

Submission  
No 456

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Name suppressed

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Partially  
Confidential

When I fell pregnant, everyone advised me to go through the midwife program at [REDACTED] public hospital as it was the best. Shortly into my pregnancy, I was diagnosed with hypothyroidism and put on meds.

It was a hard pregnancy, I was really ill, I had low blood pressure, perinatal depression and a separated pelvis and by 8 months I had a marriage break down.

At my 37 week scan, I was told the baby was too big for me and I would have to come in for another scan as I'll probably have to go early due to the size. My midwife said that was a load of crap and they were just after more money for the scans.

Shortly after that, I suffered from a separated pelvis because my daughter was in fact too big for me. But I still trusted my midwife and continued on. I was not advised to see a obstetrician or dr, just continue on only seeing my midwife. I did see someone regarding my back just in case I needed an epidural.

On the day of my daughters birth, I could barely walk, I started having contractions at about 2:30am. I ended up going to hospital somewhere between 11:30-12pm.

My mum arrived at around 3:30pm and my water finally broke at around 4. The baby wanted to come out. I couldn't get on the bed because of my separated pelvis so I just held on to the side of it while kind of squatting next to it. It was the most horrific few hours.

I pushed and pushed, and it felt like something was wrong. I told my midwife that something was wrong and she was sitting in the corner reading my chart, and told me it was that I wasn't pushing hard enough and that I was breathing wrong and I should push harder. When I did finally push as hard as i could, my daughters head came out but she was stuck.

All of a sudden there was a room full of people who grabbed me and lifted me onto the bed. They said they had called a surgeon to cut me, but then they stuck their hands inside and literally ripped my daughter out of me, ripping me from front to back. There was no crying but a team rushed off with my daughter.

Soon she was crying but her shoulder was stuck and her head had a large bump from where she had been crushed in the birth canal while I was having contractions and she was stuck. They had concerns about the crush effecting her growth plates and her shoulder having issues.

I was exhausted and I remember telling them that I didn't feel right and they told me it's because I've just had a baby and to get up and go to the toilet. When I got up I started haemorrhaging everywhere, I felt like I was in and out of consciousness. I could feel people pushing on my belly and blood gushing out everywhere. And I remember them sewing me up and talking about where to sew it all back up.

I ended up in a room with my baby at about 11pm hooked up to lots of machines, having several blood transfusions.

While in hospital I had a surgeon come and high five me for surviving one of the most traumatic types of birth with no pain relief. Then I had a school of university students come and study me and ask me personal questions about my tearing. It was so confusing. No one told me how traumatic the birth was.

It's had a significant effect on my health and well-being. I developed post natal depression and almost lost my milk. I had to go to weekly weigh-ins for my daughter and they made me fill out a survey asking if I felt like I was going to harm myself or my child. It was very distressing.

A year later I went to the midwives picnic and saw my midwife there, I talked to her about how traumatic it was and she said if I realised how old you were I would've been different because I was a geriatric pregnancy and high risk. I was shocked. My date of birth was in my file the entire time. I felt so let down and disregarded.

The damage done to my body has included the muscle being torn from my pelvic bone, my hips still cause significant pain and i struggle with common bodily functions as I feel like I was sewn up wrong. I am scared of ever becoming pregnant again and very reluctant to have sex out of fear of pregnancy and fear death if I become pregnant again.

To this day I am still traumatised by the whole ordeal I've been diagnosed with PTSD. My daughter is now an only child and I do blame [REDACTED] hospital and the midwife program.