

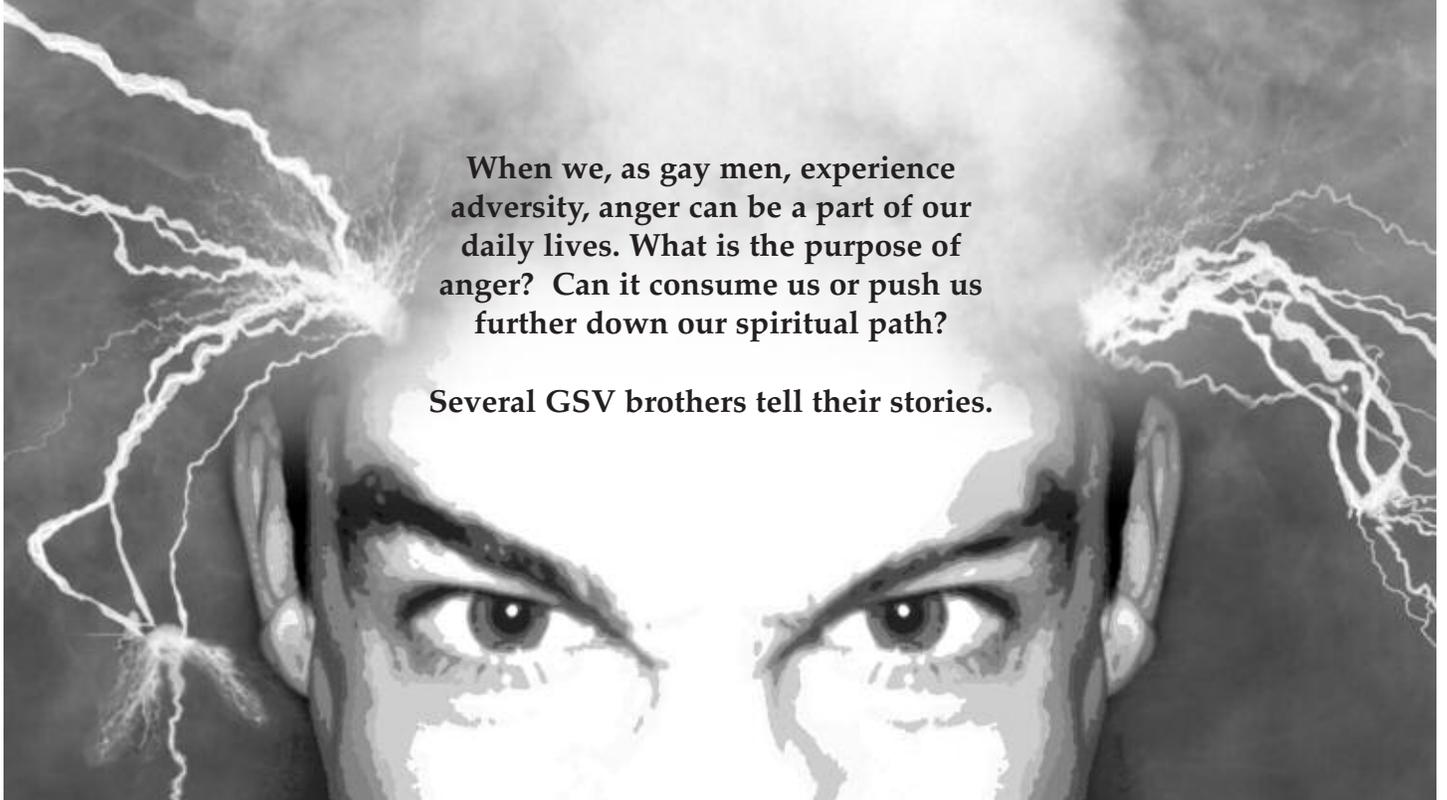
*Spirituality*

and

**ANGER**

When we, as gay men, experience adversity, anger can be a part of our daily lives. What is the purpose of anger? Can it consume us or push us further down our spiritual path?

Several GSV brothers tell their stories.



*Visionary* (ISSN 1533-8231) is the journal of Gay Spirit Visions and a publication of The Council of Trusted Elders of Gay Spirit Visions, Inc., a Georgia not-for-profit corporation recognized under Section 501(c)(3) of Internal Revenue Code of the United States. Copyright, 2005.

