

SENATE INQUIRY INTO

"Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption policies and practices."

Preamble to Submission

I, MAREE LAIRD, AM A CITIZEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA RESIDENT IN STATE OF QUEENSLAND.

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.

1.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE...

THAT THIS HAPPENED TO ME!!!

Well, this is the story of my life. It all started when I was born on 9 October, 1961 my mother (...) was a poor migrant woman who had immigrated from Yugoslavia in 1956 to be with her three brothers, leaving her mother behind, sadly to never see her again as her mother, my grandmother, passed away in early 1979.

Anyway, life was hard for my mother in 1961 when I was born. She had nowhere to turn for help, no stable husband for ever though my father loved her she could not tolerate him to the end of their relationship and refused to marry him when he asked her. My mother had to tolerate many things: the stigma of not only being a single unmarried mother, but also being of European origin, so hence she was thus ostracised by the Yugoslav community that ^{she} lived in; she lived in poverty as no pension or help of any sort was offered to her so she lived on the small amount of money she had saved. She worked in her brother's shop where she must not have got much of a wage as they told me years ago that she was that poor that she could not afford to buy "modest".

She also had the everpresent problem of violence as I do recall my stepfather bashing her and giving her two black eyes and cutting off her long hair.

The brother who owned the shop had a wife who had no time for my mother and criticises her till this day. No wonder she had a bad time of it.

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Remember, she was also not well conversed in English, having not been in Australia long.

Life was very hard for the first five years of my life. My mother was struggling to survive and it was not unusual to be hungry. She tried to provide for me and I'll always remember her kindness and gentle nature.

I do remember eating some meals however I do not know if I had three meals a day. No fault of my mother, as she became involved ~~with~~ with a violent man (my stepfather) who treated her to a life of violence until he left her in 1978-79.

Life became too much for her and she lost myself, my second young sister, second oldest sister, and our only brother to Child Welfare.

Our youngest sister was born 7 years after me, two years after she lost us to Childrens Services. The sister just $2\frac{1}{2}$ years younger ~~was~~ than me ended up being fostered to a childless couple and when she was 12 she managed to sign adoption papers for her own adoption, ~~which I later heard is~~ illegal. This childless couple also adopted another child from another family.

My mother paid for this sister of mine to be looked after in hospital for six months or eight months when she was born.

Our mother always claimed to have never signed any papers which is believable as we all know that you don't have to sign any orders and to

outcome is still the same - losing your child or children!!!

I used to think that maybe I was better off with ^{the} foster family I went. but how was I supposed to know the overwhelming feeling of frustrating loneliness and the persona of belonging to a dysfunctional family.

I believe that ^{my} mother suffered from post-natal depression as I also suffer severely from it every time I gave birth to a child. She stayed with me at a Reverend's house where his wife and himself looked after us offering solid support. The Reverend whom I spoke to years later told me that my mother seemed to go "wild" after the birth of each child, and that my mother stopped bringing me to see them when I was a little girl and they never set eyes on her again as she went "wild". They didn't know what was wrong with her. I do - she suffers from the same condition as me - post-natal depression. I actually suffered the worst type which is called - puerperal psychosis.

Let me tell you something it doesn't work out for anyone when you wrench children from their natural mother. I was fostered to a family for 13 years and we didn't get along, especially not with my mother as remember I would have been secretly grieving my natural mother. I got along mainly with my foster father. We're all friends years later but we are clearly and distinctly dysfunctional. I was not happy in that foster home, except at Xmas...

I went into the Royal Brisbane for a week's bed rest with no friends or family to visit me or support me as I was living away from my family who mainly lived in N.S.W. I also had no more. Whilst in hospital, a scan was done that revealed twins. Well I was elated

January - Feb 1983 I found myself in Toowoomba. Well what a mistake that was. I met a nice man who promised me marriage and then dumped me. Well what with being pregnant, which stressful for the body as it is with fluctuating hormones etc, living in a boarding house where I had my own room not much money, and with gossipy tongues in Toowoomba clicking, well that would drive anyone to looking for help from a social worker called

(...)

I will never trust a social worker again, or if I do I will be very wary. I would like to know where this woman is now as it would probably solve a few problems, and may even throw a light on the whereabouts of the twins. For some reason I didn't feel that comfortable being in Toowoomba Base hospital in the maternity section.

