











brother around the garden while whacking him over the back like a hammer. My brother ran off through the gate.

I was at the top of the backstairs one-day complaining of not feeling well, [REDACTED] called me to come down but through my sobering I did not hear her. She went up the front stairs and grabbed my pyjamas from behind me. My pyjamas were made from polyester, the way she pulled my pyjamas (a wedgy) but she kept it going longer that my pyjamas literally cut me in my genital area.

Another [REDACTED] called [REDACTED] suffered from [REDACTED] on one occasion [REDACTED] and fell onto the floor. I went to help her and [REDACTED] flew into frenzy and I was told to leave her. [REDACTED] always left her when she [REDACTED] on her own.

At school I was extremely unhappy and cried often, I tried as a child to enjoy my days of being young but when I looked at others in school I was definitely a misfit. Most people would be talking about home life, I would tell a friend my home life (not in great detail) to test the water, test the friendship. My relationships with friends did not last long and at the time I would think I am a nobody. Looking back they probably did not believe me and I now accept I am a somebody.

At the age of twelve we returned home one day from school and [REDACTED] had left. - Abandoned once again.

We had nothing, not even an explanation.

We had two new people as temporary foster parents - [REDACTED] & [REDACTED]

This couple were complete opposites to what we were used to, showering us with love, love, love, love. This is the time when I had so many weird confusing feelings that I had a nervous breakdown.

Six months later, [REDACTED] of us moved to a children's home were yet again was completely different. It was really just living quarters.

I think I left care at the age of eighteen/nineteen years old were I moved into my brother's [REDACTED] for one year. There was no after care from the system at all, i.e job prospects (at the beginning of finding a job, once confirmed that I came from a children's home you were condemned as a bad person. I then had to lie about my background).

I still kept in touch with [REDACTED]s for many years; to be honest I still did not know what was right or what was wrong? When I had my [REDACTED] [REDACTED] (I was twenty eight years old) I so desperately wanted my [REDACTED] WHY? At the time I do not know. I wanted her to think when she grew up that her mother (me) was normal and although abandoned as a child, someone did love me once when I was a child. Being a mother spun me into reality and only then did I truly face these painful memories. I slowly diminished my relationship with [REDACTED] and my seal on my thoughts came the day when [REDACTED] asked me on my wedding day to 'forgive her'. No reply was given and that was final closure for me as she knew

what she had done and probably over the years devoting herself to the Catholic Church she needed me to say 'I do'. She knows, she definitely knows on that day, was the end of my relationship with [REDACTED]

I have attended an [REDACTED] from a very young age. I have [REDACTED] in my [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. My [REDACTED] is treated frequently, is this from bashing on the head? I think my [REDACTED] can determine that? I have had many operations on [REDACTED] and suffered severe pain and [REDACTED] affecting my working life very badly. Sometimes being left in [REDACTED] for days until [REDACTED]. Work colleagues bullying tactics, as they did not understand my [REDACTED] this resulted in me taken time off work [REDACTED]. My work has now been educated through [REDACTED]. Now my work colleagues see [REDACTED] and now totally understand and feel remorseful. My [REDACTED] have [REDACTED] and will be fixed correctly [REDACTED] one day.

[REDACTED] I am a [REDACTED]. It takes me away from thinking too much. I have never learnt to completely relax and I do not like my own company. I am working on this still.

