

Dear Kinsolving,

We are well and hope you are the same. I saw a friend tonight and she told me tomorrow she will be getting the information on her brother from you. That's great. SO my dear, your miracles continue. Larry from NY is coming your way soon. He may have contacted you by e-mail by now. I have a substantial file on his case and will be happy to forward what I have if you need it.

My sister and I think of you often and we thank God for you! Everyone of our days is a miracle. I have written a book about our mother. We called it, "Justice for Joanne." My sister and I finding each other in this great big world is the justice she deserved. I will be sending you my manuscript soon. Wherever, our mother, Joanne, is now, somewhere in the heavens, I hope she knows that two little girls separated by adoption are together as it should have been in the beginning. My sister gave me a tiny little tea set for Christmas. So special only about 45 years late but better late than never, right. Hope you are well and happy in the New Year!

Love, J., CA



Dear Kinsolving,

You told me my biological sister's last name and I got in touch with her tonight. I have attached her picture. I am still looking for the other sister, but got some addresses and am going from there.

I can never repay you for what you have given me and my sisters and brother. God bless you!

Sincerely,

T., NJ

Dear Kinsolving,

Unfortunately, there was no reunion but I know that your organization could have not done anything more to help my situation.

I made my first call to my daughter Maryann about a week after you notified me that my daughter was found. I introduced myself and informed her of the nature of the call. She responded with, "where have you been for almost 40 years?" I explained the situation to her which she did not accept and made the following comment: "I'm not at all interested and the only person I recognize as my father is the person who raised me." I told her I agreed with that and went on to say that I was not trying to take away anything from the person she knew as her father. She said she was treated very well by her adopted parents and was told by them many years ago that she was an adopted child. This made it a little easier for me to communicate. Maryann seemed to be curious about what I had to say. I went on to explain to her how it was and answered whatever questions she asked. I thought for the most part we had a productive conversation that lasted more than an hour with me, naturally ending most of the talking. She mentioned that she wasn't feeling well so I asked her to take my phone number and address. I also told her I would not call again unless she wanted me to. She never responded to what I said. I let her know it would be nice to hear from her and she can call me in the future if she wanted. Again, no response was given. So with that I felt it was time to end the conversation.

As the days went on and I was thinking more about Maryann and our first conversation, I began to weaken and wanted to call her very much, so I did and nobody answered the phone. Her answer machine kicked on and I left her a message to call me, which she did about a half hour later. I really appreciated her returning my call and let her know that, however, I noticed she seemed more distant than before. We talked for just a few seconds and she asked me to stay on the line because she had another call and then I was disconnected. Within seconds my phone rang and it was the Chief of Police. At first, he started off getting tough, making all sorts of threats and unsupported accusations about me. I then let him know the purpose of my calling Maryann. He went on to say Maryann and he had worked together for some time and she had taken him into her confidence. He said she came from a good family and was going through a bad time right now. He pointed out that Maryann had been released from the hospital just a few days before my first call to her, which I did not know. He mentioned again not to call her and that maybe later on when she's up and around and feeling better he would talk to her about me and perhaps she might then feel up to talking with me. I assured him that I would not call her again, and that she had my phone number and the next move was up to her.

I never called Maryann again and she has not called me. I feel bad that our relationship never got off the ground. It could have developed into something beautiful. I would like to know more about her life, opportunity to meet her and see who she looks like.

I want her to know that I feel so much better than before knowing what I know now. Imagine after all the years I spent searching, almost 40 years of not knowing about my daughter Maryann. Thanks to you and your team for helping me know who Maryann is, how and where she was raised and the type of life she had. You have helped me put my mind at ease. So thank you again for everything. I could never have known about Maryann without the help of Kinsolving Investigations. On that note, I'll say goodbye and wish your organization well. Keep up the good work. It is a real blessing having someone like you who care about others. My the good Lord always look over you.

With best wishes and kind personal regards, I remain,

A., OH



Dear Kinsolving,

I came across an e-mail from you dated November/96 and it made me realize that a note is long overdue. I can't help but wonder how much joy you have brought into other people's lives.

Julie and I still e-mail on a regular basis and have a relationship which continues to flower. She has met and been welcomed by my family. Mom died in October and I feel so grateful that she had the opportunity to meet Julie, her husband Chris and their two little ones. That was indeed a highlight for her. My 90 year old grandmother thought it was wonderful when I told her I had a daughter and was also a grandmother. In fact she and Julie correspond.

