

Family and Community Development Committee

Attn: Executive Officer: Dr. Janine Bush

Parliament House

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Submission for the Inquiry into the Handling of Criminal Abuse of Children by Religious and Other Non-Government Organisations.

Addendum to previous group submission.

29/1/2013

Confidentiality of my submission is not required. (**It's time the true story came out in the open.**)

Confidentiality of my address, mobile telephone number and email is requested.

Evidence from a Victim of Criminal Child Abuse.

How I was Victimised

Hell this is going to be hard going back in Time as the nightmares return and re live the past .It all started at a very young age in the 1940's, that you didn't understand just what was going on But my Memory runs deep back to that first Time that I was lead to one of the rooms at St Joseph's Orphanage, Ballarat that the priest at the time used to stay in on sleep overs on the ground floor at the end of the passage way alongside the stairs, which I was scrubbing at the time on my knees. One of the nuns grabbed me by the ears saying father wants to cleanse you **29** (we were given numbers)and on tip toes dragged to the room and knocked then pushed me in telling to keep my eyes down. All I could see was this funny looking tub thing with water in it on the floor (I now know as a portable bath) .Told to get the rags off and get in sit down giving me a funny drink . I woke up sitting by the door feeling sick my nose bleeding and my bottom hurting like it was on fire crying. I was pushed out the door to the waiting nun who was laughing and told to get back to work. I was about 6 year's old .But it got worse in the other room. The

abuse got worse as you got older. I hated those two rooms if you rebelled you were stripped bare tired to a cross and flogged back and front from neck to toes till you did what they wanted How the hell I didn't go mad in the head I'll never know. That was only the start of it, That sort of abuse lasted till I was about 11 or 12 years old when I was put over in the farm boys dorm. If I got caught eating something out of the vegetable garden because I was hungry I got a tooth broken or knocked out for stealing from God each time I put up with that but the I will never forgive them for what they did to me and my Family. I was put in that Hell-Hole of a place a month before my third Birthday and from that day on was known as 29 till I was about 11 or 12 years old WHY??—unbeknown to me I had an older brother and younger brother in the same home and kept apart so as not too bond together so was called by my locker number 29. We had no one to visit us like the other kids once. Years later I also found out I had two older Sisters in another home the other side of Ballarat in Nazareth House. And with No links to the outside so were classed as Drones like in a beehive the ones to do all of the work- no school for us. Just slaves who did all the work .I can remember been hired out to members of the Church 2 or 3 months at a time. I used to sleep in farm sheds or tool sheds till the jobs were done then taken back to the home. The last job was the worst at Buangor, which I have listed later.

Contact with the Religious Organisation

Now you have to be Kidding Me. Who the hell was going to listen to a Homey that didn't even know how to speak proper? Do you really think that anyone would that's been through that sort of abuse even talk to -- or even trust a religious group. I once tried to talk to the police after I was picked up when I run away from the home and lived off Blackberry's in a sewage dump and lived in the shed for over Two weeks where they washed the dunny cans out I was so sick huddled up under chaff bags. When found by the work men and they rang the Police. Asked what I think I was doing running away from St Joseph's, I tried to tell them but was told to shut up and stop lying from then on I trusted no one. When the guy in charge of the homes farm came to pick me up he just threw me in the back of Chevy van the home had. He was a brute so cruel I just wanted to die. I was put in the sick bay tied down in a cot and little wire things with pads on put on my head and neck a big light shone on my face then felt the pain as my head bounced off the bed then voices then pain. To this day I have never grown hair on that part of the neck, I don't know how many days that went on for (obviously electric shock therapy). Then taken down to the Dungeon and locked in 8 x 4 room made out of limestone blocks a thick door with peep hole and a slot down by the floor 4 wheat bags for blankets bread and water I got morning & night sometimes haft a raw spud that I could not eat because my teeth hurt too much and used to feed it to a pet mouse I found. I was put there for over a month. I knew that on Fridays they burnt old paper from the classrooms you could smell it burning. I have scars on my body that I see every day to remind me of what I Put up with, And will take to my grave. I could go on & on but it's too painful baring your soul for other to see. Hard to believe Yes but this is only little bits of what went on and has taken over 50 years to put on paper have to stop and start as the tears well up & start to flow. Damm.

