Birds are chirping. Bees are buzzing. And all greenly things are fervorishly budding to life. As the school awakens from the doldrums of winter, so do the young hearts of boys and girls. As is habitual this time of year, the campus is rampant with these fluttering hearts and everyone is scoring… except for me. Because I am a lonely homo.

I've been a lonely homo for some time now. As a third and fourth former, I was terrified that people would find out I was gay. I never thought that there was anything wrong with my being gay; I never thought I was going to hell or that I was subject to some kind of moral deformity. And I was fortunate enough to have a close group of friends and a supportive family, who would have no altered opinion of me because of my sexual orientation. But it's hard to live with a secret for the entirety of your life and then one day, out of the blue, admit that you've been living a lie. It's embarrassing to admit that you weren't a strong enough person to break free from that lie until now. I was simply in a routine, inherited at birth, which assumes one to be heterosexual. But the time I spent abroad during my Fifth Form Year changed all of that. My routine was broken with the new culture and language and all of the twists and turns that follow. Living a life exterior to everything I had grown accustomed to here in the States, I began to see my situation more clear and I found no reason or justification of staying in the closet. So I embraced my sexuality and so did everyone else. No big deal. A succession of being able to admit it to myself and then having the balls to admit it to others.

It wasn't hard for me to come out of the closet. That was my situation, and it's not some sob story, so take it for what it's worth. I always felt that St. Paul's was an accepting and understanding environment for everyone, regardless of sexual orientation or anything else. But recent events have proved otherwise and I have discovered that to some people, my sexuality is a big deal. I am greatly disheartened by the acts of both teachers and students in what I thought was a compassionate and understanding environment. Words, whether people are aware or not, can feel hateful. We are told to respect the opinion and perspective of all within this community, and that is, of course, a valiant principle, but would we respect a perspective imposing racism? I don't think so. And I don't see how homophobia is much different from racism. Do we understand what kind of effect that opinion can have on the homosexual students or teachers of this school? It is hard enough to come out of the closet as it is. The Department of Health and Human Services reported that young gay people are 2 to 3 times more likely to commit suicide than straight people. And what about the gay students of this school, do we want them spending their time here thinking they are alone and that they are immoral? Shouldn't they too have role models? The fact that two teachers who love each other are not allowed to live in attached dormitory housing because they are gay seems wrong to me.

Society and media have groomed us to accept heterosexuality as the norm and the only norm. And many believe homosexuality to be immoral due to the sacred texts of their religion. But I know many people, devout in such faiths, who have accepted homosexuality. Television, cinema, and literature portray gay characters. The SIMS is the first on-line game to allow gay couples. The people of Paris elected a gay mayor. The Leader of Anglicanism, the archbishop of Canterbury, is for the union of same-sex
couples. The sad reality is that this school will change only when it is absolutely necessary, when we can no longer afford to do otherwise because of political and societal correctness. Should we wait until the last possible moment to change our policies, simply because it is necessary for the welfare of this institution, or should we change now, because we believe in a community founded on compassion, understanding, and education?