

Thoughts  
April 28, 1981

To Whom it may concern:

For me, a life time has passed me by with me standing on the outside looking in, wanting to be a participant but ~~not belonging to~~ either team. ~~I believed~~ I couldn't play. <sup>beliving</sup>

Each time I tried to join I felt I didn't fit. I was different. I knew it..they knew it, but they didn't understand how different.

Desperately I tried, again and again, and failed each time, falling further into the belife of what I knew was me.

I always knew who I was inside but the external world indicated I was wrong. Desparately I tried to be that which was expected of me and by which by the common rule appeared correct.

My life has been divided into two worlds, external, what everyone can see, and internal, that which I feel. Ever so carefully the two are balanced so that in my life I could love and be loved.

Staying in balance <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ an exhausting exercise. One of which consumed me. For the act of trying to be in balance ~~means~~ <sup>meant</sup> that truly I was not in harmony with myself.

At a very young age (4) I dreamed of changing my external world to match my internal being since I couldn't get a hold of it and since it was, and is, the very essence of my heart and soul. To change that which is inside of me would be to totally destroy who and what I am and to in effect create a new person that ~~no~~ one knows. To change the external me is to keep intact all that which is me and that I know and love and is loved by others. <sup>Now</sup> I am the same person but in balance, without effort. I am free. I am relaxed. I am totally me. Exactly who I always was but that ~~no~~body could ever see.

Veronica Marie Friedman

July 10, 1981  
July 13, 1981  
July 15, 1981  
July 18, 1981  
July 18, 1981  
July 18, 1981  
July 19, 1981  
July 21, 1981  
Aug 8, 1981  
Aug 17, 1981  
Aug 24, 1981  
Aug 25, 1981  
Sep 30, 1981  
~~Nov 7, 1981~~  
Oct 18, 1981  
Nov 17, 1981  
Nov 17, 1981  
Nov 17, 1981

X → The Answer

Definition Medical Transsexual =

Wine T.S. Tough Situation, a person in a

Describe Gender ID - Relief in Identity male body - <sup>male mind</sup> ~~male~~ female

Concerns -

Life

Issues: homophobia  
not taking body

what is a TS  
who are they  
why are they that way  
when do they know  
do they make the change  
where

what is a TS?  
who are they  
where are they  
why are they  
when do they change

Def

GI

LIFE STYLE - HELP

HORMONES

SURGERY

RESOURCES

July 10, 1981

Today was just another day. The sun rose and warmed the air and probably the hearts of many people. My heart is in question.

I can't help but question the wisdom of my decision to pursue my being. Is it fact or fiction? It seems so clear. It feels so certain. How could I mistake it from the truth? After all, all my life I have ~~been~~ been possessed with this inner feeling of being a woman.

Could it be the excitement I like? No! I feel comfortable and natural and truly at peace with my inner self. No longer do I dream at night with eyes wide open, searching for contentment, my body sweating with fear of discovery, the night ending after an eternity and without a wink of sleep.

Beside me for twelve and a half years was a woman I loved and still does much as ever. She taught me the true meaning of unconditional love. She shared every shred of herself to nurture me, to let me ~~grow~~ grow into manhood, fatherhood, provider, leader, lover.

The loss of her and my children have continuously made me consider death as an answer to my dilemma. Always I have had ~~a~~ courage to face an unknown but this is an awesome burden and I know it well. It is ~~not~~ not unknown. I fear it realistically. I'm not sure I have the strength.

For a life time I have always done the right thing. Never did I really allow myself to fulfill my own needs. As selfish as I feel I was I always gave first consideration to others often sacrificing my own needs, never fulfilling my dreams.

Today I arose, showered, dressed and faced the world as Veronica Marie Friedman, woman, 35 years old. Thank you God for the courage to finally be me. To firmly be in touch with my true heart, my inner self.

But with the joy of being and allowing a rebirth of myself I have acted in a way that is causing or allowing to cause the destruction of those I love.

To be honest, my mother doesn't count, my father to insure and quit sudden, my brother is weak and unsure of his own self worth, but Gail - I love her. No matter how hard all this changing becomes I pray I will never get angry at her.

