

## Written Testimony for Freedom Ministries. – Marisa Martinez

This testimony should be summarized at the beginning so that you understand where it is going. I was born female, and I used to be transgender, from female to male. If you remember the person with the big spiky hair, that was me, just in case any of you didn't know. I won't share everything here since it would be too long, and it's already long for the purpose of having it make sense. And even then, this will probably raise more questions than answers. Since I'm a writer I do plan to write a book on this exact experience with the hope that it might help those going through the same thing. I'm going to try to stick to what's necessary here. I can't explain why everything panned out this way, but please don't attribute any sacred cows to this—I know I could have been delivered instantly, but this is just how it happened.

The word dysphoria means the complete opposite of euphoria. It is a feeling of hopeless depression. This is what trans-people largely suffer from, specifically gender-dysphoria.

Ever since my earliest memory I had problems with my gender, my birth name, hating dresses, etc. It was in December 2012 that I decided to start transition from female to male. I had been saved a year or so earlier through Joseph Prince ministries around the middle of 2011. I obviously still suffered problems as a newborn Christian.

I insisted that God made me this way.

I'm quite the loner, and I work part time at night. So during the day this year, I ended up crash-coursing myself on God's Word through ministries on Youtube. Something in me just craved to listen to preaching all of the time, and I soon found myself spending hours a day listening to free videos of preachers and conventions on Youtube while attending this awesome Word-grounded church. Mostly I was just watching for the teachings on healing. I was not doing this to be religious or anything, but I just felt like I had to, I needed to, and so I did. I enjoyed it after all. I think it's possible God just knew how stubborn I was, and that hearing the same truths repeated over and over was needed in my case.

All of the teachers and preachers I listened to, including our own Pastor Mike, said something at one point or another that made me think in relation to my gender identity. I can't even attribute any one quote to any of them since all of their teachings on the Word just bled together. But their use of the word "identity" stood out, since in the LGBTQ community that's their favorite word to throw around. However, the preachers all used it in the context of our "identity" in Christ. Knowing who we are in Christ and renewing our mind to that is key. One of these teachers said to a lesbian before healing the pain in her back, "you might have been born that way, I don't know about that, but what I do know is that you can be born again." I was offended, but fascinated, since I never heard it put that way before.

Through these preachers, teachers, and our own pastor, I finally got it through my thick skull that God would never put on us something painful or contrary to his Word. Everything that is of pain and hurt comes from the devil. When I learned that, that was when something really started to take place in me, because being transgender is painful. The whole idea is that one feels trapped in the wrong body; a transgender suffers from dysphoria, depression, self-loathing, and panics. Transitioning into the desired gender, female to male in my instance, would only placate those feelings. No amount of surgery or change could ever cure them, and a trans-person is also destined to shoot up hormones for the rest of their life since their change is continual until death.

So I finally learned that if I suffer pain, it's not from God. My birthday was ruined this year on April 26 when I had a dysphoric panic attack on my mother just because the birthday card she gave me had magenta-pink on it. I made a scene in Olive Garden; my emotions were out

of control. I knew then that something was severely wrong and that this could not be right no matter how many times I tried to say it was.

Eventually I got to the point where I knew God did not make me this way. He would not go against his own design for one thing, and he is neither the author of pain, suffering, or confusion; the devil is. Just knowing that, however, didn't free me. The panic attacks and anger I felt in response to people calling me a girl lessened overtime, but I still thought, "Maybe I'm something else." I got on the internet and searched for a label to put on myself. Our country, especially the LGBTQ community, is label-happy. I came across the gender identities of gender-queer, agendered, androgyne, bigender, trigender, and pangender," and I thought to God, this is ridiculous! It was all so confusing, but as 1 Cor 14:33 says: "God is not *the author* of confusion."

I asked God at one point, "Am I gender 'queer' in any way?" He responded, "No," with no anger or condemnation in his tone. Just: "no".

To fully understand how I was freed, I have to address another problem I was having. For about 5 years I've suffered inexplicable pain in both of my hands and arms. The pain is still there right now, even though I know I've been healed through the cross, and I have not given up on that. But every time I prayed for it or had someone else pray for it, my left arm would convulse uncontrollably. The pain would intensify during prayer, and often my arm went numb. The convulsing and numbness was severe and then lessened overtime, however it still occurred. It would also happen during praise and worship here at church, or whenever I prayed in tongues. I never heard of this happening to anyone before. I always thought it was the healing power of God until I got it in my head that God does not bring pain, and what I was experiencing when I was praying was painful and scary. I can tell you with certainty that all of those years I must have had a demonic spirit attached. I don't understand all of that, and I don't know how it persisted to stick to me even after all of that prayer, but I do know that no demon in hell is any match for the name of Jesus.

