

Volume 1, Issue 2

November 2006

Monthly Columns:

- Local & National Calendar of Events
- Book & Movie Reviews & Recommendations
- Transitioning in Ohio: The Legal Process
- Local & National Resources
- Classifieds
- The local transsexual experience
- Identities in the trans-world

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Don't forget to vote on Tuesday, November 7, 2006.  
Polls are open from 6:30a.m. to 7:30p.m.

To check your polling location, visit:  
<http://www.co.franklin.oh.us/boe/apps/voter/>  
or  
<http://www.equalityohio.org>

*Changing Ohio requires YOUR participation.*  
**VOTE.**

## Transgender Day of Remembrance

Wednesday, November, 15, 2006  
King Avenue United Methodist Church  
7PM  
299 King Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio 43201

*"Those who cannot remember the past are doomed to repeat it."*  
George Santayana

### Trans Students Winning at Antioch by Erich N. Pitcher

The Antioch College Queer Center is home to the Transgender and Gender-Queer Support and Discussion Group. In the spring of 2004 students approached faculty and staff to begin a group called the Transgender Advocacy Group (TAG). The stated goal was to inform the community of transgender students' needs and provide workshops and training for all community members.

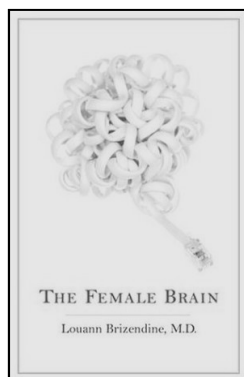
The group has primarily functioned as an advocacy group. The first proposal from the group sought to re-sign one bathroom in every college

building as gender neutral, single stall bathroom. In addition to the resigning, the group asked for the bathrooms and the gym locker rooms to be retro-fitted to be gender neutral. Unfortunately, the gym signs have not been changed. Not much was heard from the group until the summer of 2005, when the group initiated a transgender needs assessment survey. It was at that time, the Queer Center decided to re-address the issues of transgender and gender-queer students needs.

*(cont'd on page 3)*

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## Book Reviews



**The Female Brain**  
by Louann Brizendine, M.D.  
Morgan Road Books of New York  
Copyright 2006  
ISBN-13:978-0-7679-2009-4  
Hardback

Reviewed by Sandy Martin

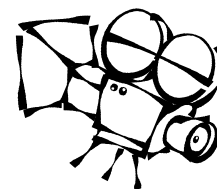
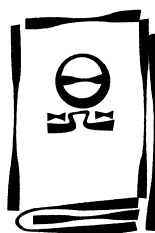
Louann Brizendine, M.D. is more concerned about documenting good science than about being politically correct and she is true to this vision in her new book *The Female Brain*. Her approach is to focus on neurochemistry and its effects on both the brain structure and its psychology. The chapters are chronologically focused on the stages of the genetic female life, beginning with the prenatal stage and ending after menopause.

Presenting the material this way allows the reader to easily follow the holistic approaches presented as well as take into consideration all of the other relevant branches of sciences. Brizendine also included helpful references to contemporary thought and popular literature. The hard core science is also discussed by Brizendine, as are explanations for the ordinary person who just happens to be concerned about the topic.

The author's primary focus is on genetic females who have fairly normal lives and who've had children. There are many

references to other groups of people, primarily men, to help illustrate ideas about the female brain. Gays, lesbians and intersexed people are occasionally mentioned, but there is no discussion of transgender people.

I felt that the first half of the book was extremely well written. When the author begins to discuss pre-menopausal brain chemistry, I found it a little tough to get through. In discussions I've had with another university neurochemistry researcher who was also researching the relationship between various sexual stimuli and sexual behaviors with neurochemistry, it was nice to see that there was harmony in the opinions. People who are interested in doing additional study will find that the lengthy bibliography is an invaluable resource.



Is there a book you've read or a movie you've seen and you'd like to write a review? Share your thoughts about what you liked (or what you didn't like) with us!

Email your reviews to [transohio@wowway.com](mailto:transohio@wowway.com).

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## Holidays & The Chosen Family by Shane Morgan

Here come the holidays, literally. We're only weeks away from them. Some members in our community will go visit family for the holidays. Some will go home as they are – on hormones, dressed and living as they should be. They'll be welcomed with open arms and unconditional love and acceptance. For them, going home for the holidays is easy.

