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Dear Senator Carney, Representative Kuhn, and Honorable Members of the Judiciary Committee,

Thank you for bearing witness to the people of your community. My name is Amy Partridge-Barber. I am a resident of Carrabassett Valley. I have been a licensed clinical social worker in Maine for 31 years. I am here today in opposition to all of the bills before you today.

I have decades of professional experience guiding and listening to children and adolescents. My life as a social worker and coach are the reason I am against each and every one of these bills. But today I am speaking from a different place in my life. I am speaking to you as a sister.

My sister, Betsy, was born intersex in 1968. And she is a girl, always has been and always will be. But in her youth my sister was who doctors and teachers and neighbors told her she was. Rarely did anyone ask for her opinion on the matter. I knew my sister was different. But I was told not to talk about it, and certainly not to make a big deal out of it. But it was a big deal. Betsy's gender presentation shaped every aspect of her life. She was called gross, weird, retarded, and the one that really got me; "Boy." And they were sure of it. Regardless of what she said. Betsy looked like a boy, so she was a boy. Simple as that. I watched Betsy crumble outside and in while students, teachers and neighbors taunted her until she surrendered; retreating into her bedroom glued to the television. By middle school she was done. She has been in residential care ever since.

I was Betsy's younger sister. I had no idea what was going on and no language or permission to talk about this. But there was one thing I knew; Betsy was a girl. And not because I saw her

use the toilet or checked her birth certificate. I knew Betsy was a girl because she told me she was. And I believed her. But it didn't matter. Betsy was booted out of girls dressing rooms, summer camps, bathrooms, teams, and choirs. The person she was born to be made people uncomfortable. It was up to her to adapt.

The community which nurtured me because I looked like a girl, unapologetically and aggressively rejected my sister. And, to she matters worse, she was made to believe she was wrong about all of it; who she was, how she felt, what she wanted. Betsy was encouraged to "just deal," and she did. But not without consequences. She lives in a group home, has precious few friends, and takes a handful of medications daily to manage her mental health.

The world has not been kind to my sister because she was born outside of traditional gender categories. My sister's only error was to be born outside the girl box. I use my voice to call out discrimination because I can. People listen to me and trust me. Maybe it's because I look like them.

I ask that you ought not to pass on all the bills before you today.

Respectfully Submitted,

Amy Partridge-Barber

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