To the honorable members of the royal commission
On child sexual abuse in institutional care.

I humbly submit
my account in institutional care within the catholic system at
CBAS St Mary’s -
Better known as Tardun.

My name is [VG] I am a child migrant.

I would firstly like to thank the government for appointing this royal commission.

I thank this commission and wish you well in this most important endeavor.

I thank you for giving me the chance to tell my story.

Coming here today has been a real challenge.

But a challenge that I must accomplish.

What I am about to tell you has been my secret for many years.

You will see and I hope you will understand why this is so.

I came to Australia under the name of [VH]

This was very confusing for me because I have always been [VG] to my parents.

I learned later that mum and dad had me out of wedlock and the church did not allow my dad on the birth certificate.

This was corrected later by the courts.

This royal commission
for me and others like me I see as the last bastion.
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for me and others like me I see as the last bastion.
I say this because other commissions have taken place with no resolution that shown true justices to survivors like myself; in a way I blame myself for not coming forward in earlier hearings. These atrocities are continuing at an alarming rate regardless.

Any child that is in the catholic system is at risk children are not equipped to recognize these things.

As I will try to explain in my story.

I hold great hope that this royal commission will stop these atrocities and to rightly correct the injustice that for so long hung over survivors.

Significant also to please find a way to stop this torture of children and stop these young lives from being ruined.

I humbly ask this commission that the church is forbidden from hiding behind the statue of limitations, as they have done in western Australia.

Survivors' hurt is for a lifetime.

About myself and the family I came form.

My father was married twice his first wife died very young in her forties living behind six other children of which three were still living with us when he married my mother. We were very close, so close that the different mother made no difference we were brothers and sisters. My parents had three other children.

My sister passed away two years ago age ninety she was the last of my family in Malta.

It was because of her and others of my family that I have always been holding back from telling my full story.

She has always apposed me being sent here, you could say after my mum she was the matriarch of the family.

I now give a full account of what happened to me not to leave out what really happened as I have done in previous submissions. It has always been very hard to bring oneself to admit without hurting the ones I love, this is the reason why now I find it a little easier to do so.

Important to note that there has only been a four year span from the time I left the institution to the time I went back to Malta and got married.

I had no teenagehood.

It has been very hard all these years keeping this from my dear wife, who have always shown me so much love, that I always felt I don't disserve.
Important also building enough courage to get to this point for which I hope I do it with dignity unlike that afforded me by my tormentors.

My story, has has been vivid in my mind what seems an eternity.

I am sure you would have heard similar stories, and by telling mine may help enhance the plight of survivors and an insight to how these things happened and how they may be stopped.

I see a great urgency for a solution, for it is very likely that as I speak there is a child somewhere within the catholic system that needs to be rescued.

I hope that by doing so, it may also lighten some of my own burden that I have carried on my shoulder for most of my life.

A burden that is debilitating in body and mind.

I have no fear or favor but only to tell the truth as it happened to me, fear of God, or of those who made me lose my faith, this has always been a drudgery of mind I have been unable to separate the two.

I am self-educated; as you will see in my story for reasons beyond my control I only finished primary schooling.

I was sent to Australia from Malta early 1960s.

In 1957 my father passed away leaving my mother with three very young boys age from 4 years to 10 years.

My father was in the navy and army and later a music teacher and a maestro of music

Leaving us when we were so young was very painful.

Although we were not rich we never went without.

I being the eldest was happy attending and finishing my primary school years.

Whilst my father was alive my parents were able to give me private tuition seeing how much I loved learning.

My mother who always insisted for us boys to have a good education had at this time took up sewing and washing for other people so as to be able to continue as much as possible the life we had when father was still with us.

We were managing very well although mum had to work much harder.
We were a close nit family every spare moment that us children had would be spent helping mum with chores.

We were rewarded at times; mum would take us to see a movie or the theater as father use to do.

Mother was our pillar our teacher and our comfort, her love to us children was felt every second of every day.

The lose of our father was very hard there has not been a time in my life were I have not wondered what could have been had dad not left us so early.

Religion and the importance of prayer be it the rosary and attending church catechism was drilled into us from birth, God the know all see all, haven and hell was very real.

In Malta the clergy was held in very high reverence they were the advisers in all issues of life and death sometimes it included politics, it is well documented that in the late fifties People were told that if they voted for a certain party they would be excommunicated.

The relevance to this is to show the influence that a priest would have had on a person like my mum who was a God fearing catholic.