**Gay Spirit Visions**

**Mailing Address:**

P.O. Box 339, Decatur, GA 30031-0339

**Voice mail:** 404-658-0221

**E-mail:** info@gayspiritvisions.org

**Website:**

www.gayspiritvisions.org

**Council of Trusted Elders**

Craig "Craigalee" Cook,  
*Presiding Elder*

Michael Varnum  
*Presiding Elder-Elect*

Bruce Parrish,  
*Elder of Finance*

Jennings Fort,  
*Elder of Communications*

George Miller,  
*Elder at Large*

Chase "Skywalker" Robinson,  
*Elder of Archive*

Ben Linton  
*Elder of Service*

**The 2005 Gay Spirit Visions**

**Council Members**

consists of the Council of Trusted Elders plus Tony James, Patrick Mitchell, Kim Pittman, David Salyer and Steve Roman

**Advisors:** Martin "TreeWalker" Isganitis, Andrew Ramer, John Stowe

**Journal Committee:**

Jennings Fort, *Editor*

Mike Goettee, *Design & Production*

**Submission Queries:**

jenman@mindspring.com

Please put "GSV *Visionary*"

in the subject line.

**Address changes & advertising queries:**

visionary@gayspiritvisions.org

Copyright ©2005 Gay Spirit Visions, Inc.



Dear Gentle Brothers:

I am writing this letter in love and fear as my term as Presiding Elder ends.

I feel protective of GSV. After so many years standing in this circle and being involved in some way with the planning of our group, I just want to know that



GSV will continue. I'm not saying that my involvement has in any way kept GSV around or that it won't survive without me. I just want to know in my heart that it will survive. I'd like a sign

from heaven, maybe the sky opening and a booming voice from on high (my God, how Christian is that?) proclaiming that GSV's future is eternal.

In love I have been since the beginning

and still naive, romantic, ill-informed and unprepared as I ever was, at who I am and what I am to be. But GSV has given me so much, shown me so much, loved me so much. I would not be the person I am today with it. This path and the beautiful men on it with me have changed me. I am so grateful. I will continue to love and support this work, this tradition, in ritual to bring Spirit. Please join me in this future, cause man-o-man, it has been a trip and I have pictures to prove it!

I love you, as ever.

"Say good night, Gracie. Good night, Gracie."

Craigalee

*Craig "Craigalee" Cook is a long-time Atlanta resident.*



**Gay Spirit Visions  
Our Mission Statement**

We are committed to creating safe, sacred space that is open to all spiritual paths, wherein loving gay men may explore and strengthen spiritual identity.

We are committed to creating a spiritual community with the intent to heal, nurture our gifts and potential, and live with integrity in the world.

We are committed to supporting others in their spiritual growth by sharing experiences and insights.

To fulfill these goals we facilitate annual retreats and conferences, sponsor social events, publish a newsletter,

and maintain Internet-based communications for men who love men.



# SMOLDERING

When I think of anger, I remember a day in the fourth grade.

I was the smallest, smartest, most sensitive and definitely the sissiest boy in class. Although my mother was school secretary, bullies picked on me a lot.

A boy named Terry loved to torment me. He always chewed on a plastic straw and his shirt-tail hung out.

One day, as I laughed and ran around with some girls in my class, Terry and another boy stopped me suddenly.

"Are you a girl?" Terry asked in a loud voice. "You must be because you act just like one."

"No," I said, seeing other kids gathering around us, "I'm not a girl."

"You sure do act like one," Terry said. "You're just a little sissy."

My face felt like it was on fire. "Shut up!" I said.

Terry grabbed one of my arms and the other boy grabbed the other. "Make me," Terry said. "Make me, little sissy boy."

As I struggled, they pulled me down the sidewalk in front of the school building, with more kids stopping to watch our little parade. At first I tried to play along, trying to laugh as if I were in on the joke too. Our principal passed by, glanced at us and continued walking.

"You're not doing a very good job of making me quit," Terry said. "Now I know you're just a little sissy."

Terry locked his arm around my head and dragged me around. I stumbled along to keep from falling. Then the two grabbed my arms again, pulling harder. I knew I couldn't get away. Finally I broke down and began sobbing. They released me and I ran into the building, away from the bullies and the humiliation.

When the bell rang and the kids came inside, I went to my teacher.

"They got me in a headlock!" I cried and demonstrated with my arms. "They pulled me and got me in a headlock."

BY JENNINGS FORT



The other kids stared at me.

The teacher took the boys to the office but quickly returned.

Well, she said, the principal had seen me laughing quite a bit during the whole thing and didn't think there was anything wrong going on.

"He didn't do *nothing* to us," Terry said and snickered.

I spent the rest of the day trying to make myself smaller so that no one would notice me. I knew my mother would find out about this soon. I felt furious and sad and pushed my anger deep inside because there was nowhere else for it to go. That little boy is still hurt and his anger is still there.

