

No one told Mathinna that her family was going to be rounded up and removed from their homelands, but "the writing was on the wall."

As I transcribe my story here, Takes me back to school. The wooden desk and a memory; "I am a good little girl."

I can recall a photo of a young Aboriginal girl in a red dress which I knew nothing of.

Mathinna, was given a perception of belonging through a doll gifted by Mary Franklin. She developed an attachment to that doll and clung tightly onto it after her removal from her Mother, Father, and Community. Through the dispossession of country, culture, and her **IDENTITY**.

There are many strong similarities to Mathinna's story; the yearning and wanting to return to her mother, country, and family. Like an umbilical cord of connection that mirrors my own journey. As a pakana First Nations child and

and woman of the 'stolen generation'. It is for this reason Mathinna's doll resonates with me as an object of deep symbology.

I am reminded of an 'institutionalised' feeling of loss, a sense of not fitting in with either the family that raised you or your blood family. Emotions of detachment, confusion, and numbness resurface. As I am reminded, I too was stolen and forced to experience a displacement from my culture, my people, and my homelands.

takariliya lurini, truuta takila tiyakani mapali
takariliya lurini, truuta mapali paya
takila tiyakani tapilli muylatina.
mina kani pakana truulway muka nawnta tapilli
panupiri mala mina takila tiyakani, takara ni-ti
mana-mapali ningimpi mungumpi
kani kanaplila tunapri tunapri mala warr!