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# The Loneliness Of Being Happy

Christine had these Feelings All of Her Life

by Christine

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**T**hese are just some thoughts I have written down when the time allows. It's not Plato or Aristotle, maybe a bit of Machiavelli.

***In May 1994 I started H.R.T. Wow, what happened. The fog in my brain suddenly lifted ...***

About ten years ago I asked myself, "Am I transsexual?"

I had had these feelings all of 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 humming and haring 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 a 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 crumbled 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 crawl 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 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 real 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 the crossing the road justifies whatever motive there was.

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