In this issue of the *Visionary*, several brothers write about anger as a part of spiritual experience. There's plenty for gay men to be angry about. How do we deal with it and what is its purpose? Can good come from anger?

I wish my story ended in an *Andy Griffith Show* moment where, like Opie, I learn how to defend myself and am never bullied again.

By the end of that day, I felt better and even asked one of my friends to come home to play before dark. We went to the principal's office so I could ask my mother if this was okay. She took one look at me and glared.

"The next time somebody picks on you," she said. "You kick them or bite them or do whatever you have to do to fight back. That's embarrassing. Don't you ever let that happen again."

"I won't, I won't," I said, desperately trying to stop my mother's humiliating words from reaching my friend's ears. But the way he looked at me let me know that it was too late.

Now my own mother bullied me. Was she right? Was this my fault? I hated the bullies, the principal and my mother. I hated myself for not fighting back. What was I supposed to do? I was confused, sick, powerless and unspeakably angry. Now, when I hear someone yell "faggot" or see religious leaders condemn us or see family members reject us or know many elected leaders dis-

**GSV potlucks** in Atlanta, are held the fourth Saturday of the month at 7:30 p.m., unless otherwise noted. **GSV potlucks are drug- and alcohol-free events.**

**GSV Heart Circles** are held the second Sunday of every month at 7:30 p.m., hosted by Wendell Johnson and Lem Arnold. For location and more information, contact Wendell at [louis8@hotmail.com](mailto:louis8@hotmail.com) or Lem at [lem1951@mindspring.com](mailto:lem1951@mindspring.com)

**November 26 - GSV Potluck** Hosted by Jim Fason, 980 Buckhorn East, Atlanta. Contact Jim at 770-552-1843 or [jfason@aol.com](mailto:jfason@aol.com)

**December 24 - GSV Potluck** Hosted by Doug Caulkins and Mikel Wilson, 535 Watergate Ct., Roswell, GA. Contact them at 770-993-9959 or [snakeowl@yahoo.com](mailto:snakeowl@yahoo.com)

**January 28 - GSV Potluck** Hosted by George Miller, 339 Tenth Street, Atlanta. Contact George at 404-875-1061 or [aagm8888@aol.com](mailto:aagm8888@aol.com)

## Gentlemen, please note...

*Hosting a potluck is a simple and effective way to serve GSV. Please let us know if you can host.*

Contact Ben Linton at [benlinton4@bellsouth.net](mailto:benlinton4@bellsouth.net).



count us, I flash back to that experience. My best adult side says "Forgive! Forgive! The anger is only hurting *you!*" But I haven't forgiven those bullies and don't know if I ever will.

I haven't decided if this experience has taught me anything. All I know is that I'm still here and that this kind of anger can smolder for a lifetime. 

*Jennings Fort lives in Atlanta and can be reached at [jenman@mindspring.com](mailto:jenman@mindspring.com).*

# THE OPPORTUNITY AND PRIVILEGE OF SERVICE

As we begin a new year at Gay Spirit Visions, having completed the 16th Fall Conference and preparing to install the new Council, I have been contemplating how to expand my service to GSV as the Elder of Service. One of my goals is to involve more of the brotherhood as a number of men have approached me, wanting to serve but not wanting to commit the time it takes to be on the Council. I think there are services that can be performed not only to Gay Spirit Visions, but on a daily basis in all of our communities that will allow us and others to grow spiritually. These services are quite simple really; they are courtesy, hospitality and allowing others to serve. Many spiritual traditions state that service to others is necessary to spiritual growth as it fosters love and has its own reward.



By BEN LINTON

Courtesy in our society is a service that needs to be much revived and is something that can be very easily practiced. When we are conscious that someone needs our assistance, we do it. And be thankful for the opportunity to be of service. It can be a very small thing such as holding a door for someone, or wiping up a spill that someone has left or allowing someone into traffic. Or we may find ourselves helping the person to bear a burden. You can perform a service in secret; do something for someone without them finding out who performed the service. This is an easy way to spread love and compassion. The catch is not to expect a reward or a thank-you and perform the service anyway. It is easy to do this with people you know. Try it with people you do not know or for whom you do not particularly care. Courtesy then lends itself to hospitality.

Caring for others and being available to them is hospitality. At a Fall Conference years ago, a brother told me that he waited at the registration office

to welcome first-time brothers. This brother would help them register, escort them to their cabin, unload their vehicle and settle in. Wow! How many of us want that to happen the first time we go to any new place, not to mention The Mountain? Hospitality not only considers bodily needs such as food, drink, clothing and shelter, but listening as well. We do not have to have the right answer or a witty reply. All we need is patience and compassion and the willingness to share. It is in the sharing of service that we allow others to grow as well as ourselves.

