

# Am I Cured of Transsexuality?

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 [help4families.com/am-i-cured-of-transsexuality](http://help4families.com/am-i-cured-of-transsexuality)

by Bill

Am I cured? Will I ever be cured? What would a cure look like; and what would it be like to walk in daily freedom from my old desires to dress like and live as a woman? These are all great questions.

When I first came to the Lord I was 21 years old. I had been cross dressing since I was four years old. I always felt safe when I was dressed up. It was like a security blanket. As I reached adulthood I then became very confused about who I was and who I was becoming. You see I had always had a strong attraction towards women and was very much a man – but I found myself increasingly enjoying wearing women’s clothes. You can call me a “Transvestite,” or whatever other term you want to catalogue me by. The fact is that the more I wore women’s clothes and the more I began watching transsexual pornography, the more I was losing touch with my true-self. In fact, I finally reached a point where I no longer had sexual feelings for women. They were all stripped away from me. I was also becoming more like a woman, whether I wanted to or not.

At the age of twenty-one I realized I had to do something. I had to get it all figured out somehow. Was I going to get a sex change surgery and thereby begin living full-time as a woman? After all, then I would be living for the first time in my life as the “authentic me.” Or, was I going to find some magic cure that would finally solve my problems and make me whole? This was back in 1990 so there was no internet or much other information for me to go on. I began to seek God for the answers and the possible cure.

I thought I grew up a “normal” boy with all the attendant masculine and heterosexual desires (apart from the acts of cross dressing). But the thing that bothered me so was my loss of the attraction towards women. In 1992 I gave my life to Jesus Christ, asking Him to help me get this all figured out once and for all. I read many good books covering many related subjects. One of the best was “Homosexual No More.” In this book I realized things about my “true self” I had never before known. And who I was made by God to be. I stopped cross dressing, throwing away all of my private stash of women’s clothing.

I began to learn more and more about myself. I was always a misfit in school. I very rarely, if ever, received positive attention from my father. I was always the one who got picked last for the team. My earliest memories are that of an absent father and a drunk mother. As I child, I always felt safe and secure when dressed in women’s things.

As I worked through my past my true sexual/gender identity began to be restored. My heterosexual desires for and attraction to women returned. My father and I became reconciled to each other. Things began to come together. I then began dating and eventually married. I reached a point where I had not cross dressed for over ten years. Imagine that! A decade. Wow!

Then after several years of marriage and two children, I decided to try on some of my wife’s undergarments. I was under so much stress and simply did not know how to handle my emotions. I informed my wife of what I had done and shortly thereafter began to seek help from the internet, finally talking to Jay. He has helped me to come into some new understanding about what is really going on. Actually Jay has just pointed me in the right direction and with his help and the Lord’s, I have finally gained lots of new insights. I have it figured out.

When I become stressed I have the desire to reach out for my old security blanket. I am a survivalist! I am just looking to make it to the next day. I reached a point to where I simply just gave in and did as I pleased. This of course didn’t make me feel any better, except for the immediate and very short-lived, momentary relief. Afterwards, I felt nothing but increasing shame and worse.

You see, I am a man. I was born a man. I will always be a man. Crossdressing is only an escape to a fantasy make-

believe land. It's not real and that is what always drew me to it. But I now choose to live in reality.

I now choose to take responsibility for my actions and I know that the choice is mine to make. Always mine. Will I choose to live in my escapist fantasy, or will I choose reality? I now choose to take full responsibility for my actions, knowing that the choice is always before me. I cannot have the "best of both worlds." If I choose to feed the fantasy, the worse it gets.

When I first started dressing again, it started small. "I will just wear the pantyhose," I said. But the more I crossed the gender line, the worse and more involved it all became once more. I eventually reached a point where I wanted to go out into the public fully dressed as a woman. Seeing this clearly for what it was, I elected to get some help and heal myself of this awful invasion of insanity and become healed and whole. And that's what I have and am doing.

I now no longer dress. Will I ever struggle with the inclinations to dress again? If I do, does that then mean that I am not cured? I have come to understand that I will indeed be periodically tempted to return to cross dressing. It would be stupid of me to think I would not want to return to it when in the midst of tensions or some awful time in my life. But that doesn't matter to me for I have chosen a much healthier way to live my life.

Am I cured? That depends upon the steady choices I make for myself and what I am going to do in the midst of temptation. I have to choose for myself what I am going to do. I choose to walk in freedom. You can too!