11th Year

Geborener Deutscher®

A Newsletter for German-Born Adoptees and Their Birth/Adoptive Families

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Family Reunion Awaits Minister in Germany

By J.B. Blosser Bittner
State Correspondent

Blanchard, OK (3/25/98)—Pastor Pete Hyde won't be behind the pulpit Sunday. The First United Methodist Church minister is taking a little family time—to meet his father.

Hyde, 43, flies today to Germany to pick up some pieces of his past: On Thursday, he will reunite with Bernhard Schneider, who left him in a German orphanage more than 40 years ago.

Raised as Joseph Peter Hyde by an American military couple, Hyde was a seventh-grader when he stumbled onto a military personnel folder while his family was driving cross-country during one of many moves.

"There wasn't much to look at driving through South Dakota, so I decided to take a look in those boxes on the seat beside me," Hyde recalled. "I pulled out a folder with someone else's name and said, 'Hey, who's this?' " It was Peter Bernhard Schneider, the name Hyde's biological parents had given him when he was born in Germany.

"It got real tense in the car," Hyde said. "Mom and Dad weren't real sure what to do at that point." Hyde then was told that he had been adopted. He's since learned few details. But he's held onto a connection with his past, even giving his own son, now 14, the middle name Bernhard.

Last year, Hyde decided to try to find out what happened to his first family. He was driven by a need to locate family medical history and by encouragement from a friend and fellow minister in northwest Oklahoma.

Hyde was pastor at the First United Methodist Church in Fargo before moving to Blanchard in June.

George Bennett, senior minister of Woodward's First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), will accompany Hyde on his trip to Germany. He had promised Hyde early in his search that Hyde would not have to face the emotional ordeal alone. He's also in charge of preserving the moment. "I'm taking 80 zillion rolls of film and a very good camera," Bennett said. The men will return to Oklahoma on Tuesday.

With Bennett's emotional support, Hyde in August contacted an Albuquerque woman who for a $25 fee devotes her time to matching families of children adopted in Germany by American parents. "Six weeks later, she called and said, 'I have a letter from your father in my hand,'" Hyde said. He wasn't sure where he wanted to go from there.

"It was one of those emotional roller-coaster type of things. Like "What now?'" Hyde said. "Since then, we've been writing back and forth as fast as we can get a letter across. We have a little problem, because I don't speak German and he doesn't speak English."

Hyde has been translating letters with the help of his German-speaking church music director. Through the correspondence, Hyde has learned a little of how he came to be the ward of a German orphanage.

When he was 2 years old, his mother died. His father felt unable to care for him alone. Germany was still rebuilding after World War II. Jobs were hard to come by for a blue-collar laborer with limited education.

Bernhard Schneider traveled from place to place to accept what employment he could find —as a waiter, a construction worker, whatever was available.

The ordeal also has been an emotional one for others. Hyde's adoptive mother, who lives in Arkansas, has had reservations, he said. His adoptive father died several years ago. "I've had to tell her I'm not going to replace her with this person I am going to meet," he said.

He also hopes to ease the guilt he's been told Schneider has carried for more than 40 years.

"I want to assure him I'm not after a guilt trip," Hyde said. "I've had a wonderful life. I just want to fill in the blanks."

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Search Journal
by Nancy Boyd

... with God all things are possible.
—Matthew 19:26

Last August, my cousin Sharon Dobbins Alberson, and my aunt, Maxine Shumate Allshouse, encouraged my dad, George Kopie, to break the news to me—after 40 years—that I am adopted. My extended family on both sides had always known of the adoption and honored my parents by keeping it a secret all these years. It had to be hard on everyone at times, because during my teens, I began suspecting I was adopted. I shared my suspicions over the years with family members and good friends. Most would ask *"Why do you think you're adopted?"* I would give them several good reasons: I didn't look like my mom and dad; my mom wouldn't talk about being pregnant; and we didn't have newborn pictures of me or pictures of my mom pregnant.

As I grew older, the feelings were stronger than ever, but I never wanted to hurt my mom and dad by bringing up the subject. I believed my mom and dad loved me with all of their heart, and if they didn't want me to know, it must have been for a good reason. However, there was still a nagging feeling inside making me question my identity over and over. So, when my dad told me the news, I really wasn't surprised.

