

8/15/2023

Dear Sisters and Precious Friends,

I am asked to write anonymously today, regarding subjects, perhaps, tough to receive—and yet we're all adult women here, living in the world as it is—desperately broken.

The questions put before me to answer are: Why would I choose to serve in a frontline ministry such as Winsomely Beautiful, and why would I desire to serve women who by all appearances intentionally work to destroy other people's lives?

I'll start with a portion of my story.

Seven years into the marriage of my girlhood dreams, that first burst of flaming reality barreled through my heart and mind in ways I hesitate to dredge up. It wasn't so much ignited by jealousy or rage, but the molten burn of lovelorn betrayal that threatened to consume my world leaving nothing but an ashen-ed wasteland behind. Decades later, I can describe the acrid smoldering aftermath etched in my heart down to the minutest of detail. Dramatic? *Yes!* But I'm guessing those who have walked similar paths can relate without further specifics.

Many of us in the church have come face-to-face with some form of betrayal. Our stories don't need to match perfectly to be relatable—and can I just pause my story here a moment to say, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for the relentless pain some of you bear and I'm sorry for the scars old wounds have left behind. I hope you receive God's comfort as you identify *more intimately* with Christ through mutual suffering.

Yet, even as we compassionately grieve together, *our stories don't invalidate God's call on our lives*—far from it! Jesus said, *we are the light in the darkness* (Matthew 5:14-16). Frankly speaking, being a relative victim of it, I can hardly think of where light is more necessary than the pit of the sex industry. Serving with Winsomely Beautiful is one way I can shine light outside of the walls of the church and my home. Friends, there is work to do.

But please, suffer me back to my story.

At the time of what I now call with respect, my modern-day Lahaina/Maui experience, I loved Jesus, or should I say, I loved what I understood about Jesus. I was thankful for His love, His forgiveness, and His offer of full pardon. I wanted it all—and asked for it all. Yet, more than anything, I loved the idea of *Love*. I feverishly studied love but for all the wrong reasons. Ultimately, as naïve and distracted as I proved to be, God did, in fact, use it all for good.

You see, after years of studying God's love together with years of wrestling against *my own sin*, when I eventually and repeatedly became *sinned against*, God had already prepared me for the battle ahead. In His strength and power, He enabled me *through His love*, to genuinely forgive,

begin to heal, and continue on. And regarding that starving search for Love, I found it solely in Christ Jesus.

Have you ever considered how your *lifelong* daily plague of sins are *direct betrayals* of Jesus' gift of love to you? Every. Single. Day. You—me—we all betray Jesus, one way or another. I have no intent to minimize this reality with inadequate words, but it's no simple '*whatever*.' We ourselves, have caused Jesus' suffering. Yet, He prays for us, forgives us, and pardons. How is it, that we calculate *our* God piercing sins to become inequivalent to others' sins?

Imagine yourself as the Bible describes, loving your kin, your neighbors, all those in Christ—and **equally loving your enemies**. It's tough to manage such a sight, but further—envision yourself spiritually suited for battle in that invisible, yet undeniable war we live in, battling against the powers of darkness. Can we turn our backs and refuse to offer the Good News and necessary aide to those who have previously harmed us? *Come now friends, what did Jesus do?*

Though old wounds naturally flinch within us, we can't afford to slink away into hatred and bitterness—what Christian woman wants to become *that* girl? We are Christ followers, for goodness sake, called to love as He loves.

Rest assured, while engaging in Winsomely Beautiful ministry, we never serve alone—the stakes are too high. We labor together by seeking God in and throughout every ministry as we plead in prayer. We offer care, friendship, virtual and community resources as well as, personally delivered gifts through strategically worded texts intended to spread kindness, practical encouragement, and to share the love of Jesus.

We admittedly encounter pure evil. Even so, generally speaking, the vast majority of the girls we text are those caught in various traps of life devastating choices, lacking the hope of Jesus and the tangible resources they need to be set free. These, *and the innocent trafficked* are the girls we search for, while **praying diligently for all**.

Understanding sin is sin—all grievous to our Holy God, sets us free to love and serve in gratefulness to Him. If the Shepherd searches out the wandering lost sheep and the Father of the prodigal runs to his lost son while he was yet a long way off ...so we—for Jesus' sake, are called to love the hunting seductress that so readily turns lives upside down. This is my ultimate 'Why,' for ministering to women in the sex industry.

Engaging in a spiritual battle for someone's soul is no party, but it is a worthy pursuit that glorifies God.

Will you help?