

## **What Outcomes or Recommendations would you like to see from this Royal Commission?**

Countless years of constant Abuse had an adverse effect on my mental health which finally took its toll. Suffering with severe depression my first suicide attempt was at 16 years old. The only treatment I was to receive was to have my stomach pumped, nobody enquired about my mental wellbeing I was saved then discharged a few hours later to go back to my empty house where I continued on my path of self-destruction.

I had learnt very young that the only way I could to dull the constant memories of growing up with Sadistic Childhood Sexual / Physical & Mental Abuse was with barbiturates and alcohol, but that didn't always work sometimes the pain was too much to bear, so I would try to commit suicide. This time I was pronounced dead but somehow they revived me. Knowing how severe the attempt was there was still no enquiry as to why I felt so down. No, follow up with suggestions of help. Just, Revive and Discharge.

I was to have my first encounter with the Mental Health System at age 22 when again I had a severe suicide attempt. This time I was told to admit myself into a Drug and Alcohol Rehab centre which I done. When asked why I was there I told them of my traumatic abusive childhood and how I was struggling so there solution was to pump me full of pills and keep me in a drugged stupor for three months. I was discharged without ever addressing any my issues.

In 2009 my life finally caught up with me, from growing up as a Displaced Child who suffered sadistic Sexual / Physical & Mental Abuse to Substance Abuse / Multiple Suicide Attempts , Date Raped, debilitating illness and emotionally abandoned by my husband I gave up and attempted suicide again. So severe was the attempt that everyone was called to the hospital. But again, I defied the odds and was revived.

I was admitted to an Acute Psych Unit when I was admitted for attempted suicide it was as if I lost my identity and my intelligence, I was treated like I was incapable of answering any questions about my own life for myself .

Instead of asking me for information pertaining to my life history, they asked my husband was having an affair at the time for information which turned out to be both inaccurate and false. Nobody bothered to ask me whether the information provided was correct they wrote their report based on misinformation. The staff were completely fooled by my husband [REDACTED], had I been asked to provide my own information then I could have presented them with a psychiatric and accurate medical reports which would have shed light on my mental health issues and I could have been treated accordingly.

As an inpatient who was severely depressed I found the hospital a traumatizing and demoralizing experience not a place of healing, we were just broken people drugged and left to fend for ourselves, nobody supervised us patients would wander into my room and start harassing me throwing chairs at me and trying to steal my possessions when I told the staff they told me to " relax and go back to my room" " Both the nurses and doctors are desensitized with an abject lack of compassion, who are too quick to label with an over-reliance on drugs over-reliance on antidepressants and other prescription drugs.

I was spoken to with such disdain as if I was an utter inconvenience; the few times I did speak to a doctor they couldn't even get my name right. They Never made eye contact they just jotted down a few lines then left. They had already formed their opinion based on what they had been told by my husband and that's all they needed to know.

I was clearly struggling I asked for No visitors, yet they allowed my room to be filled with people most angry and berating me for being selfish by attempting suicide. One of my visitors who happened to be my cousin berated me so vehemently for being a coward that after she left I walked into the bathroom and attempted hung myself. It was only by chance a nurse came in and found me. Yet, instead of consoling me and getting a doctor she curtly told me to get in bed and I was discharged the next day.

Again Not one of my issues was addressed, I was diagnosed with Border Line Personality and Complex – PTSD and told to follow up with outpatients. I tried to explain that my husband was unreliable and even though he claimed to be my carer he wasn't always at home because he kept leaving me. They ignored me and when I couldn't make the appointments due to his “No show” they regarded me as uninterested and kicked me off the program. I would ring continually trying to plead m case as I knew I wasn't coping they would Not Listen.

I couldn't cope anymore and I tried to hang myself. Again, I was back in the same ER ward where I started from and was re-admitted to the same Acute Psych Unit and still I received No help only medication. I was discharged four days later because they needed the bed.

Sadly, once I was labelled with having a “mental illness I was not worthy of any respect.

The fact that we call it Mental “illness” and “disorder” is equivalent to saying, “There is something Terribly wrong with you.

The Mental Health System is so broken run by desensitized narcissist who feed off broken people vulnerability. Doctors look down their noses at people with mental health issues , nurses overworked and disheartened have stopped caring and go to work begrudgingly making sure the patients know it.

I was born let down by a broken welfare system as a child then again to a broken mental health system as an adult. I am 57 years old; I can never get my life back, I have never known inner peace because I was so badly broken by an inept system that I have become irreparable.

My shattered broken life is only one of tens of thousands that the Australian Mental Health System and their complacency is accountable for.

The only help I have received regarding my childhood sexual abuse issues is from SECASA

Tracie Oldham

