[redacted]

I grew up in a family with some years of generational abuse, my earliest memories are of a calm and loving embrace by my father. [redacted] was my father and on my ~~both~~ certificate he is described as a [redacted], [redacted] his name was [redacted]
My mother and father were not married, though I did not know their situation until I myself was married and expecting my [redacted] child. The weather was very warm in January [redacted], with temperatures of 103° for a number of days. My then husband, [redacted] suggested that as I was heavily pregnant he would register the death of my mother [redacted] (my mother), was only [redacted] years old when she died in the [redacted] Hospital. My mother died of cancer, she was much younger than my father, it is my opinion that leaving her mother and sisters in [redacted] to give myself and [redacted] ~~are~~ more opportunity as well as much better weather, my mother would, I think, have hoped for a better life too. Most migrants leave for the same reason, to better their lives and that of their children My mother was no different to thousands of other migrants, a better life, more opportunity and maybe even to buy her first home. I believe her cancerous condition can be attributed to her move to the [redacted]

other side of the world! Whether or not her illness was a result of this decision, I can't decide whether she was extremely brave and/or foolish to leave what was familiar and where she had some (though not much) family support.

My then husband told me that my mother and father were not married, as he discovered when registering mother's death. [redacted] said that though surprised, it wouldn't make any difference to the way he thought of my mother or me.

I might add this situation did not last very long, I was to suffer off and on with both post natal depression and depression as the result of an unhappy marriage, which within a very short time, I was aware that neither of us were happy and indeed I would not have married at the age of [redacted]. I had, in fact, when I discovered I was pregnant I said I did not want to marry. I knew our chance of a successful marriage at my age ([redacted] yrs) and [redacted] years ~~and~~ that our lack of maturity was a major problem. I made my decision clear to [redacted], he was at that time working in [redacted] as a [redacted] and he was photographed by the local paper surveying [redacted] forefull and demanding of complete obedience in all matters. I remember her saying "if I say white is black, it is black". Knowing how difficult and frightening my mother could be, if crossed, I decided to pretend I was going on holiday, to [redacted] with [redacted]

some girls at my workplace. My mother also allowed [redacted] and myself very little privacy and, when I had gone to try and arrange alternative living arrangements in [redacted], mother went looking in our bedroom. I had a wicker picnic basket in the wardrobe, it had all my private letters in it, (no picnic things) I had been writing to a [redacted] Group Member, [redacted], he had asked a number of girls to write to him whilst he was on [redacted] at [redacted]. [redacted] as he was known was a friendly, cheerful fellow and a number of the Youth Group met weekly at the [redacted]

[redacted] answered most of the letters that were sent to him, I believe. The facilities provided by the [redacted] complete with writing paper and envelopes were well used by him and he also got lots of letters. I expect the other lads would have been impressed by his popularity and maybe even thought he had a regular girlfriend, which he didn't at that time.

My mother read the letters, [redacted] My mother decided I was now a grown up and teddy didn't fit my new image, decided by my mother, not me. I believe lots of girls have a soft toy on their bed, why should I suddenly have no bear, he [redacted]

too had come a long way to Australia, only to be cremated with only my mother present! I would have kept him as long as possible, [redacted], but he was mine and I loved him, I had loved him from as early as I can remember. [redacted] This might give you an idea of my mother, she was "a law unto herself" in all things in our house, I doubt that she acted like that outside, in fact, I know she didn't, she was what you might call and she often called us "street angels, house devils" this was not true as far as [redacted] and myself were concerned, Mother in fact was very physically and verbally abusive to us, but downright cruel and violent towards [redacted]. Our neighbours must have heard, but did nothing. Mother was a good looking woman, always dressed well and it was hard to equate what happened inside the house to my mother's behaviour outside, it was like two totally different people inside my mother's body. [redacted] had a very difficult and abusive life with my mother who was violent (very) and seemed unable to show [redacted] affection or acknowledge her good points. [redacted]

I have wondered if [redacted] arrival after my parents started living together, caused [redacted], in mother's mind to be the reason for mother and father "to be living in sin" as it was once called. Both mother and father were Catholic with former partners still living. Mother came from a large Catholic family and I believe she found her situation difficult, but it was a situation of her own making and certainly not an innocent babies fault that they were not married. [redacted] was, in my opinion an victim in a very violent, emotionally abusive relationship and we were very frightened when mother gave full vent to her fury and we were too scared to say or do anything, poor [redacted] was, as we all were, damaged for life. Only once did our [redacted] have the courage to say anything, it did make Mother stop but afterwards told [redacted] not to say anything again in front of us. That of course was ludicrous, without us in front of her Mother wasn't the "screaming banshee" she became from time to time when [redacted] did something, however slight that she took objection to, one of our main problems was her unpredictability, we never knew what might start her off, so it was a fairly constant state of anxiety for us all. I expect mother was worried about money, people knowing her "secret" and she therefore had to maintain a [redacted]

lifestyle and continue to keep us at the most expensive [redacted] School, in fact the only [redacted] School in [redacted], it was run by the [redacted] founded by [redacted] [redacted] never saw my mother "in full flight" but he was because she was a "hard task master".

Nonetheless [redacted] fairly soon referred to me as "the bastard daughter of a prostitute", previously I had been called a mad person, because of my depression but then became both mad and bad, [redacted] was I believe very much lacking in confidence and his verbal and abusive behaviours indicated the need to make himself feel better by abusing others, which he did with regularity.

