
From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, 4 May 2021 11:31 AM
To: forcedadoptionsinquiry
Subject: Re: My submission

This is my submission please remove all names before placing on your website I have provided the necessary info my phone number is [REDACTED] Email address. [REDACTED]

Sent from my iPhone

> On 4 May 2021, at 11:27 am, [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> My name is [REDACTED] I was born on the 31/8/1959 at St Andrew's Presbyterian hospital, east Melbourne and my adoption was arranged by Donald Forsyth Lawson of 12 Collins street Melbourne. The affect this adoption has had on my life is negative to the extreme. At this point of my life I bare no malice towards my adoptive family who I no longer have any contact with. My adoptive father was extremely abusive physically towards my adoptive mother and also towards his animals. His abuse towards his 2 adoptive children was mainly verbal rage. I grew up in a house with a family that I was scared of physically, emotionally and mentally. My adoptive fathers family did not want my adoptive parents to adopt children, and I was treated as inferior and humiliated. Not only was I an adoptee but I was also born a 'bastard' which did not sit well with anybody at that time. When I was a teenager I used to say to my girlfriend when I was extremely emotionally upset ' my parents are going to come and get me, aren't they '. Unfortunately for me, they never did. My adoptive parents lived outside a very small rural town. A lot of the people in that town viewed me as inferior and a joke to society. I was physically abused by the local policeman at 12 years of age for no other reason than I was an adopted ' bastard' This man was an alcoholic and mentally unstable. This action led to led to my character being assassinated by the police when I began to drink alcohol as a way to cope. I was sexually abused by my adoptive mother's brother in law and I was later told by my adoptive mother that "it was my sister's husband. What could I do? ". I was physically abused by my adoptive brother who was older than me and humiliated in front of his mates. My adoptive parents did nothing to stop this. Due to my character being assassinated by the police I have been labelled as coming from bad seed. I have survived a lifetime of mental, emotional and physical abuse. I used to hear the term ' adopted thing ' said a lot in my presence and still hear that term to this day. My adoptive family have greatly helped to destroy any chance of me ever being happy and the police have done the rest. My adoptive family even covered up sexual abuse when my 10 year old daughter was staying with them My daughter has never ever recovered from this. I refer to my life as being one long survival trip. I have attempted suicide on about 4 occasions and I still have a scar on my left wrist which I attempted to cut on my 17 th new year after being physically abused by my adoptive brother because I did no wish to go home. My adoptive mother told me this scar was nothing. It may have been nothing to her but it was something to me. Nobody ever wishes to discuss the issues I have had with my adoptive family as it makes them extremely uncomfortable . There were no family members there for me,I was continually threatened out of my adoptive family by my adoptive brother.I have had to live life on my own and it is to my credit that I am still here. Xmas is the time of the year that families get together and enjoy each other' s company, it has been many years since I have had any type of family Xmas . Birthdays, adoptee 's do not every really celebrate theirs not like other people.Apparently , you only get one life, all I can say to that is ' thank god' because I do not ever want to come back. It is for the adoptee to go through life as an inferior human being, second class citizen, to be abused, ridiculed and humiliated. These children are high risk children, the risk of all types of abuse is extremely high as the adoptive families can put it back on the adoptee's back grounds in order to cover up. Adopted children never belong . Thankyou , Donald Forsyth Lawson, my mother left your hospital with out signing my adoption papers and you tracked her down when I was almost 2 years old to sign them. My mother stood up to you and your colleagues and even though I have never met her I am extremely proud of her. I would dearly love the opportunity to speak with Donald's family and tell them exactly what I think of their father or grand father. I am sure they are be extremely proud of him. This appology from the government, I do not accept [REDACTED] and neither does my mother

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> Sent from my iPhone

From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, 4 May 2021 11:58 AM
To: forcedadoptioninquiry
Subject: Re: My adoption

> On 4 May 2021, at 11:57 am, [REDACTED] > wrote:

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> Add it to submission

> I approached an organisation called Vanish about 30 years ago and I was told I could not get any more records other than my original birth certificate as there had been a fire in the basement at St. Andrews hospital, I know find out this this was an outright lie, there was no fire in the basement, this was a cover up tactic for Donald Forsyth Lawson. I also approached the Salvation Army when I was told about a tracing agency back then but I was told there was no tracing agency. I was again lied to.