

Published based on [Healing My Prostitute Heart](#)

Healing My Prostitute Heart



I have just returned from Pattaya, Thailand, a city where 30,000 prostitutes live and work. I felt a strong urgency about this particular mission trip. Part of our ministry while we were there was walking down the streets lined with bars and prostitutes and listening for God's direction as we prayed and walked.

One particular night, I felt total exhaustion, emotionally and physically. My body had not adjusted at all to the 13 hour time difference. Pushing past my exhaustion, I walked down Walking Street with Angel, my interpreter.

I pondered at my emotions. I felt a total lack of condemnation for the thousands of girls who lined the streets and for the men who were looking to buy them for the night. I questioned God about my heart.

Is my heart dead?

Has the pain in my life during the last few years numbed me to Your Spirit?

Is my spiritual thermometer broken?

What should I be feeling?

Jesus, what would you feel?

As I walked in the darkest spiritual place I've ever seen, a city full of oppression, I did not feel oppressed. I looked past the way the girls were dressed and their makeup and looked into their eyes and all I could see was emptiness. My heart broke for them.

And there is much that could be told to set the context for this journal, such as how most of the girls hate their lifestyle and are first bound to it out of desperate financial need, but for now I just want to share a snapshot of two young girls I met on Walking Street and ask us all some hard questions.

My eyes caught the eyes of a young woman on the side of the street who was selling toys for children. I approached her and began to have a conversation with her. She spoke of her need for love and of her unfaithful boyfriend. I spoke to her of the true love Christ has for us all. She sadly told me of her much sin. I told her that I, too, had sinned much, but that Christ had forgiven me and given me a true, pure love. Within just a few minutes of talking to Anna, she hungrily agreed to ask Christ into her life, confessed her sin, and smiled from ear to ear as she showed me the "goose bumps" on her arms and neck and spoke of the Spirit. Eastern cultures are very aware of the presence of spirits so I am sure she spoke with limited understanding but yet of a real experience that was happening inside her. She hugged me several times, reluctant to let go, before I left her that night. She asked me to come back to visit her again and then she begged me to please go and visit her sister who worked down the street and tell her about this Christ.

Once again, God manifested on the streets of Pattaya and after just a few short minutes, Anna's sister, Jane, also asked Christ into her heart. As I left the streets that night, my heart was burdened with wondering how many other young girls were there just waiting to hear the Good News. I wondered if I could have pushed past my exhaustion and kept walking and sharing, how many others would have said yes.

I've thought so much about the many girls on the streets of Pattaya since my return home. The job that needs to be done there is overwhelming but the spiritual hunger is huge. But for me, the question at hand has become not about the girls of the streets there, but about the girl inside me, and I hope as you continue to read, the question you will hear will be about the heart inside you.

So I pose a question – what is a prostitute?

Without looking to the dictionary, I would say that a prostitute is someone who sells their body for money. And it seems that to do so, one must divorce their heart from their body for we all are designed to live from our hearts deeply in relationship with others.

A prostitute is someone who gives up long term goals in order to meet short term demands.

A prostitute is someone who dies to the possibility of true intimacy in order to have sex.

As I thought of these ways to define prostitution, I had a realization that, in many ways, we are all prostitutes at times. Indulge me in this train of thought and understand that I am not talking about sex, although that could certainly be included.

How often do we settle for less than intimacy, whether it be with God, our mate, or our friends and family? I am speaking of the kind of intimacy where we know each other in deep ways.

How often do we live our lives just getting our most immediate needs met and ignore our purpose in life?

We divorce our heart from our body and settle for short term fulfillment and pleasure instead of long term relationships. We live for the moment with no regard for the future because the moment screams to us of its vital importance.

We, who are the bride of Christ, are challenged to bring all that we are to Christ, yet often we find ourselves giving only our service to Him and not our whole hearts. That is living like a prostitute. And we can do that in our marriages and in our other relationships.

I guess for me, going to Pattaya showed me that at times, in many ways, my service for Christ is just that – service. I often present him a nice neat checklist that proves my fulfilled commitments, but have lived in such a way that He had limited access of my heart for I haven't really known how He valued my true heart. Offering Him service was safer, less risky, than offering Him intimacy.

And that think that God has issued me an invitation to heal my prostitute heart. This invitation requires me to trade in the quick, easy method of living, for a much harder but fulfilling road, the road which speaks of true relationship. The road where my service comes totally from a place of love, so much that it truly transcends what we Christians sometimes define as service and becomes a living sacrifice, given from a heart full of passionate desire

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