

Parliamentary Inquiry into the handling of abuse allegations by religious and other organisations

My name is Carol Graydon. I am 65 years old.

I was at Kildonan Home from 1959 to 1965. When I was at Kildonan I was known as Coral June Hutchinson. I am writing about the criminal assault that was inflicted on me during my time at Kildonan. To the best of my knowledge this is how things were when I was with Kildonan. I would like the Inquiry to understand that it is very painful for me, as I have been judged by many people. People need to remember that they have not walked in my shoes. I have had to carry this with me all of my life along with a lot of other stuff that had happened to me through no fault of mine.

In 1962 I was 14 years old. I was in the old Kildonan Home in Elgar Road, Burwood when this happened. I was pulled out of school as I was not coping very well. I was put on Kildonan's pay roll and put to work doing domestic work.

At Christmas holiday time, when most of the other children went on holidays, I didn't go because I had this big problem of bedwetting all the time. I was held back from going on any holidays. Then Miss [REDACTED] told me that I had to go over to the kindergarten and stay with the little ones over night as they were short staffed. I had not been over there before and was very frightened.

When the time came for me to go over to the kindergarten, Miss [REDACTED] came over with me to show me where I was going to sleep. It was in this little bed with lights on along the passageway. She showed me where the phone was if I needed it. I asked her about the glass side door at the back with white see through terylene curtains. I asked, "Would she lock the door for me?" She replied, "No that had to stay open for Security reasons in case there was a fire."

The door was left unlocked. At some time through the night this person came in to where I was sleeping and put his hand over my mouth. He told me not to make any noise. I realized it was an old man, [REDACTED] Mr [REDACTED]. He kept his hand over my mouth and began to have sex with me. I was so scared. He told me if I ever told anybody about this that he would tell them that I was making up stories, that I was a liar and they would never believe me.

He would often follow me around Kildonan to keep an eye on me. I was very scared of him. He knew this and threatened that they would send me to Winlaton.

Not too long after this I ran away from Kildonan. I was found and brought back to see Mr [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I was given a good talking to. Then I had to go and scrub down the floor in the play shed with White Lilly and a scrubbing brush. The floor had boot polish all over it. I was there most of the night.

I hated being there as a lot of bad things were happening to me. I was picked on all the time for the bed wetting as the girls use to report me to the staff as it would make the room smell. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] use to drag me by my ear from my bed with my wet sheets in the middle of the cold nights. She would call me some horrible names. I had to go to the laundromat down at the main block to wash my sheets. I can remember her belting me on my back with a wooden coat hanger. She used to have in for me. I found her to be a very cruel woman to me, not a very nice person.

I feel that Kildonan, in my humble opinion, still has a lot to answer for. The only member of Kildonan that I have any respect for was our old Matron, Joyce Aitchison. I can tell you that I used to go to her and beg her to let me go back to live with my aunty, [REDACTED] & her brother, [REDACTED]. They used to live in [REDACTED]. Miss Aitchison would say to me, "Go away, you don't have an aunty [REDACTED]" I would keep on saying to her that I did. So one day, after about 12 months or so of asking her, she told me that she would look into it.

On one cold, wet miserable day Miss Aitchison called me down into her office. I walked down the dark corridor. In her office on a table was a plate of green little frog cakes and sandwiches. She looked at me and said, "Yes, they are for you, but first I must have a little talk with you about your aunty [REDACTED]. We had a good look into your records and we did find that you do have an aunty [REDACTED]. But I am so very sorry that she passed away 3 months ago."

I will never forget what she told me next. She said, "I should have believed you in the first place." I can tell you from that moment on Miss Aitchison and I became very good friends.

On that day I died inside as I loved my aunty [REDACTED] with all of my heart and soul as I was her little girl. She was the closest to being a real mother that I ever had in my life.

I do hope and pray that what I am saying to you at the Inquiry may be of some help for others in the future. All that I am telling you is truthful. Please don't let what happened to me happen to any child today or in the future. No one was ever held responsible for the bad things that were done to me. These things are with me all of my life.

Carol Graydon

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

21 September 2012