

“The Commonwealth Government’s role in forced adoption from the late 1940’s to the mid 1980’s”

Community Affairs Reference Committee

My submission addresses:-

- 1) Unlawful practices in the Church Homes for ‘Unmarried Mothers’ (Carramar).
- 2) Unlawful practices in the Maternity Wards of State Hospitals (Hornsby).
- 3) Collusion between Church and State to prepare the ground for Child Theft Practices.
- 4) The extent to which blame can be laid at the feet of members of the Commonwealth Government.
- 5) Mental health issues for young women subjected to the Child Theft Practices.
- 6) The need for acknowledgement and accountability for past unlawful practices.
- 7) My own personal dealings with the above institutions.
- 8) References.
- 9) Confidential Information.

Jan Kashin
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"Shackles are still used for restraint today. Their continued use, even in democratic states, was highlighted in 1996 in the UK where the government admitted with some embarrassment that women prisoners, taken to Maternity Hospitals outside the prison system, were being chained up throughout labour to prevent any possibility of escape."¹

In 1963 I was shackled to the labour ward bed. The young trainee nurse took my right hand in hers and produced a leather and metal shackle, that she proceeded to use to confine my right wrist to the metal cylinder supporting the mattress. She smiled as she then took my confined hand between both her hands and placed all between her knees. Shocked, I asked,

"What's that for?"

"Just a precaution," she said, smiling.

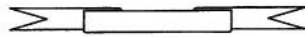
"A precaution against what?"

She didn't reply. Just continued to smile as though she knew something that I didn't, as though she was privy to some cosmic joke of which I was left out.

At this point I was sure they were going to kill me. I would become a sorry statistic of an accidental death in hospital – an overdose of a prescribed medication, the carelessness of an inattentive nurse or an ignorant junior. The whole system had ignored my requests and wishes up to that point, even though I was 21 years of age: they knew I said I was getting married and that my baby was not for adoption, and that he was coming home with me.

I faced the prospect of my imminent death and lapsed into an unconscious state. The young smiling nurse of the Hornsby Hospital was not there to save my baby and me. She was there to facilitate my demise. The smile was part of the 'child theft' game. Things can't be that bad if people are smiling. When, years later, Amrosi the terrorist was referred to as "the smiling assassin," I knew very well the effect of receiving a smile from someone who was about to do you a disservice. It is a disarming tactic used by a perpetrator to gain them time so that you will not react immediately to what they are doing – your normal responses to somebody handcuffing you to a bed are put on hold. A smile, in our culture, means the smiler is of the best intentions and not to be feared. It is a disarming display of friendliness between strangers, so one can easily be taken off guard.

I looked for the name or number on her uniform but there was no identification mark whatsoever. A sheet had gone up at the end of the bed so that I could barely see the tops of the heads of the doctor or other nursing staff. All barometric indicators of safety were gone. I had been drugged for twenty-four hours so my 'fight or flight' responses were subdued. I certainly welcomed death as I was psychologically beaten, drowning in the annihilation of my selfhood.



"I am concerned with government as a relationship that we are born into, an imperfect and messy relationship which, at best, is one of service and, at worst, is one of domination and oppression." ²

Australia was brought under one federal government in 1901, with the opening of Parliament in Canberra. Up until then, all States had their own separate governments. The young nation sent the prime of its manhood to fight in the Great War of 1914-1918, and the second global calamity, World War II of 1939-1945. Over 61,000 Australians died in the First World War. This was a disastrous state of affairs for our young nation, all done in the name of service to the mother country. Our Prime Minister sent our nation into another world conflict, though this sphere moved closer to our shores once the force of Japan began moving south.

Both experiences tested our resolve to act as one nation. According to Max Weber³ there are only 'two mortal sins in politics: lack of realism and **lack of responsibility for the consequences of decisions.**' Our federal government took full responsibility for the injured and maimed combatants who returned from armed conflict. However, because national democracy was very young, it was fragile and open to capture by special interests and self-serving elites demanding shares of the national bounty.

