

# Will you Trust Him?

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By Kerry Potter

It was an early Spring morning as I sat on my front porch watching the sunrise. I had not been able to sleep much the night before, thoughts of all the failures that comprised my life were playing over and over in my mind. I could feel hot tears in my eyes as I rallied all the sincerity I could muster and then I began to pray, **“God, please kill me – please take me home, for I cannot bear to live another day like this. If I can never know the overcoming life you talk about in your word then please just take me home, for it breaks my heart to sin against you and my wife this way. My soul is like a heavily fortified city – with no gates! There is nothing to prevent these dark thoughts from entering my mind and heart. They wear me down – and wear me down, until I finally succumb; no matter how hard I try to fight them – they inevitably win. Where is the victory you promise in your word? Why do you not take these desires from my heart? I want to serve you as the man you have created me to be – but the “mistress” of my heart demands all of me and I cannot shut her out of my mind. PLEASE LORD, JUST KILL ME!”**

As I look back now I realize how selfish that prayer really was, but I also understand the state of desperation I was in when I prayed it. For forty years there had been a battle raging in my mind concerning my transgender feelings and on that morning I knew I had to make a choice; do I give in to the desires of my heart and finally find some peace, or do I believe God and His word?

Deuteronomy 22:5

**“A women must not wear men’s clothing, and a man must not wear women’s clothing. The Lord your God detests people who do this.”**

For as long as I can remember I knew there was something wrong with me; I can remember looking at myself in the mirror and telling myself, “I hate you”. I remember the first day I first dressed up in my mother’s clothes and looking in that same mirror; how truly “right” it looked and felt. I remember how deeply I believed I really was a “female spirit” trapped inside a male body.

But I can also remember how my crossdressing cost me my first marriage, and how it cost me my relationship with my three children and here it was now threatening my current marriage. It demanded all my time and my money – it was demanding the rest of my life. I knew I had to do something, but what? To deny my feelings only seemed to make me more miserable, but to lose my current wife and destroy all my other relationships with family and friends – it was an impossible choice. I did not know what to do – I felt so helpless.

A couple of weeks later I confided my situation to a dear friend and with the Holy Spirit’s help and lot’s of prayer, he and another friend began to gently instruct me about the truth of my situation. They led me to Psalms 139:13-16,

**“You made all the delicate inner parts of my body and knit me together in my mother’s womb. Thank you for making me so complex! Your workmanship is marvelous – and how well I know it. You watched me as I was being formed in utter seclusion, as I was woven together in the dark of the womb. You saw me before I was born. Every day of my life was recorded in your book. Every moment was laid out before a single day had passed.”**

According to God’s word I was not a mistake! They also shared Proverbs 14:12,

**“There is a path before each person that seems right, but it ends in death.”**

So much for relying on my feelings! Then came Romans 9:20,

**“Who are you, a mere human being, to criticize God? Should the thing that was made say to the one who made it, “Why have you made me like this?”**

This was a hard truth, but the reality was that I was not a “female spirit” trapped inside a man’s body; I was a confused man trapped in the sins of idolatry and lust! My dressing in women’s clothes was only the evidence of a much deeper and more serious spiritual problem. By claiming that God had made a mistake and placed my “female” spirit in a male body I was actually saying that God was either an incredibly sadistic God or uncaring and imperfect one. Who in their right mind would want to serve or worship a God like that? By my thoughts and actions I was declaring myself to be God, and my “feelings” had become my standard of truth. Is that not the classic definition of a fallen man? I set myself up as God and then blamed Him for all the parts of my life that were out of control.

Colossians 3:5,6 says this,

**“So put to death the sinful, earthy things lurking within you. Have nothing to do with sexual sin, impurity, lust and shameful desires. Don’t be greedy for the good things of this life, for that is idolatry. God’s terrible anger will come upon those who do such things.”**

I had to face the reality that my problems were not as special or unusual as I thought they were, no matter how much I may have felt that no one could possibly understand what I was going through, the reality was I was just a common sinner like everybody else.