[redacted] de facto [redacted] was also abusive to me, but as co-dependents, that's not surprising. I think after [redacted] years of a de facto relationship made, in my opinion, [redacted] lacking confidence in her future. [redacted] evidently didn't like living on her own and both [redacted] and [redacted] met at [redacted] business and [redacted] had gone to school with [redacted]. I expect they both hoped for a happy friendship leading to marriage, it was however a very unhappy relationship for both, it's a great pity to make a first unhappy marriage but it's tragic, I think to compound a poor [redacted]

relationship into a second unhappy marriage. That is however what happened to [redacted] and [redacted] and [redacted] went on to send me one line stating "it takes two to Tango" when I had attempted to get a written apology within specified dates. [redacted] sent me, out of the specified dates, the Alcoholics Prayer, which I returned. [redacted] contacted Father [redacted] the Guardian at [redacted] [redacted] where my Spiritual Advisor resided, Father [redacted] had also served the divorce papers to [redacted] and had also told him that he would attend the Family Court in his [redacted] and he would tell the Court of [redacted] sodomy towards me. Father [redacted] also said that the Court would believe him. The Reverend [redacted] was [redacted] but at the same time gentle and he always thought that all people wanted to do what was right and just. [redacted] was furious with Father [redacted] though he certainly didn't want known publically what he had done or that he said he liked sodomy, even though he told me after sodomising me that it was an behaviour that could see him jailed. I'm now not sure that that would be the case but I didn't know much about sodomy in those days and I was very frightened he would attack me again.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] was not a drinker till he turned [redacted] yrs. old, he evidently promised his mother he would not drink until his [redacted] birthday. Alcohol was a major problem from the day and hour he started. [redacted] was a "binge drinker" prior to becoming an alcoholic, but drinking was a major problem for him, for me, for our family and for his parents, whom I believe, were aware of his drinking but said nothing to him, as far as I know. "Blood is thicker than water" and even though I was a young, immature [redacted] year old, with no living parents, a [redacted] with many problems of her own and [redacted] residing in [redacted] no offer of support or encouragement to talk of difficulties was forth coming. My mother in law once asked me "when did you last go to communion" when I asked her to repeat what she had said, as I thought I might have been mistaken, she said nothing more. I think there had been the Ascension Day holy day of obligation and I had been to the doctor's with the children and had eaten, in those days I didn't ask for a dispensation I didn't receive communion and my mother-in-[illegible] mid day Mass. Politely asking about my religious practises was more acceptable than acknowledging there may be a problem with alcohol, which caused my mother-in-law [redacted]

some concerns, as unknown to me she had her alcoholic [redacted] in the sleep-out. He was in [redacted] from [redacted] for treatment. I never saw, or was introduced to this [redacted] of [redacted], I never knew he existed till after he returned to [redacted] and I was told by [redacted] that he had been in residence. I don't know how long he was residing with my in-laws and never heard him mentioned. I don't know when he died, if he had a family or not. I believe he may have had a de facto wife but can't remember, who told me that, I think it was [redacted], but can't be sure. [redacted] was very readily able to tell me who, of his friends were alcoholics and he also considered himself superior in intelligence to numerous friends. I was told by [redacted] that "he wasn't much good, but he was better than me" when I laughed at that statement he was not one bit amused.

[redacted] wrote me letters telling me what he thought of all his children, friends, in fact on reading the letters he seemed to consider himself psychologically superior to all and sundry. Another indication, I believe, of his lack of confidence and probable feelings of inferiority. An unhappy individual, unhappy with his life and [redacted]

[redacted] how his future seemed to be "shaping up". I was at a funeral at [redacted] in Tuesday [redacted] for [redacted] When the initial rush" was over I moved to sit with them as it had been a long time since I had seen both [redacted] and [redacted] [redacted] eventually had to leave as driving back to [redacted] becomes extremely busy later in the afternoon. I then asked [redacted] what [redacted] was like when he was younger, [redacted], my late [redacted], the late [redacted], ([redacted]) all used to mix and often met at my late mother-in-law's home for afternoon tea. [redacted] who knew [redacted] as he was then a student at [redacted] [redacted] said "[redacted] was never like his sisters", evidently he wasn't outgoing or as friendly, but then that might have been he felt overwhelmed by a lot of teenage girls, even if [redacted], [redacted] were his sisters and [redacted] boarded with the family, [redacted] was a few years younger but would also have been there too. I'm not sure when [redacted] grandmother also moved into [redacted] was quite clear that [redacted]s was not as friendly or cheerful as the "girls".

[redacted]

Reverting back to my "madness", I had Post Natal Depression with [redacted]. My mother had died [redacted], [redacted] was born [redacted]. The marriage was in trouble, in fact, it had been in trouble from the time my mother and [redacted]'s parents had sat in my mother's lounge whilst [redacted] and myself were banished to the Kitchen as our "fate was sealed" and when, where and how we would be married. [redacted] and myself were told how, when and where, I don't think our parents thought it unusual, we were used to being told, at least I certainly was, what I was to do, no opinion sought from me "jump and jump as high as I tell you"

[redacted] I moved from one abusive relationship to another, "oh happy days". It was almost all down hill from then on. Years of verbal, emotional, financial abuse lack of support, my opinions rarely considered or asked for I was expected to manage on limited finance, even though [redacted] earned well, no clothing allowance, and on one occasion was asked to list all money I spent. I refused, and stated when he listed what he spent on alcohol and clothes, I would do the same.

There were many years of unhappiness for us both and we should have stayed apart after our first separation when [redacted] was a baby, shortly after my mother's death.

[redacted] 18/5/15

[redacted]