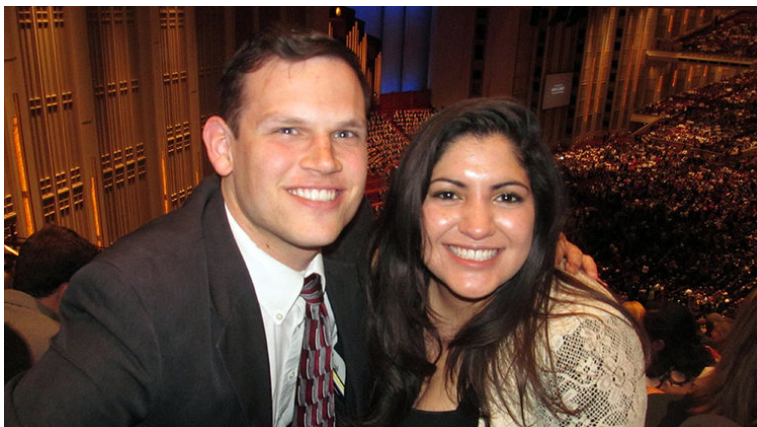


## Sarah's True to Him

I've spent a lot of time in my life looking for my people. The ones who when I met them would tell some internal meter that these were indeed my people; I would know by our interests and the look that we somehow all shared. Why was this important to me? Well, I'm adopted. Get it now? Nope? Okay, well if I showed you a family picture then you would. Here it is, I'm the one with the dark eyes, hair, olive skin in the sea of hazel eyes, fair hair and skin. The thing is, I have a loving family, one that made sure that I knew that I was theirs and they were mine. But I take my outward appearance with me everywhere and I can't take my family everywhere; adulthood, right? "Ethnically Latina, culturally Caucasian" is the name of the band that I will have one day and it also captures the beginning of where I began to look for my people. But this essay isn't about race, which is good because this is more about what it means to find a home.

I met my husband Brandon on the day of the closing ceremonies for the London Olympics. Rather, I saw Brandon in our apartment complex and wanted to meet him so I did; dragging my best friend with me we went to meet the guy who "radiated goodness." It's interesting that Brandon made the impact on me that he did because he did not say one word to me that night, he only nodded his head to affirm that his name was Brandon when his roommates introduced him. Because of the nod, or in spite of the nod, it was the beginning of our friendship which was culminated in late night walks to talk about the world and share our hearts with each other. I loved him. His quiet strength, his humility, his wise and carefully chosen words; even then I knew that it meant a lot to be trusted by a man like Brandon.

The depth of this trust was realized the night that my friend, Brandon, came out to me as gay. His words were quiet but sure and strong as he shared with me his story, his dreams and bore to me his testimony of a God who loved him and would enable him in this life and the next. This was a precious piece of his picture and I knew even then that it was a piece of mine. The way it fit or where, would become more clear when we started dating a month later and fell in love. It was simple really, we fell in love.



I learned quickly that there were many who did not think it was as simple. "Why?" was the question. Why Brandon and not someone else? The real question being, "Why did you fall in love?" The base of this answer is found at the beginning of my story, my search for my people who would possess a complete acceptance and understanding of me and my experience. Years before I met Brandon my search ended the night I cried into my pillow after yet another uncomfortable attempt at multi-cultural club when the words "You are mine and I am Yours" spoke to my spirit. He was with me all along, my Heavenly Father; I was his Child. Any identity, aspiration, characteristic paled in comparison to my first and most true characteristic as a child of God. Meeting and falling in love with Brandon is directly because I knew long before I met him that before anything I was a child of my Heavenly Father.

Our hearts recognized in each other people who had arrived at the same destination, an absolute knowledge of divine parenthood and love. And so there is the answer to that question of "Why". Our hearts came home to each other because we had come to our Heavenly Father first and in coming home and in finding home we fell in love. I am #TrueToHim because we are His and He is ours, and it is my greatest Joy.