

To whom it may concern.

I wish to outline aspects of how the forced adoption practices of the past have affected both my family and myself..

My story begins in late 1972 to early 1973 when I was just a baby that has a parallel which I will address soon in this letter.

I was compulsorily removed from my birth mother before I had even had my first birthday and placed with another family as an unnecessary and avoidable temporal arrangement that due to related circumstances ended up being a permanent arrangement.

Now I must for the sake of relevance begin with my birth mother who as also a victim of forced removal practices. Herself along with one of her brothers was removed from a family of five children by the department based on what powers that be saw as an unsuitable house to be raised in as the parents were allegedly heavy drinkers..That may seem like reasonable cause however like I said there was five children and if they were unfit to raise five children then what difference is raising three children going to make in the big scheme of things? I will also make note that my mother was the only girl child in that family, she was around six months of age at the time she was removed from her family.

My mother's older siblings were well aware of the situation and they will come back into the story a little bit later.

Once my mother had grown up with her new family and started to branch out on her own with a career path she would soon meet the man she would later marry and ultimately become my father. Her new mother however did not approve of my mother's choice in man to marry and as a result cut her off from that family. My mother and father had a son born in 1970 then I came along in 1972 however their relationship did not last as my father had started to become abusive towards her and they parted ways.

I now need to mention that I was born with some medical problems that at the time would have been somewhat of an extra strain for a young mother who already had a young son and now living singly and still no help from her new family she was placed with, in actual fact no attempt whatsoever was made by them to step in and help her out as their view of the situation as it would seem is you have made your bed now you have to lay in it.

Now I need to briefly go back to my mother's biological family, her siblings who were not sent off did make attempts to make contact with my mother and were told by government departments to leave well enough alone and now I would have imagined my mother would have received the same run around if she was to do the same however she was pretty much left on her own to cope, the only persons to help at that time were a missionary couple who lived close by to where she was living.

No help was made whatsoever even by the welfare to assist my mother in her time of need.

Soon the welfare did take action though and I was taken away from my mother and placed with a completely different family myself until such time as my mother was to get herself back on her feet as due to circumstances she had made an attempt on her life. Now at the time I was being temporarily looked after by a new family my biological mother would turn up at my hospital appointments so that

my mother, brother and myself could see each other and I imagine this would have been very hard for her knowing I was not going home with her as it was for me despite only being a baby not going home with her.

Now I need to note that during this time no attempt was made by any welfare or government department to make any attempt to reunite my mother with her biological family despite the brothers doing all they could to do just that yet only being fobbed off by the very people who could have helped, not only resolve my mothers time of trouble and reunite a family that should have never been split in the first place however prevent an even bigger tragedy that was about to happen.

Some time in early 1973 my mother being emotionally stressed as she was had the misfortune of running into the back of an expensive car with her cheap car that she knew she had no way of paying for the damage she had just caused which tragically resulted in her making an attempt on her life which left her in hospital and resulted in her death.

Whilst my mother was in the hospital she was in a coma yet was calling out for me, once my temporary carer heard of this she was willing to take me in to the hospital to see my mum thinking it may make a difference however the doctor's rather harshly said don't bother it will make no difference whatsoever however I tend to disagree with that as visits from loved ones or even pets in certain cases can result in miracles.

I naturally wish my mother had not taken the course of action she did yet the circumstances she was in she literally had no one to come to her aid except those from her biological family who were being prevented from knowing where she was even the family I was being looked after by was not allowed to know where she was and my mother was not allowed to know where I was being kept so all lines of possible help were being cut off by the welfare and government.

Just a quick note that the family that she had been placed with when she was removed from her own was quite financially well off and again no help whatsoever came here way after the damage she caused to the other car in the accident she had.

Now as a result of all that had happened I was going to be placed in a home by the welfare however the family that was looking after me temporarily requested to keep me which they did however my brother was adopted out to a different family and when my dad who was told the news who had returned to the U.K. he made it clear he was not interested in keeping either of us two boys and signed us away to be adopted out.

I am a grown man now however this story has caused my family much heartache and pain which I believe to be a direct result of the ill thought out decisions made by the government and welfare departments.

My mother was taken away from her family and I too was taken away from my mother and brother which was my family and not only that my extended family, no attempt was made to keep my brother and I together instead we were placed into different families and no attempt was made to even ask my mother's biological family if they wanted us two boys even though they had made several attempts to make contact with my mother while she was still alive.

What saddens me is many aspects of my story could have been completely avoided if the practices of

welfare and government had not been played out in the way they were.

Thank you for taking the time to read my personal story.

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