

Dear Kinsolving,

There we are, mother and daughter at last. I can't begin to thank you for the countless hours of "phone counseling" you've given me. More meaningful than you'll ever know. Thank God there are people out there like you!

Fondly,
K.
Michigan

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done, But he with a chuckle replied That maybe it couldn't but he would be one Who wouldn't say so till he tried."
- Edgar A. Guest

Dear KI,

How do I say "Thank You" for giving me life again?! As you know, I divorced my husband twenty years ago, because he wouldn't let me take my Grandson. He was adopted and never again was my heart completed until you found him for me. Of course, I gave his mom first chance to call him; she was too afraid of his reaction -- so was I (as you know).

When I did reach him, his reaction was wonderful and he had just begun to look for us. Cathy flew up from Key West the next day to meet him and it was HEAVEN!

His father's family have all welcomed him with open arms. He is a copy of his dad, who was killed two years ago in an accident. He has found three other siblings. All of us love him and he has made out lives worthwhile.

All my love,
J., North Carolina

Dear Kinsolving,

Shortly after I started dating Randy he told me that he was adopted and would like to find his "birthfamily." I thought this was a really strange request, since I, as a non-adoptee could not understand why this was so important to him. After a few months I finally understood his need. He needed to look into the face of someone who resembled him, so he could know where he came from.

I decided that I was going to help Randy find his birthparents. It was up to me to do all the work because Randy couldn't face rejection in his life anymore. I started at the end of September in 1994, spending endless days and nights on the telephone, in a library or anywhere that I thought would help. I was almost ready to give up when I called Kinsolving Investigations. I asked KI to take the search because I couldn't deal with it anymore.

In May of 1996 I received a call from Kinsolving with all of the information.

Today Randy is reunited with the family that he never knew. He has 2 half brothers, 6 half sisters and next to mine, the most wonderful mom in the world. The reunion between them was a very emotional one. I could tell that they belonged together. I felt sad for them for the 30 years they had lost. Now they are living and loving day to day. They can't even sleep at night unless they talk to each other.

I am very thankful to you for all your hard work! Most of all, I am thankful for your words of encouragement at times when I was ready to throw in the towel. I will always be grateful and will be singing your praises to other adoptees who I find. We love you and God bless you. Keep up the great work!!

K & R and family.

A Bittersweet Reunion

On St. Pattie's Day, I met my mother for the second time in 36 years. The last time we met, I was a day old and we were only allowed to spend 10 minutes together. "Your mother cried at the separation" the adoption records say...what they didn't say is that she has never stopped crying all these years.

Her story is very tragic. The only way that I think I can cope with the sadness is to tell her story. And in doing so, I hope to touch some hearts and change the current abusive adoption system and its laws.

I knew little about my mother, except that she was a 23 year old elementary school teacher when I was born. I dared never talk about my curiosity for fear of being labeled a "bad daughter." In December of this year, after 36 years I awoke to an urgent need to meet my birth mother. I nervously mailed a letter to the adoption agency requesting information about my origin. I was particularly intrigued to know my heritage and medical history. I didn't know the significance of it then, but when I mailed the letter in December, I whispered "Don't worry mom, I'm coming."

I was devastated to receive a phone call from the agency several days later, two days before Christmas. They told me that there was one on one staff to process my request. Could I try back in 3 months? I knew that I could not wait.

Luckily my Internet friends helped me find a lawyer in Philadelphia and he contacted the agency in mid-January. I would have my non-identifying information in a month. I was hopeful to learn more about my origins.

Finally the agency pulled the file. They told me I was "American" on both sides. They told me that there was no medical information and that was "just the way it would have to stay...when I left the agency I became the child of my parents." I was flabbergasted. Did they really think that my DNA had been erased as I passed over their threshold? Did they really satisfied my hunger for a heritage telling me that I was "American" ? They told me that I had been named Deborah at birth, despite the fact that my adoptive parents named me Deborah. But the most devastating part was that they told me that my birth date was February 9. I had been celebrating April 9 all my life. I cried for hours.

That was it. I was taking things into my own hands. My lawyer told me that I could petition the court, but that might take 6 months or longer. For some reason, I knew that I couldn't wait. My Internet friends put me in touch with a private investigator. I gave them my date of birth (not the agency's typo, but my real one) and where I was born. Within 24 hours I had my mother's name and where she was living. I was not ready to hear the news...at the age of 59 she was in a nursing home, in failing health.

