

## Forgiven and Delivered from Homosexuality

"As I sat there on the pew of the Baptist church in Norfolk, Virginia, I yearned to be free from homosexuality. I had reached the end of my rope. The weight upon my shoulders was so heavy. I needed an escape and I needed it now!

Could this Jesus I had learned about as a child in Sunday school help me? Was He real? Was He the same as the one described in the Bible? Could I be free from homosexuality or was it too big for even Him?

Time seemed to be frozen as I thought about all of the miracles Jesus had performed when He walked the earth: restoring sight to the blind, enabling the lame to walk, healing lepers and even raising the dead. Somehow I knew that this same Jesus could heal homosexuality. Surely, what He had done for others, He would do for me, too.

But, let's back up a little before I go on .....

I grew up in a Southern Baptist Church in Petersburg, Virginia. My deacon dad, Sunday school teacher mom, older brother and I attended three times a week. I could recite all of the books of the Bible and had my perfect attendance pins. I knew a lot about Jesus Christ, but I did not really know Him.

Consequently, when I went away to Longwood College in Farmville, Virginia, I became "the prodigal daughter." My journey towards homosexuality began that first day on campus. As my parents drove away, I said out loud, *"Good, I am going to do what I want to do now, and I'll go to church when I want to go to church."*

Apparently, Satan was waiting around the corner and noted my rebellious attitude. He began his plan of laying traps in my path. He had a goal to kill me and take my soul to Hell.

In time, I allowed my college classes of philosophy and psychology and liberal professors to pick apart my Christian upbringing. Little by little I slipped away from praying and reading my Bible. This opened the door that led me down a road into drugs and homosexuality.

My experiment into the world of homosexuality started the summer of my junior year of college. An older woman at my summer job began flirting with me. At first I thought she was just being nice, but in time I knew differently. Out of curiosity I decided to flirt back. It didn't take her long to invite me to her home one weekend when her husband was out of town.

When I walked through the back door I noticed a glass of wine sitting on the table. I could have walked away then, but I didn't. I made the decision to see where the night would lead. I sat down and drank the wine. We then proceeded upstairs and smoked a joint. Under the influence of alcohol and marijuana I allowed Satan to use an older woman to seduce me into homosexuality. The choice I made that one night "to try it" opened a door to sexual perversion and almost caused me to kill myself.

The roller coaster ride in the world of homosexuality lasted almost ten years. So many times I wanted out but couldn't leave. I would look in the mirror and wonder where in the world Linda had gone. I did not like who I had become but I was addicted with no way out.

The year was 1981 but the memory is as if it were yesterday. I was walking alone in Chrysler Park, wanting to end my life. I was so tired. The weight of sin on my shoulders felt like it was bending me over double.

Voices of demons whispered in one ear why I should end my life, while in the other ear different voices reminded me that I could not do that to my Mom and Dad. *"I'm tired, Lord. I'm so tired."* I said out loud. Almost immediately I heard a voice reply, *"Go to church."*

What took place next was beyond human explanation. A giant screen appeared in the sky which turned into a flip chart. Before my eyes I saw pages of different scenes of my life, starting with the present moment going backwards ten years.

As I watched the scenes from my life I could easily recall each incident of sinful behavior. When the scene from the day my parents dropped me off at college came into view, the chart stopped.

At that moment I realized what was really missing in my life: it was the Lord Jesus Christ!

Even though it had been almost ten years since I had attended a church meeting, I knew on Sunday that was exactly where I would be.

When Sunday arrived, Satan had a different plan for my day. He began making attempts to stop me from my meeting with the Lord.

The first attempt was to remind me I did not even own a dress and could not go to church in pants. (This was the early 80's when women didn't wear pants to church.) But I knew the Jesus I had read about wouldn't mind what I wore. So I put on my best pants outfit.

The second attempt to stop me came in a phone call. Some lesbian friends were inviting me to go crabbing on the Chesapeake Bay. When I declined the invitation, laughter erupted from those on the other end of the phone. I didn't care if they laughed at me. I knew I had an appointment with God Almighty and nothing or no one was going to prevent that meeting from taking place. I ended the phone conversation and left for church.

I encountered the greatest effort on Satan's part to stop me when I arrived at the church building. I pulled into a parking space, turned the car off, and when I tried to exit the car, I couldn't.

The car door would not open even though it was not locked! The forces of Hell must have been on the exterior of the door pressing against it to keep me from getting out. I had to hold the handle up and push against the door with both feet and legs in order to get it open.

Once again, this was something that my human intellect could not understand; however, it was the perfect example of "battling not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against rulers of the darkness." (Eph 6:12)

As I walked across the parking lot to the church door, I knew I had no time to dwell on what had just occurred. I was focused on my destiny with Jesus.

Upon entering the sanctuary I was almost blinded by the brightness of the room. I had for so long been dwelling in the world of darkness that this moment in the light was astounding.

I took a seat in the middle of this big Baptist Church and looked around. It seemed as if every face had a smile. I wondered how people could really be this happy. I had been in the company of lost souls for so long that I had forgotten that joy actually existed.

When we stood to sing the first hymn, tears began to stream down my face like I had never experienced in my life. Voices shouted over and over in my ears, "*You better leave everyone is watching you. You better leave everyone is watching you!*"

Even though I could not stop crying, I knew leaving was not an option. I struggled to regain my composure while my heart ached to be free.

When it came time for the sermon the pastor announced its title, ***Making God the Authority of Your Life***. When he started to preach, another supernatural happening occurred. He miraculously disappeared, and I saw Jesus standing in his place holding a keychain full of keys.

I don't know how He did it, but it was as if everyone disappeared and Jesus and I were there alone. He pointed directly at me and said, "I want all of the keys to your life, but you want to keep two of them."

In my mind, I knew what He meant. I wanted to keep my women and my marijuana. Yet, I desperately wanted Jesus running my life. I did not know if I could quit smoking pot or give up being a lesbian.

When we stood to sing the invitational hymn, Jesus had vanished and the pastor was inviting people to come forward. Thoughts came to me of returning to the night service and "working my way back to the Lord". All of a sudden the voice of Almighty God thundered, *"You've put me off ten years, you won't put me off any longer!"*

I do not know whether I walked or ran to the front of the church. As I stretched out my hand to the pastor, I saw that he too had tears running down his face.

*"Pastor, do you remember me?"* I asked. *"Oh, do I remember you, Linda,"* he responded. *"You were so much a part of the church."*

I replied, *"I've been away from God for a long time, but today I'm coming home."*

(You see, the pastor was the pastor I had when I was a teenager. God had orchestrated our paths to be at that church on that day with him preaching that message.)

By acknowledging my sin, asking for forgiveness and returning to the Lord, I began the journey to becoming a new creature. My sins were blotted out. Old things passed away.

I am not the person I use to be. Jesus has been remaking me and preparing me to be with Him forever.

No man knows the hour Jesus shall return; however, everyone has an appointed time to take their last earthly breath.

The Church has lost her way. We have a nation on a fast track to eternal damnation and little is spoken about sin and repentance for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Hollywood is the guiding compass in America today; not The Church. We have been given wicked rulers as a consequence for our rebellion against the Living God.

This same Jesus that called me that day is calling The Church to repentance today. He wants all of the keys to each believer's life. What are you hanging on to?

Jesus Christ is the same today as He was yesterday. May believers humble themselves by surrendering to the Lord, confess they have sinned and turn back to the Lord wholeheartedly.

He has promised to heal our land. He is able to restore America just as I have seen Him restore me."

Linda Wall