



To Whom It May Concern.

I was born on the 26th October 1947 to May (...) at Crown Street Womens Hospital Sydney. My mother was twenty six years of age and had no support from her parents as her mother died when she was fourteen and her father was an invalid. She had no way to support herself and a child so I was put into St Anthonys Childrens Home. The letter head read A nursing home for orphan and unwanted infants and for the care of girl mothers. That letter head years later had a profound affect on me when I found it, and believed that I wasnt wanted and that my mother just gave me away and didnt care about me. How wrong I was to think that as I later found out she never forgot me and suffered all her life as I did. It is the most terrible pain to not know who you are and where you came from and if you have any brothers or sisters somewhere. Also not to know the circumstances of what happened with your mother and father. I dont even know my fathers name as it is not on my original birth certficate. Even though you have your adopted parents, you never fit in or belong anywhere, and it eats away at you all your life. Just to write this letter is so painful and makes you feel sick in the stomach, you just want it all to go away, but of course that will never happen, its always there eating at you every day of your life. I was in the home for just under twelve months and my birth mother came to see me every weekend without fail. The Matron told my adopted mum that May came every weekend and would get a shock when she came next week to find me gone. I cant understand why she wasnt informed a lot earlier of the proceeding adoption as they would have know months or weeks earlier. How cruel was that to my birth mother. I was later to find out that my mother didnt have me up for adoption and believed that the nuns had stolen me away from her. She was devastated and anguished over me all her life and still used to break down and cry about me when she was in the last years of her life. I was adopted into a loving home in Newcastle with a seven year old sister who I adored. But my father had brain injury from a motor cycle accident shortly after my mother married him and ended up very violent and used to drink and gamble heavily. He used to come home and beat my mother within an inch of her life in front of my sister and myself, which terrified us so much we were to scared to go to sleep of a night, because we knew what would happen to mum when he got home. After six years of this my mother had to leave him and we went to live with Nanna. Mum had to get a job to support us as mum never saw one penny from dad to help look after us. She took a live in job as a nurse and we only got to see her once a week on her day off which was really hard, I was only seven at the time and missed her terribly. My poor sister went to boarding school which she hated as by then she was in high school. Nanna was very loving and kind to me but I still missed my mum. Eventually mum was made Matron of the home she was working in and was able to have me live in with her and all was wonderful until the day I found that letter head and something in me just snapped. I thought no one wanted me and I gave my poor mum a really hard time, as if it was her fault. I left home at sixteen and went to work in an office for twelve months then went nursing as my mother and sister had done. I got married and had three children who had all these illness and thats when I tried to find out any medical information about my mother. Natually I was unable to get any information until 1990 when they changed the adoption rules. All I found out was her name, last address and that she had an accident when she was a child and was in hospital for five months with a brain injury. I was able to get my birth certificate, also hers and found out who she married through Births Deaths and Marriages. I tried in vain to find her but to no avail as everywhere I turned to for help they said the records from 1950 back have been destroyed. I finally found her through Birth Deaths and Marriages search to find that she had passed away thirteen months ago. I was devastated to think that I was so close to finding out all about myself and actually meeting her. She was in a nursing home in The Blue Mountains and I had been on a walking trip down there and was having a coffee across the road from where she living. I had a feeling about the building across the road and said to my friends I have to go over and see what this place is, it was The Ritz Nursing Home and she was still alive and in there at the time. I thought to myself I wonder if my mother could be in there, but I dismissed the thought. If only I had gone in there and asked, all my questions would have been answered and I would have met my mother. I have agonised over that ever since. I went down and met the Matron and a lovely lady who used to take my mother out on outings and she told me that my mother used to talk about me all the time and used to break down in tear about me. How she must have suffered all her life. I found out that she never had any more children and divorced after ten years of marriage, never remarried and lived by herself until she fell and broke

her hip and ended up in the nursing home. She was there for three years before she died at age eighty eight. She had no relatives left, all had passed away, except for nieces that didnt keep in contact with her. She died a lonely women with no one at her funeral. If only I wasent denied information she would have had grandchildren, great grandchildren and her only child, to care for her and be at her funeral. When my adopted mother and my sister died within twelve months of one another I was devastated and felt like I had been abandoned again, and it left a longing to find my mother before it was to late, I just wanted to be able to get rid of the ache inside me, but it was not to be. I still feel the need to find my birth mothers sisters children who would be my age, but privacy laws again stop me from getting information.
Maria Anne Neasham.

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