

Closet Children of Closet Parents by Mitzy Lancaster

I was twelve years old when mom called me to the dining room table. My grandparents were in town and we were planning to see them at my aunt's house. My mother said she needed to tell me something. "There may be some talk at your aunt's house and I don't want you to be surprised." "Do you know what gay means?" "Well yes," I said, (trying to avoid the obvious) "it means happy." She smiled and rethought her question, then asked me if I knew what a lesbian was. . I looked away, aware that her "friend" who was living with us was watching my every expression. The rest is kind of blank as a strange numbness crept over me.

I vaguely remember going out to the front of our apartment building and sitting on the grass. I believe that's when I discovered my "happy place." In my mind I went to a beautiful cottage in the woods surrounded by flowers, deer and squirrels. I visited that cottage a lot in the coming years.

The first ten years of my life were fairly normal, so to speak. There was my mother, my father, my brother and myself. We lived in a suburban neighborhood in California. My school was a block away and I walked there and back every school day. I cherished the time I was able to spend with my mother when I was of pre-school age. The bonding time children used to have with their mothers when I was a child is a thing of the past, it's no longer the norm. I remember it being strange when other children had working mothers. Then it happened; my mother took me to the school and enrolled me in kindergarten. I was devastated! I went through such horrible separation anxiety my mother had to be called back to school several times before I was convinced I was not being abandoned. By first grade my mother was interviewing babysitters so she could take a job. And so it began. Things were no longer normal. Mom wasn't there when we got home from school, instead there was Kathy the teenager from two houses down to meet us.

By the time I was in fifth grade tension had begun to mount, Mom and Dad didn't seem to be getting along. I remember waking up one night to voices in the living room, I began to listen a little more closely and realized it was my parents. My father was explaining to my mother that he didn't know what happened. He had been drinking and woke up to find himself in bed with another woman. In the months following my brother and I knew the new popular tragedy that was hitting so many other families around us was going to come to our house. Our parents would be getting a divorce. What was strange to me was the reaction of the neighbors around us. It wasn't like nobody else was doing it. Divorce was happening everywhere. They

even had songs out about it. It was on the best television shows, and on the Dick Van Dyke show there were couples who got divorced.

I didn't understand when one of my girlfriends informed me that she would no longer be able to play with me. Her parents had labeled us as "white trash." Inside I wondered if they all knew of the affair my father had been involved in. I never spoke to my mother or anyone else about it. It was many years down the road before I understood that the neighbors knew much more than I imagined.

Soon after my father and brother moved out a "friend" of my mother's moved in. I was uncomfortable with her sharing the room my father and mother had been in before her. She wasn't with us very long. My mother seemed dissatisfied with her for what seemed to me to be strange reasons. Then my mother and I took an apartment in a questionable neighborhood and into our lives came Sandy, her new friend. Needless to say, things were not the same. Mom seemed very stressed and remote. Over the years I became accustomed to the coming and leaving of my mother's partners.

I'm not writing this as some kind of revenge against my mother. Nor am I writing this to shame her. I have a good relationship with my mother and I love her very much. I am writing this because of the growing glamorization of homosexuality. We can't watch anything on television or in the movies without some sort of reference to someone choosing an alternative lifestyle. More often than not it is portrayed as something normal, or as if they are the underdog, or making it seem fun and exciting. I have watched too many times how the media has taken a less than acceptable behavior and desensitized society towards it by adding humor to it. If we can laugh about it, if it makes us feel happy, then it can't be all bad. Heck, we might even experiment with it to see if we can rouse that same humor first hand. Whether it be adultery, getting drunk, robbery, insults or . . .homosexuality. A spoon full of sugar helps the conditioning go down.

The relationship between same sex couples is not the same as between heterosexual couples. There is uncertainty in these relationships which breeds jealousy and discontent. Discontent often brings with it depression and substance abuse. The number of same sex relationships being lifelong relationships is very slim in proportion to heterosexual relationships. The atmosphere that is created in homes where the parents are homosexual is not a secure atmosphere for children.

My mother was not free to show me the same amount of affection I was used to when she was married to my father. The women she had as partners were too insecure and viewed me as some sort of threat. My mother began drinking heavily, later suffering from alcoholism. As soon as my mother and or one of her partners came home, I

would retreat to my room for self preservation. Whereas before I would be excited to bring a new friend home from school I became hesitant. I had to wait for a certain period of time before I felt sure that I could trust the friend with my secret life at home.

I became so despondent and depressed I began to experiment with drugs and alcohol myself. As early as age twelve and until I was eighteen I was involved in substance abuse. I confused sex with love and wanting to feel loved so desperately I fell into many inappropriate relationships.

The first time I heard the proposition arise towards the approval of gay and lesbian couples adopting children my stomach did a flop! Every time I hear that homosexuals can raise children as normally as heterosexual couples my mind argues "oh yeah, just as well as any dysfunctional heterosexual family." Now, thanks to modern science, a lesbian couple can go to the local sperm bank and become impregnated. Male homosexuals hire surrogate mothers. My heart just sinks every time I think of it. I cry inside for those children because I know. . . I know. While I would agree that society shouldn't violently persecute same sex relationships there needs to be an understanding that it's not healthy and shouldn't be encouraged. The media seems to have done a wonderful job of reducing the violent results drawn by "homo-phobia." However, scripture is clear about homosexuality and Christians shouldn't be lulled into thinking that homosexual relationships are as normal as heterosexual relationships. They do not deserve the same rights thereof.

The reason the homosexual groups are targeting our public schools is because they feel they can condition your children toward their goals. You do not have a say in what your children are being indoctrinated in any longer. Sadly, it's working. Sadly, there are many children experimenting with same sex relationships. The result is confusion, inwardly they know something is wrong but they don't know how to fix it. The schools are not allowed to counsel them out of their mistake. Instead they are taught that they are stuck in this lifestyle, they were born this way.

What I am sharing regarding children of same sex relationships has been a well kept secret for too long. Children of same sex relationships are very reluctant to voice anything that could hurt their parents. We don't want to do anything to jeopardize our already shaky ground. I myself have struggled over this. We are conditioned to believe that there is nothing wrong with the lifestyle of our parents but rather society has a narrow, uneducated view of homosexuality. Many children in these homes suffer from sexual abuse.

Over thirty years ago, when I was growing up under this lifestyle my mother would go to and host gay and lesbian meetings in our and others homes. Their political agenda

has been in the making for a long time. It has taken me these many years to come to terms with what I am sharing and it is only because I feel led by God to do so. Maybe this will be a stepping stone for more closet children of closet parents to come out.