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From A Birth Mother

by Victoria Tittle

It's been almost a year since my precious miracle entered my life. I can look back and honestly tell you that it was the most difficult decision I have ever had to make. And as much praying and self-evaluation as I did, I can't recall it as being easy.

I'll start from the beginning. I was 19 years old, pregnant and alone. The old story — the birth father and I weren't able to put a life together. I still had different dreams from his, and he was just as young as I was. But there was a difference between us. Yes, we had both made a child, but I was the one left carrying it. I found out late into my first trimester that I was pregnant. I think that delay was because I was in denial for so long. Here comes the part where I started having to make decisions. The first was not to have an abortion. But the second was that I was not mentally ready to raise a child; there were so many circumstances affecting my decision. Adoption was becoming more and more clear to me. I didn't even start to search for parents for my child until I was almost seven months pregnant. I still hadn't told my mother.

The whole time I was pregnant, I remained in this state of denial. I knew that I was pregnant but I felt that if I didn't act pregnant it would somehow go away. I distanced myself so much from everything that I wasn't even aware of my feelings until after daughter was born.

I had a very difficult labor, and after hours and hours I finally saw a real live human being, a part of me. I had never realized what a mother goes through when her own child comes into the world. This was an image of me. This was worth every single moment of those nine months. I had already made the decision to have someone else to raise my child. But I couldn't push my feelings away anymore because she was now a reality.

Throughout this ordeal, I was surrounded by wonderful and encouraging people who helped me and made me feel so good about my decision to give my daughter everything she could ever want. I still feel that I made the right decision.

I guess what I want to say is that nobody can prepare you for the grieving process, whether you grieve in a different way or the same way that I did. Because I had distanced myself so much from my pregnancy and the whole adoption, I was unaware of the fact that I wouldn't be able to pick up the pieces and just go on with my life like nothing had happened.

When I returned to my old life without my daughter, it really hit me that I was without my child. I had the scars of being pregnant — but I didn't have her. She was thousands of miles away from me. My short encounter with her was all that I had. I couldn't handle all the pain and loss I was feeling. Through me, other people slowly realized that adoption is not an act of selfishness or lack of love. It took every ounce of pain and sadness for me to give my daughter the best life that she deserves. I felt that, at 20, I could give her a good life — I think every birth mother could give her child a good life — but not the life that I wanted for her. She is the single most important thing that has ever happened to me and I think of her every day. I go to sleep at night knowing that she is being taken care of and that God is watching over her. I know that I am the reason she is living, breathing and growing.

The hardest part of the whole adoption is letting go. True, with open adoption, it's not letting go but starting a new kind of relationship with the adoptive parents. But for me there was a part that had to let go. I had to, in order to survive and not dwell on the past. It has only been a short time to deal with all my feelings but each day gets better. I realize that no matter what anyone says to me, I know in my own heart that I did it out of love.

This experience has made me stronger and more mature. It is the pathway into my adulthood. I went through one of the hardest obstacles in my life to get a miracle. I would not in a million years wish it any different. I still feel that only the strong survive and that everything happens for a reason. This experience has touched not only my life, but my daughter's adoptive parents. They now have a beautiful daughter who is a constant reminder that miracles do come true.

With Love and Good Wishes Victoria Tittel