

Submission
No 911

INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

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Partially
Confidential

My story is long and it's a tedious read. The details that i have written some may be trivial and some not. But a person of full health, and state and mind would struggle to heal from this, I was in no way healthy, I was a new mum recovering from a long birth, and I was quite sick leading up to it.

They chose to push my body to the limits, some of it beyond its capability. I am 13 months postpartum. Unable to wear leggings for more than two hours, unable to sit on hard surfaces for more than an hour. Unable to work at a desk without my scar getting inflamed. I am unable to do cardio exercise.

I have nightmares and terrors and the saddest area is, I am 39 years old and completely torn if I can have another baby. My time is not on my side.

I am heartbroken that this is my decision. I am terrified that my body can't withstand another pregnancy because of the toll this had on my body.

My daily decision is, how much pain am i willing to withstand, is this activity worth it. This includes taking my baby to the park.

I was open and transparent, I was confident in asking for help, I was vocal. Although very embarrassed that I wasn't prepared for birth or postpartum procedures. I held my trust in the medical team. To take my past into consideration and do what needs to be done.

I asked and pleaded - please do what you can, I can't have any more trauma to my vagina.

However , they chose surgical techniques that are known to be more painful and longer recovery.

**I wasn't given access to physio prior to delivery - I now know i should of
I wasn't given access to the hospitals Psychologist - I now know i should of
I wasn't looked after in the 12 hours after delivery - I know that this definitely should have happened.**

There are so many things, so many cracks that I fell through.

I did contemplate 'not being here any more' as it would bring peace and no pain.

On my worse day, I finally understood why people slit their wrists to commit suicide, I understood why it would be a relief to see the pain escape from their body.

I couldn't help these thoughts but knew I was in a very terrible space, I was in trouble, and I didn't know what to do.

This year has been a blur, one of pain and suffering, The joy of my miracle boy stolen from me. I didn't even know we hadn't bonded until we did. Until i felt that love. NOT just seeing this as my duty.

Acceptable trauma is the worse kind because it silences people.

My story I feel may have an extra layer of complexity.

Through a friend, I became aware of BAM in the . There I disclosed that in Ireland, I was admitted to A&E, for pain that I now know as Endometriosis. I had been sexually assaulted by a man pretending to be a Doctor. This was an extremely distressing experience.

From there I learned that there was a social worker I could contact and help me get continuity of care from the MGP. I was extremely thankful and felt privileged that I could get such care.

I had my first appointment with and asked for permission if a trainee midwife was across my case. The Trainee Trainee Midwife Y, was already present in the room and didn't feel like I could ask any questions or raise any concerns.

Luckily at the time I found both to be very supportive.

I was very open about how I was very scared about the birth, mainly that I feel I have dealt with the past trauma, however, my body seems to take on that trauma sporadically and I'm very scared about the birthing process. Also, a hospital setting is an obvious trigger. Taking into consideration my past and how my body reacts. I gave the following example to ensure there was an understanding of how my body can react if I am triggered. When I go to gynaecologists/GPs they can't get a speculum to stay inside the vagina, as I have often pushed it out involuntarily. I was told that the body is an amazing thing and I should trust it.

Routine appointments were fine, I was open about being stressed. I did have quite a lot of pain. I had quite a lot of pain under my ribs on the left side. However, it was never investigated. My blood pressure was normal, however later found out, was not normal for me as I was a person who always had lower blood pressure. This was missed.

had let me know that she was going on holiday for three weeks from week 36, however, should be back for my birth as the majority of first-time mums give birth after the due date. This really didn't sit well with me as the very reason was put into this practice was that I could have continuity of care. But there was nothing I could do.

My final scan was in July - where I was told the baby was very large and his head was in the 99% aisle. This made me very nervous.