Even though I had received these truth’s into my heart, they had not fully worked themselves out in my life yet; from time to time I would still find myself dressing-up in female clothes and then purging them. But even though I would fall from time to time I knew God had not given up on me. There was so much “junk” to be dealt with in my heart by the Holy Spirit. I had self-image issues, I had pride issues, I had trust issues. I had so many issues and so many hurts in so many places in my heart I could not understand how God, or my wife, or anyone else could even like me – let alone love me.

But the truth is God and my beautiful wife do love me – they love the real me, the scared and broken me – the me that all too often shatters and breaks. God has also led me to other men who, empowered by Christ’s love, were walking the same road as I and overcoming their sexual addictions as well. Through the study of God’s word I gained a new sense of self-worth; I started seeing myself as He saw me. Even though change was not coming on my timetable – it was still coming. The Holy Spirit was busy untangling and removing the lies that had been implanted so deeply in my heart and He was teaching me what it was to be a man – and a child of God.

One day as I was reading my bible the Lord asked me a question, he asked, **“My son, what do you really want?”** After thinking about it I replied, “I want to learn what it is to overcome, I want to be done with this cycle of sin in my life, I want to live in the freedom, holiness and the power you promised me in the scriptures. But most of all I really want to know **you.**”

Then the Holy Spirit then led me to Matthew 16:24,25,

**“Then Jesus said to his disciples, “If any of you wants to be my follower, you must put aside your selfish ambition, shoulder your cross, and follow me. If you try to keep your life for yourself, you will lose it. But if you give up your life for me, you will find true life.”**

Then the Lord said to my spirit, “You fail because you are fighting in your own strength, and you surrender to your fleshly desires instead of surrendering fully to me. If you would fully surrender to me you would find the battle is already won, but if you hold on to these things you will continue to fail – and eventually you will fall. **Do you really want to be my disciple? Will you trust me?”**

Romans 6:3-7 **“Have you forgotten that when you became Christians and were baptized to become one with Christ Jesus, we died with him? For we died and were buried with Christ by baptism. And just as Christ has been raised from the dead by the glorious power of the Father, now we have new lives. Since we have been united with him in his death, we also will be raised as he was. Our old sinful selves were crucified with Christ so that sin might lose its power in our lives. We are no longer slaves to sin. For when we died with Christ we were set free from the power of sin.”**

Galatians 5:24 **“Those who belong to Christ Jesus have nailed the passions and desires of their sinful nature to the cross and crucified them there.”**

So, I obeyed the Lord, it was scary at first, but I finally invited Jesus to be Lord of **all** my heart. I would like to say I surrendered all the “junk” in my heart to Him that day, but in reality it took time. To surrender to the Lord and to live by faith is the easiest, yet hardest, thing I have ever done. It was easy because, I knew down in my heart, that I could trust Him and it was hard because it is difficult sometimes to let go of the things we know and have become comfortable with. But the end result is that the old desire’s are finally being crucified and in their place is a knowledge of the faithfulness of my Savior Jesus and a peace beyond understanding.

Yes, I know there will be some who will read this and say, it is not possible to walk free or to be happy denying oneself. Others will try to justify themselves by playing word games and saying I’ve somehow misrepresented the truth of scripture. Others will try to justify themselves by saying that I was obviously never really transgender at all and therefore could not possibly understand the complexities of what I am is talking about. But in the end it doesn’t matter what anyone else says, **because here I am** – a living epistle and witness to the power of the Cross of Christ, of God’s plan of redemption and His unending love for a lost and broken man. What He has done for me is not unique – and the best news is that it is available to **all** who will simply ask. Do you think it is impossible to be set free from the desires of your sinful nature? Do you think there is a human soul that is too lost to be saved? To me, Jesus has answered these questions and He has more than proved himself faithful and true; but these questions are not for me, they are for you. Will you trust him? Will you walk with Him upon the narrow path?

Matthew 7:13,14 **“You can enter God’s Kingdom only through the narrow gate. The highway to hell is broad, and its gate is wide for the many that choose it’s easy way. But the gateway to life is small, and the road is narrow, and only a few ever find it.”**

All Bible versus quoted from the New Living Translation.