

## Senate Inquiry into Commonwealth Contribution to Forced Adoption Policies and Practices

### Preamble to Submission

On behalf of Origins Victoria members we are citizens of the Commonwealth Of Australia and are mostly residents of the State Of Victoria  
As citizens of the Commonwealth of Australia we have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and Common law of this country

As Australian citizens the Commonwealth affords us protection from unlawful and harmful actions that threaten our rights to Life Liberty and Justice from those who would deny us these rights within and without the borders of Australia.

“And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree, so the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all” ... Kahlil Gibran  
They called the unmarried mother feeble minded to justify their unthinkable mad acts

My mother's pain was deep rooted; but it left her and her children in danger of being disconnected to the wider world. Her pain was like a spider weaving a web in the fragile family threads of our body and mind; some run and play; others stay and pray; some lay to rest -Oh what wicked webs we weave ...

My mother was very small framed so her parents nicknamed her Tuppence - Tupp was invaluable to her family. With broad skills and incredible initiative she supported her often pregnant mother (my grandmother lost five lots of twins and remarkably raised two sets) my mother was like a buttress; the backbone to a large growing catholic family. Tupp was hardly feeble minded; she had a brain like a steel trap and evidently so clever with her hands. She studied the workings of car engines to the mechanisms of a clock. She could knit, sew cook and liked to know how things ticked. Mum it seemed also needed kudos. My grandmother often retold how little Tupp crawled under the house to drag out a dead rat the size of a cat. At a very early age she got herself a job in a cake shop in Brunswick; my mother was so proficient the owners asked my grandparents if they could adopt her. “How could they expect us to give up our own flesh and blood”, my horrified Grandmother exclaimed “just because a couple is childless doesn't mean they have a right to take another mothers child” –to a mother who had labored hard for her children it was a far beyond any conception.

My mother was hardly feeble minded she learnt how to type and do shorthand eventually working for the law court as a stenographer and later, applied to do nursing at St Vincent's hospital in Melbourne.

Just one year into her nursing my mother became pregnant. The how we know; the why is not so clear. Anyhow Tupp went to her parents and told them. They said they would

support her. History records my mother never married the father of her child nor did he take any role in their child's life. Apparently my grandfather who was very much involved in the catholic parish of St Joseph's Brunswick and had white knight connections arranged for my mother to have her nursing studies put on hold so she could disappear to have her baby.

Ironically my grandparents planned to raise my sister as their own child and my mother would return to finish her nursing. It was a grand plan or conspiracy that the Hospital Priest and my grandparents had concocted. From the pulpit the priest told the parish this wonderful selfless family had adopted a foundling from St Joseph's baby home – lies began and so too my mother's pain of loss and powerlessness would be internalized and laid to rest or more likely, buried in physical and mental health issues for generations to come

Yes the rest is history along with the lies and deceit

My grandfather registered my sister as their own yes incredible but true (not what you know – who you know)

My mother completed her nursing followed by her midwifery certificate (the birth of the blues)

My mother was a silent witness to her daughter's upbringing by her parents (and this raises too many issues)

Eventually like so many people who adopt- they feel threatened and are paranoid about their security as the child's parents. They cannot share they must have autonomy –ownership. Unbelievable concept but true.

I don't wish to disparage my grandparents I truly love them and the love they had for us but they were misguided in their ideas and it cost so many. My brothers and sisters were and still are all so affected -it happens when you are robbed of a mother-a whole, nothing but the truth mother. Generations will be affected. Halfheartedly my aunt but really and truly truly my sister, yes that loss left a whole in my mother's life, mind and sense of self and her future children could never fill that whole; could never ever help her find the thread that had been lost. Things fall apart when the order of things are displaced. In my family the order of things were now wrong. My parent's first child (not my mother's first born child) had to assume the role of the eldest when quite clearly she was not ...perhaps we need to think about what the mother passes on through DNA and data sharing when carrying her first child to understand what I am referring to...

The practices of adoption negated the mother the child and future generations. By the time my mother met my father 5 years later the lay of the land was displaced. My family had been fragmented before it was conceived. My mother was a broken woman. Her life was scattered but still there was hope- my parents approached my grandparents and asked for the child to be handed over to their care- my grandfather refused. The lie adopted was so entrenched that he believed he was really the child's father. Yes unbelievable as it seems that becomes the reality of the adoptive parents. Yes all mine wins over mind -a mind field where so many lives and mental health is affected-lost for all time.

My mother so loved her parents that she gave up her own life and happiness to placate

and please them. Dragging out the rat; handing over her child. Well the ramifications of her buried pain lead to my mother internalizing her feelings and becoming arthritic/depressive/kidney failure/joint replacement and so the beat goes on; things fall apart

My mother was hardly feeble minded –she was smart capable and did all the things a mother does to physically care for her child –but our emotional needs were never met because she had disassociated herself from the pain of motherhood. Most likely my mother had lost her mind as we know it.

I would like to conclude that all my life I felt things were wrong with my mother; some great sadness was controlling her. All my siblings existed in a scared vacuum, frightened that every day their mother would be taken from them. I always knew this. We all independently dreaded that one day we would come home and she would be on the floor taken by the savage strength of an unnamed pain. So disassociation became the mechanism for us to cope –one way or another

When my mother lost her first born daughter and my sister, a generation or perhaps more was lost. The lies of all this has entrapped our family like a spiders thread deceives its prey. Our family story must be told so the whole tree, previously soiled by lies, hears the truth and is restored by truth and nothing but –“so help me God”  
Those who live a lie are the real feeble minded “Untangle those wicked webs we weave”