

A LETTER TO MY BIRTHMOTHER

“In a sense, I have been adopted twice...”

by Eric C. Bohnet

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Although we have not met in many years, I'm sure you remember me. I am the child you placed for adoption decades ago.

I can only imagine the difficulties you must have faced, but I want to send my deepest heartfelt thanks for the love you showed in your decision to place me for adoption. For while I can never know what our lives together might have been like, I do know that my life since being adopted has been greatly blessed.

My parents have been wonderful. They have always given me all the love that parents could give to a child. Mom is a schoolteacher and a terrific cook. She has always set high (but reachable) standards for me and has taught me much about love and commitment.

Dad is also an educator and has provided a fine model of Christian manhood with his dedication both to family and to his ministry as a Lutheran school principal.

From the beginning, they have instilled in me a love of books and learning, which carried me through college and law school. They taught me respect, honesty and a firm sense of right and wrong. Most important, they continually told me about the great love Jesus Christ has for me, opening my mind and heart to the faith-building workings of the Holy Spirit.

In a sense, I have been adopted twice—once by my earthly parents and again by the Almighty Creator of the universe, through the atoning death and resurrection of His only begotten Son, Jesus.

Today, I have a family of my own, with a loving wife, an adorable daughter (finally, someone who looks like me!) and a new baby boy. I am grateful to my parents for teaching me how to be a good husband and father, and to you for giving me the chance to learn from them.

In part because of my experience as an adoptee, I have been especially drawn to the pro-life movement and particularly to ministries aimed at persuading women to choose life for their babies. One of the greatest shocks I have experienced in these endeavors is the negative attitude many such women have toward adoption. Even women who intend to abort their children often respond in horror, “I could never do such a thing,” when the adoption option is suggested.

As one who knows well the blessings of adoption, I cannot understand how a mother could believe that her child would be better off killed in an abortion than given life in a

loving home through adoption. Yet, each time I hear of such a story, I am reminded again how blessed I am that you did not share this attitude but instead chose life for me. And not only life, but life in a home with both a mother and the loving Christian father that you could not have provided. Our story will not end with one of those reunions we so often hear about. Like most adoptees, I have no plans to search for you. Although I think about you often, feel that it would be best for both of us to keep our adoption in the past and remain anonymous from each other until we meet someday in heaven (I pray that you, as I, have a saving faith in Jesus).

Instead, I am writing this letter to thank and encourage all the birthmothers who may read it, beginning, of course, with you. You made the right choice, and I thank God every day for that.

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