A Newsletter for German-Born Adoptees



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On the Verge of Exile

by Susan Levine

Washington Post Staff Writer

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MEDINA, OH (3/5/00) — The Americanization of Joao Herbert began in 1987, when an eight-year-old boy from Brazil flew north to become the adopted son of a small-town Ohio insurance salesman and hairdresser. Blessed with an ebullient spirit, he embraced his new family, his new home, his new world. English quickly replaced Portuguese. Football eventually supplanted soccer. By high school, his father boasts, he could nail a field goal from 50 yards.

Unfortunately, by then he'd embraced some less desirable aspects of American youth, too. Herbert fell in with the wrong crowd, partied with booze and pot. And just two months after high school graduation in 1997, he sold 7.5 ounces of marijuana to a police informant in his home town of Wadsworth.

This Friday, he stands to be kicked out of his adopted country—for the rest of his life.

The U.S. government intends to banish Herbert—a first-time offender sentenced only to probation and community treatment—and send him back to an alien land. He knows no one in Brazil, and he no longer understands the native tongue. At 22, he has few recollections of his early years in Sao Paulo, although he remembers that his orphanage overlooked a slum.

Through the thick glass of the visitation cubicles at the county jail where he's been held since last March, he'd plead with his mother: I'm your son, right? They can't take me away, can they? Show them the adoption papers.

But those papers matter not, just as other papers and pleadings have mattered not in half a dozen similar cases over the past two years. In each, men and women adopted from abroad as children—loved and assimilated as Americans but, for whatever reason, never naturalized as citizens—have found themselves suddenly facing deportation as adults because U.S. immigration law considers them to be serious and unwanted criminals. They constitute a small but poignant subset of the millions of people subject to Congress's sweeping immigration reform of 1996.

"There's something particularly appalling about sending back someone who was adopted," said law professor Nancy Morawetz, who runs the Immigrants Rights Clinic at New York University. "Aren't we engaged in an amazing fiction, to say that this group of people, who were raised in this country, who believe that they're part of this country, that suddenly they're strangers?"

Indeed, even as Joao (pronounced Ja-WONE) Herbert sits day after day in detention, in Georgia a woman who was adopted as a toddler is fighting a deportation order because of a 1988 misdemeanor battery charge—from a hair-pulling scuffle after a boyfriend stood her up. As punishment, Mary Anne Gehris received a one-year suspended sentence and 60 hours of community service, which she worked off cleaning county probation officers' cars and bathrooms.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service only learned that bit of history when she at last applied for citizenship last year. Have you ever been convicted of a crime? the form asked. She answered honestly: Yes.

"It's just totally consumed me," said Gehris, 34, whose accent reveals her southern upbringing, not her German birth. She has two children, including a profoundly retarded son with cerebral palsy who could not travel abroad. Stinging criticism of the government's effort against her brought the attention of the Georgia Board of Pardons and Parole, and last week, it voted 5 to 0 to pardon her, thus halting any deportation.

The law at issue is the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act, aimed at closing loopholes in past immigration policies and practice. Its effect on adoptees was an unintended consequence, and Congress and the INS fault each other ***CONT'D ON PG. 3, COL. 3***

My Search for Myself

by Randy Norman

Part Four of Four

Coming Home, or The Pain In Leaving

Klaus and Sylvia took me to the airport. It was about a two-hour drive to Frankfurt. Sylvia sat in the back seat with me and fell asleep. I took her hand and held it for most the trip. When she woke up and looked at her hand in mine, she gave me a big smile.

The drive seemed to take a little longer than I thought it would, but that was okay. For a lot of it, I was looking out the window and trying to take in all the things I could see so I would have more memories of Germany.

When we got to the airport, we all went and had coffee and tried to have small talk, but as the time was getting closer for Sylvia and Klaus to leave, talking was getting harder for Sylvia and me.

I would spend the night alone at the airport and the fly home the next day. It was Klaus who finally suggested it was time to go.

"Randy, it was great to have you here, and I hope you come back. You're a good guy and I now have a friend in the States."

I shook his hand and told him I felt the same. "You are a good friend and thank you for the room."

I gave Sylvia a hug and a kiss on the forehead and she started to cry. She held onto me and told me that she wished I could stay. I could not say much. I felt like I needed to stay, that this land was too much a part of me, and that my sister was my link to the land and to the heart of my soul. She knew things in me that I would only be able to understand with her help, and I didn't want to leave.

