There is a toxin flowing throughout this system. It tastes of metallic miscommunication and white sugary lies. My tastebuds tingle as it begins to rain outside this office I'm soon to be removed from. I blow my empowerment into the clergy room to spite your tyrannical beliefs. It curls around the words left hanging, without resolution, creates spiraling patterns around the tiny hairs stuck to your neck, shoulders, and head. Your militant hands throw open the small circular window.

The sill is lined with voices that are surely muzzled by now. They come in postcards and letters signed with handwritten acceptance. You, the GAC, can't breathe beneath it. You attempt at gulps of the fresh air and leave the window still choking on our fumes. You report that we are witches, heretics, worst of all, lesbians.

You're pacing. Thinking in black at me through my reflection in the state Letters yelling of heresy piled up on dressed to escape the heaviness in you'll soon realize is to no avail.

So, you silenced my voice to appear beneath you. —LLR

What happened? You're pacing. Thinking in black and white. You look at me through my reflection in the standing mirror. Letters yelling of heresy piled up on your desk. You've dressed to escape the heaviness in our words which

So, you silenced my voice to appease the hundreds

Days after the conference in Minneapolis ended, critics accused Mary Ann Lundy of encouraging heretical thoughts and actions, including Lesbianism and Witchcraft. The General Assembly Council (GAC) twisted the meaning of the conference, and the press regarding the conference was no better. Lundy received countless letters and postcards encouraging her to resign. The scrutiny was so intense that in May 1994 the GAC removed her from her position.