

To my forcibly adopted sons

I wanted you from the very start and my life became complete the day you arrived. I have never known love until you arrived and turned my entire world around. You will know all of this by the many letters I've written to you that you will one day get a chance to read. Our lives together were whole and fulfilling and then came that fateful day when we put our trust in a medical practitioner because we thought something was wrong.

I was once a mother, a wife, a friend, a daughter. Now, the closest thing I could call myself is perhaps a Zombie. Like a zombie, I'm dead inside except for one ultimate overpowering urge, to be with you again. The day you were stolen from my life, I became an uncaged prisoner of England. I can never leave this island of heartbreak whilst you remain in the grasp of your captors.

Have you ever heard of a day that repeats itself in a continual loop, well that has been my life since the day you were wrongly taken from my life. I need to explain to you my darling sons in case something should happen to me as to why I died the day you were stolen by a country that does not care about its citizens but more importantly, where its children is a commodity of trade. My boys, you did nothing wrong. I did nothing wrong, we are victims caught in the middle of a financial war profiteering from people. I need you to understand that whilst I have been changed by this torture I have been forced to endure, one thing will always remain constant, and that is my love for you and I will spend the rest of my life trying to get you back home with me.

I have had to watch you grow up as a bystander in your lives whilst they shopped around for your new caretaker. Your bedrooms are still the same as the day you left them even though you have not slept in your beds for more than 4 years now. If you look inside the cupboards you will find presents, each labelled with a year of your birthday, Christmas, Easter and Valentine's Day. I know it may seem silly to do this as you will probably be an adult by the time you find them, but it is just my way of being with you on your special days. There are many we will have missed but please know that although so much time is passing, every single second of my life is with you. Christmases, birthdays or any kind of event is now just a day because I have nothing to celebrate without you in my life. My dreams are filled with you and I wake up crying inconsolably. I am but a shell now. In fact my boys, I can remember exactly the last time I laughed. It was the last time I saw the two of you in a supervised contact centre and you two were playing in the garden. Then you were taken to be given to someone else. I died that day.

These people who profess to know more about a person's life have instead destroyed ours. They have taken away my joy, my reason for existing and have instead forced the creation of a rebellion and a monster in me that they can no longer control. I have nothing left to lose. They have desensitized me to fear them and their bullying tactics. They have turned a once law abiding citizen into someone who no longer cares about their laws built on corruption by people they fear themselves.

I have had to sit through intensive character assassination from complete strangers who know nothing of me and have only met me a handful of times. They attacked my childhood, my family, my way of life, my culture, my very existence. They made assumptions of everything without obtaining a single item of clarity. They criticized my clothing, the way I walked, talked and even my silence. They have intimidated me and threatened me. They've labelled me as a risk to you because I may not be able to keep you safe from harm in the future although they were very quick to acknowledge just how much I loved you and how close we were. I have weathered all of this because of my love for you and that will love will keep me together until I can hold you again.

If future risk of harm is reason to remove a child from their parent, then how did the UK survive any wars? By sending soldiers to Iraq or Afghanistan and placing their lives on the line goes far beyond placing a parent's child in direct harm but yet this same country relies on them to keep all safe? Double Standards? My son's, I plead with you to never volunteer to defend this country that would not protect you. You have each faced your own personal war this country has forced you to endure. You are a victim of its draconian policies and its spineless judiciary and policy makers. This country will owe you far more than an explanation; they owe you individually an apology amongst other things.

My sons, I have shared with you my heartbreak but it can only be a drop in an ocean to what you have been through. I am an adult and know the differences, but for you boys, this trauma is all you will have ever known since very young and I am so sorry for that. This is something no one should ever know or experience. You became on that fateful day, prisoners yourself. You are being moulded to a strangers specific requirements unable to be free to be who you are meant to be and unable to grow up within your own family. Please know that I will always be here for you and when you are ready, we can explore all of what has happened to you together and get you answers. You deserve that and I promise to you that I will make that happen.

I love you with all my heart  
For now and forever

Mum



# TaKen

[www.takenuk.com](http://www.takenuk.com)

**Note: This document was submitted to TaKen UK by one of the many affected by wrongful forced removal and adoption of children in the UK. The authors details have been protected.**