I thought at the time it was insecurity and paranoia on my behalf but now looking back years later I can actually acknowledge with the mind of a very well woman, who has not been in a hospital since ^{late} 1986 when my daughter, who is my youngest child, as I also had a son who was born early in 1985; was born that the medical staff and patients did not like me as I was an

unmarried "tattooed" mother who was from out of town." I remember their sarcastic and remorseless attitudes to me and also their cruel, derogatory remarks, such as when first in the labour wards (words uttered by a young pretty blonde nurse about 19 years of age), "Here shove this in your gob" (referring to the thermometer). Well those words just upset me so much I have never felt so utterly insecure and put down in my life. Here I am scared out of my wits, anywhere in the world I wanted to be right then other than in that hospital in Toowoomba. I called it a conspiracy at the time, and years later I am sure it was, and others have confirmed it; a conspiracy to "kidnap" my twin girls and (...)

The fact that one of the twins had to be given NARCAN (trade name - naloxone) (a narcotic antagonist drug, chemically related to morphine, and used as an antidote to narcotic poisoning) shows the hospital's negligence - actually the anaesthetist (...)

A (...)

Toowoomba I presume).

A combine dressing was found in the vagina which was found to be the only source of the very heavy haemorrhaging I was suffering from which eventuated in myself being given a blood transfusion which I knew nothing about, the following day. I had the transfusion at 9.45 am and at 1.00 pm the curette was performed to remove the fragmented pieces ...

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of the placenta. I can only imagine how the placenta came to be in such a state, was because of the high percentage of drugs they gave me in the labour brought on an allergic reaction that caused me to be so distressed and highly vulnerable and sensitive to my surroundings that the placenta was dragged out viciously instead of it expelling itself from the body naturally.

I remember when I was about to give birth having my legs in stirrups and doctors, nurses and student doctors were there to witness the birth as I was told it was a normal procedure when twins were being born. I remember the birth vaguely as I was not encouraged in view the twins at all. When they were born they said they're girls (one girl and then another girl) and then they were automatically put into humicribs as they were two weeks premature. Quite normal for twins to be born even earlier than that. The nursing staff seemed to blame me for (...) (the eldest) having jaundice. I don't know why the nursing staff were so intent on making me feel guilty. The fact that (...) (twin No. 1) had to be given NARCAN at birth (narcotic antagonist given to counteract the effects of narcotic poisoning) proves how negligent the anaesthetist (...) and the nursing staff were. I was, in fact, given too much PETHIDENE and other drugs I presume.

After the birth I was just so COLD and my blood pressure was VERY LOW.

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I was freezing and needed four blankets or more. They were worried about my life. Later, when I got slightly better I was losing more blood than I should after giving birth and all through the night a nurse kept coming in and changing my sanitary pads, so of course I had no sleep all night, as well as the night before giving birth. I remember saying to that particular nurse (who had short brown wavy hair, of slim build, nice face 40 - 50 years old), "don't I get to sleep" and she replied, "No rest for the wicked" with a huge grin on her face. Is that a suitable phrase when speaking to a sick woman?!!!

I do not remember having the transfusion, all I can vaguely remember is having a drip attached to me as I attempted to walk down the aisle to see my twins whom they did not encourage me to see. They still blamed me, not directly, for (...) having jaundice.

Just after lunch (which of course I could not eat) as I was due for a curette to clean out the remaining fragments of the placenta which would then be sent to the laboratory to determine if the twins were identical or not.

I don't know why so many medical students and a few doctors had to also be in the theatre while the curette was being performed. Well, of course, the only cause of bleeding was found to be due to their negligence, a combine dressing found in the vagina it was left there during. OR immediately.

after the birth. Of course it's a big event in a single, lonely young woman's life giving birth to twins never mind two nights lack of sleep, maybe even more, PETHIDINE etc and anaesthetic in your system. Well it was no wonder that after FRIDAY 13 MAY, 1983 a person starts to crack up. The nurses were always nasty to me, making little cutting remarks perfectly audible to me such as on the Saturday 14 MAY when I was eating lunch, "look at her feeding her face and her twins are hungry. I had trouble sitting and ^{bottle} feeding them, although I did try, as I had episiotomy stitches (which they helped to cause as they yanked on the placenta so roughly).

