

**EVENT CONSTITUTION OF CHILD ABUSE OR SEXUAL MISCONDUCT**

**Category #1**

Harassment constituting child abuse or sexual misconduct indecent act, assault or indecent assault:

Assault with violence or assault in the course of attempted unlawful sexual intercourse:

Sexual misconduct in a pistorial relationship, or physical assault:

**Category #2**

An unlawful act of sexual intercourse; or

Infliction of serious bodily injury in the course of an attempted act of unlawful sexual intercourse:

**Category #3**

A sustained pattern of child abuse or sexual misconduct involving category #1 or category #2 harassment, assault, or sexual assault:

Assault or unlawful sexual intercourse in which serious bodily injury is inflicted to:

Assault or unlawful sexual intercourse in which (2) two or more offenders are involved:  
or

Assault or unlawful sexual intercourse in which the offender i.e. uses an offensive weapon:

**Effects arising from child abuse or sexual misconduct**

**Psychological or psychiatric disorder:**

Category A: chronic psychological or psychiatric disorder that is moderately disabling or, I.e. effects lifestyle and relationships:

**Psychological or psychiatric disorder:**

Category B: chronic psychological or psychiatric disorder that is severely disabling i.e. on its own prevents employment:

**In the (EVENT CONSTITUTION OF CHILD ABUSE OR SEXUAL MISCONDUCT)**

I have been diagnosed to belong to Category #3

**And the (Effects arising from child abuse or sexual misconduct)**

I have been diagnosed to belong to Category B:

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### **The trauma I suffered**

My name is

I was put into Tufnell Home an orphanage for children in Nundah QLD by my grandmother and aunty a few months after my mother died, unbeknown to my father who was furious when he came home from work and we were not there he broke down and cried and then he realised that being in the hands of the nuns that we would get love, guidance, and care, my father paid 25 shillings and child endowment for me and my older sister each week from the age of two and a half years till I was fifteen and a half years old, my aunty when we arrived at the orphanage asked if she could have a word with the nuns whose names were I think at that time was sister , & sister in private, I'm sure it was about me because I was sent me out of the room I don't know what my aunty said to them but I immediately became a target for the horrific treatment and torture at the hands of the evil horrific nuns, my security doll was ripped from my arms and burnt in front of me while I was crying for my poly that was the name I called my doll both of the nuns were laughing and saying things I didn't understand I would always try and sit with other girls but when the nuns saw me with other children they would grab me by my wrists or arm and say you are never to mix with the other children and drag me away into the corner of the grounds. I would cry while rocking backwards and forwards saying ma, ma and da, da, my sister for some reason did not like me and did her best to get me into trouble by the nuns she would bash me and a lot of the times she would punch a girl in the back and then the girl would start crying and my sister would always run to the nuns and tell them that I had punched a girl in the back and they would come storming out into the playground screaming my name and then drag me inside and start beating me with a baton over and over again, and they would yell at me saying stop crying stop crying you little brat while my sister was leaning around the door sucking on a lolly pop that she was given by the nun and the nun would pat her on the head an say good girl, I would always try and sit with other girls but when the nuns saw me with other children they would grab me by my wrists and say you are never to mix with the other children I have told you so many times, for disobeying me you will be severely punished I was pushed into this horrible frightening dark room one of them would take my cloths of while the other one got the cane it seemed like forever that they were thrashing me, the cane I remember once hit me right across the face the abuse continued quite a few times then I was slapped across the face with so much force I fell on the ground and I would repeatedly over a matter of times be kicked all over my back and stomach, now I know why it was called the black hole it was very dark and all I could see was the shadows of a couple of big chairs and scary things, so many times I would just lay on the polished floor boards after being beaten I was in so much pain, I could not move but I could here them panting, it must have been from them hitting me for so long, and then latter I would hear them leave and shut and lock the door when I finally came out of the hell hole my face and body was covered in welts and I was black and blue all over even all over my face one of my eyes was three quarters shut this happened so many times.

