pact's point of view
serving adopted children of color

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A Day In My Life

By Amanda Kirby

Amanda was a baby when she was adopted. Amanda was 13 years old when she gave birth to Jeffrey Taylor. Amanda was 14 years old when she died unexpectedly. She and her family had visited her son many times during his first 18 months of life.
Together with all of her families ,we grieve the all-too-early loss of Amanda.

One day I fell
In love so so deep
the one love in my life
The one I'd want to keep

I loved him so much
He said he loved me too,
Then a couple of weeks later,
One of my worst fears in life came true.

I told him one day
That I was pregnant with his child
Then somehow I learned
That my love for him was mild.

How could this happen to me?
I'm too young to be a mother
Then too soon I know
that my love wasn't a true father

He left me
And now I wonder why he didn't stay
I don't know how to reach him,
And now he's far away.

Very soon I learned I had to move
on with my life
There were better things to worry about,
And better knots to tie.

I was going to bring someone
into this world.
This baby didn't ask to be here
I wanted to give my child
A life that can lead somewhere

I told some of my friends.
They said I needed to get help,
That I need to tell someone that cares.
It will be better through and out.

Seven months went by,
My parents still didn't know.
I was really scared to tell them,
And of what their feelings would show.

I knew that they had to know
It would be better for me and the baby.
I wanted to tell them badly,
but the thought of it still scared me.

Soon my parents found out.
My expectations of them weren't true.
They said they wanted to be there for me,
But still I felt down and blue.

I had to make a decision.
An abortion wasn't in the list.
I knew I couldn't keep him,
so I thought adoption was best.

I met two wonderful people,
whose names are Tom and Carol.
They wanted to name him Micah.
We got to know each other well.

I also got to choose his name.
I named him Jeffrey Tyler.
He will always be my first son
With a life that will lead somewhere.

Well, the big pain came.
My mom rushed me to the hospital.
She stayed right by my side.
And called all the important people.

My mom was with me in delivery,
While everyone else was waiting
in the waiting room

After 9 hours of labor,
He was born at 12:52 a.m.
The feeling was so wonderful,
I got to see him for the first time.

It's amazing to know he came from me.
It's the miracle of life.
After two days went by
I thought it was all going to end

I knew I had to say good-bye,
And that my heart would have to mend.
We had an adoption ceremony,
And then it was time to say good-bye.

Soon I fell asleep,
with a pool of tears left in my eyes
I missed him so much
You can't even imagine the pain.

I knew my heart was beating,
but I couldn't hear his name.
For hours everyday, I would cry.
It felt like something of me was missing.

It felt like I was going to die.
As a couple of weeks went by,
The pain and emotions started to ease.

It's still hard to think about him,
Without my heart feeling a tease.
It is still very emotional,
Especially on different holidays.

I know he is in good hands,
But still, I cry anyway.
Now a year has gone by
And my pain is more bearable,

But no matter what happens,
He'll always be my Jeffrey Tyler.