

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Miss Cassidi-Rae Amosa

**Date Received:** 21 July 2023

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Partially  
Confidential

**Submission  
No 75**

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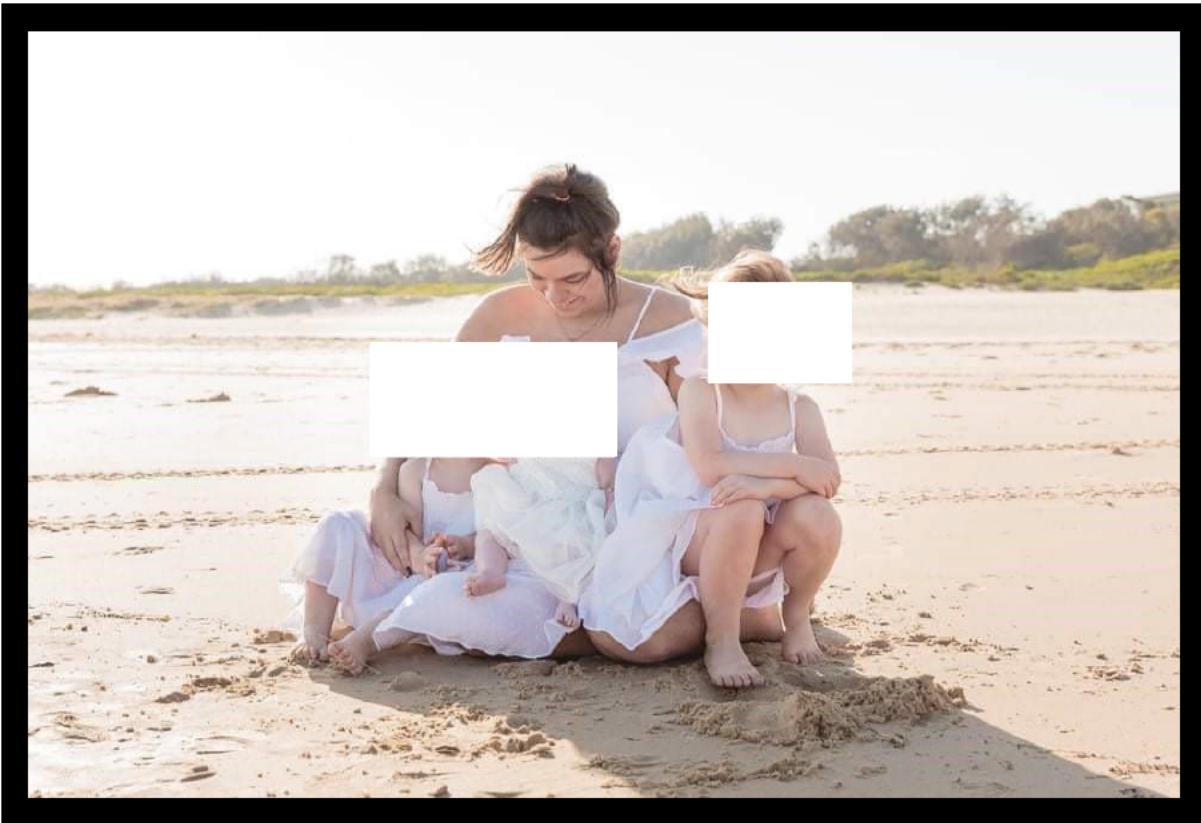
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# My Submission

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## To whom it may concern,

My name is Cassidi-Rae Amosa, (preferred to be known to as Cassie). I'm a 26 year old mother of 3 beautiful girls:- [redacted], 8 – [redacted], 6 – [redacted], 4. I am writing this submission today regarding [redacted] article on Traumatic Births and the upcoming community event.



The photo above is [redacted] (left), [redacted] (middle), [redacted] (right) & Cassie (behind) early 2020.

This is my story. I will warn, as this story may come across distressing & crude.

I was 16 when I fell pregnant with my eldest daughter, . My pregnancy was classed as high risk due to extreme high blood pressure & gestational diabetes. I was bed ridden for most part of my pregnancy with . I was in & out of doctor's offices and regular meetings with my midwives at Hospital. I was induced with just shy of 38 weeks pregnant due to pre-eclampsia. I was prescribed blood pressure medication as my BP wasn't regulating after giving birth to .

At 19, I fell pregnant with . Second pregnancy & once again, I had complications during pregnancy. With a toddler, I wasn't able to be bed ridden. This pregnancy, I listened to my body & if I needed rest, I rested. Just shy of 20 weeks pregnant, I was again classed as high risk due to hypertension. I was seeing my midwife weekly and regularly on a monitor to find any kind of distress of my unborn child. 38 weeks again, I was induced for pre-eclampsia. Fortunately after birth with , my BP regulated itself within days.

