

A Reflection of Myself

By : caliginouslight

This is to be read without any intention of judgment to be made on others. This is how I feel of myself. These words are all brought out by the human spirit, and not the Holy Spirit. It is an expression of me, in attempt to bring homeostatic balance, spiritually, for myself. Feel free to message me with comments and/or opinions; whether negative or positive. And, I will respond coherently.



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/caliginouslight

Copyright © caliginouslight, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

A Reflection of Myself

A REFELCTION OF MYSELF

It has been hard for me to face new responsibilities and challenges that Iâ€™ve imposed on myself. Facing identity and sexual confusion has put barriers between me and what I am. I hate with a passion what I am, but I canâ€™t help the fact of how I feel about things. My confusion has broken walls down in my thinking, leaving me endless visions. Iâ€™m beginning to see things as they are and as they exist, and this is pulling me away of whom I am. Iâ€™m not this evil thinking pansexual that I think I am; this is not who I am. Who I am is who God has chosen me to be. I am a son of God and because this exists in my roots, my exterior and interior are at war with endless battles.

I wish, and I say this with lack of faith, that there was no good or evil, good or bad side, heaven or hell, but his not a reality, but a mere fantasy of my world. Thinking this way separates me from the reality that I do wrong, especially in my thinking. So, I get caught in these fantasies that separate me from my innate guilt. Handling all these thoughts stresses me out, inhibits me from my work and studies, my life. These ideas burden me. They capture me, because what I am wants these fantasies to exist. They would make my life easier. Such things are foolish thoughts, because God is the only one that makes things easier.

And, I say this for myself, with sinful experiences and adult responsibilities, come great hardships. My experiences are actions made by impulsive and thoughtless sinful motives. This is brought on by my phantasy way of thinking. My responsibilities include all those of adults, which are working for basic needs, finances and miscellaneous expenses. Over all, I have the responsibility to keep what Iâ€™ve been internally given safe. That is, safe from my exterior self. My name is M. C., and I have written these words, which have been brought out internally, to free me of my conscious.

=

I M.C. on Nov. 27, 2012 at 12:26 a.m. begin writing about this idea that I have brought on, â€ˆ what I am.â€ˆ I am a pansexual being. I find beauty in humans; this is what I am attracted to. This is what I am, in my human interior and exterior.

When I see a man and woman, I see their features. I see their structure, stature, composition and poise. I see their femininity and masculinity. I see the dominance of a male. I see the subtle submission of a female. There aesthetic features which include physical attributes are relatively attractive to me. I didnâ€™t wake up one day and decide to be this way. It was built within my cognition, such as common sense, which some donâ€™t have. Hence, when thought of this way, one can see that humans to inherit such a disease; I choose to call it.

For many years, Iâ€™ve wanted to explore this side of me, which is spiritually immoral. I refrained for most of my teen era. However, I couldnâ€™t or didnâ€™t have the strength to do this when I left my family for school. I was tempted to act on my homosexual side. I thought of ways to slowly engage myself in private acts, believing that I could or would hide from the one above.

The summer of 2011; month of June, I made my first act. As I was looking online for a computer, I came across this page called craigslist. On there, I saw the section â€ˆ men for menâ€ˆ. This is where it all started. I started taking pictures of myself. I did nude pictures of my rear and frontal private areas, because this is what the men requested on their postings and in their responses to email. I started getting numbers through emails. I texted and messaged so many guys pictures of my body. It wasnâ€™t massive, but so much that I

A Reflection of Myself

lost count.

One individual caught my attention. I messaged him nude images of myself and he responded with them as well. He was older than me, which put fear in my responses. I agreed to hanging out with him in one email, and he agreed to picking me up. During these times, I had no idea of the terms such as "nsa", "hook-ups" and other such acronyms that entailed ideas of the actions you were making. In fact, I was blind to the glossary of such a world, which I was getting to know as the "gay world".