Tears were shed, but relieved that these feelings were not in vain. My dad explained to me that obviously my mother never wanted me to know, but he felt I should know. During the next few days, I telephoned several relatives to discover any information that would help piece the story together. During those conversations I learned my mom (Rowena) never wanted me to feel like I was unwanted. She did a good job. I always felt secure and loved by my adoptive parents. I also learned my German birth mother did not want to give me up for adoption. She kept me until I was 3-4 months old, hoping my birth father (an American soldier stationed in Heilbronn) would marry her.

The Lord had brought me this far and my life would never be the same. I believe it was His perfect timing in my life to learn of the adoption.

After digesting the news over the weekend, early the next week I contacted several adoption agencies in hope of finding someone who could help with the search. A state agency, along with a private service, encouraged me to contact Leonie Boehmer of Albuquerque, NM. I went to the bookstore to find reference books on adoption. Leonie's name was listed as an Independent Search

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WILLIAM LEIS GAGE

Consultant specializing in German-born adoptee searches. I knew immediately she was the person I should contact. After my initial contact with Leonie. I sent her my adoption papers. How strange to see that at one time you had a different name—my birth name was "Rosemarie Isolde Unser." (I later learned I was named after two aunts—American and German). The only other information included on the adoption papers was my birth mother's name—Frida Katharina Unser—and her address in Heilbronn. With this information, Leonie began contacting the Heilbronn registration office requesting a recent address for Frida. After many letters and months, we received a letter at the end of December informing us Frida had moved years ago to the United States. At this time, I had a strong feeling she had married my birth father.

With the new year approaching and busy as usual, I waited patiently on the Lord to guide Leonie and myself through this search. At the end of January, another letter arrived in the mail from Leonie with the news that my birth mothers married named was Icenogle. She had lived in the Tampa Bay area of Florida in 1976 and her birth date was February 2, 1933. Leonie's hard work and efforts had paid off and we figured it was only a matter of time before we would locate my birth mother.

The following evening I was sitting alone at home and decided to call directory assistance in Tampa and asked for any Icenogles listed in the area. The operator gave me three listings. I sat there pondering what to do—make a phone call that might change my life and the lives of others forever or continue to make contact only through letters. I knew Leonie preferred letters over making surprise phone calls, but I said a prayer and dialed the first number.

An elderly woman answered the phone and I asked her if Frida Icenogle lived at this address. She said "No," and I apologized for calling the wrong number. I told her I had been looking for Frida for several months and it was a long shot, but thought maybe there could be a relation. Then she said *"I know Frida, she was married to my son."* I thought to myself, this could be my grandmother (I later learned she was my step-grandmother, Georgia Icenogle, who had been married to my grandfather Robert, Sr., who died in 1984). She informed me Frida and her son, Glenn Robert Icenogle, had divorced over 25 years ago. I tried to get as much information out of her as I could without disclosing my identity.

I learned they had children together and no one had seen Frida in 15-20 years. Then she asked the big question. *"Who are you?"* I knew I was at the point of no return and had to tell her. Saying a quick prayer and my heart pounding, I told her I had found out five months ago that I was adopted and Frida was my birth mother. She then said, *"You're the baby they left behind in Germany."* I couldn't believe it—she knew I existed—someone had told her about me in the past! I never dreamed I would find my birth father before my birth mother. She told me my father lives in Ft. Lauderdale and is remarried. Then she explained to me that I had two half-brothers and two full-blooded sisters—Kathy and Marilyn. I asked Georgia not to call anyone until I could call her back. She said okay. She mentioned she was a Christian and would pray about it and I told her the same. Minutes later I phoned Leonie and learned she was waiting to hear from me because she had more news about my birth mother. Leonie told me she had found an address in Warren, Michigan, for my birth mother from September of 1994. Then I began explaining to Leonie what had transpired: I had found my birth father. She advised me to call Georgia back and give her my name and telephone number and for Georgia to ask my birth father to call me.