I once asked (...) , Matron of Carramar, how she could claim the right to take a baby from one family and give it to another family, change its name, and then tell the original family that they could never see their baby again.

"Oh, I'm registered. Not me, personally, of course, but the Church is licensed to carry out adoptions on behalf of the State government."

"So the government thinks this is a good idea then. Does the government keep track of the babies to make sure that they are all right after they go to live with their new families?" I asked.

"Oh, no. The government assumes, knows that I have done a good job in selecting a new family," she replied. She went on, "I, of course, don't make the decision on my own. We have a social worker who visits the home of new parents to make sure everything is as it should be."

That's all very well, I thought, but if you don't check up on people, there is no way of knowing if the baby is even surviving in its new 'home.' How can the government claim to have acted with integrity and honesty when the babies don't even get their right names, and the government doesn't care enough about its policies and the practices its laws allow to proliferate, if it doesn't 'keep faith with the baby,' so to speak. Clearly, all of this was not happening in the 'baby's best interest,' but was in the interest of the infertile parents and the government. The parents could then be quiet about any infertility caused by 'war service,' and the government could pat itself on the back for saving itself a great deal of money in Welfare support to the new mother.

It was in the interest of the Federal government for all babies of unmarried women to be taken from them and handed to married white Christians. And even if they weren't 'Christians,' as in 'every Sunday Christians,' as long as they could claim some nominal or historical association with a church of some Christian denomination, they got through the gate of Carramar. So that the Carramar worker could get a 'perfect match,' girls incarcerated at Carramar in March 1963 were given Intelligence and Aptitude tests. It was pointed out to me that my spelling results returned a value less than the national average; "and you a school teacher!" I saw my spelling results as a response to the hellish conditions I was expected to thrive under.

(...) had promised my mother that, because I was a 21 year old school teacher (by the time I returned) I would be assigned a room of my own, as all older girls (adults) who had already entered the workforce were accorded. Yet when I returned by train on the 24 February 1963, I was given a bed in 'the dungeon' with six teenagers.

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I was unable to come to grips with the noise, the mess, the altercations, the damp musty smell, the fact that it was underground with one small dormer window at ground level (outside), but at a height of 10 feet inside. I had never lived in a cellar before. It reminded me of Kelly's air-raid shelter at Grove Street, Birchgrove.

Where I had been placed was incomprehensible to me since I had always lived in desirable residences, with my own room. I believe my new circumstances were designed to throw me back to an earlier stage of personality development – I simply regressed. I was confused as to how I was going to get out of there. My reduction to "You can have this bed near the door," constituted a break of faith with my mother. My living circumstances had been reduced from a Heritage home overlooking Sydney Harbour to a bed near the door. The sheer humiliation of my lack of privacy and reduced living circumstances engendered in me a forced level of compliance.

I reminded (...) about her promise to my mother. Even when single rooms became available, they were given to other girls "who were here before you. They have been waiting longer." Even though they were teenagers. Disorientation is a necessary part of mind control. David Hicks in "Guantanamo" speaks of his regression when his captors kept moving him in shackles and blindfolded to another cell or cage.⁴

Diminished living standards, isolation, loss of family and friendships all contribute to a diminished sense of self. The subsequent 'psychological diminution' became part of their incarceration model --the desired outcome the authorities needed to make sure the young women 'went quietly.'

My gran came to visit me every pension day. She made the long trek by bus, train and taxi from Birchgrove to Turramurra every fortnight. By April my fiancé had found where I had been sent. We were planning our marriage.

"You can come and live with me." Gran offered.

So all was in place. I informed (...) that I was getting married and I would be going to live with my gran and my son was not for adoption.

She said if I tried to leave she would have to inform the authorities. "They always listen to me." She added.

"How would your grandmother feel if the police had to come down her street to get you?" It was incredulous!

"And how would you feel coming back here in a police car? You a teacher! Your father has left you in my care."

"But I am 21. My father has no authority."

I expected to be treated according to the law.⁵ My newly established adulthood should have afforded my son and myself the status of citizens of the country of Australia – with all rights and privileges.