I didn't want to cry in front of Klaus, either, but I could not hold back the tears. As we hugged, Klaus told Sylvia it was time to go. I told her that I would call her when I got home, that everything would be okay, and that I loved her.

I turned and walked away, and Sylvia walked with Klaus to the door of the airport. I turned back and waived at her. We both still had tears in our eyes. She waived back at me and then was gone from my sight.

I spent the next few hours walking around the airport, looking for a place to get some sleep. I thought I would be able to just find a nice place and sleep in a chair for the night, but as I watched the armed guards at the airport wake a man up at gunpoint I was a bit apprehensive of the thought of that happening to me.

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WILLIAM LEIS GAGE

I asked one of the guards if that is what they usually do and he told me to get a room at the motel. I went over to the motel and asked about a room, but a room cost $325.00 for one night! I did not want to spend this type of money, so I walked back to the airport to walk around and think about life.

The more I thought about what I had found in Germany and my feelings about Germany, the more I wanted to stay. I needed to call my wife and hear her voice. I hoped that that would help me get my feelings right again, but I didn't know what "right" was anymore.

When I called her, I told her I felt like I needed to stay; that I did love her and the boys, but that it was so hard to leave. She said I should do what I felt was best, and that she loved me. We talked a long time and I did feel better. I knew that I would be going back to Snohomish, but that I would want to come back to Germany. For me, a part of this is from being born there and now from having family there, too. It is hard to care about people when they are so far from you. It hurts not to have them close so you can watch their lives a little.

I didn't sleep well that night, but in the morning, I was physically ready to get on the plane. My mind really did not want to go, but going was the right thing to do. I comforted myself with the thought that I would be back more than once or twice. I need to have this place and Sylvia and Patricia in my life now and I hope to have Martin in it, too.

As the plane left the ground, I could feel the tears coming again. This place is a part of me. It's a long flight from Germany to Snohomish, offering a lot of time to think and look back on what has happened in one's life. Making these decisions was one of the biggest things in my life, as much as getting married and having kids. This new past I was seeing, my two family histories now, were helping me to define my soul, telling me that I even had a soul. Now, with Walter and Sylvia giving me information about their parents' past, I was building a history for my biological self. In many ways this was a new beginning for me.

As I was coming home to my wife and kids, I felt I still needed to have more time with Sylvia, to see Martin, and just to walk around Germany again. I was very happy for the time I had there. It had given me a lot to think about in life and now I had to look at how this new family fit in. This was the test of a lifetime. Where do my loyalties lie? With Germany, Sylvia, Patricia and Martin? Or with all my family in the States?

There are a lot of things to think about when you bring people in to your life. The difference here is that these people are family to me, too. I did not know how to work out my feelings on this, but, as time has gone on, it has worked out.

When to plane got to Seattle and I saw my wife and sons there waiting for me, I was very happy to see them, but I was also sad. It's hard to feel happy and sad at the same time, but that is a part of all of this.

Even as we were in the car driving home, I wanted to be in Germany; I wanted to be with Sylvia; I wanted to feel German. I told myself that this feeling would go away with time, but it has not; it has stayed with me. I wanted a reason to go back to Germany. I even said to myself a few times, "I wish that something would happen to Sylvia that would call me to Germany to help her and to see if I would be as strong as I felt I was and to leave here to go and help with whatever was going on."

Don't wish for bad things to happen, because they will. After three months home and talking to Sylvia on the phone every two weeks, I got a call from her. She was crying and told me that she needed to have an operation for cancer. The doctor told her she needed a hysterectomy and that this would be a big deal for her body to go through. She asked me if I would talk to the doctor to see if there were any other things that could be done. I told her I would, but that this would be hard, since I don't speak German very well. She didn't care. She just said, "I know that you can change things for me."

After she gave me the phone number, I called the doctor in Ansbach. Via a translator, I was told that this is the best way for her, and that this is all that he would do as it was easy to do for him.

Later that week, I called Sylvia back and told her what he had said and that I felt that she needed to talk to a different doctor. She told me that Klaus's mother knew of a doctor in Munich that Sylvia should talk to. I told her that that sounded good to me.

