

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

1759

by Sue Thompson

She crept back in time, counting down the years. Logging each person, each DNA match. And then there it was 1759. That's the first connection, to who she really was. Proof that the man she knew as her step father was really her biological father. You couldn't change that it was in black and white. The man she had loved as her own father who had loved her back unconditionally was of her blood. The joy was overwhelming.

But it was bitter sweet, for he had died on the 8th of August 1959. Did he know that he was her father she wondered. She was sure he did not as he would have said something. No, her mother had lied and deceived everyone. Even the authorities, for she had put the fathers name on the birth certificate as the man she was married to. He had not stayed around and so Heather had never known him anyway. And so the journey begins.

9,418 miles away in England a computer jumped into life and the inbox pinged with a new email. This was no ordinary email. Sue read and re read the contents taking in every detail. She quickly opened up her Ancestry account and found her tree and worked her way back through the generations, until she came to 1759 and sure enough, there was a connection.

The email was full of emotion and sadness. Sue could feel the woman's pain. She just wanted answers and to change her identity to reflect who she really was.

These two women would probably never meet but they shared a common bond. They shared the same twigs that twisted and coiled around each other, telling a story. Growing through time weaving their way back to 1759.

But this is the end of this story for Heather cannot prove categorically that Ronald was her biological father for in order to do that the DNA has to be from 1st cousins and not 5th cousins.

It is not the end though she knows he was her father and Sues tree has formed new twiglets that she never knew existed. And new leaves have been found to add to her tree. Filling in more of the gigantic jigsaw of life and relationships.