

**INQUIRY INTO HEALTH OUTCOMES AND ACCESS TO
HEALTH AND HOSPITAL SERVICES IN RURAL,
REGIONAL AND REMOTE NEW SOUTH WALES**

Name: Name suppressed
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Partially
Confidential

In 2017 I was pregnant with my first child. I had hypertension and needed to be monitored closely. The wait times for monitoring and appointments were always hours and days, there was never a time you could be seen immediately. The decision was made for an induction, he was induced at 7am on the 25th of January. By the 26th we'd made little progress with no help from midwives or doctors. At one point a nurse who said she was from the emergency department walked in, took my blood pressure and wrote it on a piece of towel she had ripped off from the wall. She laid it on my chest and said give this to them when they make it to you next. By 6pm on the 26th the baby was in foetal distress with his heart rate dropping dramatically with every contraction.

The decision was made that I needed an emergency c section to prevent the worst possible scenario playing out. He wasn't actually delivered until 5:16am on the 27th. I was the 3rd c section of that day (keeping in mind it had only been the 27th for 5 hours). My anaesthetist gave me the warnings about the possible complications of a spinal block all the while telling me how tired he was and that he had been on the ward for nearly 24 hours. By this point I was hysterical, I was certain they would pull my baby out dead or something catastrophic would happen to me during the surgery. Could you imagine that type of panic?

The spinal didn't fully work and surgery progressed anyway, despite my pleas I was told that if I chose to be put to sleep my husband would have to leave and miss the birth so I endured the pain until I heard him cry then was immediately put completely under. I don't remember the next 24 hours, the first time I seen my son, the first breastfeed or watching my husband hold our son for the first time. I was taken back to the room where I was still so heavily sedated that my husband didn't trust that I was awake enough to hold our baby.

The next 3 days were a blur of trying to navigate breastfeeding, the most help I got was a midwife wheeling in a breast pump and telling me if I didn't know how to use it there were YouTube videos I could watch. I'll never forgive Griffith base Hospital for the birth of our son and the trauma it caused my whole family. Would that have happened in a major city? I think not