Other members in our community will go home and be forced to act like somebody else their entire visit. To hide who they are, having to respond to another name, or introduce themselves with a name that creates great levels of internal stress. Some of these people won't be met with open arms and unconditional love.

It's unfortunate isn't it? In some sense, we're taught that holidays are supposed to be joyous. Times of laughter. Time

spent with family and enjoying holiday-togetherness. It's unfortunate that so many don't have this option.

Even though I won't be joining my family this year for the holidays, I'm lucky enough to have a close-knit group of friends who are, really, my chosen family. We welcome everybody with open arms and unconditional love and acceptance. We can dress how we're most comfortable and be who we were always meant to be.

This year, expand your own chosen family—and share that love and acceptance and holiday-togetherness with somebody else in our community.

So you want to come over for dinner?

## Trans Students Winning at Antioch by Erich N. Pitcher

*(cont'd from page 1)*

In the fall, several proposals were put forth to change various aspects of campus policies which affected transgender and gender-queer students. These proposals were derived from the needs assessment survey. Actions included were:

- preferred name to be listed on college email accounts
- a written policy to address legal name changes
- cafeteria IDs to have preferred names

All were proposals were accepted, except for the change of cafeteria IDs.

This past spring, a new Faculty-Staff teach-in was planned. This was a well attended event which brought forth a host of issues important to Antioch's transgender and gender-queer students.

Since the summer of 2006, Erich Pitcher has been the facilitator. During the summer there were fewer than 100

students on campus. The group planned social and networking activities such as attending CampOUT 2006 and the Cincy Boyz. They also began to revise the Faculty-Staff teach-in and adapt the New Student workshop.

The College Anti-Discrimination policy was also updated to include gender identity and expression. The Queer Center's organizational description and Queer Center coordinator's job description were changed to ensure that the gender and gender-queer group would continue to be housed in the Queer Center.

The Transgender and Gender-Queer Support and Discussion Group now serves as an activist and social support group.

For more information about the Cincy Boyz email  
[cincyboyz@gmail.com](mailto:cincyboyz@gmail.com).

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## Local & National Calendar of Events

### November 2006

#### Local Events

Columbus:

- November, 15, 2006, **Transgender Day of Remembrance**, King Avenue United Methodist Church, 7PM, 299 King Avenue, Columbus, 43201.
- GLBTQI 6week Self-Defense Workshop, Every Monday through November 20, 2006, 7pm -9pm.  
Email Kirsten for info: [kirsten.e@sbcglobal.net](mailto:kirsten.e@sbcglobal.net) or Shane at [transohio@wowway.com](mailto:transohio@wowway.com).

Antioch College:

- November 10-2006, Antioch College Queer Center, Paintball or Laser Tag Outing (Meet at the Queer Center 7 pm)
- Mid-November: Sex Week in collaboration with The Womyn's Center: The transgender and gender-queer group will facilitate a discussion on how to communicate about gender during sex and will hold a workshop on gender and BDSM.

#### National Events

- November 3-4, 2006, Heartland in Action 2006, PFLAG Midwest Tri-Regional Conference, Chicago, IL.

### July 2007

- CampOUT, July 26 - 29, 2007, Lothlorien Nature Sanctuary, Bloomington, IN. [http://www.lagarou.org/campout\\_2007](http://www.lagarou.org/campout_2007)

### September 2007

- Southern Comfort Conference, September 11-16, 2007, Atlanta, GA. <http://www.sccat.org>

*Would you like to add your event to our calendar? Email event information to [transohio@wowway.com](mailto:transohio@wowway.com)*

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# Letters Home

Dear Mom and Dad,

It has been very difficult for me to write this letter. Although I want to be open and honest with you, I also don't want to upset you or worry you. I love you very much, and that's why I've waited as long as I have to give you this news. I hope that no matter what your reaction is, you will take the time to read this entire letter. I felt I needed to put this down in a letter to make sure I was able to relate everything I need to tell you in the right way. This is definitely the hardest thing I have ever had to do.

I have come to a number of very positive conclusions in my life over the last couple of years that now make it necessary for me to discuss something with you. I have a medical condition that I have been working on in therapy called Gender Dysphoria. This is otherwise referred to as being a transsexual or transgender.

