**Foreword**

I’ve read many stories detailing an individual’s journey with their sexuality. Some involve overnight conversion from a sexually saturated daily routine to following Christ and renouncing old addictions and ideas. Others follow the experience of a boy or girl who fails to become straight until they accept their sexuality and leave their childhood church behind.

My story may not be as powerful or exciting as those I found in the library, but I believe it ultimately follows neither of the trends above, which is one of the main reasons I felt it was worth sharing.

In my junior year of college, my mission trip supervisor asked me to tell her more about my experience growing up in the church with an attraction to the same gender. After five seconds of mental gymnastics, I realized that a satisfactory answer comprised a four-hour conversation that neither of us could have at a Friday night vespers. So, in a way, this is also an avenue for communication that I can point to when needed.

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.

Whether you are part of the queer community, the church, both, or neither, I hope my experience makes the discussion about sexuality more personal to you.

**Trigger Warning**

My story includes

* censored underage sexual activity
* homophobia
* therapy for sexual orientation
* suicidal ideation
* extreme self-disgust
* discussion about God (with the belief that He is real)

If you are uncomfortable with the above, then please take care and do not continue reading.

**Testimony**

**Background**

My parents both found God and the church after the fall of communism in Czech and soon after, found each other. Just in case this country is news to you, all you need to know is that it's a little nation, often called the "heart of Europe," that was rapidly embracing atheism following more that forty years of communist regime. This led my dad to pursue an associate degree in Literature Evangelism at a tiny, conservative school in Wichita Arkansas. Then our family moved back to the Czech Republic so that my dad could spread God's message.

Some of my earliest memories clearly reflect concepts that shaped my reality. For example, In Czech, I remember noticing that as Christians, my family was in the minority among an atheistic population. Even more unique was our flavor of Christianity, Seventh-day Adventism. In the back of my mind, I was always aware that I was a religious minority among the minority. I remember witnessing to my atheist friends from my hometown and being challenged to explain difficult ideas in the Bible. These beliefs would often alienate me from others around me. I didn't notice it much at age five, but I'm sure it would have been more challenging if I had stayed in Czech for my whole childhood. Due to the increasing difficulty of evangelism in the atheistic country, and especially due to poor cooperation from the Adventist church, when my father found the opportunity to lead students in literature evangelism at a small conservative high school in middle Tennessee, he decided to move to the USA indefinitely. Thus, the summer I turned 7, my family found ourselves saying goodbye to our friends and family again.

My first impression of the United States was the midday heat of Atlanta Georgia right before my first day of school. Because I had no friends and still needed to absorb a foreign language, I became so disoriented that I recall being afraid of stepping outside for fear of this new continent not having solid enough ground to support me. Luckily, it took next to no time to adapt to the new environment and make friends with all the other "staff kids" at the self-supporting Adventist high school my father now worked at. Due to the summer programs that my father organized for students, he tended to not be around during the times that I was at home from school the most. Thus, although I realized that I had caring parents, and was lucky to have both parents for that matter, I never had a deep relationship with my father. He was great at providing for our family and instilling good work ethic, productivity, and a healthy respect for God, but the memories I have of spending time with him from that time seem to be centered on discipline rather than enjoying activities together.

Besides the school I lived at, our home church was also quite conservative. And I don't necessarily mean this in a bad way. There were many good things that came of the environment I grew up in. I spent much of my time outdoors. I was schooled in various basic aspects of Christian theology at a young age. The church I attended was so supportive of the elementary school I attended that many of my friends went there only because the church paid for their tuition. One of the most touching moments engrained in my mind was the way my "conservative school" came together after a fire left only a little hill and a concrete slab where my home used to be. Neighbors and church members brought together enough spare furniture and household items to fill the academy's gymnasium. I was blown away when I got to pick out new toys and a new sofa for the living room in the house the school provided as a replacement. However, this same church environment later proved detrimental to me in many avoidable ways.

Not much happened between the day my life was flown across the Atlantic and my next vivid memory less than a year later. I was quite excited when my grandma, by far my closest friend among extended family, decided to visit us. My parents needed to drive several hours to meet her at the airport, and to spare me a lengthy trip, they left me with the neighbors.

I was particularly close friends the boy next doors who was just over a year my elder. Though he always seemed rowdier than I, we spent a lot of time on his trampoline and forging new trails through the forest. In many ways, I looked up to him.