So, I met up with him. He picked me up, and the first thing that struck my attention was his incongruent appearance. His voice made me quiver in my stomach. In response, I tried to talk the most, to avoid hearing his voice. I didn't expect to do any intercourse activity. In fact, I had no idea of how to even do it, if it came to the point. What it would feel like? How to start? Condoms?

As naïve as I sound, I didn't have sex education. Nor was I ever sexually active to care to know. I was completely a pure virgin. So, STDs weren't something that caught my attention.

So, we hanged out at his apartment. As soon as we got there, I was ready to go back. I had no idea what he thought we were going to do. We went to pool of the apartment complex where he lived. This was the University Estates apartment complex. I was afraid to be seen with him. He was so socially awkward. He had a Texan accent, but grew up in New York, which was strikingly disgusting.

Eventually, I made the hint that I wanted to leave. We went back into his apartment to dry up. Then, he started to ask about where I was circumcised or not. I responded respectively, and answered no. He found this to be sexually arousing. I was ready to go, when he asked me to pull out my "cock". I didn't realize how vulnerable and impulsive I was till this moment. I was cornered and couldn't move; that is mentally. So, I pulled it out. He asked me if he could touch it, stating that it was beautiful. I said I didn't feel comfortable doing that for the first time, but wasn't sure why I responded that. One thing led to another, and he asked me to masturbate. So, I masturbated in front of him on his bed, as he did the same. I closed my eyes and thought of how wrong of a situation I was in and I couldn't believe that I had given up that easily. I wasn't a virgin anymore. At least where I come from, I was no longer pure virgin.

I stopped my motives of trying to find sexual stimulation. I repented of what I had done and realized that perhaps this sexual thing was not at all a thing for me. At the time, I was facing domestic problems with my mother. I had left home, but she had long already considered me an outcast and dismembered from the family. She nor anyone in my family knows of these actions and writings. Because of domestic problems, I felt unloved and depressed. The Holy Supper healed my pain and filled the gaps of my life. But, then, January 2012 came. Along then February? The Apostle had been yet blessed with one more year, on February 14th. The very next day changed my life and led me to be writing these very words?

It's 10:03 PM, November 27, 2012. I M.C. will share somewhat of a burden relief. Today has been one of my greatest reliefs OF THE YEAR. I finally got my car back after having lost the key. I didn't get to go home to my family during thanksgiving because I went to work Wednesday and lost my key somewhere on the way walking and taking the UT Shuttle. So, I stayed here in my apartment, depressed and indulgent. To lighten the mood, I made a very big move today. I made one the biggest decisions of my life as well, which makes two for the year. First, I came out to my ex-best friend. Two, I sought counseling for my grief.

On February 15th, I woke up in my dorm. I lived alone in Prather dormitory because my roommate got kicked out for "making" the fire alarms go off. (NO IDEA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED) However, I woke up unusually early. I was showered, dressed and pampered 20 minutes before my first class, statistics health analysis. A moment later, as I start walking out, my phone starts ringing. My mother begins to flood me with her mourning and bashes me with panic. Let me take this moment to reflect and sustain my

A Reflection of Myself

emotionsâ ;

â ;

Sorry, this is a very, very hard thing for me to write about. To put the emotion, distress and motion that struck my body would be impossible. My mother begins to cry that thereâ s something wrong with my father. First thing that came to my head is, my dad doesnâ t have any illnesses; heâ s going to be okay. So, my mom goes on. She tells me about how he had come out of the restroom screeching with pain on hi shoulder and chest. So, I asked my mom to call the ambulance and to allow me to speak to my father. My father panted with pain, â My shoulder, my shoulderâ lâ â Dad, whatâ s wrong? Dad! WHATâ S WRONG!â â â my shoulderâ lâ I told my mom that everything was going to be okay. I told her Iâ d pray. I told her Iâ d call the school and ask the administration to allow my brother to run home. I hanged up on her. I headed out to my class, after making a prayer. I contemplated on my way. What could have been wrong with my dad? â Heâ s going to be okay. I have to worry about school. Heâ s going to be okayâ ; heâ s going to be okayâ ; heâ s going to be okayâ ; I arrived early to my class. I waited just outside the lecture hall. It was about 5-10 minutes later. During my walk, I called all my brothers to let them know, all four of them. It seemed like it was only seconds later my youngest brother, who I called to run home, called me.