Tuesday the 19th of July

I went to a pre scheduled appointment with my midwife. was on holiday and I saw for the first time and , and Trainee Midwife Y also attended. by that stage I did feel quite large though I was just going on the 37 weeks I did mention prior that I had a pain underneath my ribs and I wasn't actually able to lie on my left-hand side for a good few months of pregnancy, I also mentioned that I was extremely tired and heavy and that sometimes in the evening I was seeing stars. With that statement. then sent me to be monitored for the rest of the day as she just wanted to be sure however I didn't understand what they were monitoring me for.

After a couple of hours of running tests and being monitored, they found that although my blood pressure was normal as per the recommended guidelines they saw that my proteins were off and that they were going to recommend that I come to the next day to be monitored again to make sure it wasn't just a once off

Wednesday, July 20th at 11.15 am I entered the hospital and went straight to the ward to be monitored for the day. After many hours of deliberation, and many opinions from many midwives and doctors. The outcome at 4 pm was that I would need to be induced. Unfortunately, This decision was not welcomed and I was visibly upset. Monday the 18th was my final day at work. I hadn't done the courses I had booked into and prep for birth had barely started.

My biggest concern was giving birth and/or aftercare in the hospital at the weekend. I said this to my new midwife X and Trainee Midwife Y and to the medical team. I was assured by many that the standard of care will not lapse. in this instance was the only member of staff that was able to advocate for my position letting them know my past and how situations that are out of my control are distressing for me. I was in tears and openly said I can't withstand any more trauma. Please do everything you can to limit it. All agreed and seemed to be supportive,

Trainee Midwife Y was extremely supportive and professional and did an amazing job at calming me down as I had no support person with me.

However, I was told very little as to why I had to be induced - preeclampsia was mentioned however this was not explained to me at all. I had no risks explained to me and had no communication on how it could affect the birth and the recovery. I was told the only cure was to deliver the baby. I was very apprehensive however it did sound urgent and I needed to oblige.

My main concern at this point was that I did not have any continuity of care that week except for Trainee Midwife Y, trainee midwife.

Thursday, July 21st at 9.30am

My partner and I entered the hospital. We settled into the room after some time a midwife in the ward checked my cervix and with that she let me know after several minutes of checking that I was 2 cm dilated and I would not need the pessary.

The ward midwife went to check if I could progress to step two. However, the delivery ward was full. I did ask if the induction was still required as I was already dilated. However, I was unable to speak to any Doctor directly.

After several hours we were then advised I could go home and return the next day at 7 a.m. Again i was confused as just the day before i was denied to hold off until after the weekend as it was urgent.

The Birth

Friday the 22nd of July

We entered the hospital at 7:30 a.m. I met with X, my midwife, for the delivery.

Unfortunately, the first exam X performed, she didn't walk me through, she went to feel the baby through my abdomen, however, I was shocked at the roughness and pressure she used. My whole body clammed up and I felt like she had not prepared me for the pain that would come with the exam. There you will feel A) B) and C). Ultimately I was petrified if she could do that about pain from my abdomen what would an internal exam feel like?

She left the room and I cried and my partner said we need to remind her and ask her to be very descriptive.

This is what we did and she was professional and took into account that she needed to give me time to readjust and get into a more trusting head space, However, my body was already triggered.

The rest of the day was how I can describe it as calm. I was reminded several times how there was a shift change at 7pm, from X and the midwives that came in and out. I will say that no other trainees (other than Trainee Midwife Y) and no men were allowed in my room and I was very thankful for that security.

Over the course of the day, I really did try to emphasise that I was 3 weeks early and that much of the information I was hoping to read and educate myself on. I was not able to get it either. I explained I went to one clam birthing class. Unable to attend others that I had intended to do.

This meant I was unsure of basically everything, especially different positions I should and could try in order to help the process. I was not in intense pain and I felt the day was going well according to everyone's reaction. After lunch, I was getting tired and asked for some pain relief which was effective.

All were cheering me on and said the baby will definitely be here by 3pm. I was extremely unsure about this, quite frankly because I thought that labour would be far more painful.