Two days later, and with great anticipation, I received my first phone call from my birth father, Glenn. He asked me my name and if I was born on March 23, 1957. 1 confirmed this and he began to tell me that he had met my mother in 1955 when he was stationed in Germany. My birth mother already had a son, Ulysses (born: October 29, 1954), when she met my birth father. Glenn said Frida was beautiful and they had a daughter together the next year, Katharina (April 12, 1956). Then my birth father's military orders shipped him back to the U.S. in September of 1956. My birth father did not know at that time Frida was pregnant with me, and I was born March 23, 1957 in Heilbronn. My birth mother could not afford to care for two other small children, and me **so** my grandfather felt it was best that she give me up for adoption. She waited and hoped Glenn would send for her and marry her, but after 3-4 months she gave me up for adoption. Glenn was trying to save money to send for Frida and the children. When Glenn learned Frida had given me away, he tried to stop the adoption, but it was too late. I truly believe it was meant to be and I know the Lord blessed my adoptive parents with a child they could not have together. In 1959 Frida, Ulysses and Katharina arrived in the U.S. and Glenn and Frida were married. On October 5, 1960 my younger sister, Marilyn, was born. I also learned I have a half-brother, Ricky Icenogle, who resides in Indiana. Glenn has been married to a lovely woman, Eve, for the past 15 years. Glenn works as a part-time park ranger in Ft. Lauderdale. He then gave me my sisters' telephone numbers and I could hardly wait to phone them both.



***(l-r)* Glenn, Nancy, Kathy and Marilyn**

The following evening I made my initial contact with my sisters. I thought it only fair I call the oldest, Katharina, first, but she was not home. I dialed my younger sister's home and she answered. Oh my gosh—it was like talking to yourself. We sounded exactly alike. Marilyn was so excited and we talked for almost an hour. We compared ourselves to each other—hair, hands, noses, you name it—we compared feet. Marilyn is married to Dan Forsyth and lives in St. Petersburg, Florida. A few hours later I reached Kathy, who told me *"I have always been praying for you."* I began to cry. Kathy lives in Lorton, Virginia, and is married to Wayne Davis. Kathy has two children, Christopher (23) and Cassie (15). We talked and talked and I knew the Lord had blessed me with the sisters I never had, but always wanted. Kathy and I discovered we both had e-mail and could correspond easily this way. It was amazing to learn how many things we already had in common.

Immediately we began to make plans for a family reunion. The following week I sent my sisters and birth father photo albums of my family and me. I waited anxiously for their pictures to arrive, and when they did, there was no doubt that I was related. I look like both of my sisters and everyone says I look the most like our mother, Frida.

A few weeks later I received a phone call from Marilyn. She asked me to call our half-brother, Ulysses, who lives in Tampa, Florida. I made my initial contact with Ulysses and we had an endearing conversation of how he had always thought of me and wondered where my life's journey had taken me. I was also blessed with another nephew, Joshua, who is 8 years old. Joshua and I spoke briefly and he loves music—just like Crystal. A week later I received pictures from Ulysses, and in turn I sent him several of our family.

On Tuesday, March 17, 1998, my family flew to Tampa, Florida, to be reunited with my birth family. What a joyous and memorable experience we all had. That evening, I met my father, Glenn, and his wife, Eve; my younger sister, Marilyn, and her husband, Dan; and my half-brother, Ulysses. The next day we drove to the airport to pickup Kathy. We spent much of our time catching up and enjoying each other's company. Crystal and Brandon were the perfect teenagers—thank you, Jesus. The weather was cool and rainy, but we didn't mind. We toured the Titanic Exhibition, visited the St. Petersburg's pier and ate too much. I celebrated my 41st birthday with my new family, complete with decorations, gifts and a cake decorated *"Happy Birthday to our sister"—a* birthday present that cannot compare to any gift I had ever received. I also met Georgia, who was so good to open up to me on the phone that fateful evening; Aunt Rosemary, whom I'm named after; Aunt Vandetta; Uncle Bob; and other extended family members. Everyone was loving and personable. It was truly a blessed time in my life and the lives of my new family.

During the trip to Florida we visited my dad, George, in Rockledge, Florida. We also visited with my Aunt Roxy, my Uncle Ronald (who at that time was in the hospital), and my cousin Ronna Gunthorpe, her husband, Russ, and their daughter, Jackie. ***CONT'D ON PG. 4, COL. 3***

Briefe (Letters From Readers)

December 20, 1997

Dear William L. Gage:

I want to thank you for adding me to your mailing list and for mailing a number of very interesting back issues of both *Geborener Deutscher* and *Adoptionsdreieck*. I thoroughly enjoy reading articles and stories about reunions and the ongoing search. I have searched for my biological father for years, sometimes intensely. At other times he has just lingered in the back of my mind. I was born on August 24, 1961, in I Hamburg, (West) Germany, and lived with my biological mother, Brigitte Elisabeth Wehinger Repsold. My mother was originally from East Germany, and she worked as a nurse, mostly night shifts, in Hamburg. Much later in life, I found out that my father presumably was a black engineer from Trinidad, and that he should have worked in Hamburg for Blohm and Voss. I have tried to contact Blohm and Voss, but records from that time period were destroyedin a flood. I believe I have my father's first three names—Dennis Kenneth Nicolas—but I do not have a last name to go by.

