My name is Blessings, I am 33 years old and I would like to share my story with you today.

Last year I was expecting my first baby. I was in pain for a few days and had some discharge and my mother told me I needed to go to the hospital. When I got to the hospital, they gave me an Emergency Caesarean. My son was a big baby and I was told I was too weak to continue pushing; he was born healthy and strong. After I left the theatre my belly was flat and soft but, a few hours later, it was getting bigger and bigger.

The doctor came in the afternoon and he said “Oh you started walking already, that’s good, if you can keep this up you can go home soon.” But I asked him “why is my stomach big and hard like this?” and he told me maybe its because your baby was big, it just means it will take some time for your uterus to get small again. This was my first baby I wondered “maybe this is what happens to people after a caesar?”. After 3 days when the Dr came round, he looked at my big and firm stomach and said “maybe you are not walking around enough.” So he asked me to walk the corridors, it was difficult, to walk as I was not fit as I had a cough. He sent me home, but I did not feel well.

After about 3 days at home, I woke up after a nap and found my wound dressing was very wet. My mother checked it and saw pus and boils and blisters but the wound was not open. My cough was getting worse and I had a fever. Later that night my mother wiped the wound with a cotton ball (with spirit). The next day my mum came back as she was worried about me. She wiped the wound again there was pus coming from my scar. I was very afraid.

My mum called my sister to come to the house. When she arrived, she said that the bedroom had an awful smell and she pointed out many large black flies in the room. We packed up and my sister drove me to the hospital. The nurse quickly took me straight into the nurses office. I didn’t have to wait in any line. The nurse opened up my dressing and started cleaning and squeezing the pus, while another nurse rushed to call a Dr. When the Dr saw me she said the incision was still intact and the infection was not deep.

After they opened my incision to clean my wound, they said there was no medicine to continue cleaning and so they wrote me a prescription to go and buy the medicine. My sister went to buy. I was told that the antibiotic was scarce and not enough was ordered, and it was expensive. There were some days I’d go the whole day without this antibiotic. I was afraid because we are always told that antibiotics need to be taken every day until the whole dose is completed. So being in my situation, I was very concerned about what would happen to me next.

There was one day when my wound was oozing a lot and the dressing even came off. I went to a nurse to tell them and asked if they could re-dress the wound. One nurse who kindly said she would come to my bedside to re-dress the wound. Some hours went by and when I reminded the nurse she said “Sorry I forgot, I’ll bring them soon,” but she didn’t come and that night I slept with an undressed open wound until morning. After I left the hospital I had daily dressings done at my local facility.

Having sepsis has changed my life. Some parts of my body are still numb, especially on my abdomen. My husband is not around until the end of the year, so I don’t know if my sex life has been affected. I believe the problem began at the hospital, specifically during the c/s. When I look back, I could sense there was something wrong in my body, something was not right. I realised that maybe I made a mistake; Because while I was in hospital, I didn’t say anything. All the symptoms I was feeling, maybe I would’ve been helped before things got as bad as they did?