

10/06/10

To whom it may concern,

Dear Sir/Madam

I completely believe that the result of my abusive childhood and being placed in children's church home was because of the abuse my mother suffered when she was placed in St Josephs Children's Orphanage when she was 3 years old and then she was sent to a reform school at age 14 until she was 18. The story and other information is as follows.

Mum's Story

I remember mum [redacted] also known as [redacted] now deceased) telling us of the St Joseph Catholic Girls Orphanage Bathurst NSW. Mum was placed in St Josephs in 1942 when she was 3 years old until she was 8 years old with her 2 older sisters [redacted] (still living) and [redacted] (deceased). Mum's and her sisters told us stories of them scrubbing floors on their knees, being put into solitary confinement and severe punishments with leather belts and cat n 9 tails floggings if they did anything wrong. They often put to work, made wash their own sheets and clothing in the freezing cold, which caused them to suffer frostbite every winter. There often wasn't enough food to eat. According to my Aunt [redacted] apparently she was horrified at what the Nun's did to my Mum because Mum's fighting spirit used to anger the Nun's and she was often punished by them just because of it.

Living with her Father

Then Mum was taken at age 8 (B/W photo attached) to live with her father until she refused to stay with him when she turned 14, then she was placed in a reform school (I think Parramatta but waiting on Doc's records to confirm this) until she was 18. Mum said that it was a place no one should ever go to, I remember she would cry about this place for hours but she wouldn't talk about it. My Aunt [redacted] told me there was a lot of talk about my mum as no one ever believe her and she was regarded as trouble maker and profuse liar

History Repeating It's Self

I had just been returned to live with my mother at Cullen Bullen as I lived with another Aunt from age 2 until I was nearly 4 years of age in Sydney. I don't remember living with my Aunt but I do remember living the house in Cullen, it was near the Cullen pub and mum would go there leaving us at home. Mum started me at Cullen Bullen School at aged 4 and 6 months? I remember Miss Payne was my teacher (Waiting on records to confirm this). Next memory was when my little sister Jennifer and I, where taken on a long drive. We arrived at St Micheal's Girls Church Home Kelso. We were sharing a room with 4 other girls around our age. I remember I was crying all the time. This wasn't tolerated by [redacted] now living in Victoria). I remember been given the cane if I did anything wrong. I remember fighting them while having my hand held open by another staff member so [redacted] could give me another wack, I was screaming because it hurt so much. I was often outside [redacted] office getting the cane for one thing or another and twice for making a mistake calling her [redacted] instead of [redacted]. Shortly after we arrived my sister and I where taken outside and someone had a large pair of scissors to cut off our hair. I remember I was fighting them and crying out that I didn't want them to cut my hair, one person was yelling at me while

she held my head and the other held me down on the chair until they cut it all off. One morning I wet the bed I remember was lifted out of my bed, dragged kicking and screaming down the hall into the bathroom stripped naked in front of all the other girls and placed into a freezing cold shower as an example to the others. I have memories of been told that I was going to burn in hell cause I was always in trouble. Jenny and I weren't christened so that just confirmed that fact. I remember the big fuss so they could save our souls. We where christened at St Michaels Church of England. DOC'S records have a letter written from _____ to the department saying that we had been christened under instructions from our mother, however, there was no letter from mum stating this and in the DOC'S records have letters stating that they had no contact from mum and didn't know where she was for months at a time). I always had a problem with feeling hungry all the time. That wasn't considered proper and I was showing that I wasn't grateful for the food the good Lord provided. So I was given the a nick name Big Eyes. One day I was found nibbling on pieces of egg white still attached the top of the shells and crusts of cold toast while I washing up. Next moment I was dragged and thrown up to the table a plate piled high with egg shells taken from the garbage and told to not leave the table until I ate them all. I sat there until lunch time with the staff and other girls walking past and taunting me with a chant, big eyes garbage guts.

Strange Lady

Next memory there was a green car waiting with a lady standing next to a car with the back car door opened. _____ said look who's here for you. I stood there staring at this strange lady trying work out who she was. _____ said "don't you remember this lady _____"? I said no I didn't. The lady hit me across the top of my head while pushing me into the car and said don't be so bloody stupid _____ I'm your mother, now get in the car. Was this my mother? Who knew!

