It was the summer of 1994 when everything changed for me. I received a call from Reverend Babel Potter, a remarkable German theologian who was visiting Jamaica . She invited me to attend a conference in Germany focused on lesbian women and their churches. I told her I needed to think about it first.

I remember hanging up the phone, my heart racing with a mix of excitement, curiosity, and fear. This was a big step for me. The thought of being surrounded by other women who were lesbians was overwhelming.

The very next day, I called Reverend Potter back to accept her invitation. As I spoke the words, I felt a weight lift off my shoulders. This was more than just a conference; it was an opportunity to explore my identity, to connect with others, and to find a community that understood the struggles and joys of being a lesbian in a faith context. The next step was calling my pastor to set up an appointment to speak with her about my sexual orientation and my upcoming trip to Bad Boll. A week later I was sitting in her office telling her all about my visit to Germany and why attending the conference was important to me. She begged me not to do such a thing because these lesbians will be teaching you how to become a lesbian and you will get so deep in the lifestyle you are going to want to get out and you will never be able to! We cried and prayed together. I looked her in the eyes and told her that I will attend the conference. The power I felt doing that was uplifting!

I was scared, of course. What would it be like? Would I fit in? Would I be accepted? But the excitement overshadowed my fears. I was ready to step into a new chapter of my life, one where I could be my true self without hiding. This was the beginning of a journey toward acceptance, both from others and from myself.

Visiting Bad Boll in December 1994 was a life changing moment, unlike anything I had imagined before. I arrived and was instantly amazed by the diverse group of women from all corners of the world, representing every ethnicity and language. What I witnessed was a powerful gathering of women united by our faith and sexual orientation.

At the crossroads of Christianity and personal truth, I discovered a place where I could truly exist as myself. The atmosphere was electric—filled with women who celebrated their churches, who cherished each other, and for the first time, I said openly “I am a lesbian”. In that moment, I felt powerful and utterly connected, embraced by women whose journeys had also led them to this intersection of faith and authenticity.

Meeting these women and listening to their stories emboldened me and gave me the courage to finally share my truth, what it meant to live in a homophobic country like Jamaica, to survive the isolation, and to dream of freedom. I felt unafraid, happy, and able to breathe liberated from the silence and dark secret I kept for so long.

Bad Boll is the birthplace of my courage. I left with new friends, unforgettable memories, and—most importantly—the certainty that I could tell my story, truthfully and proudly.

Looking back now, I realize how pivotal that moment was. It marked the start of my journey towards authenticity, and I am grateful for the courage I found to say "yes" to this opportunity. Since then, I have dedicated my career to promoting inclusivity and understanding within marginalized communities globally, striving to create spaces where everyone can be their authentic selves. My journey has taught me the importance of visibility and the power of community, and I continue to champion these values in all aspects of my life.