

We are nearing a very important event: the 45th annual March for Life in Washington D.C. This is the largest annual Pro-Life event in the world. And, until we graduate, our school is giving us the opportunity to be a part of this event.

Sometimes it feels like nothing is going our way, like the problem of abortion will never be solved. I feel that way sometimes, and not just about abortion, about everything. I gather strength from things I hear, from things I see, from talking to our LORD like a friend, and from music.

At Mass Tuesday night, three times certain words during and after the Consecration struck me. The first one, and the only one I can remember, are the words "given up for you." Those struck me the hardest. I don't usually think about the fact that HE gave HIMSELF up for us. On Tuesday night, I was suddenly in the position of the Apostles at the Last Supper. Imagine your hero, the person you admire most, telling you "This is my Body, given up for you". How would you be feeling? I for one, was in shock and awe. I gathered strength from it, even without realizing it. After Mass, I was much less stressed than I was before.

I gather strength from things in which I see our wonderful LORD. Sunsets in particular appeal to me. I'm not sure why. However, every time I see a beautiful sunset, my thoughts go to HIM.

I gather strength from talking to Jesus like a friend. I used to talk to myself. You might not have been able to see that from the outside, but I talked to myself in the third person. "OK, Veronica, here's what you need to get done tonight..." Not anymore. I'm not even sure when the transition happened, but it's no longer like that for me. I talk to Jesus instead. "Jesus, I don't know how on earth I'm going to fill this bus up, but I know you have a plan. I know I just need to trust in you, but it's so hard. I can trust it you. But it's so hard, how on earth am I going to get this bus full?" Yes, my seemingly one-way conversations with HIM are that disjointed. He doesn't reply in words, but he fills me with peace.

The final way I gather strength is through music. You may have heard that singing is like praying twice. I find hope in music, especially praise and worship. I immerse myself in what the song is saying, apply it to my own life, and it gives me peace and comfort. Recently, I was overcome with the urge to listen to the theme song from this past year's DYMO. It strayed across my mind the other day, and later I forgot to look it up and remember the verses. As I was listening, I was connecting it with our mission, rooted in faith, and our goal of ending abortion. It gave me strength. It showed me that our mission is not at all impossible. It gave me hope. Listen to it and see for yourself:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E00j5xGeDm8>

Each and every one of you has a role to play. You might not know right now what it is, but each and every one of you will alter the Pro-Life movement in your own way. By speaking to one person, by being one person in the hundreds of thousands at the March for Life, by praying for the unborn, you change the world, and, in changing the world, you change the Pro-Life movement.

There's a prayer that I say twice a day, once in school, and an altered version at home with my family. Some of you will know it. If you feel called, adopt an unborn child and say this prayer every day for nine months. You will save the life of an unborn child in danger of being aborted. You can even name your adopted child.

***Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I love you very much. Please, spare the life of the unborn child I have spiritually adopted who is in danger of abortion.***

It's that simple. Remember, you are called to something. Find a way to find strength in your life. It doesn't have to be one of my ways. Each person is different, and each person finds strength in a different way. Thank you all so much for doing what you have done. Even if you aren't able to make it to the March for Life, you are still incredibly important, and you can still change the world.

Love from Jesus Christ and God Bless,

Veronica