

Inter-Country Adoptee Perspectives: Intimate Relationships

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I have been thinking a lot about my love relationships which seem to last only for like 1 week, independent of the girl's race, class, personal background and whether she is an adoptee. It is something funny and sad about this as well as it is very interesting. I am very convinced that the way my love relationships (if you could call it love-relationship when it only last for a week) are going has something to do with the fact that I am an adoptee. I'm not sure why though. I think that I will just for fun write something about my thoughts on that subject, maybe I learn something about myself. Actually, as we speak it is one week ago since my latest one-week-love-relationship ended. How ironic isn't that?

Daniel

Good one Lynelle! great question.

I'll make mine short and sweet.

I tend to fall very deeply into infatuation and lust with my boyfriends and then if they're love worthy, that comes later.

I've always dated Asian guys. I am not attracted to white guys at all.

Sometimes I just switch off my feelings and decide that I don't want to be in the relationship anymore. From that point I am quite ruthless about ending things. I just start to feel strangled and want to get out.

I know I've hurt a lot of people; partly because of how ruthless I am and also because I've disregarded their feelings at a certain point and stopped treating them as a person I once loved. In other words, I am the rat that so many guys are accused of being. A heart breaker with a fear of commitment.

The art of sabotage

I have, all too recently, been struggling with my place in relationships with loved ones, in particular one very important loved one. I have repeatedly referred to myself as *queen saboteur* over the past few days, mastering the art of sabotage and, in the process, damaging the one relationship that I have waited for all my life. She entered my life unexpectedly; it seemed beyond sense to be engaging with someone who didn't live in the same city as me...now, months later, I find myself alone, wondering why I would push her so much further away and with such conviction at the time, the woman I have come to love unreservedly.

With flippant disregard I often admitted to sabotaging relationships, not necessarily proud but perhaps with some sad ownership of my own dysfunction...without knowing how to resolve the problem. "The first step towards resolution is to admit your problem" I often heard well-intentioned friends say, but in which direction do I take my next steps? I never questioned that it could be related to being adopted, but after I finally noticed a pattern emerging within each of my relationships, it was time to face certain facts: trust was never something that came easily; I needed to constantly be in control of every emotional situation (if even to the detriment of

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others); and I was a master builder of walls...walls without windows and so high that even I couldn't find my way beyond!

To intellectualise each situation is meaningless without some capacity to connect with one's heart. I can easily recognize the fear of loss within intimate relationships and relate it directly to unresolved loss associated with my adoption. I know why I avoid feeling vulnerable, to protect my heart from the (supposed) inevitability of being hurt. Why can't I trust that my heart will be cared for, that someone could possibly love *me* unreservedly? Perhaps I inherently believe I don't deserve to be loved; how could anyone love me - my own (birth) mother couldn't even love me enough to keep me! Sheesh!! A tired argument that even I have been able to overcome, to some extent. Perhaps it really does just boil down to plain 'ol fear of loss - the predatory evil that is the real saboteur. So evil, in fact, that it consumes all sense and drives irreversible hurt to another (and subsequently oneself) and permanent damage to a relationship.

Some damage can never be repaired. But some mistakes can be forgiven. I know not if my mistakes will be forgiven by the woman I love, and I will probably always carry a damaged heart, but the truth as I see it is we are all damaged to varying degrees; some of us learn from the mistakes we make and try never to make them again, while others choose never to own their part in their relationship's failure. I don't believe adoption is to blame, but I see its part in all things intimate. Today I feel the burden of regret, desperately sad that unresolved issues related to my adoption may have played a role in causing such dreadful and unnecessary hurt. But time now to make that change, take those risks, abandon fear and live without so much question and reservation.

Hi

Being adopted from overseas has no bearing on my relationships. My husband loves me for me, and adoption or race has nothing to do with the love we have. Why the heck would it or should it. Choosing partners or b/friends has never being intertwined with race or background. I have always, probably subconsciously, gone for blonde guys that are tallish, with a nice build and an easygoing personality and sense of humour, with a similar personality to mine. None of the guys I dated ever mentioned my Asian background or adoption at all. They didn't see me for that, only for who I am. And I loved them all for it.

I guess I always subconsciously have never dated Asian guys. Not because I didn't like them but because I am attracted to Aussie men. Of course having grown up in an all Caucasian society I naturally have been attracted to the nature of the Aussie or the western ways. In another way I never really wanted to be associated with being Asian so that's another reason. I wanted to be seen as Aussie and normal.

