

Who am I there for?

This day we have heard from many organisations and individuals. They themselves represent a lot of people. However, I am not here for any others, I am here for my mother. My mother is not here today having passed away in 2006. I shall read you some excerpts from the only small piece of information I have from that period, Part of her diary “my son was born on Feb 1950 and I was made to sign adoption papers” “I came from Bruny island to the Royal Hobart Hospital on April 1952 and my little girl was born the next day. The following day my Mum came to the Royal bringing a police woman with her. They tried to order me to sign yet another adoption form and when I refused they both got very nasty. The police woman threatened me and told me what a disgusting person I was and that dad had disowned me” later on she wrote “ and (her sister and husband) were struggling to make ends meet so one day at about 5 minutes to 5, I dressed (my sisters birth name) and took her and gave her to (A welfare officer for some organisation) to find a good home for her. The final sentence of her memoirs is “I like others have tried to let memories sleep.....”

That is whom I am here for. The ones who still try to let the memories sleep and those like my mother who has passed on.

There is a need for people like my mother to be validated and acknowledged as being wronged at a national level. Whilst this would not now affect my mother it will have a positive effect for her children. There is need for people like my mother to have assistance from medical professionals and groups like all those represented here and to ensure the professionals who do help have an understanding of the enormity of the tragedies that occurred. It is in the power of this committee to enable the process to commence.

Others here have other wishes and desires but that is up to them to present what they want. My life turned upside down in October 1984 and I found out my true past. But the turmoil I have and on occasions will continue to have is nothing compared to my mothers' pain

Murray Roy Legro