To whom it may concern

My experience with the family court left me feeling psychologically battered and polluted. I write this over a year later.

My experience taught me that someone with a little knowledge, endless spite and malice and the capacity to lie, can bring a case to the family court. It’s easy. At a time when I was almost incapacitated with grief and was physically ill, I had to accept an injustice — though the law, I suppose, was valid — and swallow the proverbial dead rat to make the thing go away. I felt unable to fight for my cause in my state at that time. I was tired and worn-down, I was unwell, I had nothing like the resources the other party had. The judge, to her credit, remarked that this was an ‘unusual’ case. She also said that due to the demand on the court of cases involving children and violence — in other words, ‘real’ and serious cases — if either party would not settle that very day, there would be a wait of six months or so before their case could be heard. I could not bear that. I settled.

To sum up my experience: It was brutal. Law may have been served; Justice was not.

Faithfully

s 9(2)(a)