

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

To All The Girls I've Loved Before

It has been so long since we last saw each other that I'm not sure you'll remember me. I need to tell you this regardless.

We dated in my younger days and shared some great times. We were basically inseparable. Sometimes, I would show up at your door seemingly depressed and somewhat preoccupied. You always reacted with due compassion and never held it against me. Thank you.

Even though I regularly hinted that *I wasn't ready for a commitment*, your feelings for me developed gradually and naturally. The day soon arrived when you gently and lovingly confronted me about my *lack of intimacy* and your need for *something more*. When the conversation ended, our relationship was at last defined and clear, we were *just friends*. On the surface, this seemed to be exactly what I had always needed...a companion.

I came to realize that when you told me you wanted *more than fun times and laughs*, it meant a new man would fill my place in your world. You began to have less and less time for me. I found myself lonely once again. Instinctively, I began searching for yet another relationship to replace ours, even though I knew its doomed outcome before it even started.

I remember telling you that my *lack of intimacy* (as you phrased it) had nothing to do with you. Women as sweet, as pure and as loving as you are rare. The way I see it, any man in his right mind would have moved Heaven and Earth to have won your heart. And that's the problem in a nutshell. I wasn't—I'm not—in my right mind. You see, I struggle with homosexuality. I privately crave the masculine touch. But, due to my personal convictions and religious beliefs, I've struggled to subdue this part of me. Sadly, in spite of my good

intentions, I have been unable to gain victory over it.

How can I convey this in a way you'll understand? My world was so incredibly lonely and my heart so starved for a man's love, that in order to keep the pain from driving me to end my life, I looked to you for some love, a little

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understanding and a lot of companionship. I counted on you to bring temporary and partial relief to my private suffering.

Times we spent together would have been ideal, had it not been for the homo-sexual cravings I never asked for yet had, hated passionately but could not shed, and ruled me daily with no relief in sight.

I understand now that homosexuality not only destroys its host, but also those close to him. I am so familiar with hurt feelings and abandonment that, had I had the maturity and healthy mind to see the ways I was hurting you, I would never have allowed it to start.

This explanation is long overdue. I am sorry for any pain I caused you and for any insecurities or feelings of inadequacy which may linger on in you. I'm so very sorry.

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