



MOM

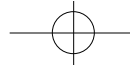
Clockwise—**1959**: Mom gently welcomes her new son into the world; **1963**: Mom has prepared Dave for his first day at school; **1987**: Mom hugs her eldest son; **August 2000**: Immediately after SRS, Mom welcomes her new daughter into the world.



DAD

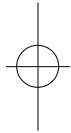
Clockwise—**1959**: Dad roughhouses with his baby son; **1989**: Dad visits our house; **1997**: Before dad started getting too sick...; **February 2000**: At Mirror Lake in Yosemite, after bringing Dad to a final resting spot.





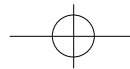
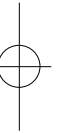
SIS

Clockwise—**1964:** Jude adoring her big brother, Dave; **1979:** Jude graduates from high school with Dave there to congratulate her; **August 2000:** Jude visits her new sister in the hospital shortly after SRS.



BRO

Clockwise—**1962:** Dave welcomes his little brother; **1984:** Just brothers; **2000:** Jay welcomes his big sister.



FAMILY

Clockwise—**1963**: The three kids ; **1967**: Mom's favorite picture of her young children; **1977**: A rare family portrait. Dave was a high school Senior; **1975**: Dave wore his hair long in high school.

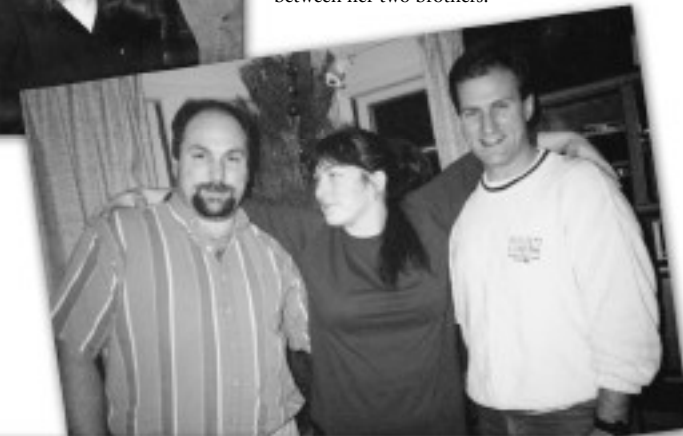


SIBLINGS

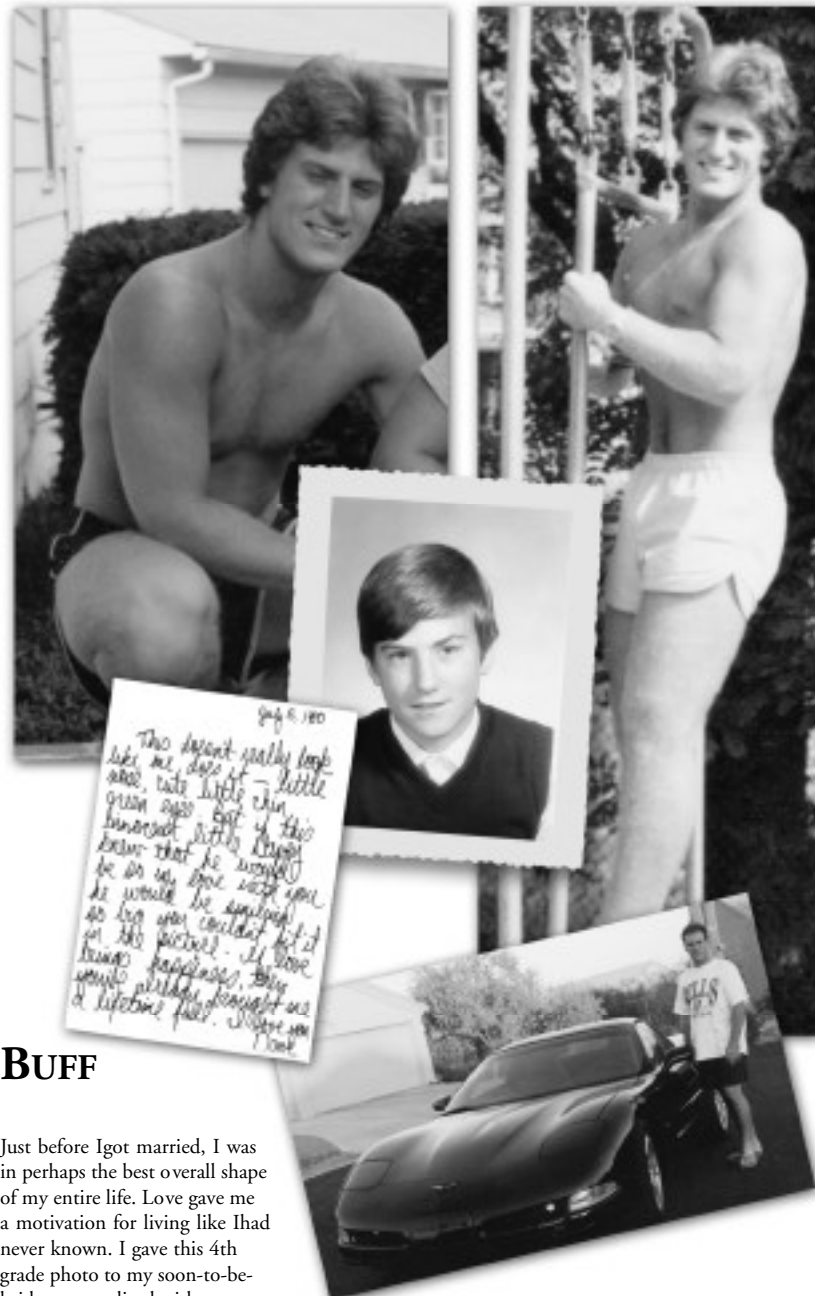
(1979)



Below—**1992**: Jude stands between her two brothers.



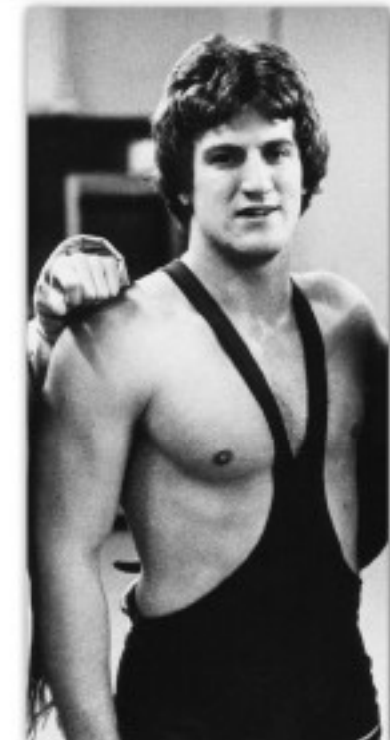
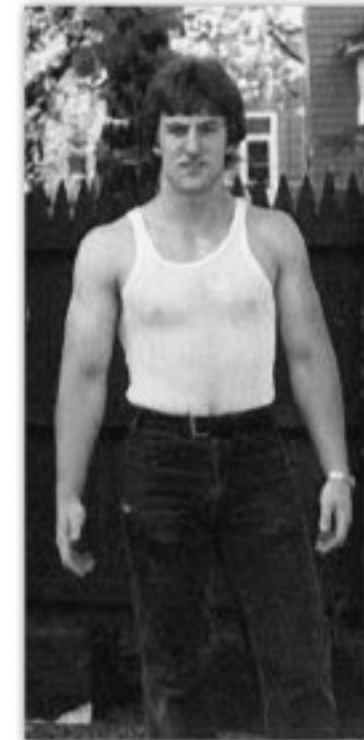
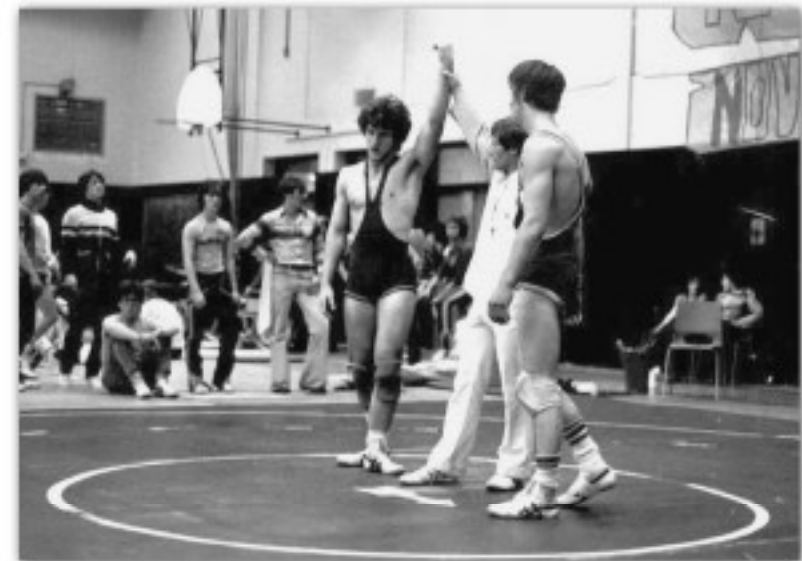
Above—**Christmas 2002**: Jay stands between his two sisters.



