

INTRODUCTION

When my mother left in 1969, I was two years old, and when I finally found her in 2018, I was fifty-one years old.

Forty-nine years, that is how long it took me to see her face again. However, I like to refer to the timing as five decades because it was so close to the fifty-year mark.



This worn out folder represents every effort, challenge, and failure I endured in my very long and tedious search for my long-lost mother until the final success of reuniting with her. In this folder are birth certificates, birth records, marriage record requests, private detective reports, letters I sent, social security information, and the list goes on.

I finally found my mother on March 2, 2018. Just over a year later, on July 1, 2019, I began sorting through these items, placing them in chronological order, so that I could eventually lay out for you every hardship and obstacle I had to overcome in order to hug my mother one more time.

My first recollection of my mother was when I was two. I was too little to realize fully what was going on, but I vividly remember the day she left my siblings and me in the care of our father.

Over the years, this lack of motherly care was something that was constantly on my mind. Whenever I had the chance, I tried to get as much information as I could from my father, the person who knew her better than anyone.

When I finally came of age, it took me thirty-three years to find the mother I was yearning for.

Even as I was filling this folder up, I never truly believed the day would come when I would actually see my mother again.

Finding Mother: A Journey of Loss and Love

Now, it feels amazing to be telling the world how I have finally found her when, more than once, my hopes were crushed and I thought it would never happen for me.

Chapter 1

BEFORE MOTHER LEFT

She has to be somewhere! That is what I used to exclaim, frustrated when my mother seemed to have vanished into thin air and all of my search efforts were coming up null.

Why did she have to leave?

Why *my* mother?

Why do I have to endure such a devastating heartache?

Most importantly, why can't I find her?

Those were the thoughts and questions that lingered in my mind over the years, as the trail of my mother's whereabouts was getting colder with each passing day.

Even though I was only two years old when she left in 1969, I can recall with vivid details of numerous events that took place at that time.

One of the most heartbreaking memories I have is this one: My mother picking me up in her arms and walking out of the back door of our rental house. She walked, across the very tall, uncut grass to the back area of the lawn, lay face down in the grass and cried her heart out. I lay beside her and cried with her. At the time, I did not understand why she was so miserable that she would sob so heavily in front of her little girl.

I only remember feeling heartbroken for her.

I felt her pain so very deeply.

It was like her pain was my pain and I hurt terribly for her that day.

I later learned that my father had called the authorities to have her picked up and taken, against her will, to a mental hospital.

So, during that moment of weeping in the grass, she knew she was about to be separated from her family.