

I'm not only a lesbian

I knew I was attracted to girls as far back as the age of eight. I was a Girl Scout and was attracted to another girl in the group named Vickie. I was always looking at her marveling at every move she made, she didn't do anything out of the ordinary. for she was just one of us ... a Girl Scout ... but for some reason I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

My mother, being the Girl Scout leader, noticed my intense interest in Vickie, and spaced us apart hoping to distract me with the matters at hand, such as basket weaving or cookie selling.

Eventually I grew out of Girl Scouts and Vickie. A couple of years had passed, and then I had even stronger feelings for a childhood friend, Angie, the daughter of my mother's friend.

She was so cute, smart and confident. I loved her attention. When she spoke to me, there wasn't another sound in the room. When it was time to go home, I would repeat the things that Angie told me over and over in my mind.

I was never sure when we'd next meet, so I would pretend when I missed her that she was in front of me talking to me and looking at me. I believe this is what they called puppy love. My feelings never took that form when it came to boys, still what I felt for Angie was some form of love.

My heart beat so fast when she came around me, like nothing I had ever felt before. So beautiful so innocent. It was only later when I found that my beautiful feelings were unacceptable.

Though my love and intentions were pure, the cruel politics of the church and the guilt of my mother made me turn away from who I was.

I tried as a young adult in my early twenties to become a heterosexual, though it was impossible. I was told as a teenager that it was a sin and unnatural to be a lesbian from those who were my authority figures.

I was wrong. ... I must have been. Why else would they be telling me such things?

So I tried. ... I tried to be what others considered natural, right, holy ... straight. I tried to force myself to think of men in a sexual way, to actually contradict what I was feeling, telling myself it was wrong and that I wasn't feeling and thinking what I was.

"NO NO NO, I am straight," I would repeat to myself.

My mother eventually told me that if I didn't turn straight, she would disown me. And that in itself caused the biggest strain.

I was brought up Baptist, so from all sides the guilt was choking me.

"God release me from my own prison ... from the love I have for women."

My pleading was to no avail. I still loved my lover and had an attraction for women.

Why is love a sin? Why is it wrong? How can it be? God is love, and these feelings are beautiful and pure.

During this time in my life, I went crazy, quite literally. I felt completely alone and strange, as though I were less than human just because I was different.

No one tried to understand me. They only wanted to change me into what was acceptable to them.

Why would God give me such a cross to bear for the rest of my life, despite the fact that I wanted to do right by Him because I loved Him so?

It took many years to come to terms with the pain and the guilt that I was never going to be straight. Even though people including my very own mother told me that it was wrong to be a lesbian, still God loves me and I am perfect in His eyes.

I do not believe there is only one right or wrong belief just as there is no right or wrong feelings. We all have our own paths in this lifelong journey. This just happens to be a part of mine.

I am not only a lesbian. I am also a friend, woman, writer, artist and so much more, if you would just give it a chance and get to know me and others like me.

You would see that I add color to your life as you do to mine. We are all a universe within ourselves, each of us having a world to share with one another.

Tolerance ... Tolerance ... Tolerance ... I beseech you.

Diversity makes this world so much more beautiful and fascinating . ... Embrace the differences in others and the light within yourself. ... Shine ... Shine ... Shine.