

## Submission to the Royal Commission into Family Violence

22 April 2015

My name is [REDACTED]. I was number [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] children. I was born in [REDACTED], on the [REDACTED].

There were [REDACTED] girls and [REDACTED] boys in the family. [REDACTED] There were [REDACTED] siblings under me, and I do not recall any of them until I was almost an adult. The [REDACTED] children were all born in one house and we shifted to another house when I was starting school and going on [REDACTED] years old. We were brought up Catholic. I had one sister [REDACTED] older than I and she was retarded. I had to look after her till I got married, including doing everything for her.

I started sleepwalking as a very young child and I did that until I was [REDACTED] when the incest stopped. I'm, not sure exactly when the incest started, even though I made a statement to the police saying it was [REDACTED]. I really believe it was when I was much younger. The brother who committed the incest, his name was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] (my maiden name). He was [REDACTED] years older than I. My mother used to go into [REDACTED] every afternoon to do the shopping. We lived about a little out of [REDACTED] and he knew my mother's habits and she was a woman of habit. So us younger children, we would be outside playing and all of a sudden this brother would come from nowhere. He wagged school a lot. I heard my mother say as I got older that we always had the truant inspector at the house. He would grab me, and I would scream and he would drag me to the house to a room which had never been used. It was to be a lounge room. The house had been shifted there and my father worked on it. He would push me into the room, lock the door. There was a seat in one corner – I can still see it – he would pull my dress up and pull my pants aside. I never saw his penis. I did not know boys were different to girls. He would put his thing inside me and I couldn't scream because he had his hand over my mouth all the time. But the pain was excruciating.

We would be outside playing chasey and he would pounce on me. There was a big tree and sometimes I would see him sitting up there and then would grab me. I don't know at what age, but he used to grab me and my younger brother. He was [REDACTED] years younger than myself. He would drag us both up into this room. Lock the door. Then he would do the act on me if that is what I could call it. Then when he finished he would put my younger brother in front of me, and he would try to make him do it to me too. When he finished he said, "Get outside. Don't talk about this or I'll kill you. Mum won't believe you." I don't know how many times it happened. It could have been hundreds. I never told anyone. I didn't understand what he was doing. I was too frightened. I never had a conversation with him. There weren't many conversations in my family.

I either laughed or cried when I was growing up. I had too much to say and then I'd be told to get outside because I talked too much.

I went to school at [REDACTED] I had to look after my sister all the time. From about [REDACTED] or [REDACTED], I'd go to Mass at the Catholic Church at 7 am. It was a block from school. I would tell

God to stop my brother hurting me. There were old ladies at the church, and a priest, but no one asked what a little girl was doing there. Then I would walk home, have my breakfast and then go back to school. I don't know how often it happened or how many times and I was too afraid to talk about it.

I started having terrible pains in the left side of my stomach. Sometimes I couldn't stand up straight they were so bad. My mother would take me to the hospital in [REDACTED]. The doctor would say don't worry about her. When it goes to the right we'll take her appendix out. She's just got growing pains.

I believe after I got help that that wasn't the truth. Anyway, I left school at [REDACTED]. I got a job on the telephone exchange at [REDACTED] and I took two friends ([REDACTED]) home one Sunday. One was a bit older than me and one was a bit younger. I had been to their house. When I brought them home, my mother said don't bring them home, you know your brother doesn't like young girls here.

I was terrified. I didn't know what to say. What about what he does to me? I never took them home again. I never told them why and they never asked me. But after I had been to their place, the next week I would try to take them out to tea. We all worked on the telephone exchange. I didn't go out until I was [REDACTED], and then I was allowed to go out to the [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. It's still there in the main street. At first when I went I had to take my sister and I found it very embarrassing as a young teenager, so I used to pretend I was working and I'd go without her.

Once I finished school, my brother never touched me.

I had a strange family, nobody much talked. The girls all slept together, sometimes up and down, sometimes across the bed. It was an unusual house. When we were kids we'd have to mind the sheep. And we'd go swimming. It was an unusual childhood.

I had never taken a boy home until I was [REDACTED]. I went to the [REDACTED] and I danced with this boy. We had a couple of dances. I was with my two girlfriends and he asked to take me home, and I said to the girls, "He wants to take me home". So he took me home in a taxi. I'd never been in a taxi because my mother had always said taxi drivers are bad men who did bad things. On the way home he asked me how old I was and I said I was [REDACTED] today. We chatted, he might have given me a kiss. Then we started dating. I eventually took him home.

