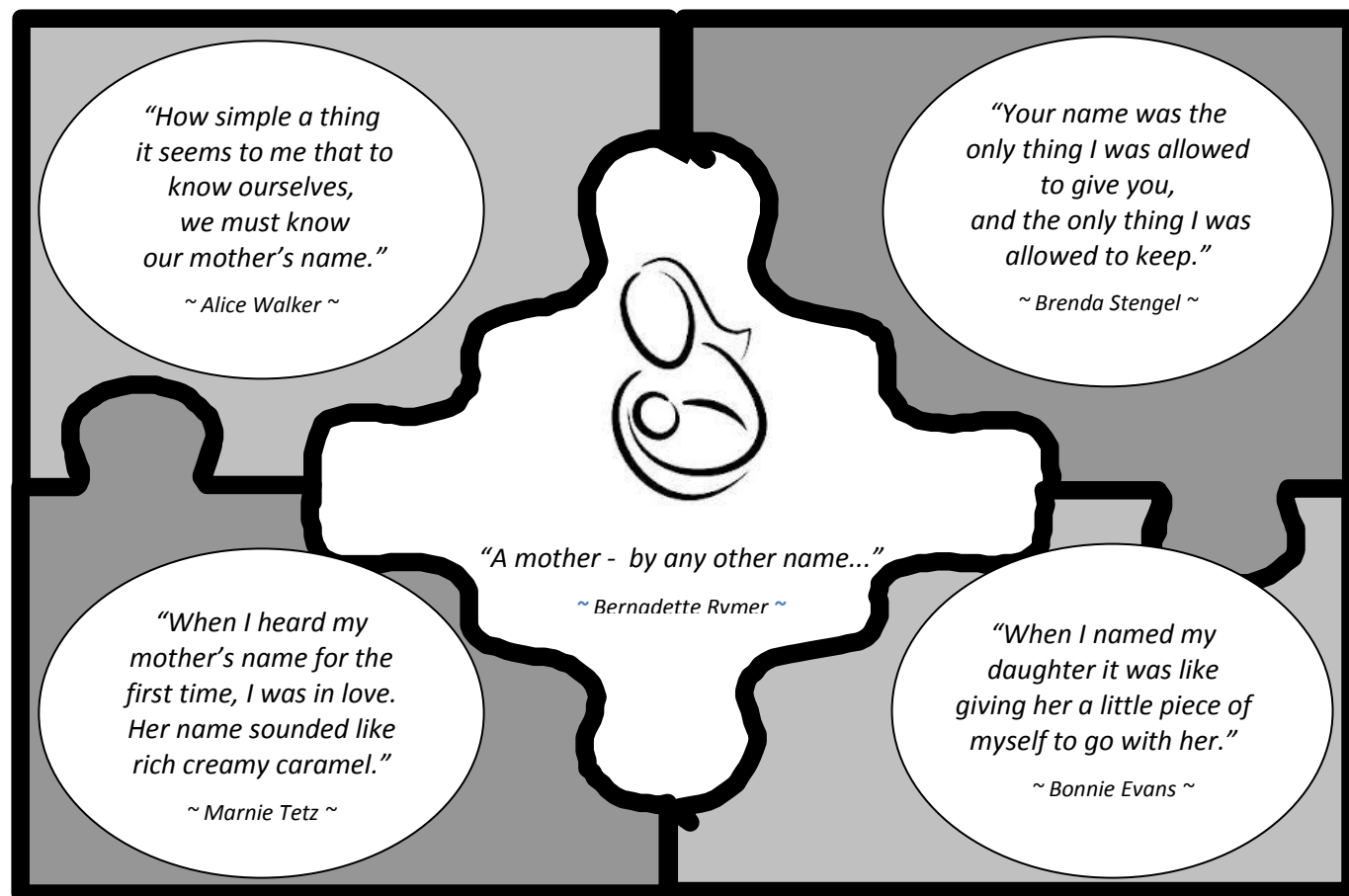


ADOPTION CIRCLES

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ADOPTION CIRCLES



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FMNFS FACTS:

Forget Me Not Family Society is a provincially registered, non-profit society and a federally registered charity. Tax receipts are issued for donations to our Society Charity number 88908 4869 RR0001. Our Society was formed for education, consultation, peer counseling and to offer support to all those touched by adoption: adoptees, birth parents, adoptive parents, and concerned professionals. Our primary source of income is through membership fees. These funds go directly towards printing, postage, telephone, wireless expenses and supplies.

WHAT WE OFFER:

Experience shows that at various times in life, the issues and concerns of adoption need to be addressed. We provide our members with opportunities to gain further understanding of adoption issues through:

- Conducting monthly support groups in New Westminster, Cloverdale and Kamloops, B.C.
- Individual peer support
- Resource library
- Referrals to professionals and other service groups
- Speakers Bureau to educate groups on post-adoption issues
- Quarterly Newsletter
- Annual weekend workshops

OUR MANDATE:

- To encourage and develop a recognition of the benefits of family preservation and openness in adoption practice.
- To establish and operate a Post Adoption Resource Centre providing education, consultation, counseling and support to those touched by adoption: adoptees, birthparents, adoptive parents, and concerned professionals.
- To provide community education programs, panel presentations and workshops on post adoption issues for any members of the community who wish to learn more about adoption and reunion issues.

ABOUT THIS NEWSLETTER:

ADOPTION CIRCLES is published quarterly and is available by subscription to our Society. Membership is open to anyone who is interested in adoption and post-adoption issues. Comments and contributions are always welcome. Please mail submissions to our office or forward to the Editor at: bjrymer@telus.net The Forget Me Not Society reserves the right to edit all material submitted on the basis of space, relevance, and suitability.

Please note that the material published in the Newsletter, including the article by the Editor, does not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the Forget Me Not Family Society.

President's Message *by Marnie Tetz*

Welcome to our winter edition of Adoption Circles. Hopefully we will be experiencing spring weather very soon.

The topic of this issue is "What's in a Name?"

As an adoptee I have to ask, what IS in a name and WHAT is my name? Someone who is not adopted doesn't even have to think about it. They can easily answer "I'm Jane Doe from Ottawa" or "Joe Blow from Kokomo." It's a done deal. They are who they are. They may not like their name, but it is what it is.



Their mother and their father were probably thrilled about having a child, went to the hospital - a tad nervous if first time parents, and maybe not so much if it were the second or third time - but their parents got to the hospital, they were born, they were named and that was it.

For those of us in the adoption circle it was not so simple. Our mothers named us, possibly under duress, knowing that our names wouldn't stick, but always remembering us by the name that they bestowed upon us. Maybe the name was chosen because it was one they liked and fantasized about. It may have been the name of our father, a famous screen idol of the time, a favourite aunt/uncle, cousin, grandparent, niece, nephew or friend. It was a name that was on our 'Certificate of Live Birth' and on our adoption orders. It was usually changed by our adoptive parents to a different name that meant something to them (we were "as if born to them," remember?). Occasionally our first names weren't changed.

Sometimes we weren't even named at birth. How sad!

Our mums were so traumatized, how could they even be expected to face that? How can you name a child...your baby that you aren't allowed to keep...or maybe even see, even for just a moment?

What is in a name?

I never really liked my adoptive name. I don't believe it was because I was adopted, I just didn't like it. (could we spell it differently perhaps? Marney?) I remember seeing a story in a Reader's Digest Condensed book that had a character named Marney.

I thought that was kind of cool. I don't remember the story or the character. I do remember that there was a character in an Alfred Hitchcock movie with the name Marnie, who was a kleptomaniac! Yikes!

