



The farewell of the mother

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Adoption means farewell. Sooner or later. I had to say goodbye, when I was 5 years old. Many of us had to do so earlier, much earlier.

As in the following case, which moved me a lot, when I read about it:

„She [= the pregnant woman W.] says that now that the adoption has taken more concrete forms, she has stopped the dialogue with her unborn child because it is too painful for her. This is a first step on the path of parting.“

(Bundesarbeitskreis Adoptions- und Pflegekindervermittlung im Diakonischen Werk der Evangelischen Kirche in Deutschland [Ed.]: Adoption aus verschiedenen Perspektiven, Idstein 2007 [Wittlaerer series 9], 66.)

Believe me, I have read several life stories of mothers, each time I have been touched by the description of their farewell. My heart is with the mothers and their children.

I can understand the pain of the mother, I will never be able to fully grasp it, but I can understand it. And I can understand that she stopped talking to her unborn child.

And I can understand her unborn child. What a pain! The mother breaks off contact. The child can't do anything about it. If it could, it would cry out to the mother, "Mom, please talk to me again! I feel so alone! Please, please, talk to me again!"

But there is a wall.