I was supported by the Head of the Department, who came to visit and let me know there was a note on my file that only authorised people only in my room. And reassured me that they were used to treating women like me that have been sexually assaulted in a hospital setting. I felt that I had a voice and I was being listened to too.

After 3pm - there were some concerns at how long the process was taking, we tried many positions and was doing my best to push as directed.

More people entered the room and let me know that I was getting tired and they wanted to put a plan in place. That if there was no progress by 4 pm then we needed an alternative.

This time, I wasn't told directly but in a discussion with each other, they had said that his head was at a difficult angle.

I agreed to an epidural and to push with that. Unfortunately, there was progress.

I was then told that if I was to continue pushing I could do harm to my pelvic area.

I was EXTREMELY CLEAR AND ADAMANT that I can't have any more trauma done to me. I would not cope. Please do what you can to ensure I don't have trauma to my vagina.

They said they would have to do an episiotomy and asked if I had a preference for forceps v's vacuum. Again I said unfortunately I don't have the full details on either and the effects. I said I remember reading that a vacuum could cause brain damage to the baby.

I was not told any stats or given any other risks that would inform my decision. Forceps were the alternative that was offered to me. I was completely unaware that forceps could cause harm to me and had no idea of the harm to my baby boy.

There was no mention of caesarean, 3 pm to 7.53 pm.

Delivery

There was unfortunately an influx of people into the room.

My baby boy was born, not breathing. I saw him briefly and he was taken away and was treated on the other side of the room.

I was being reassured by my partner, I was in shock and disbelief. My doctor was asking for help to control the bleeding in a very professional way. Then as no one was really listening she had to raise her voice.

I was being stitched up and I was concerned about my baby boy. BabyBoy (baby boy) was taken away and my partner went with him. Trainee Midwife Y was by my side as amazing support.

After some time, a man and my partner burst into the room and I did not understand a single word. My partner said this is BabyBoy's doctor. My legs were still in stirrups and I felt so exposed.

This process began at 10 am Tuesday morning and this was after 8 pm on Friday night, after going through childbirth, filled with pain medication and no food for over 24 hours. I was unable to process any information. It is safe to say, no one in that position could. I felt like it was such a violation that this man had entered my room. I didn't know why he could not wait until I myself was out of surgery.

After some time the kaos seemed to die down. I expressed as much colostrum as I could. I was told that they would need to watch my blood pressure and it would spike after the delivery. Thereafter Trainee Midwife Y went home. I myself was left on my own in the delivery suite for about 30 to 40 minutes. My partner and I were offered cheese sandwiches. I was definitely feeling very unwell.

We then were allowed to move to the postnatal room. I was asked if I wanted to see BabyBoy. I felt like I would have been a horrific new mum if I said I felt too sick. At 11pm, I went down in a wheelchair. I felt more nauseous as I went. I saw BabyBoy and was horrified at his facial bruising across his eye and head.

Then I vomited (only water) all over the floor and a nurse had to run to get me a sick bag, I was mortified. I was asked if I would consent to formula, I had to.

I was brought back upstairs, to where I stayed.

The next time I woke was at 6.03 am Saturday the 23rd July. I was not checked overnight. No midwives checked in on me and my blood pressure certainly wasn't taken. I was ignorant enough to thank everyone for letting me sleep. Not knowing how dangerous that was.

From this moment I should have thought carefully about this but was still extremely sore and very ill. I could not let my right buttock touch any surface.

@3rd of July I was able to see BabyBoy and my mother arrived from Ireland. I hadn't seen her in 4 years. A very emotional day.

I was extremely swollen from head to toe, to the point my mother screamed and asked what was happening.

As there is no mirror bar, a tall bathroom mirror - long mirrors - I had no idea just how much fluid was in my body.

I don't remember having many attentive people over the weekend. I was given some pain medication and I only learned in the NICU about breastfeeding. BabyBoy was able to come back at 4 pm on Saturday.