When we allow others to serve us, we empower them to grow and recognize our need to submit to their service and leadership. How many times has someone offered to take your tray to the dishwasher after a meal at The Mountain? How did you feel when you let him perform that service? I know I have a difficult time with it and I am learning to simply say "thank you" and resolve to pass it on. It is in serving and being served that we will open ourselves to spirit as we understand it.

As we prepare to enter into a new year at Gay Spirit Visions, I challenge you to think about ways you would like to serve. It does not have to be on a grand scale such as serving on the Council, leading a small group or a workshop. Your service can be as simple as sweeping the floor, toting bags, offering a hug or sharing a cup of coffee with someone. Listen! Listen! Listen for Spirit speaking to you to guide you in your service.

Benedictine monk and Archbishop Anselm of Canterbury wrote:

"Continue to keep a warm love for me...I cannot be with you physically but my heart is always with you...Make efforts to win friends everywhere...Do not think you will ever have enough. Be bound to all, whether rich or poor; in brotherly sympathy." 

Ben is still wondering, "If they can put a man on the moon, why can't I get one on me?" Contact Ben at [benlinton@yahoo.com](mailto:benlinton@yahoo.com).

## A word of appreciation

GSV would like to humbly thank the brothers who, behind the scenes, have given their time and talent in service to our brotherhood this year.

### Potluck hosts:

Doug Caulkins	George Miller
Craig Cook	Patrick Mitchell
Jim Fason	Roy Smoot
Michael Goettee	Chris Umberto
Marty Harris	Mikel Wilson

### Heart Circle hosts:

Lem Arnold	Wendell Johnson
------------	-----------------

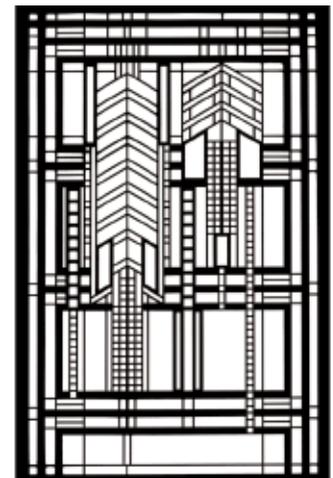
An acknowledgement goes to **Randy Taylor** who made the beautiful box for our Talking Stick.

We also recognize **Jim Jones** who created a series of volumes wonderfully archiving GSV's history.

Thanks to **Bobby Tyler** and **Dennis Van Avery** for facilitating the Small Group Leaders training at the Fall Conference.

*If there are others we've neglected to mention publicly or privately, we thank you. Know that our tribe is richer for your quiet and heartfelt work.*

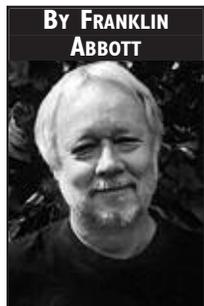
*We love you and support you on your journey.*



# Spirituality and ANGER

## A SWORD OF FLAME

One of the great contributions psychiatrist Elizabeth Kubler-Ross made in her observations on death and dying was to note that anger was a stage of grief. Anger is the fire that cauterizes the wound. Anger is also the tempering fire in intimate relationships. It is not until a relationship passes through the fire of anger that it becomes solid. Think of a clay pot. Until it is fired, it cannot hold liquid. An unfired relationship cannot hold deep feelings.



By FRANKLIN ABBOTT

Fire burns the candles and the incense we light at our altars. Fire is the feeling that burns in our passions. Our source of light, the sun, is a ball of fire. Illumination is fire within. We witness it as radiance.

Even so we struggle to think of anger in a spiritual way. We have few examples from our Judeo-Christian culture: Jesus running the money changers out of the temple, the desert gods Yahweh and Allah quick to smite the wicked, and that's about it. Anger is equated with righteousness and we see the mess that has made in the world.

The Taoist have a God of Fire, Lo Hsuan. Lo is three-eyed with a red face, red beard and red hair. His horse snorts fire and its hooves spark lightning. Lo holds among his magic weapons a column of smoke a mile high full of flaming swords. His



home is on the island of Fiery Dragon. He embodies spiritual ferocity.

