

The Brides of March: Memoir of a Same-Sex Marriage (An Excerpt)

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The phone rang just after six o'clock. It was Tuesday night, and Jannine had just edged her way through the front door with a guitar case on either side of her, coming home from lessons with our nine-year-old daughter, Anna, a compact model blonde who looked too young to be taking electric guitar, as well as acoustic. They were taking lessons together; our daughter learning that week an interesting juxtaposition of "Zip-a-dee-doo-da" and "I Don't Give a Damn 'Bout my Bad Reputation," while Jannine was still working on "This Land Is Your Land," strumming away in her office after the rest of us had gone to bed, the tune reverberating through the floor through my brain, and musically scoring my dreams.

I'd just come home from a swimming lesson with our two sons. At twelve, Duncan definitely fell on the smaller end of the height/weight scale, his brain far outdistancing his body. He was the swimmer, lessons just building on the skills he'd already earned with two summers on swim team. His brother Graeme had just turned one, looked exactly like his siblings (though on a grander scale), but while his enthusiasm for water raised my alert level to orange, he was a little young for actual lessons.

He is our kamikaze baby.

We were all of us exhausted, burned out from a marathon season of back-to-school, first head cold, Halloween, second head cold, Duncan's birthday, relatives to stay, third head cold, travel to Seattle for Thanksgiving, influenza for four, pneumonia for two, Jannine's parents visiting pre-