

From bitterness to “Times of honey”

The story of my rejection

My name is Jessica, from Chile; in my family we are 5 siblings, since I was a child we went to evangelical Church my mother a housewife and my father worker of the Army, a very strong and chauvinist male.

When my mother got pregnant, of me, he told her that he hoped that baby (me) was a boy. There was the moment where my story of rejection began.

My mother, scared for the warning of my father, she used to repeat herself that I had to be a boy. The day of my birth I didn't want to birth. It took many hours of labour to the doctor and the team of the Hospital because I couldn't get out.... When finally they took me out, in pain and even still bleeding, my mother asked to the doctor the sex of the baby and the answer was “a beautiful little girl” my mother started to cry and she asked him, full of anguish: are you sure? And the doctor said” yes, is a girl” that for her was a sentence.

I don't remember much of my early childhood, but I have some fuzzy memories.... Is night, I'm in front of the tv watching a horror movie, I'm scared but I'm alone, I don't have my mother to refuge or my father that contain me. Generally I am alone. I don't remember gestures of affection from my parents. All the opposite occurred, I remember the absence of my father, he never was at home, and I never ever spoke to him. I feared him, for his screams and bad temper. On the other hand I remember my mother always hitting me, always angry, frustrated, and tired and she took all those feelings over me.

After my birth my mother suffered a deep depression for 9 years. I think it started with a postnatal depression and it was followed by many family problems. She took all her anger and frustration out on me; she used to hit me for no reason. I avoided to talk or being close to her to avoid the insult or being hit.

I had a neighbor of my age Camila; we were in the same class. She was organized, well behaved and had good grades, one day my mom, very angry yelled at me: “I would have preferred a thousand times that Camila was my daughter, not you!!!”. I would never forget those words.... That day I felt that my life was broken in thousand pieces, her words...they made echo in my mind for many years. I was only 10 years old. A few weeks later my mom was called from the School because I lowered the grades, they suspected that I was very sad, and that it was a kind of depression. My mother told them that it probably was because of the birth of my younger brother and she didn't pay attention to it. I thought, in my state of depression, nothing related to me mattered to her.

I grew up with such a huge emptiness inside of me because of the rejection that I received from the very womb. I had no idea who I was. I always wanted a sister to talk to, or that advise me. But I was always alone in the yard; I played alone and even used to speak to myself... In my house there was a room, a small room, full of waste, stinky. I really wanted to clean it, order it. I wanted someone to help me because I couldn't by myself, but there was never an adult. I used to stay there.... contemplating that room, in my mind that room was mine and I could play the dolls. A space of freedom.

One day I was sick and during that time in bed I discovered a book: "Grace and the stranger" I had never read a book before and I remember it was such a delight, my imagination flew a thousand, it was like disappear from my house, get into the story and live every scene almost in reality, I allowed that my mind fly and I started to dream with the characters of the story. I realized that I didn't want to be the protagonist but I want to be the boy that flirt with the girl, I wanted to be the man of the story.

With my neighbor Camila used to play for hours, at my house. One day she told me that we will play to "mother and father". I had no idea how was that game and she explained to me that we have to recreate what happened in the house. My friend appointed the roles, she will be the mother and I will be the father (what I liked). "I would go to work and she will stay at home taking care of the kids and when I arrived we play... When I supposed to go to work she tells me: "give me a kiss" and I stayed surprised but she nodded: "come" and she took a bed sheet put it on her mouth and gave me a kiss.

I will never ever forget that kiss because despite of the bed sheet I could felt the warm of her lips... the sensation of pleasure that I had confused me but it really liked me. After that first time we do it frequently, each time that we play we ended our games kissing, always with the bed sheet (but she was intense and I let her). I think since that moment my mind started to get confuse. Something woke in me, I didn't understand what I felt but I like women. It was something so strong and at the same time scary because I couldn't share it with nobody. My mom never was a loving or caring mother so tell her about my feelings would be a craziness, I didn't have a close aunt either and at School they would make fun of me.

Over the years my like for women was stronger and stronger, I suffered in silence, and my mind digressed. On one occasion a friend forced me to have sex with him, I don't remember much, we were kids. I think after that I started to masturbate.

