

What Is Lost Can Still Be Found

Category: Loss

written by Susan Berry | July 3, 2025

When I was sixteen, I found myself unexpectedly pregnant. It's a story that many recognize. A teenager from a troubled home life, seeking love, and believing it found in the first boy who showed kindness.

My strict parents were far from pleased by the news, but allowed me to keep the baby. The baby's father, however, quickly disappeared.

I was determined to be the best mother I could be. Yet, my own mother had other plans. From the moment my daughter came home from the hospital, I'd often wake to find her in my mother's room, who would insist that I return to bed—alone. I was confused that the nurturing woman who held my baby was so different from the cold mother I grew up with.

Things reached a breaking point during a family visit. My mother cradled my daughter, surrounded by relatives doting on her, while I felt completely invisible watching from across the room.

At that moment, something snapped in me. After everyone had gone, I asserted that I was my daughter's mother, not her. A fierce argument followed, and my father insisted I immediately leave the house, forbidding me from taking my daughter. I went with the hope of returning for her.

By the time I could come back, my parents had filed for, and were granted, temporary custody. A few months later, they obtained full custody.

I was no longer allowed in their home until long after my daughter was grown and living independently. She's always known I was her biological mother, but our reconnection as adults lacked a solid foundation. Eventually, she felt the effort to maintain a relationship wasn't worth it, and I experienced that loss all over again.

It's been fifty years since the day I fled my parents' home. I am the mother of two other beautiful children and have been blessed to experience the joys of motherhood to the fullest.

But I'm currently grappling with a serious illness, and my time to reconnect with my oldest daughter is running short.

While loss can be overwhelming, love possesses an equally powerful force, and it is this love that keeps hope alive in my heart.

The poet Edmund Spenser once wrote: "What is lost can still be found."

I hold onto that belief. And perhaps one day, when I am no longer here, my daughter will read the letter I've left behind for her—a heartfelt note from a mother to a precious child. A child she longed to cherish from the moment she heard her take her first breath. And will continue to love long after I

take my last.

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