

Letter 126
You Too Can Become A Homosexual - Part 1
(... If You Believe A Lie)
2012-07-14

Dear Dan,

Jesus, speaking of the Devil said, "When he speaks a lie, he speaks from his own *resources*, for he is a liar and the father of it..." (John 8:44c).

And so it was that the Devil had a plan of perversion for my life that included me becoming a homosexual.

It really started with that first laugh when I went to visit my female playmate. The Lord opened my ears even at that young age so I could hear the devil laughing at me, and so that now, in the fullness of time, I can clearly understand by Scripture how to overcome the "unfruitful works of darkness".

Then, in the house I grew up in, when I was still very young, I suffered from what I can only guess was a misunderstanding by my mom.

This happened when I was about four, perhaps almost five. My mom had up until recently allowed me to bathe with her to save water (hot water cost money to heat) and to make it easy for her to bathe me.

One day, she was taking a bath by herself. Being bored I wandered to the bathroom door and seeing it standing about halfway open, I peeked through the crack between the hinge side of the door and the doorframe. I remember that I was playing a sort of hide and seek. At that time I was still too young to worry about nakedness.

But my mom saw me peering into the bathroom from behind the door and became furious. She lost her temper and scolded me severely. After that she put wide tape all along the door edge to prevent a reoccurrence. Later on I wondered why she just didn't close the door, but now I think it was so she could hear what I was getting into while she was bathing.

Her anger left me confused. I really didn't know what I did wrong, and it was that confusion that Satan saw as an opportunity for corruption in my life. From that point on, I begin to assign shame to the naked body, especially the female form. And I became afraid of girls in general.

Then some time after that, at my grandmother's house, I had occasion to get dirty from playing outside or something, to the point that my mom decided to wash and dry my clothes. While my clothes were in the wash, my mom looked for something for me to wear. All she could find was one of her mother's old slippers. So she draped it over my head, and I walked around the house with that slip on while waiting for my clothes to dry. My mom's

two younger sisters, my aunts, were there, and I remember them chuckling or laughing a little at the sight of me walking around in ladies' underwear.

It didn't make sense to me why it was funny. I knew it was a girl's garment, and I knew I was not a girl. This just added to my already confused state as to how a male should relate to a female. And I was embarrassed as hell.

Then, after that was the (unintended) rape at (G6).

But these potential weapons of satanic destruction would prove to be of no use to the Devil. God's plan of redemption is too potent. In a year or two I would repent of my sins and be saved, and seven years later I would receive the Baptism of The Holy Spirit. The Mighty Wind from Heaven, which "drives the chaff away".

Blessings...

R.C. Theophilus