

[REDACTED]
To: "FCDC@parliament.vic.gov.au" <fcdc@parliament.vic.gov.au>
Date: 14/06/2013 08:17 PM
Subject: Fwd: Submission to Parliamentary Inquiry into Responses to Child Abuse in Institutional Settings.

I have taken the necessary time tonight to re-read and edit the email to reflect changed circumstances. Please disregard the previous version.

----- Forwarded message -----

From: **Jayne Calvert**
Date: Friday, 14 June 2013
Subject: Submission to Parliamentary Inquiry into Responses to Child Abuse in Institutional Settings.
To: "FCDC@parliament.vic.gov.au" <fcdc@parliament.vic.gov.au>, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Please accept this correspondence as my submission to the Victorian Parliamentary Inquiry.

It concerns my Brother, Brett Andrew Calvert who was a victim of Br [REDACTED] of Monivae College and possibly Br [REDACTED] certainly there were a number of Priests and Brothers apart from these two who were active participants in the abuse, as described by Brett to me.

Please accept my story as it is and no personal details need to be obscured as I have recently learned that my Brother passed away 12 years ago. He had been missing for about 21 years.

I am a secondary victim of abuse. My Brother was a boarder at Monivae from 1979 to 1982 or thereabouts. He was assaulted by at least one of the Brothers on his very 1st day in "The Mattress Room". There was no grooming and if I recall correctly several of the boys suffered this same fate on the same day and more than one Brother was involved. My Brother's story is long and involved and incredibly sad but it resulted in his estrangement from the family, his placement [REDACTED] the RCH, his escape [REDACTED] and subsequent disappearance for many months in the underbelly of seedy Melbourne. His fractured and incomplete education, the financial ruination of my parents, the loss of the farm, the shame of he and my parents and the premature deaths of my parents.. My Mum died when I was 25 and the day of her funeral is the last time I ever saw or spoke to my Brother, this was January 1992. I had tried to find him many times and found no leads at all as to his whereabouts until a recent family death necessitated a more diligent effort, or perhaps legitimised an excuse to bother him.

[REDACTED]

My own childhood was disrupted by these events and I feel I never had the chance to have a close relationship with my Brother. We were both adopted and my poor parents thought that they were saving us and must have felt so very let down by the one institution that they trusted and had done so much for. I did not finish my schooling, I was impossible in class, I failed form 4 and after repeating that year I again failed, this time form 5. My children have never known their Uncle and I have been alone and without family for all of my adult life - I was a single Parent until three years ago. My children have never spent a normal Family Christmas with my side of the family for instance. Due in part to the mistrust I also harboured and I believe that this is two fold; one as a symptom of uncuddled newborn babies and a protection to keep me from the harm that Brett was enduring, even before I had the words or maturity to communicate or understand exactly what that was; I have had enormous difficulty in forming or encouraging open, trusting, mature adult relationships, either physical, intimate etc.

I believe the perpetrators to be Brother [REDACTED] possibly Brother [REDACTED] but the name has never struck me as familiar; seeing his picture though rings bells and imagining how he would have looked as a younger man I am sure he was one. I have always thought that there was another, I thought his name was [REDACTED], but [REDACTED] has not heard of him and is sure that there is not one by that name in that particular order or in the Catholic Directory apart from the Br [REDACTED] at St Alipius and I doubt that it would be him.

I remember Brother [REDACTED] being shouted dinners and drinks at pubs in Hamilton on the Sunday nights when we would take Brett back to school after the customary weekends at home each month. They shouted the man dinner and drinks, I remember him bringing another Brother to Dinner one night who was as nervous as anyone I have ever seen in my life and who made his excuses to leave early, he could not look me or my parents in the eye. I think this is the time it first occurred to me that something sinister was going on...but I was naïve and an innocent at that time, I may have been 14 I guess - I am 13 months older than Brett - and my sex education to date had been hearing school girl tales and gossip at boarding school in Ararat. The Brother would always insist on driving Brett back to school after dinner because; "you have such a long way to go home, Jayne has to be back at school early in the morning" etc. etc. etc. Brett would protest but Mum and Dad would be very terse with him as they considered it an insult to the rank of the man offering, the Church and to God, they also thought that they were being exalted into the inner circle of the Catholic Community a very fine place to be. My parents were groomed just as paedophiles groom their primary victims in many circumstances. They used Faith, piety and the fear of God as their tools, they used social standing, charm and their downright mocking forthrightness. Surely this is learned behaviour and is systematic in the church? They knew that the peoples' devotion to God and Faith was the single most important thing in their life. That

they took instruction from the church in all matters, they prayed for droughts to end, asked for help in times of marital strife; from celibate Priests. They entrusted the care of their children to elderly men and women who had no concept of creating a child in an intimate and loving relationship, of giving birth to a baby and witnessing the milestones and sharing disappointments or raising a child with affection or respect, and who didn't perhaps even like children as far as I can tell. It was part of their suffering to take on the burden of raising someone else's child and it seems that the children and families were either or both punished or taken advantage of for the nefarious satisfaction of Priests, Brother and Nuns.

In closing, when I originally decided to participate in this process I believed my Brother to be alive and happily living his life surrounded by people who love him and imagined that some day we may be reunited, when he was ready to re-establish contact but the story does not have a happy ending and never will. I intend to find some satisfaction and acknowledgement for my Family's suffering and loss, the effects of which still impact today. My Parents though they would be elderly should still be alive in the usual circumstances or should have at least known their Grandchildren of whom they would have been so very proud and I could have had some family support and assistance as a young Mother. My hope to reunite with my Brother some day will never be realised and I am struggling to come to terms with this. I really needed to offer my apologies to Brett for not protecting him or supporting him better. I was also an adolescent, yet as his older Sister I perhaps could have done more. I think I too wanted it to be all in the past and move on. I realise that I have not really done this to date as the issue is unresolved, unacknowledged and evil people have not been held accountable for their horrid abuse of faith and trust. I believe that I was impacted due to an interrupted education and lost opportunities, no one in authority at my school ever took one minute to ask me what is wrong when clearly my behaviour there was a scream for attention and help, I wasn't invisible in the least! But I felt it.

Now as the only surviving member of my family, I am more alone than ever before.

Kind Regards,

Jayne Calvert