A couple of days before (probably FRI) a nurse asked me if I was going to breastfeed as I did previously intend to do so, and I said I have no milk, and actually I didn't notice any at all or the enlargement of the breasts (engorged with milk) until July, 1983 when I was in Baillie Henderson psychiatric hospital Toowoomba. I remember a nurse called

(...) saying to me "did I know that my breasts were leaking milk and did I want to take tablets to dry it up." What happened to the breast milk between May - July?

What about the day, very early in the morning I awoke very startled to find two nurses standing over me, saying "marvell you have wet the bed, we had better change it." I have never wet the bed in my life, not even as a child. I remember

10. 9.
feeling extremely embarrassed, especially when they placed the mattress in front of Mb to dry, in the sun.

How about the night (one of my first nights in Mb) I had the scariest and most bizarre dream. I heard the eeriest sounds and drunks were singing out to me and one raped me.

I absconded a lot, I mean who wouldn't. It was a hell-hole, I was too frightened to take a bath and when I did it was half-clothed keeping my dress on, or at my friend's place (Mrs (...)) when I was able to go to her house for afternoon tea I was not allowed to visit my flat - they didn't want me to get any outside help as I was sharing with a flatmate and I lived next door to Mrs (...) 's daughter.

The staff made me feel like a freak who had just given birth to twins, and that I was useless and hopeless human being and mother.

I was promised by a female doctor with blonde hair that the twins would be brought over to Mb ^{everyday} so that I could then learn to care for them properly without assistance. Well that just didn't happen. I asked quite a few times as to when they were bringing them over.

Their excuse was (as Toowoomba had been raining for nearly two weeks practically non-stop), "It's raining, we can't bring them over in the rain." Like they didn't have a hospital car. Yeah sure.

I'm just about positive I was on some type of hallucinogenic drug or a mind

altering drug as whenever I looked out my door (in my room in M6) at first everything seemed nice and pleasant, and the cleaner was polishing the floor and there was a plant in a pot at the end of the passage, everything seemed nice and normal, well about 5-10 minutes later I looked out the door of my room again and the whole scenario had changed. It was dark and dismal, and looked like the eeriest place on earth. If the experts say it was depression well why wasn't I treated for depression and not for schizophrenia which just backfired against me as giving someone the wrong tablets will add to the problems. I asked for help for depression and never received any as I told them in M6 that I was depressed and could I have something for my depression. They didn't care or listen.

How about the time, just minutes prior to my transfer to Baillie Henderson I was scared out of my wits as not only were they transporting me there in an ambulance, all these drunks were hanging out of the next building. Honestly some type of drug must have been administered to me to experience these hallucinations I have never heard the likes of it in my life. On the way to Baillie Henderson, we were seemingly "escorted" by drunks and psychos on small motorbikes. How bizarre.

How about the day the nun called
 (...) visited me with chocolates when
 I was in M6 (psych. ward in TW MBA
 Base Hospital). While she was there
 a nurse came in with LAROCAGTYL
 tablets in a crushed form, so of course
 this is unusual and I asked ^{where} why
 they crushed, and she replied, "for
 faster absorption." I have never heard
 or seen the likes of that before and
 probably never will again, I pray to
 God.

The nurses in M6 were very peculiar
 to me as one of their practises was to
 place a folded towel between the door
 and the door of the room I was in.
 When I asked why they replied so
 we ~~can~~ can check on you while you are
 sleeping without disturbing you. M6 was
 the scariest place I have ever been in
 my life, it is the stuff of nightmare.
 The last thing I needed was them
 creeping around while I was knocked
 out on psychiatric drugs. I was so
 scared in M6, you can only understand
 how bad it was if you could have been
 in my "shoes" for those two weeks.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE IT WAS!

I had been in M6 for about a week
 when one night about 8.00 - 8.30 pm (actual
 I think it was the former) it was dark
 as it was the month of May, well I
 decided to go for a walk to visit my
 twins. I never asked permission as they
 would have said no. In my files,
 they tried to say it was in the early
 hours of the morning but it wasn't as
 I remember it well. I walked through the

hospital grounds, meanwhile going through a very eerie building with wheelchairs piled skyhigh and not a soul in sight. I can't tell you how scared I was. Goodness knows what they were giving me in the form of ~~medication~~ ^{medication} Hallucinations like that don't come from post-natal depression or any other mental illness, not when you are supposedly being treated for your "condition" with medication to make you better.