A few days later, she called me back and told me she was going to see this doctor in the next week. Sylvia asked me again to talk to this doctor to see if there was anything different that could be done. I told her that I would call this doctor, too, but I would wait until after her appointment.

The new doctor was a lady and felt that Sylvia did not need to have a full-blown hysterectomy to get rid of the cancer, but that she would need to be in the hospital for about a week. When I talked to Sylvia the next time, she told me that this doctor made her feel better, but that she was still scared of having the operation.

I asked her then, what would be the best thing that I could do to help out? She said, "I can't tell you." Then I said to her, "Would you like me to come and stay with you? Would that help? I can look after you and do the things you won't be able to." She said, "Yes, that's what I would like."

When I told my wife about Sylvia's need to have this operation and that I needed to go back to Germany to help her out, she was very supportive. My parents, on the other hand, were not happy with my choice; and my boss at work told me that I would lose my job if I went, because I did not have any more vacation time coming that year. I told him that this was a family crisis and that I was not to worried about losing my job.

It was hard to tell my parents that, yes, this is my sister and she needs me now, and I have to help her the best I can. My wife sent them a letter telling them that she supported me going to Germany again to help Sylvia get through this time, and that letter helped Mom and Dad support me, too.

I could only get there two days after she got out of the hospital. She was happy about that. I wish that I could have gotten there the day before, but that's life. I was happy to be back.

It was a different trip this time. As I took the train to Nuremberg again, I looked again at the sights that I had seen on the first trip, but the thoughts in my mind were about how Sylvia was doing and would I be able to do enough for her and would she be able to speak English the same as before or would she have trouble with the English words because of the operation? Could I make her and Patricia's life just a little better? Would I be what she needed for now?

It was easer this time when the plane landed, because I knew what I was doing and where to go in the airport. I was in Nuremberg by 11:00 a.m. and on the train to Ansbach by 11:30.

I had never used this train before. The cars were old and this train was slow. I felt that maybe I should have used a taxi. It would have cost more, but I would have gotten to Ansbach sooner. I didn't get there till almost 1:00 p.m.

At the train station in Ansbach, I got Sylvia some flowers and then went and called a taxi to take me to her house. When I got to her house and no one came to the door, I started to worry that she had to go back to the hospital. So I walked down the street and found a telephone. I called Klaus Dieter and he told me that she had a doctor's appointment. Then he said, "Where are you? I will come and get you and you can stay with me until she gets done."

Ten minutes later, he was picking me up and taking me back to his restaurant. There he said, "If you want to take a shower, you can."

Boy, was that nice and felt great. After showering, I told Klaus that I was going to get a cappuccino and would be back in about a half hour.

As I was standing in the coffee shop, I saw Sylvia and Patricia coming, and when they saw me they walked much faster. I went outside and met them. We hugged and said our hellos. It was good to see her and to know that she was okay. Sylvia could not walk very fast or do very much, but that is what I was there for, to help her out. I felt a great pride in myself, that I could be there for her, and I was happy to be back in Germany. I also felt like I was her big brother and that made me happy, too. Sylvia ordered a coffee and then told me, "Randy I love you. I am so happy to have a brother like you."

On this trip I would be staying at Sylvia's place and sleeping in the living room. It was a small apartment, but Sylvia was happy to have me there, even though I tended to get the bathroom all wet when I took showers.

For me this was part of a dream come true. I have always wanted to be able to live in or be in the home of my birth mother. It was like feeling I now have made it all the way. It was or is more of a symbol for me. I had just short of two weeks here again, and I needed to make the most of it for all of us. I needed to meet Martin this time, too.

I helped Sylvia clean house and I made some dinners and took her where she needed to go in town. One evening, I ask her about seeing Martin, so she called him. He could not meet us that night, but said he could on Saturday. I met him for the first time on Saturday and we walked around for a bit. Then he told Sylvia that we could spend all day Sunday together and go for a drive and have lunch to get to know each other. That sounded great to me.

On Sunday at about 10:00 a.m., Sylvia, Patricia and I went over to where Martin was staying. It was a small town not too far outside of Ansbach. There were houses lined up end to end like townhouses, and the neighborhood looked very nice.

Sylvia went to the door and knocked. Martin and his girlfriend came out. When they got to the car, I got out and shook hands with Martin and he did his best to introduce me to Bettina, his girlfriend. It was her place where he was stay-

ing.