At some point that weekend, his mom told him to tidy up his room. While putting all his toys in shelves and boxes (and probably stuffing most into the closet) he motioned me over to his dresser. Suddenly, I froze as he proceeded to expose himself to me and ask me to touch him. I now know of stories where the boy in my shoes turned and ran the other way. I wish I could say that I, too, left that encounter trying to forget it (or, even better, ran to adults for help). Rather, I remember not initially understanding what I was seeing (at seven, I was unprepared for any sort of sexual encounter), and then becoming very curious after several hours. What was that feeling? I didn't know, but it turned out that when he presented the opportunity again, I was willing to take the risk to find out. I have no need to go into graphic detail, but while I was curious to experience something new, there were things that he asked of me that I was thoroughly uncomfortable with. Sadly, with perfect hindsight, I now see how they clearly point to his own molestation in the past.

A little later, when his dad came into his room and asked us how we were doing, while my friend kept his resolve, I was immediately overwhelmed with guilt and blurted out how I was really doing. After what seemed like a several-hour long interrogation and lecture about "never doing something like that again," we were set loose to go play again. When my parents came to pick me up the next day, my mom confronted me about what the neighbors told her. After getting scolded for hiding things from her and being reminded that Jesus was always watching, I spent the rest of my afternoon curled up on my bed praying, in shame, that Jesus would forgive me for what I had allowed myself to be a part of.

I don’t recount that experience because I was suddenly interested in other boys from that day forward. Neither molestation nor early same-sex sexual activity is a certain forecast for an individual’s sexuality. However, even though I didn’t think about that memory for years it very well could have affected me.

**Figuring it Out**

It's extremely difficult to pinpoint a day or location where I first remember being different from other boys, but in retrospect I can see that by my tenth birthday I wanted to be emotionally closer to my male friends than they wanted to be to me. As early as fourth grade, I began to notice the guys in my class much more than the girls. Without realizing what was happening, I began developing feelings for several of my classmates. I didn't resent myself for it because I didn’t have any indication that what I was experiencing wasn't normal for boys my age. Instead of thinking "I’m gay," I believed I just wasn't cool enough.  
The story of how I realized I was attracted to boys is somewhat unconventional and counterintuitive. As a naive eleven-year-old who thought he knew the Bible inside and out, I would pick fights with the LGBT community and allies on social media. I had heard enough from whispered conversations between classmates and church members to know God despised this particular sin, and for some reason, I cared to let others know. Of course, my arguments about homosexuality being a sin and God despising homosexuals were intellectually inferior to that of someone twice my age who knew how to find scientific papers. Luckily, that phase didn't last long. #FIXME (erase this?)

During one night at a close friend's house (let’s call him Mark), Mark excitedly asked to borrow my iPod so he could show me something. While handing it back to me, I noticed "naked women" in the Google Images search bar. I didn't need a second glance to be horrified at the results. I may have surprised him by shutting down that experience immediately, but I surprised myself more a few weeks later when I found myself looking for pictures of naked guys in the same manner.

At first, I had no clue what was going on, but I quickly began to realize that I wanted deeper, more personal friendships with my male friends. While they swooned over the single girl in their grade level (I attended a very small private school) I found that I could not relate. Instead, I would listen and compare the feelings they had for girls with the ones I felt for them. I was the odd boy out. Eventually, Mark and mine’s short-lived venture into pornography opened the door to more experimentation. First, I was asked to sext (well, okay, all I had was an email back then) and then to experiment with him physically. Soon, I didn't need to be encouraged every time and sometimes I would even be more the instigator than the obedient young follower.

Although I was definitely curious at this time, I was simultaneously quite unhappy about my feelings for guys. It didn't take me long to follow my feelings and rising hormones to a quick Google search that told me I was gay. Suddenly, I wasn't arguing with people on social media that "the homosexuals" belonged in hell. Mercifully, whatever hate speech I couldn't personally find and remove was eventually deleted along with all of Google's failed attempt at social media. Thus, before I was 12, I was already well-aware of my orientation and entered into a mental conflict that would continue to haunt me for over a decade.

