

**From:** [Inquiry into responses to historical forced adoptions in Victoria](#)  
**To:** [forcedadoptionsinquiry](#)  
**Subject:** New Submission to Inquiry into responses to historical forced adoptions in Victoria  
**Date:** Thursday, 25 June 2020 5:59:10 PM

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Inquiry Name: Inquiry into responses to historical forced adoptions in Victoria

Jo Fraser  


Secretary  
ARMS(Vic)  


**SUBMISSION CONTENT:**

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Please accept this additional submission as an indication of the far reaching consequences of adoption trauma. These are the words of three of our members who tell of the emotional and physical scars they bear, but have found it too traumatising to put in their own individual submissions.

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File1: [5ef4594a6a2c9-Kaye, Sheryl & Heather.odt](#)

File2:

File3:

For days I've been trying to gather the inspiration and courage to submit my own experiences to add to the other brave souls who've already done so. I have earlier this year responded to Jo's request for the ARMS submission and she has incorporated some of my life's details into that which has been published. I've spent much of today reading through most of the articles already published, every gory detail and am just so stressed by the overwhelming anguish suffered by everyone, including the adoptees' articles. It's so heartbreaking; I identified with the contents of every account, so much so that I can't possibly add another word. It's brought everything back and each story made me live through mine all over again. We have all been suffering with PTSD I'm sure of it.

Due to the unbearable trauma that took over my life I unfortunately have never felt able to enjoy a loving, trusting relationship with anyone and have remained single all my life. When my son and I finally met he had so hoped that I had other children as he has desperately wanted at least one sibling to belong to, and I couldn't give him that either.

Yes, I'm lucky that through dogged perseverance I have a relationship with my son who's just turned 50 and on the surface everyone thinks it's all "happy families" but for the few times I get to see him I still walk on eggshells every moment in case I ruin the status quo, and I now understand that he's happy with his life and isn't interested in meeting any further of my family or relations. So I'm thankful for small mercies and have to content myself that this is as good as it will ever be, and that is NOT good enough for me. Thank you for taking the time to hear me.

xx Kaye

Since losing my child to forced adoption(1969)it has been a journey of exhaustion. Putting myself back together, that missing part of self (my baby).For people that couldn't have children and stole mine. Such a terrible loss and experience seeing counsellors all my life with emotional problems - self esteem, health issues, depression. Physical - chronic fatigue, pernicious anaemia, Raynauds Disease and ibs. A whole gamut of stuff and on-going problems with social workers all my life.

It has taken me some 50 years to finally accept myself as a person. A work in progress and still on-going.

The load has been so heavy to carry eg. shame, guilt, suppressed/stunted life/line. I am also alone and became an introvert as a result.

My whole life has been affected. I now have a voice.

Yes I do believe I should be compensated but no amount shall suffice for damage done. Perhaps give me a break and see my family. Counselling should be free for us or we can't afford to keep it up.

sheryl

Mothers from historical forced adoptions should have access to counselling that is funded to talk about their grief and loss. The counsellors and everyone else have to understand that it was different in those days from now. I've been living it and counselling helps. Adoption has an impact on the whole family.

I have mixed emotions and feel it physically and mentally and I keep wondering what was wrong with me and even think that now. What is wrong with me? Discrimination is still happening today. "You should feel ashamed of yourself." That's what really hurts.

I've had counselling through Open Place because I was in care, and it's doing me a world of good. Without it it's like being stuck back in the adoption. Do we have to be stuck in the adoption?

We keep repeating and repeating what we need but it's not getting through. I have felt like standing in front of Parliament House and yelling "WHEN IS IT GONG TO GET THROUGH TO YOU?" I'm not ashamed any more.

It makes me so angry.

Don't they realise we need counselling to get through it?

**Heather**