

CHILDHOOD

See attached number 1

NSW VICTIMS REDRESS SCHEME

At the moment there is no redress scheme in nsw which leaves me feeling rejected again by society. Are we, as told often, not worthy of society, are we not worthy of consideration, are we not worthy of the same legal rights as others.

LEGAL RESULTS

I have tried all legal avenues in regard to just compensation in regard to my treatment by the churches.

They have continually denied responsibility and have hidden behind laws designed to protect them from responsibility of their actions even though it can be shown they had a first hand involvement in the running of these homes.

I have made an application to the NSW victims compensation tribunal but was advised that because I was never committed to a mental institution I am not eligible. Yet others who receive minor physical injuries are allowed to make a claim. Mental health is just as if not more important.

I have tried to take the church to court but was forced by my own legal team to settle out of court for a mere \$11,000 or face a massive legal bill. This was due to the misrepresentation and bullying continued by the church including having some members receiving threatening phone calls at night while others had their jobs threatened.

WHY REDRESS IS IMPORTANT

Considering the massive effects of the mental problems caused by my time in a church run orphanage I have missed out considerably in life. I tried twice to join the army because I wanted to be a part of our history in an organisation that would have given me a honourable career.

Twice I was rejected during basic training because of my mental problems. I proved I was physically and academically suited. It was my problems with the system that resulted from the brutal home of my childhood. The legal system that is in place now is actually against me reciving any justice for my treatment at the hands of my abusers. Society has again closed ranks against us to protect the abusers and continue the abuse against those who dared to gain any redress against the religiose and political system that is responsible for the continuing suffering of those who were abused as children.

RIGHT TO COMPENSATION

As a citizen of Australia I deserve the same rights as others, I was born here, I have worked here and I am a part of Australia. Where in law does it say I should be denied the rights given to others merely because of how I was raised. Many of the children,(and let us remember, they were little children, I was 4 yrs old) were systematically brain washed as far as their rights were concerned and this continues today. It was only the actions of CLAN that made me realise my rights. My financial future was destroyed by the systematic and continual abuse of the churches. The physical and mental abuse included bashings and mental abuse that is today considered torture by adults. My career and ability to earn a decent living was destroyed by this abuse. My self worth and mental stability was destroyed leaving me in a situation I had no control over.

I see people being awarded over a million dollars for 4 yrs of bullying at school during the day. I was bullied and bashed continually every day and night for 12 yrs but because of where I was raised it is decided I am not worthy of one cent by the guilty parties.

CHURCHES LEGAL AND MORAL OBLIGATION

The guilty must stop using laws that are designed to protect them from being found guilty. They received the rewards of society to support and own these premises. They have become wealthy because of financial protection by their friends in government. It is time they accepted the judgement of their victims and were forced to sell the billions of dollars of assets and settled the whole matter with their victims.

They stand in the pulpits every Sunday and tell society about moral obligation while denying their own obligations that they accepted when they set up these orphanages. They refused those same obligations when they ignored the claims of their victims. They refused their legal and moral obligations when they chose to ignore the treatment of their victims by not inspecting the conditions of the children.

We must remember , these were not adults as they are now, they were little children. These children gave them their trust and their future. The people (many related)who placed them in the institutions expected the children to be safe and well treated.

I can still remember the tears from my birth mother when I told her of the abuse we went through.

The comments from others when I have told them of what went on ranged from tears to disbelief, "they were the church, how could they do that".

The churches are responsible, they should pay, they have the means, they have the responsibility.

ATTACHMENT 1/

Thoughts and effects of my time at the north coast children's home

The comments of _____ about me being disgusting and no better than an animal have left me unable to look at myself in the mirror, I find I am disgusted at what I look at, I also hate to see myself in photos or video and refuse to watch them. I hate associating with people and feel depressed and worthless when I meet others who discuss their careers. I have had a continuing battle with my self esteem and confidence to the point that even doing simple jobs that I have done heaps before still cause me to struggle to even start them each day. One example is building insect screens for our house, I have done this on three houses but still each day I have to struggle to believe that I can do it without stuffing it up and I have the confidence to do it, some days I am not successful and don't do these jobs. I have always thought I was only suitable for the basic labouring jobs and so that is what I did. Because of being told how lazy I was in the home I always tried to be the best labourer on the job to the point now my body is so stuffed in the joints and back I find it very difficult to do manual work but I still hear those comments and so I continue.

