

# ***BUGGIN' OUT!***

## **Newsletter**

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

### The Darker Side of Brotherhood

Every once in a while, I receive an e-mail from a reader who tells me he wants a friendship like the one Kevin and I share. Kevin is my accountability partner, church buddy and friend. We have walked side by side away from homosexuality and toward Christ for many years.

But to all of you who think “I’ve got it made”, I want to let you in on a little truth. Yes, we pray together and yes, we laugh much and often. However, because we spend so much time together, there is something else we do as well. We bicker. A lot.

Here are some of our more perennial spats:

Topic:                   What do you mean I don’t need another book?  
Orator:                   Me  
Where:                   Resource table at any Christian conference  
Duration of Spat:    Until we leave the resource table.

### Highlights

So what if I buy a lot of books, they help me. No. They don’t become dust collectors as soon as I get them home. Fine. If you are so opposed to me buying another book, I will not share its insights with you and I will be light years ahead of you in my healing process. That’s a lie! I do not have a book fetish. And I truly don’t care that you think I never actually read any of them. You have a membership to the gym and you are still chubby, but do I harass you about that? Aha! I heard that! And I am not going to ask if they have a book on overcoming defensiveness.

Topic:                   Why do you only minister to the cute ones?  
Orator:                   Kevin  
Where:                   Outside of homeless shelter, Manhattan  
Length of spat:        Ongoing to this day

Robert, far be it from me to bring this to your attention, but I detect a trend. Why is that everyone you bring home to live with us is male, latino, under 30 and, after he cleans up, quite stunning? Would it kill you to extend

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the love of Christ to an elderly man who lost his dentures or to a matronly grandmother type? I hate to say it, but I think your brokenness influences your ministry. Deny it all you want. I only know that our living room sofa often looks like a casting couch full of unemployed Hispanic soap opera actors. Take a moment to reflect on your ex-lovers; Carlos, Enrique, Sebastian, Marcelo...am I the only one who sees a disturbing coincidence here? I truly believe that if I were homeless and sleeping on the streets, you'd pass right by, without so much as tossing me a nickel because you don't find me attractive. Oh, I see. So you'd pass me by for my attitude, not my look. You're very hurtful.

Topic: You burped  
Orator: Me  
Where: Dinner tables throughout the world  
Duration of spat: Until the burp dissipates

### Highlights

You swine! You burped again. I know you think burping is charming but let me tell you it's despicable. Don't deny it. You burped and I know it. The burp smells like green bell pepper and in front of you is a half-eaten fajita. I can put 2 and 2 together as well as the next guy. You're smiling. You find it hysterical when you interrupt my meal with a gross stench. Why don't you just go all the way and cough on my dinner roll. That ought to put a smile on your face. I have been forced to wonder if perhaps Able was a chronic burper like you are and Cain simply got proactive about constantly inhaling unsolicited fogs of lamb and hummus. I wasn't going to tell you this, but I recently read in a respected medical journal where there is a definite correlation between excessive burping and unconfessed sin. Why are you smiling again? Oh, you swine!

Topic: I want my own room  
Orator: Kevin  
Where: In front of computer, perusing Travelocity.com  
Duration of spat: Until we book the trip

You know I love you Brother Robert. I want to share my life with you, just not my hotel room. I do understand that it is a bit costlier for two rooms, but to me it is money well-spent. When we've shared rooms in the past, you were very

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mean to me. In Mexico City, you became angry with me because you claimed I snored loudly and you couldn't sleep. You poured sun block into my ears while I was sleeping to punish me. Hush, I'm not through. In Guadalajara, you ate a bad batch of something and got Montezuma's revenge. I had to use the restroom in the hotel gym for 7 days or run the risk of a respiratory meltdown. Wait, there's more. In Costa Rica, you thought it was cute to prop open the hotel room door who when I exited the shower, in only a towel, the maids in the corridor could all see me. And then there's the time on the airplane when I nodded off and you placed a "DON'T HATE ME BECAUSE I'M BEAUTIFUL" sign on my chest. I realize that has nothing to do with sharing a room, but I have not yet forgiven you for it so I'm counting it. Ah yes, about the added expense. Brother Robert, I would sooner cut corners by doing without meals, travel insurance, or a malaria shot than to have to share a room with you.

Topic: Wind Pain  
Orator: Me  
Where: In Kevin's non air-conditioned SUV  
Duration of Spat: Time it takes to arrive at point B

### Highlights

No, Kevin, I will not roll up my window. It is 90 degrees outside and 100 degrees inside this kiln you call a vehicle, and you are carrying on again about your stupid wind pain. Take an aspirin and shut up. There is no such condition as wind pain. You made it up. If it were a real malady, there would be a telethon and a poster child for it. Personally, I think you invented wind pain because you are too ashamed of the real reason you don't want me to roll down my window and breath...your hair. You have always put your hair before my well being and it hurts. Whine all you want, but the way I see it is you have three options: 1) Spend the 200 bucks and get the stupid AC fixed. 2) Change your perspective, embrace the breeze, and see yourself as a wind pain survivor, or 3) Repent and stop being so difficult. Personally, I favor option 3. Whine all you want. But until Ronald Mc Donald builds the *Children's Hospital for Terminal Wind Pain*, I'm not buying it.

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