



Chapter 1

The Scratch on My Birth Card

*They might have erased your name, but Heaven
never did. You were known before the wound, and
loved long after it.*

I don't remember exactly what I was searching for that day, but I remember precisely what I found. I was about ten years old, tidying the house, when I came across my birth card tucked away in an old envelope (back then, government hospitals first issued birth cards with the basic birth details, which would then later be used to acquire the official birth certificate). It looked ordinary, but something about it made me stop. My eyes fell on the name section, and I noticed something unusual: the surname had been blurred out with Tippex, and on top of it, my mother's surname had been written in pen.

Curious, I tilted the paper against the light and there it was. A different surname. A different identity. A different story from the one I had always known. In that moment, something inside me shattered. I wasn't just holding a piece of paper. I was holding a truth that had been hidden, erased, covered up. My first thought was confusion. My second was pain.

And my third? Fear. Fear of what this meant. Fear of the questions that suddenly had no clear answers.

I didn't face my mother immediately. I was scared not only of her reaction but also of what her answer might reveal. But the pain inside me grew heavier each day, pressing down on my chest like a weight I couldn't lift. When I finally questioned her about it, her response was flat and dismissive.

"It was a typo at the hospital," she said.

Yet I had seen the truth. I had read the name. I wasn't foolish. I understood that mistakes on such documents weren't corrected by simply writing over them with your own hand. That wasn't a clerical error. It was a choice. A decision to conceal something from me.

The silence surrounding my father had always been deafening. Growing up, I lived with my grandparents, my mother's parents, who loved me dearly. My grandmother was the cornerstone of my world, and my grandfather was my quiet strength. He rarely spoke, but his actions spoke loudly. He would sit with me, walk or drive me to school when possible, and always made me feel valued. In his own way, he tried to fill the gap left by my absent father, never letting me feel completely alone. His steady presence was like a warm blanket over the cold ache of rejection. My mother lived with us until I was in grade four, but even then, her silence about my father was a shadow that stretched across our home.

At school, children talked about their dads easily, saying things like "My dad is picking me up today" or "My dad works at..." Then, the dreaded questions came: "Who is your father?" "Why do you use your mother's surname?" I never had a safe answer, so I made up stories. First, I said my uncle was my father, but that didn't feel right. Then I said he worked overseas, though that only brought more questions. Eventually, I told them he was dead. Lying about my father became a mask I wore to survive socially, but inside, I was sinking. The mask was heavy, and it didn't fit well. Some kids even knew more about my father than I did, snippets they had overheard from their parents' gossip. Things like "Her father is a foreigner" or "He left when she was just a baby". But no one said

those things to me directly. They let the shame trickle in slowly, indirectly, until I was soaked in it. Alone in it.

That Tippexed name wasn't just a scratch on paper. It was a scar on my identity. It whispered that I was unwanted. That I was a secret. That someone had tried to erase part of who I was. And for a long time, I believed it. But this was only the beginning of the story. The truth would unravel slowly and painfully in the years that followed. Yet even then, in that confusing and painful discovery, God was already preparing to show me that while humans may cover up, abandon, and erase... He never would. He would write my name on His heart, not in Tippex but in permanent grace.

If you've ever discovered something that shook the foundation of who you believed you were, understand this: you are not alone. The truth may hurt, but it also has the power to heal. What others try to erase, God restores. What seems like rejection is often redirection, an invitation to find your identity not in names on paper, but in the unchanging love of a Heavenly Father. Your worth isn't defined by who left, who remained silent, or what was hidden. Your worth is sealed by the One who knew you before you were born and still chose to love you, completely and unconditionally. That scratching out of your name? It's not the end of your story. It's the beginning of God's rewriting.