

The loss of a child is a journey nobody should ever have to take. You lose a part of your heart, you are forever changed, and your life falls into two time periods. It's somehow made even more difficult when the loss could have been prevented. This is a story about the loss of my son's life, the beautiful boy he will always be, and the devastating effects of receiving too many vaccines. On February 25, 2017, my 4-year-old son Johnathan fell asleep and didn't wake up a month after his 4-year-old wellness visit. The journey of life is short, but the memories of Johnathan's Journey have forever changed the world and me.

Johnathan's Journey

By, Stacy L. Wurz



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This book is dedicated to my son

Johnathan Michael Wurz

December 19, 2012-February 25, 2017

Forever, My Sunshine



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A Mother's Grief - Poem by Cynthia BuhainBaello

There are no sorrows-Like a mother's grief

No one can ever know-And it is never brief.

The pain she carries-Is like daily death

Though memory buries-She cannot forget.

Where would she run-For a healing balm?

Tears for a lost son-Though shed, cannot calm

A baneful mother's heart-For death was so tragic

It had torn her apart-Evasive justice they seek

I pray her son's killers-Be caught to serve time

Heal this grieving mother-Knowing they paid the crime.

Preface

On February 25, 2017, I lost everything when my 4-year-old son fell asleep in my arms and never woke up. My son was taken from me during an unfortunate series of medical events, which should have never taken place. On January 16, 2017, he was given nine vaccinations at one doctor's visit including the MMR (Measles, Mumps, & Rubella), DTAP (Diphtheria, Tetanus, and Pertussis), Varicella (Chicken Pox), Polio, and the Flu vaccine.

His death was ruled as SUDC (Sudden Unexplained Death of a Child) without any answers. According to the CDC, 1.4 children in 100,000 on average are given this as a cause of death. (SUDC, 2018). Like SIDS, there is no direct connection on the autopsy about what caused my son to leave this world and since he was 4-years-old he no longer could be labeled as SIDS as this is reserved for children 12 months and younger. Like any parent would, I projected myself full force into research and I looked into what had been different during

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the final days of his life. I connected the dots through my research, watched hundreds of interviews conducted by parents with similar stories, and I began to notice a constant within my research: vaccines.

My father had brought it up to me very early after my son had passed and I was left wondering has the medical industry been poisoning, damaging, and killing children for years? Furthermore, they have gotten away with it because they think they are looking out for the “greater good.” As I dived deeper into the cesspool of the lack of research on combined vaccinations across the CDC schedule, I began to see a connection between them, Big Pharma and our government. Imagine if someone killed your child but instead of acknowledging that they are making mistakes and they are sorry, they just continue to call you crazy for questioning the very weapon which took their last breath. I came into this world believing in modern medicine and the importance of vaccinating my child and now I am left asking

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forgiveness for letting this happen to my only son. I am writing this book because I need to tell my son Johnathan's story. His young life taken too soon will never be forgotten as long as I have breath left in me. I also share my story in hopes you will do the research you must do as a parent for your children. I hope with all my heart your children will live long and healthy lives. Lastly, I also share the shattered and fragile experience of what it's like to lose a part of yourself; your child. I write this with a love in my heart given to me by a boy who showed happiness in every aspect of his life and strived to make sure everyone around him was happy too.



Chapter 1-Baby Dolls and Big Dreams

When I was a little girl I had many kinds of dolls. I would spend hours making dinner for them in the play-kitchen my father crafted, feeding them with disappearing milk bottles and dressing them in preemie clothes my mother bought. My friends would come over

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and we would all be mothers mimicking the same behaviors we saw our own mothers comfort and nurture us with. It felt rewarding caring for someone other than ourselves. As small children, we realized that nurturing and showing our love to someone who completely depends on us is a comfort we hold forever.

As I got older and I became a mother to my beautiful son Johnathan, I finally realized that the reward was so much greater than what I thought it was as a child. My baby was not a toy. He is a living, breathing, laughing part of me. He represents all the hopes and dreams that I ever had and ever could hope to have. I learned to place all of those hopes and dreams within him. All of the trials I had suffered along the way prepared me for this moment because I suddenly found the love of my life.

When I discovered I was pregnant, I was both elated and frightened because I was financially at a point where I couldn't even take care of myself. At 32, I was in

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a relationship that seemed to always be on the rocks. I always dreamed of being a mother and as I grew older the ache swelled. My past consisted of bad relationship after bad relationship, dating men who didn't want to have children, and ultimately choosing those who didn't want to be with me. When I found myself looking at the pregnancy test that read positive, I stared in disbelief and thought about the reality that would take place.

I prepared myself in many ways, reading books, talking to people who already had children, designing his nursery, locating a pediatrician, scheduling all the proper appointments, and getting my flu shot. I prepared myself for something I could not really prepare myself for; motherhood.

As a first time mother, I had all these grand ideas about breastfeeding, natural childbirth, eating better food after my diagnosis of gestational diabetes, and making sure I listened to classical music while he grew. I found out quickly that great ideas are nice to have, but the

reality doesn't always meet the status quo. I found many mistakes were made because of my life choices and I regret how I could have done better.

At the time, I never thought to look at vaccinations because I assumed the doctors knew what they were doing. I wanted to be the parent who followed all the advice given to me to ensure the healthiness of my child. I was told pregnant women are considered high-risk for the flu and need to be given a certain type of flu shot to prevent any harm to the growing baby. I never thought to look at studies from the 2009-2010 season, which show pregnant women who received both the flu shot and H1N1 vaccinations resulted in "57 million fetal losses." (Goldman, 2012). I was so concerned with controlling my diet, avoiding lunch meat, and bypassing candy that I didn't realize I had injected a strain of poison into my body containing adjuvants like mercury, viral animal DNA, and formaldehyde which was being passed directly to my son.

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Honestly, I'd like to think physicians aren't really aware of the dangers vaccinations pose. It's my fervent hope they are not willingly disavowing "First, Do Not Harm," the oath they took to protect those they serve. Do they believe that the Center for Disease Control (CDC) is conducting the proper research, therefore labeling vaccines as safe and effective? It is **now** my understanding that physicians depend on the knowledge of the CDC like we depend on our pediatricians to do what's best for our children. Unfortunately, I know that the CDC has not conducted the proper research, physicians are misinformed, and children are suffering and dying.

When I became a mother, I believed in vaccinations and the necessity of them to support the safety and health of my child and the community. I never thought to question the doctor about the safety of vaccines because I assumed they knew more than me. My mother did question the number of vaccines given

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consecutively and asked about the potential link to autism. The pediatrician told us this was false and administering several vaccinations at once is completely harmless.

The day Johnathan was born, I knew I would have a C-section because he stayed feet first the entire last month of my pregnancy. Everyone told me I would feel butterflies as he danced around in my womb and I said, I've never felt that. All I could feel was his head in the bottom of my sternum. I thought this is not what I had planned. I wanted to have a natural childbirth. I wanted to push. I wanted to experience contractions. I had even gone to Lamaze to learn these things with my mother who was my coach and partner. I was disappointed because I felt cheated out of an experience I thought every mother should have.

The doctor told me this would be the safest way for Johnathan and me. I went into the hospital on December 19, 2012, at 6 in the morning scared out of my

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mind and crying the entire time because I never had surgery before. Not only would I be on an operating table for the first time in my life, but after it was all done, I wouldn't be alone.

My mother came back into the room after my epidural and I felt pressure from where the doctor was removing my son. I tried to look up at him although I couldn't see much. My mother looked over and into his eyes. I heard no sound. I held him for a moment and I was scared because I had a responsibility for the first time in my life; I had the greatest responsibility and I didn't want to fail at that. The nurse walked Johnathan over to administer oxygen and I heard my son's cry. I knew from that point forward that life as a mother was about to begin.



Chapter 2-You Are My Sunshine

When Johnathan was first-born, I remember waiting for the infamous cry. You know, the one that signifies that he has entered this world and everyone in that room is going to know it. I used to think that the doctor would actually spank the baby and he would start crying; like in the movies from the old days. When I heard him cry, I knew that he was here because he made his grand entrance. He was my starring role and the lead character in my life. This boy would forever change my life and how I would forever live from this day forward.

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I remember this moment as vividly as I remember the moment he left this world. The night he died, I picked him up from the hospital bed and the air passed through his lungs and I heard his voice for the last time. I knew that my son was gone, but part of him still carried through his voice box and into my heart.

Doctors wheeled me into recovery after Johnathan was born and I held him close to me, skin-to-skin, I was told that this is an incredible initial bonding experience for baby and mama.