After speaking with her brother, my husband and I were on a plane to Pennsylvania. I had to see my mother. I thought about calling her or sending flowers but time was of essence. After a restless night, we decided to just drive to the nursing home in Philadelphia. If she was too ill, I decided, I wouldn't tell her who I was.

The two hour drive to the nursing home was the longest of my life. I was afraid of what I might find. We stopped to get a frame for pictures of me growing up and some flowers. I told all the sales clerks that I was seeing my mother after 36 years.

As we started down the hallway of the nursing home, I saw what looked like an 85 year old woman, but with my eyes. I had never seen my eyes before. She asked me who the flowers were for. I told her they were for her. She grinned. I asked her if I could visit with her. We sat down in the day room. I held her hand. She told me that I was a very beautiful woman. I said "there's a reason for that." My voice wavered. "I'm a relative that you haven't seen in a very long time." I showed her my baby picture. She stared at the photo and guessed "that's me as a baby?". I answered, "No, that's me...I'm Deborah, your daughter." She beamed. I cried. "I've been calling to you since December," she insisted. I said, "I know...I heard you." "Well, what took you so long?," she kidded. "Well, the agency was...very difficult," I stammered. She paused. "Well, those baby snatchers will never keep us apart again." My husband snapped pictures.

She called over the nurses. "This is my daughter. I told you she would be visiting me soon." They picked their jaws off the floor. "We'll have to go on Oprah now," she said. And then she went to tell me her story. "I've never told anyone," she whispered..."I went back for my sneakers in the dorm, and he grabbed me and threw me in a room. I think I was raped." I gasped and told her that she didn't deserve that. She proudly said "yes, but look what became of it."

Jane's story is not unlike my birth mother's. She didn't want to give me up...she was told that it was the right thing to do, that I would be labeled a bastard child. She grappled with the decision. She finally signed the papers 6 months later in PENCIL (she told me that she thought that would mean it wouldn't be legal). She tried to go back to teaching, but couldn't stand the pain of seeing other children. She pretended her brother's children were hers. She went into a deep depression from which she

never recovered. Instead of being treated for her loss, she was heavily medicated all her life. She dreamed of finding me but never got back on her feet. She lost her mother to breast cancer. And then she herself fought two bouts of breast cancer.

I'm grateful for meeting Jane and learning about myself. We're alike in many ways...we're both fighters, we love talking to people and helping others, we both love the theater. She named me Deborah unbeknownst to my adoptive family who also named me Deborah. And she called to me in December...and I heard her.

I want to spend time with my mother...to make up for the 36 years we have been apart. I think in order to heal, she needs to tell her story and be heard for the first time in her life. And she needs to feel beautiful again.

During our visit, I told her that her hair was pretty and she said she didn't know since there are no mirrors in the nursing home.

I need to share our story. I hope it will inspire others who are thinking of searching for their lost loved ones, point out the problems with the system, and in doing so, we will all begin to heal.

D., California



Dear KI,

I would like to share my reunion experience with you for The Vanguard.

To me, Kinsolving Investigations is a part of my family.

Three days after KI started my case I had my son's name, address and telephone number. The last time I saw him we was learning to walk. Twenty three years later, I was fixing to call him. The day after I received his name I made the call. It was a call I'll never forget, especially when he told me that he was looking for me too. It was a good thing that my long distance telephone company had 10 cents a minute rates!

On February 1st my husband and I were sitting in my son's house having dinner with him and his adoptive parents. The best thing -- he wants to be a part of my life, and he wants me to be a part of his life. On April 24th I will be able to tell my son

welcome home, because he will be here with me at my house for a week. He will be meeting the rest of his family - grandparents, uncles, sister, step brothers.

KI, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for bringing my son home to me. You brought me through a lot of questions, times of being scared. You were always there to answer my silly questions. You treated me as a personal friend. You made it easy for me to make that call.

Please keep me on your mailing list for newsletters because I want to read about other happy reunions. I will send you a family picture of the family reunion.

With all my love and many thanks,

D.
Florida



Dear KI,

I saw in your literature that you will be starting a newsletter. I want to share my story with you.

In 1942 I was dating a young man of 17 and I was 14. His parents and my parents were known to each other and because of this, my parents let me date him. He was my first love and experience in a sexual way. I became pregnant in October 1942 and because I did not tell my parents, they noticed as I began to show. It was decided by both sets of parents, who were also Catholic, that we should get married. I was now 15 and my boyfriend was 18. The night before the wedding my boyfriend decided he did not want to get married. This infuriated my father. He swore out a warrant and had my boyfriend arrested for rape. He was put in jail and I never heard from him again. I heard that he was given the choice of going in the service or staying in jail. We were at war at the time so he naturally decided to enlist.

