

Veretta J Lotise

To Committee Secretary

I'm submitting to the Senate inquiry my information about the time I spent in an ~~orphanage~~ orphanage Mater Dei at Narrellan NSW 1955 - Nov. 1960 we were three sister Diane Rayelene and Veretta we come from Balmain. My two brothers Gordon and John went to a boys Home at Baulkern Hills they were younger than me.

John passed away January 1960 I had not seen him since I left Balmain, I was 14teen at the time went to funeral then taken strat back to the Home, would anyone know how I felt, ~~no~~ no one but me, How sad.

We had nothing at Home Balmain but our mother loved us very

then we were taking to this place
 were there was no love at all just work
 and so far away from mum. No one knows
 how sad it was for those little girls.

As I said there was no love no compassion
 no feelings for you at all only the hard
 disappint, up at 5.30am to ~~work~~ work in
 Nuns or childrens kitchen and some time in
 the laundry, and all the rest of the other
 jobs we had to do every week.

Most of the time we were not allowed
 to speak, my sister slept in one single bunk
 and myself that was the three of us all
 together in the home they separated us one
 in each ~~dorm~~ dormatree at first I
 would sneak out of my bed and get
 into Diane's bed, one night one of the
 nuns caught me in bed with my sister
 we had to stand up all night out side
 her door.

Another day I was working on the nuns
 kitchen I had fallen over and hurt my

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ankel it swelled up and was black and blue but I still had to hop over to the kitchen and do my ~~work~~ work.

No one there to say are you alright you get on the best way you could, if you worked in the kitchen you went to school $\frac{1}{2}$ day after lunch.

My sister Rayelene and I were quite good in the small classes, but in 1957 they changed from an orphanage to a school for Mental Retarded girls, all the other girls how were orphanages were place in other homes or foster care but they left my sisters I and 5 other girls and we had to do all the work and also look after the new girls, after lunch we would go into the class but how can you go from 4th-5th class to small groups again so there was no school after that, so that made it very hard for me when I left the Home and also how hard do you people think it was to look after these kids, some wet the bed and one girl had to have irons on

her legs one per day and one at night you had to wash their sheets in cold water summer or winter and the older girls how had their monthlys we had small towels like face washers and we had to wash them and keep them clean, the girls too.

Would you like your daughter to have to do that at such a young age.

I could ~~to~~ go on and on but I'm sure you would get bored.

My elder sister Rhonda came up one Sunday I thought it was visiting but she said she was taking me home to her place she also the year before she got Raylene out and got her a job no one but us knew how good it felt to be leaving that awful place but I was not prepared for what was outside I was so skeard I could not even walk down the street if a boy was on the same side I would cross over with my head down just so I didn't have to pass them.

We were only allowed visits once a month so when that Sunday came we would wait at the fence on the gate waiting for our Mother to come, when it came 3.00pm you knew she was not coming we knew she had to get 3 trains and a taxi from the station so it was another month to you were to see her again, you were so disappointed and cry.

I didn't have a childhood in there it was taken away I am surprised I'm sane I was just a child labour told I was NO good came from the slums of Balmain and would never be anything and your mother or father nobody wanted you.

I wish I could write everything that happen to me but I would fill up pages and pages.

IN winter we had cold showers the hot water would run out the Nuns would stand there watching you

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yet we were not allowed to look at each other without clothes on it was a mortal sin and we would go to hell if we did look.

When I first went there I was belted so many times with bamboo sticks rubber lino strips in the winter the marks would stay on your legs and arms for weeks, how was there to see them no one and no one to tell, if you said anything to your mum you would get it worse when they went home.

We were told the one's how's parents could not pay anything that they were clothing and feeding you for nothing and ~~we~~ nowon cares about you, that why your here

I'm sorry I can't write any more it is to emotional for me to go back, but I need some one to have an idea what it was like

My life has been hell trying to get along with out education so I only could work in factorys then later on in life there was not much I could job wise.

I married at 18 teen looking for some one to love me for myself how could you know love when you have not ~~be~~ been taught love as a child.

met a man when the kids son 16teen
daughter 19teen was with him for 18 months
got married him we were happy but

so that was
devastating for the kids and I but
a survivor again you get through
it because when you were a
child you told to get up and get
on with it

Now I'm 64 years in Nov. this year and
I'm so tired of life and still have
~~bad~~ bad feeling not only cruelty
but no education I could have had
a better life but I'm proud of
my daughter's son and grandchildren
and these ~~partners~~ partners.

Why shouldn't N.S.W and Melbourne
get something, they were responsible
for all the little children in homes
and foster care.

Hope to hear from
some one

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I went to tafe and tried to learn to spell and read with my two sister we try so hard but it is ~~had~~ hard to put all those years in one team, it was so hard.

I would like to submit my sister Diane Witchard she can't read or write all she can do is sign her name with her permission I will rewrite what she said she live in Ballina so I had done this on the phone

Diane Witchard