Even though I felt I missed out on certain things, I knew that this moment was the most important. I also knew one thing immediately, Johnathan had a mind and a personality of his own from the beginning. He had a set of lungs on him that ensured I would have my own room at the hospital. After battling with not being able to breastfeed, I politely asked for a bottle of formula. I looked at my son and saw a perfect little boy with vibrant blue eyes, a small muscular body, and big pinchable

cheeks that consumed his face that would get red when he was upset. I hadn't yet seen what the on-call pediatrician had noticed right away. He informed me that he thought my son had a condition called craniosynostosis. We had never heard of that term before. He went on to further suggest we consult a pediatric neurosurgeon to verify his findings.

We wanted to believe the pediatrician was wrong because this little boy looked like the most perfect angel. His head might be a little misshapen, but we believed he would be fine. As I rubbed my fingers along his forehead, I noticed he lacked a soft spot. It was at this point I realized that this pediatrician was correct and my fears were coming true. The doctor also said he had a heart murmur, but they were quick to dismiss this when he was a few weeks old.

When Johnathan was a month old, I took him to a pediatric neurosurgeon in Syracuse, New York. She told me he had a severe case of metopic craniosynostosis. His

skull in the metopic region had been fused shut, which caused his head to be misshapen, and there was not enough room for his brain to grow. He would need cranial surgery as endoscopic surgery was not an option for the degree of severity. We would need to start donating blood right away because he would have a lot of blood loss during the operation.

When she explained the procedure to me, she said we are going to cut his skull from ear-to-ear, break it apart like a jigsaw puzzle, and put it back together. There was a 10% chance that he wouldn't survive the surgery due to the amount of blood loss. We walked out of that appointment feeling defeated and wondered why this little boy would have to go through such a terrible ordeal in his young life.

At this point, I realized that I wouldn't take one doctor's opinion at face value. I would research and do whatever I had to, to make sure other options were available. I found the better option with Dr. Mark Proctor

at The Children's Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. I emailed him with Johnathan's scans and photos and waited for his response. Within a day he returned my email and said, if you can get here by Friday I can take a look at Johnathan. Needless to say, we drove to Boston and the doctor informed me he could perform a safer procedure. He explained that he would make two small incisions on the metopic ridge of his skull and perform the surgery endoscopically. When I told him about my previous experience with the doctor in Syracuse he informed us there is minimal blood loss and that he has never lost a patient. After surgery, Johnathan would have helmet therapy for the first year of his life.

At 3-months old, Johnathan underwent cranial surgery and an hour after he woke up he was smiling and sticking his tongue out. He was released from the hospital the next day. I call him my little warrior because even after all that, he still came out smiling. Johnathan had a way of making sure his smile and light reached

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everyone he met. My little sunshine could weather any storm and so he did.



Chapter 3-Major Surgery and Other Complications

So what do you do when the worst possible thing in the world happens and you're left standing, alive, in shock, and in disbelief? How do you move forward when all you want to do is lay in bed and hope that when you wake up it will have been all a nightmare? Instead, you wake up screaming because it's not. People will tell you things like, He's in God's hands, he's in a better place, you will feel better in time, and that it won't always be this way. I am here to tell you that it will be. When you lose a child, you lose a piece of your heart.

I feel like lately, I have a terrible disease that is highly contagious. Nobody knows what to say to me because I should have died from this terrible disease. Maybe if I had, they would know exactly what to say. I want to be alive, but I have to think of my life as moving forward on a different path than I expected. Every song I hear, every child I see, every moment of respite, every time my head hits the pillow, every shallow breath, every

vivid memory, every laugh that I hear, every tear that I cry, starts with him. I am thankful for those memories, for the four years I got to spend with him, and I am thankful I'm a mother. I look back on all the things I could have done better, not just on the night I lost him, but with everything.

I look at the person I could have been before he was born. I wanted to give him everything: a solid family with a husband and a wife, but I didn't do things that way. He was a trooper. He knew what the family unit meant and that ours was different. Our house contained two mama's, a Pop Pop, and an Uncle Mike. There is one thing I am sure of, he had more love in our house than in any other home we could have lived in.

This is not an easy way of life. It is like having an amputation of your soul, surgery on your heart. It is trying to understand and comprehend how life can possibly continue. I don't know the answer. I just try to go to work, spend time with my family, and take care of

my housework. I am a zombie. I do these things because they are expected of me. All I really want to do is bring him back, but I can't. I don't know what the next year or the next ten years hold for me, actually, I don't even care to think that far in advance. I am trying to get through one day, one moment, one minute without my baby. That is all we can do and all that we can expect of ourselves as grieving parents.

I found that there are too many people who have experienced this loss and I have connected with as many as I can. I attend the meetings for [Compassionate Friends](#), I have joined the message boards through SUDC ([Sudden Unexplained Death in Children](#)), and there are too many Facebook groups for Grieving Mothers. These are the only places I can go to seek support because they understand and empathize the loss I feel.

Before this, I could only imagine how I would react to the loss of my son. The thought was so foreign and sickening that I would redirect those thoughts and

say to myself, that will never happen. People who haven't dealt with this loss can't possibly fathom how we feel and it's not their fault. Losing a child is not for the faint of heart and until you experience it, which I hope you never do, you won't know how you'll react. I have learned that surrounding myself with those who understand is the best therapy and to be patient with everyone else. As God said, Forgive them, they know not what they do.

As I write this chapter, it has been ten months since the loss of my son. I tend to enjoy the solidarity of my home more than I enjoy going out in public. When I venture out, I see people getting upset over such minuscule problems that I instantly run back to the safety of my home. I find that I cannot cope with people getting upset for no reason especially when they have road rage or their dinner order is wrong. I no longer find fault with anything or anyone because I am changed. I realize they don't know my story or the loss I have suffered, but I

shrug my shoulders because I also know they have not suffered the loss of a child.

We have a look about us and I have spotted it in others; our eyes travel south, our lips rarely smile, and our body is slightly hunched. We try to find joy in everyday life but fail miserably because that joy is not shared with our child. I don't know if this feeling ever changes, but for me, this first year has been unremarkable. If it wasn't for the resources I mentioned earlier, I would have felt completely and utterly alone. If you are reading this and you have suffered the loss of your child, please make sure to seek people who have experienced this trauma for support.

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/>

<https://www.facebook.com/GrievingMothers.org/>

<http://stillstandingmag.com/>

<https://sudc.org/>

<http://www.hopeforthemourning.com/>

<http://www.vaccinechoiceprayercommunity.org/>

<https://www.smileagainministries.com/>

<http://www.nvic.org/>

Chapter 4-February 25, 2017

In order to tell Johnathan's story, I have to relive the parts that are the most difficult. The world needs to know what these vaccines stole from me and from them. These are the flashbacks that play in my mind every night when I lay down in my bed attempting to sleep. These are the snapshots from the most horrible day of my life. This is the last chapter even though it's in the middle of this book because I knew it would be the hardest to write. On the evening of February 25, 2017, my 4-year-old son laid down for a nap and never woke up.

We sailed down the Thruway after a trip to Syracuse and stopped at a rest stop sometime around noon. I asked Johnathan if he would like some pizza for lunch and he ran down the line and grabbed a chocolate

ice cream cone from the freezer instead. I ordered my slice and we sat at a table enjoying our treats. When we were done he ran into the women's room because his hands were sticky. He had a knack for eating an ice cream cone from the bottom up.

As we got back into the car I remember Johnathan smiling, wide-awake, and eager to get home. We were driving through Poland and I looked over at the new firehouse. I kept thinking that if we stopped, maybe they would let Johnathan look at the engines and hear the sirens.

Johnathan was happy to be home and although he hadn't slept the night before he ran into the house full of energy happy to see Grandma and Pop Pop. He wanted to play and immediately pounced on both of them. I told Johnathan that we would need to take a nap this afternoon because he hadn't slept well the night before. After an hour or so, he walked upstairs with me and we laid down to take a nap. Somewhere around the time, I

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fell asleep, Johnathan must have gone back downstairs. After an hour, my mother called up the stairs to come and get him.

It was starting to storm and the sky appeared to be growing darker. The rain began to fall on the metal roof and Johnathan came up the stairs eager to open the windows and look at the rain. I told him that we had to close the windows because it was cold outside and I shut the shades in an attempt to mimic the evening. It's time to lay down baby, you didn't sleep at all last night I told him. He laid next to me as I pulled the blanket over the both of us and held him in my arms. When I awoke an hour later the room was dark and snow had started to fall. Johnathan was fast asleep and I moved my arm from under his head as I had held him when we fell asleep. I remember his head moving slightly but at that time I wasn't aware that anything was wrong. I went downstairs to speak to my parents when the power went out.

