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SUBMISSION TO:
FAMILY AND COMMUNITY
DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE
PARLIAMENT HOUSE,
SPRING STREET
EAST MELBOURNE VIC 3002.

FROM MARIA ANN KOLOVRAT

This submission is An Inquiry
into the handling of child Abuse
by religious and Non-Government
Organizations.

The Committee welcomes written submissions
in response to "Any matter related" to
the terms of Reference.
Submissions close Friday 31 August 2012

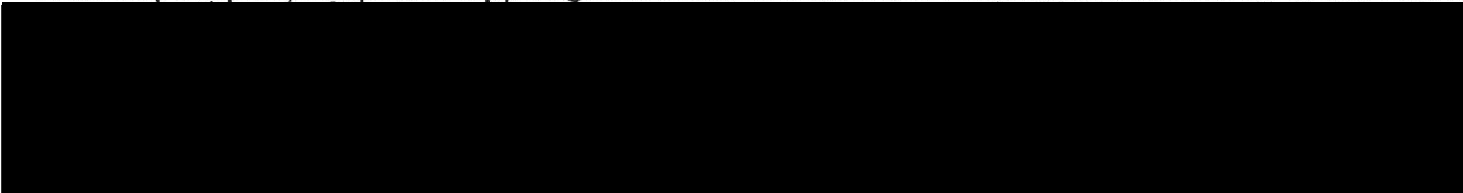
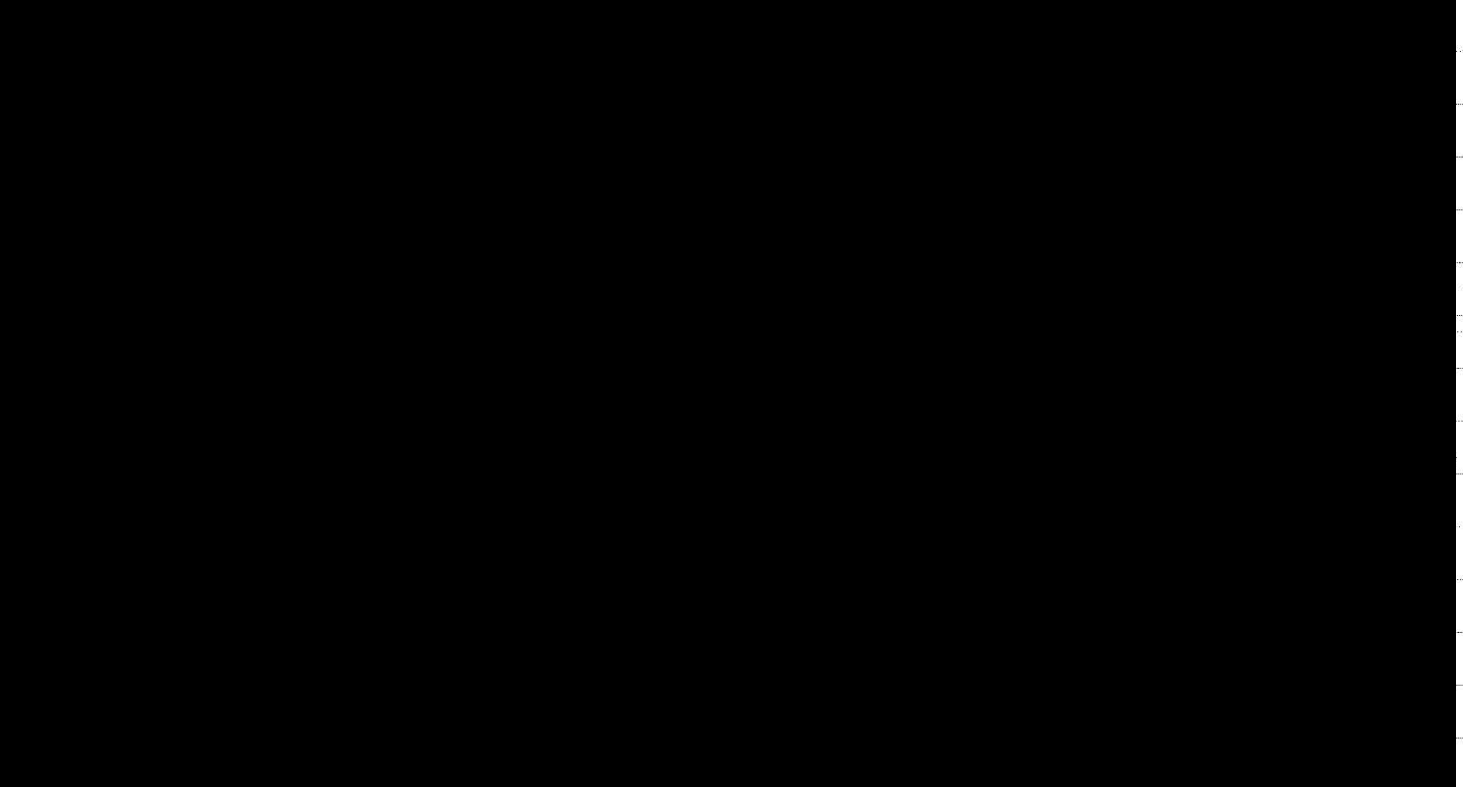
To whom it may concern,
I Maria Ann Kolovrat, from [REDACTED] I am myself a
Victim of Child Abuse Case History, full of it. To begin with
In 1971 at [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I was 5-6 yrs
old, and in grade prep, formerly known as grade "Bubs". The
female teacher of the class room, Miss [REDACTED] blamed me for
putting a pile of freshly chewed wiggly's juicy fruit chewing
gum on the brand new infant's school desk chair built for two, that
I was sharing [REDACTED]

