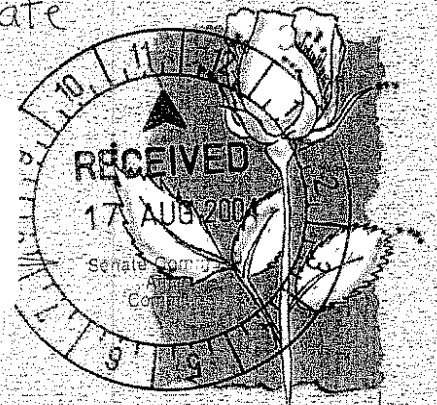


1.8.04.

Mrs. TerrenCIA Darlene Bate
nee Terry LYKE



Dear Sir / Madam,

My name is TerrenCIA Darlene Bate. I was born 30.12.44. I am the eldest of four siblings. Sister Lana and brother John have already been processed by the Queensland Government and by your department. I have been very tardy in putting pen to paper, as I tend to shy away and would prefer, not to be noticed. Whereas Lana and John (siblings) get very passionate and vocal. I, at times, wish I were more like them in some instances. I'm afraid I keep things bottled up inside of me, to the point that at times I completely blank out. There is no recall of any word or memory in my head. Fear takes a long time to settle.

There were four of us in St Vincents, Nudgee, Brisbane. We were all Wards of the State. I went in at three years of age: 1947-1948. I was also at the Red Cross Institution at Scarborough Beach, Redcliffe, Queensland and Fostered out.

4.8.04.

During my time at St. Vincents, I cannot remember faces, nor the lay-out of the premises. But what I do remember, is the horrible, frightening black room. I call it the black room because it was always dark. I hated and feared this room as such, that I would wet my-self and cry hysterically. I could not go to sleep, for years, without a light on. All I seemed to do was cry, wet my-self & cry and

hide under beds, buildings and crouch with my back to the fence for hours.

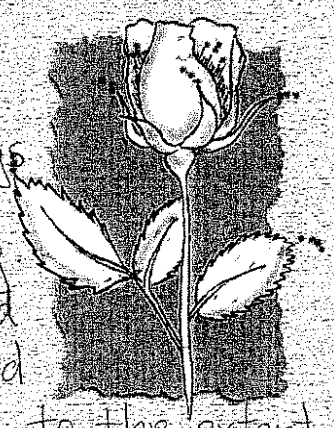
I would not play, I was so traumatized.

My other fear, was the cane. I was always being whacked on my legs or hands.

I was also a left hander. So more caning.

I was told I was a devils child and had to ~~cape~~ confess my sin. I tried so hard

to be brave and not cry and succeeded to the extent that I stayed like that, all my life.



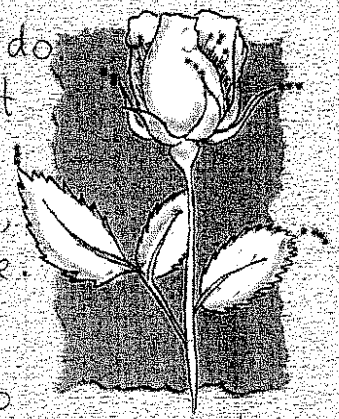
I thought I was being strong, but I just shut it all out, forever. I sucked my two fingers and twirled my hair, till I was in High School. I was so petrified of Nuns, that even after I was a mother myself at 27 years of age, if Nuns passed by me in pairs, I would immediately back up against a wall and would be so scared to look at them.

There were four of us in St Vincents, my-self, John, and twins Lena and Lana. Lena died in there. She was 4½ years old. Our brother said she was pushed down the stairs. Lana tried getting Lena's body exhumed, but I talked her out of it. I think she should be left in peace. It was a very traumatic time for all of us.

After St. Vincents, I was in the Red Cross. I don't remember any thing about this sojourn, only that I got very sick with the German Measles. I can remember though, all the buildings, distinctly. By this time I was very adapt at hiding my feelings.

Then I was fostered out. I don't remember their names. They had teenage boys. One boy repeatedly molestered me, I do remember his first name. I became so petrified of falling asleep, I would become stiff, like a board, dreading to breath or make a sound, my heart hammering in my chest, in case he heard me and come in.

I have lived my life being strong, so I thought. Don't cry, you are weak if you do. I'm the guilty one for every thing that has happened, or so I thought. Until one talks to others and finds, they feel the same. You are not alone. My first marriage failed. Naturally. I could not or would not open up to trust, so I am sure a lot of people have thought that I was aloof. I know that at times I maybe, but it is a painful shyness. At 59 I still do not want to be hurt. I have counselling (Chris) from Esther Centre, in Brisbane who comes down from to see me.



13.8.04

I feel a fraud that at my age I need counselling, but talking with my sister and brother, I realize that I have just bottled everything up. I don't blame nor hate anybody. That is not who I am. I am now fortunate to have a wonderful husband who has to put up with a lot from me. But we are together, live in Public Housing and he is in remission from Renal failure. I have had a lot and still do, of hang ups, but I still have a lot to be thankful for.

I don't know how to finish this letter, so I hope it is spelt correctly. Of course there is more on how what has happened in my life, being due to my young past, but that is for Chris and I to deal with. I will finish now. Thank you for listening. God Bless

Terrencia D. Bato

A large, stylized signature flourish or scribble.