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The storm was raging outside and the snow seemed to be billowing. My father was getting dressed to go outside to start the generator and I thought it would be best to put a candle up in our room for when Johnathan awoke from his nap. I walked over to him and felt his hair and I remember instantly thinking, he's under a blanket, how can his head be that cool. I thought that he must be sick and I started calling out his name. I picked him up, his arms were extended and his body was cool. I yelled to my mother that there was something wrong with Johnathan and I carried him downstairs. After placing him on the couch, I listened for his heartbeat and heard nothing. I ran outside to get my father and pleaded with my mom to wake him up.

The next few minutes are hazy to me, but I recall telling my father and brother to come in because Johnathan wasn't breathing. My dad began CPR, however, Johnathan's jaw was clenched shut. My brother was on his cell phone with 9-11 and I was sitting at the

kitchen table in shock. My father placed Johnathan on the floor and continued CPR until the ambulance arrived which seemed like forever. I remember standing outside yelling at God to save my child and take my life instead . I felt completely helpless because the logical side of me knew what I saw and what I felt but the spiritual part of me said miracles can happen and he could come back to us.

The ambulance arrived and it seemed like 50 people were in our house trying to save him. They took him out on a stretcher into the ambulance and continued life-saving efforts. I sat in a police car praying and asking the officer if she knew what was happening. As she drove toward the hospital, I felt a flutter in my heart when we passed the firehouse and I knew my son was gone. Days later my dad told me that he had felt Johnathan's hand grasp his in the ambulance at that same moment.

We arrived at the hospital and for a moment I hesitated before walking in and I remember the officer

telling me, hurry, we need to go in. It was her strength I needed at that time to nudge me into the hospital so I could see my son and I never got to thank her for that until now. I walked into the emergency room and saw a room of doctors who were working to revive Johnathan. I could see the wounded look in their eyes, whether they knew it or not, and at that moment I lost all hope.

One of the doctors informed me that my son was gone and that it was up to me to decide if they should continue or not. I looked over at my son and saw his little belly was distended and his feet were discolored and I knew my little boy wasn't lying on that table anymore. I nodded my head as I reluctantly agreed there was nothing anybody but God could do now. I remember a young doctor with a beard went back to attempt CPR again and I kept thinking, thank you for not giving up on him.

I asked the nurses to call a priest, any Catholic priest so Johnathan could receive his last rites. I walked back into the hospital room where Johnathan lay and took

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him in my arms and sat with him for one last time. A lot of family members had arrived by this time and I covered my son with a blanket and sang to him. When the priest arrived we held hands and prayed over him. I recall the priest telling me that he is a child and that he has no sins to forgive. His path to Heaven was direct.



Chapter 5-What Makes A Hero

“A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is braver five minutes longer.” ~Ralph Waldo Emerson

When I think of heroes, certain images float through pictures of my mind. I see firefighters, police officers, soldiers, doctors, EMT's, religious leaders, and teachers. These are the people who aid in creating a better world for all of us. They are the ones who push farther than the little voice that says stop. When I close my eyes and picture a hero; I see Johnathan. I see the man he should have grown into and think of what his life should have been filled with. He is the guy that would act like a total goofball just to make you smile. He is the guy who loved people exactly as they were. His biggest goal in life is to help others. He will always be there for you even just to listen. He will pat you on the back after listening to you gripe about your problems and say let's go have a beer. I am here for you, I'm your friend, and I want you to be happy. Even as a 4-year-old, he

recognized that the most important aspect of human life is love and happiness. Everything else was just noise. He didn't know how to get comfortable in the noise. It was hard for him to be in a crowded room. He would listen for my voice to be reassured that he was safe. I had finally started to learn that about him and how important my voice was to him. I just learned he had a sensory processing disorder. This is a neurological condition in which the senses don't operate like most of ours do because the brain can't receive the messages properly.

Last summer we went to the New York State Fair and there was so much noise along the midway that he bit the ticket woman. She screamed that my son had bitten her and I said don't worry he's had all of his shots. I now live in a moment where I look back on that memory and wish I could have had something different to say. At the time, I thought it was funny.

Shortly after my son died, I received a phone call from the Organ Donation Center asking if I would be

willing to donate my son's organs? They said my son would help other children who desperately needed a transplant and he would help in research to cure diseases. This phone call came the day after my son died and it took me by surprise. I had always personally embraced organ donation for myself, however, I had never thought about having to make the decision for my child.

My son is a hero. At 4-years-old, I knew that is what Johnathan would have wanted. He wanted to make people happy and I knew he would want to give others a second chance at life. He's a goofball who sticks out his tongue to make you smile. He's a comedian who picks up on mama's lame jokes and repeats them just to get a laugh. I remember a time where I pretended to be sad and I turned my lips into a big pout. He exclaimed mama!, put his fingers on my face to make me smile, and pleaded, Be Happy Mama, Be Happy! Even now, I hear his voice in my head, I'm okay mama, be happy mama. I really do try and sometimes I can find a smile. Somehow,

I walk up to complete strangers and discover a smile hidden from somewhere deep inside. I do it for him. Every part of my heart wants to cry, especially at night when it's so quiet. Johnathan is my hero and I like to imagine the type of man he would be. I am so proud of my son and so blessed to be his mama.

I fight a different battle now and I need to be brave to show other parents that my hero did not die in vain. I am not an anti-vaxxer nor would I persuade others to choose to ignore the possibilities of modern medicines and their efficacy. Rather, I choose a path of safety and knowledge hoping that others will ask the tough questions before injecting their children with unknown toxins. As a parent, you have the right to choose what vaccines, if any, you will allow your child to be given. You have the authority to choose how many vaccines will be administered at one time.

Most pediatricians will not tell you all the possible side effects of vaccines and they do not get proper

informed consent because they omit such factions as death, autism, SIDS, SUDC, seizures, and neurological abnormalities. The doctor will tell you that the child may have a localized reaction or have some sensitivity at the injection site, but if a doctor told you that your child could die, would you grant consent?

How often does the pediatrician explain what exactly is contained within a dose of the MMR? Does she tell you that pharmaceutical companies add ingredients to the live virus such as Thimerosal (Mercury), aluminum, Sorbitol, human fetal tissue, chicken embryo fibroblasts, antibiotics, human, animal, and insect DNA and RNA just to name a few.

The current research is inadequate and the entire current CDC schedule of immunizations has not been tested on any one patient. By the time your child is 6, they will have received 74 doses of 14 vaccines which include all the ingredients listed above and more. We need to be the heroes for our children because if I had

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been given this information beforehand, my son would still be here with me.



Chapter 6-Vaccines, too many...too soon

As parents, we try to protect our children as best we can, even willing to give our own life if needed.

When I found out I was pregnant, I researched everything, except vaccinations. I was under the impression that doctors knew they were safe and that my son's pediatrician had attained that knowledge in medical school. I did not question the efficacy or safety of the CDC schedule and I firmly believed in giving my child every vaccination that was on it.

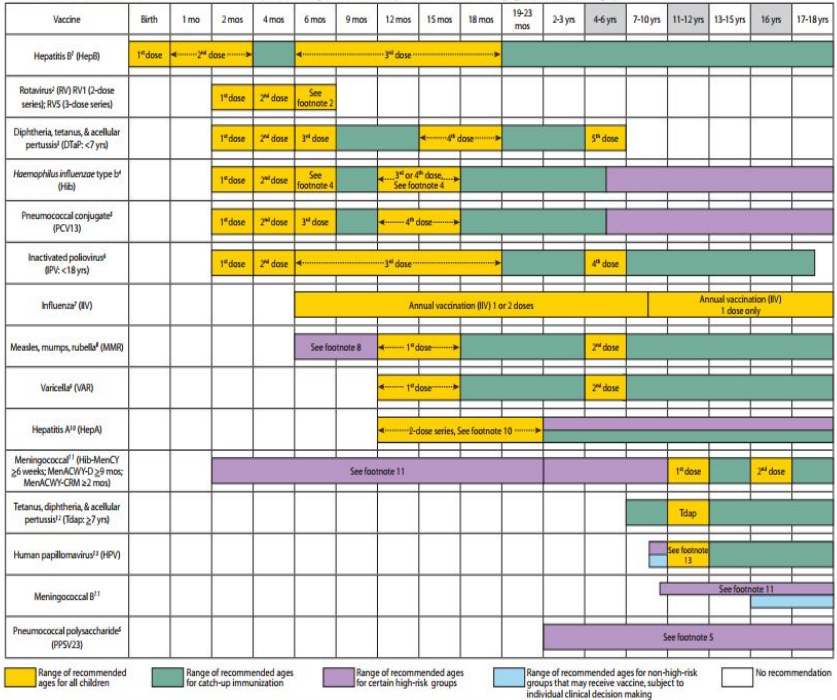
I was not an anti-vaxxer before my son was born and I am not an anti-vaxxer now. I do believe in the validity of modern medicine and that vaccines have indeed helped the human race throughout the years. The problem I have with the CDC vaccination schedule is that these vaccines are given with other vaccines consecutively and the CDC has never tested the possible interactions with the other vaccines. They have tested the vaccines individually, but they have never tested the

entire vaccine schedule as a whole and they don't know the effects and possible side effects of vaccine reaction when given together. "[F]ew studies have comprehensively assessed the association between the entire immunization schedule or variations in the overall schedule and categories of health outcomes, and no study ... compared the differences in health outcomes ... between entirely unimmunized populations of children and fully immunized children." (Informed Consent Action Network, 2017) They do not take into account the possibility that all children are not the same and they ignore pre-existing conditions that might otherwise label a child unfit to receive these vaccines.