Years later I woke up at night because a boy who was in our house was trying to touch my private parts. I woke up and asked him: what are you doing? He excused himself saying that he was trying to cover me up. I perfectly

understood what was happening...., from that moment I never slept with my bedroom door open again (until recently I locked it, I was afraid that someone would come in and hurt me). I started to feel hate for men and they disgusted me. I hated my father because he never showed affection for me, he was cold and indifferent; men were a disappointment for me. While I grew up my mother's violence increased. I started to thinking on die. My self-esteem worth was very low, I thought was horrible, I hated the woman I saw in the mirror.

Repressed emotions to the maximum

When I started my secondary, my parents changed me to a women's school. The majority of my classmates were girls of very good economic situation, of the upper class. Pretty girls, very neat, beautiful, and me, an almost null adolescent, zero personality, no desire to live. One day at recess, a group of them were talking about lesbians. They spoke in a very bad way, they spoke horrible things. But I didn't understand what was a lesbian, and I asked. "How can you not know! They are women who like women." they answered me. I was shocked, and I thought: "I mean I'm a lesbian, and that's what they think of me?" I went home as a zombie. My life was broken even more. I fell into my second diagnosed depression; I was 13 years old.

But at the same time something happened to me, at that moment it was magical: I fell in love with a classmate in a platonic way. What to do, how to channel what I felt, what to say? It was a bomb of emotions repressed to the fullest. I suffered in silence, every time the night came I thought of her, she entered my world of imagination, but the next day I returned to a reality that hit hard. A whole year suffering when I saw her, without being able to do or say anything, the consequence came and it was that I had to repeat the class. I never saw her again, because they changed our schedule. I was a teenager and I was going crazy. I cried every night, I thought about how to die, how to disappear, how to get rid of my identity and how to become another person.

At the age of 17 my life was a total internal chaos. My parents took me very often to evangelical church but I didn't really have Jesus in my life. I had heard him but He was very far away in time and space and He would not attend to my requests. But one day, they took me, forced, and something happened. The previous night I had cried so much that I got a fever. I thought to end my life and that Sunday when the Church choir began to sing, I felt that it was like a thunderbolt that pierced my head.

I started to cry, I cried all the worship and I repented of my sins, my parents wanted to take me to the hospital (they thought I was sick) but I told them I was fine. That day Christ came into my life.

An unsolved secret

At that time my father requested a transfer at his work and we went to live in southern Chile. I began to congregate in the Evangelical Church (but not where my family went), to grow in the knowledge of the Bible. There I met some pastors who welcomed me very well, I spent 10 years with them. I worked in Sunday school, I was a youth leader, I did evangelism, I preached, I worked in all areas of the Church.

But something was happening inside of me, I had an unsolved secret and it was my attraction to women. God knows I was fighting with all my strength to not feel that. I felt guilty but couldn't get it out of me. I didn't want to talk to anyone about it, I was afraid of being rejected. One day I told my pastors, they just prayed for me, but they didn't know how to help me.

I suffered from having those feelings, the devil lived accusing me. Every so often I had erotic dreams where I was the man and had sex with women, occasionally I masturbated with lesbian fantasies and after doing it, I promised God that I would not do it again, I felt the most sinful person on the planet. My Christian life was no longer so pleasant, because it was more an internal suffering. I wanted to live that peace that the word of God promised, I wanted that joy, and I wanted that freedom. I was still mired in self-esteem problems, I didn't love myself, and I felt ugly. It made me uncomfortable when men flirted with me or told me I was cute. I was simply not happy.

Years went by and I met a missionary, we started to be friends. One day he asked me to be formally engaged, I accepted, but I told him what was wrong with me, that I was suffering and that I didn't know what to do. He said we should try to be dating and that in time it would pass. So we started a dating relationship it was nice to go out with him, share, laugh together but I never managed to feel love for him. When he kissed me it made me sick, I kept him from doing it. Our families were happy, he fell in love, the plan was to get married and go as missionaries. I started having an internal crisis because I didn't feel anything for him; I didn't know how to tell him.

