

**We are asking that you use the following Preamble.
your submission**

**Senate Inquiry into
"Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption policies and
practices."**

Preamble to Submission

I: Your Name.. am a citizen of the Commonwealth of
Australia resident in ...State.N.S.W

**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**

Follow this Preamble with your submission

As you can appreciate Origins is an unfunded organisation and has used its limited
resources to inform the whole of its present, and past membership of this historic
Inquiry.

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Inquiry that you can renew your subscription or make a donation to help us continue to
keep people informed

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1-2-2011-RE-

TO
Community Affairs Committee (Rachel Siewest), The
Senate, the Australian Government.

As a senior citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia, and resident of N.S.W. I would like the Commonwealth Government of Australia to address and inquire, and report, their contributing role into the POLICIES, PRACTICES, into "FORCED ADOPTIONS" in the states, and territories of Australia in the 1960's.

The abuse, and breach of the Constitution and common law, which adversely affected me then, and till this day, the trauma caused me to not fulfill my career, and financial stability in my life, It damaged me psychologically with many psychiatric conditions, I had, and enduring now.

I was a victim, and birth mother in 1963. with my first baby, and was un-married, pregnant at 15 yrs old, I suffered, horrendous, traumatic, experiences, with the policies, and practices at this period in my life. To the best of my knowledge, the following is a submission, and given account of the events, and accounts, which had been thrust upon me in painful exploitation, of unhappiness, loss, and grief for decades after of suffering.

Please help, so that these events will not be made again, and for the truth be known in Australian history for the victims. let it be

put to rest for once and for all, I want peace of mind to heal now and the suffering to stop.

This is a true story of the agonizing painful events, which I incurred it is as follows my maiden name at the birth was.

my son was Born -

1963

Hospital was -

HORNSBY DISTRICT N.S.W.

The story leading up to me giving birth, and after is as follows - I was placed in an un-married mothers girls home, as soon as I started to show that I was pregnant, it was taboo to be un-married, young, it was hidden away from society, and not talked about. The home I was put into was run by the anglican church, it was called.

"CARRAMAR" located at TURRAMURA N.S.W. (Boomerang st.?) It was run day by day with live in matron and sister. Their names were "MATRON. (...)" and "SISTER" (...). They were in charge of us girls who occupied these premises till we gave birth.

Firstly, I want it made clear, I wanted to keep my baby, and this is so painful to write about, I was vulnerable, unmarried, unsupported, I felt so alone, and felt I was being exploited. My baby was wrenched, stolen from me, I didn't have any say, I was coerced into signing papers I did not know what for. I was 16 yrs old then. To this day, I wondered what they were for and about.

Being placed in this home, made me feel so bad I felt, I was being punished, with so many feelings of - shame, guilt, I felt dirty, sad, confused, immoral, angry, no good, so alone, hurt, I felt I was being abused, tormented, unclean

Little did I know then, that I was going to be exploited and coerced, into having my birth right as a mother, stolen from me, by the hospital, and by Matron (...) of the girls home she was in charge of at the time. My baby was wrenched and sucked away from me. I was not allowed to see him, I never heard him cry, I never held him. This probably was so we couldn't bond with our babies. Our natural instincts were denied us and taken forcibly from us it was so inhumane, it was hell, a nightmare, Traumatic.

The birth of my son was in the early hours of the morning (...) 63. I was degraded, humiliated the matron of the home took me to hospital and left me in the hands of hospital staff. I remember being shaved, given an anaesthetic, showered, put into a gown, and told to lay on this hard bed, I felt so abused, degraded, with so much pain, that I was in. I was frightened.

I was told by the doctor/nurse to lay on my side, I was examined, an injection was put into me, then they turned me over, and a mask was put over my face.

Then all of a sudden I heard a big bang, and everything went black. Was this a natural birth, I don't think so, I was denied this experience and forced into an unnatural undignified nightmare, the next thing I remember, I woke up in a

bed. I remember an albino young girl who was using a machine on her breasts, opposite me, and another girl on my right, she was asleep. Then a nurse came in and washed me, and gave me some tablets, and something to take in a little cup, I didn't know what it was so I asked, and was told by the nurse, it will help you sleep and dry up your milk, I remember falling asleep when I woke up I was so confused I didn't know where I was my head felt numb, there was a meal on the table over my bed, and some orchards.