**Shaping My Understanding**

One summer evening after my new self-realization, I remember helping serve dinner and then carrying everyone's dirty dishes away. My sister joked "Ac is being so nice lately. He's must have, like, gotten a girl pregnant and is just being super nice before you guys find out about it." My parent's laughed while I cringed. I remember thinking *I wish I had feelings like that for a girl. It would be so much better than the feelings I am really experiencing.*

In addition to beginning to have doubts about what my attraction to boys meant, I was beginning to feel more distant from my father. Most of the things he seemed to enjoy doing, such as fixing cars, I found no interest in. Instead, I was more likely to play with my sister's dolls or don a dress she gave me to amuse myself. This was completely unintentional from both sides, but it still had a lasting impact. Perhaps because my dad never had much of a father figure in his life, he didn't know how to reach me himself. I wouldn't be left on uncertain ground with my dad for long, however.

One evening my mom summoned me to my parent's bedroom. As soon as I saw my dad's face, I knew I was in trouble. "What is this?" my dad pointed to his laptop. He was looking at some of my more explicit emails with Mark. I stumbled over my words as guilt surrounded me. I can never recall getting any sort of sex-ed from my parents, but I knew enough from my environment to know that I wasn't supposed to talk dirty with friends. My dad pointed to more emails. Between my apologies and mental gymnastics to try to extricate myself from an incredibly uncomfortable situation, I claimed that it meant nothing and that they were just jokes or bad ideas between the two of us.

I can’t recall if my parents were crying, but I know I was. It was emotional, but I didn't try too hard to hold it in since I hoped it would help alleviate my punishment. I left scolding myself for being careless enough to engage in prohibited activities where my parents might see them. I aimed to be more careful next time.

Very soon, based on some of the things the Bible said about "homosexuals" and the general atmosphere about the topic at school, I began to descend into much self-doubt and mental conflict over the feelings I was having. My most vivid memory that shaped how I perceived the church viewed me is from seventh grade. One Sabbath I was working in the brand-new audio-visual booth above the rest of the congregation when right before the Pastor began his message he announced, "Now, brothers and sisters, I've heard of other churches in California doing some dangerous things that contradict the word of God. You may have heard of churches that are accepting homosexuals. I just wanted to say that **we** are **not** going to allow ourselves to follow in their footsteps! We are God's people. No homosexuals will be accepted in **this** church!"

The *amen*s resounded. To his credit, I never recall a full "anti-homosexual sermon" from any of the pastors throughout my years at that church. However, the words spoken that morning, and a few other times from the pulpit, skewered my heart. I slumped down in my chair in front of several soundboards and trembled. Although the aging congregation appreciated my pastor's promise to not compromise their beliefs and invite "those people" into his church, they failed to realize that I was *already* there.

By the time I was thirteen it seemed like the anti-homosexual narrative was everywhere. Nothing in my environment had drastically changed, but I became hyper-aware of anything that could provide information about the feelings I was experiencing. When my principal discussed with my teacher how he thought that homosexuals were just confused, I stopped to listen. When my teacher theorized, "What they are feeling isn't love. They don't know what love is. I mean, how could they?" the listening stopped. A habit of self-derision and overthinking settled in its place.

The adults in my life never offered any type of understanding toward those with whom I shared my feelings as I became a teenager. Because being gay was considered so disgusting in my community, the topic was never discussed in public. This formed a lonelier reality for me, as I found myself on an even deeper level of my "minority within the minority" status. Worse, though, was that I was now completely involuntarily a part of a group of people that many in my community hated.

Through seventh grade, I still probably could have come to more logical conclusions about myself and my sexuality. Instead, near the end of elementary school, one experience built fear and self-preservation into my understanding of sexuality.

Right around the time I started having significant desires to find others with whom I could relate, I managed to join a dating app through Facebook and control my preferences so that I could message other gay teens. I began to secretly borrow one of my mom's devices during the night to talk to a guy I’ll call Tristan, who, of course, assured me that he loved me and wanted to spend the rest of his life with me. I wasn't gullible enough to believe everything he told me, but hearing "I love you more" or "I think you're beautiful" was a welcome change from my daily reality where anyone I might have liked had no capacity to like me back. Most importantly, I realized that I wasn’t the only one in the world experiencing attraction to the same gender.

Having access to the internet in the middle of the night eventually lead to some more Pornhub exploration, but both that and my secret correspondence promptly ended a week or two later when I fell asleep instead of returning the device one night.

