

**DEALING WITH THE LIFE STORIES OF STOLEN CHILDREN****Attachment No. 2****PAULINE MCLEOD****THE SEARCH BEGINS**

They had taken away my family!  
The child within me cried,  
The stolen life, the agony  
Of many a year gone by.

The cover up; the pretence.  
The falsehood: All those lies.  
Didn't they know I'd find out the truth one day,  
And now I just ask WHY?

All their words and all their kindness  
Can never fill the pain.  
Can I ever trust the people,  
That I believed in, once again?

They stole me from a lifetime,  
My heritage. My home.  
My family. My identity.  
My spirit all alone.

But to let them win, would be a sin.  
To give up would be a crime.  
I must search on. I must fight on.  
To find what is rightfully mine.

To find my heritage; my family.  
My home and identity.  
To find the person who was lost to me.  
Me... the Aborigine!