One day, anguished, I spoke to him. I told him that I couldn't get married, that I didn't love him, and that I never could feel anything but friendship towards him. With pity in his eyes said he understood, after that we separate. I was a little sad, but happy that I did not make the big mistake of my life. Time went by and I had a short relationship with other brother from Church but it didn't work either. That's when I promised myself that I would never have a romantic relationship with a man again. I told myself "this is not for me"...well "I

just have to live in abstinence, I think I will be able to take it, It shouldn't be a problem, I have no feelings for men, so, it will be easy for me to live without them. But, I hadn't considered that I still had feelings for women. I thought that as it was a feeling and I had never experienced anything with anyone (women), it was easy to deal with. I only have to cancel them within me and it was resolved. Big mistake...

The beginning of a painful story

I had been serving in the congregation for almost a decade (faithfully, with dedication, with enthusiasm) but with my secret in a "trunk with a key". I had the opportunity to go to a conference in another city in the country. There I met a sister of my age, she was a national youth leader, I was a leader in my region when we met it was a unique chemistry! there were many compatible things, we talked a lot, and we shared as much as we could. It awoke a deep affection between us. After a week I returned to my city, promising her that I would return to visit her home. Two years passed where we wrote to each other regularly. At that time there was no cell phone or e-mail, only mail. Until I was able to travel. I was going for a week and I stayed for more than a month. That was the beginning of a painful story and my beginnings in the lesbian world. I had been at her house for a few days and the affinity grew stronger, she was a very tender, open, sincere woman. That caused me to trust her with my deepest secret. I told her my agony, what made me suffer. God only knows that my confession never had a double intention something, that I took extreme care of at my 26 years was not to go overboard with someone, I took care of everything I said because I was terrified that someone would suspect something about me. I was extremely correct with women. I never looked for an occasion to have something with a sister and that is why I was opening my "trunk" and sharing my best kept secret. We talk all day. After listening, she told me something that left me thinking: she said that she understood me more than I imagined. Then she told me about her boyfriends and the man who had made her suffer, that she loved him but that there was no hope that he would notice her. We slept together, talked late into the night. One of those nights, she kissed me. I was terrified, I didn't know how to react. I didn't understand what she was doing. Supposedly she likes men. Why she kissed me passionately? my only experience of romantic approach had been kisses with those two boys who were my boyfriends but I never had sex with anyone. But I ended up having sex with her. The next day I didn't understand anything. But I liked it, I was fascinated with what I experienced that night, I was in the clouds. With the days that began to grow. And suddenly the time became almost two months together. I fell in love for the first time, I did not want to separate from her, I did not want to get away and return to my house (which was several hours away), I promised to return and that I would do everything possible to go back and live with her. My life was never the same again. Months passed and we wrote to each other, sometimes when I could, I called her and began to plan how to get

back to her house. Nothing was the same without her. I suffered in silence because I couldn't tell anyone what was happening. I kept working in the Church but nothing was the same anymore, my spiritual life began to wane, she was my obsession, for the first time I felt that something filled my mind and my emotions. Until I managed to return and I stayed to live with her. Her mother was a widow and they lived alone in that house. Her mother loved the idea that I was going to stay with them, not suspecting what was really happening. For a while nobody suspected. I started working close in a restaurant as a cashier and participated actively in the congregation where she congregated. They all welcomed me very well because they had known me before, when I attended to the conferences.

Scandal broke out

I started working with the youth of the congregation. No one knew our secret, we were very cautious. She had a best friend, also from the Church, as well as her business partner, suddenly became suspicious. One day the Pastor of my old congregation arrived, he traveled from the city where my parents lived to where I was living, just to talk to me.

