

From: [June Smith](#)
To: [forcedadoptioninquiry](#)
Subject: Can this be added to my submission please
Date: Saturday, 19 September 2020 8:16:34 PM

Dear Committee Members

I have been re-reading the vast number of letters I have written and sent to the Victorian government over the past two years asking that statutes of limitation be removed, to allow mothers to pursue justice for the abduction of their children by way of litigation.

I came across some words I wrote awhile ago about the loss of my beautiful baby boy in 1961 - my Michael, he was literally pulled from my arms because I would not hand him over.
Story too long, too hard to retell.

I would please request that you leave my son's name public. This is NOT his adopted name. I will never speak that name.

This is the name his mother, me, gave him the moment he was born. He is named after my favourite uncle.

As he was given this name before he was stolen I cannot see any reason to hide his name from the world

I am in great pain at this time. This inquiry was meant to be nearly over but here we are almost into 2021

We mothers have never been shown any empathy for the illegal and oh! so cruel removal of our babies. There seems to be barrier after barrier erected in our faces - condemned to silence till death.

june

(june smith) (no title please)

[REDACTED]

.....

MICHAEL

As I gaze at his beautiful face I am overwhelmed and totally consumed with a love that I had never before experienced in the whole of my 19 years of life
It is the 29th October 1961

I am looking upon the face of my beautiful baby boy, just moments old and in my arms for the first time in his life. My whole being is engulfed in the wonderment of motherhood.

No one can ever describe this love that a new mother has for her first born, it is indescribable. Unique. No words exist to explain. To give birth is to know.

I kiss his tiny face and say Oh! he's beautiful. I whisper to him I will never let you go.

I name him Michael after my favourite uncle.

Yet just over a fortnight later I am walking along Bourke Street, Melbourne, alone, tears streaming down my face, oblivious to my surroundings and those around me, staring.

Isolated, alone as I have never been alone in my whole life, sobbing my heart out as I walk along in a daze of disbelief, totally bereft, my whole world shattered in pieces around me, my life destroyed forever.

He has gone, my beautiful baby, my son, my Michael - has gone!

What happened for me to be so cruelly punished, prejudiced against, mistreated, abused, drugged, discarded and

unwanted? What crime had I been found so guilty of that society could demand such violent cruelty as the taking of my first born baby, my son, my Michael?

I was not married

My beautiful baby, my son, my Michael given to another woman as my punishment for not being married

june smith

It is now February 2019

I am 76 years old. I have not seen him since.

Sent from my iPhone