

What Coming Out Meant for Me
By Michelle Sturm
January 2006

The first person I came out to was my Grandmother. As I started to speak, I was choked with tears because my grandmother has always meant more to me than anyone else in my family. When I told her I was gay she smiled at me and said, "Don't you know by now that I love you and accept you for you?" Being gay in her mind is that it is simply a part of who I am.

Looking back on that day, I realize how blessed I was to have had that kind of experience. As part of the Welcoming Congregation, I hope to make this kind of experience more readily available. I believe that this will be successful with workshops both within the fellowship and then opening them up to everyone in the community.

I know that current members of this fellowship simply see my being gay as another part of who I am and that other people who are also gay are looking for that special place where they can simply be accepted because this fellowship becomes a family where we all accept each other for simply who we are.