

My Name is
MRS ROSEMARY KLOHS, I was born
MARIE ROSE WALKER. 3-10-56 - And FOSTERED.
So I became Rosemarie DENSON.

I have written my story, I
could write more, and more.

I hope you are able to read the
story, that is real And it happened to
me, And I hope it will help the cause that
we are trying to make better to help any
child that has to go through the same
sad beginning, but that is and end,
because I made it, other wise I was
could not write this letter.

So here is my story.

↓

The Spelling is not very good. But it
how I was feeling when I wrote it.

Many thanks
Rosey -

Date Written
5th August 2003

I WAS A WARD IN NSW

FROM 1958 TO 1972

I have no rights in any of
the ABOVE,

my mother ESTATE THAT I HAVE

been fighting for 12 MONTHS, I want
my mother ASSES she died July last
year,

I knew my mother, I found her
in 1987 - through Adoption TRIANGLE
and I had 3 months up to 1993.

PROTECTIVE COMM. Approached me 93
to handle my mother Affairs, and then

July last year I received a letter from
the Public TRUSTEES, to let me know
that my mother was DEAD AND SINCE
then the ABUSE HAS BEEN OR GOING
because they wanted me to prove who
I am, I have done that, and I
am still fighting that lies "I write
this letter, to you, So when does

"
-The ABUSE SPOT."

I will cost me \$20,000 TO
40,000 Dollars to Fight the Demer
in court.

Where is there help out there
for the children, that had no say
in who thought where,

If we had been Animals than
the RSPCA, would of stepped in
a long time ago and fanned
the people that were responsible for
all the cruelty that you endure.

My story has follows.



I am sorry that my letter is all
over the place. But my Emotions
are all over the place.

A Long Journey

The start of a very sad and painful story of a family, Mother Fawthe Three Brothers and one little sister, ~~is~~ A little girl called Mare Rose, Walker, my mother Name was Helen May Walker, my Father Name, was Keith Reginald Williams, Brother John Raymond and Wayne.

We were all born to be like our family should of been but for us it was never going to be like that, the cards were all stacked against us from the beging. 1950s was the ERA

It was of a poor class that we were to be born in. My Parents were Pea Pickers and Farmers, moving from one farm to another in search, for a better life and money just to survive.

But for all of us that was the tearing apart of family, for ever more.

My life has a two and half year old ended in a childrens orphanage for children that had been abandon and left to look after themselves with strangers, to care for them, it was the cruellest and saddest time of my life and the loneliest that could ever be bestowed on such a little person. The bewilderment, and confusion that surrounded you, everybody was a stranger there was no warmth no tenderness, and no love, just cruelty in high farms.

if you cryed out for your mother you were smacked and told that your mother does not love you, that is why you are here. and here is where you will stay, because know one knows where you are and they dont care. You are nothing, "you ARE A NOBODY" "you DO NOT EXIST" "your mother doesnt want you because she doesnt love you" you HAVE BEEN LEFT THERE BECAUSE you ARE A BAD child and BAD children Nobody wants Naughtly and BAD children. So on and so on.

I had heard this for four 1/2 years of my life from living in that place with all these other kids, but in the end after so many beatings you learn to get tough they would sto say when they would smack you and beat you they would say you are a bad person and this will take all the badness out of you. But I would steeer them in there eyes and think to myself you can beat me and you will but you are not going to have my soul or break my spirit that belonged to me.

The first few years were the hardest ever though I was so little I knew what was happening around me. The house was so big and cold a DARK and lonely. To this day I still get scared in the dark.

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We would all share these big rooms with
Cots up and down in Rows they would put you
with them at the same time and then they would
pull up the rails so you could not get out
of them until the Sun came up and then
they would let you out like animals in
cages.

No one would come to you in the
night if you cried out the older kids
would say dont cry all they come in and
Smack you all so you layed there in
fear and cryed ~~the~~ silently so so
no one could hear you.

For me know one come for me for
few 2 years.

Just lots of strange people every
weekend they would come and see what child
they wanted to take home with them for that
weekend.

I remember one time when I
was about three, this couple come and
took me out they had two sons, but they
all were so cruel to me, I remember
that the Man of the house lay me up by my
legs, upside down and left me there ~~was~~
for a long time, and they hurt me so.

So I though never time some one whants
to take me away from there if I was
really Naughty no one would pick me so

I did that everytime⁴ so in the end I was not allowed to line up with the others when the peple would come on the Weekend. I had to stay in my cot until they left. then I could go out a play on My own by this time there were know kids left I was all ways on my own from then on, I could not tell anybed because they would not believe what had happen and I would of been beaten for telling lies.

I can remember every little detail about that place that it brings so much Sadness back but this story has to be told it is real and it happened to me and my brotters to but they were somewhere else they were in orange a long way from me. We Never get to see each other agin.

