

## Letter from an Adoptee to her Birth Mother

### “I Love you Mom”

Dear Jane,

I know that I've never responded to the email you sent me years ago telling me about your experience when you were pregnant with me. I really just didn't know how to respond. I was so sad for you when I read it. I had no idea that you had such a horrible experience. I don't know how you got through that. I don't know if I could have.

Growing up my parents told me that I was their princess, that I was chosen for them, that you were a beautiful person who couldn't raise me so you gave me to them. It was all so happy and positive. But when I read your account of your pregnancy and your feelings afterwards, I could see that it was anything but happy. It was awful. To be so alone. What the hell happened to my biological father? Why didn't you stay together? I wish you had good parents like I have because I can't imagine what it was like not having anyone to turn to. You were so brave. I admire you so much.

And now, you're this wonderful professional woman with an amazing family. You're a great mom. Your kids are so lucky to have you. I wish that I had had you. I love my mom and my dad but I also miss that you didn't raise me. If I'm totally honest, I'm mad at you for not even trying. How could you just give me away? Why didn't you love me enough to make it work? Other people did, why didn't you?

Then you decide it's time to pop back into my life when I'm 26. Are you kidding? You think you can just say "here I am" and I'll come running back to mommy. I have a mommy already. I love her, I don't need you. Can't you see that?

I fight with myself because as much as I don't want it to be true, I do love you and I do need you. I can't believe how much we look alike. I love finally looking at someone who looks like me. Knowing where my blue eyes come from, seeing what I may look like in 20 years. You're smart, beautiful, funny, kind, thoughtful, a good mom. You're everything I want to be. You have the life I want, except the part where you were pregnant with me.

And I can see your pain. I wish you still didn't have so much pain. On the one hand I'm happy that you do because it tells me that you didn't just walk away, that you really did love me. On the other hand, I don't want you to be unhappy. I don't want you to suffer because of me. I am grateful that you had me, that you didn't have an abortion. Why didn't you have an abortion? Do you wish you had?

I feel like you want me to come and pretend I'm part of your family but I'm not, and I never will be. I have my own family. You gave up the chance to have me as part of your family years ago. But I secretly do want to be part of your family. The thought of losing you again scares me.

Sometimes I think that things would just be so much easier if you never got in touch with me. Wasn't that supposed to be something I would do if I ever decided to? I know I told you that I never would have looked for you but I didn't tell you that I thought of looking for you, that I

wanted to look for you. But more than that, I really wanted you to care enough to look for me. And you did. I see how much you risked getting in touch with me.

I'm really happy that you did that and I do feel grateful to have all of you in my lives but I still don't know where to put you. Where to put my hurt and anger? How much love and affection I want to show you. How much I want to bring you into my life. How much I can risk opening my heart to you. What if you walk away from me again?

And now I'm having my own child. I think that now I understand what you said about your aversion to the term birth mother. I see that our relationship is so much more than my birth. Its mind boggling to think that I was once kicking in you when you were a scared 20 year old alone, miles and miles from her family. That you went through that for me. That you loved me enough to let me have the family I did.

I want my baby to know all of his grandmas. I want you to be a key person in his life. I want you to be in my life.

I love you Mom.