I was taken under cover of darkness to St. Mary's Home and Hospital. The treatment there is another story. On July 2, 1943 I gave birth to my son, John. I was not supposed to see him but I did. In two weeks I left the hospital without my son. I kept begging my parents to let me bring him home and eventually they did in the fall of 1943. I was able to keep him for approximately two months. No one other than my immediate family knew about him. It was very hard if relatives came to call. John and

I had to go to the cellar and I had to be sure that I had a bottle ready so he did not cry. It was not fair for John to keep him hidden so he was returned to St Mary's. I was able to see him there and continued to refuse to sign the papers to let him go.

I was married in the summer of 1946 but prior to this I had told my husband-to-be that I had a child. My husband was 8 years older than me and he convinced me that we would be better off to start out marriage without a child and so I returned to St. Mary's to see my son for the last time.

I did not know that John would be my only birth child. The doctor had not done well by me and five years later I would be operated on to remove afterbirth that had not been removed at the time of John's birth.

Our marriage was having problems and in 1951 we went to Child and Family Services to adopt a child. The child placed with us was born January 27, 1951. We went to court the day before Thanksgiving in 1952 and the court gave us approval for the adoption.

The marriage was fine for the next few years but again we had problems. In 1966 my adopted son and I left home. We were divorced the next year.

I love my adopted son as much as any mother loves her child but I yearned for my birth son.

I was married in 1977 to a wonderful man. I had not told him about my son John, and I was afraid that in telling him I might jeopardize our marriage.

I watched so many reunions on television but had not seen anywhere a Catholic Charities birth mom had found a child. I continued to watch as the years went by and cried with each program where a birth mom and child were reunited.

In 1990 I purchased a computer. My niece also had one and she helped me set mine up. I had also overheard her talking to a friend about searching. When the Adoption topic became a part of America Online I left messages for my son in the event he was also searching. This was all new to me. I began to go to Catholic Charities and ask questions. I filled out the paperwork and kept returning so they wouldn't forget about me. I wrote letters to Social Security, different hospitals in Syracuse where I might be able to find my son's baptismal certificate. This was the first proof I found that I had given birth. I spent a lot of time at the library helping others look up information. This helped ease my mind about my son. I thought that helping others, God would help me find my son.

I spent many hours on AOL hoping that I might find my son. There were online ads for people to help you search. One was a man in New York City. He suggested to call a psychic in California. So much for that one. I finally found one that said if they could not find my son there would be no charge. I thought...."how could I go wrong?" SO I called KINSOLVING INVESTIGATIONS. I provided all the information I had, which was only my son's date of birth and possibly that his first name was John. I thought he probably kept his first name because he was a little over two years old when I signed the papers. In seven days Kinsolving Investigations called with my information.

It took me some time to get up my nerve to make the call. I was afraid of rejection. I thought my son would reject me since he might think that I rejected him. On October 12th I finally decided it was time. He was in California so I waited until 11:30 New York time. I was half crazy with wondering how the outcome would be.

When he answered the telephone I told him that I had a son on July 2, 1943, when I was 15 years-old and I was looking for him. I asked him if he knew he was adopted and he said, "no." I found out later that in the back of his mind he thought I might be playing a con game and might be looking for money. We talked for approximately an hour and a half. We seemed to get along right from the start.

The next morning ne called and said he had spoken with his mom and she told him he was not adopted. I had registered with Albany so I told him who to write to give all of his information and I gave him my registry number in Albany. We both wrote over the next month and a half but finally just before Christmas we were matched by Albany.

My son had to be in Illinois in March for a meeting. I flew to Chicago and we met in the American Airlines terminal for the first time in over 50 years. My son has told me that he feels we bonded in the first letters. He told me he came from a loveless home. he never bonded with his adoptive mother. There isn't anything we can't discuss. I spent a week in California with him and we talked all the time. There were so many times in his young life that I was so close to him. He is planning to spend a week with us in the fall. I can hardly wait to see him again. The special thing is that I can call him anytime.

My heart is finally at peace. When he kissed me goodbye at the airport he said, "I am so glad you made that call on October 12th." Neither he nor I will ever forget that date.

Kinsolving - I'm so thankful that you came into my life. If you had not come into it I might never have found my son.