I entered the maternity ward not long after this and the nurse at the desk didn't seem to notice me as being like an abnormal human being who wanted to see her babies - she acknowledged me going to see the twins however I was making my way slowly along the passage, suddenly a psychiatric nurse appeared by my side, saying, "Come Mavee, come back to the ward," treating me like a child, like a bad girl who wasn't allowed to see her babies.

What about the time I asked to wash my clothes, and the nurse poured in too much washing powder on purpose, just so they could keep me in one place. The suds overdosed the machine and it took me forever and a day to get rid of the suds, especially as I was so slow on the heavy medication and my concentration was barely existant.

I was walking past the nurses' station in Mb one evening on the way to my room, which was out of a horror movie itself, when I overheard a tall, thin, white-haired very creepy and sinister looking male "nurse" (I wonder to this day if he actually

was a nurse, and also many others, - I wonder about their credentials saying to (I think it was Dr (...)) someone, we'll keep her in that room for 13 months and not let her out. Well can you imagine my first reaction was to run and run I did I asked a nurse to take me for a walk and then I bolted from her, she tried to keep a hold on me by my jumper, but I struggled out of her grasp. I ran for my life wearing only a pair of rubber thongs, a thin summer dress, a jumper and undergarments (of course), and carrying a shoulder bag. It was dark, freezing, and there was no where to go, no one to turn to. I found myself near the sewerage plant walking up a hill past a lot of houses. I was so cold, tired and frightened all I could think of was what a total disaster my life was in and how on earth could a person think straight on that medication so I could get to Wollongong to get help so I don't lose my twins. There was no way out. they had me where they wanted me - ~~the~~ ^{twins} were the bounty and they were the bounty hunters and they had caught the so-called outlaw - me.

I remember while still being in the maternity unit (TOOWOOMBA MOTHERS HOSPITAL) (on the Sat night - 14 May, 1983) - well I was on the bottom floor, and the mothers on top floor (second floor) were calling out to me, YOU MOTHERF---ER!

Well it could have been a culmination of pethidine at the birth, nearly dying, (thanks to their negligence) an aesthetic at the 2

of the cigarette, and anxiety, worry, stress and hardly any sleep, however I am just about convinced they turned the other women against me as they never smiled at me or spoke to me. I was like a leper to them. I am telling you it was a CONSPIRACY! No one would believe me before, now they do!!!

The patients in M6 were ignoring me too. They were not scared of me as I could tell by their actions. I had a moderate injection one day in my left thigh as I refused to let them inject anywhere else. All was quiet, and you could just hear someone in the next room (the sitting room where they used to spy on me through a crack in the wall or door say "make some weird noises so she'll think its Heroin"

IT WAS A NO 1. PRIORITY AND CONSPIRACY TO STEAL MY TWIN BABIES AND ... !!!

My Admittance to Baillie Henderson psychiatric hospital on the outskirts of Toowoomba next to, or near, the KR Darling Downs Bacon factory and the railway line.

I was scared out of my wits when taken to this hospital. After a few weeks there I realised it wasn't so frightening only I was not allowed to see my twins ever. I was never asked if I wanted to see them and since every day I felt I had to keep two steps ahead of the nursing staff and patients by continually absconding so I could try and get help outside of Toowoomba I was noted by the doctors as not caring about the twins. Break the bond at birth, which was successful on their behalf, and keep the mother heavily drugged and just wait and see how many new mothers dissociate with their new born babies just so they can cope hence dissociative ~~state~~ ^{disorder} which I suffered from. Not schizophrenia as I was wrongly diagnosed with, which could have meant a terrible life for me of being on the wrong tablets for an illness I did not have, wandering the country, and ending up in countless hospitals such as Baillie Henderson. They have a lot to answer for.

I was in the hospital only a short time and restricted to pyjamas and dressing gown as I kept trying to abscond. I mean who wouldn't! A couple I befriended, in my pregnancy (...) and (...) brought a lady, a friend of their to see me. The nurse, a male, supervising the visit, demanded to know every bit of the conversation and then exclaimed, "you can"

do that - its illegal." What ~~was~~ ^{was} supposedly illegal was this lady was going to care for my twins until I got better. It is no more illegal than walking down the road.

