

Dear Kinsolving,

I wanted to offer my sincerest “thanks” for all of your help and support regarding my search. I made phone contact with my birthmother last week and the contact appeared to go very well. Clearly, we have entered an entirely new phase of this “story” and I continue to hope things go well.

I will continue to draw on your assistance and support as we move forward, but I wanted to make sure you knew how much I have appreciated your help up to this point. You have helped me realize a dream and your encouragement was critical in keeping me going. Your advice on how to initiate the contact was especially valuable. (But man, was that phone call tough to make! My hands still shake when I think about how nervous I was!) Working through the phone, though nerve-wracking, was also so much more powerful because hearing her voice for the first time was something I will never, ever forget.

As we enter this new phase of relationship building I may need to draw on your experience to help navigate the waters. I do not want to push too hard, too fast, but at the same time, I need to determine how willing she is to develop a relationship. And what about other matters, like: do I send her and her husband birthday cards? I have not been able to extract any information regarding the birthfather from CHS, and I don't want to press the matter so very much: I would not jeopardize that for anything.

I still feel overwhelmed with the developments of the last 4 weeks. I feel tremendous happiness to have found her, as well as small tinges of regret that we've been apart for so much of my (and her) life – she seems so interesting and easy to talk to! I wish I could put all of the emotion and excitement in a bottle and preserve it forever! I can't even remember how the first call went – I was in total shock! All I remember is how wonderful her voice sounded and how easy it seemed to talk with her. It was as though I'd known her all along. I guess, in a way, I have...

Well, thank you again so very, very much. I am so truly lucky – as I told my birthmother, an angel has touched my soul and I continue to thank every star I see.

Thank you. M.  
PA

Forwarded Message:

To: Chris Lee

I contacted Leann and we have had two WONDERFUL telephone conversations now. I am just ecstatic! And she seems to be too. Everything you said was true about what to expect.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Jane

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Dear Kinsolving,

Well, I promised most of you that you'd know as soon as I did. I have good news and bad news. The good news is I have names and know a lot of my history and have the chance to know more through a sister and 2 brothers. Bad news is everyone but my siblings are deceased, so it is unlikely I'll find out my birth dad's name. My sister may try to help at some point because she is interested in genealogy. It was a shock to her, but she said "with mama anything is possible" and the dates are right. I think I might have liked mama, but she died ten years ago. Her daughter pestered her to have more information about her background, but she just wasn't into telling it. Having secrets such as me was probably part of the reason.

I haven't talked to the brothers yet. I'll do it later when more of this has sunken in. I just like to keep my promise to let you know the results of my search. I won't kid you and say I'm thrilled. This isn't the reunion I had dreamed of and hoped for, but its reality and it's OK. There is still hope I will build a friendship and hopefully sisterhood feeling with my 1/2 sister Barbara. The information Chris was able to give me was remarkable. I looked for over half a year with little results and within a week she came up with names and addresses of several relatives. Birth dates, marriage dates, death dates, etc.

If you want more details I'll be happy to tell you about it. I really appreciate all the encouragement you have given me throughout my search. I hope you've felt like I've been there for you too, because I have tried to. The backyard is a supportive, helpful place, and I hope we can all keep it that way.

I feel like breaking into a chorus of don't cry for me Argentina lol but I'll spare you that hideous sight. I'm no Madonna. I look forward to talking to all of you soon.

Love,  
Sherry



Hello Chris,

Phoned Michele last night, it went well thanks to your wise advice. She expected that I would call sometime. Knew right away it was me! Had already met up with bdad's family (bdad died in 92) ...feels like I'm the last on the scene...We are starting email correspondence. I'll let you know what more develops as time goes on...

Sunday afternoon at home, kids running around, kitchen messy, husband wants cup of tea with me, sewing quilts for girl scouts Tues....no more time to write.

Talk to you later,  
THANK GOD FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU  
With love and appreciation,  
Sylvia



Dear Chris,

Words could never express the gratitude that is owed to you for the search you completed for me. The day I received the phone call, April 18, that you had located my son will be one never to be forgotten. I had always wondered where my son was and if he was okay. I never went one day of not thinking of him. You made my long awaited dream come true of being reunited with my son that I love so much.

