

Diaries of A Transgendered Youth

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By Kayanna

What does transgender mean? A transgendered person is one who is born with the genetic body of a male or female, but the gender inside does not match. For me I am a trans-female, which means I was born "normal" genetic male but I have the mind of a female. So now I will really start this thing. My name is Kayanna Trinity Phillips or Kaytee for short. I am a 26 year old transgendered female. I have known I was different since I knew how to talk, and when I was younger I used to pray to god every night to turn me into a female. He never did. I used to borrow clothes from family members so I could be female and at the age of 13 my dad found out from his girlfriends son. We got into a big fight which resulted in my first suicide attempt and subsequently my first stay at Algoma. This was not the first time that I received negativity from wearing women's clothing. Years before when I was 11 or 12 my mother had brought me to a psychiatrist who told me that wearing girls clothes was wrong. This, as you could imagine, had led to a severe depression. At the age of 14, I heard the term transgender and as I listened to the person speak a light went off. I realized I was transgendered and everything he was saying sounded like he was talking about me. Years ago, I was Kayanna, but stuff changed everything. But starting in the new year I will be living every day as who I truly am again, and I am going to be strong and proud of who I am. I am going to end this with 2 things; first being the quote from an 1 year old transgender: "For anyone out there who is transgendered and they're too scared to step out of their shadows *it's okay to be different and be who you are, just know that you're special and just love yourself*". The highlighted portion should mean something to everyone because there are so many different people who are afraid to be themselves. I would really like to thank the person that said that because I am 26 and too old to continue hating myself. I would also like to take some inspiration from I.C.P (Insane Clown Posse) and dedicate all of my articles to the butterfly. It starts off in the form of a caterpillar, eventually creating a cocoon to finally emerge as who it is supposed to be, a beautiful butterfly. But who it truly was never changes. I am the caterpillar waiting to cocoon so my true self can finally be free and fly.