



25-9-10

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SUBMISSION: CHILDREN IN INSTITUTIONS.

At the age of 5 I was rounded up like a dog and dragged screaming from my home and my mother as was my 5 siblings

Placed in a god cell, then an exhibit in court then sent down to Sydney to the homes I never saw my mother again until I was 20 years old

The home was a brutal place for children. People in charge were not trained in child care.

If your luck ran out you received one of beatings, my started at age 6 and continued on during my time there.

and took up where left off. These beatings and the constant mistreatment live with you forever.

- Matron - gave me away to people who wanted to foster a child, my opinion never sort. What followed were the saddest years of my life.

The 15 years where someone was constantly

in charge of me has left me with a life half lived.

At the age of 20 I was a free person and met my mother after 15 years.

Being institutionalised, there was never any love, understanding, care, proper health checks, education, ability to make decision what I wanted to wear, eat etc.

The legacy is as an adult every day my life is impacted by these years. Fear is a constant problem, trust people unable to, decision making a great problem. My education is poor, my job - cleaning - not my choice. More than even the above was that these years DESTROYED my family and my siblings. I have constantly tried to keep us as a family but we were all too damaged from the treatment we had received at the hands of these homes & fostering.

The treatment children received is a great stain on Australia's History.

These are only a few lines, I have kept it short because of the above me & my siblings never got to live the life that we had the right to live - the homes & fostering took it away.

The abuse I received covered it all, physical sexual, mental you name it it was done to me.

As time goes on and I am heading to old age the fear of going into aged care hangs over me as it does all the people who were in homes.

What the homes achieved was to DESTROY my family unit and my mother.

On trying to find my records:- 1 piece of paper a balance sheet from Anglesea Sydney.

My name spelt wrong and my date of birth wrong this reflects the absolute disgraceful way we were treated.

I am writing this on behalf of myself and siblings as the only two girls still alive - one is illiterate - thanks to her appalling education & the other so damaged unable to put pen to paper.