

MY GAY "SPORT"

by Ella Hammond

I think of homosexuality as a variation on a theme. The theme is sexual orientation. But something happens, either in the womb or genetically, to cause a variation on that theme.

A friend of mine who is a master gardener told me you can determine the color of hydrangea blossoms by the type of soil the plant grows in. If you want purple, pink, or green blossoms, you change the acidity of the soil accordingly. It is still a hydrangea, a very beautiful plant, but different colors. My friend also raised African violets. She said a mother plant might put off up to ten baby plants. If the mother plant was pink, when the baby violets bloomed there might be nine pink, and one purple, or sometimes you might end up with a new color entirely, and then it is called a "sport". It is still a violet, a very healthy, beautiful plant, but entirely different from the mother plant in color, a variation on the theme!

I consider my gay son a very wonderful man, but he is entirely different than my other son, or my husband! He is different than I expected, not the "theme" I thought he would be, but a variation on it, and quite a pleasing and wonderful one, at that. It has taken some getting used to, has caused me to do a lot of thinking and re-evaluating of my long held traditional SDA views on the subject. I was forced, if you will, to look something in the face that had seemed foreign, fearful, strange, even dirty, and discovered that I was wrong on many counts. It is amazing how fear disappears in the face of knowledge!

Well, I do not claim to be either a geneticist, biologist, or master gardener, just a mom, thinking! And I do love my "sport"!