Manjushri is a Buddhist bodhisattva, a being who paused on the edge of enlightenment to help all sentient beings on their journey home to oneness. In Buddhist iconography he is seen seated next to the Buddha opposite Kuan Yin or Avalokitesvara, bodhisattva of compassion. We know far more about Kuan Yin than Manjushri. Kuan Yin is often depicted as the Great Mother who takes care of her children when they are in need of mercy. Manjushri is depicted wide-eyed, wielding the sword of discernment that cuts away illusions. It is easy to understand why Kuan Yin wins the popularity contest. And yet they balance each other for what is a heart without wisdom and what is wisdom without a heart?

As a gay man who has lived through the birth of gay liberation, the devastating ongoing AIDS pandemic, the once private "love that dare not speak its name" now so public it can't/won't shut up, I have not had the luxury of complacency. I have been angry often and often very angry. If I were

not fierce I would not have survived. And that sword of discernment? I have used it to cut away at the lie that who I am in my gayness is sinful, sick, inferior or nonessential. Homophobia and heterosexism still have deep roots, thick vines and long tendrils. As long as that is so, I will stoke the red, red fire in my belly and keep my sword razor sharp. 

---

*Franklin Abbott was a keynote speaker at the first GSV conference and an original radical faerie. He is a poet and psychotherapist who lives in Atlanta. You can find him via [www.theninthmuse.com](http://www.theninthmuse.com)*

**F**ire, the central symbol of this year's Fall Conference, is often considered the elemental representation of anger in many traditions. Perhaps this came from its similarities to this often-maligned emotion. I believe anger, like fire, is not in and of itself "bad" or "evil"; it just is. It is part of us. Also like fire, it

has many positive, purposeful qualities, which I discovered by getting a little, um, burned.



By MICHAEL CHAVEZ

Growing up, I had a lot to be angry about. As a Catholic, I became enraged as I grew into my sexuality. So much hypocrisy surrounded sexuality in the Church. In my high school, while I was fortunate enough to have wonderful lay teachers who were gay, my life was also deeply affected by a couple of gay priests who, predictably, had sex with under-age students. Many of us knew it. I was fortunate to avoid this abuse. My best friend, however, wasn't so lucky. He, at 17, found himself in a sexual relationship with the school principal.

Meanwhile, in senior theology class, I was expected to believe that the Church loved the homosexual, but not the act of homo-

sexuality. Theology class was full of these contradictions. Needless to say, these contradictions caused me to shut down spiritually and to return to my sexual shell, as I was beginning to come out (I wouldn't come out completely for another few years). Later I realized that I was becoming angry.

Anger caused me to throw the baby out with the holy water. I abandoned the Church in 1987, in college and living in the United Kingdom where I felt greater personal freedom. I decided, like many gay men, to abandon religion altogether. It seemed a lot less painful. I was avoiding anger instead of dealing with it.

I found myself wandering in a spiritual desert for the next 11 years. It was truly heartbreaking. But, like a fire that wasn't completely gone, the embers remained hot, even if there were no flames.

Moving to the Bible Belt made religion impossible to ignore. I couldn't stand to drive by Jesus Junction (a section of Peachtree Street known for its many churches) in Atlanta, much less go inside a church. These, to me, were places of

ignorance, oppression, materialism, abuse, stupidity and self-loathing. Why would anyone, especially a gay person, go into such a place? I had become an anti-Catholic and thought that religion was for stupid, self-loathing people. Again I raged and cursed. Once again, to quell the anger, I ignored religion and anything linked to it.

Eventually, my world view began to break down. I had the fortune of working with an inspired personal coach who asked me simple questions about my "journey" and "what I really wanted from life" and what would develop me "spiritually." They were about where I needed to go, not what I needed to run from. They were about what I loved, not what I hated.

I crumbled at these questions. I felt sad and lonely and incapable. The emptiness I felt was overwhelming. I didn't think that this was about God. I felt that there was no "me" there. I felt centerless, bereft of connection and personal knowledge.

Hitting an emotional wall finally caused me to question everything. I realized, with guidance, that I had to focus on love, not anger, without forgetting the anger. I had to realize that anger was linked to my sexuality, which I couldn't ignore.

Believe me, I wasn't singing "Kum Ba Ya" with my newfound anger. But I started to realize that

# THE FIRE OF ANGER

nature encompasses both shadows as well as light. I was *incorporating* anger into my view of self. This meant that to pursue what I was starting to understand as spirituality, I had to deal with my anger toward religion and my sexuality which often triggered it. The scary part was that I had been taught to avoid these shadows at all costs. But I found that avoiding shadow had only increased its hold over me.

However, recognizing anger and its source helped me to feel safe enough to explore spirituality. I discovered that I could find Spirit through nature and the cycles of the Earth, where I didn't find contradictions, only mysteries. I discovered Spirit by embracing my sexuality which led me to communion with other like-minded gay men.