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(FOR THOSE WHO FALL BEHIND OR START LATE, SEE THE CATCH-UP SCHEDULE (FIGURE 2)).

These recommendations must be read with the footnotes that follow. For those who fall behind or start late, provide catch-up vaccination at the earliest opportunity as indicated by the green bars in Figure 1. To determine minimum intervals between doses, see the catch-up schedule (Figure 2). School entry and adolescent vaccine age groups are shaded in gray.



(Immunization Schedule, 2017)

Note the first line on this image: “For those who fall behind or start late, see the catch-up schedule.” On the “normal” CDC schedule 4-6-year-old children receive 74 injected vaccines and note that unless you specify a singular dose, over 9 vaccines can be administered at once. The MMR and DTAP are vaccines

that contain three different doses in one injection and are often administered together. So you have to ask yourself, what kinds of effects do these shots have on your child? When we asked the doctor if this many shots were safe, she alluded that the connection between autism and vaccinations was untrue and they were completely harmless.

To better understand the harmful effects we must first take a look at the “testing” that was administered before the DTP (Diphtheria, Tetanus, Pertussis) Vaccine was introduced into the United States. I loosely call this testing because it was honestly a ploy to see how babies would react while hiding under a shroud of bullshit about doing the right thing to help children in third-world countries. I refer to the medical journal article: *The Introduction of Diphtheria-Tetanus-Pertussis and Oral Polio Vaccine Among Young Infants in an Urban African Community: A Natural Experiment* published in EBioMedicine. The event transpired in Guinea-Bissau,

Africa in 1981-1982 during which the EPI (The Expanded Program on Immunization) carried out by the World Health Organization administered vaccines to children in poverty-stricken countries. I believe they set out for a worthy cause, but their results were not properly analyzed or published until 2016.

This is the conclusion:

“DTP was associated with 5-fold higher mortality than being unvaccinated. No prospective study has shown beneficial survival effects of DTP. Unfortunately, DTP is the most widely used vaccine, and the proportion who receives DTP3 is used globally as an indicator of the performance of national vaccination programs. It should be of concern that the effect of routine vaccinations on all-cause mortality was not tested in randomized trials. All currently available evidence suggests that DTP vaccine may kill more children from other causes than it saves from diphtheria, tetanus or pertussis. Though a vaccine protects children against the target disease it may

simultaneously increase susceptibility to unrelated infections.”(Morgensen, 2017)

Children had a 5-fold mortality rate and these results were kept secret for 35 years. When I first read this article, I could not fathom how this organization was not held responsible for all the deaths of these children. Not only did their testing prove harmful, but they continued their trials, and they never published their results. It took a private team of doctors and researchers to take this data and make sense of it 35 years later. The last line proves even further liability: “Though a vaccine protects children against the target disease it may simultaneously increase susceptibility to unrelated infections.” (Morgensen, 2017) So, how can this vaccine be safe and effective for all children? The one-size-fits-all mentality does not apply when it comes to vaccinations, so why do we continue to administer vaccines in this way? These children have died and more

children die each day because the medical industry does not take these children into consideration.

As of July 7, 2017 30,000 adverse reactions were reported to [VAERS](#) (Vaccine Adverse Event Reporting System) annually and between 10-15% were serious reactions. Only 1-10% of cases were actually reported through this system. If we account the high of 10% reported cases, we can assume that 270,000 cases went unreported annually and 40% were serious reactions. These serious reactions include death, life-threatening, permanent disability, congenital anomaly, hospitalization, ER visits, and office visits. If vaccines are truly “safe and effective” why was this system ever developed and furthermore, why had I never knew of its existence until I was informed by the NVIC ([National Vaccine Information Center](#)) after my son's death?

Another best-kept secret is the VICP ([National Injury Compensation Program](#)). Per the VICP website, this program “Was created in the 1980s, after lawsuits

against vaccine companies and health care providers threatened to cause vaccine shortages and reduce U.S. vaccination rates, which could have caused a resurgence of vaccine-preventable diseases.” (The National Vaccine Injury Compensation Program, 2017) The VICP was created in 1986 after [The National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act](#) was established by Ronald Reagan. This act made it legally impossible to hold pharmaceutical companies and medical practitioners legally responsible for children who suffered from adverse reactions to vaccines. After that act was passed, all parents of children who experienced death and/or life threatening conditions following their vaccinations must appeal to the VICP. According to the data and statistics report released by the HRSA ([United States Department of Health and Human Services](#)), “Since 1988, over 17,835 petitions have been filed with the VICP. Over that 27-year time period, 16,113 petitions have been adjudicated, with 5,205 of those determined to be compensable, while 10,908 were dismissed. Total compensation paid over the

life of the program is approximately \$3.5 billion.” (The National Vaccine Injury Compensation Program, 2017). If vaccines are truly safe and effective as we are programmed to believe, why were 5,205 of these cases deemed compensable?

According to www.vaccines.gov, “Vaccines are safe and effective. Because vaccines are given to millions of healthy people — including children — to prevent serious diseases, they’re held to very high safety standards.” (U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, 2017) On their site, they list VAERS as an early-warning system and they explain that vaccines go through rigorous testing for years before they ever go on the market. I just happen to know of some unfortunate mothers in Africa that would disagree with your scientific method. Furthermore, how is VAERS an early warning system when you have already killed and maimed thousands of children already? It’s a little too late for early detection, don’t you think.

Maybe I'm a little bitter and my explanations are harsh and difficult to read. The truth is, the current vaccination schedule is not appropriate for everyone and until the CDC does testing on the complete schedule they devised; it can never be ascertained as safe and effective.



Chapter 7-Finding The Link

After Johnathan died, I was left with a gaping hole of what if's and what could I have done better. I questioned every moment of my son's life up until the moment I discovered his heart was no longer beating. It wasn't until my father brought it to my attention that I

started researching the possibility of an adverse reaction to the 9 shots he was given the month before.

The medical examiner had said he had a Grand Mal seizure and when I found him his mouth was clenched shut, however, those two items were coincidentally left out of the examiner's report. Why were these aspects left out of the medical report? I contacted the examiner to ask her, but I have failed to receive a response. They also failed to release the Neuropathology Report to me, which apparently showed brain anomalies consistent with children with neurological disorders. Furthermore, my son's brain was taken from him without consent. I was told they would do further testing, but the results were never given to me, why?

The one item that was within the report was never taken into consideration was the Streptococcus A infection in his cerebral spinal fluid.

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ANCILLARY TESTING

A cerebrospinal fluid culture is performed and shows growth of Group A Streptococcus. Blood cultures are performed and show growth of Group A Streptococcus and Clostridium species.

I was informed that this could have happened after his death. I'm not sure how Streptococcus and a Clostridium species develop after death, but apparently, this was not a link to his death. The strep can also be related to bacterial meningitis, which brings me to a study by Dr. Russell Blaylock regarding vaccines and the attack on the immune system. "We call this destructive reaction excitotoxicity. This destructive reaction is thought to also be the central mechanism of stroke and brain trauma damage, Alzheimer's, dementia, Parkinson's disease, and ALS. It is also the cause of much of the damage in cases of meningitis – viral or bacterial. In fact, studies have shown that the eventual outcome in cases of measles, encephalitis, and bacterial meningitis, depends on how high the brain glutamate rises and for how long. The measles vaccine is a live-virus vaccine and autopsy

studies of elderly have shown live measles viruses in 20% of their brains. (Blaylock)

When you first go through the process of having an autopsy done of your loved one, you are already under duress because of the shock of losing them, but you also want answers as to how they died. Not only are you handling the shock, you receive calls to donate their organs the day after they pass, you have to make final arrangements, and you have to wake up every day without them by your side. In my experience, you need help to make these plans or you will lose your mind. I am forever thankful that I had my father to assist me at this time.

There are some who tell me to let my son rest in peace and to move forward. They tell me I should move on with my life and accept that my son is dead. I will not accept this, I will not move on, and I will never stop searching for answers. I have already been dragged through the depths of Hell and I'll continue being

dragged until someone tells me the truth. People are sick of listening to me talk about my son and my mission to bring justice to him. I know this because when I discuss it, they quickly change the subject and talk about things that are more pleasant and easily digestible. I am writing this book for those who refused to keep listening as well as for those who will keep listening because that's who I am.

