

NÖEk Lapja – 7 Jan. 2004

(nr. 2. / pg. 36-37)

“My original name: Mónika Varga”

As we promised, we shall now tell you about the story of the American teacher who was given up for adoption by her birth mother in 1958. She doesn't know much about her. A young Hungarian girl with brown eyes and full of hopes gave birth to her, who ended up across the ocean during the 56 turmoil. Deborah's story begins here, in Buffalo. At her birth she was named Mónika...

We all want to know who our ancestors are, where we originate from, what kind of background our families and relatives had when we were born. It's the same for people who grew up adopted. They are searching for their lifelines, connections...

These are the opening words of our series. I would only like to add, that the many stories we keep receiving (some of which remain unfinished, as the searches might not end with meetings) tell us, that humans, these sceptical, restless, superficial beings want certainty. Especially about their own lives. Because wherever we live, in time and in space we are surrounded by so much uncertainty. Maybe this is why it is important to know about the beginnings for sure.

“I've been looking for her for twenty-five years”

How could I have known that an incredible woman lives in New York state, called *Deborah Deuro-Naughton*. I could not have any idea that her message would get to me through some strange providence. I would never even have dreamt that a few months after her letter (in which she was searching for her birth mother), appeared in our magazine she'd fly to Budapest and meet with me.

The day before they flew home we spent a very moving afternoon together. The meeting was very moving for me. With Deborah's help I got to know many unknown territories of the human soul which have been locked away deeply under many layers. I thank her for this!