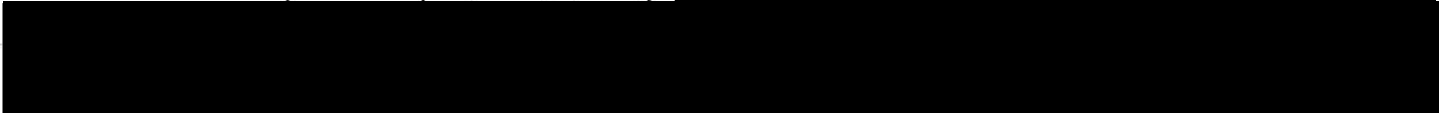
[REDACTED] whom she at
the time of preps in 1971 had placed the Chewing Gum
there in the middle of the school desk seat we'd been sharing
and I witnessed, seeing [REDACTED] put it on
there, but angrily the teacher furiously all of a sudden
grabbed me and blamed me with listening to any
explanation I could give, and I was violently abused,
offended, severely strapped by a hideous Ruler, insulted, and
humiliated and left in shock, in front of the whole class
room, My reputation was established that day for the
rest of my life as a Naughty disobedient outlaw,
She ruined my life, no one ever spoke to me again,

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Helplessly, I was powerless to stand for my rights and defend myself, I was very saddened for being in preps. Well this began the journey through out my whole primary school years of constant abuse and physical violence of offence at that same school [redacted] 1971 to 1972 of grade 1 and 2 were just as terrible for being accused of not knowing mathematics, basically what everything the teacher could accuse me of they'd do it I ended up under the school desk tables crying in fear exhaustion dehydration hunger, till certain students A M [redacted] was mocking me under the table where the teacher order me to sit till school was over, I was told by the teacher to go and stand in the Cupboard where stinking mops and brooms were stored, turn away from the class room and go into that cupboard and put my nose on the wall of it, stand straight still, quiet and close the door till class was over, at one time I lost track of school finishing till someone called me out of the cupboard by knocking on the door of it, I can't recall how many times this had happened. It became habitual, I suppose the ritual of this criminal act had hypnotized us to an adaptation of well, it's there every day so in the end it didn't surprise us (me + the rest of the class that is) at all, we, well, especially myself knew they always had something up their sleeve, the teachers that is. [redacted]



Going back to 1973 at primary school that year was devastating and flown right past me. By 1974 in grade 4 a teacher Mrs [redacted] thought she'd heard me swear one afternoon at the drink taps with a male whom was scuffling to drink at the water fountain 1st, I told him to back off I was called up to the class room by Mrs [redacted] on the stair case in class I was on the front platform where the near black board sits and told to EAT a bar of soap, I thought she was joking, I started crying and stopped, till it resolved to wearing some of the soap in a plastic bag on my jumper to humiliate me, and I was asked to clean the interior of her car, parked near the lane way for 2 hrs. Then always disturbed by a certain person [redacted] who gave everybody a hard time she was a primary student, [redacted]



④ By grade 5 (five) Sister [redacted] the teacher constantly used the Long^o Feather Duster Cairn on my hands and on other students too, viciously cruelly and violently on my hands, Knuckles, and back of the legs, for silly little excuses to abuse me and the rest of the class with, such as not understand certain school subjects or being late for class or she'd think we as students spoke during class time.