What is in a name?

I know that when I heard my mother's name for the first time, I was in love! Her name sounded like rich creamy caramel. *Helene*. Not Helen, it was *Helene*. See? ~ rich, creamy caramel! *Helene*. As for my original given name, not so much. Not creamy. She named me Fay(e). On some documents it was spelled *Fay* and on others *Faye*. I didn't really like the name, and I still don't.

After learning that my father was married (unhappily, according to his brother) and had a daughter named Fae, I was able to put two and two together. Maybe my mother needed to have her own Fay(e) with my father. Maybe by giving me this name, she was able to keep a part of him, for a moment. I don't know. I won't ever know.

What I do know is how it made me feel to hear my mother's name for the first time: *Helene*. At that moment she became real, and regal: *Helene*. My mother was real, she DID exist. Helene had given birth to me, even if she wasn't ready to raise me. I now knew her name. It was beautiful. It was creamy, like caramel.

I hope that you are in your comfortable cozy chair, with your favourite drop, so that you can sit back and enjoy this issue of Adoption Circles. ~ Marnie

*When I heard my mother's name
for the first time, I was in love.*

*Her name sounded like rich
creamy caramel.*

At that moment she became real.

*"How simple a thing it seems to me that to know ourselves, we must know
our mother's name." Alice Walker (author of The Color Purple)*

Editorial: Rymer Writes

What's In a Name?

Reflections from our Readers

by Bernadette Rymer

*Once upon a time in a far away land,
there lived a fine lady with a big job at hand.
She was, as you see, a writer of sorts,
with a newsletter forming in her heart and her thoughts.*

*As the due date was nearing, she exclaimed with a sigh:
"My goodness, Oh MY! The theme is too vague.
How shall I meaningfully fill every page?"*

*She knew that her job was so big and so vast,
so she called on her friends, as she'd done in the past.
From near and from far they came to her aid,
sent intriguing comments ~ her job easy made.*

*It had been her custom to share her own thoughts ~
as editor it was her job ~ so she ought.
As she pondered the sharings from friends old and new,
she asked herself frankly "What shall I do?
What can I add to the wisdom of friends?
They've said it all from their heart through their pens.
What more can I add that they have not said?
Not me this time ~ hear their voices instead."*

*And so with an ever so grateful resolve,
she sent heartfelt thanks to all who did solve
her dilemma so true, what else could she do?*

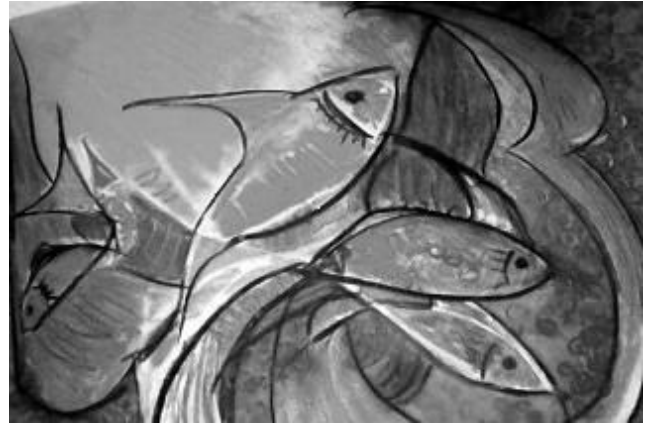
***Thank you my dear friends for your thoughts, love and sharing.
We value your wisdom, your time and your caring.***

The Universe Smiles ... Brenda, Bruce, Brysten

by Brenda Stengel ~ Reunited Mother

When the world said my pregnancy never happened, when the world said I was not a mother, when the world said you never happened in my world, I still had the power to give you a name and keep it in my heart and prayers. It was a talisman, chosen by a sad romantic girl, to protect you with strength and soulful beauty. It was the only thing I was allowed to give you, and the only thing I was allowed to keep.

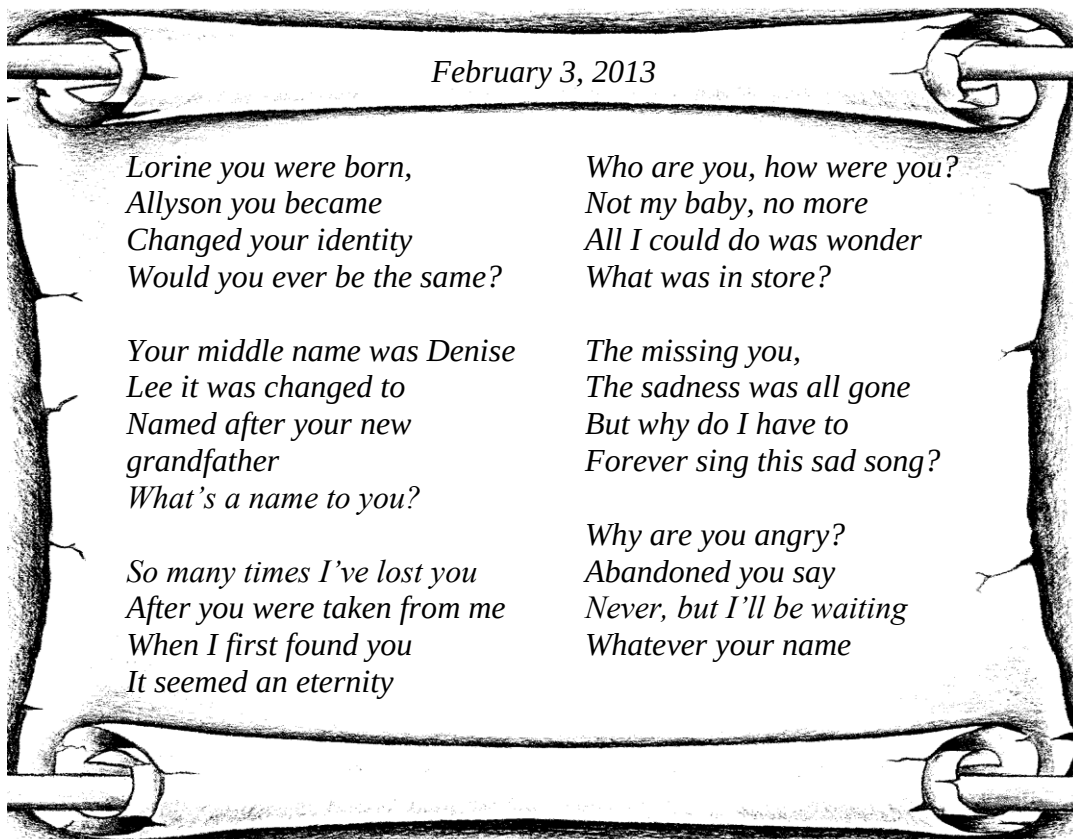
Unexpectedly, you appeared full blown, a young man and father with a new name. It is a strong familial name that I love. I realize that the universe smiled on me, and your adoptive mother, who unknowingly gave you a magic charm of letters from my name that you in turn have given to my grandson. I am comforted to have always been a small part of you.



I created this painting, "Fishing for Family" at a name workshop led by a local artist. It is based on the letter 'B' and birth memories. After completing the artwork I realized that it holds multiple meanings about my children and family dynamics.

