October 27, 2011

Commonwealth contribution to forced adoption practices

I, am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia resident of New South Wales. As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia I have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this country.

As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection from the unlawful and harmful actions that threaten my right to life, liberty and justice from those who would deny me these rights, within and without, the borders of Australia.

This is my submission

I was born on October 15th 1966 at Wodonga District Hospital Victoria. My Mothers name at the time of my birth was she was 17 years old and resided in Albury, New South Wales.
My adoptive parents names are , they resided in Sydney, New South Wales.

I am a late discovery adoptee in terms of my adoptive family refusing to tell me that I was adopted (until I was 29 years old), however I have known since my earliest memories that I was not their child, I can not explain this feeling except to say that it was something I just knew… I didn't belong! Still once the secret was finally reveled my world fell apart!

My adoptive parents at the time of my adoption were adoptive mother 39 and adoptive father 36, they had 2 other children both girls aged 20 and 8 years old, they also had 3 sons all apparently still born, although my adoptive mother never accepted this and always believed they were stolen at birth.

In 1966 my adoptive mothers niece became pregnant at age 14, my adoptive mother expressed her desire to adopt the baby and went through the necessary procedures, all went well until the birth and

soon after my adoptive mothers sister, the newborns grand mother refused to allow the baby to be adopted into the family as she didn't want a permanent reminder of her daughters "fallen grace" so apparently forced the papers to be signed by her daughter, effectively stopping my adoptive mother from having the baby (a boy). My adoptive mother told me (quiet recently) that the social worker involved in the adoption "felt for her" and told her she would have a baby in her arms within the month! True to her word I was placed with the family 15 days later!

My Childhood was far from happy, I always had a sense that I wasn't part of my so called family and felt as if I was being babysat! I was unimportant and left out…
I remember asking if I was adopted so many times that I dare not make a guess at the amount, every time I asked it ended with adoptive mother in tears, adoptive father angry and me confused!

I cried a lot as a child, and was always anxious, never had friends and wasn't allowed to attend school close to home with local kids (maybe somebody would spill my secret).
I always counted things and remember the time I started, things such as my personal belongs also needed to be placed in a certain order to feel any kind of calm! I think it was my own way of controlling anything in my sad childhood.
I ran away many times from maybe as young as age 2! I never got far before being stopped, usually by adoptive mother, my answer for my actions were always the same, "I was going home". I was taught to believe I was disrespectful and naughty and if this asking about adoption and running away didn't stop I would be sent to a girls home for being uncontrollable!

At age 8 I clearly remember an incident at school that occurred during art, we had attended the opera house and were painting a stencil of it, I painted mine with dots, I was sent to the headmistresses office and caned across the back of the legs. I wet my pants and felt confusion and shame. As the headmistress told me this kind of art wasn't acceptable!
Well from here my parents must of reached breaking point with me and because my behavior in their opinion had gotten worse they finally took me to see the family doctor who sent me to a specialist in

children's behavior who decided "I had an over active mind and a very vivid imagination" (did he know I was adopted?) I was prescribed an unknown medication the made me very sleepy and gave me blinding headaches, I was 8 years old.
As I grew older I became very depressed and had trouble in social situations, I was always crying felt anxious and often scared but I didn't know why, I became very clingy to my adoptive mother (very unusual) and didn't want to go to school, nobody other then welfare noticed anything odd and eventually a welfare officer attended our home.
He questioned me as to why I wasn't attending school and was so unhappy, I told him I was adopted and these people keep telling me im not and even make me take medication to stop my "crazy adopted thoughts"! This man an employee of the state of nsw looked me fair in the eye and said you are not adopted!! I work for the department that handles adoption and if you were adopted I would know about it!, when he left he slammed the front door! My adoptive parents were fighting and my older sister was yelling at me. Needless to say I didn't ask again for a very long time.

That was the point I accepted I was crazy.

Around this time I was almost 14 and I never retuned to school nobody ever checked on me again for not attending and my formal education ended.
My adoptive parents started to give me $50 a week pocket money each and tell me to go shopping to keep myself busy! And keep me out of trouble! Can you imagine how many friends I suddenly had? ($100 a week was a lot of money in 1981). As I had never had friends or been allowed to associate with anybody other then family I was lost but the attention was knew and if I had to pay for it I didn't mind! So I was used often and taken advantage of and left feeling gutted that I had lost my friends.
Love was only ever shown to me with money never love and this caused major problems later in life hanging on to bad relationships and having an innate need to be accepted. There has also been a part of me that subconsciously pushes people away and tests relationships, it has all been very traumatic and their have been several attempts at taking my own life (many years ago).

