

Attention Senate Committee into Forced Adoptions:

Again I refer you to my previous submission, #468, received by the Senate Committee 17/3/2005.

I have since contacted those responsible for my abuse whilst in their care and the following forced adoption of my newborn child who wrenched literally from my body during the most vulnerable point of my life whilst I was still in the process of delivery, leaving me to cry out repetitively, 'Give me back my baby. Where are you taking my baby. I want my baby....' My cries the rightful cries of a mother who refused to give her child away.

The Anglican Church and their arm, Anglicare, deny all involvement and say it was not them. It was. However my experience proves otherwise, as do documents that I have in my possession written in the hand of those responsible. I cannot however submit copies of these documents since nothing was done following my first submission and if it had not been for my apparently accidental encounter with others pursuing similar issues and reparation then I would never have known this issue is still under way. Simultaneously, it seems to me that this is a gathering of data process and there are no attempts to address the realities that have ruined my life.

I cannot have my child back. My child's adopted mother laughed in my face, calling me a ward of the state – which I would not have been made if I had not been locked up for one reason – objecting to the forced adoption by State and Church, of my own flesh and blood, an adoption which has eternally cut off my lineage - ended it forever. How recompense such a cleansing, such an ending of my rightful heritage and lineage?

I was abused medically, physically, morally, and much more by the Anglican Church/Kedesh and want an apology for starters, from them. I want it in front of the Committee and I want it in black and white.

I want it from the State for altering the path I was on by thrusting me into the violent and unimaginable world of a kids prison which I would never have otherwise known which targeted me as a vulnerable victim for harassment and for prison for the rest of my life, giving to others the right to abuse me eternally.

I have a lot to say and many facts to present. I will do this in the form of a book. I intend to expose every lie and abuse that has harmed me for which there was never an apology, never recompense, only ongoing abusive and degrading, ostracising treatment.

I want my voice heard. I have a right to demand at least this in return for the life and lineage stolen from me against my will, for the abuses suffered in my pure innocence by all those who knew better but who would do anything to serve their own needs and meet their own ends at an unimaginable and irreversible cost to me and my life.

I have lived in and continue to live in perpetual grief to which there is and can be no end because you cannot reverse what you did to me. I would have been better off in a concentration camp or under the execution's blade. I lost everyone and everything and the root of it all is that my child was stolen against my will and I was locked up when I objected in an attempt to silence me as is still happening as I head for old age. I am sick of being treated like a joke. What happened to me was criminal and no-one is being held accountable.

I have been grieving for more than forty years. It's okay for some to say, Get over it and get on with life. It is impossible. Why should I condone the theft of a human being that I created and made and

did not consent to being snatched? I lost the opportunity to be a mother, a grandmother, to have a happily married life and family and even a career option...I lost the joys associated with bith and raising a child, and instead when I said, I refuse to consent, I was further penalised and locked up in a kids prison where public perception of me would be changed albeit wrongly for ever and I would be forever cast out condemned from society without even a friend, having lost all but the skin I live in. And this is not criminal? It would be if I did it to someone else.

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