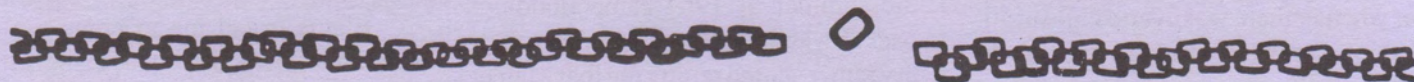


Chain of Life

A FEMINIST ADOPTION REFORM AND CHILD WELFARE NEWSLETTER

P.O. BOX 8081, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94707
ISSUE 19 ▲ MAY/JUNE 1992 ▲ JANINE BAER, EDITOR



A Birth Father's Reunion Story

© by Stephen W. Soule

It was the summer of 1964. Barry Goldwater was about to be nominated for President, the Beatles and the Four Seasons were at the top of the charts, and the cover price of *Playboy* went from 60 to 75 cents. I was about to turn seventeen and I was in love.

She was working as a waitress at the Worldtop Acres resort in Greenville, New York, and I worked in the kitchen washing dishes. It was my second summer there and her first. I had not lived at home for a couple of years, having been lucky enough to receive a scholarship to a New England prep school. I came from a WASP home where there was little love expressed; Elaine came from a farm family of seven children, and this was her first summer away from home. Our attraction was fairly immediate and intense, and before very long she was wearing my school ring on a chain around her neck.

It was the first real love I had ever received and it quickly became physical. Neither of us had any idea of what we were doing; the one gesture my parents had made toward teaching me about sex was to tell me that you weren't supposed to have sex until you were married and that was all I needed to know. Elaine was brought up as a Roman Catholic and she too was taught

little about sex, except that it was for married people. No one had given us any idea what emotions and desires would be unleashed when two people were attracted to each other, much less how to handle those emotions and desires. So every night Elaine would sneak out of the waitress's dorm and I would sneak out of the shack I shared with the other dishwasher and we would take a blanket down the hilly dirt road to the lake and spend most of the night there. We groped around, trying in our fumbling way to express what we felt for each other. I was never actually sure whether we had had sexual intercourse, though Elaine told me later she was pretty sure she had lost her virginity. We did at one point use condoms (or "rubbers" as we called them then) after I forced myself to overcome my embarrassment of asking for them at the drugstore.

Labor Day came and I went back to prep school in New Hampshire. Elaine's brother drove me home and Elaine and I embraced passionately in the back seat all the way there. It was the last time I was to see Elaine for many years. The parting was painful and I missed Elaine like crazy. We wrote to each other every day and pretty soon our letters took on an ominous tone: Elaine thought she might be

pregnant. I cannot describe the fear, terror, and depression we felt. We hoped it was simply not true. But neither of us had anyone we could confide in or talk to. We continued to exchange progressively more depressed and anxiety-filled letters until one day Elaine's mother discovered one of my letters and all hell broke loose.

Elaine and I were completely frozen out of the process

That was in November, and by the time I came home for Christmas Elaine's parents had contacted my parents and my parents had hired a lawyer. Elaine and I were completely frozen out of the process and were not allowed to see or talk to each other. Neither my brother nor sister was told what was going on, though later they told me they had pretty much figured it out. I was scared and ashamed; Elaine's mother was threatening to have me prosecuted for statutory rape and to write to the dean of my school. My mother, without consulting me, withdrew all the money I had saved for college and gave it to Elaine's family, and I was simply told that this was

used to finance Elaine's trip to California to have the child where, presumably, she would give it up for adoption. (Abortion was not an option for Elaine, even if it had not been illegal.)

Not a day went by that I didn't think about what had happened. I didn't know whether I had a son or daughter or whether there was even a child at all. I think I was too afraid to ever try to find out what happened; not only had Elaine's mother threatened me, Elaine also had several brothers who I feared might carry out the threats.

Is this the movies, do you think I'm going to faint?

It was a long time before I could have an intimate, emotional relationship again and I never did get married or have (other) children. I managed to graduate from prep school that spring, 1965, and went to New York to go to Columbia. College was a disaster and I just managed to stay ahead of my draft board until the lottery came along and I was number 350, safely beyond the long arm of the draft and far away from Vietnam. I had several long-term relationships with women, eventually got my college degree and did some graduate work, then began to work for various magazines doing circulation and promotion.