What's In A Name?

by Gail Davies



February 3, 2013

*Lorine you were born,
Allyson you became
Changed your identity
Would you ever be the same?*

*Your middle name was Denise
Lee it was changed to
Named after your new
grandfather
What's a name to you?*

*So many times I've lost you
After you were taken from me
When I first found you
It seemed an eternity*

*Who are you, how were you?
Not my baby, no more
All I could do was wonder
What was in store?*

*The missing you,
The sadness was all gone
But why do I have to
Forever sing this sad song?*

*Why are you angry?
Abandoned you say
Never, but I'll be waiting
Whatever your name*

"A Rose by Any Other Name Would Smell as Sweet"

by Joan Lawrence (aka Bridget) ~ Adoptee



In the quote above, taken from Shakespeare's play, Juliet tells Romeo that a name is artificial and meaningless - simply conventional - and that it is the person whom she loves beyond the name. Consequently, Romeo rejects his family name in order to find a new one as Juliet's lover. The entire struggle of family identity is captured in this denial of the patriarchal family values. It is not dissimilar for adoptees who have never known their original birth name. Usually it is the mother's surname that has been recorded for the child. The name of the father is rarely recorded, if at all.

As an adoptee, whose original name has never been revealed to me, I find myself intrigued by this

emphasis on lost identity through the disappearance of the birth name. Several years ago, I enlisted with a government-funded agency to try to discover more about my origins. I was over 70 years old and they assured me that anyone in this age bracket receives preferential treatment because of the shortness of time. After several months, I was told that they had found a person who possibly might fit the bill as my original parent. While it was a private adoption, they had discovered where I was born, my birth weight, when I was discharged and when I was officially adopted. The court order had been opened to them. Of course, they also discovered my birth name.

It was not completely surprising when I was told that a reunion would not be taking place because the person they contacted denied having given birth in 1939. After all these years, who would do otherwise? The woman indicated that she wanted the name of the agency, however, in case she desired to get in touch in

the future. Another name to add to the intrigue! To date, I have heard nothing more.

I asked the social worker on the case to tell me my birth name. Her reply shocked me. She declared "Do you want me to lose my job?" It seemed like a reinforcement of the old secrecy and power given to people in this position in the past. While I was disappointed, I was also angry at this attitude of self-protection for the system which continues to hold the identity keys in the province of Quebec.

*I have learned to find my personal identity
beyond an original name.*

So what is truly in a name? I like Shakespeare's take on the fluidity of naming as Juliet approaches it. I likely will never know my original name. Nor will I meet the woman who gave birth to me in Montreal. I hope she will understand that I have a similar philosophy to Juliet. I have learned to find my personal identity beyond an original name. It is not to deny that I believe there is something wrong with the system. It is simply that I have learned that, in the mystery of life, there is more to a person than the name with which they have been born.

Many years ago, I met a poet, a mystic trained in transpersonal interpretation of our cosmic identity. She led a class at a Benedictine monastery in Winnipeg for people searching for a deeper meaning of life. After inducing us to an altered state of consciousness through recorded music, she challenged us to listen intently and when we felt ready to write, with our non-dominant hand, the name which spoke to each of us of our archetype.

The name I wrote was Bridget, an Irish saint whose approach to her environment was both inspiring and timely for our current concerns about ecology. When, to my surprise, I read the name I had written on the blackboard, the instructor indicated that she was not surprised! Her comment was that she had always experienced me as 'Bridget'. Now I feel I know myself better by this name. However, I have since altered my official name and chosen my adopted mother's maiden name legally as it reflects more fully

who I am and how I want to be known. Since I was born near the St. Lawrence River, it is also a cosmic identity.

There are many ways to interpret how we are known. A name is important. One of our own choosing is also significant. And one that has been our archetype for ages is even more amazing. Indeed, what's truly in a name?

I Reclaimed the Term Mother

by Bonnie Evans ~ Mother (Reunited)

A sociology or psychology dissertation could be written on the topic of naming. Usually a name indicates gender and ethnicity. In our multicultural Canadian society it can also indicate whether the person is first or second generation. Second generation children often have Canadian i.e. British first names, with the second name and surnames being from the first culture. In a mixed marriage both cultures might contribute a name. Canadianizing the name indicates the person wants to more fully acculturate into the new society. Presently there is a trend to give children unusual, unique names. There is no one set of rules for naming a child, except in adoption of very young children. To acculturate the child into the new family the name is changed to show they are 100% part of or maybe even perceived to be from this new culture. What is in a name depends on various parameters.

I always liked the name my parents gave me. It is easy to spell and easy to pronounce. It sounds good. It indicates my Scottish heritage. My name means plump and beautiful. I'll accept the *beautiful* part of the meaning. I never wanted to change it. Thanks, Mom and Dad. My maiden name seemed to give me independence and continuity to my life.

When first married I automatically took on my husband's last name as I thought that I was legally obliged to and it was done with love to show unity with my husband. I never questioned it. However, I was never Mrs. "Husband's-first-name!" Nor am I today.



It was not until much later I learned that other cultures naming systems were not the same. Some women keep their original surname when they marry. After my divorce I reverted back to my maiden name by my choice. In my next marriage years later I chose to have a double last name. The feminist movement was of interest at the time. I was maintaining who I had been and would continue to be. The second surname would be an addition to my character. What was in this name? Confusion! Many office staff do

not have a uniform system for filing double surnames and often I would be lost somewhere in file folders or inside of a computer. So I have now decided to use only one last name, my married name, so I can be easily found.

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference."

Within the culture of adoption I refer to myself as a *mother*. If clarification is needed, first mother. When I first reunited with my daughter I easily accepted the term *birthmother*. This was the only term by which I had heard others refer to us who gave birth. I thought it was correct because all rights had ceased at the birth. As I became more secure in myself on this journey and learned more, I reclaimed the term *mother*. By calling myself *mother* I feel more complete. For me, *mother* reminds me that I have always been a mother, not just in the past. I want to signal that being a mother has always been continuous in my heart. I prefer to be forward thinking. If someone prefers to call themselves another name or call me by another name I do not mind. I do not want to be called *biological* or *real* and I could explain why if asked. So yes, there is a lot in a name.

For my daughter I am her birthmother, whom she calls Bonnie. During one early face to face meeting a few years ago she very openly told me I had been her mother for a very few moments after I gave birth. With her hands flailing her body language sure signaled the finality of my motherhood in her mind. Calling me mom right now seems so very remote. It would be too much of a disconnect with what I think she is feeling and how distant our relationship of the intellect still is. As for her heart, I can only hope something is percolating. We have a growing, yet tenuous friendship and I would say it is not a relationship from her perspective. During a phone conversation I once tested the waters and referred to myself as a *first mother*. Her tone of voice strongly indicated I should not use that term. I should use *birthmother*. So I do so with her. 'L' has always been my daughter. I feel so good when I refer to her as that. She cannot stop me from calling her my daughter. Nor can I make her start calling me her mother. Of course I am not complacently waiting for it happen. I am doing what reunited hopeful mothers do. I am giving all the encouragement and unconditional love I can. 'L' now has to be the one to accept it - and change the name she calls me. I have changed my name enough.

*When I named my daughter
it was like giving her a little bit of me to
go with her.*

Years ago at work some of us new brides were discussing what we call our mothers-in-law. One lady could easily call her *mother*. Another used her first name. One humorously said that she always made sure she was never alone with her mother-in-law and then she did not need to call her anything. When referring to her with another person she was mother-in-law. So what is in a name? Does one of these terms show more connection? Yes.

Relating this to adoption it is the same: the term *mother* wins. Culturally it is acceptable to call one's mother-in-law *mother*. However, in adoption the issue of disloyalty and other societal forces come into play so calling another woman *mother* is not acceptable or understood, especially when it is the person who gave life.