I asked the midwives about my wound and how I should clean it. What should I do? I was told not to put any water on it.

It was extremely painful and I didn't understand why my right buttock was so swollen and sensitive.

Sunday 24th July, I was concerned that my legs were so swollen, double my size. I was told that I needed compression socks however I asked a couple of times and I got none. I was far more concerned about the pain in my episiotomy. I could not sit and moving felt like I was ripping my skin open.

Breastfeeding became difficult. My nipples were cracked and bleeding. There was no one around to help.

These two elements deprioritized my blood pressure and preeclampsia concerns. Genuinely no one seemed vaguely concerned.

Monday 25th

Morning, I was still extremely ill, and BabyBoy was sleeping. I felt like too much.

A midwife came in and asked me how the weekend went?

She then asked me why I wasn't filling up the board (whiteboard) . I had no idea what she was talking about, she said I needed to be filling in his feeds, etc and drew the template.

Openingly annoyed that I didn't do that.

I asked about BabyBoy's sleeping and she explained that is normal with babies who have jaundice. No one had sat down and even mentioned this.

Thirdly I was very sore from breastfeeding, **She went on to say "I thought you would be a natural by now, this being your third" I was flabbergasted I was like, not only is this my first, I went three weeks early, I have not completed any courses and needed extra support"**

She left and didn't return, Trainee Midwife Y entered my room and I relayed the story, then X came into the room and told her. Trainee Midwife Y checked my chart. She said there was a note saying third child.

They asked me when my blood pressure was taken and I genuinely couldn't remember. They took it and it was at a dangerous level. X left the room and went to talk to the midwives. It turned out that all the support classes for breastfeeding were full. Even though I have been in since Friday morning. Also it was planned.

This was Monday morning, My sheets and bed pad were changed, and sanitary bins were not emptied so I had to use the ordinary bin.

I kept raising my wound and it was extremely sore and I couldn't sit at all. I was given 3 Ice packs and in total 6 maternity pads in 3 days.

I was completely unaware that these things wouldn't be provided. X told me to fill condoms and freeze them. I couldn't understand the lack of care for my surgical wound.

I had to ask for it to be looked at?
I had to ask what were the signs of infection.

Tuesday morning 26th

My doctor came to visit and I asked why my right buttock was swollen. She explained I had a mediolateral incision, she then asked "if i knew that?" . I was completely unaware. She drew a diagram for me.

I had no idea as to why that would be performed.

I was NOT told that this type of incision takes the longest to heal.

Pain medication was not being fulfilled on time and it was not masking the pain.

At this stage I was still not given compression socks.

Nor was I given any documents of how to care for my wound.

I was told to look out for discoloration on my pads, which I honestly had no idea how to differentiate from lochia.

Wednesday the 27th

I was authorised to go home.

I was limping and still couldn't sit down on my right cheek, so I needed to be at an angle.

I asked for a prescription for my pain medication to go home and I was denied I would have to see a GP.

I was discharged at approx 5pm - so I was unable to make an appointment with my Doctor. (Also I was unable to get a Doctors appointment with my Doctor for a whole week)

I was sent home with no pain medication at all. I had 52 pages of what baby BabyBoy needed and not one leaflet of how to care for myself or my wound, nothing for the BabyBoy father.

Absolutely no individual care package catered to my surgery.

I cried in pain all the way home.

Friday the 29th

X came to visit me. I let her know that the wound was very sore and still can't sit for longer than a few minutes. I am breastfeeding standing up only.

She looked at my wound and told me everything looked fine as she examined it from the side angle while I laid down.

I had no choice but to think that I was a person that couldn't take this pain. Had to accept that it would get better.

Throughout the next couple of days, I was in severe pain. I was breastfeeding every two hours and crying while doing so as I didn't always have the energy to keep standing. So propped up on pillows on the bed, I persisted. My blood pressure was still not back to normal. I was taking arnica, Endone, Voltaren, paracetamol, and maltofer. I then got severe haemorrhoids.