S.
New York



"In all of us there is a hunger, marrow deep to know our heritage. Without this enriching knowledge, there is a hollow yearning. No matter what our attainments in life, there is still a vacuum, an emptiness and the most disquieting loneliness....."

Alex Haley



Thank you so much for helping me fill the "void" in my life!! Words alone could never express my appreciation.

Thank you for everything

Love,
T.



Dear KI,

I found my daughter in November 1995, after 26 years, thanks to Kinsolving Investigations. She was taken from me and placed for adoption when I was 14 years old.

Hardly a day went by in all those years when I didn't think about where she was and how she was. When she turned 18 I registered with the reunion registries hoping that she had done the same but she never did. Then in the fall of 1995 I became very depressed and felt so hopeless. I prayed that God would help me find her. I ran an ad

in an adoption newsletter and shortly after that I received a call from an unknown person from California saying that Kinsolving had helped them. I knew then my prayer was being answered and I felt at peace.

I contacted Kinsolving Investigations and a few days later I received a call with my daughter's name and a lot of other information. I thought it must be a dream.

It has still been seven months now since I made contact and I still can't believe it's true. I found out that my daughter had a wonderful life and she is a warm and loving person. Our relationship is progressing slowly for fear of hurting some people but we are writing back and forth. We are both happy finally, knowing things we've been wondering about each other for so long and no matter what happens with out relationship, I would never want to go back to those horrible years of not knowing where she is. So, Thanks to God, Kinsolving, and a very special man in my life who helped me and supported me in my search. I am finally at peace.

Sincerely, R., Pennsylvania

Dear KI,

Thank you so much for helping me find my birth mother and the rest of my family. It all turned out so well and everyone seems to be very happy. My two children and I went to Jane's for Mother's Day and also visited my grandmother and grandfather.

Sincerely,
B.,
C.D.

My name is Julie and this is my most favorite story.

I called KI on Monday, April 15, 1996 and asked for a search to be completed for my mom. I received a call from KI on Saturday, April 20, 1996 (less than a week) saying "I found her and have an address, name and phone number." Needless to say, I was quite surprised that it happened so fast. I picked up the information on Monday, April 22nd

and was even more nervous just doing that. KI was great and guided me through what to say when I made THE CALL. I woke up Tuesday knowing I had to do it that day. I left work at 3:00 and finally dialed the number at 4:30 only to get an answering machine. I hung up. This was the hardest, most frightening thing I ever had to do but I knew I had to do it, so I tried again at 4:55. After going through all this I feel that the phone call is important to share. This is how it went:

ME - May I speak to (first name) (last name)

Mom - This is she

ME - Is this (first) (middle) (maiden) (last)

Mom - Yes

ME - My name is Julie and I'm calling from Charlotte, NC. Is this a good time to talk - it is a personal matter?

Mom - Yes

Me - I was born (date) (at hospital) and was given up for adoption. (Here's where I thought I'd be hearing tears but no. I didn't know what to do so I said), and you're my Mom.

Mom - Yes.

I breathed a big sigh of relief and I'm not quite sure what I said next but she did ask me how I found her since her phone number was unlisted. I was prepared for that since I had everything written down before I even called so I proceeded to say what I was supposed to but only got put two words when my mom said, "IT DOESN'T MATTER." I was sure to give her my phone number and my address before something might happen and we had to hang up. She gave me her work number and schedule also. I decided to let Wednesday be a day of sinking in and might call her Thursday. Before I could call on Thursday one of my sisters called me and everything was great...

My mom called me on Friday at work and really wanted me to come up that weekend and I knew I should listen to my Mom, so I went. It was absolutely the greatest experience I've ever had, other than giving birth to my two sons. We all got along very well and knew we wanted to continue this new relationship.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart and my family and friends thank you just as much. You're the best.....

J.

North Carolina

Dear Kinsolving,

I am very pleased to have the opportunity to share my reunion experience with your readers.

I had been searching for about eight years. Being an adoptee, I have seen many agencies that claim "they can find anyone." Well, since all I had was primarily non-identifying information, I was very skeptical. When I received the flyer, I was curious and called to find out more information. When I saw that you don't have to pay a retainer in advance, I thought, 'what could I lose?' I sent my information out to KI around the 12th of December of 1995. KI was very assuring and told me that I would hear as soon as they had any information. Now mind you, I thought it would be quite some time before I would hear back from them, if at all! One evening, about 2 weeks later I received a call. The caller said they were from Kinsolving and then it hit me! The caller informed me that my birth mother was located. I said, "WHAT?!!" Again I heard, "I found your birth mother." All I could get out of my mouth was, "Oh my God!!" All of my searching is now over! Now the next anxiety is the reunion!