In 1990 my relationship of eight years broke up, at least partly over my unwillingness to get married, and I moved in April to San Francisco for a new magazine job. I played a lot of tennis in California and met someone I began to care for at a tennis weekend in June. She was planning to spend two weeks in the Bahamas and I agreed to fly there for the second week. We said good-bye when she left and she said she would call me from the airport in Tampa when she changed planes. The phone rang that

evening and I thought it was her. Instead, it was my father, who said, "I have some news for you" and I said "well, go ahead, what's the news?" "Are you sitting down?" "What do you mean, am I sitting down? Is this the movies, do you think I'm going to faint?" "Okay," he said, "your twenty-five-year-old daughter is trying to get in touch with you."

I was stunned. All the memories of the summer of 1964 came flooding back. I was silent for a long time until my father started telling me that Elaine had called him and that she had been in touch with our daughter. (My father was still living in the house where I had grown up in upstate New York and Elaine had called him from Greenville, where she was visiting her parents.) My father was at least sensitive enough not to immediately give Elaine my phone number. Still stunned, as I remained for weeks, I called Elaine, who, it turned out, lived just outside of San Francisco. We talked for the first time in almost twenty-six years. In 1964 she had gone to live with an aunt in southern California and had given up our daughter for adoption through the county of Los Angeles. She had finished high school in southern California, then studied business in Boston. She had gotten married and has a twenty-year-old daughter, though her husband had died in 1983.

They had brought her our child after she was born, even though Elaine had asked them not to, so she had seen her. Elaine had decided to register with the county that she was willing to have her identity revealed when she was visiting her aunt that spring, 1990; she just felt the time was right. It turned out that our daughter, whose name is Lauri, had registered at about the same time, inspired by the example of her sister, who was also adopted. Both Lauri and Elaine had registered around the same time that I had moved to California. (Until recently in California, if the natural parent, the adoptee,

and the adoptive parent all registered, the records would be opened. Starting January 1, 1992, the adoptive parent no longer has to register.)

My heart ached at what I had lost the opportunity to offer her while she was growing up.

Elaine urged me to come out to Fremont where she lived, a short trip by BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) from San Francisco, the weekend I returned from the Bahamas, when she and Lauri were going to meet each other. Lauri's fiancé and adoptive father were also going to be there. I didn't know what to say. Elaine was coming back to California the same day I was leaving for the Bahamas and she said she would meet me at the airport in an attempt to convince me to come out to Fremont to meet Lauri when I came back. I wasn't opposed to the idea, I just was too stunned to know what to say or think. I called several of my closest friends and talked about it ad infinitum and it became gradually clear that, of course, I wanted to meet Lauri.

Elaine met me at the airport; I had little trouble recognizing her after twenty-six years. She gave me several pictures of Lauri, including one of her when she graduated from high school, when she looked very much like me. The whole week I was in the Bahamas my mind was with Elaine in 1964, and with my daughter the years she was growing up and I wasn't there.

The Sunday I got back from the Bahamas I went out to Fremont and Elaine picked me up at BART. We went back to Elaine's where I met my daughter for the first time; we just hugged. The first thing she wanted me to do was smile; she wanted to know where she got those cheekbones from. She was also very interested in how the top of my ears were bent over; she had that in only one ear and it had been

listed at birth as a "minor cosmetic deformity." We spent the day talking about the summer of 1964, when she had been conceived in love. Her father talked to us about her childhood. Her fiancé Doug was also very intrigued to hear about all this, especially the nights on the blanket down by the lake. We felt overwhelming and conflicting emotions, which we dealt with by feeding our hunger for details of each other's lives. Lauri had been carrying around for many years a dog-eared scrap of paper with one paragraph each about Elaine and me. (About me it just said that I was of Protestant and English background and that I was a good student who liked classical music, all true as far as it went; about Elaine it said even less.) The time passed very quickly and before I had had a chance to grasp the reality of my twenty-five-year-old daughter, it was time for her to head back to southern California. Elaine's other daughter was off to work and Elaine and I were left alone. We talked for a long time, one thing led to another, and almost before we knew it we had resumed the relationship that had been so abruptly interrupted twenty-five years before.

Elaine and I both knew that relationship would not continue – we were just too different – but it was a satisfying and necessary ceremony of completion. Now, finally, things could move on. While it lasted, however, we made one trip to Pasadena to stay a weekend with our daughter and her fiancé. I met her adoptive mother for the first time and we all got along very well. I took Lauri and Doug around to museums and talked with Lauri about art, something to which she had never been exposed. My heart ached at what I had lost the opportunity to offer her while she was growing up: the dance classes she never took that I would never see, the books I never read to her, the tennis we never played together . . .

