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Mission Possible

by Rabia Cons

A year-and-a-half ago, when she was 12, adoptee Rabia Cons traveled with her mother, Alexandra, to her home village in India to meet her birthfather and other relatives. Here is Rabia's account of her journey.

Our past four trips to India had always been for the same reason. Basically just to see India. This time, however, fortunately or unfortunately, I had gone to accomplish a quest my mother and I had begun when I was four.

During this trip I was in a totally numb, confused state. I wouldn't think about what I was doing, why I was doing it, where I was going, and what I was going to say.

When the ride was over I climbed slowly out of the car. I walked even more slowly around the back of the car to face a whole crowd of hundreds of people waiting for me. Two women stepped forward with tears in their eyes and placed a garland of flowers around my neck. My mom stepped forward, and she too received a necklace. My mom and I each took turns stepping onto a stool. Someone poured lukewarm water over my feet, then gently washed and dried my feet. Suddenly I was floating. Or not. A smiling women had just picked me up and kissed both of my cheeks. A little confused, I looked toward the translator questioningly. He smiled a little and told me that the woman who was holding me was my aunt.

Total numb confusion.

I was passed over to my stepmother, who embraced me with open arms, even though she really didn't have to. She also kissed me.

Total numb confusion.

A man came forward. Somehow I just knew who he was, even before the translator told me. He picked me up. I know that this moment was a moment that I should remember all my life, but I don't.

Total numb confusion sank down deep.

I don't remember anything after that. All that was left of that experience was a few flashes of small pictures, and the over whelming confusion that I felt. I wouldn't believe that I had had such an experience. I didn't want to, so I just didn't. To this day I don't know why, or how I could. When my mother



and I left the village, left India, and finally returned home, memories, thoughts, and words crashed down on me.

The man who held me so gingerly, never meeting my eyes, containing almost all of his emotions, was my father. In some ways that trip to India was the one I hated the most, but in some other small ways it was the best trip. I hated meeting my birth family, and I loved meeting them at the same time.

After going, coming back, thinking and taking time to do nothing, I don't know what I got out of that experience. I know why it's important, but thinking never does anything for me. Writing really does, though. After writing this essay I pictured scenes, remembered what little conversation there was and the love and affection that poured out of every word, and each and every touch.

The snapshots of scenes were brief, but real. The village was placed at the foothills of some tall mountains. The mountains were green, but the village was dry and yellow. I could picture that village in all its dusty glory. The houses weren't magnificent, there was no lighting inside, and the sun was so bright outside that by the time I was in and out of the house I held no picture of what the large room held, but it was still homey in a quiet way. Goats and little kids ran around our knees bleating and chattering as I was taken for a tour of the village. Nothing much was left of that memory though.

That's what I remember and that's all that I remember. Why was this experience so important to me? You'll have to figure this one out on your own, because this experience was so important to me that it's almost indescribable.