

*Fr. Perozich comments —*

*Disordered love takes many forms: power, success, prestige, money, recognition among others.*

*“Disordered love isn’t love’s absence but love’s misdirection, a lesson as true for the suburban father clinging to career success as the gay man seeking a flirtatious glance in a bar.” — J. F. Colonna*

*The unseen thread weaving through my life had very little to do with sexuality; it was the ache to know I was wanted. — J. F. Colonna*

*Since most readers are not distracted by homosexual desire, it is still important that knowing that “I am wanted” for who I am, not for what I possess or for what I can do for someone else.*

*The author J. F. Colonna, dealt with same sex attraction and yielded to it in order to feel wanted.*

*He escaped those chains with Jesus in His Catholic Church.*

*His insights on being wanted are valuable against the disordered attempts to find validation in pride, ire, greed, envy, sloth, gluttony, and lust.*

*Transformation with God’s guidance to humility, meekness, generosity, magnanimity, diligence, temperance, and chastity bring each person to see himself as lovable and wanted for the person God has created him to be, even if others cannot validate him as God does because of their own disordered loves.*

## **A Hidden Thread: Sexuality, Longing, and Mercy**

Christianity offers neither cheap grace nor hollow platitudes. It demands transformation, not through self-help slogans or moral posturing, but through the same power that rolled away the stone 2,000 years ago.

[August 14, 2025 J. F. Colonna](#)



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In 2025, being a man attracted to men is no novelty. Society has largely embraced homosexuality, making personal stories about it seem mundane. Yet modern discourse complicates this acceptance. Conversations now emphasize fluidity, moving beyond the mid-century labels of “gay” or “straight.” Terms like queer, pansexual, and demisexual signal a cultural shift from fixed identity to a spectrum.

The last generation fought to cement the “born this way” narrative; today’s youth are dissolving it. Both frameworks, I’ve learned, avoid the harder truth: we are defined not by desire but by what—and whom—we love and allow ourselves to be loved by, including the Whom who told us, “I AM WHO AM.”

In a cultural moment shaped by transgender discourse and conservative gay voices, anything that falls outside these narratives risks backlash. Ironically, in my own story, homosexuality is the least controversial part.

## **The Unseen Thread: A Hunger Misplaced**

I am a 35-year-old practicing Catholic who, at times, has failed profoundly to uphold the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Church. Since high school, I've grappled with same-sex attraction, engaged in homosexual acts, and faced a misdemeanor conviction for a sex crime, whose shadow still lingers.

This article is not a plea for sympathy or absolution. It is a testament to the boundless mercy of God, a mercy that unsettles as much as it uplifts, challenging our notions of justice, forgiveness, and the redemption of even the gravest sins.

**For years, I fundamentally misunderstood my deepest hunger. The unseen thread weaving through my life had very little to do with sexuality; it was the ache to know I was wanted.** I sought this validation in transient encounters, mistaking the heat of desire for the warmth of love. This isn't unique to same-sex attraction. We all risk seeking from the world what only God can provide—whether through our disordered desires or even good things twisted into idols.

In my early 20s, I compartmentalized my life: faith in one room, fractured longings in another. And desire, untethered from purpose, festers. What began as curiosity hardened into compulsion. I craved not intimacy but affirmation, proof that I mattered. Each encounter deepened my emptiness, yet I returned, convinced it might finally satisfy.

## **A Fractured Journey**

At 18, I became aware of my developing attraction to other men alongside my attraction toward women. I had an unusual advantage (in those days): a family that let me be honest, without shame or fear. So I didn't need a dramatic "coming out"; acknowledging these desires to myself and to them was matter-of-

fact and simply accepted. I also confided in a priest, but his advice —“explore it”—I took as subtle permission.

Within weeks, I found myself in a cycle of casual hookups and misguided relationships. These encounters fed a hunger for acceptance and belonging, yet clashed with my faith. I vacillated between two forces: the visceral affirmation of fleeting intimacy and my convictions of the Church’s teachings.

While the sexual experiences were new, the affirmation, love, and acceptance I felt resonated deeply with what my heart had long desired. I began to feel these encounters were a legitimate means of seeking “acceptance” and being “wanted.” At the same time, I was having real encounters with God through prayer, platonic friendships, and the sacraments. I knew in my heart and mind that Jesus was truly God and that He established a Church whose teachings were also His. In hindsight, it was a gift of grace that allowed me to see and believe this truth amid my confusion.