The In grade six (6) still at the same school [redacted] well I and some of the same students had Sister [redacted] as a teacher for that year in 1976, it was the worst offensive violating year I had seen in history, [redacted]

But as the frightening difficult year continued on, I had no idea what was installed for me, [redacted]

[redacted] Sister [redacted] wanted me on the blackboard of where she taught to show how I got the answer for the long, long divisional sum, which I couldn't, I'm not a teacher to explain how I was a genius, so she thought the Nun teacher sister [redacted] that she had the right to hit and literally punch right into me for more than 1/2 a hour in front of the whole class room, yes I was crying, in shock, unable to defend myself till my nose was running with snot the whole situation was "out of control"!

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There was no help from anybody, till I got home told my father, and he went there the next day with me and warned her the sister [redacted] to lay hands off me other wise next time the Police would be called in, she then reluctantly agreed to leave me alone.

1977 I went to the [redacted]

[redacted] went there too, again unfortunately, also she seemed to copy my sit in Entrance Exam, so the year went on at that school Unsettled [redacted]

In 1978 things were still the same and very upsetting but sister principal [redacted] said had heard me say the C of --- Four letter word and I said well maybe yes or no, she said Maria you suspended from this college 2 week, dad and I went and saw sister [redacted] the next day, she said to him it's only suspension I said to my father in Yugoslave language "let's get out of here" and we did I never went back to that college!

then in mid early 1978 I began the year of Form 2, (two) [redacted]

etc / all you can imagine, if that was not enough on top of all that Miss [redacted] the woman governor there kept pulling at my clothing what was right what allowed, what was not etc, no compassion was shown. Then finally she blamed me but everyone else about some school fine in the Women's toilets no one had seen, No one could - prove it, I told her frankly "you want me to confess it"?

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She said "yes" etc (that it never ends") I said "I never lit any fire, you can't ever prove it and if I have to move from the school because I was already expelled then it's only because you say I did, not that I did do it but you making me say it to move things along!"