It was during the period after my father passed away that the parish priest made a visit to my mother.

This visit later becomes the nightmare of my life.

Mother was told that a scheme exists were by a child can get free education better than that offered to children in Malta and that this offer is for children that have a good school record and were the parent is a sole parent.

He told mum that the child would be sent to Australia under the care of the Catholic Church.

This would be a period until such time as the child finishes secondary school.

My mother was not happy with the proposition and told the parish priest that she could not lose another member of the family so soon still going through the grieving proses losing our dad, and that was that we did not talk about it any further.

A few months later the parish priest again visited my mother.

On this occasion I too was invited to sit with them.

He asked me what I would like to do as I got older and I told him that I was interested in electronics. He told me that this could be achieved with hard work and would have a much better chance in Australia.

Mother on this occasion suggested that I should think about it.

No amount of thinking could stop me from feeling sad, the thought of not being with my family for two or three years only made me cry.
Mother told me that I don't have to do anything that made me sad.

She talked with me in the next few weeks telling me that the priest had again spoke with her at church telling her that those who already went are doing well and that this opportunity only comes ones in a life time.

Mum said the priest may be right, and that I could very well benefit from such scheme.

We talked extensively about it, mother said it would not be so bad she would write to me every week and keep me updated with news of home.

After all the time will go fast when you are studying and you would if God is willing be able to finish university here she would say.

Somehow she would find the money if I would be accepted.

So it was all organized with the priest.

I had to have a full medical I mean it was for me a very embarrassing experience having this doctor pocking and touching my private parts.

Mother was told what clothes to buy me twelve of each underwear, socks, jumpers, hankies, ties, jacket, and shoes. Apart from the ones I wore for departure, and on the ship, later, I would never get to see or wear the rest, nor would I see anything I took with me including my suitcase.

On hind side mum would have spent all the money she had to buy me these.

My mum told me to look at it as an adventure and enjoy my time there.

With this in mind like the child I was, it started to look attractive to be on a ship sailing the sea like the many adventures our father use to tell us.

This would be the first time in my life that I would sleep away from home.

Saying goodbye to my family was one of the hardest and gut ranching things I have ever had to do in my young life apart from saying goodbye to my dad.

Homesickness took hold the very first night as the ship sailed away from the Maltese shores.

It took us around four weeks to get to Australia in those days the voyage took us through the Sues canal and as I remember getting through was very slow, there was a war there and on both sides of the canal we could see tanks and soldiers.

On arriving in Australia we were picked up by man who I thought was a priest but when we called him father he said I am not father I am brother you can call me brother Brown or sir.

My first night in Australia was at castledare boys town.

Next morning we were in the dinning room for breakfast I saw an incident between a very young boy and one of the brothers the boy was literally picked
up by his ears and slapped across the face, the boy who could not have been
much more than five or six looked like a midget in the hands of this brother
who must have been well over six foot tall.

It was a very scary experience, that was the first time I saw a grown man
assault a young child, what was also strange the boy although you could see
he was hurt did not cry.

To say I was terrified would be an understatement in all my young life I had
never seen violence.

I learned later that all the little boy did was jump the queue

I vowed to myself that I would never jump the queue and to stay away from
that brother.

So you could imagine how happy I was when we were told to get our bags
because we are living in an hour.

We learned then that we are going to a place called Tardun some four
hundred miles north east of Perth.

The trip was the longest one I ever encountered drowsing off many times the
speed in which we were traveling scared me at times going around sharp
bends with cars and trucks coming the other way barely missing us it seemed.

The roads seemed to never end it was a relief when we stopped to have lunch,
which was a pie.

It was late that evening when we arrived at Tardun.

We were taken to a dormitory and shown our beds.

The next morning at five I was awaken by a bell and someone shouting mass
this morning.

Everyone one was rushing to the showers, I was not sure what to do when I
got to the showers because there were no doors in them boys were running
around necked with the brother standing there watching.

I was reluctant to take off my pajamas in my shyness, but soon was made to
do so by the brother.

Later that morning I asked one of the Maltese boys who had been there for
some years what do I wear for school, he told me that we will not be going to
school we will be working boys, asking what that meant the boy replied that
there are only so many school boys in the one class room and when that's full
the rest become working boys helping the brothers with farm work.

I told the boy that there has to be some mistake and that I was send here to
finish my secondary school.