I named my daughter using the name of a popular girl from high school, if I can remember correctly; her second name was after a woman in my family, and she was given my surname. I cannot remember if it was mandatory to name my daughter. I just wanted to name her. I never thought not to name her. It was like giving her a little bit of me to go with her. I sort of remember being asked if I had a name for her. Of course I did. Isn't that what parents do? It was all part of the process. Somehow I did know that her name would be changed. The adoptive parents would not want to have anything there to remind them of me. That is what happened. I had no say in what they did, whoever they would be. The secret was to be continued.

When I found out her present name I just accepted it because as I have just said I knew that is what happened. I had no feelings. I like her new name. There were too many other things I had to accept that were difficult to acknowledge. My daughter is the one who has been affected by this perhaps, not me. It is up to her to change her name should she wish. I do not see any blue moon changes occurring though. So I accept the things I cannot change. In one stream of thought my daughter told me that she liked her present name better than some other names she listed

... and in that list was her birth name. She spoke so fast I do not think she even realized she had included her birth name on the list.

I could have agonized and felt rejected when she said this, but I let it pass. Today when I think of her birth name and her as a baby, there is a wide chasm in my thinking as to her new name and who she is now. I need to deal with our present relationship when I interact with her. However, when I am alone and do some deep contemplating, it is a different story. But I do not go there much and I put the name thing away.

What's in the name she calls me? While smiling I can say maybe I am glad I do not know the names she calls me. Our reunion has not been the fairytale where they live happily ever after. To her friends and her dogs I am sure I have been given various names. I too have had my moments of anger and have not been the adoring mother. Ignorance is bliss. During one phone conversation when the atmosphere between us was good, she did say she wondered who this 'crazy lady' was she was trying to get to know. Yes, I had been a little off the wall so I took no offense.

Very early on in our first face-to-face meeting alone she surprised me by asking me what she should call me. I was tongue tied because for the previous six months in emails and on the phone she had referred to me as *Bonnie*. I told her she could call me *Bonnie* and I thought she seemed relieved. Maybe I missed the opportunity to be called *mom*. What are the rules in all of this? Just like the mother-in-law situation some easily do refer to their mother-in-law as *mother* and some do not. I am okay right now with her calling me *Bonnie* as there seems to be too much of a distance between her thinking and the name *mom*. I can only hope and pray. The good thing is, she calls me.

To answer the question "What's in a name?" and consider all the possible parameters to discuss could take pages. For me the naming system my daughter and I have feels comfortable for now. Maybe I feel this way because names do not impress me in other areas of my life. I have never been into labels on clothes, or brand names of stores or restaurants. I am just happy to be called whatever my daughter is comfortable with calling me.

His Name is Who He Has Become

by Name Withheld ~ Mother (in waiting)

I named my son Jason (meaning "healer") before the name became very popular. There were no males in my family that I esteemed so highly that I would name my son after. It was important to name him and give him what I thought were three beautiful names.

He was as important and as loved, if not more loved, than others in the nursery. I remember breaking down after seeing the label CAS (Children's Aid Society) on the end of his bassinette. It just seemed so cruel.

His adopted family named him Jeremy which I absolutely love. It is softer sounding and means "raised from God" and it seems to suit the man he has become.

I think my name is harsh sounding. I never really liked it but also never considered changing it.

My son calls me by my first name. I do not know how he addresses me to anyone else. He can call me whatever name makes him comfortable. As long as he does call me, I am happy.

"If names are not correct, language will not be in accordance with the truth of things."

Confucius

My Name Connects Me to My Past and Present ~ It Gives Me a Sense of Belonging

by Margaret Ferguson ~ Adoptee

What does my name mean to me?

I grew up in a family who followed a traditional naming system. I should have been named after my adoptive maternal grandmother. She hated her name and convinced my adoptive parents to name me after my adoptive paternal grandmother who died about 10 years before my birth. As it happened, my adoptive paternal grandmother had the same name as my birth grandmother. Whether my adoptive parents knew this or not, giving me my name gave me a tie to my original family.

When I was growing up I didn't like my name as it seemed too old-fashioned. I was always called by my second name, Margaret, and that caused all sorts of inconveniences as most official documents or organizations use first and last name, not second names. As I got older I realized that I was named after my adoptive grandmother and even though I never knew her, she became a good role model. I like my name now as it is the name of my birth grandmother as well as my adoptive grandmother. To me that connects me to both families and gives me an increased sense of belonging.

I dislike my first name and have attempted to have it deleted. It would cost a lot of time and money to have



my 'original/adopted' birth certificate surrendered and replaced with a new one. I have had this happen once before against my will and do not want to go through it again.

Seeing my original name made me feel that my birth mother had cared about me and had wanted to give me a name even though she knew it probably would be changed. She said that all those years she thought of me by the name she had given me.

I wondered why she had chosen those names. When we reunited, I asked her and she said "no special reason" and that those were popular names at the time of my birth. Neither of them were 'family' names. For the first few weeks after I received my adoption papers, I tried out my original names to myself saying that was me then and this is who I am now. When I was asked my name on some official paperwork, I muttered to myself, 'well, that is my name now but I started out with a different name'.

I have reunited with my original mother and call or refer to her as Mum or by her first name, depending on the situation. Sometimes it is confusing to other people if I say 'Mum' so I might have to explain 'original Mum' or 'adoptive Mum'.

My original name doesn't have any family connection. I like my adopted name now as it is also the name of my birth grandmother.

"Women have had the power of NAMING stolen from us." Mary Daly (1928-2010)

My Name IS Who I Am

by Mary Ann Dubeski ~ Adoptee

My name is an important part of my identity. It is who I am. I wish I'd known it while I was growing up. I didn't discover I was adopted until I was nearly 50 years old. So finding out I was born with another name was a surprise too.

I didn't like my first name (Mary Ann) much when I was growing up because my A-mom used to tease me that it meant bittersweet and that in reality I was more bitter than sweet in personality, according to her. I like my name better now because it was the name on my Original Birth Certificate: Mary Ann. My A-mom always added a hyphen between the Mary and Ann on my legal and school papers: Mary-Ann. I discovered it was not on my OBC, so I have since stopped using the hyphen and am trying to get it erased from all my legal papers.

I would have changed my first name, had I found it was different from the name on my OBC, but my name on my OBC was exactly the same first name, *Mary Ann* (no hyphen). I was really hoping for something more lyrical like: Mariella, Marvelosa, Marielena, Marivic etc., something more typically Filipino and Spanish, something more FUN.

My A-mom wanted to name me Jo-ann, which was popular at the time, and I'm so glad she didn't get her way. I'm not sure if my real mother named me what she wanted to. The story is that my father (my biological father adopted me and is also my adoptive father) named me after an un-favored aunt. It's a longish story. The gist of it is that he didn't really want a girl but had to take me anyway.

I'm not sure how my naming was decided. I wonder if my biological mom had a choice, or if my birth father told her what my name would be. I don't really know if she had any influence on my name, she may have. She had to go to the City Registry in person and register my birth and my name, and sign the registration. I first saw her signature and learned her name on my OBC: *Constancia T.* It was a moment I will never forget. It was so important to me to learn my mother's name. I could only cry. I couldn't even speak for what seemed like a very long time but was probably only about five minutes.

It was so important to me to learn my mother's name.

~

When I discovered my original name I felt ecstatic!

When I discovered my original name I felt ecstatic! It was my original SURNAME that I hadn't known, my mother's last name. Finding out my true last name, *Hernandez*, meant that I finally knew who I was. I was

Mary Ann Hernandez when I was born, and I still feel I am Mary Ann Hernandez deep inside. I was registered under my birth mom's maiden surname, not my father's surname, because I was illegitimate.

