

I was born in the winter of 1961, to my 17-year-old mother at the Queen Victoria Hospital Melbourne. My mother and her boyfriend kept the pregnancy a secret for as long as they could, they wanted to marry but both sets of parents said no and my mother was then sent away to her older sisters until I was to be born. She was made to feel shame and with six weeks to go she was admitted to hospital with high blood pressure. For those six weeks she did not receive one visitor, she was 17 and alone no one cared. When I was born she was told to sign the papers, she refused until she got to hold me, she was told NO you cannot, she was told the baby would be better off, she kept arguing until finally a nurse let her hold me, I was then whisked away to another floor and hidden (it was later revealed by my adopted mother that they got the call to come to Melbourne in a hurry to get their baby girl, they could never understand why they were in such a hurry to get me out of there) my mother protested and begged her mother to let her keep me and the nurses forced her to sign the papers. My mother went home she never told anyone about the baby she was made to give up because of the shame she felt, she kept that secret for 44 years until I came back into her life in 2005.

I lived in a small central Victorian town where everyone new everything, so when I attended the local primary school I teased your not a real (my adopted surname) your mums not your real mum, your real mum didn't want you. I would go home crying I can still remember that to this day. I never looked like my adopted mum and I have always known I was adopted, in fact I was told at such a young age I have no memory of it but I have always known and there was always someone reminding me. I always lacked confidence, thought I must have been ugly because my own mother didn't want me. Why did my mother not want me? I was put into a family of strangers and there was stigma from other relatives my adopted brother was my confident and I would go to him if someone teased me not wanting to hurt our adopted parents and fear that perhaps they would leave me too. I was a fairly normal teenager and when I got to 17 felt the need to find my birth mother but everyone I turned to for help said no you must not hurt your adopted parents, so just continued on with my life. I met my husband and in 1987 I gave birth to our first son, as I looked into the eyes of our new born son I wonder how some one could give up there baby, its impossible to leave this tiny bundle so I just got on with life and tried to put my adoption out of my mind that never happen so at the age of 44 and with the help of my Husband we set the wheel in motion to search for my natural mother. To get my original birth certificate was an ordeal in itself, you have to apply and you have to go to a counciloring session to be given your details, then you find out you have another name, you find out your mothers name and this brings up a lot of issues. To know that you where taken home from hospital by strangers and put into a family of strangers, given another identity, another name, another set of parents I found at the age of 44 I really didn't belong to any family, I had missed 44 years with my natural mother and spent 44 years trying to fit into a family that wasn't really mine, I felt like a fraud and I felt alone and I felt like I was damaged because I had lived most of my life thinking my natural mother didn't want and I played good adopted daughter in my other family. After two years of looking for my birth mother with the help of vanish we finally found her we started a relationship by talking on the phone and after about six months we met it was the best feeling being in my mothers arms and we look alike. We have had our ups and downs but now after nearly six years its all-smooth sailing we love being together and we love each other dearly. I call her mum it comes very easy and my adopted mum and get on really well. We have missed out on so much but we are trying to make new memories and she will be by my side when I turn 50 this year. We both have great sadness about being separated but try to think of the good things we have done together in the last six years

Yours sincerely