

Fake Letter: From Your Gay Son

by Kyle G

Dear Mom,

You told me the connection between a mother and her son is like no other connection.

You carried me for nine months. You scheduled visits with the doctor; you thought and discussed and re-thought and re-discussed with dad what my name would be; you painted my room before I was even there. What did your friends say when you told them about me? How did you feel when you first heard that I was going to be a boy? When you went to bed at night, what did you and dad stay up talking about? Did you wonder who I would take to the prom and think about how soon I would be married? Or did you just want me to be happy and healthy and loved?

You went to the hospital when it was time, a mixture of elatedness and apprehension. You pushed and breathed and screamed and pushed again. Dad held your hand, looked into your eyes, and told you everything would be okay. When they placed me in your arms, when you looked into my eyes for the first time, what did you say? What did you feel? Did you decide right then and there that you would love me without question and without exception, or did you decide you'd love me only under the condition that I end up straight?

You've seen a lot in your lifetime. You've seen your parents drift apart until your father finally passed away, alone in his own house. You've seen a friend and mom kill herself and leave her family behind. You've seen a nephew die suddenly, far too young, and watched his mom fall to pieces, unable to put her life back together. You've had to endure so many people's lives end before they should, and you've had to clean up the mess that was left over.

But you're lucky, mom. We're both alive and healthy. We have so many years ahead of us. No one can tell us what we must do with

those years. They're ours to use however we choose. I, for one, choose to be exactly who I am, without apology. I choose to give myself permission to be happy, with or without your permission. I choose to love myself. But do you love me? When you look at me, top to bottom, side to side, and everything in between, can you honestly and truly say that you love me?

When you first held me in your arms, what did you tell yourself? What did you feel? If you knew then what you know now, would you still have felt the same way? Would you still have loved me, raised me, and taught me how to grow up to be a man of value? If you had the option, would you have given me away right then and there? If you had to do it all over again, would I still be alive today?

You're lucky, mom. You can make the decision. Your mom, your friend's family, your sister-in-law: none of them got to decide if they wanted to lose someone they loved. You have that option. You can either love me — all of me — like you did the day you first met me, or you can let me die.

I hope you choose love.

Sincerely,

Your Son

