

My Heart's Whole Again

Miracles do happen as Kathy found out when she was reunited with the baby she gave up for adoption

A week after my 60th birthday, I received an email asking, "Does February 12, 1968 mean anything to you?"

February 12, 1968 meant the world to me. It was the day my baby was born – and the day my baby was taken from me.

I was 16 and living in Zambia when I found out I was pregnant. My mother immediately sent me to a home for unmarried mothers in Rhodesia, where, under sedation, I gave birth to my baby, who was taken away from me at once.

I cried so many tears but my mum had decided that

my baby would be adopted – and that was that.

I was so desperate to see my baby, I crept out of bed in the dead of night and attempted to get to the babies ward on the next floor. As I sneaked up the stairs, a cleaner asked where I was going. The tears were streaming down my face as I tried to tell her that I'd never seen my baby and I didn't even know if I'd had a boy or a girl.

The cleaner took me back to my bed but soon returned and whispered to me that I had a beautiful little girl.

The next day, I signed the papers so my baby could be adopted and then returned home, where my mum



Me (second left) with Jade, Tammy and Sue

refused to speak about what had happened.

In April 1968, I was shipped back to Scotland, in disgrace, with my mum. I thought about my baby all the time but, as I couldn't talk to my mum about her, I bottled it all up inside me. It became my dark secret, although I did tell my husband, Rab, before we got married and he was very understanding.

I was heartbroken but all I could do was wait, desperately hoping that, one day, my baby would get in touch.

Rab and I had three sons and, ten years ago, we adopted a lovely little girl,

Jade. At last, I had a daughter – but I still longed for my first daughter.

And then, last November, the email arrived.

I replied straight away. "On that day," I wrote, "I had to leave behind the most precious thing in my life. I can only hope this is the miracle I've been hoping for ever since."

The email was from a lady called Sue Ettamayr, a friend of the family who had adopted my baby – who Sue told me was called Tammy – 43 years ago. I couldn't thank Sue enough for tracking me down but I was desperately worried about speaking to Tammy. What if she only wanted to tell me she hated me for giving her away?

My fears disappeared when, later that day, I had an online reunion with Tammy through

Skype, which meant I was able to talk to my baby and see her – through the tears!

My baby had become a beautiful woman. She lived in Oregon with her partner, her 22-year-old daughter and two step-daughters – and she'd wanted to find me just as much as I'd wanted to find her.



Tammy as a child

I was determined not to waste another minute. By the end of our chat, we'd arranged that Tammy would come to Scotland in February so we could spend her birthday together.

On February 9, 2012 we met Tammy and her partner at Edinburgh Airport. There were so many tears, especially from Jade, who was very excited about her new big sister.

We spent three wonderful weeks getting to know each other. After 44 years, I had my baby back.

Tammy returned to the States at the end of February but we've arranged to visit Tammy and her family in June, when I'll meet my new granddaughter, Sienna.

I'll never lose my little girl again. Now I have Tammy, my heart's whole again.

One of Tammy's favourite songs is the Rolling Stones' *Let's Spend The Night Together* and Kathy says she used to play it all the time when she was pregnant!



On holiday in 1981 with my three boys – Jason, Stuart and Robert

There were so many tears – after 44 years I had my baby back!

"I'd Almost Given Up Hope"

"I grew up knowing I was adopted but all I knew about my natural mother was that she was called Kathy Dunn and she was 16 when she had me in Zimbabwe or Rhodesia as it was then known," says Tammy Eddy.

"I desperately wanted to meet Kathy but I'd almost given up hope. Then Sue, my adoptive brother's godmother, found his mother and asked if I wanted her to find mine. I gave Sue my adoption papers and, a year later, she told me that she'd found my mom – and she was desperate to speak to me.

"Mom and I have so much in common – we like the same clothes, TV programmes, books, shoes and music. Meeting my mom is a dream come true."



Tammy and her adoptive brother, Grant