

Evidently, my 1st taste of life in a religious home started a few weeks after I was born, but my memories do not start until I was 3 years of age. Approximately one year before I started school.(Prep 1).Tho I do remember fondly the way the nun walked us two kids from the nursery to the Prep school area,it was a long walk & now as an adult,I know how slowly 4 year old kids can walk.

But the nun was holding our hands, this was 1st time ever & possibly the last time ever ,I had my hand held to walk somewhere on a new adventure, however, any feelings we got during that walk soon left us, as we were beaten severely by the nun who ran that class, within 5 minutes of that door closing, as we didn't know what she meant when she screamed at us to do something. The next 11 years of schooling there at St Vincent's Home, Nudgee, usually started classes with beatings with STICKS, STRAPS, including A SEWING MACHINE BELT, HANDS & ANYTHING that was close by.

Derogatory remarks made to any child there, regardless of race, color or physical appearances. Children who suffered a physical deformity or illness, were ridiculed more than the rest of the children, Those who peed themselves, were ridiculed and not allowed to change clothes, others were then punished being made to sit with them & or among them. Verbal abuse was continuous day in, day out, collectively & personally, Privately, ie, one on one, or in front of the group. Punishments for just being there were done in anyway to maximize the impact on the person it was being inflicted on to the satisfaction of the perpetrator & her cohorts, who often praised each other, for what she was doing to any or one of the

children there, under their power.

Classes were run on strict lines to a standard they set & woe to any child who missed that mark, that they had set for that child. Ridicule and beating for any child who did not attain the mark they thought they should reach. If they couldn't get there, it was because they were stupid idiots etc and a few more beatings will help them. If you exceeded the marks they thought you should get, you'd be accused of cheating, beaten & anyone sitting next to you during that test, would be beaten also, because as far as the nun was concerned, they helped you cheat. It never occurred to them, it was the way they taught or didn't teach that was the main problem, or that some of the children should have been in a special school. During some of the punishment sessions, when one sat with these kids, one could see some improvement as they get one on one time, with even a child who "helped" them. These kids tho were used by the nuns for bully sessions on playing field and could be sent out & were sent out to "take out" kids after school. They'd do it to curry favour from the nuns. One of the nuns died during the night & for weeks afterwards, we were told we had killed her and so we had to go to her funeral & beg forgiveness from her, meanwhile we can understand, we'd get a few more extra beatings anyway.

Somehow, I survived school here but it was decided I was going to work & at least, they got me a job with a firm, where the workers new of my upbringing and reached out to help me, tho I did not know how to react to this. The home they (MADE ME) live was another version of what I'd left, an unmarried brother & sister act, who expected & demanded a live-in slave. Tho I paid

board she wasn't shy about searching my belongings when I was at work looking for and taking money as well as confiscating any letters I might get. Verbal abuse soon turned to slaps etc & dominating presence of local priests & do gooders from local church. Soon find, the later group very interested in teaching me about homosexuality or was it pedantry from other side of the act. However, the people at work, who I knew I can talk to, helped me out here & seems my upbringing in the home helped me out here as I knew how to fight from fending off bullies etc, Soon learn to stand up for myself even with the woman at home, who slapped me down one time too many times & after I get up off the floor, she never ever hit me again.

Of course soon after I left to go to work, I get a visit from a Government man, who informs me, Im a state ward, I had no idea what this was and it was only ever explained that it meant I was theirs & I was answerable to them & their servants. & who I learn in very quick time, was not about to take anything from a low life such as myself etc etc, He too, assured me, he was used to working with scum such as I, etc etc. Hed not even consent to listen to more than the 1st three words of anything I said, in regards to what was happening where I lived etc, but again and again tells me anything happening was for my own good, etc etc, I should and must be gratefull these good people are lusting after me. Not in these exact words, but he knew what was going on and he condoned it. Another guy I grew up with was in same area meeting same people & he was telling me what was happening and we had always been mates even during school years. SO, I hit, gouged and elbowed & bitten my way out of

most situations surprisingly tho, many threats were made to take me to police, My offer to go with them to save time, was never taken up & I never ever got an interview or call in from the police. Although, MR Government man had more up his sleeve for me. I was 17 year old and get called into his office again for usual mouthful from him about me being scum etc & hes booking a room for me at Westbrook. Looking back, Im sure he has a grin on his face as he pulls an open letter from his desk & threw it across to me. It spun across desk onto floor but when it stopped, I see, it is addressed to me. Now I had sorted out Mrs Mac about opening my letters , so I ask what was he doing opening my mail I hadnt even received yet, when he tells me “read it, its from my mother”. That floored me, as ten thousand eight hundred and sixty five times, Id been told I was an unloved orphan and now he,s telling me this letter is from my mother. ! ! !

