Suicide The Silent Partner Of
Abusive Adoption
By
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No apology, prison sentence, or compensation can return the innocence raped from my childhood as an adoptee.

Adoption—even when loving and deeply well-intentioned—can leave a profound wound. When it happens before a child can reason, at the level of core identity, adoption can be experienced as abandonment, and abandonment can become the child's false conclusion:

"is my fault."

I had been branded as responsible for the shame to the "good name" of the family. I had never been special or loved.

I cried, "I cannot bear anymore." Suicide whispered, "you can quit hurting." Many other adopted children have heard the same whisper.

At 13, a final third attempt to go over the rainbow should have been successful. In a fallow oat field I took seconals and sliced my left arm with a straight edge razor. Two teenagers who had stolen a car saw my legs and stopped. They put me in the back seat with the intention of raping me. The passenger began yelling, "no man, no if she dies her blood is all over" They took me to the nearest hospital and pushed my body out on the asphalt. An ambulance was entering directly behind. I was taken inside, stomach pumped and wrists stitched. When I awoke, an elderly man was stroking my forehead, with tears in his eyes, saying, "what could possibly be so bad that a child as young as you would want to do this?" I would cry for hours. Then anger and understanding I could

not even control when I died caused cold dead anger to fill the empty spaces of my being.

If adoption is meant to rescue children, then adopted children must never be left alone inside a system that stops looking once papers are signed and money has been exchanged. Protection must continue after placement, after celebration, after the world assumes the child has been saved. The measure of adoption cannot be the intentions of adults; it must be the safety, dignity, and the healthy survival of the child.