EXODUS INTERNATIONAL UPDATE

Freedom from Homosexuality Through the Power of Jesus Christ

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Married—and Trapped in Lesbianism

By Jane Boyer

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"You're gay and there's nothing you can do about it," my lover told me. A therapist encouraged me to leave my husband and "celebrate" my lesbianism.

I was raised by two alcoholic parents. My father was a violent and rageful man. I developed an intense hatred for men, and determined in my heart I would never let a man get close to me. I was also sexually abused as a child—which only reinforced my feelings of hatred. Because my mother was a victim of my father's violence, I became her protector and caretaker. "Mom," I vowed, "I hate it that you are weak, clingy, and powerless. I will have nothing to do with womanhood."

Yet, as far back as I can remember, I developed intense emotional attractions toward other women, primarily my teachers. I craved their attention, never getting enough. Noticing my peers were not going through this, I felt shame and embarrassment. *Jane, you are different. You are weird,* I thought. As I grew older, I turned to alcohol and drugs to numb the inner pain.

When I turned 18, I joined the Army and met my husband while stationed in San Francisco. Mike and I drank, did drugs, partied, and wandered across the country for a few years. After we settled in Maine in 1980, I went to my first gay bar, which became my hang-out for the next five years.

I became very popular in the gay community—even being awarded the runner-up award in the local Ms. Lesbian Popularity contest. A double life emerged. I was involved in a Christ-centered church, but it was so large I could easily "hide out." I would go to the gay bar on Saturday night and have wild sex, then go to church the next morning and cry. I kept promising I'd never go back to the bar, but I always did. The pull of love and acceptance was just too powerful.

"Jane, just face it, you're gay and there's nothing you can do about it," my lover told me.

Was I born homosexual? I wondered. A therapist counseled me, "Your problem is your inability to accept who you really are." She encouraged me to leave my husband and "celebrate" homosexuality. I began to believe there was no hope for change and no hope for my marriage.

In the mid-1980s I told my pastor about my lesbianism and hatred of men. The pastor didn't know what to do with me. But he said, "Jane, you might leave Mike and pursue the gay life. God will still always love you, but you will never be blessed." That's all he told me, but I couldn't forget his words.

A few years later, I told Mike I wanted him to leave for a while because of his drinking. (By now, I'd been sober for several years.) He went out West, which gave me some time to figure out what I wanted to do. My lover moved in with me and my