

2 – My Son’s conception and birth:

In 1981, I was again continuously sexually assaulted.

This time, by my Mom’s older, I think between 25 and 28-year-old Stepson from her 1st Marriage. Who had come to stay by us for a few months. He had just been released from prison.

With my Mom and dad at work, and me being at home looking after my now 8 month old daughter. He made use of every opportunity to have sex with me.

He was very threatening, and I did not know how I could tell my parents.

My parents, at this time were constantly fighting with each other. And my dad was drinking heavily. The situation at home was very volatile, with regular outbursts between my Mom and Dad.

Now, knowing the symptoms. I suspected I was pregnant again.

The memories of what happened with the conception and birth of my daughter was still fresh in my mind. I kept quiet for as long as I could, out of fear for how my parents were going to react.

The day came however, when again, I was taken to the Doctor. And he confirmed that I was pregnant.

Again, my parents sent me to a place for unmarried young mothers. This time I cannot remember where it was. I think the double trauma so close together, had taken its toll on me. I suspected it was on the West Rand in the Roodepoort area.

Once there. I was regularly asked if I would give up my baby for adoption. And I always replied “NO...!”

When I was taken to Discoverers Hospital for the delivery. There was absolutely no family with me when I gave birth to my beautiful son on the 17th September 1981. No Parents. No friends. Nobody.

I remember after giving birth being asked again if I would give my son up for adoption. Again, I replied “NO...!”



My son was born weighing 3.1 Or 3.2 kg. Slightly smaller than my daughter.

He was a beautiful son with a unique feature. He had a mark under his nipple which almost looks like a 3rd Nipple.

Arriving home with my son was even more uncomfortable than with my daughter. The tension in the house could be felt at every moment.

Then, when he was about three months old. Suddenly, and without any warning, some people arrived at the house claiming they were Welfare workers. My Mom and Dad were at work and these people just took my son away.

I was left there all alone and confused with only my daughter as company.

I would never see my son again for another 40 years. Nor did I know where he was.

I had only one photo of him which I carried with me wherever I went.

I remember the day he was taken away. He was wearing a red and white baby outfit and he had red and white coloured shoes on. This is the only memory I could hold onto for the next 40 years.

I still thought of him every day.

I prayed a prayer for my current three wonderful children every day. And a special prayer for my lost son. I trusted God had him in the palm of his hands and I know he would have brought great joy to whoever had the privilege of being his parents.

I often wondered if he is married and if he has any children of his own.

I wondered if I had possibly walked past him in a street without knowing it.

My eyes were constantly searching for any man who showed any resemblance to my eldest daughter. This, I believed, would have been the only way to recognize him as an adult man.

My Husband, Leonard, has been very supportive and patient with me over the years. And from 2008 was actively trying to find my son.

We started a Facebook page “Son where are you...”

<https://www.facebook.com/SonWhereRU> and conducted many print media and Tv interviews as my plight was shared. We have been directed in many directions with people who believed they might have found my son. These all came up negative. Can you imagine the emotions I went through each time we pursued a lead?

This below. Appears regularly on the Facebook Page.

Frits Brandon. Born 17th September 1981. I have never forgotten you. I am proud I brought you into this world. I know God has a purpose for you as well. I know you have brought your parents much Joy.

*I pray for your safety every day, and hope and trust that one day I will get to meet you again.
Lots of Love. Mom*

My son, Brandon, was found on the 5th July 2022. Read 9 – I found my son.

All information supplied herein is truthful and fact. You may contact us at salome@tadford.co.za or 083 691 8819