_____ told me for 12 yrs that I was no good, lazy and would never amount to anything and that I was disgusting. She was pleased when I tried to join the army because "the discipline would do me good" even after the strict discipline that she dished out, as if I needed more. I was accepted into the Army Apprenticeship Training School at Balcombe VIC, this I later found out was a very high achievement but my mental state left me unable to accept authority and discipline, my migraines became worse and I became stressed to the point of having to escape the army after 3 months. I was given a discharge where I went back to Sawtell. I later tried to join the army again as a soldier but again I failed because of discipline and authority problems when I was discharged after 6 weeks. This has left me ashamed and disgusted with myself for missing these two opportunities where I was shown to be weak and not deserving of my place in society. My family has had a strong level of participation in the ANZAC legend with my stepfather being one of the rats of Tobruk and an uncle at Gallipoli. I often think of what these people did for their country and I am not even good enough to pass basic training.

In the book _____ she couldn't resist making another demeaning comment about me

I left the home without any idea whatsoever about the workings of society as far as jobs or family or even taking care of myself. I had no idea about saving for the future or even having a future. All I knew was to escape.

had her favourites which she took good care of and others that she didn't want to know about. That was the group I was in. I believed she absolutely hated me because of the problems I had when younger with the bed wetting. She would take any opportunity to embarrass me or humiliate me in front of the other 35 children. I was called a book worm because I was always reading but that was a way of escaping. Other children including her favourites would often tease me to the point of me losing my temper and fighting them. answer to this bullying by them was to tell me to ignore them which was impossible when they threw things at you. But I would get a flogging if I reacted to their taunting. Any time children were found to be crying from loneliness or missing their family we were told to "stop that rot" and threatened with a flogging with the horse whip or similar punishment. We were never shown compassion or love. I believe that we were basically left to fend for ourselves as far as emotional affection was concerned and parental guidance. As far as having contact with it was an event we hated even to the point of being terrified. School holidays were a time I hated because you were sent out to other peoples homes "to keep their single child entertained" or to provide cheap labour on farms. These positions were given as a reward to being on good side although that was never explained to us. Because of her hatred for me I was usually the last to be sent and it was to the worst places where I was placed with abusive parents. One time had me being flogged for ten minutes with a leather strap because I wet the bed, another time had me being kicked with steel capped work boots for not doing the sons jobs, and I was about 8. did not want to hear about these events because as she said I should be grateful that these people even allowed me to go to their places so I should stop being so ungrateful and selfish. One time I was burnt with a can of petrol on my lower leg leading to second degree burns to most of my left leg. I was so scared of that I tried to hide it but the smell from under the blanket in summer gave it away. I was sent to this home to be a play mate to a single child who showed me how petrol burnt but the 5 gallon drum caught fire and I had to dive through flames to escape. This was all blamed on me and I was told that as I was injured quite badly (1 month in hospital) I would not receive a flogging this time.

I have no contact at all with my siblings as we grew up without the family bond and were never encouraged to be brothers and sisters. I have since had big arguments with all of them and now don't even bother to associate with them.

My mental health since I left the home has been a total disaster with me being not able to hold down jobs for very long and even having trouble getting jobs. I never learnt a trade because I was never in one place long enough; my life has been a time of fleeing from one place to the next. Whenever I am stressed I have an extreme feeling of having to fight or leave the current situation. My job attitude leaves me unable to take orders for very long and usually I end up losing my temper and smashing something. Since leaving the home I have had a constant anger and hatred for humanity which gives me some very nasty thoughts at times about what I would like to do some people. These thoughts are hard to control and when I lose my temper I have only a matter of seconds to avoid any reaction. The only thing that has stopped me from carrying out these thoughts

has been my great fear of authority such as the police being able to take away my freedom and being placed back into the home (jail). It was run almost the same.

