Jordan’s Story

Growing up was difficult in many ways. I was born three months early, and the moment I was born I stopped breathing, which caused part of my brain to die. As a result, I have cerebral palsy—a neurological condition that affects my muscle function. During my childhood and adolescence, I had many physical struggles. Things that were easy for other people were much harder for me.

I just wanted to be a normal kid, but I soon figured out that I was not normal. As I grew older, I developed same-sex attractions. I was terrified. All I could think was, *Here is another different thing about my life*. I already felt damaged on the outside, and my same-sex attraction was further proof I was damaged from the inside out. I didn’t know how to deal with it, so I kept it a secret.

My family and I attended a conservative church. All I ever heard people say about those who struggle with same-sex attraction was that there was no hope and they were all going to hell. I sat in the congregation and thought, *That’s me. They are talking about me.*

How could I ever come forward and tell anybody about my struggle if that was what my church family really thought about me? I didn’t realize then that not choosing what to do was a choice in itself.

The price of secrecy is isolation, and I felt alone. I prayed often that God would take my struggles away. When that didn’t happen, I became angry with him. It didn’t seem fair that God allowed me to have physical disabilities and also to wrestle with this internal issue.

When I was seventeen, God woke me up one morning at 2:00 a.m. He said, “I choose you.” I thought, *Why would he even want me, when I didn’t feel worthy to be wanted by anyone else?* Then God said to me, “Give up your sin and follow me. I will be enough for you.”

I fell apart and broke down in tears. I gave my sin to God, and, in return, he gave me forgiveness and full redemption in his mercy.

That morning I felt so light. I experienced a freedom I thought I could never feel. I knew God had forgiven me, and I was a new creation through him. I thought, *At last, I don’t have to struggle with this anymore. My temptation will be gone*. But I soon learned that salvation doesn’t mean you don’t have temptation.

At the end of my sophomore year in high school, I had an emotional dependency relationship with a male friend. We were close, and it was not healthy. At that time, I wasn’t a Christian, but thankfully my parents forced me to go to church, so I had a good set of morals. I didn’t want to kiss or be intimate with anyone until I was married. My friend, who also struggled with same-sex attraction, didn’t have those moral convictions and tried to persuade me to break them.

When I got saved a few weeks later, I went to my friend’s house and told him I had become a Christian. I explained that what we were doing was wrong, and I couldn’t be as close to him as we had been. He didn’t like that. When I stood to leave, he held me down and sexually assaulted me. I got up as fast as I could and ran out of the house.

I suppressed that experience for many years, and I have recently been dealing with the repercussions of my repressed sexual assault memories.

The summer before my senior year of high school, I became friends with a lovely young woman. At the auditions for our city’s summer musical, I saw her outside greeting people. God told me then that she and I were going to get married. I thought, *But God you know my issues,* and he said, “Well, yeah.” I didn’t understand what he meant.

My future wife and I became friends really fast and started dating. Three and a half years later, we got married. God has strengthened our relationship and has proved that we were supposed to get married. James 5:16 says, “Therefore, confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, that you may be healed” (ESV). So I told my wife about my same-sex attraction. Since then, I have been in the process of healing by also sharing my story with close family members and friends.

There is hope for young adults who struggle with same-sex attraction, even though it may not seem that way because of what our culture promotes and what so many people say. But God says, “There is hope for you. You are not alone!” And I know he is right.