I got my periods at [REDACTED]. The day I got them I was at work. I got sent out for morning tea and I didn't know what it was. I went out the back door, got on my pushbike and rode home. My mother was putting the washing out. It must have been a Monday or a Friday. She asked what I was doing. I said I can't talk about it, something terrible is happening. She gave me a cloth and two safety pins and told me to wear it. She told me not to have a bath, not to wash my hair, not to wash my feet and not to muck around. "Now you can go back to work."

When I got back to work I put my bike away. The lady that sent me out for morning tea and my boss asked why I didn't come back. I said I can't talk about it, it's too bad.

I wore the same cloth every month. I never changed it.

I fell pregnant. It was similar to what my brother did. Maybe not much different. I didn't know I was pregnant. One day I was on my way to work. My mother stopped me at the back door. She said, "You've been mucking around, haven't you?" and I said no, I haven't. And then she told me I was pregnant. "Now you've made a mess of your life, haven't you? You'll have to go into a home." I said I'd get married.

His name was [REDACTED].

Can you believe there was only two men in my life? One was [REDACTED] and the other was [REDACTED].

Anyway, he came home and talked to my father. We went to the Catholic Church, which I had never visited since I left school. Don't tell me there is a God. When I went for help, he wasn't there. After I finished school, I tried to work on Sunday morning so I didn't have to go to Church. If I didn't work, I would ride my bike around instead.

[REDACTED] as I called him, was alright. He wasn't much older than me, about [REDACTED] older. He had been in [REDACTED]. We arranged to get married on [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. At 7 pm at night.

My father was so drunk he couldn't drive me. The brother that molested me drove me to the Church with my mother and father in the front and I was in the back. It was a dirty old panel van.

When we got to the Church there was a car there with a white ribbon it. I think it was a taxi. I went into the Church. We got married at the back of the Church because [REDACTED] was a protestant. It was my mother, father, [REDACTED], myself and a man who I had never seen who was going to sign the register. It didn't take long for the Priest to marry us. I remember him telling me I had to love, honour and obey.

As I was signing the register, my father signed it too, for me, because I was underage. You had to be 21. My mother looked at me and said now you've made your death warrant. Now you've made your bed, you lie in it.

We left the Church, just the two of us. We got out of the Church and the ribbon had been taken off the taxi. [REDACTED] asked the taxi driver where the ribbon was and the taxi driver said the elderly lady made me take it off. [REDACTED] said, "Well, why did you?" The taxi driver said, "The lady said if you don't take it off, I'll pull it off because she's no virgin." One of my sisters took us in and we slept in their lounge room. The taxi took us there. As it was [REDACTED] we went out. We took a bus into [REDACTED]. We went to the dance. I always remember we caught a bus on the way home too. There was a girl on the bus who worked on the exchange. And she sat on [REDACTED]'s knee all the way to her bus stop, one before we got off. When we got off, I said, "Why did that happen?" And he said, "I thought it was good."

We didn't stay with my sister for long. We stayed with an older man whose wife had died.

The first time he hit me was only a few weeks after we were married. He cried and said he'd never hit me again because he loved me. The next time he hit me, he laughed, and then hit me harder. That was the start of [REDACTED] years of violence. What I didn't say was that a few weeks after I met him, he said, "If you love me, you wouldn't want any girlfriends." So I never had any girlfriends. Not ever. I only went out with him. After we were married, it was just the same. Before I had the first child, who was born in [REDACTED], I think we had shifted four or five times. I remember soon after we were married that I thought I should go home and see my mother. I bought a bunch of flowers and knocked on the door and she said, "Oh, you've come back have you? It will take more than this to get into my good books."

Some of my siblings asked me where I'd been. I told them I was married. They didn't know.

I guess I could say that the violence wasn't too bad. I got hit and belted around but nothing to the extreme. Every time I asked why, the answer would be, because the rougher I treat you, the better it is. "If I find out anyone has ever touched you, I'll kill them and then I'll kill you."

He didn't know what my brother did and I had not been with anyone else.

