

We Hope



Reflections on the
promises made
in the National
Apology



Introduction to We Hope: reflections on the National Apology

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MODEST PUBLICATION IS TO SAY THAT FORGOTTEN AUSTRALIANS MATTER. THEIR LIVES AND THEIR STORIES MATTER.

In this publication it is the Forgotten Australians themselves speaking; of hope, recognition and justice, which many still seek as a result of childhood experiences and the struggles in adult life as a consequence of these experiences.

These Forgotten Australians say:

We Hope that:

- Our childhood stories have been heard and understood
- You understand we are rapidly ageing or are no longer here
- Our peace of mind and quality of life can be improved when the commitments made in the National Apology are honoured.

And we matter.

On 16 November 2009 the Prime Minister Kevin Rudd issued, on behalf of all Australians, a National Apology to Forgotten Australians and Former Child Migrants. It was a bi-partisan apology supported by the Leader of the Opposition, Malcolm Turnbull

In the Apology statement Mr Rudd paid tribute to the survivors of the institutional child care system of the twentieth century.

Mr Rudd said this: *The truth is this is an ugly story.....to apologise for denying you basic life opportunities; including so often a decent education.*

Mr Turnbull said this: *We believe you.*

The National Apology has made a difference to many thousands of Forgotten Australians; life stories have been told and recorded via the National Library, the National

Museum created an exhibition called INSIDE: Life in a Children's Home (though not all states eg. NSW thought it important enough to exhibit), the national Find and Connect service has been developed to assist Forgotten Australians to trace records and family members and in most States there is a public memorial that records the lives of children brought up in institutional care.

For a brief moment in time Forgotten Australians were recognised and their childhoods recalled. There were well intentioned but general statements about both reparations and the creation of a service system that would respond to the particular needs of survivors of institutional care.

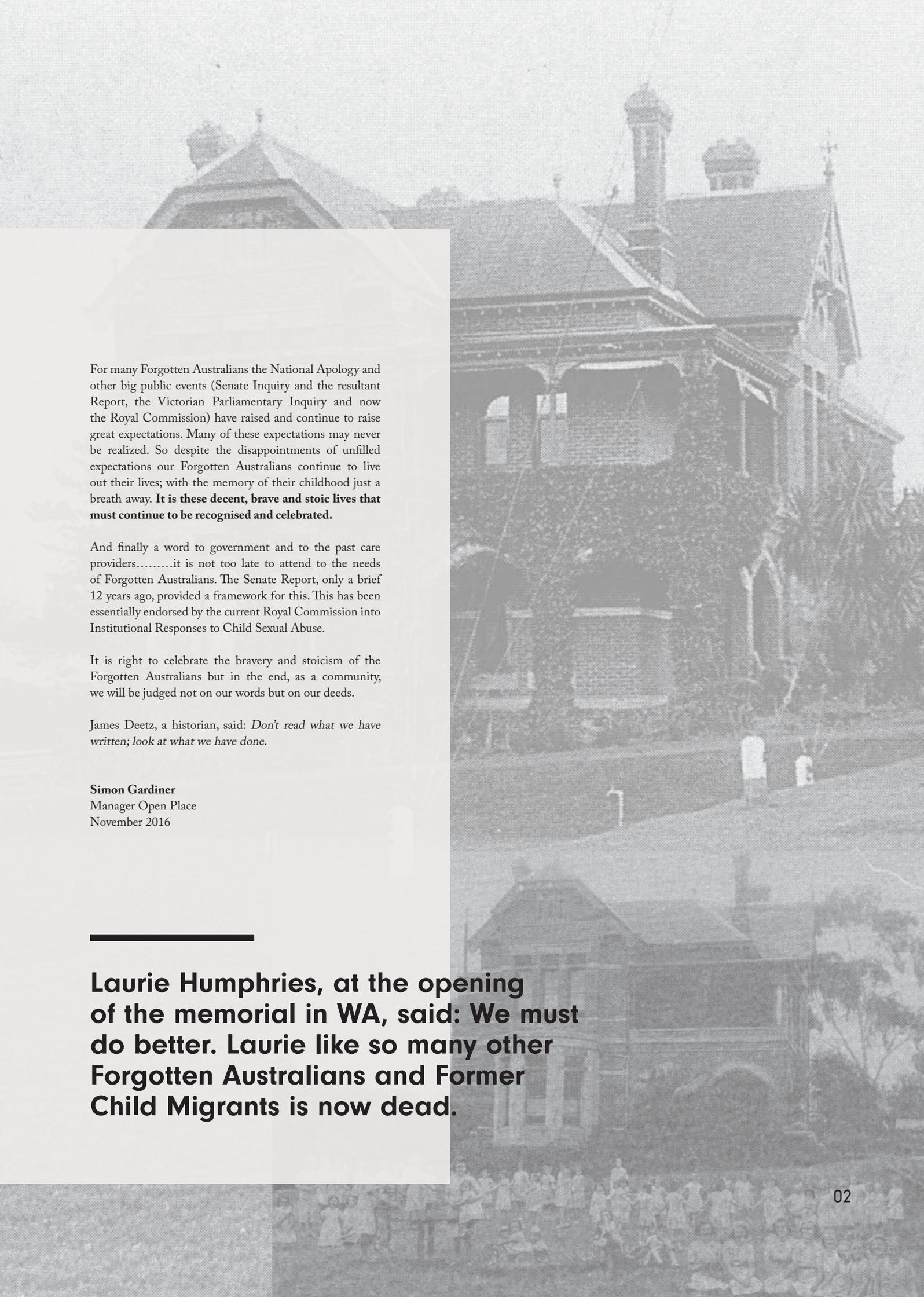
Years pass. And the other truth (ugly in a different way) is that the treatment of Forgotten Australians remains a locked cupboard of Australian history. It is not taught in schools. It is not taught in any of the tertiary courses training the helping professions. No priority pathways to services have been established.

