

BLOG 2011...

How do you put a whole life into just a few pages???

I have been thinking back on my journey as a Trans individual. Sadly, I learned from Trans people who were living on the fringes of society, because of them, I thought that was where I was supposed to live and that was the only place that would accept me. In the 80's and 90's I think that is how a lot of us were taught. I went to prison in 1984, I was released in 1986 and started off my life as an openly transgender, I was taught that the easiest way for Trans to survive was to turn to prostitution so I did, and I was great at it, I made a lot of money, for the first couple of years I had no problems, I had money everyday an apartment and thought I was living the high life. Then my mentors showed me another side of life Drugs, and I was off to the races, I found that I could stay up for days at a time, I could work for days at a time and the best side effect was that I stayed nice and trim. The first few years as a drug addict were pretty uneventful, I was arrested a couple of times for prostitution but no big deal, 3 days in jail and I was out doing my thing again. I did not realize the toll it was taking on me. I really didn't know that my family had any idea what I was doing. Boy, was I wrong on that account. My grandparents lived across the street from one of the Police that I had contact with almost nightly and I gave him their address one time, he of course knew my grandparents and kept them informed of my current way of life. I was stopped several times a night by police where I was working on the streets, They would normally do a warrant check, Check to see if I was high, which I almost always was, If they felt like it they would arrest me for being under the influence, They could also arrest me for dressing like a woman, it was illegal in Sandiego at the time to dress in clothing of the opposite sex. I would get more time in jail for that than the prostitution. that is how my life was for more years than I care to remember. Jail, Drugs, prostitution, the street corner, being alone. I knew nothing of Transgender Role Models, activism, I didn't even know about the Stone wall Riots. I guess I had picked the wrong role models. After years of this kind of living it became normal, They were my family and friends. My friends who stole money from me after I had stayed up to long and passed out, who would kick me out of where ever we happened to be staying if I ran out of money, Who only really cared about themselves, except for one that is and she is in my life now and she is also clean and sober. I remember one time I had gotten sick and fell out on the floor of a run down apartment building, the people there took all of my money and waited for two days before calling an ambulance. I still went back to that life. It can be intoxicating, it can be just as addictive as the drugs. When you have no one in your life that you feel cares enough about you, when you feel that your

family has no use for you, when you feel so different that it can kill you, you become very susceptible to those kind of people and that kind of life style, I have been raped, beaten within an inch of my life by a dope dealer, stabbed, choked, robbed, spit on, treated like a piece of meat, and still I ran back to that life style and those people, they had a hold I could not shake. I have cleaned up a few times in my life but anytime I feel like I don't fit in for whatever reason or that people were hating on me I would run back to that life style quick, fast and in a hurry, when ever I felt things were not going my way I took off. I cleaned up one time but the place I was at told me I could do it only as a man and they refused to even entertain the idea of letting a Transgender live openly at their men's facility. It went well for a long time , I eventually went to work for the facility and thought I could do it as a gay man but it was a struggle everyday trying to make myself fit in a Body I knew I did not belong in. I never lived as a gay man and did not know how to. little things were an issue, I lived so long as a woman I couldn't figure out how to shop as a man, just buying the right clothes, the choices were so limited :) I think that was the major reason for my not making it and ending up back here. I had no idea what to do as a man. I did not like the MENS gay scene...I could go on and on about things that happened to me as a Transgender prostitute/drug addict but its repetitive and would only come across as trying to glorify, I share this part of my story with the hopes that if some young Trans is reading it they will realize, that they should be careful about the life they chose, just because you can pass as a woman and make money being a prostitute it does not make you a woman, not all he Trans people you meet will have your best interests at heart especially in the world of drugs and prostitution, When you are a young Trans MTF and you have never met any Trans people in your life and you finally do it can be dazzling and blinding. you have to be careful. There is a place for you in the world and do not let anyone tell you any different. Surround yourself with people who and clean sober and who genuinely love and care for you and it will make a world of difference. One of the most difficult thing you will do is tell your family WHO you REALLY are. If you are honest with them and those people around you they might just surprise you how accepting they will be. There are alot of resourses out there for the Trans person. We are living in a day and age when it is simple to go on line and find these things out. When I was geowing up, it seemed like it was all a secret. There was no internet, there was no place to find out about this stuff. There was no one to help figure this out because no one that I knew was out and proud. If you are Trans be proud, know that there is a life for you that can be full of loving people who accept you just the way you are if you give them that chance, If by chance there are people in your life that can not understand the way you are do not give up on them just give them some time, be yourself and they will come around. the best advise I can give; Sing like theres no one listening, dance like theres no one watching, live like theres no tomorrow

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and love like you've never been hurt !!!!!

Life will be what YOU make of it. Yes, it will throw you curve balls and you can lay down and take it or you can get back up (and sometimes that takes a minute.) and try again. It is never too late and there is no mistake big enough that can not be forgiven. Surround yourself with people who encourage you. Celebrate people's differences. live your life full of compassion and forgiveness and you will be just fine.

I have people who love and care for me and it is the first time in my life I have genuinely felt that way, I can feel it in my soul. It is an amazing feeling. Make no mistake my life is far from perfect but I live my life now honestly and there is nothing that I have to hide from anyone. TRUTH scares people because they might not like what they hear. who cares , as long as you speak and live your life honestly you will be alright. It took me quite a few years to realize that, I was always afraid to share my truths, it might make the family mad, somebodys feeling might get hurt, don't worry about it!!! SECRETS KILL

If life gives you lemons...Tuck'em

All My Best

Terra

Odi at amo. 'excrucior'