After I had the first child, I asked him to help me because I didn't know much, I was [REDACTED]. He said, "You have it, you rear it." I never asked him again. I got pregnant again soon after. No one told me how not to. I didn't know the facts of life. When my period stopped, I knew something was wrong. When I was [REDACTED] pregnant with the second child, he wanted to go out with one of his friends. I asked him not to go. I didn't like being on my own. I didn't know anyone. He said, "I'm going, you'll never tie an apron around me." I said, "Maybe if you go, you shouldn't come back."

He came back late, very drunk. When he came in, he grabbed me, threw me onto the bed and bashed me with the butt of a shotgun from my shoulders to my buttocks. I screamed and screamed and begged and begged for him to stop. "If you ever tell me what I can't do, you'll cop more than this." I was never taken to a doctor. The next day one of his brothers came. They could see that I had bruises all over me. Nothing was done about it.

So, life went on. He worked of course. I couldn't work because I worked for the government and had to leave when I got married. The second child was due at the end of [REDACTED]. We went to [REDACTED] to stay with my mother. My mother said he had to sleep in the boys' room with the brother who had molested me, and I had to sleep with the girls. Sometimes he went out and didn't come home at all. Then one day when my mother wasn't home he went to the shed and brought up a double bed. He put it in the room where my brother had molested me. We slept in that bedroom. When my mother came home, I told her, and she said, "You're lucky to have a roof over your head, you want to be careful."

We were only staying with my mother while we were waiting for the baby to be born. The baby was late. [REDACTED] arrived on [REDACTED]. In the meantime, on around [REDACTED], the [REDACTED] where we were renting burnt down and we had nowhere to live. We practically only had the clothes we stood up in.

I went into labour on [REDACTED]. It was a big day in [REDACTED] for the [REDACTED] hospital. [REDACTED]. So I went into labour. He had a [REDACTED]. He went out to get a taxi, but couldn't find one. So he came back with an ambulance. My mother said tell the ambulance to go, she's not going to hospital by ambulance. The ambulance driver said I think we should take the young lady to hospital. I stayed in hospital for a week or so. I came back to the house and no one helped, nothing.

Finally [REDACTED] got a job [REDACTED]. We caught a train from [REDACTED]. We went on the train and the farmer picked us up at the station in [REDACTED]. He took us out to the property. [REDACTED]. He only came out every so often. We were there for a couple of months.

One day I was in the mission hut - the hut had a kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom - one day I was in the kitchen feeding the baby who was [REDACTED] months, and the other little [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] months. I didn't hear [REDACTED] calling me. Finally I did. I took the baby and I went outside. [REDACTED] said I have been calling you. He said when I call, you come. He was sitting on the horse with a shotgun in his hand. He started firing shots all around our feet. I was absolutely terrified that we were all going to be shot. From now on, if you don't come, I'll hit you. And I lived with that too.

'I didn't know much about sex. I didn't know anything. I didn't complain about what he did, because hadn't I been told to love, honour and obey. If I complained I copped it. If I didn't complain, I still copped it. I tried my best to do what I had to.

There was a [REDACTED] on the property. They wanted to go out drinking one night. And I begged [REDACTED] not to go. We had two little children. We were living a long way away. We couldn't see the nearest house. And he said, you can't tell me what to do. He said you won't tie that apron around me. Once again, I said if you go, maybe you shouldn't come back. I sat up all night to see if I could tell when they were coming back. By then we had a little car. When he came home he was really drunk and he started bashing me up. Then he kicked me in the nose with his boot and smashed my nose. My face was almost undecipherable. And I got told, if you ever tell me not to come back again, I will do ten times more than this. I never told him that again. I learnt my lesson.

The next day the [REDACTED] man came by. He saw my face. I think he was horrified. I was [REDACTED]. He was [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] told the [REDACTED] man that I had been a good wife and while they were having a drink I tried to chop the wood for the fire. While chopping, a piece flew up and hit me in the face.

[REDACTED] took me to [REDACTED] to go the doctor. He told the doctor that he was out doing the farm work and it was dark when he finished. And when he got to the house that's how he found me. Being a good wife, I had chopped the wood and a piece had hit

me. The doctor didn't say anything, except to tell him to take the children so that he could fix my nose. I was terrified. Would he do something to the children? He told the doctor he wouldn't let me use the axe again.

Within a year he smashed my nose again for no reason at all. We were in the car and I said something. His left hand came across and smashed me right across the face and smashed my nose. I wasn't taken to a doctor. I said, "You've broken my nose." He said, "Next time it will be your neck. Lucky I couldn't reach your neck."

