

Pastors of the Un-United Methodist Church,

I have poured my heart and soul into creating a book about my faith journey and I wanted to share some of its pages with this church—the same church that recently abandoned the word *United*, as seen in the scars left on the building’s exterior. Perhaps you could have a bricklayer replace those bricks to make it less striking when I pass by.

As you read the words of my book, I ask you to reflect deeply on my experiences within your congregation. God has blessed me with the ability to see beyond the surface—straight into the hearts of others. I discern truths not only from what is spoken but also from the silence that lingers in between.

I pray—unceasingly—that my Heavenly Father, the Almighty God, will extend to each of you the same hospitality that I was shown here.

My experiences at this church have ignited a calling within me to create an online community—a space for believers who have been shunned, oppressed, marginalized, and turned away from God’s love and grace. This will be a place where God’s children share their stories, offering hope to others. It will not be shaped by the doctrines of any specific denomination but will stand firmly on *sola scriptura*—returning to the unfiltered truth of God’s Word. It will be a community that embraces and loves all of God’s people.

If you would like to purchase a copy of my book, please feel free to send me an email with the address where I can send it.

P.S. Senior Pastor —my nieces asked to return to the Un-United Methodist Church because they enjoyed the music. I had to gently explain to them that the senior pastor and some members made an entire group of people feel unwelcome and cast them out. I reassured them that God’s love is enough for us and that we will wait for the day of judgment—when those who call themselves “leaders” must answer to God for their actions. I continue to pray for your congregation, though I hold little confidence that any will truly walk beside God.

I want to thank you, though. You see, when I opened my Bible after leaving your church, the words seemed to leap off the page in ways I never experienced before.

God revealed truths to me I hadn't seen before. It's almost as if He used this pain to sharpen my understanding and draw me closer to Him. For that, I am grateful.

These are my honest words, straight from the heart.

In My Father's Name,
Teddy

To the sisters—

Your voices are truly angelic, and your faith is a testament to the power of God's presence. I know your hearts are pure, and it shines through in the way you perform for the Lord with such passion.

To the one who feels the need to wear suits designed for men—know this: do not let yourself be stretched thin in a congregation that has cast out an entire group of God's children. If you cannot fully love and embrace who you are in His sanctuary, how can you love God with your whole heart?

Run. Run as far as you can from that place, and trust the rhythm of your own heart. It beats in tune with God's love for you.