I have hurt Gail so deeply that I fear I have almost destroyed her. Thank God she is strong, a fighter, full of the devil. From somewhere she will find the strength to survive. But how I wish she didn't have to struggle so.

Mark and Shelly know nothing and fear I have given them up. ~~Knowing~~ ~~know~~ nothing could be farther from the truth. But how do I explain without Gail's consent and loving understanding? It's a battle that tears my heart out and floods my heart with tears. Maybe the cold dark stillness of silence is where I belong leaving them all at peace.

I don't think I really mean that but sometimes it seems like such an easy painless way out. But then I'm alone again, back in the dark, on outside, watching, waiting with nothing to do.

Life is so beautiful so full of fragrance, so full of vitality, how oh how could I drop out? I won't! I refuse to! I want to live and live strong. I have a purpose, to love, to bring happiness to those around me.

Each day is new with excitement. Each day my body is returning to its rightful form. Each day I look into the mirror I see more and more of my self. ~~Not~~ Not just eyes anymore.

My body yearns to hold the hardness of a man and to show the softness of women. I care not where my ~~desires~~ desires lead as long as they are honest.

For so many years I ached so for this moment and yet felt so guilty for having such thoughts. It wasn't fair. I always knew who I was and yet I felt I couldn't share. For 35 years I was dying. It was a mistake. Never, not once in all those years was I one of the boys. Never. But I was always one of the girls, in silent secret, anxiously awaiting this moment of flowering open the truth of me no matter the cost, no matter the pain. I have arrived! I have bloomed. But why with such fear? Where is the total peace? Why do I fear I am deceiving myself? Why don't I care. ~~It~~

I'm not yet sure I am the same as all women but certainly I was never, ~~was~~ ever a man. The role I played

But the heart for it was missing. Just how unique am I?

God! Oh God! Tell me. What is my purpose? Why me?  
How can I serve you? There must be reasons for me, being,  
reverting to myself as I have long dreamed. Will I be better  
able to love? I pray that ~~is~~ is the reason.

Sitting here writing I realize I have nothing but myself.  
I have given up and lost everything I had but myself.  
~~But~~ No one from my past understands or wants to. It's all to  
be a gain. Well ~~too~~ tough! Damn it! I'm finally me. I feel  
good. Life may be tougher and try to hurt me in new ways  
but I'm ready - I'm me.

Good Night.

July 13, 1981

It's been a very long day. One filled with great mixed emotion. Today was the day I was to see Gail for the first time since March.

I worried how I would look to her. I wanted so not to shock her. I wore my faded light blue jeans she bought for me several years ago along with a colorful <sup>men's</sup> madri blue ~~men's~~ shirt. My shoes were my old trustworthy Top Sider Keds. Inside my front right pocket I carried a silver half dollar minted in 1968, given to me for courage from Mark. He wanted so to be by my side. He was even though he never could speak a word.

We met, Gail and I in the east parking lot of The Emporium in Hildale. As usual, I was early and she was late. We drove to a friend's apartment to talk.

Gail was beautiful, radiant, ~~seemingly~~ seemingly self-assured and confident ~~and~~ and yet venerable. I don't know if me, time, or what but she looked great.

I walked quickly to greet her from her car. I looked at her, put my arms out, hugged her and felt her familiar warmth. She was still the Gail I remembered. It felt so good to hold her again. I didn't want to let her go.

Upstairs was the apartment, "G". We entered and felt a strangeness about us. We were ~~only~~ alone for the first time in a long time. Neither of us knew what to do. I felt like I was 16 again.

We ~~settled~~ settled down on the sofa sitting close enough that I could hold her hand. And I did. It felt familiar, warm and small. My ~~big~~ hand seemed so large for the first time in a long time. Gail really is small. I felt in comparison much larger. I felt the contrast. Never for a moment did I feel



other than who I have always been, me, Pam, Veronica, one and the same. I was me.

We talked about the children, Papa, Gage, Penny and Ester. We talked about the settlement and what she can do and can't do. Now it's my turn again. My turn to make decisions about all of us.

God knows I want them to have everything and I want to be me. It seems to be an impossible combination. Why does it seem that I want so much? Am I blind? Am I really so selfish?

