

Dear Eden Park Group

11/2/2000

Firstly I would like to thank you so much for allowing me into your home so freely which once of course was my home from the end of 1959 – end of 1967. I first would like to say and emphasize that this is only speaking for me and not the other boys and this is just a small part of my story. What happened to us stayed with us. We for reasons that I now understand, even with your best friend you just didn't talk about it, although because of how you felt yourself you knew but, words didn't happen about sexual assaults. I personally had many sexual assaults from one officer and of course the older boys. I and the other boys had many beatings, sometimes I am sure for good reasons as I know it took me a long time to become a (Model Boy). One of the officers was very mean and I believe he enjoyed it physically and sexually. They in general as officers found it was best to break your spirit as quick as possible and demean and make you look and feel stupid and constantly

tell you that you would never amount to anything, and then they find it is then much easier to manage all the boys. It really was not a good time at all in my life. I am not saying that all my time in Eden Park Boys Home was bad. There was times when he did laugh and play but always for me anyway. I was always aware that things could change so quickly by being found in the wrong place by the wrong people. I regret the most that I never really had time or was allowed to just be a child. As I became an adult and eventually could trust people enough to have children of my own and realized that to be a child is just so special, to laugh and play, and to have adventures without fear or pain and get up the next day and it happens again, and you get up again the next day and you are happy and well. I felt so happy to see children laughing and playing and just being children. I can remember waking up every morning I was there wishing I wasn't. As a smaller boy I used

to do some funny things. When it was my birthday I always used to think that there would be presents under my bed because the big kids would say that they put presents under your bed for you so I would wake all excited because I thought presents, but of course they were never there, but for a few years I would always look for them, and as the years went past and I got older I would always find a excuse to look under my bed just in case, you never know. The same thing happened every Sunday as that was visit day, not that a lot of people came, but some did. I was told when I was brought to the home that I would be there for about three weeks and then my father would come and get me, so of course for probably about the first 2-3 years I waited every Sunday afternoon for my father to come and get me, and when I realized he wasn't going to come I still was never very far away just in case. I think what I

am trying to say and I hope this is how it comes across, that I never ever stopped hoping and I believe that they never really won. They may have beaten me and put me through lots of mental pain, but the bastards never beat me. I won because I didn't turn into the person they said. I did turn into a reasonable person and I help people where and when I can, and most of all I gave my children the best possible start in life that I could give them, and I truly believe this. I am not saying I was always right in what I did and said but I know I did my very best and in my life my children will always come first. My children are my greatest things in my life. I looked at all of your children that were playing and they certainly sounded happy and were having a good time. So I think that already you as a group have already on your own started to heal

Eden Park by bringing happiness to
the place everyday, so please feel
good about yourselves. Please accept
my thanks as I do, and I know
so will all the other boys that
were there really appreciate it.
I certainly came there having no
idea of what to expect. I didn't
even know if it would be there
and if it was, would it look the
same, and as I drove towards
Mt Barker I had time to think
and things were coming back but
when I drove up the drive and
spotted it, I could have just been
a boy again and had just walked
up the drive. I thought I would
only stay a short while and go,
but I just couldn't. I thought that
I am stronger now than all of
this and I must cope with what
ever happens, and then of course
we spoke about different things
and the feeling became so strong
that I can't let it just disappear

[illegible] if it is so horrible to me, and
know it was just as hard for many
[illegible] the other boys even harder for some.
It is the truth whether it hurts
[illegible] people or not. I want you
[illegible] understand the pain and the fear
[illegible] please don't let it get in the
[illegible] of your lives. I know your
[illegible] are in Eden Park but turn
[illegible] grief and pain into something
[illegible] towards making Eden Park
a happy place it deserves to
[illegible]. I know that there has been
[illegible] tears and bad memories
[illegible] all the boys that were there
please don't ache or feel pain
[illegible] us, turn it all around and make
[illegible] lives happier for you, not for us
[illegible] make Eden Park your home
I know you will all do.
[illegible] love your children and then
[illegible] turn they will love their children
so on. I would like to thank
[illegible] who first showed me around
[illegible] shared some of my pain with
[illegible] and also [illegible] who was
[illegible] easy to talk to and is

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encouraging me to do more, thank
you both. Well I hope this helps
towards your Eden Park. Thank you
for allowing me to tell part of
my story.

Your new friend
Graham Rundle

[redacted]

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