

Legacy of an Adopted Child

Once there were two women, neither knew the other
One you do not remember, the other you call mother.

One gave you a nationality, the other gave you a name
One gave you the seed of talent, the other gave you an aim.

Two very different lives shaped yours into one
One became your guiding star, the other was your sun.

One gave you emotions, and one calmed your fears
One saw your first sweet smile, the other dried your tears.

The first gave you life, the second taught you to live it.
The first gave you a need for love, the second was there to give it.

One gave you up—it was all that she could do,
The other prayed for a child—God led her straight to you.

And now you ask me through your tears,
The age-old question of all the years,
Heredity or Environment, which are you a product of?

Neither darling, neither ... just two different kinds of Love.

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