I approached the brother telling him what I told the boy, he replied by saying
you do what we tell you to do you don't tell us, continuing to make my case
clear to him with the help of the Maltese boy the brother's face turned red and I got the first of the many slaps across my face sending my glasses flying off my face which broke one of my glass.

I was to stay with those glasses for many years because no one cared to fix them for me.

I was terrified.

I cried that day and no mater how I tried to explain it came to no good.

I needed to get in contact with my mother to let her know.

Because all my belongings been taken away from me on arrival to Tardun I had noting to write on, a compendium that mum brought for me for this purpose was no longer in my position.

When I asked the brothers for them he told me that I have no need for them and if I wanted a paper to write on he will give me some.

He gave me an exercise book and an envelope.

Writing to my mother and let her know what was happening was what I did, keeping out the bad stuff and just telling her about the schooling. I told mum on the letter that the school was very different and that in is not in a class room, and that I would preferred to have stayed in Malta.

At Tardun you had no post boxes any mail to be posted had to be given to the brothers.

I later gave the letter to the brother to post for me.

I had by this time asked the brother superior a brother brown that I did not like it here and I want to go back to Malta. I remember I was crying when I asked him, he replied I cant go back because they would have to pay for it.

Beside you were sent here to stay.

I waited day after day for a reply but none came.

I asked consistently everyday if there was any mail for me the answer was always no.

I no longer asked the brothers for writing material I found a way of getting it from the classroom.

I had to; the brother was looking very annoyed every time I asked him.

At night I would go in and take what I needed.

I wrote many letters after that thinking that maybe they got lost, but there was never a reply.

The return address was right c/o St Mary C.B.A.S Christiane brother's agriculture school Tardun
I had all sorts of thoughts maybe something has happened to mother or worse.

I learned many years later the mother wrote to me very extensively ones a week sometimes more often.

She had made inquiries at the curia and department of immigration in Malta and was told she had nothing to worry about I was fine.

Work was hard the lumping of super and wheat bags were heavy, bags that came up to my neck in height,

There was no balk handling every grain of wheat and super had to be manually lifted.

The clearing of land, the picking of rocks, the cutting of trees with axes no chain saws in those days, the clearing of many acres of land and the burning off, the miles and miles of fencing each hole dug with a crowbar, the milking at four am each morning, the sheering, that use to take around three to four weeks, the bailing of wool which was also done manually. And all that a farm that size required we did it, be it seeding, harvesting, slathering.

As if that was not enough one had the chores to do around and in the building.

And many times we were told to help other farmers around Tardun, work we never got paid for.

The black Cossack they wore scared the hell out of me, and still does till this day, it did not take me long to find out why hanging on their side was a leather strap about an inch thick three inches wide and about two and a half foot long, with a buckle thicker then that of a belt, it was actually part of a horse harness.

These straps were used to belt children indiscriminately.

I can only describe the use of these straps like what overseers used on slaves in films.

This may sound dramatic but it use to happen so quick that you did not know why you got the strap.

It don't take me long to work out that Tardun was not really a school, in the real sense, it was a place were children were forced to work as slaves.

The bruising was horrendous, and if the buckle happened to make contact you bleed profusely.

The children maintained this farm of 250 thousand acres, with some 300 thousand head of sheep around a thousand head of cattle, and 500 or so pigs, 50 to 60 thousand acres of crops a year.

There were no more than twelve brothers at any one time most were already in their sixties the younger ones in their thirties and forties, so you can imagine how much the children had to do.
And where did all this money go to certainly not to the children the place was self sufficient for most food, most of the clothes were all hand me downs from old army stock.

Yet the food that was served up to the children was sub standard, with only the fatty cuts of meat presented to the children, all the good cuts went to the brothers.

Of all the meat that was slathered the children got mashed liver and boiled fatty cuts.

One had to eat or go hungry, not liking your food would bring a punishment.

We often had to go and raid the chook yard and steal eggs and chickens.

Abuse happened to me and all around me, be it beatings with leather straps getting tied up next to a water tap on a hot day were one could not reach the tap to get a drink left there for hours.

One boy who was much older then me was getting a belting from a brother Morgan, this boy retaliated and grabbed the brother from his white collar and stared to hit the brother back the brother got away from the boy and came back with two other brothers, who held him and belted him till he could no loner stand.

I come now to the most troubling times of all, seeing children going into the brothers den night after night was a common occurrence, this at most times happened when the brother thinks that everyone is sleeping, not sure how the children were chosen it seemed that there was always an element of surprise as you could hear the boys crying.

