Trans Stories Project

Eastern PA Trans Equity Project is working on a project to document the history and stories of transgender folk in our service area through photographs and words.

We will be making these stories available on our website and social media and have reached agreements to have selected stories displayed in some art galleries/museums as well.

Our plan is to launch the project to the public in the Fall with a significant social media campaign during Transgender Awareness Week in November.

We want you to become a participant in this project by:

We want you to become a participant in this project by telling us some story in writing and then emailing it to us along with some good quality photos (the higher the resolution the better).

You can tell us any story about yourself that you like but some topics that you might want to consider writing about could include:

- What has been your proudest achievement and how did you accomplish it (does not have to be trans-related)?
- What has been an obstacle in life and how have you managed it?
- What is a funny story about you?
- How did you choose your name?
- What is the thing you most want to be remembered for and why?
- How/when did you know you were trans or gender nonbinary?
- What was your coming out process like?
- What do you want others to know about you as a transgender individual?
- If you were to write a letter to your younger (or older self) what would it say?
- What do you do for a living and how has being a person of trans experience impacted that?
- How have you family members or coworkers adjusted to your transition?

Please participate in this important project that will help us to tell and preserve the stories of transgender folk.

Email your story/essay and photos to info@PATransEquity.org using the subject line “Trans Stories Submission”

Please include your name, age, gender identity and pronouns in your response.

Disclaimer: By submitting your response to this request you are giving Eastern PA Trans Equity Project and its assigns the rights to use your words as part of its Transgender Stories Project – “Documenting Transgender Lives” initiative. As such your words and/or likeness may be used by Eastern PA Trans Equity Project on its website(s) or social media as well as in print form.
Examples:

Greyson Wolf, 27
He/Him
Trans Masculine

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I met my little man, and it was love at first sight.

The greatest cure for depression, in my opinion, is a giant pile of boxer puppies. Following my grandmother’s boxer naming tradition, I had given him an “M” first name and the standard “Blue” middle name. Named in honor of my love of Elvis as I’d often say it was as close to Graceland as I’d ever get. He was the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen and from the moment I looked at him, I knew it was never going to be the same again.

When I say that life seemed manageable for a few years, it was an understatement. I could only hurt for so long when I had that puppy, who would grow into an 85 lb. behemoth of a dog, at my side. Even when I didn’t know who I was, even when the suggestion that I was Memphis’ “mommy” provoked me into near panic attacks, I was still his human and that was all I needed.

Unfortunately, I lost Memphis Blue early this year. He was barely four years old and deserved so much more in life, but I have to believe he came to this world with a purpose and if it was to keep me around then he prevailed.
Master Khrys Exposito, 48
Gender Fluid/Non-binary
He/she/they; with masc. terms of respect such as “Sir”
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I was born a free spirit.

Back in the early 70's there was nothing know about gender identification. You were either born a boy or a girl based solely on your external genitals. I was assigned female at birth yet looking at pictures of me as a child you could see that I was not cut from the same cloth as my conservative, nuclear, monogamous, Catholic and Caucasian family.

My folks never thought about using a pronoun other than “She” for me, but they did allow me to express myself freely. I wore loud patterns. I preferred my Yankees jacket and anything with fringe. I stayed away from anything girlie or pink and, of I was able to, I wore unisex clothing. I did not feel I was born to be a boy. Rather, I felt that this was my first life born as a girl.

In the 90’s, when I became a mother of my own, I decided that I was going to raise my children in a gender-fluid home. In my home there were no rules for what girls do and what boys do. There were no girl toys or boy toys, and it was offensive for other to insist upon it.

Over time my family grew – not by blood, but by choice – to include siblings, children, and family with no biological ties. My home became a free expression zone. Gender expression was fluid. Pronouns were honored. Sexual orientation was discussed openly, and as one of my children said, “there were no closets to come out of in our house.”

This past year – the pandemic year – my home has been gifted the opportunity to support another generation of teens. This younger generation has been quoted as saying “I live in a gay house. It’s Pride everyday here.” I can’t wait to see what the safety of this Queer House gifts these teens as they mature and enter the world.

This is my story. It spans generations and shows that the transgender story isn’t always the battle of one person against the world. It shows that we can create safe ground for others to thrive upon.

This is my queer, trans-affirming, loving and supportive family. Family is made. Family is chosen.
Miles Molerio  
Trans Masculine  
He/Him

As a younger trans-masculine person who is also a person of color with other intersecting identities, there’s so many stores I want to share but one that I don’t think that gets enough attention is that of our Trans role models. The people who are so inspirational in our local communities.

For me, when I went away for my undergraduate college career, I ended up meeting trans individuals who I consider as strong role models and who mentored me in my rollercoaster of self-discovery of my transgender identity.

Almost immediately after starting my freshman year I found some of these friends. I know for a fact I wouldn’t be here today without them.

This relationship was very close to that of father and son - jokingly at times but it always had a very caring nature to it. They invited me to hang out with them whether it was at campus events, spending time to get food, doing homework, or just relaxing outside. They provided a space where we could simply exist as trans people.

Even with the ever-present homophobia and transphobia on campus, my most peaceful and happiest times of being a trans person have been when I was around my “dads.” They were the ones who helped to assure our small yet thriving community on campus.

This type of mentor/friendship is something I continue today. I have a strong bond with a slightly younger transgender friend I met in college - just like how my “dads” had for me!

My “dads” were there for me when my “real dad” wasn’t. They taught me that there are people who want to see you thrive and will help you to grow.

I can’t thank you enough Vaughn and James.