

Don't Play with them they are home kids and not worth it

I lived with my family 4 Sisters 5 brothers I was the youngest of 10 children. O.K we had hard times which family don't? I can remember laughter and the fun we all had. My biggest memory was Christmas times when my mum would dress up like Santa and come around to our bedroom windows. Being so young I didn't remember the hard hard times because I was about 5 years of age. Then one day this was taken all from me I don't know how or why only what my mother has told me over time. I remember a court room and taken to a house and the taken from there to Dee-Why in N.S.W. I can't recall a lot of this only that it was a very large room with lots of bunk beds. Boys were one side and girls the other. Then from there I went to Kelso St Michaels girls Home in Bathurst. I remember getting my first hair cut on the day we arrived. It was a bowl cut and from that day they were the only hair cuts we were given. My other 3 sisters were with me in the home. They changed our names. My Sister who I had always known as Christine was changed to her middle name Frances and mine from Georgina to Cheryl. This was the start of my life for many years to come.

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My clothing was not mine anymore, it became communal. We had to line up for under wear, socks. I didn't have my dress it was everyone's who ever got it. My life became standing in line right down to getting tooth paste on our brushes. Our bath water was used for 4-5 of us not fresh water all the time you just hoped you were first and 5 mins was all you had to bath in. When ever you were sent to the bathroom you knew it was for the strap. I remember the first time I got it with four other girls we were playing on the swings and jumping off to see who could get the furthest and one of the sisters caught us and the four of us were sent to the bathroom. You were hit to the words (eg you will not lie) We slept and ate religion. We had chapel every morning before breakfast, church and Sunday School, anything to do with religion we did it. I remember if our beds were not made right they would be stripped and had to make again and plus get the strap you couldn't have a wrinkle in the bed. I hated school because people were so mean to you and wouldn't play with you because we came from a home and this must of made a difference from them even the teachers treated us different from other kids. It hurt to see them having tuck-shop and all those nice school lunches and being offered food

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they didn't want. You used to take it because you wouldn't get it again. Kids wouldn't play with you because we were home kids and not worth much to them. We didn't go to other kids birthday partys or invites for sleep overs. In their eyes we were trash because we didn't live with a mother or father. We were noticed by our dress either too small or big. I remember one time one of the girls had head lice so we all had our hair shaved off and sent to school bald even the teacher made a big thing of it and the names we were all called it hurt to think you were only scum in their eyes. I knew I was different to them I didn't have a mother to hug me good night, kiss me good-bye each day when I went to school. I didn't have a mum and dad when I hurt. I never heard them say I love you and say I am a good girl or show my work off. I was just a home kid. My mom used to travel from Sydney to Bathurst to visit us and if we were naughty we were not allowed to see her. We used to watch her drive up the road to the home and the sister walk out and tell her we couldn't see her and then watch her drive away if you only knew how much that hurt. My mom would make us clothing and bring it up to us but we wouldn't get to wear them first and that hurt.

to see others wearing things my mum made for me. Plus other things she used to bring up were not mine. We had to share with all the other girls. I can't remember how many times I got the strap I lost count of that over the years but remember the big red welt marks on my legs and bottom for days. I remember one day I told a lie and was sent to the bathroom and had to stand outside the toilet door till the sister arrived. She took me in to the toilet and held my head in the bowl and flushed the chain and waited and done it again. Plus I got two hits with the strap. Sometimes when you were sent to the bathroom you could wait for hours even through tea then you would miss out on tea or have to eat it cold. This is just half the things that happened to me. I remember once I was sick at night and I knocked on the window in dormitory where the sister slept to tell her. She only made me sleep in my own unit till morning. Then I was made to wash my sheets by hand before breakfast and if I didn't get them done I would miss out on breakfast. Plus if you wet the bed you would have to wash your sheets too and if you wet too many times you would get the strap. Our lives lived around the strap. Plus another time I was sick ~~Plus~~ at the tea table and told the sister all she said.

