

Hi, I saw the tweet and wanted to contribute my story. Growing up, I was forced to attend the Catholic church. I always felt out of place, seeing people dress up, attend, and leave hoping they've done and paid their best to insure their clear consciences. Don't do this, and don't do that. By 14, I knew I was a lesbian, however, fear and family's faith kept me from coming out for a long time.

During this age, I also discovered Wicca. At the time, it helped me break away from the stifling religion my family believed. Three years ago, I discovered Satanism, and I'm now at a point in my life where I am comfortable and happy with myself, my beliefs, and my life. I'm grateful the Satanic Temple exists, they truly are a welcoming community♥ Thanks for listening!

-P

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Daniel, Simone, Tabitha, and Co.,

Hello! I heard y'all were doing a spotlight on queer Satanists and thought I'd throw my hat in the ring (I would have left a voice message but it's easier for me to articulate my thoughts through text). Sorry in advance for how long this is, feel free to amend or abbreviate it as you see fit (if you choose to read this on air, that is).

As is the case with a lot of people, I came into my "queerness" (at least to a certain extent, more on that later) way before I came into the clutches of the Dark Lord. By the time I was 15 I had come out as bisexual to my parents. My dad (at the time 20 years sober) immediately began talking about how he never should have stopped drinking, but my mom was plenty supportive, or at least she tried her damndest to be.

Fast forward to 2017. By this time I had been exposed to TST through the media, and listened to Lucien talk about it on The Thinking Atheist podcast. Eventually, I knew I had to be a part of it. I sent off for my membership card, and for a while that was that.

The big problem came when I couldn't hide it from my mother anymore. It was a very heated night, with me very nearly being forced out of my house before she simply decided to ignore it completely, only bringing it up as I started finding and collecting particularly blasphemous metal albums (the tipping point being the vinyl edition of Cephalic Carnage's "Xenosapien", do yourself a favour and google image search that cover).

Around the same time, I started experimenting with my gender expression, and starting having a bit of an identity crisis when I was once asked at a mall how long I'd been on T (testosterone). A lot happened in the months that followed, but suffice to say that I eventually came to terms with my identity as a non-binary person, and began using a chosen name (the one you see at the bottom of this email, in fact!).

In the couple of years of being a relatively openly queer Satanist (with more people knowing about the queerness than the Satanism because... well, Missouri), I've noticed a couple of things: 1) that people tend to be fine with one or the other, but not usually both, and 2) that most Satanists I've met have some strain of queerness to them, be it in their sexuality, their gender identity, or their romantic inclinations. In this case, I guess it's a bit of a Chicken vs. Egg scenario, but without me knowing what the egg is (because the egg came first, DAMMIT).

I've just looked at the word count on this and realised I should probably wrap this up. If nothing else, I appreciate y'all giving me the opportunity to get all this off my chest! Good luck to y'all with SBA, congrats Simone on your new kitten, and I'm looking forward to seeing what Daniel and Tabitha have cooking for the newest Chick Tract!

Auf Wiedersehen, and Ave Satanas!

-Robin, The Silenced Masses

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I just saw the Instagram post about queer Satanists and I'd like to share mine. I'm not sure how long this should be, but here goes!

I've grown up in rural West Virginia my whole life. My dad is a Methodist pastor, so the spotlight was always on me. I was bullied throughout elementary and middle school (who wasn't), but I started to really internalize everything once I was diagnosed with Asperger's syndrome. This was exacerbated when I caught myself checking out a few guys at a large church concert. I came out as a bisexual atheist, then, later, as gay.

My mom took me home from my brother's baseball game, crying as I had just broken up with my girlfriend over it, just to tell me 'certain Christian authors' thought it was a phase of puberty. I moved away for high school to an even more rural area (3 traffic lights in the whole county) and suddenly I was the only guy who was out. People just saw me as the gay kid who picked fights with trump supporters.