My husband always says it's great being with me in that he 'gets the best of both worlds'.. an Aussie partner who is Asian in appearance. I guess there are a lot of positives. I like being different and unique. Tho' I hate having to answer a billion questions, once you get over that step, I forget I am even adopted or Asian.

Just because you are adopted and taken away from your birth country, doesn't mean you are going to grow up feeling unloved, empty, hurt or confused. I appreciate some do, but I would say a lot have loving families and are taught that they should be loved for who they are as a person.

Cheers

Kim from Adelaide

I've always found relationships hard. I guess it's hard to pinpoint whether it is because I am adopted, whether it is my personality, or perhaps a bit of both? Sometimes I attribute it to being adopted. I distinctly remember reading a passage in *One Thousand Sorrows* by a Korean adoptee, Elizabeth Kim, about how she pushed people away in the fear they would leave, all the while hoping they would stay and love her. It just hit me the first time I read it, like some sort of epiphany, and then the tears came.

I've been in several serious relationships and in all of them, I have pushed them away when I felt like they were getting too close, gaining too much of my love and trust or there was the slightest hint they were rejecting me. Sometimes I pushed because of real incidents – most were and are imagined reasons, paranoia in my head.

My current relationship has been extremely hard. Intense emotions, an intense connection. We have had some pretty major fights, broken up plenty of times, and had periods where I've really wondered whether we would get through them. What makes this relationship so hard is he is the person I want to marry, to have children with – maybe my soul mate. Having that desire for future things, and then having the thought that he could walk away and leave me heartbroken, makes me extremely insecure. I get frantic and scared, jealous, paranoid, and I push him so far away it's impossible for him to reach me sometimes. When we fight, it feels like this dead weight overcomes my body and I become non-functioning, I can't/won't communicate and I just crawl under the doona and refuse to come out or look at him, let him see my face or reveal any of myself to him.

Sometimes the depth of his love confounds me. I feel like I don't deserve it, and crazy, crazy thoughts, but I resent him for loving me so much, for partly proving my belief wrong that I'm not lovable. And he's partly proven that by walking away. Too much fighting and anger has left us both mentally exhausted and pretty much unable to continue with the relationship anymore, which is heartbreaking for me. It saddens me to think that all the dreams we had for the future – of children, of happiness – is now gone. And once again I'm left feeling abandoned by someone I truly loved.

It's like an internal battle I constantly fight to completely trust anyone. How do you trust that the person you love so much will *never* hurt you, *never* leave you? In the back of my mind, I always have the thought that the woman who was supposed to love me the most, to *always* be there for me, probably wasn't with me longer than a minute. She abandoned me. And it's crazy to think this, and I try to tell myself it's not true, but for so long I've believed she didn't love me enough and therefore, no one will ever love me enough, I'll never be good enough for anyone.

Sometimes when I fight with my partner, I'll be alone with my anger and then start thinking about my birth mother, which says to me there is a connection between how I am in my relationships and my adoption.

I think I've subconsciously tried to replace the love I never got from my birth mother with love from a partner, and they've just never met my expectations, never cared deeply for me the way a mother would with her child. The love between a mother and child is not bound by any restrictions – it's limitless. Romantic love often has boundaries.

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I thought about what happened to us. In a split second, I had to reveal my real identity because otherwise it would not only take my life, but also that of someone else, which I came to understand, I loved. It sounds dramatic but I have to admit that we have played with our lives and never really understood why we did that.

'I do not know', she said somewhat in despair. 'Do you?' she asked as if she wanted to hurry, so her answer of denial would legitimate her insecurity. But I remained silent. I watched her while I thought that it was probably a phase in our relationship. I had asked her, if something like lust only becomes a reality if the tension of it touches unrevealed places consciously or unconsciously between life and death. We had just made an attempt to make love but my body apparently refused to accept her willing avances.

I know her body so well. The undulating rhythms of her body when she dances in her passion. The fragile freckles which appears every summer when she lie sunbathing on the beach and her scar on her right leg, because of the DTP shots, rather coarse given by a Korean doctor, when she was a child. 'That must have hurt a tremendously', I thought every time when I used to touch her skin of her right leg on the height of her cute buttocks.