I have taken a semester leave from teaching and I should be able to make time to do some writing as well as getting in a trip to Mexico (February 12th March 28th) and taking some conflict resolution courses in Vancouver. I plan to write a book making use of the e-mails Julie and I have written to each other. When it is completed I will send you a copy. It is also time to do some more adoption workshops in my home area.

In August, Julie, Chris and the children are flying here for a visit. There is a possibility that I may visit them in May.

Once again, keep up your wonderful work and God Bless.

Sincerely,

J., FI



Dear Kinsolving,

I just wanted to let you know that I've just gotten back from visiting my birth mom! It was everything I could have wanted it to be. Guess what? I have two more siblings. I am so excited. I give God the glory and you the thanks.

Please tell everyone that everything was WONDERFUL !!! Thank you, Thank you, Thanks to ALL of you.

Sorry it took me so long to let you know how things went. I had to manufacture a few more workable brain cells and that was a tough one.

With fond regards,

J., OK



Dear Kinsolving,

IN the last issue of the Vanguard I read a letter to the negative side of a search. THE B-Mom seemed a little bitter and felt that you probably wouldn't print her letter. It was a fair letter, as let's face it, most reunions have better results than hers did. However, she is not alone and I am sure if she read all she could, prior to her search, we are all told that rejection is a BIG possibility. Maybe this is the reason why the end results of my search didn't allow me to view it as a failure.

I am one of the often perceived main problems to a search. I am the Mother of an adoptee. I have found out through group sessions that often times these parents felt resentment about their child wanting to search for their roots. I have often heard the comments about the fact the adoptee couldn't let the adoptive parents know they were searching as this would cause hard feelings. I would like to first go on record as saying the day I adopted my son I knew that he would always have two Mothers. No court of law, no records being sealed or left unsealed could or would ever change that fact. I would have to be an utter fool to have ever viewed myself as his "one and only Mother."

After adopting my son, I would, three years later to the day give birth to his sister. With his adoption there were interviews and red tape galore. The information the State required was down to the last detail even about your finances and sex life. When I became pregnant I thought well, at least this will be a lot easier than adoption. Not exactly so. After a troubled pregnancy and many trips to the hospital just trying to buy more time she finally arrived in his third birthday. She was born in a military hospital with no frills, i.e., husband being there with you through labor and delivery. As I lay there in labor my thoughts contentedly went to my son's B-Mom and how hard it must have been to go through all this with no support of the father, At least I knew my husband was out in the waiting area. From that day forward this woman has left my mind.

Over the years I would express to my husband and friends how bad I felt that the B-Mom couldn't even have knowledge if her baby was okay much less alive. Why couldn't there be a way to let her know how much he is loved, how well he is doing, he loves sports, he has a little sister, HOW GRATEFUL I WILL ALWAYS BE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF RAISING HIM AND CALLING HIM MY SON. I kept thinking she must wonder, she must look at children's faces wondering is that him. I never changed my mind about the fact that she too was his mother and that she should at least have the right to know this wonderful little boy was loved and part of a family who felt he was their own. Christmas and Birthdays never passed without thoughts of this other mother. Often times there were tears for her and the fact she knew nothing of what this child was really like and how much he meant to us and our family.

Years pass but my feelings never changed. He married and we became grandparents. Still the feelings and questions of why can't she know something about him? I think my main hold up in looking for her was the fact he didn't seem interested. We would discuss different TV programs on reunions and he would just say "she got on with her life." When things really took a turn for me was when my husband died of brain cancer. It was a shock, he was only in his mid fifties, certainly sooner than I ever figured he would die. We found out about the tumors in June and by September he was gone. It became a very real thing to me that gee I won't live forever either. The only thing that I hadn't done in my life was find my son's Birth mother to thank her for all she has given

me. I needed to tell her he is alive and well. Finally, I would wait no longer, I would start my journey that would lead me to this woman that had given me so much. I had gone to visit DON in New Orleans where he was in Law School. On the way back to the airport we stopped to have coffee and talk. Thank God he opened the door to the conversation that evolved. "Dad has been gone 6 months now. It is time to start living again Mom. We can't change any of the past." "Oh, yes we can, we can do something to at least give another person besides me some peace of mind." I then went on to tell him what I wanted to do. With some hesitation he said he would help. However, he wanted to be sure that he didn't cause any pain or trouble to her either.

