

When a Man in a Women's Restroom is Finally Seen as Wrong

After opening the blog post she felt necessary to write by saying that she was reluctant to write it, as a tolerant person who would likely be labeled and derided as intolerant, 'The Get Real Mom' [stated clearly](#): "This is a story about a biological man in the women's restroom."

Innate sensibility prevailed when a startled young mother was disturbed enough by her own experience at a Disneyland women's restroom when a man walked in, and stayed, while women and children nervously looked for someone to say or do something. But...not...them.

First, she felt the need to establish liberal bona fides.

I've lived in Los Angeles for over a decade and have seen my fair share of transgender/gender fluid people. They in no way offend me. I'd consider myself pretty progressive and tolerant of most things...how transgender people feel, how they choose to dress or any surgeries they get, don't infringe on any parts of my life, so I support their decision to live as they see fit. I've also seen my fair share of transgender women in the women's restroom before. Not ALL the time. But over the past few years, I'd say 4-5 that I noticed. Men...who were in some stage of transition and making every attempt to be a woman from mascara to heels. Transgenders who certainly felt comfortable in the women's room and probably frightened to go into the men's. At these times, I smiled...I peed...and life went on. But 2 weeks ago something very different happened.

She and her friend took their young sons to the park for an

outing, stopped for lunch and headed for the women's restroom before the next adventure. They took turns, each watching the children for the other.

I was off to the side waiting with the two boys, when I noticed a man walk into the restroom...He took a few more steps, at which point he would've definitely noticed all the women lined up and still kept walking. My next thought was, "Maybe he's looking for his wife...or child and they've been in here a while." But he didn't call out any names or look around. He just stood off to the side and leaned up against the wall. At this point I'm like, "...Am I the only one seeing this?" I surveyed the room and saw roughly 12 women, children in tow...staring at him with the exact same look on their faces. Everyone was visibly uncomfortable. We were all trading looks and motioning our eyes over to him...like "what is he doing in here?" Yet every single one of us was silent. And this is the reason I wrote this blog.

Somebody has to be willing to speak up, and they were all afraid. She realized that reality, as one who had been among the unwilling to be considered judgmental, or to call any behavior or boundary crossing wrong. Until clearly it was.

We had been culturally bullied into silenced. Women were mid-changing their baby's diapers on the changing tables and I could see them shifting to block his view. But they remained silent. I stayed silent. We all did. Every woman who exited a stall and immediately zeroed right in on him...said nothing. And why? B/c I...and I'm sure all the others were scared of that "what if". What if I say something and he says he "identifies as a woman" and then I come off as the intolerant ass... at the happiest place on earth? So we all stood there, shifting in our uncomfortableness...trading looks. I saw two women leave the line with their children. Still nothing was said. An older lady said to me outloud, "What is he doing in here?" I'm ashamed to admit I silently shrugged and mouthed,

"I don't know." She immediately walked out...from a bathroom she had every right to use without fear.

This was more than a dawning awareness. It was sudden. "I'm ashamed to admit I silently shrugged..." shows the revelation this woman had in that moment that 'the culture' has 'bullied us into silence', but we still have our sensibilities, and they come alive in a moment when visceral reaction tells us what's wrong is wrong, no matter what anybody calls it.

And let me be clear, my problem wasn't JUST that there was a man in the restroom. Its that he wasn't even peeing, washing his hands or doing anything else that you'd do in a restroom. He was just standing off to the side looking smug...untouchable... doing absolutely nothing. He had to of noticed that every woman in the long line was staring at him. He didn't care. He then did a lap around the restroom walking by all the stalls. You know, the stalls that have 1 inch gaps by all the doors hinges so you can most definitely see everyone...

So yes... there were women and small children using the restroom and this man was walking around knowing no one would say anything. So here I am...writing this blog, because honestly I need answers. We can't leave this situation ambiguous any more. The gender debate needs to be addressed... and quickly. There have to be guidelines. It can't just be a feeling... this notion that we're shamed into silence b/c we might offend someone, has gone too far.

There are answers. People, experts and organizations and rights groups, have been engaging this debate for a long time, and she's right in calling out those who have been trying to bully them and everyone into silence about saying what is true and right and good, and what is wrong.

There was a man who felt entitled to be in the woman

restroom, because he knew no one would say anything. There were 20-25 people by the time I left, who were scared and uncomfortable by his ominous presence. And the only thing stopping us, was our fear of political correctness and that the media has told us we don't know what gender is anymore. I never want to be in the position again. I'm not asking for permission to tell transgender people to get out my bathroom. I need to know it's ok to tell a man, who looks like a man, to get...out. Gender just can't be a feeling. There has to be science to it. DNA, genitals, amount of Sephora make up on your face, pick your poison, but as a very progressive woman...I'm sorry it can't just be a feeling when there's but a mere suggestion of a door with a peep hole separating your eyes from my...or my children's genitals.

There is science to it. [Here's](#) an exceptionally good and thorough report in The New Atlantis for anyone who didn't encounter it before, and is willing to now, like 'The Get Real Mom'. We don't need to listen to or obey the media, or the culture, or prevailing forces in politically driven movements. We don't need permission to tell a man hanging out in the women's room to leave. It's not about feelings. It's about human truths and dignity, and the courage to stand for them.

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