In September 1990 I moved back to New York and in January of last year my daughter was married at the chapel at Pepperdine College, overlooking

Malibu and the Pacific Ocean. My father flew out to California with me (my mother died in 1983) for the ceremony; he had never been to California before and he also had the chance to see another Stephen, an army buddy after whom I had been named. It was a lovely ceremony and Elaine and I held hands throughout it. In June of last year I received my first father's day card. ▲

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they could/would be held financially liable for their offspring. Conversely, the biggest fear of mothers would be that the donors would challenge them for custody. Are you saying that neither of these outcomes is legally possible, except on a technicality like the case you mentioned in California where the sperm was not handled by a doctor?

If so, then what are these guys afraid of? Just that they wouldn't be able to handle emotionally the idea that an actual living kid of

theirs would show up at their door? Some abstract invasion of privacy?

The donors in this study seemed so willing to provide complete nonidentifying information, I couldn't help wondering why

CHAIN LETTERS

February 29, 1992

Dear Janine,

I'm a bit confused on the issue of sperm donors. This is the first time I have read that sperm donors have no parental rights (and I assume this means as well no parental responsibilities). If so, then why the traditional secrecy and paranoia? I mean, it's never really stated and this article [in the March/April issue of *Chain of Life*] doesn't say so either, but I always naturally assumed the biggest fear of donors and reason for secrecy was that

they would feel threatened by the extra step of being identified by name. Do they realize how important it might be to their child just to know her/his father's name?

Best Wishes,
A woman in New York

Response: *Actually, the study showed that sixty percent of these prospective donors were willing to be identified. That's an impressive finding considering that anonymity is a tradition in most sperm banks in the United States. The others probably do have the kinds of fears that you mention, as well as the*

next page . . .

conventional, self-perpetuating perception of donor insemination as a practice in which they do not have to think about their future offspring.

I disagree with the authors' conclusion that some anonymity will continue to be required for the sake of those men who prefer anonymity: my interpretation is that those men should be screened out, and only men who are willing to be known, in a future system in which known donors are the norm, would be accepted in sperm banks. Right now, only the Sperm Bank of California in Oakland gives donors the option to become known when the child is eighteen years old.

In Sweden, things are different. A law enacted in the mid-1980s actually forbids sperm banks from using unknown donors, because Sweden decided that children should have the right to know the donor's identity. But before anyone starts to move to Sweden or see it as a model, Sweden also decided that lesbians do not have a right to become mothers by donor insemination in that country.

It is my understanding that the "technicality" in California that gave a donor visitation rights was used only because the mother was a lesbian, and the judge probably believed that all children need a male parent in their lives. Husbands of women who use donor insemination are always assumed to be those children's legal fathers; I doubt that sperm donors have ever been given parental rights

against the wishes of heterosexual parents.

Thanks for your comments.

Dear Janine,

This check is for a renewal to *Chain of Life*. Thank you so much for your work in putting together such vital information. What I appreciate most is the input from so many experiences. I do see people's requests asking for more of the positive stories of the adoption experience. I, however, feel that glorifying one's relinquishment or separation does the adoption movement no great service. I believe in the voice of opposition and the reality of the pain in adoption. Adoptees have always been forced to be grateful for their lives. I am glad for *Chain of Life*, for it reminds me that much reform is needed in adoption, children's rights, and reproductive rights. . .

Once again, thank you for providing an essential forum. Let me know if I can assist you.

Tina Smith
Santa Cruz, California

March 1992

Dear Janine,

Hi. I have just been introduced to your newsletter and I am of course subscribing. I am an adoptee and I have been reunited with my birth mom, who is a lesbian and subscribes to your newsletter, for just over a year. My reunion is one of the most powerful experiences of my life. I find myself becoming more and more involved in adoption issues. I am currently forming a support group for lesbian

adoptees, lesbian birth moms, (women) adoptees of lesbian birth moms, and birth mothers of lesbian adoptees. I would like to know about advertising in your newsletter. I would also welcome any comments or suggestions on the development of such a group or the existence of any similar groups.

Enclosed is a copy of an article by Lee Ezell, published in the *L.A. Times*, and my letter to the editor, unpublished, of course. Of the four letters they did publish, not one dealt with the adoption component. Surprise, surprise.

I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks for listening.

Shana Ostrove
6230A Wilshire Blvd., Suite 105
Los Angeles, CA 90048

And thank you! Here is the "ad": Anyone interested in Shana's group can reach her at the address above. Send her your phone number, or a self-addressed stamped envelope, for more information about the group.