When I was nine, my mother committed suicide; she was in terrible financial difficulty, and she had not succeeded in reuniting her family. Two children, my half-brother, Volker, and my half-sister, Conny, had already been removed from home. We three children all had different fathers.

After my mother's death, I was in a children's home for a while, and then I was adopted, first by one and then by another Danish family. The first family had already adopted a son from Korea, and he and I apparently had difficulties. The family decided that it would be two difficult with the two of us after just two weeks. The second family (Bisgaard) had already adopted five other children: two from Denmark, two from Korea (both children of African-American fathers), and one from Germany (also mixed-race).

Over the years, one of my Korean brothers and my German brother have, in fact, found and been reunited with their birth mothers (at a later time I can share their stories). I have not had quite the same luck with my father, but when I was 22 years old, I was suddenly reunited with Volker and Conny, with whom I had had no contact since I was 6 or 7. Over the years, Conny and Volker had tried to find me, and through a small miracle, they succeeded. I am now in close contact with them, and although my German is a little rusty (as a nine-year-old I picked up Danish, but forgot my German), we communicate entirely in German. Volker and Conny had never themselves been adopted, but they had been with the same family in foster care in Hamburg.

I am still looking for my father, and maybe one day, with our new technology, three first names will do the trick. I have lived in the U.S. for almost ten years now, where I work at an independent school as an administrator. I am happily married, and my wife, Monica, and I are expecting our first child in June. I love having my own family, and my children can be assured that I will never leave them behind.

Thanks again for your wonderful initiative, and keep up your excellent work.

— Dennis Bisgaard
Riverdale, NY

January 6, 1998

Dear William Gage,

I just wanted to thank you for your efforts in publishing *Geborener Deutscher*. I have been receiving your newsletter since the summer of 1996, when I connected with Leonie Boehmer. Leonie found my birth mother for me and put me on your mailing list.

I was born in Würzburg in 1956 and at the age of 15 months adopted over in America. My birth mother lives in the Boston area. On the first consultation with my birth mother, all seemed possible; but since, my birth mother has been cold and non-forthcoming. She states it's just too painful and that none of the past matters anymore. It is sad.

I have kept in touch with Leonie and even got to meet her at the most recent AAC conference in Scottsdale, AZ. She is so sweet; she even let me cry on her shoulder! Since my birth mother has never even sent me a picture, Leonie sent me her own picture, signed on the back, "your surrogate birth mom."

Anyway, the real reason I'm writing to you is to send you some money to cover postage for all the wonderful newsletters you've sent me. I appreciate receiving each issue and want to continue getting them. Keep up the good work!

Anyway, Bill, thank you again for listening. Take care.

— Laurie Shipman
San Jose, CA
JimS@ibm.net

January 8, 1998 (postmarked)

To the Editor:

The articles that have appeared in past issues of *Geborener Deutscher* newsletter, particularly the recent workshop speech reprint titled "The Case Against International Adoption," by Peter Dodds, give me reason to write in response.

As a German-born woman who also was adopted by an American military couple in 1957, my experiences in life have been similar in many ways to Mr. Dodds'. My perspective on international adoption, however, differs significantly from his.

I understand his loss of nationality, culture, heritage, and language, among other things, for I suffered many of those same losses myself by being adopted and moved to America. I understand his "primal wound," for I suffered the same wound he did. I understand his need to search for and to find his birth family, for I searched for and found my birth family as well.

While to search is profound, what we find has its own ups and downs. For what we find is essentially out of our control. Still, what we do with what we find, how we deal with that, I believe, can all make the difference in our lives as *adult* adoptees.

I have read Mr. Dodds' book, which reveals the formation of his ideas concerning international adoption. As a young child, he apparently was subjected to cruel treatment by other children. By contrast, I did not have the experience of being shunned by classmates or friends because of my adopted status. He wrote that his experience led directly to his putting up interior walls, and an ongoing effort to keep people from getting too close. Although my experience was different from his, I also had ways of keeping people from getting too close so I would not be hurt or rejected again. The metaphor of the castle, which he used throughout the book, was an intriguing way of taking readers on his inner journey and showed how he finally learned the castle couldn't protect him if he wanted to fully experience his own life. I too had to learn a similar lesson.