He told me that leaders of the Church knew what was happening between us, and that I should go back because if I did not, this would explode and it would be a serious problem. I was afraid, but at the same time very sad. We had been in a relationship with my friend for almost a year and we did not want to separate. I began to realize that many people were looking at us with suspicion. We decided to split up, her mother also became suspicious. One night without saying goodbye to anyone I took a bus and returned to my parent's house. Neither did they suspect anything. They had no idea what was happening in my life. They only knew that I was working and living in the house of a friend from the Church. I was already backing at my house when the scandal broke out; his mother found out and the whole Church knew about it. The director of the denomination was in charge of publishing it everywhere. He warned them to be careful with "the perverted sister", to keep an eye on me. That Church was lapidary with me and with that girl. She suffered more derision and abuse than me and ended up leaving the Church to never return. Her mother forbade her to name me in her house under the threat of throwing her into the street if she found out that there was communication between us. I became deeply depressed. I walked like a zombie in the street. Nothing made sense. I stopped attending church regularly. My Pastors did not know how to help me, nor was I interested in being helped, I only thought about dying. Fortunately, my parents didn't find out. I cried all day, with shame, with anger, with disappointment, I felt nostalgia, anguish because I could not get that love I felt for her or somehow make everything I experienced disappear. I was constantly wondering if it would ever be possible to get rid of that damn lesbianism and be normal like everyone else. One Christmas night I was crying in bed, I complained to God that he was not helping me. I abruptly stopped crying and

decided to kill myself. I was completely resolved, I was going to get a knife from the kitchen, I would go into the bathtub to cut my veins and I would stay there until I bled to death. So in the morning, when someone went to the bathroom they would find me dead and that would end it all. When I was going to get up to carry out my plan, I couldn't move. I just couldn't move a single muscle. I started to fight with God. I said "leave me" neither you nor anyone else has been able to help me, let me die. There is no answer for me, I was born like this and nothing has made me change. You have been silent all this time with this problem in my life, so let me die!" I fought for hours with God, unable to move a finger, with my eyes open. Until I fell asleep. God Himself did not allow me to take my life away because in His plan, He was leading me to a safe destination.

Over time I was able to recover from depression without the need for medication. I didn't look for a woman again. I was terrified of the idea of suffering, that they would attack me again like the Church did. I participated sporadically in the Church, but no longer held positions. They didn't interest me either, the Church tasted bitter to me.

Journey to the depths of lesbianism

My father wanted to advance in his career so he requested a transfer, this time we went to the north of the country. I wanted to know other Churches but the Christian life did not interest me, I was concerned about something else. One day, watching a report about lesbians on television, I found out that there was a program on the radio; I also learned that they met regularly. I made contact with them and for the first time I started to meet other lesbians. I began a journey through a world totally unknown to me, which caught me like an octopus. A journey to the depths of the homosexual world, an adventure that lasted about 12 years.

We met regularly, we all had various activities, and we had parties every week. I started frequenting gay bars and discos and my list of lesbian friends began to grow. In that environment everybody is friends. For the first time I felt pretty, attractive. They valued me, they wanted me, they wanted to be with me, it was fascinating to be surrounded by women, to go to parties where I could flirt with other girls, I had full freedom to look at them, desire them, seduce them; I was intoxicated with sensations I had never experienced. I started smoking and drinking a lot when I went to parties, I got addicted to women and parties. I could not live without the vertigo of love affairs, my body and mind felt a pleasure similar to drugs. I had many partners, it lasted a few months and I quickly changed them, I had a lot of acceptance among them, there were always 3 or 4 women who wanted me. I had plenty of women who wanted to sleep with me. I liked that a lot because I felt appreciated, it raised my ego. I was almost always with someone, because the affection of a woman calmed the anguish, sadness and loneliness that I felt. I had been in the homosexual world for a few years, I had a stable partner and I