Gail is in a bind if she's telling the truth. Her tears are real. So are mine. I never wanted to hurt her. Ever.

Why did she send me ~~off~~ away? Why did she refuse me after New Year's? She was my last thread of hope, strength, reason for being. But she withdrew. I lost it all so why not? I've waited a life time. Now she's saying - go to it. She can't let me go and I pulled out all the stops.

Nothing has changed. We're both stubborn. Whoever I am I want to be it. She only wants me to be daddy.

Life sometimes seem like such a bother. Why try anymore? Maybe I try because there are Gails out there. And Mabel Davis too. I'm not confused.

July 15, 1981

It's over. We used it up. Nothing is left. I've lost Gail, Mark, Shelly, Mom, Dad, the Bensons, most all of my friends.

Gail has wasted away. She's lost the ability to trust, to love. All she has are the children.

With my parting I've caused wide spread destruction. Mom is a wreck and is getting sick for the first time in eleven years. Dad can't handle it because he doesn't know how. And Gail still loves Ron but she can't love me. Mark and Shelly are fine - Dad's just gone - out of their life forever.

Whether Gail stays in the house or moves she doesn't want to support herself the way we wanted for our children.

With my needs the reality of survival is impossible. Until this morning I didn't really know it. Now I do.

If I can't be me I won't be at all.

If I destroy Gail, Mark and Shelly that will destroy me.

It seems that for me to survive I must destroy them. If they survive I'm destroyed. Oh God help me!

And who else do I destroy? Mark Davies. For Mark has fallen in love with me, with Veronica. And I love him. But I can only ~~bring~~ bring him pain and sorrow - an incomplete love. He deserves so much more. He is so loving and kind. Mark is so full of love and concern for me it's all that has held me together. If I end it all now - won't it destroy him too? It's not his fault! Please let him know that! I do love you Mark - more than you'll ever know. You are so perfect and I am so flawed. I'm a loser. A dreamer - so incomplete. If I just get out of everyone's way then at least everyone will have this behind them and can go on.

To be born a woman in a male body -  
To yearn an entire life time to be resolved -  
To try to survive undetected  
To live a lie  
To be untrue to self and all  
To stand up and shout  
To move ahead  
To find you really can't  
To rest  
in peace

Thank you God for the love I have felt. I pray that someone somewhere has felt mine. Really I do love life and all that is in it. But with this condemnation to destroy is more than I can bear. I want only happiness for those I love and all. I wanted no pain for anyone. Now I'm alone so selfishly - it must be wrong.

I miss my children so. Shelly with her bright eyes and eager smile, Mark, so curious and warm. I don't know how I could have left them?

Why couldn't God accept this? Why have I been so cut off from all love? I know. I really do. But I can bear it no more.

I held her yesterday. She was warm and more beautiful than ever. Yet as I held her close she was empty. She let me get close but it was void of expression. It died. Our special love is gone. Please God bring her back to life - to loving again! She deserves it. She does so serve you in her way.

Again and again I try to find a way to exist - to support myself - but I haven't any courage left, I am consumed, wasted. Others see great things for me. They are sure. Why can't I? Have I set so ~~high~~ <sup>high</sup> a goal I'm afraid to turn?

All I want is to be me, to love, to be loved, to cause no hurt, to bring hope where there is none, to undo that which is tangled, to bring light into the darkness of others. Where oh where is my strength for myself? Must I endure this wicked pain? Must I pull everyone down around me?

I will start this day anew - I will try - please God help me to help myself from the endless pit of darkening darkness. Let me rejoice in that sparkle of life I once knew when I so joyously held Gail's hand. Let her know love again and not bitterness, hate and distrust. I love her beyond compare and I may well die for her or for my terrible weakness - love.

July 18, 1981

So many things happen. So much to do. So little time. Where does the energy come from. Sometimes I just want to stop. Completely. But then I become restored as pity leaves and anger returns.

I want to write to Jill and Jean Guy, but I haven't. Harold and Jewel informed them about my desire for change and I feel pressed to explain it my way.

Also I need to write to my doctor, Reveta Smith. For all her years of experience she understands nothing. I am totally amygd.