When I presented you with all my information about my search, it was like standing before God and being given the book of the many years that I longed to know and had missed my son. Finally, everything I needed to find my son was there in my hands. I guess I always knew that someday God would allow us to be together. I always had a very strong desire to find Paul. I would never have wanted him to think that I didn't want him. I didn't sleep all night because of the intense emotions I was feeling and the different emotions I was feeling.

I first tried to contact him by phone but was unable to get him. I contacted him on April 19, 1989 by going to his house. We pulled into the driveway and his girlfriend was standing outside. I was so scared. My daughter jumped out of the car before I made it stopped. She said "is Paul here." His girlfriend replied "no he is not," and Angie, my daughter then replied, "I am Paul's sister." His girlfriend replied "Oh my God." At this time I said her name and I said, "I know know you are Paul's girlfriend; does Paul know he was adopted?" She replied "yes, he's been looking for you." At this moment I knew there was a very good chance my son and I would reunite. I told her that I thought it would be best if I were to leave and to call her back with a number that he could reach me if he wanted to see me. I waited for about 45 minutes. The anticipation was overwhelming. Finally, the call came. Paul was unable to hear me. I hung up and called his house. He came to the phone. He said, "Hello, how are you," I replied, "the question is how are you." At that point, I broke down and could no longer say anything. He said, "Well, would you like to see me." I replied, "what about in five minutes," and he said, "Come to my house." As I was driving my daughter asked said, "Mom, what does it feel like to know you are going to see your son for the first time in 19 1/2 years?" I couldn't answer her. All I could think of was getting there as fast as I could. As I arrived at his house and started up the steps he came out the door and down the steps, we grabbed each other; we couldn't let each other go. I said, "Paul, I've waited for this day for 19 1/2 years and I always prayed that God would watch over you and would let us be together someday. Paul said, "Mom, I love you and I have been looking for you." My daughter and his girlfriend were also embracing and crying. It was more than I had ever thought it would be.

He was as excited about me finding him as I was in my search to locate him. He had pictures laid out on the table and wanted everything to be perfect.

I will remember this day for the rest of my life. He is still young (19), so I hope we will have quite a few years left together. He is very excited that he has another family of a brother and two sisters. We have been spending some time together and everyone in my family is very excited. My son, Paul, had also contacted the same person I had at the Department of Social Services where he was placed for adoption, but was told there was no information that could be released. Paul had tried to locate me before his high school graduation so I could be there and I had tried to locate him in October. I am very much in favor of Open Records as it should be, and could make our searches so much easier.

Now that I have found Paul, I can live with my decision a little easier, even though, the pain of giving him up will always be with me. My caseworker at DSS knows as anyone else the love I had for Paul and the very difficult decision I had in giving him up.

Because of Paul's birth defect, I was told that he would have to undergo extensive surgery and speech therapy and that there was a possibility that he would not be placed because of his birth defect and would have to be placed in a foster home. I knew I couldn't see him in a foster home for the rest of his life. I went with him to Duke Hospital to have plastic surgery and made many visits for the first 6 months of his life. Finally, May, Jane, my caseworker called me and told me that I had to make a decision, that they were carrying all the expenses. She also said that Paul could be placed since his surgery was so successful. I knew I didn't have another choice but to give him up. There was no one to help me financially and DSS never informed me of any programs that would allow assistance to me. I signed the papers in May. Several weeks later I telephoned Jane to tell her that I like to try to keep Paul but she said it was too late. I would call her periodically and she would keep me posted as to how Paul was doing. I received the last call from her in December to tell me that Paul had been adopted.

I can truly say now that God has answered all of my prayers in letting me find my son. He is, and will always be very special to me. All of my children are very special to me, but Paul holds a very special place in my heart. I thank you and God for letting this occur.

I encourage other mothers who have relinquished their children to search. This was my one and only dream that had not been fulfilled in my life. Thank you so much for your time and willingness to handle these difficult situations, as we could not be reunited with our children without you. If there is anything I can do for your organization, please do not hesitate to contact me. I will continue to attend the AIE meetings so that I may be of support for other birth mothers looking for their children.

I am enclosing some pictures that we have taken. Also, I am enclosing a poem that I wrote the night that I was reunited with Paul. Paul and his 17 year old sister look very much alike. We all love him very much. Thank you again for all of your efforts.

Sincerely, C.

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Dear Chris – Hello!