Gender Dysphoria is a medical condition and is not a psychological disorder. It is also not about cross-dressing or a fetish or a perversion of any kind. This also has nothing to do with my sexuality and who I am sexually attracted to. I have had it all of my life. I have been this way since before I was born. It has to do with how the brain is structured; researchers believe that the brain is wired for gender in about the 14th week of development when a flood of testosterone washes over the fetus. If the amount and/or timing of the hormones are not precise, then the baby's mind and body may develop in different directions causing an incongruity between the body and how the brain is wired.

It has taken me a long time to come to terms with myself and at times I didn't think I was going to make it through, as you know. The therapist that I have been seeing for about four years helped me to realize that my drinking and drugs and all that, were my way of trying to cover-up all of this and be numb so I wouldn't have to deal with it. This along with my failed marriages and my trying to over compensate my feelings by trying to be too macho with all of the fighting, football, Karate, sports and things I used to do so that no one would realize that I was anything but what I was expected to be--"Male".

I tried to figure out if I really was born in the wrong gender or if there was an underlying reason that was resulting in these feelings, but the more I read the more I knew inside myself that I was suffering from this condition. Within the last couple of years, I have realized that these feelings cannot be denied any longer. This was not a choice for me, it's just the way that I am and have always been.

Since I have stopped drinking and hiding my true self with a mask of alcohol I now know that this is true. I want you to know that Terri\*\* is doing very well with all of this. She is a saint and God truly blessed me with her. We are partners through all of this. As you can imagine she does have some rough times with all of this now and then. Terri\*\* has gone with me to my gender therapist too. She is seeing her own therapist to help her work through some of her personal issues. She loves me and I love her and together we are going to continue our relationship.

I don't have a single doubt in my mind that this is the correct path. That being said, I am so concerned about how the family will react. Terri\*\* and I have been through many months of discussion and therapy and she supports my decision. It would make you happy, I hope, to know that I am loved and supported during this transition by my wife. It isn't always easy, but we love one another and the way we see it, we love each other as people not as what our gender is. I can understand that this is difficult for you to hear, however, it is the path I must take. I need to be true to myself. I know this is a lot for you to take in suddenly.

Anyway, I hope you understand why I wrote this letter. It's mainly because a letter helps me get all of my thoughts out. Too many times, I go into a conversation (or even a therapy session) with a list of topics I'd like to discuss or ideas I wish to convey, which ultimately gets lost because I forget them in the moment. This way I can get out all of the things I'd like to talk to you about without forgetting to address something. Anyway, that's pretty much it. I am sure you will have a lot of questions and that's fine. I want to talk to you about all of them after you read this letter.

I love you so much.  
Stephanie

*(\*\* name changed to honor the privacy of those involved)*

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## My Worst Fear Realized by Jim L. Howley

“Just take it moment by moment,” I said to myself as the rifle wielding LAPD officers shouted at me to throw my keys from the vehicle.

“Moment by moment,” I breathed, stepping as instructed out of my car onto Sunset Boulevard.

On May 11, 2005, I knew exactly why five armed LAPD officers and a surveillance helicopter surrounded me; they were there to arrest me. For three weeks the police had been searching for a man who had pulled a rifle on two women after a hit and run to their vehicle. Unbeknownst to the officers and the women, was the fact that the rifle and I both had something in common; we “passed” without question: real rifle, real man.

I’m a 30 year old female-to-male transgender individual and this is my story about the day I was arrested on a felony assault with a deadly weapon charge in Hollywood, California.

On April 23, 2005 I’d begun the day at 6am with a gin and tonic. At 5pm, after spending a great deal of the day with my acquaintances “Mr. Gin” and “Ms. Tonic”, I decided to drive my car. I careened into a parked vehicle on a side street and thought no one was in it, so I kept driving. Before long my rear view mirror told me a different story. I drove as fast as I could to escape. What was I running from? I had car insurance, but I also probably had an illegal blood alcohol level!

I’m positive it was Gin who I heard whisper to me, “You’ve got that toy gun in your trunk! Why dontcha’ scare em’ and git em’ off yer tail!”

This was my second bad move. Obviously the first was driving in my condition!

It should really come as no surprise that I don’t remember many details, but I stopped my car, pushed the “trunk open” button and got the toy gun out of the trunk.

“Get the fuck back in your car!” I shouted to what I thought, with my double vision, were four people approaching me. I couldn’t tell that they were women. I just knew I had to get them away from me. It was during this time I believe they wrote down my license plate number. It was these seven numbers and letters that the police used to hunt me down.

On May 11, it was *me* who stared down the barrel of a gun. A real, loaded gun.

“Put your hands on your head!” An officer barked.