It took nearly nine months, until she had the courage to come physically nearer to me. She was not so prudish or an 'untouched' woman, but she had the idea that I could be her brother she never met. 'What nonsense', I replied quite directly between these comments about her doubts and the desire to be affectionate to me. 'Dutch people do not ask themselves whether it is a brother or sister when they are in bed with their Dutch partner', I replied. 'But that is different' she responded. 'How would that be', I replied. She did not answer.

Somehow I saw fear in her eyes. Like an unknown man in a slow developing Asian movie like: 'Lust Caution' from Ang Lee, about the quest for life and love in secrecy, I sunk in my own thoughts when closing her eyes with my lips with the perception that I should change her insecure situation into that of warmth and affection. Her trembling hands were exploring my body as if they were looking for guidance, a grip to hold on. It was like our first night together in a not very attractive furnished hotel room in Gent, Belgium when the rain was pouring outside as a forecast and expression of a very well hidden and deeper layer for only one person to touch and to discover.

Now a few years later, I know her smell and glance. I can recognize her breathing as she sleeps. And sometimes her soft smacking sounds when she explores her imagination in the land of dreams. She does not know that I often watch her when she sleeps when I cannot grasp myself to fall in sleep. Her beautiful bodylines when she half naked shambles the sheets, as if she had been caught in a composition for a sculpture for one of 'Rodins' masterpieces. Because of that I know my fear even better then before; acting like a murderer, alert to escape by every occurrence of something and someone. As a spy who plays doubles with himself and the world: the man who nobody really knows. Even those who think they know me, are not able to understand and to come close to me who I really am. Now, even how close we have come to each other, I know the rules of my game; an unpredictable game that knows the drift of death in every movement but also an extreme form of joy. Perhaps, hidden under the guise of a pseudonym, like a history written down at a yellowed sheet of parchment placed under wide cloudy skies like a typical Dutch landscape, the real person behind all this knows exactly what I am talking about.

Just when we wanted to prepare the act, my mind that steers my body felt betrayed by my thoughts and protested from each service that it normally docile offered. Strangely enough my mind took this situation very calmly and presented an answer for a statement towards the other sex to a rhetorical instrument of very dubious category like a distraction to present the situation as a coping strategy.

She did not understand what happened today. Apparently she never thought about what made her sometimes move into tears when the sub-segment of my body entered into hers. Sometimes the feeling came over her when she shared her most intimate moment, which I could never accomplish to give her to still her deepest desire, to give her where she was longing for since she could remember. I recalled that she told me once when the coast seemed to be clear, that she had had more than one man. Not aware of the fact that they, just like me, had to fill a gap that probably never would be fulfilled. Again my shadow appeared next to me and withdrew itself from the stand from which it could betray its own appearance.

I remember one morning that she confessed that her early need for sex was one to fulfill literary the emptiness of her body and senses, looking for something it so essentially missed. I remember my response as a fierce rejection. It was like she tried to take my well-prepared 'cloak' away and to retract my skin from my body. This was something, which never was allowed to happen again. Carefully I had instructed my consciousness how to respond in these circumstances. A systemic approach developed over the years along with my positioning of a successful, socially accepted and well-educated young man adapting like a Chameleon, changing 'colors' by its habitat, this was a threat and this would not appear again. All alert systems were operational.

We were playing cat and mouse, at least the way as I saw it. Probably she did not want to know what she already knew: That I was not the person she thought I was. But probably because she had the same 'training' to eliminate me, we were equal in a sense of being. Besides, I had grown over my own fear with the knowledge that I was trained as the best. I already played this 'game' from the time of arrival in this different habitat, which I was learned to call my home. And I succeeded. Even better as many indigenous people. A situation where you can speak of 'the exile of the body' but in this case, within the body itself.

A voice sounded in the room, I returned to the reality of the situation and noticed that I had been distracted in which my subconscious had taken me away which disrupted my senses. Stupid and dangerous I recalled silently in myself. This should not have happened. A situation taken over by someone, losing your consciousness without your body was unforgivable. This was not how I was trained.

