

God's Love Transforms By Jess

I was born in a church-attending family, but never encountered God personally. My parents divorced when I was 6 years old. At the of 7 years old, I had a crush on a girl. I didn't understand what I felt at the age of 7, and never gave it a second thought, I kept on thinking about that girl and was super excited to see her in my dance classes. Years went by and I had crushes on new girls. The feelings became stronger as I gave it more consideration.

I started dressing up as a guy for Halloween every year from around the age of 10 for about 6 years in a row. My family was suspicious, but little did they know that it made me feel so free and happy and it became my favorite time of the year.

Around the same time, I became addicted to online games. It was within the game I created a male character. The character would walk around in a virtual world and meet people from around the globe. I had the urging desire to experiment a life of being treated as a guy and dating girls. It was a dream that kept on growing, at this time.

I knew I couldn't share it with my family members, as they were very conservative. At the age of 14, crying, I shared with my mom of my interest with a girl in my high school classes. My mom replied "I will pray for you, and pray for yourself too." She offered other words also, but they meant very little to me. I did pray and asked God to remove these feelings. They left for maybe a week, but they came back again and never left afterwards.

Meanwhile, I was dating guys at school, forcing myself to be interested in the opposite sex, as well as trying to appease my family's worries, who kept on asking: "So, interested in a guy?" Plus, I enjoyed being someone's favorite human being, and I knew I couldn't be that way for a girl.

Fast forwarding to the beginning of college when I left my mom's house and began dating girls. I had my first heartbreak and fell in deep depression and considered suicide. I turned to God for help. He answered the very next day, showing up through a police officer who pulled me over because I was driving over the speed limit. He was going to give me a ticket, but surprised me when saying, "For today, it's only going to be a verbal warning, as the saying goes: Jesus saves" and grabbed his cross shaped necklace from his vest saying he was a Christian. Yes, this really happened! God used this experience to show me He's real, as well as how much He loves me. I wasn't yet able to fully reach out to God, but I began to take baby steps.

I still didn't know who I was and my feelings for girls were still very present. I knew that God wasn't okay with homosexuality. I began considering what I had been watching on YouTube for the past 1-2 years and what was taught as NORMAL in my psychology of sexuality class in college: Transsexuality.

My psychologist suggested that I would join an LGBT support group, which I did, where I shared my interest to transition to male. By this time, my hair was short and I bought a few men's clothes. I received a lot of support from them. They suggested I should start using male pronouns for myself and they would do the same (so I could experience what that would feel like). It felt WEIRD, but it was very exciting too.

I began to look for a new name, a male name that I would like, as well as changing my entire wardrobe. Lastly, I came out as a transman to friends and family. Shortly after, I became really irritated when someone would call me "ma'am" based on my feminine traits and high pitch voice. This frustration led to wanting hormones BADLY. I saw a psychologist who was able to provide me with a psychological report

where I was diagnosed with what we call "gender dysphoria" after two appointments, and she referred me to a doctor who prescribed me hormones. I was on the hormones for 9 months, and transitioned socially as a man for 1 year and 5 months. I had no intention on turning back. Most of my siblings began to accept it, as well as my colleagues, employers, and friends. They were all supportive, except for my mom and her husband. They stood their ground, and brokenhearted.

I was in a relationship with a woman and we dated for a year. Since she was a nurse, she would give me my injections. I thought my life finally all made sense. It all fell into place, almost like God had planned it all and was pleased with it!

My girlfriend and I went to church together and had personalities who matched super well. It seemed like the perfect relationship I dreamed for. We wanted to get married, so I was planning on having top surgery and having all my papers changed. But all this time, we both didn't know what God said about transition, and we were both aware that homosexuality was NOT His will. We had to find out whether I was a woman or not, so we prayed regularly that God would give us a sign and every time we got one, we knew that we could take it one way or the other. We took it the way that advantaged us most. We rejoiced, but soon after, we found ourselves asking for another sign because we still didn't have peace.

But at some point, we experienced rejection in the church we went to due to our relationship. They considered us to be homosexual. The word spread and we were fearful to continue attending this church. We became churchless for a few months, until we joined a new church where we experienced a love and a freedom that we never experienced before. No one knew at this church that we were two women.

We witnessed healings, deliverances, people were worshipping God with such passion and energy. We knew we found our home church. A pastor from that church talked to us about the Gospel in a way that we never heard it before, and it became CLEAR for the first time. Five days later we repented and gave our life to Christ at the same time at church. Two days later I asked God to change my heart about transition if it wasn't His will and the next morning, the good feelings about it were all gone. It scared me how it could suddenly all disappear.

I wasn't fully ready to give it all just yet, so I waited a few days. I'd hoped the feelings would come back, but they didn't. On the fourth day, I watched testimonies of ex-trans identifying individuals and I received the revelation that transsexuality was not God's will. I began crying and repenting. I put on women's clothes and called my girlfriend, who was on her way to visit her family in another city for the weekend. I told her I wasn't going to take my testosterone shot on that day because I was de-transitioning. She said that just before I called, while she was driving, she received the same revelation from God, confessed it with her mouth and asked God for help. When she came back home, we officially broke up.

A month later, we were both baptized in West Palm Beach Florida during a seminar that we planned to attend a month prior. God is good, isn't He? We moved in separate apartments and soon realized that we weren't attracted to women anymore (she used to consider herself bisexual).

I don't know what's next for me. Recently, I've had the chance to share my testimony at many event, and I desire to help in discipleship wherever I will go, sharing God's love and hope. There is no such thing as a life worth living without Him. In fact, there is no life outside of Him; plain and simple. I do hope that His will includes that I will get married and raise children that will follow Him with an even greater passion!!!