There’s no place like home

Thirty years ago now, my mother gave birth to me prematurely in the car, in a panicked rush home from the supermarkets. Perhaps my unconventional entry into this world is something that was a part of my beginning. I was always buoyed by the idea of giving birth at home; venturing to hospital really disturbed me and seemed ‘unnatural’. I had it all planned out. I truly thought that as a woman, I was doing what was best for my child and my body. I had privacy, freedom and most of all choice, as a soon-to-be Mum. On the day of delivery, my personalised midwife prepped my bedroom, lit some candles and I began to push. It wasn’t long before my dream homebirth turned into a horrible nightmare. My son did not survive. He died minutes after giving birth. That beautiful bundle of joy that had been growing inside me for 9 months lay there, still. My midwife frantically called the ambulance, but there was nothing they could do. It was too late. After diagnosis, the paramedics subtly informed me that had I been in hospital, my son would have survived.

Unfortunately, homebirth is a growing rate of up to a staggering 2 in 15 women who are committing suicide as a result of a newborn death associated with homebirths. This is a glaring red flag for any mother-to-be.

Sad to report, there’s no place like home. Perhaps the media today is subjectively televising what women want to see instead of focusing on the hard facts. From woman to woman, you must trust your own instincts. I would never recommend homebirth to anyone. From my experience, I now hope to raise awareness and encourage you enough to give birth in hospital.

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