



New Submission to Inquiry into the Handling of Child Abuse by Religious and Other Organisations  
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Inquiry Name: Inquiry into the Handling of Child Abuse by Religious and Other Organisations

Mrs Carolyn Taylor

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**SUBMISSION CONTENT:**

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To the Senate,

My father, [REDACTED] was an orphan child entrusted to state care at the Sisters of St Joseph home in Surrey Hills Victoria between 1941 to 1945. During the four years my father stayed at St Josephs, he was subjected to continual physical, psychological and emotional abuse at the hands of Sisters [REDACTED]

My father was also in state care at St Augustines Orphanage in Geelong from 1945 to 1953. My father remembered Brother O'Shea being in charge, some of the kids he remembered are [REDACTED] and his sister from the girls Orphanage in Geelong.

During the 8 years my father spent at St Augustines, he was subjected to every kind of abuse imaginable, sexual, physical, psychological, verbal and emotional at the hands of Brothers [REDACTED]

██████████ and some other Priests who's names he could not remember.

Abuse was a constant daily occurrence at St Augustines. My father recounted all types of abuse occurring in a variety of places, in the school gym, the projection room was one of the Brothers favored locations as no one would enter and disturb them before the film had finished. The dormitory at night was also a favored place for sexual abuse to occur each night, or when my father was the only child to be kept in after class. My father recounted to me how he was forced to accept the abuse and was helpless to do anything about it, he told how he was strapped severely if he refused, and how he was given treats like lollies and cakes and even money when compliant.

My father told how they were made to perform oral sex on the Brothers, and if they refused they would be punished. The boy's favorite time was film night on a Saturday or Sunday, my dad told me how they were often not allowed to see the film, instead made to stand out front of the projection room whilst the Brothers sexually abused one of them inside. Brother McMahon would have my father and several other boys sit on a couch in his room making them masturbate in front of him. Dad recounted boys receiving extra treats if they brought along more boys.

Another place my father recalled they would be abused was in the sacristy after mass. My father was an altar boy and was expected to stay back to help the priest out of his Rogalia, this always led to the priest fondling my dad's penis and my dad being made to perform oral sex. This would occur twice a month, as the boys were changed on altar boy duty, my father couldn't recall the Priests names as there were so many of them. The Brothers would also get the boys in the showers when they were stripped down, dad recalled how if he or any of the other boys were caught alone in the shower, the Brother would fondle them with his hand and his mouth.

My dad ran away from the orphanage on three occasions with some other boys, but when they were picked up by Police they were not believed, and when the police returned them back to the orphanage they were beaten, had their heads shaven, and were fed only bread and water for two days. My father once received a beating from Brother ██████████ where he was hit so hard across the head, he urinated in his pants in front of all the boys, this resulted in terrible bullying at the hands of the other boys.

My name is Carolyn Taylor, formerly Carolyn ██████████ I am the daughter of Mr ██████████, a Forgotten Australian who suffered horrendous abuse at the hands of entrusted orphanage operators whilst under state care.

From a very young age I knew something wasn't right with my father, his alcoholism, anger, isolation, the constant sadness in his eyes. He did things to me when in his drunken state that were not normal, why was my father like this and yet my friends and neighbors' dads were all so at peace and in control of their families, yes there were families that had arguments, but not the way my family lived. Something was way different and I felt this so early on in my life.

I couldn't concentrate at school, there was too much sadness at home, and fear of what I may come home to after school or that night. I'd stare at other kids, whom had big smiles on their faces, that were so happy go lucky, not a care in the world, they come from good structured families, I always felt different and so did my dad! Which is why I probably felt the need to question my dad, what was it like in the home dad? What did you get to eat dad? What did you get for Christmas dad? Did you have any visitors?

I remember the pain I felt for him just asking those questions, and that was 35 to 40 years ago (it still feels like yesterday) it was then my dad began to slowly over the years tell me bits and pieces of his horrific life in the two homes that he lived in. Then the pain really began, you know there were times I hated my dad for the things he did to me, I wished him dead, so many times, but there was also a

huge bowl of sympathy inside of me for him, then he got throat cancer, the fighting in our house hold worsened, day and night, my mum tried to hold down a night shift job, as my father never lasted long at any job, during one really bad fight my father stabbed my mother and spent time in prison for this, I will never forget the carving knife hanging out of my mothers arm as long as I live.

My mother often grabbed me and my brother and fled what you would call the family home, we stayed with friends, family members, caravan parks, womens refuges, the changing of schools for me was the worst, but we always ended back at home with dad, as he would promise my mum that he would change. Then it happened, my mother finally meet someone that treated her completely different to my dad, she left my father, giving me the choice to stay with my dad or go with her, I couldn't do either, my father was sexually abusing me, it was at this time it was exposed, I was 15 years old and there was no way I could live with another man in my mothers life, I cannot describe the pain I felt, that this was the end of my parents, the truth was out about my abuse, and my father was all alone.

I did not want to be here, this world was to painful for me, so I overdosed intending not to ever wake up, but for some reason God must of wanted me here. I became a drug addict, it numbed my pain, I understood why my father drank himself to a stupor each day and night, so it would numb his pain, he couldn't function in society, he was now on an invalid pension, I would visit him, take him food, help pay his bills, I felt so much pitty for him. Now I didn't want this man to die, I wanted him to be normal.

We would hear things about priests in the churches on TV and what had been happening to children, my dad would say to me that's what they did to me, then I knew why he had done things to me, he was taught, my god, my poor dad, what had he gone through, and slowly but surely he revealed everthing to me, dad use to sit there starring into space, occasionally shaking his head, muttering "I hate brother [REDACTED] I cannot begin to even put in words how I felt for these kids in the homes, but now I had empathy for why my father was like he was, I understood why my dad was different, it made sense now, as painful as it is, it made sense.

I will never ever forget my dad telling me how after one of the brothers beat him badly in front of all the kids in the dining room, he couldn't hear very well after that beating, and yes it was brother [REDACTED], it was later after my dad's passing that I was reading a book that one of the boys from St Augustines wrote, it had that same story of brother [REDACTED] beating my dad, it even had my dads name, he was beaten nearly to a pulp, all because my father yelled out there was a chicken in his egg, some of the boys had to drag brother [REDACTED] off my dad. "Dad, these people need to be held responsible," I'd say to him.

I tried to get my dad some help through the Towards Healing program, this was horrible stuff I was witnessing, it tore my heart in two. I wanted to get hold of these Christian brothers myself and say "look what you've created, and it's been passed on to me, well it stops at me, and you brothers will pay the price."

I arranged for my father to go to a reunion at St Agustines, he had a good day as my sister, brother and myself took him their, as this was somewhat part of my fathers identity, though through out the visit and tour of the orphanage, my dad was saying only to me, they got us in there or up there, meaning in the confession booths or in the gymnasium, I cried silently. This was dads only visit to the orphanage as he passed away not long after, I will be forever thankful that my dad was able to confide in me, to be able to take all the heavy burden he had been carrying around, to really be believed, and for my father to say sorry to me for what he had done and for me to say I believe you dad, but now that my dad is gone, Im left with such overwhelming feelings constantly, Ive had counseling over the years, things still seem to be raw.

I feel the pain of all these kids and I still to this day live in my fathers pain, when will it all settle?

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