How Did It Come To This?

"What I Want To Be When I Grow Up"

By: Billy Jones, Third Grade

When I grow up, I want to be an astronaut and travel in outer space or maybe a veterinarian and help animals. My daddy works in an office and sometimes comes home in a bad mood and fights with mommy. So I don't want to work in an office. When I come home to my family, I want to be in a happy mood.

I also like fixing and making things, so I might be an inventor. Oh yeah, I want to make lots of money and travel around the world and help the poor.I am going to make this world a better place.

"What I Became When I Grew Up"

By: Mr. William Jones, District Sales Manager

Look at me. I feel so ridiculous on my knees in this video booth, looking for love and approval from guys half my age.

How did it come to this? I supervise a staff of 18 employees and live in a nice neighborhood. I earn a decent salary, drive a late-model car and exercise regularly. I have a great circle of friends, I love God and I'm active in church. On the outside, I seem to have it all together. On the inside, I'm miserable.

But, what can I do? No one knows my secret and it's too risky to confide. If my friends find out, they may ditch me. If I go to my church for help, they might start to see me as a pervert.

So many years have slipped away. Instead of utilizing my free time to work toward my goals, I've squandered it, and a good deal of money, in gay video booths and sex houses, looking for the male intimacy and affection I've craved since I was a child. I'm still searching.

Last night I found an essay I wrote as a child called *What I Want To Be When I Grow Up.* Where did "I" go? The "I" who loved? The "I" who hoped? The "I" who dreamed? Does anyone care?