

COUNSELING CENTER OF NORTHERN VERMONT
PSYCHOTHERAPY FOR INDIVIDUALS, COUPLES, FAMILIES

- Coming Out
- Relationship Issues
- Family Issues
- Sexual Identity
- Gay/Lesbian Parents
- Separations
- Life Transitions
- Spiritual Issues
- Endings/Loss

Lynn Goyette LCMHC 802.860.6360
Bill McBroom LICSW 802.229.5220

BURLINGTON • MONTPELIER

WHAT CAN THIS MAN DO FOR YOU?

Things he's done already:

- Founded and ran an LGBT senior citizens center
- Led a coalition to pass a Hate Crimes Law in NY
- Edited hundreds of books for NY publishers
- Raised over \$200,000 to run for State Senate
- Caseworker, supervisor for home care program

Ed Sedarbaum and his partner, cartoonist Howard Cruse, are looking to move to Vermont. **Couldn't you put Ed's skills to work for you?**

esedarbaum@verizon.net (413) 664-0735
Ed's résumé: <http://mysite.verizon.net/esedarbaum/resume/>



Dr. Shoshanna S. Shelley
LICENSED PSYCHOLOGIST/DOCTORATE


Let's talk 649-1123 295-2222

Short-term therapy for long-term solutions

With offices in Norwich and Quechee

11 Beaver Meadow Rd Norwich, Vermont 649-1123
1856 Main Street Quechee, Vermont 295-2222

Most Insurances Accepted



P.O. Box 875
90 Main Street

BLACKWOOD ASSOCIATES, PC
attorneys

Burlington, VT 05402
802-863-2517

blackwood.law@verizon.net fax: 802-863-0262

Concentrating in Employment, Special Education and Civil Rights Law. Also Wills, LGBT Issues, Estate Planning, Personal Injury, other litigation and mediation.



Becky Roberts
Feng Shui Advisor

802.310.6770
www.westernfengshui.net

Views: Growing Up Gay in a One-Street Town

Port Trevorton, Pennsylvania has just one street. The road wanders slowly off Route 15, going up one side of a hill overlooking the broad Susquehanna River, and back down again along the west side of the river. "Port," as everyone calls it, is where I grew up until the end of fourth grade.

I remember going once to Port's old one-room school, tagging along with my older sister on the day school photos were taken. I was in kindergarten and proudly wore my striped, navy blue Reading Railroad train engineer's outfit with a red kerchief around my neck.

My own first-grade class attended a new, modern 1950s style school. It was so new that on the first day we sat on newspapers on the floor of Mrs. Wilson's classroom, waiting for our desks to arrive. These were the desks that would later "protect" us from the Russians during air raid drills.

We lived in the parsonage, right next to Olive Church, a large old wooden edifice, one of the two churches on Port's one street. My father was the minister for both churches. As the new pastor in town, it was his job to merge the Evangelicals with the United Brethren. Folks couldn't figure out how to worship together in either congregation's building, so both churches were torn down and a new brick church was built.

"Joey" lived next door, on the other side of the parsonage. He was an only child — a year or two older than me — whose parents ran the general store and hardware all rolled into one. Mom used to ask us to "quick, run over to the store" to pick up a loaf of bread if we ran out on Sundays. You had to be quick. After all it was Sunday, the Sabbath, a day of rest. It was not a day for anyone in Port to see the minister's family going shopping. In a one-street town,

**bill
lippert**

everyone knew the minister's family.

I haven't seen or talked to Joey since we left Port in 1959, but I have always wanted to because somehow I thought he too must have turned out to be gay. I don't know why exactly. I just had this feeling. Maybe it was his red hair and freckles, or a child's version of "gaydar" even way back then.

Once I tried to reach him by phone, just to re-connect, but mostly to see if he too had come out. It was after Civil Unions in Vermont in 2000, and my photo and name had been in newspapers all over the country. Maybe he had seen me? Maybe he had wondered if I could be the same Bill Lippert — "Skippy" to him back then — who had been Rev. Lippert's son and had lived next door.

How odd, if he is in fact gay, that we lived right next to each other in our one-street hometown. But not so odd, really. After all, my own youngest brother, Jonnie, three years younger than me, raised in the same small parsonage, sharing the same small bedroom with me and my middle brother, Tim, eventually came out too. (If you really want to ask some interesting questions: Why did Tim end up straight? What about the single woman who was a school teacher in town? What about "Bobbie" who never mar-

ried, and lived with his mother until she died?)

We really are everywhere, growing up all across America. This is the good news that will forever thwart the desires of America's right wing religious groups for us to disappear. We, the gay men and lesbian women of America, are constantly being bred, born and raised by the very heterosexual couples they so vigorously promote as the "traditional family." We do not have to recruit. Heterosexual traditional families constantly replenish America's future supply of gay men and lesbians.

We may not have to recruit, but we do have a major

How odd, if Joey is in fact gay, that we lived right next to each other in our one-street hometown.

responsibility. It is our job, as yesterday's gay and lesbian youth, to make sure that today's and tomorrow's generations of queer youth survive the homophobia of their traditional families' upbringing. It is our job to make sure that when today's queer youth come out, it is into the arms of a gay-friendly world, ready and eager to welcome them warmly.

Yes, the survival and thriving of queer/gay and lesbian youth — that is what first got me thinking about Port >>