

My mother has lost a child to adoption and also one of my other sister's sister had been taken for adoption. When I was a lot younger I would here about having a sister but didn't understand the strong emotion about the hole thing. Sometimes I would see a photo of her when she was young. sometimes in class when we had to right a wish list I would right "I wish I will meet my sister for the first time" when the teacher saw this she "oh how nice how old is she?" (she thought I ment a new baby sister) I said "she's thirty one now" the teacher gave me a funny look and said "oh". about a year later we went to a family Reunion and great uncle (...) finally admitted he had been in contacted for twelve years. so for the next year we tried to see her or arrange something with her. We managed a phone call which I didn't know about but I walked in on mum on the phone with someone and just like any kid would I asked who it was she replied in a soft voice "it's (...) your sister". I just stood there in the bed room frozen so many thoughts where just running through my head so fast I just couldn't get a grip of any of them. Her soft warm voice made hart bet louder and faster than it ever has before. That night I couldn't sleep one wink.

I did meet my sister at Darling Harbor 25.1.2009 (Australia Day). I am now 13.

Now we octagonally meet up like on her kids birthdays or mine or new years and sometimes when we're in Sydney. Me and my mother hope to move up to Sydney soon. So we can see our family.