

He Really Loves Me

*I was made in secret by God, knitted together in my mother's womb. Before the foundation of the world, God searched me and knew me. He knew my path, all my ways, and my every thought. Even before a word was on my tongue, God knew it altogether. **But as a child, I didn't know much about God or what He thought of me. What other people said of me shaped me, whether it was the truth or a lie.** Though God knew the plans He had for me of a future and a hope, it seemed like others had the keys to my life. The things they said to me really hurt. Cousins would ask me, "Why do you walk and act like a girl? Do you like boys?" An uncle would say, "Put some bass in your voice, boy." Even strangers, or other very young children would exclaim, "You're gay, Dominique!"*

I was confused, not sure what to believe. Am I really a boy? Am I gay? *In His image, God created male and female, so I had to be one or the other. Indecisive of my place in this world, I wandered through life. Then one night, something terrible happened. A loved one touched me in the bedroom. I'm not sure what the true intentions were but it happened. After responding mutually, I experienced being molested and it went on for years. **With the thoughts, the comments, and abuse I endured, I started to believe homosexuality was my identity. Though I couldn't articulate it, I assumed others were right because the feelings were there.***

God blessed me with a mother and father, but there seemed to be a lot of brokenness and chaos. My father walked out on my mother when I was two, and there weren't many real men in my life. So I never experienced fatherly affection. Instead there was **resentment, uncertainty, and sadness**. God kept trying to get close to me, as He is *Father to the fatherless*. But I turned my anger towards God because I thought He made me gay. **I was cursed with these weird feelings I couldn't explain.** So I never prayed and hated going to church. **My childhood felt broken and ruined.**

As a teenager, I became a closeted homosexual. **I couldn't help the way I felt. I wanted to be with a man and do what I saw other gay men do.** I pretended to have boyfriends until I finally had actual ones in high school. After my 18th birthday, I went wild and started having sex; no one knew except my gay friends. But even in my sin, *God drew near to me*. During my senior year of high school, my father came back into the picture. He wanted to restore our relationship, and I became willing. After graduation, I moved with him in North Carolina. While Dad tried embracing me as his son, I hooked up with guys – doing even worse things than before. All the while, my father forced me to further my education so I applied to North Carolina A&T State University.

He Really Loves Me

Before college began, I met a Christian who contacted me online. He told me he sang in a church choir, dressed well, had a car, and a job, which attracted me. We decided to date and meet up as soon as possible. The guy traveled a long way to see me. We drove through the city, ate dinner, and had sex in a hotel — the first night we met. I became head over heels for this “Christian.” We grew close really fast while I attended college and ended up getting engaged during my first semester. My parents had no idea.

About six months later, I dropped out of college. My new fiancé and I moved into an apartment together and I figured we would live happily ever after. I tried to be his dream husband – cooking, cleaning, writing music for him, tending to his sexual needs - but things were not working out. We broke up a few months after living together. I decided to not go back to my parents. Having nowhere else to go, I asked my ex-fiancé if I could stay. **Unloved, unwanted, and hurt, I felt broken and ruined again.** To cope with the stress of our break-up, I started sleeping with multiple guys again while living with my ex.

It must be true that *God is slow to anger, merciful, and gracious, abounding in steadfast love, and faithfulness.* He must have really loved me because He still pursued me. In the middle of my shenanigans, I found myself praying to the God I resented. *In my distress, I cried for help. I prayed my cry to Him would reach His ears.* I cried constantly because I really couldn't do anything on my own. At some level, I knew this situation wasn't kosher. God showed me favor and I ended up back in Virginia, in a totally different city called Harrisonburg. **I tried to reinvent my life by doing spiritual things, but in my heart, there were no changes. I kept going back to the same old things. Though I tried to be religious, I lived as a homosexual.**

After a year in Harrisonburg, I started attending Aletheia Church. Afraid to speak to people, I always left early. But everyone there insisted on getting to know me; how awkward. One person in particular invited me to a Bible study group. I got to know the guys during a worship service and afterwards, we had dinner. When I got home, I cried so much. I had never met so many Godly men. They claimed to embrace the God who chased after me. I yearned for that sense of peace, sincerity, and joy they had. **The Gospel had to be real because they were living it.**

As I spent time with particular men of the small group, The Lord revealed Himself to me. I personally accepted His Son, Jesus, as the King of my life that summer in 2011. Those guys in Bible study were living testimonies of God's love. Jesus lived a perfect life, died the one sacrificial death, and resurrected from the dead on my behalf too. I became a Christian. But there was a BIG problem. **The gay identity still gripped my heart, the same-sex attractions lingered, and I still practiced homosexuality. How could I identify as a Christian if I still called myself gay?**

He Really Loves Me

Aspiring author, Davon Johnson, explains, "You can be a Christian who battles against homosexual urges in your flesh, but you cannot be a Christian who actively and purposely lives a homosexual lifestyle, because homosexuality is a sin [1 Corinthians 6:9-11; 1 John 1:5-9; 2 Corinthians 5:17]. No one who has been born again of God continues committing sin. **That word commit means to makes a practice out of something. To practice sin, in this case, means to work skillfully at getting better at it. No Christian should be working skillfully to get better at living a sinful lifestyle.** Since we live in the flesh, we will always have two [combating] natures warring within [our spiritual man and our natural man]. But through Christ Jesus, we have the power and victory over the lower nature. **To master and rule over it, we should practice holiness, not homosexuality.**"

I knew none of this at the time. However in November of 2011, the LORD spoke to me in prayer. He clearly said, "**Dominique, surrender your WHOLE life to me.**" But even in great fear, I refused to let go of this. However; as the new year rolled around, I contacted my boyfriend at the time and broke up with him, forfeiting my homosexual lifestyle.

Jesus gave me a new identity: a son of God. I shared with Aletheia Church what God did in my heart and was baptized. As I walk with Jesus today, I am free. I am excited about God's Kingdom that is already here but not yet! God's love is unfailing and He continues to work on things in my heart. I still struggle with unwanted same-sex attraction so things aren't that easy. **Yet God will use me for His glory.** He has entrusted me to proclaim and live the *message and ministry of reconciliation*. **This is my purpose.**

By Dominique Evans