

My mom had to go through cesarean deliveries for both of my older brothers, and both of their blood types were Rh incompatible with my mom's. My second older brother's and my mom's blood actually mixed, making any future pregnancies high risk. My parents were young, and ready to continue the family they wanted, but they could not have any more children.

My parents have always wanted to have a big family, and adoption was always a possibility, but they wanted to have some of their own kids first. After my second older brother was born, my parents turned to adoption. They knew they were meant to have more kids; one Christmas my dad even got my mom a pair of pink booties; he told her they were for their future daughter (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). Little did they know what was ahead.

Over the next few years my parents went to meetings and read books about adoption. In July of 1986, my parents began the adoption process with the New Beginnings Family and Children's Services Adoption Agency (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). A pre-application; an extensive application that included child abuse clearance, physicals, references, tax statements, and fingerprints; and a three month homestudy had to be completed. My parents were finally put on a waiting list in July of 1987 and they celebrated by buying an Asian doll. They would buy more things every now and then, and they had a name picked out before I even existed. They got Sarah from the Bible, and my middle names, Jeanne Patricia, were for my grandmother (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

My parents were excited and worried; their biggest concern was money. My dad did not make that much, and the adoption would cost around \$5500. My grandmother

got five numbers in the lottery and gave my parents \$2000 to help with the fees and requirements for the adoption application (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). The whole process affected my mom in that she went through an emotional pregnancy. Although she was not carrying me, she gained weight and was nauseous all the time, and this pregnancy lasted for 18 months instead of nine.

In the meantime, two young adults met in a sewing factory in Seoul, South Korea. They both had quiet dispositions, and came from good-sized families. They moved in together, but had to separate because they could not get along. When she found out she was pregnant, she made plans for adoption, and went to live in Esther's Home for unwed mothers. About eight months later, on August 21, 1987, I was born. I weighed six pounds, four ounces, I was 18.5 inches long, and I had Apgar scores of 9 and 10. I was a full-term pregnancy, and I was delivered naturally with pitocin (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

My parents did not find out about me until October of 1987. By then I was already 10 weeks old and had been in and out of the hospital with gastroenteritis (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). When my parents received my picture they carried it around everywhere. My mom said it was better than when she was pregnant with my brothers because she always wondered what they would look like. With me she knew, it was just a matter of time until I arrived.

There was a little bit of a delay until I came home. Somehow my Visa was lost, and by January of 1988 I was still with my foster mother in South Korea. Eventually, the paperwork went through and I arrived at Kennedy Airport in New York City on Friday, January 29, 1988. My parents and brothers had driven to New Jersey the day before and

stayed with friends for the night (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

When they picked me up in the morning there were a lot of tears; after seven years of waiting they finally had their little girl.

When I came home I was not much of a newborn. I was five months old and weighed 14 pounds; I would start crawling only a month later. I had two teeth and I was eating solid foods. I did not like baby food, only pancakes and pizza, and my parents found out the hard way that I was lactose intolerant (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). My grandmother gave me my first haircut because she could not stand to look at my head. The front half of my head was shaved because of the IVs I had in the hospital in South Korea, and I had a bald spot on the back of my head from the way I slept (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

When I came home I was irritable, but aware of my surroundings as I knew I was someplace different. In order to help me adjust, my parents had me sleep in their bed for the first few nights, and they held me a lot, too. They found the best thing to help me adjust was a bottle of water. I used to eat every few hours and would be up many times during the night. In order to help me, and my parents, get through the night, they would give me a bottle of water in my crib. If I woke up I could find it and drink it until I fell back asleep (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

It took me a while to get used to my dad; I would not look at him when I came home as I was only around women in South Korea. In order to get me to like him, he would give me everything I wanted. I used to sit on his lap and watch *Fraggle Rock* on TV. There was one day when my mom was asleep and my brothers and dad had to take

care of me. It was on that day, nobody really remembers exactly when that was, that we clicked (J. Miller, personal communication, February 9, 2007).

My brothers took me to school for show and tell. JL was in second grade, and Timothy was in kindergarten. They introduced me to all of their classmates, and they handed out bubble gum cigars that said, "It's a girl" (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007). They liked having a little sister, and I loved playing with them. They would make me laugh by putting me in a diaper box and shoving me across the room to each other. I slept in their old crib, and I was baptized in their old christening gown (M. Miller, personal communication, February 8, 2007).

My mom told me that she was glad that God took away her ability to have kids. If He had not, then she probably would have kept having them, and would have never known the miracle of adoption. The Adoption Creed says, "Not flesh of my flesh, nor bone of my bone, but still miraculously my own. Never forget for a single minute that you didn't grow under my heart, but in it." I do not have the same genes as my parents, but I am still their kid. I got my quietness from my birth parents, and my love of reading from my birth dad. But I got my love of basketball, my sarcasm, and my sense of humor from my real dad.

I am grateful that my birth mom decided to give me up for adoption. It was not because she did not like or want me, it was because she loved me. She loved me enough to realize that she could not take care of me, and wanted the best for me, which was not with her. My real parents did a great job in raising me. It does not matter that I do not look like them, what matters is that I am their kid, and I always will be no matter what I look like, or what I turn out to be. I will always be theirs.