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for finding my birth son. Ever since Mother's Day when I finally reached him and talked to him in person, we have spent hours in the phone, talk back and forth in email, and then, best of all – I met him last Tuesday!

He was planning a trip to a place about three hours away from where I live, and at first thought he could come early and stay a say or so with us. Because of some schedule changes it ended up he would be coming up and only going to be able to see us for three hours or so.

I knew that it would be too hard not to be able to meet him by myself and have time to talk to him by himself. Soooo, I decided to ask him if I could fly there to spend the day with him. He thought it was a cool idea! So Tuesday we spent 7 hours together. It was awesome! I got to see where he lives, works, met many of hid friends, his boss, etc. AND HE INTRODUCED ME AS HIS MOM – Can you believe it? He is such an open, kind, great guy who had a wonderful upbringing – I just thank God every day I have (thanks to you!!!) found him!

Tomorrow is when he is coming here for three hours, so now I can relax and enjoy him meeting everyone here. He is looking forward to it, as well as my sons and husband are too. This summer sometime my son will be driving through the Midwest where his birthfather and family live and they are going to get together. Most likely he will be able to meet my mom, his grandmother, and other relatives on that same trip.

It was so terrific and fulfilling, I can barely comprehend it sometimes. It turned out that the 9 years I searched and didn't find were growing years for me and my son, too. He wonders if he would have been so open back then. At any rate, God's timing, and your skills, and my perseverance, and my mom's offer of the money, and my husband being the one who ended up playing the money – and you have many, many, happy excited people!

Thank you again for your excellent and caring help!

Best Wishes, Vicki



I have only the greatest things to say about Kinsolving and in particular, Chris Lee. I am a birthmom who had been searching for many years to find my b-daughter. I had tried using the agency through which the adoption was handled, assuming that since they had all the "altered" information, the search would be short and simple. Not so. I had paid the agency several hundreds of dollars and waited 6 years with no luck.

On February 29, 1997, I forwarded the little information I had....Date of birth, hospital, and agency name to Kinsolving knowing that if they found nothing, I would owe nothing.

On evening of February 21 I got an email message from Kinsolving telling me that case was finished. IN LESS THAN 24 Hours Kinsolving had done what I thought was impossible!!!!!! After fed-exing the fee to Kinsolving, Chris was kind enough to call me from her home on Sunday upon receipt of the \$\$ and not only gave me the information I had only dreamed of hearing of nearly 26 years...but was kind enough to counsel me on how to place the call, what to say...what to expect.

There is no dollar amount I can place of what Kinsolving has done for me!!!!

I called my birthdaughter within hours of getting the info and we have had constant communication during the past year and 2 months. This past March, my b-daughter and my kids still with me met each other and spent nearly a week together. (They are full blooded siblings)

The only caveat I can offer would be...make sure you have access to the \$\$ before you give the info and ok to Kinsolving. These are truly amazing results in an incredibly short period of time!!!!!!!!!! And I am sure the frustration of not having the money...knowing that Kinsolving has the answers you are looking for, would be incredible!

Love, Sandy

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Dear Kinsolving,  
It has taken me some time, but I'm writing to share the results of my contact with my birthmother.

First, I'd like to thank you for conducting a prompt and successful search. What you did in one week's time is amazing, especially since I had been searching for approximately 7 years on my own.

My birthmother was understandably surprised when I called her, but participated in a very lengthy conversation with me. For a time we corresponded back and forth sharing stories, history and photos. She was reluctant to come face-to-face for a while. However, she accepted an invitation to a birthday lunch. Since she only lived an hour's drive away we met to celebrate her birthday. Lunch that day lasted until about 8:30-9:00 p.m. We not only lunch but we visited at her home. I met my half-brother and his family at his house and accompanied them to my niece's swim lessons. There were no tears until I had to go home. It was difficult leaving her.

Since that time we communicate via e-mail on a frequent basis and visit from time to time. She is happy to welcome my son into her life as well.

My mother was very concerned about how my adoptive parents would feel, which is why she had been reluctant to contact me or have a relationship with me. My adoptive parents are wonderful people and have supported me through this. I am truly blessed to have three parents, all of whom are terrific people!

T., WI



Dear Kinsolving,

It's been on the burner for a year now to write this letter. First of all, thank you for making it possible to learn not only that my daughter was alive and well, but receptive to seeing me. From there I learned she had a good life and wonderful family. That meant the world to me.

