

An excerpt from the book that was published on Huffington Post

### What It Boils Down To

Six weeks ago, on September 12, 2012, my partner and I went to D.C. to get married. We went to D.C. on September 12, 2012 because it was (and currently is) illegal for gays to marry in 44 of our 50 states, including Maryland, where we live. In a house. Together. Sharing a life. Together.

I've tried very hard to understand the opposition to gay marriage. I've only come up with one explanation. What it boils down to is hardware. As far as I can understand, gay people have two vaginas or two penises instead of one vagina and one penis, which is the only recipe that is apparently right for marriage because, according to the church, penises and vaginas can come together and make babies, which is the only reason a penis and a vagina should ever meet. Also, penises and vaginas belong together because the vagina accepts the penis in a way that is natural and pleasing to God (please note however: this penis/vagina union is only pleasing to God when the vagina and the penis are 1. bound by marriage and 2. open to children, which means no birth control.) Also, it seems that two vaginas and two penises are a threat to family and the sanctity of marriage and all other things holy. And, last but not least, let us not forget that God, as we all know, made Adam and Eve. Not Adam and Steve.

### To Be Clear

So, on September 12, 2012 Lindsay and I went down to D.C. to get married, but you can't just zip down there and come back married all in one day. You have to go down and apply for a marriage license first. When you apply for the license, you go into the Marriage Bureau and fill out some papers and then they tell you to go down to some other place to pay some money. They give you directions to the other place and tell you to turn at the big glass wall, which really isn't a big glass wall, just a wall with some windows in it, and because of this you turn the wrong way and you wander past the courtrooms where people who may or may not be criminals mill around outside, waiting for their lunch break to be over. A little black girl with braids tells you that she likes your shoes as you wander down the hall and you say "Thanks" before you can realize that you are wearing a pair of ratty brown flip flops and you think that you should have said something sassy like, "Why these old things?"

When you finally find the place you are looking for, you push cash under the window, the way that you do at gas stations in seedy neighborhoods. You chat with the woman behind the glass who tells you about the long day

she is having and the way that a man once tried to pay for something at her window with a counterfeit bill and she says "Who would try to use a counterfeit bill in a courthouse? Mmmm, mmm, mmm."

When she finishes, the woman pushes the receipt back to you and you walk back up to the Marriage Bureau, past all the maybe criminals and you sign in again and wait for them to call your name. While you are waiting, two older lesbians come into the room and sit down near you. You know it is their wedding day because the one with short, spiky, frosted blonde hair is wearing a white suit that is head-to-toe white. When you see her, you wonder what you will wear when you come back to this courthouse to get married. Not a white suit, but not a wedding dress either. You wonder if anyone wears a wedding dress when they come to the courthouse to get married, then you think of how funny that would look, the wedding dress amidst all the maybe criminals.

When they call your name you go sit across from man who explains to you how the rest of this process works. He points to a phone number and tells you that you can call the number tomorrow to schedule a ceremony. He says that you that if you want to get married somewhere else or by a minister, there is a different process to go through. You tune him out as he explains this different process. You know that tomorrow you will call the number that he pointed to, and you will schedule a ceremony. You will get married right here. You will walk underneath that trellis wrapped in plastic flowers into the room that is attached to this room, the one that you can't quite see into because of the way the hallway extends from the door and then turns left before the room opens up. You will get married there, in the place you can't see.

You leave the courthouse that day, and you think about the way that no one, not even one person, raised an eyebrow at you or your partner; the way that nobody was shocked about the fact that you were there to apply to get married -- two vaginas and no penises -- and no one batted an eye, no one cared. And for the first time in a long time, you feel hope.