I joined a group and started the search, reading everything I could on searching to help me find this woman. I also was lucky enough to have people who were kind enough to insist I read books on reunions and the pro's and con's. I did all the usual things register with this and that. Long distance phone calls talking to searchers as he was born and adopted in another state. Then I went to where he was born and three of us searched all the records we could there. Trouble was I didn't have a Name, SS, or DOB. I only had the information in the non ID. I then contacted Chris who put me in touch with a good searcher in that state. After another year or so of trying I was still hitting brick walls and was told by that searcher that this would be next to impossible to do.

In the meantime, I had started in a serious relationship with a man that I had known for years. Finally, I decided to tell him the story and see if he could render any assistance.

Lucky me, he is a PI. He tries a few contacts and we still got nowhere. Finally he said do you know of anyone who does this and has a track record to prove it. I said sure, she's helped me with a couple of suggestions. He said it is time to quit playing games and pay the money and get the job done. For whatever reason you can't let go of this. So we contacted KI and started the process of really getting the job done. Within days we had results. Now it was time to make the contact.

The BM is now married and has a family, so following the information that had been given to me on contact I knew I not talk to anyone else but her for she may not have told anyone including her husband. I finally reached her on a Friday evening and she assured me that this was a good time for her to talk. When I mentioned Don's birth date there was silence at first. I asked again if she was okay to discuss this and she said yes that she had told her husband before they were married. I told her why I was calling and spoke briefly about Don and who he was, what kind of childhood he had and also that I knew the day I adopted him that he would always have two mothers. When I spoke about the three Grandchildren she said, "Oh he's made you a grandmother." "Yes, I am, but so are you." I tried to make her feel included in the fact that he was our son. We spoke for a couple of hours. Every couple of minutes she would pop up with a

question. I let her know that we saved everything, we had pictures, movies, videos of sports, graduations, wedding and grand babies. She was more than welcome to ask for any or all just let me know and I could get copies made of everything. She too had seen TV programs and was worried if he was loved and knew he was adopted. I assured her he had known from the go he was adopted. I explained he was raised in a family unit of four and that we did all the usual things like travel, camping, he had been raised with sister plus dogs and cats. He loves animals and really enjoys trips to the zoo's to this day with his kids. She was so glad and relieved to hear all about him. He has two half brothers and she said the oldest knows about him but the youngest doesn't. I gave her my phone number and also Don's 800# at work and assured her that he would be open to a phone call.

On Sunday afternoon she called me back and said her first instinct was to fly up here and get to know him. BUT AFTER TALKING TO HER HUSBAND AND THINKING IT THROUGH SHE DIDN'T FEEL IT WOULD CAUSE ANYTHING BUT PAIN RIGHT NOW. SH then went on to say that she didn't want to sound selfish but, she didn't want to change her life style right now. Maybe at a later day it would be okay. I asked if she wanted pictures or anything now and her answer was a resounding No. This is exactly where the conversation went and was ended. When I spoke with her the first evening she had told me how supportive her mother had been over the years. They had often talked about Don. She said she couldn't wait to call her and tell her of our conversation.

Thanks to Kinsolving and the family background I had a way of contacting her mother. Two weeks later I called the Maternal Grandmother. She was really shocked her daughter hadn't told her of our phone conversation. She asked many questions about Don and wanted to know if she could have my phone number. Since all of this I have been to visit the Maternal Grandmother who invited us to her time and showed us photos of Don's B-Mom. A couple of months later I received a note and she asked for a recent photo of Don. I haven't sent the photo yet as I do have some mixed emotions. For years I felt sorry for his B-Mom about not knowing and yet when contacted she chose the course she did. I just don't know if there should be a picture floating around the family for his B-Mom to get. It is apparent that she wants no contact. Christmas came and went, no call, then his 30th birthday, no card, no call. I feel this is no longer the woman whose husband and one child know about Don making a decision to not have him a part of her life.

Christmas and Birthdays were a lot better for me this year. I haven't cried for her these holidays this year for the first time in 27 years. Finally, I was able to thank this woman who gave me such a wonderful life with this young man. Never again will I feel guilty for having my time with him...I choose to do so, he is my Son. Was this a bad reunion? I guess it depends on how you look at it. I had my chance to say Thank You, he was such

a joy to raise. The time and money I spent was without a doubt worth it. Really though, there was no risk on my part as Don was raised in such a strong family unit I know he will always be my Son. I would never lose him to anybody, I'm his Mother.

