



# Workshop

# A



# Silent Trauma in South Asian Mothers

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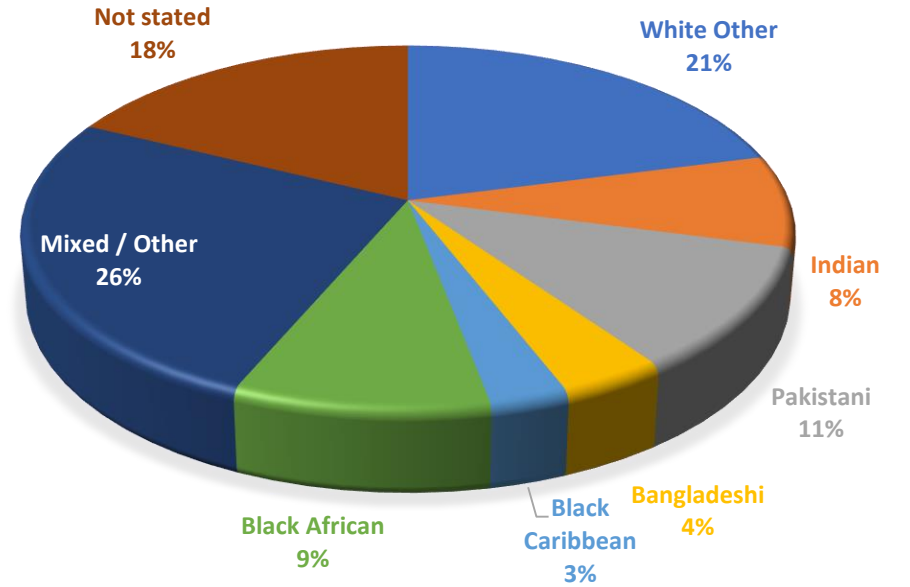
“our trauma escapes the confines of our own times. we’re not just healing from what’s been inflicted onto us as children. my experiences have happened to my mother and her mother and her mother before that. it is generations of pain embedded into our souls.”