Many Forgotten Australians seek assistance from generic and specialist services; services with limited or no understanding of the adaptive behaviours and specialist needs created by childhoods characterized by abuse, neglect and abandonment. **Forgotten again.**

Laurie Humphries, at the opening of the memorial in WA, said: We must do better. Laurie, like so many other Forgotten Australians and Former Child Migrants, is now dead.

Have we done better? At the time of the National Apology 35,000 children in Australia were in care. There are now 43,000 and the number is climbing.

And what have we learnt? We have learnt that the past is not past, it is not dead. Its hand is on our shoulder. It is the hand of today's children in care. The hands of these children are resting on the hands of the Forgotten Australians.



For many Forgotten Australians the National Apology and other big public events (Senate Inquiry and the resultant Report, the Victorian Parliamentary Inquiry and now the Royal Commission) have raised and continue to raise great expectations. Many of these expectations may never be realized. So despite the disappointments of unfilled expectations our Forgotten Australians continue to live out their lives; with the memory of their childhood just a breath away. **It is these decent, brave and stoic lives that must continue to be recognised and celebrated.**

And finally a word to government and to the past care providers.....it is not too late to attend to the needs of Forgotten Australians. The Senate Report, only a brief 12 years ago, provided a framework for this. This has been essentially endorsed by the current Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse.

It is right to celebrate the bravery and stoicism of the Forgotten Australians but in the end, as a community, we will be judged not on our words but on our deeds.

James Deetz, a historian, said: *Don't read what we have written; look at what we have done.*

Simon Gardiner
Manager Open Place
November 2016

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Joel J. Rigby

BRIEF BIO

I spent some of my childhood in foster care. I was with an agency called Peninsular Foster Care (now called Oz Child). Things happened to me in my placement that I tried to tell people about. No one listened. When people found out what happened it was too late. My life has been spent putting these things behind me. It is not easy but I am having a go. I can move on with my life as Oz Child has given me a letter of apology.

MY CHILDHOOD

My childhood was good enough early on. Being in care in so many different places and homes was strange. It was difficult to become familiar with people. I didn't understand all the moves between schools and families. I left "care" as a teenager and began an independent life. I have learnt how to survive on my own. I was never taught as a child how to do this and no one helped me after I left the home.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

Things that have helped me in my life are the Victoria Police and the psychology team at the mental health clinic. I have found acceptance and understanding at Open Place. Despite my mental health issues I have recovered well and am maintaining my health both mentally and physically. This is thanks to the honourable and trustworthy people I have met in the organisations.

