

Dear Mom,

This is going to be the hardest letter I have ever had to write to anyone. I don't even want to write this now, but I can't tell you face to face; not yet anyways. Where do I begin? I think god made a mistake when he made me - he must have been smoking weed. As a practical joke he decided to give me the wrong body. When I was younger I used to pray to god every night asking him to give me the right body. Do you remember when you brought me to a therapist and he told me that wearing "female" clothes was "wrong". I felt shitty inside because I was so young and could not and did not understand what was going on and that wearing female clothes "wrong" but yet it felt so right and normal to me. I know that this does not come as a surprise to you but I need to tell you what I feel on the inside. Feelings I have always kept secret I hope you know that I need your support as a mother and a friend. On January 1st 2010 I decided that I will be going through the 3rd part of my transition as a transgendered female. I know this will be very difficult for you to understand at this time but I know that with time, patience, and acceptance you will come to accept me for the person I am. I am scared. Scared about everything. I know that this will be hard and challenging and all I want is for you to be there, to listen, a shoulder to cry on. I need your support and love to get me through this now more than ever. I am not doing this to hurt you or Jessica - this hurts me more then it hurts you. I feel like I'm in a race I'm the driver and you're on the sidelines cheering me on. I am trying not to shed any tears because I know that you're there for me and together we can and will get through this. I want you to know I need to do this to be happy. I have been exploring and searching who I am for the last 20 years knowing that something just wasn't right. Finally, after talking to people and research, I finally understand and now know exactly who I am. You have always told me to be who I am and that you will always be there for me. I hope that you do not go back on your word. I don't expect you to understand and accept the changes right away. I will be more than happy to give you information, pamphlets, and the names of people who can help support the both of us. To start the journey I wish to be called by my female name, Kayanna. I know that this will take you some time to get used to but please respect my decisions, my new name, and my new identity.

Mom I love you and writing this letter was so hard for me to do I just needed to finally get it off my chest I never could before, but yea, I love you, and after you read this if you would like to call me and we can get together for a cup of coffee and talk as 2 adults.

Love,

Your eldest child

P.S. you may be losing a son physically, but I want you to know that I am still and forever will be the same person, the child you raised and always supported.

*ending note:* She didn't call me for 2 days after reading this letter, if she did at all, and she only called to tell me my ring was ready downtown. She still won't bring it up - it's easier to be disowned then still being a part of her life when she acts like it never happened. That is the hardest part of it all.