Living there was extremely isolating. I was forced to participate in football game prayers as part of the band and my parents, after letting me quit church at 18, still made me go to a youth group. I was accused by numerous people I thought were friends of faking being gay to 'see boobs' (I must've done a really bad job of it?). While I saw progress for the rest of the nation and happy gay couples all over the internet, I could only have secret sex with closeted guys who didn't think I was worth a week of people asking questions.

Now, I'm the only out gay male-ish person at a catholic college, but I feel better than ever. I've discovered my agender self and embraced Satanism like nothing before. I've found all I needed

was to take a leap of faith in myself and my perception of reality to feel really amazing! Satanism let's me feel active on the fight against the people who've threatened me, dismissed me, or hated me for expressing who I am.

The church tried to make me doubt myself, feel guilty about myself, and ignore myself, so I stand with Satan as an adversary of fear, isolation, and self-doubt. I love you guys!

Ave Satanas, J

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I was thrilled to see you were looking to hear from queer Satanists! My identity as a Satanist and as a bisexual man are heavily intertwined. In fact, I chose to come out of the closet very soon after discovering and embracing Satanism. I spent a long time repressing and being ashamed of my sexuality.

The values of Satanism provided me with such a deep sense of self love and acceptance that it was just what I needed to finally feel that this unchangable part of who I am was valid. I honestly feel that I may never have come out if not for Satanism, or at least, it would've happened far later in my life.

I owe so much of my happiness to the influence Satanism has had on me. And of course it doesn't hurt to know I'm every evangelical's worst nightmare. Much love to you beautiful souls, Ave Satana!

-Luca Belial (LOO-kuh BAY-lee-ul)

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I'm Mark and I'm a trans & queer satanist. I have to admit that I don't exactly fit in a lot of places! You can imagine that there isn't a whole lot of people who can put those three things together... but here I am.

While it was harder growing up to admit who I was and what I believed, I can freely say that the world is changing and becoming more open-minded around me. I never would have admitted that I don't believe in any god as a teenager, or that I wanted to change everything about my outer-self to fit better with who I knew I really was back then. It just wasn't something our worldwide culture was ready to hear.

It was too close to the 80's and the Satanic Panic as well as a particularly nasty recent bout with public homophobia in the 90s. However, in the past ten years I've realised that I shouldn't hide who I am and what makes me happy. I knew there had to be other people like me, or at least people who supported me.

That was one of the things that drew me into TST in recent years - because it was a group of people who not only shared my beliefs and ideals, but they actively fought for people like me and were made up of people like me. That kind of community is really something I wish I had when I was younger.

I might have made better choices, or got some years back believing in myself and who I could have been. It doesn't matter though, because I have an incredible community I'm a part of now that I know I can depend on and that everything will be okay. I'm about to finally undergo my first surgery after nearly five years of waiting, and I can call myself lucky to say I have a budding group of friends who are also members of TST that are supporting me all the way.

I can say I am truly happy. Also I wanted to say I really love your podcast and I can't wait to hear this entire episode when it comes out!

Hail Satan!

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Hello Tabitha, Daniel and Simone! Great topic. My two cents: To me, being a gay man and a Satanist really compliments each other. As I see Satan as a rebel and a bit of a misfit, it seems fitting that many LGBTQ people would feel drawn to it as many of us have felt like an outcast at some point in our lives. I have never experienced any discrimination within the Satanic community; quite the opposite in fact. Finding a religion that embraces individualism, sexuality and pride while keeping within my atheistic views has been one of the most enlightening experiences of my life. Love the show. Keep up the great work! Hail Satan!

-D

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Hi everyone ,  
I'm incredibly excited you're doing this spotlight on queer Satanists! As a queer person I believe it makes so much sense to embrace Satanism , TST's 7 tenets are an affirming and useful guide for queer people to live our lives by. That's why on my Instagram account, satanicqueer, I try to live my life in a way that demonstrates the empowering aspect of emancipating ourselves through Satanic philosophy . it's important for us queer people to cast away whatever shame and guilt that we have internalized.

When I was just 11 an older boy in my neighborhood began molesting and sexually assaulting me; because I grew up going to church I was too fearful to tell anyone . I repressed the event in my mind for nearly a decade because I had received the message that what I did was sinful. It

took a long time for me to realize that I had been raped ,because of the brainwashing I'd received in church ,I couldn't see it as something I was a victim of but rather saw myself as having done something wrong.

