

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Thank You

My walk out of gay living has been a mixture of joys, frustrations, anger, frustrations, good days, bad days and frustrations. I want to use this page selfishly to say thank you to some of the many people who have inspired, corrected, encouraged, rebuked and loved me through my journey.

Jesus: How can I possibly express my debt to You? I was nothing more than a chronic slut, but You saw potential. You heard my cries and began a work of transformation in me that in theory is impossible but in You completely doable. I see people of other faiths who don't even trust in You exemplify your commands more effectively than I do, yet You are constantly looking beyond my wretchedness and focusing on my potential. You have sent people into my life to teach and guide me. Some of them have become disappointed after getting to know me more intimately and others have grown into wonderful friends. Other times, You have literally stopped the world to bring me back when I stray. With all my moodiness, carnal frustrations, whining and wickedness, I could wear down the patience of Job. But not Yours. I finally have found my home in your arms. Thank You.

Steve: Without you, I would surely be in a mental institution by now, finger painting by number in a padded craft room. Together we have learned to laugh and joke in the face of an otherwise unpleasant journey out of gay living. I want you to know that I forgive you for all the times when I excuse myself to use the mens' room and you whip out an egg timer, turn it upside down, and announce, without a trace of humor in your voice, *Robert, you're being timed. If you're not out in three minutes, I'm coming in after you. GO!!!*

I forgive you for the day I was going on a business trip to Puerto Rico and, while I was asleep, you sneaked into my bedroom, lifted the blanket and wrote on my chest (in indelible ink) **IF YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE, CALL STEVE IMMEDIATELY AT 476-7802. REWARD.**

I also forgive you for all those nasty little paraphrases of Biblical truths you chuck at me:

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Robert, you're supposed to be lighting his candle, not his fire. (Whispered in my ear the day we were meeting to talk with a somewhat handsome young man who wanted to learn about Jesus, and you felt I had on too much cologne.)

Robert, you're supposed to be salt and light, not sugar and spice. (Told to me when you thought my shirt looked a tad bit effeminate and wild.)

Robert, being the Bride of Christ doesn't mean you have to dress the part. (Shouted at me in disbelief when you thought my entire outfit looked very much effeminate and wild.)

Robert, you're supposed to be Jesus Christ to your brethren, not the slut at the well. (Spoken in my face when I informed you I was going out to a gay club because I was bored.)

You have been a terrific friend and accountability partner and I am blessed to have you in my life (even if they all do think we are codependent).

Kathy Troccoli: Many nights, years ago, as I would cruise through lower Manhattan looking for some man to love me, you were always there in the cassette player, encouraging me with truth and exposing your own pain so I wasn't suffering alone. You were a friend without a physical presence yet you, more than anyone else, were able to keep my door locked, my window rolled up and my self in the car when temptation came my way. You offered me hope in my darkest moments. I brought you in the car with me and you brought Jesus in the car with you. Being single yourself, you have exemplified an unmarried walk of success, humility, strength, hard work, dignity and humor. Thank you for giving Him total control in your life to reach the once desperate like me.

Alan Medinger: While I flip-flop around in the foolishness of my immaturity, you are the incarnate example of the man God wants to mold me into. Your writings offer such a clarifying perspective to me and the love you and Wila share that I have seen firsthand make me believe beyond any doubt that Christ does indeed transform us. Also, watching the way you, Wila, Jeff, Bob, Lani, Josh and everyone else at Regeneration depend so

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utterly successfully on God to supply all your needs has not gone unnoticed. In fact, it pricks at my conscience daily that I am not that far in my faith yet.

Charlie: Yes, Charlie, you are a Cocker Spaniel, but you are a very wise Cocker Spaniel. If I leave the house, even if just for a moment to take the trash out to the curb, upon my return, you greet me like I had been away for a thousand years. You are always so happy to see me and dedicate yourself to awaiting my return when I am out of your sight. It is you my pooch who inspires me to pray each night that I may come to love Jesus and get just as excited seeing Him each day as you become seeing a mess like me.

Michael O. When you were in the hospital, suffering from what the doctors told you was almost certainly AIDS, you refused HIV counseling and told everyone, *My God is bigger than the doctors*. If judging only from the degree of complaining you exhibited, one would have guessed you were being hospitalized for dandruff. You witnessed to the physicians, the nurses, and without realizing it, to me too. I learned an important lesson that day about faith. You placed your life and your future in His hands and went about spreading the Gospel as commanded. It irritated me that a guy many (but not that many) years younger than I could be so much more Christ like. Thanks for the lesson.

David W. and John J.: Jesus shines through you two men so brightly that I can feel His presence when in your company. What a challenge you have put before me!

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