At 21 years old, I fell pregnant with . Third is a charm, they say. My pregnancy with was absolutely fantastic. I was running around my two toddlers, working as a cleaner and doing my mother duties with ease. At 39 weeks pregnant, I wake up on 27/05/2019 in labor.

As I go for an examination in Hospital's Maternity Ward, my blood pressure sky rockets. I develop pre-eclampsia. I was told to take a medication to lower my BP. After a quick 2 hours of labor arrives to this beautiful cruel world. My midwife puts on my chest & nothing could lower my mood. Locking eyes with my beautiful youngest baby, my midwife expresses concern. My placenta has split up into bits. My midwife was concerned so consulted my condition with the doctor that was on the floor at the time.

The doctor wasn't worried. While the father of my children, my mother & I sit in the birthing room listening to the doctor & my midwife discuss what they should do. All three of us sit patiently, we can hear my midwife getting worked up and disagreeing with the doctor. Shortly after that discussion, my midwife has come back into the room and advised me to say no if I'm uncomfortable with the procedure the doctor is about to do. My midwife told me I have rights At this time, I'm enduring uncomfortable pain.

Within minutes, my doctor walks in to the room and she's in a rush. She prepares herself as if she's going to proceed with surgery. All scrubbed up and ready for action. No words were said. No discussion on what she was about to do to me.

I lay on my bed in a pool of my own blood. My midwife makes sure she tells me I can tell her to stop. With my mother, father of my children & the midwife to my side, my doctor starts to examine my vagina. She started with one finger, as if she's testing the waters. I feel as if I'm in labor again. I tell her to stop. She bluntly gave me the gas and told me to breathe into the gas.

My doctor proceeded again, this time, she tried 3 fingers. At this point, I'm screaming. I'm grabbing my midwife's hand harder than I did during labor. The doctor wasn't worried about how I felt. Within seconds, her whole fist entered. I'm twisting my body as if I'm the exorcist. I'm breathing so hard into the gas but the pain is too much. I feel my doctors hand feeling around and grabs the missing placenta and reefs it out quicker than you can say boo.

I have never endured pain like that every my life! It was worse than labor itself. All my doctor could say after she violated me, "oh, that wasn't that bad, was it now?". Are you kidding me!?! I would rather be shot in the face 5 times. My midwife kept apologising for the doctor's actions.

Now, I can relax and enjoy my time to bond with my bub, . Within an hour after the inhumane act I just endured, it's time for & I to be transferred to Maternity Ward.

Everything's great, however, my blood pressure is still high. My addressed my concerns to the nurses. Again, my concerns & feelings were dismissed

2 days after birth & I am discharged. Once again, I told the doctor on the floor at the ward my concerns on my blood pressure. He tested my BP and it was quite high. He reassured me that it will be fine. I explained to him that I was induced twice due to pre-eclampsia with my previous pregnancies. At this time, I knew high blood pressure can cause a lot of harm but I wasn't aware of the extreme consequences.

28<sup>th</sup> of May, I get home. My baby hasn't even had a bath, nor latching to the boob properly. It's not my first rodeo. I did everything to make sure my baby was latching, clean & healthy

At home, I'm running around after 2 toddler's and keeping up with feeding and nappy changing routine. I'm stressed. All I did was clean for days. I'm not the cleanest woman on the earth but psychologically, I knew something was wrong.

A few days at home, I called the maternity ward to follow up on my home visit with a midwife. I'm reassured that a midwife would be there in a few days. I knew was okay but I wasn't.

By the 5<sup>th</sup> of June, no midwife , nor one hone call from the hospital. Yes, I should've gone to see another doctor for a second opinion. With the high stress levels, I wasn't thinking straight.

My mother has her own cleaning business. On this day, she only had one 3 hour job. In my mind, surely I can take that job I've expressed enough breastfeeding milk for . My mother wasn't going to say no and honestly, I'm glad she said yes.

I get ready for pre-school & get myself ready. I feed & make make a bowl of cereal then proceed to give the youngest two my last kisses as an independent single mother for a long time. I drop off to school and say my last good bye before my whole life gets flipped upside down.

Hours into the clean, I'm feeling a bit tired. I struggle for at least minutes with tingling on my mouth & fingers. I'm almost done finished the kitchen and I notice my vision impairs . All I can see is white out of my left eye. I tell my step-father who is cleaning with me. He sweeps it under the rug so I call my mum. I knew something was wrong. My mum proceeds to tell me it's high blood pressure so I should sit down.

5 minutes in of having no vision in one eye, I continue to finish the kitchen. My step-father goes out and I'm alone. Within minutes of him going outside, I feel confused. I walk around in circles trying to gather my thoughts & collapse. I lay on the dirty cold floor boards, looking at the ceiling. I can't walk, I can't talk, nor scream for help.