I felt like my whole body was hit by a bus.

Tuesday night I called the MGP line as I had terrible pain under my rib - I couldn't take a breath. I called very worried and X told me that she would ask if Midwife Z would visit me the next day,

Wednesday 3rd of August

Midwife Z and Trainee Midwife Y came to visit, unable to sit. She recommended that I get my urine tested for possible UTI. If I came into the hospital it would be quicker.

Thursday 4th August

I came to see the midwife W.in the Hospital regarding a possible UTI.

She saw me limping and asked me,

"How long has this been going for?". I told her since the birth and she asked if I would like her to check the wound. I agreed

Upon her investigation, she gasped and said "I'm so sorry but you have a full wound breakdown, It's gaping open". She went to fetch the Senior Midwife, The Senior Midwife returned with her and was extremely sympathetic. Both agreed that the Doctor would be required. I was torn in my feeling happy I wasn't going mad and angry that my pain had been dismissed for so long.

Over the next two hours, I have NEVER felt pain like this
I have NEVER been treated with such dismissal and condescending language.
I have never personally felt the repercussions of the term gaslighting before.

FACTS

I came into this ward for a UTI check-up.

I had surgery not two weeks prior.

I was Iron deficient

I had lost over a litre of blood.

I was breastfeeding

I was a new mum

A resident Doctor came to view the wound and also advised that a Senior, Dr A would need to check the wound.

The resident said she would need to take a swab from inside the wound. I had no IDEA OF THE PAIN this would cause. I now think anyone with their full faculties would have known and at that time I was utterly exhausted from the pain and as a new mum.

What I do know now. Is that someone should have known and prepared me and/or offered pain relief. What she did was inhumane and I still suffer nightmares from this incident.

I suffered from endometriosis my whole life, had various ovarian cysts, lived with sciatica and now have childbirth. Nothing prepared me for the torture of this exam.

It felt like she had barbed wire wrapped around the swab and circulated it as you would turning a slightly old key in a keyhole. Rough and ragged. It was an internal electric shock that it caused from the base of my skull to the kneecaps. It was utterly excruciating. It was too much pain for me to handle, and my vision darkened.

I screamed 'FUVK'. I never raised my tone even during childbirth. I am a person that is truly polite and respectful. I would never dream of making anyone feel uncomfortable. This was out of character for me.

I could not believe that this was allowed and not only that this was watched by professionals, they all knew the open wound was infected and also this wound was in one of the most sensitive areas on my body, also seemed to not take into account that I was recovering from prolonged childbirth.

After the exam, she went on to say, oh i'm so sorry, I was mean. I was in shock at her condescending nature. I was transported back to when I was five and caught my finger. How could a medically trained doctor or any trained professional use such language on a grown woman?

Dr. A assured me that surgery would be the best path, that they could do it tomorrow Friday, the surgery would be to clean out the infection and repair the stitches. I agreed as I was in so much pain, I would have agreed to anything.

Thursday 4th August

Admitted to hospital for preparation of

I arrived at 6.30pm.

I was left standing in a room for nearly 3 hours (as I couldn't sit. I had no pain medication) I wasn't able to lie down anywhere.

I begged over text to help me at 20.40pm to please help me. I was left with no response and she didn't come get me for another 40 min.

I was allowed to have Baby stay with me, however I was not told that I could have support with me. That night was simply exhausting, everytime I had to peel myself out of the bed to get BabyBoy the pain of stretching my wounded skin brought me to hold my breath. As to not whale.

The midwives on this ward were simply the most amazing and empathetic I had met. Each personally addressing my situation and apologising that this happened to me.

