

My Impossible Dream Comes True:

In 1969, I was in the last part of my senior year. I am the oldest of 4 children and came from a German Irish Catholic family background. My parents lived by the way of the Catholic Church; they were hard working people and wanted the best for their children. I was their embarrassment when I told them the day after Christmas that I was pregnant with my son. Their fury and anger, I will never forget. I was shipped to my aunt's home, 100 miles from all my friends and family to keep the family secret just that. In April 1970, I was then sent to an un-wed mothers home in Philadelphia, Pa with other teenagers like myself. Being once again shunned for my mortal sin and face the birth of my child in total isolation and loneliness, full of shame and lots of anger of how I was being treated.

I made a decision that I wanted to keep my child, but that decision was over turned by my parents since I was still a minor under the state law back then. One of the most precious moments I remember was a nurse took a picture of my son and I kept that picture for 40 years. That little Polaroid picture got me threw many painful, crying nights, birthdays, holidays etc.

I was devastated the day I was forced to sign relinquishment papers and that night I attempted suicide. And that event took a long toll on how I perceived myself for many years to come. The loss of my first son, put a whole in my soul that not even having my four other children filled. Not all the alcohol I drank or the other destructive behaviors I learned from this self hatred I felt for 40 years, got rid of this whole in my soul. I went to therapist who said, "Just get over it". Move on "It was the best for both of you" You were not fit to be a mother at 18? And many more statements that wounded my heart, so I gave up therapy. It was nothing more than listening to my parents.

I kept in contact with Catholic Charities, knowing that when my son was 18 he would want to know his birth mother. Little did I know that the letter I sent to them back in 1988 was returned with a letter stating he was not ready to meet me at that time. I was devastated once again from my own son's

I decided that I was going to sway my son to want to meet me. I was determined to find him, so I posted on every website I could find, I signed up with ISRR, I looked at private investigator, I was finally on the right road to something positive. Penna laws still have closed adoption records even today. Every door I tried, the door slammed in my face. I sent Chris, from Kinsolving, an email for a quote back in August 2005. Being a single mom at this point in my life did not give me the money I needed back then. So more waiting, and years went by, I started to really get in touch with why I was feeling the devastating effects of this adoption. And for the first time in my life I forgave myself for being a weak person and not standing up to my parents and the lawmakers to keep my son. I made a decision to find my son before he turned 40, and I was driven from that point on. I was on my road to become a healthy minded person, and started to have a spirit that I never had about my life, my wonderful children, and myself. I think I was alive for the first time in my life.

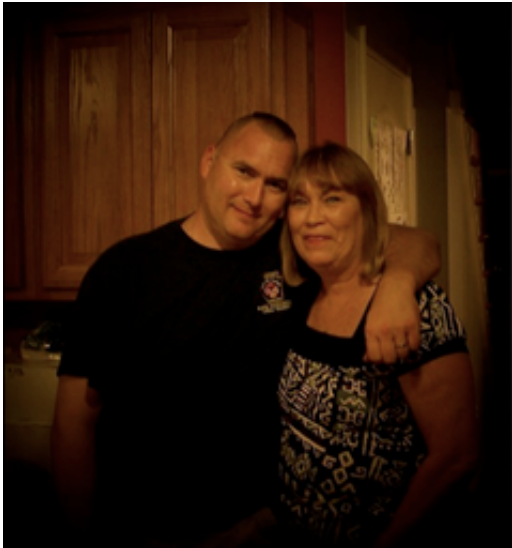
October 2, 2009, I received an email from Chris at Kinsolving telling me she had found my son. Her agency made arrangements so I could make monthly payments on the charges. I sat at my computer for 5 hours crying, re-reading her e-mail, kissing and hugging that almost 40 year old baby picture of my son.. I had no information but I had the information in my heart that I would finally meet my son. I felt like I was in a warm bubble and nothing on this earth was going to stop me or hurt me from that day on. It was miraculous. This is what HOPE felt like to me. I never gave up hope, but never felt it truly until that day.

The day I left my son at the St Vincent's Home for Unwed Mothers, a song was playing by the Supremes, and it was **One Day We Will Be Together**. Today, I look at that song as my God's promise to me that I would know my son. After months of paying on my payment plan, my husband gave me the balance and I had the information I waited 40 years for.

I was in Heaven, and on a mission that from Feb 2010 to the day I met my son on May

rejection.

Once again I was back on the destructive behavior road. I learned from that emptiness I had felt since 1970 it was not going to go away until my son and I reunited. I had an emotional relapse when my father died in 1988 right after I got the letter stating my son did not want to know his own birth mother. My father was the only person who laid eyes and held his first grandson, so his death pushed me to an empty, dark place, I never ever want to return to. It was a depression that took many months to recover from. Thank God, my 4 children had a very supportive dad who helped them understand my depression. The loss of my first- born son, was my personal mission to destroy myself in any way I could, because I believed I was this bad person who had no right to live a good life. I had a very low opinion of myself, a lot of self rage and that took many years to heal.



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22, 2010 was truly spiritually guided to the perfect reunion. It was more than this MOM could ever had imagined. My son's name is Joseph Michael, and his birth name was Michael John. His adopted mom and dad kept his birth name, and today I chose to see they kept it for my honor. They are both passed and in heaven watching over him and his other siblings from their family. These people were adoptive parents to four adopted children, which I met and love as my own today. Their adoptive parents would definitely be proud of the warm loving children they are as adults. Three of the adopted children have relationships today with their birth moms.

My 4 children always knew about my Michael John, known as Joseph Michael today, because of the pain I allowed from his adoption that always lead me to my depression. They were very happy and excited to meet him and we just had a family reunion that was so unbelievable that I truly believe the heavens opened up that day. They all were laughing, and acting like they just had not seen each other in a while. Words can not express the love I have for all my children. Today I am WHOLE, my heart is healed and I am so GRATEFUL for more than I can write here. I am so very grateful to Kinsolving, and Chris Lee for working with this poor woman who really had to work hard to find her son.

My final words to anyone who wants to find their child, or parent is NEVER GIVE UP. The words to the Impossible Dream state at the very end, you reached the unreachable star. The feeling I got when I hugged my son for the first time in 40 years, is exactly what that song talks about. And go figure, it was my graduation song, the one I did not get to walk to, because I was pregnant with my son, but walked to on May 22, 2010, when I graduated to having a whole heart, and soul and tons of inspiration. I am writing my own book about the impact that adoption had on this Tigon.



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