"I have authority, and if I consider you or your baby to be at risk, I would feel duty bound to inform the welfare, who will, in turn, have you brought back here by the police. " Her line of command was practised.

"You won't want to tell anybody about what happens here. You must respect the other girls' privacy and keep everything confidential. And make sure – no cameras!"

The atmosphere was of a place 'where crimes were kept secret from the public, press' or other observers, not unlike the ethos of Pinochet's Chile.⁶ Designed to engender a sense of shame, a growing fear of the outside world began to form in most of the girls, especially the ones from Tasmania, New Zealand and South Australia. A shamed woman is malleable, suggestible, will do as she is told.

Prior to Federation, the NSW government intervened only once (in the behaviour of the Cleric, the Rev Samuel Marsden) in the running of the Australian Church. After Federation, the Federal government prided itself in defending the principle of religious freedom. So, from 1901, until the inquiry into the Brethren in 2009, and more recently, Senator Nick Xenophon's concerns with respect to the cult of Scientology, the Federal government did not interfere in the Churches' Child Theft practices, or its practices of psychosexual enslavement and Australia wide incarceration of young unmarried pregnant women. It allowed such practices to proliferate, because such incarceration ensured the young women would not need financial assistance once their babies were born.

Little is known of the pensions paid to the Church administrators for every young woman incarcerated. But money did change hands. A small amount before the young women gave birth saved the Federal government a motzer in support if the baby was adopted. The parents of the young women were charged a weekly amount for lodging and food. The Churches did well.

Government subsidies for capital works existed, just as subsidies for Hospital capital works were in place. No government is going to financially support religious freedom of the sort that existed between 1901-2009, **unless the religious practices are in keeping with desired governmental outcomes;** by incarcerating the young women and indoctrinating them in their own feeble capacity to bring up their child, the Churches did the government's dirty work and were handsomely rewarded.

In 'Carramar' any effective support for the young women was way beyond their reach. In the first half of 1963 over 70% of the young women incarcerated came from interstate or overseas (New Zealand, Malaya, Pacific Rim nations). The Church of England, who ran 'Carramar,' **was licensed to maintain a facility for the express purpose of taking babies from the young women who were incarcerated there.** This licensing began in 1961, though (...), the Matron, stated that she had been registered to do this "for many years."

By implication: The Government Grants.⁷ The Hornsby Hospital.

The yearbooks or 'Annual Reports' of the Hornsby Hospital from 1961 to 1966, paint a picture of efficiency. Hornsby was the only Public Hospital in the vicinity of 'Carramar' and so became the facility that most benefited from the steady stream of young women presenting at the Ante-natal Clinic. With the increase in the number of births, Hornsby secured many government grants, which often matched, pound for pound, money raised by the auxiliary, the Honour Board (£10/-/- got your name on the list, which, in turn, meant a £20/-/- amount once the government's matching component kicked in), and the local Council grants. The State government contributed to the building of the new Nurses' quarters and staff swimming pool, to attract "a better class of nurse." Members of the local Council were on the Board of the hospital. With the steady increase in the number of births at the hospital, Hornsby became a teaching hospital with a large (for that time) midwifery component. Money was provided for extra humidicribs.

The Matron, whose rules were obeyed by all staff, including the doctors, saw her prestige grow. She was afforded overseas trips by the hospital, to observe practices in the UK and USA.

Did she bring back observations from USA hospitals concerning the treatment of the young single pregnant women who found themselves in care? Certainly by 1963 the practice of hiding the baby from the mother giving birth was well established. The sheet went up on cue. The drugging was mandatory for unmarried women, as was the *stilboestrol* administration, the binding of the breasts, and in my case, the shackling to the labour ward bed. Why was a young student nurse selected for my shackling? She was from another part of the hospital. I kept looking for her face after I gave birth so I could demand of her why she did it. But she was nowhere to be seen. My research years later revealed that she was not a midwifery student nurse, but a student of general nursing. She had been brought in to handcuff me, then disappeared to another building once the deed was done. Did they figure I would not remember her if she was removed from the Maternity Building? At such a moment of trauma, her face was indelibly etched in my brain. That 'smiling assassin' was in my head forever. No name. No number. Just an unforgettable grin.