"*SMACK!*" It was on a Wednesday morning that I woke up while my head was mid-flight between my father's palm and the ladder on the side of my bunk bed. Another blow hit my face before I realized what was happening. "When you come back from school, I'm going to deal with you." I quickly collected my thoughts as my father's words faded.

For my entire school day and at subsequent extracurricular activities I found myself worried and nerve racked. What didn't make sense was that my dad had hit me. Hard. My father had never been physically abusive. I knew it was often a problem in other households, but I believed I was lucky enough to not have to deal with that. Every moment of the day was filled with anxiety about what would happen once I came back home.

At home, instead of helping my mom unload groceries, I was directed to follow my father into the woods behind our home. I was still mentally unprepared to process the situation. Shocked, I took more punches and slaps without resistance.

Soon, he took me to an empty room in our basement and delivered the heartfelt lecture that I had initially expected. I recall how he admitted that sometimes guys "have a lot of testosterone" and they may need to "let it out" sometimes. However, *this* (gay sexual activity) was what had disgusted him the most ever since he was a boy. After half an hour, the message I received was clear. Being gay was the most disgusting thing. I would have rather been in trouble for actually having sex with a girl than for watching gay porn.

"You know that this is the worst thing you could be doing."  
"Mhmmm."  
"You want to have a wife and kids someday, right?"  
"Of course."  
"Mommy and I talked and we decided that we are going to find professional help for you so you can figure out these confused feelings."  
"Okay."  
"And don't tell anyone else about this. Especially don't talk to grandma and grandpa about this. I'm not sure if they could take it at their age."

I wasn't used to seeing my father cry, but back then, I thought I understood why this occasion was so significant to him. I tried to imagine what it would be like to realize that my own child embodied what I found the most distasteful. Realistically, his motives were likely more grounded in what he believed was best for me, but yet another adult’s disgust at my sexuality is what I remembered most.

My father apologized the next day, but I wasn't nearly ready to forgive. Instead, I mentally followed a path that further isolated me. Because my parents were not native English speakers, I was not accustomed to receiving academic help. This carried over to emotional struggles which were never really discussed at home. Although in time they would have likely listened if I was willing to share, I wasn’t about to start opening up when I faced something as scary as having feelings for guys.

I aimed to distance myself from my parents to emotionally protect myself from their initial reaction to my sexuality. I set out to stop caring about what my parents, especially my father, thought about me. This strategy proved to be almost too successful. I can't say that anything my parents did or said after that made a difference to me regarding my sexuality.

My parents booked a weekly meeting with a therapist at a private therapy center in a nearby city. I had read stories online about gay conversion therapy camps and some of the more conservative Exodus-affiliated ministries and was justifiably horrified when I heard I was going to see a therapist that specialized in cases like mine. Thankfully my experience was nothing like a story out of *Boy Erased* or *Stranger at the Gate*. Instead of electric shock therapy machinery or verses from Leviticus in picture frames there were shelves lined with books about marriage.

I admit I wasn't an easy thirteen-year-old to work with, but I had my doubts about the bald man with a million questions. One of the success stories he boasted was about a gay man who had come to him six or seven years prior and had finally purged himself of all sexual attractions. Now he wasn't attracted to anyone. If that wasn't a worthy goal, what was, right? I silently wished for that but decided not to let it show. In the first of my few meetings with him, I was informed that I was not actually homosexually oriented, but rather I was going through a phase. I went in and out of therapy every Tuesday with the same thick book on *A Godly Marriage* and the same determination to quit as soon as I could. I didn't want help from someone who had researched sexuality. I wanted someone who could relate to what I was going through, but my therapist admitted he was incapable of that.

Unfortunately, some of my friends in junior high also supported my growing self-hatred. Comments among the pre-teens often attacked any form of same-sex attraction. Many of my friends would cat call each other and slap each other on the crotch. Although as far as I know I was the only gay one, I was also often the only one uncomfortable with that behavior. Very soon, my early introduction to and interest in sexual activity inverted when it was made abundantly clear that being gay was just about the worst thing that could happen to you.

Since I was being taken out of school every Tuesday for therapy, it took less than a month for my then best friend and first crush in eighth grade (let’s call him Jack) to figure out what was going on. First, he started theorizing that I was going to get help with some mental health issue, then specifically that it was for sexual orientation therapy. Support or someone to safely talk to would have been amazing at this point, but instead one of my closest friends since kindergarten turned on me.

