

Turning point essay



**ASSIGN
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Mercedes Sitzler February 14th , 2013 ENG101 TuThu 11: 30-12: 45 Turning Point Essay Goodbye Fear, Hello New Life My friends never judged me, looked at me differently, or lost respect for me. To them, I was still the same Mercedes; I was simply just attracted to women. Being homosexual was not something I decided, or something I could control. My friends understood this and accepted me for who I was. I was not scared to tell a single one of my friends that I was gay; however, for some odd reason, I was beyond terrified of telling my parents. My parents have always been extremely supportive of me and every decision I have made in my life.

Why was I so scared that would all change if I told them the truth? To tell them that their little girl was not going to walk down the aisle to meet a man in a tuxedo at the end. To tell them that my children would not be made the usual way but through insemination. To tell them that I am gay. I was still the same daughter I always was. I knew my parents would love me no matter what; but, deep down, telling them the truth about my sexuality was the biggest fear I had in life. I was scared that the loving Mommy and Daddy I always knew I had would turn into judgmental and distant Tanya and Dean.

Let us rewind back a little over a year ago when I came to realize, in myself, that I was lesbian. I had been dating this girl for maybe a month. I would see her almost every day behind my parents' back. We would do everything any other couple would; date nights, cuddle, argue, make up, and argue some more. However, sometimes I thought to myself, " Maybe this is just a phase. " I knew that I liked her, but I questioned myself, " why? " and " how? " when I had always liked boys. One night, I decided to link up with an old ex of

mine. My girlfriend and I were on a break because we had been fighting for a while.

My ex and I went out to a party with a couple of friends and had a blast. The company of my ex was great; he was an awesome guy. The emotional connection; however, was not all there. This was not because we had a harsh break up or anything, I just saw him in a completely different way. I was still questioning everything and at the end of the night, we kissed. My stomach turned and my head throbbed, I was disgusted. It was not what I wanted at all. It was not the same as kissing my girlfriend. It was not the same as holding onto my petite woman. It was not for me. This was the exact moment I realized that women were for me.

I cannot control how I feel or what my heart wants, but I can control with whom I decide to share my life with. There is no doubt in the back of my mind that I will marry a woman and build an amazing life with her. About four months later I made the biggest decision of my life. It was the most nerve wrecking moment ever. I did not know what to expect, but I knew it had to be done sooner or later. It was April 21st, and I decided to come out of the closet to my mom and dad. I have never kept such a huge secret from my parents and it was so hard for me to keep the biggest secret I had from them.

I had been shopping all day with my best friend Marina for an outfit to wear the next day. It was the annual Gay Pride parade. My mom knew that I was attending; however, I had told her that I was going to support my gay friend David. I bravely walked into my house with a newly purchased button pinned right on my favorite denim vest. It said, “ Come out come out wherever you

are” with a cute little rainbow right underneath the words. I laughed about it, showing my mom, and she was very quick to ask me, “ Are you trying to tell me something? Even though she said it with a smile on her face and laughing at the same time, my heart began beating faster than ever before. I replied, “ Maybe...” and she giggled. “ Well, looks like I’m not getting grandkids from you! ” It turned out that she had had a feeling for a while and already knew. My dad was standing in the kitchen and laughed about the whole situation. His response was simply, “ Hey, at least we have something in common. ” I was so terrified to come out to them for no reason at all. My parents love me for who I am, not for my sexuality, and they proved that to me that exact night.

My parents are the best parents in the entire world. That moment completely changed the way I live my life. I used to live with secrets and sneak off to be with my girlfriend; now I live freely and do not have to hide anything. My parents have met my ex-girlfriend and loved her company. They have also met my current lover and enjoy her company even more. The best feeling in the world is feeling accepted from the two most important people in my life. To be able to have my girl over at my house for dinner, or a movie, or just to hang out is amazing.

I love being able to explain to my mom why I just smiled at a text message or tell her the stories of me and my girl. I love knowing that my dad still wants to protect me from being hurt over a female, and can sit and talk to me about my relationships with girls. I love that I am me and they accept that. One day, I will fall in love with the perfect woman and walk down the aisle to her standing there, as beautiful as ever. My mommy and daddy will

be sitting right in the front row supporting me and my future wife because of the conversation we had on April 21st, 2012.