I could see there was not enough time or staff on to help me out. If I pressed the bell for help, it would come 20 min later and I couldn't leave BabyBoy for that long crying. Each time I just overcome the pain to fetch my baby boy, each time crying silently or unfortunately whaling. Wiping tears from my newborns face while breastfeeding will forever haunt me

I started on antibiotics on Thursday night, I met Dr. A on Friday. She let me know that the Head of Obstetrics would need to review my wound. After his inspection, His medical opinion from looking at it, he was led to believe "it was much worse than it actually was" and he feels like that surgery wasn't necessary. He said that it would repair on its own. That I should take the antibiotic and they would reassess after the weekend.

I was visibly very upset. I asked what the recovery time would be. He said it could be up to 3 months.

I stated I had no family support after this week and my partner has to return to work. He asked if my partner could take time off work?
Or could my mother stay on?
Unfortunately . I said that is just not realistic.
I haven't been able to feed my baby sitting down,
I can't sit down to eat a meal
I can't sit down in a car
I can't drive to doctor's appointments
I can't wear pants / trousers
I can't walk without limping

He said that is his recommendation for it to heal naturally. My surgeon then entered the room and said we should wait the weekend and see how the antibiotics go.

I was inconsolable. I had no idea how I was going to get in and out of the bed to look after BabyBoy in this pain all weekend. I couldn't understand why they prepared me for surgery and then in their opinion - the wound was not that severe. Changed their course of action.

While in tears and quite frankly breaking down, (this was all being said prior to 9 am Friday morning) I have no support network beside me.

A midwife came into the room and consoled me. She said if couldn't take this pain, she would have to have the surgery. She went on to say that by Monday they will assess and probably do the surgery.

My surgeon came back into the room and I said I can't handle this pain any longer. I can't look after my baby. I need surgery.

She said she would speak to colleagues. She said there was no space for me today, that it might be tomorrow morning or 5pm this evening. (she made me feel like such a burden)

She then sat down to tell me the risks of the surgery, which was not given to me the day before.

- Chronic pain and infections
- Nerve damage
- Anorectal dysfunction
- Urinary incontinence
- Sexual dysfunction (pain during sexual intercourse)

I had no sleep for over 24 hours as I was on my own with my newborn all night. Midwives did their best to help when they could. However, I had to get out of bed every time he cried or was hungry. Midwives were just not able to be there.

Each time I felt my wound stretch.

All pain medication was delayed, as the Midwives were very busy.

Pain had become unbearable

This was the point when the medical team decided to tell me that my current options were :

- A) Withstand this pain of a gaping wound, for months. Which would mean excruciating pain, delayed healing, and go into massive financial debt as my partner couldn't work
- B) Opt for surgery that could leave me with Sexual dysfunction, chronic pain or nerve damage possibly for the rest of my life

I opted for immediate relief as I just couldn't take it anymore. With the hope I would not fall into the risk category.

Dr. A left and within 15 min, she returned to say they can bring me down in ten min.

Shocked doesn't come close to how I felt. She then asked where "the baby daddy was?" I said he was on route. She said she can give him ten minutes . My partner was parking and no service.

My ten minutes were up so they asked a stranger to take BabyBoy, I didn't get to meet the midwife or actually hold him. I was being taken down without speaking to anyone.

As I was being wheeled down the corridor on the trolley, the lift opened and my partner saw me. He ran towards us, I could see he thought something terrible had happened.

He couldn't understand why we couldn't wait for him if it wasn't an emergency.

The surgery apparently went extremely well. I was back with my family within hours. I was told I would be home on Saturday the 6th, if I had a good night.

During this stay I met the 3 most incredible midwives, supportive, tough and practical. Each portrayed true and genuine empathy. I relayed my story of how my charts were confused and the breastfeeding clinic I was unable to attend, although I had one on one with a lactation consultant. It was quite quick.

There I was asked why I wasn't breastfeeding while lying down. I said I actually thought that was for advanced mothers. I was supported and shown some techniques. This was truly life changing.

I again was on my own during the night. I begged for pain relief, the midwife asked me why I was prescribed so little pain relief. I had no idea why she advocated for me, however it took two hours for a prescription to be filled for me.

