

Chair Roegner, Vice Chair Antoni, and Ranking Member Hicks-Hudson: thank you for the opportunity to testify in favor of House Bill 68.

On April 26th, my friend Prisha Mosley testified in favor of this bill. Representative Beth Liston asked if she was affirmed in her trans identity and medicalized in the state of Ohio. Prisha responded perfectly: "If you wait until you have a detransitioner from Ohio, someone is already hurt, and you have failed."

My name is Morgan. I am the Ohio detransitioner that you were warned about. In March of this year, I woke up one morning with the realization that my trans identity was never about becoming my most genuine self or living an authentic life. Instead, it was a desperate, last-ditch attempt to become someone else to escape my unidentified trauma and body and mental health issues.

When I started exploring gender ideology, my life was in shambles. I was in an emotionally manipulative lesbian relationship. I was isolating myself in my apartment and drinking regularly. I wasn't attending my classes or socializing normally. I had become captivated by the idea that my female body was fundamentally wrong and seduced by the prospect that there was something I could do about it.

When I sought out help for my complicated feelings towards my female sex, I was "affirmed," which is to say I was put on life-altering cross-sex hormones with minimal questioning or treatment of my underlying issues.

At 21, a licensed practitioner in this state wrote me a prescription for medically unnecessary synthetic testosterone.

And, just one month after my 22nd birthday, I went under the knife for a double mastectomy based on a recommendation letter from a therapist who also holds an active license in this state.

I sat with these practitioners for hours, describing how uncomfortable I was in my body, how disconnected I felt from myself, and how hard it was to walk through the world as a masculine woman. The nurse practitioner who prescribed me testosterone told me that I would transition beautifully and that no one would be able to tell I had been born female. After a lifetime of body image issues and an increasing desperation to be anyone but myself, that was music to my ears. I don't believe that not transitioning was ever considered by my practitioners. I feel like once I walked into that gender clinic, medicalization was the only option. I needed the practitioners that I trusted to help me make peace with my female body, not affirm my delusion that hormones and a cosmetic mastectomy might make me feel better. I needed them to say no.

This week is the fifth anniversary of my first testosterone shot. I was told that this experimental medicalization would save my life. My parents were made to believe that this was the only way to keep their daughter alive, healthy, and happy. No practitioner bothered to dig deeper with me on why I felt so

disconnected from my female body and why I thought giving myself an endocrine imbalance, amputating my healthy breasts, and masquerading as a member of the opposite sex was such an appealing treatment plan.

I can say with one hundred percent certainty that this medicalization only gave me new health problems and mental distress. I will never legitimize these experimental treatments as anything based on love or care for an individual. Under the euphemistic guise of “life-saving, gender-affirming care,” practitioners in this state have become enablers with their prescription pads. At its highest point, my testosterone levels were eleven times the maximum range for a female body. Is this the care that we want for our Ohioans?

When I realized that my medicalization had been a very elaborate placebo endorsed by multiple medical professionals, I made the immediate decision to detransition. It was over. I quit testosterone cold turkey and endured four of the most brutal months of my life.

I had no energy. I didn't shower for almost two weeks. I would cry upwards of ten times per day, shocked at what I had been allowed to do to my body in such a vulnerable state with an underdeveloped brain. I would lay in bed all day, sitting with the realization that I would never be able to breastfeed the children that I didn't even know I wanted when I got my mastectomy. I didn't know if those feelings would ever go away, and I started making plans to commit suicide. My family was so worried that my parents made me go home so they could make sure I was eating, bathing, and sleeping.

I sent a letter to my prescribing practitioner detailing how much regret I felt and all of the things I wish were different about the treatment I received. She never replied.

I had been working with that same therapist for seven years by the time I called her with my realizations about the issues underlying my decision to transition. I sent her lists of everything that should have been treated instead of getting hormones and a mastectomy. I will never forget hearing her say, “I failed you.” She told me that this was such a new field of psychology and that modern medicine is at the forefront of learning how to treat gender dysphoria. Isn't that funny? I thought this was settled science.

If I couldn't give informed consent at 21, why are we pretending that children can do so? With this bill, we can ensure that children in Ohio are protected from ever waking up and finding themselves in my position. I wish I would have never opened the Pandora's box of gender ideology. I wish I had been told no by the practitioners that I trusted. I wish I could say I'm the exception to the rule, but everyone in this room knows that is false. I come to you, wearing the scars of this medical scandal, asking you to please vote in support of House Bill 68 to protect Ohio's children. Thank you.