Shana's letter to the Times is published here on page 6.

RESOURCES & NEWS

▲ Nancy Verrier, the therapist who has spoken and written about the adoptee's primal wound, will be speaking in the East Bay on **Saturday, May 2** from 10 am to 12:30. Cost is \$25 per person. PACER, the Post Adoption Center for Education and Research, is sponsoring this event. For registration information, phone 510-284-5813.

▲ **The 4th annual March on Washington for Civil Rights in Adoption and the Preservation of Families** starts Saturday, May 30, 1992 at 60th and 5th Avenues, New York City at noon, and ends Saturday, June 20 at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. For more information, call the *Council for Equal Rights in Adoption*, 212-988-0110.

▲ *Empathy*, a "journal for persons working to end oppression on the basis of sexual identities," recently published the article "Known Donors: Giving Children a Choice" by Janine Baer. The article is followed by a rebuttal by a lesbian mother who defends her choice of using an unknown donor. For a copy of these articles and over 100 pages of others on a wide variety of topics, write to *Empathy*, P.O. Box 5085, Columbia, South Carolina 29250 and ask for Volume 3, No. 1. The cost is \$7.50, payable to GLARP (Gay and Lesbian Advocacy Research Project).

▲ **BANGLE is the Bay Area Network of Gay and Lesbian Educators.** The East Bay chapter is having regular monthly meetings, open to anyone who supports its purposes, which include: helping lesbian and gay educators support each other in the face of homophobia and intolerance; and advocating for changes that will result in a more tolerable environment for gay and lesbian students, teachers, parents, and administrators. Dues of \$15 can be sent to: *BANGLE*, 1246 King Drive, El Cerrito, CA 94530,

and include a newsletter.

▲ A recent news item noted that **the sperm count of Western man has fallen dramatically** over the past 50 years, resulting in the increased inability to father children. The decline began during the 1940s and 1950s, and may be the result of environmental hazards such as PCBs and a buildup of toxins in the environment. Researchers ruled out other causes (e.g., the wearing of tight clothing). The research was done by a Danish team of scientists that reviewed 60 different studies of male fertility, with data from nearly 15,000 men living mainly in Western countries. The average number of sperm declined by half between 1940 and 1990. (Steve Connor, *London Independent* via *SF Examiner*, March 8, 1992)

▲ A Massachusetts commission appointed by Governor Weld will examine issues affecting gay teenagers, in response to data that show **gay and lesbian teenagers are two to three times more likely to commit suicide** than their heterosexual peers.

The sixteen-member panel was scheduled to be appointed by mid-April 1992, and to issue a report by the end of September that will include recommendations for government officials. (*Education Week*, February 26, 1992,

p. 20.)

▲ The United Way of the San Francisco Bay Area said on April 8 that it will **cease financing the Boy Scouts because the Scouts ban gay members and leaders.** When the lesbian mother of a young boy in Maine came out to a troop leader, the boy was harassed by the troop leader until he quit. In another incident, a teenage boy was banned from the Scouts when he confided to a Scout leader that he thought he was gay. Similar groups that do not have official anti-gay policies include Girl Scouts, Girls and Boys Clubs, and Big Brothers/Big Sisters. (Information from *National Center for Lesbian Rights newsletter* and *S.F. Chronicle*)

▲ *Search: A Handbook for Adoptees and Birthparents*, 2nd edition, by Jayne Askin has just been updated from the 1982 version. It provides a detailed, step-by-step process of unearthing adoption information from various government and reference sources. New to this edition is a listing of online computer services, new magazines, next page . . .

Gay and Lesbian Parents Coalition International

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newspapers and educational groups, and books. You can order this paperbound book for \$24.50 postpaid from: *The Oryx Press*, 4041 N. Central, Phoenix, AZ 85012-3397, or phone toll free 800-279-4663.

▲ **Shedding Light on the Myths of Adoption** is the name of a conference that will be held in New York City from September 23 to 27, 1992 at the Ramada Hotel in Madison Square Garden. It will address the lifelong after effects of adoption and the need for family preservation. Speakers and workshop leaders will include Kitty Dukakis (whose mother was adopted), Betty Jean Lifton, Joyce Pavao, Annette Baran, Reuben Pannor, Carol Schaefer, and Jean Paton. Workshop titles include "Growing Up Adopted and Gay" (led by Amy Jane Cheney and Betty Allen), "Adoption Records Are Open in Europe: Why Not Here?" "Korean Adoptees' Perspective on International Adoption" (led by Mi Ok Bruining and two other adoptees), "White Parent - Black Child," and many others. For a brochure, write to *C.E.R. A. Conference*, 401 East 74th Street, Suite 17D, New York, NY 10021-3919, or phone 212-988-0110.

