

The secretary
Senate community affairs references committee
Parliament house
Canberra
Act 2600



To whom it may concern

I WISH TO MAKE THIS SUBMISSION ANONOMOUSLY the reasons will become clearer later but I am easily embarrassed about my past and humiliated by the things that were done. I can be contacted through the clan address if need be but I could not deal with this becoming too public .

I was placed into the north coast children's home in Lismore N.S.W. 2480 that was run by an army nurse (major) who was a stickler for military discipline at the age of 4. From that point on I was totally ignored and given no maternal affection whatsoever. My earliest recollection is that we were controlled by the use of a horsewhip and at night you were not allowed to get out of bed. I was terrified by the staff who would sneak around in slippers and surprise you if you went to the toilet. I was terrified of the dark and would often wet the bed. This was dealt with by a flogging with the horsewhip and public humiliation about how filthy and disgusting I was. Eventually at the age of 5 I was forced to wear a nappy to the breakfast table in front of thirty other children where I was humiliated more and told I would have to wear the nappy to school. Later on at the age of 12 I developed a severe case of acne and boils all over my body this was dealt with by more floggings and humiliation by having to undress in public at the public swimming pool. I received no medical help only floggings and being told that I was filthy and deserved to be like this and should be ashamed of who I was. This was the kind of care I received until the age of 16 where I ran away permanently. In my time there I became violent toward everyone and everything and learnt how to hate the world.

On the bright side I was given a good education and a roof over my head to which I should be eternally grateful that I was that lucky. If anyone or I ever tried to complain we were given another flogging. This was how things were dealt with, you either sucked up to the matron or you were sorted out with a regular flogging

There is many more incidents like this but to cut a long story short I left the home with a severe mental disorder, severe depression, no self esteem, no ability to deal with a society I had never ever learnt to deal with, no understanding of money or how to get it and a large case of Post traumatic stress disorder.

I had wanted to join the army and was accepted at Balcomb apprentice school, which I now understand, was a high honour, but due to my severe mental condition could not deal with the discipline and was rejected after about 3 months.

The rest of my working career was similar to this, constant fighting, arguments, lost jobs another try at the army (6 weeks) I could not keep a relationship, job or friend. I spent about 2 years on a medical certificate receiving constant psychiatric treatment. I became unemployable, constantly drunk and in trouble, fighting, rode with a motorcycle group and could not stay in one town for very long. This continued for about 20 years until I decided that I was in need of help and tried to get off drugs and alcohol, more stints with psychiatrists.

Today I had a fight with my stepson and tried to throttle and head butt him as this I the only way I know how to react. He calls me a loser because I never held a job for very long or couldn't get one. I've finally realized he is right because at the age of 48 I am a reformed alcoholic and drug addict, a violent person (physically and mentally) who can't hold a job, has no friends and has already had a trial separation from his second wife because she couldn't deal with the constant arguing and agro. I lived in my 18-year-old car for three months because I had no money because I don't know how to deal with it. And have an intense hate for this society and its religions and a constant thoughts of suicide. The only reason I am still alive is because Jesus has claimed me and he won't let me have revenge on this society. I hate more than anyone could understand and the most frustrating part is that I have such a great amount of love to give away but I can't deal with the world long enough to give it.

This is my legacy from the North Coast Children's Home and matron O'Neill

Do I deserve compensation, Yes I have spent a lifetime of misery because of something I did not deserve I have tried to the best of my ability to become a better person. I have had no chance of a normal happy life and feel that I was thrown on the scrap heap at the beginning of my life. The best way I could describe it is like standing in a toyshop watching all the children playing with the toys and laughing and eating all the delicious sweets and every time I try to leave or to join in I am punished and told to not touch. For gods sake I was just a small kid who was rejected by all, at least give me a chance a t happiness.