So they put an end to that, as my mind was that confused and full of pills, that even when my friend (...), my old friend, visited me saying he'd get a lawyer that this was proposterous and ~~was~~ against the law what they were doing to me keeping me from my twins and on all that dope in hospital, well I said to (...). I can't think at all, about anything, my mind was a mess.

They kept me drugged up long enough to get my twin babies, then discarded me when they had what they wanted.

I mean, the papers were signed on July 12, I was released officially on Aug 2 1983. If I was well enough and in a fit state of mind to sign the papers why wasn't I released on July 12 or before!

Its strange how DR (...) then went on to become superintendent of the hospital, while DR (...) who is still there also, never became superintendent. See into that what you may!

my frightening journey across the New South Wales border to Glen Innes to the Glen Innes police station:-

I was granted permission to have lunch afternoo tea with some nuns who resided at a church in Fellicoe St, Toowoomba, down the road from my flat; St Theresa's Catholic church.

Anyway I asked them if I could go to my flat and they said yes, but don't be long. I went to my flat, packed a few belongings and told my flatmate

an elderly gentleman I was friends with as he was like a grandfather to me, I was taking off somewhere to get help

Well I managed to hitch a ride with a man who was quite odd, hardly said a word and told me he was going to Hornsby, Well this itself was ~~frightening~~ ^{frightening}

as if you know me very well, I would have told you about Hornsby. He also did not say

Hornsby, N.S.W. just Hornsby so how would a person know where Hornsby is unless they were from Sydney or nearby; He was towing a trailer and I think it was a brown 20 old Valiant or Charger.

I decided he was too eerie, even though he was only about 28 - 35 at the most, he worried me, and I was not a well woman

at all so I said I wanted to get out when we got to Glen Innes. The medicat

I was on, also added to my personality as co-ordination problems. They made me see

very peculiar things. I thought the world had gone crazy because of me.

I thought the cows in the paddocks were acting strangely as well, as it was all my fault. He let me out of the car and

he drove on. I wondered what on earth to do. Here I was in Glen Innes on a cold Saturday evening homeless, penniless, very, very sick, and I knew no one. My plan had been to get to Wollongong to get help, to organise a way to bring the twins to N.S.W. to my family's care or a friend's care and for some one in Qld to pack up my possessions in my flat and send them to me, and at least then I would be in hospital in my hometown, as I know the medical authorities there would have placed me in Ward 20 in Wollongong Hospital.

Anyway that wasn't about to happen as the man giving a lift was too eerie he could have ^{been} a killer who knows.

I saw the POLICE sign nearby and wandered down to the police station. The Glen Innes police didn't really know how to help me as they said as I was from a Qld hospital, it was out of ^{their} jurisdiction so they very kindly looked at their law books and decided to rearrange or change the law to get me back over the border to Qld.

They took me to a doctor, who was a shady looking character, who gave them some medication for me and arranged for me to spend the night in Glen Innes Hospital. The next morning bright and early, a policeman picked me up from the hospital and then went to pick up another policeman. We then went on very speedy journey (I am sure they drove above the speed limit) and I mean speedy. At Tenterfield, N.S.W. I am allowed to visit the ladies room and I am then told the Tenterfield police will take me to Toowoomba

They then drove me to Tsoowomba and onto Baillie
Henderson where they made ^{me} feel degraded and put me in
the "Time Out" room.

A nurse named (...) was a regular of the ward. She was plump, loud, and very jolly. I liked her. I guess it was because of my like of her, as everyone liked her, that my guard was down because she actually ~~persuaded~~ ^{persuaded} me to adopt as when pressure was placed on me to do something about the twins future, I spoke to really only person for advice - (...)

I was told that when twins are fostered they split them up so naturally who would want them separated.

The hospital also told me that the twins have been in hospital for 4 months and that they can't stay there forever.

They lied to me as it was not even 2 months, because I was that sick and being in hospital for a while

I lost all concept of time - I didn't even know the day or the date most of the time. I guess I can't blame (...)

entirely as she might have been told to say this, and you can't disobey the doctor can you.

Various times I absconded from the hospital: -

I was always absconding. I knew what they were doing was wrong and why should I remain in the confines of a hospital like a human guinea pig, "like a sitting duck" waiting to be preyed on. I had to get help.

One sunny afternoon I took off from Baillie Henderson and trekked across various paddocks and roads trying to stay out of sight. I was on my way to the bus terminal to get a bus to Brisbane. I had a friend there back then and if I could have made it to her house I could then get some reality into my life and get help to keep my twins.

