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## Trans from birth

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I had Gender Correction Surgery, then called Sex Reassignment Surgery, in 1976 at the age of 28. This surgery was performed at Pennsylvania Hospital by Dr Terrence Malloy. I have never regretted this decision. I was born this way.

I was born in 1948 and was unfortunately gendered male despite a later hospital report that indicated I had A.I.S. Type II, meaning vestigial female parts. But in 1948, before we even had TV, who knew? And now, who cares?

No one needs an excuse to become one's self.

By 1950 I had informed my mother that I was a girl. She said I was not. But by 1956 she had agreed. I did not do well in school during and after puberty, and rebelled by letting my blond hair grow long and wearing makeup. I did manage to get my diploma through night school. And I became a graduate of the Peabody

Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, Maryland.

I also had Facial feminization Surgery with Dr Douglas Ousterhout, beginning in 2001. I have not changed much in my appearance over all these years and am still a [tall, thin female blessed with a fine mind and a great talent for piano](#).

I stepped onto my Golden Path, aspiring to be who I knew myself to be, and I was not mistaken. It's been four decades since the gender correction surgery that changed me, and it has been, in all, the best four decades any woman could ask for. Even with the tsunami of prejudice that plagues our country, I succeeded in creating a large [body of work](#) with my music, and managed to achieve it with the help of my dear husband of 29 years.

To compound my coming-out proceedings further, I am a Matrilineal Jew. My mother was a Jew who told everyone she was a German. Her parents had fled Nazism. There was terrible anti-Semitism in America in the 1930's and 1940's. Thus, I learned many things about prejudice. I have fought it all of my life and will continue to fight it until I pass from this Universe into the next.

So, what else might I *come out* as?

I was born autistic. I suppose I am high-functioning. I have autism spectrum disorder. And I see colors when notes are struck so I also have synesthesia.

Being a trans-woman, being autistic, being different . . . these are all very vital parts of me. They constitute my identity, the Source from which [my music](#) springs.

After 40 years of avoidance and silence on these and other issues, I *came out*, and I felt better about everything. It was good just to write words that others might read. Fear and anger are not good for anyone's health. They only impede progress. They stand in the way of community. They hinder enlightenment and awareness. They defeat the body and the soul.

I started letting go of all the fear and anger I carried. I still may have some stuck to me, but it's been a long life. And I am by no means done.

I hope to soon play concerts again in all parts of the world. And if it is asked of

me, I will speak about the issues faced by trans-people and those of any perceived "difference". The inhuman treatment I have endured in my 68 years on this planet as a *person of difference* would have been difficult for me to carry alone.

Fortunately, my dear husband has been my rock for the last 29 years. He shares my pain and he listens patiently as I work things out. Our love has been a wellspring of happiness for me. After I wrote this, I asked him to read it. I was not sure I should post it. But he is a very courageous man, very clear about what is right and what is wrong. Very brave. He used to be a police officer and he has that steadiness about him, a quiet power that only a *good cop* has. He had watched me go through every disappointment, every sorrow, every heartbreak. He said, "Good. Post it."

That was all the permission I needed.

I speak up now because to do otherwise would lead to my going away and being quiet about truth — and I never have and never will give up on truth.

The evasion of truth will not protect our children from their own truths. Their Path should never be blocked by the prejudices of the past. That is why I speak up now.

We are the adults. We must be good role models for our children.

My story is one of survival under harsh conditions, with many broken bones in my hands, my back, and many scars to remind me of the dark things some humans are capable of.

My story is also one of determination, intransigence, and often indescribable joy — the walking of a Path not easily traveled. I would not change anything, because it has led me finally to a place of stillness and peace. I have long sought mindfulness, awareness, and self-acceptance. I believe that I am finding it now.

It is just as Ip Man said, "Everyone must choose the Path they will walk."

I believe that we are who we allow ourselves to become, and that we become real by living our truth and learning humility and courage through interactions with others. We are closer than we've ever been to positive social change. People are

starting to see through the veil. Many people now know who the real enemies of life are.

Patience, courage, and a good attitude will get us much farther than fighting perceived threats. Quietness of mind is necessary now. We have many friends.

My future will include a book, so that people will stop badgering me to write one. I have been told by friends that my story will inspire, enlighten, and educate. I hope they are right.

My own Path will define itself as I walk it, and those who wish to accompany me are welcome, regardless of age, color, beliefs, politics — we all need free, open, loving people around us.

Too many of us have felt alone for too long.

Peacelove

[Jessica Williams](#), May 14, 2016

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Postscript: I am autistic, which can kick up dust when I am under extreme stress. I never shared this with anyone either, so it is all in a big bundle.

I'm a Matrilineal Jewess. I'm trans, I'm autistic, I have synesthesia. I was also born with a wide assortment of unusual internal traits, but they cause me problems that I have come to consider minor . . . a weak immune system. Deafness to sounds over 3000 Hz. Endocrine disorders. Hypothyroidism. And the most difficult disorder of all: the ability to feel other's pains. I am, I suppose, an empath. But I suspect that under the veneer, we all are.

I have great hopes for our future.

In my writings, my biggest obstacle is my autism, which causes me to jumble words, sentences, and messages. Often my writing rambles or meanders. This I regret. I work very hard to conceal it, but it is better to admit to it. We must remember that not too long ago, the autistic were considered mentally and physically incompetent. Things change slowly.

If there are any authors, editors, or other interested folks that would consider helping me put this together in book form, please [contact me](#). Don't forget, I have [many tales](#) to tell. I played with the finest musicians on Earth. What a lucky girl I've been.

Thank you for reading this. As one of my favorite authors, Sara Pritchard, writes at the conclusion of her emails to me:

Happy Trials!  
(Freudian slip? Freudian underpants?)

<http://www.jessicawilliams.com/>

 Jazz Piano, Civil Rights, Healthcare



Written by  
**Jessica Williams**

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Bravo Jessica, you are one of the world's great treasures.

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**Jessica Williams** AUTHOR YOU

Pianist, Public Speaker, LGBT Freedoms

You are way too kind. I just love the piano so much! Now I must try to find work. Please let me know if anything pops up. And I wish you good fortune with your on-line presence, I Care If You Listen. Without listeners, where would musicians be? I send my best wishes for your future.

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