Up till then I thought that the boys were punished for something they had done.

I had no idea why this was so till sometime later.

Soiled Beds with blood, and at times even feces, wetting was very common after these ordeals; the continuous sobbing of the children that starts the instance the brother takes a child and after they come back to their beds they looked very upset. I could not stand it were one time feeling for this boy made me reach out to him asking him if there was something I could do, I of course had no idea why the child was crying. Only to be caught out of my bed and told by the brother to leave him alone and get back to my bed saying he just has a fever.

The morning after these happenings one could see the change on the child that the brother had taken to his den, I can say that physically these children could barely walk and talk.

I was later moved from that dormitory in what was called the working boys section.

This section was run by a brother Simon.
I had by now already got to know this brother and his cruel ways.

The coming and goings of children in his den was the same as that of the other dormitory the difference was that the children went in on their own accord so it seems.

My cubical was right next to his and one hear things in a wooden floor building and wooden partitions.

It came the night that I always feared I was taken into the den, the brother, Simon, he came to my bed and said get up come with me. He was a huge man with the nick name of tiny, he started to pull my pajamas down exposing my buttocks pocking in my anus with his finger pulling me all the time to sit on him he pressed me down on himself I felt an agonizing pain in my backside I knew then that it was more then his finger that was hurting me, he was breathing very heavy and was hurting me squeezing my hand to my chest somehow I managed to get free I got hold of a chair hitting him on his stomach and I started to run but he grabbed my little body by my shirt and knocked me to the ground, not sure were the strap came from I could feel the buckle on the back of my head, don't know what happened after that, I could hear someone calling my name as I opened my eyes I saw a face of a women with a nurses hat on her head, she said don't worry you are at the Mulluwa hospital, I was not wearing my normal pajamas I had a short stripy one and in my right arm I had a needle in which I could see blood. As I moved the back of my head aced and then I felt the bandage around my head, my backside hurt and my pajama pants had to be changed often because I was bleeding from my backside, I was not sure why this was the nurses told me that I had a fall.

I told the nurse's what happened to me that something has been put in my backside, having the matron come to me and having me repeating what I just told the nurses. She just walked away saying nothing.

I have no idea of how long I was out for I can firmly say that it was in the afternoon when I first saw the nurse I know this because I was asked if I wanted some afternoon tea.

In nineteen eighty five I had a fall because of this I had to have an x-ray of my back this was the only x-ray of my back that I know of ever been taken.

The x-ray shows that there is a metal object that looks like a needle in my sacrum. It has the doctors puzzled and me trying to think ever since were this could have come from and when.

I have not had any operations on my back.

Not knowing has been worrying to me it's a mystery that it will always make me wonder what really happened at Mullewa Hospital.

That day was dooms day for me, ever since I have been unable to make sense of life, religion, and scared of anyone with authority.
I learned later that matron was the sister of monsieur who often visited Tardun.

My crying must have made the people around me uncomfortable they moved me to a cubical away from the other patient.

I was in hospital for six weeks.

When I got back to Tardun the rumors were I had glandular fever.

Us Children never talked about the abuse to each other, as if it was our own private secret, yet everyone knew what was going on.

Beside I thought for a long time that it was my fault and also the shame of it all.

I would guess that others would have thought the same.

The physical abuse discouraged you from going to another brother to tell him about the sexual abuse.

It seemed that everyone knew what was going on but to scared to talk about it.

It was a few months later when the priest we had there asked me to help him with things in the chapel, he had this habit of saying flakcuit but at times he would come out with the F word.

His name was Father Sullivan he cornered me in the rectory and lifted his Habit and wanted me to touch his extended penis he tried to force my head down as he did I run out between his legs and getting tangled in the back of his robe crabbing one of his legs he fell forward and I just run out of there spending the night in the bush.

I was so scared that I did not want to go back but I got very hungry even so I did not go to the mass incase he was there to say grace as he had the habit of doing.

I managed to get some food during the night it was just bread because they lock the cool room so us kids can’t steal the food.

My beliefs taught to me from birth failed to make sense to me this was a very low point in my young life nothing made sense anymore.

We had what was called a retreat and a different priest came for this to hear our confessions.

Going to confession was one way I thought would give me some solace, only to be chastised by the priest telling me that I had a dirty mind and must do penance for my purification I didn’t know what purification meant, I asked one of the boys and he told me that its what brother Tomas says when he say as he sees you keeping pure boy even then I still did not know what he means when he say that.