When we started to drive and Sylvia asked where we wanted to go, Martin said, "Dinkshulb." Then he told me that he did not know how to speak English except to say hi and about ten other words that he could not think of just then. I told him that was okay, since I didn't know much German and that Sylvia could translate for us.

Bettina was very quiet for most of the ride. Sylvia would try to get her to talk some, and Martin would cut in and answer Sylvia's questions to Bettina. As time went on, Bettina started to talk. She didn't speak English, either, so I was listening to a lot of German. I could understand a little bit more each day and I was able to answer some of Bettina's questions to me.

When we got to Dinkshulb and started to walk around the town, Martin started to warm up and talk much more. I asked him if I could take a picture of him, and then one of him and Bettina together, and then have Bettina take one of Sylvia, Patricia, Martin and me. That is one of the best pictures I have.

As the four of us were standing there, Sylvia said our mother is smiling today, having all her kids together. I felt the same way.

When we went to have some lunch, Martin asked me if I drank beer, and what I would like to eat, since the menu was in German. I told him no on the beer, I didn't drink it; mostly just milk. He laughed at that. As for food, I told him, whatever was good! Like a hamburger.

As we talked over lunch, I asked Martin if he had ever been to the U.S. He had not and said that he would not want to go there with all the bad new he sees on TV about the U.S., and that there was no reason for him to go there.

All this was a bit weird for all of us, but it worked out well. Sylvia and Martin had not seen each other for years and they did not get along too well for most their lives. So this was a start for them, to talk and to have a relationship again. For me it was to be a part of both their lives, and to see if I could bring them a little closer together. There is a part of me that feels that helping them get along with each other is what Margit would have wanted me to do. I hope I can live up to that. I felt very happy to be with the two of them and Bettina.

As the day went on I seemed to be understanding more of what people were saying around me and sometimes Martin and Sylvia would speak to me in German only. When the day was done and we took Bettina and Martin home, I knew that I would miss him. I did not know how long it would be before I would see him again, and this made me sad.

As Sylvia , Patricia and I were driving back to her house, Sylvia told me that Martin was a much better man now. He didn't drink too much or smoke too much around me, and the two of them were able to talk to each other and not get into a fight.

That night I spoke to Margit in my dream and told her I would do everything in my power to be them to be more of a family.

Back to the States

When I went to the airport in Frankfurt, this time I did not feel as sad as I did on my first trip, although there was a part of me that still wanted to stay. I now know for sure that every time I go to Germany, I will feel this way. It's the Drexler part of me. I know that it is not just knowing Sylvia and Martin, but the German genes in me that make me feel this way. Once on the ground in Seattle and driving home in the car, I felt more sure about what I had done now with searching and knowing all that I had found out by this time.

This story of mine is not finished. I have learned so much about myself and others from my search. It has made me a better person. There are times that I wish that I could search again, if only for the excitement of the time when I was in the "search mode."

I love all the people in my life and I guess the hardest part of that is being so far away from my sister and brother. I feel like a rubber band. My love for all goes around them and gives in one spot a little to give more where I feel that its needed.

— Randy Norman
Snohomish, WA
drexler1@gnrac.net



Randy Norman *(left)* with his sister, Sylvia *(middle)*, her daughter, Patricia, and Martin

Exile *continued from page 1*

for cases like these.

The act's harshest provisions made detention mandatory and potentially endless once the INS started deportation proceedings against someone with a criminal conviction; stripped immigration judges of virtually all ability to weigh cases one by one and decide them on their merits; and significantly limited immigrants' right to contest adverse decisions through the federal courts.

Moreover, the law greatly expanded the definition of crimes that put someone at risk of deportation, and even allowed the INS to pursue people whose conviction occurred years before the statute took effect. Such retroactivity would be unconstitutional in the criminal justice system. Deportations, however, are deemed a civil matter.

"A nightmare," said Gehris's attorney, Socheat Chea. "You don't think it's real, but it's very real."

Although the law's provisions and reach have divided many immigrant families, several cases of late have involved long-ago orphaned children: John Gaul, who was adopted from Thailand at 4 and forcibly returned at 25. Michael Perry, adopted from Canada at five and expelled across the border at 24. Even a decorated Vietnam War veteran, a Californian who hadn't seen his native Japan for more than three decades, was nearly deported in 1998 on two lesser drug charges.