Let me ask you this if someone hurt your child, would you let that person keep hurting others because you're afraid to speak up? Would you continue living your life as if the incident never happened? If you could save one child from ever being hurt again, but it meant fighting a battle that made you uncomfortable, would you throw your hands up in defeat? Take a moment to really think about what you would do in this situation and tell me if you think the fight is worth pursuing? I can't change that my only son will not come back to me ever

again, but I will continue sharing my story with whoever will listen.

I recently requested my son's medical records from his pediatrician. After speaking with his doctor, she won't submit a VAERS complaint or acknowledge that vaccines were a link to my son's death. I urged her to research the link between children with an immunodeficiency, multiple vaccinations, and the link to the CDC's one-size-fits-all mentality, which has resulted in death and neurological disorders in children. She listened, but she didn't comment and because of that, I can assess that she was advised not to.

I didn't need her to tell me of the link, especially after reading through my son's medical records, which included lab draws, vitals, vaccines administered by date, chart notes, and outside referrals and evaluations. As I read through his medical diary, I was able to uncover a story of a once healthy boy who was slowly poisoned by

a barrage of toxic chemicals that ultimately took his life.

The story goes like this:

On December 19, 2012, a son was born to Stacy L. Wurz at Rome Memorial Hospital. He was 6 Lbs, 10 Oz. At his birth, the pediatrician noted an irregular-shaped head consistent with craniosynostosis. The initial findings at the hospital also included a heart murmur, which was found to have resolved upon his 9-day checkup. He was administered an active dose of hepatitis B the same day as his birth.

On February 15, 2013, Johnathan was suffering from a cough and congestion and was admitted to the hospital for hypoxia and bronchiolitis. On February 22, 2013, Johnathan was scheduled for a check-up after his RSV episode. At this time, he was still receiving Albuterol nebulizer treatments at home. Even though Johnathan had been hospitalized the week before, the doctor administered: Rotavirus, DtAp, HIB, and PCV13 (Prevnar).

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Up until February 28, 2014, my son demonstrated normal progression and is well-appearing, developed, nourished, hydrated, and in no acute distress. He proceeds to follow the CDC schedule accompanied by yearly flu shots. On January 3, 2014, Johnathan was given the MMR-Varicella and Hep-A vaccines consecutively. On February 28, 2014, Johnathan has a runny nose and cough and we were advised to give him Albuterol nebulizer treatments and saline drops. He starts showing signs of delays within the Early Intervention program, is sick monthly with fevers that sometimes reach 104 degrees, develops atopic dermatitis and starts banging his head on the floor and walls.

On December 29, 2015, Johnathan is now 3-years old and he has been evaluated and diagnosed with a delay in fine motor skills and speech. He was also given the flu shot. On January 22, 2016, Johnathan is evaluated for a cough, runny nose, and high fever.

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On January 16, 2017, Johnathan was given 9 vaccines including: MMR, DTaP, Polio, Varicella, and Flu vaccines consecutively. A week later Johnathan had a 104-degree fever, which I was able to relieve with Tylenol and cold compresses. At the time, I was told that this was the proper course of action, but since then, I have learned that Tylenol actually exacerbates vaccine reactions.

(<http://www.vaccinechoiceprayercommunity.org/blog/if-you-do-vaccinate-do-not-give-tylenol>)

His skin appeared clammy and the dark circles previously present under his eyes grew more pronounced. He was sick the entire month of February and was sent home repeatedly for nausea and fever. He had not been acting like himself, constantly had a runny nose and was lethargic. Two weeks earlier I was told by his teachers and EI that Johnathan had a physical examination that showed severe delay. He had always passed his physical

exams with high scores, but now something had changed and he would need physical therapy.

On the evening of February 24, 2017, Johnathan did not sleep and was playful and alert. It was not until February 25, 2017, that Johnathan laid down for a nap from which he did not wake. Along with his medical chart notes, I took a look at his two CBC's taken on January 3, 2014, after three vaccines were administered, which showed a high Platelet count: 403, a high Monocytes Count: 8.9, and a high Abs, Immature Gran.:0.03. Six months later without vaccines another CBC was drawn and showed a low Hematocrit: 32.1, a Low MCV: 70.4, a low MCH: 24.1, a low MPV: 8.9, and still high Monocytes: 7.2. Once again, I will state that I do not have a medical background, but I can research and see a direct difference between how his immune system reacted with and without vaccinations.

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Immunizations	Dose 1	Dose 2	Dose 3	Dose 4	Dose 5	Dose 6
Hib (PRP-D HibTITER)						
Rota virus (NYS)	02/22/13	06/28/13	Contra			
Pneumococcal Poly (NYS)						
Tdap (NYS)						
DT <7 yrs (NYS)						
DTaP (NYS)				03/28/14		
DTaP-IPV (Kinrix) (NYS)					01/16/17	
DTaP-HepB-IPV (Pediarix) (NYS)	02/22/13	04/22/13	06/28/13			
Hib (PRP-T) (NYS)	02/22/13	06/28/13	10/17/13	03/28/14		
PCV 13 (Prennar) (NYS)	02/22/13	06/28/13	10/17/13	03/28/14		
IPV (Polio) (NYS)						
DTaP-HepB-IPV (Pediarix) (NYS)	02/22/13	04/22/13	06/28/13			
DTaP-IPV (Kinrix) (NYS)				01/16/17		
MMR Vaccine (NYS)						
MMR-Varicella (NYS)	01/03/14	01/16/17				
Varicella (NYS)						
MMR-Varicella (NYS)	01/03/14	01/16/17				
Hep A Ped/Adol (NYS)	01/03/14	12/26/14				
Influenza, No Prsv 6-35 mo (NYS) Quad		11/22/13	10/24/14	10/08/15		
Influenza, No Prsv, age 3+ (NYS) Quad	01/16/17					
Influenza (Intra nasal) (NYS) Trivalent						
Meningococcal conj (NYS)						
Hep B Ped/Adol (NYS)	12/19/12					
DTaP-HepB-IPV (Pediarix) (NYS)		02/22/13	04/22/13	06/28/13		
Influenza w/ Prsv age 3+ Trivalent- SEMC						
TB TST (NOS)						
DTaP-HepB-IPV (Pediarix) (NYS)	02/22/13	04/22/13	06/28/13			
DTaP-HepB-IPV (Pediarix) - SEMC						
Influenza Vaccine, Quad, Intranasal - Flumist NYS						
Influenza vaccine, Fluorix, Quad, PF, age 3+ NYS						

If you remember in a previous chapter, vaccines also contain more than just the active or inactive vaccines, they also contain ingredients that serve as adjuvants. Webster's Dictionary defines adjuvants as "One that helps or facilitates: such as. a : an ingredient (as in a prescription or a solution) that modifies the

action of the principal ingredient. b: something (such as a drug or method) that enhances the effectiveness of medical treatment. (Adjuvant, 2018)

The top ten most lethal adjuvants in vaccines are Mercury (Thimerosal), Aluminum, Human Diploid cells (Aborted Babies), Animal Cells, MSG, Formaldehyde, Antibiotics, Squalene, peanut oil, and GMO's. So the CDC states that these toxins are used to enhance the effectiveness of the vaccine that is administered to your child. To understand the efficacy, let's look at each adjuvant separately and I will leave the decision of efficacy to you.

Mercury

I remember when I was a teenager and there was a lot of discussion about Japan and the findings of mercury in their seafood. In 2007, an [article](#) in The Guardian was released that linked school children being fed mercury-rich dolphin meat. In March 2007, Chisso Corporation in Japan paid out \$86 Million to victims of

those affected by methylmercury poisoning, which they dispensed in their surrounding waters between 1932-1968. The toxic actions of Chisso Corporation left thousands of people suffering from a lifelong disease called Minamata Disease; a lifelong debilitating neurological disease. This company was held accountable for their actions and it was worldwide news, however for the thousands affected, their lives were severely changed.

Mercury is an element and like most elements, too much exposure can be harmful to the body. Mercury likes to attack the body's neurologic, gastrointestinal, and renal organ systems. When a person is diagnosed with Mercury Poisoning, they often experience symptoms such as tremors, vision impairment, muscle weakness, impairment of bodily functions such as speaking and walking, and respiratory distress to name a few. Pregnant women who are exposed to Mercury during pregnancy are at a high risk of passing it on to their unborn child

which can cause severe developmental delays and birth defects.

