



With (*clockwise from bottom left*) Marcus, Dad, David, Terry, and Mom. My mother worked hard to make us all feel like a family.



July 30, 1981, the day I was born, with my mom and Marcus.



My father
cradling his
Baby Hope.

I idolized
my dad, who
I knew as
Gerry—one
of many
names he
went by.



I learned
to walk
by pulling
myself up on
Charlotte.





My dad and I forged an early connection through sports—he was my very first soccer coach, in Richland, Washington.



I was always a forward—and prolific goal scorer—on my youth and school teams.

Grandpa Pete was my father figure,
standing by when I won Richland
Homecoming Queen.



A rare family portrait at my high school graduation:
Dad, Terry, me, Mom, and Marcus.



With Mom, Glenn, and Marcus in the kitchen on Hoxie.



Cheryl (*left*) and I weren't angels—we definitely liked to party.
Here we are in college with our friends Megan and Van.



With Carli Lloyd, my best friend on the national team and the one teammate who publicly supported me in 2007.



I've known Tina Ellertson since we were teammates at the University of Washington, but it was in St. Louis that we became friends for life.



My manager and partner in crime Whitney helped shepherd me through the post-World Cup craziness: here we are at the FIFA Ballon D'Or in Zurich, where I celebrated my Golden Glove Award as best goalkeeper in the World Cup.



One of the last times I saw my dad—when we painted my little cabin in the woods.



Marcus, Mom, and me outside Yankee Stadium on our pilgrimage to honor my dad. My dad's ashes are contained in Marcus's bracelet, and I am holding his cross.



The first thing I did after we won the gold medal was call Marcus back home in Washington.



Grandma Alice and Grandpa Pete were my rocks:
they traveled the world to cheer me on.

During the penalty shootout against Brazil, I could see my UW coaches Amy Griffin (*right*) and Lesle Gallimore (*left*) mouthing words of encouragement. They had supported me since high school, and now I was having a private moment with them in front of millions of people worldwide.





Adrian and I could never stay apart for long.

We share the same sense of adventure and fun—
here we are on vacation in Thailand.





Back home in Washington with my dog, Leo, and my nephew, Johnny, who was named for my dad.