I arrived at the terminal, was about to buy a ticket but who should see me but a liaison nurse walking past. He said come back to the hospital and I said no way, so the police took me back.

I was put in the "Time Out" room once again for an hour or so, made to feel like a "naughty girl", then let out of the room "promising" once again to be good. These so-called promises I took very lightly.

It was boring in hospital, piled up to the eyeballs and it was also a game of wif which I didn't like. There was no privacy well hardly, especially when you had to wash your clothes and hang them in various places where males could view your underwear. I kept some money on me most of the time unbeknown to them, money means security and freedom.

Suicide attempt - June 29, 1983

I swallowed nail polish remover as I thought it was a way to be closer to my twins and of course I would have to be transferred to Townsomba Base Hospital. Of course, I was not allowed anywhere near them, whilst I was there I was ^{on} constant guard just like a criminal.

How on earth could I possibly be deemed mentally fit enough to sign adoption papers only 2 weeks after this incident.

accord but they wouldn't listen and placed another order on me.

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The afternoon the adoption papers were signed with (...) social worker extraordinaire, present. -

I was given medication within an hour of signing the papers. I was shaking so much that (...) had to fill in most of the form. I did fill in a few lines which brings me to an important discovery when I read a copy of the adoption paper I had sent to me in 1998. That interesting discovery is that not one word on that adoption paper was written in my handwriting which is very UNUSUAL as I am positive that I wrote at least a few lines then gave up as I was shaking so much from the heavy medication I was on.

I remember distinctly telling that the father was (...) and he had a large eagle tattooed on his back.

Well this is not written anywhere on the adoption papers. There are other lies on the adoption paper such as one of ^{my} parent saying adoption was for the best - my father did not even have contact with me at the time. It looks to me like (...)

write some sentences in her own words.

When (...) had completed her gruesome business of separating a mother and her twin babies, for probably forever or long enough for enough damage to be inflicted on my psychological health and emotion never mind what irretrievable damage has also been done to my twins, well

it was just past tea-time and a gruff male nurse named (...) said grumpily, "come and eat your tea", and I replied, "I'm not interested in food after what I just signed". I have never felt so bad in my

life. The full extent of what I actually didn't truly sink in until months later when it was too late. I remember this totally devastating feeling of despair, failure, that I was a terrible human being and that now you're just like your poor mother & you've lost your children.

Well in May 1984, I was living in Adelaide and I couldn't stop thinking about getting the twins back. I had earlier in the year visited a lawyer in Adelaide, who was interested, however I had no money. I also saw a lawyer in Toowoomba in Nov, 1983 who was very interested and said I had a good case, but the problem as usual was no money. I walked into the Childrens Services office Toowoomba and asked to see a social worker. I said to (...)

I want my twins back.

She said, "you can't have them back, they are adopted. I said, "No way they're mine". She insisted, "Its too late, you're can't have them, they're not yours now".

There was a photo of twins on the filing cabinet, ~~for~~ ^{with} her holding them. She said they are your twins, but only after I ASKED ~~because~~ I knew my children as any mother would.

I asked for the photo, she said I'll copy it and send it to you, and I persuaded her to give me the photo. Two strange things come to mind: when I asked where (...)

(...) was, she replied I don't know where it is, and she said that she had only been there a very short time herself so why was her signature on the paper written up on July 13, a day after the signing of the adoption papers. Also why did (...)

(...) tell me I had a 90 days revocation period when it was, I was told years later actually 1998, 30 days. Well with 30 days I didn't stand a chance anyway as I was still in hospital.

I gave (...) two bibs and two dummies I bought for the twins on the way to Ad. She accepted them saying she would give them to the ^{adoptive} parents, yet ^{of her} two days later when I turned up with two tiny swimsuits for the twins she said she could not give the parents anything more. I don't ^{KNOW} why to this day.

When I was officially discharged I went to the Childrens Services office sometime afterwards as I thought I had a day left to claim my twins - the so-called revocation period of 90 days - I went there with my friends (...)

(...) . I doubted my ability to even look after myself, thanks to a certain drug called "melleril" as it made me unco-ordinated blanked out any thoughts or emotions so you were incapable of laughing or crying - like a zombie, well when I said to the young man at the counter why I was there he ummed and ahhed and put me right as I was so sick I could not cope so I walked out!