'Hello are you still there?' she asked somewhat ludicrous. She noticed that I was not present for a minute or so. 'Did you hear what I said', she replied. 'No I am sorry, I was gone for a moment, what did you say?' 'I just told you that I believe that it is probably true what you said.' 'What is true?' 'Well that somewhere there must be a deep attraction that life and death reunites in the act. 'What do you say?' I reacted somewhat confused. I had not expected this. I was comfortable with her previous position of her not knowing but this answer opened new dimensions beyond the intellectual one. This is what I tasted sharper as ever. Worlds that I preferred not to explore and which I had learned to circumvent systematically. My peers whom trained me well, taught me not to expose myself in these situations and to remain silent. It could become sometimes even more threatening than the way it appears to be. But before I mastered the situation again, she continued her story. 'I do not even think it; I feel it for sure', she remarked. With a sort of triumphant smile she looked at me and her gaze was not very amusing to me. Her almond-shaped eyes looked to me not only playful but also in a sort of winning mood. As if she took the first battle in my own field.

'Do you know what I thought when we made love last time she inquired at a much more sensible tone.' 'No', I replied honestly. 'That we both can love each other deeply but we are not willing to. As if the crystal vase that stood in front of me was hit through my brain and opened something which I had always carefully protected. Not that I was not able to talk at a personal level or get into a deeper level of conversation between and about us, no I can be even the best at such moments. My psychological insight and analysis has healed and also opened wounds by many. But that my partner with a bone object ripped of my well ironed armor without any hesitation shook and hit my feelings on its foundations.

I still tried to save what was there to rescue and responded by saying that something was happening in her head which was obviously not true. 'Oh really?' she responded now with some persuasion. The long-awaited duel in which I was prepared seemed to going to happen now. 'Is that so? Do you give yourself completely if you're with me? Or do you just take my space, so I do not need to see what is going on or to see you?' 'Oh my goodness', I whispered. 'What on earth she is doing', I wondered. Where I normally saw tears in her eyes, she was looking like reaching for an offence with her gaze and this time further under my skin as she already did. 'You know, sometimes I also have longing for this explosive sex without conditions, like I had before, once again. In itself there is nothing wrong with that, I guess', she continued increasing her tone of voice. 'But I know that I have seen, felt and experienced this all. Apparently there is nothing easier than to answer this basic emotion', she said now with some grief and sorrow in her voice. But that was not the reason why I fell for - and chose you. Do you hear what I say?' she continued emotionally. I dared and wanted to give myself - for the first time actually - to jump into the deep, knowing to love you. Not because I was planning to, because it was you who touched me deeply. Especially you should understand this and being able to see what I see.' She went on and on. And now her tears appeared. I wanted to hug her as I was accustomed to do, but she did not allow me to. Not this time. 'No, you don't want to understand. You will probably never understand. I did not understand the first time either. But now I do I cannot do it for less'. 'What do you mean?' I asked her now rather confused. She was in lead. She took over the direction and I felt, I lost terrain. I felt, this was about me and my armored cloak.

She grabbed my hand and laid them on her abdomen. Nothing could have had more impact at that time than this swift but emotional action. She whispered soft and remarkably calm, 'sweetheart, my love, if you do not understand this,' you have to understand that this child which grows near my heart, our child, our flesh and blood, coming from the bloodlines of our parents and grandparents from our people and country, will become an detached body. Born out of desire for lust but never be calmed down in her heart knowing she has a place and parents who can acknowledge her being.

It was too late. The 'bomb' was dropped. At least that is what I confirmed for myself. I felt the there was something in jeopardy playing right now at the cutting edge. Would I keep my secret or admit to my deepest desire to connect. She apparently saw the battle going around in me and answered the panic in my eyes by saying, 'You can go, you are free, but I hope from the bottom of my soul that you are aware that you can only feel this only once in your life; This deep undeniable state of belonging to something bigger which we can understand now. And you can choose this. Right now, together with me. I want to connect, my love, I want this so much. I am so tired of trying to avoid my deepest fear. I do not want to be the spy and lover in one any longer. Striving for independence based on survival will kill me at the end. You know that. If someone knows, you do.'

Oh I love her so much. My heartbeat almost pushed my heart out. This must be incredibly impossible to hear the sound of my shadow crushed by her words. It seemed that all my nerves in my body explicitly touched every part of my body. All arms and escape routes were blocked and closed down. There was no possibility to get out this situation anymore. The only response came from something that took over my well trained body and mind. She took my face in my hands and for the first time in my life it occurred to me that long and deep hidden tears came to the surface and I screamed and cried as child who just came into the world, delivered and freed from a certain burden, ready for another life.

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I'm a "local" adoptee (if that's relevant). I have a pattern of falling for men that are unavailable (i.e. married!) I also have strong ideals about them that aren't realistic, similar to my fantasies and expectations about my birth mother. So maybe they are an unavailable father figure. My

adoptive father was verbally abusive and not accepting of me and my birth father is totally unavailable (birth mother has not been totally forthcoming about info!)

