

My Dismal Dating Life

Romana 02-14-2021



Today is *Valentine's Day*; I live alone, but I don't like it. I started dating in 1963. Okay, it was just one date, but it was a start! Through the years, I had terrible dating experiences. It was mostly incompetence, plus I did not know I was autistic. My big break came in 1979, when I met Carolyn. She chased me, and we got married in 1980.

I really loved being in a conjugal relationship, but I was not coping well. Carolyn was super demanding. I took up cross-dressing in 1989 and went full-time as a woman in 2005. I could not function as a traditional male.



Carolyn became supportive in 1998. She would always check me over to make sure my outfit was properly coordinated. Eventually, I got permission to celebrate *Valentine's Day* and our anniversary as Romana. It was shaky, since I did not have the skill level that I now possess, and I did not practice self-reflection. I did not sense the background events that were tearing at Carolyn. I was shocked when everything fell apart and Carolyn died in 2010.

I felt picked, but I found out a lot of people had lost spouses. My friend Pastor Lynn lost her mother, father, and husband in 2010.

I actually thought I could easily get a new wife. I had just become a Buddhist, so I thought women would realize everything is temporary and impermanent. My first date was in 2011, when I stayed at Andrea's guest house on San Juan Island. She was obviously not compatible, but I needed the help of my therapist to steer me away from her.



In early 2013, I met Ms. Shelton. She seemed crazy enough to partner with me. In fact, she actually talked about it. I chased her, but she was not really that interested in me. In fact, she became overly excited about me for all the wrong reasons. It turned out that she was a liar, fabricator of stories about her persecution, and a thief. Parting was difficult for me, but she never cared. I drove her to take up smoking again too.

Then I met Ms. Port Orchard. She contacted me and seemed to like me, but she backed out. She was another woman that I drove to smoke.

There were several women who only wanted me as an activity partner. One was a lesbian with unorthodox rules for partnering. Here is another one's summation, in her own words:

I'm open to having a friendship. I wasn't looking at you as a curiosity but as a possible friend. I don't think I had any particular expectation. As I told you when we met I am not interested in a romantic relationship. Somehow I think you feel that our friendship will lead to romance. Again I want to be sure you understand that that is not in the cards. Since a romance is not possible, you may choose not to pursue just a friendship. I know your time is valuable and you are seeking something much more.

I looked for a new partner in many places. There was my Buddhist center, as well as all the churches I attend. There were meetings for people who collect reptiles and amphibians, as well as science fiction conventions. The women were remarkably all interested in standard.

In 2019, I tried online dating through *Spiritual Singles*. My profile was detailed and explanatory. Women contacted me solely on my male picture without reading the profile. Of course, when I told them about me, they said *no*. I think picking a partner just on looks is a cultural tendency, especially in my age range.

I no longer take my problems seriously. I have gone through a lot of work to modify my personality so I would be a better partner. I had learned to take an interest in Carolyn's life. I can now do the same for a new partner, including all her relatives. I am a Vietnam veteran with a lifetime of experiences. As a trans-woman, I am always a bit glamorous with attention to details. Tilt! None of this mattered for women when they judged me as a potential partner!

I'm not angry at women, nor do I think I'm being picked on. When I look at the Facebook profiles of trans-women, very few are married; most list a *single* status.

Later in 2019, I posted profiles on *Plenty of Fish* both as a man and as a woman. Time was of the essence, since eventually I always got kicked off. In both cases, it was the same women who have always been there; they had never accepted a partner.

So, I continue to live alone, which is not my idea. I have come to view rejection as enlightening, since it has forced me to view the world in its unfriendly nakedness. I'm cautious about the danger of pursuing any one-sided relationship. I also have a tendency to pursue a woman based on looks; rejections have helped me avoid disaster.