

The sad life of my eldest daughter

My eldest daughter was born on the 4th August 1970.

In her first year at a country school the teacher took the class once a week on a tour of a local business in our town e.g. Post Office, Shire Office, Machinery Dealers, Grocery Shop, Butchers Shop, Police Station etc.

I will never forget the day her teacher took the class to the Police Station she came home on the school bus and told her grandmother, who was visiting for a few days, "Gran I'm going to be a Policewoman when I grow up".

At the time I felt so proud of my daughter as both her mother and I had great respect for the Police Force, to the extent we were both highly involved in the local P & C Club by the time my second daughter started school.

On the 4th August 1987 on her 17th birthday my daughter joined the Police Cadets. She had been knocking on their door for 2- 2 ½ years but they would not let her join before she turned 17 years of age.

Within a couple of weeks a photo of her and four other cadets appeared in the newspaper armed with black plastic rubbish bags picking up parts of a body that had been splatted along the railway line at Midland I thought at the time it was a bit strong for a cadet

She married in March 1993, lost her mother with breast cancer September the same year which was a great blow to her.

Through injuries received in the line of duty as Policewomen she began medication which increased to self medication and addiction. She eventually was fitted with a device inserted into her back to control back pain.

In 2005 after 17 ½ years of service she was discharged from the Police Force "Unfit for Duty" (smart aren't they – not "Medically" unfit for duty). No thank you or compensation for her deteriorated health, just here is \$53,000 – it's your anyway by way of superannuation.

She attempted suicide twice in the same week in 2009. Has been in and out of Perth Clinic with mental problems for many years.

About this time separated from her husband, who today still supports her strongly.

Early in 2013 because of her mental actions her two daughters aged 17 and 19, who she adored, moved away from her [which devastated her] to live with their father

Over Christmas and New Year 2013 she again attempted suicide a couple of times.

Early February 2014 her stepmother and I tried to take her in up here in the country – it didn't work out but I did manage to get her in contact with the Medically Retired W.A. Police Assoc' who have done wonders for her.

Though their effort she has received a letter from the Minister of Police stating the state will cover all costs of further medication (what a laugh for all the medical costs she has covered since discharge in 2005)

I am a Primary Producer. We run sheep which have the life of 6-8 years. If in its lifetime a sheep suffers life threatening sickness or injury, I take it down the back paddock and put a bullet in its head and put it out of its misery because I cannot stand to see an animal suffering if after 6 to 8 years I have no further use of a sheep it is off to the abattoirs where it is killed humanely

I cannot understand why the W.A.Police Force did not step in before 2005 and help my daughter when they knew of her health and state of mind

Where she is now I don't know. Living in her car on the streets of Perth somewhere was her last contact a week ago. I have trouble contacting her but she does contact me every now and again.

My biggest mistake was when my little girl came home on that school bus many years ago walked into the kitchen all excited and said to my mother-in-law "Gran I'm going to be a police woman when I grow up " Knowing what I know now I should have put my foot down there and then and said "NO WAY".

To those young people going through Police Academy I have no sympathy for you. You must know by now what you are letting yourself in for but I wish you luck.

This is one father's story.

ALAN GELMI