## **Grace in the Wasteland**

I kept going to Mass and often went to Confession, sometimes daily. Though I felt momentary satisfaction from sexual activity, my mind had already been convinced of the Church’s truth. I tried to quit, but addiction and self-deception held me.

Amid the tension, and perhaps by grace, I somehow avoided the emotionally exhausting “shame-repentance” dynamic that many religious people in my situation fall into. I saw the disconnect between my actions and beliefs, but thankfully did not feel a self-deprecating guilt or lash out in frustration at the Church or God. There was a true lack of coherence in my life, but it was not an emotionally charged one. This relative calm may have allowed me to consider all these experiences with increasing clarity.

A pivotal insight came in a bar about a couple of years after these encounters began. Amid flashing lights and pulsing music, I locked eyes with a man. I signaled interest, but as he approached, my desire vanished. I walked out and whispered to myself, “This has nothing to do with sex ... It’s about being wanted.”

I was suddenly aware that this man wasn’t a person but a mirror, reflecting my desperation to feel wanted. Something had shifted in my mind and my heart; I am convinced heaven intervened that night. This began the initial movements toward the life I now find myself living, though not without setbacks.

**The longing to feel wanted is natural and extremely powerful, but without roots, it becomes an intoxicant.** When we’re hungry, we eat, but our true hunger isn’t for food; it’s for life. I craved validation because I needed to believe I was worthy of love—to be wanted.

## **The Shadows of Longing**

Evelyn Waugh’s *Brideshead Revisited* captures this ache: “Perhaps all our loves are merely hints and symbols, vagabond-language scrawled on gate-posts and paving-stones along the weary road that others have tramped before us ... snatching a glimpse now and then of the shadow which turns the corner always a pace or two ahead of us.”

Waugh’s “shadows” name a universal truth: **we often chase reflections of love rather than its Source.** We must remember that even good signposts are meant to lead us toward something more, something higher.

Augustine warned that disordered love isn’t love’s absence but love’s misdirection, a lesson as true for the suburban father clinging to career success as the gay man seeking a flirtatious glance in a bar.

## **The Particular Weight of a Particular Cross**

This is not a story about avoiding “gay” relationships for “straight” ones. It’s about recognizing that **no human bond—same-sex, opposite-sex, romantic, or platonic—can bear the weight of our desire for divine love.** Even good desires become prisons when we make them ultimate.

Same-sex attraction is not unique in how it may attempt to satisfy itself. **All of us, in our brokenness, grasp at shadows: money, power, romance, acclaim, hoping to fill the void that only God can occupy.** C.S. Lewis called it “the sweet poison of the false infinite.” But this particular burden bears a unique weight because it intersects with the Church’s vision of love as a mirror of the divine communion.

**The ache for intimacy is not disordered.** The Church Herself sings of eros perfected, of lovers as icons of Christ’s love for His Bride. But when eros detaches from its sacramental design, it becomes a language without grammar. Natural law, and the demands it places on human behavior as the Church teaches, is not a prison for desire but a map to its homeland: the union of body and soul, difference and complementarity, sacrifice and fruitfulness. But for me, this truth felt less like a map and more like a wall.

Here lies the paradox: **the very goodness of my longing for connection, the God-given hunger to love and be loved, became a battlefield. Augustine’s words haunted me: “The enemy took my will and made of it a chain.”** The world calls my struggle repression; some theologians reduce it to semantics. But the real clash ran deeper: a culture that conflates identity with desire, and a God who insists that desire, however fierce, is not destiny.

Dante, lost in the dark wood, wandered until grace led him through hell’s fires, up purgatory’s mountain, to the blinding yes of paradise. My journey felt inverted. I knew the Church’s “yes” long before I felt its freedom. For years, I straddled the divide:

clinging to Her sacraments, all the while not entirely convinced of the love that they promised.

But **grace tugs hardest where we are knotted tightest. “God does not love us because we are valuable,” wrote Fulton Sheen, “we are valuable because God loves us.”** In my case, He loved me enough to let the dissonance crescendo—until the ache for wholeness outshouted the lie of autonomy. The same law that once felt like condemnation slowly became a signpost. Not because my attractions changed, but because my understanding of love did.