I am hopeful that this reunion story has helped someone somewhere. Of nothing else was gained B-Moms can maybe realize that all of us who have adopted children really did do with a strong desire to have a family. This adoptive Mother would have welcomed his B-Mom into our lives. He has such strong and deep feelings for human beings that he would have welcomed her with open arms and shared his life with her too. This was really a win-win situation that just didn't end up that way. If I had to do over, I would do it again. In this troubled world one can never have too many friends or too much family. There is room for all of us and we are all important and needed in the chain of life.

Adoptees, you have a right to know your roots and I hope you have the support of your entire "family." B-Moms searching, you have a right to know this child. My reunion will never change my mind on the trauma that you have been through. Sooner or later as Moms we all know that kids will grow up and it will be time for them to be their own person. I just hope there are more Adoptive Moms like me willing to search and to do anything to make her child's life whole.

Kinsolving, you were a God send to this search, You gave me so much information to work with that IF it was possible to make this reunion different, the information would have. I guess we all have choices in this world to make. I made mine to search with no regrets. Should there be any updates to this you can rest assured you will be the first to know. Use all or part of this story to help and inform those who are caught in the web of adoption. I will always be eternally grateful,

H., SC/FI



Dear KI,

This is a quick thank you to Kinsolving Investigations for all the hard work and for great advice during my search. I contacted my birth mom and she was surprised, but very glad to hear from me. We've exchanged pictures and are planning to meet in April. Apparently, a letter was supposed to be given to me at age 16 that explained everything, and gave me information to help locate her. The letter was given to some people who were going to adopt me. Something fell through and I didn't go to them. Neither did the letter! It got lost somehow. She has thought that I didn't want to see her

all these years. You've helped to make both of us happy by providing me with the opportunity to tell her how much I appreciate what she did for me. I'll keep in touch.

V., OH

Dear Kinsolving,

I can't thank you enough for the information you provided to me about my birth family. I have deep regrets that my birth mother is deceased. My wife tells me that I'm the world's biggest procrastinator and I guess she's right. I guess I shouldn't have waited until I retired to begin my search. I was able to obtain my birth mother's death certificate and at least I know that she lived to be a ripe old age and didn't have many medical problems. Her photograph was also in the obituary so I can see who I look like now.

Forever grateful,

S., PA

Dear Kinsolving,

Although it's been around four months since I contacted my birth parents, I still haven't forgotten to update you on the outcome. This experience could not have turned out better. Thank you so much for locating them, and then coaching me on how to contact them and what to say! You are all a blessing.

I'm sending you a copy of a letter I sent out to family and friends... please read and enjoy this story. "Unbelievable" is the word that comes to mind over and over for me.

Thank you again,

A.

Dear Friends and Family,

Hello from the Windy City! As I come upon my 25th year, I want to share with you what amazing things God has done in my life over the past year. This is kind of like a backwards birthday card: as I come upon my 24th birthday, I feel so blessed that I want to share the exciting happenings of the last year with you. So have a seat, and take a few minutes to read about how God is faithful and blesses is more than we could ever ask or imagine!!!

As I said, I am soon to begin my 25th year of life. Twenty-four years ago on January 14, 1974, I was born and given up for adoption. Since then, I have grown ... physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. God had blessed me with an awesome family: parents, a brother and a sister. From my family I was given opportunity, and most importantly, was brought to the understanding of who God is.

About two years ago, I was sitting in church on what we call "Sanctity of Life" Sunday. A woman was sharing about her past and how she had had an abortion. She was sharing how painful it has been to live knowing that she killed a human life inside of her and did not allow it to live. But, she also rejoiced in the fact that Jesus died for her and has forgiven her of this and that as a result she can be healed of her pain and start anew. Anyway, as I sat and listened to her, for the first time I realized that the woman who gave birth to me had a choice, and if she had made a choice other than she did, I would not be sitting here today. I was brought to tears thinking of that and realized that at some point I need to find this woman and if nothing else, at least say thank you for making the choice she made to endure a pregnancy and then give me up for adoption.

About one year later, with enthusiastic support from Mom and Dad, I began thinking about doing a search for my birth parents. All the while, I was praying that God would work all this out in His timing. Finally, in September 1997, after a long process of things getting lost in the mail and the Department of Social Services not responding to my letter for a few months, I finally able to send a small packet of information to an investigation group in North Carolina called Kinsolving. They received my information and within a few days, at the end of September, they called me and reported that their search was complete and "I would be happy with the results." After sending in my payment they faxed me the information they had found. I stood in the office at my church nervously waiting for the fax to pop out of the machine. When it arrived, I looked to see that a young woman named Beverly had given birth to me in Mooresville, NC and that she was currently married to John and living in Vermont. The information told me their address and telephone number.

