

Anglican Church Diocese of Grafton
Bishop Keith Slater

CD

REDACTED

13th February 2008

The North Coast Childrens Home have a sign out the front saying Anglican Church.

My birth name is CD. My foster parents REDACTED changed my name to CD. I changed it back to CD my birth name. I left the home I was 13 years old

Miss O'Neil use to hit me with the pony whip across my hand. She would not say anything while doing so. When Xmas came around I would go to the office to see if REDACTED who were my foster parents before I went to the home, to see if they had sent me any Xmas presents. They had not, I would go to bed and cry. When I left the home REDACTED who was my district officer at the time bought me into the office and told me that Miss O'Neil had withheld 5 years of Xmas presents from me as well as letters. I felt so angry. I was only 12 at the time.

One day REDACTED and REDACTED and I were hungry so we all went down to the back vegie garden and pulled 3 carrots out of the ground. One of the Matrons saw us and took us up to the office, we were told to stand outside until it was your turn to go in. I went in, REDACTED then told me to pull my pants down so he could hit me but I refused to, he hit me twice across the back, I cried and went to bed in the dormitory. I didnt say anything to anyone until one night I dont know why I told him (REDACTED) but he had a fight with REDACTED and it wasnt long after that he was sacked. When he was on duty at night and we were in bed we were told to stand out in the hallway. We would have to hold a book in each hand with our arms straight we were told not to drop them. If we dropped them we would have to stand there longer. And if we drop them again we were hit with the wooden spoon or the ruler across the legs, sometimes we would have to stand in the corner. I wish that was the case most of the time REDACTED had used the cane on me most of the time for my punishment. I was used to it by the time I left the home.

REDACTED caned me about 10x over a 5 year period. Always on the hand, it never left any scars, he never said a word just told me to go back to what I was doing. There were fights that broke out most of the time at the home.

I remember being punched up by REDACTED, REDACTED, REDACTED, REDACTED, REDACTED and REDACTED

I didnt tell REDACTED about what happned to me because I was too frightened

I never understood what was happening to me because I was very confused at the time.

I never stood up for myself so I felt alone and scared most of the time.

I still remember the names of those boys who abused me REDACTED, REDACTED, REDACTED, REDACTED

REDACTED, REDACTED and REDACTED

When it all became too much I would ask people if they want to foster me out or did they want another child. But alot of the time they would tell me to go away and leave them alone because the were late for the doctors or an appointment and they would push me out of the way. So I would sit on the fence and cry.

Every Sunday the Duty Staff would take everyone in groups to the clothing room and pick out clothes for us to wear to church across the road. I remember Father REDACT use to come and see us to give us a bible or other kinds of church literature. Father REDACT hit me one time for speaking in church. He did not say a thing.

I remember the food being not very well prepared and only little portions.
I remember when I would talk during dinner time they would take away my food.
When I put my elbows on the table they would slam them onto the table twice.
And when I was full I was made to sit at the table until all of the food was eaten.
Sometimes I wouldnt go to bed until late at night and then I would sneak to the bathroom to throw up. Sometimes the duty staff made me stand in the corner and I had my pocket money taken away or no Easter Eggs at Easter or I was banned from going to Hockey or on holidays

The night staff would smack me when I snuck off to the toilet. They would sit on my bed pull down my pants and smack me on the bottom with a spoon or a ruler. I would cry.

When I left the home I turned to Marijuana as a form to forget what happened to me in the home. I have been clean for 10 years. When I left the home and went to live with the REDACT their younger son REI put holes in a cake of soap and CB accused me of doing it and I told her that I had not but she believed her son not me. So she packed my bags and sent me back to Youth and Community Services

I dont think anyone knew about what happened to REDACT because the gym is down the back it was away from the staff and general playing area. They told me to fuck off REDACT and not to say anything to anyone. I dont think she reported it to anyone because she was scared and ashamed. I did not report it either.
The boys who abused REDACT stood around staring at her, she was naked when they left and she was crying. The boys were threatning her not to tell anyone.
The boys were 13 years and older. They went to REDACTED High School. REDACT was 12 years old she went to REDACTED Primary School.