[Musings from a Glass Artist](https://glasslassie.wordpress.com/)

Sometimes philosophical, sometimes business minded. Never boring.

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For those of you who tune in on my personal Facebook page, the news that I had to replace a tatty flag that got eaten by some relative of Mickey Mouse during the off season isn’t news.  And over on eBay, the choice of flags is definitely limited in scope, so since I have drawn rainbows since I could hold a crayon and use EveryColorOfTheRainbow wherever I could meant that the [rainbow flag](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rainbow_flag_(LGBT_movement))was a good visual for my booth personally with regard to my art.  It also describes a portion of the weirdo, eclectic tribe that calls me “friend”, and hearing stories of what they’ve faced just to exist? I knew it was absolutely the right call.  I also knew it was also going to turn a few heads.

[](https://glasslassie.files.wordpress.com/2017/09/img_0185.jpg)

So because I don’t run the booth much of the time, *and* the booth contains another artist’s work in addition to my own, I talked to both my head minion there and the artist about my flag purchase.  We decided as a trio that even though it may result in ugly words or deeds being thrown our way (my nightmare scenario has broken glass from some asshat showering the floor), we decided that representation in this case mattered more than what *might* happen.

The loveliest story of the week happened because of our decision.

The booth is a rectangle with a long side cut off (the whole of which is our entrance), and at one end, there is a checkout stand area that feels more intimate than the open booth.  I was standing behind the checkout stand when these two 60-something dudes in sunglasses and both with salt-and-pepper hair walk casually up.

Very quietly, one leaned in and said, “We like your flag.”

I smiled and leaned towards them, “Have you seen my work? ALL THE COLORS! But it wasn’t a solo decision.  There’s another artist’s work here too, and she and the gent who run it for me agreed with me that it was worth the risk of possibly having some intolerant hater smash all the glass to bits. So there we are.”

The man who spoke gave me a half smile that he knew *exactly* how the world hates on people who are different, and said ***very***quietly, “Thank you for your bravery.”

I replied, “A good friend of mine, well, she dates girls you see, so the choice was inevitable, really.”

At this point the second man leaned in, tipped his head towards the first man and said shyly, “We got married two years ago.”

It is possible to have tears well your eyes with sadness at two people who cannot just shout to the world that they are married, and joy at their happiness in each other.

I smiled, and replied while wiping my eyes, “Then clearly, I am not the brave one here. I hung up a flag. You live it everyday… Oh, *congratulations*!! May I give you both a hug? That’s fabulous!”

And I do. And we hug our joy and our grief into each other.  And they go on their way…

And I go back to selling my art, makeup slightly awry, but lightened in spirit.

#TeamHuman