

1 O GOD, you have searched me and known me.

2 You know when I sit down and when I rise up;  
you discern my thoughts from far away.

3 You search out my path and my lying down,  
and are acquainted with all my ways.

4 Even before a word is on my tongue,  
O LORD, you know it completely.

5 You hem me in, behind and before,  
and lay your hand upon me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;  
it is so high that I cannot attain it.

13 For it was you who formed my inward parts;  
you knit me together in my mother's womb.

14 I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.  
Wonderful are your works;  
that I know very well.

15 My frame was not hidden from you,

when I was being made in secret,

intricately woven in the depths of the earth.

16 Your eyes beheld my unformed substance.

In your book were written

all the days that were formed for me,

when none of them as yet existed.

17 How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God!

How vast is the sum of them!

18 I try to count them—they are more than the sand;

I come to the end[a]—I am still with you.

I wasn't born in the wrong body. I wasn't in the wrong body when I was a 12 year old dyke peeking out of the terrified middle-school closet and I wasn't in the wrong body when I was 17 and making my first forays into the world of Real Live Adult Butches, and I wasn't in the wrong body when I came out as trans 5 years ago and I'm not in the wrong body now.

It's important for me to say those things and it's important for me to say those things in a church. A few years ago my friend, a Unitarian Universalist minister in North Carolina, made an It Gets Better video when that was The Thing To Do for queer clergy. At the end she says. "God loves you. God made you – in all of your wholeness and in all of your gayness and in all of your fabulousness – God made you."

I spend a lot of time floundering and grasping for meaning and asking myself, "why?"... but not because I'm trans. Because I'm a 26 year old grad student in seminary in a crappy economy when every study out there says that the church is dying. What I don't question is whether I'm meant to be who I am, in the body I'm in. God made me. God loves me. I am who I'm supposed to be and who I am is enough.

God didn't lay out some clear and concise and easy path for me; that's part of the whole free will thing. But I have been blessed time and again with people and poems and songs and letters and books that speak the sacred message of realness. Ultimately when all the sensationalism and

fear, the rainbows and the glitter, the societal feelings on us and our feelings on society are stripped away we're left with ourselves. Real people.

I didn't choose who I am but it wasn't accidental either. God, through community, has built me into who I am today and God, through community, will carry me on to accomplish all that I need to accomplish in the future.

Amen and blessed be.