

**Submission to Yoorrook Justice Commission****From:** Anonymous 1477**Dated:** November 2024**Submission:**

I look at the photo of Cummeragunja choir and wonder what my grandmother thought as she looks at the camera. My mother's truth came when she met her cousins. He said your mother had a beautiful singing voice. It was the first time my Mum had met a blood relative to her Mum. I will never forget how she looked, how it changed her, how much those words meant to her. Her whole body changed in her joy of those words. I try not to think about what could have been. How it took till my Mum was in her 80's for this to happen. How she spent her whole life thinking she was not wanted by her family. What would her siblings and her children have become if they knew who they were. Mum and her siblings were poor, really poor. Her Aunty came to visit as did my Nans first born son. And both walked away concerned for her but knowing they couldn't change anything. I don't particularly want to talk about what happened rather as I look back what the result was and reflect back on what could have been. How much the world lost because my Mum and others never reached their potential, how me and my siblings should have had and been more. Life when families were hiding with no family connection, trying to not be black, the resilience and how descendants managed to live, grow, educate themselves and bring others along with them.. I am in awe.

**END**