

My letter to Her Majesty Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands

The letter below was sent by me to the Dutch Queen on May 8th, 2011. I received a response from the Queen's Cabinet that it had been received, read and forwarded to the Minister of Health. So far nothing has been done with it.

Dear Queen Beatrix,

As I write you this letter my heart is filled with doubt and uncertainty, but also with some hope. That what I wish to tell you about is so immense and so tragic, but at the same time something so personal that there's one side this urge to tell everyone about it, yet at the other side to keep it a secret. The decision to make it public has already been made by me many years ago, however.

You probably haven't heard about me before, despite some appearances in the media. I shall therefore start at the beginning.

The problem I deal with is of a medical nature and I was born with it. At birth it was however not clear that something was wrong and thus I started life as Thijs Posch, boy. Everything seemed to go normally until I was about 5-6 years old and began to change from a cheerful and open child into a quiet child which rejected its surroundings. I preferred the company of books and my hobbies above the company of others. This period lasted about 15 years, during which I encountered many issues in my dealings with others at school, even though I scored very high in a number of classes, and my writings for Dutch were sometimes read in front of the class as an example for the others.

It was above all a lonely period, without friends and without understanding myself. It wasn't until the end of the HAVO (High School) that I got tested at the Catholic University Nijmegen for giftedness and this resulted in a positive result. This was first of all a relief since I thought that I would now be able to understand myself, but quickly changed into disappointment since at school nothing changed and nothing was done with this conclusion. I also didn't really have the idea that this was the answer to why I felt so different from the others around me.

Despite the fact that I was heavily under-performing at school and hadn't studied for the final exams I still easily passed them. Afterwards, without the rigidity of school life, I fell into a black hole. Studying at home to get a VWO (higher level of HS diploma) so that I could go to university got stuck in a lack of motivation. I really didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. There is nothing for gifted people in this country anyway, since they are considered to just adapt to others and the teaching methods.

After the divorce of my parents and moving to the Eastern part of the country I realized for the first time what was wrong, why I felt so different: I had namely never chosen whether I wanted to be a boy or a girl. There was always the assumption that I was a boy and thus every time that I was seen as a girl I just laughed at it. Only then did I realize that I had never felt like a boy and was completely unhappy with my life at that point.

What I then felt tasked with was to seek out what was going on and what I wanted.

Looking back it was clear that I had a preference for a feminine role. Yet with a male body I had to be a transsexual. This was my first assumption, and it was in itself already quite a relief.

I'm not sure how it happened, but probably by reading around on the internet as well by finally looking at my own body in the mirror, I discovered that my body didn't appear masculine at all. I saw a body with feminine hips, delicate face and slim body. While researching on the internet I came across the term intersexuality. Purely factual and in my heart I felt this was the right diagnosis.

For as far as I could determine at that point I had the skeleton and build of a woman, externally at first glance male reproductive organs, but which didn't function as such, and an absolute lack of masculine appeal. My mother told me afterwards that her female friends have always regarded me more as a daughter than as a son of hers.

Of the further course of events I shall save you the details, but in short I got treated by the hospitals in the Netherlands which I have visited treated in a rude, insensitive and disrespectful manner. I discovered that I'm the very first intersexual person who has asked for help at the hospitals here, and that there are no medical protocols for intersexuals. Both the Gender Team of the VUMC as well as that of the UMCG refused to carry out examinations. Other hospitals were equally not inclined to examine me. Most kept insisting that I had to be transsexual.

At a private clinic in Germany it was determined using an MRI scan which I had made at my own costs that I am hermaphrodite, with a closed-off vagina visible and no prostate. In the Netherlands this was however denied, even after a second German clinic had confirmed this. On my website I have an extensive analysis of this.

After six and a half years I was therefore completely done with the Dutch hospitals and turned towards foreign hospitals. Belgium wanted to let me wait for six months for an intake appointment. England didn't respond. Eventually I have arrived at the John Hopkins in Maryland, US which I will visit next month for examinations and surgeries. I will have to pay this all myself, since my insurance company refuses to pay for it. Only by putting myself heavily into debt shall I finally discover what this body is exactly. Assuming I will last that long, of course.

What I am left with thanks to the Dutch healthcare system is a serious post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), for which I have received no treatment and which makes my life almost impossible. The past years I have attempted to commit suicide twice. An attempt to discuss the issue of intersexuality with Dutch politics ended in failure. There is no interest.

Thinking back to my youth I realize that at the time I could not have imagined that my life would go like this and that this country would cause me so much damage. Once I found this to be a pleasant country, now I only see a living nightmare. I consider myself for this reason forced to migrate as soon as possible to a more friendly country.

Maybe that because of this story you have gained more insight into the tragedy called intersexuality and with which about 1 in every 25 children is born. It is my hope that others like me, who are born in the Netherlands don't have to experience the same.

In advance my grateful thanks,

Maya Posch