Not long after the confession I was called in the office to where standing with a strap in his hand was tiny.
I even went to talk to the nuns we had there, with the hope of getting some compassion. Not only was I told that I was a sissy, and that my home is here and to forget about Malta, she told the brother about what I said he got so mad he told me to never talk to the sisters and gave me a strapping.

He told me he had enough of me making trouble he just lost his mind he belted me so much that after awhile I could not feel the strap, my only escape was to get the hell out of there and run. I run till I could no longer stand and spent that night in the bush hurting, bleeding and very hungry.

Staying away from tiny was hard at every opportunity he would pick on me and find ways to get the strap on me.

These atrocities were happening day after day.

My main concern has always been what has become of my family in Malta.

Writing to them and letting them know how I was hoping that I would get some news of how they were.

I never included in my letters the abuse only that the school was different then that in Malta.

It would have been very upsetting if mother would have fond out what it really was like.

When I was about sixteen I was told to go and help a farmer near by, an old boy of the school.

At first I thought I may have some freedom but I thought wrong, I had to go back to Turdun every night and sleep in what they called a hostel.

The person I was sent to help was a good friend of the brothers especially tiny.

Many times this man would get the urge to touch my private parts, regardless of how much I warned him he continued and was taking more and more advantages where one day he grabbed me and tried to have sex with me, I may add here that I had no one to turn too, police and anyone of authority were out of my reach, some forty miles to Mulluwa to a police station, I had no way of getting there and even if I happened to get there the police will not believe me as this has been tried before with other kids who managed to get as far as Mulluwa only to be brought back by the police, and for doing the right thing they got a strapping.

I felt so isolated that I thought the world was only that is around me.

I was desperate suicide, seemed the only way I had already knew how I would do it, I saw one of the brothers hang two puppies tying a rope around each neck and throwing it over a pipe on top of his trailer. With the rope around my neck I jumped from the trailer but the rope was to long. I thought about my family in Malta I went into a crying fit and that seem to keep my sane.
About the time that the senate commission was on I again tried to take my own life, by over medicating myself and cutting my wrist being over medicated I missed the veins and my younger boy came in the bedroom and called the ambulance

This man tried it on me on more time; this time I had enough I run to were the fire arms were and loaded a double barrel shotgun I cocked both barrels and as he came for me I fired one shot in the air, he stopped I told him if he came any closer the next barrel will go strait trough him, he backed off and never tried anything again, only I was sent back to Tardun him telling the brothers he doesn't not need me anymore.

Again I got a belting not knowing what it was for.

Around 1967 a Maltese delection headed by the Maltese minister of emigration [Dr VX] was to visit Tardun, the brothers prepared a banquet like I have never seen before and nothing like the usual bad food we were used to.

On the arrival of the delection we were all lined up, the voice of the minister still rings in my ear he called out my name, as I put my hand up he came to me and asked me why I have not written home, I burst out crying and told him that I have.

Later on that day I had time to write as much as I can of what was happening, I folded the three pages I wrote and put them in my pocket.

At lunch I approached the minister making sure that the brother did not see me and handed them to him asking him not to read them till he was alone.

We were permitted to have a free time after lunch was finished, I went to my room and not long after one of the boys came to tell me that I was wanted at the office, I just about froze because the only time you get called in the office was for a strapping, my thought went to the letter I given to the minister, I thought heck he must have shown it to brother superior and now I'm in for it.

To my surprise as I knocked the door I was asked to enter in Maltese.

The minister talked about how he knew my dad and that mum has suffered a stroke about eighteen months before.

But not to worry she was fine and only her speech was affected.

Also that one of my brothers had passed away age twenty seven.

He also told me that mum got one letter from me shortly after I arrived in Australia and that she was worried about what I wrote.

She had not received any other letters after that.

And how worried she has been not getting any replies to her letters.

I again told the minister that I have written often, but had not received any letters from Malta.
He told me that he will find out what is going on.

He also told me that he will let mum know how I was, and promised he will not say anything to her about the rest, he also took a letter with him for me to mum.

He asked me if all that I wrote in my letter was correct and how I broke my glasses; I told him yes, and that my glasses been broken for years.

He was very nice and gave me a lot of engorgement telling me that he will see that none of this will happen to me again.

He told me not to worry he will not tell the brothers about my letter.

The next morning I was told to get ready, as I would be going to Geraldton with the delectation that were going to visit Nazareth house, and I am to have my glasses fixed.

