

Commonwealth contribution to former forced adoption policies and practices

Tracey Lee

My mothers first down hill turn that introduced my family to now what is known as "forgotton Australians" was she was single with her first pregnancy. She gave birth to a child into forced adoption, A pillow put on her chest when the child was born,because my mother simply was unwed. And a spiral of parental torment began. I will not open or mention my siblings for respect to their lives and how they were,and how they live it..

My name is Tracey Lee (formally Tracey Lee Janbroers), Melbourne Australia.

Missing Child- now grown up.

At the tender age of eighteen months old I was stolen from my mother, (I was 5th born),by two woman, I found evidence of my birth mothers' story in my own Freedom of Information Folder. Mind you I grew to be told at the age of nine, I was adopted.When stolen, I was kept in hiding for approximately a year, in Victoria, Aussie. I was then taken back to my state of birth, N.S.W., the older of the two woman started raising me in a nursing home where she worked, I was fed sedatives and sent to nap on the beds of recently deceased patients, for many hours I would sleep as a three and four year old child for a minimum of fours hours a time and in fact later on my state welfare department recorded my napping times and didn't realize children of this age don't sleep for a minimum of four hours every day., I would often befriend patients, as the only company I had.After about a year back in my birth state, my abductors had the gall to fraud government documents, to obtain a private foster license, after the police found me, the missing child, I was told other stuff but that doesn't come into the picture yet. I was then handed like a sack of potatoes, to this woman's' daughter. That was when the really bad abuse started. Going by recordings in my F.O.I., the older woman (...), couldn't foster through the system, so she took it upon herself to make a judgment of which child she wanted to foster, she lost a child through death and I suppose I was meant to be the replacement.As an adult I wound up taking alot of traumas and side affects with me, such as anorexia (however am not as skinny as a rake, my body is so used to a life of only eating when relaxed, I had to rely on marijuana many times to eat to stay alive and "forget", insomnia too, post stress syndrome and I have been into a trauma induced psychosis twice ten years apart each episode,which if someone has experienced it, they wouldn't wish it on their worst enemy.By the age of five, I had an uncle (you know like the (...), as well as a new foster father and baby sister. This created havoc within years. I was always treated like a slave within the house, my kidnapping mother, would severely use and abuse my little body, my alcoholic foster father, illiterate too, was always hiding any special treats he gave me from the views of the other members of the family. My sister grew to be very lazy, spoilt, obese and in fact wound up with a stomach staple operation at age 16. Sex was never educated in our house. But when boyfriends starting occurring,

I was in fact encouraged to sleep with them, no matter what my feelings were about it. By the age of seven I started realizing things weren't quite right. I started stealing off this woman I called mum, had no respect for her, and was basically a child calling for help. Well, (...) did a continuous threat with me, one was if I ever ran away I would be locked up, if I kept stealing from her I would be locked up, and guess what, yes, at the age of seven, I was hastily taken to our local law enforcement-protectors' of the people, and put in to a holding cell, my illegal foster family being involved in corruption could do anything they liked for a price. I don't care if anyone believes me anymore, as I have taken this any many other bad things that happened and gone all the way up my political ladder all the way to my P.M., to be finalized with the end of the "statute of limitations" allowed for my case, and what some ignorant people don't understand, is that it takes a lot of courage to write of such hurt, If I have to deal with it and live it-that's' bad enough, any thing following doesn't matter. By the age of eight I had been molested by uncle (...)

(...) lived over the road from my childhood friend in (...) and my so called mother often left me there to claim irresponsibility of me....but I was to be molested...By the age of fifteen I was completely rejected from the family until I became pregnant, wasn't too sure how it happened at the time.I started my own controlled life (or I thought so), 15 on the streets, scavenging 20cents here and there for a "Mars a Day", god was I vulnerable. I was raped by a thirty four year old man, anally, and guess what could not call the cops, they were my enemies, for some reason they were there when I was taken from my mother, but as time went I was told a story from the "milkman", (...). He told me after hearing my third child was illegally fostered, that his involvement in my disappearance, was to pay a local police constable, (while I was residing back in N>S>W>, to stop these woman for being charged with kidnapping myself to the lovely some of \$800, back then it was enough to buy a constable the new car he couldn't afford. Yes, it sounded similar to the very few words my birth mother had told me, however she was banded from my life at age twelve, met her, she wanted her say, and was then tossed and kept from me by (...) nver knew my birth mum.

