

"Changed Lives that are Changing the World!"—No. 2

"What a Liberation!"

—by Keda, from Australia.

THE AMAZING LIFE STORY
OF A CONFIRMED LESBIAN & HER TOTAL LIBERATION
AT DISCOVERING THAT GOD IS NOT AGAINST IT!
—BUT IS FOR LOVE!

SHE TELLS OF THE ASTOUNDING MIRACLES, AS GOD
LED HER STEP BY STEP TO LIVE LIFE TO THE FULL
WITH THE FAMILY OF LOVE!—GIVING HER ALL
THAT ALL CAN KNOW!—GOD IS LOVE!



My childhood was a happy one. I had a fairly happy and positive disposition and always seemed to find challenging and adventurous things to do. I really loved school, especially secondary, and was always in the midst of any action with lots of friends. My father owned several houses and businesses, including a poultry farm. He used to drink a lot on occasion and beat up Mum sometimes, which I know affected my attitude toward men initially. From a young kid I used to go every week to Sunday School and I really liked it..

Photo of Keda, by Shem.

I remember one night watching a film on India and I know the Lord called me then to be a missionary. I was about 9. A little later I played in a jazz band in our church, which was the first one in Australia to begin catering to the young instead of solely to the old fossils. All this time, however, I'd never heard about God's saving love in Jesus or being born again. I remember always wishing I could stay what I thought was clean and forgiven and good, but it only seemed to last a short time after leaving church.

By the age of 14 I began to become disillusioned with the hypocrisy I saw. No one I asked could ever explain the verse "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" (Jn. 14:6) to me. I remember asking so many. But if John 14:6 was the truth, then I couldn't understand why we, who had heard about Jesus, didn't tell others who had never heard. So at that point, I stopped going to church!

My father was always a firm believer in hard work and taught us kids to work hard! Since I was the oldest, I usually got the blessing of doing the most! After school and on Saturdays we did everything from feeding the chicks, mowing the lawns, digging, lifting, making wrought iron doors, tables and chairs, bending the steel in our hands and molding them, welding, soldering and drilling. All this work probably helped my already strong physique to develop even more, especially combined with all the sports I did. Meanwhile my Mum taught me to sew and I used to help her a lot indoors. In a way,

I'm thankful, because I've seen some who don't automatically clean up or they see work as being a big chore, whereas it's a lot easier for someone who learned to do it regularly when young.

In later high school, when it slowly dawned on me about my sexual inclination and what it was, I felt like I must be the only one in the world like that. I read a book called *The Well of Loneliness* and really identified with the author who was really masculine and fell in love with a girl. It really touched my heart, and I remember feeling really thankful and confident that there were others like me. There were lots of girls I'd fall in love with, but I didn't manifest it very much, although I really wanted to get close to them.

Shortly after I started college, I went to the resident psychologist to see if I could change my orientation and become heterosexual. He referred me to a couple of experts, one of whom tested me using a Kinsey-based test rating in which I came out to be the extreme of the homosexual rating. Another test confirmed that I had a chromosome imbalance also.

The advice they gave me was that I should simply adjust to my lot in life and not try to be something that I'm not. The main reason I'd gone in for tests in the first place was not to turn "straight" because I wanted to, but I simply felt I had an obligation to society to see if I could be normal. But now that it was confirmed that I couldn't, I was happy to work on building my life and my moral

code and lifestyle along these lines.

So physically and emotionally, I was in some ways quite like a man. Because it was unknown and unacceptable for girls to go out together, I used to leave home dressed normally with a little bag in hand, then pull into a gas station as a girl, hop into the bathroom, either one, it didn't make much difference, and come out as a fella. I had my hair cut to about a half-inch to an inch long and wore a girdle to flatten my chest. My broad shoulders and height made the rest easy.

I started by going to regular dances and nightclubs and meeting girls and women there. For awhile I didn't even get very close to them physically. I just wanted to dance with them and look after them and make them happy. They never dreamed I was a girl! Sometimes, during the day I'd put on lots of makeup and wear short dresses and such while working, and little kids would say things like, "Mummy, why's that man wearing a dress?" People would often stop when I was just wearing girls' slacks and a sweater and ask me what I was! It was just as well I wasn't easily discouraged. I wasn't at all schizophrenic.—Dressing as a man was simply the easiest way I knew to be out in public with girls, to get close to them.