I think that I'm still looking for that fantasy mother, even in men! Doesn't make sense maybe, but it happens! So that's not real love anyway because I'm looking for what I can get to fill a void, fix a loss. Instead of thinking about what I can give and what is it that I like about who they are rather than whether they could emotionally support me and meet my needs. I only had one longish term boyfriend who dumped me and I think I was selfish in the relationship (I was having a breakdown back then though). I really want this to change, I'm hoping this increased awareness about this means it is changing as I'm now getting into my late 30's and feel like a spinster and don't want to be alone any more. I didn't care before but now I hear the biological clock ticking and I fear that my eggs are drying up, even though I only feel like I'm 25!

What types of partners do you chose?

I choose partners who are younger than me and who are very understanding, loving, caring and patient.

How does their non adopted or adopted status impact your relationship?

I think that since they're not adopted they don't understand the trauma I'm going through – also because they have had a wonderful upbringing where they know their real parents. I always felt like the victim and that people should feel sorry for me.

What cultural or ethnic backgrounds do you tend to be attracted to?

I'm attracted to all Anglo Saxons.

How does that fit with your sense of ethnic/cultural heritage?

I'm adopted from Chile and I have black hair and dark skin. I like to be with someone who looks completely different from me. My family is all fair skinned and blonde, the opposite to me.

Who typically ended the relationships?

I keep threatening to end the relationship but I never actually want to - but in the end my partners do because they can't take anymore of the fighting and anger.

Do you avoid intimate love relationships altogether?

No I'm always in relationships because I'm afraid to be on my own and if I don't have someone in my life I feel unwanted, not worthy, useless and unloved.

How does that impact you?

Well for the first time in my life I am single and alone. It's very difficult because I'm not used to it but I feel it's something I have to do.

What would need to happen to help you not avoid these types of relationships?

To learn to live on my own, accept who I am and be happy with who I am.

How do these words fit within your thinking and experience of having intimate love relationships – trust, security, fear, abandonment, loss, independence, over or under achiever, connection, heritage, ethnicity, shame, attraction, aloneness, anger, love, family, push, gratefulness, sensitive,

I was always testing my partner, telling them to leave because I knew they would in the end anyway. Everyone abandons me. I was always so angry with the ones I loved the most and never trusted them completely. In the end they did leave me but that was all my doing.

How does your adoption impact your intimate love relationships? If it doesn't, please also share your thoughts on this.

Since I thought my birth mother rejected me, didn't want me - I thought everyone would do the same thing because I wasn't worthy to begin with. I never really let anyone get too close to me because what's the point - they are going to leave me anyway. I think there will always be a big trust issue.

Have you ever wished you could trust in love and just "know" that this significant person will always remain in your life? Have you ever felt weird and as if you are the only one who feels this insecure? Have you ever wished you could have that relationship that you felt safe and secure in without having to be hypervigilant? Have you ever realised that what you just blew up about was really nothing but a huge knot that sat in your stomach and compelled you to act upon even though you knew it just didn't make sense long term? Have you ever cut off because you just didn't know what else to do and you felt an innate need to push that person away because of the fear of getting hurt? Have you ever cried yourself to sleep feeling that all love just equals pain?

Why is it that many of us adoptees struggle so much to have what we'd consider a good and healthy relationship? Is it just us or do other "normal" people experience similar kinds of battles on the relationship front?

I've been in long term relationships for over 13 years and it has been a very gradual learning curve over the years that I've come to understand and be self aware enough of the impact being "adopted" has had on my ability to have and retain key relationships. Nancy Verrier's book Coming Home to Self talks about the adoption trauma on a similar scale to those who survived the Jewish Holocaust. How could this possibly be true? Don't many of us adoptees appear to have it "all together" as if we're unaffected by adoption? How long did I live my life being grateful for my existence to the extent that I never acknowledged the true depth of pain that my beginnings had caused me?

My life experience has led me down the path of self-awareness to the extent where I can honestly say that yes, adoption is a huge trauma that is very much understated and unrecognised by the majority. A good friend of mine wrote his personal story of the turnaround in his life from alcoholism - which he largely attributes to his own unacknowledged pain from his adoption experience. He titled his story "My Own Personal Holocaust". At the time, I had thought the title a little overstated but had accepted that we all needed to overstate things especially when we come from a base of denial, however, the more self aware I've become, the more I've realised that he was spot on! He couldn't have been truer in his wording!