was tired of lying to my mother about what was happening in my life. She saw that I no longer went to church and that I only dedicated myself to going out. Sometimes, I would leave my work and go to party and disappear for 3 days, I worked just to party. One day, I sat down with my mother and told her the truth, that I was in a relationship with a woman. She impressed only cried, she never thought I would say something like that. She didn't speak to me for a month, she cried every day. When she finally spoke to me, she treated me badly, yelled at me, offended me, and treated me harshly. Our mother-daughter relationship broke down. She took out her anger with very hurtful words. One day she told me: "from now on you never wash your clothes with ours again because I don't want us to get AIDS". On another occasion she told me: "I prefer a thousand times to take care of a leprous daughter than one with AIDS." Her words triggered in me the decision to leave the house to live with my partner at that time. We were together for about a year but I fell into depression, I hated my mother, I wanted to take revenge on her, we did not speak to each other again and I had to go to the doctor to calm down. The psychiatrist prescribed many painkillers. So I lived doped without wanting anything. I began to have a bad relationship with my partner and to use doctor's notes to avoid going to work. My parents found out that I was sick and my mother went to see me at work. She told me to go back home. I left that woman and went back to live with my parents. Something had changed in them. But I started going out to parties again. I tried the drugs that thank God my body couldn't take them. One day I smoked marijuana and got intoxicated. I thought I would die! I felt death very strong. In the middle of the party I just cried and asked God to forgive me and within my drugged state I told my friends, who were trying to calm me down, not to tell my mother about it. I was drugged for almost 24 hours. God once again delivered me from death because the marijuana overdoses almost paralyzed my heart. After that I just drank and smoked (cigarettes) and took pills for depression.

The need to leave the gay world

In an affair, with a married woman, her husband threatened to kill me and I felt certain that this man would kill me if I did not get away from her. Later I met a girl who was a Christian, far from the Church, like me. We started a relationship that lasted 4 years. As my partner knew God, sometimes we go to Church together, she told me that I should forgive my mother because that time of my life I was a complete internal chaos. My heart had turned to stone. I no longer cared about people, I hated everything, and I rebelled against everything and did whatever I wanted. My life was going to parties, drinking alcohol until I was unconscious.

I definitely didn't want to know about the Church or anything similar. I felt hatred for the shepherds, for me they were all hypocrites, liars who from a pulpit preached love, but when they came down, they condemned "their sheep." My partner began to talk to me about God and read the Bible to me (what

incredible ways God has to draw us closer to Him). She told me about dreams with messages for me. At first I thought she was crazy. But those dreams began to make sense. Although she did not know much about the Bible, the dreams she had were spiritual where it was understood that God wanted to speak to me. She saw an old man with a beard and a white dress who told her that my heart was sick and cold but that He would heal it. It's amazing what I will say now, but it was completely real. One night, at around 03:00 am, some text messages began to arrive on my cell phone, from an unknown number, which told me about God's love with passages from the Bible and where God warned me not to continue in my sins. Those messages arrived for several months; I have them all written, kept in a notebook, as a testimony of what God told me through His Word (through a secret friend who prayed for me). That started to melt my heart, but I was not yet with the slightest intention of returning to a Church. My mom started praying for my life. She began to change with me and asked God to change me. She recalled that years ago a person from the Church told her that she should pray a lot for one of her children, because that child would experience something terrible, he would suffer a lot, but in the end God would give "him" victory and God would glorify himself. She understood that that son was me and not one of my brothers. That encouraged her to pray for the promise God had given her. During that time, I ended the relationship with this wayward Christian woman, because I was cheating on her for a year with a lover, she discovered me and we separated. I continued with my crazy life, but I was coming out much less, and the Word of God was beginning to take effect. My heart was slowly melting and I began to feel the need to leave the gay world that I was already fed up with. I was without a partner for a long time. I no longer wanted to be without women because I had suffered a lot, cried a lot and because in reality a relationship between a woman with another woman is tremendously exhausting. Jealousy and emotional dependency are terrible. Manipulation is something latent in lesbian relationships and I was tired of all that. Even so, I entered the lesbian chat and met more women, I wrote to them, sometimes we had dates (just to talk because I no longer wanted to have affairs, although women were my addiction) I was fascinated to meet women like me, to know about their lives and how they had become lesbian, what happened with their families. At that moment that was what amused me, I was already bored with so much partying because I knew it was something empty and meaningless, I had tried it too much. But I loved meeting women, it was adrenaline, it was an addiction.

