

"My Perfect Gay Son"

By Cynthia Koch (2004, Perris, CA)

My son has always been an inspiration to me. From the day he was born and those bluish green eyes looked up to me and seemed to be saying, "Gee, you're my Mom!!" to now, a twenty year old Sophomore Physics Major at SDSU.

I can proudly say that my son has not given me one day of grief. He's always obeyed, always been an honor student and always is optimistic about anything that life has to offer him. He has the most beautiful smile that I have ever seen on a person and is always freely using it to cheer and greet everyone who has the privilege of crossing his path. He has an unselfish spirit and his keen ability to be extremely compassionate is profound.

I always had a fear that because he was so perfect that somehow this earth wasn't good enough for him and I wondered if God was just letting me have him for a short time and then decide to take him back, because he is such a beautiful soul. I named my son perfect - Marcel just seems to fit the person he has become.

My son's upbringing hasn't been flawless. When he was but 5 ½ years old, I dropped a bomb on his perfect world. I divorced his father and he became a child of a split marriage. I've had a hard time forgiving myself on this decision, but somehow I think this circumstance helped shape my son into the person he is today. It seemed he always had the best of both worlds. His father idolizes him and he is my true gift from God.

We've always made sure Marcel had everything - from the latest technology and gadgets to the best that education could provide through private institutions. And his beautiful spirit hasn't been marred or spoiled by having the best. It only enhanced the talents that he originally possessed from the day he was born.

God has provided me with a gift of intuition. At the age of twelve, my heart just felt I had to tell Marcel that if he ever told me he was gay, I would be totally accepting of him. Just as I would be totally accepting of anything that he wanted to do in life. I assured him that I would be the kind of mother that wouldn't stifle or hold him back from any dreams that he may envision for himself. I told him that he held the world in his hands and it was his choosing what to become and who to be and that no matter what his choice would be - I would be there to support him 100%.

So now we jump to Saturday, February 21, 2004. Marcel has seen me go through many turbulent relationships and just recently, I was reunited with my first boyfriend, who through much research and reading I have found him to be my soul mate. Marcel asked me one day as we were conversing on the phone how I knew that he was the one. I told Marcel that when I look across the room and our eyes met, I felt such a strong connection and a comfort that totally fills my every being. I told him that just our shoulders touching, sends a surge of energy that is indescribable. And when I hold his hand, I feel that I'm home.

Then at this moment is when Marcel told me that he thought that he had found that person. As a mother who thought my son didn't even have a girlfriend, I got all excited and asked him, "Who is she Marcel?" - "Tell me her name!"

He got quiet on the other side of the receiver and I told him, "Come on Marcel - You can tell me!!" Then I felt an overwhelming sensation of apprehension on his part. I asked Marcel how he could not possibly tell me this information and especially to the person who he could tell EVERYTHING to - or so I thought.

It was at this moment Marcel informed me that I had certain expectations for him that he didn't want to destroy. I asked him what possibly could he tell me that I wouldn't be accepting of from him - my perfect child. He told me that he had these feelings toward someone, but that it wasn't a woman.

I said, "Oh my God Marcel - are you telling me you're gay?" He replied, "Yes, Mom." So what was I feeling at this revelation - right at that moment? A flood of thoughts just came rushing to my brain.

Now I knew this extraordinary love that I had toward the gay community for so many years - it was something I didn't understand about myself but had accepted as part of me - it was an unconditional love for

humanity that would prepare me for the day that my beautiful perfect son would reveal to me the expectation of him that he thought I wouldn't accept. No wonder my son is perfect - he is gay!!

My son's sexuality whether homosexual or heterosexual is such a small component of the beautiful person that he is and I assured him that he would never have to hide behind non-acceptance. I was so excited at this revelation that I asked him who his partner was and when would I be able to meet him.

Then the "big" question that swims in any mother's mind, when they are presented with the fact that their child has become sexually active -- I asked Marcel if he was sexually active and if he was being very careful - because of STD's, AIDS, etc. He revealed to me that he was still a virgin.

Confusion totally took a grip over me and I asked, "How could you possibly know you are gay then?" He told me that he has known since the age of 4 that he was gay. He reminded me of my childhood when I had crushes on boys - well so did he. He informed me that he had been going into gay chat rooms on the Internet since he was twelve and expressing his feelings to these techno angels - who helped my son through these very confusing times.

I can't say that I'm not disappointed that he didn't tell me sooner or that he couldn't be open with me when he had these thoughts, but I'm glad that God led him to these beautiful people who counseled him and directed him to being proud of who he is. As a Christian heterosexual woman, I asked Marcel if he thought because of his homosexuality that he would be condemned. Before he could answer, I told him he would not be condemned that I believe that Jesus Christ would embrace the entire gay community because of their "agape" unconditional love.

Marcel has chosen to openly discuss the fact that he is gay with some people and with others he will not share - he says that it just isn't important to reveal to them his sexual preference. One of these people he feels he cannot share this fact with is his grandmother. My son has had to endure her reading biblical scripture that condemns homosexuality. I assured Marcel that those condemnations were nailed to the cross and that God will judge us according to our spirits and contributions that we make that positively impact this world.

So how does my son being gay affect me? It doesn't - it didn't change the way I feel toward Marcel - he is still my "sonshine" -- still my perfect son. I can't even relate to parents who find out that their beautiful children are gay and then they reject them - why would they become parents and not be accepting of their children no matter what they become or who they are?

Now I know my purpose. I know why I have always been captivated by the gay community and the unconditional love that they exhibit openly to one another. I know that I will advocate and march and get the rights for my son and everyone else that share the prejudices of our society what is rightfully theirs to grasp and to own - the same rights that every heterosexual receives without reservation. Whether it be the right to benefits as a married person and/or to the right to adopt children. Whatever it is that my son wants to march and protest against to change for the betterment of the gay community - I am there right beside him - I am there to support the person who he is.

I now will adopt the quote of Rosa Park's mother as my motto - that I didn't teach my son to sit in the back seat of a bus - he is to stand proud and be EVERYTHING that he is and for society to not stifle his rights as a gay man contributing extraordinary gifts to his world.

2006-Since I wrote this article, Marcel has since graduated with his BS in Chemistry and received a full scholarship for his Master's program at SDSU. He also will be teaching a Chem Lab and earning an income while going to school. Everyone in our family has become knowledgeable of Marcel's sexual orientation and is fully accepting of the person he is. Marcel has been in a relationship with who I now refer to as my Son-In-Law Rich for two years. As his mother, I've joined PFLAG and have started to pave the way for my son to receive what is rightfully his - his freedom to be who he is and to not suffer the hate and prejudices that come with those who are ignorant - so as a PFLAG member I educate, advocate and support the GLBT community.