Next mum & my aunty came in to see me smiling. I remember saying whats up, mum. said "its all over now" she said that they had wanted to see my baby, but wasn't allowed too at that stage. I hadn't seen my baby, held him, or even heard him cry so I felt angry about this situation I was put into.

When the nurse came in next I asked to see my baby, and what did I have, the nurse told me I wasn't allowed too, (there is something wrong) matron when she comes will tell you. At that stage, I felt I wanted to die, what have I done, I wanted to get out of bed to find my baby, but I couldn't. I laid there crying, another nurse came in and gave me an injection. After that I don't remember much, till I was told to go to the office, a nurse took me there, and left me on a seat outside the office by my self, then another girl came, and sat

beside me later on. She said to me what did you have, at that stage I didn't know, I asked her what she had had, I don't remember what she said to that, but she told me she went to the nursery to see her baby, I remember she said it's around the corner to the right and up, she seen some babies at the back of the nursery, with no names on, and had a sign "not to be shown".

There was a baby there that looked sick, and seemed to be bruised about the head. All I could think of was "what have I done" help! me I wondered till this day was that my baby. Next the door of the office opened, and matron (...) was in there.

"I have some papers for you to sign before you can leave the hospital she said" it will be of benefit to you and your baby. I remember saying to her what did I have a girl or boy, she said a "boy", this was the first time I knew that I had a baby boy, is he alright, yes was her reply, but you need to sign these papers for your benefit and his if you don't your baby will have to be placed in a home, why!

You are unable to care for yourself, and don't have any means of supporting yourself, that alone your baby. "We have a married couple, who have lost a child, and want to adopt a baby boy, he will go to a good home, and will be going to a well known Australian Artist" is what she told me, this was

a dam lie, I found out decades after. It was a milkman, and his wife didn't work.

Papers were in front of me and matron. I had to give information, when, where, why how, oh!! what a traumatic experience going through that after giving birth, I felt as if I couldn't cope any more, and that I had to follow the rules of matron (...). She made it quite clear I had no other options than to adopt my baby. I felt exploited, upset, sad.

Then I had to fill out some papers, but I couldn't, I was too upset, so she asked me questions, and she filled in the paper work. I remember her saying you don't need to put down the fathers name, it will be better if you don't. I knew the fathers name, but I was denied putting this down. She said you can name your baby if you wish. I did so his name I gave him was (...) " Years (decades) later, after the rules were changed that you could look and try and find your baby, I obtained his birth certificate, on it (...) "was his second name, his first name given by his adoptive parents was (...)"

Anyway the agonizing experience I had and leading up to signing these papers, stayed with me for the rest of my life, with the words matron (...) saying to me was, "If you don't sign he will go into a home". And once you have signed, you cannot change your mind, its final". I didn't want him to go into a home

so in signing these papers, without the proper knowledge what I was signing at the age of 16 yrs old in 1963, you may as well say I signed my life away that day, I had no choices, no support given to me whatsoever to keep my baby. I was alone. I left that office with a feeling of wanting to die. I sat on the seat crying and sobbing and so upset, a nurse came and took me back to bed, I don't remember much after that, I don't even remember if I went back to "Carramat" unmarried girls home or back to my parents. But I do know the brutality and forceful trauma, had such an impact upon my life, I could not and didn't fulfil my chosen career in fine arts, I was robbed of my dreams, financially and professionally for a secure future, there was no purpose, or anything to work or look forward to.

There was no rehabilitation, counselling to help me after the birth it was brutal, and inhumane, I was left to fend by myself with so much damaged incurred upon me. I have faith in leaving this matter in your capable hands and to attend to as soon as possible I will look forward from hearing the outcome of this inquiry & further correspondence. Please help us now, for this criminal injustice.

Yours. Sincerely

C/K's.