

# PROLOGUE

Dear reader, I am writing this book for you and for me because there is hope.

For eleven years, I was *in*—what some would say are the prime lesbian years of life. I fell in love with one woman my senior year of college and had a mostly monogamous relationship, a relationship that my friends envied. Solid commitment, passionate, financially successful, loyal, and free of drama. We were well-travelled, well-liked, pretty, athletic, and active in our communities. Our love was evidence that complementary personalities and opposite upbringings could work forever. We proved that life together was all we needed.

You may or may not be surprised to hear that I was a Christian. Or you may wonder how a consuming struggle with same-sex attraction began. To say this caught me off guard would be an understatement. Looking back, I had a sincere faith and modeled what most would consider a disciplined Christian life, even during my first three years of college. I genuinely knew and loved Jesus Christ. I prayed constantly, studied and memorized Scripture, maintained community, and kept a careful eye on the situations I placed myself in. Yet for all of my attempts at holiness and managing temptation I unknowingly left the door open to sin I never expected. A perfect storm loomed that I never saw coming.

Our marriage was finally right around the corner, just a continuation of the life we had and always wanted, but now we'd be fully *out*. It was time to go all in. Everyone in our lives would know our secret. People could either celebrate us or move on. Everything was exactly as it should be. Except for one thing. The haunting of the Holy Spirit. My ultimate *but God*.