As we ended up in there place it all started back on A Rhore in FARBIS we was left here with my BROTHER JOHN who at that time was 7 years old he was left to look after me and my brother Raymond until the Authority came and took us in end then we were all

put into different homes. That was in 1958 was the last time we were together. Her brother and sister

I know one thing that this did to me was I never trusted anybody because everybody would tell lies to you. and so the day I am still the same trust nobody. you build up such a wall so it will protect you. and you don't let anybody in. Because if you let them in they hurt you.

Chapter 2

Time moved on and then one day this pretty lady came to see me ~~to~~ and she asked me what my name was I was sitting on the front step of the Ophange, were I would sit for hours waiting for the kids to come back. and I would sit there waiting always waiting hoping for some^{one} to come and get me and take me away from there.

This lady name was Kitty she said that she came to see me. But like ever other person she said the same thing. Kitty was dressed in this green knitted dress with a beautiful hat and gloves, and she had the warmest smile and the kindest face that I had ever seen.

She sat down and talk to me for a long time, I remember her asking me what I was waiting for and I said that my Mom was coming to get me. So I had to wait here so she would know where to find me

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We talked for so long and then she said that she would come back and see me again and would I like that. I remember saying to her if you want to. So she left so everybody left me. always. She promised she would be back. Anyway, one day she came back and she asked me if I would like to go to her house and meet her Family. I asked her why and she said that she would like to have a little girl like me to take home.

So we went to her home, she drove a little green Mini Minor. So I went there she had a husband and two very tall boys. We had lunch, she cooked Sausages and I did not know what they were because all we ate was Mashed Potatoes, ~~and they~~ so they were very strange to me, but I liked them and then she took me back to that place and said that she would come again and we can do again if I wanted to.

She was the first person that I felt safe with she was so kind to me she made me feel happy, for the first time in a long time, but I did not think she would come back now or come back.

Chapter 3.

In the year of 1962, that lady did come back and she did take me out and I went a lived with her and her family. on the day that I was being that horrible place, they gave me, A pretty dress and shoes and socks to wear out, but I did not have any thing of mine.

The dress that I wore was a blue dress and black shoes which I had to give back which was so sad for me at that time because I really loved that dress. I always had to give something back nothing was mine.

When I started ~~back~~ living there I used to call her lady and I did that for a long time. one day I remembered, she said that she was going to call me a New Name and change the name that was mine. I asked her not to change my name because that is all that I own it belongs to me. But like everybody else she did not listen either and changed that to, Rosemarie. But my name is Marie Rose. Nobody ever listened they just did what ever they wanted.

So once again living another life that was not mine. I was afraid ever then so I was very confusing to be called by another name. and that the way it was going to stay.

Well my life has started with new family my mother + Father and two foster Brothers Ray and Kevin they were 21 and 17 years when I went there so time we lived in a very nice duplex home, we lived upstairs and downstairs we used to next ent. It used to be the Grandmother home until she went into a Nursing home.

Anyway I started school I went to Mary West Primary school. My school days were very sad times as well because the teachers knew that I was a foster child and some were very cruel they would make me miss out of things I was not allowed to join in with the other children, because I was different. And a lot of the parents knew that I was a foster child so I was not asked to parties or childrens homes to play because they thought I would be bad for these children. I was once told by one of the @ kids parents @ I could play with their daughter, because I was a mixed race person. I was around 7 years old when they said that to me, so I did not know really what that meant, and the kids would say that they could not play with me at school because their parents said that they were not allowed to talk and play with me. It was a very hard time at school.

It seems that everybody made sure that you did not sit in any where or you belonged anywhere.

I remember the kids at school would ask me, was that my grandparents, because my mum & dad, were very much older than the parents with children the same age as me. I hated school and I always played up so my mum would have to come and get me from school.

She was always very kind though all of that time.

I always remembered that after having a bit at school with the kids, when I had to go home from school there would always be a Welfare Officer there, talking to my mum at the kitchen table and they always would say if you are naughty and bad we will come and take you away, And you can't stay here anymore. I saw these people for the next seven or eight years of my life, so there was no comfort zone to live in I lived in fear all the time. I used to feel so scared when I would walk home and if I would see a car parked in the driveway I would think that they are going to come and get me so I would climb up the big tree that was in our home from there I could see when they left and then I would come down and go inside. I lived like that.

