

The Secretary =

This is what I've got to say about being a ward of the state. It was great. I was looked after properly, I learnt how to put trust into adults again, I learnt how to have friends that I could trust, I learnt a lot of things about how life should be, not how people want it to be. I was shown honesty and respect, and I loved it. I was adopted out with my little sister when we were young, 5+3. We were sexually abused for years by two members of our step family. Then when I was 13, I was sent to ST AUGUSTINE'S in Geelong, and made a ward of the state, Ward no: 7569. I spent time in BALTARA Bog's home and then a Hostel run by Tally-ho for a couple of years. I was shown how adults should be and that not all are bad, I learnt a lot and met a lot of boys just like myself. I ended up moving back home to my real DAD when I was 15 and he was killed when I was 16. Then my brother killed himself four years later. He was a good brother. I travelled Australia for about eight years, trying to fight my feelings, my depression, wanting to grow into a man so I could be a good father for my boy Cody. I knew what I had to do, and that was to stand and face me FEAR'S. Now I am back in Melb, have a nother son named Bowie, a broken down relationship, an on going investigation into the sickies who molested my little sister and my self. I suffer from post Traumatic Stress Disorder, bad depression, no self esteem and just want everything over and done with. I was told to write a story ~~about~~ by Leanne p from CHAN. So I gave it a shot. All I know is that I loved being in the home's because I new ~~what~~ wear I stood. But after that, well that's another story. Hope it helps, Tom Rowlands, 23-3-09. 12013 27 12. 69.

T. Rowlands W.N. 7569.