

From: [REDACTED]
To: [Cat Smith](#)
Subject: Submission into Forced Adoptions
Date: Thursday, 29 October 2020 11:18:37 PM

Att; Cat Smith,

MY MOTHER

I have given this quite a lot of thought, and have tremendous reluctance in submitting such personal details that has cause me a life time of grief that is unimaginable; an emptiness, State sanctioned secretiveness, causing a sense of belonging to no one! The reason I've decided to write is not because of my interests as such, but that of my Mother, who at the age of 17 in 1965 had no choice but to give me away!

I was given to a professional couple who had one child of their own, and was later to have another. I was never to feel a part of them, I always knew that, and they often told me, even to the point of sending me to boarding school at the age of 10; Their children were day students! I recall there were times that I was reminded that they wish they had not adopted me, which were verbalized by their children as well as the people who adopted me. I was mentally and physically abused throughout my childhood. After boarding school I was not welcomed back but was put into an apartment with an allowance to live on; That didn't last too long, as I left and went to another Australian State and created a life of my own, I was 18 yrs old! I have had nothing to do with them since, I am now 55 yrs old. I got into trouble with the law a few times, but never convicted of any crime. I carved a life that has taken me all over the world, and now settled with a partner of 15 yrs.

When the State sanctioned secrecy laws changed in 1988 it obviously created an avenue to remedy the wrongs of the past, however, I didn't act on this for a few years after, as I was worried about a negative reaction, and for good reason given my experience in being adopted. I eventually gained courage to champion efforts in making contact with my Mother with the help of Jigsaw and a couple of other friends who had been adopted. I remember to this day the phone call. I was told my Mother had died two weeks ago, she was 51 years old. I was told she always wanted to meet me. She died from breast cancer, but to me she died of a broken heart, which has broken my heart!

I found out I had a sister, who contacted me soon after, and we got along from that first call she made to me. My Sister died a couple of years ago from cancer, she was 46 years old, and I miss her!

I often think that things could have been far worse, I could have been black, I could have been Indigenous, I could have lived with or in the perils of war, starvation, sexual abuse and violence, or a cast system, but I wasn't, I was just someone who was snatched at birth by the State, and given to a family who did not accept me, because of the shame that a 17 year old girl would bring on her family and society! What help was given to her at the time or after? None, just forget it ever happened! But like my Mother's life, such trauma has catapulted into my life, not through any fault of my own. I have lived with suicidal thoughts that linger in the background, and still do.

So the States and the Country have apologized for this wrong, but how does that really help? Do we say 'thank you' and like what the State did to my Mother after giving birth to me, just forget it ever happened?? How do we, when it has affected every aspect, every thought, every waking moment, every sleepless night, every lonely feeling? How is it my fault that I was snatched at birth?

I don't like the name I have been given by the people who adopted me, I feel dirty, unclean, yet why should I pay to have that changed to the name I found out my Mother wanted to call me, and all associated documentation? So what have the State's done for us?

I have now outlived my Mother and Sister at 55 years old, I am reminded constantly of how wrong State sanctioned forced adoption was, even by going to the doctor and being asked 'is there any history of a certain condition in the family?' - And of course I can't answer that, because my family are dead.

Even though I have a partner, I feel alone in this world, which is the same feeling I had as a little boy of around 3 years old hiding from them so I would not be caned on the back of my legs or across my knuckles leaving blue welt marks. I don't have many friends, I find it hard to trust. When my Partner and I have a fight, he threatens to kick me out, the emptiness I feel, the sense of not belonging, my isolation, my vulnerability, that feeling of being snatched away has me feel exposed or lost.

I have never written about this, I don't talk much about it, it causes me earth shattering thoughts, and I

slide finding it hard to grip on to anything. My Mother deserved better, and I write this to honor her, I wished to have known her.

Regards