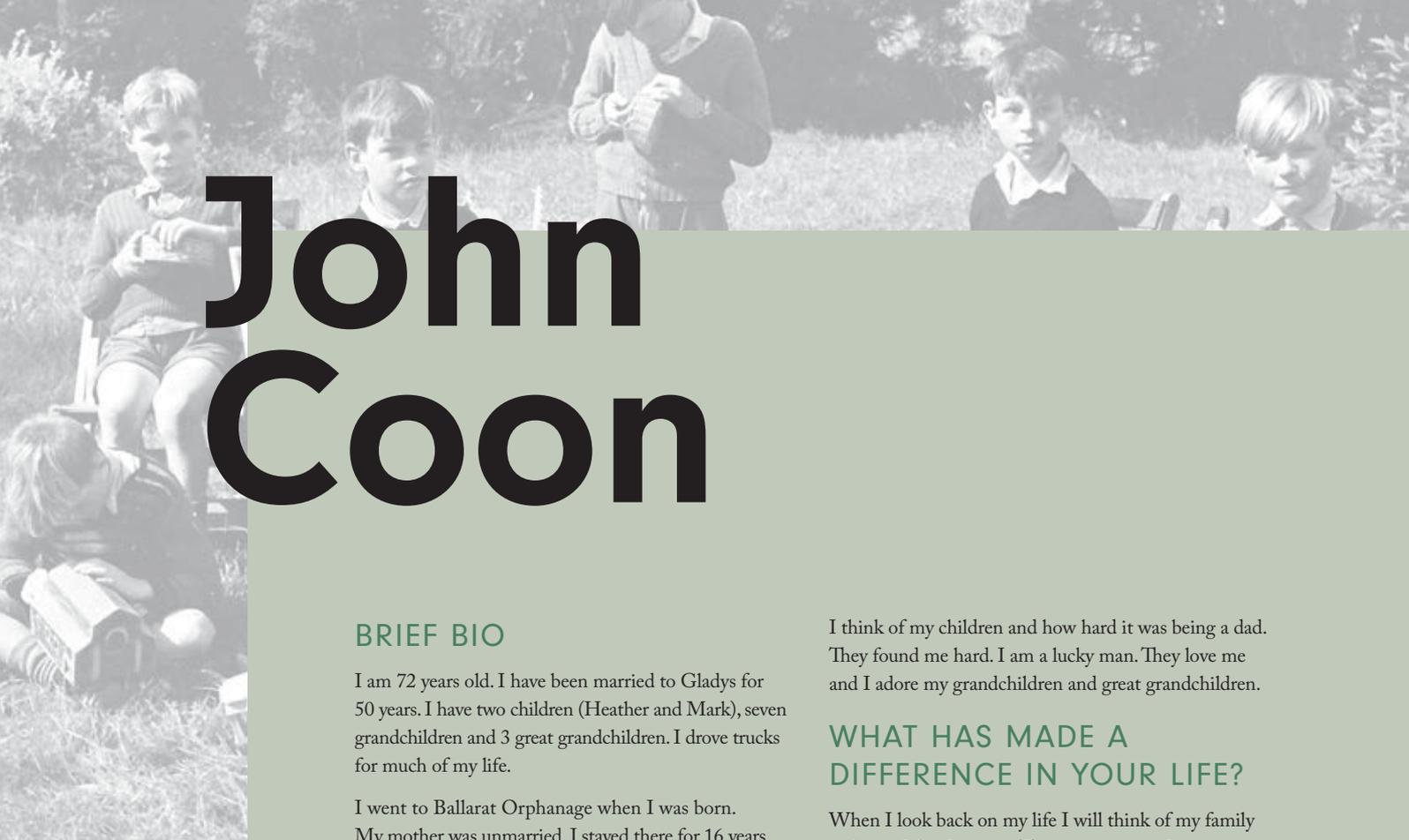
I believe in justice and I now begin to trust that the world can be a safe place. I try and treat people I meet like this. Thanks to God and with the truth I have learnt, I have recovered.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I hope that someday, as my lawyer Angela would say, I will be able to "unscramble the egg". An apology would help. I have received some compensation which means I can buy some white goods for my flat. I hope my counselling means that never again will I suffer. I don't ever want again to feel like I did when those things in the past happened to me.