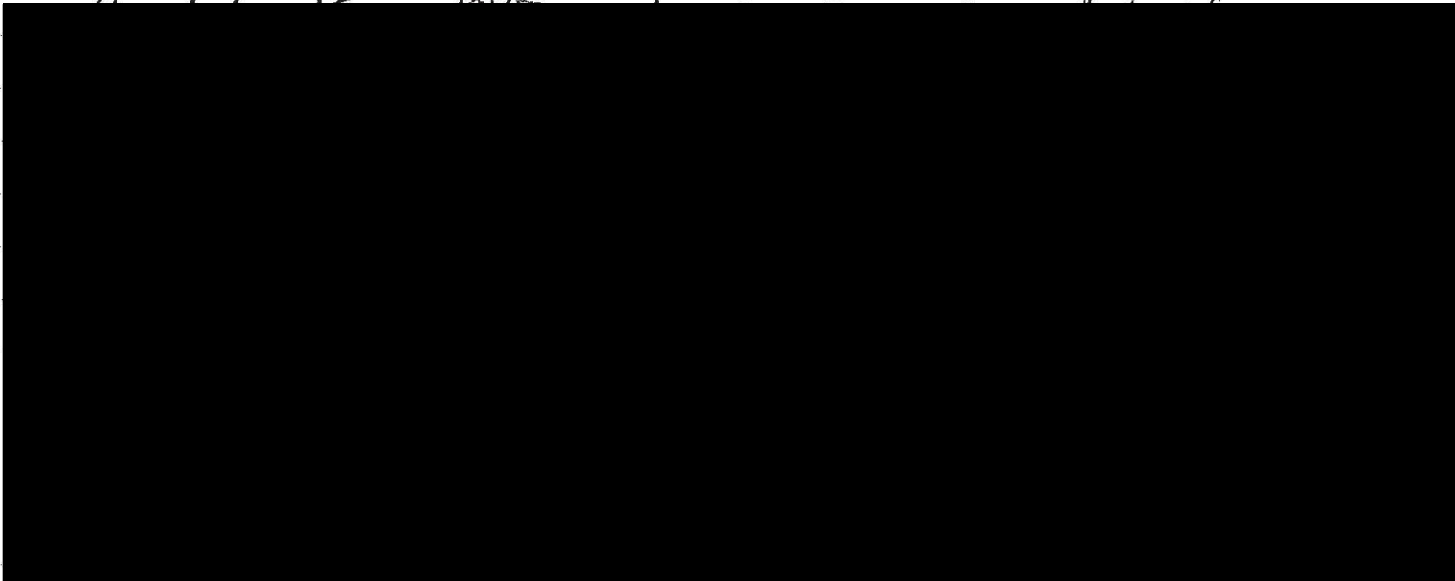
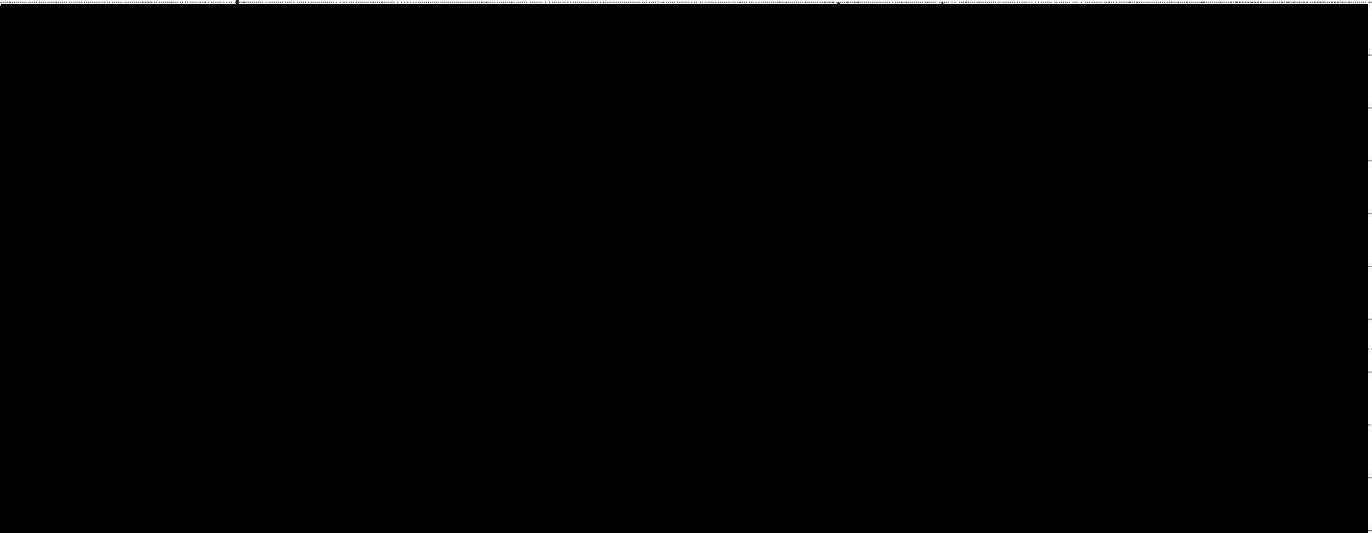
ok! By now I was at home expelled from [redacted], after a few days from that I was mailed a letter by that year's current "Education Minister" that I was banned from every school in Melbourne, it was very surprising and distressing to know that and to have been taken to police station in Prahran juvenile fingerprint confession without proper evidence and no news coverage or evidence of it these days.

But on the other hand shortly after 2 weeks of being at home, a letter came from a minister for me to go to an allocated school [redacted] and see a social worker, and attend school there, which I finally settled down very nicely and had a great time there to year 11. [redacted] had tried to get into [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

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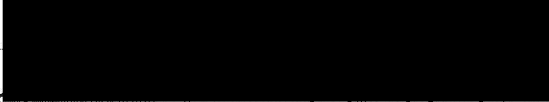
Thank you very much!

Thank you for your time

there's alot more violations and abuse and employer's stupidity but I don't have the inspiration or time to write it all! (it would take books, maybe one day).

All I have to say is "Thanks again and " I can't believe how people act " "It's disgusting" Don't you agree?"

Yours sincerely



MARIA ANN KOLOVRAT