Enclosed is a letter to my daughter that I would like you to print in *The Vanguard* at your earliest convenience. Also enclosed is a picture we snapped at our reunion one year ago in March. Mighty fine young lady, don't you think?

Thank you again.

S.  
CA



Dear Daughter,

It has been one year since our reunion and here are some thoughts of mine. For the 24 years prior to March 14, 1997, I had a few precious memories that I carried closest to my heart. Being pregnant with you was the best. To feel your little kick or punch and know you were alive and well. Your little hiccups. You hated Mexican food and loved oatmeal. I love Mexican food and hated oatmeal. Your birth when you arrived all white and powdery. All ten toes and fingers. You traveled a bit in your first months of life as I couldn't decide where to live, what to do to where to be. Why did I choose adoption for you? Because in the deepest depths of my soul I knew I could never give you all that I wanted for you, that I would never be the "perfect mom," that stability wasn't in my

vocabulary. And then the coincidences began I always began I always knew the names of your adopted parents. I always knew that you were raised in Nevada. I had the phone number of one of your parents. I ate the guilt daily. My closest friends knew someday we would meet and everything would be okay. I learned your name had been changed and then I talked to you. Your mom assured me that you had been raised knowing you were adopted and that I loved you. Would that be enough to begin a new journey? And then we met and the coincidences continued. Pulling into the parking lot our eyes met and I knew. You were my daughter. As we embraced I felt the hole in my heart, so large for many years, begin to fill. I stroked your hair and knew. You were my daughter. We talked and ate and walked and talked. We took pictures to record the moment forever. In my heart, the new memories began to fill the old. My daughter. Someone had raised you to be compassionate, healthy, warm, friendly, loving, kind, and respectful. Someone had held your hand as you entered school for the first time. Someone has taught you right from wrong, good from bad, and decent from indecent. You are intelligent, now married and a mother of your own daughter. I will treasure this past year as we have proceeded to get to know one another. We have discovered a bit of look-alike, our love of chocolate, emailing cards to one another at the same time, and traits (good and bad) that are the same. Life is full of choices. Make the right ones and this is a good thing. Make bad choices and you pay. Every birth mother knows the pain. But in knowing, knowing you gave a chance to someone who might not otherwise have had one, you get through the pain. There is so much abuse in today's society. There was in the 70's too. I chose drugs, a street life and abusive relationships because that was love to me. Somewhere along the way, I realized differently and though I still work through things at times, I am happily married 14 years to a wonderfully supportive and thoroughly fantastic husband. I have no other children. You are the only one. And as the years progress, and our relationship cements, I know we will share a special love. One that bridges a mother/daughter, friend/friend relationship. This one is our s and ours alone to share.

I want to thank Kinsolving for finding the necessary information for me to realize the dream of meeting you. I also want to thank those persons responsible for loving and caring for you all these years. Without them, you would not be the person you are today. I could not have done it.

Love,  
Your Birth Mom

Dear Kinsolving,

Thank you so very much for making my life complete. One year ago today, on February 13, 1997, I made the most difficult call I will ever have to make. I was literally shaking, and when the line was answered, I almost hung up. Thank you so much for coaching me on what to say because without you, I don't know what I would have said. I think I quoted you word for word on my introduction, and assured my b'mom that I was calling from Texas and was not on her back doorstep. She was both shocked and thrilled; she was talkative and speechless at the same time. She said, "I really don't know what to say, except I want to get off the phone and call my family." Of course, we didn't hang up immediately. She assured me that she had not kept my birth a secret, and that everyone in the family was going to be thrilled that I had found them. I learned that I had two sisters and a brother. We promised to send each other pictures, but we were both so excited that we hung up without making plans to talk again. Ten agonizing days later I received a letter and a picture. We look just alike, and even more amazing is the fact that my fourteen-year-old daughter looks like my youngest sister.

I had also kept my promise and mailed my b'mom pictures, and my phone number. When she got the pictures she called me. She knew I was hers and was also amazed at the resemblance. WE talked for quite a while and made plans to meet. One month later, my b'mom, my sister Kisha, my brother Dean, and my sister-in-law Dana stepped off the plane on Dallas. I can not even begin to tell you the range of emotions we all experienced. That is a day I will cherish for the rest of my life. I still get chills when I think about it. One week later, my other sister Tracy, and her husband Barry flew in from N.C. That reunion was wonderful also, and we hit it off immediately.

