

As a child of seven who was physically and emotionally abused when in a government approved girl's home run by the church-I would like to be considered for compensation.

I was punished for not putting my toys away quickly enough and for calling for my brother who was in the boy's home next door. I was not allowed to see him.

I was belted around the legs with the handle of a fly squatter on numerous occasions and told that I was "bad". I believed I was bad.

I was fed toast and dripping and stale bread with sugar and hot milk for breakfast which made me sick. I was told I was acting and I was punished.

I was kept up late one night and made to finish chocolate pudding which I hated. I was not allowed to go to bed until I had finished it. I learnt to eat quickly so I could not taste the food I did not like.

Because I ate quickly they gave me more and I ate that as well so I would not get into trouble. As a consequence I put on a lot of weight in rapid succession and my body stretched.

I am not sure how long I was in the girl's home but it was long enough to destroy my childhood spirit and innocence. When I left the home I had no confidence or self esteem and did not know how to relate to others.

Growing older I continued to eat because this is the way I had been conditioned and I thought I would gain approval. I put on more weight. I still believed I was bad.

I was unable to make friend because I believed I was not good enough and I believed that no one would want to be my friend. When I was thirteen I hated myself so much that I tried to cut my wrists with a broken bottle but it hurt too much.

At age 28 circumstances occurred that sent me in a downward spiral of self-loathing and all my childhood feelings of shame and worthlessness manifested and I believed I was bad. I attempted suicide with an overdose of sleeping pills and I was in a coma for three days.

During my life I have been married twice and divorced twice. I am unable to maintain relationships with males or females and I remain alone. My only solace is my four children and my grandchildren- my relationship with them is spasmodic.

Now at age 60 I live alone with my fears, insecurities and loss. My experience as a child in a girl's home has had a profound effect on my life for 53 years. And when I remember- the tears are never far away

I did not deserve to be treated they way I was- I did nothing wrong!