It began with teasing, lewd jokes, and name calling. He soon lost resolve address me directly and used his sister, who was in a clique with the gossip queen, as a messenger. I retaliated by trying to be nice to him every time he reminded me how disgusting I was. Miraculously, this either confused him or wore away at his resolve to hate me because the following school year he stopped bothering me. Sadly, this would not be the only friend I would lose over the issue of my sexuality.

As I finished elementary school, the message I received from my environment was unanimous. Being attracted to other boys was a sin. Most destructive was the follow-up message: it was worse than any other sin. There were almost certainly church members who would have been caring and non-judgmental if I had come to them, but at this point I was too afraid to tell anyone. I had never heard the topic discussed in a civil manner. The handful of adults that knew my secret unanimously advised me to bury it as deep as I could.

"Well, whatever you do, you shouldn't talk about this. It's shameful."

The problem that most fundamentally scarred me at this age was other's ability to nonchalantly dehumanize queer individuals. The first form of dehumanization was ignorance. The majority of the people I knew up until the age of seventeen would rather pretend that I and others in the queer community didn't exist. When sexuality *was* discussed, most assumed that no one around was gay. Thus, language such as *those people*, *the homosexuals*, and *fags* was often used.

"I just can't *stand* it when *they* hold hands in public."

"What has our world come to. Now we have to watch our backs, so those homosexual pedophiles don't hurt our kids."

Secondly, the distaste towards homosexuality was extremely widespread. For example, I vividly remember driving through our small southern town the day after Obergefell v. Hodges was decided. Several church signs proudly displayed sermon titles such as "Two men? That's not a marriage" and "It’s Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve".

At this stage my understanding of my own sexuality can be best described by one of my many prayers that I can still clearly recall. One night I became especially worried about my increasing interest in boys. I decided to pray for deliverance once again, but instead I pleaded for a compromise.

"Dear God, you saw me struggling with my thoughts today. I don't why, but something is wrong with me. I've tried so hard not to think about guys, but I can't seem to get any better. I know you didn't make heaven for people like me, and I know that I'm not going there, but that's okay. All I ask is that even though I belong in hell, if you could please use me to help get other people to be in heaven, that could make my time worthwhile on earth. That would make me happy. Amen."

**Failing to be Straight**

By the age of fifteen, my experience had taught me that when my family and friends learned of my sexuality, they either believed I needed to be cured, or worse, that I was suddenly a threat to them. Clearly, I had to keep it a secret. The problem was, many of the people in my school already knew that I was gay or had heard rumors due to all the things Jack had said about me.

Thus, when my father decided to move to Collegedale, I felt as if I had been handed a blank slate to build a new reputation on. A reputation that did *not* include my sexuality. So, I set out to do just that. I focused on academics and friends. I tried to believe I was straight. I even embraced a new name, "Ac".

Although my self-perception was already dangerously unhealthy, it quickly degraded further as distance strained my few remaining friendships. Once my only space for sharing and reflecting on my own experience with sexuality disappeared, I found myself completely alone with my own thoughts. I began to think obsessively about my damnable form of love. It was clear to me that God detested sin and I sinned without even thinking about it. When I thought about what I'd heard from my friends’ parents, school deans, and teachers I acquired a very bleak and unrealistic picture of the queer community as filled with monsters. Thus, when the opportunity presented itself, I became determined to become straight. I wanted to avoid a future where I, too was a pedophile and actively supported the devil's goals.

Of course, I didn't feel or do any of the things rumored gay people felt or did, but I just assumed that would come in time. I might not feel the irresistible urge to have gay sex, but apparently that is what my feelings would turn into if cured early on. I didn't feel attracted to kids much younger than myself, but the nightmare of my likely future wouldn't leave my head. Recurring dreams of being rejected by everyone I knew convinced me that if I wanted to be accepted for who I was by the church, if I was to join God's side in the great controversy again, I would have to become straight. Until then, there was no point in even trying to talk to Him.

My first defense to pray the gay away fell short quickly. Was I not praying hard enough? Should I be crying every night rather than occasionally? All I ever felt while praying by my bed were the vibrations of my ceiling fan.