I still have anger. This won't change, but I now see it as a partner on the journey, to be recognized. And, I see fire's value. Like fire, anger stimulates, warms, spurs on, transforms, tempers, destroys, engulfs, consumes, energizes and burns out. It leaves total destruction, but also fertile fields. Without anger, the gay rights movement wouldn't have happened. Stonewall would still just be a bar. Act Up would never have done so.

Ancient wisdom teaches us much about anger. Like fire, you must respect anger. You must not play with it. You must sometimes stoke it to start it. You must understand it. You must welcome its usefulness, but you must not let it get out of control. You must know when to put it out. If you move through it quickly, it won't burn. You must be careful with it so you don't hurt those people and things you love. And, you must *never* ignore it. 

*Michael "Peregrine" Chavez is an ordained Associate Minister of Ravenwood Church and Seminary of the Old Religion in Atlanta. As an initiated priest of Wicca, his responsibilities include education, ritual and community outreach.*

Fire never says,  
"I've had enough."

– native Hawaiian proverb

## DRIVING WITH THE 'GREAT THIEF'

There certainly was a time when anger and frustration were dominant in my life. It seemed I was always mad about something. I was angry at my family for taking up my

BY TOM COMSTOCK



time, angry that AIDS was taking such a toll on my community and putting such a damper on my sex life, angry that my church had no room for me, angry that the dry cleaners didn't iron my shirts perfectly. It went on and on. I was busy, respected, "successful and productive" and making tons of money. I should have been happy and satisfied. But, I spent so much energy being angry. I was, frankly, miserable and exhausted and had no explanation for it.

This misery led me one fateful morning to a class on Buddhism. The teacher taught that day that "everyone on earth just wants to be *and* has the right to be happy." Those simple and profound words stuck in my mind; yet, minutes later I found myself totally pissed off at the woman in the car ahead of me. She was making me late for a dinner engagement. Wasn't she aware that people behind her may have things to do and important places to go? I quickly burst out laughing and answered my own questions. Of course, she wasn't aware of those things. She was just driving down Cheshire Bridge Road trying to live her life and be happy. Her trip to the hair salon or drugstore was no less important than my drive down the same street. How stupid to be angry at her! My blood pressure was up, my face was red, my hands shaking and she was still motoring down the road at 25 mph as happy as a lark! Who is the fool in this picture?

Tibetan Buddhists call anger the "great thief" because it robs us of happiness. Indeed, anger is one of the three poisons or afflictive emotions that cause only harm. And usually the harmful effect is felt by the one feeling the anger. The Buddha teaches us to look deeply

into our anger and to try to understand its source. Furthermore, he encourages us to ask whether anger is the best response to a situation. Rarely, the Buddha teaches, anger may be appropriate, but most often it is harmful and counterproductive.

I have learned that my anger is usually the result of taking myself way too seriously and, thereby, I miss the real issue at hand. Of course, my family "takes up my time." They love me and want to be with me. How cool is that? Yes, AIDS has caused lots of pain and suffering. Should I whine and be mad or should I try to help alleviate some of that pain and suffering? Of course, the Baptist church has no room for gay men. The church doesn't, at this point, understand homosexuality. Can I help combat this ignorance? And, really, is a wrinkled shirt really ever worth yelling about?

Oh, my gosh, I certainly haven't conquered anger. No way. But I now have some tools to help me deal with it more effectively. And sometimes I even use those tools. Just last week a guy cut me off in traffic on the way to work. As usual, I shot him the finger and cursed up a streak, but only for a second. I recalled the way I often drive by not being mindful of those around me. I was able to genuinely hope that he would safely get to work a little early so that he could enjoy a cup of coffee before starting his work day. I'm sure those good thoughts had no effect on him whatsoever, but they sure made my morning commute a lot more pleasant! 

*Tom Comstock lives quite happily in midtown Atlanta. He has studied Buddhism for over 10 years and is grateful for his many good and patient teachers. He can be reached at [tomcombv@juno.com](mailto:tomcombv@juno.com). May we and all beings be happy.*

Holding on to anger is like grasping a hot coal with the intent of throwing it at someone else; you are the one who gets burned.

–The Buddha

**M**y anger is holy, like my joy and my sadness, my rapture and my fear, my desire and my pleasure. My anger is a perfect expression of divine life force flowing through my body. I feel it in the pounding of my heart, the heat that rises up my chest and buzzes in my ears. It is energy, alive in the sizzling circuitry of my nervous system, pushing my body to leap into action. I can speak with anger, write with it, dance with it, fight with it, and even kiss tenderly with it.