Now, what would the next step be??? My plan was to initiate contact by writing a letter to Beverly. However, my plan was soon changed after I talked to Kinsolving who told me that the best way to initiate contact was to make a phone call (because what if someone in her family got the letter before her and they find out something they're not supposed to know... I was told everything I should and should not say when I made my phone call...basically, that I need to be ready to do the talking since this would most likely be shocking to Beverly, and that I need to have written notes in front of me since I'll be nervous as well.

I waited a few weeks before calling mainly because of "busy-ness" and I had very little time to sit and deal with the emotions that I would feel. Eventually, Columbus Day weekend rolled around and therefore, a day off of school. I went home to Michigan, thinking that I would be away from school and "everything" and have time to thinking things through and with the results of the phone call. Well, on Columbus Day, around 10:30 a.m., after sitting in my dad's study for half an hour, more nervous than I have ever been, I dialed their number...and got an answering machine. No luck.

I returned to Chicago. The next Thursday night, October 16, I found time to sit and make the phone call. So with my notes scattered around me and my heart about ready to pop out of my chest, I sat and prayed. I told God that if this were not the right time to call, then HE needed to make my phone ring to do something else to distract me from making the phone call. Nothing happened. So, I said, "Really, God. I not kidding ...if you don't want me to do this now, give me some sort of sign." Well, once again nothing happened. So, I picked up the phone, dialed the number and before I knew it someone picked up. I asked for Beverly, and when she got on the phone, I mad her verify her maiden name and this is how the conversation went...

"Hi, my name is Alison, and I'm calling from CHicago. We have a personal matter to discuss. Is this a good time for you?"

"Yes,...what type of personal matter?"

"Well, I was born on January 14, 1974, in Mooresville, NC and was given up for adoption through the Department of Social Services."

Pause. "Can you hold on just a minute?"

In the back of my mind I'm thinking the worst: she's going to get her husband to come and yell at me and tell me never again to call and to stay away. But, she eventually got back on the phone and said, "Go ahead."

I repeated all I had said, and she responded with an, "Uh-huh." No reaction. So I went on with other things I planned to say, about why I had begun my search for my birth mother, etc. Every time I paused I got, "Uh-huh." I felt like she wasn't getting the point of all of this. So, finally, I said, "So, that's why I'm calling you."

I have very little memory of Beverly's immediate response after that. But I do remember her saying, "Well, I guess I should tell you that my husband is on the phone right now, too. And I guess that would be...your father." WOW! That's when the tears started to come.

All three of us - Beverly, John, and I - continued to talk for about 49 minutes. Well, talking interspersed with a lot of silence and "Wow, this is unbelievable" type comments. I learned many amazing things in that first talk. I learned that Beverly and John have two other daughters (who are my full sisters). The oldest one, 17 is named Alison Megan ...no kidding... spelled the same way and everything! (They did not name me.) They call her by her middle name, Megan. So, now I have two sisters with very similar names, Megan A, and Megan K. ... the other sister, 11, is Emily. Both of my parents are teachers - 6th and 7th grade. That must run in the family because I teach 6th grade also. They live out in the mountains in Vermont, thirty miles south of where Meg K. goes to college.

Since that first talk, a lot has taken place. Megan and Emily found out about me within a week of my calling, and Emily (11) began bouncing off the walls after hearing the news about another older sister. Megan found it a little tougher to understand and deal with, but since then I think she has warmed up to the idea of me... the family immediately began e-mailing back and forth, almost daily, sharing stories and beginning to catch up on our past and present. They shared with me that the timing of this "re-entry" into their lives could not have been better: John's mother was dying of cancer at the time and it was a tough time for them, but the fact that they have a new life to get to know was such a blessing during the time. (Yes, God answered the timing prayer!!) They also told me that aside from the birth of their other daughters, this was the best thing that had ever happened to them. They told me they knew they could never take the place of my family, but that I was welcome to become as much a part of their family as I wanted to become. We began to talk on the phone every Thursday night, continued e-mailing, and really got to know each other.

