

The hardest part of being a Christian is living in reality.

Since my conversion in 2024, I've been coming to terms with all the euphemisms and half-truths I used to tell myself. I don't get to have those anymore, because life has meaning, and human life begins at conception. *Abortion* is a slippery word used instead of *kill* because the secular world doesn't have a fixed frame of meaning; it's a place where reality *ends* when it begins to threaten the illusion of control.

It's a beautiful Thursday afternoon in Savannah, and I'm getting on a charter bus with 30-ish people, and over the next two days I'm going to be on this bus for roughly 18 hours. I've never been on a charter bus before, and my fantasy of it being like an airplane was quickly shattered. It's bumpy, awkward, and a little loud. We get stuck in traffic. It's oddly exhausting for a fundamentally sedentary activity.

It's also one of the best trips I've taken in my life.

IPC's pilgrimage to DC for the March for Life is like everything else at IPC: highly organized and efficient, with enough simplicity to accommodate most folks. We start the day on Capitol Hill, where careful planning has given us time with staff from the offices of Buddy Carter, Raphael Warnock, and John Ossoff. The meeting is our time to act as both citizens and members of the church—at once an impassioned cry and a measured call to look at the truth.

Joshua Espinoza, Jr. captured the essence of our visit, imploring the senators to understand that abortion will always stir strong emotions, but their job is not to get swept up in placating the passions of the people. Since they agree it is unlawful to take a human life, their arguments in favor of abortion are fundamentally irrational and clearly fueled by emotion. In other words, he asked the senators to live in reality. We continue to pray that one day they will.

The March itself was surreal, like many things in DC. Coming from the Capitol, I didn't initially comprehend how many people had gathered until we got closer to the Mall. At this point, the IPC group had split into smaller clusters—practically unavoidable at a rally with tens of thousands of people. But we weren't separated for long. Bright blue singlets worn over coats, emblazoned with IPC's logo on the back and Psalm 139:14 on the front, helped us gather again and wait for the March to start.

While marching, I found myself with a little group of fellow choir members, and to no one's surprise and my extreme delight, we started singing. It's difficult to put into words how incredible it was to have other marchers spontaneously join us singing Psalm 100. That moment of unified song amidst a sea of people was a much-needed reminder of how big our God truly is, because in my finitude and sin, it's easy to get bogged down by the relentless Zeitgeist of death.

The March for Life trip is a rare opportunity to peacefully protest as a Christian, and I exhort all of you: if you can, go! Go for the unborn who cannot speak, to exercise your constitutional right, to be renewed by the fellowship, to be encouraged by the sheer number of Christians surrounding you.

And if the bus is a deterrent, you can always take the train. Just ask Jim Shields.

I'll see you next year.