

My name is David Berry; I was born in 1984 in Rochester, NY. I grew up there, and after completing my first two years of college at home, I moved to Miami, FL to complete my studies. I have lived there since 2004.

I took an Ancestry.com DNA test in spring 2017 to uncover details about my paternal grandfather, who passed away when my father was seven years old. Instead, after receiving test results that didn't match the ancestral origins I'd been raised to believe, my parents eventually revealed to me that I am donor conceived, and thus not my father's biological son.

Whatever misgivings I'd had about such a truth being withheld from me were minimal. In truth, I have always had a great, loving relationship with both of my parents. And while it was a shock to learn such a thing in my early 30s, I instead felt gratitude that they'd tried as hard as they had to start their family with me.

In discovering I am donor conceived, I also found two paternal half-siblings through this DNA test. Then twin sisters nine months later. Three months after that, a half-brother. Another year passed, and then another half-brother. Slowly, the rosy pictured changed as time elapsed.

Our circumstantial suspicions about the identity of our donor began to mount. Each of our mothers had seen the same fertility doctor over the course of four birth years, and we each noticeably resembled this man.

In April 2021, I decided to take matters into my own hands to confirm if our growing suspicions were right, or just pure lunacy. I cold called one of the doctor's known daughters, and much to my surprise, she not only picked up, but agreed to take a DNA test, even *after* explaining my suspicions.

One month and two tests confirmed what we'd suspected for close to four years — that the fertility doctor whom each of our mothers had sought help from, the man whom they'd entrusted with their bodies and their hopes, had also fathered their children without their knowledge.

Emotions run reasonably high in discoveries such as this, even as they are (appallingly) becoming far too common. And yet, painful emotions are the least of which must be addressed in each community where these transgressions have been committed.

Among our 10 known half-siblings, there are three who grew up as childhood best friends, and through good fortune, were only that. I and one of my half-siblings were middle school classmates; we took Italian class together and sat next to one another. One of our mother's had requested a one-time donor. Others had requested family members who looked like both parents. And absolutely none requested or even implied that the fertility doctor might use his own sperm as part of their patient care.

Each of our mothers were violated at the moment of care, and yet, in loving their children as all mothers do, we are also a daily reminder of both joy and a painful transgression.

I believe that I and others like me can both be grateful for our existence and adamant that we would be among the last to arrive in the world this way.

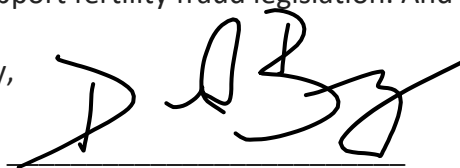
The veil of donor anonymity should never be weaponized as a tool to pierce the veil of medical ethics. It is the most sacred oath between patient and provider. Each day that lapses without the passage of fertility fraud legislation in this state is tacit endorsement of the act.

It is not a simple misdeed. It violates patients, dishonors relationships between consenting couples looking to start families, and leads to painful questions and challenges — with no recourse — for the offspring.

At its most basic level, if fertility fraud is a permissible gray area of the law, it implies to women everywhere that the physician's office is not the haven of safety and care of which they have long been assured.

I urge you to support fertility fraud legislation. And I am grateful for your time.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'D. Berry', written over a horizontal line.

David Berry