

# "Mom, I'm Gay..."

I had been a Sunday School teacher for ten years. I was a model mother, housewife, and member of the PTA at my son's school. I was a political activist for the cause of righteousness on the frontlines of pro-life and family values. I was in my third year of service on the national executive board of Families Against Rebellious Teenagers. In short, I was a tongue-talking, Holy-Ghost-filled prayer warrior and witness for the Lord.

About five years ago, I arrived home from a F.A.R.T. board meeting one night to find our nineteen year-old son cloistered in his bedroom, sobbing his eyes out. "Johnny," I said, "what's the matter?"

He looked at me with those tearful, blue eyes and let out the most negative confession I had ever heard in my twenty-six years as a born-again Christian. He said, "Mom, I'm gay..."

I said, "What do you mean, 'you're gay'?"

His face contorted and he managed to squeak out, "Mommy, I'm in love with Barry," before breaking out into a sob. Barry Dicks was a twenty year-old long-time friend of John from the church. They both attended the same community college and had recently gone on a camping and fishing trip together up at Lake Arrowhead.

"Honey," I said, "you can't be in love with Barry because Barry's a guy." Barry had been a

star tight end on the high-school football team. His parents, Robin and Sharon, were our close friends, faithful members of Faith Confession Tabernacle, and were involved in the process of research for writing a book on protecting the nuclear<sup>1</sup> family from such threats as the rampant homosexual agenda.

"I *am* in love with him," said John. "He just broke up with me because he said it was a sin."

"What do you mean, 'he broke up with you'?"

"We've been having sex for..."

"You WHAT?!!"

"...ever since the camping trip..."

"Oh dear God! If I had known *that*, I never would have let you go on that camping trip! It's a sin, John! The Word says it's an abomination in the eyes of Jesus! I can't believe you would do such a thing to me!"

John began crying again and, at that moment, I felt the Enemy tempting me to jump into a bog-hole of wallowing self-pity. I had tried my best to be a good mother, baking, sewing, doing laundry, ironing, grocery-shopping, maintaining a spotless home, and staying involved in whatever service supported family values in the public arena. I felt betrayed as a mother.

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<sup>1</sup> that is, the Biblical family unit and cell of society composed of one man and one woman in the bonds of marriage with at least one offspring of their flesh-bond.

I got a hold of myself or, rather, the Holy Ghost got a hold of me, and I clamped my hand down over John's head and began rebuking the Devil in other tongues, commanding him to flee out of my son, and drag whatever homosexual demon-spirit He had injected into my Johnny straight back down to the pit of hell from where it came. John stopped crying and I felt the victory.

John's "friendship" with Barry had ended. The victory was short-lived though. Barry got married a year later to a precious, young, Christian woman from the church, but John, on the other hand, did what Peter warned against in 2 Peter 2:22: he turned back again *like a dog to its vomit*. Eight months after I prayed him through to victory, I found, hidden behind a row of books in his book case, a "love letter" from a male unbeliever he'd met at college. It was clear from the letter that John was already engaging again in illicit, homosexual perversions.

My husband, Gary, and I confronted John with the letter I'd found. At first he denied it, saying it was a letter he'd found on the street and that the "John" addressed in the letter wasn't him, but some other John. But Gary and I wouldn't back down. I knew in my spirit that John had returned to wallowing in the mire of the abomination of the Sodomites. After about a half

hour of reading and re-reading him the riot act, John exploded in anger. "Alright! It's true!" he shouted. "Your son's a fag! Live with it!" Then he stormed out of the house and tore out of the driveway with a squeal.

Gary and I looked at each other in shocked disbelief. Our Johnny had turned his back on Jesus and on us. We decided at that moment to use tough love and forbid his living in our home for as long as he continued living in sin. Five days later, while Gary was still at work, John returned to collect his things. "I'm going to live with Bruce," he said.

"You're no longer welcome here," I said. "You've broken up our home and now you're going to hell."

The whole time he was collecting his things and loading up the car, I preached to him God's Law against homosexual abomination and the Gospel plan of salvation. John said nothing. Quietly, without looking me in the eye, he coldly left without even a "good-bye." That was nearly four years ago and I haven't seen him since.

John's departure from our family gave me more time to devote to the service of the Lord. I began studying the Word more deeply to discover a cure for the curse of sodomitic addiction. I interceding weekly with Sharon Dicks for John's deliverance and rebuking the wave of homosexual propaganda sweeping our nation. Then, about two years ago, I felt the Lord calling me to found a support organization for born-again parents of children who had chosen the homosexual lifestyle.

I prayed with Sharon about this parental support organization and God spoke to me very

clearly, giving me the name of the organization. The name of this blessed organization for parents suffering from the loss of a child to the homosexual lifestyle was to be "Families Against Gay Sex." With the help of Pastor Dick Sutkof and other ministers of the Gospel, F.A.G.S. has experienced exponential growth over the past two years to become a national organization with interest being currently expressed in other English-speaking and even Spanish-speaking countries.

The loss of my son to the homosexual lifestyle has already become a source of blessing to thousands of parents, most of whom I have never met. Knowing that I was making a difference in the lives of betrayed parents brought some measure of justification for the tough love that Gary and I decided to dole out to our son. Even so, despite my sense of feeling justified for my stance of tough love toward John, it just didn't seem enough. I felt God calling me to an even greater, more challenging endeavor.

One Thursday afternoon about seven months ago, after a glorious time of intercession with the Women's Prayer Patrol, I got together with Sharon Dicks over a cup of coffee and picked her brains to discover how her son Barry was able to escape the clutches of the H-addiction. By that time Barry and his wife had two beautiful children—a boy and a girl.

Sharon sat across the table at Starbucks and spoke to me with a calm assurance. "We didn't know Barry had fallen into homosexual sin, Linda," said Sharon. "We never knew that till after he was married. I think if we'd known that, our faith would

have wavered the way yours did and Barry might have ended up in the lifestyle just like John."

"I don't feel like my faith wavered," I said. "Well, initially it did, I guess, but I immediately rebuked the waverings and prayed John through to victory in the Spirit right then and there."

"Even so," Sharon said, "your faith *did* waver momentarily, and even though you prayed through to victory afterwards, there was still that moment in time that the Accuser could point to and say, 'See! There's a hole in her faith.'"

I peered across the table through tearful eyes at Sharon. "I feel so responsible," I said.

"Linda, don't let the Enemy bring you under condemnation for that momentary wavering of faith. I believe God wants you to go a step further in your battle for the family."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Sharon smiled assuringly. "Well, you've already founded F.A.G.S. for the parents. I think it's time to start another organization to call the wayward back home."

So that's how the "*Love Back Inside*" *Reparative Dating Service* was born. Pastor Dinkins has fully supported the establishment of *Love B.I.R.D.S.* Already we have six target ex-gays going on weekly dates with reparative ministers of the opposite sex from a database of twenty-three heterosexually-healthy, young people. God has turned my lemons into lemonade. ☐

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