

I, Kathleen Drusilla Maczkowiack am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia resident in South Australia.



As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia I have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this country.

As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection from the unlawful and harmful actions that threaten my right to life, liberty and justice from those who would deny me these rights, within and without, the borders of Australia.

I lost my first child to adoption in Western Australia in February 1965. I discovered I was pregnant when I was 17 years old and left my home state of South Australia when I was about six months pregnant. I left the state due to lack of support, shame and stigma of being unmarried and pregnant. My boyfriend was in Western Australia having left South Australia a few months previously. When my boyfriend discovered I was pregnant he abandoned me. I was financially destitute and eventually ended up in a homeless shelter in Perth. I stayed in the shelter for three months before moving to a boarding house in the city. I earned money by cleaning and housekeeping for wealthy people.

I first saw a doctor in Perth for my pregnancy he referred me to the (...) (...) Hospital in Subiaco.

I had about four visits to the hospital and saw the almoner on one occasion that I can remember. I was told by her it would be for the best if I adopted my child out. When I was first pregnant I thought I would have my baby adopted as this was common in those times. Little did I know why it was so common? Once I began to feel me baby's movements I began to plan a life with my child.

I went into labour on the 18th February 1965. I was frightened and alone. I was left in a room alone to labour. I wasn't shown any compassion or human kindness by any staff of the hospital; in fact I was treated like the scum of the earth. When my baby girl was born she was whisked out of the room, I had a brief glimpse of her, a glimpse that had to last 22 years before I saw her again. A male doctor stitched me up after the birth, I felt violated by him, and he did not acknowledge me in any way he acted like I wasn't worthy to even speak to.

When I went to the ward I asked to see my baby, this request was refused. I left my room my times very distressed looking for my child but was chastised and bought back to my room. I continued to ask for my baby but was denied any contact with her. The day after her birth I was transferred to an annexe of the (...) hospital. I did not consent to this. I wanted my baby but this was denied to me. The day I arrived at the (...) hospital a clerk from the child welfare department visited me and took details of my background, and the baby's father including eye and hair colour, height, and religion. I cannot recall asking for this and did not want to adopt my child.

I had carried my child for nine months and left the hospital empty-handed and distraught my self worth shattered.

When my baby was 12 days old I went to the child welfare office requesting my baby, again my request was denied. I was informed my baby had already been placed and I could not have her. I had not signed anything. I was very upset about this. This woman, a Miss (...) then demanded I go with her, she took me to a local court and coerced and bullied me into signing adoption papers. Even though I was visibly upset no-one seemed to notice or care.

I was never informed of any assistance available to assist me to care for my child, no monetary or any other material benefits by state authorities.

I was robbed of breastfeeding my child, her first smile, first steps, first day at school and the opportunity to watch her grow.

I have paid a lifelong price for the loss of my child. I continue to grieve for my child the pain as raw as it was 46 years ago. I will never recover from my loss.

Kathleen Maczkowiack
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