It's the powerful, manipulative institution of the church that I blame for what happened to me and how I dealt with it. Their anti-lgbt agenda deeply affected my circumstance.

After being assaulted I began to develop my interest in Satanism. Having grown up a Christian I didn't have much knowledge of other religions and at the time being anything else was Satanic to me.

I desperately wanted to reach some sort of spiritual guidance that would help me understand and heal.

Meditation and yoga became my practice and it was very good for me to reclaim my body in that way.

But I never felt that anything supernatural truly existed. Although a lot of the new things I was doing did make me feel better and had a positive impact on my life. It was also around this time I was introduced to levay and the satanic bible. Which didn't completely interest me. I found a lot of it useless and confusing

But I did begin to embrace Satanism and some of the concepts in the satanic bible. It wasn't until Recent years that I found the satanic temple and felt like I identified with something completely. I feel an entirely new level of self awareness, understanding and inner strength And I am much more in touch with my experience now.

I'm able to face what happened to me because im able to understand that I didn't do anything wrong and no supernatural force (Satan or God) orchestrated it as some punishment for my sexual immorality. I understand that I was just a kid who was assaulted because that unfortunately happens far to often and I kept it to myself because I was manipulated into feeling as if I had to by the church I grew up in. Now I feel encouraged by the satanic community as a whole to heal, to share and to grow from what happened to me.

I also feel empowered to speak out against the institutions that harmed me. I am well on my way to being a much better version of myself and I hail Satanism for this. Thank you for taking the time to read my story.

While listening to your podcasts I've been opened up to a lot even newer ways of thinking and it's been EMPOWERING. I've never in my life felt more like a group of people stand for what I do. Black mass appeal has been so helpful to me on this part of my journey. I can't thank you all enough. You're really onto something here ! I can't wait to see your success going forward. Hail thyself and hail satan !

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Hi there!

I saw your call for LGBTQ+ submissions so thought I'd be brave and finally write in. I'm not currently affiliated with a satanic group as I'm based in the UK, but first started researching the satanism when I was sixteen. Black Mass Appeal has finally shown me a kind of satanism which fits perfectly with my worldview, and so thank you so much for existing- I really admire you guys! This is quite long so feel free to edit (as long as you don't make me sound like a horrible person).

Here you go:

I chose to be christened when I was eleven, partly to get a free school bus pass (yes, that was a thing), but also because I really believed in god. That fell apart when I started to realise that I was queer. I moved away from the church quite rapidly as I discovered the bigotry often associated with Christianity, and became interested in the occult and "alternative" religions. I think I wanted to find a sense of community or understand why I was unable to believe in the supernatural when others invested so much in it. When I was seventeen I did a whole school project on religion and read the Satanic Bible for the first time. I've always liked the Devil as an emblem so was genuinely disappointed that the Church of Satan brand seemed a little too selfish for me. I really wanted to be a satanist but couldn't get fully on board! I'd also always had weird crushes on Satan/Hades in film (yes, even in Disney's Hercules), so that foreshadowed a lot I suppose. Maybe it's just Satan's big Dom energy... your guess is as good as mine.

I'm now twenty-two and studying as a queer historian, and have recently been seeking words to describe my gender. I think a large part of the joy I find in satanism is the openness of those involved to various gender and sexual expressions, and also the very genderqueer nature of representations of Baphomet. You know, if Baphomet can be a literal hot mess of gender confusion then so can I! I feel like there should be a campaign to make them a genderqueer icon. Maybe that's my calling.

Anyway, I feel like for the first time I've come across a community which has a wicked sense of humour and values of acceptance and social justice at heart. The emphasis placed upon bodily autonomy fits neatly with queer and trans rights, and it's comforting to enter a space in which you are likely to be accepted as you are. My New Year's resolution was to finally go along to a satanic group in London, so here's hoping that I'll soon be a less independent and more outwardly active Satanist!