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John Coon

BRIEF BIO

I am 72 years old. I have been married to Gladys for 50 years. I have two children (Heather and Mark), seven grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. I drove trucks for much of my life.

I went to Ballarat Orphanage when I was born. My mother was unmarried. I stayed there for 16 years. I never saw any of my family until many, many years later.

At the orphanage I was punished for wetting the bed. When I was 10 years old I was sexually assaulted by a man who was in charge of the dormitory called "Doc" Watkins. He used to pick on all the bed wetters. He's dead now.

After wetting the bed, I and others were made to parade through the dining room at breakfast time with the stinking sheets over our heads. Everyone was laughing; except us.

I still to this day wake up howling and scared about the memories of what happened to me. And that is over 50 years ago.

MY CHILDHOOD

What happened to me was wrong. I had no childhood; I spent a lot of time being scared and watching out for things, always trying to stay out of trouble.

What do I think now looking back over these 50 years? I think of the scared little boy and how close he still is to me. He's always with me.

I think of my wife Gladys and what a rock she has been. I don't know where I would be without her love and patience.

I think of my children and how hard it was being a dad. They found me hard. I am a lucky man. They love me and I adore my grandchildren and great grandchildren.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

When I look back on my life I will think of my family and how I feel I belong. That is something I never thought I would have.

I didn't want to tell anyone (not even Glad) about my childhood and what happened to me. In the end I had some help from another wardie. It is right that people know what happened. It can help others understand why I am as I am. It doesn't feel now as if, all the time, I am carrying the orphanage around with me.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

What do I want? Nothing can bring back what I have lost or really what I had taken away. I've done the best I can with what I've got. I've had love from people; more than I deserve (but that's the orphanage talking again). I wish more people knew about what happened to us and there were hundreds of kids at Ballarat Orphanage. All are getting old like me.

We want to be looked after properly when we are old. I've already had three heart attacks and a stroke.





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Ernie Grigg

BRIEF BIO

My name is Ernie. I am 70 years old.

I got separated from my family when I was nine years old.

MY CHILDHOOD

I was the second eldest in a family of five children. I remember I was happy until my mum died. I was nine years old.

After my mum died I went into care at Glastonbury Children's Home in Geelong.

I was there until I was 16 years old.

When I was 13 they took me out of school at Glastonbury and sent me to work on the dairy farm. I was the only farm boy, I started the morning milk at 6.00 am and finished after the afternoon milking around 5.00 pm. I worked from Monday to Friday and was supposed to be paid about 9 pounds a fortnight (I never saw any of that). I worked there for three years until the welfare came and took me to Melbourne.

I came into Glastonbury with a suitcase full of clothes and I left there with nothing.

I don't ever remember ever feeling happy during this period. In fact I was very unhappy.

When I was taken to Melbourne they put me into another home there in Brunswick (I can't remember what it was called). I got a job for a ladies hat maker in little Flinders Lane in the city. I tied up boxes and did deliveries around the city. I had to go straight back to the home after work or they would call the police.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

I had lots of jobs. The longest job I had was 17 years at the Quaker Oat factory. I stacked the boxes of oats from the end of the production line onto pallets. I also worked for 6 years in a tannery. When the oats factory closed down I worked as a cleaner. I'm retired now.

I see a bit of my sister and visit my brother in Geelong every month. I don't want to lose contact with my family again.

I have found Open Place to have been very helpful as they have made me welcome.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I would like a better life than I have had. But this is not possible.

I would like two things:

- The government to provide redress
- Hawthorn to win another premiership



I got a job for a ladies hat maker in little Flinders Lane in the city ... I had to go straight back to the home after work or they would call the police.