Aluminum

Aluminum is a wonderful wrap for a casserole, but what effect does it have when injected into a young child? Our friendly Federal Government in the 1970's determined that there is a safe amount of aluminum that can be administered without causing an adverse reaction in a human and that magic number per the CFR for newborns "premature [newborns], who receive parenteral levels of aluminum at greater than 4 to 5 [micro]g/kg/day accumulate aluminum at levels associated with central nervous system and bone toxicity." (CFR)

Prior testing on monkeys before the 1970's left the animals in a state of seizure and epilepsy as the attack on the animal's immune system was triggered directly by a injection of aluminum. This research is what jolted scientists into determining a "safe mode" for humans. If you look at the chart below, you will see a list of

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CDC-recommended vaccines and the amount of aluminum that each shot has per dose.

([An evidence-based, heartfelt blog, 2017](#))

"Safe Limit" for the average two month old infant = 25mcg*			
VACCINE	Aluminum Content	VACCINE	Aluminum Content
Daptacel (DTaP - Diphtheria, Tetanus, & Pertussis)	330mcg	Engerix-B (Hepatitis B)	250mcg
Infanrix (DTaP)	625mcg	Recombivax (Hepatitis B)	500mcg
Kinrix (DTaP + Polio)	600mcg	Gardasil (Human Papillomavirus / HPV)	225mcg
Pediarix (DTaP + Polio + Hepatitis B)	850mcg	Gardasil 9 (HPV)	500mcg
Pentacel (DTaP + Polio + Haemophilus influenzae B)	330mcg	Bexsero (Meningococcal B)	519mcg
Quadracel (DTaP + Polio)	330mcg	Prevnar (Pneumococcal)	125mcg
PedvaxHIB (Haemophilus influenzae B)	225mcg	Td (Tetanus & Diphtheria)	530mcg
Havrix (Hepatitis A)	250mcg	Tenivac (Tetanus & Diphtheria)	330mcg
Vaqta (Hepatitis A)	225mcg	Adacel (Tdap)	330mcg
Twinrix (Hepatitis A & B)	450mcg	Boostrix (Tdap)	390mcg
*Not all vaccines listed are administered to 2 month olds.			

ThinkLoveHealthy.com

Aluminum in Vaccines: History and Toxicity

Aluminum toxicity can travel to the bloodstream and directly to the developing brain of a small child causing lifelong conditions such as hypersensitivity, sensory-processing disorder, Attention-Deficit Disorder, Attention-Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, Autism, Bedwetting, Dyslexia, Stuttering, Parkinson's, and ultimately Alzheimer's Disease. The thing about

aluminum is that once it's in the brain it stays there and wreaks havoc all the way into adulthood.

In a recent study conducted by Dr. Exley [“Aluminium in brain tissue in autism”](#) five individuals who were diagnosed with autism during their life between the ages of 15-50 had post-mortem testing on their brains and all five were found to have exceedingly high amounts of aluminum on utilizing atomic absorption spectrometry and Fluorescence microscopy. “All 4 male donors had significantly higher concentrations of brain aluminium than the single female donor. We recorded some of the highest values for brain aluminium content ever measured in healthy or diseased tissues in these male ASD donors including values of 17.10, 18.57 and 22.11 µg/g dry wt. What discriminates these data from other analyses of brain aluminium in other diseases is the age of the ASD donors. Why, for example would a 15-year-old boy have such a high content of aluminium in their brain tissues?” (Exley, 2017). An environmental

factor that they all had in common was vaccines. On the day a child is born they are introduced to a vaccine known as Vitamin K. At first glance, we might think that Vitamin K is a naturally occurring vitamin that is needed to clot the blood. However, there are two types of Vitamin K shots and the synthetic one includes a dangerous dose of aluminium and polysorbate 80. Our bodies can't filter the aluminium that circulates throughout our body, thus leaving a lasting and lifelong impression on our brains from day one.

Human Diploid Cells (Aborted Babies)

Per www.know-vaccines.org, human diploid cells have been used in vaccines for over 30 years. It has been a secret additive for so long because it raises questions of ethics as the patients receiving the vaccines were never fully disclosed to the ingredient being injected. They were never given the opportunity to make a decision whether this was something they wanted to have in their child's bodies. As a Catholic, I am opposed to abortion

and had I known that this was an active ingredient in vaccines for most of my adult life, I would not have received it or had it administered to my son. Not only does this raise the issue of ethics, but it also challenges the very strain of what effect human DNA can have when introduced into another human's DNA. We can't safely say that this exchange of DNA does not happen and therefore does not cause effects on the live human receiving the vaccine. I almost feel like I am breaching an entire episode of a new sci-fi flick, but would it totally be wrong of me to say that this DNA matter has absolutely no effect on it's host? There is just not enough research currently out there to make an assertion. Pope John Paul II stated, "If you want peace, respect the conscience of every person...No human authority has the right to interfere with a person's conscience. Conscience bears witness to the transcendence of the person, also in regard to society at large, and, as such, is inviolable. Conscience, however, is not an absolute placed above truth and error. Rather, by its very nature, it implies a

relation to objective truth, a truth which is universal, the same for all, which all can and must seek. It is in relation to objective truth that freedom of conscience finds its justification, inasmuch as it is a necessary condition for seeking truth worthy of man, and for adhering to that truth once it is sufficiently known.” (1991, n.) Please visit <https://cogforlife.org/> for more information.

Animal Cells

There are many animals that are used as fillers in many vaccines including bird, pig, cow, dog, monkey, mouse, worms, and insects. The pharmaceutical companies have an entire zoo at their disposal as they add various components of animal DNA into the vaccines our children are exposed to. These fragments of DNA are used as filters to wean down the strain of the original vaccine before injection. Although the full DNA is not contained as a chain within the vaccine, elements of these animal's DNA are left within the vaccines and exposed to our immune system. The free radicals wreak

havoc on a child's immune system as the body reacts to them as a foreign object entering the body. Upon entering the bloodstream, they can break through the blood-brain barrier and cause severe harm to the neurological system.

MSG (Monosodium Glutamate)

It's not only an additive found in Chinese food and packaged food from your grocer's freezer, but it is also a preservative used in vaccines. MSG is naturally found in our modern foods, but in excess, it can cause a plethora of problems within the brain in particular. Dr. Russell Blaylock states that "This overexcitement of neurons can cause brain damage of varying degrees and can potentially trigger degenerative diseases such as Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS, Lou Gehrig's disease), Parkinson's disease and Alzheimer's, all of which develop gradually." MSG causes excitotoxins in the brain to rapidly misfire, which eventually leads to disabilities in children, long-term neurological diseases, and brain anomalies." (Blaylock) Eating organically,

growing your own fruits and vegetables, and avoidance of processed food can aid in keeping MSG at a low-level, but when it's part of a vaccine and it's being injected, the effects are life-long.

Formaldehyde

Formaldehyde is listed as a human carcinogen, meaning formaldehyde can cause cancer. It can also elicit a negative immune response. Per OSHA, "Formaldehyde is a sensitizing agent that can cause an immune system response upon first exposure. It is also a cancer hazard. Acute exposure is highly irritating to the eyes, nose, and throat and can make anyone exposed cough and wheeze. Subsequent exposure may cause severe allergic reactions of the skin, eyes and respiratory tract. Ingestion of formaldehyde can be fatal, and long-term exposure to low levels in the air or on the skin can cause asthma-like respiratory problems and skin irritation such as dermatitis and itching. Concentrations of 100 ppm are immediately dangerous to life and health (USDOL)." Its purpose in

vaccinations is to inactivate the “live” part of that vaccine. We are aware of the health effects when formaldehyde is ingested or inhaled, but what happens when it's injected intramuscularly and makes its way into the bloodstream; no studies have been completed. When it is ingested or inhaled, it can cause cancer, convulsions, death, fetal asphyxiation, gastrointestinal inflammation, hyperactivity, asthma, ADD, ADHD, and schizophrenia just to name a few.

Antibiotics

Antibiotics are added to vaccines to eliminate any possible contamination. This might not sound like a terrible feature, but in reality these antibiotics when injected into children can cause an allergic reaction that the parent is not aware that child might have. How many of us have an allergic reaction to neomycin, streptomycin, polymyxin b, gentamicin, and kanamycin? How do we know if our child will have an allergic shock before injecting these vaccines...we don't.

People who have allergic reactions to certain antibiotics can have side effects such as skin rash, swelling, and can be as severe as anaphylaxis, and a fatal swelling of the throat, especially in an infant. These side effects can have an immediate effect or in some cases present in days or weeks. Once again, the one-size-fits-all method of vaccinations can have a fatal effect on children with a predisposed allergy to antibiotics.

