

Letter 128
You Too Can Become A Homosexual - Part 3
(... And The Truth Prevailed)
2012-07-14

Dear Dan,

When I was thirteen and in the seventh grade a young man (CB24) knocked on our front door looking for his cat that had gone missing. This young man was not a complete stranger to my folks. His mom, who was widowed, had recently married a widower (CB25) that lived down the street from us. (CB25) was a good friend and co-worker of my dad's, and earlier our family went to the same church as he and his first wife.

(CB25)'s new wife was from Sedro Woolley, and brought to the marriage her son, the young man that came to our house, who was some four years older than me.

Since (CB24) was a Pentecostal Christian, my mom invited him to accompany us to the Wednesday night meetings at the Jesus People Church.

After a few weeks, (CB24) and I begin to become friends. His new step father and maybe his mom didn't believe in TV, so if there was something he wanted to watch, he came over to our house to look at our portable Black & White set.

After a while (CB24) invited me to go with them to church in Sedro Woolley. His mom still had ties there, so they would go to church up there all the way from East King County.

A Lady Pastor pastored the Pentecostal church they went to. If we arrived Saturday night she would let us stay in her house, next door to the church building. There were two small loft bedrooms in the attic, and (CB24) and I would share a large bed in one of them.

I only went to Sedro Woolley two or three times with (CB24). The last time was when I was ridiculed in his mom's Pentecostal Church for not speaking in tongues.

Some time after this, when (CB24) would come over to my house to go with us to Wednesday night meetings, or watch TV, he would spend the night since it was late. My bedroom was a small, detached cabin that my dad had built for me as a bunkhouse. I had my own bed and (CB24) would sleep on a mattress on the floor. (CB24) and I would sometimes "sneak" the TV into the cabin to watch things like "I Dream Of Jeannie" or "Night Gallery".

On one of the sleep over occasions, toward morning, I felt his hand underneath my blankets. This must have disturbed my slumber because I could tell just as I begin to stir out of sleep that he withdrew his hand from under the covers.

I really didn't know why his hand was under my covers. To say anything further would be speculation on my part. I didn't feel his hand on any part of my body. And I never mentioned

this to him or anyone else.

At that time I had in my possession a small microscope that I had received as part of a home science project. It had its own light as well as a mirror, and worked pretty well. (CB24) started asking me if I wanted to look at sperm cells with my microscope. I just said “no”, still being too naive to speculate that he might have wanted more than to just see new slide specimens.

Later on he said he was sorry, and that he was behaving badly. After that we begin to not hang out together as much.

But I do know that, two years later when I was fourteen, after I had received the Baptism Of The Holy Spirit , (CB24) admitted to me of his being “gay”.

We parted company after that. I saw him once many years later at an Assembly Of God Church in Sedro Woolley, and once after that where he lived on Capitol Hill in Seattle. Where he is now I cannot say. But I pray for his deliverance.

There is one point I would like to make. The Pentecostal church that I visited with (CB24) and his mom, in which he grew up; was pastored, or “elderred”, by a woman, thereby producing a condition of disorder within the church. Jesus made it clear that women were not to rule over men in His church. Perhaps that disorder was contributory to (CB24)’s particular sinful condition.

Blessings...

R.C. Theophilus