

A Midsummer's Nightmare

 help4families.com/a-midsummers-nightmare

Dear Bill,

I have read your articles on Transsexualism and a lot of what I've read applied to me. I am a 33 year old transsexual. I am now 8 yrs post op and I guess for the last 4 years I have grown increasingly unhappy with my situation. I now feel that in my attempt to run away from my "manhood," it has taken me down this road which I now feel very alone, unhappy, lonely, and saddened — by what I have done to those around me and myself. I guess I feel trapped in the sense that while most of my family have supported me or eventually come around to the new me, I don't know how I can again face them and say what I have done is a mistake; not to mention how do I tell my friends, co workers and others that I have built up over the last eight years that this is all a mistake ... a "false face." I don't know how even to start to explain this to anyone.

I think people who don't know about my past see me as very aloof, distant, and somewhat unapproachable.

Its not that it's just I am unhappy with who I am and what I have become. Every morning I wake up and look in the mirror I see someone that instantly says what I am not! Getting dressed in clothing, that while appropriate for my "current state," does not come close to who I am. I go out with my "friends" and listen to their little stories, adventures ... and pretend to be interested in what they are saying and making my comments, but I just find this to be totally absurd, and not of the least bit of interest to me, however I go along with it as they are my friends and I feel some sort of obligation to offer support to them.

I work in an office for a large company. After I get home, I can't wait to get out of the clothes that I wear and just put on jeans and a shirt; pull my hair back and relax saying, "god it feels good to be out of those clothes! It's so strange since I can vividly remember when I actually couldn't wait to wear them, and the time when I would be living full time as a woman. Well, let me tell you after doing it for this long its not cracked up to be like what I would have expected or felt it was.

I just want to go back to who and what I was before all this happened! Can you help me? Andrea 

Hi Bill. What a real blessing to find your site and the truth and gentle insight you give. My name is Janet, and I am a male-to-female transsexual. I am 51 years old, and had my surgery at the age of 24. Have I ever been happy? No, not really. I had always thought that having my surgery would finally allow me to feel "normal" – what a joke! Not until I found my Savior Jesus a year ago have I felt true happiness. I had always "thought" I was a Christian-after all, I was raised Southern Baptist, and had been baptized at the age of 11. But I never had really truly accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior. Believe me, I have tried so many ways to fill that "emptiness." I always felt deep in my heart a tremendous void. I have been an alcoholic, a cocaine addict; I have tried every drug known to exist, I have been very promiscuous (in the vain attempt to "validate" or "affirm" my femininity). I have been hooked on material possessions, I have been a stripper;

I modeled for Playboy-and none of it, NONE of it, brought me happiness. I finally have found the peace and joy I have always craved, by my belief in Jesus. Looking back, I see many of the things you have talked about in my own life;

* a distant, removed, cold, unloving father

* a domineering & attractive mother

* always feeling “different” than other boys/men

* being a sissy; therefore being tormented and shunned by others, etc. etc. etc....

I see now that many things in my childhood that caused me to turn to transsexuality and SRS surgery. But now I am in a quandary for I simply cannot see how I can live as a man again.

I look in the mirror and think how ridiculous I am-but the thought of living as “Jim” again frightens and seems so foreign to me. I talked to a radio pastor once and explained my situation to him and he said that he would have counseled me not to have had the surgery if I had come to him before, but that you can’t unscramble scrambled eggs so to speak, and that I should ask God for forgiveness, (I got on my knees and did), and take a vow of celibacy, which I have and have no problem with that decision...and to live the rest of my life focused on Christ which is what I intend to. Do you have any suggestions?

Janet