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One day I was in the back yard of the little house where there were no children that I could recall, sometimes the volunteer girl would take the older children for a walk, I turned around and the two nuns were coming towards me and I was standing near a garden bed which had a few rocks and stones around it, my heart started to race and I became very scared I tried to run but they grabbed me, I fell on the ground and that is when I was grabbed by the back of my hair and neck and my face was shoved into a rock I felt the pain inside my mouth and underneath my nose, I screamed then I felt my face it was wet and my top front teeth were all broken I looked at my hand and it had blood all over it and I couldn't stop screaming all I remember was them saying what a shame you haven't got a beautiful smile anymore next it's going to be that curly blond hair. I do not recall what happened after that, I do not know how long it was when they shaved my head, before I would be crying but after that I just went into my shell and I didn't talk and didn't cry and never cried again, I didn't care anymore that's why when they were belting me I didn't cry anymore. when my daddy would come to take us out for a few hours every second fortnight he would ask where's \_\_\_\_\_ and one of the nuns would say its best if you don't take \_\_\_\_\_ and just take \_\_\_\_\_ because she is still settling in and needs time to adjust, I'm sure my father would not think that a nun would lie! But was he wrong and could not have been further from the truth.

The food we got especially myself to eat for breakfast was called slop, it was foul, there would be dead or dying cockroaches and weevils in the porridge plus the vomit that I brought up trying to eat it, we had to eat it even when we brought it up, a nun standing next to me and another girl had the cane ready to hit us with it if we refused to eat it, or if we took too long to eat what they called a breakfast. My knuckles my hands and my back were in so much pain from the beatings with the cane, sometimes I would be standing outside without shoes which was most of the time, and a nun would come storming out to stomp on my bare foot with her big black shoe's and twist the heel into my foot I would then scream in pain. One day a volunteer girl was there and she was holding a child and she heard me scream in pain as I usually did when they the nuns, took pleasure in hurting me, then the volunteer girl said to the nun what did you do? What did you do to \_\_\_\_\_? her little foot is turning blue and purple and it's starting to swell up, the nun got a shock in seeing the young volunteer girl standing there, and the nun would say oh she's always whinging about something then she stormed off with her black veil flying behind her. I have been picked up by my legs and thrown against a wall, I must have lost consciousness because when I awoke I was on the floor and I heard my sister saying na na, na, na na. I've got a lolly pop and you haven't, she then said you are going to be ugly ha, ha. One day when I was in the back yard I was scratching myself down below on my private part because I was itchy, when a nun came out and slapped me across the face and said you dirty little whore you wont be playing with yourself anymore after our doctor friend finishes with you, I was told not to have a bath and it seemed to be about four or five days without a bath, now I know why, one night I was told to get out of bed I was then taken to the infirmary,

There was an old change table which I was put on and it had knobs on each end of the small table, and a man in a suit was standing there, and he had a funny looking bag and the nuns had strips of rags in their hands, and they started to tie up my wrists onto those knobs above the table and the also tied my legs apart by my ankles to the ends of the table, I started to scream so they shoved an handkerchief into my mouth, I remember the man whispering into my ear I am so very, very sorry, I do not know what happened then as I had blacked out, this sort of treatment and torture and evil, and horrific things continued over the years. At one time when I was put into the big house a lot of the children went on an apex trip, and a sister came to me and said we will give you a bath, she already had the hot tap turned on, she told me to get undressed and the bath was three quarters full of hot water at this stage, sister told me to get up on the stool when this young volunteer girl came in and said to the nun, you are not putting in this burning hot bath of water are you? The nun had a shocked look on her face when she saw the young volunteer girl, oh I just got back, oh my goodness I thought I turned the cold tap on as well but knowing full well that she didn't. That young volunteer girl had saved my life on that day. There are so many horrific, terrible, and inhumane things that I was put through in the twelve and a half years of being their in that institution. When I finally got out of that place and turned into a woman I got married and had two children, I was always frightened and scared of having sex, I thought it was dirty because the nuns instilled it into my head, my husband left me and said to me that I was frigid and told all my friends the same thing, he humiliated me and put me to shame in front of my friends. My son was born with a very serious heart condition and soon after his birth my husband left me with a baby and a little six year old child, I have had seven or eight brake downs with which I ended up in psychiatric care, and during one of these episodes I flew to England by mistake at that time with my young son who was about nine or ten years of age, at that time when we arrived in England we were met by security guards and escorted to a house for refuges and stayed there for a few hours then we returned to the airport to see a doctor, then we were taken to an office and given a cup of hot chocolate and shown some army bunks so that we could sleep, we then were put onto a aeroplane the following day and escorted all the way back to Australia, then once we arrived back home in Australia we were escorted to a police station and questioned then I was taken to Darlinghurst to a psychiatric hospital to recover. My son was asked by the police if there was anybody to take care of him, he said yes my aunty , they then rang her up and asked if she could take care of her nephew with which she replied no she can't, then she gave the police the phone number of my ex husband they called him and he came and picked up our son, I was in the hospital for about three days and then released so that I could see my dying father, my sister did not want me to see my father and she refused to help me finically to fly up to Brisbane to see my father who was dying of cancer, a girl at the hospital helped me at my bank to obtain some funds because my cards and money were stolen.