In may, 1984 just before I was to go back to Adelaide, I visited a hairdresser to have my hair done to try to cheer myself up as my mission had failed. Well it was near Neil St, where Childrens Services used to be. She told me that a foster mother had brought twin baby girls in to see her and when I showed her the photo she said it was my twins she had seen.

Its strange how everyone in Toowoomba managed to see them but me.

I managed to see them a few times in Mb

then on my 6 week check-up at the hospital where they were brought up to the glass windows or doors of the nursery, perched up in the cribs for me to see, but not allowed to hold, and being so sick we they do manipulate you such as not telling you your rights, undermining your confidence treating you like a baby. I was that used to being told to hold my tongue, not to speak up for my rights that for some reason which I could only put down to fear I did not ask to hold them, and the offer was certainly not forthcoming.

Imagine a mother only allowed to see her twin babies for the last time having to view them through glass doors. Well that is what happened when Mrs (...) , at my request, whilst I was on a day or afternoon's leave with her, and I went to the hospital to see my twins for the last time. Those nurses didn't even let Mrs (...) hold them. The bitches let us, "so kindly!" (SARCASM) see the twins through glass doors perched up in their cribs. KARMA! WHAT GOES AROUND EH!!!

It broke my heart to lose my twins. Words cannot describe the pain and heartache at losing them. Maybe if I had been in S.A. life might have been kinder, what chance did I have in the state of QLD. A mother doesn't forget the child or children she lost. She grieves for the rest of her life. Thanks to the stigma attached to adoption that "you threw your kids to the dogs",

it is a silent grieving process, the most silent. I have two other children which I have looked after well, and I love them dearly, yet not one day passed when I don't think about the twins. They are never out of my thoughts.

m. Laird
9/4/99

I was asked by the social worker
 (...) if I required any
 groceries or anything, if I needed any
 help at all as apparently this was
 the message the adoptive parents had
 relayed to her for me. Why on earth
 would the adoptive parents be offering
 me groceries or anything I needed.

How about when I was discharged
 I went to visit an acquaintance named
 (...). She told me she rang the hospital
 asking to visit me and they told her
 not to visit me as I might hurt her
 baby daughter | (...) as I had tried to
 kill my twins. What a load of hogwash.
 Never, ever in my lifetime would I hurt
 a child let alone my twin babies.

I am considered a good mother by many,
 to my son and my daughter, who are
 14 and 12 years respectively.

The government doctor I went to see to get
 my pension gave me the pension without
 a full medical as I walked into his
 office and I became very frightened
 and disorientated, as I had a huge
 fear of doctors by then, and immediately
 fled out of his office.

There is a question of fraud here by the
 hospital as to how my pension can about.
 On my pension card, my pension grant is
 June 30, 1983 however I had not even
 seen the government doctor at that stage.

The liaison nurse (...) who handled
 Social Security etc asked me to sign some
 papers to receive the pension in June, 1983. I
 said no at first, and I finally relented probably
 about June 30. I am pretty sure you must see
 the government doctor before you receive the pension

I sent birthday cards to ~~old~~ for
 their birthday for years and will
 continue to do so. They are now called
 (...) and (...), I named them (...)
 (...) and (...)

They are 16 years old on ^{WED} May 12, 1999.
 There has been a few misplaced
 or deliberately lost birthday cards
 that I sent years ago.

Anyway it is years later, namely 2010 and I have just received the latest rejection from my twins (...) and (...) (formerly (...)) and (...). They did not want any contact with me, their birth mother according to a phone call from (...) Senior Adoption Officer, Adoption Services Qld. (Brisbane) phone number: - (...)

I only have her word for it, there is no actual proof.

They are 27 years old now and I feel devastated that I can never see them or even be given a photo of them or ask them if they have any children. I would like to ask them how their life has been up until now.

I try not to think about it all too much as I found out I have bi-polar disorder and I have been well for 6 years. I do not want to set off the bi-polar as I am very stable.

The twins think that I "gave them away" and I would love for them to know the truth, that I did not.

Apparently they told the Adoption Officer that they have had a good life and they are glad I "gave them away" and they have nothing against me however they do not want contact.

the truth is I was drugged to get my twin babies
 Marel Laird.
 8/12/2010