others.

Julie Abel

Julie Abel
Managing Editor

Thinkaboutonline.com print ads

Your center may download these FREE ads by going to www.heartlink.org. Just click on "benevolent resources" on the navigation bar. We have even left space for your center to personalize the ads to put up around college campuses and high schools or place in newspapers. Potential clients get the quick information they need about abortion, while pointing them to your center for follow-up.



Against My Will

The highest incidence of "date rape" may well be among college-age women. Rape is an act of violence, whether committed by an intruder or a date. But young women can learn to protect themselves! This important booklet gives pointers for avoiding date rape, and what a woman should do if all precautions and resistance fail. It also provides crucial information for your clients about so-called "emergency contraception" (the morning-after pill).

Against My Will: Preventing and Coping With Date Rape

(Booklet; part of the Dare 2 Dig Deeper series from Focus on the Family)

Suggested donation: \$1.25 (\$1.75 in Canada)
YC123

You may order YC123 by calling
(800) A-FAMILY

Don't forget to log on to www.heartlink.org for resources available on your 2004 Resource Reply Form.



REFLECTION ON THE JFA BOULDER OUTREACH:

*ASHLEY

I remember the bus ride up to Boulder—talking and laughing with my friends. All the while, in some deep part of me, I felt some very familiar emotions being pulled. *Babies, unwanted pregnancies, abortion, embarrassment . . .* I began to remember them all. I know some of the other students were a little nervous. They didn't have any experience with this stuff and were afraid they didn't have much wisdom to offer others. In a way, it's sort of true. Unless you have been there—unless you know what it feels like to be single, pregnant, in an abusive relationship, maybe even disowned by your family, it's hard to say what you would do. I wish I had been in the same boat with my friends, but I wasn't. I'd been there; I remember what it felt like.

No one will know unless I tell them, I thought. I never considered that God would use me. I was broken, embarrassed and ashamed. I was surrounded by 87 students who had more character and integrity than I had ever seen; and I felt their strong, honorable lives were more valuable than my destructive past. I knew we were all sinners, but my sin was different . . . you could see it.

Everyone else got to quietly discuss their issues with God, while mine was displayed for the whole world to see for nine months. There's a stigma that comes with unwed mothers, especially in the Christian community. Sometimes I still wonder if my Christian friends see me as "Ashley" or "Ashley-who-had-a-baby."

I was intrigued—standing around the exhibit, listening to debates, arguments and people sharing so vulnerably with strangers that you knew a lot about a person after only a few minutes. Everyone was being real, and a fire was starting inside me. This issue was so close to my heart.

A year and a half earlier, I found out I was pregnant by a not-so-wonderful guy. Not walking with the Lord, and all the options on the table, I seriously considered abortion. I remember when I made the appointment: I wanted it done as soon as possible. But the woman on the phone told me we had to wait six to eight weeks because the baby was so small right now that they wouldn't be able to tell if they got it all out. It was only a couple of days afterward that I decided against the abortion. It wasn't a heroic gesture to save my

baby's life. It wasn't a good moral decision based on the idea that all life is sacred. It just felt wrong to me. Though I wasn't walking with the Lord, the Holy Spirit was with me and wouldn't let me go through with it. I gave birth to my son on January 13, 2003, and placed him with an amazing adoptive family.

I believe in divine appointments—the kind that you know only God could have set up for a certain 15 minutes of your life. I was surrounded by a crowd of people, all standing in silence looking up at the giant, horrific pictures. In the background you could hear side conversations and debates, but they all were drowned out by a voice in your head, trying to comprehend these pictures. *Are they real? This is so wrong. These can't be real.* You finally gain your composure after your breath is literally taken away, and you muster up something to say—maybe to yourself, maybe to the person next to you.

“I would have another sibling, but my mom had an abortion,” said the young man standing next to me. His eyes didn't move from the pictures. I'm not sure who he was talking to, maybe anyone who would listen. As I slowly turned my head to see the tall, thin man, with a baseball cap, and hands in his baggy jean pockets, I hear another person speak out. This time, on my other side. The man, not quite as young as the one on my left, had a beard and glasses. He was holding his girlfriend's hand. “I participated in an abortion once.” I nodded my head to acknowledge his words and looked down at the ground as I gently moved the grass under my foot. After what seemed like an eternity, I looked up and made eye contact with him. The girl on his arm had tears streaming down her face. Before I had a chance to speak, she

said, “I had an abortion once.” I couldn't hold it in any longer. With no reservation, I blurted out, “I had an appointment for an abortion once, but I ended up releasing him for adoption.”

The girl let go of her boyfriend's hand, took a few steps, and collapsed in my arms, sobbing. We held each other and cried, holding nothing back. I sensed other bodies around us and then felt the arms of the two men who had also shared their hearts with us. There we were, four strangers in the middle of a college campus, surrounded by hundreds of people, brought together by the Creator of the universe, to help heal each other's pain. After the heavy sobs stopped and we began to sniff and wipe our noses,

I asked these three strangers if they wanted to pray. None of them spoke, but they all nodded in agreement. I took the girl's hand, knowing the guys would follow, and led them away from the crowd, under a tree, where we stood in a circle, holding hands, praying to our Lord. I have no idea what I said or prayed as we stood under that tree, because it wasn't me speaking. I spoke the truth to them that day, and though I'll never know how it was received or if I made a difference, I know how they impacted me. As I watched them walk away in different directions, I felt a sense of peace and relief for what the Lord has saved me from. I am forgiven and have been washed as white as snow.