But talking and e-mailing wasn't enough. Finally, on December 27, after spending a great Christmas with my family #1, I was able to fly out to Vermont and meet my new family #2 for the first time. Once again, I found myself really nervous, but as I walked off the plane and gave my Mom #2 a huge hug, and saw the tears in her eyes, I realized again how special and amazing this was, both for me and especially for them. As dad

#2 keeps saying, our lives have come full circle. I spent six days in beautiful Vermont, with a wonderful family. We spent time looking at pictures, and sharing our lives and getting to know one another. I spent some good times with Megan and Emily (and Lucy, the dog..) and really enjoyed myself. It was hard to come back to my world in Chicago, knowing that I'd have to leave the new family that i was just beginning to get to know. What's encouraging is that I have the rest of my life to get to know these people who gave me the gift of life in the first place! I've enclosed a picture of us from my visit. John and Beverly are standing; sitting are Megan, me and Emily (left to right).

A., IL

Dear Kinsolving,

I'm writing to say that I would highly recommend your agency to anyone searching for birth rite information. I'm 57 years old and finally know something about my roots. I know who both my birth parents are, that I have a sister. Most of all I have a whole new feeling about myself and who I am.

My birth family considered me an embarrassment and want no further contact. It would have been nice if they had wanted to get to know me, but that's okay. At least I now know who they are. Because of that I feel better about who I am. I was able to get important medical information. There is a family history of heart disease. Now my whole family can be aware that heart disease could pop up in anyone of us and we can take precaution. I am so glad my husband found your agency on the internet and that we contacted you.

Sincerely, G., NY

Dear Kinsolving,

Where do I begin? I learned of your agency through friends of mine who you had successfully helped so I thought I'd give you a try. I was searching for my birth mom, not really giving a thought about a birth father or siblings. Well, as it turns out, my birth mother has been deceased since 1985. However, I've gotten to meet my birth father

and three brothers and two sisters. Some of these are full siblings, the others are half siblings. One of seven siblings was given up for adoption. My birth mom only chose one son to keep. To make along story short, he never knew for sure he had other brothers and sisters until I located him. The rest of the siblings had already located each other before I came into the picture. The funny thing about all of this is that the other siblings thought that I was the "baby" girl that they had not located. They didn't know that I even existed, so who knows how many more siblings might pop up in the future. Mu birth father hasn't been too much help because he's elderly and his health is not good after having several strokes. Anyway, the siblings have all gotten together a few times and I have to tell you the emotions are unexplainable. Some are good and some are not so good. The overall experience has truly changed my life, at least now I know my roots and I;m developing new relationship with my siblings. We still have a sister out there somewhere we hope to be reunited with. Thanks for your professionalism and the support that you showed me during this time in my life. I've enclosed a picture for you. Thanks again.

J., NC



Dear Kinsolving,

I was glad to learn of your existence from my cousin who you helped six or seven years ago. She. like I, was adopted in 1944 and was curious and somewhat "needy" for information of our heritage. She told me about how you found her family and although her mother was deceased, connected her with blood relatives.

I am in the same situation. My adopted mother is still living at 91 years old but I wonder often about who I am and what is my heritage.

I hope you can solve my dilemma and locate some information about my beginnings.

Sincerely,

S., Wi

Dear Kinsolving,

This year I was able to spend Valentine's Day with my son. Last year, thanks to you, I called my son and spoke to him for the first time on Valentine's Day. What an incredible year it has been for both of us!

On March 11, 1997 I met my son in person. With my sisters for support, we drove the 4 hours to his home. When he walked out the door and enveloped me in the best hug in the world I really felt the search was over.

In the last year we have spent many hours on the phone and spent many weekends together. During the summer, Ted, his wife, and two stepsons were able to visit Iowa and meet all the relatives on my side of the family as well as on his birth father's side. In January I had an open house so my friends could meet him. We were also featured on a special spot on our local NBC news. I've come a long easy form the "secrets and lies" I had kept for 32 years.

I feel so blessed to have this very special young man in my life and there is more to come. Ted and Darla are expecting their first child together in May. I was not allowed to see him when he was born but I will get to see and hold his son (if it's a boy).

The picture I've enclosed was taken the first night we met.

Thank you again, from the bottom of my heart, for finding my son for me.

M., TX



Dear Kinsolving,

I would sincerely like to thank you for the search that you conducted for me. I couldn't bring myself to call my birth mother, so I decided to write a letter to her. On January 16, 1998 I had a message on my machine from a person with my birth mother's name, requesting that I return her call. I was so scared to make the call. but on that night I talked to my birth mother for the first time. I read her the information that I had and she said, "I am your birth mother." We talked for at least an hour and a half. It was a tearful conversation on both sides as we talked.