A light of hope

One day a woman wrote to me and we started chatting frequently. She was sincere, she told me that she was married with two children; that she had been living with

her husband in the same house for years but had no marital life and that she should never have married because she was discovering that she liked women. She knew nothing of the gay world and wanted to meet me. I sent her a photo and she was delighted with me. For my part, I was not interested. I had had several affairs with married women and they were just problems. She insisted that we meet. I left her waiting for me 3 times. Because I really wasn't interested. Until one day we got together and I was fascinated, she was everything I had dreamed of. She was a woman of a European family with fine features, soft, beautiful, charming, intelligent. A woman of the world, she lived in a wealthy neighborhood, in one of the best sectors of the city. She was director of the area of Christian education at a Catholic College and had studied theology. The most fascinating thing about her was her simplicity despite her culture and money and that captivated me. We started a relationship that lasted 3 years. I fell deeply in love. I believe that I have never felt so much love for someone, I have never felt so complemented or felt that almost mystical fusion such a fundamental unity. My relationship with her was intense, overflowing, passionate, and risky. I felt, despite all the difficulties we had to see each other, that I was completely happy, ecstatic of love.

We wanted to live together and get married in Argentina. She managed to separate and live in a large apartment with her children. I always went to her apartment, her parents hated me. When they found out that we were couple, her whole family made war on her. Her husband moved away and he visited their children only every 15 days. Her son stopped talking to me, I was invisible to him. Her daughter was mentally retarded and only with her was I happy. Parallel to this, I met a ministry that worked with homosexuals. I went to a seminary in Córdoba (Argentina), to a program called Aguas Vivas (Living Waters). I spent a week with them and I managed to understand the origin of my lesbianism. I understood that my parents' rejection had broken my gender identity. Also that the lack of affection in my home had left me with a void that I sought to fill with the love of a woman. I was never identified by my mother as a woman and I was never affirmed as a woman by my father. When I discovered that, I felt that a light of hope had opened in my life! There was a way out, God could heal me and get me out of everything. But that was until there.

I started to participate in a therapy group with other homosexual people, it was certainly a great help but I finally realized that I did not want to give up my lifestyle (except then that I had finally found the love of my life). Something inside me knew that I was in an arid desert and that I needed that living water that Jesus promised Jhon 7: 37 In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. 38 He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

One night I was on the beach with my partner, while she was watching TV I left the cabin to look at the stars and smoke a cigarette. I looked at the sky and said "God please help me, get me out of all this, give me true happiness, forgive me for all the bad things I have done in front of you, please help me to get out of lesbianism because I can't with my own strength.

A very tough resignation process

Several things happened until God's complete answer to that prayer occurred. First of all, God began to speak to me, to show his love. Reading the Bible, He showed me that lesbianism is a sin before Him, that I should give up everything and repent, that He would help me. And I began to suffer because internally I was divided my spirit knew that I should trust God, that for Him nothing is impossible, but my heart refused to give up. With my partner we began to have long conversations to discuss theology and what I was feeling. The last party we had together was a new year with their children. When we hugged each other, I approached her oldest son, who received me very coldly, he was dry, like hugging a tree, and he didn't move a muscle. He didn't say anything, and that shocked me. After almost 3 years with his mother, he still showed his open rejection to me. I felt anguish, I had fear, pain and much guilt, and to think that one day I would die and have to give an account to God for the damage I had done to that child and a whole family. I was guilty of that separation. I was guilty that my partner's parents no longer spoke to her. At the Catholic school where she worked, they were already suspicious of her condition, and she might be fired. Her husband wanted to sue her and take the children from her. Running away from the country with the children was going to be even more damaging. Then I felt God say to me: "Just as Abraham took his son to the mountain, where I asked him to sacrifice him to prove his fidelity to me, so I also ask you to sacrifice this love for my love. Have faith; leave her because I will help you. I will begin to do a miracle in your life. With the pain in my soul I decided to leave her. She almost died when I told her. I told her that she was in danger, that she could lose everything; on the other hand I would not lose anything "Because I love you, I leave you. Maybe one day you will understand. I can no longer bear the weight of guilt, of knowing that your life can be fall apart in a second, and you'll end up hating me because I'll be the one to blame for your misfortunes, and I don't want that," I told her. We drifted away, and I didn't see her again (until many years later). It was heartbreaking, so agonizing. But that led me to counseling with a sister, who helped me a lot and was my Christian mentor, who helped me along this path. I wanted to meet again, and I went to a Christian church where I currently participate. I started a very tough resignation process: getting away from many people, getting rid of objects, changing my cell phone number. Part of me wanted to get back to her. I sent her a couple of messages, and she replied curtly: "Leave me alone because I am happy with another couple." It was a very strong blow to my pride.