"My adjustment to Thailand was very hard," Gaul wrote last week in a short and muted e-mail from Bangkok, where he continues to struggle with the language and society. "God was with me even though I pleaded with him not to be here. ... I just take it one day at a time."

No one condones or minimizes the crimes for which he and the others have been convicted, but the government's aggressiveness in seeking their removal has chilled people who work in the field of international adoption.

"It totally invalidates the whole adoption experience," said Susan Cox, vice president of Holt International Children's Services, which is based in Eugene, OR, and each year places about 1,000 foreign children with American couples. She worries about the future repercussions of these actions.

"It's the impact they have on our responsibility as the receiving country, on our integrity, on the promises we've made to the sending countries," she said.

Precisely the point made by Brazil's new ambassador, Rubens Antonio Barbosa. He suggests that his nation (which authorized 103 adoptions into the United States last year) might rethink its cooperation if there are many more situations like Herbert's. Brazil refused to grant travel papers for him and another young man from Massachusetts who is in similar straits; as Barbosa explained, his country's law is clear that an adopting father and mother become responsible for a child.

"The links with Brazil are cut," he said, slicing a hand through the air for illustration. "Adoption, according to Brazilian legislation, is irrevocable."

But he mentions other reasons, too—humanitarian reasons, as he sees them. With no language, no contacts, no way to make a living, how well could Herbert survive back in Sao Paulo? So he will not be allowed in, which means that if

the INS does not find a third country to accept him, he could be detained indefinitely—"a lifer," in immigration parlance.

"It's a tragedy," Barbosa has concluded.

All told, U.S. citizens completed more than 16,300 foreign adoptions last year, with well over half of the children coming from Russia, China and South Korea. During the past decade, the increase has been sharp, and agencies such as Holt say these headline deportations have pushed counselors to be far more diligent in stressing the importance of naturalization to new parents.

For contrary to what some think—to what Gaul's and Perry's parents insist they thought for more than a decade—naturalization is not automatic when an adopted child enters the country. When begun while he or she is still a minor, naturalization is not a particularly difficult process, but it can prove cumbersome, time consuming and confusing, and families not uncommonly delay doing it. Legislation pending on Capitol Hill would confer immediate citizenship on adoptees, allowing them to quickly have the right already enjoyed by the biological children of immigrants-turned-citizens.

Such change would avert much heartache for adopting families whose foreign-born sons and daughters run into the same sort of turmoil or trouble as native-born offspring.

"Kids who [become] so totally American, whatever they've done is a reflection of the society they grew up in," said Carol Wolchok, director of the American Bar Association's Center for Immigration Law and Representation.

At this perilous intersection of immigration and criminal laws, there is plenty of finger-pointing about who gets the credit or blame for the dramatic spike in deportations since the 1996 act. In three years, "removals" soared from 36,203 people to 63,012 in fiscal 1999. About 10 percent involved legal permanent residents, and nearly half of the total centered on drug charges.

Even the strongest congressional supporters of the toughened enforcement have concerns—although they tend to blame INS officials for failing to exercise the case-by-case discretion that they say would solve the bulk of the problem.

"There has been widespread agreement that some deportations were unfair and resulted in unjustifiable hardship," acknowledged more than two dozen lawmakers in a November letter to Attorney General Janet Reno and INS Commissioner Doris Meissner. Among the signers was Rep. Lamar S. Smith (R-Tex.), one of the act's chief architects. "True hardship cases call for the exercise of such discretion," he and his colleagues urged.

But the agency insists that changes in the law are needed. Because in cases involving an "aggravated felony"—an INS-specific term that covers the criminal waterfront, from Gehris's simple battery charge to Perry's vandalism and botched bank burglary—spokeswoman Karen Kraushaar says there is no latitude.

"The law is, fortunately or unfortunately, very clear in this regard. Removal is mandatory for those convicted of aggravated felonies," she said.

So one day immigrants may find themselves, as Perry did in January 1999, on an unscheduled plane ride to an unfamiliar place. He landed in Toronto, and from there the former Louisianan was driven to an isolated community in Manitoba—the aboriginal community into which he'd been born. Camperville has two gas stations, one general store and no traffic light. Still, he was grateful to be able to connect with someone who'd once known him.