Governor Jerry Brown deserves a letter pinned to his head! How could he even entertain the idea of dropping certain special care from Medi-Cal. Does he not know that the care is ~~a life or death~~ life saving and that without it many people will die?

Tala is right. We do need to self define. We each have that right. And each of us have the responsibility to respect each others definitions.

I, Veronica Marie Friedman, am a woman. I have been a woman all of my life! I was born and raised a male. For the better part of my life I role played as a male which was expected of me. I have always been scutely aware of the incongruent true gender and role played genders. For a lifetime I have been in pain.

For a life time not only did I want to be me but I have need so great that surely I will die if I can't.

Life is for living, loving, sharing, caring. Death is quite, dark and still.

For a lifetime the external me has been role playing Life while the inside has been waiting in Death, waiting to be reborn, waiting to be freed.

Without staining freedom, death and its darkness spreads killing love, snuffing out life. And the pain is so great.

Today I struggle not with myself to be me for now I am me but with the narrow minded world that is so scientific, so unfeeling that it must ~~label~~ and identify, classify, sort and label everything and everyone.

We are all unique. No two of us are alike. But we do share the same basic needs.

I am a woman and have the needs of a woman. I have never been a man or ever felt the needs of men except to fulfill the role play. I don't think like a male or feel like a male. I do not and never did understand males. I am a woman. I am a woman with a birth defect, a male body.

Modern medical science understands the need for restructuring. Doctors save lives.

The general public is ignorant of this paradox and when they do discover<sup>x</sup> think of it as a mental disorder, ~~a disorder~~ or illness. The public does believe in mental illness and provide State aid for recovery. However now the State says that some people, people who are like myself are choosing to be ~~of~~ like this. Why? It's not fun. And if I can't rid my self belief in myself then I should be sick and entitled to State care. And if the State discovers too what I have always known then am I not in a deformed body that is killing me as surely as if it were a cancer. Wouldnt the State prefer to ~~not~~ save my life rather than to force death? Unborn children get more respect.

Somehow should I be denied my right to exist I shall master myself as a form of self expression for all the many ~~thous~~ hundreds of thousands of humanbeings who are normal like me who suffer from a lack of public understanding and concern. Why is the public so insecure?

I have that answer. Our language as Tulu expressed fails miserably to communicate adequately our feeling, simply, our world.

For example I've never met anyone who truly understands the word normal. People think in terms of normal being the only ok way, the only acceptable way. Anything else is ~~is~~ abnormal and not ok.

Isn't normal really just another word for AVERAGE?  
I think so.

When God created our world <sup>God</sup> ~~He~~ made every kind

of ~~various~~ variations. All of them beautiful. Some have  
rare beauty - they are not average and thus boring.  
Instead in nature the abnormal is rare, exotic, valuable  
something to value. Ah! But people! Better be NORMAL.  
Don't be unique, rare, beautiful, exotic.

Who says that being myself will make me less  
valuable to society? Some afraid men? Insecure women?  
They must be of only average feelings and intelligence.

I am me. Thank you God. Please give me  
the strength to find my way in this average world.  
It's all so confusing. It all looks and feels the same.  
It's almost boring. But not your Nature. Thank you.

Teronica Marie Furlan  
7.17.81



July 18, 1981

Dear Ann Landers:

~~I am a woman. I was born and raised male. I  
am a normal healthy human being. I have feelings  
just like anyone else. I have dreams. I have fears.  
I can love. I can have anger just like anyone else.~~

⊙

I am me.

I am a woman.

I was born and raised a male.

For a lifetime I've been trapped.

Trapped by fears.

Trapped by fears of becoming me.

For a lifetime I hid.

Behind Role playing flawlessly.

Now ~~no one~~ no loved ones can believe.

Funny.

The rest of the world sees me.

They see me and accept.

And why not? They can't tell

I was born and raised male.

They see me as I am. Woman.

Loved ones are blind too.

Looking only one way in a two way glass

Can't they see?  
Can't they see me?

It's not enough for everyone to accept  
unless loved or accepted.

Let go please and see me.

I love you. And I'm just me.

Just who I've always been,

but you could never see.