In college through a series of events, I came across some Camp women, and it really liberated me to actually meet others who were like me. From that point, I never had a shortage of lovers. Any of the girls I was with were usually really feminine, intelligent and sensitive.

In some ways I thought it was fun, because I'd be working in a professional job, very respected and a normal woman, and then come home to a wife, mow the lawns, fix the car and such, while she'd cook, improve the house and all.

I used to often take girls or my wife at the time out to dinner, to nightclubs, theatres, parties and all, which wasn't that easy on women's wages. Hence the house painting jobs and taxi jobs on the side.

As for my attitude toward men, I used to hitchhike around the desert interstate to go camping out during holidays, mostly with another girl. During the course of these, I came across several really rough guys and there were numerous attempts to rape either me or the girl I was with. Well, not having the Lord or the MO Letters at the time, I didn't know it was safer to submit and fought my way out each time, even though sometimes it was two or three to one. I guess I was fit and fast and strong, and most of all the Lord was protecting me for His purposes later on. Thank God! So this didn't exactly help to endear me to fellows. This was my attitude right up till I was saved.

When studying in high school, I really wanted a job in which I could help people. I won a full-time scholarship to study nursing, but I decided it was a bit too limited a field. I had thought of being a social worker, but I was too young to go to university as I'd skipped some grades in school and didn't want to wait two-and-a-half years till I was 19 to begin.

It was then that I heard about

teaching in prisons. This really caught my imagination, since it was a lot more progressive and all around training than secondary work which took longer and was full of irrelevant subjects that taught the kids just to regurgitate notes they'd written.

During college vacations I joined a group of youth counsellors. We would take several hundred kids at a time on extended trips interstate for several weeks at a time. I learned a thousand lessons about control through motivation and about being quiet, inspiring and definite with the kids. I also learned a lot about using music with them, teaching them to play guitar and have group singing.

After all this, I easily got a recommendation to do the prison work. At the Women's Institution, I first taught academics to the minimum security girls aged 14 to 25, but I soon moved to the maximum security, much to my delight. These girls were there for being totally incorrigible, on charges of murder, armed robbery, assault, adultery, etc. I soon saw that simple academic training was really pretty irrelevant to most of these girls. So I devised a whole series of concept development projects, getting special permission from the State to take the girls out of the city for a few days, to learn camping, mountain climbing, etc., since most of them had lived in a city all their lives. I used music therapy, group therapy, role playing and all sorts of things to try and help them.

I really loved the kids. In fact, that was one of the reasons I chose

the job. I thought I might most positively use my natural love and special rapport with women in a positive and non-sexual way to really help them. Then one night, I was driving a taxi late and picked up a girl who asked me what sort of work I did. When I told her, she asked me, "What are you giving these girls that will really last?"

She said, "You know what you can give people that will change them and help them forever?—Jesus!" It had such an effect on me that I took her home for free and we talked for a long time. Over the next few weeks I often thought about how much I was really accomplishing for all my efforts, especially when I could see the kids really starting to improve and then they'd get released and I'd see them back in a few weeks on a worse charge. This led me to see what I could do for them on the outside.

I started a night course to become a probation officer. The course wasn't that informative; I'd learn a lot more working with the kids themselves. Although I'd always liked sociology, delinquency and criminology, I couldn't see any really lasting or effective answers.

I worked with lots of kids through all their suicide attempts and sitting up with them while they were speeding or tripping, and several runaways stayed at my place, but I never got involved sexually with any of these kids, because I liked my job too much and I had to be really careful.

At this point, my lover Margie and I were at a Camp dance one night. We didn't usually go to

things like that because most of the people were a lower class than we usually mixed with socially. But thank the Lord we did because it was that night that we met Gwen, a beautiful light sparkling in all that darkness. She was just bubbling with the Spirit and I kept talking to her and asking her all sorts of questions.

Gwen was a commercial artist and had been a bi-sexual, but had just recently been saved and had come to the dance specifically to witness to others. She gave me a verse for almost every question I asked. I was so intrigued, we took her home and saw her night after night with arguments and questions, all being answered by the Word.

