

TO BE THE DAUGHTER OF LESBIANS. THE HOMOPARENTAL FAMILY FROM THE CHILD'S POINT OF VIEW

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Abstract

I confess: I belong to a homoparental, reunified family, with asian adopted daughters. Sumarising, at the age of two and after my parents' divorce, a lived with my mother, who a little later found a partner of the same sex. Years after they adopted two little girls. That was 28 years before the start of this story. My mothers' first weddomg anniversary was 10 years ago.

There have been many changes in our family situation and in mine, in particular, as a daughter. I am referring to the social and personal changes, and an inevitable mixture of the two. Because the calendar and history have advanced while I grew and matured. Therefore my situation will never be repeated, fortunately.

But no victimism nor dramatism. I have been a happy child, with the same and more opportunity than anyone. I don't think that everyone can say that. I do not think that this is linked to the family model one lives in (and there are many). My first family (to call it such as my family is my partner and I, and the family we intend to form, obviously) was and still is normal. It seems obvious and useless to state that, and therefore I am angry at having to repeat it over and over again, but the thing is that life has shown me that it is not so easy to believe. At one time I even ended up by not believing it either.

I grew up in silence. Silence like an armour, like glass, like a shield. No being able to talk about my family in a relaxed way. To say it was not easy is silly. Another obvious description that all of us who have experienced infancy understand without an explanation. Ask now who imposed the silence on me, if it was my family of a majority public opinion conditioned by the Law, the norm, the church, the "what will they say?" etc.; the answer is simple. Indoors, peace, the overmature little girl with an adult's eyes. Of course. Because I looked with eyes etched with fire of "you wouldn't understand".

Afterwards the silence gave way to the word which was "mothers". Adolescence treated me well. I met up with progressist friends who had even more progressist parents and who applauded my confessions with fascinating interjections: I became the most modern. Since then I have lived with the fear of "I wonder what expression this one will make when he finds out", choosing who I was going to tell or not, and with growing rebellion with each time I care less. I am fed up. Fed up of carrying a load that is not mine.

After many years of waiting, I finally had my first sister. And then another one. I will save you the legal terms, a muddle. But in short: well they weren't my sisters, well I mean. And if my mothers had nil legal cover, the girls, being minors, even worse. Suffering for my mothers, who involved themselves in making useless legal wills to record their good intentions and end up in the hands of the Judges' good will, if the worst was to come. And then people say that there is no need for change. However, I was encouraged a lot by observing my sisters' social situation. I immediately realised that they were not in the same situation as I had been at their age. The word came first and silence didn't last long. Although it was with much care and secrecy, the word opened the way.

In my stupendous present mental health, which according to one's point of view could have declined, several factors have played their part: first of all, is my mothers' firmness, valour and sureness in what they were doing; secondly, the way

I was, my self esteem and my personal strength, perhaps inherent, acquired, imbibed or whatever; thirdly my knowledge of the family and social situation right from the beginning; and fourthly the final cracker: the new law.

After a whole course of coming out of the wardrobe discreetly and quietly, the law has given me a new impulse. I feel as if I have changed sides: Now I belong to the strong side. It makes me think: "Now let the others hide, who are the ones who are going against the law." I'm not very much for laws, rather against. But this law is the fruit of much struggle and must be applauded. I can't avoid this one because it has married my mothers and made me cry of the greatest happiness in my life. Because it has given my sisters my surname. Because it has given me the courage to write a book and to write these words. How silly, isn't it? A law. A few words. The power of the word. What do you know!

Well yes, a single and simple law (or at least the social debate generated, the fact that the topic has stopped being ineffable) has liberated me a little more.

Now it makes me laugh but before it made me angry to hear those who spoke as if our reality did not exist, as if permitting it, with the law, a new undesirable reality was generated. It didn't mean that. It was to do with normalising a reality and giving legal cover to an existing situation that had been unprotected for too long.

Right. Now a step has been taken towards change and it is positive. But a law does not change everyone. For that reason we must bear in mind that the main thing responsible for the emotional stability of a child will always be the family. That makes it responsible. But it gives it strength. Because, no matter what other people think, if the family walks with a firm step, the child will be strong. And so, no fears.