Veronica

July 18, 1981

(rewritten from Thoughts, April 28, 1981)

Dear Ann Landers,

I am a woman. I was born and raised a male.

For me, thirty five years has passed me by with me standing on the outside looking in, wanting to be a participant but not fitting in. ~~I believed I couldn't~~

Each time I tried it was uncomfortable. I just didn't fit. I was different. I knew it and they knew it. But they didn't understand how.

Fighting loneliness I desperately tried again and again failing each time I conformed a secret life of what I knew was me.

Always I knew who I was on the inside but my external world demanded I was wrong. Desperately I tried to be that which was expected of me and by which the common (normal) rule appeared correct. With life consuming effort I was existing.

as I understand it,  
My life, ~~has~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~been~~ divided into two worlds, external, <sup>can only</sup> what everyone can see, and internal, that which I feel. ~~and~~  
~~For thirty five years my two worlds were~~  
~~not~~ not congruent. ~~It was~~ ~~caused~~ an out of balance  
But to love and be loved I forced and jammed the internal  
world to fit.

Staying in balance, in harmony with myself was an  
exhausting exercise. One of which leaped up to destroy  
me completely.

At age three or four I dreamed of altering my external  
~~world~~ <sup>self</sup> to match my internal being since I couldn't alter  
the internal me since it is the very essence of my heart and  
soul. For to change the inside of me would be an  
act to totally destroy who and what I am and to in  
effect create a new person that no one knows.

To change the external me is to keep intact  
all that which is me and that I know and love  
and is loved by others.

Now I am relaxed. I am totally me. Exactly  
who I always was ~~but~~ but that nobody could ever see.

Veronica Marie Freedman

July 19, 1981

I am angry. Why did I see Gail on her terms? Why didn't she have concern to see, to experience, where I am so that she could more fairly ~~evaluate~~ evaluate my progress.

I am who I am. And that's who I shall be!

July 21, 1981

Dear Mother,

What a surprise to receive a note from you instead of a phone call.

It's unfortunate that you can't see me past the outside. Inside is still the same but a lot better.

Allowing myself to be who I really am, who I've always been but have always been hiding has allowed me to love and forgive <sup>more</sup> and to be much less judgemental than ever before.

For the most part I feel more complete, happy and satisfied with myself than I ever have. It's greater a sense of wholeness that I could never experience before.

You loved what you saw but did you really love what you consistently felt coming from the inner me.

Sure. I played the game. I tried to please everyone all the time with rarely a moment for myself. And those moments were too brief and too far apart.

Mother I accept that you can not

understand why I am changing and seemingly with little regard to everyone else in my life but stop for a moment and think. Think how we lived and what we did, what I did. Didn't I always do to please? To make you proud. Wasn't I always a loner? Wasn't I always left out unless I forced my way in? Remember how hard you tried to make me more social?

Mother, I didn't fit in. They knew it. I knew it.

What I need from you now is something I feel I have never received from you before. And that is unconditional love and concern for my health and welfare and not what is good for someone else at my expense. My thirty five years have been totally expended to please others. Without this change I have nothing left to give and no reason to live. I refuse to live the lie anymore.

Take a chance. Come see, come feel the love you have been missing a life time. I am your child, from your life blood and I love you dearly.

On this I can not compromise. You must meet me as I am. I can no longer return.

Gail saw me as you requested and saw

exactly what she wanted. The old me. And I was too scared to show the real me. It was a dreadful mistake. If I ever do it again it will be only for the children for whom I would do almost anything for.

Unless you can stop pitying yourself for your love and embarrassment ~~for~~ my change we will never see each other again. Stop. Put some effort out. For the first time in your life do something for me instead of everyone else.

I'm not angry with you, just disappointed of your lack of real effort to accept me instead of demanding I change back to please you and everyone else. Stop and research why I am doing what I am doing, not why someone else did it but why I am doing it. Me! You might find that you can accept it and even support it and best of all demonstrate your love, something I've never seen you do for me in years.

The greatest cop out I've heard is "I'm only a few more years" "Don't bother me with this". Well mother, all we have in this world is each other. Please don't do me any favors. You have never been there for me before. so why start now. Besides it might use some of you up. Well mother I don't care. I've never had it so why should I miss it now.

