

found a worker who suits me down to a "T". An enrolled nurse. He has worked in a mental health ward. It's his manner & nature that is a lot like mine. Not bragging. He only gives advice when I ask it. Has a shy & sensitive side like me. The best thing / most touching thing he's said to me was: he wouldn't care what anyone said about me (like my family), it wouldn't change his opinion of me. And he's known me a year. He's great.

There's my Domestic Violence Experience. There was a lot to say. I tried to make it flow & be concentrated, however, I hope I've been helpful. Thanks for giving me this opportunity.

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_____ years ago, on my 3rd attempt, I was accepted by the NDIS. Previously, they said I was too independent. My main problem is that my concentration is quite low due to my medication & my mental illness. It also causes low energy.

I need help with several things, including cleaning & gardening. I handed my licence in. I was told I didn't have to, by the doctor I saw at the time, however I didn't want to be responsible for harming myself & others.

Unless my concentration & energy improve I won't do voluntary work or gain employment. I ~~do~~^{do} what I can do. Run my flat, take care of my beautiful '2 cats. That's OK with me. I have my own family & home. After trying 30 "support workers", which I shouldn't have had to do, which should have been a lot more qualified & experienced, I

The main other place I've found domestic violence is my neighbour in Housing SA Flat especially the current one I'm in. This is my home of 30 yrs & when I sent letters (medical & professional) to Housing SA they only acknowledged that I sent the letters, but didn't help me. I did hand a 6 mth diary pointing out where my neighbour had been loud & threatening. They didn't want to look at the diary or take any action at all. I have called the police 6 times & the last time 2 yrs ago, when the police went to talk to him, he wouldn't answer the door. They should have had more powers than that. He lets me know daily that he's there. I'm an excellent tenant however, I shouldn't have to deal with men that haven't been rehabilitated & put in the community. If that means more jails need to be built, then so be it. It will be worth it as it will clean up the streets.

Once we were married, he which I realized better ^{later} that trying to live up to someones expectations doesn't make you happy & I'd been lonely all my life. I always kept trying to improve myself & my life. It just took longer than I thought, but that doesn't mean I'm not proud of myself.

At my worst, I had a dozen serious suicide attempts & my current doctor & I agree that we think I was meant to be here. The last one was [redacted] yrs ago. I believe angels are watching out for me.

All health places where males & females are together (whether it be hospitals, accomadations, day activity centres, or Housing SA properties) need to be regulated. I don't know what [redacted] is like ^{now} I havent been there for 30 yrs. However, the males definateley need to stop being placed in mixed wards. Patients with a mental illness or not

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If I had enough of her trying to bully & control me & I became unwell & was angry with her, she would send dad to my place to give me a lecture. Dad, in my opinion, suffered Domestic Violence from ^{mum} too. She'd always say he's a failure as a husband and father. And I was exhausting. She was no support anyway, to cut a long story short, I'm free from my family. Dad died a few yrs ago. The rest of my family are dysfunctional & toxic. I had to take the position I have for my own health. It took a while, as I loved them. My doctor of 27 yrs helped me see, I had to let go of them. So, I did.

Not sure if anyone could have got mum help. She never told the truth. It's too late. However Xmas is still a little difficult, but I'm happier without them & I haven't been to hospital for many yrs. Thanks for my doctor for that holding my hand, so I could

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and dancing every sat night at the [redacted] disco to being put in the maximum security ward at [redacted] Hospital. I remember it vividly I took a run up & ran at the window, but just bounced off.

One of my doctors (qualified psychiatrists I had later) his skill & a few of my accurate perceptiveness came to the conclusion that Mum had Personality Disorder. However, each time I pushed her to get help, she would somehow turn the situation somewhere else. Convincing her psychiatrist (who actually believed everything Mum said) Dad & I were the problem. That she was almost perfect (Mum never apologised for anything)

She bragged that she could manipulate Dad. He had a very important job as a Supervising [redacted] & I loved him dearly

I couldn't build up any ethical & trust^{ing} with bouncing from 1 student psychiatrist after another. In [redacted] I lost my identity. All the wards I went in were mixed & a lot of the men were aggressive & needed to be in jail & not hospital with a lot of women. The nurses were constant & I got along well with them. They still had to ensure a daily routine was kept.

