Please accept this as part 2 of my submission. Also, my earlier submission is classed as confidential (No.#45) and I would like that lifted. Can you please help with that request?

Submission i i

The drive home from the unmarried mothers hell hole as it isn't right to call it a 'home' was horrendous. I wanted to throw myself out of the car, or get my sister to drive me back to find him the tears flowed as did the false reassurances from my sister and mother it was all for the 'best'. I surrounded myself with grief, I couldn't shake it. My brain was focused on my baby, how was he doing without me – I wasn't allowed such basic information. My mother informed me the adoptive family rang as the 'adoptress' was worried about taking a baby from a family that lived in Porirua and wanted to know our pedigree. Mum assured her we were of good stock and from a renowned family of good pedigree. She told me they must have plenty of money to be worried so she was pleased she could assure them they got a well bred baby. My mother allowed me to go on holiday with a friend of mine from the hell hole as she had lost her son also and mum thought it would be healing for me. We headed to Opotiki. We talked constantly about our children. We went out swimming one day and I got swept out beyond the breakers by a rip, I thought I was going to die and I didn't care, it was a welcome relief except I also knew my mother would be angry as I couldn't do anything right and to go on holiday and cause her more grief would be the last straw. An elderly man popped up through the breakers and hauled me back to shore to continue my sentence, unfortunately for me. I went back home and was totally robotic. I started a job and just wanted to throw myself off the building on a daily basis, I would cry sitting at my desk and I had no control of the sadness. I wasn't allowed to talk about my 'disgusting' past but in the end they had to know as I was inconsolable most days. Just before 6 months was up I begged my mother to help me get my baby back, of course she wouldn't and said it wouldn't 'be fair on the adoptive parents' who she didn't know at all. All I wanted was my baby. I met up with an old flame who knew what I had been through. I ended up pregnant again. Once my mother found out she said I would have to adopt if he wouldn't marry me, his mother was against it as he wanted to go to America, however, under duress he married me. The pregnancy went well however in the theatre the doctor asked me if this was my first baby and the shame and huge embarrassment encompassed me yet again so I said no, this is my second but I dutifully told him I adopted it out as somehow that made it all ''respectable'. I was enraptured with my son but couldn't breast feed him as I felt so much shame. I called him my little prince and I didn't like him out of my sight. However with all the mixed feelings I had I didn't feel entitled to be his mother. I ended up leaving him at an early age with my mother in law and going to Australia to visit my sister. I disconnected from my son and husband and got a job! Something made me go back and when I held him I never wanted to let go of him again yet I felt incapable of being his mother. Then I fell pregnant again, and the same feelings engulfed me after the birth and I did try to breast feed but once again is felt so shameful. Watching them grow up I often thought about my son and what I had missed out on and just wondered if he was happy but I wasn't 'allowed' one snippet of information. Once I again in later years I found out mum had been contacted by social workers and they had updated her but she felt I couldn't cope with the information that he was doing well so kept it from me, she had more rights than ME over my child! How dare they. The main reason they came to visit my mother was that the adopters were so pleased with my baby son they wanted to know if I was pregnant as they wanted another child, she was not infertile and my son was a replacement for her son that died, long as her grieving was appeased, too bad about my loss. They even came to visit her when I was out and mum showed them my room which was surrounded with toy stuffed animals and she cried saying it was so hard

on me missing my son and I bought them on the pretext of giving them to my nephews but couldn't part with a single one.

When I was in the hell hole I managed to steal his name beads and we snuck photos of our children, I even kept the top off his first bottle and the card from the hospital, so every year as his birthday came closer my body reacted, the tears would start, the sadness would overwhelm me and the entire mental break down where I couldn't focus on anything would start. I would climb up to the wardrobe where I kept my secret treasures and look at him and hold his beads and just cry for days, then it would pass and life would carry on, empty and sad. I wasn't the best mum to my other children as I was always distant. Yes I did do a good job but not a great job, they didn't get the mother they should have. Even now I am distant and can't forge closeness even with my grandson. It feels like it will all be taken away so I can't afford for that to happen so easier to distance myself. My son has two children of which I was lucky enough to get photos of over a year ago but nothing since then. I am their true grandmother, the reason they are alive and here today yet I am regarded as valueless. I can't force myself on them so I keep distant and live in hope one day they want to contact me. So the useless sl#t who didn't deserve to keep her own child has a lot of baggage that affects relationships to this day. When I was thrown on the scrap heap after my baby was taken it scared me deeply. To this day if I feel rejected it triggers all those feelings and I do not cope at all. My head goes into such a bad place it takes a lot to get back to me again. Yes I do hold down a good job, yes I am respected and liked, yes I am seen as the light and happiness around my workplace and yes I do have countless friends so I know I do function 'normally' day to day. The place in my head that makes me relive the horror of my child being taken never leaves, never gets any easier, never gives any respite as I never had justice. I love my firstborn like any mother, I didn't want him out of my life, when he was born I felt he was the only good thing in my life and he had to pay for my mistakes – how atrocious is that, try walking round with that guilt all your life and you can see why most mothers beat themselves up forever and can't live with the grief, sadness, despair, helplessness, anger, pain, rage, any adjective that can describe the greatest inhumanity known to mankind – forced adoption.