

# *The summer I found my mum*

Last summer was an interesting one for me, two weeks after my 18th birthday. It was a 1920s hot summers evening and I was with my mum and dad at home, when there was a knock on the door. I answered it. At the door, there was a dark coffee coloured lady with beautiful curls and large eyes staring at me. She made me feel that I was looking in the mirror, she resembled me. This lady said to me that she was my mother. At that time I felt sick because I have wondered about the way I looked. My mother always told me that I had a throw back and I resembled granddad. I have never met granddad, because he died before I was born and I couldn't tell much from the black and white photos. I dismissed the fact that this lady was actually my mother.

My stomach was sicker and I had feeling of doubt. Mum yelled out from the kitchen, "Who is at the door, is everything alright". I yelled back, "It is the door to door sales people". Then I turned around and I said that she is not my mother and she does not appear in my birth certificate, so the lady left. She was sad with tear drops rolling down her eyes but she did mention that I was turning out well. I thought it was a little bit strange that she said my mum is not my mother. That evening I asked mum at dinner whether I was adopted. Mum said that I wasn't but I didn't believe her because she took a slight pause and her face turned pale when I asked the question.

After dinner, I went to bed. I couldn't sleep. My mum has never made me feel that I was different, not even for a moment. The next morning I felt sad because I felt that she's not telling the truth. I did not want to hurt her, but I had to ask her again for the last time, her reply was the same thing. The next day I was having a normal day when mum started crying. I was outside so she thought that I couldn't hear her. I heard her pain from outside. She was saying to dad that she thinks that I found out that I was adopted. I was shocked and at that moment I no longer knew who I was anymore. I felt cheated about my identity. My curls, my dark skin and my eyes resembled the lady at the door. I was not white.

I decided to ask my mum again at dinner about my heritage. She said that I was adopted. She said that being adopted does not mean that she loves me any less. I was her only child and I meant everything to her. She has had me since I was two weeks old. She has never been away from me in the last 18 years, ever since my

adoption, not even for one night. I felt sad because she lied to me. She also told me that my parents aren't dead. My mum lives in Alice Springs and my dad is living in London. I was so happy that my parents weren't dead. I was ready to pack my bags and go to London to see my dad and to go to Alice Springs to see my mum. I ran up stairs and got my bag. I told my mum that I loved her and

I thanked her for giving me the life that I had. I thanked her for helping me to get into law school, loving me every day and being there for me. I told her that I will head back home when I have found out who I was because I want to know about me. Then I headed off to London. I telegraphed, Mr Jones, my biological dad to say that I wanted to meet him, and I was on the way to London. When I arrived there I took a taxi to Mr Jones' address and knocked on his door. Mr Jones answered the door. I dropped all my bags and hugged him. He pushed me back and said "Who are you to hug me like that". He then looked at my face, and said "Izak, what are you doing here", he said. Sadly, I returned to Australia, and went to Alice Springs to look for my biological mum.

When I arrived at my biological mum's camp, my nanna yelled out "He came to us" and then my mother said that I going to stay with her, so I stayed. I learnt who I was, got to know my mob. After two years living with my with nanna and my biological mother Nancy we found out that Mr Jones, my dad had died. I did not eat for a week, and my mother didn't eat for two weeks. I felt I did not know my father and I did not learn about my other half of the heritage. Then a year later went my mother Nancy died, I felt so sad and was happy that I got to know her. Then I went back to Sydney to live with my parents again. My mum and dad were happy to see me again. Now I am married with three children and I ask my children where they get their nose and eyes from. They say from Nanna Nancy because my family in Alice Springs tell them that.

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