Brian McNair

BRIEF BIO

I am 74 years old. I was born into a family of 10 children. I was the only one that was sent to a children's home. I was in a lot of homes: Gordon Boys, Tally Ho, St. Pauls on Phillip Island, Turana and Bayswater Boys Home.

I spent most of my time in "care" at Bayswater Home No. 2 run by the Salvation Army. I was sexually abused at both Bayswater and St. Pauls. No one took any notice of my treatment.

MY CHILDHOOD

I had a childhood of fear. I was always looking over my shoulder waiting for the next thing to happen. I was brutally treated. There was no supervision of any of the staff in any of the homes I was in. Children's Welfare did no checking on anybody. I can't remember ever seeing anyone from Children's Welfare.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

The most important thing I could have been given was an education. It would have helped me later in life to get a good job. It would have been better to be in a classroom than weeding the principal's garden.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I hope to get true justice. By this I mean a redress scheme that recognises that wrong was done. And a system that stops any more children being sexually abused.

It would have helped me later in life to get a good job. It would have been better to be in a classroom than weeding the principal's garden.





Margaret Wapshott

BRIEF BIO

My mother had eight children. Due to unforeseen circumstances when I was two I was sent to live at St Vincent de Paul's orphanage in South Melbourne. I was much older when I came back to live with my mother and other siblings.

MY CHILDHOOD

My early childhood was very traumatic being separated from my mother and siblings and being placed at St. Vincent's. I think I was looked after quite well, but I had no idea why I was kept apart from my family. I don't remember seeing my mother and brothers and sisters when I was in the orphanage.

When I went home to my mother I had no idea who she was. I thought she was just another person sent to look after me. It took me a little while to get used to her as my mother.

My mother was amazing. She brought us up together as a single parent and in those days without much financial assistance. She worked so hard.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

I count my blessings. I hated being away from my family. But I was able to go back to my mother. My family has always been so important.



HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I had always wanted to be a nurse and look after people. My mother was so proud of me when I graduated.

I got married and had four children. I was married for 47 years.

I now have eight grandchildren and one great grandchild. I have the love of my family and I cannot hope for more.

Life can be good.

When I went home to my mother I had no idea who she was. I thought she was just another person sent to look after me. It took me a little while to get used to her as my mother.



Frank Londrigan



BRIEF BIO

I was born in Melbourne in April, 1932. At the age of six I, tragically, became an orphan and was taken to St Josephs. I was “committed” due to “neglect” and “without means of support” due to my parents being deceased.

In 1941 I was sent to St Augustine’s in Geelong

MY CHILDHOOD

‘How would I describe my childhood?’

“What childhood?!” I was institutionalised. I was “just a number among many other numbers”. I was fed and clothed. I was shown no love, little kindness and I never really felt that someone cared for me.

At the age of 15, still a Ward of the State, I was indentured to a shoe factory in Collingwood and housed in Albert Park at a YCW hostel. I didn’t see myself working in the boot trade so I went ‘bush’ to the Barmah Forest. I joined up with my older siblings who took me in. I began the hard work of a timber cutter.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

Two big things have made a difference. Football, because it helped me to believe in myself and family, because I finally belonged.

When I was working as a timber cutter I played football for the nearby town of Picola and being a talented player was recruited in 1954 to play football for Collingwood in the, then, VFL. I went to Melbourne to play football and met the love of my life Patricia Cleary. We were married in 1955. For the first time in my life I loved and was loved back.

I hurt my knee which brought an end to my career at Collingwood. In 1956 we moved to Ballarat where our first child was born. I was still a talented footballer and I played for Ballarat.

With my small family I moved back to Melbourne in 1958 as I was offered the position of playing Captain/Coach of Greensborough in the DVFL. This team was successful and under my leadership, ran out premiers for that season. I played with Greensborough for another four years and in that time we had another two children.

I worked hard as a manual labourer with MMBW. I had little schooling but I had a sharp mind and a strong work ethic. I rose in the ranks of the Board of Works to become a first class inspector overseeing large work sites with many labourers under my supervision.