After resisting very definitely for awhile, I finally gave in and went to church with her. I was shocked at how much love the people showed, even though Gwen had told them that she was bringing a couple of lesbians. I was just listening, fairly unmoved, until someone spoke in tongues and then interpreted. I was awe-struck! I knew it was God speaking, and I burst out crying.

I received Jesus into my heart that night, and the next day I told the people at work. Two weeks later Gwen shared with Margie and me about the Holy Spirit, and we were thrilled because we knew this was the power that would enable us to understand the Word and help us to speak in tongues too. So we knelt down and prayed and both of us were filled with the Holy Spirit, thank God! I was just so thankful that the Lord would love me

enough to fill me despite what I was.

The next morning I told Margie that I believed the Lord wanted our relationship to be platonic from then on, and so it was. I knew it was a part of the Lord's asking me to forsake my own ways. Over the next few weeks, we'd study the Bible and a lot of staff and students at school in the prison were getting saved and filled too! Margie began a relationship with another girl we'd witnessed to and was saved and filled and we were all living together in the same house. It was a very heavy test for me, as I really loved Margie a lot and we would have been back together at the drop of a hat, if I had agreed, since she loved me too. And although I was really close to running out and getting a "pro" for the night, the Lord kept me and I know it was one of my first big tests.

The Lord did miracles at the prison school! Lots of the staff were getting beaten up when they tried to handle my kids but I had no trouble at all. Thank the Lord for His protection! The kids would come in and ask me to pray for something or someone and the Lord would blow their minds every time, with clear answers for every problem. As a result of the success I was having, I was offered a job at another prison to start something totally new with research education, in a fully professional job in which I could do exactly as I wished, and with good pay too.

I had to make a choice, as to what the Lord wanted me to do: I could continue to witness part-time with the Lord blessing it and really

using it as He had, or I could really step out and trust Him and work full-time for the Lord witnessing. Ever since I had gotten filled with the Holy Spirit, I would immediately pray over each paycheck as it arrived and then I would give it all away to whomever the Lord showed me needed it. When bills came or we needed food or anything, the Lord would always do a miracle. So it was obvious to me that the highest and best choice was to leave my job and just trust the Lord.

To everyone's shock, I quit my job, got rid of my sports car, stereo and all that, and moved into a cheap little room. In the mornings I'd pray and read the Bible and spend the late afternoons and until 3 or 4 the next morning out witnessing. I still never went to church, but just go to a few houses during the week where there would be prayer meetings and Bible studies.

Then the Lord spoke to me clearly about going to America. That was the last place I would have chosen myself, but I booked a plane for the next week, even though I didn't have more than \$20 to my name.

The Lord did absolute miracles to supply the funds! The day before I was due to fly out, I went to my old bank and asked if there was any money in my account, hoping that by some miracle, someone had put some money in it. Well, the teller was really blunt and said, "You've got ten cents, lady. Do you want it now or later?" Ha! So I sheepishly started to leave when the bank manager called me over. He said that there was something

not quite right about my account and wanted to check it out. Expecting an overdraft or something, I was really praying hard! But he returned and said I had made a cheque out for \$700 a few months previously when I had had plenty of money, but it had never been cashed by the recipient! So there it was—\$700!

Then I got home to find, in the mail, my tax return! It had arrived that very same day, the day before I was to leave! All the while my parents and friends had no idea that I had had no funds at all and was just trusting the Lord! So the next day as the plane was due to leave, we just drove to the airport by faith, knowing that the Lord would somehow supply the rest of the needed funds so I could buy the ticket at the airport.

We pulled up to a stoplight and I saw a friend pull up right beside us. She was waving frantically, so we pulled over and she raced around to our car. She was just so excited that she had caught me, because, she said, the Lord had given her a dream the night before and told her that she was to give the money from her tax refund to me! But she hadn't been able to get in touch with me. Then she gave me the money she had, and I was so surprised and thankful—\$260!

The Lord had showed me that I really needed to study the Word a lot more. So the first three months I was in the States, I went to a Bible College in southern California, the tuition payed for by some more funds the Lord had

miraculously supplied. I was really shocked, though, at the total lack of dedication most of the students showed.—No one would go out witnessing with me!

Then it was summer vacation and the Lord said clear as a bell to go to New York City. The next morning I packed my bag and caught a bus. The day I left college, I received a check in the mail from some folks in Australia I'd never met who'd found out about me and the Lord laid out their hearts to send over \$100!

