

It took me showing up to the priest in trousers for him to be alright with our marriage. We tried to do it as I am, initially, as a woman, but they wouldn't have it. "Of course such a pretence will not get you a marriage, and the both of you will have to shed this delusion". "Of course". "Of course". "Of course". For someone so close to God, he sure fails to understand that humans are not perfect. I am happier as a woman. I AM a woman. Surely if it were not meant to be, I would not find such fulfilment in it. I know sin, and this is not sin. And if my wife finds such fulfilment in me when I am fulfilled, is that not meant to be? But the people think that I am dangerous and that she is deluded. I surely hope they eventually know a scrap of the love we feel in this instance. They saw a man and a woman marry because they are blind. "I do". Not who they think I am. "I". God created many variations of hair, of eyes, of skin, yet people wear hairclips and glasses and makeup. How is my being any different? They look so hard they go blind. People are born into misfortune all the time, and it is celebrated when they free themselves, but not me. But we will celebrate. We will celebrate as women do. And in doing so, we shall have no need to die to experience Heaven. And in the event they all are correct, and we are aberrations, then we shall have no need to see Heaven, for it will have nothing new to offer us. And if we are placed on opposite ends of Hell, then we shall have known love. They can take nothing from us.