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was to keep quite (eg: you were not allowed to talk at meal times) and eat my tea I did but ended up vomiting on my tea. The sister told me I had to sit there and eat what was on my plate. So I had to eat my own vomit. Another time I can't remember what I did wrong but it must have been bad because I remember having my hair pegged to the cloths line and hands tied behind my back and stand on tip toes so the pegs didnt pull off my hair and pegs put on my tongue and left like this till the sister was ready to let me go and if any of the pegs popped off we would get a wack. This didnt only happen to me it happened to other girls too. The only difference was the sister would make us girls do it and if we didnt do it right we would get the strap. Other banishments we would get would have to go with out meals and this would hurt because we didnt have fruit bowls sitting around just help your-self when ever liked our food was always dished out to us. The only time you got to go into the kitchen was to do work. Plus if you didnt like something on your plate and wouldnt eat it you would get it served upto you until we ate it. (eg breakfast, lunch, tea) My eldest sister was taken away at 1am in the morning and me and my sisters didnt get to say good-bye to her or were ^{not} told about it and that was the last I saw of her for many many years. Then they did

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the same with my second eldest sister no good-byes again and again didn't see her for many many years later in life. We had to walk to school (Kelso public school) from the home and it was a long walk and in winter very cold even the little stream used to be iced up and the sisters would drive past us with a empty bus and in summer we would see snakes even to church and Sunday school we would walk again the sisters would go by empty. I was young and it was a very long walk. Our mail was opened before we got it. Birthday cards opened our presents opened before we ever got them any money was removed from them. We didn't have birthday or a cake no one celebrated their birthday. We celebrated the homes birthday open house to public. Then my last sister was taken from the home and sent to orange in N.S.W with foster family who didn't have any children. Then I was left by my self. I was very scared when this happened I had no family any more. I was scared I was going to die there and no one know about me I lay awake at nights thinking about this it really scared me. I would go to the bathroom in the middle of night with my bible and hold it to my heart and pray to god not to let me die. Then I would run up and down on the spot so my heart wouldn't stop beating. I seen a lot

of what happen to the others even when my sisters were tied to chairs and my older sister got beltings for us too. I remember having two operations while in the home. Being dropped off and then picked up after and no visitors. It hurt not having a mother to reassure me thing would be ok. No visitors and watching other kids with familys visiting them. A hug from my mom would of helped or my sisters and brothers. Just to know someone did care for me and loved me. This is not all that happen a lot more can be told of our child hood heart breaks. I remember it like it was yesterday.

I fell I lived a life like a song what was written in that era
I no bodys child.

Sheryl Poest

B.L.D. 24.8.04

The CHARLTON family

When Somebody Robs Someone or
 Something don't they get charged for it
 Then how come the Welfare robbed
 my mother of a family and us kids
 were robbed of our child-hood and
 Mothers love and sisters and brothers
 Plus a safe environment.

You Rob a bank and go to jail
 No money in the world could give
 us back what we were robbed
 of. I was robbed of going through
 life having no mother telling me
 she loved me. No mothers hugs or
 kisses. They took this all from me
 My child-hood, My Education,
 My love for my brothers and sisters
 a safe family home. Why did I
 have to be stripped of my I.D
 and miss out on the love from
 my mother and sisters and brothers

Who do I Thank?

The Government ?
 Welfare System ?
 The church ?
 God. ?

for my early years. No I thank
 the baker who would give us a cake
 (left overs) if he had any.

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Out of the 10 of us 7 went to homes

4 Girls St Michaels Kelso.

3 Boys Charlton Boys home Glebe

1 Boy to foster home which was not
my mothers wishes.

1 Eldest girl was of age to work.

1 Eldest boy was of age to work.

In later years. One of my brothers
passed away 10 years before I found out.
One of my sisters passed away without
ever getting to know her brothers or sisters.
I remember all the staff names that
were involved and other girls in the
home. Plus D.R, welfare worker, Church
members,

Cheryl Peest

B.H.D. 24.8.04

Even till this day
my mother who is in
her 80^s lives with the
Shame of losing her
children.