— Rupi Kaur

*Taken from rupikaur.com (2017)*

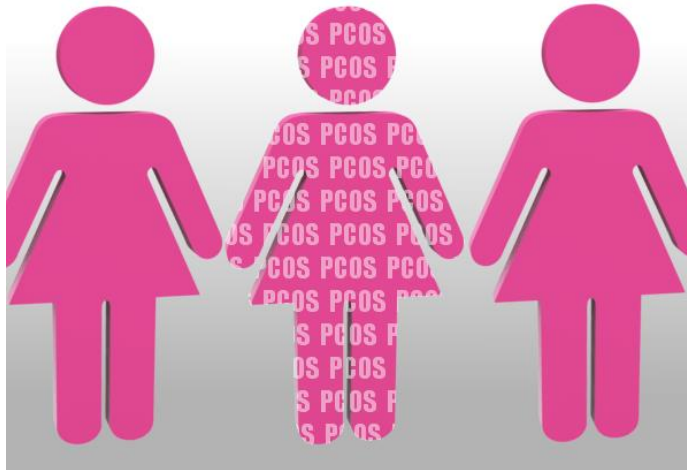


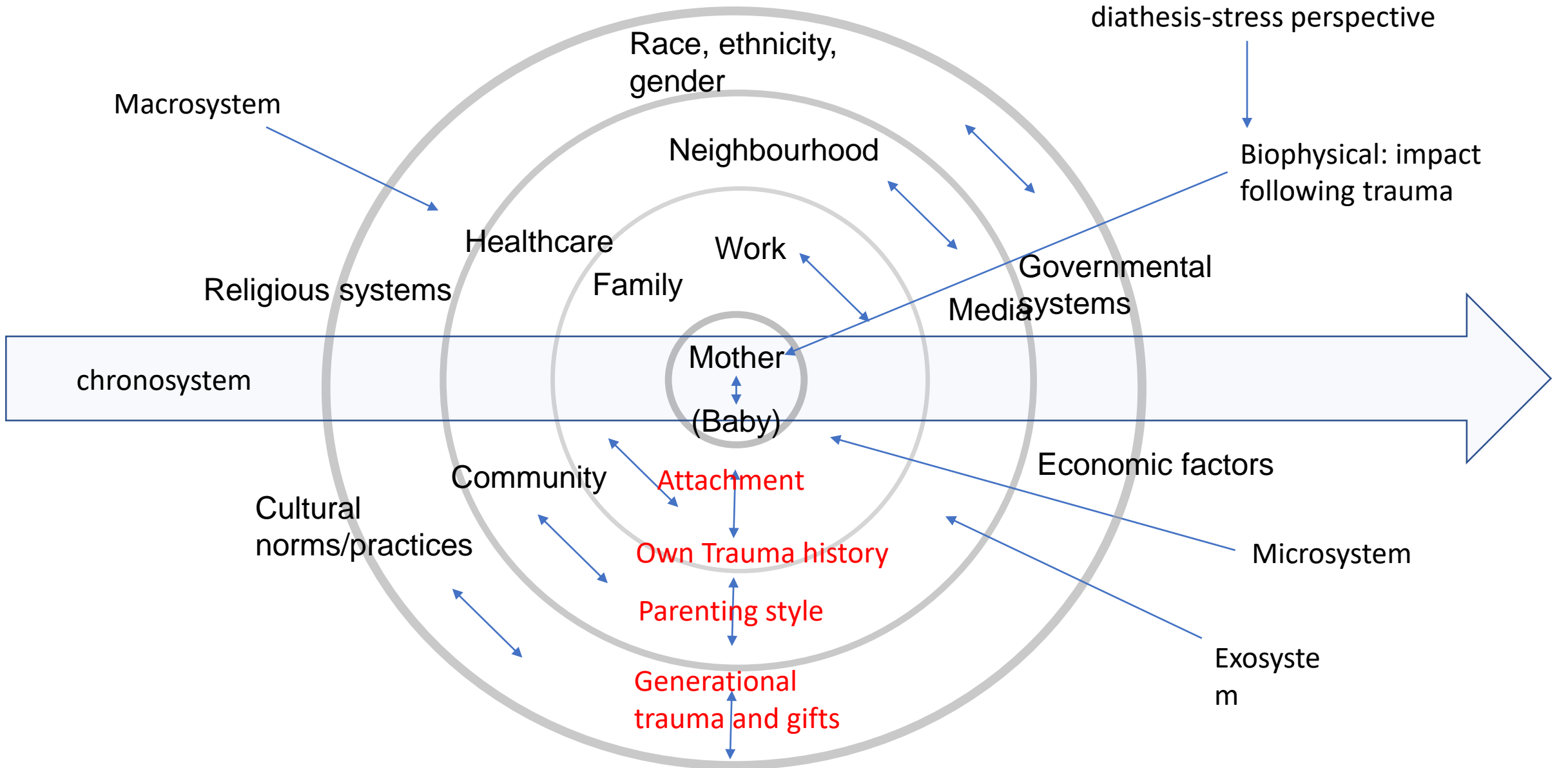
**TOTAL NUMBER OF BIRTHS IN UK (2006-2012)**



**Black and Asian women have a higher risk of dying in pregnancy**

White women		7/100,000
Asian women	 <b>2x</b>	13/100,000
Mixed ethnicity women	 <b>3x</b>	23/100,000
Black women	 <b>5x</b>	38/100,000





Mesosystem: the bidirectional relationship between each system and the factors within them

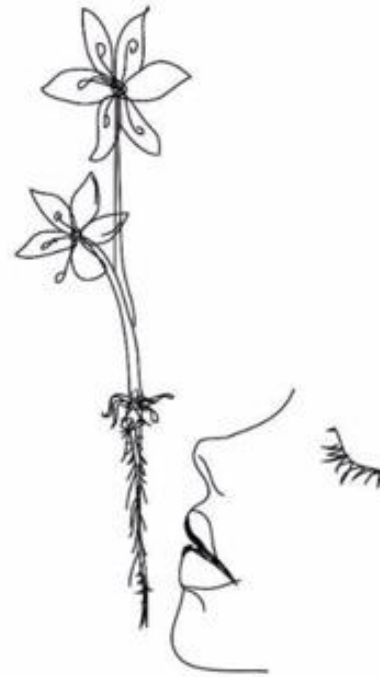
*Adapted from Bronfenbrenner (1979)*



Be curious ...

to heal  
you have to  
get to the root  
of the wound  
and kiss it all the way up

- rupi kaur



Not being enough

Gender preference

loss

Partition

Not knowing history

Shame

Stigma

Patriarchy

Identity/belonging

Wounds of Migration

Racism overt and structural

Gender preference

Compassion

Forgiveness

Acknowledge Privilege

Express anger

I Can love what caused me pain

Silence

Dissociation

Rigid standards



There once was a girl who looked in the mirror and saw that she was many things, lawyer, activist and a Brown woman. I gave Birth to a beautiful baby girl three years ago. I am now a mother. However, following an 18 hour labour and an emergency c- section I continue to heal from the scars that opened me.

The lights were bright and all I remember is how alone I felt. The confusion, and hysteria radiating. Eyes all on me, my body jolting. My baby is here and mu milk didn't flow, they told me with glazed eyes that 'I am not trying hard enough'. I said nothing and swallowed my tears. The baby cried all night. The milk never came.

On the 6<sup>th</sup> day the house was full of life, vacuuming and the smell of cooking. I felt sore and wanted to hide. I produced a painful Smile for the flash that went off. In the next moment I was surrounded and was told to step away, give up the baby, to be passed around and cooed at. I was not allowed to be there, when her baby was was blessed, I am 'dirty'. The baby roared and they roared "the baby is hungry, you are not producing enough milk". I know they will whisper about me.

After 40 days I can breathe the fresh air. I was told, to swaddle baby, wrap myself up when going out. I was so tired. I was told to pray and be grateful. I had it so much better than what they had in their day. No English, no hands-on hubby, they needed to make sure the roti was fresh, otherwise the rage from him would be felt.

No longer is there is Tupperware filled with nourishment, just an occasional checking in. Everyone is busy.

I'm fine, because my baby comes first, because that's what they said.