She had also started looking for me when I turned 21. She was turned away at every door she came to and could not get any help. She said that she had given up trying to find the baby that she had given up for adoption. She said that she was talking to one of her friends on Wednesday of that very week and she felt she would never be able to find the baby she had given up.

We finally met on February 7, 1998. It was one of the happiest moments in my life. I was able to talk to and hold the person that gave birth to me after all this time. It was a terrific weekend. It was also sad after two short days to have to let her go again due to us being 6 hours apart. We keep in touch every weekend by phone and letters. I am planning a trip to spend a weekend with her soon. My birth father has expressed an interest in seeing my also.

I wish for all adopted children that they could also find the peace they deserve within themselves by finding their birth family. For I also ave been where they are and felt what they feel. No other person can know what dwells within us, excepts for another adopted child.

This letter goes out to al the adopted children to "keep the faith." Happy endings can come true!

Sincerely,

B., NC



Dear Kinsolving,

My mother lives three blocks away form me. When you told me who she was, it stranged me out because a year ago I had a "feeling" she was my mother and wrote her a letter saying I was searching for my cousin. She called me to say she did not know of a Barbara (a.k.a. "me"). So, when you told me it was her I felt like she'd already rejected me. But after some debating I wrote her a Christmas Card and a five page letter in which I thanked her for responding a year ago to my letter and that since she'd been so thoughtful I felt like I could tell her all the things I would like to tell my birth mother if I could find her. It worked!!!

She called today and said she had all sorts of family visiting from Poland (who I'd like to meet but I didn't mention that) but that we needed to quiet time to visit after the holidays.

I made her promise to call me after the New Year. I truly believe she will. She said she'd write to me during the interim.

So, it looks like I will be lucky enough to have a good reunion. Regardless though, I could never thank you enough for your fast work, for your immediate response, for offering your advice on how to contact her and for doing it all at an affordable price. Before I'd heard of Kinsolving I really felt ready to cry every minute of every day and was so angry there was no room for joy in my life. Besides the fact that you solved my eight year search, encountering a group of people who are doing meaningful, compassionate - as far as I'm concerned, are working diligently on matters that are of life or death importance - encountering such people gives me hope, inspiration, and better yet, relief. There is good in the world.

I want to thank everyone at Kinsolving.

Sincerely,

N., PA

Dear Kinsolving,

Just wanted to fill you in on the great news.

I did call her and we talked for almost an hour and a half. I first called and left a message with her husband at 3 p.m. He was extremely nice. I told him I needed to talk to her about a personal matter and he took my name and phone number. I could tell he knew who I was because at first when he said she wasn't there I said I would call back later and he said, "At least give me your name and number." He said she would be home after 7. That was the longest night of my life.

She didn't call until 10:30. She said, "Hi Karen, this is Cathy. I had a message that you called. What can I do for you?" I said, "Thanks for calling me back. I need to talk to you about a personal matter. Are you somewhere where you can talk?" She said, "Sure." I said, "Well, my name is Karen and I am from Charlotte, NC and I was born on October 25, 1974." She blurted out, "I was hoping it was you!"

Right then and then I knew everything was going to be ok. She said the family all knows about me, with the exception of the 9 year old son. She said that I sounded just like my

sister when I laughed. She said my birth father lives in the same town and has 3 boys. She ran into him at the grocery store a year ago and he asked if I had found her yet. He said he would love to meet me and thought about me a lot. She is calling today to give me his number.

I told her I act and sing and she said both her sisters are professional actors! I told her I had a brain tumor in the 6th grade and she said her daughter has had over 20 surgeries because she has something called "Water head Babies"...there was a big name for it but I don't remember what it was...It had to do with the spinal cord no getting fluid to the brain easily. I assured her I was ok now and she was relieved.

Chris, I can't tell you how thankful I am you helped me! I may have not handled all this the ways everyone else thought I should, but I did what my heart told me to do and it turned out wonderful. She was extremely curious how I found out her name and address and I told her I had been searching for a while and had several online friends helping who had connections and everything led to her. I am just glad things worked out the way they did and I have you to thank for that.

I thought you would be glad to know that I called and that everything went well. We are going to plan on meeting soon! I can hardly wait!

Thank you Kinsolving Investigations!