After they left noting changed.

I had had enough and asked one of the farmers who was an old boy of Tardun and also Maltese if I could stay and work for him he got permission from the brothers I had noting the only thing I had was the clothes I was wearing, this man had to ask the brothers to get me some working clothes.

With no money no belongings

I worked with this old boy some ten miles from the school but still was not able to get away from the brothers, this man paid me seven pounds a week by the time he took out board I was left with two pounds in my pocket.

It was around nineteen sixty eight when news came that Malta will no longer be sending children to Australian institutions.

I was twenty-two when I was completely free from Tardun.

I finally was able to find a job in the mining industry; strait away I started receiving letters from home.

All the time having to lie to my mother telling her that I was now in university and very soon I will be coming back home.

I stayed there for two years saving enough money to get back to Malta.

Even then I was not free from what happened at Tardun, because all the time I had to pretend that I was fully qualified so as mother will never find out what really happened.

She died happy gladdened she did the right thing sending me to Australia.

My return to Australia was for this very reason.

How has all this effected my life?

The lose of my innocence my childhood.
Being kept there against my will,
The none enjoyment of my family, the none enjoyment of life,
The sexual and physical abuse,
The slave labor,
The use of me to others, when the brothers would have known very well that the person they put me with was also pedophile, the none payment for all the hard work I endured.
The none duty of care
The none education that was promised to my mother and I.
The driving me to suicide on more then one occasion.
The psychiatric interventions, the hundreds of medications in the past fifty years,
The nightmares that never cease, the low self-esteem, the lose of faith and I can go on and on.
It is frightening that this is the narrative of the life that so many of us have suffered.
Children like myself who had great potential with aspirations that were never given a chance to fruition.
I have done all that can be done medically and nothing but nothing will ever take those years out of my mind.
This trauma has dictated my life.
One thing that must happen first and foremost is to bring those who are still living to face justice, failing this then those who are responsible for them.
You may ask was there anything that was good about Tardun.
The only thing that I got some solace from was to saddle up a horse and ride till the horse needed water, and return back without being seen.
Apologies should also be the expectance of liability and therefor should not be used as copouts of further responsibility by the church and governments; alone they do nothing to correct the imbalance that these abuses have caused.
Survivors have been deceived for far to long, we find it very hard to make demands for compensation for fear that it will disadvantage our cause for justice, and hinder the issue that is to punish those who are responsible for these acts of abuse.
Further we don't have the finances to fight the church for true recompense. When it was tried some years ago the church hid behind statue limitations the only people that benefited out of it was the law firm.

The church takes advantage of this fact.

We need the law to make these decisions for us we are inexperienced in these maters, and have been deceived by the church again, and again.

Taking into account that this impairment is a life sentence for which there is no cure, survivors life long trauma must be recognized as any other disability that constitute a life long impairment.

How does one put a price on life? Laws need to be changed to allow the true worth of life ruined. The church has been hiding behind lineal law and canon law; they have the money to take every advantage of every aspect of the law. The church we know now is fallible and must be seen as what it is a business and must be treated as such.

Making the church pay has to be the ultimate punishment.

Up till now the government has also been dragging their feet, were by doing so more and more abuses are happening.

The redress that some governments implemented other governments destroyed.

Although the responsibility for these abuses has to stand with the church, the commonwealth government must also take responsibility for the lack of supervision that these establishments lacked.

Righting the wrong has to have a meaning, it has to justly be repaid by means that are of life changing value to the victims and hurtful to the perpetrators.

It has to acknowledge the suffering, the humiliation, of a lifetime for victims.

There is nothing but nothing worse then going through life with a hatful heart, knowing that there is nothing you can do about it to remedy it.

The responsibility has to now rests with them just like any other corporation they are liable.

Crimes have been committed serous crimes; one could say these crimes are worse the death itself, for the suffering is for a lifetime.

It is just, May not be as evenhanded for us victims because we will always have the hurt, but not to do so would be unjust and insulting.

There have been trickles of compensation hush moneys that do nothing to improve survivor’s life.

Cardinal Pell said that he has no jurisdiction in Australia he is only responsible for the Sydney diocese, yet when he was asked about compensation like that paid in the USA and Ireland which was in the billions of dollars, he then
say that he will pay what is the norm, first he said he is not responsible, than when it came to money he had all the say.

