

My Story

Morris Doolan

My name is Morris Doolan, born in 1950 at Mount Undoolya Station. I have two brothers and a sister who are presently residing at Amooguna. I'm an Arrenrte elder and my skin name is Kummarra.

As far as I could remember, I met the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart Fathers from Santa Teresa Mission at Little Well. They would come to transport us to school. But then our grandparents feared that they'd take us away. I used to hear them say, "they're coming to take away Mount Undoolya kids, so you better watch out now!" We used to run up the hills and down the valleys to hide ourselves. But now as I grow up we understood that all the Church people wanted to do was to take us to school and get a good education.

Thank God for the MSCs. I went to a good school at Santa Teresa.

In 1982 I jumped out of a car because the drunkard driver was driving too fast. I thought I was going to die so I jumped. My backbone suffered multiple fractures. Since then I've been bedridden. At present I'm being looked after by the Anglican Disability Home in Alice Springs.

My Aboriginal Catholic Church does not have access to wheelchairs like mine. I hope they'll think about people like me. My family comes to see me only when they needed some money. This is no part of our culture and people ought to show respect. I enjoy watching Mass conducted on television, if no one comes to pick me up. There is one thing I ask from the Church, NOT to leave us alone. Christians should come and visit with us in the home and say prayers and also hear our stories.

Thank you for listening to my story.