At the end of a week in New York, the rent for my room terminated and I ran out of money. I met a friendly guy, a Christian, who gave me three addresses, one of which was the Children of God! I'd heard of them once before, really briefly, and what I heard wasn't too favourable. But when I sat down in the park to get clear and specific directions from the Lord, he gave me the verse Acts 10:15: "What God has cleansed, that call thou not common." and Matthew 7:20: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

So when I first arrived at their Home, I knew I was home at last! I was just stunned and so happy! I'm so thankful the Lord gave me the privilege to come and join His endtime avante-garde army with His true shepherd! That was on July 29, 1972.

During my time with the Family in the States, I travelled around to various Homes from coast to coast. It was during the time in Chicago that one leader visited and read a new Letter from our shepherd

Father David entitled "Revolutionary Sex" (No. 258) which had just come out.

Afterwards, I asked him if he could read the part about lesbianism again, and he said "I guess it just means what it says!" ("There seems to be only one sexual sin which was absolutely prohibited without exception and judged very severely by God. . .sodomy, or homosexuality between men. . . Even lesbianism, or homosexual activity between women, does not seem to be prohibited specifically in God's Word, as it does not seem to be mentioned throughout the entire Bible. . .Personally I don't see Lesbianism is any different from any other form of masturbation or sexual massage, which the Bible also seems to ignore.")—No. 258, paragraphs 23 & 24.)

What a liberation! I had been trying so hard since being saved to "act normal", supposedly, and I would really feel guilty when I would get turned on by some spunky little sister, which was quite often!

I was learning a lot working with young people and things were really going fine, until I got ahead of the Lord and went according to my will instead of the Lord's by being with a sister in the Family, a widow. MO described my heart better than I can, and I sure learned a lot of sobering lessons from His Letter about that situation, "Women in Love" No. 292:

"So I would say you could use exactly the same standards to judge a girl-and-girl relationship: Does it make you both love the Lord more?

Second, are you better able to work for the Lord by having that attachment and that fellowship together? And last of all, is it good for you personally? Does it have a good effect on you, and does it bear good fruit in your life and the lives of others? 'Love God with all your heart, love your neighbour as yourself!' That's our rule, God's rule." (Letter no. 292, paragraphs 13 & 29 by Father David.)

God's only law is love! And through MO's loving Letter I saw that this relationship wasn't really in love, as a third girl got jealous and felt hurt and left out!

Shortly after that, I came back to Australia where I was heading up road teams and shepherding one of our Family's Homes. There I met Shua. I just loved her so much from the start, but this time it was the spirit and the Lord in her that I was in love with. For awhile I didn't even dream it would be possible to be able to really get close to her. When we started reading the MO Letters together, though, I felt the Lord's directions coming clearer and clearer to us.

Shua and I were really happy and inspired in a married life. It was always fresh, with lots of sharing. The friction and competition between Shua and her husband Shem, however, was not good, and our relationship started getting out of perspective. We were married for 2½ years and now she's been gone for almost 1½ years. It really broke my heart, but I know the Lord allowed it to draw me closer to Him, to break me so He could use me more mightily.

Probably the most important things that have happened to me since joining this wonderful Family of Love were getting married, then going to S.E. Asia for nearly a year. I just love the Third World countries and people so much, and it was so exciting learning to witness in a new language! I'm really thankful for all the Lord's done, as I know how much He is in control of my life and how much He really loves me!

Now I really want to keep moving ahead and learning and growing, wherever and however I can bear the most fruit and help others bear the most fruit. Then I know, that as I put the Lord and His work first, He will again give me the desires of my heart.

My greatest desire for this year is to follow God and His only law—Love!—To show others the all-encompassing Love of God by helping to supply all their needs—both their spiritual needs and their physical needs, which of course includes their needs for loving sex, to help them find God and His life of happiness and fulfillment.

I've found I can do nothing without the Lord and His Words. This last year has been the heaviest and hardest by far, but I know without a doubt it has been the happiest in lots of ways! And 1978?—Lots of loving and soul winning, I hope!

Love, Keda.

Do you need love! We have lots of love for you, in our Homes and in the Lord's loving Letters by Father David! Come and see! We love you!

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