Australia is a great country a fair and a just country Australia does not need to follow in any ones foot steps, Australia now has the chance to make the church put there money were their mouth is, and set the pace, lets not keep playing games, this commission will see that nothing will stop child abuse within the catholic church, unless a very high price is set, not only in monetary term but also the shutting down of places of abuse were it happens. Only by doing this the church may endeavor to screen potential priest and lay people in charge of children because they are so desperately in need of them.

It is not cardinal Pell right to dictate a price on my life and on what I have suffered and what I have lost.

The law needs to intervene and correct the unjust recompense that the church is hiding behind for their iniquities.

Only I know the suffering and those who suffered like me. If Cardinal Pell thinks that he now can dictate what my life is worth, then nothing has changed, and nothing is likely too. He still has no value for children, and to me the statuesque according to him remains that children are here to be abused.

Nothing no amount will alleviate my hurt.

But for all the suffering, my stolen childhood that constituted to my ill-fated life I want the Catholic Church to pay me what ever this commission thinks a life is worth.

Cardinal Pell says that the twenty million dollar villa he just purchased in Rome was an investment.

Surely an insult knowing the trickle of hush money that has been offered to victims.

Cardinal Pell used verses from the bible for compensation, I like to think that if we were to go by that we will all receive two shackles, or more likely beheaded as heretics.

I was but a child, I thought like a child, but that was cut short I had better died at birth, then to go through life in desolation. Now I am a man who yearns to be the child that was to his parents loving, joyful, without the lies and false pretenses, the child who would grow to be a man without the blemish of filth that has been infused in my body and mind.

There needs to be an investigation to establish why government authorities had failed to supervise and make sure that the wellbeing of us children was going in accordance with child welfare laws, why those who were told by the children what was going on failed to investigate.

Why communication with the parents was withheld.

Their need to be a special category in law so as the appropriate compensation is paid. The church says they pay what is the norm, dose this
sound normal the insult is in the word," the Norm" nothing is normal to what they have done, and the compensation should be uncharacteristic, to the point, and hurtful.

Australia is a fair country a caring country a country that prides itself on freedom.

Australia must set the pace and show the world that when it comes to just "cause", it comes no bigger then the safety and well being of the most vulnerable, its children.

I fail to see how we can stop these atrocities from happening over and over again without eliminating

The hiding behind the confessional, a corrupt church law, which only seeks to alleviate responsibility of the perpetrator blocking further action and according to the catholic faith that is enough no need for common law that we all abide by.

Yet when it suites as it happened to me it can be broken.

The Catholic Church regardless keeps on going on, their riches are obscene where for us who they abused have been unable to make a life for ourselves because of the trauma that has dictated our life's.

Recognizing the full significance of what is happening to survivors is of the utmost importance.

We are getting old some still have families abroad and is never to late whilst we still alive to reunite and spend some time with them.

Justice can only be that what matters in the here and now, how we got to this and what needs to be done and that can only be recompense for a lifetime of torment.

More professionals to educate young children are needed not only about stranger danger but to also include that touching of private parts by others is not permitted, parents to talk with their children about their day and listen very carefully what their child is saying, query any concerns they may have.

Supervision in all institutions where children reside are needed were a government appointed professional can see to the wellbeing of children.

As in my case my innocence made me unaware of such matters, I don't blame my parents for this because my mother would have had full trust in the Catholic Church and yes unfortunately such things were never talked about at least not in front of us children.

I know that it is very hard to find a solution to bring this to an end, but the answer has to lay with those who have allowed it to continue by hiding pedophiles to protect the name of the church.

The church hierarchy can no longer snub the victims by passing culpability.
They need to practice the mea culpa
in its true sense, excepted, and act on it with humility.

The recognition of what it really means to suffer a lifetime of hurt, here now we have the means and the opportunity to positively make the change, a change that will give survivors the dignity we been looking for all our life, our worth.

I beg this commission to please stop child abuse in all shapes and forms ones your childhood is taken from you; life will never be the same.

What ever needs to happen to eliminate child abuse no mater what the consequences must happen.

There is nothing more precious than a child with his/her innocence in tact.

My fondest memories are those short years I spent with my parents, if they were missing in my life I would not be here to tell you in such detail what happened to me.

Those years made time stop and hence I was able to hope.

I am with the hope that telling what has happened to me would help this commission to right the wrong.

Sanction the Catholic Church to accurately acknowledge their misgivings and in doing so fittingly compensate victims.

Ethically one should forgive
I have fought with this thought long and hard
And I can find no consideration for doing so.

