

It was something that I never thought I would ever hear.

I picked up the telephone and a voice said 'Hello mum.' I nearly dropped the phone. It was my son calling me - the son I'd not seen in more than three decades, since he was four weeks old.

It was the most amazing thing I'd ever heard. For more than 30 years, I'd thought about Martin constantly, about what he was doing with his life. Was he married? Did he have children?

As the years passed by, I thought I would never know....until this moment.

I'd been just 16 years old when I gave birth to Martin. My high school boyfriend Dave Lindgren and I had been dating, but then we drifted apart and broke up.

A few months later I found I was pregnant. Dave was very supportive, but we decided that the best thing would be for me to have the baby adopted after I'd given birth as I was so young.

It was an agonising decision for a young girl to make, and I really hoped I'd made the right choice for my baby.

But it was agony giving him up. He was born in September 1982 and I saw him once in the hospital and that was it. He was gone. I had to sign the official adoption papers a few months later, but I didn't get to see him. My heart ached for him.

Even though I knew I'd made the right choice - I'd given him a chance to have a good upbringing, but it never made my hurt feel any better. My heart never healed as the years went by. I was always thinking about Martin and what he was doing with his life.

I'd hoped and prayed that by the time he reached 18, that he would want to get in touch with me. But that phone call never came. I knew that I had to accept that Martin was gone. I never had another baby after Martin, so there was no child to watch growing up to try and ease the pain of losing him.

I never had an updates about how he was getting on - all I could do was imagine the sort of life that I had given him. I never stopped thinking about him.

Dave and I had gone our separate ways. I moved to Hawaii and Dave stayed in Wisconsin. And we both got on with our lives.

Then one day in December 2014, I got a phone call out the blue. It was the Wisconsin department of children and families. They told me that Martin would like to get in touch with me. I couldn't believe it. After nearly three decades, my son was trying to find me. It was like a dream come true.

We sent some emails between us - he emailed me some photos of himself, so that I knew what he looked like, and I sent him some of me in return.

Then a few days later, he picked up the phone and called me. I'd waited more than thirty years to hear my son's voice and now I was finally speaking with him. Because I had seen his photo I could imagine him at the other end of the phone too. It was such an amazing feeling. We just couldn't stop talking. I wanted to know everything about his life - I wanted to fill in all those missing years about what had happened to my son.

After I hung up from speaking to Martin, there was one phone call I wanted to make. I dialled Dave's number in Wisconsin. He picked up the phone and I told him that I had some news for him. I told him that our son had been in contact. And there was even more news too. Martin had a baby of his own - so we both had a grandson.

Dave was overwhelmed. And it was great to talk to him. We talked for three hours that first phone call - until three am. It just felt natural - like we were teenagers again. Dave had two sons and a daughter of his own too, and two step children. I told him that I'd never given birth again after Martin. We never imagined any romance would come of it, but after that first phone call we kept in touch, and texted each other daily. A few months later, in February 2015, I suggested that he come out to Hawaii to visit me.

As soon as Dave stepped off the plane and walked down the airport stairs, I saw him and saw his smile. And the chemistry between us was instant. I remembered his amazing smile from all those years ago.

We hit it off on the trip to Hawaii - it was as though we had never been apart. We became a couple and I moved back to Wisconsin to be with him. It felt so right - even after being apart for more than three decades, it felt as though we were meant to be.

Three months later, in April 2015, Dave and I met Martin for the first time - and our grandson too - on the same day. I was shaking with nerves beforehand, but as soon as I saw him, I felt such at ease. He is everything that a mother would want her to son to be. We chatted for hours - I wanted him to fill in every detail of his life that I had missed out on. Martin had always known that he was adopted, but it was the birth of his own son and him becoming a daddy himself that made him want to try and find me.

It was amazing to see Martin and what a lovely man and father he has grown up into. I feel very proud of him. His adoptive parents did a great job of bringing him up. When I see him with his son he is great with him. He is kind, funny, attentive and caring - with such a big heart and a great smile. I couldn't have asked for anything better.

We got married in August this year, under a tent outside in Wisconsin. And even better - it was Martin who married us! He has a marriage license, so he was able to conduct the ceremony for us.

I couldn't believe at that moment, that I had been lucky not only to find my son, but he had brought Dave and I back together too, after all those years. If he had never got in touch, then I wouldn't have met Dave again too. So Martin really played the matchmaker for us. And he was thrilled that he had brought us back together too.

We now see Martin every six months. He lives in Colorado, but we also speak regularly and send each other videos.

We have had a massive journey to get where we are today - there was lots of heartbreak and pain, but in the end we all found each other again. And Dave and I found love again. It really is the most amazing end to our story. Dave is my soulmate, and now we have our son in our lives again, and our grandson too. It really is like a dream come true for us. I never gave up hope of seeing Martin again, and now we are finally all together again.

Michele Newman, 52, from Wisconsin, USA.