

Farewells to the Closet

Reflections on an Outreach

November's strong, brisk winds cut through my jacket. I pulled my arms closer for warmth and trudged on through the leaves covering the walkways, making my way across campus for an appointment--an appointment I did not want to keep.

The day had not been going well. It started when I awoke alone on that very chilly morning in my big double bed, an all too constant reminder that I had not yet found a lover to share it or my life, and continued with a nagging headache and a scratch throat, which warned me a cold was about to pay me a visit. Now I was on my way to talk to a Health Education class about the one thing that made me different from them: my attraction to men.

Yes, I was going to talk to a class about homosexuality, and I was scared. This was my very first Outreach, and I was going to do it alone. How did I get trapped into doing this. Why hadn't anyone else agreed to come along with me? Was I really ready to come out to a group of complete, perhaps hostile, strangers?

After all, what did I know about being gay? It was only a short five months before that I had finally begun to come out of the closet. I could still count

the number of guys I had been with on one hand. There was still so much I had to learn about being gay! Yet, here I was, suddenly being put in the position of trying to explain just who I was, and that unexplainable question, why?

I questioned my commitment to the CGA. Only a few weeks before, I had reluctantly agreed to serve as treasurer for the organization, and that responsibility was already taking more of my time than I really wanted to give. Now, here I was interrupting my afternoon with yet another CGA responsibility.

I wanted to turn around and go back home to watch "Guiding Light." Yet, my feet kept moving forward. Despite my many other faults, I do keep my word. I had promised to do this Outreach, so I kept on going.

All too quickly, I reached my destination. Panic struck. There was still time to turn around and leave. But, somehow, I summoned my courage, took a deep breath, and said, "Oh help," just as Maria in "The Sound of Music." I grabbed the doorknob, turned it firmly, pushed the door open, and entered the classroom.

(see OUTREACH on page 6)

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