Deliberately sin

I kept congregating, but always in my mind I thought I could slip up again. I decided nobody was going to know. The important thing (according to me) was to go to church and pray sincerely. One day I met a girl and got involved with her, conscious that I was deliberately sinning. I had no excuses, I went back. I left the church and began a deep relationship with her, but with guilt, many guilt, that would not let me live. I had a series of dreams that left me disturbed.

One night sleeping in this woman's house, I dreamed that the room was full of headstones. A woman with a black hat appeared, terrifying me I woke up desperate. I looked at the whole room, and felt that death was there. The next day, I dreamed that a large dog was chasing me through an old wooden house, trying to attack and bite me. I was running around the house trying to get away from the dog, and suddenly I was climbing on a tall piece of furniture, but the dog was jumping to catch up with me. I woke up almost drowning with fear, but this was just a warning of what happened to me later, an experience that would change my life forever.

A few nights later I felt that I was fading and going down to a place, like another dimension. I was scared; I couldn't understand what was happening to me. I called my partner and she told me to calm down, they were just my ideas, and put the blame aside. Then something unexpected happened, something almost unreal. I went to bed, after midnight. Suddenly I fainted again. I began to feel terror, an inexplicable fear. And I had a vision: I was in hell. I don't know how to explain it, it was supernatural, it happened to me. I was still lying down but in hell. At the bottom of that darkness I saw many people in a kind of sea of oil, burning, moving their mouths, screaming. I couldn't hear anything; I could hardly see the expressions of horror on their faces. At that moment I did not understand that these people were the ones who had rejected God, the ones who did not want to abandon their abominable practices, nor had they truly repented of their sins. They had loved to sin, although God spoke to them and showed his mercy in different ways they ignored his warnings. I stayed there alone. My conscience told me: "Look, the times God spoke to you, and you didn't listen. The times you knew something was sin, and you did it anyway. The times you could reject sin, and you did it with treachery " And I told my conscience to shut up. There was only one phrase that I kept repeating: "Forgive me, Lord. Give me one more chance, please. Let me get out of here. Don't leave me here, and I will serve you". I was finally able to get out of bed, desperate. I went to the bathroom, and when I saw myself in the mirror I was scared: my face, white, haggard, with an expression of horror, was that of a corpse. I did not look again, because it impressed me. I took a glass of water, my throat was dry, but the water would vanish in seconds, as if an internal fire consumed it quickly.

A prayer of deliverance.

I was like this for several hours, my 5 senses were sharp, awake like never before, and my conscience accused me of all my sins. My life was spent in a movie over and over again, the

Anguish increased with the passing of the hours. I felt like I was going crazy. I realized that I had wasted my time in nonsense, in foolish things, that I gave importance to nonsense, and that I deserved God's just condemnation. I had no excuses before Him, I could not demand anything from Him because I was guilty, for my rebellion, my lies, my double life (Ro.1: 18-32). At that moment I thought that I had been rejected by God, and that there would be no second chance. I think that not even the best film director could recreate with special effects what it feels like visualize a supernatural dimension like that, and it seemed so terrifying to me. At that moment it dawned. I could barely speak. I called a sister, asked her to meet, took a shower and got ready to go out. When I arrived I told her what had happened to me and asked her to please pray for me. She made a prayer of deliverance, for me to come out of bondage to sins sexual sins. While she was praying my stomach started to twist, I felt so much pain that I almost passed out. Crying I told God to forgive me for having led my entire life so foolishly. For the first time I sincerely regretted it from the bottom of my soul. I asked the Lord for forgiveness for the practice of lesbianism, I recognized that this was a sin before Him, that I had led a distorted life and contrary to His original purpose. I told him I was giving up everything, and please give me another chance to serve him faithfully. Only then did the feeling of being trapped in hell leave me. My body is stabilized, the pain left, the fear disappeared, the terror became an infinite peace, and I could breathe like never before. It was extraordinary to feel that I was complete, with my soul and body in this physical world. I cried of joy for the new opportunity that God had given me.