Yet, in spite of his insight and ultimately leaving the castle of his own accord, Mr. Dodds seems to have remained wounded and embittered by his experience. He even wrote in his book that he realized he "hated" his birth mother. Where, I wonder, is the forgiveness, the infinite love, in that (both of which in the introduction to "The Case Against International Adoption" Mr. Dodds said he experienced? Now, though, he places his ongoing and interior battle out in the open, inviting others to join him in "opposing" international adoption, which he blames as being the most horrible thing ever to happen to him.

In his article he wrote that he at last realized he couldn't "become German again" after he returned to live in Germany. Still, it seems to me he hasn't come to accept that, forgive those who allowed this "horrible" thing to happen to him and be able to go on with his life, without also telling other people what they should and shouldn't do concerning adopting children in need. But Mr. Dodds' adoption experience is not, and never will be, a universal one.

I truly do feel compassion for him that he was left in an orphanage until he was three years old. He must have been absolutely frightened and bewildered by the circumstances in which he found himself. I understand this, too, because I was not adopted right away, either. But for Mr. Dodds to say that if he had to be adopted by Americans they should have been of German descent is, to me, an astonishing and altogether outrageous conclusion. In a perfect world, that just might be a perfect solution, but we do not live in a perfect world and I, for one, don't know of any perfect solutions to our problems.

When we were born in Germany, the country was little more than a decade away from the most devastating war it had ever experienced. It was a country that had only begun to rebuild. There were many children like us, born out of wedlock to young women who were searching for a security they would never find in our birth fathers. Our birth mothers could not take care of us on their own, and their families were ill-situated at the time to raise us either, trying as they were to put shattered lives back together and simply feed themselves. There existed a strong stigma against women who had children out of wedlock despite the less-than-adequate birth control methods of the time. All these things conspired to create an atmosphere that made it hard for children like us to be kept by the families into which we were born. I believe, though, that Germans themselves were seeking the best outcome for their children by

wanting them to be adopted and raised in America.

In my own case, my birth mother finally told her mother she was pregnant. My birth grandmother stepped in decisively and made decisions concerning what would happen to me after I was born. My birth grandmother determined she would do everything she could to make sure that I was adopted by an American family. She stayed involved until I was born and she knew my parents were going to be able to adopt me. My parents, God bless them, always told me I was adopted and also told me the story of my grandmother's involvement in my adoption. They admired and respected what she did for me and conveyed all that to me as I was growing up.

When I searched for and found my birth mother three years ago, I felt fortunate also to find my birth grandmother, still living. When I went to Germany to visit my birth family for the first time, the reunion with my birth mother gave me a sense of lasting peace and contentment. When I met my birth grandmother, I was able to thank her personally, at last, for her active role in ensuring my future.

Yes, I too lost the opportunity to grow up "German," just as Mr. Dodds did. Unlike Mr. Dodds however, if I had to be adopted, I feel happy that I was adopted by my parents and happy that I was raised in the United States. I would not be who I am today if it were otherwise. I don't feel so complete a loss of my German heritage, culture, or nationality as Mr. Dodds apparently does.

Instead, I feel that I am part of both cultures, that my heritage is not only American, it is also German. My hope is to create a bridge for myself and both my families between those two cultures. Both cultures, both families, make me the unique person I am. I would not be as enriched as I feel today without one or the other.

I am sorry Mr. Dodds feels this profound sense of loss, but not every German-born adoptee feels as he does. Unlike Mr. Dodds, I have no "case against international adoption." Instead, my own case is for bringing up children in the best environment possible, even if that means adopting internationally.

Additionally, I am for the on-going education of prospective adoptive families to enable them to raise the children they've adopted with an understanding of and appreciation for their children's birth cultures. I am also for providing those children with the opportunity to learn and to speak their native languages all the while they grow up, in whatever country that happens to be.

Adoption is a multi-faceted issue, and a lifelong experience for all of us touched by it. Pain often seems to accompany adoption, international or not. I am for promoting compassionate understanding of the losses adoptive parents, birth parents, and adoptees experience, as well as for educating others about the unique vulnerabilities of children who find themselves needing homes, needing love, and above all, needing good parents to raise them, whatever the differences in nationality, culture, or heritage.

