

I missed my son dearly for every moment of his life, but after 44 years of trying all kinds of different methods of finding him, I was in a mind set of preparing myself for the reality of never finding him. when my youngest son suggested I try Kinsolving. He had a friend who highly recommended the company.

With little hope, but knowing that I wasn't being scammed (because of the "no money until we find him" clause), I filled in the forms that I had gotten on the web from Kinsolving in January. And then all but forgot about it.

A few days after that, I spoke with my son's biological father and said that I was beginning to really believe I would never, ever find our child. He thought I should prepare myself for that, given the time that had passed.

Then came a call near the end of a Friday in February, less than a month later. It was Kinsolving, checking my e-mail address to be sure it was accurate because, in his words, "your case is closed." I could barely whisper "You found him?" as my knees gave way and I fell into my chair. He replied yes, but of course, the rest was up to my son and I. I was thankful it was the end of the day and a lot of folks had left because I sat down and cried uncontrollably.

I immediately told my middle daughter, and she jumped at the chance to contact the brother she always knew about, but had never met.

She called the number we were given and it was an answering machine. I asked her to call it about 10 times, just so I could hear his voice. Neither my daughter nor I really knew what to do, what was appropriate when telling someone you were calling for their birth mother, so we just played it by ear.

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She contacted him the next day and told him who she was and who I was and that I wanted to contact him. She told him I had written a letter and mailed it to him. When he got that, he could decide whether he wanted to make contact or not. Unbeknownst to me, he was disappointed that he had to wait for the letter, he had also wondered all his life who his mother was and why she had left him.

On Saturday of that week I got a call from a number I didn't recognize as my son's, so I was very disappointed when I answered it, and not very friendly when the voice on the other end asked for me by name. When I confirmed that it was me, i hear back, "This is your son." And the crying began again - for both of us!

To cut to the chase, I flew to San Antonio to meet him and stay with him. He met me at the airport with a basket of flowers. We hugged, we cried, we laughed, we held hands, we were together after all these years! And we have been together ever since. He comes to see me once a year and I go to see him once a year, at least.

I cannot explain the difference in my life. The worst event I have ever lived through, all the grieving, all the loneliness, is gone! And for my son, he now knows that he looks like his biological father, he inherited his hair from his great uncle and he's built like his maternal grandfather - which is a good thing, everyone else in the family is short! And for the first time in his life he can fill in his family medical history at the doctor's office.

Thank you, Kinsolving, for making my life whole again, and for the first time in my adult life.

And I really, really do thank you!

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