To stay alive I have had to virtually forget everything  
and everyone that means so much to me. Do you think  
I wanted this on me? Do you think this is fun?  
Do you think I'm getting a big charge out of all this?  
Do you really think I ran away to do this?

Mother, I am where I am today because in our family  
environment I could never bring my feelings up. It  
wasn't safe. I would have lost your love due to the  
embarrassment you would have suffered. Because of  
my love and great need of your love I stuffed it  
all inside so as not to poison your life. Instead it  
poisoned mine and incredibly you want nothing  
to do with it.

There is nothing more in this world that I want  
other than to be me. A real person who can openly love,  
care, laugh, and cry with real emotions with genuine  
concern. And to love in a way that is the only way I  
can relate.

If I had cancer and was dying but if I had  
an operation I could live I'm sure you would help.  
Well now for thirty five years I've been dying but  
unable to tell you that the disease was trying to  
be who you wanted me to be rather than my  
being me.

I am a woman although I <sup>was</sup> born and raised a male.  
I have always been a woman. The cover was being  
male. Please try to know me and forget what you  
wanted me to be for you, for I am still me.



your child who knows and loves you and wants to be close.

Love

Veronica

P.S. Your letter came today addressed to Ron Friedman. In respect to my life style and the problems addressing me in a male gender can create I request when you write to me ~~using~~<sup>use</sup> any of the following names on the envelope and on the letters themselves.

Ms. R. Friedman

Ms. Roni Friedman

Ms. V. Friedman

Ms. Veronica Friedman

In the future I will not accept or open any mail from you unless you address me properly.

I am not a freak. If you could pull your head out of the sand you would find that <sup>or</sup> shocking and impossible as it might seem I am very attractive, ~~and~~ very sophisticated and carry myself with great confidence that demands and gets respect. In fact if I was your genetic daughter you would be very proud of me. Try.

August 8, 1981

I'm so sorry I haven't ~~could~~ written to me for so long. Many good and wonderful things are happening. The light at the end of the long tunnel is getting closer and brighter. I'm beginning to be able to see.

Two weeks ago on July 27, 1981 I started a new job as an investment officer for Crown Capital Corporation here in San Jose. Everyone likes me.

August 19, 1981

Each time I slow down to think about my family, Gail, Mark and Shelly, I die inside. I feel I have let them down monstrously and brutally, and yet I know I can't help myself. It gives me great pain. The only way out is to succeed quickly in my new life or to die. In fact, my existence at present is founded on my being a success at my new job. I have no strength to go on otherwise.

I know in my heart and soul who I am and can no longer exist in my former role.

To have my subsistence stripped away just at the moment I have gained ground is unbearable. It is like a mountain climber falling off the mountain just at the moment the peak is reached. And even if I shouldn't die from the fall I fear a mortal wound.

This world seems so far away, and I, not a part of it, still floating, still dreaming, still intangible without substance and yet, I am. I am Veronica, and if anything is certain and if anything is real, I am - I am me, at last.

August 24, 1981

I've been high and low - alternating with uncertainty. My job seems good. Everyone accepts me. I'm comfortable. I am not an issue. But so much weighs on my mind. So many things are unfinished. I work constantly with stress. Stress from my obligations.

It seems everyone and everything is demanding something of me - more than I have to give. The bills are more than I can pay. The bare cost of living is more than I have, the child support will wipe me out. What happened to the light I saw? Where did it go?

On the brighter side I have finally found refuge with the Lesbian group at the center. I have been accepted as a woman, not a man in drag trying to be a woman, but a woman. It has been my first real, warm, acceptance. It gives me strength. Barbara, who I met there, took me on a picnic last Saturday with her lover Gina. We had a grand time. I felt incredible good inside. That evening I met two wonderful women who are both white witches. What love I felt. I glowed. However I came home hungry for contact with a woman. I'm starving. My body ached with pain. I was still outcast, still alone, still without love from a woman. Why can't a man love me as warm? It never feels the same. I am body oriented not genital. There is so much

beauty in women, so much love to give and receive.