Thank you all for being so lovely and finally finishing the corruption of my soul! Hail Satan!

Sending good (yet evil) vibes,

-A

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Hello Fellow Heathens,

My name is Eli, they/them or xe/xem pronouns, and I'm a non-binary, demisexual, polyamorous, insert-label-here, Satanic kinkster. I'm not sure what kinds of stories you're looking for so I guess I'll just throw out a generic one and if you have any follow up questions you can email me.

I used to be a Christian, and pretty hateful at that even though I thought I wasn't. Honestly it was all a huge self-hate gig for being transgender and growing up in an area that taught me that I was this evil, nasty perv from the time I was too young to spell pervert on up. Once I had a kid I realized that I couldn't raise her to hate herself or others, so I came out of the closet, got woke, got more woke when corrected that I wasn't woke enough, left the church and... found a new one. Yeah, not a quick success story here. I am nothing if not a creature of habit. Lucky me, that church was super queer positive and ended up supporting me through my transition, even helping raise money for my surgery! They started a group called SAGA Community Center in Hatboro, PA and it's blossoming into a really awesome and safe space for people like me. It's non-religious, which is a good thing because I finally got up the nerve to stop pandering to the way I was raised and turned to Satanism. I still technically 'go' to church to socialize with the awesome people there, but I just watch the babies in the baby room, let my kid enjoy a playdate of sorts, and eat their snacks. I'm still waiting for someone to ask if I eat the actual babies or something, but the congregation is also a pretty open minded one when it comes to other belief systems, so that hasn't happened. A friend had mentioned to me in passing that he followed Satanism because it didn't shame trans people for being themselves, so I started googling and found COS.

From COS I moved on to TST because I'm into activism. I'm in the Philly area so there's no official chapter of TST here, but there's a Satanic Philadelphia group that I joined and we hang out and do cool stuff. I guess I'm non-theistic. I like rituals for the funsies, but I don't really believe in magic in the sense that I think it has a scientific explanation; i.e. energy goes places, rituals are psychologically productive, generic response, etc.

Personal life stuff: I'm a parent to a six year old kid who is sassy as hell, who I let choose her own beliefs. She's heavily influenced by her grandmother and father and my own past involvement, but I don't hesitate to tell her my beliefs have changed. We've discussed lots of religions and she is currently following a combination of Christianity and Hinduism. She knows I'm transgender and is super supportive. At one point she told off a lady in a store who ignorantly decided to lean over and tell her what her parent's REAL gender was. Who even does that? Just talks to someone's kid about them, right there in front of them, like some sort of maniac? My child said "My Nonny is a boy and a girl and you're wrong." then turned her back on her dismissively with a hair toss while I laughed my ass off. Children are awesome.

I've been married for 13+ years and my husband and I are currently dating a lovely young lady. She's been with us for half a year or so, and it's pretty casual but also awesome because we like the same video games and shows. She's dating a friend of mine, and I'm hoping they hit it off because they both deserve ALL the happiness. As a demisexual person I'm the friends-to-lovers trope in action, so my husband and our partner both started out as BFFs and then I went and caught feelings for them. Lucky me it worked out!

That's all I can think of at the moment. I guess use this if it helps your show. Love listening.

Sinfully yours,  
Mx. Eli Weiler,  
SAGA Community Center Leader

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When I was born, I had both sets of genitals. Both were small, malformed, and non functional. My parents couldn't afford the corrective surgery and I was left with both. The medical term is intersex, but the general public is more familiar with the inaccurate term "hermaphrodite".

My parents are hardcore members of the Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints (Mormons as they're more commonly known as). They asked the church bishop what to do with me and his decision was to raise me as a boy.

According to church doctrine, a person is either 100% male or 100% female. My existence was a threat to their doctrine so the bishop wanted to keep it a secret.

So for the first 10 years of my life I thought I was a boy.

Everything seemed fine for the most part. But then puberty came along and had entirely different plans for me.

My skin softened, my hips became more pronounced, I became attracted to boys, my body became more curvy, I grew breasts, and my voice did not deepen like the other boys did. This scared the hell out of me because I didn't know what was happening.

