

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Honey

Come in, Sweetheart. I'm ready to talk, if you are. I'm sorry for blowing up at you earlier. When you confronted me about my address book, and asked about the men listed in it, I panicked.

I can't maintain this double life any longer. For years I've dreaded this day of accountability. Over and over I have mentally rehearsed the alibi—the big lie—I was going to use as my defense.

But you've caught me off guard. I counted on you confronting me with insults and sarcasm. I thought you would tell me what a perverted jerk I am for screwing up your life. I had no idea you would throw your arms around me and tell me how sorry you are for the tremendous pain I must carry in my heart. I had no idea you would cry. I had no idea you would even care. You have thrown me a curve ball and I don't know how to react. I am also surprised you could still love me after all these years of disregarding you.

There's this one gay theater just two miles from here. Yes. Just two short miles from our home. I find myself there three, sometimes four times a week. I go in and promise myself I will observe only. I rarely just observe. I park and give myself a one-hour time limit. But I find that, once inside, I cannot leave. It's actually kind of silly. I realize from the moment I get there that the object of my desire, the man who will fulfill all my needs, is not there. In fact, I know positively that he doesn't even exist. But I stay and linger, fearful that if I decide to leave at 5 p.m., he might walk in at 5:01 p.m. and I will miss him.

To be honest, out of the over 500 encounters I have had---yes, Honey, over 500, not **one** of them ever satisfied my craving.

I do love you. My disregard toward you has been unforgivable. It's just that I **know** the incredible double life I live. I **know** the sinful adulterer I am and I feel unworthy to be loved by you.

I want you to understand that my problem is more emotional than sexual. I'm not really into sex. I'm lonely. Lonelier than you could possibly imagine. Yes, I have you. Yes, I have friends. Yes, I have family. But you

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all know the me I created to survive in this world. You all know the made-up me. The real me, the me that still craves the masculine touch, and the me that I have kept hidden deep within all these years---is who I am when I'm with another man. It is the only time this part of me is permitted to live.

I know I get moody when you want me to visit your family or sit with the kids while you go out shopping. My free time is so limited with work and night school, I don't want anyone hogging it up. You see, such time is the only chance I have to be unaccountable and free to satisfy my inner hunger for men. And when you try to take this away from me, I get stressed and moody. I hate myself for being this way, but seem unable to change.

For the very first time, I see pain in your eyes. I've been so wrapped up in Myself all these years, I never even considered that you also are lonely. Can it be that, in my crazy search to satisfy my burning for a man's touch, I have caused **you** to hunger for the **same**? Dear Lord, what have I done?

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