In June 1997, my birth family flew my daughter, and my partner and me to S.C. My b'mom, two aunts, an uncle, and a cousin greeted us. As if that were not enough, a few days later they threw a huge family reunion and we were introduced to multiple cousins, more aunts and uncles, and family friends. It was both exciting and overwhelming. I am amazed and overjoyed with all the love and acceptance I have found. I was looking for my b'mom, but I have been blessed with a whole new family.

My b'mom and sister Kisha have since been back to Texas and we have been back to S.C. for Christmas. The first Christmas we have spent together in 35 years. It was Great! I finally have an answer to all my many questions. I also have a peace of mind I've never known before. We plan to continue our visits every three months to try to make up for lost time.

I want to add that I had a wonderful life and was not lacking anything. I just needed to know my origins. My adopted family is the best anyone could ever hope for and I thank God for them everyday. At first, my adopted mom was a little hurt when I located my

birthmom, and she sent an article written by an adoptee. He stated that adoption was a "barbaric act." That really upset my adopted mom because she felt that adoption was a loving act. I assured her that I also feel that adoption is a loving act. Thanks to Kinsolving Investigations, I now know who loved me on each end of the act. Words cannot express how wonderful it feels. I'm now blessed with two loving families. Who could ask for anything more.

M., TX



#### A Mother's Prayer

The day I last saw you  
I asked God to keep you in his care

I knew he would not forsake me,  
For he was the one who was there

I asked him to go with you, and  
Watch over you each day-by-day

Thank you God for answering my prayer,  
In your own special way

You're everything I had hoped,  
That you would ever be

You couldn't have been a more perfect son,  
For God, your family and me

I thank God for letting me find you,  
And opening up the door

My love for you will never die,  
I love you as before

Your smile is so warm and gentle,  
Your touch is one who cares

Your heart is filled with love,  
And all the tenderness

You were is my every thought,  
A reason for me to go on

I knew I had to trust in God,  
This certain day would come.

To my son that I love more  
than anything in the world.

I wrote this the night that I found Paul.



Dear Kinsolving,

First of all, I'd like to thank everyone at Kinsolving for everything you have done and so quickly. My search was a long eight years, and hard. You completed it in a very short time and I am very thankful.

I called my birth mother, sister and brother. We had a reunion in February. I met my birthmother, to sisters and a brother and the birthmother's mother. It was a long journey finally completed. I feel like a truck has been lifted off my shoulders. The reunion went very well, we still keep in contact and soon they will be coming to my house for a visit.

Thank you for everything and I'm sorry it ahs taken me so long to let you know how things went, but I wanted to be sure.

Thanks again, K., MN



Dear Kinsolving,

There could never be enough words to thank you for your help in locating my daughter. I could have never found her without you. I was wordless the day I received the phone call saying she had been located.

I was lucky enough to get to talk to her on the phone just a couple of days after I received her information. She sounded great! She sent a picture to me. She's such a beautiful, young lady! We've visited several times and we talk weekly. We are slowly building a relationship. This has been a wonderful experience.

It was such a relief to know that she has had a good life. Her adoptive parents are great. It has always been a very depressing time for me on holidays and birthday time. Now all that has changed.

You have made a big difference in my life. Thank you again!

Sincerely, K., NC

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Dear Chris,

I know you have heard it all before, but that doesn't mean it's not worth saying again. Words can express the feeling that one feels when they finally complete that journey of a lifetime and actually find their biological parents. Good or bad we need to know. You were very instrumental and highly responsible for me being able to complete my journey. Thank you very much. I will write more later.

Sincerely, A.

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I am so unsure of where to begin this story. It seems like I have been searching for my birthmother forever. I began my search when I was 16. Having been born in North Carolina, made my search especially difficult. Nevertheless, through the help of Kinsolving, I found my birthmother one month ago (I am 27).