Not really caring hes telling me she just realized im old enough to start working now and she needs me so she can get my money, etc etc and if I had any brains left, Id keep right away from her as she’d be low moral person etc, as after al,l she abandoned me, etc etc, & I should stay with Mrs Mac & the good folks at the church at Coorparoo. I ask again and again , how come? Im an orphan & cant have a mother. But he just thinks Im mental now & pushed me out the office, No offer of help to reach her & or meet her. I don’t meet her for another 2 years & over next 40 years, learn she was a wonderful woman who suffered more than I ever did & was a mother I wanted & needed. Tho heaven forgive me, I do not think I lived up to be the son I should have been. I

was with her as she died & I didn't want to be there. I wanted to be with her, as she still lived on.

At 18 years old, I ran as far away from this church and anything associated with it, as I could get. They are nowhere near the Simpson Desert or the Sturt Stony desert. Employers out there like employing a young guy who wants to be out there & doesn't want company, Who will take instructions & will learn. Purveyors of religious stuff, were few and far between & the ones you did meet, understand what you mean, when you tell them to shut up or move on.

I get on with my life and never rely on getting anything for nothing. I knew I was not that person the nuns and government agents continually tell me I am and will always be. But am wondering, who I am. Some of the people in the government office are telling me things about me & they had never met me before, so how can they know anyway, Out here, I don't have to listen to their diatribe & no one disturbs my thoughts, as I think thinks over, I knew I was close to being broken but learn I was just bent a bit & it wasn't hard to straighten things out in my mind and become "this" who I am anyway.

Like any "sane" person, as I looked at who I was turning out to be, I couldn't see what they had seen & comparing myself, to others I had met and was meeting, I knew I was no worse than they were and so was just an average person, albeit, without a real clue, what to do with what I was. I also learn what they were & accept they had no idea what they were talking about at least in regards to me.

But one thing I did learn was you pay for what you do

and you take responsibility for what you do & what you have done. I may have what it takes to push back if someone intends to take advantage of me, but I know there are many who can't push back. Why should we condone people taking advantage of the weaker ones & those who are hurt by those actions. I experienced 1st hand, what servants of the Catholic church in Brisbane did to 100s, if not thousands of children over many years. It was relentless abuse on 100s of children & they hurt so many of us. The Qld government, thru their servants, knew of the abuse & did nothing. When their job was to make sure this type of abuse did not happen. Inspections were never done or were cursory at best. Others like myself, tried to report it directly & were told we were trouble makers & threatened with jail time or worse, be sent to Westbrook. It seems to be a common thread in every state of Australia under same religious orders & in cohorts with members of government departments in every state of Australia.

Now, Governments & religious organizations, seem hell bent on differentiating between what was torture & what was discipline & what is hurt & who actually caused it. Plus what impact it has had, on those on whom it was done to. Even if the fact that this person, as a child, was just more sensitive to discipline and the fact he/she is now a physical cripple or a mental one, was possible his or her own fault anyway, so why should they take responsibility for themselves. They even try deny it has happened at all! Despite reams of reports pertaining to what they did to us, as children and then threw us out the gate, with no idea of what to do out here, or how to go about even a normal life. If we stumbled, the government

soon found good reason to throw a lot of us in jails & or mental places, again really, pushing us under the lino or behind the shrubs so no one will see us.

You've passed laws now, that say a parent cant spank their child. Yet condone that, as children, we were tortured and beaten senseless, then denied any medical aid at the time & some of the injuries lasting a life time & still, we have to pay for our own treatment, that is, if we know where to go to get it.

Here,s the time to coordinate all redress to ALL us exchildren ,who survived these places. Some of us, have real life problems still. Address and or coordinate these patchwork redress schemes to help all who need help.

Stop trying to paint us different colours for where & who mistreated us. **WE WERE MISTREATED AND WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BECAUSE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS SHOULD HAVE BEEN INSPECTING to ensure WE WEREN'T MISTREATED.**

I did apply under Qld redress scheme & at least, they did handle my claim swiftly & without question & within their guidelines, after my submission. This does give me some relief, but **REALLY**, to compensate me for enduring 14 or 15 years of **PHYSICAL & MENTAL TORTURE**, + shoving me out into the world with nothing but an innocent look on my face? It falls far short of what I'd expect to have to pay, if I did something even remotely like this to a child today.

This was done by an organization that has access to millions & Billions of dollars & we see this every time we see himself on TV representing the richest entity on this earth & they still try to buy off with peanuts & or shift the blame on to ourselves.

But it was all but a fluke, that I even heard about it & I also new of others who didn't know of it, till almost closing time for applications. I had to help one exclass mate out via phone, when his application was rejected, as he did not understand fully, what was needed & their reply to him was in legalize he could not understand. Have lost touch with him, so do not know result of his renewed application or if he ever reapplied. Why did he have to turn to me? Simple. he doesn't know where else to go to. We help ourselves as we have had to, for so long.

Members of Parliament. I beg you to take the real step on the road to show some compassion for each and every one of these former children, who were in your care, for no reason that can be blamed on to them personally. Many cases, the children were actually kidnapped & many many illegally held, as prisoners, even as they were babies. Many kept as prisoners well into adulthood & suffered for years under torture and abuses you and I can only read about. There are no different shades of victims, most of us were victims.

Thankyou for this chance to put my submission in.