I had to tell people the little child threw [REDACTED] head back and got my nose. I didn't have my nose fixed until I was over [REDACTED], after I had left the marriage.

I lost my sense of smell. I don't taste food very well.

If I didn't prepare the meal correctly, I'd have it thrown at me. I'd say, "You took my sense of smell." He said, "I'll take more than that if you don't learn to cook better." "Make me a cup of tea, slut." If I sopped a bit in the saucer he would throw it at me, and ask me to make another one. I don't know how many hidings, how many beatings I got. I was shot at [REDACTED] times. I told you about the first one. I'll tell you about the last one. I remember it was in [REDACTED]. By then we were living in a little [REDACTED] that we had built. The [REDACTED] had left home and were married. An elderly farmer had given us [REDACTED] land. [REDACTED]. I used to go to bed early. By then we had electricity and I didn't like what was on the television, it was all violence. He came home after midnight. He came in with a shotgun in his hand. "Get outside." "You're trying to poison me with all those tablets." I said, you do the tablets. Well, he smashed me in the face for that. He grabbed me out of the [REDACTED]. And he said, "Right, now I'm going to shoot you." I took off running. All I had on was a t-shirt. He was firing shots all around me. I finally got out the gate. There were bigger trees there. I hid behind one, too afraid to move. He was still firing shots, screaming out for me to answer. I didn't know what to do. After a while he changed his tune and said, "It's alright, I'm sorry, come on inside." I never answered. Where could I go with a t-shirt? We were [REDACTED] away from the nearest village. So yes, I did go back. He took me to bed, and once again, raped me. He didn't care how he raped me. Anal sex. And I would scream every time. If he wasn't bashing me, he'd be calling me names. Several times I'd say why don't you hit me and get it over with. I don't like these names. "The rougher I treat you, the better it is. I'll send you crazy and then you'll be in a mental home." I was too strong for that. He never broke my spirit.

I never talked to anyone about what happened. Sometimes, I would spend time with his friends' wives. I would say [REDACTED] is so good, he's wonderful. I was too worried they'd tell. So I put him on a pedestal.

I did leave once. I walked [REDACTED] in the middle of the night. I finally got to a bigger village and it was and it was daylight. I went into a shop and asked for a bus. But, I couldn't take the bus because it went through my village. A family pulled up in a car and they had plenty of room. I said I'd been stranded and asked them to drive me to the next main town. They did. I found out where the railway station was. I bought a ticket to [REDACTED]. I had to change at [REDACTED] which was terrifying. I landed in [REDACTED]. I didn't know where to go. I was in my early [REDACTED]. I stayed in



a cheap hotel. On Monday I went to the bank and when I got there, I filled out a form to withdraw \$[REDACTED]. The manager said, "Your husband has reported you missing and we can't give you any money." The manager said, "I think you should go back." If it's a joint account, why couldn't I have it? He finally gave me \$[REDACTED]. I stayed in that hotel, terrified for [REDACTED] weeks.

I rang Lifeline, but I didn't know how to talk to them. I didn't know what to do. I wouldn't tell them about the violence. I said I was staying in a hotel, and they thought I was doing well.

I decided to go back. I thought that because I had left he might treat me better. I caught a bus back. He picked me up. He smothered me with kisses. He had given the local policeman a letter, so that the policeman could read it out. The letter said he was sorry and asked me to come home. I went to the police to collect the letter and the policeman said you've got a good husband. I didn't answer.

I won't talk about that night in bed, it's too terrible. Of course, nothing had changed.

One day we went to [REDACTED] to see the doctor. They put him in hospital. I said I'll go to town to get some knickers and I'll stay in a tavern. I bumped into a woman I knew. She was surprised I was still married to [REDACTED]. She said she knew [REDACTED]

After my [REDACTED] got married, I wasn't allowed to visit them on my own. The next time we visited, I asked the eldest, "Who broke your [REDACTED]'s arm?" There was silence. I asked again. And [REDACTED] said he did. I said, "You bastard, you should be in jail." On the way back, I asked him what else I should know. He said nothing. It was just an accident. I said to him, from now on, every time we come to [REDACTED]. I'm going to have an afternoon out.

