

**PFLAG is creating a caring, just,
and affirming world for LGBTQ+
people and those who love them.**



**P.O. Box 617 Buffalo 14207
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WHY WE MEET

We meet because
someone we love is
LGBTQ+.

We share our feelings and
experiences in a small
group setting,

We meet offering support
so that families can remain
close.

We encourage people to
attend not just for their
benefit but for the benefit
of the group.

We hope when people
reach understanding and
acceptance, they realize

A poster for the PFLAG Buffalo/Niagara October Sharing Meeting. The background is light pink with a faint, repeating pattern of the word "LOVE". At the top, there is a megaphone icon on the left, the PFLAG logo in the center, and a silhouette of the state of New York on the right with a red heart inside. Below this, the text reads: "OCTOBER SHARING MEETING" in bold black letters, "Sunday, November 16th" in red, "1:00-2:30" in red, "University Presbyterian Church" in bold black, "3300 Main Street" in bold black, "Buffalo 14214" in bold black, and "Use parking lot entrance. Follow signage to meeting room. We are here for you." in black.



WISH GRANTED

We recently approved a
grant for the Charter
School of Applied
Technologies alliance
club.

Advisor Nate Monaco
requested funds to
purchase

tee shirts, buttons and
magnets for the club
activities promoting
awareness and unity.

PFLAG B/N offers grants to
local middle and high
school alliance clubs.

Spread the word!



PFLAG Buffalo/Niagara



A Prayer of Queer Thanksgiving

Micah Bucey

I sing praises to this little boy, no more than seven or eight,
Who just pranced right up to me and interlaced his own tiny, nail-polished fingers
With my own, and cried out, “Twins!”

I sing praises to his choice of glittery green,
Which perfectly complements my shimmery purple.

I sing praises to his guts, his gumption, his presumption
That I am a friend, a familiar, a fellow fairy — family —
Even though we’ve never met.

I sing praises to the street that brings us together
And to the fabulous whomever he, she, they will become.

I sing praises to the well-coiffed mother, bubbling over and teary-eyed,
As she exclaims, “He saw you all the way across the street and just had to say, ‘Hello.’”

I sing praises to the baseball-capped father, looking on with quiet pride,
As he asks, “Do you paint yourself or do you have them professionally done?”

I sing praises to the grandma and the grandpa, holding hands and smiling wide,
As they look one another in the eye and celebrate what their love has made.

I sing praises to the dozens of witnesses to this family reunion,
The ones who hurry by and the ones who slow down,
The ones who look up from their phones to watch history being made,
The ones who set aside their cynicism for one, brief, shining moment,
So they can join in the smiles,

Join in the connection,

As I squeeze the tiny fingers of this seven-or-eight-year-old unicorn and proclaim:
“Twins!”



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And I sing praises to the cloud of invisible witnesses that surrounds us,
And in the singing and the praising, I feel them appear around us.
This is fantasy, but this is real.
This is fantasy, but fantasy is what painted our nails in the first place.

I see Marsha, brick in hand, ready to take no shit,
And Sylvia, microphone primed, ready to take us to task.
I see Christine, done up and glamorous, no hair out of place,
And I hear Marlene and Sylvester and David, crooning as Billy tickles the ivories.
I see Langston and Lorraine and James and Oscar, scribbling away,
As José and Eve and Michel critique and queer and complicate.
I hear Divine and Candy and Jackie and Andy and Hibiscus whispering,
“Don’t be so serious. Let this just be the silly thing it is.”
I feel the breeze as Alvin twirls by,
And I feel the squeeze as Alan computes the logic of it all.
I see Harvey and Audre and Michael and Harry,
And Gilbert and Edie and Jane and Dick,
Satisfied and still nudging, content and continuing to fight.
I hear Leonard and Howard composing a hit,
As Michael choreographs a group number,
And Frida lines us all up for what will surely be a kooky portrait for the ages.

