



I now shunned my parents as much as possible. I was a dedicated Salinger fan and had decided, Holden Caulfield-like, that they were phonies.



It was easy enough to avoid them. My Dad was busier than ever, and my Mum had a job selling wigs and piercing ears at the Hudson's Bay downtown.



My relationship with the CRC was on shaky ground.



Do you want a ride home?

I'll walk.



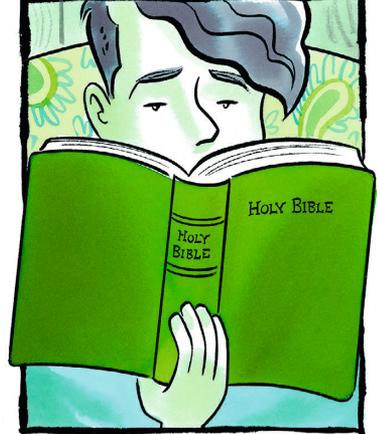
Filled with doubt, I continued to attend Catechism class.



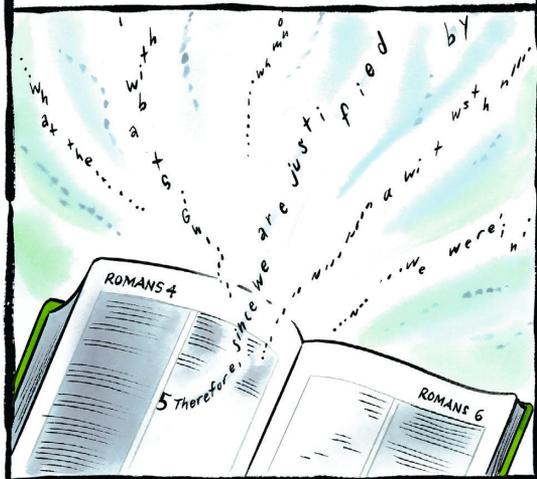
The aim was to make a public "Profession of Faith,"



thereby becoming a full member of the church.



I was becoming increasingly hesitant about this.



Discussions with friends on the subject devolved into inconclusive, unconvincing arguments.



More like awe or reverence.

Uh-huh.

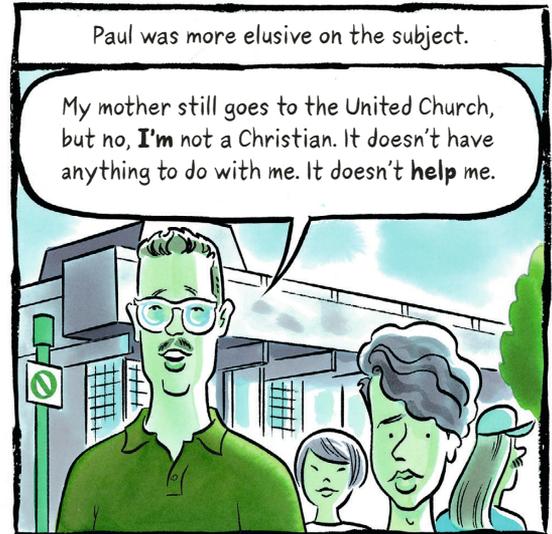
The story of Christ is beautiful...Really!

Ugh, it's so depressing.



Paul was more elusive on the subject.

My mother still goes to the United Church, but no, I'm not a Christian. It doesn't have anything to do with me. It doesn't help me.



Doubtless he knew I was struggling to reconcile a faltering faith with my sexuality, but took great care not to push me or judge.



I had to sort it out for myself...



Then one night, a dream: Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley and I are walking in a bucolic English field.



We talk for ages, and they, or rather, Oscar, explains everything.



To this day I long to remember what they said.



Cut to an underwater erotic encounter. I still wasn't sure what constituted gay sex, besides rolling around in the nude.