One day [REDACTED] gave me a bit of a party at a café in [REDACTED]. I thanked people for coming. I had never had a party in my life. I hardly got birthday presents. I never got a 21<sup>st</sup> birthday present.

I thought to myself, now I have come of age. I am now [REDACTED]. I used to be called [REDACTED]. It was my [REDACTED] Birthday.

I knew then that I had to get help to leave. So every time I went to [REDACTED], I would have some time to myself. I mostly walked around, or drove around. One day I stopped and a house beckoned me. I went and knocked on the door. A lady came out. I was sobbing. She said, "Have you had an accident?" No. "Has somebody hurt you?" No. "Do you need help?" I don't know. She must have thought I was a blubbering idiot. She said, "I can't help you unless you will talk to me." But I couldn't talk. She asked me why. I said, "If he knows I'm talking, he'll kill you and then he'll kill me." She took me inside and made me a cuppa. She said, "You are not responsible for anyone else's actions." They were the magic words I heard. She said, "Do you

know where you are?" No. "Do you need help?" Yes. She told me I was at the [REDACTED] Domestic Violence Outreach Service. She asked me about my life. She asked whether I would like to come again and I said yes. And I did. One day she said, "Do you think you should leave [REDACTED]?" I said I was too afraid. I had been told that if I called the cops, the grandchildren would get the first bullet.

I saw her a couple of times. I feel like I have been abused all my life. It was [REDACTED] years. And I told her about the abuse before I got married. I had never spoken about what my brother had done. It never passed my lips, and I told her. She said she couldn't give me counselling because she's a support worker. But she said I could go to CASA. She told me where it was. She called CASA and made an appointment for me. And I went. So I had CASA treatment and support and I was having domestic violence support.

I was still living with him because I was terrified about leaving. She told me about a refuge. I said, "Oh no." She said she could get me a unit, and I said, "No, I'm not going into a unit. [REDACTED]" I had been practicing when he went to hospital. So, I decided I would leave. The date was [REDACTED]. Only that lady knew I was leaving. I never told anyone else. On Friday [REDACTED] I got up, and I said, "I'll see you later, I'm off now." He thought I was going to counselling. I had told him I was having counselling but he didn't know where or what for. I drove to the [REDACTED], put my clothes in [REDACTED] and I drove to [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. On the way I would stop and ring the domestic violence worker to let her know how I was going. I didn't have a clue how to get to [REDACTED], but I would stop and ask people. I got there. I signed in under [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] was under my name, but I wanted to use another name to stop him finding me. [REDACTED] I go there on Friday night. On the Saturday I got frightened. The car was in his name. I only had my support worker's work number, so I decided to drive the vehicle back to [REDACTED] and leave it at the railway station. I went to the police station. I went to the counter. I showed the policeman and showed him a photo of [REDACTED] and me. I said, "I have just left this man after [REDACTED] years and [REDACTED] months of violence. If you want to know about violence, you can ask me. If he comes looking for me, you can do what you want with him." I tore the photo in half and threw the photo in the bin.

I took the train to [REDACTED]. It was after 10 on Saturday night. I didn't have a clue where I was. I followed a man, and said, "Excuse me, can you help me?" He helped me find a taxi. He called the taxi from the telephone box. He waited til it came. When I hopped in, he said to me, "Lady, don't go out around [REDACTED] at night on your own."

My support worker picked me up to take me to the counsellor. She was very upset with what I had done. But I couldn't keep the car. I didn't have a lot of money. I said I'm going to the [REDACTED] police. When I got to the police station I saw a police woman. She said, it's too long ago, get on with your life.

I was in [REDACTED] for just on [REDACTED] years. I saw a sign for neighbourhood house. They sent me to a women's group. The women's group accepted me and they were women who had lived in domestic violence. I soon got to tell my story. And once I



had started I didn't know how to stop. Once the words started coming, I couldn't stop.

I saw a lady lawyer at a free legal service. By then I had so much strength and I wanted to know what I could do. The lawyer said, "[REDACTED] every story you tell breaks our heart." I wanted to know how I could get better. I went to a psychiatrist for [REDACTED] years. I wanted to get the childhood out of my brain and then start on the marriage. But she didn't let me talk about it that way. I complained about her. I complained to the medical board. There was a hearing. Then I saw a psychologist.

