

Discovering the Sunlight

I guess that being alone began for me considerably before I reached the age of ten.

Reflecting now, it is likely that my parents feared that I was becoming another daughter rather than a son. At any rate there seems to have been a concerted effort by kith and kin to "toughen him up." Even my much younger brother was recruited into the act! This continued until I left home to further my academic education. By this time aloneness for me had evolved from a refuge into a boon.

I am aware that family efforts ostensibly performed on my behalf were by no means a unique feature of the era in which we lived. Many families were concurrently pursuing similar tactics to fit offspring - gay, lesbian or straight - into desired molds. Let us just say that I was born a number of years too soon. "Different Strokes for Different Folks" was not the resounding theme of the '50s and early '60s.

University years provided a lot of congenial company although one of very strong heterosexual overtones. I developed a certain self-worth that had been sorely ^{missing}.

up to this point. Yet I was to preserve a feeling of being the only one of my species on the planet; after all why was I so different?

For many years afterwards I would retain my solitariness. Certainly there were ~~extant~~ advantages to being the silent sentinel. For one thing, my perceptive powers sharpened considerably.

I was to spend many years in another province. It was in this place that I saw so easily why extreme discretion was a "must" and not simply a desirable trait. I was in a strange, new land. All too often the communities I resided in were ones where homophobia and distrust of strangers were the rules rather than the exceptions.

In the summer of 1986 I met Bill Bomkey in Halifax. In the future he was to give me happiness beyond my wildest dreams. We spent many happy days together at this time. However I knew that all this would inevitably end. A Celtic pessimism and foreboding engulfed me: why tempt fate with the distant future?

Well in 1987 I did emerge from the existence of grey shadows that I had lived in for so long. and yet my appearance was somewhat as the ^{cloudy} release of a survivor.

I awoke from this dazed stupor. Bill was very much alive, he was in Halifax and he actually waited for me! He would become my lover, my partner and my ultimate soulmate. With Bill I have come into a new world of caring and sharing where a wealth of hitherto undiscovered interests and friends abound. What a mellow warmth and retention of youth now in these, the golden years!

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