

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Growing Old, Gay

For some, it's a first wrinkle. To others, it's being called 'sir' by an 18 year-old. For me, it was as simple as turning 30. How could God let this happen to me? All I wanted was to stay young and cute...a guarantee I'd always be able to get the affection and attention I crave from men.

I always looked at growing old like I look at winning the lottery, striking it rich in the stock market or being 'discovered' by Calvin Klein while chomping on a Whopper in Burger King...something that happened only to other people, but never to me. I was wrong.

Being gay is tough. Being gay and a Christian doubles the stress. Being gay and a Christian and losing your youth is a triple-whammie.

Every now and then, I wake up in hysteria. It's that nasty dream again:

It's my 70th birthday and I've just come home from work (I'm a part-time cashier at Woolworth). My home is a room I rent at the Y.M.C.A. for a reduced, senior citizen rate. As I go to hang up my coat, I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I haven't aged well at all. My hair fell out in my 30's. I grew fat in my 40's then liver spots in my 50's. I lost the elasticity in my skin during my 60's and, somewhere along the way, I lost all sanity and had a thick toupee of dark-brown hair surgically-attached to my scalp.

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Anyhow, no one remembered my birthday and I'm miserable; lonely; depressed; frustrated; angry at God, at the world and at myself.

The next thing I know, I'm in black boots, a leather vest, and a studded G-string. I notice my nipples are pierced. Holding a spanking paddle, I begin roaming through lower Manhattan at three in the morning yelling, "Today is my birthday and I've been a bad boy. Please spank me."

I arrive at my destination...a sex house I visited regularly in my younger days. I go inside, hoping to get my needs for love met and two men start making fun of me. (I hear someone mumble I look like E.T. in drag.) Eventually, I find a young guy who seems to like me. I soon discover he's a hustler and wants money to be with me. I pay him for 10 minutes of his time, and run out of the building embarrassed, afraid and aware that I am now one of those 'desperate old men' I used to feel sorry for so many years ago.

I spend the rest of the night wandering around, looking for a man to love me. No one finds me attractive any more. I wake up crying.

I've got to get this gay crap resolved. I don't want to die this way. 70 is closer than I think and I just discovered my first wrinkle.

There has to be a better way. Help!!

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