

Third Place Prose – High School

New but warm hearts

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Grade: 9

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Sometimes I wonder what my life would be like if I wasn't adopted. From time to time, I envision the life that I could be living. I think about how my birth parents made the biggest decision in their lifetime. How they could just give up a child. About how they could be thinking about me just like I do them. Most importantly, I contemplate about how they will never be able to witness me, take my first step, say my first word, go to college, or even comfort me when I need them the most. They will never be able to see their child grow up.

I've considered the DNA kits that people have that could help you find some of your ancestors. But then I remind myself, if my parents didn't put any contact information on my adoption papers it's because they don't wish to meet me. But it's okay, because maybe they just didn't want to have to relive the idea of giving up their first child. Even though I ended up with an exceptional family, I still wonder about them.

Both of my parents were really youthful so somehow I can understand how they could put me up for adoption. They both had great long lives ahead of them and they couldn't pass up such a great opportunity and a child would just be challenging at the time, right? My mom was a few years under twenty or around there somewhere and so was my dad. Even though they didn't actually know me and what I was like, I couldn't anticipate if they would still give me up for adoption.

Someday my family and I are going to take a trip to Korea to see where my brother and I are from. I hope to meet my foster mom and thank her for temporarily taking care of me. I would love to explore the city and learn about a new culture. I hope to be there soon and to realize my adoption was the best thing for me even if there is a question throughout my life that wonders who my birth parents are, and how they are doing.

Every once in a while we'll do labs in our class or stories about us and our parents. For example one of my classes for school we have to see what physical traits us and our parents have in common, and draw a pedigree and a family tree that shows how the traits are passed down through the family. But sometimes it's a little harder for me because I don't have anything in common with my parents, or anyone I'm related to. Even when we have to write stories about our parents and what their first words were when we were born, I can't do that either. But for me when I was adopted I use that as my birth example. Like what my parents said when they first saw me when they went to pick me up from the adoption agency. Even though my stories and memories are a little different from everyone else. That's what makes them so special, and the fact that I have these memories with my parents.

If I had the chance to meet my birth parents I would acknowledge the idea but I feel that I wouldn't really want to. I think it would be safer for me and them to not meet each other because it would just bring up old feeling for them and we wouldn't have to worry about anything. I wouldn't be leaving my family anyway so I find no reason to meet them when there halfway around the world.

If my family hadn't adopted me, I may still have been living in a foster home in Taegu, South Korea. Even though my foster parents were tremendous, I still wouldn't be here, if it weren't for my mom and dad. Without them I wouldn't be living the life I am now. I have a great life and great memories and I wouldn't trade it for anything. Because this is me and my family, and this is where I was meant to be. Even though I'm a little different that's okay because it makes me who I am and shows that I'm unique, and that this is where I belong.