After receiving all my information about her, I realized that she had been living an hour and a half away from me my entire life. I was so excited to finally know who and where she was. But, I was too nervous to call her! I had been waiting 11 years for this, and I was terribly afraid to make that phone call, and run the risk of getting rejected. It took several weeks, but I finally did call her. I'm not sure what I said, but whatever it was, it worked. Within minutes, we were both crying and talking like we had known each other all our lives. She told me that she had held me twice, once after she had delivered me, and the other time, when she came to see me at the Children's Home Society. She had

even saved my hospital bracelet. She remembered that I had big brown eyes, and dimples. And she told me that she named me Heather (which is what my adoptive mother was going to name me if I had blond hair!) We spoke for several hours, until it was time for her to go and pick up her two children (I have two brothers, ages 10 and 12). She told me that her husband knew about me, but that she had not told her kids yet. After we hung up, I had a mini panic attack, thinking that she would never call back. She did! The very next night, we talked for another few hours. We discussed the fact that I got my impatience from her, and that we **MUST** see each other right away. We made plans to meet somewhere the very next weekend. Unfortunately, her children got sick and we had to reschedule. It was three weeks from our first conversation before we actually saw each other face to face. It seems like an eternity!!!

We agreed to meet half way, at a hotel (she had still not told her children). When we (my husband went with me) got to the hotel, I requested her room number. My legs were shaking so badly, that I had to sit down in the lobby before going to her room. When I finally got the courage up, I pushed the elevator button. The doors opened and there she was!!! It was like looking in a mirror. We look just alike. The rest of the day is like a blur to me. We spent most of it in her hotel room, looking at pictures and talking. I just kept thinking "wow, this is really happening!" The weekend went by too quickly, and all too soon, we were saying good bye. She hugged me, and told me that she loved me – I believed her...I told her that I would let her call me, since her children still had begun to get curious about her long "phone calls." I worried the entire car ride home, that she would never call me again. It seemed like forever, but finally about a week later, she called. She told me that she still had not told her children, because she was trying to get in touch with the birthfather (he lives in the same small town with her, and they have remained friends). She wants to give him the chance to prepare his family (he has two children – one is the same age as my daughter), before it spreads around their town. That was one week ago. I'm not worried. I know she will call.

I have been searching long enough to have seen every possible reunion. Mine was perfect...or as close to perfection as you can get!!! I would never have been able to do any of it without the help of Kinsolving, or the support of my adoptive mother. So, from the bottom of my heart I thank you!!!

Teresa

Dear Kinsolving Investigations and Chris Lee,  
I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your help in finding my birthson! We have had a wonderful, happy reunion and I can only sing your praises for making our reunion possible through your fast and efficient search system.

As you know, I have been searching for him through rather traditional means for the last 9 years, but ran into roadblocks almost everywhere I turned. I had heard about your company a few years back, but at the time did not think I could afford to hire you. Over the 9 years, I joined some search groups, which were great supports, and did help me find a little information.

Then, about a year ago, I hired a private investigation firm which was very helpful in some areas, although they were having the same roadblocks as I had run into overall.

Finally, my wonderful husband, who has been very supportive all these years in my search, and I were discussing the subject of having no regrets in life. The one and only regret I had was that I had not found my birthson. So at that moment we both decided it was time to hire you. We knew that you did not require any payment until you had FOUND the person we were looking for – so we felt we had nothing to risk. Your guarantee swayed our decision. And what a great decision it was!!

I contacted you, signed a contract, and that day you found where my son was living and also a lot of other identifying info that helped me not only start to “get to know him,” but also to even find his web page and “see” him in some photos there.

I also want to thank you for all the help you were at this point of giving me all the original information – I asked for your suggestions about how to make the initial contact and I think your advice helped dramatically in how successfully it went. You suggested what things would be helpful to say and not to say, and many other details for me to consider that might encourage positive reactions. I feel this helped me be able to handle my initial call wisely.

I decided to follow your advice about making the initial call myself – and am very happy I did! He did not know that he was adopted – this would have been a very scary moment for me if it had not been for two things: your initial reassurance several times that you were absolutely POSITIVE this was my son, and secondarily all the identifying information that you gave me about him that confirmed places, dates, times that I already knew about the birth of my son. You were able to give me so much current information about him that before I made the call, I was able to learn some preliminary facts that made me feel more comfortable calling him.

Because of your confidence and coaching, when I did make the call, I was able to humbly yet assuredly talk to him. I thank God that he is an open, caring fine adult man who was very welcoming, even though he was very shocked to about the adoption. He did say that it explained a few things in his upbringing. He told me that he had a wonderful life growing up – golden words to my mothering heart – and our phone reunion could not have gone better. I had a chance to express the circumstances and let him know that I had always loved and cared for him. I was also able to tell him about his birthfather and that he also was eager to let him know he cared about him. They were able to talk on the phone later that same evening.