I reflected on my therapy sessions for inspiration for further ideas. One thing I remembered was my therapist talking to me about how I needed to *want* to change if he was going to be of any help. That I needed to hate my homosexuality enough to want to leave it behind for good. Did I hate that part of myself enough? I reasoned maybe not. I simply tried to will the disgust into myself whenever I had a "gay thought." Usually these were most prevalent while walking between classes at school. *Oh, he's smiling at m-NO stop that. You can't think about that, ever.* I soon realized my will wasn't enough though.

Next, I had what I thought then to be the most brilliant idea to condition my mind using paired association. I hoped if my “gay thoughts” became mentally linked to pain and punishment, I would naturally draw away from them. For the next few weeks, I would duck out of school hallways into the restrooms to hit my head against the walls after thinking about a popular guy walking at the other end of the hall. When I couldn't bring myself to inflict too much pain, I used my locker door instead.

This conditioning didn't really achieve what I hoped, though. Rather than feeling less gay, I just felt worse about daring to have a crush. It became harder to get up, to look into a mirror. My mind started exploring other, more radical possibilities. What if I figured out how to be castrated? Would no testosterone equal no problems? I wasn't in a great position to ask an expert, so I decided not to do anything hastily before I could be sure to get the facts straight.

Despite already spending over a semester trying to resolve and re-rail my sexuality, I thought I wasn't trying hard enough. I noticed that thinking about a kind or attractive guy often began with seeing a kind or attractive guy. I began to control every action or idea that could lead to me having "gay thoughts."  
He was asking to borrow a pencil? Sure, but I should put it on his desk, so I don't accidentally touch his hand. Was that Tristan smiling at me from across the hall? I'd better look the other way.

This quickly led to a rather obsessive fight to guard myself from any interactions that may be interpreted by others as gay. I remember sitting down in a classroom after successfully avoiding eye contact with all my male classmates. I meant to ask the teacher about my grade, but a classmate walked in and sat in front of me.

*Ahh, I probably can't get up without seeing him. Probably best to sit here and intently stare at my iPad. Wait, why are you even thinking about another guy . . . wait does my finger look like it's pointed at him? He might figure out I'm gay . . .*

I curled up my hand. I hid my eyes behind my hair.

*Or what if I look unnatural around other guys, that might also give it away . . . did he notice that I noticed . . .*

I forced myself to relax. I tried not to notice, not to even think. I realized I was going crazy.  
I was failing at it all over again. The idea that liking guys wasn't a satanic ritual may have crossed my mind, but the delusions I had bought into were reinforced over and over again. For instance, when my friends liked someone, others were dying to know who it was.

"Believe in yourself."

"You won't know until you try."

But when a friend suspected that I might like someone or I dared share my darkest secret with them, I was often avoided. Slowly disassociated. A handshake was no longer seen as a friendly straight handshake, but as an opportunity for a gay to touch them. In my mind, the divide between myself and rest of humanity grew.

It's not that my friends, and peers were judgmental or mean. We just came from a background that normalized this phobia. I know this because I fully understood why I was viewed this way. I doubt whether I would have acted differently had I been in their position. Thought I was rarely bullied directly, many slurs and comments hit me harder than anyone would have dared spew them if they knew they were aiming at me.

Overall, the most detrimental experience may not have been enduring the derision and gay jokes that made fun of the hardest struggle I faced. Rather, my steadfast belief that my church offered the full, undiluted truth and that this included hating gay people made the most permanent impact. My church did not, in fact, officially believe many of the things the culture portrayed, but technical theology and official statements made no impact for me next to the way the topic was mentioned when someone dared broach the subject.

Having devalued my own non-straight life and losing motivation to become straight, I shuffled closer to an invisible line at the deep end of depression. Ending my life wasn't a novel idea, but it was one that grew almost impossible to refute. I was afraid I wouldn't make it if I kept thinking about my sexuality. Because I lived within two hundred feet of train tracks, I knew I only needed to slip up once to lose all my future fights.

To push it as far away as possible, I aimed to focus so much of my energy and attention on my academics that I would have none left for thinking "gay thoughts" or even thinking about being gay. Though a temporary solution which eventually backfired, this ploy did keep me going till college.

