

**HOPE**

**for the**

**HOMOSEXUAL**

**by**

**don baker**

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# Foreword

“Homosexuals can’t change”

It’s a lie that has permeated our society. It’s accepted as fact within many churches. Most tragic of all, many Christians who struggle with homosexuality have embraced it as reality.

But the heart of the gospel is the hope of new life for all who seek it, including homosexuals. This is the story of one man’s victory in embracing that new way of life.

It begins as a story of incredible discouragement and defeat. In my twelve years of ministry to homosexuals, I have met many Christians who struggle in the same silent agony. They have never heard of anyone overcoming homosexuality. They fear they are alone in their battle.

It is the story of a loving wife who never gave up hope. For most homosexuals looking for help, there is a parent or spouse close by who is also in need of ministry and encouragement.

It is the story of friends who gave sacrificially of themselves. This sin problem is not in a special category of its own. Those of us who have labored for years in this field of ministry know that the love of Jesus Christ expressed by concerned Christian friends is one of the most powerful tools of healing.

Most of all, it is the story of one man lifted from a tangled web of sin by the power and grace of God. The lives of Jerry and Rosie continue to be a blessing and encouragement to those of us who are privileged to know them as friends.

May this book be a beacon of hope to thousands of men and women who have been defeated by homosexuality—but who know in their hearts that Jesus Christ can set them free.

Frank Worthen  
Director of Love in Action.

## CHAPTER ONE

### DON'T ASK---DON'T TELL

Jerry lay quietly on his bed, watching a light spring rain play softly against the glass of a nearby window.

The house was quiet. Four seminary classmates who shared his living quarters were either asleep or studying for upcoming exams, totally unaware of the destructive drama that was being played out on the stage of Jerry's brain.

A plot was unfolding—the many characters were in place, the curtain was about to rise. The only uncertainty was the audience. Jerry wanted an audience—he needed an audience—for the performance he was planning was to be a “one nighter”—without repeats.

He desperately wanted as many as possible to get the full impact of the message he was about to deliver.

He carefully considered the right time and the right place.

There was the Vista Bridge. A graceful old bridge arcing itself 112 feet above one of Portland's busiest thoroughfares. Many had used it successfully to make their final statements to a distracted world.

There was the Fremont Bridge—new, high and beautiful, spanning the swirling, murky waters of the Willamette River. It was just coming into its own as a fairly successful spot to take one's life.

As he thought about these possibilities, he rejected both. Too sudden—too traumatic. Not enough lingering impact to say what he wanted to say. His message had to be given in full view of those who knew him and in such a way that they could never forget the dramatic statement he was about to make.

He chose the place—his bed.

He chose the time—late at night.

He chose the method—a double-edged razor blade to each of his wrists.

Relatively painless, slow, reasonably sure, and terribly messy. A method that would leave his pleading features intact so that his final cry would not go unheard.

He then began composing four letters in his mind. Four strategic letters that had to be written.

The first was to his parents.

He wanted desperately to reaffirm his love to them. The last thing Jerry wanted to do was to hurt them. He had wanted to help them see that he was too helpless, too hopeless to continue. The problem was too complex—the

subject too sensitive. He didn't hold them responsible. But he wanted them to understand.

The second was to the seminary.

He wanted to tell his 500 classmates and his professors that for nearly three years he had been one of them, and they still didn't know him and didn't care.

Oh, there were some who knew, and there were some who cared, but none of them were able to provide the solution to his nearly life-long problem.

Time and again he would sit through the all-school prayer meetings, trying to muster enough courage to raise his hand and ask for prayer. Most of the time was spent talking about prayer rather than praying. When the opportunity was finally given, invariably the leader would close with some remark like "Now be specific, feel free to share what's really on your heart, but remember, this is not the time or the place to hang out our dirty laundry—that should be done in private."

Jerry would then settle back in his seat, heave a frustrated sigh, and wrap what he considered his "dirty laundry" tightly about himself and eventually leave with the same heavy burden with which he had come.

Another letter was to be addressed to the Portland *Oregonian*

He wanted someone to publish the fact that there were homosexuals in Portland who really wanted to change. There was at least one who could not march or carry a banner in a gay pride parade.

There was one; at least, who was frightened and even ashamed of the reputation his city was getting. Portland was fast gaining the distinction of being "The Gay Mecca." Or "Another San Francisco." It was acquiring names like the Homosexual Haven and The Camp and even Boys Town because of the ever-increasing number of young male prostitutes who regularly presented themselves for hire on the downtown streets of Portland.

If only he could tell his city that there were some gays who were struggling to get out of their subculture.

His last letter was to be written to his roommates.

To them he would say: "I have lived with you, prayed with you studied with you, laughed with you—and even cried with you, but none of you ever sensed where and how I was really struggling. I can't blame you and I don't. I was afraid to tell you. I feared your rejection more than anything else in the world. I really don't hold you responsible—but I do wish you had been able to help me."

Jerry composed and recomposed his final messages—messages that had been inspired by a weeklong string of devastating events that had finally

culminated with his exposure as a homosexual and his withdrawal from seminary.

Jerry hurt as he had never hurt before in his entire life, but he did not fear death—even the haunting and ugly form of death he had chosen.

Jerry's greatest fear was life—a life that had become far more frustrating and painful than he could any longer endure.

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Thank you.

Don Baker