“Get down on your knees!” Another shouted at me.

My mind kept calmly telling my lungs to breathe. It was all going to be ok. I’d just tell the police the gun wasn’t real and we’d all have a good laugh and I’d go home.

“Lay on your stomach with your arms and legs spread out!” These were the last orders I heard before I felt a knee to the base of my skull.

“What are ya’ tensin’ up for?” The cop snarled at me.

“Because your knee is crushing my head!” I shouted back. They patted me down, cuffed me and put me in the squad car.

I pleaded the Fifth the entire ride to the Hollywood Precinct, where I quickly found out I had picked the wrong attire to get dressed in that morning. I was arrested in old, tattered blue jeans and a black t-shirt that reads, “The Twin Terrors” with a picture of George Bush and Osama Bin Laden emblazoned on both front and back.

Every cop and his brother, it seemed, had to make some snide remark as I sat helplessly handcuffed to a bench.

The two arresting officers kept disappearing around the corner for what seemed like hours, occasionally poking their heads out with other officers and laughing or mumbling amongst themselves.

“Have you ever gone by any other name?” One of them finally asked me.

“No.” I replied, with a calm, monotone voice.

Roughly a half hour passed and the second arresting officer sauntered from around the corner, with a quizzical look painted on his face.

“You sure you’ve never had any other names?”

“Yeah,” I said in the same calm manner, knowing now that they knew or possibly knew of my name change. I figured with the way I look, going to women’s jail would be more humiliating than the men’s.

As the figured out what to do with me, my hands went numb from being chained behind my back to the bench for so long.

“Excuse me ma’am,” I said to an officer, “my hands are asleep.”

“Well, wake them up then.”

*(cont’d on page 6)*

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## My Worst Fear Realized by Jim L. Howley

(cont'd from page 5)

Finally, both arresting officers unlocked me from the bench.

“C’mon cowboy, we’re headed downtown.”

“Wow,” I thought, “that sounded straight out of a movie script!” Nothing like being arrested in Hollywood!

The back of the squad car felt like a sauna. The black leather seats made me glad I wasn’t wearing shorts. I tried to roll down a window, cuffed nonetheless, and was told in no uncertain terms I was not allowed.

Nothing felt real to me as they parked the squad car behind LA County Jail, affectionately called the “Twin Towers” because of the two looming towers of imprisonment. The officers led me into the booking area, which reminded me of different processing buildings I’d seen in the Air Force; with crumbling concrete stairs and a slightly dilapidated overall structure.

Once inside, I was bombarded with a series of questions:

*Are you currently on any medications?*

*Do you feel like hurting yourself or others right now?*

*Do you consider yourself heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual?*

I said hetero, not knowing that would more than likely get me thrown in to the general population tank.

The two arresting officers instructed me to sit down and take off my shoes and socks.

“So, uh, what time did you perform the strip search on him?” Officer #1 asked.

“What time did *you* do it?” Officer #2 quickly added.

“Hey, you don’t have *anything under there* we need to know about, do you?” He asked me in a rather defensive tone, referring to my clothes.

“No.” Again, a monotone voiced response from me.

“Well,” Officer #1 said after some hesitance, “since this is your first time being arrested and you don’t have any priors, we’re not gonna strip search you.”

No strip search...on a felony assault with a deadly weapon charge?

Once I was booked, they led me to a solitary cell where I quickly used the bathroom for fear of not having another private moment. The cell walls had large scratch marks on them like some-

one or *something* had gone crazy in there. I sat down on the lone concrete bench and prayed for God to “please watch over me and don’t let me get physically hurt or humiliated.” Coming from a place of truth and not victim’s mentality, I have tolerated a lot of insensitivity in my life because I’m transgender, but I knew this had the potential to be the worst. There are folks that would say the Lord doesn’t love or protect “people like me,” but on May 11, I found that was simply not true.

I did everything I could to shake off my nerves in that cell. I paced around but that made me feel like a caged animal, so I just laid down on the bench. Finally, a policeman opened the door.

He gave me the once over and asked suspiciously, “Why are *you* in this cell? This is for the troublemakers who resist arrest.” Hence the condition of the walls!

“I dunno, this is where they put me. Hey can I use the phone?”

“Hold on,” he answered, shutting the heavy steel door.

As I waited, I pondered his question. At the time, I honestly didn’t know why I was in that cell. In retrospect, it was more than likely for my protection.

