



My Journey
By Rev. John J. Smid

Psalm 116:1-2

*I love the LORD, for he heard my voice;
he heard my cry for mercy.
Because he turned his ear to me,
I will call on him as long as I live*

Leaving a homosexual partner and a sexually promiscuous lifestyle was just the first step in finding real freedom from my past.

When I was 19 years old, I married Kristy. We had dated during high school and marriage seemed to be the natural next step in a young man's life. I was oblivious to the unresolved emotional baggage I was carrying into the marriage. I was very naive. I knew very little about my own sexuality, much less about homosexuality. I was sexually a virgin before I married so my personal sexuality was something I had not physically explored either. I had developed an addictive habit of masturbation and fantasies but that was the extent of my exposure to sexuality.

We were married for six years and had two little daughters when my life's issues caught up with me. I was introduced to homosexuality through a work-mate. I committed homosexual adultery with him and decided to end our marriage through divorce in 1980. Through this person, I found a whole new sub-culture of men just like me, or so I thought. I quickly embraced my new community and found a partner that seemed to fill a void in my life. I was with him for a couple of months when I went on to seek out other relationships. I found that I had a deep fear-- so great that I could not stand the thought of being without a "significant other" in my life.

"John, you don't have to live this way any longer," a voice said to me one night in 1982. I was just 28 years old. Little did I know that such a simple statement during a church service would have a life-changing effect on me.

I had already come to acknowledge that Jesus was my Savior and that the Bible was true and encouraging to explore, but my identity was still completely tied to homosexuality. The words I heard that night were not audible, but they were absolutely clear to me. God had just given me the hope that I needed in order to face the next two years of my life.

Those next two years were filled with relational bankruptcy and extreme discouragement. By this time in my life, I was quite aware of my salvation but did not really understand what God had to say about homosexuality. I thought that a homosexual relationship with another Christian would work, but no matter how hard I tried, I still had a deep emptiness in my heart that no man could fill. I feared the most dreaded thing of all: being alone.

A new church that I had found offered something I had never seen before. For the first time in my life, I was relating to men who seemed to be loving, sensitive, and physically and emotionally affirming - all in a nonsexual context. A Christian Singles' retreat offered an opportunity that I had looked for all my

life: a social environment with others that was reflective of my Christian faith but did not involve sex, alcohol, or other negative behaviors.

I had been raised in a Catholic home where my father was clearly sold out to God. But I could not seem to find a place for myself where I felt I really belonged. I gave up "religion" when I married my first wife, thinking I could now make it on my own.

On Valentine's week in 1984, I made one of the hardest decisions of my life. Instead of red roses and romance, I began moving away from a three-year relationship with another man. The true Lover of my soul was asking me to make a choice. I could either choose to go to the weekend retreat, which was quite threatening to my partner, or continue in the pattern I had built.

"How would I fit in at the retreat?" I wondered anxiously. Fear of all fears: I have to share a hotel room with three other guys. What if they knew that I was coming away from a homosexual relationship? During my first night as I shared a double bed with one of them I felt like a mummy wrapped up in a bundle of insecurities. I did not sleep a wink for fear that I might bump into him.

But God was incredibly gracious with me that weekend. I had never experienced so much encouragement and excitement without the guilt of sin in my life. However, after the retreat, things got a little rocky and I felt compelled to call my former partner. As I had done many times in the past, I manipulated him into coming over to my house. As I fell into my old pattern we had a sexual encounter that night.

What would I do now? I had just violated my new life. How would my pastor respond if I told him about my homosexuality? I made an appointment with Dennis Franck, the singles' pastor. Sitting in his office I told him the whole truth without mincing any words. With a suspicious mind, I was testing him with my story.

Pastor Dennis spoke to me with compassion and made one statement that still stands out to me: "John, you're right. Homosexuality is wrong." He read a passage from Romans, and then told me he'd stand beside me and work with me to help me see my way free of this sin. There was no judgment, no fear, just commitment. That was all I needed at the time. I wanted so much to be accepted in this strange and mysterious world of "straight" men. His words felt like life-giving water to my parched, thirsty soul.

After that conversation with Dennis, I never fell into homosexual acts again. Within a few weeks, I found a small group of church friends who loved me and it seemed they wanted me in their lives. Finally, I had found the place of belonging I wanted. Within a couple of weeks, Clark, Debbie, Dawna, George, Randy, and others became my life-support system. I told them about my past life with homosexuality and they were stunned at first, but they all stood with me just like my pastor. No one rejected me due to my past lifestyle.

God knew I needed to feel like I belonged to this group, so He inspired my pastor to ask me to serve the ministry by emceeding the weekly singles' meetings. After that I became involved as the coordinator of the entire Thursday night ministry. God was giving me a purpose. I had value and gifts! I began to see that others could gain from my life.

My friend, Clark, became a vessel God used to bring about a tremendous amount of healing. We would spend one evening each week just talking. Clark was committed to me; he was not afraid of my past or current struggles. He confided in me about his own life with deep vulnerability. Clark could talk about

anything without embarrassment and always keeping in line with God's truth. He was confident in his own masculinity so my homosexual issues did not threaten him.

Hour after hour, God would soak me with relationships. George and I spent time together. George was interested in knowing me. He would ask questions and dig into my life, causing me to process my feelings and thoughts that had built up over the years.

