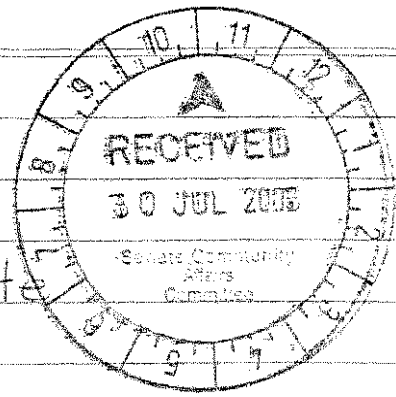


The Secretary
Senate Community
Affairs References Committee
Suite S1 59
Parliament House
Canberra, A.C.T. 2600.



Dear Sir

I am writing to record that during my childhood, I spent time in a church run institution, Saint Josephs Orphanage Bathurst N.S.W.

My experience of this institutional life was terrible and I was subjected to extreme cruelty, deprivation and abuse. Also I was not provided with the appropriate care, protection and education that I should be entitled to.

I also would like to give evidence at the public hearing when held in Sydney or where ever.

Yours Sincerely
Miss L. Hyde

Miss Lynette Hyde

As a survivor of sexual abuse, cruelty and emotional deprivation , I wish to see that there be a public enquiry into St Josephs Orphanage, run by the Sisters Of Mercy. I would like to see the Catholic Church face up to their responsibility by looking after those who have suffered at the hands of the” good old nun’s.”

As a survivor, what I would like to see happen, is that clients receive adequate treatment as well as a public apology for the injuries they have suffered.

What I see as responsible and adequate treatment is:

Choice

I believe survivors of sexual abuse should be given a choice as to who they see for ongoing treatment. In my case the real healing began when I saw an independent psychiatrist completely outside of the Catholic Institution.

If you put survivors with psychiatrists and psychologists of the Catholic Church, as Towards Healing recommends, you are putting clients into the hands of people representing an institution that has gravely violated their trust.

It would be far healthier and quite within their rights to allow survivors to choose practitioners of their own choice. This would need to be subsidized by the church or the government as many independent practitioners are in private practice.

Long Term Therapy

Long Term psychotherapy, with a doctor of the clients choice should be fought for. The real healing comes from developing and rebuilding trust between client and psychiatrist/psychologist. This trust does not develop in the Short term Public Health System, where clients are introduced to a new psychiatrist/psychologist every two months or so.

Compensation

Compensation should not be attached with a silencer. Full responsibility should be taken for both medical and legal costs by the government or the church. This also includes compensation for ongoing medical costs. Settlements should not include the clients legal and medical costs. An independent committee should be set up so survivors of abuse can be supported and nurtured back into a stable life . The clients also need to be supported while going through the process of having to relive their experiences in giving evidence for inquiries and judicals. Support needs to be given from bodies outside of the Catholic Church or other organized religions.

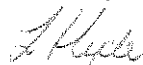
Compensation should also include a letter of public apology.

The cases of abuse should be treated individually. In the instance of clients having more than one case against the church, for example, a case in childhood then a further case in adulthood, each of these cases needs to be treated separately.

Included in this submission are excerpts of written work I have compiled over the years. It has helped me to tell my story as a way of helping me deal with the memories and the emotions.

All material in my submission can be verified with medical and hospital reports.

Yours faithfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Lynette Hyde'.

Lynette Hyde

Miss Lynette Hope

Dear Sir

My days at school were cruel times, when I made a mistake, in spelling or got a sum wrong, I was given the cane, if one of two children played up in class, all of us were stood up behind our desks and the nun would walk behind you and cane the back of your legs my legs would always give way under me, time spent sitting on a stool, in a corner with a dunce cap on my head, and a sign on my back saying the devil is in me, this was a punishment I quite often received, I now understand why I am bad and the devil was always in me, we joined together to help each other cope, when I returned to the orphanage from school, the abuse and budings never stopped, I learnt at a very young age not to trust or let anyone close enough to hurt me, as people start to get close to me my devil comes out and I'm not afraid anymore,

I remember the times been pulled out of class and belted till I couldn't stand up after awhile the pain would go away a few days later the bruises would show up I would call them my rainbows or many colours.

ORPHANAGE.

which have affected my relationships with my family and anyone else who tried to get close to me, as the voices from my past kept coming back to haunt me, when things got really bad, in the orphanage I would bite myself in anger, so as an adult my way of dealing with my anger was to harm myself by cutting my wrist or taking over doses and trying to hang myself, I never learnt as a child how to handle my anger, so I found my devil and I found my own way of coping waking up day after day year after year in that orphanage was always a struggle for me, there were different places in the orphanage that the nuns used for punishment one was the old bathrooms, which became the dungeon where no one heard the cry, one was the apron room which was under the stairs the other the nuns room, and the other was the clothing store room, my first sexual knowledge was from a nun, and a priest who came to say Mass, this resulted in the loss of my childhood a loss that I will always remember, till I go to my grave, in the dungeon a variety of things happen none of which were good, sometimes the bruises on my body from the strap would get unfelted, and stick to my clothes. What kept me going was that the devil and I remained together this was the way

bullied, strapped and sexually abused my body, and this is all branded deep inside brain, and the memories will be there till the day I die, many a night exhausted from crying from the hurt of the hitting and the soreness of my body, my body never seemed to get a chance to recover my body seem to always have marks on it, which turned to bruises which I called rainbows when the colour came out. After one of the worst floggings received at the hands of one of the nuns, I was absolutely terrified of her, I would tremble at the sound of her voice, or wet myself in fear I hated her so much my life become unbearable so I ran away about 50 times only to be returned back to the orphanage, to another belting, on many occasions I was locked up in the apron room under the stairs there I would stay for days and nights, the only time I saw anyone was for food I slept piling up for days on end no bath no shower and the only place to go to the toilet was on the ground where I slept, and ate my food that was brought to me, when I was finally let out of the apron room my eyes had to adjust to the light.

There is much much more but it would take pages and pages to write, and I know that this needs to be in on the 31st of

let me know as I have alot that I need
to say but am finding hard to put in
words.

Yours Sincerely
Miss Lynette Hyde