

MARK:

My name is Mark Lee Fuller.

I was born in Dallas, Texas. The buckle of the Bible Belt.

Here at Calvary Baptist Church, my Daddy was a Deacon, my mama was the primary Sunday School teacher.

Me? I'm a queer. A fag. A pansy. A mo. A fairy. A sissy. And I have continued to disappoint them my entire life.

There were four of us. Four "sissies" in Calvary Baptist Church. There were about forty kids in the church, so ironically, it worked out statistically.

Sissy. Interesting word. Negative word. Not something I ever wanted to be. But it was the first word I ever heard that described that part of me. That part I despised. Even now, I don't want to be called sissy. Gay, fine. Handsome masculine straight-acting gay guy. Better.

*(Looks around, points.)* That's Andrew. He was my best friend when I was little. Look how beautiful he was. And nobody had a soul that deep. Nobody.

*(Pause as he reflects for a moment.)*

That's Benny. The biggest sissy of all.

And this is T.J. Be still my foolish heart.

T.J.'s Mama died when he was little and he worked very hard to please his tight-ass military Dad. He excelled in everything. Except loving me.

Everybody has their truth. Yours may be different than mine. This was mine. Or would it be "this is mine"? Because right now, at this moment, I fortunately ... or unfortunately .. I am the sum of me.

Now don't think too hard about that one 'cause it will fuck you up. Thinking has always fucked me up - or has it been my salvation?

Now I'm confusing myself. By thinking. The story of my life. Oh, what the hell. Just try to follow along folks, will ya?

There will be no timeline here. You are who you are and I am who I am and your journey here just might be different than the person sitting next to you. And that's okay. It'll be your journey. Sometimes I close my eyes and create a perfect world. A world of acceptance and under-

standing and love.

But I always wake up.