I prefer my original name with all its Spanish-Filipino ethnicity. My adoptive name was my bio-father's Irish surname, so that was okay too, and it was the only name I knew myself by for a long time. And he did legally adopt me. I have thought about legally changing my name to include "Hernandez" but I've decided to just keep my married name. It is the one I chose along with choosing my husband, and it is the same name my children have. It is less complicated not to do a legal name change at this time in my life.

I have not yet found my mother or anyone who knew her. I am still actively searching. When I see her I will call her *Mother*.

"The beginning of wisdom is to call things by their right names."

Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855) Danish philosopher

Why Was My Name Taken Away From Me?

by Wendy Barber ~ Adoptee

*"It means the world to me that my mother gave me a name...
How dare they take away the only gift Doreen was able to give me!"*



If my mother had not given me a name I would be left with an even larger hole in my heart. I did not see my foster papers until I was forty years of age. My name jumped off that page LORRAINE GRACE MARTIN right into my heart. Years later when I finally found my birth family I learned the true story of my real name.

I was named after my birth mother's older sister Lorraine. My middle name Grace was after grandma, their mother. I never did get to meet my mother, Doreen; she had died in a house fire at thirty seven years of age.

However, I did meet Lorraine, my aunt, my mother's closest sister. She was an intelligent, kind and forthcoming woman. She shared many stories about my mother that no one else would know, as she and Lorraine were very close. My birth mother, Doreen was just fifteen years old when she gave birth to me. Lorraine told me that I was very much like my mother, as if I had been raised by her - we both loved to dance, cook and laugh.

It means the world to me that Doreen gave me a name. How dare the government create a law that allows adoptive parents to change that name? The majority of us adoptees have never seen our original birth certificate with our REAL NAME and our MOTHER'S REAL NAME. This document belongs

to us and we must insist that the government release this and all documentation as it belongs to us. My adoptive parents fostered me when I was fifteen months old, later I was adopted at two and a half years of age. At that time they changed my name from LORRAINE GRACE MARTIN, my real name, to WENDY LYNNE CROMPTON, my adopted name. This is the name they called me. I imagine this little girl not able to understand what they were talking about. It was cruel and selfish of my adoptive parents to change my name. How dare they take away the only gift Doreen was able to give me? This is yet another example of how the adoptive parents get everything they want for their perfect family at the cost of the child.

I remember my thoughts when I named my four daughters at birth. I recall the importance of the decision and how much I wanted to give them a name to be proud of, a name that could not be disfigured into one that could be rude, humiliating or misidentifying. I chose sweet names that seemed to suit their personalities.

To me, my name is part of my true identity; it is the icon that I use as I walk through life. Why was it taken away from me?

I am proud to be a member of The Forget Me Not Family Society.



A Face to a Name

by Jo Yearsley ~ Adoptee

How often have we said that it is great to at last put a face to a name?

At work I have to deal with many clients and vendors, many of whom I never meet in person. But on those rare occasions when I have to either go to the client's place or meet them in the office, whether it is to solve problems or deliver Christmas boxes, there is closure in finally putting a face to that name. Now I will never forget; each time they ring I will recognize the face logged in my memory and revitalize it, visions of that previous meeting magically pop up in my mind.

Not having any previous memories of people helps the imagination flow, sometimes at a trickle and sometimes like roaring waterfalls. Before I meet a client I am already imagining what they look like. Many a time I envision beauty, charm and the smile... then if I hear screaming from the other end of the phone – warts, crooked teeth and mean eyes appear. I look over to the fish tank by my desk and stare at my fish swimming around, knowing that I have to connect, smooth the waters, get on their good side, as I do not want to lose a client.

What indeed is in a name - a picture, a memory, a past? We cannot picture what people will look like in the future, but we see the present and the past.

I looked up “name” in *Modern Standard Dictionary* (which is so old it does not have a printing date) and it says “NAME The term by which any person, etc. is

known or spoken of; reputation; behalf NAMESAKE a person with the same name as another; esp. one named after another”

As an adoptee I knew my original name would have been changed. I decided to dig up my past and learn more, and hoped to one day be able to put a picture to the name of my biological mother. I found out that I was born *Dorothy May* and ended up as *Joanne Dorothy*. My adopted mother had the foresight to keep my original first name as my new middle name, unknowingly keeping me connected to my biological family. I was lucky; so many are not.

Why was I named after my biological grandmother on my biological father's side? Why was my adopted brother's name completely changed and added to? Why was my adopted sister's first name kept, but middle name changed? Life is what it is, but the feeling I had when I learned that my middle name was my original name gave me power to win that tug of

war in my mind...that yes, indeed, *I did belong and was known*. Having received my long form birth certificate I now have a connection to a name.

In the past a woman changed her last name upon marriage and belonged to

the man's family. Nowadays, women often keep their surname or hyphenate it with their spouse's surname; others purposefully change their names for a number of reasons, giving up their family connection.

Where I go from here is uncertain. I have struggled, wondering if I should go back to my original name,

*As an adoptee, I believe we need to be able to
find that balance between good and bad,
honour and shame,
fact and fiction.*

*Label it, name it, accept it...
Life is what it is, and a name is a name.*

or stay as I am. I have been very lucky having such loving, yet strict adoptive parents who did not “save me” but were there to support me and give me their guidance. Unfortunately they have both left this world.

An Auntie once said to me, a grave shows that you were here. Were you here if there is nothing carved on a headstone? A name placed upon a stone proves

that you existed. A name is the legacy of your family tree.

As an adoptee, I believe we need to be able to find that balance between good and bad, honour and shame, fact and fiction. Label it, name it, accept it and have a thirst for learning and growth. Life is what it is, and a name is a name.

“Tigers die and leave their skins; people die and leave their names.” Japanese Proverb

I am My Daughter's Mother

by Colleen Rudd ~ Reunited Mother

I consider myself my daughter's mother. She grew in my womb and I am the only person who gave birth to her. I was powerless against the practice of Social Services appointing a more suitable guardian (in their opinion) to raise her.

After 17 years in reunion my daughter just recently introduced me as her mom! At this point she does not address me as "mom," she calls me by my first name. I have always called her my daughter. I attribute this to my having a conscious memory of her growth in my womb, her birth, the six days we had together and the demoralizing fracture of our bond.

I was not required to name my daughter when she was born but it was natural for me to name her. I very meticulously chose a name for her. The name I chose from the baby books of the era described who my daughter was destined to be to a "T". She was given the name Jennifer Lyn which means "long, white and flowing." Her biological father is 6' 4" and the two of us loved to dance together, we were an awesome couple on the dance floor!

One of the very first things my daughter told me after we were reunited was that her amended name

meant "bitter". In 17 years of reunion this is the only conversation we have had about her name. I think of my daughter many times a day, and that has not changed in 42 ½ years. I always think of her as *Jen*, *Jennifer*, *Jenny* or *baby Jen*.

My thoughts around her name being amended to suit the adoptive parents are exactly that: she became their possession, theirs to do with as they pleased. Her adoptive mother's name starts with an M, the adoptive parents have a natural son whose name also starts with M - so; it would make sense that they would look for a name for her that also started with M. My daughter now has a daughter of her own - her name also starts with M.

I accept that name as her adoptive name and, truly, I do not care what she is called now. I know what I named her, and why. I am simply ecstatic to have her back in my life!

Would I be honored if she chose to take her original name? YES, I would be delighted! For many reasons, and on many levels, I believe this makes a difference to our children who were lost to adoption.

What's in a Name ~ Indeed!

by Nancy Kato~ Reunited Mother

My name is Nancy.

