

My name is Andrea Aparo, and I am writing to you today, as a former Connecticut resident and adoptee. I was adopted in October, 1968, through Catholic Family Charities by my loving, nurturing, and caring parents. Since learning of my adoption at the age of 8, "being adopted" became who I was. It was all-consuming for many years of my life. Though the love from my parents was unconditional, there was more to be discovered about who I really was. Where did I get my thick head of unruly hair? Why is my nose shaped a certain way? Do I carry traits that could potentially harm a future child I might have? My curiosity became an immediate concern once I started a family of my own. My oldest son about 17 months old when a growth was found on his scalp. He was seen by numerous doctors and had testing done, ultimately having to have major surgery, to remove the tumor, down to the skull. Though traumatic for my family, as an adoptee, and new mom, I was determined to find out if there were any genetic markings in my family history, that I should know about. This is every person's right as a human being. I took the appropriate steps, contacting the agency for medical information. It was then that I was asked if I wanted to contact my birth mother, if they could locate her. After much thought, I decided to add my name to the waiting list. Trying to put that out of my mind was difficult, at best. Knowing that I had my parents' support helped me proceed with the search. A few months went by before I was contacted again. This time, to let me know that they had gotten to my name, and would contact my birth mother, to let her know I was searching for her. Due to circumstances with her current family dynamics, she requested that I contact her at a certain time. Several phone calls and letters later, I met my birth mother in September, 1998. Meeting her was the most surreal moment of my life, and one that I will never forget. I was able to learn of my medical history, and understand risk factors that I carry genetically. I was given the opportunity to meet my biological "father", but declined. Knowing my medical history from him was all I needed. October, 2015, I was able to spend my very first birthday with the woman who brought me into this world. I will cherish that forever. Distance makes it difficult to continue the relationship we both would like, but we make the most of it, with phone calls, texts, and letters. Adoptees deserve to find themselves. It is our basic right. Who we are can define the person we become. Without that knowledge, there will always be a missing link. For some, like my brother, who was also adopted, things take a different turn. He turned to drugs, as a result of feeling "unwanted". He couldn't see it as being wanted by our parents. Just that his birth mother didn't want him. The circumstances of his birth didn't matter to him. His teenage years were unsettling, leading him to drop out of school. He started to find himself later, as he approached his twenties. Unfortunately, we had to bury my brother, a month before his 21st birthday. Alcohol and poor choices took him from us. Had he been given the ability to know himself, maybe he could have avoided the path he took in life. We will never know. Please pass this bill, so that every person can truly know themselves.

Thank you!

Andrea Aparo

Andrea Aparo
Independent Executive
Gold Canyon Candles
Phone: (702)283-9774
AndieScents.mygc.com