

Dear Sir, Madam,

My name is Mick, aged 52 one of four brothers placed in an orphanage at Westmead at 10 yrs of age. where I remain for three years and four months 1962 - April 66. Before there, I resided at another orphanage at St Michaels for four years, 1958 - 1962. run by the Nuns. During my stay at Westmead I was punched by one of the staff, his aim was for my head, but being a bit quicker I pulled away in time, and copped it on the neck and shoulder and another one ~~the back~~ on my back with a closed fist, for poor studies.

On several occasions we were hit with a ref's whistle on the head attached to a black cord over the years for punishment or for losing a football match, or game, I can recall eight times over that time or period; I sustained many bruises to my little legs and backside. I can recall eighteen severe black, blue, yellow and green bruises caused within three days at one time.

I was lifted off the ground by the hair, which many of us were in those days, by the side-burns, by another staff member.

Another time, a bit before I left the orphanage, I was sent to the shops outside the school grounds to get some things the staff needed. And because at thirteen, I didn't know much about money, I got mixed up a little. I got the right things all right, but a pound in weight is a lot different than a £1 ~~is weight~~ worth, an honest mistake, and because of this, I got six more cuts upon the backs of my bear legs and a hit in the ear hole causing a perminate scar for life. Feeling a bit light in the head I rushed outside and vomited into the garden outside his office and began shakeing all over. I was told to go and put long pants on, ~~to~~ to cover all those deep bruises, so I did.

On my arrival to Westmead from St Michaels Baulkham Hills, it was brought to my attention by a fellow student that there were sexual acts being performed on some of the students. I lived all those years with that fear it may happen to me, from the age of 10

Fortunately it never did. It may as well had, because I today still live with ~~those~~ memories, and many more.

The person who told me took action in later years, he won the case about the sexual acts on him, but lost the case outright because he didn't give evidence at the hearing and approached the Courts in the wrong manner.

The perpetrator received a \$500 fine and five years good behaviour bond. I will say today, that the law is only there to protect the guilty, and what about the innocent, nothing, nothing at all. Because I am so mixed up in life now, on the day of this case about my mate I drove from Lithgow to Katoomba with a 9mm hand gun and a 38 caliper with enough ammo to put an army down. Realising that there were two more people or animals to get other than this person, I stopped by the road way for hours, crying and going back over things in my blocked mind. After repositing myself I drove back to Lithgow and threw the guns and ammo into a large near-by dam and reported it to the police, no more was heard about it.

After this it played on my mind, so in 1995 I started writing my life story of those days, and how cruel the staff from this school were. Therapy the doctors say, but in my case not so true, the more I wrote, the worse I got, until April 98 I suffered a heart attack. On visiting various people and specialists they assure me that I have Posttraumatic Stress disorder, severe anxiety disorder, Depression Somatoform disociation, full blown panic attacks up to eight a day, irritable bowel syndrome from anxiety and stress and last of all, Heart disease caused from smokeing and eating fatty foods which is something we had or made us do otherwise we were punished.

The smokeing started at fourteen years of age from anxiety depression and stress disorders. Some turn to alcohol or heavy drugs at fourteen that was the only legal substance I could contain, without breaking the law, if that's what you would like to call it.

I have lost two children aged 20 and 31 because of this life style I was led to believe was wright. But knowing now how wrong I was. They don't understand and I don't blame them, I don't understand myself. I'm at a stand still in life now not knowing where this journey will take me. We all have to know our past before we can continue into the future. And if I can't get answers, this is where I will stay, for ever.

I was a happy child right up till the age of 10, and that is when my life was thrown into turmoil, 4½ years of mental torture, I'm surprised I'm still alive today, and sometimes I wonder.

Justice will soon have to take place eventually, otherwise the victims will start to take the law into their own hands and god help the world when it does, just like I did.

My elder brother has a story about a child in his time two or three years before my stay at Westmead where a child was killed and hushed up by the staff and no more was heard, it still puzzles him today.

I've spoken to six other x students from Westmead over the last three years and their stories are much like mine, some even more, and a retired gentleman aged 75, 33 years before I was born, and his comment was it was going on even then by different people, but still the same school, bloody Westmead.

These few bad apples have created enough scar tissue in my life alone, to create another human being. I see little birds in their nests and their Mum's and Dad's feeding and caring for them. Why can't we live in harmony like them. I wonder.

I've seen Psychiatrist's cause I felt the need
something that was caused by that school Westmead
And why did they treat us like they did
Cause after all, we were only kids

And most of all, why do we have to pay for their sins?
I can't understand, and never will.

I will fight till the end, it will either cure or kill me,
I just don't care anymore. I've been silent all those
years, hoping that one day all these disorders would
disappear for ever.

As I've said all my lonely life, if they can get war
criminals for their actions today, why can't we get
those mungrels for what they have done to so many
innocents children, and their families

I've spoke with the boys Solicitor in this story,
deceased now unfortunately, he assured me in 2001
there were over fifty X-students from this school
or orphanage who lodged to him one complaint or
another, and even the Church itself, their secretary
said much the same, a lot of complaints from
there, but you didn't hear that from me.

These were the people I lodged my complaint to just
recently. I hope this will be of help to others from the
past, to be able to come to terms and tell their stories
just as I've here told you now. God Bless.

Thank you very much for listening