

## 9 – I found my Son – Salome‘

Date : 5th July 2022

Day : Tuesday

Time : 05H50

The day started like any other in South Africa. Other than the load shedding we are constantly experiencing.


Ours was to start in the next 10 minutes. (06H00)

So, we are up and boiling the kettle for that very important 1st cup of coffee.

I picked up the phone to check messages before our Wi-Fi service goes off during the load shedding.

I have received a message from an unknown number at 04H16.

Gosh, I'm thinking. Who is up at 04H16 in the morning?

Lente 

5 Jul 2022, 04:16

Goeie dag jammer ek pla. Is jy die vrou wat op krugersdorp jou storie vertel het. As nie jammer ek het gepla.

At 04H53 There is a WhatsApp message: The message reads. “.... Hello eks jammer ek pla so vroeg. Maar jou storie het my in trane en ek dink ek het dalk informasie. Ek ken n Brandon sy verjaarsdag is wel die 18 de september 1981 en die die 17 de nie en op sy anemings papiere se dit Fritz Brandon olmar Erasmus. Kan dit die selle een wees?....”

Expectantly, I'm in a daze. I read the message again. And again. A numbness overwhelms me.

I call Leonard and hand him the phone. “...Less hier vir my...” is all I could say.

Leonard takes the phone and reads the message. I can see he is reading it over and over again. He hands the phone to me and suggests I ask the sender for more information.

I respond. “....Hello. Baie dankie vir die kontak. Ek sal graag meer wil weet. 😊...”

The sender immediately responds with copy of the adoption papers.

Leonard and myself go over the information on the adoption papers. Except for the date of birth being shown as the 18th September 1981.

All the boxes are checked. Hospital of birth is Discoverers which is where he was born.

Then we notice a handwritten message on the right of the adoption paper. "...Ma. Salome' Erasmus..."

It immediately strikes me. I know this handwriting. This is my Mothers Handwriting on my Son's adoption papers.

I sag back into the chair with emotion. Even Leonard has tears in his eyes.

My son is alive. Not only that. Somebody knows where he is.

Still very emotional. We are now well into load shedding and I chat with the sender as and when my phone picks up signal.

Time:- 07H14. I receive another message from an unknown sender. "...Hello daar..."

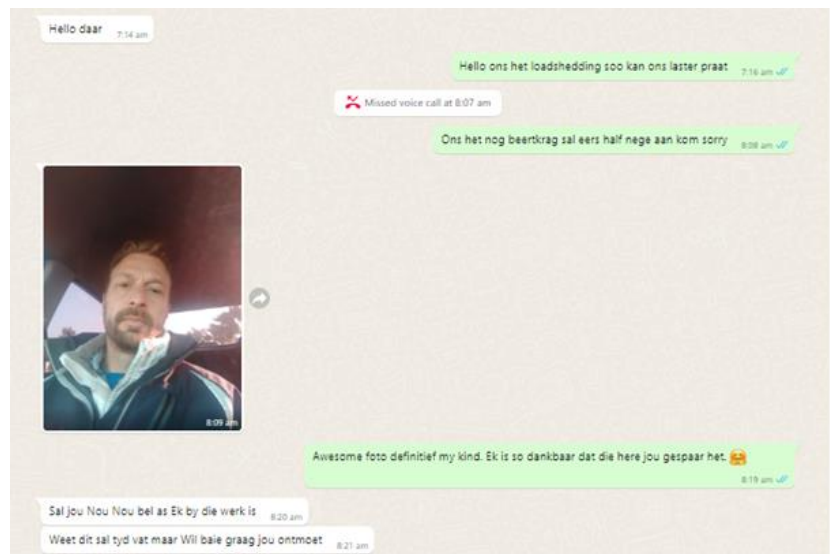
It's my son Brandon.

My 1st contact with Brandon in over 40 years is his message "...Hello daar..." We are struggling with signal and communication is difficult.

Time:- 07H16 – I receive a call from the 2nd unknown number. **IT'S MY SON BRANDON.....** Again, I am overwhelmed with emotion. **I'M ACTUALLY TALKING WITH MY SON.....**

But the signal disappears after 3 minutes of chatting.

Time:- 08H32. Load shedding is lifted and we have signal. Brandon calls again..... We chat. And he called another few times after that.



Time:- 13H20. Leonard and myself are in the car and we are on our way to Pretoria. I am eventually going to meet my son. Still filled with emotion and not knowing what to expect. We drive in relative silence.

I did manage to record a short video about how I felt meeting son. I feel this needs to be documented.

Time:- 14H25pm. We arrive at the venue and make our way to the restaurant.

Time:- 14H40pm. I have my arms around my son.

After over 40 years I finally get to hold my son in my arms again. Even though I have to stand on my toes to reach around his neck. He has grown up to be quite a tall man.

A few cups of coffee and lot's of chatting. The day is drawing to a close, but I don't want to go home. I want to stay in this moment forever.

We eventually have to leave. That night I climb into bed.

My prayers have changed. It's no longer

*"..... keep him safe and return him to me..."*

My prayers now are.

*"....Thank you God for returning him to me and for keeping him safe all these years...."*

We chat as much as we can between his work commitments and me getting through my day.

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to so many people who have walked this journey with me.

Leonard. Who has supported me and driven this forward through the years.

My children. Who for years have listened to me speak of their elder brother.

My family and friends. Who have encouraged me never to give up.

And a very special Thank you to Linde for contacting me and letting me know of my son. Lente, you are my angel. God Bless you.....

Others. People who I don't know and have never met who have through the years sent me messages of encouragement.

Thank you all so much Love from a very proud mother.

Salome'

**All information supplied herein is truthful and fact.**

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