What had the Hornsby Matron learned of after-birth treatment of young unmarried mothers on her government sponsored study tours of UK and USA? The practices she implemented came straight from the USA. ***She learned a system of child theft that neither complied with NSW State Laws, Common Law, or Commonwealth Law.***

She implemented the USA system.

- Refusal of permission for the young mother to see her baby was an unlawful practice in 1963.
- The drugging of the mother so she would not be able to find her baby, or give Nursery staff any 'trouble.'
- The drugging of the mother just prior to the Matron of Carramar arriving with papers to sign at the mother's bed, assuring compliance, and 'no trouble' from the young mother.

- The granting of access to the young mother, for anyone from the solicitor's office, or 'Carramar,' or (...) , but the calling of police ('the authorities') should anyone able to help the young mother seek access to her or try to enter the hospital grounds. I know of two young men escorted from the hospital grounds by police.
- Permission for total strangers to view the babies in the Nursery before any adoption consent was signed by the mother.
- Granting (...) absolute access to any young mother at any time whilst in the confines of the Maternity Ward.
- Keeping the young mothers away from the Nursery where their babies were kept.
- Refusing permission for young mothers to see their babies.
- Allowing young mothers to see their babies only once they had signed consent to adoption papers.

When I received my documents in 1984, I realised my father had taken out an "I will make it worth your while" contract with (...). He had filled in the Application forms, all correspondence to (...) from my father had been typed by his secretary; she kept reiterating "Your father has left you in my care;" "Your father doesn't want this baby." No amount of assertion on my part would deviate her from her perceived 'contract' with my father. I was not her client. I was simply a means to an end – a baby supplier. I was not the mother of my baby to her. I was a 'carrier' who would supply her with her next product, to be doled out to whomever she and her Christian associates deemed suitable. ***This is tantamount to being kept in slavery.*** Michael Kerrigan says "slaves were deprived even of the normal bonds of kinship. Neither couples nor families with children had any status in the master's eyes." ⁸ We had no status in the eyes of the hospital personnel, or hospital practices.

(...) was paid by my father for a 'job well done.' His personal cheque to her, if she had donated the money to the Hornsby hospital, would have gained her her name in gold on the Honour Board of Hospital donors. My father made out a separate cheque to Carramar, as well.

As it was he who filled out my application for residency forms; as it was he who forbade my mother from coming with me to buy baby clothes; as it was he who refused to sign a 'permission to marry' application for my fiancé and myself, it was only fitting that he pay up his promised 'reward' money to (...), at the close of his verbal contract with her. She made the mistake of ringing my father at home on only one occasion. My mother said, many years later, that my father went berserk.

"I've told her **not** to phone me at home!"

Much correspondence had been typed by my father's secretary and signed by my mother. The only time he got his hands dirty was when he signed that personal cheque to (...). I didn't have a hope of getting out of that place with my baby, even though I was engaged to be married and had told (...) I was taking my baby with me - that he was not for adoption. Even though she knew I was twenty-one years of age, she ignored me because she could.

From the 1940's the Courts did not act in any way to sustain the mother's rights. The Common Law Principle was thrown aside if an unmarried mother tried to hang on to her baby. Married couples, by virtue of the fact that there were two parents seeking custody, and they had a legal spousal union in law, (the male, most likely the 'breadwinner') were awarded parental custody. The Courts were used to save the Federal Government money.

The large numbers of actions that were dismissed by the judge, served to remind unmarried women that, should they choose to avail themselves of legal assistance and try to keep their babies by going through the Courts, the legal profession would find in favour of the defendants, should they be a married couple wanting to adopt.

(This disgraceful state of affairs has continued up to the present day in NSW).

By handing individual law formulation to the States' Attorneys General, the Federal government, in meeting with the Ministers for Family Services of the States, made sure the laws enacted would have firstly been communicated to the relevant State Department Heads. From 1964 onwards, the new State Adoption Laws stressed the need for secrecy.