To be completely honest, my reflexive response to anger is often less spiritual. Many times I hear the whisper of a tiny, "oh, no" in my mind when anger rises and my body tenses against it. I feel the lead weight of depression as I push my anger down into my belly. Then, awareness returns: I catch myself, breathe and allow the energy of anger to circulate through my body. I shake my limbs, stretch and comfort the voice of alarm.

Learning new ways of responding to anger has been a slow process, because the old memories were so vivid. I remember as a child screaming at my sister, as if my rage could propel her from the family and restore me to the all-encompassing love of being an only child. I remember kicking a childhood friend as hard as I could in the stomach. I remember telling my mother that I hated her after she revealed a trusted secret to my father. And I remember all too well the horror, shame, guilt, self-disgust and self-hatred I learned to feel, as I



## EVERY CRAYON IN THE BOX

saw my parents withdraw all loving attention from me each time.

For years I continued to turn anger inward, where it festered in violent fantasies, depression, and self-judgment. I learned the mask of the studious, spiritual perfectionist to cover my anger. And oh, how I raged at myself for every feeling of attraction I had toward other men! Every stirring of my cock triggered such humiliation, such self-hatred. It's no wonder my first crush was a young, confused bisexual man, who rejected me in public, projecting his own self-hatred onto me. No wonder my first sexual encounters and lovers treated me as an object. My sexual desire was laced with the poison of self-hatred and I used these men to punish myself mercilessly.

My relationship with anger began to change when I joined the LGBT student union. Together we marched on Washington and mourned our losses from AIDS. I discovered that anger could be used as a powerful motivating force. I began to face the truth of my ex-husband's abusiveness and my childhood sexual abuse and I reclaimed my right to be angry. This right came with a price, though: I was identified with my anger. I believed in *my right* to be angry, and the *righteousness* of my anger. I went from being a victim, to being an entitled, justi-

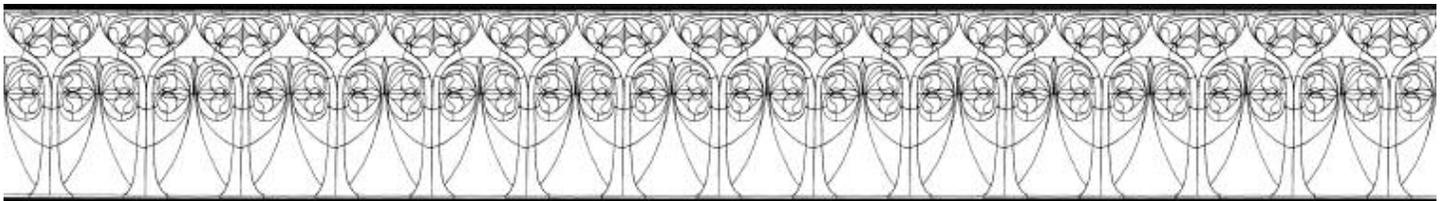
fied, angry victim. I do not regret those days, however; they were a necessary stage in my growth.

It took several more years for me to make the distinction between harnessing anger and being driven by it, honoring the force of anger without believing the victim-stories that give rise to it, or the stories that rush up to judge it. Slowly, I am learning to speak my truth without feeling guilty or justified. I am learning to raise my voice and speak with power, without attacking others or myself. I am learning to love myself unconditionally, anger and all.

Now, I actually enjoy the energy of anger, because I am discovering that – divorced from stories of victimization and judgment – it is simply power. My power to create, to play, to make love. Sometimes that power functions as an emotional immune system, pushing away what hurts me and ebbing away as the threat recedes. At other times when the only threat is posed by my overactive imagination, personal opinions and self-importance, I choose consciously how I will use that energy. I breathe through the anger and discover just beneath it great wells of grief, fear, longing and love. I find God just behind my anger, expressing through my anger, as the force of Life itself. As I accept, bless and channel my anger, I also recover the power of my own sexual desire and pleasure, my joy in writing, singing and dancing. It is almost as if, in reclaiming anger, I am learning to trust myself with the gift of my own life, and my power to choose how I will use that life. I am learning to color with every crayon in the box. 

*Hunter Flournoy is a personal life coach and Toltec teacher living in Nashville. Contact him at [seraphimf@hotmail.com](mailto:seraphimf@hotmail.com).*

BY HUNTER  
FLOURNOY



THE FIFTH ANNUAL  
**Gay Spirit Visions**  
**Winter Meditation**

*January 13-15, 2006*

*At The Mountain Retreat and Learning Centers, near Highlands, NC*

**Come, join your Spirit Brothers to experience the universal language of Spirit – silence.**

**We will explore:**

Tibetan sitting meditation • Walking as a meditation practice  
Sacred reading • Silent yoga • Chanting

**Join us by the crackling fire in the Lodge as we listen to the spirits who have guided us for over a decade.**

Register by calling The Mountain at 828-526-5838 or download a registration form at [www.gayspiritvisions.org](http://www.gayspiritvisions.org) and mail directly to The Mountain.

