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Have I Been Lucky?

Being Given an Opportunity to Rebuild My Life the Way I Want It!

by Christine

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These are just some thoughts I have written down when the time allows. It's not Plato or Aristotle, maybe a bit of Machiavelli. About ten years ago I asked myself, "Am I transsexual?".

I had had these feelings all my life. I knew from an early age that something was different. I had learnt to live with the problem (well, not really) and lead a relatively 'normal' existence. After many years of indecision I decided to talk to someone about my feelings.

In May 1994 I started H.R.T. WOW! What happened? The fog in my brain suddenly lifted and I could see forever (I like to call it testosterone poisoning).

Maybe, just maybe, I could transition. But, I have family, a job and could not live in stealth unless I left the country. Life carried on for a few more years, a lot better but not perfect. In 1996 I had some cosmetic surgery - a bit of lip, nose job etc. Nothing a man would not have, but who was fooling whom?

It was the nose job in 1997 that did it. My wife asked for a divorce after I was released from hospital. One month later I lost my job. My castle had crumpled around my feet - my life was in shatters. No job, being sued for divorce, threats of losing the children and losing all my savings. My thinking at the time was what judge would give a man who wants to be a woman, custody of the children. I was not a happy person.

My sister always said I was the type of person who could fall in a pile of shit and come up smelling like a rose. I guess she was right. I went to my G.P. for a referral to a psychiatrist. She referred me to one who, it turns out sees a lot of people with gender issues.

At this time, I also met a person who, if you are lucky, you only meet once in a lifetime. She became confidant, counsellor and mentor; she is a really nice human being. She said to me, "You lucky, lucky bastard. (Monty Python phrase). You have been given an opportunity to rebuild your life the way you want it."

I went away and looked at where I wanted to be in two years time. I wanted to be living as a female, I wanted my children, I wanted to keep my assets and I wanted a job. Now, nearly two years later, I have a job, I have my children, I have some of my assets and I have been living as a female of six months. Have I been lucky? I don't think so - I do not believe in luck. I have been focused on where I want to be (a very male attribute) and I have met some good people.

I still look back at the couple of months before I transitioned. I did a cost benefit analysis and a risk assessment. No one in their right mind would have transitioned - it was heavily weighted on cost and risk - the only read benefit was my sanity.

How do I feel now?

Good. My life is back on track. Though I feel I have a debt to pay because I would not be where I am now, if not for the people I have met. Far too numerous to mention here. They go from my mentor to the person who said "You look really good" when I needed the lift.

Why the reference to Machiavelli? If asked why the chicken crossed the road - his answer would be: The point is that the chicken crossed the road. Who cares why? The end of crossing the road justifies whatever motive there was.

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The Gender Centre is committed to developing and providing services and activities, which enhance the ability of people with gender issues to make informed choices. We offer a wide range of services to people with gender issues, their partners, family members and friends in New South Wales. We are an accommodation service and also act as an education, support, training and referral resource centre to other organisations and service providers. The Gender Centre is committed to educating the public and service providers about the needs of people with gender issues. We specifically aim to provide a high quality service, which acknowledges human rights and ensures respect and confidentiality.

