


Happy Valentine's Day from Heart to Heart

Showing love within the adoption triad this Valentine's Day.

- Leave a voice mail saying, "I love you."
- Fill a box with candy kisses.
- Decoupage a vase with photos and hand-deliver flowers.
- Find cute Valentine socks and have matching pairs.
- Give a heart-shaped key chain.
- Send a card or a rose or a cookie.
- Buy matching bottles of nail polish. Give one and keep one explaining how you can match.
- Decorate a glass mug with paint pens or Sharpies.
- Give a decorative dishtowel.



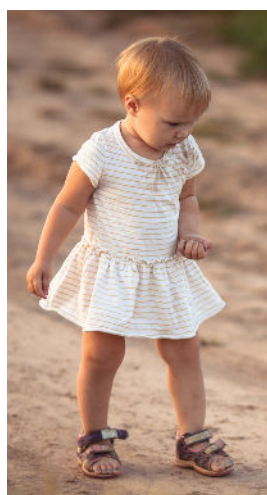
"They may not have my eyes, they may not
have my smile, but they have all my  ."

Dear Birth mothers,

I was adopted. The woman who gave birth to me took newborn pictures of me, held me for three days, placed a bow in my hair. Within a few hours, my adoptive parents straightened the bow and started taking their own set of pictures.

Do I resent being part of this process—carried to term by one woman, raised by another? No. Absolutely not.

Another adoptive told me I feel this way because I am in an adoption fog, and when I come out of this fog, I will not be happy about adoption.



There is no fog. My first mother helped me find a home where I would have opportunities. My second mother helped me have those opportunities. I love them both. How wonderful to know so many people in the world. And how amazing is it to have so many connections with other people?

So, I want to talk to birthmothers—especially you birth mothers who feel guilty. Stop. It's okay. Yes, there are things about being adopted that are hard. But there are things about adoption that are pretty great, too.

I read a blog written by a birthmother where she begins by apologizing to a child she placed for adoption. The blog begins: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry you're struggling. I'm sorry for your pain. I'm sorry if I caused it, even inadvertently. I'm sorry life is so rough."

I appreciate a mother who is concerned for her child. But please, birth mothers, for most of us adopted children, life isn't that rough.

I'm happy. I gained strength from the rough parts. I'm so glad that I have so many different parts that make up who I am. I have learned to love so many people. I'm 25-years-old, and I am grateful for the life I've lived. I'm even more grateful that my birth mother was open to having a relationship with me.

So thanks to all birthmothers. You are strong, incredible people going through a pregnancy and giving birth to a kid like me.

Thanks