The one thing I actually knew about myself from as long as I remember was correct I was adopted I always knew, they always denied, finally it was out there…In 10 seconds my thoughts went from YES, I share no DNA with these people to they lied and medicated and denied me who I was! I was crushed beyond belief and all they could say was we were told not to tell you it wasn't our choice!… Conversation closed..

I met my biological mother in 1997, we met in Brisbane for less then 8 hours.
She told me she didn't want to give me up but she was forced too. I heard for the first time in my life that my adoption was forced.

I sat with this woman and she told me how her mother had found out that she was pregnant and took her straight to the local minister who contacted the doctor and started the process of adoption without any knowledge what so ever of my mother!

My biological mother said she was never informed of any other options other then adoption and when she stated her wishes to keep me, she was told she was selfish for even considering it, told she could not raise a child as she was still one herself and that no man would want a girl with a bastard child and told of how much better off I would be with a family with two loving parents who deserved a chance to raise a child because God had failed to bless their union.

I was told how she was sent away to where I do not know, she told of how during the birth process she was drugged, held down and eventually tied to the bed, a pillow was held over her face and she was never allowed to see me or know my gender. Once consciousness was regained requests to see me went unacknowledged and she said she was ignored, scared and alone.
My adoption papers were signed on day 4 when a deal was cut with a social worker that a viewing would take place and my gender revealed to her, she never did get to see me but was told she had given birth to a boy!
My biological mother said she left the hospital heart broken and upon returning home she was forbidden to talk about any part of the experience.

She married soon after and left Albury and had two more children, told of bonding issues with them and many years spent in counseling. She told she believed she ruined my life and lived with guilt that she could not fight and keep me.

We didn't contact each other again until my fourth child was born in 2004 and I had an urge to let her know, so I called her and she was pleased to hear from me, she asked the gender of the child and when I answered a beautiful little girl with olive skin, blonde hair and blue eyes, she at point told me of another secret she had held and that was that my biological father was aboriginal! And that a social worker had told her that if I was born with any "colour" to my skin I wouldn't be taken by a "good family", so the information on my file states my biological father to be very fair skinned! (Wow that explained a lot of my connection to the aboriginal culture).

I have always suffered from depression and raising four children hasn't been easy. I have taken Zoloft for many years to keep me from falling in a heap. I was always scared to tell my doctor the depths of my thoughts and an inbuilt fear of social workers for fear of having my children taken from me.

My research has let me to believe that I suffer a form of post traumatic stress disorder please refer to below link.
http://www.trauma-pages.com/a/perry96.php

I am now 45 and live with anxiousness, insomnia, bi-polar and major loss of culture issues. I feel as if a part of me is missing and I'm trying to get on with life find a job and turn my life around but for me that can not be done until recognition of my trauma, loss of identity and culture are addressed.
I also need access to specialized adoption counseling and possibly additional services such as cognitive therapies.

Because of this trauma that was inflicted on me at birth via the states of New South Wales and Victoria and overseen by the Commonwealth Government of Australia, I am a shattered woman.

I cannot hold down employment for much longer then 12-13 months before the panic attacks start and my ability to function ceases and life falls apart.

I depend on centrelink payments to survive, I no longer own a car , my phone is forever being cut off , my internet will go any day now I have been homeless 3 times!
Centrelink has referred me to a job agency who referred me back to centrelink who didn't know why I was being referred back to them so a social worker at my request was offered and she was very nice but totally unaware of how deep my problems are and gave me a whole 4 weeks of looking for work!... Every service I need is pay per use and I live in poverty...I have a mental health issue that was inflicted on me at birth!.. My potential has never been reached I'm scared at the deepest level....Isn't it time me and 100 thousand or so over adoptees are taken care of?

Immigrants to this wonderful country are given large doses of compassion from the government in the forms of financial assistance, counseling, housing etc, special considerations are made so these people don't become disassociated with their culture and so on!, I'm not apposed to this in anyway shape or form, these people need it this country can afford it and that's okay, what isn't okay is that I am Australian by birth and I'm treated like trash!... nothing more then a social experiment on how not to treat human beings.

My mother was 17, I was not even born, my adoptive parents and all other parties involved were adults. I may have had little formal education, however it hardly takes a rocket scientist to see who was at fault here.

I am aware that this inquiry is into the practices of forced adoptions and not the consequences, But this has been my journey for 45 years so far and I believe it is relevant, the secrecy and shame about this needs to be spoken of and healing needs to begin.