

BRADFORD WRITES  
University of Pittsburgh-Bradford  
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## **The Gay Christian**

By Favour Adigwai

For weeks I have been avoiding my parents when I came to realize I have become the one thing they hate. Staying hidden in my room for days hiding away from them, scared they might smell it on me. Days turn into weeks, then months. Only leaving my room for food and work. As I looked up at the plain white ceiling, I was hazed. Looking all around me confused, turning on my side, realizing it's time for work. As I tried to get up, getting dressed, moving as slowly as possible. The strong smell of weed filling up the air going straight to my nostrils. Surrounded by people I knew my mother would never approve of me being around. "Why am I here and how did I get here?" Without a second thought I squeezed past bodies as quietly as possible, moving as slow as a snail trying to make my way to the exit. Grabbing my things along the way, going for the exit. I made it home trying to get to my room as fast as possible, but unfortunately that would have been too easy,

"Where were you," someone said behind me

"Work," I responded back, turning around seeing my mom

"Ok, but before you go let's talk," mother said,"

"Sure," but before I could get another word out, my mother spoke out

"Are you gay," my mother said with a serious expression on her face, before I could even try to open up to her, she stops me,

"Because if you are, let me know, so I can call a priest to deliver you," my mom said straight forward.

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“No of course not,” I quickly said back, turning around storming back to my room.

As I lay on my bed, staring up at the ceiling, thinking of what my mom would have thought of me. “A disappointment is still a disappointment,” “Do you honestly believe you will get to heaven with this behavior.” Signing, with tears starting to run down my face I closed my eyes.

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Growing up, my week was always the same, waking up, school, church, homework and repeat. I never missed a day in my life, if churches took attendance, I’m pretty sure I would have perfect attendance. Any church event that was taking place, my family would always be the first to go, without any hesitations. That was my life, no choice, no questions. All I knew was to never disobey the bible, everything in the bible was word. If you were to go against it you would go straight to hell. Something that was imprinted on me by my parents daily growing up. No choices I made were ever my choice, no thoughts were ever my thoughts. My parents decided everything for me, even how I should feel. I thought this was normal, I thought feeling other ways, besides my own was normal. Never was I allowed to be friends with the “other” kids, who didn’t share the same beliefs as my own. Never was allowed to interact with them, because I was above them. I was better than them because of my beliefs. I felt superior to those kids, “HA, I’m going to heaven, while you're not.”

As a kid religion seemed like a fun hobby, something that was very regular. Sunday school classes were fun, always singing, “Jesus loves me,” every morning echoing around the whole room filling up our ears. Life was so simple, it was the only time you were able to think freely, but what thoughts would a 6- to 7-year-old come up with at that age? Thoughts were so

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simple you never really questioned who you really were. But all that mattered was, Jesus always comes first. They put you in this rainbow bubble that makes you believe that life would be perfect.

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But as soon as the teen years started to roll by, the sparkling rainbow bubble started to turn into a dark black cloud. Reality started to hit sadly, as you try to figure out who you are.

“Why are you wearing a suit,” my mother asked

“Because I like it,”

“Are you trying to be a man,” my mom harshly responded

“Women are supposed to be *feminine*,” my mom emphasized

I automatically knew what my mother meant when she said that. Deep in my mind I knew what my mother thought of me. She knew of the changes that were going on in my life before I could even realize. She knew who I was because I was never good at hiding my feelings, making it more awkward between us. People all around always told me I was an open book that could easily be read just by the cover. Which was one of many things I hated about myself. Leaving a great big wall between us. I knew when my mom found out she would be disappointed in me. The sadness and anger were very clear in her eyes as I walked by her. Nothing but a waste of space to her. No number of extra prayers at five o’ clock in the morning or as late as 11 o’ clock could change who I was.

Growing up in my household the bible was the only law that was meant to be followed. From the ten commandments to the basic principles were never to be broken. It was imprinted into our brains, even as a fetus in our mothers' stomachs as they prayed over us. If any rule were

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to be broken, even one that was an easy one-way ticket to hell. I hated myself, I hated how I feel, and I hated why God made me this way. Why did he create something that is forbidden in the bible? Something that didn't have a chance to make it to heaven. My thoughts were always filled with those types of questions. Questioning who I was and my purpose here. It didn't help either when every Sunday morning all I heard,"

"If your Gay you're going to hell,"

"The lord doesn't accept gay people"

"Being gay equals murder,"

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As years go by, I believe that there will never be a happy ending for me. Because I was already disappointed in my mom. I ended up in the wrong crowd. My mindset turned into who cares who I become. I'm already going to hell either way. I turned to weed and alcohol to help solve my problems, thinking it would help make my life easier, but it never did. It never helped, it just made it worse.

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Seconds turned into minutes, then into hours. I still have not moved from my bed, tears still falling hard on my face. I turned to my side seeing the last thing I never thought would have given me comfort. The bible right there, almost calling me in. After years of mental torment from both my parents put on me, I gave up on religion entirely.

All my life I have been taught that being homosexual means a free ticket straight to hell. Believing that if heaven wasn't an accepting place for everyone I don't want to go there. Sometimes homosexual people are turned away at the door when it comes to attending a church.

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People may tell them they are condemned to hell due to their sexuality; that they live in constant sin, and they are okay living outside of God's law. But finally deciding instead of crying myself to sleep for another night, I decided why not. As I looked through the bible, reading chapter after chapter, I took my time, thinking for myself what certain meanings mean instead of what people tell me. I came to realize the bible was never the issue, but the people instead. The people are what makes religion so toxic.

Some Christians will argue against the fact that one cannot consider themselves both Christian and homosexual. The two seem to contradict themselves and raise questions for many believers. How can the Bible say that homosexuality is wrong, yet some believe it's okay to be homosexual? Is there a clear-cut answer to the controversy regarding same-sex relationships when it comes to religion? Instead of looking through the whole bible myself and coming up with my conclusion, I instead decided to listen to the words from a man. Because I am a Christian, I had to really build up my spiritual armor and be able to be educated about what the Bible says about homosexuality to be able to be a Christian and a homosexual, because a lot of people will say, "you can't be a Christian and be a homosexual." I had to gain the knowledge I needed to feel even more confident and set in my sexuality. Some Christians take from the Bible only what they want to, and some people take it more literally than others. But for me, I'll make sure to dissect each individual word rather than looking at biblical passages. Never again, just like Jesus I will choose to love instead of judge and hate.