Debbie, Dawna, and other women were my sisters in the Lord. They liked me and seemed to enjoy having me around. I was not ridiculed or teased like I had been earlier in my life. This small group of friends became a source of healing for me.

All was not perfect. I would still go to church and get angry, feeling that I couldn't seek prayer at the altar for my homosexual struggles. I would not dare to talk about this subject up front. I don't know where that feeling came from, because I had never been rejected by anyone in our church over this issue. But for some reason, the enemy had a stronghold on my desire to seek prayer for my homosexual issues.

Although I had now attained sexual abstinence, I realized that I did not look forward to a life of celibacy. I wanted to find a special person with whom I could spend my life. I wanted to try marriage again, this time the right way. God was showing me how and what to do to live out my vision of a godly lifelong marriage relationship.

After getting to know various women, one began paying special attention to me. Vileen would come to my house to watch me do my yard work. How romantic! I finally saw her interest and began to get to know her better. The first months of our relationship went very well. We were growing very close.

All of a sudden, an emotionally-paralyzing wall dropped between us. I began to draw away from her. Oh, boy, not again, I thought. I'm hurting someone all over again. I didn't expect this as a Christian. I thought my life was alright now. I told Vileen that I needed help, that I was feeling frightened.

Meanwhile, I met another man who confessed his homosexual struggle to me. He was not in victory and stumbling often. What would I tell him? I had no answers, other than my own experience. I had now been free from sexual immorality for almost two years, but did not know anyone else who had come from a homosexual background. I had also not heard one testimony of freedom from homosexuality.

In 1986, I found out about ex-gay ministries through the national radio show, Focus On the Family. I subsequently wrote to two of them; Love In Action and Exodus International, seeking advice on what to tell my friend. Love In Action responded with an invitation to pursue an open position to work with their live-in program. I saw this as God's direct answer to my unspoken desires and dreams. I was accepted into the position of House Leader and moved into New Hope House in December of 1986. Because I knew this was a well established ministry, I could now find out more about my barriers with Vileen and get some answers for other men needing help. I was so excited! I had been praying for full-time vocational ministry since becoming a Christian. God was faithful to allow me to serve in His Kingdom.

During my time with Love In Action, the road has been a rewarding challenge. I have realized the real roots of my struggle. God has set me free from many fears and anxieties about life, and I married Vileen in 1988!

Marriage - this was a whole new project with the Lord! Upon getting married I found another chapter of healing that I needed to read. Now that I was much more aware of my feelings, being in such a close

relationship with a woman brought up many opposite-sex issues. I had resolved many of my same-sex issues but these other matters were not something I had suspected.

The hurts, rejections, and difficulties of my past relationships with women came to a head with my new wife. Soon I realized that I was feeling a deep seated anger toward Vileen that I did not understand. My critical heart toward her was unfounded in anything she had done. She was kind, considerate, loving. She really was not doing anything that would merit my responses.

I began to learn about healing past hurts. I found anger and pain in me stemming from my experiences as a two-year old child. At that age, I spent one year away from my parents due to some family struggles. As a little child I felt so much hurt and pain because I perceived that I had been abandoned by my parents. My temporary home was loving and caring, but where were my mom and dad? My feelings of rejection and abandonment took me into a life filled with disappointments in relationships, especially with women.

This awareness helped me to see where my anger towards Vileen had originated. Healing from the causes of homosexuality takes time. The people God has used in my life are too numerous to count. Success, failure, and disappointments are all part of the necessary struggles to find a deeper resolution of my homosexual struggles.

Where am I today? I feel of great value to the Lord and to His work. I have a sense of belonging, personhood and relationship with others. Homosexuality is a part of my emotional, physical, and spiritual history. It will not be erased as though it never existed! I may still envy a guy who I think is better looking than I am. I still shut down emotionally with my wife at times. I periodically have sexual thoughts towards a man and sometimes towards a woman!

"So then, what is victory?" you might ask. In my opinion, victory is being able to partake of the fruit of the land that God offers when we are obedient to His Word. I no longer see homosexuality as an option of desire for my life. I want nothing to do with it. I embrace my God-given relationships too much to destroy them. I embrace my wife and marriage too much to lose it to some momentary empty pleasure. I have developed a cherished relationship with God that I want nothing to destroy.

Many people ask me what happened with my children. Well, to be honest, divorcing my first wife and leaving the family deeply wounded Kristy as well as my children. They are grown up now, and there are many scars that I see in their lives stemming from my abandonment of them and my immoral choices. I have spent much time seeking God on their behalf, praying diligently for His grace and ability to someday see a deep reconciliation with them. Their relationship experiences with others show me that there is a lot of work to be done in their lives.

I believe that the divorce and abandonment were definitely the worst sins that I committed against them. My sexual choices were clearly second. I say that because I've seen so many marriages stay together and reconcile their relationships, but I chose to leave. I was not a Christian and therefore did not see things clearly or honestly so this did not happen to my family.

I believe this is why I desire more than anything to be involved in helping others to see deep reconciliation in their families. God allows me to see Him do this tremendous work each and every day.

Will I see this for myself? I pray so, but God's grace is sufficient for this moment in time. There is hope, victory, and true love in Christ!

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