

The High Cost of Delusion

Imagine being stuck in an amorphous body, one that is neither fully male nor fully female. Your testosterone treatments have given you a masculine voice, but you still need a bra, and you still have to sit to urinate. You want to get those parts changed, but the surgery is really expensive. You're willing to work hard and sacrifice to save up the money for the surgery, but ...

The hormone treatments have already begun to make some noticeable changes—you voice sounds like a man's and you have facial hair—so you apply for jobs as a male. But when potential employers discover you are really still a female, they conclude you lied on your application, so they reject you.

You get depressed because you can't find work, and you're on welfare because you have to eat.

With the little money you do have, you're paying for therapy, which is going nowhere, because what you really want is that horribly expensive sex-reassignment surgery.

You're still getting the testosterone treatments, which leaves you in that androgynous limbo land. You're not happy as a female. You're even more miserable as a half-and-half.

But then the cheerful reassurances from other trans who tell you you're quite convincing as a male begin to give you courage.

So you confidently strut into men's spaces. Until. ... You don't dare use the urinal, because if your apparatus slips or leaks, your secret is quickly exposed. And you never shower at the gym, because you can't risk having your binder seen or whatever you stuff in your jeans flops out. The risk is just too great. And, deep down, you *know* you're not one of them. Not really.

So sex is a huge issue. It doesn't really matter whether you call yourself gay, bi, straight, or something else. It all comes down to who can wrap their head around you using fake things for sex and whether you get anything you want out of a sexual relationship. You end up sometimes dating your own kind (other trans-men) because, well, no one else wants you, except twisted people with plenty of perversions.

But say you do find someone who can come to grips with the state your body is in. Yes, let's say you even get someone to please you. Just as you start to enjoy, your climax feel like your insides are literally being ripped out when the orgasm hits. Sweet suddenly becomes sinister! That testosterone-induced puberty you enjoyed turns traitor on you! You then find yourself having to see a gynecologist for a medically necessary hysterectomy.

A wad of scar tissue has built up in your uterus because of the testosterone. Not fun not at all. You end up in instant menopause after the hysterectomy. And, if you have any weakening in your pelvic wall, then the surgeon puts mesh in you. You find yourself in litigation because that penetration you enjoyed before now feels like a bunch of pins sticking you inside because the mesh failed.

All the various surgeries are iffy anyway. You might end up wearing diapers, seriously, because you can't hold your urine.

So the payoff isn't huge; it leaves you wanting something you only imagine: a chest that looks flawlessly male, no more curvy hips, and perfect male genitalia. All those dreams, and no money to pay to make them come true. But when you're among those cheerleaders who tell you you're on your way, you smile and display that false bravado.

The Aftermath of Transitioning Back from FTM to Female

Transitioning back has a lot of variables, but some constants. You have to change all your documentation because you can't be female with a male name. (Try keeping that name with nosy neighbors, or in a medical emergency, or when you lose your bank cards and the bank calls you and they're looking for "Mister ____.")

Of course you still may be broke, and all that paperwork costs money. You might end up needing a lawyer, because you might need a court order to revert your name and gender on your key documents.

Because of your limited financial resources, it's unlikely you got a fake sewn-on penis. So, if you get a vaginal infection, the doctor might not believe you don't have a penis (after all, your voice still sounds more like a Rudy than a Ruby). So he requires you to undress to verify your gender. Humiliating.

So then you have to go back to the gynecologist to get a statement to take to court saying they indeed examined a female person. You can't ignore it; a birth certificate is too crucial to ignore.

Meanwhile, you might have to shave, perhaps more than once each day. If your face breaks out, you may not be able to shave for a few days, so you stay isolated indoors, because you don't want to go out looking like a bearded guy in a dress.

Your breasts probably flattened, so a padded bra is necessary.

If your voice deepened or changed, it might stay that way indefinitely.

The confused doctors want to send you to psychiatrists.

The testosterone has put you at increased risks for various health problems, including cancer.

The hysterectomy has left you with nothing to fight the effects of the testosterone.

Expect all the support you had in transition to vanish. Your friends no longer talk to you. You lose most of your LGBT relationships. (If you've come to Christ, you probably don't want to continue them—at least not in the same form.)

If, as a male, you had a relationship with a gay man, he won't want you as a female.

The rainbow people probably consider you a traitor.

So get used to being alone. Pray God sends you some good fellowship as you read and study.

You're probably not going to be on the dating scene much, unless you find a person who is not bothered by your inability to be sexual.

If you like men, well, they might have less facial hair than you have! That could be a turnoff.

Final Words

Transitioning is a horrible prospect, and the whole thing just sets you up for self-hatred, which increases, because what's in your head isn't happening in your flesh. But that's it—flesh. The problems are the result of living for the flesh. Only through Christ can we truly become our authentic selves. Believing He is God and accepting His death and resurrection as necessary, and picking up our cross and following Him, is the only way to salvation, now and for eternity. Amen. Bless Jesus Christ in all things