At last, last night, I spent an evening with a real woman. It was also a new experience for she is exactly like me. Having loved women I know without a doubt she is real, and loving. I hope I see her again, soon, often. Our spirits gather strength together. It is good.

82481

How can I undo the complexity of what I have done? How can I survive - alive - loving - feeling - breathing? Do I have the right? YES!

My life has denied me my gender - no more. How dare people try to make me wrong, to keep me trapped, to hell with them. I too have a right to live, to love, to life! They have never been denied. What do they know? Nothing!

I'm angry! If she (Gail) thinks she's irate, well like I get through.) I will tell the truth to whoever will listen. I love my children and I <sup>will</sup> not give them up to lies - only the truth if it must be. I will survive!

August 25, 1981

For all the hell I'm going through and all the hurt I'm still alive and kicking. Am I a fool? There is no way back, I was never there in the first place. I was always here, just hiding, that's all. But that's over now. Forever.

I've come to a decision, and that is, to create a chronological story of events to explain my life for my children, Mark and Shelly. By now they probably feel totally deserted by me. I haven't called or written to them since just before summer camp. Why? I almost can't explain. It just hurts so to even dwell on them knowing I can't see or talk with them honestly as myself. I want them so much. I love them so dearly. I still cry at every reminder, a child's laugh, a mother talking about their children, children playing on the side walk. Worst of all are the moments I spend recalling all the wonderful times we've spent together. I can feel Shelly's cheek pressed against my mind and Mark's laugh as I tickle ~~him~~ him mercilessly. I cry at the touch of my pillow against my cheek, hugging a feeling, remembering God's soft face near mine. How alone I am. How I hurt, and how I love them all, still. I've got to let them know I'm real, and that what was was real and that I do care. Dear God, I do love them, always.

## The Answer

Silence in the darkness.  
Peaceful rest.  
Never ending coolness.  
Always at rest.

Clutter in the light.  
Dodging all the time.  
Never ending agony.  
Pain all the time.

Now I see the way.  
Without the clutter.  
Without the pain.  
Without another day.

Silence in the darkness  
is the only way.

Veronica Marie Friedman

September 30, 1981

Oct 18, 81  
~~Nov 7, 81~~

Sue W

Love is a flower in my heart,  
God, I love this day.  
For all the world I love her -  
sunshine in my eyes.

Veronica



Nov 8, 81

A warm soft glow fills the voids in my soul when dark cold loneliness used to reside. Surrounded in the warmth of momentary friends who accept and or even understand the path for which I must travel, I have gathered strength and courage knowing I must travel alone and yet with a certain comfort that the path is well worn. I shall not get lost or lose the way.

My life fills daily with clues that I have arrived but I just find it hard to accept. I always suspect that people know. They don't. So then I am nothing more and nothing less ~~that~~ than that which I know and have always dreamed of being - a woman. I, Veronica Marie Friedman, am a woman, acknowledged by other women of all kinds but especially by those who love women. I am what I knew always was but could never be, me. Woman. Warm. Loving. Healing. Nurturing. Forgiving. What a beautiful day!

November 17, 1981, Toyons

Why the pain?

Days after days  
Always the same.

Why do they say

"Oh! But you've got great potential!"?

Don't they know

They've given up a chance  
To see a brighter day.

It's always the same.

Under or over  
But never quite right

What does it take?

The crystal ball?

When is it my turn?

Tomorrowe' tomorrow?  
It's only a day away  
Forever.....

Oh the pain

Days after days  
Always the same.

Veronica

November 17, 1979 Toyons

The pulse is strong.  
The beat is there.  
My feet keep tapping.  
The song is there.

But where is the music?  
The words have come and gone.

My heart is empty where it  
was once full.

What went wrong?

All I want is me to be me.

Here I am standing tall.  
Waiting.

The pulse is strong.  
The beat is there.  
My feet keep tapping.  
I'm almost there.

Veronica

November 17, 1981      Joyous

I'm the best I can be  
and it isn't enough

Why me.

Why can't I be what they want me to be?

I can be only me - It's all that I've got.

I keep on trying and why not -

It's all I've got.

It's the best I can be

It's got to be enough

Fuck the bullshit!

World - Here I am - Me, at last!