I could not have had it more perfect. It was just a few days before Christmas when I received the information to call her. I thought to myself - this is a perfect Christmas present! The one thing that gave me the strength to make that first call was that I tried to put myself in my birth mother's place, and knowing how my personality is, I thought it would be very hard to believe that she would not want anything to do with me. Well, thank God I was right with that feeling. When I called, she was wonderful, and as happy and excited as I was. I went to meet her at her house, and I can not even begin to express in words the feeling I felt when we hugged for the first time! The void in my life, and heart was finally filled! It was like I had known her all my life, but we were just separated from each other. It was the best Christmas ever! We still have a lot of time to make up for, but we have a wonderful relationship.

I thank God and Kinsolving for answering my prayers.

Sincerely
T.
Florida

Dear KI,

I can't thank you enough for the information you gave me that enabled me to have that most beautiful day in the mountains with me son. It was the most awesome day in my life.

Thank you for your support.

Sincerely,
D.
Canada



Dear KI,

Just wanted to share a picture with you- this is me and my birth mother. Things between us are going great! She told her two kids about me on Mother's Day and I met them that day! Needless to say, they were shocked but both seemed happy to have a "Big Sister."

Thanks so much for making this reunion possible for me. It has changed my life in such a wonderful way. The Lord truly blessed me when I found you.

Love,
H.
North Carolina



Dear KI,

Thank you for doing what you do! I can't say that things are the way I would like them to be, but maybe one day they will be. Somehow I do feel more complete since being

reunited with Charles on October 1, 1995. I can't thank you enough for making that possible.

Sincerely
B.
N.D.

Dear KI,

Enclosed you will find a picture of Sherri and I. words could never express the joy in my heart or the appreciation I feel because of YOU!!! I'm not perfect, nor do I project the dedication of faith as my "daughter" (can you imagine how long I've wanted or longed to say that?)

Thanks again for everything. God bless and keep up the good work. I truly believe a crown of stars and blessings are waiting for you.

All my respect and joy,

J. South Carolina

Dear KI,

I don't know how to thank people who gave me so much. Fruit baskets certainly can't do it. I could write 20 pages and still wouldn't be able to thank you enough.

I've just spent the most fantastic week of my life with my daughter. We've been on the phone for hours a day since we left each other.

Although the tragedy of my son's death has kept us both in tears, the miracle of each other has seen us through. We're planning on Christmas together but have decided we cannot wait that long.

As it turns out, she had been making inquiries as to how to find me. We have and will have a lot of awkward moments between us for quite some time but the key word here is "between us."

The important thing is we have our love and trust in each other and no one can ever separate us again.

God gave us each other -- man and the system separated us -- but (without meaning to sound corny) the Carolina Angels put us back in touch.

Thank you again. My daughter would send her thanks and deepest appreciation if she knew of your existence. Her adoptive parents are still not very happy with this.

Your biggest fan and friend,

B.
Tennessee



Dear Kinsolving,

It's been six months since I received that heart stopping telephone call... just knowing that my two children are alive and thriving has brought me tremendous peace.

Thanks so much. You've brought rays of sunshine back into my life. Words can never express what your help has meant to me.

Sincerely,
The Irish Lass



Dear KI,

I had just a few moments to drop you a line. I have meant to send you photos or our reunion before this. Sorry I have been so caught up in it all! (You understand.)

Kathy and I had our first phone call on September 29th and we were in each others arms on October 7th. I will fly to her house for Thanksgiving to meet the grandchildren (all four of them) and her parents.

We felt comfortable from the beginning. Her hair is naturally my color and we have so many things in common. Thank you so much for your part in reuniting us. My cup ran to overflowing. Bless you.

Love,
M. & K., Missouri



Dear Kinsolving,

I do believe with all my heart that our work is love made visible. What we do and how we do it is a daily statement of our love for our fellow human being.

I thank God that you do the kind of work that you do. You have given me a sense of calmness and knowing that I can only assume is "normal" for people whose lives have not been touched by adoption.

I extend to you the most sincere and heartfelt thank you.

R.



Dear Kinsolving,

Thank you so much for helping me find Anna. As my son says, "Mom, this is your missing link." Anna is wonderful and a dream come true.

I have enclosed our picture at the airport for you to add to your joyous reunions!

Bless you.

