Dear Bill,

First of all, I hope this correspondence finds you and your family well. I know it has been quite some time since you and I last spoke. Today, I am writing to break the silence and communicate to you a burden that has been weighing heavily on my heart.

Please allow me to preface what I’m about to say with the following: I loved FCA. I truly did. My time in FCA was amazing and it was an incredible time of growth in my walk with the Lord. So, for that, I thank you. I know that what I’m about to say may be painful to hear, but please know that is not my intention. Regardless, I need to get this burden off of my chest.

Your actions—barring me and my friends from leading FCA—almost destroyed my faith. Before your decision, I had a faith that could move mountains and you singlehandedly crumbled my faith into a broken heap of nothingness. I almost did not recover. My faith was almost extinguished.

By asking us—by asking me—to step down, you told me that I was not good enough to lead. You told me that I was not CHRISTIAN enough to lead an organization by which I lived every aspect of my life. You told everyone in the organization that I was less. You told me that God could never truly love me—who I am—the way He made me. Whether you realized it or did it intentionally is irrelevant. You equated me to a heathen—a Godless creature—not worthy of worshiping the one, true God.

I’m not going to try to convince you that homosexuality is not a sin. In the end, it is irrelevant. What is important is that you realize that your actions, your choices, PUSHED—even THREW me away from God, my Heavenly Father.

I want you to know how your actions affected me so that you won’t make the same mistake with another freshman looking for her place at Texas A&M. My hope is that your actions will never cause another Christian to lose faith—or even stumble upon her walk. You should be there to help and support young Christians as they face the trials and tribulations of college life. There are plenty of problems to tackle without singling out our brothers and sisters for being different.

Humbly sir, my hope is that this serves as your wake-up call. We are all children of God. He loves us all—equally and unconditionally.

This last part is the hardest—with the strength of our Savior and a rebuilt faith that can once again move mountains—I forgive you.

Peace be with you,

Rachel Boenigk