**Paradigm Shift**

Eventually the human necessity to be known conquered my fear of rejection, I decided that if people would reject or fear me because of who caused butterflies in my stomach then they ought to. It was preferable to having friends as unknown factors in my life. Besides, I wasn't naive enough to think that I was the only one hurt when I came out. My friends must have felt it too. I reasoned that fallout with friends was easier to face earlier in a relationship rather than later.

In fact, of the few male friends I opened up to, I viewed those experiences as me providing the warnings that my friends deserved. If they were friends with someone who may become a monster, they deserved a heads up.

I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was when instead of disgust, some of my friends showed support. After all, my best friend didn't hate me after I came out to him years prior. I recall opening up to one friend who followed up with teasing me about how much harder his looks must make my life. Soon, I even opened up to an adult whose reaction and support slowly changed my own self-perception.  
At first, very few reactions were positive, but with my expectations incredibly low anything remotely supportive sounded like a miracle.

Often my friend would tell me what I'm feeling was wrong. Some would offer prayers, and I appreciated that, for I knew I ought to. Others were no longer friends, or no longer the same friends. Some remained the same friends as long as I continued to pretend that I was no different.

By the end of high school, I'd become quite skilled about ignoring my sexuality. This allowed me to regain the feeling of almost belonging and an unreliable but savored joy for life. I could appreciate my accomplishments while ignoring my emotional and romantic attraction to the same gender. Self-harm and the fear of emotional proximity were the only fruits my attempts at becoming straight produced, so I allowed myself to accept help from others.

One friend gave me Christopher Yuan's book and suggested that I go to therapy. I read the book but resented seeing a therapist due to past unpleasant experience. Another friend started sending me various resources and clips of sermons. Better yet, she was willing to listen.

When I was invited to a short seminar at a nearby church, I jumped at the opportunity. I recall attending all the meetings and privately asking the once-gay speaker about how to live life with the crushing burden of having these unwanted attractions. He procured his own book, which, although a powerful conversion story, didn't answer any of the questions that pertained to my life. For instance, most of these resources recounted former lives filled with drug dealing, premarital sex, and/or addictions. They explained how being same-sex attracted may not be a conscious choice but living in the homosexual lifestyle was. This often left me wondering what in my life constituted a "homosexual lifestyle" and how I could escape the sins I didn't know I was committing.

Despite mixed messages, I noticed that a few of those I had entrusted with my secret simultaneously cared about me and loved God. This challenged my belief that Christians hated gay people. Although the mere presence of my sexuality seemed to contradict the possibility, those that proved they cared regardless, made me consider that I could love God and be loved as well.

My reconnection to God was nothing like the testimonies I had heard growing up. I had read countless stories of people narrowly evading death and turning to God who spared them for His purposes. Even my father occasionally told his gripping testimony. Several people I knew personally turned their lives around radically when they committed themselves to following Christ. "I stopped smoking immediately," a coworker explained. "Oh, and I became vegan overnight, too."

Though, I enjoyed hearing these stories and appreciated God's power to transform, my conversion story proved more prolonged and unremarkable than those routinely published. Getting to know God didn't make me straight. I expected to feel awful on account of my feelings in front of the God whose Word was quoted to justify queer dehumanization. Instead, I felt the most at peace with myself and my sexuality while spending time with Him. Instead of condemnation, I experienced comfort.

These new insights weren't mine alone. As I opened up to more friends and acquaintances, many faced assumptions about the queer community that had never been challenged before, likely because I was the first individual to open up to them. I grew accustomed to reactions such as, "Well, I've always known it's bad to be gay, or LGBTQ-whatever. But I've never really thought about it much . . . at least not until you came out to me." Suddenly, the queer community no longer comprised only "people who want to undermine marriage." With a friend in the picture, everyone “on the other side” became more human.

I certainly can’t point fingers. While I noticed others' perception of the queer community shifting, *my own* self-image transformed as my prejudices and homophobia gradually dissolved. Likely the most beneficial part of this process was leaving behind the shame I had carried since I recognized I was gay. When I came out to my closest few friends in elementary and high school, I would often feel the need to apologize for being their friend. In my mind it was a potentially devastating misfortune to be close to someone like me. Challenging the homophobia I was accustomed to and disentangling myself from shame over sexuality went hand-in-hand.

If I opened up to a friend or mentor, it was no longer out of fear. Besides desiring transparency, I also wanted to begin to confront the misconceptions some of my peers and superiors had about queer individuals. Most were assumptions that I had to break down myself.