Squalene

Squalene is used in vaccines to boost the immune system so it can “handle” the onslaught of the vaccine and its adjuvants. The problem with adding squalene to a vaccine is that the body’s immune system uses squalene to fight off everything. Upon injection it will attack the good, the bad, and the ugly including places where squalene is produced naturally. Squalene has been attributed to Gulf War Syndrome in soldiers who were given the Anthrax Vaccine. According to Dr. Viera Schriebner, “The symptoms they developed included

arthritis, fibromyalgia, lymphadenopathy, rashes, photosensitive rashes, malar rashes, chronic fatigue, chronic headaches, abnormal body hair loss, non-healing skin lesions, aphthous ulcers, dizziness, weakness, memory loss, seizures, mood changes, neuropsychiatric problems, anti-thyroid effects, anaemia, elevated ESR (erythrocyte sedimentation rate), systemic lupus erythematosus, multiple sclerosis, ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), Raynaud's phenomenon, Sjorgren's syndrome, chronic diarrhoea, night sweats and low-grade fevers.” (Scheibner, 2017)

Peanut Oil

Peanut oil has been added to certain vaccines to improve the length of its efficacy. Like certain antibiotics that can cause anaphylaxis, the presence of children with peanut allergy can also warrant the same result resulting in death. The pharmaceutical companies have long denied the presence of peanut oil in their vaccinations, but it is indeed present and has been since the 1960's. Per

VaxTruth.org, “Peanut oil is a hidden and non-stated ingredient in the manufacture of children’s vaccines.” (vaxtruth.org) To take this one step further, “Hospital records in the USA further show that Emergency Room records indicated an increase of anaphylaxis from 671 per 100,000 during 1992-94 to 876 per 100,000 in 1995. More than 90 percent of all food allergy fatalities were documented as due to ingestion of peanuts and tree nuts.” (vaxtruth.org)

GMOs (Genetically Modified Organisms)

GMOs were developed to create a more aesthetically pleasing result in fruits, vegetables, and medications. Science has proved that we can take flaws and change their DNA in order to produce a non-producing perfect result. At what point will science take this knowledge and change the human race, well the time is now.

In 2006 Journal of Toxicology and Environmental Health this is what researchers had to say about GMOs

within vaccines, “Genetically modified (GM) viruses and genetically engineered virus-vector vaccines have significant unpredictability and a number of inherent harmful potential hazards... Horizontal transfer of genes... is well established. New hybrid virus progenies resulting from genetic recombination between genetically engineered vaccine viruses and their naturally occurring relatives may have totally unpredictable characteristics with regard to host preferences and disease-causing potentials.” (Chan, 2006)

We do know that genetically modified seeds can't reproduce and we further know that they kill the bees which are supposed to naturally pollinate plants grown from these seeds. The reality is that scientists are determining how best to genetically modify a disease and its reaction within a human body. Like animal DNA and aborted baby DNA, GMOs can also cause an undesirable effect on the existing DNA within the child being inoculated. Our children are being treated like crop

experiments and scientists are crossing their fingers with the hope we don't end up like the bees.



Chapter 8-Deliberating on Defeat

Before two armies go to battle they have a plan and the end result leads to defeat for one and victory for the other. For some, there is a little white proverbial flag of surrender and at that point, the battle is done. I feel like I am fighting a battle, but I am an army of one. I

keep getting shot at, but for some strange reason you stand back up, brush yourself off, and keep walking toward the open fire. Trying to prove that my son was a victim of vaccine-injury feels exactly like that.

Fighting for a just cause was never meant to be an easy task and great people in history can attest to that. C.S. Lewis wrote, “You never know how much you really believe anything until its truth or falsehood becomes a matter of life and death to you.” I find myself in new territory where I can see the wrong that has been done and continues to germinate, however, I am stuck in a nightmare where I am speaking but nobody listens.

During the summer of 2017, I had the great pleasure of being [interviewed](#) by Polly Tommey and the Vaxxed Team. I have a great respect for the work they do as they dedicate their lives to interviewing families of vaccine-injured children across the world. As their bus pulled up to my house in Rome, NY the first thing I noticed were the names that covered the tour bus. Every

inch of that bus contained a child's name who had died or been injured by vaccines. It was one of the most difficult conversations I have ever had, but I knew Johnathan's story needed to be told.

All of us have faced adversity, some more than others and in the dawn of social media I have discovered that people will comment on everything. Unfortunately, one can read a news story on a family that lost everything when their home burned down and there is always one person commenting on how the family must have let their child play with matches. People assume they understand the entire picture by reading a 3-column article, but the only ones that can fully comprehend is the family whose house burned down. I can't understand where empathy and human kindness has disappeared.

How is fighting for a cause to protect our children any different from standing up against racism, sexism, ageism, mass genocide, discrimination, hate crimes, political tyranny, and child abuse? I fail to see how

questioning what is ultimately being injected into our children is taboo.

Believe me, vaccination is a topic that turns people's heads because we are brainwashed to believe that a doctor would do what's best for their patient. Before my son died, I would have been the person who joined in on a conversation expressing my concerns for the need to vaccinate. Until you start uncovering the research on your own, your eyes will remain closed to the urgency that is needed for more research on vaccines. Instead of keeping an open mind to the fact that the system could be flawed, people like us are told that we are crazy anti-vaxxers that are uneducated and misled.

As I mentioned, I don't have a medical background, but I have a Master's in Information Design & Technology. It doesn't take a doctor to understand that the adjuvants within vaccinations can have terrible adverse effects on a developing child's immune system. I have spent every free moment since my child died

investigating and researching information whether it was contained in a medical journal, a documentary, a website, or a story from another parent who has suffered the same fate. I think we can all agree that if a child only drinks soda and eats junk food that they are at a high-risk for obesity and diabetes. Why is it such a stretch to think that if we give our child vaccines full of toxic chemicals that this won't result in an adverse reaction.

I will fight this battle and for me, there will never be a victory because my child has died. The only saving grace that keeps me fighting is that I might be able to save someone else's child from suffering the same fate. If I truly didn't believe in the connection between vaccines and my son's death, I would not be writing this book, posting articles on social media, and urging people to take a second look. I knew this wouldn't be easy, but ultimately change only comes when passion is ignited.

The statute of limitations on filing a claim in The National Vaccine Injury Compensation Program is two

years from the event. There are only certain attorneys that can handle these specialized cases and they decide based on reading the medical examiner's report whether they will pursue the case or not. I have grown acquainted with receiving letter after letter stating that the lawyer can't take my case due to the preexisting condition of craniosynostosis. To add insult to injury, I have a letter written by Johnathan's brilliant neurologist, which states that Johnathan's death has no connection to the condition of craniosynostosis. What everyone fails to see is that Johnathan's surgery was done when he was an infant and involved an operation on his skull to allow his brain to grow normally. Johnathan's neurologist saved his life and gave him the ability to grow and thrive. I imagine that by the time I finish this book the statute of filing a claim in vaccine court will have expired and my case will be inadmissible. It's almost an impossible task to prove that vaccines caused my son's death, a deliberating

defeat. I'm going to keep trying, walk straight into battle, and I will never surrender.



Chapter 9-Living With Other Humans

After the death of a child, you go through a series of emotions that for once in your life you can't explain. If someone were to ask me how I am feeling I would

respond that I am numb to every human emotion at this time. I thought back on every moment I yelled at my son, every negative experience where my patience was thin, and everything I could have done better and I wanted to leave this Earth. I felt like I was shrinking into nothingness and somehow I deserved all the pain because I had made poor life choices. For a long time, I hated myself and there are days I still do.

I was raised Catholic, and in the old days it was believed if we take our own lives that we will end up in Hell, but in modern times there is a bit more leniency, “The Church prays for persons who have taken their own lives” (#2283). Therefore, we do offer the Mass for the repose of the soul of a suicide victim, invoking God's tender love and mercy, and His healing grace for the grieving loved ones.” (Saunders, 2003). If I took my life I would never see my son again, which was my saving grace from ever entertaining that thought. I had to find a different way to continue my life without my son and

somehow survive. I have been asked many times, how do I wake up every morning and get out of bed? The only answers I can give are that my faith, my family, and my son keep holding me up. I know that God sees what's in my heart and truly knows who I am, but the self-doubt always lingers about what I could have done to prevent this.

I was holding him in my arms and I couldn't protect him is the mantra that repeats itself in my brain daily. I should have paid attention and asked better questions when it came to his health. I should have kept him awake and never laid down for a nap. If I were closer to a hospital his life could have been saved. If I were a better mother, my son would still be here. If God would have made the trade of my life for his, I could accept that without hesitation. My would've-could've mentality turned into deeper self-doubt and I started asking God how could he do this to Johnathan, to any child? How dare he ruin our entire lives for his ultimate plan. What

kind of God takes an only son from his mother's arms? It was then I walked back into a church and looked at the statue of Mary and realized we both suffered that same loss of our son. God himself knew that he would have to sacrifice his only son for mankind. I stopped blaming God and I tried to stop blaming myself because the fact is, it wasn't helping anyone.