This experience wasn't just a “highlight” of my week or even semester, but something I will treasure all my days.

If you know a college student who would benefit from a life-changing experience at the Focus on the Family Institute, a one-semester college program, log on to www.focusinstitute.org for more information.

“. . . Everyone was being real, and a fire was starting inside me. This issue was so close to my heart.”

“Why Men Love Abortion” continued from page 5.

crying babies haunt many. Anniversaries concerning the never-born can be excruciating.

Stories of sexual frigidness, anger, obsession and depression are common among those willing to share. Not many are willing to listen. The boyfriend is almost assuredly gone. The husband doesn't want to talk about it. The boss expects her at work on Monday. And her parents and friends are mostly glad it's "over." Now she is alone.

The clinic protesters turn another unsympathetic cheek in scorn. The clinic waits for her to come back—40 percent of the abortions every year are for repeat customers. We've failed our mothers. We've failed our women. From day one we fail them in support for unplanned and tragic pregnancies, and then fail them again, throwing them into an outer darkness of silence once they've "dealt" with their "problem."

Of course all men don't love abortion, nor are most even fond of it. But too many enjoy its benefits, its simple convenience, without caring at all for the well-being of the woman. To those who have never given much thought to this subject, who may have all along thought that by supporting abortion they were defending women rather than condemning them, I urge you to think again.

For those of us who have had an abortion—or pressured, pushed or paid for one—there is a promise: It is never too late to be forgiven by the God who made you, too. But truthfully, you will never know the freedom of this forgiveness until you are willing to share your story. We all need to be honest. There are people willing to listen. I am one of them. There are many more, particularly at the several pregnancy resource centers in your area. You are not alone.

Jack Grimes is a college senior majoring in philosophy and political science. You may contact him at: (908) 887-2268, jack.grimes@tufts.edu

“Invading the Camp” continued from page 9.

Still, many students do not believe what the exhibit says about the humanity of the unborn. So Lee has an idea: Recruit uniformed physicians to staff the exhibit one day; encircle the exhibit the next day with women who've had abortions; and on the third day, have Ph.D. graduates in biomedical sciences answer students' questions.

“Credibility is the key,” Lee says. “It changes the discussion when a doctor, a researcher or a woman who's been through an abortion is doing the talking.”

Lee also hopes to build stronger ties to local pregnancy resource centers, which are better equipped than JFA to continue a conversation with students.

Lee gives an example from a visit to Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas. Near the exhibit was a table set up by the Hope Center for Crisis Pregnancy.

“A woman came to the table, and she was angry. She asked, ‘Why weren't you here two years ago?’ ” Lee recalls. “They asked her what she meant, and she said, ‘If you'd been here two years ago, I wouldn't have had an abortion.’ Eight weeks later, she knelt in the counseling room at Hope Center and put her trust in Christ. She had been convicted of her sin, the realness of her sin, and that made her sensitive to the grace of Christ.”

TAKE ACTION: Here's how to contact Justice For All:

Justice For All, Inc.
2250 N. Rock Road, #118-120
Wichita, KS 67226
Phone: (316) 683-6426
Fax: (316) 683-4621
Web: www.JFAweb.org

For more information about how your center can benefit from a Justice For All event, log on to www.heartlink.org.



A Letter to the Troops

by James C. Dobson

It has become increasingly clear that America's college campuses represent a key battleground in the fight to protect preborn babies. Despite the fact that our institutions of higher learning have been promoting an overwhelmingly pro-abortion, pro-feminist agenda for decades, there are encouraging signs that many college-aged men and women are rejecting the ideology of their professors.

A statement from National College Students for Life, a youth outreach organization affiliated with the National Right to Life Committee, explains why young adults have such a stake in this debate:

“Since the *Roe v. Wade* decision in 1973, abortion has taken the lives of nearly 43 million unborn children. We are the first generation of survivors. We are the ones who escaped death by legal abortions. Forty percent of all abortions are performed on women our age.”

Amazingly enough, recent studies suggest that young people are even more conservative than their parents when it comes to the abortion issue. A poll conducted by the ultra-liberal University of California, Berkeley found that respondents aged 15 to 26 were considerably more likely than their elders to support abortion restrictions, and a Zogby International poll revealed that young adults support a total ban on abortion to an even greater extent than their parents or grandparents do!

Your pregnancy resource center has undoubtedly ministered to many college or college-aged women over the years. I hope that you have had the privilege of having young adults serve as volunteers or employees in your PRC, as well. When it comes to defending the sanctity of human life and reaching out to those who are considering abortion, young adults are one of our greatest assets. My prayer is that the Lord would raise up an even greater number of these young people to carry the torch for the pro-life community in the years ahead.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "James C. Dobson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large initial "J".

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parting words

“When all the voices that are heard on campus echo those of top secular bioethicists, then decisions about life and death are minimized to individual preferences alone. Unfortunately, a decision made by a 20-year-old young lady is usually made in the darkness and loneliness of her dorm room amidst the darkness and loneliness of a campus community that turns its head and ignores that decision.”

—Dr. Chris Leland
Senior Fellow of Christian Worldview Studies
Focus on the Family Institute