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Kylie Orr

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Third asylum seeker boat in need of help

Bianca Hall immgration Correspondent Centoms and Services of vessels,

lost Friday, during which saylem serkers drowned. In both cases rescue efforts were under my when the boots sunk. But Home Affairs Min-



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Dear asylum seeker,

Like you, I am a parent.

Unlike you, I've never had to risk my life for the sake of my family. My family has not lived in constant intimidation, uncertainty or despair. We've never been forcibly recruited to an army, or persecuted if we rebelled. We've never been tortured in front of loved ones nor had to watch relatives die at the hands of bombs. I've never, as a parent, had to make the decision to flee a violent homeland, because there was simply no other option.

Like you, I am a provider for my family.

Unlike you, I've never had to fret about where our next meal will come from, or wonder

whether I will live to see the morning. I've had opportunities for education and employment, as will my children.

Like you, I want to be an integral part of a family and my community.

Unlike you, I've not been deprived that opportunity. I've not been separated from my family, worrying that we will never again be reunited. I've been lucky enough to be part of a community who care and support each other, who treat me with respect and dignity.

Like you, I want the best for my children. I would fight for them until my knuckles were bare and bloody.

Unlike you, I've never been smuggled into a country where I was unsure if I would be accepted, despite Refugee Conventions and International Human Rights telling me in black and white that I am a legitimate person fleeing from danger. I've never had to combine our entire family life savings to board an unseaworthy boat with my children, as the only option for survival. I've never had to endure weeks at sea, waves towering over a frail vessel packed with desperate people. My life has never involved that level of courage, resilience, and risk in order to keep my family safe.

Like you, I deserve to love and be loved. To be accepted and accepting.

Unlike you, I've not had to fight a government to prove my legitimacy. To have people doubt or fear me, to be suspicious of my intentions. I've not had people question the very core of my being, judge my innocence and hardship, to completely ignore my plight, which is driven by an innate love of my family. I've not been viewed as a security threat, rather than as a human being.

Like you, I am a citizen of the world.

Unlike you, in the lottery of life, I was lucky enough to be born into a democratic country where I've been afforded rights and support. I have avenues to turn should I be robbed of these options. There is justice; there is aid. My life has not become a political pawn, tossed from one party to another as they try to win votes, catering to the xenophobic, fearful and inhumane minority of this country. I've never had to uproot my life and everything I know, inviting danger as a more viable option, to finally arrive safely in a country only to be treated with utter disdain. I've never become a statistic, someone at the centre of a toughened government stance. I've never been stopped. I have never been sent back.

Like you, my world would collapse if I lost a child.

Unlike you, I've never had to risk everything only to watch my baby drown. To then be brought ashore and locked into a detention centre, like a criminal, instead of embraced and counselled like any other parent who has lost a child. I've never lived indefinitely behind bars, uncertain of my future, in a country I thought would offer open arms. I've never felt complete desolation and anguish.

Like you, I cry at the injustice, the tragedy and trauma, the desperation you feel to bring hope and opportunity to your family.

Unlike you, I can close my laptop, I can turn off the TV, I can ignore the painful news of global tragedy and hardship and choose to continue on my day.

I am like you.

I am a parent. I am part of a family and a community. I am a citizen of the world.

And once upon a moment in history, it was my ancestors arriving on a boat to Australia. The difference was that we were not rejected, disenfranchised and dehumanised.

I am disgusted and ashamed by your treatment. You are a fellow human being. Someone's parent. Someone's sibling. Someone's child.

How dare anyone say you are not welcome to our safer place?

With compassion through tears,

A fellow parent,

Kylie Orr

Comment on this article below or in the Essential Baby forum.

To learn more about refugees in Australia, visit <u>www.rethinkrefugees.com.au</u>. You may also be interested in reading about <u>the 'no</u> advantage' policy, written by a detention rights advocate.

