

My name is Alaina Reynolds.

I was put up for adoption upon birth.

Like many adopted children, as much as the love from my adoptive family was wonderful, there was always a void. I always wondered, who were my parents. Why did they give me up? Did they ever think of me? As I grew, these questions became more and more painful. They rang louder in my mind than anything, overpowered all of my other thoughts. And they never stopped. Luckily, because I grew up in Pennsylvania I was able to find my birth mother. It was a painful experience, but one that I needed to grow. We didn't end up having the relationship I had dreamed about. In fact, we have no relationship at all. But being able to find out for myself, and see that that relationship wasn't what I wanted and she wasn't who I wanted eased my pain. As the years went by, my pain faded, and eventually I reached out and found my father as well. I was lucky enough to find him quickly, and to be wanted by him, even though I was not by my mother. All of this was possible because of Adoptee rights. I no longer feel like there is a piece of me missing. That is truly what it feels like as an adopted child. It's confusing, and it's painful. The questions in your mind never go away until they have answers. They don't stop or fade with time. Please, give Connecticut adoptees the right to find their peace. Fight for their ability to feel whole. No matter how lucky you may be with the family you get placed with as an adoptee, you always want to know where you're from. Please give them the right.

Sincerely,

Alaina Reynolds