



PROGENY

The other day out of the blue my mother asked me if I wanted to know my biological father. Maybe it's because it's my last year home and it's part of her holding on while I'm moving on. Like I couldn't start doing this on my own now that I'm eighteen. Evading, as usual, the *real* issue. She doesn't realize that I'm taking care of that on my own too.

My mom is a psychotherapist and prides herself on her insight, but maybe she should look outside herself more often. I know she feels like she's making this big gesture—acknowledging that there really is a biological father, that it wasn't the immaculate conception and my adoptive father, Bill, isn't Joseph to her Mary. Maybe it is just a natural identification since her own name is Mary. For years she kept insisting that I call Bill "Daddy"—until Bill himself asked her to let up.

I remember exactly when Bill came into our lives: April Fool's Day, 1999, the day after my fifth birthday. We were at the health food store. My mom was buying tea tree oil to see if it would work on my impetigo. Bill was floundering a little after his divorce, trying to decide if he wanted to stay in family law, change specialties, or change careers completely. My mom and I gave him the answer in one package.

The case he won for her, actually for them, was precedent setting. They've both become Christian since then, not evangelical or anything, that would be too hard to reconcile, I think. Episcopalian fits them, acknowledges their history and also holds it at a polite distance. But it's hard for me to get a biblical analogy for my own situation, whatever they feel fits theirs.

You see, I am a sperm bank child that my mother arranged to conceive while she was in a lesbian partnership. The question of whether it was a long-term committed relationship was what brought Bill and my mom