

May 10, 2012

Dear Charley,

Your story shared today, in this place, at this time, was truly touching. Words that emerged in my witnessing of your story are: rawness, vulnerability, discovery and strength.

You spoke of feeling like you were coming “home”. Home may not be a physical space, from your description “home” evoked a sense of belonging, of self, of connectedness to a greater place of spirituality.

I envisioned a small child in a long aisle of a church, searching and reaching for a cloak, if you will, or something, some energy, to envelop him and hold him in the moment of solidarity.

When you described standing in front of the mirror demanding and promising yourself to never cry again. I think your story drew an image of trauma. Trauma that men, not even perhaps gay men, but any person who is socialized to fit the socially constructed “man”. I see these all as traumas where people are shut down and denied their expression of raw, natural, human nature – emotions, caring, connection.

The witnessing of these moments in this workshop fills me with hope, it envelops me with a cloak that makes me feel warm. While I find myself in a marriage with a man, I very much so feel that I don’t identify myself as “heterosexual”, but define myself somewhere along the greyness of the “homosexual/heterosexual” spectrum that I envision in terms of sexuality. Yet, I am completely content and “at home” with where I stand today. For that, I need to recognize my privilege.

Your sharing has provided me with a path to exploration and deeper questioning, and I thank you very much.

Denise