

Summer 2010

LIVING LIFE WITH A BROKEN HEART

My mother it seems was educated as the nation was during those days of the white Australia policy.

The Government/Church/Crown with their immoral policy's have destroyed generations. I was condemned along with other infants known by the quasi-zoological terminology-quadroons, octoroons, cross-breeds and half-cast.

To encourage young mothers to give up their halfcast babies for the child to spend their childhood life in institutions that administered torture & hatred will forever be with me. This because of skin colour!!

The government of the day made a chronic liar of my mother, now at 85yrs of age, her mental state is now an issue, contributing to this is her son & daughter who now know the truth, the old lady no longer knows her children.

Time, I have trouble with, but not with the memory

I was age 3yrs when I lost my father to heart attack he was 38yrs, my mother remarried, the marriage lasted only 12months I was then put away in a place with no contact with family, no understanding of anything, the only real feelings were of rejection & extreme misery.

My first home was MILLEEWA HALF-CAST HOME 16 Brunswick Parade Ashfield. Being mistreated in an institution is one thing, being in the institution because one was less than human is quite another.

I was young enough to be sat in the bath tub to be washed, and too small to do chores. The Matron/Sister's had a motor car not unlike the T-Model Ford that had DC on its number plate hence the nick name for the vehicle was Dirty Charlie. I remember going to Ashfield School whilst I was at Milleewa, I am corresponding with the Department of Education to uncover these files.

I remember when my mother came to take me out of that dreadful place only to be taken directly to CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOYS HOME in Burwood as my sister was in the girl's home next to the boy's home. This was to prove the ultimate punishment..... The deprivation was complete knowing my sister was so close.

we were not allowed to know each other. I was able to talk to her through the fence on one particular day only to be punished for it. The screaming's and beltings were to numerous to mention.

Breakfast was the very worst meal of the day I would be retching from the smell before it was placed on the table. The well used dripping, spread on dry bread with the remains of many cooked meals throughout it, would always make me vomit. The remedy for this ailment was to send the little boy up to the backyard with a jug of salt water that had to be consumed. With each mouthful I would vomit. Only when the jug was empty was I then sent to bed. This would usually happen on the eve of a weekend therefore I would be in bed for the whole weekend. The United Nations has recognized the drinking of salt water is torture. This was a televised occasion where UN peace keepers enouncement to a third world country. The food given to us was so unhealthy that I would constantly breakout in boils on all parts of my body. The way these were treated was the woman would cusp her hand with it full of cotton wool and would press and rub over the boils that the sight of puss and blood and intense pain would cripple me for days, I would be hoarse from the screaming. Today I have a very weak stomach, cursed by travel sickness and the

revolting smells I sometimes encounter that I had to endure in those days.

, (not sure of the spelling, it's the way the name was pronounced)
She was a very large woman, very ugly with a big wart on the end of her nose complete with hairs growing from it, she was a witch to a little boy. Often at bed time we would be told to line up at the foot of the stairs where she would bring a long cane down upon each of our buttocks as we made our way upstairs. You could hear the cane cutting through the air she used such force, this because we were children!!!

My hatred was so intense that I vowed one day to kill _____, this from a 7yr old boy.

One boy was a bed wetter & would receive regularly the cane on his knuckles until bleeding in front of us all, we were traumatized continually.

I attended St Pauls Church where I was a choirboy. I was paid, along with the other boys three shillings a wedding that was put into a glass jar for each of us, mine became quite full as some days we would sing for up to six weddings on the one day. Even though we boys from the home contributed greatly to the parish the choir master showed contempt for those from the home. All of which was, and still is faith destroying. On a lighter note, I also sang at the first televised service in Saint Pauls.

When I was finally allowed to join my mother & sister in Bombala, I was almost 12years of age, my childhood over with, my sister a stranger to me, my mother staying an unknown. If not for the Government/Church & Crown Policy's that had ostracized me, I had a family, complete with Grandparents, many uncles, Aunts & cousins all of which had been denied me by the Government/Church & Crown them having my mother believe it was in the best interest to put her half cast baby into an institution, contamination fears ?? a home for the less than human.

How is one affected by all this? ALWAYS!!

My life has been one of isolation, distrust of authority, unemployment, drugs and alcohol, unable to have meaningful relationships with male or female, the constant depression, the anger that never leaves me. I have been an aimless wanderer all my life, often with thoughts to end it all.

I'm reminded continually if not television its radio or a smell, there are literally thousands of little triggers that take the mind back as though it were yesterday. It is unforgettable/unforgivable. Every time I see my mother is a reminder.

On Saturday 13th February 2010 my sister and I went on a pilgrimage to Burwood to uncover the past. Our first stop was Saint Pauls Burwood, I had told my sister that many years ago I had visited Burwood and had found that town houses had replaced the homes. The conversation we had with the minister of Saint Pauls had assured us that the buildings were still standing.

He was half right the boy's home had long been replaced with other dwellings but the girl's home is still standing. My sister broke down in tears upon seeing the old building. We were invited inside by the maintenance contractor where my sister found the sight so confronting that she was reduced to tears again on seeing that the interior had not changed in 54years.

If there were any good times during those dark years they will never be remembered as everything was done under sufferance.

This problem was caused not by the church alone but by the mind set of governments and the crown which brings into question how is compensation dispensed through only one

body when other legitimate organizations were also combined in recognizing and implementing these draconian policy's???

My life has been determined from my childhood in such a way that I have never been able to find peace or contentment. When I fathered my only child, I was overwhelmed with strange emotions, to the point that I had a vasectomy, my experience as a child left me ill equipped to be a parent.

On the 19/5/97 I received a letter from a _____ this letter I enclose as it filled me with rage. This person's character does nothing but to harm further, people like me. The centre would do well to employ those with some understanding of people like myself; he is only a time waster and adds further to the despair that completely envelopes the sensibilities. After 13years I still maintain the rage re: enclosed letter.

It doesn't end with the loss of one's childhood. Because people were made to be ashamed of their mixed blood, they stay ashamed. To this day certain members of my immediate family refuse to know about it because of the shame. church policy endorsed such practices. This has destroyed deep, loving relationships that should be natural for a son/father/brother, when others refuse to accept the fact of what has happened and who we are, they also, are in need of counselling.

For many years my searching was in vain as I had been looking for The Church of England, I had never heard of the Anglican.

I have been denied my birth right by my own people in my own country I am a lost son of the Gamilaroi Nation.

My life as it is happening now is that for reasons unknown to me I'm being denied my rights as a grandfather from both the father & the mother (my daughter)

I'm in a dispute with the Department of Education because of the conduct of the Principle at Taree West Public School toward meI have submitted an application with Legal aid. My mother is so riddled with guilt that any connection would/could never be considered by me. I am now on sickness benefit due to the state of my mind & court cases pending and travel. I am becoming very anxious, wanting to put all this behind me. I also have put in a request for accommodation with the Anglican Diocese on the 23rd March 2010 as I need to be in Sydney until this is finalized.