Where any actions action as a result of any complaints?

No The only time I tried to tell as a kid was told to stop lying nobody would or could do such a things. Lost trust in the law that day.

Perpetrators and Criminality

The church and Victorian Government who were supposed to make sure we were looked after not just come and sit in the parlour with cup of tea and Scones. Saying see you next year what a load of crap. Did they ever check the Records to see who was in the home and how they were going NO The Records Speak for themselves, It Took me 55 years to get 5 -- one line pages , Was I sick when I come in ? Don't Know Did I have my needles, Don't know? Did I go to School? Don't know, what a Joke. What a waste of paper. A Church and Government that big name themselves by spending Millions of dollars overseas But cannot even look after their own Kids. No We were just brushed under the rug out of sight out of mind.

Well there were 3 Priest's that I know of but only know the name of one Fr [REDACTED] I think that's how you spell it only because his mom & dad had a Pub [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. I hated the smell of stale beer, I was sent there by the orphanage and slaved there for over 9 months in the early 50's, my bed in the tool shed door with no lock just a latch and after the pub closed the Priest, the old man and his cousin would come looking to have their way – I shudder every time I smell Beer takes me back to those nights even now.

The crimes were rape, and sexual and physical abuses.

Reporting to the Police

Why? I tried that once I was just a number.----29---my locker number. A nobody a waste of time after the last time I was told often enough. I Trusted no one from then on.

Counselling and support

Have you had any Counselling, medical problems etc. as a result? Here we go again another joke I was once offend Counselling and who was I teed up to see? A priest from the very church that has committed the sins, A friend of mine went to see if it would help her and was told it was all in her mind get past it and then was offered a \$ 1,000 dollars and given a paper to sign and not talk about it. She was depressed she took it; a month later she took her own life. All she wanted to do was put food on the table for her kids. What a waste. Putting the money into the wrong hands making the church richer. Made me sick. I felt like doing the same for a while then dug deep like I have been doing for so long and kept going.

Impact

The impacts on my life. Hell where do I start can you imagine someone with no schooling that could not read or write trying to get from one side of the street to the other and signs everywhere about to cross over and a big cops hand drops onto your shoulder yelling are you dumb can't you read (and I couldn't, so I couldn't read road signs). The one thing you learn fast is to answer a question with a question? WHY then run like hell. When you go looking for a job and having to write your name and

address down for them, but you don't know how to. Working for two or three days without pay to prove you can do the job. Not knowing how to ask for help or who to ask who to trust, Not knowing a thing about money living out of garbage cans even when you had money to spend living on the streets like a beggar. No Social skills. The feeling of being an outcast, that's just a few of the little things. Going into my shell took a lot of years to come out but the nightmares never did stop. I will be 70 in 2013 and still going strong I even work an 18 hour day as a Volunteer for Cancer Patients -they need help too. Most of the jobs I went for were nightshift work so I could cat nap in the day time as I have trouble sleeping. It's hard but I get by.

Recommendations

I believe that the following should be implemented. Well someone should be made to pay so it never happens again and not just on paper- get out and do the job they're paid to do and follow up so it gets done right not months later when it's too late. Next the Church should be turned upside down and all the Peds kicked out not transferred to start all over like they did in the past . The Federal Government should make the Church and state governments both Pay for loss of income as Slave labour and abuse as the other states have done. Victoria Should hold their head in shame, or are they putting us in the too hard basket and just waiting for us to Die off ---- Not going to happen . Not just give a few peanuts to shut us up. Has anyone bothered to do a count on just how many of us forgotten ones died of broken hearts from drugs and drink and suicide? I bet they haven't. They would run out of paper. As far as Church goes you have made your riches out of us -Time to come out from behind your Robes and pay out to the poor you have robbed for so long.

What I want the government to do

Others have put it better so will go along with them but they all should pay for the wrongs that have been done to us The Forgotten Ones.

Public Hearings

I am more than prepared to give verbal evidence at any public hearing when required. You can bet on that if someone pays my way over there. yes please that's the least that they can do- I want to be there and be heard - they owe me that much. And not to be swept under the carpet like the last 66 years.

Mr Gordon Iyall Hill. (Hilly)

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