Why I turned my head when walking with my first mother

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I talked with my aunt yesterday. She told me that she was there once when my first mother, my siblings and my grandma picked me up for a walk, when I was already living with my new parents.

"And then you kept turning around. As if you wanted to say: 'Will I be back?' I cried. And I said to Gerhard [her husband]: How does the boy manage it?' - It was incredible that you got through it."

Why did I turn around then?

I try to empathize with the 5-year-old from back then.

"Mom, I'm mad at you! What is this supposed to be? Why should I go for a walk with you now? You don't want me anymore anyway! – Or do you want me? But I don't want you anymore. 'Cause I don't feel safe with you. Even if you take me back, I'll always be afraid you'll send me away again."

I try to empathize further with the 5-year-old from back then:

"I want to go home! I don't want anything to do with you anymore. It hurts me to be with you. 'Cause it reminds me that you don't want me anymore. My siblings were allowed to stay, I wasn't. Ouch! I don't want anything to do with that anymore. This is too big for me. too heavy for me. I want to go home and play there."

But I think there's another reason I looked back. Now I let the 5-year-old in me speak to my new parents:

"Don't worry, I'll be back! I really don't want to go with them. I only do this because I have to. I want to stay with you. Please don't blame me for going with them. Keep my seat free! Don't get mad and send me away too. I'll be back, really!"

PS. The conversation with my aunt was the first conversation I had with her about my adoption. The first conversation, and I've known her for 49 years. You want to know why I haven't talked to her about "the topic"? A chapter in my

book "Ins neue Leben getreten!" is dedicated to answering this question. The headline reads: "Shame".