



**Senate Inquiry into
“Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption
policies and practices”.**

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Australia resident in New South Wales.**

**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
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**My name is Loma Pincham nee (Lawler). I live at (...)
(...) . My home phone
number is (...) .**

This is my story surrounding the adoption of my first born daughter, how she was taken from my body at birth and never to be seen by me until 28 years later.

In November, 1965 I was placed in a position that no woman is created for, my crime which was to have fallen pregnant and NOT MARRIED.

I was forced to have my first born daughter stolen from myself whilst delivering her on the labour table.

At no time during my pregnancy did I intend to have my daughter stolen from me and handed over to the first pre adoptive parents to abuse her.

I was 19 years old naïve country girl who moved to Sydney with another friend in search of work.

I found work as a shop assistant at David Jones in Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

I became involved with a young man named (...) in the Armed Forces. After a 6 months relationship my boyfriend he was assigned to guard the Asian waterways as the Vietnam War was just starting. He sailed on the 25 February, 1965, to do his tour of duty.

In April of 1965 I realised that I was pregnant and I tried hard to hide the fact. I don't think I wanted to accept the predicament I was in.

I became very sick. I couldn't continue working and found that I was forced to go back home which was in (...) NSW.

I truly thought my family would help me until my boyfriend returned from his tour of duty.

My mother guessed that I was pregnant and she was supportive and began buying baby clothes for me.

At no time did my mother think that I would have my baby stolen from me.

My mother was a very kind and caring person and she understood, by the fact that my grandmother had raised two of her sister's children.

But on the other hand my father being of Irish decent and hearing the news of my pregnancy went completely into a rage. He took himself to a solicitor unbeknown to me.

My father instructed the solicitor to send a letter of demand via the Navy to my boyfriend's ship. He also sent a copy to (...) parents saying that he was never to contact his daughter again.

I had NO IDEA this was happening and I was waiting to receive a letter from (...) so we could make plans for our future.

At this time I was 19 years old, but still classed as a minor, so my father took full advantage of this.

While I was living at home there was no-way I was going to adopt my baby and the subject never arose.

Everything settled down with Dad and we went on with our lives, I was busy collecting baby's needs.

In September, my oldest sister (...) arrived and asked me if I would like to come live at her place in Grafton, as she needed help looking after her four children. I thought this would be nice helping her out.

This turned into a nightmare as she took over my life. Within a couple of days she brought in the Welfare Officer from the Child Welfare Department, his name was (...) (...)

(...) visited my sister home and they started talking about adoption. I said NO WAY am I adopting my baby.

I thought this was settled with them, what I had decided was to KEEP MY BABY.

On 13 November, I went into labour, my sister took me to Runnymede Hospital in Grafton.

My baby was born at 6.40pm and after my baby came into the world, I asked for my baby and they said NO. I was getting very upset and tried to climb off the table as the nurse was taking my baby away. My legs had been placed in stirrups and this was why I was having trouble getting off the bed. The nursing sister placed a mask over my face because I was screaming for my baby.....this is all I could remember.

When I came around I was advised I had a daughter weighing 7 ½ pound and she was healthy and this was all I needed to know.

My father and my sister had arranged this behind my back that my baby was to be adopted. They didn't tell me, it was just between them, no one knew except the two of them. They had decided this before I went to stay at my sister's place, which was back in September.

My mother didn't even know that they were making plan's, she was expecting me home with my baby.

On the third day after giving birth (...) arrived at my bedside with papers for me to sign. I told him to get out and I wasn't going to sign away my baby.

My sister arrived to visit me and I gave her money to go buy nappies for my baby because I was getting ready to leave the hospital with my baby.

She went home and rang my father, who drove down from Lismore that night. He came to see me and stated that if I bring my baby home with me..... "I wasn't welcome and neither was the baby".

I was totally gutted and devastated. I couldn't believe all this was happening to me and my baby.

On the 6th day after my baby's birth, (...) came and told me I needed to sign the papers. He said I had to "because there was a lovely married couple, driving up from Sydney to pick up the baby and they couldn't wait for ever".

He told me I was unfit to be a mother and that I could not support my baby, which at this time I felt people wouldn't

just leave me alone and were making decisions against my will.

