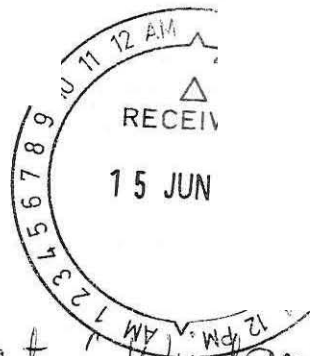


4th June 2010



I was an inmate at "Windemere" Melbourne Orphanage, Dendy St Middle Brighton Vic. from March 1957 to July 1962.

Prior to being admitted I was sexually abused by my stepfather in his work van around the corner from where we lived, so when I went in I was already "damaged goods".

My time at the orphanage was a regimented, uncaring work filled experience that has had profound effects to this day. The school was right next door. We were laughed at and picked on by the outsiders who attended the school also. Non-orphanage kids were mean + vicious + we had no protection.

At the later it was merely a "workhorse". Me + my sister had the job of preparing every evening meal for 12 whilst the cottage mother laid in bed - Her

(2)

Real daughter who was my age was required to do nothing. I was a tetch who consistently walked in on us in the shower.

I never told anyone anything because I knew I would not be believed.

Growing up I learned to tolerate pain until it was unbearable - a trait I still practice, so attending doctors is uncommon for me.

When I turned 18 I was "shoved" into the outside world where no-one understood, so I have lived a loveless lonely existence all through my adult life. I have never had help & never ask for any. I found it difficult to love my children & as a result one has had a history of drug-abuse & the other is receiving counselling for anger. My life experience has caused a "pebble effect".

Redress for all care leavers is a must so we ~~can~~ can all have dignity and live with independence as we always have.

3

Like it or not, we Care heavens
are "As Australian/As". We need to
be released from ~~our~~^{the} shackles of our
poverty, depression, loneliness &
unloving existence & recognised as
Australians who have obviously
excelled as survivors.

Thanking you for your
time and consideration.