My main goal in life was to have a home on my own with all the comforts I was deprived of when I was young. Warmth and never feeling hungry, but most importantly to be able to shut the rest of the outside world out. Always knew that there was such a thing as 'love' and I wanted it, badly. When love came to me it terrified me, I could not accept and I could not give it. Over the years up to the age of twenty-seven years old, I met a truly and wonderful friend who is still a main part in my life today. When I met my friend I was lonely, insecure and always trying too hard for people to accept me. My friend picked up on this as our friendship grew and taught me over the years to accept myself and guided me slowly through my bizarre behaviour. She was the first person in my life to acknowledge that I am a somebody. Through this I have been able to love my [REDACTED] husband and also to love someone when you can see they need loving. She was the only one who listened to my story and accepted me, no rejection, no misfit and I am lucky to have her. Having her, as a friend I believe is the only thing different I have that my family do not have. In the last few years I have been able to build strong relationships with my [REDACTED] brothers and sister (although not perfect) but at least I have this. Only through my friend's generosity of her patience, teaching me that not all people are bad and to love myself, I can love my brother's and sister.

As you are aware I did not make a statement to the Police, my reason for not making any statement was due to the effect this whole investigation has had on my family, which has been torn apart.

I have come a long way from those days. I have a lovely family, good job and beautiful home and I could not go through it all again while legal formalities try to declare if it really happened or not. I know what happened, I dealt with it. The system failed us then and as you are even more aware the system is failing us now. Jersey does not want to admit their faults. Here in Jersey I have learned, people aged 60 plus (not all) love their pets and friends more than their families - sticks out like a sore thumb. Our Bailiff used Liberation Day to make a speech

regarding Child Abuse allegations (unheard of). He forgot to mention that he employed an Honourary Policeman many years ago that had committed a sex offense on children. Whom later this man offended again and when the Bailiff was asked why he employed him knowing his record he casually mentioned the man was sorry, good enough eh! I wonder why??? One good reason that Jersey was not prepared to accept this. Our Attorney General released [REDACTED] following their arrest. Also having read the Lenny Harper report makes me wonder even if I had made a statement to the police, whether it would have made a blind bit of difference.

Who is really listening? What is right and what is wrong? I cannot see States of Jersey admitting liability.



# WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG

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## PART -2-

In the first part of my story I told you all about my younger years in foster care, I have now decided to put together the next stage of life in care, this is not easy to do as it is causing me sleepless nights as I begin to remember what I went through and the traumatic effect it is having on my life today. I will do this to the best of my ability.

At the age of 12 approx my [REDACTED] brother [REDACTED] was separated from me, my [REDACTED] brother who made me feel safe just vanished over night. There was no communication from anyone to tell me why, I later learnt that he was moved to a boy's hostel.

My sister [REDACTED], [REDACTED] brother [REDACTED] and I were taken to a new children's home called La Preference in the Parish of St Martin. I remember it was dark when we arrived, we were taken to meet the people who run the home. These people laid down the ground rules i.e.: meal times, school runs, bed time etc. After about 10 minutes we were shown to our dormitory, my sister and I were kept together in a room sharing with 4. My brother was taken up to an attic room and shared with 4. There was no counselling or even a visit from the States Child care officers to see how we were settling in, we were never told why this new move had happened only that it did and we were expected to just deal with it.

I remember now after all these years how scared and distressed I felt, unable to find any form of comfort from my new environment and surroundings which were very basic and scary.

The good thing I recall is that you were left alone to just bring yourself up as best you could, all that was required of you was to obey the rules and do your chores and you would be left alone.

We began to settle in and become familiar with our new surroundings and rules. We started to realise that this home was for all sorts of children, some were in short term care whilst a parent was undergoing an operation and needed time out to convalesce, other children were there because their parents were going through a divorce, others because their parents drank. It was only me my brother and sister who had no one at all just us. This became painfully obvious one Christmas Eve, my brother and I overheard a conversation by the house parents, they said if it wasn't for the [REDACTED] kids we could close the home and spend Christmas with our family. There we were aged 12 and 13 with no where to go and made to feel guilty for

spoiling their Christmas. We came up with a plan to tell the house parents that we had been invited to friends for Christmas; it worked our white lie made them very happy. That night we put paper in the catch of the dining room window so that we could enter the building once everyone left. I remember all the power had been turned off and it was freezing, we had to stay on our guard in case they returned as the consequences would be terrible.