▲ **Adoptive Families of America, Inc.** (formerly OURS, Inc.) will present a national conference in Los Angeles, June 27-28, 1992. Planned with the needs of all kinds of adoptive and prospective adoptive families in mind, the conference will feature presentations by

adoption experts and experienced adoptive parents. For more information, write: *AFA*, 3333 Highway 100 North, Minneapolis, MN 55422, or phone 612-535-4829.

▲ **PARTNERS, a magazine for Gay and Lesbian Couples** is a quarterly journal supporting same-sex couples with information, interviews, and ideas. Stevie Bryant & Demian, Ed.D. are editor/publishers. Send \$21 a year to *Partners*, Box 9685, Seattle, WA 98109, or phone (206) 784-1519.

Adoption and Abortion

Following is a reader's unpublished letter sent to the Los Angeles Times in response to an article by a birth mother, Lee Ezell, whose daughter was conceived by rape. Ezell is against abortion.

As a woman and an adoptee, I am deeply disturbed by the questions raised and conclusions reached in Lee Ezell's "The Instant Answer Is the Cruel One." Ezell writes, "How could I have known she'd be the only child I would give birth to?" in referring to the daughter she relinquished at birth. According to Annette Baran, co-author of *The Adoption Triangle* and *Lethal Secrets*, 38 percent of birth mothers never marry and never have another child. Relinquishing one's child to adoption has long term psychological effects, both for the adoptee and the birth mother.

My reunion with my birth mother has been one of the most significant events of my life. After meeting her, I learned that she had an abortion when

she discovered she was pregnant several years later. I have heard from her the pain and unending curiosity regarding my welfare that she endured for 25 years. I have also heard her relief at the availability and permanence of abortion. These were her choices. Every woman deserves the right to choose. Who is Lee Ezell to preach to others that adoption is the gentler, kinder answer? It's not. In my opinion, the practice of separating a child from its source of life, for its life, is far more cruel and inhumane than abortion.

*Shana Ostrove
Los Angeles, CA*

CALIFORNIA ELIMINATES ADOPTIVE PARENT WAIVER

Starting January 1, 1992, adult adoptees whose adoption took place in California, and their birth parents, will be given each others' names if both the adoptee and the birth parent send a "consent for contact" to the Department of Social Services, 744 P Street, M.S. 19-31, Sacramento, CA 95814. Prior to January 1, an adoptive parent also had to send in a waiver for the State of California to make a match.

However, the International Soundex Reunion Registry is still the best way to connect, since ISRR will phone you without delay if a match is made, while the State of California currently estimates a three or four month wait. ISRR can be reached at P.O. Box 2312, Carson City, NV 89702.

Editorial

Chain of Life has more subscribers than before, having reached the 100 mark. Despite the recession, the number of subscribers has increased slightly from about 80 a year ago. But unfortunately these are still not enough to pay for the printing, postage, and overhead required to sustain a newsletter, even with volunteer labor by me (the editor/publisher/typist) and the writers and artists. As a result, it is likely that *Chain of Life* will come out irregularly in the future. Recently, subscriptions and orders of back issues have been very slow, and with little money in the newsletter's bank account, I can't afford any outreach or advertising costs.

There are a lot of back issues that are available by mail for \$2.50 each, including postage; let me know if you want to distribute flyers listing their contents to groups and individuals you know, or if you want a back issue list for yourself. This is a way I can generate income to pay for future issues. Most of the books for sale listed in past issues are also still available, especially Phyllis Chesler's *Sacred Bond*, with its excellent analysis of "surrogacy" and adoption, available for \$7.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

Since I enjoy producing *Chain of Life*, and know it means a lot to many of you too, I am reluctant to end the project, which with this

issue begins its fourth year.

About You. The Subscribers

The largest group of subscribers consists of adoptees, with birth mothers a close second. Some of you are on more than one side of the triad. Over 80 percent are women; the rest are either men or organizations. A lot of you have letters after your names: LCSW, PhD, even MD; or you are studying to get them. (I have some letters myself, MA, representing the study of women artists and feminist cartoons. But as they say in Berkeley, that along with \$1.25 will buy you a cappuccino.) You live in 22 states, plus two in Canada. California is the state with the most subscribers, both southern and northern. Most of you are people, but one of you is a public library, one is a state historical society, and two are gay/lesbian organizations. I don't ask about your sexual orientations but from those who have volunteered the information, I know they are diverse.