Rather than consulting a qualified medical doctor, my parents consulted the bishop who told them I was possessed by a demon or even the devil himself. Everyone in my life became super hostile and occasionally violent towards me.

My first suicide attempt was when I was around 11 years old. Numerous failed suicide attempts led me to believe I was already dead and in hell.

Eventually my presence in the church was too intolerable. My parents and the bishop wanted me out and I became homeless at 13.

There's a whole lot more to the story, but the email would be far longer than it already is. A lot was cut for the sake of brevity. I'm better off now, but I drifted from religion to religion.

Christian religions were always hostile toward me, regardless of denomination.

I tried Wicca for a while, but they always obsessed over my intersex condition as somehow magical. It was positive attention, but it was also unwanted attention on that aspect. I became less of a person and more of a token in Wicca (*I'm also a Gemini which really didn't help things*).

Atheist groups seem OK, but many still have residual religious hangups towards the LGBT community. I receive lots of requests to see my genitals in the atheist community which is unacceptable.

Satanism seems to be the one religion I've found where it doesn't matter. Nobody treats me like a token, a monster, nor the devil incarnate.

Here in the Satanic community I'm treated like a real human being. It means the world to me to finally fit in somewhere.

-K

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I've never written this out, and im not sure how it'll go. I've been coming out for 20 years, you'd think it'd be easier by now, however the problem i have is recalling the details or giving them enough detail to relay the personal significance to another person. I also like tp type stories from my IRL charm and swagger, so im sure its lost in the conversion to cold ascii text. maybe in 500 years, some one will find it offensive (ooh i hope so!). Anyways, here goes:

I came out as gay at 16, and unlike many others ive met, my parents where cool about it. I was very loved and supported. to this day, mom, my brother and his wife go to their local Pride fest in a way of supporting me, even though i live on the other side of the country). We were non practicing Protestants, and our occasional or seasonal trip to church had a more socialist/small community vibe, but nothing i had an objection towards. Basically, do your best to be a good person, help those around you, and after the dude at the front tells a story about Mrs Mable and the boyscout helping her with her groceries, we would go drink punch and go home. To me, church was a chance to see people from town, hear about doing things for others, and that punch (i swear it was 7up and Hawaiian punch). Jesus was there, sure, but it was more from a "hey, he wanted you to not be a dick, and died because others are dicks, so dont be a dick".

Mom told me we dont wear crosses like the other kids because that thing killed our buddy, and it would be inappropriate to worship the thing.

Just after I came out as gay, i was a teenage goth boy. I became more interested in the news and the greater world. This was more or less around the same time Mathew Sheppard's story started to unfold in the media. I think he came about a month after i started the coming out process. This was also my first encounter with religious homophobia, and specifically the greatest thing to help the LGBT cause - the WBC. Whatever god these people where talking about, was not MY god. I discovered that AIDs was something thier petty and spiteful god cursed his own creation with.

It had also happened that i had to join my aunt one day to her Catholic Mass (she was watching me for the weekend or something). That... THAT was until then, the most blasphemous thing i had been involved with, and wouldn't be until last year that that it held the title in my book. I learned of a menacing bully that hated all forms of life, cursing it simply for being born, and this bizarre cult actually lined up to cannibalize our demi god and kiss the very thing that killed the dude! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. But, i also remember there was a part where the guy in front ranted about the sins of sodomy and that god made us, it doesnt fuck up, but gay people are a sin and should be hated.

I had the misfortune of attending another Catholic ritual about two years ago. My "troubled" cousin had turned up dead. She went from a screaming fight with her ex boyfriend that tried killing her before, to "suicide by hanging" with no note ten minutes later. Her family had her creamted, and I flew back for the funeral. Since this cult of Mary frowns on suicide, and it was an easy end to a chapter that side of the family wanted closed (she was my favorite), they held the funnral in a funnral home. I thought it was normal at first, and weird to see a lot of people i hadnt seen in forever. Their priest asked us to pray for her soul as it went through Hell. I noticed the Protestant side of the family got up and left, and I decided to join them and walked out.