I signed these papers under duress, I left the hospital with my sister where I remained living with her for another 6 weeks.

My other sister named (...) who lives at Junee, found out what happened to me and came to (...) house and told me to pack my clothes because I was going to live at her place. She was shocked that this had happened to her little sister and felt so very sorry for me.

I lived with (...) for the next 5 years. I found a job at David Jones in Wagga as a shop assistant and tried to put this horrible nightmare behind me.

I would go home once a year to visit my mother and she told me she had no idea what my father and older sister had planned for me and my baby. My father was a control freak, what he said goes and there was no way anyone could change his mind.

During all these years I looked in every pram thinking of my baby girl. On her birthday every year I cried for her, she should be here with me. Every Christmas and mothers day I would be so depressed, it wasn't a good time of year for me.

After 15 years had passed, I met (...) and married him and we went on to have two more children. I gave birth to my daughter (...) 16 years after my first baby daughter was taken and 2 years later I gave birth to my son (...).

I was a very protective mother with my children. I would NEVER allow them out of my sight. My babies are the most precious children and I loved them both dearly.

After 28 years a letter arrived at my parent home and it was addressed to them. The letter was from a young lady by the name of (...) (my daughter) and she was looking for Loma Lawler.

It stated she was very close to her in 1965, while in Grafton, but unfortunately she had lost contact and would dearly love to meet up with her again.

My other sister (...) who was visiting my parent's on this day and knew nothing about my pregnancy and the adoption of my baby girl. (...) rang in a shocked state and told me to sit down as she was reading the letter over the phone to me.

I told her to please forward this letter to me as I was starting to search for her, I asked her for the address which was on the letter. I then went to the post office to get my daughters phone number and I rang her that night.

On my first phone call to her she told me her real name was (...) and she asked me "why she was made a State Ward" I said "No you weren't" she went on to tell me that she wasn't adopted until February, 1969 and she had her paper work from the Department of Social Services to prove it.

Can you imagine the shock that hit me with this news as I was legally her guardian until 1969 and nobody had

notified me that I could reclaim my daughter as she was made a State Ward.

She read out her Prescribed Information to me and to my horror the first pre adoptive parents had abused her and she was sent into hospital on numerous times.

Also while she was still in Grafton Hospital as a new born baby, (...) decided to do experiments on her for Phenylketonuria because he was treating my sister (...) 4 children because they suffered from this illness. But as I come from a large family NO ONE ELSE has ever shown signs of this illness, it came from her husband's side of the family. I am not a carrier and nor are my children.

I found out this is why she was made a State Ward so please find copies of the files which I will send with my submission.

These abusive pre adoptive parents even baptised her in their name (...) on the 3 April, 1966, St Pauls Church of England, Bankstown. These low life parents kept her from the 24 February, 1966 - 24 February, 1967.

The Department of Social Services decided on the last visit to the hospital with her injuries by them, she was placed back into care.

On the 23 March, 1967 she was placed with her later adoptive parents.

I feel absolutely gutted by my daughters forced adoption, knowing she had been abused and made a guinea pig at such a young innocent age.

I do not want an apology, as it is 10 years too late and I want justice in this matter of the forced adoption of my daughter has taken its toll on me.

The day I left the hospital without my baby, half of myself was left behind and I was never the same person again.

I feel I was judged by society and made to suffer a lifetime of pain only because I didn't have a wedding ring on my finger.

I was never given my human rights to be a mother, which was truly best for my baby.

I was never told she was made a State Ward and if I had known that I would have reclaimed her.

I was not informed as a mother there was a 30 day revocation period.....which was more because she was made a State Ward and she wasn't adopted until 1969.

During the birth I was shackled to a bed and therefore barriers placed between me and my baby.

Being told I was an unfit mother while getting over the birth of my baby and as a result I feel I had to question myself as being a good mother to my other children and I was.

My daughter's adoption was so illegal as far as I am concerned.

Everything surrounding my daughter adoption has made me so angry and even till this day it has affected me and I will carry this to my grave.

What I have written in my submission is the truth and I will swear on the bible.

Yours sincerely (...)

Loma Pincham (nee Lawler)

17th January, 2011