Numbers by State

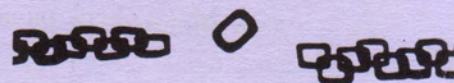
Geographically, you are mostly bicoastal, but other areas are growing. The 100 of you live in the following 22 states: California, 35; New York, 14; Massachusetts, 7; Texas, 5; Oregon, 5; Washington, 4; Michigan, 4; Wisconsin, 3;

Illinois, 3; New Jersey, 2; Hawaii, 2; Minnesota, 2; Nevada, 2; Connecticut, 2; Virginia, 2; Georgia, 2; Florida, 1; Ohio, 1; Missouri, 1; Maine, 1; Indiana, 1; and Colorado, 1. I also exchange newsletters with about 20 adoption reform organizations, two of which are in Canada.

Men in a Feminist Publication

By the way, have you wanted to ask why I'm including articles about all these men – sperm donors and a birth father – in a feminist newsletter? Men are the missing link in adoption. They are relatively silent and invisible in this movement; yet without them, neither child-bearing nor child relinquishment would happen. One of the inhumane things about closed adoption and donor insemination is that these structures encourage people to dehumanize and dismiss birth parents and donors. When they are invisible, when they are not seen as real people, then everyone – their children, the adoptive parents, and society as a whole – can project our preconceptions and fears onto their empty silhouettes. ▲

– Janine Baer



Therapeutic Hesitancy

© by Jean Paton, March 1992

There is now a widespread and growing establishment of therapeutic institutions for post-adoption situations. The institutions are companioned by private endeavors, individuals of varied educational backgrounds who advertise in adoption magazines and in the movement's newsletters ("movement" means the effort to open adoption records). For each adoption placement location there may be as many as four or five therapeutic resources. This, of course, is due to the length of time adopted people have been acquiring problems that must now be met in one way or another.

The statements that I have read are not persuasive as to cures they produce. One gets the impression that something goes on in these encounters, that problems are recognized; but no one seems to make any claims. People come and go, with an acknowledgment that there had been a problem. In not one presentation that I have seen has there been any reference to an adopted person's interest in background information or to the existence of sealed records.

This aura of avoidance of the bottom issues even reaches in to the presentations of people within the population of adoption - adopted

people turned counselors and therapists. These people should know better. Their experience in helping others toward search efforts, and the help they have received in making their own searches, should have taught them that it is only by pointing to the end of a road can one profitably travel it. What good is it to counsel a person who wishes to make a search for his background, prohibited by law, if the law is not changed? Is it not a complete frustration for everybody concerned to counsel such a person up to the point of freedom to move if the move cannot be made? Is it not the prohibition itself that is the demon behind the problem, and therefore isn't it the prohibition that needs to be done in?

If a person wishes to develop therapeutic services toward people who are in bondage toward the sealed record, it is necessary for him/her to develop a special process in which both the helper and the person in need of help join. These processes must necessarily be designed to afford both of them, and society, too, in its frustrating manifestations, to realize that help is needed. Both might go to the local library, to the local court house, to the local newspaper, and present their interests in obtaining

information. This must be done specifically and repeatedly for the adopted person in search to derive help toward growth.

I think, for example, of the time I walked into the court house, in the county in rural Pennsylvania where I was employed as a social worker. With me walked a 16-year-old young woman, who was under my supervision. I asked for and received the papers that had brought her into our care many years ago. She read them through, and as we left the court house, she was aglow with quiet happiness. She knew why, and she began to know who she was and had been. Therefore she could the better learn about who she was to become.

Just as I have disbelieved in search intermediaries, for they deprive the individual of his one chance to walk through his fear and destroy it by doing so, so I disbelieve in post-adoption therapeutics, which yammer away in the counseling interview, but leave the source of cure still under seal in the agency, the court house, and the Bureau of Vital Statistics. To engage in such activities is to deny the pain of the adopted person, and therefore once again to fail him or her at a point of crisis. ▲

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I am enclosing a check for: \$15 for 6 issues, or \$10-\$12 low income, or \$7.50 for 3 issues

▲ Make check payable to CHAIN OF LIFE and mail it with this form to: an adoptive parent,
P.O. BOX 8081, BERKELEY, CA 94707

Name _____ I am an adoptee, a birth parent,
Address _____ an adoption professional _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____