The house parents had their own flat separate to the main building, on the premises they had a very posh lounge with a comfy sofa, open fire and a nice dining area. There were children whom they took to and allowed them to sit with them in their warm and homely lounge, we were not those lucky kids, looking back now we needed their warmth more than all the other kids as we had been through hell and back and we had no one. There was another room called a playroom which was for us kids, it was basic a vinyl floor a few hard chairs and a TV so high up we could not reach the controls to change the channels; the windows were bare and the room always felt cold.

Looking back now it is not important on what your surroundings look and feel like but the warmth comes from the people sharing their love, being with the children. THIS NEVER EVER HAPPENED.

One night I returned back to the children's home to find my sister was leaving us, I remember I begged her not to go grabbing her leg trying to stop her, it was no good, she told me you'll be fine sis. After my sister had left I cried for ages, there was no comfort from anywhere people just got on with it, it was like we were robots with no emotions. Looking back now, another chapter in my very young life I choose to not remember the emptiness and loneliness I felt.

My brother [REDACTED] could see I was struggling to make friends as I guess the effects of being in care were starting to take their toll. He invited me to go to his friend's house with him, I jumped at the chance of spending quality time with my brother. We arrived at my brother's friend's house I was 13 – 14 at the time, whilst my brother played in his friend's bedroom His friend's father decided to play grown up games with me I choose not to go into detail as the memory makes me want to vomit. This was my first experience of being sexually abused. The way I only knew how to deal with this was to keep silent and I did just that right up till now, I have never told this to anyone, why you may be thinking, get real we were rejects kids no one wanted the last thing they cared about was our well being, we may of been kids but we were not stupid.

When I was 14 I was sexually assaulted by a man who I was introduced to by my sister, he took me to his house, why I went or how I got there I do not remember. It turns out this man had been sexually assaulting my sister for a long time before I was on the scene. I later learnt that my sister believed if she took me that she would

be left alone. This never happened to us again as my sister went to the police, he was prosecuted and went to jail.

The police had arrived and they wanted to interview me. There I sat terrified feeling like I had done something wrong, there was no doctor or councillor there just the house parents a policeman and police woman they began to ask difficult questions wanting me to tell them in great detail of what had happened of the night in question. Looking around the room I felt so very much alone, scared in fact terrified of this situation I was in. I remember now the mood of the house parents, a sense of wasting their time showing me no support or comfort, no reassurance that what had happened was not my fault. The whole interview looking back now was cruel beyond believe, after care was never shown in any form, yet again no 121 visit from the childcare services. I remember that I did not tell the police all the details as I was terrified and I more or less just agreed to their wording, all I wanted was for it to be over.

I turned 14 – 15 when my brother, the last person in my family was fostered out. Now I was alone in this place, feelings of great loss, my whole family split at such a very young age. The times we all saw each other after the separation were uncomfortable, we were always pleased to see each other but struggled to show any kind of emotions as we had never learnt how to love anything apart from sweets. As time went on we virtually became strangers all moving on, focusing on our new lives. I was the only one left in this big institution.

Saturday nights became a routine of waking up in my bed with a hand over my mouth and the other hand in my nightgown, the stench of alcohol was sickly, the man was also in care aged twenty-one, just drunk and enjoying himself. I remember that Monday I went to school looking for someone anyone to feel my pain, I wanted them to see how scared I was, no were was save, it just became a way of life. I fainted and was taken to the nurse, I told the nurse that I felt unwell and was bleeding below. I will never know to this day what was said but I was picked up that night by the house parent, they told me I was a bad person, a liar, I was told in great detail how I was not liked, that I would never fit into society, that I was a loser and it's no wonder your family have all left you, they finished by saying that they could not pick and choose the kids put in their care, if they could they would never of taken me.

All the above completes my life in care. I could tell you of many more instances but I am tired now and I hope that I never have to talk about any of this again.





















































































































