**Disclaimers**

It is important to remember that my experience is not representative of all queer people. In fact, I hope that reading this reinforces how diverse every individual’s story can be. My story is also not meant to evoke pity, to state a theological argument, nor to attack any individual. However, I value transparency highly. Just as I don't exclude my own mistakes and lowest points, I divulge what is necessary for the full truth when describing others’ involvement in my life.

Because this story focuses on my experience with *sexuality*, I only focus on that aspect of how the church fit into my life. Although this comprises mostly negative experiences, there are many reasons why I am grateful for my church that are separate from my journey with my sexuality which I will not be able to mention here.

Please be aware that my story includes censored underage sexual activity, homophobia, therapy for sexual orientation, suicidal ideation, extreme self-disgust, and discussion about God (with the belief that He is real).

All names have been anonymized.