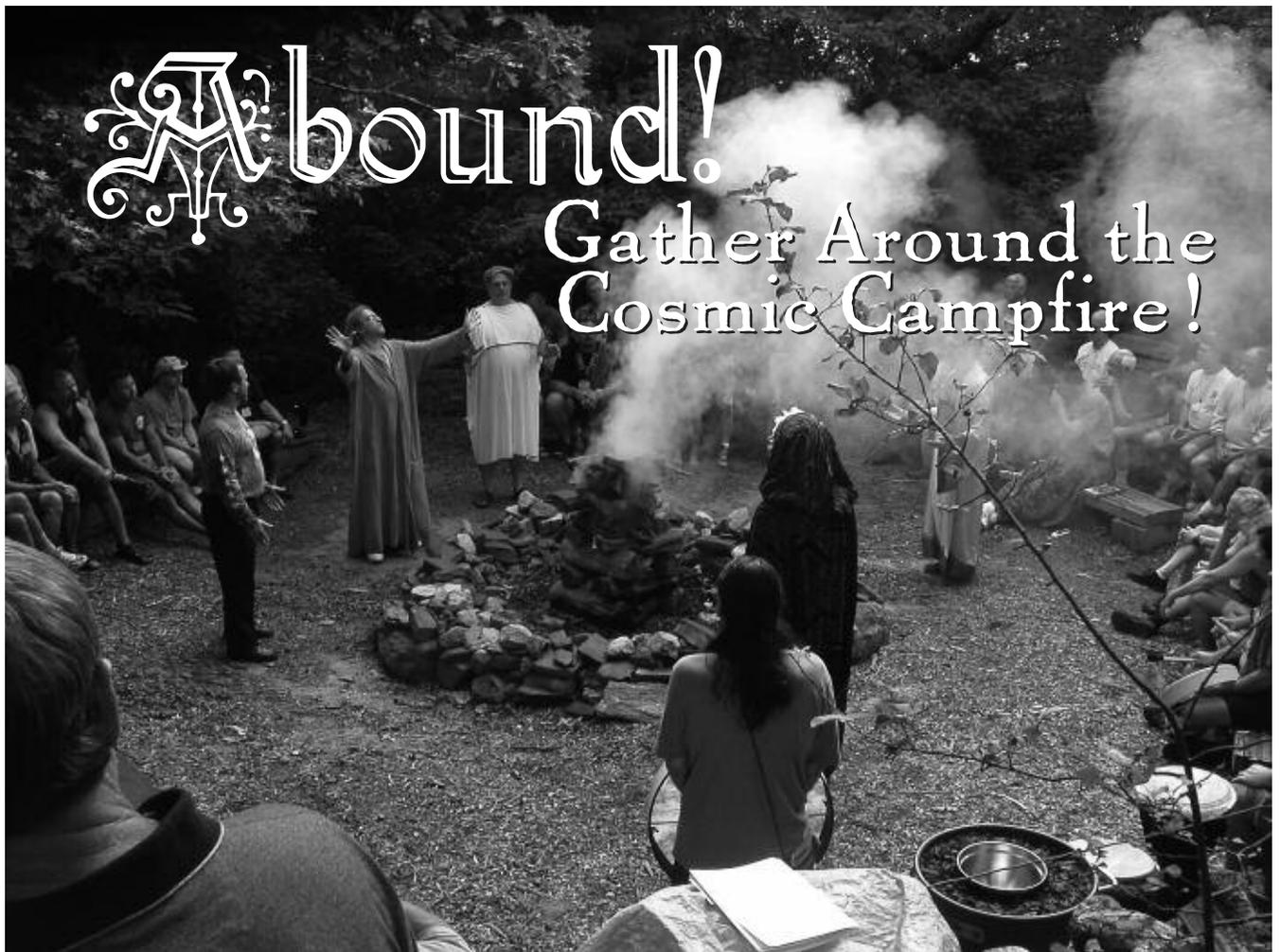


A scrapbook from the 16th Annual  
GSV *Fall Conference*  
September 15-18, 2005



Photos courtesy of  
Lem Arnold and Charlie Sill







**VISIONARY**

GSV

P.O.Box 339

Decatur, GA 30031-0339

**FIRST CLASS MAIL**