I got a [REDACTED]. I went to [REDACTED] regularly. Every time I went I went to the police station. And every time they told me the violence was too long ago. The lawyer asked me to write two letters. One on my childhood, and one on my marriage. I took the letters to the [REDACTED] police station. I presented them with the two letters. I said I wasn't leaving until something was done. She put the incest one to one side. She started to read the other one. She got to where [REDACTED] kicked me in the face and smashed my nose. She said, "What did you do to [REDACTED] that made him kick you in the face." My support worker said you don't have to do anything to a man like him, he controlled her. She said she'd see a senior officer. I asked her to take me with her. She said no. The other police officer asked me two questions. Do you know where your brother is? I said yes. I found him on the electoral roll. Do you know where [REDACTED] is? Yes. He said leave it with me.

Not long after, a few weeks, I got a telephone call from the Detective. He said I've been to see your brother. He wouldn't charge him. I decided I'd have to front him. I did go and front my brother and told him he took my childhood. He said, "Get out of my life". I said I'd haunt him every day he lives.

I told the Detective about the violence with my husband. He said he'd find the letter and then he'd call me. He said he wouldn't do anything. It's too long ago. I said I'd keep coming until they did something. He said it's too long ago, and I didn't have any witnesses. Nobody had seen it. Without witnesses you've got nothing.

The policeman asked whether [REDACTED] would tell their story. So I asked [REDACTED] who were in their [REDACTED] whether they would like to tell their story, and they both said yes. One was in [REDACTED] and one was in [REDACTED]. Then one day the Detective rang me and said, "Who were you pregnant with when [REDACTED] bashed you?" I told him, the youngest one. Does he know what happened? No, I have never told him.

I talked to my support worker and asked her whether she would come while I told [REDACTED] That was the hardest thing that I ever had to do. I got in touch with [REDACTED] and asked if I could I come and talk to [REDACTED] and could I bring my support worker. Why do you need a support worker Mum? "I'm afraid of what I have to tell you."

I sat there and told [REDACTED] the story of how [REDACTED] bashed me from my shoulders to the buttocks with the butt of a shotgun because I begged him not to go out. And it was the most.... I don't have any more tears. They have been gone a long time. That makes me a little bit sad.

█ came over and he said, "It's all right mum. It wasn't your fault. You didn't do it. He did."

The police laid charges against █. He went to trial in █  
 █. He pleaded not guilty. We stood up and told our story. He was found guilty on █. The judge said he could still see the fear in our eyes. █ I have never laid eyes on him since. I have a lifetime intervention order.

My life is great. All I live in is a █. This is my █ since █. I just travel, one state at a time. I like █ I didn't tell anyone my story until after he went to prison. Since then, I have been on the radio. █ I have spoken to many groups.

█ I had so much paperwork. But when I bought this vehicle, I decided it was time to get rid of all that paperwork. I shredded it.

I didn't want it in my █. I got rid of everything. We have to stop the secrets the children and women are made to keep because it is those secrets that helped destroy me and my sons. What he did to those sons is equally as bad as what happened to me. I didn't know what was happening to them.

Later, I spoke to the police about the rapes. I was told that before the law changed he could treat me any way he liked. They didn't change the law until 1985. It went to the sexual assault unit. They wrote back and said up until 1985 he could treat me anyway he liked in bed. From █ to 1985 is █ years. From █ to █, it was only █ years. What he made me do in bed... that was never pursued.

I did tell my story about the incest to the Royal Commission into Sexual Abuse.

Every story I tell you. If I could just have one woman say she doesn't have to live as I have, my life is worth it. I don't get pleasure out of telling my story. But I'm not ashamed.

I believe that the police still have work to do. They have to believe women.

We need lots of changes. We need police to believe women. But how do they when there isn't a witness? It's very hard to have witnesses. I couldn't tell people my story because I was too afraid. Women don't know how to talk.

I don't believe in love. How can someone love you when they beat and bash and rape you? How could he love me?

I don't like being touched. I don't like being hugged. I am very cold.

In 2000, when John Howard was Prime Minister, he had a full page story about domestic violence of the elderly. And that is another situation that's very rife. I was invited to a meeting.

I will never stop talking. I have a wonderful life. I am not ashamed to talk to men. It takes courage to tell a man not to talk to his wife and children like that. I have spoken at white ribbon day several times. I walked in reclaim the night from 1996

We have to get victims to speak out. Women have to be believed.

 22 April 2015