

Friends, on this Coming Out day,

I'm holding all of you in my heart today—all of you who have gone before, who taught me and nurtured me; all those of you who burn like stars in my memory; all those of you who died too soon, too soon before I could catch up, get free and be—me. With you, unafraid.



Beloveds, my young friends, my earnest, God-seeking friends, my long-time friends, my newest friends, know this: you are beautiful, lovely, perfect, complete, and wholly worth loving exactly as you are. Come out if you can, as you can, when it feels safe enough. Though it may seem daunting, in the long run, I don't think you'll regret that choice. Make space for the young queer folks in your orbits; nurture them and go the extra mile to see them safe, defended and protected. I say this because "coming out" is, you see, at least as much about coming into and coming home to yourself and to loving, liberating community as it ever was about hiding your bright, shining glorious spirits from harm.

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