I feel the forces, see the faces of the famous and the foreign,
And the cloud opens wider to reveal our mess of martyrs.
I see Matthew and Brandon and Roxana and Joan,
I see faces I’ve never seen before,
I hear names I’ve never known,
I hear voices I’ve never heard before, shouting, “Twins! Twins! Twins!”
We are nothing alike and we are everything alike,
We are on the street together and we are more than worlds apart.

We are a rainbow and we are a cloud,
Born of color and tears, of triumph and tragedy,
Feeding the arc of a moral universe that has trampled us,
Even as we decorate the damn thing and teach it how to bend.
We are serious and sassy, glittery and grim,
Furious and filled with fear that fools itself into fabulosity.
We are everything I describe and nothing I describe.
We are everything I see and so much I do not see.
We can pick out one another on the street,
And we can be strangers in the same parade.
We are more than fits inside our ever-expanding initials,
And we are only as much as we allow ourselves to be.



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We are a rainbow and we are a cloud,
Bending and bursting, beautiful and terrifying.
And I sing praises to the rainbow and I sing praises to the cloud.
I sing praises to the colorful progress,
And I sing praises to the storm that shouts, “Progress is a myth.
Stop acting so small. You are the Universe in ecstatic motion.”

I sing praises to the Universe that we are,
To the rainbow that we’ve been, to the cloud we will all become,
And I feel that word fizzing up inside me, though it often frightens more than frees:
“Family.”

I sing praises to this family
That claims me for who I am and gently shoves me into who I can become.
I sing praises to the saints who don’t want to be saints,
To the martyrs and the heroes who ask for none of the notoriety.
I sing praises to the bloodless ties that keep us afloat until the blood ties catch up.
I sing praises to the clouds that cry out, “Families belong together,”
And know that it means so much more than what some want it to mean.

I sing praises to this fleeting moment on the street,
A moment that begins between two nail-polished people,
And then prisms out, extending the rainbow, creating the cloud.
We are twins and we are nothing alike.
We are seeking a tribe and we are extending the tribe.
We have so much to teach and we have so much to learn.
We have eternal praises to sing and we have eternal thanks to give.

Our greatest gift is the light of our color and the salt of our tears,
As we recognize one another like children on the busy street and insist on saying,
“Hello. I see you. I feel this between us and I can’t quite explain it.”

I sing praises to our gift of family recognition,
And until all families bend to the love of difference,
Until this country bends to love of family,
I sing praises to this growing familial cloud,
Rainbow saints painting paths for their yearning children,
And I pray not with my own hands clasped together,
But with my polished fingers interlaced with any other child I can recognize.

Amen

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OCTOBER 11, 2025

By Kristina Gibbs-Ruby

My mentor and friend **Carol Speser**, a fierce elder and activist in Buffalo, NY, posted a series of photos from coming out day in Buffalo starting in 1993, into the early 2000s. It was so powerful to see the people that made up the community that I came out into in 1989 and 1990. They gave me safety, community, role models, and a deep knowledge of my own history and power as a queer person. So many of them are gone now, so it was bittersweet to see the photos. (Continued next page)





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It made me wonder what I, as an elder queer myself now, can do to be a support to young people coming out into this scary national environment. I feel what I learned from seeing those photos again is that my history, and the love and care I got from older queers when I came out, is not just a sweet memory. It is a duty. It is an obligation. Now it's on me to figure out how to pass that on to the ones who come after me. This photo is the coming out day photo from 1996. I was 21 in this picture and had been a part of that community for 7 years by that point. These are the people who helped shape me into who I am now. It's time for me to pay that forward. Coming out day, for me, is a sacred obligation. It is about paying respect to the people who paved the way for me and about paving the way for the ones who will follow me. That is not to say that people should come out if they're not safe to do so, especially kids, but if you can with only a little discomfort, then do it. So, for coming out day, know that I'm absolutely queer to the very core of myself. I am nonbinary. These things are not just pieces of my personal identities. They inform my morals. My politics. Who I choose as community. The work I do. Who I am in this world, and what I want to see our world become.



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