Growing up with Mum

From then on my memories when we where living with mum was of constant crying, anger and drunken parties which mostly end in violence. Mum was often bashed by my stepfather. We often had to clean up the blood. There had been times where gun's had been used and we'd be lying on the floor because mum wanted to kill herself and we thought she was going to kill us too. Mum was often on medication(Sarapax and Valium) and then she would drink lots of alcohol (big bottles of moselle, port, sherry and beer). Mum had OD many times. Then Mum would go on what we would call rampages, smashing everything she had. We would spend endless weekends sitting outside hotel's or clubs in Lithgow,Hampton and Oberon. We often roaming the streets or left at home to fend for ourselves for days at a time. Not only had my family suffered through years of physically, mentally abused, I also sexually abused several times by different people (once with my little sister being sexually abuse in the same room as I was when I was 8) and once by my stepfather. When we moved out to Jenolan Forest, my mother gave me to her first cousin _____ at the age of 14. I tried to kill myself by taking sleeping tablets and was taken to Lithgow Hospital. The nurse told me in front of my mum when I woke up that I deserved an Academy Award for my performance and the next time I do something so stupid I should get a good hiding!

We where not liked by the other children or teachers. It's written in my DOC's records that I had behavioral and learning difficulties, In 5th Grade at the end of the year my teacher _____ gave me a plant for being the worst tempered child in her class and all the class laughed at me (I cried all the way home). When I was hungry I used to steal fruit/food from people yards/homes. One time I remember being taken from Lithgow Primary school to the Lithgow Police Station and then to Lithgow Hospital with massive welts all over my legs and across my back when my stepfather gave me a flogging for stealing 20 cents.(my step father was regarded as an aggressive pub brawling man(DOC's records) We also went

into Foster Care 2 more times. Once when my little sister was born with swollen brain. was institutionalized from birth and died after she was experimented on to relieve the fluid at 3 years of age. I went to 10 schools, 2 of those schools twice before finishing in year 8 (2nd form with moderated marks)

When I left school my life has been endless list of jobs cleaning/waitressing that didn't last. I couldn't add up or spell properly and I was very aware of this. I started drinking alcohol at 15 and smoking pot, then whatever drug was on offer. I was highly promiscuous, (often called a slut and whore). I was desperately looking for someone to love me. I didn't know who my real father was and mum died without telling me. Also tried to kill myself again when I was 18. Not long after that I fell pregnant and had my daughter. At 31 I got married and was unable to maintain that relationship or any other relationship and I'm still single today.

I went to seek help many times at the Lithgow Health Clinic. I'd start to tell one counselor my story, that person would leave their job and I start to tell the new person they would go on holiday's or they would move to another location. At one point they lost my file I and one counselor thought I was making it all up. Other times they would mix up my appointments. In the end it wasn't helping me I was just getting more angry. Generally I think most people didn't really care or even believed me. I have been often told to build a bridge and get over it. I do try but it only takes a picture, a song, TV show, a smell, a person from my past or seeing a child/woman being treated badly etc and as hard as I try not to, I'm back there living those memories. So what was the purpose of being alive? I did eventually find a counselor 10 years ago who I have been still seeing today. Looking back today I believe I have been in and out of depression through my whole life.

1. I have been trying to go through Professional Standards Unit Anglican Dioceses to seek help, but it has been a long process of trying to get help and records etc. Plus everything I have applied for has cost money for the search. from the Anglican Dioceses talks to me and she has given some contacts, however, it seems it's all just a fob off. They make out they care but do nothing. The contacts I have been given, all but one of them don't return my calls, they will only let me leave a message and don't respond to my emails. This has been since last November 2009. It's taken me a long time to write this and the whole process is so overwhelming I feel sometimes it would be easier to give up.
2. Tell me why I should have go through all this stuff when I didn't do anything wrong? I was just a little kid.
3. Why aren't these people/churches who did this being held responsible for their actions?
4. Why isn't there help/compensation out there for people like me? Why do I have to jump over all these hoops, I've already lived a bloody hard enough life for the last 50 years, shouldn't my next years be a little easier? Because of my education/employment/health situation and I have very little super for retiring and it doesn't look good from where I'm standing.
5. I have talked about legal process with a solicitor but because it been so hard getting my information/documents and I'm afraid that the legal costs will far outweigh any compensation. Plus it's been hard enough writing down all this down, I truly don't know if I could cope reliving it all in front of strangers.
6. Please believe us, it did happen, we did suffer, you just can't make this stuff up.
7. Please I beg you, help us, give us The Redress Scheme!

If you need anymore information please contact me. I kindly await your reply

Regards

To the Senate Legal and Constitutional Committee

Dear Sir/Madam

The attachment is my Submission of abuse and humiliation from St Michaels Girls Church Home in Kelso Bathurst NSW and my life following this. This is the best I could do from my understanding of the Redress Submission. If you need more information please contact me. I kindly await your reply

1947 Mum at 8 years the day she left St Josephs Orphanage Bathurst NSW

first left, first right at St Michaels Girls Home Bathurst NSW

Regards