I was, however, moved to an adjacent cell after about fifteen minutes. There were three other inmates in this cell and two phones.

My scrambled brain fought to remember phone numbers I had stored in my confiscated cell phone. One number in particular, a former friend who said he’d pay my bail, then reneged. This was the same *friend* who, when I confessed to him what I’d done on April 23<sup>rd</sup>, actually threw away the toy rifle which was my only piece of evidence to help prove my innocence. But I no longer hold a grudge; this person was only trying to help me.

Plan B was to call Mom and Dad. I didn’t understand how the bail process worked but I figured if I could get a bail bondsman to help me, I could pay him back instead of my parents, so maybe they’d never even have to know. No such luck. With my bond set at \$50,000, I had to come up with at least \$5,000 immediately or I wasn’t going anywhere.

This meant I had to ask my parents for help. I gave the bail bondsman my *dad’s* cell number because I’ve just put my mother through way too much in this lifetime!

(cont'd on page 7)

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## My Worst Fear Realized by Jim L. Howley

(cont'd from page 6)

“Mr. Howley,” the bondsman spoke to me over the phone, “I’m going to put us on 3-way and we’ll have your dad on the line.”

“Ok,” I muttered thickly, wanting for the first time since 10:30 that morning to cry. I knew hearing my dad’s voice on the line over 2000 miles away was going to hurt.

“Alright Mr. Howley, your father’s on.”

“Dad?”

“Jim? What happened?”

“I got arrested. I’m in the Los Angeles County Jail.” I felt a lump forming in my throat.

My family is by no stretch of the imagination rich and if it weren’t for the credit card my dad had received the week earlier, I would have been sitting in LACJ until my trial.

Empty. That’s the only word I can use to describe how I felt after I hung up with my dad. I was so grateful for my family’s monetary help but I needed emotional support. I was in a strange state of simultaneous fear and denial and had been since that morning, but I wasn’t about to show an ounce of vulnerability to the police or my fellow inmates.

Not ten minutes after I’d used the phone, a burly officer herded me and about 25 other men into a tiny five by twelve foot room with sliding metal doors on both sides. I sat down in a corner and ate as much as I could of my two slices of stale wheat bread, *green* bologna, and vegetable medley. All washed down with orange flavored sugar water.

All the inmates’ communications in these cramped quarters were in Spanish, which I speak only a limited amount of. These men kept giving me the fish eye as the only Caucasian in the room but I think my saving grace was my Bush bashing t-shirt.

After I ate, I put my head in my hands to wait for what was around the next bend in the road.

“GET UP!” A guard shouted at us. “Vamanos!”

We were corralled next to several large blue bins that held wool blankets.

“Inmates, get a blanket and wait near the stairs here! Just keep your eyes forward!” A voice of authority boomed at our group, making me feel like I was in basic training again.

Once we were all congregated in line at the top of the stairs,

names were read from a list and one by one, our numbers dwindled until it was just I.

“Howley?”

I nodded.

“C’mon.” The cop grunted as I followed him toward the general population “tank”. So many men crowded this room and as I past I looked to see a few of their eyes following me, looking me up and down. I felt like I was going to puke.

“Just act *totally crazy* if some guy tries to get in your face,” I thought, but to my surprise we past the entrance to the tank and turned right. I was taken down a long hallway to an empty cell with two sets of bunks and a toilet in it.

“Get comfy,” was all the cop said as he shut and locked the cell door behind me.

I tried to take his advice as I climbed up on to one of the top bunks and spread out my scratchy wool blanket, rolling the top end into a thin excuse for a pillow. It felt good to be alone again, even though I could still hear the muffled voices of the inmates from the crowded tank. I closed my eyes and tried not to envision the events of the day; moreover, what it might be like had I been put in the general pop cell!

“What might it have been like? What if someone had tried to take advantage of me and found out I was transgender? Would just *that* person have potentially raped and killed me or would it have been a gang of confused men?” These were the types of questions that flowed through my brain as I lay staring at the ceiling with its unforgiving fluorescent glow. I closed my eyes, trying to stop my fearful thoughts.

“I didn’t have to worry about them, right? The officers wouldn’t suddenly decide to put me in the tank, would they?” I had never been in jail before and they don’t exactly hand out “Welcome to Jail” brochures on your way in!

I closed my eyes tight and drifted off to the hum of the lights above me, which sounded like a million busy bees swarming around.

“HOWLEY!” The guard’s bellowing voice snapped me to attention.

