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Mi Denuncia

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Mi Denuncia

By Jonni Segura

In high school my mental health was extremely poor due to navigating being trans as the only “daughter” of an extremely Mexican religious household. My freshman year I had tried to reach out to my school about getting help but it ended up falling short. Fast forward to junior year, my depression had reached an all-time high and I ended up being admitted into a mental institution for a week. Upon my return to school all the staff was made aware of the fact that I had gone to a mental institution, yet, the school made no effort and showed me no support in any way. I was assigned a therapist by the institution upon my release. The therapist I was assigned would meet me on campus for our weekly sessions. The school would open up the supply closet and that is where me and my therapist would meet every week. It was an extremely crowded room with boxes and shelves filled with random globes and projectors that went all the way up to the ceiling. There just so happened to be a table in there and me and my therapist would look around and try to find two chairs every week to sit on and have our session. Not only did my school not support me before things escalated enough that I had to go to a hospital but, they also continued to not show me any support even after that.