A tree flourishes when rooted in soil, not concrete; a fire warms in a hearth, not scattered to the wind. So too, human love finds its melody when aligned with its design to mirror the self-giving love of the Trinity. This truth is written into the fabric of creation: things thrive when used according to their purpose. My sexuality, untethered from this design, left me hollow—not because desire itself was wrong, but because it had lost its way.

The world often paints the Church’s teachings as a “no” to freedom. But Christ’s words to the woman at the well reveal a different story: “Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst.” He is the remedy.

For years, **I unknowingly clung to love as possession, a transaction to fill my emptiness. But the saints taught me to see love as an offering.** Augustine’s restless heart, Thérèse’s “Little Way,” and Ignatius’s surrender all echoed the same truth: desire is not an enemy to conquer but a compass to calibrate.

**C.S. Lewis, in *The Weight of Glory*, wrote that our desires are “not too strong, but too weak.” We settle for mud pies when a feast awaits.** My same-sex attractions themselves were not a moral failure but a misdirected hunger, a mud pie mistaken for manna. The Church’s teachings became my

invitation to the banquet, where even broken desires could be transfigured.

**Chastity, I learned, is not the absence of love but its purification—the fire that burns away illusion, leaving only the gold that lasts.** The world substitutes sex for intimacy, desire for identity. The Church restores them, not by rules alone, but by revelation and relationship: true love.

## **God Wrestles the Strong**

Augustine's "You have made us for Yourself" is not a metaphor but a manifesto. The thread of longing, once a noose around my will, became a lifeline. Mercy, I learned, isn't static. It tugs.

**The sacraments are not self-help tools but divine interventions. In Confession, Christ does not wait for my repentance; He chases it. In the Eucharist, He does not reward my virtue; He overwhelms my poverty.**

Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven* paints God as a relentless pursuer: "I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ..." For years, I fled into hollow validation, yet the tug persisted, a quiet insistence that my thirst was not a flaw but a fingerprint of the divine.

**This is the scandal of grace: God wrestles the strong, not the weak.** Jacob limped after grappling with the angel; Paul fell blind on the Damascus road. My strength—the ability to compartmentalize, rationalize, and sustain a divided heart and life—became the very battleground where grace cornered me.

**The same hunger that drove me to seek love in shadows now pulls me toward the Light.**

## **The Paradox of Mercy**



The Father's Mercy, divine and limitless, collides with the human instinct for retribution when confronted with the harm caused by me or to me. I wrestled with questions: Who am I to forgive myself? Does forgiveness negate the other's pain?

Such doubts trap us in self-loathing or self-righteous anger. Yet Christianity offers neither cheap grace nor hollow platitudes. **It demands transformation, not through self-help slogans or moral posturing, but through the same power that rolled away the stone 2,000 years ago.**

As Pope Benedict XVI observed, **Christianity is not simply about a philosophy or an ethic but a Person: Jesus, the author who entered His own story.** It is about Love becoming Man and Man becoming Love. We find not an overlooking of anything, nor a covering over, as Martin Luther suggested, but rather the true transformation of everything. Suffering, too, not only finds practical benefits such as humility, discipline, and other natural virtues, which exist even for the atheist, but also becomes redemptive and reparative.

Nowhere else is this fully possible except with the Bride of Christ, whose body is His own. The ones He came to save are invited to participate with Him in His salvific work. This has always been the Church's audacious claim: Even death brings new life. Hence the Exsultet's cry: "O happy fault, O necessary sin of Adam, which gained for us so great a Redeemer!"

## **The Scandal of Being Known**

This is not a tidy conversion tale. I remain a work in progress. Christ and His Church meet us in the mess, transfiguring sin through mercy, where justice and love collide and failures become threads in redemption's tapestry.

To those who deem my story scandalous: you're right. But **the greater scandal is a God who dies for His betrayers.**

**The world peddles instant fixes; Christ offers His wounds.**

The unseen thread still weaves through my days, pulling me toward truth. Its end is Christ Himself—the Love who wanted me before I knew how to want.

end of article

*Found this on male friendships, a 12 minute video to destroy the gay culture's labeling of all male friendships as homosexual*