One of the things about your company providing me with the whereabouts of my son when you did – I reached him on Mother's Day. And to top off my already-so-joyful Mother's Day – midway in our first 45 minute conversation he said, "Oh, today is Mother's Day – HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!" Words can hardly describe how sweet that was. Christ I can't thank you enough. Your fee is tiny compared to the HUGE benefits your company provides. Thank you again for being there for us.

Gratefully, VM Seattle



Dear Chris,

Yep! Everything is going great. Had our second "New Family" reunion here at our home yesterday –6/21/98. My generation has bonded well but – the second generation is better – the third even better. Isn't it great! My husband, David, had open heart surgery at Duke in October and my siblings were so attentive. Gosh – I didn't know. I had never experienced this but so maybe this is what family is all about – shucks – I didn't know. Thanks to you and yours – now I do!

Love, Helen

Dear Chris,

My circle is complete thanks to you! The many emotions I felt when I received your phone call to let me know my search was completed were overwhelming!

Four days later my husband, Jon, and I were driving out to California to meet my birth mother, Pauline. She is 85 years young and my other siblings probably did not know of my existence. What a faith walk! When we arrived at her home, we were invited in by a short, hazel-eyed dynamo who looked nothing like me. Oh well, we had made the trip so let's proceed...I told her where I was from, my birth date, my adopted parents' name (she handed me to my adopted mom and said "Take good care of Paula Sue") and the name of the hospital – she denied any knowledge of these facts. My faith began to waver, so I continued on with much trepidation and told her my birth name – Paula Sue. She dropped her head down and about 10 seconds later, which seems like ten minutes, she looked up and with tears in her eyes said: "You look just like your father." We spent the next four days hugging, crying, bonding, and talking. Three months later, mother; my nephew, Doug Roy; my sister, Lou Roy; and my nephew Phil Roy, his wife Beth and their 3 week old baby, Madyson, came to visit. What a reunion!

So many of my questions have been explained and answered. I have the family I have been missing for so long – all thanks to you, Chris.

Mother gave me my birth father's name and in a very short time you located him. Unfortunately, he died in April of 1997. He lived one hour from my home. His wife, Annie, has been so helpful and caring.

You have given me peace of mind and a sense of self. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you.

Love, Gail



Dear Chris,

As I promised, a little late I might add, here is the update to my reunion with my sister, Liz.

After the first initial phone call that I so joyously e-mailed you the results of late that night in September 1997. (Published in the winter Vanguard) Each and every call since has never decreased in their measure if extent of joy that I felt the first time. And as

many of your readers can probably identify with, a HUGE phone bill is now part of the normal household expense!

On November 11th, we were to finally meet. I flew to her home (which sadly is 1600 miles away). There in the airport, I laid eyes on the final piece to the puzzle in my life. (It was the usual weepy emotional stuff you see on all the talk shows!) We spent 4 days together, in which time I was to meet her husband and two of her four children. I was unable to meet the two oldest ones because at ages 5 and 4 they would be old enough to tell Liz's parents that Liz had net me. Liz's parents were devastated to learn that I had found her and lived just 5 miles away from out Bparents. (Who were themselves reunited and were finally married 20 years after my birth. They found me and that was when I learned that I had a full sister, Liz. That's a whole other story in its self!) Liz and I are still unable to see why they feel threatened by my existence. Liz has two brothers also by adoption. Anyway, when we met, it was like when I gave birth to my only child, the bond that we felt towards one another was instantaneous. Liz is 2 years older than I, but the similarities throughout our lives is uncanny. When our Bparents found me 10 years ago, I also learned that I had 2 half-sisters and 3 half-brothers. Although my half-sister is also my best friend, we never said we were only half anything. We were sisters. But what I felt for Liz when I met her, well there is nothing that can compare to our relationship. To have a full sister is the most awesome gift in the world! So to all of you feuding sisters out there: "Get over it!" You don't know what you've been blessed with!" It is incredible how God gives us the ability to love so many, each in a different way.

Well it is now May of 98. And even though we live so very far apart, we have never gone more than 5 days without talking to one another on the phone. We call it getting our "Sissy – fix!" And in 22 more days Liz will be here at my home. She will finally get to meet our Bparents. And the rest of our family.

