



Searching For Me

My Adoption Story

Aoife Curran

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March 2nd 1982

Dear Mr and Mrs M,

This is just a note to confirm that our committee has accepted your adoption application for your second baby and your name is now on our waiting list. We hope we do not have to keep you waiting too long.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Sarah (Adoption worker)

April 16th 1982

Dear Mr and Mrs M,

I thought I should put this in writing rather than phoning you and taking you by surprise. We have now chosen your baby daughter, born on the 10th February and she is available for you just as soon as you can take her. She is a lovely blonde baby weighing 3.20kg at birth and she has had her six-week check. I will of course give you more information about her and her background when I am talking to you.

I would in fact like to place her with you on Friday afternoon next April 23rd. I could have her here for you at 4.30pm. Perhaps you would ring me as soon as you get this letter.

With kind wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Sarah (Adoption worker)

This was to be the start of the journey towards my life with my new family. It was however the end of my parents journey to have children – a journey that had begun some years before.

I believe that everything happens for a reason and there are so many bits and pieces throughout my life that could be put down to amazing coincidence, but I strongly put it down to fate! If you are of the same thinking, read on, and if you're not, well read on anyway, I'd like to try to convince you...

Chapter 1 – Adoption baby steps

My parents met on December 24th, 1977 at a Christmas Eve mass and what followed was a bit of a whirlwind romance. Mum was 37 and dad was 35. They both had good jobs and had already (separately) done a lot of travelling. By June the following year they had got engaged and by that September 24th they were married. They had both always wanted to have children, but unfortunately things were not to be that straightforward for them. By 1980 when they still had no luck, they had decided that it was time to have some fertility tests. On the May 22nd, a date that in time would become a very significant one in their lives,

they had an appointment in Holles Street hospital to receive their fertility test results. They walked around Merrion Square and down to Holles Street, knowing that what they were about to find out, either way, was something that would change their lives forever. Dad was keeping pace with the busy people around them in shirts and skirts hurrying to enjoy their lunch break in the park on what was a beautiful Summer's day, when he noticed mum was slightly lagging behind.

“Are you ok love?”

“Mac, we have been waiting for this day for so long and now that it is here I don't feel ready to go in,” my mum said nervously.

“I know how you feel my love, but we can't think like that now. We will be fine and I am sure our tests will come back clear. We have come so far already, the sun is shining and it is a beautiful day to celebrate.”