

I find that the adoptee has been spoken about in past adoption practices during the 40's to late 70's as if we were a commodity. We were there to fill a need in other peoples lives; we were not there to be loved unconditionally as a child of our natural parents. Our mothers paid the ultimate punishment for a crime that never existed and we have been the pawns in the middle with no thought given to us by the government and church authorities as children and then as adults. The news is that the babies grew up.

We as babies had no voice and we were unable to have representation of our best interests . I believe the meaning of life is to love and to be loved. Our first experience of love should have been bonding with our mothers immediately after birth. If this does not happen it has an effect that lasts forever. I have felt this effect profoundly throughout my life and until recently I never knew why. I experienced these feelings even though I was brought up in a very loving home. My adoptive parents taught me the importance of family. They were devoted and loving and were very giving. Many adoptees I have found have not been as priveleged as I ,being adopted into abusive homes both mentally and physically. It really was the luck of the draw and a tragedy that people played God with our lives.

Reunions are not as they are seen on television. They are diferent for everyone and it is what happens afterwards that counts. If and how the relationship can be sustained after so many years apart. The Forced Adoptions have that added strain as mothers were forced to give up their babies and the trauma of this has left many too bereft to face their adopted child. They were made to feel guilty and they do.

So as a late discovery adoptee the shock in itself is enough to send one reeling into the unknown, but to find out that your mother was denied her own baby is devastating. This made our reunion so terribly hard with my natural feelings of rejection which were very difficult to conquer and my mother having to tell me of the horrors she suffered bringing me into the world not knowing how I'd react or if I would even believe her.

She was very young, only 17 yrs old when she gave birth to me and had hoped for support which was never forth coming. She was drugged before and during labor. I was stolen from her and whisked away behind a screen of pillows. She never saw me but heard me cry. She was then tied to a bed for weeks drifitng in and out of conciousness in a drug enduced state till she was forced into signing adoption papers.

My mother was particularly brave and strong enough to tell me what had happened to her. For this I am grateful and it was the first step in a long healing process for both of us. How painful it has been to see the effect that my forced removal has had on her. How difficult it was for her when I first came back into her life, no longer the baby that she cried for but as a fully grown adult whom she did not know. She has suffered because of this and still suffers to this day and I know that having a baby stolen is something you never recover from.

For my part I have always suffered from having something missing from my life which I could never find and this has manifested itself in several different ways. I have also been denied the opportunity to be a part of my family and my heritage, my ethnicity. The initial shock was great as your identity changes in a split second and everything you know to have been true about yourself is suddenly gone.

I am struggling to cope with the expectations and secrets of my adoptive family and cope with the loss of some of my biological family.

It is a very difficult situation for everyone in the family. It affects not only my mother and me, but my husband, my children, my siblings, both adopted and natural, and there are no fairytale happy endings. It is an ongoing journey but not for the faint hearted. Those who have failed to be as determined as me and my mother have long stopped even trying. It has only been by sheer determination that two women, separated for over 40 yrs have fought and struggled and loved each other to be able to cross the barriers caused by adoption. It is an ongoing journey as time does not heal all things. Even the the most loved adult child will never replace the baby lost. The adult child wanting desperately to reconnect, to bond, will never be able to re enter the womb to hear and feel her mother's heartbeat, to hear her voice and be reborn.