I am named after the song "Nancy with the Smiling Face" by Frank Sinatra. Growing up, kids thought I looked like the character in the cartoon strip "Nancy" and I was okay with that. It's interesting to note that people have called me "Kathy" most of my life – they say I "look" like a Kathy. My middle name is Kathleen so it all fits, I guess.



With respect to my daughter relinquished to adoption, I had to name her, by law. Up to the point of naming her, I had tried to pretend that the pregnancy and birth had never happened. When the social worker came into my room in the hospital to fill out the birth registration forms, she told me I had to name my child. That made it all too real, and yet another of the hardest things I've ever done. To name your child knowing that the adoptive parents were likely going to change it and that she would never know her original name – it was too much. I agonized for a couple of days of what to name her – it had to be something meaningful and right for her.

Keep in mind that I had not yet seen her – I just couldn't do it and still keep my resolve to go through with the relinquishment. So I chose to name her after two childhood friends. "Sherry" was a girl in junior high who was like a porcelain doll – very petite, dark hair, big eyes, and very popular in school. I wanted my daughter to be like that. "Anne" was a young girl in the neighbourhood who was being raised by a divorced mom (unheard of much in those days). She and her brother were very poor and the neighbours often left things for them on

their porch. In spite of their poverty, the kids were really well mannered and generous with others. I admired Anne for her character and gentleness. So I named my daughter "Sherry Anne". This was changed by the adoptive parents to "Leanne Elizabeth" which my daughter says she likes much better than the name I chose for her (oh well). There definitely is some similarity in that "Anne" is in both names and my grandmother was "Elizabeth" – makes you wonder about naming doesn't it?

During the first days of our reunion, my daughter struggled with what to call me. She was not comfortable with reference to "mom" in any shape but she also struggled with calling me "Nancy". She didn't know how to introduce me to people and often left it to me to explain who I was. There was a period of time when she didn't call me anything and a period where she referred to me as "Yo, she who gave birth to me". I understood her confusion and did not get offended by it – I knew she needed to process my role in her life in her own way and in her own time. She had a mom and that is not who I was.

I never struggled with referring to her as my daughter but I did have to ask permission to do so with friends or people we met. It was very difficult to balance the ideal of what we think of when we use the terms "mom" and "daughter" between essentially two strangers. After eight years of reunion, my daughter inadvertently referred to me as "mom" one day. We both kind of froze and then talked about it. She said it had "slipped" out and wouldn't happen again. I didn't care – she used THE word! After 17 years of reunion, she still calls me "mom."

With respect to my position in the world of reunion, I have always used "birth mother." This is a term that makes my story so much easier to tell. No one knew about Leanne and if I used the term 'birth mother' people were instantly aware of why she had never been mentioned before. The term distinguished me from the role that "mothers" play in society. That is,

I did not raise her as her “mom” but I did give birth to her – an equally important role. It was also important to my daughter that the difference between me and her adoptive mother be clearly stated and emphasized. I think that each of us needs to have the freedom to define our roles in ways that work best for us. What works for one person may not work for another and I get frustrated when people criticize how my daughter and I chose to manage the words used to describe our positions in each other’s lives. Every term used today can have some negative connotation attached to it, so the use of language should be left up to the individuals involved.

When I speak to the general public or at pre-adoptive parent education groups about adoption and reunion, I use the terms that are going to make the most impact with them. I want to get their attention so I will use whatever language works best for the situation.

Between Leanne and me, I am “mom” or “momma” and she is, and always has been, my “daughter”. She publicly refers to me as her “mother” and I also refer to myself as her “mother.” Period. No explanations required.

Why I Changed My Name

by Steve Sharpe ~ Biological and Adoptive Father

I realize that your request for submissions was directed to birth parents and to adoptees who were given a name by the adoptive parents, as was our adopted daughter. I want to tell a funny little tale about myself first.

I was given the names William Stephen (Bill for short, like my dad). In grade three, the kids decided to pick “funny” names for one another. They decided that Billie S. could be BS for short. In late Grade 3, I told the Grade 4 teacher that I wanted to be called by my other name ~ *Steve* ~ it was also my grandfather's name and I admired him. The first day in Grade 4, the teacher read out the names of those in the class and called Steve... I didn't respond (because I'd forgotten my request) until she repeated the name and added the

surname. Nobody laughed, but one was embarrassed. A few days later the teacher had the occasion to call my home and said something about *Steve*. That was a surprise to my mom since she had named me Billy. I didn't tell her the full reason for my name change.

So I was not surprised or offended when our adopted daughter (an entertainer in Las Vegas) changed her name. We had renamed her after the adoption although we really liked the name that her birth mother gave her. My daughter told me about her name choice, *Page*, which was her grandfather's name, and suitable for a stage performer.

To me, “What’s in a Name” is a very important topic.

“From our ancestors come our names, but from our virtues our honors.” Proverb

Losing My Original Name and Heritage ~ That Hurts!

by Joe Soll 조 살, LCSW, Psychotherapist & Author

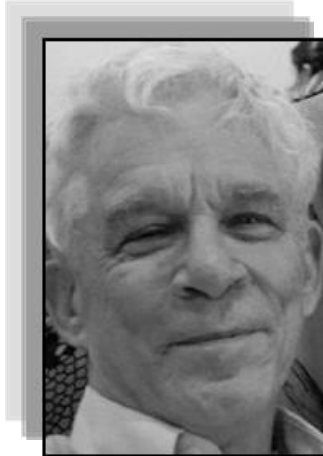
We adoptees often go through life using our adopted name without any idea that we might have had an original name. If we decide to search, one of the first things we do is try to get information on our mothers.

This leads us to the fact that we had another name, a different surname, and maybe an original first name, or that we didn't have a different first name.

Why didn't she name me? That hurts. We think our moms didn't care. We have no way of knowing that our moms might not have been allowed to name us. We have no way of knowing if she had a name picked out that she was not allowed to use it.

I may think that the name I've been using is not my real name. No wonder it felt weird all my life. Why didn't my adoptive parents keep my original name? Why did they change it? That hurts. I may have an ethnic name, one that is clearly from an Italian family, for example, and then discover that my real name is from an Irish family. I thought I was Italian. Now I am Irish. I am so confused. I am sad I missed out on my Irish heritage. I am angry I was deceived, even if it was not on purpose.

What about those from another country who grow up being called Rachel and find out their name was Eun



Sook? What confusion to look in the mirror in the morning and see an Asian face with a Jewish first name. Who am I really? Am I Caucasian? Am I Jewish, when to be Jewish your mother has to be Jewish? People look at me funny when I say my name. It hurts.

Our names are part of who we are and to not know who we are causes pain. If I find my original name, that stirs up the pain of losing my first family. If I accept that I really had a different name, then who am I really? My world is turned upside down. I need to turn it right side up. To turn it right side up, I need to look at the truth, accept the fact that I had an original name and I need to work through the emotions that are stirred up. Running from the truth only causes the inner turmoil to fester and never be resolved. Dealing with the truth will always help us heal.

Finally, I know many adoptees who took back their complete original names. For most of them, if they worked on their inner feelings first, did some good old fashioned inner child work, it gave them a sense of reality. Their names fit and they fit inside their skin in a way they never had before.