Sincerely,

K., NC

Dear Kinsolving,

I apologize that it has taken me so long to write. With your help I have been given the most wonderful gift. You found my birth mother for me, something I could never have done!

Here is my story. After I contacted you in June of 1997, I received a phone call from you saying that you had found my birth mother. I then called her on the telephone as you had advised. She was shocked to say the least! She was sixteen years old when she gave birth to me.,a and her parents made her out me up for adoption. She told me that

she'd resigned herself to the fact that she would never see me again. She said she thought about me all the time and was glad I'd found her.

After that initial phone call, we would talk each week or so. We finally met in October of 1997, when she and her husband of seventeen years flew up from Florida. I can never describe what it felt like to finally look in a face so very much like my own! We cried and hugged and cried some more! That first night, I couldn't take my eyes off her. There were so many similarities, we had the same stance, mannerisms, likes and dislikes.

In November of 1997 we drove to Florida for Thanksgiving. I then met my full brother, half sister and half brother. I had worried about how they would react but they were excited and very accepting. My birth mother said she finally felt like her family was whole and that it was the best Thanksgiving she could remember.

In January, the whole family came up and we went skiing. We already have a rafting trip planned for the summer.

I talk to them on the telephone all the time. They have welcomed my husband and I into their family. The whole thing had brought peace to my life. I never thought I would find her, but I never gave up hope! I believe that it's brought a peace to my birth mother's life as well. Both her parents and mine have passed away. Somehow we both feel like they would be happy for us to know how things have turned out. Then again, maybe they do know.

My birth mother and I have lost twenty-five years, but how many more we've gained. Thank you so much for what you've given us! I will be forever grateful!

P.E., FL



Dear Kinsolving,

I just wanted to send you a few lines to tell you that the reunion that you were so instrumental in making happen is working out absolutely marvelous. I will provide more details in a future letter because right now I'm having too much of a good time meeting my birth family and getting to know them. They are all so wonderful.

Thank you so very much.
K., MI

Dear Kinsolving,

You completed my search last September and I wish that I had some marvelous happy ending to my story, but unfortunately, I'm not one of the lucky ones. I contacted my birth mother a few weeks after I received your information and he didn't hang up but I could tell that I put her in shock and that there were other people around that didn't know of my existence. I reassured her that I wouldn't show up at her door, nor would I contact her siblings (which she has ten) or her two grown daughters. She answered everything in 'yes,' 'no' responses and we spoke for maybe three very tense minutes.

I waited a few more weeks in order for it to sink in and wrote her place of employment (she, like me, is a nurse and it's not unusual to receive personal cards at work). In the letter I explained that I am a good person who has two children, one of which has a hereditary blood disorder and that I would like medical information first and foremost. And that any contact, relationship or communication could be on her terms so that I didn't disrupt her family. I told her a little a bit about myself and that I turned out okay. I personally feel that I sent a heartwarming and personal letter but obviously she didn't care. I also enclosed two pictures of my children and my returned address.

When Christmas rolled around and I hadn't heard a word from her, I couldn't take it anymore so I phoned her again on December 21st. What did I have to lose? She claims that no one in her entire family has any medical conditions that are hereditary, and she won't divulge who the father is, nor will she even admit if she read and or kept my letter. She did receive it, but wouldn't offer anything else. I don't think she bothered to read it. What I don't understand is how she can be a nurse, a labor and deliver nurse at that, and not care about her own flesh and blood. I didn't want to be invited to Christmas dinner at her house, but I didn't think she'd completely reject me again. How can a mother, and a nurse, be so cruel? Yes, I'm mad and hurt and feel robbed. She'd denying me a chance at a relationship with my birth father, with her two daughters, who of course are my half-sisters, and numerous aunts and uncles. She's denying herself the chance to be at peace with an obviously very unpleasant part of her past, and most importantly, she's denying my children the best medical care possible by not providing my medical heritage.

I wish it could have been a more joyous closure to my search, but at least it's done. The only good thing about his entire situation is that now I have some control over it. I know her name and her address and I know she's alive and that gives me some satisfaction. The stupid system didn't win and I know that I can contact her if I want to. She rejected me as an infant and then thirty-three years later. I know that you can write back to me

and assure me that she might come around, but I doubt that will ever happen. I guess it's them for me to give up on her and move on.

Thank you for finding her, even though it's not a good outcome. I hope you will consider printing my letter in the Vanguard so that birth mothers can see how rejection hurts.

S., NY