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Our federation and our constitution was open to concerted lobbying by adoptive parents who did not want the children they had taken to be found by their mothers. But this move to secrecy was presented to the public as though the young women, whose babies were taken, had requested it. This is not true. Those who took babies and presented those babies to friends and relatives **as their own natural born babies**, did not want their lives exposed; they wanted to keep the truth from those very children they were now calling their own.

The National Registrar General's Office is run by the Federal Government. The office contains National Australian Files for Births, Deaths and Marriages. I wish to address the lies perpetrated by this Department.

REGISTRY OF BIRTHS

Unmarried women who requested to register the births of their babies became acquainted with the disgraceful falsehoods that have occurred in every state **since the 1920's**.

Registration Officers, Solicitor's clerks, Church personnel, Dept. of Family Services personnel had all engaged in fanciful power play when it came to registering the births of babies of unmarried women. I told the person who arrived at my bedside at the Hornsby Hospital to register the birth of my baby, that he was to be called *DAVID*. **Just one Christian name**. No second Christian name. She kept saying, "Bruce would be a wonderful second name." I kept saying he didn't need a second Christian name and David would be just fine. She kept going on and on about Bruce. It was clear she wasn't going to do as I wished. Nobody had listened to me to that point so why would she hear me?

Years later, when I requested a copy of my son's pre-adoption birth certificate, I saw he had been registered "DAVID BRUCE." The informant was none other than the clerk from the Church of England's solicitor's office. At no time did she say she was not from the Registrar General's office. And yes, the adoptive father's name was BRUCE. The woman was a Justice of the Peace and had lied by omission in not informing me of her true status. My son has ended up with a pre-adoption birth certificate not as I requested.

My son's pre-adoption birth certificate is stamped –

'NOT FOR OFFICIAL USE.'

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His post-adoption birth certificate contains the fantasy nonsense of his adoptive parents being his 'parents.' He was born to me and yet he has to live with the false 'heritage' of the people he was handed to by the Church of England. He is the first of my children, yet, officially, he is the second child of his substitute parents.

His true father's name is missing from his pre-adoption birth certificate, even though the Matron and her staff knew his name. In whose wisdom was his father's name left off his original birth registration? To protect the male?

These fake Birth Certificates, issued by the State Government, then become the basis of the untrue Passports issued by the Federal Government. This is collusion on a grand scale. ***In effect, all people adopted in Australia after 1920 have untrue Birth Certificates and false Passports based on the untrue Birth Certificates.***

It will be a mammoth task to clean up the lies and genealogical fantasy to which these documents attest.

And what will be on my Death Certificate? I can assure you my firstborn, my son, will be named first, as I named him on my mother's death notice in the Sydney Morning Herald.

Infertile people can be a very persuasive group, able to present themselves and their demands very convincingly. Quite often they are wealthy and prominent powerbrokers themselves. Like Sir Reginald Ansett, who adopted three children. The wealthy were able to 'get in the ear' of their Member of Parliament, and mould the legislation, which was in its infancy in the 1930's, to suit themselves and their dynasty building.

MENTAL HEALTH

The consequences of child theft, to the mother who has had her child taken, are life shattering. For child theft to occur on such an enormous scale required the support and concurrent agreement of large sectors of the community.

FERTILE GROUND

In the 1940's and 1950's Australia was subjected to many 'Revivals' – these were tent shows of preachers from the mother country sent out by the Scripture Union, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, etc. to harangue the lapsing Christians who were suffering in the aftermath of WW II. In Britain, a collective depression had settled on the nation and nobody was going to church any more. The people had lost faith. So the preachers came to Australia.

In South Australia 'The Man from Wales' came to Port Pirie. He was touted as a 'spirit filled preacher' but, in effect, he was a lecturn thumping, shouting God botherer. Most people who came to hear him soon feared his finger pointing, because he could pick a sinner a mile off. This was the era of School Holiday Revivals for children where the Church and the government were the two sectors of society every parent could trust.

