

Department of the Senate,
P.O. Box 6100
Parliament House, Canberra, ACT 2600
Australia.

Susanne Elizabeth Finch
(...)

Australia.

Dear Senators,

Commonwealth of Australia Inquiry into Former Forced Adoption Policies and Practices.

I Suzanne Elizabeth Finch am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia resident in Riverhills, QLD.

As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia I had and still do have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution, rule of law and the Common Law of this nation.

As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth should have afforded us all protection from the unlawful and harmful actions that threatened our right to life, liberty and justice from those who denied us all these rights, within and without, the borders of Australia.

We must live by the Australian Constitution, Rule of Law, and the Common Law of this country and Commonwealth politicians are elected to uphold Commonwealth Law meaning they will prevail over federal legislation, and by operation of section 109 of the Constitution, will override inconsistent state laws (whether past or future.)

I am a natural mother who would like to register my interest in this Committee's inquiry and acknowledge that it is an important step in addressing the issues of forced adoptions in the 1950's to the 1970's.

I fell pregnant at the age of 17 back in 1961 to a boy I loved. When my family found out I was for the first time sent out of my home town to Sydney. There I was sent to a mothers hostel where I was made to feel like trash. I was then moved on as there had been a position found for me by staying with a Doctor and his family to pay for my stay in Sydney and hospital treatment. There I had to look after his 3 kids and housekeep 7 days a week with the exception of Sunday afternoon, when I was allowed a few hours off. I remember no compassion, no love or understanding from anyone. In fact I came very close to being abused myself as the Doctor that employed me must have thought and felt the need to sit in the living room spreading his legs to expose his genitalia to me in hope that I would appreciate his showmanship. I remember being so scared I always looked away and pretended I did not see it but I went to bed every night very frightened.

When I went into labor I was taken to the Crown Street Women's hospital in Sydney. Seconds after having my son I asked "Can I see him." The nurse the whipped past me with my son and said "Definitely not". I saw a glimpse of his hair which was black and that was it as the nurse took him out of the room. I remember just crying and feeling like there was

nothing I could do. The nurses just spoke to me like I was pure evil and I guess I started to believe them. The nurse did return a few hours later and did ask if I wanted to name him in which I did but was still not allowed to see him. I was left in the hospital for several days where I continued to ask. "Can I please see him?" The nurse just stared me down and shook her head. I was given no information about him. I was not given any advice or help. They made me believe there was nothing I could do. About 3 days after the birth of my son was born they started to pack my things up and brought me papers to sign. I was told that if I knew what was good for me I would sign them in which I did. Later to find out this was the legal document to give up any rights to my son. I was not told I had 30 days to change this. I was taken out the front of the hospital, put in a cab to the train's station and sent back to my home town in the Riverina.

I have never been truly happy after this event. I have pushed all this to the back of my mind for years buried under guilt. I harnessed all the shame they made me feel and took into the rest of my life. The only reason I have the courage to bring this to your attention is the love, support and understating of my other children. My children helped me realize that I should not burden myself with shame. I was not a tart and evil as they had made me feel, I was in love with my son's father and he loved me. He wanted to marry me but this was never allowed due to religion differences. My son's father continued to visit me on the farm and always peppered me with questions as to where our son was but I could tell him nothing as I knew nothing. He eventually stopped coming as his heart was broken as much as mine. I never saw him again.

I truly believe that if given the opportunity to have taken my son with me my life would have been a lot different. Instead, I continued to feel the shame even from my parents and later I moved away. I never seen or spoke to my parents for a good 20 years. I used alcohol as a tool to drown out all the pain I felt. I just wished they could have given me helping hand back then and I know I would have a more fulfilling life. I am currently looking for my son. I named him Gregory (...) , born (.../12/1961 as the Women's Crown Street Hospital Sydney.

Yours Faithfully,

Susanne Elizabeth Finch (maiden name, Murphy)

- I would like this submission to be published on the internet