

Birth Mother Letter to Birth Son

Dear Shawn,

It seems that it has taken forever (at least 18 years!) to think of the right words to say to you. I still can't quite muster up the 'right' words, but here are some things that I would like to express to you.

Eighteen years ago I was single, very confused, very lost. I was not very responsible, and all I could think about was what 'I' wanted. The thing I wanted most out of life was to get married and have children. I have always wanted to be a mother and share my love with my family. For some reason, I went about getting what I wanted the wrong way. I always seemed to put the cart before the horse when it came to relationships. When the doctor told me I was pregnant, it was very difficult, because at that time, the choices I was making in my life were not good. I was making a lot of mistakes, not very responsible, and simply just running on self will. I had no God in my life. I had no solutions for any of my problems. And most of my problems were of my own making. So, when I was told that I was pregnant, I was very happy, but then at the same time, very sad. I was happy, because I thought that I would have a beautiful baby in my life to give my love to, and that all my problems would go away. But, then I realized that I had no parenting skills whatsoever. No coping skills, nothing. I was a very selfish, self-centered person who was used to doing whatever she wanted whenever she wanted to. And I also remembered that I was raised by two very loving parents who did their very best to give me what I needed, and many times what I wanted. It was then that I realized that I wanted the same for my child. It was very difficult to make the decision to place you for adoption, but I had to look at the truth and the truth was that I wanted more for you than I could give you. I loved you way too much to drag you through my messes.

A day after you were born, while we were still in the hospital, I told the nurse that I wanted to hold you and have some private time with you. I remember holding you and talking to you for an hour or so, telling you how much I truly loved you and that I knew that you would be safe and very loved in the home that Catholic Charities and I had found for you. I remember that you had the most beautiful eyes and very chubby cheeks! Of course, you were adorable. Of course, I wanted to keep you with me forever, but I knew that that would be selfish and I knew that your new family would be able to provide for you everything you would need. Placing you with them was the first 'self'less thing I ever did. I will always treasure the moments we spent together.

Catholic Charities helped me find your family. I wanted you to be with a mother and a father that were a bit older (my parents were, too!). I wanted you to have brothers and sisters. I was glad to learn that everyone in your new family was so excited to

have you join them. I was so happy for you. I knew at that time that I would trust God to take care of you, and I made the decision not to bother you or your family. I never wanted to interfere in your life or your family's life.

Since then, I met a very nice man who is now my husband. We have three children, two daughters and a son, they are all teenagers. I surrendered my life to God and try to live the way He wants me to today. I am an active member of my community, I enjoy life today, and appreciate my family, friends, job, and all the gifts that I have.

But Shawn, I never stopped thinking of you.

Now, you are 18. At my request Catholic Charities has been in contact with your adoptive family and it is heart warming to know that you have brought much joy to your family! I was excited to learn that you love music (I do, too!), and that you look forward to going to college. I am so happy for you! My one desire was that you would have a good family life and be loved, and I am so pleased that you have been given that.

Shawn, if you ever have the desire to contact me, please know that I am very willing for you to do so. My husband has been aware of our situation since I met him, and supports me in my desire to meet you. I never want to come between you and your family but would love to meet you and get to know you, knowing that I could never be a mother to your, but possibly a friend. Our (my husband's and my) children don't know about you as of yet, but I am very willing to let them know if the opportunity presented itself. I imagine that they would be thrilled to know that they have an older brother!

So, as I write this I am filled with comfort, joy, love, and hope. Joy and comfort that you have had a marvelous first 18 years, brought up with a loving and caring family, (that is what I wanted the most for you). A never ending love for you, that I know that I will always carry in my heart, and a hope that we will someday meet and be able to discuss any questions that you may have, or just get to know each other.

With much love and sincerity,

Your Birthmother