

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

To My Best Friend

Confession of a Christian Teen Struggling with Homosexuality

Today, you asked me "What's wrong?"

How can I begin to tell you what's wrong? The fact that you are persistent and will not accept "nothing" as my answer, shows me your concern for me is real. I like that. What you don't know is that the more love and affection you show me, the more difficult and confusing my already difficult and confusing life becomes.

You see, I really care about you. Don't smile yet and please take your hand off my shoulder. You can't imagine the effect that has on me.

I love our friendship and wouldn't trade it for the world. But, I have something to confess. In a strange, rare way, I've used you. All those times I gave you back rubs and neck massages. Those times you cried on my shoulder after your dog was killed and your mom was diagnosed with cancer. Not to mention all those times we've fallen asleep on the couch together watching T.V. For you, these moments were an outward expression of your faith and comfort in our friendship. For me, they were much more. These intimate moments were my desperate attempts to get a taste of what it must be like to be your lover. I know this sounds sick, but please, let me continue. Such times were my only chance to share not only your emotional being, but your physical being as well.

We spend so much time together that it puzzles me why you don't feel the same. Actually, it doesn't puzzle me at all. I struggle with homosexuality and you do not.

I'm so sick, buddy. I want desperately to be freed from these homosexual drives. You can't possibly begin to comprehend the private hell of lust I burn in, each and every moment of my existence. I really want to stop cold-turkey and fight back, but I don't know how. Also, I know that this would mean not touching you, not caressing you, and saying 'no' to the only form of male affection and intimacy I've ever known.

Today, we discussed your relationship with Margaret. You seem to be falling for her and I'm happy for you. But, I have to tell you, I'm sad for me.

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I'm scared you'll spend more time with her and less with me. I'm scared that privileged information which was once shared with me will be reserved for her ears only. And, call me insane, but I'm petrified that the tenderness and intimacy that is the pillar of our friendship, will be saved for your marriage bed. I'm buggin, but I know this is how it must be. This is how God meant for it to be. However, knowing this won't stop the pain I'll feel when my world is ripped apart from me as you glide slowly into your destined roles of husband, father and lover.

I'm so confused. I only know that the thought of having to share you scares the life out of me. Who will be my friend? I'm so screwed up in the head, who will want to? Perhaps, in your absence, I will finally begin to address the roots of my attractions to men and face them head-on. Or, in your absence, I'll surrender to the gay life. Without your presence in my life, I could fall big-time.

That's what's wrong, my friend. I'm frightened to death of being alone again. It has taken so long for our friendship to mature to the point where my needs for male intimacy are being met. I don't want to lose you. I love you. I wish I could tell you all this so you could counsel me, support me and pray for me but, in my heart, I know I cannot.

So, my response to your question, "What's wrong?" will be, "Nothing .I'm just tired. Turn on some music and let's get out of here and cruise for some babes."

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