I had a loving family and secure employment and I felt good about life. We raised our own three children as well as our two eldest grandchildren. Life was great.

In 1997 I lost my beloved Triscia when she succumbed to cancer.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

But my life goes on.

I live in Nathalia. I am 84 (and a half) and I still live independently. I take care to look after myself. I play bowls. I talk about retiring at the end of each season; hasn't happened yet though!

I created my own path in life with little assistance. I was a talented footballer and I had a strong work ethic. I created my own opportunities and got on with my life.

I am one of the original members of VANISH and Open Place. I have a great appreciation of what an important job these organisations have done/and do for myself and many others. I hope that they continue their wonderful work into the future. I have made many lasting friendships through the group with members and staff alike. The support I both give and receive is what keeps me going.

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Maree Holt

BRIEF BIO

I was born on 18 February 1956 at Sacred Heart hospital in Moreland. I have two older siblings. My parents were migrants from Italy. My mother was unwell and therefore we were all placed in care. I know I had a "care and protection" order placed on me and so I stayed at Sacred Heart until 16 March 1956. I was then transferred to St Joseph's Babies Home in Broadmeadows. I stayed until 11 February 1959. Seven days before my third birthday I was then transferred to the Good Shepherd Convent in Abbotsford. I stayed there until 17 December 1971. I was released from "care" when I was 15 years of age, turning 16 in the following February.

MY CHILDHOOD

I would describe my childhood in lots of different ways. I was safe within these walls. I was protected. I was happy. I had friends. I was fortunate. It's funny looking back but I was also lonely, scared and subservient. I would say that, unbeknown to me then, I saw my world within this context. Looking back I see that I became completely institutionalized, mentally, physically and behaviourally. This was how the world worked. It felt normal: the strictness, the authority, the obedience. I knew no other world. I was brought up in a society within a society.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

I have good lifelong friends from care that I would say were family (not blood but family none the less).

I have contact with two nuns, who were present when I was growing up in institutional care. They support me,

not financially. They are just there, to listen to me, and support both myself and my boys. My father also, during his life, helped in the best way he could.

Coming from institutional care, there are behaviours and mental stress problems that the wider community did/ does not understand. How can they? They weren't there. So it was wonderful when Open Place was founded. I can go there and not feel I need to explain anything. I can just be me. No explanation is needed.

It has been a struggle, over the years, to keep the energy up, to keep on going and trying to explain oneself to the wider community. Acceptance is a big part of life. I want to be accepted and understood. It's been tiring.

I have been fortunate, unlike some, to have survived because of my good friends and the two nuns I mentioned. I believe in these people. I have been fortunate to be physically healthy enough to work and pay my bills and my way.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

My life has been a fight e.g. working, looking after my children, paying bills, keeping my head above water and just keeping on going. It has been so long. I am exhausted. I am living off energy that I don't really have! My health is deteriorating, my teeth are falling out and my energy levels are decreasing rapidly. Soon I will be unable to work to pay my way. I am not sure what the future holds.

I would like acknowledgement of my past. I am what I am today, mentally and physically, because of my past. I want to feel safe. I would like a health system and a pension set aside for all Forgotten Australians to be paid at 60 years of age. We are all exhausted. It is only fair. Those that are unwell, for a host of reasons, need a pension that is paid promptly. We also need a safety net, such as counselling and affordable housing. Finally we need a place like Open Place to stay in existence to reaffirm and state who we are.



It has been a struggle, over the years, to keep the energy up, to keep on going and trying to explain oneself to the wider community. Acceptance is a big part of life. I want to be accepted and understood. It's been tiring.

Doug Langanke

MY NAME IS LYN LANGANKE. I WAS DOUG'S PARTNER FOR 30 YEARS. DOUG DIED EARLY THIS YEAR. HE MADE THE DECISION TO END HIS LIFE AFTER MANY YEARS OF HEALTH PROBLEMS THAT SAT ALONGSIDE THE EMOTIONAL PAIN HE ENDURED FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE.



Doug said that he had no choice about how he came into the world and what happened to him as a young person – so at least he made the choice on how and when he would leave the world.