So my mother they still did what the welfare
 said when I was 15 years old my Foster Parent
 Sent me to another home this one was for
 all girls it was at Narrabeen NSW It was
 run like and half way home which housed
 girls 15 to 18 they were girls that were to
 old to stay in the main homes so they went
 to this home were they had to go out at get
 jobs, it was a hell hole whole, there were about
 15 to 20 girls abthere, and ~~the~~ husband
 and a wife that were in charged, my parents
 left me there for about 2 months, they said
 that I had to stay there, because I had to
 behave myself or the welfare, would take me
 away from there and then they left me and
 drove off I could not have any contact with
 them, buy them or anything, I still to this
 day, what I had done for that, I had no
 say in that either, it was a terrible place
 with girls that never, had been with any
 one that loved them so they were very
 nasty and cruel, they cut up all my ~~clothes~~ clothes
 that I had brought with me, and they would
 not let me have any of the food that was
 passed through a serving window that the people
 that ran the place, they should at never been
 put in that position, they were cruel and mean.
 And all the girls were very unhappy, and
 sad, we all sleep in the same den, with bunks

beds, I was very scared, but I learned how to get tough. I remember, I had been there for a week or by this stage, and the girls had set me up, they told the lady of the house that I had left a ~~at~~ Dirty Modern Pool under the Pillow of my bed which I had not done, she came after me, and cornered me, and was going to beat me, but I got there first and punched her in the stomach, and then run away down the street. Then I had no where to go so I went back there, and the girls told me ~~there~~ then became I stood up to her, so that was fine then so they looked after me from there on.

When I was there I never saw any Welfare Officer, come around and see the place, or the girls that were there. So who was running the place. There are so many unanswered questions, still to this day. From an Institution to another, was there ever going to be an end to all of this. So many people that had the power to do the right thing never seemed to happen. Just this Power play over all our lives. I sometimes wonder, if they could sleep at night and did they ever stop and think what there Rinty of care really meant. I think back then no one knew to what that meant. What about Morals were there any in those days.

After my foster parents came back and got me, from there on I never trusted again.

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They took my trust and what I felt for them, in my mind they were just like everybody else, we were just people that had no rights or no say.

I now they thought that they were only doing what the Walkers told them to do and that's what they did. And it hurt me much what power they had over everybody. But they were victims just like I was. How wrong they were, my life was just what Strayer said it could be. And I had to do what I was told to do, and if I didn't they had the right to just take me. They saw & felt ever if it was in harms way and they could not ever care. Just a job, to them but it was someone's life they were dealing with. It was my life that they were mucking up. But that did not matter. To this day it still does not matter. No body cares that we all went through such a life's sentence. That was handed down with out doing anything wrong we just got born.

What a crime, the crime was not all the kids it was their parents crime and then it became the Walkers crime for not doing the right thing. We were human beings not animals. We needed guides and a support net cord by. Soul destroying life in the wake of the worst, Bureaucratic Plunder or the Forgotten Children.

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Anyway in the end I had to make up my mind
that I had to trust my foster parents because I
had no where to go and I was not going back to my
home again. So for so long I was very lonely all
the time but they were good to me my Dad he
was very good to me and was very ~~good~~ kind my Brother
was so much older than me so I spent all the
time on my own. My Foster Mum was ok. She could
be tough with all her rules, but that was ok. But
in the end they really were only my Minder.

I have never felt like I fitted in
anywhere, ever now. I have had two sons and I
am remembered and my husband is great his
Name is Michael my boys Names are David 23 and
Michael 18 1/2 years. I think I have been and
oh Mum, I have always been there for them. I
over worry about them, too much, because if
anything would happen to them I get so scared
because we are the only ones that are here
one. They are mine. My husband knows that
I get very sad. But he is really great and very
kind.

My life never seems to be free of
being abandoned when I was a child the last
12 Mths has been hell on wheels. I received a
letter from the Public Trust comm telling me
I knew that my Real Mother had died and I
had to phone who she was. Because she has left
and Estate behind so I have sent all my

prove to them. And it is still not another
from all I want is my mother passes so I can
say good bye and close at least some of
my doors. So I can a best live a more settled
life, but they say that I can not have the
passes because I was surprised to be adopt
at sixteen but I don't have any proof &
that I know one will give that to me.
Once again I have to fight to prove who
I am again a am an my late 40s now
so when will it ever end the Night mare
never goes away.

I need help to closure in all
of this so I can live the Next 46 years
with out Pain and Heartase.

Signed

Rosemary Klett
Neo Marie Rose Walker
Born 3/10/56 or 57 or 58
or 58. What a Mess
this is.

I do Not Know How I am.

Some where, between these Dates is the Right one.

I want to Be like everybody else
the night to Be who I was born as

" Marie Rose Walker "
56 ~~to~~ to 62

I Was Know as Rosemary Person.

From 1962
to 1976.

Rosemary MILLS
1976
1993

Rosemary Kholo

97 to 2003.

I ROSEMARY KLOTH

Give full Permission for my
Story to be read By, to whom
it may concern, and where
if it helps the children of today
to have the rights they need
needed to survive.

R. Kloth

Rosemary Kloth