Joe Soll is the author of *Adoption Healing... a path to recovery* (1 for moms, 1 for adoptees, 1 for both) and co-author of *Evil Exchange* and *Fatal Flight*

*"What's in a name? That is what we ask ourselves in childhood
when we write the name that we are told is ours."*

~ James Joyce, Ulysses ~

A Birthday Glance

by BGN - Baby Girl Nelson

*Sitting at this desk
Start to wonder how
It would have felt to see you
And hold you close right now*

*Looking out the window
Begin to ponder what
Your smooth skin must have felt like
Your sleeping eyes when shut*

*Writing on this paper
My mind just asks why
I didn't get to meet you
But only that one time*

*Staring at the calendar
Only a few days until
That oh so fateful birth date
When you followed God's will*

*Mom, what were you thinking
As you lay to have a child
Knowing you would leave her
And never see her smile?*

*Mom, how were you feeling
When pains of labor came
Were those tears of hurt
Knowing she had no name?*

*Mom, how did you handle it
When the nurse said to you
Do you want to hold her?
Mom, what did you do?*

*Mom, how did you take
That long trip back home
Knowing she was there
Crying just to know?*

*Just to know your smell
Like all newborns do*

*Just to hear that heartbeat
Of the one who carried you*

*Oh so many questions
Answers remain bare
A few days until that birth date
Only you and I were there*

*Each year I remember
That you saw my face
Unsure if you held me
Or gave me an embrace*

*But I know you saw me
And I know I saw you too
Your picture looks familiar
Your eyes were sad and blue*

*But that one glance you gave me
On that cold December day
Has been a sense of comfort
To help me on the way*

*Last question Mom, I promise
Will you hold me now,
Will you stay forever?
From your daughter - older now*

*One more mom, I'm sorry
So many things to say
As that date approaches
I wonder every day.*

*Mommy, were you happy
Did you think I was better off?
No, don't answer that one
It reminds me of the loss.*

*Thank you mom for listening
Most important that I say
Mommy I love you forever
From your daughter, on her birthday.*

Upcoming Events

Forget Me Not Family Society ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Thursday, April 25th, 2013 at 7:00 pm, (registration 6:30 pm)

Owner's Lounge 7288 Acorn Avenue, Burnaby, B.C.

FMNFS Fall Workshop October 26 - 27, 2013 *"Releasing our Voices ~ The Healing Continues"*



with Ray McGinnis ~ Presenter/Facilitator

Executive Airport Plaza Hotel & Conference Centre, Richmond, B.C.

We are delighted to announce that our annual workshop will be held at this new venue. Our meeting room is on the top floor. It has a seating capacity for 50 people, has lots of natural light, private restrooms and a large private balcony, PLUS private access to a roof top garden and running/walking track.

Watch for more event details via email and at www.adoptioncircles.net

What Are You Doing on October 26th and 27th?

by Ray McGinnis,

Author and instructor of *Write to the Heart* workshops.

This January I had a conversation with Gail Davies about an upcoming workshop I was leading in Duncan about grief and loss. As one of a variety of workshops I lead across North America, Gail was interested to attend to see if this type of experiential workshop would be a good fit for the FMNFS 2013 Annual Workshop. Gail was accompanied by another FMNFS Director, Amy Newman.

What they experienced is a snapshot of what I do as I lead workshops with a range of groups of adults in health-care facilities (i.e. cancer survivor), public

libraries, non-profit groups, community centres, retreat settings, educational settings, spiritual settings and with professional associations. Sometimes I lead workshops with adults. I have also been asked to lead workshops with elementary school children and their teaching staff.

During the workshop in Duncan, Gail and Amy experienced firsthand my approach to creating circles of support. Workshop participants gathered in a circle of chairs. I prefer to lead my workshops with people in a circle. I have noticed that if I have a group in a workshop seated in rows, as in a classroom, fewer

people choose to share their stories or take part in group discussion. I think that when a circle is formed more people feel included. They feel they are equal and each one is valued. No one is at "the front of the class." When people gather in a circle, my experience is that most people feel empowered to take their turn to express themselves. This is even if what they want to say is that they have nothing they wish to contribute. In a circle each person takes ownership for their own self-expression.

Another part of what happens in the circle is that a workshop presenter offers some ideas, stories or reads something inspirational or motivational that they think will be relevant to the participants who gather. In preparing for the workshop, as a presenter, I consider:

- What might be a good starting place, a good way to begin this workshop?
- What do I know about the people who are coming to the workshop or conference?
- What do I know about the purpose of the workshop?
- What might be some of the outcomes participants are hoping for?
- How can I design a workshop that will maximize positive outcomes for all who attend?

Emerging Design - The process of preparing a workshop then is a process of listening and pondering. It is a process of respecting the intentions of all who sign up and shows participants that I value and honor the time and money you are setting aside for this workshop. Often when I lead a workshop I have a variety of creative arts and conversational strategies to start activities to help everyone feel included and welcome. As people share why they came to the workshop I often draw from those comments ways to adapt any activities I have planned. This is called an *emerging design*. This is because what you as participants bring to the workshop (expectations, hopes etc.) should inform what I actually decide to present, or inform the way I present my material. This also means I am engaged in listening deeply to what is happening in the life of the group. Instead of simply showing up with a pre-set plan of how I will lead and what I will lead, come hell or high water, I listen and learn and use my intuition to be the best presenter I can be with each group.

In attending a recent Forget Me Not Family Society meeting in Cloverdale, I was impressed that the culture of the FMNFS is to gather in a circle. It was a very familiar style of gathering. It reminded me of a time a few years ago when over a series of years, I taught a personal growth program for four months for younger adults aged 18 to 25 in the south Okanagan. The twenty participants who were living in a residential setting would gather each morning in a circle. They would share how they were feeling. Sometimes they wrote in a journal. Sometimes they expressed something on paper with paints or clay. After taking time to play with some art medium they would share how they were feeling. Over the life of those groups participants learned to listen to their feelings. They learned that they could experiment, explore creating something as individuals or in a group. They learned to play without trying to be perfect or a perfectionist. They sometimes made a mess and laughed about it. They learned to respect and encourage one another to be respectful and love the folks in front of them.

Since the workshop I will be leading with FMNFS is not until October 26 to 27, I don't know as I write this article at the beginning of March what I will choose to present.

That is the way it should be. In the months ahead I will be in touch with Gail, Amy, Marnie and others to listen deeply. I will surrender to surprise as I begin to prepare for this workshop in the fall where everyone can maintain peace of mind and have a stress-free weekend set at a life-giving pace.

What am I doing on October 26th and 27th?

I'm going to be attending an amazing workshop with the Forget Me Not Family Society and giving 110 percent to creating and designing a place for everyone to share their stories in ways that honor each person and help the healing continue.

I look forward to meeting each of you and letting the emerging design of your annual workshop reveal itself to me over the next six months.



Ray McGinnis leads workshops across North America using a variety of interactive activities from writing, games, art and creative self-expression. He lives in Vancouver. www.writetotheheart.com

Review: Writing Through Grief and Loss with Ray McGinnis

by Gail Davies and Amy Newman

On January 20, 2013, Amy Newman and I attended a mini-workshop *Writing Through Grief and Loss* presented by Ray McGinnis in Duncan, B.C. We had heard many positive comments about Ray's workshops and how wonderful he is as a facilitator. We wanted to have firsthand experience to see if he would meet our needs for our Fall workshop.

When we got to the Duncan United Church I saw a man in the office and asked him if this was the right building for the workshop. Right away I thought he had a nice energy about him. I then realized that it was Ray by the sound of his voice, as I had spoken with him previously on the phone.

The workshop was interesting and interactive. Although it was just a short afternoon workshop we were able to do several exercises, share with others, and have time to talk about it. There were some "AHA!" moments and I found it quite surprising what the experience stirred up in me.

