



pact's

point of view

The newsletter for adoptive families with children of color

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All This Time

Lyrics by Paul Kamm

Eleanor MacDonald is an adoptee who, at age fifty-four, has given up trying to find her birth family. She spent many years longing for her "circle" to be complete, hoping she could enjoy even just one embrace between herself, her birth mother, and her own daughter. But time passed, and finally, says MacDonald, "I realized happily that I love my life, who I am and I have all that I need, and it just came time to let the search go."

Throughout the many years of her search, MacDonald was aided in her research by her husband Paul Kamm, a songwriter with whom she shares a career in music. Paul wrote Eleanor a song to sing for her mother, and she has been performing it for many years. We are grateful to them both for allowing us to share the lyrics with our readers.

There are voices in my head
I hear most of what they say
Oh but sometimes I don't listen much
The mirror on the bathroom wall
Is my only photograph of you
As you might have once appeared to me

My love is here
My love is here
Tell me what you really feel

I met a stranger on the street,
One that looked a lot like me
I wonder did she know your face somewhere
They've hidden you in secret files
You could be close or many miles
All this time I know that you've been there

My love is here
My love is here
Tell me what you feel

Do you live in California or in Tennessee
Does the wind blow your hair with some Delta breeze
Now I keep a place inside that only you would see
Oh but all this time
Did you think of me?

There's a shadow on the wall
It follows me as I get up
Down the hallway in the black of night
I stumble over hidden toys
From my only baby girl
She is sleeping as I turn the light

My love is here
My love is here
Tell me what you feel

Do you live in California or in Tennessee
Does the wind blow your hair with some Delta breeze
Now I keep a place inside that only you would see
Oh but all this time
Did you think of me?