I would not choose that life again

From then on my life had a 180 degree change. I was free from lesbianism, from all distortion in my mind and emotions. The guilt ceased, before I lived feeling guilty for everything, from that day I felt free, the Lord had been completely renewed. There was also in me a decision to change, to follow the Lord in faithfulness, in holiness, and total obedience. That has been key to staying firm, without giving in or falling back. God was guiding me in everything, He took me away from people who could stumble. I deleted photos, objects, contacts. I changed harmful habits, I shed wrong beliefs. I changed my ambiguous way of dressing, I have renewed my entire closet 4 times. I am sure that I will never return to lesbianism. First of all, because now, when I look at a woman, there is a huge difference in how before they affected me emotionally and physically. All of us are prone to falling into any sin, that is why the Bible says: "He who thinks he is firm, see that he does not fall" (1 Corinthians 10:12), but I was released. I take care of

what I speak, what I watch, what I read, and what I listen to. I work out my salvation "with fear of God" (2 Corinthians 7:15), I feel that reverent fear of God. I don't allow something from my past to contaminate me. Now my eyes are holy, I feel God in my life. I have seen so many miracles in my life, how God has transformed me, that I could not throw away those gifts of healing that only God gives me. Secondly, going back to my past would be crazy: "Like a dog returning to its vomit or the pig washed into a puddle of mud" (2 Peter 2:22). I know the difference after being 12 years involved with everything in lesbianism. I rationally would not choose that life again, because I suffered a lot. I was very damaged, very disappointed, I saw so many terrible things, so much evil. These tortuous relationships with others women. Sometimes I was happy, they were moments, but in reality I lived an apparent happiness, deep down I suffered a lot. The peace I have now I do not change for anything, even if they offered me the best things, I would not return. The life that I lead now, calm, at peace with my conscience, I wouldn't trade it for the world. And finally, and most importantly: I now love God, with all my heart. He had so much mercy on me that his love seduced me. He has shown me so much patience, I have seen everything that He has forgiven me. And despite all my imperfections I love him, and for that love I don't do anything that could offend Him. Obviously every day we sin, but doing something on purpose against his will doesn't.

Evidence of an inner healing

God has been faithful, he has strengthened me, and he has given me back what the devil stole from me. In a meeting the Lord spoke to me about motherhood. When I was 15 I cursed my belly, I said: "I will never have a child because I will never have sex with a man". God reminded me of that, and I asked the Lord for forgiveness for speaking in that way. They prayed for me, God freed me and from that day on I began to feel love for children. Before I was cold with them, I was not moved by babies, I did not care. But my belly started to live and I started enjoy children. Months later my sister became pregnant, and God gave me a beautiful niece that I love deeply. She is like the daughter I always dreamed of having: a little girl who hugs my neck and tells me she loves me. That is a gift from Heaven. I am happy feeling that my motherhood was healed, I am not distressed knowing that I will not have children, but I am happy because my belly is healthy. Now I can say that I really love myself. I love looking in the mirror, I feel more feminine, I love being a woman, and I love taking care of myself as much as possible. All of that is evidence of an inner healing I no longer fear what others will say as before. I feel that I can love women in freedom, I can hug them, make them affection, even give them a compliment and that they look beautiful, without feeling guilt or shame, I feel free to express myself with women. I have learned to give without expecting anything. I discovered that the more I give, the more I receive. I give in every sense of the word and that makes me happy. God also began working on forgiveness and healing in relation to my parents. It was difficult (more with my

dad than with my mom), but it has been a beautiful process. It's still difficult, it is possible. It has been quite a learning experience to live with them again, to deal with their characters and mine. I have learned to obey them, to be humble, to honor and bless them. I have learned that there can be no buried secrets. Daily I repeat to myself: "Thank you God." I cannot help but thank you for this new opportunity, for so much mercy poured out on my life and family, for freeing me from the oppressions of the enemy, for healing so many areas in my life that were in ruins. This happened in my life, and I feel that God has called me to work in healing in the hearts of many women (Isaiah 61: 1-11).

Jessica Araya
contacts: tiemposdemi@gmail.com

+56961925746

Chile