My step-father finds me laying there. He asks what I'm doing and I look at him with the smallest movement of my neck. He tries to crack a joke that would make me crack up. He tells me if I don't get up, he's calling the ambulance. No response. He scramble for his phone to call 000.

I lay there while he answers the 000 operator and explains I lost my vision & that I have high blood pressure after giving birth. He asks me if I can talk. I can't respond. He explains that my face has drooped and I'm alert but non-responsive.

Shortly after, the ambulance came in and tried asking questions. I finally get up off my back but my speech is slow & slurry. They ask where I am, my name & the day. All I could say was "work" & "Cass". The paramedics asked if I've taken any drugs. With no speech, my step-dad explained that I have just had a baby 9 days ago.

The paramedics tried getting me up on my feet to jump in the ambulance. I realise that my right leg is unstable as of I was a baby giraffe trying to walk for the first time. The paramedics mentioned a stroke. With no comprehension on the situation, I felt so tired, confused & scared. I knew something was wrong.

Within minutes, I'm rolling into the ER. I sit there while I watch the paramedics & the ER nurses about my condition. My body's exhausted. I fall asleep. I wake up to nurses & doctors pricked & pronged but I was exhausted, I kept falling asleep.

My mother comes to visit me in ER ward, room 1. She asks if I know anything. All I know is I'm scared and something telling me something is wrong. Mum tries to reassure me but I know I'm sick.

My nurse interrupts us and says it's time to go for a scan on my brain. My mum leaves me to go get my kid's from their father. At this time, I want to be home with my kid's. I start worrying if I'm going to make it home and watch my kid's grow up.

My mother's gone & I'm in a MRI. The beeping & buzzing is hurting my head. I feel tingly again. My lips are numb and my hands numb. I can't squeeze the panic balloon thing they give you before the MRI starts. I'm stuck in my own body. My radiologist speaks to me through the PA system in the room. "Cassidi, we're half way. You're doing a good job. How you feeling?". All I could respond with was a simple "mmm".

After 15 excruciating minutes, the test has finished. I'm feeling the same as I did when I initially collapsed at work. "How was that Cassidi-Rae?". No response. It was happening again. I can't panic. I ride it out.

I wake up to see my children's father. Rhys & I had been split for a year. After \_\_\_\_\_ came in this cruel world, Rhys & I were trying to make amends for our children. Rhys asks questions like "what are the doctor's saying?", "do you know is going on?" etc. I can't respond. I try to express myself but I can't. I know it's happening again. Rhys ask if I need a nurse or help because he can see in my eyes I'm scared and worried. I grab Rhys' arm to express my frustration through body language. He gets what I'm putting on the cards. He speaks up to a nurse and he says something sis going on with me. I am a panic and I know something is worse than what it has been.

I cuddle Rhys for reassurance. At the point, I'm in so much of a panic, I stop breathing steadily. A crowd of nurses come to my bed to assist and I collapse in Rhys' arms. All I can see is black but I can hear everything that is happening on the room.

I wake up after what felt like a year and a day and I'm in a isolated room. I see my mum & my two sisters. I just howled and howled. I knew it. I knew something was wrong. At this time, I'm unsure what happened. All I know is that I felt so horrible, scared, worried and frustrated. My whole right side was affected. My face, my shoulder, arm and so on.

I wake up again and I'm in the ambulance. The sirens are blaring, the lights are flashing & I have a calm & collected soul next to me. She asks how I am. All I can say is yes. The paramedics assures I'm okay and her & colleague will save me. I'm out again.

I wakeup vaguely to being rushed into a single room. Doctors, nurses and paramedics are in this tiny room. I've never seen a room like this before. The nurse who took over from the paramedics & I'm more alert than I have been for hours. My nurse explains that I have been admitted in ICU in Hospital. She also dumbs my condition down to me. I suffered 6 strokes and I'm in a critical condition but she had faith that I'm okay.

Weeks into my recovery, I'm half paralyzed, I have aphasia & well, you guessed it... PTSD. I can remember absolutely everything on the 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> of June clearly. At the time, I didn't comprehend what was happening but now, I'm here laying in a hospital room reliving the trauma I have faced.

The panic attacks are real, the nightmares are so vivid & my new life is a challenge.

It's now 21th of July, 2023. Hi, I'm Cassidi-Rae Amosa. I'm a 25 year old, a mother of three beautiful children, a successful traffic controller & mostly, I'm a 95% recovered stroke victim. My story is distressing but I'm proud of how far I have come. I walk, I can talk & I can live a normal life. However, my challenges I endured for 2 years straight haunt me. My story should be told. I know I'm not the only who has birth trauma & lives a new normal life. Every day face challenges but that doesn't stop me from kicking my strokes ass.

I do understand this is a lengthy submission but this is my story. Our public hospitals are dodgy. We have rights. We have lives that we should cherish. With traumatic experiences just like mine, we can stop this half assed medical service.