

Submission  
No 144

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Name suppressed

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Partially  
Confidential

I birthed during covid. Was told my partner couldn't come in even though I was scared and in pain and waters breaking at 33 weeks. My partner came in an hour later. The midwife avoided eye contact with me. She and the doctor gave me no "care" or attention to the fact that I was suddenly labouring at that gestation, during a heavy lockdown, no consideration to the extreme pain I was in with no rest between contractions but instead telling my partner that I wasn't even in labour so it's only going to get worse from here "if she can't try and manage this early part now", denied my partner asking for help for me when he said she is having contractions and they are four minutes apart, she kept tightening the ctg monitoring which was exacerbating my pain even after I was telling her so. One of the times she came into the room, I was on the ball and making sounds during a contraction and she said, "I'm going to need you to tone it down" as she walked in the door. I was in so much shock and so much pain and no care was taken at all. Not once was I told; "we are here for you", "this is going to happen", or just looking me in the eye or showing some care regarding me giving birth at that gestation. She was barely "in" the room when she did come in. It has been a very negative experience to look back on that didn't need to be.

It was a really scary. awful experience. Once she left (a few hours before I was about to push) I had people holding my hand, giving me information and understanding that I was giving birth early and what risk was involved.

That same midwife came into the NICU a week after the birth and behaved completely foreign to how she was during my labour. It seemed so inauthentic and was painful because I needed kindness and warmth and support when I was in labour, under those circumstances.

My partner describes how she treated us as though we were an inconvenience to her, during my labour.

I ended up needing forceps, epidural (I was begging for pain relief actually bc I was being told I didn't need it, and they made me feel like getting the epidural was a bad idea-definitely wasn't my intention and had I had adequate care at the time perhaps I wouldn't have needed it but then to diminish what I was feeling in my own body??) and pushed for two hours on my back and my baby was put on my chest for around ten seconds before being taken away and then I was taken into surgery to have my placenta manually removed. I'm not sure that was even necessary. People yanking at the placenta cord inside me when very little time at all had passed. At six weeks postpartum I found I had retained products from the placenta-likely from this yanking and manual removal.

And then the button to the epidural kept getting pressed for me when I wasn't asking for it to be. Meaning it would take longer for me to be able to be up and visiting my baby. I was then separated from my baby for over four hours and no one could tell me when I would be able to see her. When I got to see her I was wheeled in on a bed, paralysed from the epidural, unable to touch her and she was completely covered due to the monitoring and administering of medications, cpap etc. which was confronting. In addition, there's the not being able to hold your baby and never knowing when you're going to be able to take them home and feeling heartbroken every time you leave them there in strangers care. You're told once they're sucking all of their feeds then that shows they're ready but then the nurses have given them a tube feed just before you arrive at the hospital to either bottle or breastfeed them so it delays your being able to take them home.

All this was lead up to with dismissing, neglect, mean behaviour while I was in shock that I was in labour prematurely and not knowing the state of my baby's health. It was all very mean and it just didn't need to be.

Her name was . An MGP midwife. Treated me like I was exaggerating my birth experience and was never "with" me like the name suggests. What a bitch. Making a formal complaint to the hospital.

My pregnancy was a hyperemesis gravidarum one and it took over 22 weeks for someone to acknowledge that and even then when I was describing suicidal ideations and the contemplation of a termination every single day because the fear and anticipation of another day or week feeling severely nauseas and sea sick day and night was incomprehensible. No one took it seriously. Two midwives discussed to each other having me go to get fluids and then decided against it, in front of me and for me.