I again was very sore, however the torturous pain had subsided. I was truly exhausted .

Saturday

I was visited by a different team of doctors, one I had known. I was not going to be allowed home " The male Dr said, " they let me go home prior when I wasn't right and they don't want to do it again" . I understood their concerns however I begged and begged to go home. I was going off perhaps 4 - 5 hours of sleep from Wednesday to Saturday morning including surgery. I said I need help and unfortunately midwives, although very supportive, physically can't help.

He simply said "perhaps your partner can stay with you? " I was like, can he ? I wasn't told that, why was I left two nights with no support ?

I was so angry.

Saturday night, a midwife who had been an incredible support under a mountain of strain.

Told me she was leaving and wouldn't be back until after Monday.

She said, please when leave here and make a complaint - what you've been through is nothing short of horrific and I am so sorry on behalf of my profession that this has been your experience.

I thanked her.

Sunday morning, another midwife that was leaving, woke me up and (to my dismay) said she was leaving. I thanked her, she said I had had the worst aftercare she has seen in her 15 years plus as a midwife. Asked me to ensure I do something about, Apologies that the hospital had failed me .

The third midwife was a wonderfully practical woman and said you have to complain. This will haunt you forever if you don't.

I left on the Sunday

The weeks that led were ok to start with. Week 5 I was finally able to sit and feed Babyboy on a nursing chair.

However my pain returned, upon seeing my GP finally she noticed my skin was extremely tight and red. Stitches seems to be pulling the skin.

She also was disappointed at the hospital and asked how did my preeclampsia present itself

She went on to tell me that my normal state is on the lower side so my blood pressure must've been high for me, an individual and they missed it.

Told me I had postpartum haemorrhage, asked why I didn't get a transfusion.
I did blood tests while i was there

The following week I was back to not being able to sit down. I begged my midwife to help me. The skin was being stretched to an inch of its life.

I called my midwife and asked what could be done. She said I could attend the open clinic in 6 days. I was hysterical and said I am never going through that again. I will never have another baby. I can't believe how utterly wrong this went.

I was told the stitches were dissolvable and I didn't interrogate the science behind these, I was only aware of 2 -3 week dissolvable stitches. However I didn't know these were different and would dissolve in 2 - 3 months.

She said to leave it with her. Monday morning Head of MGP called me personally and apologised for what I had been through. Said Dr. A A A could see me that afternoon.

I went in, left my baby at home, Trainee Midwife Y the trainee attended with me. Unable to sit again. She said she would remove some stitches.
When a person has hit rock bottom, you don't see hope and you have no expectations.
However again was shocked that she attempted to take out the stitches with no pain relief.

I asked my midwife for a pelvic physio appointment, where I opened up about my horrific experience. She told me that she would take care of me and no one else would and after assessing me, told me that I didn't have nerve damage.,

She "tugged" at one and that was painful and went on to take out a second. I said I'm so sorry I just can't take that.

Unfortunately this was definitely not to her schedule. I was taken upstairs for gas and air. I left sweating, foggy and near fainting. I hoped it was over. However she left the 'inside stitches"

I had to repeat this again a couple of weeks later.

My last appointment with Dr. A was one that I felt beaten down, I didn't feel like I could advocate for myself anymore. I felt like a victim of a horrific accident. She declared that it was her best work to date.

She asked if she could bring her male resident into shadow. I was sullen, I was quiet. I accepted.

I was defeated, My voice didn't matter.

The following months were an isolated nightmare

I could walk / sit down. I couldn't go to mums groups, travel and or the embarrassment

I tried to find help. I became a shell of myself.

I was unable to move on with my life

I finally found a pelvic floor physio that came to my home. Helped my pain immensely

November I finally could drive and made an appointment with the community nurse. She again was horrified and couldn't believe that I was just left like that. She got me in touch with a psychologist and I finally could see her the following February 2023.