

My story begins in Nuriootpa, Barossa Valley in South Australia where I was born in the late 1950s. My parents went overseas in 1963, my father for six months and my mother for three months. I was very unlucky, my carers were not good people and I experienced imprisonment, chronic psychological and emotional abuse and trauma for most of that three months.

My sentiments may be contentious but I can't help but feel connection with stolen indigenous persons, who lived apart from their primary care givers for years, decades, sometimes a life-time.

I was made to feel responsible for my abuse by older men and women. I was apparently promiscuous, too attractive, I was selected for inclusion in a child prostitution organization because my hair was blond. Indigenous people were also told their pain, suffering, poverty and social issues were their own fault.

Epigenetics, or the passing down through generations, of emotional experiences has changed the way we view abuse whether political, such as Brittany Higgins experiences, social or initiated within the family, which is the case for 90% of white people's trauma. Magda Szubanski's, in her book *Reckoning: A Memoir*, dreamed her father's memory of being at war in Poland, she was there, she saw what her father saw, heard his words.

Tyron Yunkaporta, academic at Deakin University and author of *Sand Talk: How Indigenous Thinking Can Save the World*,

suggests changes to our Governmental systems, drawing on the maps of ancient indigenous clans, whereby a network of clan community guided the country, without powerful hierarchy or omnipotent authority.

Countries so far, Stories so far, Sense so far raises many questions: are my ancestor's bones lying in foreign soil? Does my mother have a country? Am I home here, with you?