I am here now, 2 years on testosterone, 10 months (tomorrow) into a loving relationship, and 11 days from top surgery.

I was on Facebook today and I saw a name that I hadn't seen in a while, so I decided to check out his profile and see how he has been doing in recent years. His name is Evan. He was never a friend or a peer of mine. In fact, I had only actually met him just once or twice. I met Evan through my mother, and it was while I was in the children's psych ward. I was a little under a year into whatever "dancing around the actual truth" transition I was going through at the time, and I was deeply depressed (hence the psych ward stay). Evan was one of one of the small handful of trans people my mother knew, and one of two I had met during my short-lived psych ward visit. At the time, I was angry. My mother still didn't quite have her head around my transness at the time, she was still "grieving her daughter". When I met these trans friends of hers, it felt as though she was passing me around to different strangers and seeing if any of the support would stick, because only other trans people could give the type of support she wasn't ready to give yet. I was angry about it because I was angry at everything in the world at that time, a volatile mix only depression and dysphoria so deep you don't even realize it could get better can bring you.

Looking back on everything now, my mother did exactly what she needed to, and I am eternally grateful. I never got to truly feel unlovable or wrong, because I saw trans people being loved. I was able to grow up knowing there were other trans people, not just in the great wide somewhere, but in my town. People locally who shared the same fears and same struggles. I got to grow up seeing trans people live a wonderful life. I saw fellow trans people make it out of whatever I was going through that hurt me so deeply every single day. I got to stare in the face of hope, a future. I got to learn at a young age that not only will we make it out, we will thrive.