â ;

â Heâ s dead Mica! Heâ s dead Mica! Dadâ s dead! Mica dadâ s dead!â I hadnâ t heard my brother cry like that since we were little. An apocalypse had struck me and my body suddenly felt half its size. â What are you talking about?! Shut up! Stop telling me that! Stop telling me that! Heâ s not dead! Heâ s not dead! Heâ s not dead!â I started running back to my room. â Iâ ll be there as soon as I can! I promise! Iâ ll be there as soon as I can!â I grabbed what I needed, stuffed my backpack. I headed to a greyhound station. I was so embarrassed. I didnâ t have a car. I didnâ t have anyone I know in Austin. I didnâ t have anything. I was hopeless. I took a metro to the greyhound station. The busses were delayed. Everything was raining down on me. I was crying in public. I was humiliated. I didnâ t know what to say, how to respond, how to react. I shut my eyes and saw my father. The moments of our lives had flashed by, all in a split second.

â ;

I never had a good relationship with my father till about when I graduated high school. He was my step-father, but he raised me. He was my father. He was my dad. When I was in HS and below, I couldnâ t accept him though. He did many things for me. He sent me to Baylor band camp. He sent me to various camps to better my character and acceptance into a university. He bought me for my 17th birthday this Yamaha intermediate trombone that I had been wanting for the longest time, having seen it the first time in the pawn shop not too far away from where we went to church. My dad was a proud of me. When I returned from competitions, he waited for me with a glow in his green eyes because of the pride he had in being the father of my siblings and I. I couldnâ t accept him because of how whipped he was though by my mother. When I was younger, he also took disciplinary action on me, which I felt was inappropriate for not knowing him. But, his touch was warm, covering me with thick blankets at night when I had the flu. He knew how far to go, before blowing up before you, because of a bad attitude you might give him. And, I didnâ t figure him out till my last year in HS. I didnâ t build a relationship with him till then. For only less than a year later for him just to disappear at the push of a dial, I found my time lost; the time that I rejected and neglected him. (When I get where I am going- Brad Paisely)

Oh, how angry I was with God! How could he do this to me?! Was it my sinful action that God was punishing me for?! Oh, God, not my father!

A Reflection of Myself

I am a really empathetic individual. I can enter someone's body mentally and experience all their emotions. Sometimes, I can simply pass by individuals and detect their energy, whether positive or negative.

When my dad died, and I didn't know any of this till my mother told me the anecdote, he died alone. My senseless mother allowed my father to be sent off alone in the ambulance. She mentioned she was waiting for my brother. And, I exclaimed, "How could you leave him alone MOM?! How could you have left him alone?!" My father gave up everything for my family. He sold his land, livestock and his family that didn't accept up as his. When his family brought this to his attention, he told them that they could say all they'd like, but he had chosen us for himself. In fact, God had sent him to fill our hearts that had previously been torn, when were children.

Anyhow, when the ambulance arrived, they grabbed my father and lifted him on a stretcher. The idiots, without strapping him down, go off like unprofessional idiots, and attempt to take him. As they reached the door, they drop him off the porch and immediately team up to shove him into the ambulance. They left the stretcher there, which is how I came to find all this out. I asked my mother why it was here, and this was her account on the matter. My brother mentioned when he saw how frantically the ambulance was moving, he had known for a fact our dad was gone. But, what hurt me the most out of everything was that my dad died without seeing the love of his life one more time. He didn't get to see us. No goodbyes. And, according to our convictions, my father had not passed into the place of rest, because he had not obtained the Holy Spirit. This tormented me. This tormented the very own spirit that had been given to me by God himself, which had been unutilized and stained. I felt my father's grief. I had been passed on to me. I felt his sadness. I felt his pain. I went through it all with him, without even being present.