4/4/80
 This doesn't really look like me, does it - little nose, wide little chin, green eyes but if this was me that he would be so in love with you he would be surprised so how you couldn't fit it in the picture. I love being handsome, this would probably be my all time photo. Love you I love

BUFF

Just before I got married, I was in perhaps the best overall shape of my entire life. Love gave me a motivation for living like I had never known. I gave this 4th grade photo to my soon-to-be- bride, personalized with a heartfelt message on the back.



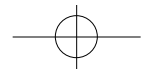


SON

1985: The day my son was born remains one of the happiest days of my life. As my son grew, we developed the special father/son bond I had always dreamed of having. It was strained to the breaking point by my transition, as we had little or no contact for nearly seven months.



Left—July 2000: Slowly but surely, my son came to accept Donna in his life. By July of 2000, when this portrait was taken, we had reconciled to a point where our bond actually seemed to have been strengthened by our separation.



FIRSTS



Left—**January 1999:** My first support group meeting was the first time Donna ventured out into the world. Prior to any surgeries, this is the very first version of Donna.



Right—**February 1999:** My daylong visit to the mall with Julie marked the first time that Donna was actually seen in public.



Above—**August 1999:** A month after my FFS, Donna went to visit her family for the first time.



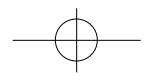
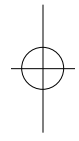
Left—**October 1999:** My first day at work as Donna was a mixture of pure joy and sheer terror.



Below—**August 2000:** The first post-op picture of Donna immediately after SRS.



Left—**August 2001:** At the San Francisco Ren Faire.





SURGERY

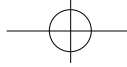
Clockwise- **July 1999:** The fresh trauma of Facial Feminization Surgery (FFS) leaves a patient looking and feeling as though a train hit her; **July 1999:** A week later, as the bandages are removed, much of the swelling has gone down; **February 2000:** My Forehead Revision procedure was more substantial than I anticipated.



Left- **February 2000:** Once the bandages were removed, I displayed the stitches from my forehead surgery—just before my eyes got swollen to the point of not being able to open them.



Right- **August 2000:** Recovering from Sex Reassignment Surgery (SRS) involved being confined to bed for six days following surgery. Some of my bedside companions were a teddy bear, a pink topiary, and a box of pink bubble-gum "It's A Girl!" cigars.



MOVING ON

All I wanted out of my transition was to be able to live my life in peace, allowing what the world sees on the outside to reflect who I knew myself to be on the inside. I wanted to be able to blend seamlessly and comfortably into society—just like everyone else.

The top picture is *plain* Donna. No makeup. No adornment. It's how I look after getting out of bed and taking a round brush to my hair. I show it to demonstrate that it's not hair, or clothes, or wigs, or makeup that make a person. It's heart.