To forgive is to give in and accept what they have done to others and me this I can never do.

I read somewhere that a memory is something that was done but not yet undone.

I have been looking for closure for what really is a lifetime.

How does one have closure, if one can never forget.

I would like to change closure to justice.

For only true Justice will replace the frustration a survivor of child sexual abuse have as his revenge.

I would like to add another observation that happened before my time there.

In Tardun there are three graves.

When I asked who was buried in them I was told by other children that they were young boys.
As to how they died I was told from sleepwalking.
I don't know if this has ever been investigated.
I like to give a list of brothers that were there in my time.
Simon Abuser sexual physical in his forties.
These others are those who I seen take children into their den. Although I have not seen the sexual abuse with my own eyes I suspect it happened by the way the children behaved.
With their pain that became very obvious to me after my abuse.
Brown a brother superior Abuser sexual physical in his forties
Hewitt Brother superior Abuser physical in his forties
Tomas Abuser sexual physical in his forties.
Kelly abuser physical in his fifties
Akery old in his sixties
Sullivan old in his sixties
RED
ACTED only there a couple of years age early twentys
REDACTED only there a couple of years early twenties.
Foley brother superior old in his fifties.
Morgan Abuser physical in his forties.
The brother that I saw physically abused the boy at Castledare a brother Dorothy

In bringing my own children up has been very hard, my overprotective nature at times caused friction between my wife and I, and many times also with the children.

I must acknowledge the help of my family
I have caused my family a lot of concerns, concerns that I am sure that at times made them wonder why I am always unhappy and moody, concern for my wellbeing when they seen with their own eyes how disenchanted I was with my life.
I thank them with all my heart for their love and understanding even when I could not give them an honest answer.
My family is now grown up, having had to put them through to what has happened to me, as a child was not an easy task.
It is because of theirs and my extended family in Malta that I am still here today.
I thank them with all my heart for their understanding and their encouragement for me to tell my story as it happened.
Boys no more
the narrative.

We were but small children who come from afar
To be educated to have a good start.
Australia the land of the free
Oppression not heard of and respect for all creeds.
We were brothers and sisters together from birth
Not all knew their parents they were told they were dead.
In the hands of religious we were placed to look after our welfare and show us the way.
We felt separation as we drifted apart some to the bush some stayed in town.
Things sure look different from our homes afar, the language the people and the towns so far.
Some longed to go home some run away but the police would soon catch them and bring them all back.
We longed for some closeness some love and affection
But all that we got was the strap and rejection.
No one believed us when we told the truth
Instead they chastised us and said we are rude.
We labored in paddocks
In mud and in heat
To build bigger buildings
We sure earned our keep
No school was forthcoming this we soon learnt
As day labor finished
Home still brought more work
We were mere children who loved to play
For this we were beaten again and again
Come night time we're tired can't stand
On our feet.
But night is when true fear begins
For you knew that soon be your turn
To go with the Brother alone in his den.
With limbs that treble a mouth with no voice
The pain so instance
You wish it to stop
The heart throbs faster
There is no hope
Oh mother where are you
I need you with me
To hold me and tell me
Dear boy you are free.
The pain still continues
as tears dried up
To small so helpless
I wish I could die
The rope with hands shaking
To neck I tie
No more will the brother
Have me in his sight
Oh mother were are you
You said you would write
I cannot do this I have you in mind
Your love I can feel
Right here in my heart
On I must go on to see you again
Even if it means to continue
In this hell
Now we are men who still bare the scares
Of childhood torment
That's in us for life
The nightmares continue
Vivid as now
Time does not heal
What was done to us?
Little boys of good spirit
With enquiring minds
In went to learn
With no school in sight
We are fighting for justice and let the world know
That we have been victims of sexual abuse
Of physical beatings and slave labor too.
Our childhood was stolen our faith suffered too.
Yes they stole us from our parents and twisted the truth.
It's time that they paid for the wrong they have done
No counseling no meetings all this we have done.
No brain washing tactics
Will stop this hurt
We want justice for being used as slaves and not to keep repeating the whole nightmare again.
So many life's ruined so many have dead
Knowing that justice is no where in sight.
We who still living fight for them now
So in peace they may rest
We will not let them down.
The living still suffering a life of regret
The trauma still vivid
we can never forget.
We can never be what we were before
We now ask for justice
For we're boys no more.

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I thank you for giving me the opportunity to tell my story.

Sincerely yours

VG