

# Suzanne Lowe

I was born in November of 1965 to two parents. My mother adored me but my father wanted nothing to do with me which I couldn't understand. My mother had no family support as most had passed from Tuberculosis. My mother was in orphanages and homes most of life. She cared for me for the first 3 months of my life, but found out she had heart trouble and had to have a major heart operation and was to stay in hospital for 3 – 4 months. My father would not look after me, she had no relatives that could take care of me and all other care facilities were full therefore her option was to adopt me out as she could not have me in hospital with her.

I was in Seaforth House for 3 months, so at the age of 6 months a couple adopted me and in May of 1966, it was officially recorded in the courts that my adopted parents had a new daughter to their family.

I was told at the age of about 6 – 7 that I was adopted, but at that age you didn't know what it meant and through my whole life I never asked questions as I thought I would hurt them. I am now 44 years of age.

At the age of 16 I thought about looking for my birth mother as my parents got divorced and thought it was my fault, not that I would go and live with my birth mother but this was when all the questions started within me.

WHAT IS SHE LIKE?

WOULD I BE BETTER OFF WITH HER?

WHAT WOULD MY LIFE HAVE BEEN LIKE WITH HER?

WHAT DOES SHE LOOK LIKE?

FAMILY HISTORY OF ILLNESS?

DO I HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS?

WHAT DOES SHE DO?

WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?

ARE MY BIRTH PARENTS STILL TOGETHER?

and the list goes on but the most important question

WHY DID SHE GIVE ME UP FOR ADOPTION?

WASN'T I GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER?

This was when I started getting involved with older men but I was looking for a father figure as I have never had a real father, I think.

Then at the age of about 24 my birth mother made contact with me. We wrote letters to each other but I had to stop as I wasn't getting answers from her and I knew she was a very vague person but I was starting to have a breakdown with it all so I gave it some space. After some time I started writing again and then we eventually met. It was awkward, we hugged and I could tell she had a heart of gold, I suppose we spoke for nearly an hour but it was all on what I was doing, no answers from her again.

Again it was some time before I saw her again and she had moved nursing homes, we still wrote but I only actually met her twice. In May of 2000 I had organised for her and my adoptive mother to meet for the first time on Mothers Day but unfortunately my birth mother passed away in April of, three weeks before Mothers Day so it didn't eventuate which absolutely killed me. My adopted mother was and is so supportive but we are not that close but did offer to go to my birth mothers funeral with me, which was a loving suggestion but I said I had to do it alone. I actually had to organise the funeral as I found out that I was the only child and that was the hardest part. Then I had to clear her room out which was hard but so grateful as well as this is found out my identity a bit as some of my records were there as she had applied for the birth adopted parents information from welfare services. I spent days going through this. It was exciting but also depressing. I found out why I had to be adopted out and that her husband was not my father. She had separated from my father in late 1963 had got pregnant during this separation then her husband accepted her back, she had me but then had to go in to hospital when I was 3 months old. Therefore I will never know who my father is.

I really feel for my birth mother as it would have been extremely hard for her but in saying that it has been extremely hard and difficult for me growing up being adopted.

My adopted parents are beautiful, both are always there for me but I seem to hide, isolate or pull back from them. I have always felt different to the rest of the family and occasionally I would get well you are not really one of us, not from my parents my siblings. I was always picked on and therefore emotionally ate in put on a lot of weight from a very young age.

I can never recall going on family outings except at Xmas to the grandparent's farm. We never did anything together. My adopted family are strangers and we still are as we know nothing about each other, we respect each other when we see each other but that is it. I still feel isolated and really not identified.

I have a cousin from my birth side who I get on very well with. I have 4 in all but I didn't know that they existed until I received my mother's will.

I actually feel closer to my birth mother, who has passed as I said and she is always here with me but I have nothing to do with adopted family, in fact some never want to have contact with me which hurts as I have wanted a close loving family all my life and ended up with none like my birth mother and alone like her as well.

I have only recently starting to deal with my adoption in fact only two years ago and it has been one of the hardest things that I have had to do, but in saying this I have found out who I am and now and honest to myself. It is still difficult and always will be as it is with me all my life. When people say you should be over it as you had loving parents bring you up honestly they have no idea to the effects that people go through with adoption.

I live with this every day and will for the rest of my life and I still have a lot of questions but will never get answers. I would love to know who my dad is?