

WHO REALY IS A VICTIM???

My name is [REDACTED], Victoria [REDACTED]. I am [REDACTED] years of age, widowed and live with my 2 gorgeous dogs.

Over a year ago I was contacted by [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] services. The intent was to contact "victims" of domestic violence for purposes of collating information, in hope to better protect and help the "victims".

At last, I thought, someone will at last start to do something positive to eradicate this scourge, this cancer that has taken formidable hold in so many homes and on the streets were we live.

I suffered physical and emotional abuse for approximately [REDACTED] years. Born in [REDACTED] in a culture were women and children had little value. Our role was to be seen working, going to school and at all time obey our parents, teachers, priests and every other person 5 or more years of age then my-self. Women were to birth and bring up children, take care of the home, work on the farm, grow most of the food in the garden, take care of stock but most of all, to be subservient to a dominant male. Men were to attend further education than 8th grade, while girls were to be married A.S.A.P and continue the "tradition" and a role of a mother, wife etc...

In [REDACTED] I migrated to Australia. Sad as I was to leave my family I was glad to escape political, religious, persecution as well as cruelty of my domestic life. My husband was a vile, abusive Psychopath, who used to beat me, raped me and abused in a manner no human should endure. Endured? I had no choice. There was nothing in Australian law to protect women and children suffering domestic violence. After [REDACTED] years of terror [REDACTED] children, numerous attacks with knives and

whatever he got his hands on, hospital treatment, beaten to the point I almost lost my [REDACTED] child one day it was over. On [REDACTED] [REDACTED] again my husband found me. My last child was [REDACTED] old. All he wanted was, dare I say, sex. After hours of tug and war, receiving dozens of knife wounds, I would not give in. Suddenly he grabbed my little [REDACTED] put a knife to [REDACTED] and demanded, if I was not going to do what he wanted he would kill [REDACTED]. I do not recall fully everything that happened next, all I remember I was running down a long drive ended on the road where I was almost hit by a car. To my luck, as I learned later, it was a police car. My husband was behind me with a knife in his hands. When caught and asked what was going on his reply was, "she tried to kill my child and me". I was the one covered in blood sustained more cuts than I can recall yet he tried to say I was the perpetrator.

I do not recall how it all unfolded, but I had my baby under my arm. [REDACTED] and I were taken to hospital and my husband, while he was put in to a mental institution [REDACTED] It was his second time in there.

There was a court hearing, but again, there was not much in the constitution to protect women and children from abusive partners.

I can only say what followed worked for me and I would never encourage any woman to do the same unless she can be sure it would work. In short time we were together I knew my husband very well. I grew up with violence and abuse around me it was regular as the Sun rising every morning. Using that knowledge, I at last stood up to my husband and it was two-fold. One; I had to make a threat in the court stating should he ever get near me and the children I will not be responsible for what I may have to do. Two; by not excepting any financial support from him I was able to bargain that he would

never come near us again. ■ years later he turned up at my parents home, and yes I wanted to hurt him but upon seeing him I realised he was not worthy of my anger or anything else. I looked at my children, they were mine, he had no rights to them, facing him knowing I have won. I said few things to him, he appeared almost scared, which at the time gave me strength I did not think I had. At last, I really, really, was free of him.

I was free of his physical presence but the psychological and physical scars will never be erased of my mind or scars removed from my body. The biggest saving grace is that my children were under ■ years of age and have no memory of the past.

This Royal Commission is admirable, nice to see something appears to be done. Throughout last ■ years I have seen and experienced much. I keep hearing in every meeting I have been to so far, the same thing. MEN, and what they have done and continue to do. How do we stop them? What can we do? How do we do it? Who can do something about this blight on our women and children? Is it all true, yes, it is. There many more complex questions that need answering. It is not all black or white. Men are not the only abusers in our homes, work place or streets. (Currently a Minister in Vic parliament has been dismissed for being a bully). Abusers are everywhere and can be young, old, male, female, friend or foe. People in power and position (church, schools, people in authority) are more able to get away with abuse then most other individuals. Why?? They are the Untouchables. So far all I have heard, how do we stop our husband/partners and it is all directed towards men, well, men are not the only perpetrators in domestic or any other abuse, women are also.

After I gained my "freedom" from my husband I had much worse abuser to deal with. I am sad to say, it was my mother. She abused me even before I was born. I was nearly born illegitimate and in our culture, even to this day, that would have brought biggest shame on the family. Reluctantly my mother married my father and I was born "full term" [REDACTED] months later. I loved my mother but I did not respect her and at the age of [REDACTED] married and migrated to Australia. While I was out of her reach I still had him. I had a respite from both of them for [REDACTED] years. In [REDACTED] my parents and siblings followed. With that, again I was suffering at hands of my mother. Only this time it was worse. She used my father, siblings and my children as ransom for abuse. My children were in an orphanage and I could never risk them being taken away ever again, my parents came here to help me and to have a better life.

In time my mother managed to get rid of my father, [REDACTED] with her lies managed to turn my children away from me. [REDACTED] years on [REDACTED] of my children to this day do not talk to me as well as all my siblings, none of us talk to each other. Some have married, have children and grand children, mother, father and the rest of us, have never seen.

My mother was a vicious, vindictive, cruel woman. She was the one that used to beat me in to unconsciousness more times than I can recall. The beatings were mostly over the head, hands and feet as she was determined to cripple me. In a way she did. In [REDACTED] I was diagnosed with [REDACTED] that fortunately was removed with not to many side effects. She used to attack my father, destroy his tools or personal positions she never let him be. Finally one day she threw him out of their home. I was there and helped my father. I got along very well with my dad and mother hated that. She managed to turn the other children and grandchildren away from him, but not

me. So we were at war yet again. This time she got in to the heads of my children and to this day [REDACTED] do not speak with me. My mother was a sole instigator and brute who divided and finally destroyed our family. Therefore; here is just one sad story of a “woman” capable of tremendous, horrid violence.

It appears that men are the main perpetrators of violence, especially in homes. Not true. I personally know of dozens of families where a woman is the violent one. I currently know families here, where I live, of mothers who favour one child over the other. I have observed to many times the horror these mothers put on their daughters. We are allowing a generation of young girls/women to grow who know very little of mothers love. These mothers are so self absorbed but more than anything, are jealous of their young daughters, jealous of their relationship with their fathers or other members of the family.

I urge you to take a good and hard look at the whole families and not just men. Currently the government and this RC are collating information only on women who are abused. No matter how you spin this, it takes more than one person to have an argument. This Commission is trying to treat the symptom and forget about the disease.

I feel amply “qualified” to express my view and would be willing to speak on this matter further. I have no objection for this letter to be published as I carry different name to the rest of my family, also, my parents are gone.

Least but not last, when my mother became very ill and in a nursing home I my husband and only one other [REDACTED] visited and help mother.

Here is the irony, my mother carried me for 9 months and gave me life, I nursed her for 9 months and she passed away.

I hope all this will be of some help.

I can be contacted by following means



Sincerely Yours