BRIEF BIO

Doug spent 16 years in a number of children's homes. Doug was three months old and his brother was two when they were abandoned by their parents. Doug and Will were separated even when they were in the same home. This lack of bonding had lifelong impacts for both of them.

Doug never knew his mother or father. He was told that his father was in the army and that they would try and get him to visit. Doug recalled many times being told to wait out the front as his Dad was coming. This never happened. Doug never found his father. He died while we were searching for him. Doug met his mother once. Her first words were ... "I have no money" ... she never asked what happened to them or how they survived.

It was at this time that Doug discovered that he had another 10 siblings. Half of his siblings were adopted, the rest spent time in care. He briefly met two sisters. But it was too painful to do any more.

Doug had some great mates that were in care with him. They would often catch up and would share many good and bad stories. His nick name was Goonk the Gorilla. The reason was that he had the strength of a gorilla when he would get into a fight. He told me he used to get so angry at injustice and cruelty that he could never back down.

Doug was a wonderful man, he had a heart of gold and would give you his last dollar, well only if there were no races on that day! He loved sport all his life. As a kid he played cricket and football and he dreamed of being a Don Bradman and kicking 100 goals for the Bulldogs. I think of the Bulldogs Premiership this year as being for Doug.

MY CHILDHOOD

It was about survival of the fittest. His first memory of St Pauls, when he was a 5 year old, was seeing another child being belted with a cricket bat by a staff member. He knew what to expect.

One staff member in particular made life a living hell for many of the boys. If you did not do what he asked, then you lived in terror, Doug said. Many of the staff knew what this man was doing. But as with so many other institutions nothing was done, until it was far too late for so many.

Doug spoke fondly of some staff members. One lady who was the cook was called Granny. All the boys loved her and she really cared for them. As Doug got a little



older he often stayed at her place. This is where he learnt about affection. Granny would give them a cuddle and a kiss goodnight. Doug does not recall any other form of affection. Doug described his childhood as confusing with so many questions unanswered. Doug did get to play sport, both cricket and football. He loved music. He talked about the times the boys would be able to go to the gym and listen to the radio; these were fond memories.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

Honestly, Doug would say very little had helped him in life. Life was always a struggle for Doug. He was never able to accept that when both parents dump you at birth that life had much meaning. It was not for want of trying for Doug was constantly searching for his meaning in life. Doug said that the thing that would have helped navigate life would have been a decent education.

Doug was so intelligent, he really could have done anything. Yet he could always hear those voices from his youth: You'll never amount to much. He struggled with fear of success and failure. He did meet some great people along the way who did make a difference in his life. He desperately wanted people to know about his and others childhoods. He wanted to be believed. This understanding would have made a difference.

I would like to think that I also made a difference in Doug's life. I know he did in mine. I will miss him always.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

Doug had hoped that his health would improve. Doug hopes that those who committed the crimes against Forgotten Australians' would be brought to justice. Doug hopes that everyone will receive redress before they grow too old. Doug hopes that the Bulldogs win another grand final.

Doug meet his mother once. Her first words were ... "I have no money" ... she never asked what happened to them or how they survived.





Marge Crawford

BRIEF BIO

My name is Margery Crawford. I was born in March in 1937 at Buchan South in Victoria. I now live at Maldon. I have had three marriages and three divorces. I have three children, seven grandchildren and five great granddaughters.

MY CHILDHOOD?

I was a very happy 11 year old, the eldest child of eight children in country Victoria. My father was a rabbit-trapper. We had plenty of food. I remember sitting round the open fire singing to Dad's mouth organ. He made hurdles for us to jump over. I can remember riding in the buggy with Nan on Christmas holidays.

Our father got sick. Government officials arrived and suddenly I'm locked up with strangers. Unable to look after the little ones as Mum had asked me to do. We were separated and put into different sections of Ballarat Orphanage by age. Forever. Never all together again. I stopped singing. Always serious. I lived for books, running, sport and school. I wanted to be a teacher.

In 1988 I found letters from my teachers, friends and my mum in my ward file.