We sat in a circle, with a candle burning, and Ray used a singing bowl to chime the end of each exercise time, which I found very lovely and peaceful. Each exercise took about 10 - 15 minutes. We could share what we wrote, or not, as we wished.

Ray makes it very easy for people to do what they feel is best for themselves. He is a great facilitator, gently guiding, and leading us through the process. He is very compassionate and a good listener.

We were able to have more conversation with Ray later, as we all took the same ferry back to the

mainland. He told us that he has several other exercises that he uses and he is very responsive to moulding the workshop to the needs of the group involved. He asked more about the Society and our past workshops. We invited Ray to attend one of the

support group meetings so he could get a better feel for our group. (He attended our Cloverdale support group meeting in February)



Amy and I agreed that a workshop with Ray would be an excellent fit for the

Forget Me Not Family Society. It will be an opportunity to increase our self-awareness and to further our journey in releasing our voices.

~ Gail

My input, by Amy Newman

Ray's simple yet effective exercises provided an easy framework to start writing. It was amazing what came out. Until I got the words onto paper I didn't realize how some old regrets and grief were still bugging me. Writing about it was just the beginning. By following Ray's steps to process and reframe it, I reached a place of peace and forgiveness around an issue from 20 years ago. Altogether it took about half an hour and the change seems to be permanent.

I'm really looking forward to attending a full day workshop with Ray in October.

~ Amy

"Words have meaning and names have power." Author Unknown

News from Around the World



March 21, 2013: Australian Prime Minister Julia Gillard Apologizes for Forced Adoptions

Australian Prime Minister Julia Gillard today issued a national apology to mothers and children who suffered from forced adoption practices. Australia is the first country in the world to openly address and apologize for their forced adoption policies and practices.

Julia Gillard's apology to the broken-hearted women whose babies were torn from them at birth and to children who were adopted out, was perhaps her finest speech and one of the more beautiful and principled speeches given by a prime minister to date, an opinion shared by many news sources:

"No collection of words alone can undo all this damage. Or make whole the lives and families fractured by forced adoption. Or give back childhoods that were robbed of joy and laughter. Or make amends for the Birthdays and Christmases and Mother's or Father's Days that only brought a fresh wave of grief and loss. But by saying sorry we can correct the historical record.

We can declare that these mothers did nothing wrong. That you loved your children and you always will. And to the children of forced adoption, we can say that you deserved so much better. You deserved the chance to know, and love, your mother and father.

We deplore the shameful practices that denied you, the mothers, your fundamental rights and responsibilities to love and care for your children. You were not legally or socially acknowledged as their mothers. And you were yourselves deprived of care and support. To you, the mothers who were betrayed by a system that gave you no choice and subjected you to manipulation, mistreatment and malpractice, we apologize."

Almost 1000 mothers, fathers, grown children and fractured families, most of them holding flowers, sat row upon row in the Great Hall of Parliament House to hear the apology denied them for decades. Gillard was several times interrupted by outbursts of tearful applause. Her observations regarding what mothers, fathers and children had lost were so evocative that members of the audience audibly sobbed as she spoke to them.

For the full text of the formal apology and the speech following, visit the FMNFS website *News and Events* www.adoptioncircles.net.

For more information Google: Australian Prime Minister's Forced Adoption Apology.

The state of South Australia is the only state in Australia in which no Australian children were adopted in the 2011 - 2012 statistical year. *AT LAST!* Let's hope we can keep up this high standard while at the same time improving the outcomes for children in genuine need of care.

LEAN ON ME

Telephone/E-mail Support List



Reunited Adoptees:

Cecelia Reekie (cecelia_r@telus.net) (604) 857-2125
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 Dan Carson (604) 557-0230
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 Kimberley-Ann Jandl – Abbotsford, BC (604) 852-9663
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Reunited with Siblings:

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 (tigerboots@shaw.ca)

Reunited Birth Parents:

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 Susan Wiesendahl (604) 275-3243
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 John Post - Castlegar, BC (250) 365-5991
 Diane Herbert – Abbotsford, BC (604) 870-1821
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 Bernadette Rymer - Ashcroft, BC (250) 453-2360
 (bjrymer@telus.net)

Searching Step-Adoptee:

Edith Archibald (604) 583-7792
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Interested Professionals:

Judy Archer, MSW, RSW, (250) 758-1275
 Counselor and Consultant in Adoption
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 Lee Crawford, M.Ed. R.C.C. (604) 875-9957
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 John Thomas - Quesnel, BC (250) 992-5688
 Christine M. Gatzke, M.Ed., CPAC/ARC
 Psychotherapist (306) 352-4069
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 J. Amy Newman, Newman Research Services
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 (info@nrsfind.com) 1-877-521-3463 (604) 521-3463

Genetic Attraction:

Anne Tasko, M.A. R.C.C. (250) 721-5995
 (anntasko@shaw.ca)

This is a peer support service.

Please contact our office if you wish to be included in the
 LEAN ON ME Support List.

Forget Me Not Family Society

Support Groups



The FMNFS holds three support groups a month, for adoptees, birth/natural/first parents, adoptive parents and those in a supportive role:

Cloverdale, B.C. meets the first Thursday of each month.

September through June from 6:30 - 8:30 pm.

Cloverdale Public Library 2nd floor

5642-176 A Street, Cloverdale, B.C.

Contact Marnie Tetz (marnietetz@shaw.ca) or 604-535-4434.

New Westminster, B.C. meets the second Tuesday of each month
 year-round from 7 - 9 pm. New Westminster Public Library 2nd
 floor, 716 - 6th Ave, New Westminster, B.C.

Contact Nancy Kato (katosan@telus.net) or 604-777-2920.

Kamloops, B.C. Interior Support Group meets once a month
 (days and times vary). For information please contact Bernadette
 Rymer at (bjrymer@telus.net) or 1-250-453-2360.

Other Support Groups

Vancouver, BC: The Adoptees Association holds a discussion
 group for adopted adults the third Tuesday of each month starting
 at 7 pm at the Rhizome Cafe, 317 East Broadway (near Main
 Street). Please contact Catherine at (katiesue@shaw.ca) or visit
 www.adopteesassociation.ca for more information.

Please note that the "Other Support Groups"
 do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of FMNFS.
 They are listed above for your information only.

Adoption Circles is Your Newsletter ~ Your Voice!

Our quarterly newsletter is created and produced by volunteers. We love this work and are excited to bring you informative and healing articles to support you in your journey. We sincerely appreciate each and every contribution and we encourage you to share your thoughts and reflections on the topics. Tell us your story. Editorial support is available. Send to <bjrymer@telus.net> or by mail c/o the Society.

Issue	Topic	Submission Deadline	Distribution
Spring 2013	Reframe Blame and Shame	June 10	June 30
Summer 2013	Write to the Heart	September 1	September 21

Have you renewed your MEMBERSHIP?



Membership to the **Forget Me Not Family Society** includes:

- ✓ Subscription to **Adoption Circles**, a quarterly publication
- ✓ Reduction in workshop fees
- ✓ Information on books and support groups

Name: _____

Address _____

City/Province/State _____

Postal/Zip Code _____

Phone Number _____

Email _____

Individual Membership \$30.00/year
Couples Membership \$50.00/year
Corporate Membership \$65.00/year

Please send cheque payable to the
Forget Me Not Family Society
#102-1860 Southmere Cres. E.,
Surrey, BC V4A 6Y7

Residents of the U.S. please send
U.S. funds

Birth Parent _____ Adoptee _____ Adoptive Parent _____ Sibling _____ Reunited _____

Prospective Adoptive Parent _____ Adoption Professional _____ Other _____

Change of Address _____