

*Senate Enquiry into
“Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption policies and
practices.”*

Preamble to Submission

*I Juanita Ellis am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia resident in
Northmead nsw*

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

*As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection from
the unlawful & 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 have my medical records from South Sydney Hospital, where I had my first-born
child, a son. I wanted to name him Stephen.*

*In the medical records it mentions I was drugged before I was even admitted to
hospital, during the labour & after I was told I had to leave the hospital & leave my son
behind.*

*I had come from a verbally abusive & violent home, with my dad being a gambler. I
was very young & very innocent when I was raped, by*

had just been released from prison for rape, I found out some time after.

*Not long after it was discovered I was pregnant, very quickly taken out of sight & to not
embarrass my family any further, put in Bethesda unmarried mother's home. It was
situated opposite the hospital.*

*I was unable, because of my persecution at home & mixed with the regular drug
administered to me, unable, to think or feel any power to deal with any situation.*

*I was not ever offered any rights, understanding, assistance or care, at any time. Kept
in bed with high blood pressure & being drugged, then a violent labour to not even
have been allowed to hold my son or look upon his face, I sunk into deep depression.*

*It seemed as if the next moment I was asked into an office & informed of the wonderful
opportunity of having the chance to give my child a perfect life. Which statistics since
have proved a great majority of adoptive mothers should never have had a child.*

*I couldn't prevent myself from crying, the tears would just roll on down, I was not
worldly enough to know I was grieving....*

*At no time was I told I had a chance to keep my child, & that he would be in the
hospital for weeks, without me, before he was sold.*

*My dad refused my mum's request to let me have the child & bring him home, she told
me many years later.*

*I walked out of the hospital & across the road to the little corner shop & asked for a
packet of cigarette's. the shop keeper said "you don't smoke," & I said. "they don't take
your baby from you every day either."*

*That night I apparently sleep walked, calling at the top of my voice, "where is it, where
is it!" and, pulling open drawers & roaming around sobbing....*

My mum came & collected me, took me home to where I lived in utter desolation & was unable to stop sobbing. It seemed the further I went from my son the worse it felt. I was sure I was dying.

That feeling stayed in my gut for thirty-six years, until I saw my 'baby' again.

He was such a mess, borderline drug psychosis & paranoid & constantly pacing, never sitting or standing still.

He rant six inches from my face for twenty-four hours once. I drove from Tasmania to Townsville to collect him when I found him. I threw up everyday, & I couldn't eat & I drove back, with him to Tasmania to live happily ever after, not for one moment allowing myself to really see exactly how very damaged he was..

He said at nine years of age he was given the book the government gave all adoptive parents, the perfect way to let your bought baby know how blessed they were to be with you instead of their totally inept birth parent/s.

He said he always knew she was not his mother & he ran wild & had a breakdown, so at twelve years of age, they put him in a caravan in the backyard. Rather than give his mother back to him, or even asking him why he was screaming out for help.

We sailed for Tassie New Years Day, January 2001. January 3rd 2001 he put his hands around my throat and tried to strangle me. He said he only wanted to make me know how far he was gone? Because, of being without me all those years.

This was, after aching & wishing & dreaming about him every day for thirty six years, so amazingly painful I felt physical pain all over my body for days. I screamed & cried for as long also.

I was now in fear of my own baby, & this was far too much for me to realize & step forward & deal with. How could I change him, you can't train a man as you would your baby?

I eventually had to come to the most shocking decision that it was as if my baby was murdered, you can never get your BABY back....

My whole live & his has been robbed from us, we can never get over what has been done to us. We can never heal totally or recapture the past.

We know all the days of our lives it will be us, damaged, with an ach that never dissipates.

Juanita Ellis