Such "answers" as Mr. Dodds' "if I had to be adopted by Americans then they should have been of German descent," do little to address the real challenges that adoption, international or otherwise, can present. In fact, his "answer" begs the questions: what if he had been adopted by Americans of German descent? And what if, rather than stressing their mutual German heritage, his adoptive parents chose instead to stress the American culture in which they were raising their son? The answer, of course, is that Mr. Dodds would be in exactly the same place he finds himself today.

While Mr. Dodds' own experience as an (angry, perhaps?) adopted person is valid, it is my fervent hope that the international adoption community will refrain from any action based on one man's experience alone, heart-wrenching as it is and despite the articulate manner in which he relates that experience. There are many other international adoptees who have experienced a fate similar to Mr. Dodds', yet who have vastly different views to offer on the subject of international adoption.

It is vitally important, therefore, that others also have the opportunity to share their views and their experience before conclusions are drawn or far-reaching decisions are made regarding international adoption. It is, after all, the future welfare of children all over the world that is ultimately at stake here.

— Mary-Ellen Woodward
Topeka, KS

Family Reunion Awaits Minister *continued from page 1*

Oklahoma Pastor Meets His German Father

By J.B. Blosser Bittner
State Correspondent

Blanchard, OK (4/18/98)—When Pete Hyde went to Germany to Germany to see the man who put him up for adoption more than 40 years ago, he met a stranger. When the visit ended three days later, Hyde left behind a family member. "There's a relationship budding there, now that we've met and talked," said Hyde, pastor of Blanchard's First United Methodist Church.

Hyde, 43, and friend George Bennett. senior minister of the Woodward First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) spent nearly a week in Germany shortly before Easter. The trip resulted from Hyde tracking down his biological father last fall. They had exchanged letters since but had not spoken.

An American military couple adopted Hyde from a Catholic orphanage in Germany when he was 2 years old. The adoption came a few months after Hyde's mother died and his father, Bernhard Schneider, left the child at the orphanage. Schneider was an unskilled laborer with limited education trying to find work in Germany after World War II, Hyde said.

"He told me it would have been a hard life for a child." Hyde said. "He was dealing with some guilt about it all. I tried to assure him that was the farthest thing from my mind."

The men talked through a translator, catching each other up on the past 41 years. Hyde learned that his mother had died of cancer. His father moved frequently in search of work and never remarried. He had asked about his son in Landau, where the orphanage was, but he never learned where the child went.

Hyde told Schneider how he had been adopted and taken to the United States. Hyde's adoptive parents never told him he was adopted until he found his original identification papers by accident during a family move when he was in the seventh grade.

Hyde's trip to Germany included three days with his father on a trip to the town where he was born. He also found the orphanage, recognizing it from a memory he had of the view from a car window as he rode away at age 2. Until he was there as an adult, Hyde said, he had not known if the scene was a true memory or a conjured vision.

The idea of a reunion had been a tough one for Hyde's adoptive mother, Hyde said. His adoptive father died years ago. Just before Hyde left for Germany, the woman who raised him called with a message for his natural father.

"She told me to thank him for giving me up so she could have a son," Hyde said. "It was a real emotional moment when I told him that. He sent her a message back, thanking her for raising such a nice man. These moments were very special."

Plans now are to find an opportunity to introduce Hyde's natural father and Hyde's wife and children, Schneider's only grandchildren. Hyde has not decided whether to make a second trip to Germany or try to bring Schneider to Oklahoma.

For Hyde, his introduction to Schneider has provided some answers and a sense of filling some holes in his life.

"I don't know that it's changed anything," Hyde said, "But there is kind of a sense of completeness now."

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Nancy Boyd *cont'd fr. pg. 2*

I hadn't seen my cousin Ronna in over 20 years and the funny thing is that she was the only family member on both sides of my adoptive family that I resembled.

At this time I am still trying to find my birth mother, but am being patient and enjoying my newfound family. My sister, Kathy, attempted to reach our mother in Michigan, but with no luck. My half-brother, Ricky, recently discovered he had siblings and I hope to make contact with him soon.

I hope I haven't bored you with so many details, but this amazing story needs to be told. It gives hope to many, brings healing and love, and again the renewed faith of trusting in our Lord. He does work in mysterious ways. Our ways are not His ways, but He knew that this would truly be a new beginning for so many.

— Nancy Boyd
Gilbert, AZ