Makenna Dawson, Narrator

Minnesota, 2014

Immigrant Story Script

Recently, mom told me my adoption story again. She told me getting my older sister was easy. She was just in her arms one day. But me, on the other hand, I was a little bit more difficult.

By the time my parents were ready to adopt another child, my mom was already 40 years old, and at that time, the South Korean government had a policy that no one 40 or older could adopt a child. As the story goes, my parents were heart-broken because they desperately wanted another child from the same country as their first. They thought there was no way they would be able to get another child. But suddenly, as they were waiting for their paperwork, the South Korean government changed their policy and now anyone under the age of 45 could adopt. My parents’ paperwork was submitted and they were approved for a second daughter.

They received a picture in the mail and three months later, I arrived. Mom tells me it was the best day of her life, that hot August 4th 1995 day when she got to hold me for the first time.

My parents never hid the fact that I was adopted, and I was always aware that I looked different than them. However, there was always one thing that I never understood. My mom used to say getting me was a miracle. I never thought of my adoption that way. I was just me and adoption just happened and that was that. But after hearing the story again, and seeing my adoption picture on my mom’s bookshelf by her bed even 18 years later, I realized maybe to my parents I was a miracle. When I asked my mom why she kept the picture there, she told me it was so she could see me every night before she went to bed and be reminded of that day that changed her life. That was the day we became a family.