It was a very difficult for me to accept my father's death; as it I still continue to try and accept it. I went to Charlotte to see my family, what was left of it. When I arrived there, I felt the low energy in all my brothers. I felt the disbelief. I felt their grief along with mine. We had a huge task before us. We had to finance our father's funeral expenses, because my family, which consists of my brothers and my mom, is all we have to know as family. My brother decided to pull out a \$10,000 loan. We were so grateful and continue to be grateful for my eldest brother. He had left us at a young age because of the mistreatment my mother had served him. But, he had overcome the obstacles of life and had built a financial support for himself that would serve us all with time. My brothers and I, including my mother, were all together, trying to understand what just happened in the last several hours. Our father had just ceased to exist, without goodbyes, without a farewell; all in the time span of a phone call. But, the most important part, we were all together, sharing our confusion and lost.

I had an opportunity to see my father after I arrived. That's all I wished I could do. The time had been prolonged because we had to sign releases, considering my father had not been embalmed. However, we waited in the office. And, after discussing the arrangements and plans, we signed. One of my father's niece's was also there, for some strange reason. My father's family meant nothing to him. They were never there, and now this one was. She in a way was taking control of my mother, inputting that her husband would be a pallbearer. I jumped in. "And, who are you again? Because, when I was around, my father didn't have any family around him. I don't feel, or should I say believe, that your husband is in the position to take such an honor." The room got heated, and the atmosphere had changed between us all. My brothers backed me up in this argument. And, as much as I felt bad for my mother, I hated her at this moment, for supporting this woman who never made herself known to my father in the time we were with him.

To avoid the argument, I changed the subject and asked to see my father. We signed our releases, as did my father's niece and her husband. We weren't given the privacy to see my father as the sons that we were, alone. She had to intrude, and this infuriated me. However, I had been longing to see him, and finally we were walking into the backroom. It was dark and morbid in this funeral home, which brought me to a

A Reflection of Myself

thought of why funeral homes had to be this way. But, finally, we reached the back room where it was at least ten times brighter. I saw my father's body. It laid in solitude. It was empty. It was dead. It was no longer my father. My father's spirit and body had separated, and all I could wish that his spirit was resting and not wandering in the world as billions of spirit do, awaiting a judgment and condemnation.

I cried. I mourned because he had died in a honorable way before God. I have given an honor, even he did not receive. I was much worse of a person than he was. How could this have happened to my father? How couldn't God have blessed him, when had tried to receive God's spirit in him? Most of all, how could I be questioning God as such?!

My brother's and I sang a hymn, in honor of him, of part of us.

â Meditad, oh pueblos todos, Meditad oh mundo entero; Del polvo fuiste tomado, Y al polvo seras tornado; Asi lo dice el creador.â

â Meditate oh all you people, Meditate together whole earth, From dusk on Earth created, And to dust returned one day; God did say in the beginning.â

We returned from seeing my father. When we got home, our home was flooded with cousins from my mother's side. My aunt and uncle, my mother's sister and brother, were also there, with alcohol. â We came here to support you all mijo.â What the *? â is all I could think. My mother had called a bunch of people that didn't matter; that my father cared nothing for. It was roughly ten minutes later, when everyone would dissolve away. My mother's mom arrived. We were all shocked; this in fact was a revelation! I approached her vehicle and immediately told her to get the hell off our property, as I was supported by my brothers in this action.

This is not a anecdote of my father and mother. This is my own experience. And, with it, I have to explain why I did this. My mother's mom ruined my father's and mother's relationship. All my father could want from my mother was for her to stop talking to this woman. The story goes back in their own time. Before my mother was born, my father and mom's mother had a sexual relation. My father was about 23 years older than my mother. My mother was an older man type of woman. Don't ask. Anyhow, this goes far beyond even them, my anger towards woman goes back in my childhood, but this is not the moment to share that.

As I did what I did, her children stampede around me, but my brother's had my back. We ran her off, and with her left her son and daughter, and the whole gang of rats. My mother wasn't happy about this, but we put our feet down and got after her for treating our father's death like a joke. She had called many people who were insignificant and was acting like this was an event, rather than a tragedy. My mother is another story, a big part of how I was shaped to be the person that I am today.

