

Why Gender Matters 4: Gender Vandals

'Rates of suicide are nearly twenty times greater among adults who use cross-sex hormones and undergo sex reassignment surgery...' Dr. Paul McHugh

'A Fantastic Woman' isn't, although it won best foreign film at last week's Oscar Awards. It features a trans-actor (Daniela Vega), or better put, a man pretending to be a woman. I had seen its trailer a few weeks earlier and was taken by this 'Woman's' eloquent surrealism until I discerned a tortured masculine soul under the layers of cosmetics and dramatic manipulations. Nothing short of evil--the deception that gender mind games can master the truth of one's biology.

This is a costly deception. It kills the body. Far from the designer gowns and makeovers of Oscar night, in which Vega introduced best picture nominee 'Call Me by Your Name' (you know, the 'gay' soft porn romp between a 17 and 25-year-old) by cooing: 'Can't you feel it?', I was waiting in a scruffy doctor's office in Kansas City where I witnessed a man who was 'transitioning' have a near mental breakdown as he insisted to the receptionist that he must see the doctor immediately due to alarming changes in his body. His litany of woes won't stop. His efforts to kill his masculine frame are killing him. Trans-efforts, fueled by self-hatred, annihilate the true self.

It kills the soul too. Anyone who looks upon the imposter knows who he is. She does not exist—only a doomed effort to be what he cannot realize. Socially, the world around him cannot help but respond authentically, which is at best to gaze quizzically upon a tortured soul. No wonder the rates of mental distress escalate: the dream of being adored as 'the other' becomes a nightmare of questioning eyes. Yet the 'trans' soul insists everyone change along with him; he considers anything less 'hate'. What most hate is the assumption that 'acceptance' means accompanying him to death. I am in awe of the monstrously selfish demands the 'trans' aspirant makes on everyone around him.

It kills the spirit. Demons love to imprison souls in the hell of gender reassignment. They love the wounds and emptiness and cruelty many young sensitive souls endure; our common enemy engineers the fantasy of escaping into another identity. Demons inhabit unreality and demonize those who disown and disfigure reality.

15-years-ago, my friend and colleague Daniel Delgado, posing as a glamour girl, discerned a spirit of death and destruction all around him; he witnessed its impact in the killing off of 'trans'-friends through drugs, murder, disease, and suicide. The Holy Spirit gave him holy fear and he turned back to Jesus again, only this time for keeps. Driven by the Spirit, Daniel dove into a community that chose to love him as the extraordinary man he was and is. Today he values what is real and true about himself and His Savior. He is one of the best men I know.

Satan hates reality. Our flesh loves unreality. The world gives Oscars to unreality. We the Church need to arise in her age-old foundations: embodying and declaring what it means to be human and

how Jesus through His life-giving Spirit breaks the grip of unreality and frees us to become who God created us to be.