

From:
To: [Flood Inquiry](#)
Subject: Flood
Date: Saturday, 21 May 2022 12:09:00 AM

I still cry my days.

I'm 5th generation a Lismore. The Lismore CBD is where I have lived, worked, socialised, shopped, exercised for the past 30 years. Rarely did I have any one to visit "up the hill". Now it is gone. I can't bring myself to leave, having lifelong networks here. I know people, they know me. I could drive the town in my role as community nurse and have a tale to tell about just about every house. I can't bring myself to leave, but equally can't bring myself to stay. My workplace and 30 years of my resources gone. My employer found me a new building to work from, but I haven't managed more than a day and a half since the flood. I've now taken extended leave. Working "up the hill", with the pretty houses with nice lawns just did me in. It was over two weeks post flood that I left the basin. I felt like a traitor every time I left "my people", the "swampies". My house is safe, out of the water by a street or two in each direction. Good luck, not good management. And comes with its own problem "hill guilt". How sick I feel to this day, remembering that I sat in my deck through the night of pouring rain, watching terrified friends and family take to their roof cavities. My shock level, and that of my town, akin to that I get while

watching September 11 unwind on tv. I knew my word as I knew it was gone. Virtually every person I know is homeless, or living in a stripped home. Where do in know shop, work, socialise. "We" is no more in Lismore. We are Australia's second climate refugee's. And nothing else matters anymore.

Sent from my iPhone