

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Name suppressed

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Partially  
Confidential

My trauma started with the care I received at the antenatal clinic at \_\_\_\_\_ Hospital. I wasn't accepted into the MGP program so instead had to see the midwives/drs at the clinic. I initially saw a midwife but after a blood test showed I had low papA readings I was instructed I could only see drs. I never saw the same dr, received no continuity of care and often left incredibly confused about what my plan was. The drs were worried my baby would be small so I was sent for numerous scans and had to attend the clinic regularly.

My 30 weeks I was told I had to be induced at 37 weeks which I said no to, there was no evidence to suggest my baby was in danger or was small however the drs insisted I be induced and start stretch and sweeps from 35 weeks. When I went for my first stretch and sweep the midwife was so confused as it's not normal practice. I was sobbing saying I didn't want to be induced I was scared and I didn't understand what the issue was. It was at this point I was informed that I could refuse dr care and only see midwives. It was one of the best decisions I ever made - I found 2 amazing midwives who helped advocate for me and explained things to me.

Between 37 weeks and 40 weeks I had 4 stretch and sweeps and everytime I attended the hospital I had a fight that I wasn't being induced. I would find the midwives who helped me and they would find the right drs who would listen. It was constantly a fight and incredibly anxiety inducing rather than joyous visits to the hospital. My waters broke at 5am at exactly 40 weeks and they had meconium in them so I had to be induced after that. The pain was out of this world as my baby was posterior and sitting right on my back which is not something I'd been told until he was born. I asked for an epidural at 11am after 6 failed puncture wound attempts including a 45 minute wait where a dr held a needle in my back while a nurse searched the hospital for the correct gauge needle and my husband physically held me down through contractions I received the epidural. It was the most distressing and traumatizing things my husband has ever witnessed. By 6pm I was told I had an hour to progress otherwise I'd be having an emergency c-section. I was 8cm dilated - I didn't know how to progress myself I was scared. I cried and the student midwife who was like a deer in headlights said well if that's what the dr says then that's what's happening. I sobbed for an hour and when the dr came back I was 10cm and told to push - I pushed for 2 hours and my baby didn't move anywhere. By this stage I was told I had no choice but to have the c-section, I don't remember much after that - I have pictures of my baby being born but I don't remember the birth or seeing his beautiful little face. We were then separated for 3 hours while I was in recovery - I was never offered for him to come with me.

That night after I got back to the ward they made my husband leave, I was naked, scared, had a baby I couldn't pick up. Everytime I closed my eyes I had flashbacks to the c-section or the epidural I didn't sleep. I hadn't eaten in over 24 hours and when I asked for food I was told I should've been given something in the birth suits but there was yoghurt in the fridge room. I couldn't leave my bed. We were discharge 4 days later at 10pm on a freezing cold June night and given DD pain relief prescriptions twice despite me saying I already had them. I was told if I wanted to leave I had to have a drs appointment for my baby the following day as the paed on the ward couldn't do some check, I couldn't get a drs appointment so I was discharge sent home the 30mins and told I had to come back at 8am the following day for a paed check. This whole experience set me up for the worst 6 weeks of my life. I will never ever go back to hospital nor will I have a baby there.