

From: [REDACTED]
To: forcedadoptionsinquiry
Subject: Forced Adoptions
Date: Wednesday, 3 June 2020 2:59:13 AM

To the Committee,
PLEASE KEEP MY NAME and DETAILS PRIVATE.

My name is [REDACTED]

I was born in Melbourne in October [REDACTED], born and raised in the suburb of [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

When I was fifteen years old, very young and far from being a worldly person, and extremely naïve, I had a relationship with a nineteen year old lad.

Right after my sixteenth birthday [REDACTED], I discovered that I was pregnant. I had no idea what to do. I was so, so scared, I couldn't even approach my parents. I left high school, and found a menial job in a factory, and still lived at home.

I had confided my pregnancy to a wonderful friend. He was the only one who knew my secret! The baby's father was no longer in the picture, as our relationship had disbanded before I knew I was pregnant.

I had terrible morning sickness. I was convinced my parents would send me to a home for unmarried mothers in the country, or another state, where I would be bullied and treated badly. Being winter time, I somehow managed to hide my pregnancy from my parents by wearing heavy jumpers and maxi coats.

In August 1971, on a cold night, after being in what I know now as labour for two days, I gave birth to a tiny premature baby girl in my bedroom at home. I called out to my parents who were watching tv in the lounge room. Mum called a radio doctor as they were known then. The doctor came immediately, and saw that mother and baby were fine. An ambulance came and took us to the Queen Victoria Hospital. A nurse came to me right away, muttering several comments to me about contraception. I had no idea what she was saying. The baby was scurried away.

After a few days, a lady by the name of [REDACTED] came and talked to me about adoption. There was no counselling, or options set out to me. I wanted to keep my sweet baby girl.

I never knew that I could see my baby, or name her, if it wasn't for the young unmarried mother in the next bed. At my ripe old age of sixteen years and nine months I signed away my sweet baby girl, in front of [REDACTED] at Queen Victoria Hospital. I was told that a good Christian family had been found for her, so I reluctantly signed on the line.

How could this even be legal? Again, no counselling. No options were available. I also thought that I was going to have to pay the hospital bill for both of us.

Around one year later, I was admitted to Queen Victoria Hospital three times, for lengthy stays due to my extreme case of anorexia nervosa. My depression was so bad, my weight went down to 33kgs. Again no counselling, just "get a grip" and get on with your life. You are young, you will be fine.

I have since found my beautiful daughter. I am so blessed to have her in my life now. She is such a wonderful girl, but had a rough life growing up. Far from the nice, Christian home I was told about at sixteen.

I now live in the USA, married to an American for almost forty years. Life is finally good. We have

two other children who are doing well.

My name is:

[REDACTED]

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