

You never know unless you try

Giving up a child for adoption can be a very heart wrenching experience, especially when you are a seventeen-year-old in the seventies.

My son was born 18th September 1977. I had no choice at this time but to put him up for adoption and hope his adoptive parents could give him a better life than I could. Every day of every year I would think about my son and especially on his birthday and at Christmas. As the years passed, I hoped to have other children, but this never eventuated. I often thought that I should try to find my son, but was always concerned that he may not want to know me, or not know he is adopted etc.

Early this year (2004), I decided that I must try and find my son, so I filled in the necessary paperwork and paid my money etc. It didn't take long to get the first lot of information and how to proceed with trying to find my son. I registered with the reunion register and also put a letter on the register for my son.

I was travelling a lot with my job and only arrived home late on 30th June, 2004 and found a letter from the Benevolent Society saying that they had a match and could I phone them. The next day I phoned and they gave me my son's address and were going to phone him to give him my address. Unfortunately my son did not have a phone listing on the internet, so I penned another letter. Days went by and I heard nothing from my son until a week later when I noticed that there was a message on my work mobile. I read it and it was from my son, he had sent me a text message in the early hours of the morning saying that he wanted to talk to me or meet me, but would proceed by letter if I thought this best. I texted my son Stephen and asked that he phone me that night. I couldn't work for the rest of the day, as I was so excited, so I went home to await the phone call from my son.

Just after seven that night, Stephen phoned and we had an amazing conversation for about an hour and a half, just finding out about each other and finding that we had a lot in common. After our conversation, Stephen sent me another text message to say that he may have the weekend off work but would not know till the next morning. When the next day came around, it was clear that Stephen would not be working the weekend, so I organised flights into Brisbane for both of us for that very day.

The moment that we met at the airport, I knew that this was the son I had given up almost twenty-seven years before and could see that there was no anger on his part at being adopted out, only love for the person that gave him life.

We had an amazing four days in Brisbane getting to know each other and at that time I also organised flights for me to visit Stephen for his birthday in September for eleven days.

Every day I received text messages or e-mails or phone calls from my son. It is amazing and also now my son calls me mum. The trip to Newcastle was fantastic, I met my son's adopted family who accepted me straight away. I got to meet my grandson and my

grandson's mother as well as my son's friends. We had a wonderful time and I also realised how much my son was like me.

Anyway it's October now, I have a contract on my house, I have resigned from my job and I will be moving to Newcastle next month to start a new life as a mother and a grandmother. It is amazing how things change and how quickly they change.

I know that reunions do not always end up happy, but my son and I are extremely happy that we now get to know each other and both have new families to get to know.

My love and thanks goes out to my son's adoptive parents who were honest with Stephen from an early age to tell him he was adopted and encouraging him to find me and also for welcoming me into their family.

Nicole