

"Just One More Person"

Bumping along on the bus ride to the Justice for All exhibit, I actually slept peacefully, knowing full well that God would use me if He chose to do so. I felt I had prepared since I knew to ask, "What do you think of the exhibit," wait for an answer, and then proceed to introduce my new friend to a "toddler" or take them for a knowledgeable ride on a "s-l-e-d."

I figured that it was my pro-life duty to spend a couple days chatting with a few people about my beliefs, but I didn't wish to be contacted by JFA for any future outreaches since I was "doing my time," and earning my Family, Church, and Society class credit at the Institute.

So, arriving safe and sound at the ghastly exhibit (which I had seen earlier during JFA training), I proceeded to listen to a few conversations between Rebecca, Steve, and a few of the CSU campus students. Then, I felt that it was my time, and so I stood, upright and qualified in front of the exhibit, and waited for a student to happen along my path.

About three minutes later, I looked to my left and saw a girl, about my age, staring intently at side one of the exhibit. I prayed to God, asking Him if indeed He did want me to talk to this girl, and I felt the Holy Spirit prodding me toward her. By this time she had been standing beside me for about two minutes and so I figured she was committed to at least discussing the exhibit with me for a little while. I had evaluated this girl, prayed for guidance about whether or not to talk to her, and I was *so* ready to finally ask my "What do you think..." question! And so I did.

There aren't words to describe what this girl said when I politely invited her to discuss the exhibit... actually, there are words, but I can't type them. It was as if she was spitting fire, flinging it back and forth between the exhibit and me, and I was stunned. I tried once more to engage her, but it was no use; she cut through me with her angry eyes one last time and then stormed off, spewing a few more choice words as she went.

I was completely defeated. My "upright and qualified" stature turned into a sunken down and absolutely ruined one. I slunk away from the exhibit, sat down under a tree that was away from people, and began to question God. "Why in the *world* would you have me talk to *that one?*!" I sat and talked with God for a while, and my answer seemed to be, "Because *that one*, Nicole, is the one I wanted you to talk to." But I didn't understand. The rest of the day I couldn't bring myself to talk to anyone.

The next day I was worried. I couldn't possibly go through another situation like the one I had the day before. And so I prayed, "God, let me just talk to one person today."

A friend and I took some surveys into the heart of the campus and before I knew it, I was jumping in on a conversation between my friend and a guy who had said he believed that a baby was "alive" only after birth. I challenged his belief with the "environment" part of the "s-l-e-d" test and I actually felt like I had stood up for what I

believed to be true, that a baby was whole, alive, and important at conception. I had spoken to my "one person!"

And so, I prayed, "God, let me talk to just one more person." Six or seven surveys, and about five great conversations later, I was still praying, "Okay, God, just one more!"

When I found myself back at the exhibit, I began to get a little nervous again, because this was the war zone where I had been trashed! But with my prayer on my lips, I walked up to a young girl and her friend and asked them if they had been at the exhibit the day before.

One said she had and the other one flipped her phone open and said that she hadn't. I asked the one with the phone what she thought and she said, "Well, I carried my baby nine months, and it was because of pictures like these. So I don't mind this (exhibit) being here at all."

Then, holding up her phone, she asked, "Do you want to see a picture of my daughter?" Of course I said yes, and on the screen of the phone was the face of a gorgeous 6 month old, curly haired little girl named Shanae. I told the young mom what a hero she was for making the hard choice to carry her baby and to care for her. She said that yes, it had been a hard choice, because when she found herself pregnant, neither her parents nor her church had agreed to take the child, and so she had decided to get an abortion.

Before she did, though, she said she had to check on the internet to see what exactly an abortion was. She told me, "After seeing those (abortion) pictures, I knew I could never do that to my baby, and I decided to keep her." It was the pictures she saw of abortions that changed this girl's mind, and so people who say, "The pictures are just shock tactics that don't affect people other than to make them emotional" are *wrong!* It was such a blessing to talk to this girl that the hard conversation that I had had the day before drastically faded in my mind.

I must have spoken to about a dozen "just one more persons" on that second day, and the impact it had on my life was indescribable. I told Tammy (JFA staff member) that I wanted to change my mind about going to future exhibits and I gave her my email address. Now I can't wait to receive an email from JFA telling me how I can help and when I can attend another campus with them.

But I also know that I don't need to be standing in front of the exhibit in order to discuss my beliefs about abortion. With my JFA training, my two days at CSU talking with students, and with a prayer on my lips, I could talk to hundreds of "just one more persons" in my lifetime; but I pray that by the time God takes me home, I won't have to argue against abortion anymore because there truly will be "Justice for All."

Postlogue: [Click here to read about Nicole's "Just One More" experience](#) with her mom after she returned home.