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1972 when I got an office job and then paid board to Mother [REDACTED] I was told by her at the time that if my dad didn't continue to pay for my time there she would make me a ward of the State. I suppose I now regret that not happening because at least I would have some hope of obtaining records of the 8/9 years I was in ~~carceration~~ at the hands of the so called Good Shepherd Nurs and their retarded helpers.

To date I have not been able to obtain any records of my time in care. That leaves me feeling like a missing person during those horrendous years. DHS have written to me to say no records, Good Shepherd Albatford sent me an entry date and leaving date. I cannot find the letter from them

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Enclosed is the ^{copy of PINS} ~~letter~~ that I was sent to remind me that Mr Rudd did a public apology for the so called Forgotten Australians. This only makes the whole situation worse. What do they want? Do they want me to wear it on my chest with pride I don't think so. This has only made matters worse knowing the perpetrators got off scot free. Someone is responsible for the misery they put me, my brothers and so many of my dear friends through. Whoever is to blame for their actions

needs to be taken to the stand and answerable for this criminal abuse. ~~that~~ went on in my childhood ~~years~~ for 9 years. The scars haven't healed from age 8 to now at age 57. I don't know who may have lost as much sleep as me eg The nuns the Bishop, the Pope or the State Government. If the right people were doing their jobs properly I wouldn't be writing this today. This story of mine has merely opened the wounds again.

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I recall the day of admission along with Paul & Alan. Discussion with dad and nuns was brief but ever so pleasant. We were very excited as we thought we were going to boarding school with our new clothes and baby pictures, poppy heads, prayer books etc. I remember the size of the padlock at the outside convent and when the Nun turned the key I ~~thought~~ I was going to jail. We were quickly ushered off to separate dormitories and from that night on the reality set in. Praying, complete silence regimental rules and I was so afraid.

The problem was from word go I started to cry and snot and they didn't have the time or patience for a crying child. The tears went on for several days even weeks I wasn't eating so it was decided they should make me work harder to increase my appetite. No one contacted my dad, Nan or Grandad to let them know of my distress.

I was a somewhat, shy, timid intelligent little girl but of course they made no allowances as to why you were sad, anxious or otherwise, the regimental rules were in place and you dared not break them.

This is starting to become very difficult for me at present so I'm just going to try and make my story brief if possible. How do you write about 9 years of a dreadful life in one instance?

This submission is due in on Friday and it is now 3:30am Tuesday.

They loved to bash us around the face and head, pull ears, pinch us, use 6 steel rulers at one time to slam on my knuckles when in so much pain with skull blains.

Never a kind word, no comfort. Lies to relatives. Kind' visitations at their own discretion.

Scrubbing floors on hands & knees.
Waxing, Polishing Windows cleaning

Religion, church, prayers, confession
 child labour. Moving heavy desks
 above ensuring those class rooms had
 no streak marks as the punishment
 was too severe. Perfection from us
 hard working little kids is what
 they expected and that's what they
 got.

Of course the bad things that
 happened to us could not be told
 to relatives as we knew we would
 get beaten, locked up, punished
 by having to scrub the back veranda
 Write lines eg I must / I must not
 Miss picnic

Go without next 5/10 swims

Miss next 5/10 TV shows.

Write out 1-12 times tables 10 times

Tell us no visitation rights

Stand in corner with hands behind
 back for hours on end

Speak at the clap of their hands

On Fridays I had to clean 120
 pairs of shoes after school. Every toe
 and heel was inspected and one
 imperfection and I would have to

do them all again. I got a pair of socks as a reward once. We were made to look at deceased nuns in the church in ~~an~~ open coffins.

We had so many examinations and injections. Why? Were they treating us like guinea pigs?

Dentists and Doctors still petrify me to this day. I recall having so many fillings and so often they would hit a nerve and if tears came you would be reported to the nuns for punishment. Called a coward, impudent, defiant, stupid, dumb, brazen, retarded. I have vivid memories of so many little kids being belted with linoleum straps, pushed, shoved, hand brooms around legs and ankles, feather dusters around legs. They were so cruel. Did they not have any idea that we were innocent victims of circumstances who required some love and affection. We came from poverty, violence and alcoholism. Taken from our parents and placed into a catholic institution.

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Our wonderful grandparents thought we were being well looked after. We never told them what happened at the home as we were too afraid of the consequences and back to lock and key. Every door was locked behind you. It was like a prison for little ones who were no way to blame for the cruelty they endured from these evil religious people.

I would wake to see my friends had been taken elsewhere (another institution) in the ~~mid~~ still of the night without given the right to ask questions of their sudden disappearance.

I have suffered Depression / Anxiety Panic Disorder for 35 years.

God knows we suffered at the hands of those nuns for so many years. We must be there for each other now because we did not tell anyone of our experiences at the time.

But now we are a bit older, wiser and hopefully stronger we are ready to tell the world of our dreadful childhood experiences. They don't have the power over us anymore and no longer scare us senseless.

We were always referred to as retarded, simple, mental, below par, not too bright and we grew up believing this and hence had no confidence or self esteem. I don't remember having counselling at St Aidan's. I was called by number.

My number was 68

Paul had major ear surgery and I vividly remember seeing Mother drag him by the ear in temper and blood was pouring out from the operated area. He sadly passed away at age 47.

I must sign off now as the past few days have been most

distressing writing about these
terrible episodes in my early
childhood years

Should you require further information
you may contact me on

or

Yours sincerely
Susan Lawrie
SUSAN LAWRIE