

The Scars On Your Arm Will Become Your Strength

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By : coleslaw666

how a mother grows to accept her son's sexuality

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by

Cole McCormick

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## Part I:

### How a Mother's Hopes Led to a Runaway Child.

When your mother put you into this world she had dreams of you becoming a doctor, rocket scientist, or astronaut. She loved you with all her heart and planned out your future.

She knew you would be a good christian man and have a wife and kids when you grew up.

When you were four you played with barbies in preschool and all the other boys and girls made fun of you. You brought one home to your mother, she replaced it with a G.I. Joe

She wanted you to grow into a strong man, and the boy that makes the man does not play with barbies.

In the first grade you held a boys hand because you were in love. Your mother found out and took you to church to talk to a pastor. He said that god created eve out of man for a reason , that for every man there is a woman waiting for him. He said that homosexuality is a sin. You had never heard the word before.

By the time you had reached middle school you had grown to reject your feelings. Your mom finally breathed easy when you brought your first girlfriend home. You thought you were in love but you were afraid of her body. When high school came around the feelings were back and you were confused. You started to hate yourself as you fell in love with friends of the wrong gender.

When you got drunk and messed around with a friend, you hated yourself even more. You became depressed. You would spontaneously cry and you would cut your body. When you became withdrawn your mother got worried and prayed for God to help you.

That day the jock called you a faggot and you pushed him to a locker and beat him until his blood covered your knuckles was the day you left. You walked for what seemed like forever and got shelter from the night in a house full of people who were so kind to you and so open minded. They taught you so much.

When you came out to them it was the best day of your life. They hugged you and kissed you as you sobbed into their shoulders. You felt the strongest you have ever felt.

You left your hometown in the box car of a train with your friends and found a city. You re-met the boy you held hands with in the first grade. The one's hand who had caused you to be brainwashed to believe that you would grow to make a perfect husband for your perfect wife. You fell back in love with the boy and were happy for once. You were at peace with you friends, your lover, and your city.

You haven't talked to your mother since you left high school. You wonder how she's doing sometimes, but you often have better things to think of.

## Part II:

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What it takes to Defeat a Mother's Ignorance.

She came to your doorstep on a rainy afternoon. The woman who made a part of your life hell.

An ignorant woman. You were shocked to see her face. How she had aged, her new wrinkles and her graying hair masked the woman who had raised you. She cried when she saw you for the first time in four years. You watched her tears sink into her wrinkles. She hugged you and sobbed. She hated your new tattoos and piercings and wanted you to come back to your home town.

You told her that you had found your way and that you were happy. She sobbed some more and then left for a hotel. In the morning you both got coffee and talked about your lives. When you mentioned your partner she became appalled. You argued about god and marriage and children. She left distraught, you left frustrated.

She came again to your door that night for dinner. She met your house mates and your lover and was trying to be as open minded as possible. She would wince at conversation, but she left her thoughts to herself. You watched her fake a smile the entire night. You walked your mother to her cab, she told you she still loved you even though she hated everything about you. You couldn't let the words I love you escape your lips.

The next day was the last day she was in town, you gave her a tour of the city with your partner. She remembered when she made you talk to a pastor for holding that same boy's hand. She saw how happy you were in his embrace, she began to see how wrong she had been.

When it was about time for her to leave the three of you made your way to the airport. As she left she hugged you and kissed you on the cheek. She hugged the boy she had once condemned and said â You make him happy and that makes me happy, I should have grown to love you sooner, I never should have sent him to the pastor, and I should have made this trip three years ago.â

She kissed him on the cheek as well and thanked him. Your eyes welled up with tears as you saw her go. A weight was lifted of your shoulders as you left the airport no longer harboring resentment towards your mother. The next day she called to say that she had made it home safe. You were happy she had. She was going to talk to the pastor and tell him she was leaving the church for a while. You were proud of your mother. You were finally able to tell her you loved her before you hung up the phone.

You looked at the scars on your arm and a tear ran down your cheek, you became the sun drying the rain from a storm, you became fresh grass growing after winter. You are the billions of stars in the night sky lighting every face that has ever looked up at them and reveled at their beauty. You are at peace.

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