"It's going all right, I guess," said Perry, who's living with his biological mother. Down south, he'd been trying to right himself by doing maintenance at a golf course. But here, "I can't get no work. I ain't got the kind of papers that say I'm a Canadian citizen."

Every Sunday without fail, he calls his adoptive parents in Bush, LA, to tell them hello. "Michael's been a heck of a son," Jim Perry said last week, reminiscing about the many trips they spent hunting and fishing when his boy was younger. Despite the criminal record: "We all miss him. We talk about how much we love him."

The separation holds special import for the older man, who is battling cancer and is sure his son never will be allowed to set foot in the United States again. He sounds less bitter than resigned, and still somewhat disbelieving: "The papers we got [at Michael's adoption] said he was an American citizen." The father contacted attorneys to fight the deportation. They told him not to waste his money.

In contrast, Pam Gaul in Florida battled to the end, convinced that it was the INS's fault that her son John was not naturalized before his 18th birthday—action that would have precluded his deportation. An immigration judge ultimately agreed, calling the agency "totally to blame" for the paperwork delays, but declared he could do nothing to correct the error.

"Accordingly," ruled Judge R.K. McHugh, "I must deny all relief and order that the respondent be deported from this country to his native country of Thailand."

Said Pam Gaul last month, a day before her son's one-year anniversary in Bangkok, "I never believed the what-ifs would happen." He'd been an all-American kid, with sports trophies weighing down his bedroom shelves, who chose the wrong playmates after high school and "we don't make excuses for that." He wrote some bad checks. He stole a car. He served his time. It was in state prison that the INS came calling.

"John, you're adopted, don't worry about it," she reassured him. Today she wonders how this nation of immigrants, "of second chances," could forever ban her son from its shores. "It was an American youth who was sent back, with an American education, American influences, American parents, an American grandmother. It was not a Thai youth."

On the other side of the world, John is trying to craft a new life. Volunteering at the same orphanage where Gaul first found him more than 20 years ago. Earning a certificate to teach conversational English to Thai children. "We've encouraged him not to be bitter because that will destroy him," Gaul said.

In Ohio, Jim Herbert and Nancy Saunders fear Joao's time is running out, that on Friday, a judge will sign a final removal order and there will be no turning back. They will not be told beforehand, nor have they been allowed to attend their son's hearings. They have sought help from their congressional representatives, written Reno and President Clinton.

But because Joao was tangled up with drugs, Herbert was told, no one dares intervene. His son didn't help his case by fleeing from his community treatment program after INS agents informed him that he would be deported. He was arrested a year ago when he returned to his mother's house on his 21st birthday.

"In my mind you deport murderers, Colombian drug kings," his father said. "Joao still has chances, still has possibilities here. He wants to go to school."

Herbert spends hours each day on the Internet, searching for new leads, researching any slim hope. He does not go to visit Joao in the Medina County jail west of Akron. Seeing him there surrounded by prisoners up for murder and mayhem, knowing he has little hope to offer, is just too hard.

That job falls to his former wife. She's at the jail twice a week, shoring up her son's spirits, crying with him, facing his questions. For all the scene around him, he appears more than anything to be a 22-year-old, with dark hair that he's wound into tight finger curls out of boredom and fear.

"I consider myself an American," he said through the glass recently. "But the way they label me, I'm labeled a foreigner. I asked an immigration officer, 'Don't I have any rights?'

" 'You have no [expletive] rights,' he told me."

Short Notices From Germany

German Day-Care Gives Moms Option

HAMBURG (3/8/00) — Desperate mothers who do not want their babies will soon be able to drop them off anonymously through a chute at a Hamburg daycare center, under a project being launched by a youth help organization.

When placed into the chute, a baby will fall into a warm bed and be placed in the program's care, project leader Heider Kaiser said. Mothers have eight weeks to rethink their decision, she said.

The program was devised to give women an alternative to abandoning or even killing their babies when they can't or don't want to keep them, Kaiser said.

Mother Convicted of Killings

BERLIN (3/9/00) — A 28-year-old mother was convicted of manslaughter Wednesday for killing three infants after their birth[s] because she was too overwhelmed to care for them.

In the northern city of Hamburg, a group is trying to prevent a repetition of the tragedy by introducing a "baby slot" where mothers can safely—and anonymously—leave unwanted infants without fear of prosecution.

A drop-off program has reported successes in Budapest, Hungary, and another exists in Johannesburg, South Africa.