These revivals culminated in the visits of Billy Graham and his entourage of men in black in 1958-1959. The Sydney Cricket Ground was packed to capacity. My Aunty (...) came forward and took the pledge. Billy Graham was good at picking sinners too. And nobody wanted to be identified as a sinner. Peter Jensen, the current Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, was swept up by the 'Billy Graham Crusade.'

And, like the crusaders of the 12-14th century, the 'Billy Graham Crusade' set about his plan for moral and spiritual regeneration **with the blessing of all governments** and all evangelical Christian churches.

Once 'sin' was identified, it had to be weeded out.

Along with 'disobedience' came 'rock and roll music', which were both identified as the work of the devil. It was up to the fathers of Australia to re-assert their headship, take control of their families, and lead them back to God by daily readings of the Bible. The Bible was the template for man's life on earth. And Jesus was the 'personal saviour' who could lead our nation to spiritual regeneration.

The churches were empowered to take control of the spirits of the nation. They were emboldened to identify disobedient sons and daughters as evil challengers of the fathers' headship, and, in the spirit of "if thy right eye offends thee, pluck it out," parents were told to cast aside the disobedient. However, in true sexist thinking the disobedient girls were the ones to be cast aside. The disobedient boys were protected.

In 1961 you had to have a reference from your local Minister to be taken in by 'Carramar.' You became identified as part of the 'disease' that was rampant in Australia, the evil disobedience that was seen as a consequence of listening to 'Rock'n'Roll music.' You had to be cast out and taught a lesson. The child you were bearing was believed by the Church to be evidence of your disobedience, so no Christian family post Billy Graham Crusade wanted the 'sin' around to remind the father he had failed to keep his adolescent children obedient.

In effect, the Christian church set the scene for young, unmarried, pregnant women to be demonised. Evidence of sin was touted as abhorrent to God. So Christian families cast out their unmarried, pregnant daughters to the care of the Church. They were cast out in droves. 250,000 young women gave birth alone, most often amongst strangers. Told "your parents don't want this baby" and "I have selected a new family for the baby."

Just as at the turn of the 20th century the Church missions in outback Australia became the 'engine rooms' for the original baby grab of half-caste aboriginal babies, the Church Homes for Unmarried Mothers became the engine rooms for the great baby grab of the 1960's, 1970's, 1980's and even the 1990's. And, just as good white, married Christians became the recipients of the babies from the outback missions, good white, married Christians became the recipients of the babies of the demonised young women of the Rock'n'Roll generation.

I don't know of one incarcerated girl who has not had a mental and spiritual crisis because of what their parents, their church and their government engineered. Unlawful acts became 'lawful', simply because the young women were unsupported by partners, family, friends and boyfriends.

In 1960, the age of adulthood was twenty-one years so even though you could leave school at 15 years, and work, pay taxes, you could not marry unless your father signed the 'Consent to Marriage' form. ***This was a direct consequence of Federal Government Law.***

Laws are enacted as a consequence and in the context of the society in which they are brought into being.

I am aware of only one girl whose baby was taken, who is still a communicant member of a Christian church. A spiritual crisis of such magnitude drove many women to substance abuse, suicide attempts and even death. For myself, I became a Buddhist four weeks after my son was taken from me. I am still a Buddhist. What we experienced was a form of 'Honour Killing' as practised by some Muslim cultures today and, of course, it is the women who are killed. The men are protected, or encouraged to do the beating or the stone throwing. Our government need not 'tut, tut' about Muslim cultures when, in this country it sanctioned the spiritual death of 250,000 young women by allowing the Christian churches to steal their first-borns by sleight of hand, fraud, collusion, demonising and collective cultural abandonment. The Christian church in this country will fall because of its collusion with the hospitals and government officers in the grand, nationwide theft of 250,000 babies. And if those babies survived the government sanctioned child abuse of forcing them to live without their mothers, brothers, sisters and other members of their family of origin, they will work against the proponents of adoption as a natural consequence of what was done to them.

And what of the parents who abandoned their daughters and fulfilled what their churches and government expected of them? A schism was rent by that abandonment that the parents did not expect to happen. They were told that life would go back to what it was before their sinning daughters fell pregnant. That their daughters would return to the fold, repentant, full of remorse and ready to be obedient once the evidence of their sin, their baby, was taken care of.