I have had no children of my own. One time while helping my sister out after the birth of her second child I was nursing her in the sister's car and she wouldn't stop crying and I almost bashed her. This scared the living daylight out of me and so I locked her in the car and stood about 30 feet away so I could not do anything. I then always tried to stay away from children as I was too scared of my violent reaction to any situation.

Since leaving the home I have been involved with all types of drugs except heroin (as I believed it was addictive). I ended up being addicted to LSD and cannabis and alcohol being stoned every waking moment. When I was about 21 I had what I believed to be a nervous breakdown where I just bashed my fists and head butted the walls and fridge for hours and cried for hours. I broke many bones in my hands but did not go to a doctor because I was scared they would put me into an institution. This is why I have always avoided any help for my mental problems. The crying was unusual because I had learnt to never cry and this effect has been with me all my life up until the last 5 yrs. Even at the death of my mother who I was caring for when she died I was unable to shed a single tear for her. When I was about 30 I started to make serious inroads into my drug problem and was able to avoid the use of all drugs except for cannabis and alcohol. I have had to avoid even thinking about the other drugs as once I start I find it very difficult to stop. I continued the use of cannabis until about 8 yrs ago and have not used it since. This was a cause of me and my current wife separating because of my violent attitude and secret drug use. I have since stopped the use of cannabis and now only use alcohol although it is a constant struggle to avoid overuse. My wife is strong enough to keep some sort of control over it but it has caused a lot of problems. Now I am allowed to have a couple of drinks at a time and not get overly drunk. It seems as though once I start I can't stop until I am totally obliterated, at least now I keep to myself and don't cause problems.

My bedwetting at the home was one of my most horrifying and demeaning times at the home.

When I was about 4 I was wetting the bed on almost a daily basis which went on for about 5 yrs.

During this time I had my nose rubbed into wet sheets and flogged with a horsewhip. I was terrified to get up during the night as the staff would sneak around at night with soft soled shoes and the horsewhip where if you were caught out of bed you would get whipped unless you were going to the toilet. I would not wake up during the night and so I would wet the bed. This was always punished in front of 35 other children who were encouraged to laugh because the embarrassment would help to stop my bed wetting, so said . At one point when I was in first class at school I wet the bed and I was forced to sleep in nappies and made on one occasion to wear the nappy to breakfast. I was made to wait until all the other children were at their tables for breakfast then forced to stand in the middle of the room in a nappy, all the children were told by to laugh at me and strongly encouraged by her, I had to have breakfast dressed in the nappy while being told I was going to school dressed that way so all the kids at school would see me. I was absolutely terrified and humiliated. I was then waiting inside for the school bus when I was told to put my school

uniform on, but the kids were told to tell everyone at school. This is when I learnt to hate with a vengeance.

I have had two suicide attempts but the thought of dying has been a constant thought. Whenever I have a fight with my wife usually because I have stuffed up my thoughts turn to leaving and how worthless I am. The result is that I know if I am ever on my own I would not last very long. I am constantly depressed and have a belief that I am not worth much to society and my wife but the facts are different. I have days of anger where I just hate society and the behaviour of its stalwarts and when I see the hypocrisy of what goes on with the churches it fills me with anger that takes days to get over. When I am in this mood I try to be alone and avoid social occasions or if I have to accompany my wife I just don't say anything and try to avoid conversations and stay in the corner literally. When sitting down in a public place I always need to have my back protected or I feel at risk. This I believe is because of losing her temper and doing sneak attacks on us with the horsewhip. One example of this was when I was in high school and we were waiting for the bus, because we were not allowed outside the grounds of the home. And cam running out with the horsewhip and started flogging about 12 of us because the brooms were not clean enough. So we all tried to squeeze into the small broom closet at once with her flogging whoever was at the outside. The brooms were cleaned again and again until she stopped flogging and we were then allowed to go to school.

Not being allowed outside the home grounds was one of the ways we were controlled. When we were allowed out to the pictures or the baths it was always as one large group of 35 children which used to get a lot of stares and comments from the public and we had to be with a couple of staff. We were never allowed out on our own. This was punishable by a flogging for not doing what we were told to do. At night we were all locked up within the home and not allowed outside for any reason. All the doors and windows had locks but they were locked from the outside. To this day I hate being inside without a window open and not being able to go outside after dark.