

A Final Farewell to Jennifer Elaine

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(Taken from Bob's Personal Journal)

This week I have determined to put an end to the personal insanity I have lived called transsexuality, and its final nightmarish, freakish end of sex reassignment surgery; the frontal lobotomy of the 20th Century.

To begin to write about the multitudes of other times of such determination would be chronicled in yet another ongoing journal entry and already over-stuffed photo album.

I'm really tired and want to simply call it quits before I cross a line no man can pass back over. I don't know if or when I may recant and/or retreat, turning my back to the Spirit, and yield once more to my terribly weakened flesh, (my mortal enemy), in another failed attempt to win the relentless battle; only to once more face the same unrelenting anguish.

Heaven knows the innumerable other attempts to kill off these desires/compulsions. Nevertheless, I am determined to die to these degrading passions and live in the lifestream of God's Spirit, by the unending mercies of a living Savior.

After all of these decades of wrestling and losing, sometimes winning, regularly capitulating, I want to make a final declaration ... that I am absolutely done with cross-dressing, the ingestion of female hormones and cross-living. It's killing anything decent in me and threatens most formidably to destroy all that I enjoy and love about my humanness, manhood, life, Christianity, marriage, family relations, and fleeting moments of sanity.

So, herein is my signature and promise to desist in anything having to do with assuming the fantasy role of the feminine persona, Jennifer Elaine, so help me, God!

Bob