A schism begins with a lack of trust; then moves through the lack of support, the lack of parental integrity and finally to the realisation of a lack of love. My parents did not love me enough to defy the church and the government on my behalf.

Eventually the daughter has to face the fact that her own parents did not want their first grandchild. This is seen as **generational betrayal**. The ultimate betrayal of one generation to the next. **Generational genocide**.

My relationship with my father was finished on the day, one week after my 21st birthday. I was put on a train and sent to Carramar. He didn't realise it. My son and I were just another piece of business with which he had to deal. But the spiritual and psychological consequences for him were mammoth. He would never again say "Now we are all here....." I would simply look at him and he would be reminded of his only grandson whom he cast aside on the advice of (...) and the NSW Government.

When a woman's child is stolen by church, culture, government, or even fire or flood, the woman never recovers. A part of herself is gone forever, and she can never get it back. **When re-united with a stolen child, a woman's grief is compounded a hundredfold** with the sight of the precious face that was hidden from her by law, a sheet, a pillow, a shackle, or the representative of God and country.

And what of that representative of God, (...) R.N.? What of her time at Carramar? How proud was she of her career of mother/child separation? How rewarding was her extraction of babies from their young mothers and doling out those products to the waiting arms of good white married Christians? She died in 2008, I think. I read her obituary. No mention of her time as 'the Cat Woman of Carramar!' No mention of the time she asked the Church for another dwelling where she "was sure she could house eight more girls".⁹ No mention of where she stashed the payments for 'a job well done.' A quarter of her working life was met with her own silence.

I took my youngest daughter to Boomerang Street, Turrumurra to show her where I had been incarcerated. The cab driver drove up and down the street, but we couldn't find 16-18. We stopped at the house across the road.

"Oh, Carramar was demolished around 1984. Were you one of the girls?"

"Yes. I have just brought some roses. I will put them at the fence."

"It was broken up into 6 blocks I think and sold. Nobody protested. We were glad to see it gone."

Should have been good capital gains to pay the Federal Government. The building was originally a crippled children's home, or a home for children coming from out West.

So where did the massive profits go? You cannot simply 'sell' a building designated to be used as a '**care and concern**' dwelling for the unfortunates of the community.

Where did the massive profits go?

Five acres.

In the middle of Turramurra.

My mother apologised to me in 1989, five years before she died.

"I'm sorry I couldn't stand up for you. Your father would have divorced me. I'm sorry you lost your son. We could look for him."

For the rest of her days she endeavoured to make things right for me. She acknowledged her monumental error of judgement. She had painted my son as she imagined him to be at the age of nine. ***She, too, was a casualty of the horrendous adoption experiment that will blight Australia for at least four generations.***

"The others who got it wrong still owe all mothers and their stolen babies an apology. What amount can repair a lifetime of grief? What amount can cushion the theft of a child by a government eugenically oriented?"

I believe there are a couple of things left to do.

1. Apologise.

2. Repair and compensate for the damage.

And then follow Dr Geoff Rickarby's advice

3. BAN ADOPTION

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- 2) "Good and Bad Power"
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p. 7
c) 2006
Allan Lane Penguin Books
80 Strand, London
- 3) Ibid p.13
- 4) "Guantanamo My Journey"
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p. 187
Random House
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- 5) "Instruments of Torture" p.111 (Pinochet's Chile)
Government Head has the responsibility for laws and practices under
Its auspices – in Australia, Federal Government powers take precedence
over State laws. Federal Government can annul policies enacted by
States. (Ref. Traveston Dam, Queensland – annulled by Federal
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- 6) "Instruments of Torture" p.119
- 7) "Hornsby Hospital Annual Report
1961, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66
- 8) "Instruments of Torture" p.129
'deprived even of the normal bonds of kinship: neither couples nor families
with children had any status in the masters' eyes.'
- 9) Minutes of Monthly Meeting: "Carramar"
Church of England Home Mission Society
1963