Once again Chris, all I can say is a mere thank you. For my true gratitude can never be expressed through words. I only wish that all reunions have been like mine. And still get tears in my eyes to read of everyone else's good reunions as well as the bad. I truly do not understand how one can turn away their own flesh and blood. Because in the end the one who will be hurting the most, is your self.

Sincerely, L., Michigan

Dear Kinsolving,

Many years ago, I made a promise to myself that I was going to find out who my birthmother was. Thanks to you and your staff, that promise has been fulfilled. Thank you for all your help and God bless. Through the years, I had done some searching myself, contacted the orphanage but always came up with dead ends. I had a lot of information, but couldn't get through the red tape. I was enlightened to your service through my own daughter who heard about it from a friend who was having a search done. I decided to give it a try and was so surprised at the quick response. I have read many stories that have been written in the newsletter; all of them very moving, some happy and some sad endings. I feel that if we gained any information that we can hold onto, we have gained, so to me no story has a sad ending. We all want to be loved and accepted and feel that we belong. We need to hold on to what we have and maybe in time things will change. My story does not have the so-called happy ending, but I have gained much in my search.

I received my call from Kinsolving, and it was a few days later when we finally spoke. I was a nervous wreck, I had hoped for so many years, that when it arrived I was not sure if I really wanted the information.

I was born premature (47 years ago). I was left at an orphanage and then placed into foster care. I was adopted just before my sixth birthday to an older couple with no children. My foster family had lots of kids, so the change was hard for me. My adopted mother and I never really hit it off, but my adopted father and I really connected. My adopted mom has passed away, but my adopted dad lives with my family and me. He is in his mid 80's.

I received the information and was so very excited just to know my birthmother's name. Rose – it sounded so beautiful when I said it and thought it. I was due to go out of the country on a three week trip, and decided to wait until I got back to call, but several days I called KI back and said, "Ok, I'm ready to call her," so I was prompted on what to say.

I found out immediately from hearing the voice on the other end of the phone that my birth mother was mentally handicapped. She kept saying over and over, "how did you get this number?" and "It was so many years ago, I can't believe you got his number." I realized what I was up against, so I started asking more direct questions. This is what I was told. She was raped or taken advantage of by a family member (but not in a violent way) and she didn't even know anything about what he did to her and didn't know that she was pregnant until she went into premature labor. During our talk, she kept referring to me as "it." She didn't want to see "it," or know anything about "it;" she wanted to get rid of "it." Well, I had never considered myself an "IT" and was really shocked by what I heard. She knew I was a girl and told the doctor to give "it" to someone who would give

“it” a good home. She never thought about the situation after that. She had no feelings either way about me and felt no need to ever speak again. I then asked about some medical information and she gave me what she knew. I did tell her that I was married and I had two children and that I was healthy and happy. Throughout our conversation, she kept going back to how I obtained her telephone number and again I would tell her, but I was not sure if she really understood. I wished her God’s blessings and hung up the phone. As I put the phone down, I felt like I had been hit with a brick, I felt numb. I just couldn’t believe what I had heard on the phone. My long search had ended just like that...I didn’t know what to say or do. I took one look at my twentythree year old daughter and she at me and we hugged and I cried on her shoulder like a baby. I felt so let down, so empty and yes, sad. I had come through worse things in my life and I wanted to look for the good in that telephone call. So, right there my daughter and I summed up the phone call.

My birth mother’s name is Rose. She was not a prostitute (as my adoptive mother always told me) so I felt good about that she told me her family had no cancer or other diseases and that her parents lived well over ninety. I had searched to find information, knowing full well that anything more may never be, I had roots; I was connected to a family even though I would never meet them. I know her birthday and can wish her a good day even if it is to myself. But most of all, I feel love and sadness. I told her I was sorry to have brought up old, sad memories for her. I told her that I dreamed of this day for years. I tried to tell her how important it was to me just to hear her voice and know her name; whether she realized it or not, I am not sure. All I know is I am her daughter and she is my mother and that makes my heart feel good.

As I wrote this article for the newsletter, I couldn’t help but shed some tears; because I wished for so much more and I have to settle for so much less. But I am grateful for the information I have been given and I find peace in this. I never have to wonder who I am or who my birth mother is. My mother is Rose and it sounds so beautiful when I say her name. P., NY