I'm not saying this is an excuse for us all to have sob stories and allow our lives to be "controlled" by our beginnings of loss, however, I believe we need to move through the various stages of healing until our spirits can be free and we allow our true and authentic self and voice to be heard.

People say they know what love is. Well I ask do adoptees like me ever really feel love? I don't think I've ever felt a long lasting gut feel within myself that says I am loved or loveable. The part of me that hurts so much over losing the "pure" love of my mother has been shoved into the farthest corner of my subconscious. It is a terrifying feeling to think that if you showed that one spot within your soul, that people will reject you and say that your feelings are "too much". Too much pain .. too much fear .. too much emotion full stop! But it's real and touches me in so many ways.

My fear of not having love or retaining love was pure terror. It's like a tight rubber band around my chest. It makes me want to lash out and scream out "but why don't you love me?! What makes me so unloveable? Why are you rejecting me? Why can't you accept ALL of me - the pain, the sadness, the fear, the anger, the strength?"

So many people take it for granted that they are loved. They grow up surrounded by love. It is an assumption others are born with. What is love I ask? Perhaps it's tied to the knowledge that you belong with them. You are rightfully here as nature intended it to be. But for those like me - what is my experience of love? Love is fitting in and trying to show only those parts of you that they look like they'll only accept. Love is knotting yourself up like a rubber band waiting to be stretched this way and that until you snap inside because you realise it's not you at all and you cry out because they don't want to see the real you. Or perhaps it's that I'm too afraid to show the real me because I've had so much already to tell me that I have to be this way in order to be "good enough". Perhaps love to others is in knowing they don't have to be anything because they are already accepted just as they are.

Love to me is loss. It feels like I was loved for perhaps only a short time and that each time afterwards, it's a short time as well. Where is long time love? Was I born of love, I ask. How does that fit with me being alone all my life on this planet? If this is love - I reject it all! I want something else. I want to never be left alone forever. I want to never feel that I don't fit in again. I want to never feel that my sadness and pain is unacceptable because "they" can't handle it. I want to never have to feel I have to be good enough until I am able to be loved.

I feel like there's something wrong with me. Something within me must be so rotten or unlikeable to others that all my life I've had to cover up parts of me. Can't let them see, especially the vulnerable and terrified parts. If they don't accept and love those bits - how can I feel accepted and loved as a whole?

I feel as though the river of tears will never stop and no-one wants to have to deal with that do they?! Does this tunnel of loss have an end? Or does it just go on and on and on? Is that how others feel or am I really abnormal and weird? No wonder I can't have a functional relationship for too long. Silly thing is, I fool myself to think that I'm ok. That's the strong part within. It's ensuring that I don't become totally weak and useless. Stranger still is that I am ok - or I should be allowed to feel ok for having all these feelings and bits inside of me. It's perfectly natural given my situation. And anyhow, doesn't everyone, whether adopted or not, want to feel loved, have a need to be loved, get upset if they are feeling abandoned or rejected?

I can now count on my one hand, at the age of 31, the number of times (3) I've been held by someone who deeply cared about me while I cried for the loss of my beginnings and wanting to feel my need for love is ok and normal. It's the most beautifully comforting feeling I've ever had. Why has it taken 31 years of my life to have experienced this? Is our society this unaware of the extent of the trauma adoptees go through? Why have I never felt liberated or safe enough to feel that I could have sobbed like this with someone before? What has changed? Perhaps I've grown up within myself and realised I can't be like that anymore. I can't deny who I am and what I feel. There has to be a point where one says STOP - you're hurting me by not allowing me to have these feelings and for them to be valid. And it's challenging and deeply scary to be willing to explore those deepest parts within where so much sadness resides. Like a resident who's unwilling to leave, who prefers the dark, one has to be brave enough to face the storm that will happen - but then the peace that settles within, to have felt comforted, to have let out that deep loss and need for love, the need to hear that "she (my mother) loved me" .. to finally feel that people around me DO love me. It's a powerful healing that takes place for one brave enough to go where many fear to tread.

Written 5 years ago, now in a wonderfully happy married relationship! So the good news is, it IS possible to find your way through the turmoil of complex intimate relationships, impacted significantly by our original losses!
