

My name is Paul Krause,

I was a young boy when placed in care by my mother whom I had no contact with for thirteen years.

Broadmeadows baby home, and from there moved to St. Anthony's in Kew, and from there to St. Joseph's in Surrey Hills and then to St. Vincent's in 1943 through to 1948. All homes were run by Catholic Clergy. Nuns in the first three homes and in the last Christian Brothers. I don't really know why I was put in a home because I later found out I had siblings. I was thirteen years old when I was taken by a Christian brother to meet my mother. I had the opportunity to be adopted by a family in Tasmania who treated me well when I stayed with them one Christmas, but my mother would not sign the papers. I was released into her care. That was the only time I had ever seen her. I ran away from her and spent the next 13 years living on the streets and keeping one step ahead from welfare. Another care leaver called [REDACTED] and I did what work we could on farms etc. to have a place to sleep and food to survive.

Welfare caught up with me in Traralgon and said I was free when I was 16. I lived on the streets until I joined the National Service when I was 19 years old. Out of all the homes I was in I remember St. Vincent's being the most tortuous, mentally emotionally and physically. I was lucky enough to not be one of the many victims of sexual abuse, I was not sexually assaulted but I received many vicious beatings and emotional abuse from various Christian Brothers, formerly Brother [REDACTED], Brother [REDACTED], and Brother [REDACTED]. Many beatings happened mainly in the dormitory when I was on my own; I also received many beatings in the 'yard' around the head. I witnessed paedophilia behaviours many, many times but when I reported this to a Superior Brother I was thrashed for "lying". I also received punishment for running away with another boy, named [REDACTED]. We were made to stand on a steel plate in the yard in extremely cold weather for 6 hours straight. [REDACTED] got very sick and still to this day I don't know what happened to him, or where he is.

I had my head shaven all the time as punishment for running away. I can always remember being cold and hungry. I have received some records but they were incomplete and censored. McKillop Family Services obtained these records for me. I was very angry up until my 40's, I had to learn to control my anger and emotions that were caused by being in these homes. I drank a lot of alcohol and was known to fight a lot.

I write to you in the hope of a financial redress and an apology from the Catholic Church, or even health care benefits as all suffers of the brutal treatment and horrific psychological distress suffered then and still to this day, are of the elder Australian community and will need the assistance. A duty of care was not given to these children, this was not fulfilled and thousands have suffered silently for years, because they were manipulated to believe that seeking help will only get you a bloodied beating I am a member of Clan, and open place.

Thank you for taking the time to read and hopefully understand my plea for justice.

Yours *faithfully*,

Paul Krause