Sincerely,
L.
Connecticut

Dear KI,

well, this just been about the best time of my entire life. I can't imagine what could even come close. Last week, I saw my daughter's father for the first time since I was twenty-three. It was wonderful. He and Jennifer have been talking on the phone and I am going to help them meet each other at the end of September. He is thrilled and he and I have experienced a great deal of healing inside us and between us as a result of finding Jen and each other. I cannot find words adequate to express my joy.

Jennifer will be here with me on Labor Day weekend and all of my family are anxiously awaiting her arrival. I write to you to tell you thank you. I feel as if I have been given the most precious treasure in the world. I am glad to have been fortunate enough to have lived long enough to enjoy this. My endless thanks to KI, one of the angels in our lives. Your support and wisdom has helped me immensely.

Sincerely,
S., California



Dear KI,

I cannot thank you enough for all the help and support that you have given me. I cannot believe all this has actually happened and so quickly!

I do plan to stay in contact with you because I'm realizing my hardest part is only beginning and I'm going to need your advice. I also plan to be more active in the adoption reform movement. Now that I am no frustrated on in as much pain. I will have a lot more energy. Thank for everything!

Love,
L.
Georgia

Dear KI,

I thought you would enjoy seeing pictures from my visit with Mary and her family. I met two half brothers and a half sister, along with two aunts. The visit went great and we sill correspond. Thank you for the work you did in locating Mary. Thought you would like to know that we got records from the hospital on Mary and on me. Mary could not remember the date of the child she gave birth to and gave up for adoption. Some in the family had a few lingering doubts that I was her daughter. Well it took - hospital a few months but the records show Mary did give birth to a baby girl on my birthday. How about that? Thank you again for the work you did and encouragement you gave.

C.



Dear KI,

Please find enclosed a photo of the event which you were so much a vital part of. We were driving to Chicago not more than seven hours after we saw you. Words cannot explain what was experienced on November 8th. I did video the reunion and as soon as I can, will forward a copy of it to you. We already have ten days of our Christmas holiday planned in Chicago. We plan to continue our monthly meetings to somehow help others experience what we have. Thanks again for all your help.

God bless you

B. & M.
Illinois

Note: they were separated on a boat after escaping from a German concentration camp.

Dear Kinsolving,

I have just now been able to sit down and write to you and let you know my progress of communicating with my daughter. I cannot thank you enough for your help and faith that I was doing the right thing in trying to locate her.

I have just returned from a long trip to Vienna, Austria.

My sons didn't know that they had a sister and both were very receptive to meeting her and accepting of having a sister.

My husband has been helpful also and is looking forward to meeting her and her mother this coming April. They are coming here for a visit and my son is getting married at the same time.

I met and stayed with her mother in Vienna and she said that she was happy to have me there. She is 76 and Patricia has no other family after she is gone. I told her that I would be a good friend to Patricia but I could not and would not try to take her place as her mother, but I would be available for her whenever she would need me.

Patricia is a photographer and a very good one. She is in her own company and has 2 children, a boy, age 1 1/2 and a girl, age 3. She is married and has a lovely home. She and I have talked a lot and still have a lot to talk over. I don't know where we go from here, but one day at a time is working for us.

She didn't resent me, as I feared. She learned she was adopted by accident when she was 14 and became very resentful at that time. Now we're on a discovery trip.

This was meant to be from the day I first spoke with you and my entire trip was taken care of three months before I planned to go.

Please keep helping women and children. You certainly are blessed.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Best personal regards and the greatest respect,

L.
North Carolina

Note: This was a California adoption but the adoptive family moved to Vienna, Austria when the child was six months old.



Dear Kinsolving,

All the kings horses and all the kinds men couldn't put "humpty dumpty" together again.... but with your help my life has become complete. Thank you for all you do to help so many who need you.

I remain forever grateful,
E., North Dakota



Dear Kinsolving,

I want you to know that my son and I will be reuniting next month. Actually, he wants to visit me for a week and then meet again in the summer.

You would not believe how excited and happy I am.

This is the most wonderful and miraculous gift which I can receive.

I would like to express my sincere wishes and many, many thanks.

God bless you always,
E. Canada



Thank you KINSOLVING you are the greatest!!!
From your #1 fan

Dear KI,

After many years of troubled times, overcoming and healing, I decided to search. I came upon one dead end after another. My need and urge for closure re: personal adoptee matters led me to Kinsolving.

I share this hoping that it may continue to inspire those searching, those who are not quite sure if they should of for those who have searched and found.

My best to everyone,
D.