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Comp I

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Personal Memoir

If you believed that no matter what you did that you were fated to die. No matter what you did or didn't do, that you would die young or miserable, what would you do? That was ultimately the choice I was faced with last year. After a whole year I was stuck in a part time cashier job after I graduated high school. The worst part was that I was stuck in my own skin because I am transgender, someone who identifies with a gender different than their birth sex. I had known and struggled accepting this for years at that point. I had recognized these feelings since high school, but my parents were less than supportive about it. So, since I was dependent on them even after I turned 18, I didn’t pursue getting Hormone Replacement Therapy. These are consisted of medication intended to replace the sex hormones in the body to that of the desired sex.

Stuck at this part time job my mind fell inward. My house was my prison, my body as my cell, for my mind to be held by the prisoner. My life was not real. Not that it wasn’t my reality, but it was a slog of never-ending stillness. Every day was the exact same, doing nothing or going to work. I was not me. I was not anything at all. I was in this mode of behavior because I was convinced the alternative would guarantee being kicked out of the house. Of course, no-one in my family ever said that, but they would do this sort of mafia-esc “Oh, we wouldn’t be happy if you transitioned, and there may be consequences if you do”. My spirit was so far broken that even doing gender affirming things such as wearing different clothing, or putting on makeup just made things worse. They only served reminders of what I could never have.

At this rock-bottom point, I saw two paths. One where I stayed where I was and did nothing. This path would leave two likely outcomes, staying stuck and dependent on my parents for a long time, or my mental state reaching the point that I would hurt myself or worse. The other option: to transition was the bolder option. I would be risking it all hoping that I could out the other side stronger despite whatever obstacles lay in my path. After a year of indecision, I knew one thing Transitioning might kill me, but doing nothing and staying closeted will. So I made an appointment in June 2024, told the doctors my story, and was prescribed the medication. The next day I picked up the medication and began taking it. Changes were not immediate but over the course of the next few weeks the constant ever present anxious static in my mind faded away and, in its place, lay emotions. Real emotions, not something that resembled them and felt so surface level. The happiness I felt, and the newfound depth of my emotions felt miraculous. It was like when I got glasses for the first time, except for my soul.

These emotions are what guided me to start college. After all, independence from my family is a high priority for my future success. A couple of months pass, and I start my program at Kirkwood while staying in the closet for the first six weeks and going to class as my deadname. I regularly go to the Pride Lounge and was out as Emilia there but not out to classmates or professors. After being absent the past Thursday due to getting my wisdom teeth removed. I sent in the request to change my marked gender and name to female and Emilia on a Sunday night before class. Then over the next few days I communicated to professors to get them on the same page. Everyone was accommodating and didn’t have (at least any open) contempt at me. I was happy that people at Kirkwood were respectful.

The unfortunate thing about all of this is the fact that it’s a political issue. I don’t particularly want to get super in depth why I think this. But it is my general belief that one side of the political isle in the United States thinks that people like me are a product of an evil virus of Satan and should be removed from society. So, in November when Donald Trump was elected and all 3 branches of government led by this party, I was not exactly thrilled about it. I came to class the following morning dejected and devastated. I only had one class that day because I already had a dentist appointment scheduled that afternoon beforehand. So, when I heard the professor go on before lecturing about how he thinks the political process is interesting or whatever I was not happy about it. I didn’t say anything to him, but it was just a drag. But thankfully I was able to talk to some friends about it all and feel ok in the end about it. Hell, my therapist was surprised by how well I had been coping with it all.

The part I was more anxious about was how I would talk to my father about these issues. He had known I had been dealing with this stuff for 5 or so years at this point. He just didn’t know that I was transitioning. I knew I needed to talk to him, but I was nervous to, and so it got put off till sometime in January 2025 I accidently left out some bras on the counter I bought because I needed them. And so, a very heated argument came out of that. And I told him I needed bras because of my hormones. He was further angered by this so I left and crashed at a friends house for a night. We reestablished channels of communication and began to talk things out over the following weeks and now a month later things with him although not amazing, is a far cry from my fear of being kicked out of the house by him.

What I’ve learned from all this is that my happiness is worth fighting for no matter what obstacles lay in your path. As of now I have been more sociable, more alive, and more present than ever. The future lays uncertain for me however, I don’t know how bad things politically it may get where I live. It doesn’t particularly look good now, but I know I can only continue forward in my path. If that leads me to an early grave or behind bars, so be it. For at least my story does not end as something I’m not.