To the senate committee  
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I arrived at Brisbane and took care of my dying father and against my sisters wishes, and while taking care of my father for a few days my sister arrived unexpectedly with her husband, and said what are you doing here, and my reply was that he is my father.

I continued to look after my father and a few days latter he had past away, the doctor was their and I was sobbing and sobbing and my sister said needs to go to hospital with which I replied can't I even grieve for my father, she just stood there stone faced and said nothing, at the funeral I was sobbing uncontrollably and my sister did not shed a tear for our dad , so after the funeral my sister said to me that she and her husband were going to Noosa for a holiday, and I said what about me and she said I don't know what you are going to do but were going on a holiday.

I returned to Sydney to fight for the custody of my son who was living with my ex-husband because my sister refused to take care of him when I was in hospital, it cost me nineteen thousand dollars to get custody of him and his father wanted nothing to do with him ever since. My family is shattered because of my mistreatment at the hands of the nuns and , who was a dirty, smelly and evil woman who worked there, she would often touch me inappropriately the abuse only stoped when I left Tufnell Home Orphanage. I have difficulty relating with my daughter, and my daughter hardly speaks to me to this day and I never see my grandchildren.

Because of the affects of the institution and the harsh beatings I received at the hands of the nuns and , I see my local doctor once a fortnight for medication to control the flashbacks and for him to keep an eye on me because I cannot afford to see a psychiatrist, and I need to see one desperately as I will need continuos help over a long period of time. I also see specialists for my pain and my bones because my body is one complete mess filled with arthritis and spondylosis and I've already had two major operations, one a total hip replacement and the other a cervical fusion.

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**My recommendations for all**

I believe a fair Compensation should be paid to the type and severity of abuse suffered at the hands of the so called carers and in accordance with (EVENT CONSTITUTION OF CHILD ABUSE OR SEXUAL MISCONDUCT) And (Effects arising from child abuse or sexual misconduct) the compensation should be paid in increased increments accordingly to the type and severity of the abuse, and not the pittance we were given, but a fair and proper compensation for all who were mistreated and abused like me in child care institutions, I have personally been in seven psychiatric wards, we are not young anymore but our broken minds and body's need medical care and attention, we don't all have the capacity to get employment because of the physical and mental pain and anguish that we suffered at the hands of the so called carers, but you all know in your own hearts and if it were one of your own loved one/s what a fair and a dignified compensation payment should be, the compensation should pay for all, many of us have ongoing medical expenses, dental work, and ongoing psychological and psychiatric treatment, which I cannot afford, many of us have trouble in relationships, I personally for one have had two broken marriages and my two children have suffered severely the traumatic events that they have seen in me and now my children suffer psychologically, also all those church organisations should be made by law like in other countries i.e. ( USA and Ireland ) to reimburse the children the (victims) even if they have to sell there assets to pay for there actions.