“Must have dozed off,” I thought, gathering my blanket.

(cont'd on page 8)

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## My Worst Fear Realized by Jim L. Howley

(cont'd from page 7)

Out processing took only a few minutes and as I walked through the doors to freedom, it dawned on me that I had also just walked through my worst fear! My worst fear realized and all I had to *physically* show for it was an abrasion on my chin from the force used in the arrest. Who could blame them? I was considered armed and dangerous during their hunt for me.

My original charge was first-degree felony assault with a deadly weapon, which was reduced to Los Angeles Code 417.4—brandishing a replica weapon.

After my sentencing in July, I turned myself in to the same jail I was taken upon my arrest. They told me the jail was too full so I had to complete 300 hours of community service. Oh darn.

Well, as I told my friends I'd rather be bending over picking up trash than bending over in jail!

I am on a non-reporting probation for three years and have to complete weekly psychiatric counseling for the duration of a year.

The two women I assaulted received a sincere apology letter from me. My only wish was that I could have said, "I'm sorry" in person. It's said one should never live with regret, but I know I will have regrets about the choices I made in this situation for some time to come.

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## Open Mic @ TransOhio

### Following the Wind

Listening to the wind, I try to understand. The words are muffled, I strain so hard to hear them, holding my breath.

I seem to feel the meaning, feel it laying roots deep inside of me, filling me with inner peace. I know why, I know where I am.

I wrap myself in faith, harkening to the growing buds lying within me, hearing those tiny sounds of wonder and awe.

Glowing bright, my soul rests. My heart begins to mend and time to heal the wounds made by life and living.

I see the plan and accept what has been written there.

Yet I start to wonder. I start to question. The wind is still. The buds quiver on the verge of the frost.

Why? Why?

Why is it so HARD? Why must I hurt? What did I do to deserve this that has been put before me?

I rant. I rave. I shake my fists at the sky, demanding my answers, demanding the wind to rush forth and SPEAK!

SPEAK! Damn it all, speak...Why do you hold your tongue? Why does this silence mock me so? Why?

Spent, I kneel, panting, fists resting upon earth. Bird song reaches me, the sun grows warm upon my back.

I breathe, eyes closed. The wind caresses my cheek, toying with my hair and I sigh, long and deep, fists opening to embrace the earth.

Softly I cry, sweetly leaving my blessings to the dirt. It is not an easy thing to follow the wind.

- Tony Hadden

TransOhio.Org

We Want You!

- √ Get involved in your community
- √ Get connected
- √ Build bridges to other communities
- √ Break-down old community silos
- √ Educate
- √ Mentor

Would you like to be a part of TransOhio.Org?

Email  
transohio@wowway.com

# Open Mic @ TransOhio

## Genderfucked

Differences notated and highlighted  
Barriers reinforced and piled high  
Type A only allowed  
Litmus test in queerspeak  
Ownership of an identity  
Patent pending of an energy  
Rights reserved for self preservation  
Don't tell me about me  
No they can't be like me  
Erasure of a muted voice  
Invisible silences  
Unheard of visions  
You don't fit this standard  
Not measuring up here either  
Chisel more here  
Slice away a little here too  
This box fits only us  
Wait it's too tight  
Don't enforce restrictions on me  
Island of once rejected misfits  
Perpetuating more separatism  
Sorry you're not welcome here  
They just don't belong  
My definition of diversity here  
Closed for constructed minds  
Open for specific desires  
You need not apply here  
No more room here at this inn

- Joe LeBlanc

po-et (noun)

a person who has the gift of poetic thought, imagination, and creation, together with eloquence of expression.

art-ist (noun)

a painter, sculptor, or writer, who is able by virtue of imagination and talent or skill to create.

## Call for Writers & Artists

TransOhio.Org wants your work!

- poetry
- short stories (fiction & non-fiction)
- opinion essays
- coming out letters to family & friends
- photos
- artwork (drawings, paintings, etc.)