I remember trying to find where, in all this "lets be boy scouts and help Mrs Mable cross the street, or give Poor Jim a sandwich" di it mention god not liking homosexuals, or as it was affectionately put in my face; God Hates Fags. I re-read the ten commandments that supposedly our same deity authored, thinking perhaps i missed one (ten is quite a bit and easy to lose one). I figured the next best thing was to go read that speech Jesus said on the hill, blessing cheesemakers nd what not. Nope, still couldnt find it until my mother pulled out another bible with "the jewish stuff". You know, the stuff we recap on Easter with a Carlton Heston movie, while we paint eggs and wait for the rabbit (side note, not in the bible either). We went through Leviticus and the various other things this god guy apparently had issue with this whole time! I had no idea how strict this all was, it wasnt just "dont be a dick if you can help it", it was "you are fucked no matter what, and this all powerful thing cant even get its own story straight. oh, and animals talk and try to fuck with you, and you're fucked because someone else fell for it too"

At this point I wasnt spiritual or religious, but i wasnt disconnected either - i liked the feeling i had at my home church, and to this day feel that a boy scout like mentality would be good in a

large scale society. I think the term agnostic would have applied, and its a term i'd be ok with today (agnostic Luciferian... has a ring to it, i should write a book). I started looking at non-christian paths, including wicca and gnostic hermetism. One day, I was visting my dad and wandered to his book shelf and noticed two small black paperback books. I removed one with a curious title, and marveled at the cover. In a faded red (ok pink) was a striking symbol of a star with a goat's head inside it, and mysterious writting around it. I held in my hand the Satanic Bible, and next to it Rituals. Before i could thumb through (or most likely steal), he came in and busted me. I wasnt supposed to be there, but i remember the conversation being hijacked by one of his then girlfriends and her equal (albiet from a different and hostile angle) curiosity about my father's possession of such material.

This was 20 years ago, so if i said i spent weeks or months hunting my own copy of this book, i couldn't ballpark it nor explain the near obsession. But, when i did get my paws on it, I do remember getting in trouble for trying to get the other kids at the trailer park to join me in the swamp for Satanic rituals. For the sake of peace, and because mom was so supportive about the gay thing, I agreed to refrain from trying to start any Satanic cults and fell into Wicca. That was fun but as a gay man, i felt Wicca wasnt for me because i wasnt female, and having witnessed a nasty divorce, didnt feel relationship models made sense (still dont). Enough had made sense that i sorta mashed together a paganistic mish-mash of random beliefs that literally changed with the roll of a set of dice i had and a chart with a religion i'd adopt for a period of time (I was doing a LOT of chaos magick at the time - we've all been there). One time i had my altar out and my boyfriend at the time got all pissy and called it evil because there was a white gargoyle candle holder on it. Another guy I had over eventually said he didnt like hooking up at my place because it reminded him of church (I guess i wasnt being original using frankincense and myrrh incense for meditations). By the time Joe made me put my psychonautical universe in a box (he sold for meth), I eventually became an agnostic that likeed occulty stuff, but was not longer expressing it.

Flash forward to DJT's inauguration. I happened to have been on wikipedia, cruising random articles and some how landed on the Black Metal Church Burning "thing" in the early 90's and got stuck. Im not a big metal head (more Irish punk, industrial and whatever you'd classify Ghost), but i started link hoping and came on to the CHurch of Satan again. I remembered I had my copy still (it was a newer one, replaced in an occult book lot from ebay a few years prior). I dusted it off and re-read it, knowing more about the world, other beliefs, other forms of magick and ritual, and an ever growing desire to hurt a god that seems bent on trying to hurt me with poisonous politicians and fuckwits on social media.

