

## The Recent Past to the Present.

Today, I have 2 failed marriages behind me and one that, more than likely, will not survive either. I am sad in this knowledge because this last was truly the best of my life and I had hoped it would be forever. For many reasons, of which I will not speak here, that is not to be. There is, however, a positive side to this, yet another failed marriage. Rosaliy is now real and I am content with the person I am. A much happier person to be sure though much more emotional than the controlled individual I had been, and better adjusted. The girl I am is better than the guy I ever was before and she balances me nicely. As a person, I am now a complete person and, even though many do not understand WHY I am also a girl, or would even want to be or dress as one, I am complete. As much as I would dearly love to go home, I know deep down that I cannot do so and this is all the more true as Rosaliy continues to grow in herself. She is very much an integral part of me and one I can no more relegate to a hidden box in a closet. As Rosaliy, a name I chose for myself, I have friends who are like me, cross dressers, most of whom have wives who tolerate, support, and sometimes fail to understand, their husbands who are my girl friends even as they themselves are also my girl friends. I have friends online who are cross dressers, transsexuals and gays/lesbians who all share one thing in common with me. We are all people. Neither bad nor sick, not necessarily even perverted, though no doubt some may well be that, but people. We have hopes and dreams, families and friends and desires, just like all the so-called "normal" people. I suppose some will always consider us as being abnormal since we deviate from the socially accepted norms and yet, all of us have been here since just after the creation.

Coming out was a big step for me. It happened one September evening. I was supposed to meet another cross dresser at a local place but at the last minute he canceled due to unexpected out-of-town visitors. My online friends had told me I should check out this place to see if it was a safe place so, even though I was not to meet him that night, I decided to go out. I did some checking on the internet and learned that the place was listed as a "gay bar." The owner/operator was also known to be a fellow cross-dresser. These things made me feel more comfortable about meeting others there. I decided that I would go out in 'boy mode'. It was a Wednesday night and I arrived there at about 9pm. The first person I met was a bartender who was clearly a cross-dresser. She looked rather attractive and was quite friendly. This made me feel even better about the place. I stayed there nursing a single drink for nearly 2 hours and was the ONLY patron there. A couple of people arrived as I was leaving that night. This was also the only time I have ever been to this place in 'boy mode.'