On July 31st, I was going into work. I was getting a headache on my way there. My mom said a brief prayer for it. After I clocked in the headache grew worse. I prayed. My face started to feel hot, not feverish, but hot like a stove. I looked in a window and saw in the reflection that my face was turning bright red. It was also hard to breathe. The headache hurt so bad I started crying. I work at a drug store, so my coworkers brought the pharmacist to me. Both of my arms went completely numb from shoulders to fingertips, and my hands cramped up—I could not move them. I did only what I knew to do, and that was pray in tongues. Then I started freezing and trembling even though it was a summer day. When the paramedics came, nothing they did helped. My heart-rate was over 160 and they could not get it to calm down. I was also so weak by that point that it was difficult to walk or talk. On my way to the hospital, I tried to focus on Jesus my healer, and only then did my heart rate start to go down. Every time the paramedics interrupted me from this with their repetitive questions, my heart rate shot back up again. They took me to the hospital and found nothing wrong. In my hospital bed, I couldn't help but laugh. I knew what was going on. I once heard both Joseph Prince and (or) Andrew Wommack say that when they started preaching on healing, it was as if the enemy started throwing everything at them that he had planned for them for the next 6 years all at once in the attempt to steal the word. In the face of the enemy's wiles, we have only to believe God's word. He cannot lie. I knew the truth, I had marinated in it for weeks and months to the point where it was all I thought about. I believe the enemy is capable of panic himself—he is where it originated from after all. As far as I could tell, he was panicking.

As I was lying in the hospital, I felt God impress on me these words: "This is the beginning of the end of it." Not the end of me, but the end of the control that the enemy was comfortably exercising on my life. The doctor said my potassium was 0.2 points lower than what is healthy and told me to get more potassium since he saw that as the only possible cause. But even he seemed to doubt this. The same attack happened all over again 1 week later when my potassium was well into normal levels. I was at home experiencing the same things, waiting for my mom to come home from work to take me to the ER. I refused to take an ambulance even though I was on the phone with a nurse who insisted. I prayed for myself, commanding my heart to calm down, telling the spirit that I knew was attempting to harass me to leave. Everything in my body calmed down even as I prayed. I was freezing, weak, and experiencing the same aftereffects. I asked my mom to pray as she took me to the ER since I knew that that's what I needed. As she did so, the spirit manifested; I won't go into detail, but in short my mom did not crash the car. She started yelling at it to stop and leave. She wasn't scared, and neither was I, I knew I would be fine. I believe she cast it out then. The tests they ran at the hospital were all normal, and the doctors were stumped.

For the next few days, the same attacks tried to come back on my body, but I would answer it at the first sign. I would pray things like: "NO! Leave my body—I am not yours. No weapon formed against me shall prosper. I am the healed of the Lord." I would also tell my body what to do; I told my heart and face to calm down. The attacks never fully played themselves out anymore, and I believe that's because I answered them every time at the first sign. Eventually these demonic attacks on my body ceased and the convulsions of my arm completely went away. It does not happen anymore.

Only since then did I feel like I was set free emotionally and mentally of being transgender. My dysphoric attacks and anger in response to people calling me a "she", went away altogether. My desire to become a boy disappeared altogether. It just stopped.

Jesus said:

"Have you not read...that at the beginning the Creator 'made them male and female,' and said, '**For this reason** a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and the two will become one flesh'?"

There is so much wisdom in that one verse, I wouldn't know where to begin.

I was at the point where I could not stand to be transgender anymore, and I wanted my long hair back. Against my own fear, I told everyone at my job that I was done with being transgender. Knowing that it was not from God, I no longer wanted it. For the first time ever I felt free. Being transgender kept me in bondage. All I ever did was obsess about passing off as a male, and how I was dressing, talking, walking, acting, or feeling. But now my happiness is no longer dependant on that. Whether it was demonic, a chemical imbalance, or inborn honestly doesn't matter to me—Christ set me free and he is above all of these things.

My transition name was Taylor, which is how I introduced myself to some of you, but my real name is Marisa. No weapon formed against me, which means no weapon formed against you, even if its psychological, shall prosper. The battleground is in the mind. If you are struggling with something psychological or emotional or physical, always cling to the truth. Have you not read in 2 Timothy 1:7 that "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a **sound mind**."