*Were gay people pedophiles?* Neither I nor any queer individuals I knew had felt anything that supported that.

*Was describing myself as gay "one step closer to the gay lifestyle?"* What even was that? I was gay but I had no lifestyle other than that of an intensely studious academic.

*Was the Bible "super clear" that same-sex romantic relationships are sinful?* If so, why is there such a large debate about it?

My point is not that I was suddenly enlightened and found all the *true answers* about sexuality and God’s intent for it. Rather, once I recognized how little I knew, I was finally prepared to start digging into the stories, theology, and research to gain a better understanding. Studying more testimonies and theological works on the subject reveled how many of my assumptions I had never challenged before.

To illustrate, while reading Robert Gagnon’s work on sexuality, I ran into a professor who politely asked what I was so focused on. After showing him the cover, he chuckled “Well the Bible is *very clear* about homosexuality. It’s a sin.” I immediately challenged his statement and asked why he held this view. Though, I can't speak for the queer community in general, I personally didn’t care whether he, or any of my friends, held an affirming or non-affirming theology. What bothered me was that he was unable to give a single reason for his belief. Rather than answer, he changed the subject.

Gradually distancing myself from cycles of depression and self-degradation in college felt phenomenal, but I still couldn't comprehend how my sexuality would affect my life as a Christian. I couldn't go on ignoring it like I had in high school. When looking for answers, I received a wide range of suggestions and solutions from the peers and adults I had confided in.

"You need to go to this one ministry I heard about in Texas."  
"If you're truly seeking God, he will work miracles in your life."  
"I'm sure if you just meet the right girl . . ."  
"We just need to find you a boyfriend Ac."

I decided to put my trust in God. I wanted to be sure of my decisions before I threw more of my life behind the effort at orientation change. Thus, although I had never been much of a prayer warrior, I was extremely intentional about asking God daily whether I could expect to be straight one day. I had never made progress before, so was it ever going to be worth the effort? If so, I was prepared follow through with what strength I had left. If not, I needed to figure out what that meant for me.

After a few months I felt like I was getting some sort of answer back through morning devotions and generally throughout conversations with a few mentors. If my focus was on being straight, my focus was entirely in the wrong place. Apparently, I was asking a largely irrelevant question. I didn't need to be straight. As if that would more holy before God than where I was now. Instead, God seemed to be asking whether I was willing to follow Him wherever he may lead and accept that to be enough.

Unexpectedly, I felt as if a huge burden had been lifted. Of course, following Him isn't simple either. First, I struggled to make sense of what this answer meant because I didn’t have much experience “following God.” However, in time God did lead, though not in the direction that I expected.

To me, it makes a difference when someone chooses to recognize they are uninformed rather than pretending to know everything. So does taking a moment to consider that when we speak in public there are closeted individuals listening. Often young impressionable ones.

I've heard many individuals argue that because children are impressionable, they need to be told the full truths to combat our world's destructive messages. The challenge with this approach is that it becomes too easy to feel like our behavior is excused by our raw truth. Conservative theology doesn't need to include asking a fifteen-year-old me "don't you agree that those homosexual folks are disgusting?" Although only a minority of people I knew in my community said things like that, there were even fewer willing to challenge those remarks.

Though I naturally avoid confrontation, I believed that if I was to see a change I needed to be part of it. My expectations of God once focused on becoming heterosexual, but instead I found God pushing me to leave behind the shame that had ruled my life for a decade. As I dug deeper into theology and stories of Christians such as Justin Lee, Greg Coles, and Mel White, who had publicly come out as gay, I became increasingly convicted to stop hiding my sexuality.

While I hoped my story could encourage individuals with a similar journey, coming out was necessary to improve my own mental health. By 2021, I had decided to come out and soon picked a random date, February 4th, to do so. I was definitely afraid of receiving hate from my community, but when the time came I didn't really receive any directly. Being an introvert, it was likely that not many people noticed, which was fine with me.

Coming out did, in fact, improve my mental health. The cycles of depression I had grown accustomed to further dissipated and I no longer bore the weight of keeping physical lists of who I'd come out to.

I've come a long way from the thirteen-year-old that prayed God would use him before leaving him to burn in hell. Still, my journey is far from over. I'm merely a college student with his own experiences, personal research, and developing relationship with God.