Until my illness was properly diagnosed, I developed a habit of binge drinking which I've only been able to get sorted. I also became a heavy smoker. I stopped [redacted] yrs ago. Thank God! At the time, the alcohol let me escape; it was easy for the doctors to tell me stop, they weren't in my shoes. My mother & my illness was far too much to bare.

It was a great shock to go from being popular, confident & relatively happy, doing well in school ~~to~~,

grow into a lovely "young" woman: open, strong, having a good sense of humour, still sensitive & still loving life. I know I have a great spirit. In a much more vulnerable state, I was a target (in hospital) for ~~men~~^{male} patients to try & hit on me. That's not what I needed. One main male, followed me to the units that catered for mental health consumers. This was a problem for me, especially with a huge drinking culture that was there. I was devastated & this man took advantage of me. He ended up bashing me up twice, nearly strangling me. I had him charged with assault. He got a 2yr good behaviour bond. This contributed to me being extremely wary, which I still am today.

I met my future husband in those units. I spent a yr in hospital. I was much better when I was out. He was in my life [redacted] He had a mental illness

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was like. Only in years [redacted]
I had a lot of friends at this stage. However, I lost these friends once I was diagnosed with my mental illness at [redacted]. It wasn't just due to my illness. I didn't have anyone as a true guide for me. A mentor. Partly my Dad.

A mental illness can be hard and lengthy to diagnose - it took 10 yrs for me but [redacted] as Bipolar. After, as Schizoaffective Disorder, I was told I should have been put on the Disability Support Pension straight at the start when I was [redacted]. I had to put in a Medical Certificate several times a yr so I had some form of income. Meaning, any course the Government expected me to do to help gain employment I had no choice but to do. It was very stressful as I wasn't capable of undertaking ^{any} I knew no one to help me financially. I was grateful for what I did get, though.

During these years (of the 80's) I had 30 admissions: 2 mths for 3 times a yr.

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curtain a suicide note from Mum. It would have only been a matter of time before someone found her, as we were all home (Dad was at work). After I let Dad know I called an ambulance. Mum survived. She must have planned it that way. To be found in time. That's my opinion.

After getting angry, Mum would go to the bedroom always seeming depressed and talking of suicide, but never actually trying anything & Dad let us know she didn't need to go to hospital (I only remember once or twice) Emotional blackmail. She learnt to become an actress in order to get attention. I believe Mum was always self-centred.

It was a heavy load to carry and where my abuse started. It wasn't physical but emotional abuse is just as painful & devastating. I never learnt in my early childhood or teenage years what a healthy relationship

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My mother, from as early as I can remember, was constantly losing her temper at everyone in the family for no reason. If any of us tried to defend ourselves, Dad would get angry as well at us. Then, Mum had an "overdose".

When I was [redacted], my sister and I were curious about contacting our grandmother (on Mum's side). So, we paid her a visit. Our family hadn't had contact with her for about [redacted]. I later found out my uncle (Mum's brother) had tried for a long time to have contact, always sending birthday & Xmas cards to all of us which Mum sent back. This went on for several years according to my auntie. I only found out a few years ago.

Anyway, when my sister & I told Mum where we'd been, I later found Mum locked inside our caravan. I could see, through a gap in the -

Royal Commission Into Domestic Violence

I have a strong urge to let this Commission know of experiences I have in this area witholding my names & others I mention.

These people include: my mother, people I've met in [redacted] Hospital, mental health consumer, specified accommodation, the [redacted] [redacted] many psychiatrists and neighbours in the Housing SA.

I firmly believe that the environments I was experiencing domestic violence in, alot of others were too. Especially women. Men, as well.

I didn't used to be able to have a voice and be able to self advocate, but after many years of 'help', I can. I want to have a voice, not just for me, but for others who for some reason, can't have a voice of their own.