

The Story Of My Life

I was born on the 13th of July 1961 my name on birth certificate was Jennie this all changed when I was adopted I become Lynette Clark .

My mother did not have the support of her parents so they gave her no choice but put me up for adoption . She wanted me and I was very much loved.

The people involved took it upon themselves say this was the right decision to do I disagree my life was very hard not knowing anything about my self or my medical history . I lied to my doctor until recently I told him I did not know anything about my medical history because I am adopted.

My adopted mother also gave her son up for adoption he was 2 years old her future husband did not want the child . The marriage was disastrous he was a alcoholic came home at night from the pub and bashed her nearly every night . And emotional abuse as well. Me and my adopted sister was placed in this home

All of us lived in fear because you did not know what he was like sometimes he was not drunk

as children we were not allowed to have friends come to our place .

Our house was our prison four walls and a roof

I had to be a good and happy child if I was not my adopted mother would say she failed as a mother, My way of explaining this I was trying to give her adult love instead of a child's love She needed to be loved .I could not do this for her as her husband treated her badly they did not love each other I lived in a house without love I would not call it a home.

My adopted mother worked on the weekends to make ends meet

We were scared we played in the streets until she came home

as he went to pub and came home drunk. He threw his tea through the kitchen window several times . Through a chair at your fish tank , The whole street knew he was a drunk

I found out about being adopted by a nasty girl in our street I cried and cried.

As a child I had low esteem & no confidence and I was very shy .

All I wanted was to belong and ask my mother questions it would have made the world of difference to me .I had to create a person out of nothing to guide me through the tough times.

If I could not have children I would **never adopt** .

Could not look them in the eye and say I do not know anything about you

I thought having other siblings would help it made things worse

My adopted sister and me were like chalk and cheese there was 4 years difference in age

We did not get along at all but to this day I still love her.

I meet my birth mother it has been very hard for both of us . in the beginning of our relationship because she did not tell my brothers and sisters about me

I am the oldest of my siblings has my mother it is married my father.

I asked if I could meet them it was hard for them also and it took a long time for this to happen

My family have met me but I do not have much of a relationship with them only one of my sisters . I hope this will change in time I have also met my birth mother brother & sister which I get along very well . When we meet other people she knows she says this is my daughter.

I get along with my nephew and niece from one of my sisters.

It took a long time for me and mine mother to have a mother and daughter relationship We get along really well .

I visit has much as I can . I hope this gives some insight to what I being through and all the others the same as me

It has not been easy but I feel for the mothers who have not met their children and children that have not met their mothers

Just one last point to make my mother is doing her will and her lawyer said not to include myself in her ^{will} has I was not her child this makes me very angry and makes my mother very hurt how dare they say that they do not anything about this at all.

