

I am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia, resident in Australia.

As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia. I have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this country. 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.

I was diagnosed as being 4 1/2 months pregnant at the Princess Alexandra Hospital in Brisbane when I was 16 years old. After we left the Hospital, my mother took me to our local doctor. He tried to abort me by shoving his fingers into me and moving them backwards and forwards very hard till I nearly screamed. When that didn't work, he told my mother to put me into a home for unwed mothers and adopt it out.

When I was 6 months pregnant I was put into a home.

When I was there 3 months, I was taken to the labour ward with out any pains, where I laid from Monday to Sunday. During this time I was given No Toilet, No Food, No Clean Nightie and No water except for 2 glasses on the Wednesday, this was given by a kind nurse. During this time I was kept awake all for 2 of those nights by the night staff. This was done by turning on and off the large light above the labour table. During this time I was on the labour table there was no mattress or pillow. When I asked why they were so cruel to me, the answer was because of what I did to get pregnant. When I asked for food, I was told that the labour ward is sterile and no food is allowed. On another occasion asking for food I was told that I shouldn't have got pregnant in the first place. On another occasion I was told that I couldn't have food and I would be there till my baby was born. All through this period I didn't have any pains.

During this period I saw the matron and told her that I hadn't had any food and what the cruel night staff were doing. This didn't result in any food etc for me. By the Friday night I curled up in the fetal position and cuddled my baby inside me and my unborn baby felt very heavy by this time and I wanted to die. I was sleeping all the time then and I was very weak.

On the Saturday morning an old doctor came and tried to turn the baby, which was in the breech position. On Saturday afternoon I finally got pains, to ease the pains I wanted to get off the labour table but was told if I did I would be tied down. During Saturday night a nice new sister gave a needle to help me sleep.

Sunday at 7.15am I gave birth to a boy whom I thought would have been stillborn but he was alive. I told at least 3 staff that I was going to keep my baby but I was ignored. An older girl from the home came to me and said the social workers won't let me keep my baby as I was too young. He will go to an orphanage.

I fed my baby the bottle for 2 weeks and during this time I bonded with my baby and my baby with me. I was drugged every day after the birth but being given bright pink medicine to drink.

When I left the home I was still drugged and got sicker and sicker. On going to the doctors I found out that I had a severe kidney infection. I fainted 2 mornings in a row when I got home. On the third day the drugs wore off and then it was like hitting a brick wall as I realised they had tricked me and had taken my baby.

I came out of that home with an uncontrollable anger and grief from losing my baby. This grief is still with me even though I am 64 years old and I know I will die with it.

My son blames me as he thinks he was willingly given away and not wanted. It is very difficult to have a normal relationship with him, even after 15 years since the reunion.

I have met several women who were in that home and they are still so traumatised in their old age that they can not talk about what happened in that home.

It has taken me 15 years to be able to write about it. It took 3 long hours to write the letter. The general Australian public need to know the truth that we all wanted to keep our babies. Are we less than an animal to reject our own babies. We were hated and despised by society. This same society soon took our babies and adopted them and pretended that they were theirs.

In conclusion this pregnancy and birth took place in 1962 -1963.

The long term effects on me are I came out of that home with Long Term Depression, Uncontrollable Anger, Grief that never goes away. Also the loss of the life I could have had with the birth of my first born child.

I met my child 15 years ago and he is a big angry man and is constantly doing payback big time on me and he does not appreciate what I went through. I also suffer from disbelief that people think that after carrying a baby for 9 months, feeding him his bottle for his first 2 weeks of life, that I didn't want to keep him.

I have to live in a society that thinks it is alright to separate babies from their birth mothers and think it is totally acceptable.

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