

A brother and sister reunited

My brother was given up for adoption in 1969. This was two years before I was born. Our mother and father were not married to each other and my father was actually married to someone else and had two sons already to his wife. Apparently according to my father, the real love in his life was my mother but he was unable to get a divorce from his wife because she refused to grant him one. My father was from a background of high society and the thought of revealing that a son had been born out of wedlock and adultery was not going to happen! It had been decided then that my brother would be adopted out when he was born and given a better chance for a better life. Better for who is something I am still struggling to understand. After my brother was born my mother would not sign the papers for relinquishment and my brother was kept at the hospital for two months. The hospital finally managed to make contact with my mother who then decided to sign the papers only after exploring all other avenues available in order to try and keep my brother. This must have been the hardest decision in her life.

The decision that she made was not going to happen again. My mother fell pregnant with me and my father who was still married was beginning to think that he could take a chance on life this time and let destiny take care of itself. He was still unable to get a divorce from his wife but she was aware that I was coming into this world and that, I unlike my brother, would be kept.

My mother was a very unstable person. Her upbringing had been extremely painful. She being the only child of an obsessive father who had total control over everything that she did. He forbid her to keep my brother and had said that he would not help her in any way. My mother was unable to care for me after I turned six and I was given to my father to be raised by him. By this time his wife was in the last stages of cancer and died soon after I started living with him. I did not hear from my mother often and when I was eleven was informed that she had committed suicide.

This is a time in my life I try to forget. I hated my mother for so long. I hated her for adopting my brother out, for not being there for me and then, for killing herself and indeed killing a part of me that I can never get back.

I was told from a very early age by my father that I had a full blooded brother that had been adopted out before I was born. At this point I hated him too. How could someone give my brother away? I blamed it all on my mother for so long and only now am starting to realise that my father was just as much to blame. Society has a lot to do with it as well – people can be so conceited. I thought about my brother all the time. I looked for him in shopping centres, parks, pubs and nightclubs. I would be forever seeing males that I thought resembled me or my father. I always wanted him in my life and I felt angry that he was not.

My half brothers were never really close to me. This was partly because of the age gap between us but also because of the resentment they felt towards my mother which turned into resentment towards me. They could never take the place of my full brother who I longed for all my life.

My father died in my late 20's and now with both my parents dead I often thought if it would be fair to find my brother. With his natural parents gone and him not having a clue about my existence I had to question what I would achieve by finding him now. It would be all for me and that was not fair.

Well I did not have to find him because he found me! My brother had been searching for his roots since 1998 and was coming up against brick walls. A lot of this was to do with the fact that my father was not listed on the original birth certificate. Anyway, fate stepped in and has brought him into my life.

The reunion is ongoing. It is not a one day event. The whole thing is an emotional rollercoaster. He is such a wonderful person and I loved him from the moment I saw him. I find this very hard to understand because I don't know him but feel like I do. I see myself in him I also see my mother and father. In a strange way he has brought both my parents back from the dead! I am angry a lot of the time. I feel cheated and robbed. I was robbed of not having him in my life for so long. I feel angry that he will not get to meet his natural parents and that I cannot tell him much about his natural mother because I only have memories of her until I was six. I also feel angry that my brother is dominating my whole life at the moment and that I cannot concentrate on anything other than him. I feel an incredible bond with him that seems totally unnatural to me. What really is hard to take at the moment is that for the last two years we have lived 5 minutes from each other!

I wanted to write this in the hope that there was someone in the same or very similar circumstance and let them know that this is tough but is also wonderful all at the same time!

I would not change having my brother come into my life and if he ever reads this himself I would want him to know that I love him with all of my heart and soul!