I got rehooked. I came home again :). I love me, why not worship me? Im gay, and LaVey likes us (at least on paper, transvestite isnt the preferred nomenclature, and Diane's preffered use of the term Faggot\*). This sparked a journey and led me to investigate other groups, like the Temples (of Set and Satanic), orders of numbered angels, blogs by people who clearly dont speak English as a first language but are on to something, and people who are batshit nuts but have something interesting to ponder. I was also relieved to see that Satanic litterateur had

expanded and now included alternative narratives to LaVey. While he did set me free (so to type), I didnt agree with the idea that Satanism was atheistic and needed to be. Nor did theistic require blind obedience. There is a sound philosophy, some between the lines or implied, some left for you to fill in, and some that make too much sense to have to type. All that seems true to me, is that it makes sense to me, because at the end of the day, what im doing doesnt need to make sense to anyone else.

I started a local group to find other Satanists, and put thing on Facebook. sure enough, several friends came, but being largely associated with many gays, our first several meetings where exclusively gay men (by accident, not design). I fell in with, and quickly left a site dedicated to gay satanic brotherhood(s), on account that it seemed to have been an excuse to smoke meth (which i stated was unSatanic, and subsequently disinvited to the group. its a "gay... satanic... brotherhood.... com")

I should take a minute and explain gay Leather culture, otherwise this whole story has no meaning. up until now, this is "recap" and not the message i wanted to share with the world, the little bit i get to etch and say "i was here".

I'm a gay Leatherman. Yes, i look like a biker but i've never sat on one. In the post WWII days, gay men formed biker clubs and started the stereotypical look you're hopefully familiar with. Since "gear" was expensive, next to impossible to get, and generally unavailable unlike today - most of this was earned. Like a biker club, you had to prospect and earn your stripes. everyone has it different, but it mostly involves some type of service, a lot of volunteering, knowing the history and stories, and having the "right stuff". You earn the boots, belt, chaps, vest and eventually it ends with the cap or cover, that hat that looks like it fell from an SS drag queen. It began as a masculine gay identity, as up till WWII the concept of a homosexual man was stereotypical.

In June 2017, I competed for and won a fetish contest, California Drummerboy 2017 (think a kinky version of a beauty pageant, but the swimsuit is a jock strap and theres a dirty skit involved as well as a speech). Durring my year, i didnt hide my love for Satan or Lucifer, and used my personal FB to share memes and stories i liked. Drummer (DNA) had its own unrelated drama and just before going to the national leg of the circuit, my region decided to cut ties and took over a different circuit - Olympus Leather. In June of 2018, I was allowed to give my step down speech, thanking Lucifer at the end (and lest we forget to give an over shoulder nod to that first rebel...). The MC, a former Mr International Olympus Leather pulled me aside afterwards and said it's great and rare for him to meet fellow gay Satanists. The next night he gave me a big bag of Satanic jewelry, a framed picture of a twink Satan (he's hotter than the Italian one - fight me!), and some plaques (one sits above my Altar). He told me that he was giving me this stuff, some of it as old as i am, under the condition that one day i pass it along to a fellow gay Satanist. It wasn't lost on me, that this old biker and former International Leather title holder was harkening back to the days when this was how the leather torch was passed from one to another. It was the rite of passage i didnt know i was seeking and had been missing from my early church days. To this date, i've been frantically adding pieces and have handed out three.. but i have a lifetime ahead.

I feel like ive been tasked with a mission, perhaps an unholy one lol, but i have a purpose. I can be the black flame in the night, as a beacon to my fellow gay satanists who feel oppressed by the christstain taliban and show there's a healthy alternative thats affirming and positive. I've created a presence on social media and seem to be making a noticeable, albeit small, splash.

It's my personal mission to give an alternative to LGBT folks seeking an affirming spiritual alternative to whats shoved in our faces daily. That theres a way to hurt this hing that hates us - even if it amounts to group therapy meets role playing. I wont recruit you, its up to you to ask yourself the first question and look for an answer. And my answer might not be the answer that works for you. Truth doesnt set us free, it is doubt (i'd cite Anton LaVey but i know im paraphrasing and it was probably plagiarized anyways)

Thank you for doing what you do. And thank you especially for giving this opportunity. I know this is a lot longer than you could put on air, but im glad there is an audience out there that is interested in hearing from this perspective.

Ave Lucifer!

Hail Satan!

-E