



## **Search for the roots**

*Vishakha, a young adoptee*

I have always wondered how I would look like if I were born to my (adoptive) parents. It came as a blizzard when my cousins used to talk about the resemblance they had to each other. I felt a little left out and this triggered the quest for search for my birth parents. After this I would watch out for strangers who looked like me. But that got me nowhere. I then decided to let my parents know about it. They told me that the legal age to get hold of documents was 18 years. I had to wait till my 18th birthday. When I was 17 years old I decided that on the very day I turned 18, I would go to the orphanage and get my legal documents. The date was set. Now the time, one year, had to pass. This was the longest year ever in my life. I clung to the thought of having two sets of families. Would that happen I wondered. Finally the day arrived.

I couldn't wait to find out where I came from but when it came to the actually seeing my documents, I was scared. She showed it to me. The address of my birth mother was blocked out! I was no wiser than the day before.

As a birthday gift, the director gave me the very first photo of me which my birth mother had taken. That is all I have. This is one thing that I will always treasure.

The next day I told my parents that I wanted to find my birth mother. I didn't know whether it would be sane to even try to locate her. Would she remember me, the child she had given away? Would she have put her past behind her, me with it, and moved on in her life?

From the few hints I got from my legal documents, I tried to locate her. I made a few telephone calls. My parents and my best friend's family supported me at every step but it was in vain. I felt I needed to put an end to my search. Was I going to spend time trying to look for someone who did give birth to me but who didn't teach me how to walk? She wasn't there to wipe my tears when I cried. It is my adoptive parents who have done all this for me. They are my only parents that I know of.

I am thankful that someone somewhere gave birth to me but I am grateful to my family who showed me how to live and love. They did this by giving me immense love and happiness every moment of my life. They are the parents who are important to me. They are the parents I should embrace in my life.

I am twenty now and have somewhat come to terms with the fact of my adoption. What remains is the little lurking curiosity about the identity of my birth mother. I will let it subside on its own. It will, sooner or later.