Submit your work to  
[transohio@wowway.com](mailto:transohio@wowway.com)

## Hope and Pray

Hope looks weary  
Its journey was long  
The search for those lost  
recovered many minds  
that were once  
so strong  
Rain produced thunder  
The thunder faded away  
Only to return again  
each time  
Hope would Pray  
For the thunderous sounds  
were needed  
to lead the way  
For those who lost Hope  
For those who began to stray  
You could hear the thunder  
The thunder would say  
No rest for the weary  
No time to play  
You must come this way  
Through the sand  
Back to the land  
Back to the land  
of the  
Upper Hand  
Where Hope ends  
the journey begins  
For the minds once strong  
that will lead us again  
As long as there is rain  
Thunder will always be  
The sound that says  
Hope  
is a never ending  
journey  
- Billy Burill

## The Gender Identity Project at the LGBT Center in NYC

presents:

*Trans Family Support: A group for family members of transgender people*

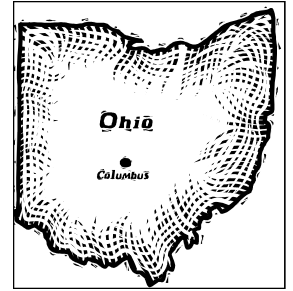
When: Wednesday, October 4th, 2006, 6-7:30pm  
Wednesday, November 8th, 2006, 6-7:30pm  
Wednesday, December 6th, 2006, 6-7:30pm

Where: The NYC LGBT Community Center  
208 West 13th Street (between 7th and 8th avenues)

For More info: call (212) 620-7310, ext. 254 or email:  
[ray@gaycenter.org](mailto:ray@gaycenter.org)

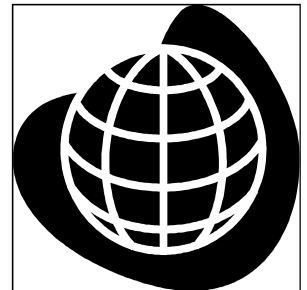
## Local Resources

- EqualityOhio.Org: [www.equalityohio.org](http://www.equalityohio.org)
- BRAVO (Buckeye Regional Anti-Violence Organization): [www.bravo-ohio.org](http://www.bravo-ohio.org)
- TransFamily of Cleveland: [www.transfamily.org](http://www.transfamily.org)
- The Crystal Club: [www.thecrystalclub.org](http://www.thecrystalclub.org)
- Stonewall Columbus: [www.stonewallcolumbus.org](http://www.stonewallcolumbus.org)
- Outlook News: [www.outlooknews.com](http://www.outlooknews.com)
- Gay People's Chronicle: [www.gaypeopleschronicle](http://www.gaypeopleschronicle)
- Gender Dysphoria Program of Central Ohio: [www.genderprogram.com](http://www.genderprogram.com)



## National Resources

- PFLAG's Transgender Network: [www.pflag.org/tnet.html](http://www.pflag.org/tnet.html)
- Hudson's FTM Resource Guide: [www.ftmguide.org](http://www.ftmguide.org)
- Transster.com: [www.transster.com](http://www.transster.com)
- Tgcrossroads: [www.tgcrossroads.org](http://www.tgcrossroads.org)
- Human Rights Campaign: [www.hrc.org](http://www.hrc.org)



## Local Trans-Friendly Shopping & Services

**Private Desires**  
Lingerie & Erotic Boutique  
1018 W. Main - Zanesville, Oh.  
(just 2 blocks west of the Y-bridge)  
**Adult Lingerie, Video,  
Novelties and Accessories.**  
Open Mon-Sat: Noon-Midnight  
Sun: Noon-8pm  
*Stuff To Spice Up Your Love Life!*  
[www.yourprivatedesires.com](http://www.yourprivatedesires.com)

*The owners of this store are fantastic. They are VERY Trans-friendly and can special order just about whatever you're looking for!*

## Classifieds

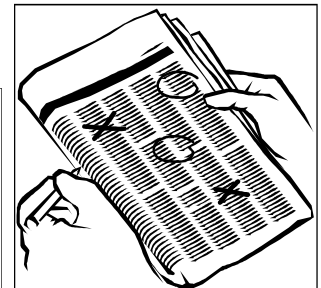
### For Sale

FTMs: never opened, original package, small & medium packer. \$20 for both. Email [qtheory@wowway.com](mailto:qtheory@wowway.com) for info (Columbus).

### For Sale

FTMs: Gently worn binder-shirts, under armor tanks and muscle shirts, etc. Email [qtheory@wowway.com](mailto:qtheory@wowway.com) for info (Columbus).

TransOhio.Org is not a dating service and will not print ads that contain sexual-based services, personals or ads containing nudity or sexually explicit content.



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Employment      Help Wanted  
Roommates      Networking

Please submit your classified ads by email to [transohio@wowway.com](mailto:transohio@wowway.com).