I have travelled Australia doing my family history. I am in regular contact with all 8 siblings (my brothers Rob and John died in 2001 and 2015).

Getting my driver's licence at 62 has given me FREEDOM. I love looking after my garden and my herbs. I love my patchwork.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

Things that would have helped would have been an education, a friend and my family. I was top of the girls in grade 6 and then at the girls' school I was form captain in forms 3 & 4 as well as a prefect in form 4.

As a 16 year old in 1953 I was pretty stupid and naïve. So much so that two of us, my friend Joyce and me, nicked off one night out the window to find our mothers in Sydney. We had three shillings of pocket money each!

We got caught (of course) and were separated again. I was put back with the toddlers again. I was told everyone was ashamed of me and how could a prefect behave like that. No one wanted to know me anymore.

Two weeks later I was asked if I wanted to go back to school or get a job in Melbourne. Of course I chose Melbourne. Once again I was alone in a strange hostel and a strange city.

In Melbourne I was raped, got pregnant and then married. I was a mother at 19. Football has kept me sane. Go Cats!!!!

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I hope for no more broken/separated families. I hope that help is available for sick parents. I hope that families are kept together and that abusers are taken out of families, not the children. Families understand each other and mostly support and love each other in all areas of life. All kinds of options can be discussed and ideas shared with people who care. Families are the most important thing in life!!!





Lee Kalopita

BRIEF BIO

I was born in Indonesia. I had an Australian mother and an Indonesian father. I arrived in Australia on 13 August 1962 with my mother and three brothers. I was nine years old. All of my brother's were sent to Box Hill Boys Home. I stayed with my mother for three days in a Salvation Army Hostel in Carlton. Then, by tram and train, my mother took me to 11 Brinsley Rd, East Camberwell. This was the Salvation Army Home for Girls. My mother said she would see me on the following Saturday. She didn't come. I stayed at the home until I was 15.

MY CHILDHOOD?

I describe myself as "Nobody's Child". I was not loved. I was confused and sad.

When I arrived in Australia I could not speak English. I was bullied and laughed at. I was made fun of at school and two teachers a Mrs Lyndon and a Mr Evans seemed to take pleasure in humiliating me in front of the class.

At the home I was all alone. For a long time I can remember thinking: "what's going on? Why has my mother left me here?" I recall her saying in Indonesian that she would come and pick me up one day. That one day never came.

Every Saturday I would see other children having visitors. I remember those afternoons.... I would wait, all through the afternoon, until it was late and time for tea. No visitors. I would have tea, still waiting, then do "duties" and watch some TV, but there was no visitor. I would go up to the dormitories to get ready for bed. Why would my mother not visit me? Have I done anything wrong?

I asked the Salvation Army officers. The Matron, the Brigadier and the Captain would say to me: "Your mother will visit". My mother did come. She came on a week night at about 7:00pm, when we were preparing to go to bed. She, of course, would only stay until 8:00pm.

The Brigadier would always have to ring her to get her to visit.

One day I asked her if I could come and live with her. Her answer devastated me. She said: NO. She preferred to have her men!"

While I was in the home, there was a girl by the name of Diana Roach, an Aboriginal girl. I was the only other non-Anglo Saxon. Diana was native to Australia and I was native to Indonesia. We became good friends. Diana would always look after me and be very caring. If anyone gave me a hard time at the home or anywhere else, she would protect and support me. What a beautiful soul/friend. I will never forget Diana Roach; she would certainly be my soul and earth sister. I will always love Diana Roach.

WHAT HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE?

The most important thing of all and the one thing I never had, was to be loved by my parents and my siblings.

I had a foster placement when I left the home. I hoped to find acceptance and love. I was treated like a servant. I did domestic chores before I left for work.

I planned my departure. As I was working at Waltons I could buy household items. I kept them in storage at Waltons. I was able to move out on my own with everything I needed.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

I am aware that other children in other Institutions endured a lot more than I. However, I hope no child will experience what I and others have experienced in our life time.

I have sometimes felt I don't belong to either Indonesian or Australian nationality. However, I am very fortunate and happy to be here in Melbourne Australia, considering what I have experienced in this life time.



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