My carers (if thats what you call them) wanted to flee me to Holland- age 8, documented. Then again age fifteen-tried to get one of my biological sisters too, thats when I met Dad, he was very ill, both emotionally and with Cancer. They didnt have chemo then, cancer was only just breaking through with early research. I was not close, but did live with Dad for a short time, our unstable minds clashed, and for my Dads' memory I will say in the small times I saw him, he would always say, "God bless you Tracey", I always believed he said this as if I forgave him for abondment, and I will always believe that, it is a good thought. Dad passed away in great pain from a number of cancers in 1995, I then had a trauma induced pshycosis and was found on railway tracks, oblivious to reality, I still remember the pshycosis and it scares me every day, I saw my Dad in it, it is like living out your fantasies and past traumas in real. My Mum is very sick but very supportive, we live many miles apart, I have only been in physical contact not much at all, the bond is not that of a mother and daughter, but she is there just the same on the phone. On the upside I met them, and know I did miss a great family. When my mum and dad divorced, Mum took me and got a job (for the respect of my siblings I wil not publish their stories, I have learnt its THEIRS to tell). Mum trusted a man and his female family to temporarily care for me, while she had a nervous breakdown, when she returned the boarding house, it was destroyed by arson, my

mother didnt know this man was already known to police for child theft, but was DoCS documentated.

My case has politically changed and so many laws surrounding social issues . My birth mother was diagnosed with developing brain damage.

Told my government didn't care what happened to me as a child could have been buried but my children were then stolen. My first daughter I left in the care of my so-called carer. 2 weeks later she called me to say she "HAD" custody of my daughter. I thought I failed as a mother and DoCS were punishing me too. I had to go to the Supreme court in Sydney (scary place for a young girl who has never been to court -and the then home of the new "family law"), no advice given to me for legal representation, my "foster mother" was still on my trust list. Her highly paid barrister asked if I knew what I was signing, so too the judge, yeah I was signing paper to say I thought I was a bad new mum at early 18 years old and the govnt was punishing by taking my rights as a mother.

My third daughter, was manipulated from me. When my child hood abductor, (...), (not knowing whom she was and what she represented besides a mother at the time), offered to look after my third born, temporarily, whilst I suffered post natal depression, she also criticised me and said I couldn't afford the birth registration of my child and I trusted her, being the only maternal mother I knew. My baby missing, the birth rego, frauded, never met the man, added fraudulantly as the father to the document (a generation older than me-blurk). I was never able to report my child as missing, no birth certificate, and I could not obtain one for years due to details added, bureaucracy got in the way of a child's right to life, and a mother's right to nurture, I crawled to my abductor in the first year of my daughters' life, to obtain as much info as possible. or the first year of my daughters' ((...)), life, to obtain what info I could. They obtained an illegal passport take her to New Zealand, the government knew her whereabouts while the Premier promised the matter is being investigated. It took five months alone just to have the passport cancelled. A special officer from Brisbane waived my right to sign for such passport, any right I had to say what was going on. Apparently according to the laws of Passports they could not find me (laws not permitting a search of my whereabouts through welfare nor Drivers Licence, and I tell you, I was ashamed of my country when I found that one out. Been addressing Bob Carr since October 2003. Too many lies from him. The political battle is that the crime happened in NSW, I now am in Victoria and apparently my daughter is in Queensland. The government also told me in my travels that there never was actually a law for frauding government documents (I would assume this has been amended). Every time I saw warnings regarding fraud or mis information on government documents, I really used to believe that you would go to jail if you were to fraud such, no just a bluff by the Government. And how do you not protect a person's identity in the actual department that issues identities. Births Deaths and Marriages. Australia needs to wise up and quickly, I can't imagine I am the only one effected by all these floors. These floors grab each day of my children's lives, while the government slowly, not very productively fix things. My daughter missing I have now found on Facebook, filled with many lies, calls me a Crack whore, and like names, My daughter's neglected have suffered side effects, two aged 15 and 17 now experimenting with alcohol, drugs like MDMA and speed. I read in a Melbourne newspaper, how childless couples in America were paying for Australian students, of age, to surrogate children, and the monies paying for their studies. Does Australia have a big enough mental institution for our politicians!?! If I was ever heard when I started 17 years ago just to protect my children, if so we would

not be concerned of surrogacy by ill gains, nor security for Australia. The Australian Government always knew there was a need for change. I do fully believe a spiral was opened upon the birth of my first sibling,my brother as adopted by force.Enough trauma to tear any woman apart,and be led into a life of self defence,and judgements (not necessarily truthful) oh so cruel.