Anyhow, the hardest part was yet to come. We waited for the pastor to come to our home. We understood what I meant for him to come, to explain why we would not have service for my father. The tears began to break from my eyes at his words. My spirit was full of guilt and shame because my father had deserved better than a death as such. So, it was settled. There's nothing more I can say on this subject, that any potential reader could possibly understand, not being from my congregation.

We bought our father a white pearl casket, with golden realms. We dressed him in white and his best boots, which he had bought just that month. We waited at the funeral procession, while my mother's stupidity led her to â see my father's green eyes one last time. (Yes, she lifted his eyelids, before the people arrived.)

A Reflection of Myself

We were having a viewing and that is all. I was going to speak for my brothers, and the pastor was going to give a sermon as to why we were not having a service. Many from church that were not spiritual were invited; so that they may know the feeling of lost. That is, just how it was, a lost. To our understanding, only God could judge him now. After the sobbing and people's bull about how they were sorry, we gave cue that we were carrying our father into the car. Everyone passed and said their last goodbyes. I cried. I cried so hard. I couldn't believe I would never see him again. I cried. I cried so hard.

As I write, I cry. I can't get over the feeling that came over me. I walked over to his casket. My father wasn't there anymore. There was this body, and that was all. I took off the backboard I had made for him on his casket. It had pictures of the moments we all had shared with him; the times when he was our baseball coach, when he worked in the shop, when married my mother, when he worked; because it seemed like that's all he ever did, just for my mother. I put the backboard at his feet. I looked at the body.
â Sorry dad that I couldn't help you.â

My brother's came around the casket. We couldn't all believe that were about to carry our father's body out to be buried. We all had reflections of the week before. Just a week before, my father had called us individually. We hadn't spoken to him in a while, because of my mother. I was timid to talking to him because I was busy, and kept small talk. I didn't even get to tell him how I felt. I was so busy. It was a random called I thought, but then my brother's had shared their similar call. And, just like that, we were off, walking towards the car.

We were behind the car, wondering how we ended up in the position that we were in. To ease the tension, my brother joked, â Well, Dad always wanted to ride a Cadillac.â We all had a giggle out of this. But, inside, we were all still tormenting.

Moments later, we were on the grounds where his father and mother were buried, alongside his brother. My father's greatest desire was to be buried next to his own father. The loss of his father was a traumatic similar anecdote. The loss of his father was his greatest. He shared many times how he was so hurt by it. Similarly, we found ourselves feeling the same way about a man who was not our own blood, but a man who had picked us up walking side a road to our home one day. He had chosen us to be his own.

The weird part about the day was that on the day of my father's brother's death, the air was the same. The wind was the same. The atmosphere was the same. We approached the car and pulled my father out, as the church respectively formed a walkway for us. We put him on the leveler platform above the hole they had formed. A hole that we nearly had to fight for, with his other surviving brother who claimed he had the honorable rights of being next to his father. No, there was no one else with such the honor, other than my father. Everyone was quite, waiting for us to make a move. We all had a white rose. We all looked upon our father's casket. He gave everything he had for us. He was leaving with nothing. About five minutes to ten minutes, which seemed like forever, we reflected. I reflected to the times when I mistreated him because I didn't accept him. I remembered the times when he was there for me. The look in his eyes when I told him I had made first place at region. The look in his eyes when asked me how I was doing. How could such a man have such a love for me, when I was not his own? Many memories came to mind, especially how bad my mother treated him. I don't even want to get into that. I didn't want to leave the moment. But, my entire life experiences flashed before his casket. And, off he was. The casket was lowered as my youngest brother put his rose above him.

Just like that, he was gone. We walked away. A whole change of my life, of regrets, was yet to come.

(I can love you like that: John Michael Montgomery: A song my father would sing to my mother resonates)

To be continued

A Reflection of Myself

A Reflection of Myself

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-03-05 19:12:28