Veronica

November 23, 1981

Boswell's

I am difused and confused, without direction. Groping moment to moment with hardly a plan. My heart is my guide, my feet take me where I must go. God! How have I managed to go so far?

Today without a doubt I am me. My wait is almost over. My world, my perspective, my inner soul is for the first time in complete harmony. Any doubts have long since been dismissed. Today I am me. No second thoughts. Through my eyes I see and through my heart I feel my world and my world feels me.

Oneness. I feel oneness. Wholeness. Completeness. How can I describe it? I feel just how I felt I should have always felt.

I am a woman, whole and most complete. The delight I feel, the gaiety, the joy but also the pain. The world seems not so kind to women and yet we are its strength. All of it. And somehow ~~we~~ I believe we know we have the strength, the power, the might, and yet we refuse to use it.

I feel intimately close to my sisters who have the vision of life and what it hold and that they are an integral part of it and affect it and do.

For those who just go along, never asking any questions, just accepting, I'll wait for them in any circle of life sharing life giving women friends. My circle I pray will never be complete for it must always grow. And it must always be changing.

My circle now consists of more people than I can count but I will try to list names as they come to me, out of any order or personal preference.

Gianna Henderson, Tala Ca, Susan Burns,  
Sue W, Lynn, Berta Webber, Dicksi,  
Jane Bailowitz, Annette, S.

This list is truly endless. So many people have come and gone in my new life each leaving a gift of love and compassion, each leaving with a new understanding of being just who they are warm wonderful women.

Tommmrow I see Gail and for the first time she  
will see me.

I suppose there will be a lot of pain - part of it  
will surely be mine.

My professed love for Gail I believed to be true.  
I believe it will indeed last a life time.

Its too hard to imagine that I could ever love anyone  
with such intensity again I pray I will - many.

Tommmrow we will try to settle once and for all  
a very final settlement, the outcome of which  
will affect everyday for the rest of my life..  
What we decide will determine how soon  
I will be totally me, able to ~~live~~<sup>live</sup> a complete  
life without the having to bow out of delight,  
to die in the night, cold, alone, in flight.

My challenge tonight is to find the strenght to  
know I'll be alright even if I'm not complete.  
Frankly I don't think I can bare it. There's  
got to be some hope, some light, some life.

I simply can't go on half and half. My joy is  
so terribly incomplete. I live for the future so long  
as there is one or I can make one.

Nov 23, 51 Boswells

Two women,

sitting in the dark <sup>each</sup> more beautiful ~~than~~ than  
~~staring and looking~~ the other.

Their stares exchanging warm hearted feelings  
with one another.

I see it so pure, so incredible beautiful, with  
such delight.

I know not if either is a lover of ~~any~~ women  
not yet at least. But alas, time is on their side  
for they are both wonderfully younger.

Their innocence shines and maybe my own  
naivety too for thinking such thoughts.

How I wish I had the courage to confront them  
to get to know them. To love them.

Why do I think about women so? Why do I  
always want to be so close? Is it wrong? I  
pray not.

Why do I feel that if people could just let go  
and love people without it being a threat to  
a primary relationship



November 23, 1981

Boswells

Women who love women, its so natural,  
its such delight.

Women who love women, its so right

All the warmth, love, softness, roundness  
affection I have ever enjoyed has come from  
women and its what I have to give.

As I look around the room I realize that it  
is the simple purity of these women I love.  
There is no deceiving, make up - just natural  
bright faces, aglow with a passion for life. Pure  
simple, strong, venerable, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> determined.  
Determined to be themselves. Exactly who they  
are, and nobody else. Simple. Truthfull honest.  
Coming only from love. God I want to be  
close to them all. Its as if its the only  
nourishment the can feed my soul. Yes.  
I cant imagine life without <sup>other</sup> the companionship  
of women. The fulfillment <sup>of</sup> the joy is so complete.

I wish I could capture the sparkle I see in  
the eyes and smile of the young woman sitting  
on my right. Her glow warms the room. Such  
clarity I see in her directness. Surely its just  
my sweet conjecture. I am swimming in  
thoughts - totally frustrated in my trapped body  
so very aware of my incompleteness - Please  
let me be me - I must !! And soon.