I try to handle my grief in the way I think my son would want me to. My life now falls into two-time periods, before Johnathan and after his loss. The in-between of Johnathan's life was the happy middle that I consider the golden years of a life worth living. When the thoughts turn dark and the sadness weighs heavy on my mind, I take a chapter from the golden years and hang onto those memories, which keep me here.

As time went on I thought that seclusion was what I needed in order to grieve. I moved into my apartment away from the safety and continued comfort of my parents. I huddled away in my apartment waiting for

some sort of feeling to come back. I felt like I was a robot waiting for someone to give me an emotion chip so that I can feel again. I knew my heart was broken and I know that I thought I had felt that before, but until it happens you have no idea how incredibly broken you truly are. Music turned into my best friend and writing helped me back into humanity, but it was the connections I made through the internet that truly helped bring me back to life. I have just started to love myself again and to truly accept that my son is not coming back to me at least in his earthly body. I still have moments where I feel him holding my hand and I hear his voice calling for mama, but the moments of clarity and laughter are still hard to come by.

The summer after I lost my son I ran into an old friend outside the gym. He called out my name and I turned around and faced the man who I used to crush on years ago when we worked together. That day he asked me out and we have been together ever since. I still

believe that it was my son who made this happen because he didn't want me to be alone in this life. The day I lost my son, I felt like I had lost my family. I remember a drawing that Johnathan brought home from school and he was supposed to cut out the different family members and paste them onto a paper labeled "My Family". He pasted a picture of a woman and two cats and that was his family; I was his family. I'm still not sure where the two cats came from, but I smiled at the thought that maybe he thought the stray cats outside were ours.

Jason, my boyfriend, has two young sons and I had forgotten that one of them was named Johnathan. Just the night before Jason and I ran into each other I was talking to God and I asked him to please give me back my Johnathan. God didn't answer the specific prayer of returning my son to me, but I think God and my son had a different plan.

Dating is not an easy task after losing a child and the statistics on couples staying together after the loss of

a child are grim, 20%. The last thing I wanted to do was to start a relationship during the bleakest time of my life.

At the same time, Jason and I had known each other previously (before the death of Johnathan) and I didn't want to lose the opportunity to love either. I think I spent the first two months warning him of my behavior, my broken heart, and my inability to fully embrace a new relationship as I would have in the past. I kept expecting him to say I'm out of here, this woman has issues, and ultimately he would leave. He kept telling me how strong I am and how much he admires me for holding things together. He continued loving me through nights where I needed to be alone with my thoughts, times where I was moody and inconsolable and wiped the tears from my cheeks when racing thoughts kept me awake. The stage of seclusion hasn't completely ended, but the acceptance of support and love began.

I think relationships end after the death of a child because each person has brand new emotions they never

experienced before. When you lose your child you become an entirely different person. Each person is trying to figure themselves out and be strong, but they take too long to come together again and support each other. When I became a mother I realized that my son's life is now the most important aspect of mine. When you suddenly lose that without warning, you lose perspective of who you are without your child. My meaning of life was so altered that I didn't know if I could find the way back to knowing who I was anymore. I recognized the changes in me because every other life situation paled in comparison to my loss. I also realized that I need to communicate better and deeper with my friends and family. I stopped caring about people cutting me off or how upset someone was about trivial problems.

I went back to work two weeks after my son died and thought that if I kept my mind busy that I could somehow get back to normalcy. The problem I had during this early stage of grief was that I could no longer

be concerned when someone would call yelling about an order they placed. It wasn't that I was rude, I just couldn't handle the phone calls. Every part of me wanted to say, I'm very sorry you're upset about the issue at hand, but my son just died, and you are yelling at me over a pair of shoes. My boss understood my quandary and answered the phones until I could return to a better frame of mind and customer service. I no longer get upset over the little things, the small stuff, the things that aren't life-altering. It's unfortunate that devastation has to take place before most people, myself included, learn that lesson.



Chapter 10- Freedom to Choose

Most parents worry constantly about their child's ability to thrive in a world where terrorists fly airplanes into buildings, hatred walks into places of worship and opens fire, and bullied students shoot their classmates to get even. Terrorists thrive on fear because they want to make a point that freedom should be looked at as a sin of western civilization. Hatred envelopes those who can no longer love themselves, so they hate the ones that would have given them a chance of redemption. Bullies are the victims of bullies and the chain of hurt never ends because it never was given the chance to.

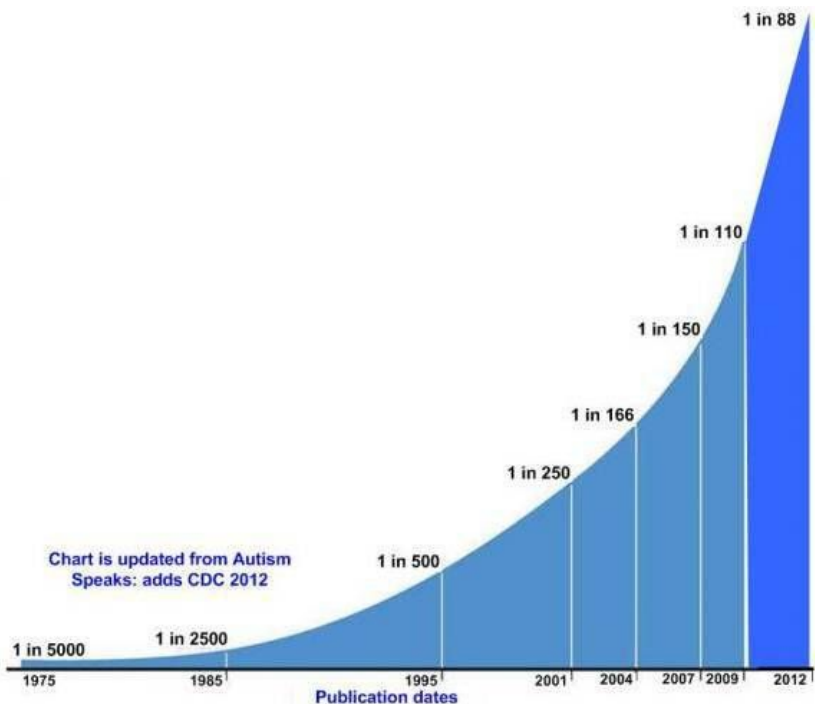
We have to live in a world that has both beauty and horror. There is no way to weed out the terrorists, the hatred, or the bullies because those realities help most understand the importance of what's righteous and good in the world. A Utopian society can never exist and only knowledge is the true weapon through which we can combat this reality.

Is it so difficult to believe that we don't know all the answers to difficult scientific scenarios? If we did, we would live forever, cancer would be extinct, AIDS would be non-existent, and we would potentially all swallow a magic pill to promote health and life everlasting. We do not have all the answers when it comes to vaccines, and the CDC can take a wild guess that their ability to combat disease is effective, but as we add more ingredients to the recipe, can they promise a reaction that will promote the same result every time to every human being? How can such a fluke of medicine be a one-size-fits-all solution for every child across the world? I believe it is our right as a parent to make the decisions we need for our children on an individual basis. Did you know that there are certain people who should never be vaccinated and it can be predetermined if vaccines would create a health risk for them? Children who have previous autoimmune disorders, children born of a mother with an autoimmune disorder, 40-60% of the population who has a genetically mutated gene called MTHFR, anyone who is sick,

pregnant women, and those who had previous reactions are among the population. In an article written by Jaclyn Harwell, a blog writer of “[The Family That Heals Together](#),” she goes into great details about vaccine contraindications and states, “Clearly, vaccinations are not the right choice for everyone, and each family should decide what is right for them and their children. When parents are aware of vaccine contraindications, they can make informed and safer choices for their children.” (Harwell) It is also a physician's job to ask these questions and to inform you of the benefits and risks before injecting you or your child with any vaccine.

As I speak with others about this subject I have found that the one commonality that parents face is the backlash from the medical industry for even daring to ask how safe are these vaccines. I've read articles where parents are threatened by the pediatrician that if they don't follow the guidelines set in-place by the CDC vaccination schedule that they will refuse care to the

patient or even worse will report them to child protective services. Even more severe are the news articles where parents are put in prison because they refuse to vaccinate and while in prison, their children are vaccinated against their will. At what point does our freedom of choice



regarding vaccines become a forced medical procedure? What's next, forced abortions for those who already have too large a family? We are not a group of mothers who are neglecting our children or the rest of society. People

who question vaccines are genuinely concerned for the safety and lives of our future generation.

The rise of autism is a hot subject in the vaccine debate and there are some who refuse to believe vaccines have anything to do with the significant rise of cases.

I have read that some believe autism is more prevalent because the medical industry knows what to look for now. Apparently, children before 1975 were misdiagnosed even though the term autism was developed in the 1940's. If the chart above continues on its path, researcher Dr. Stephanie Seneff states, "At today's rate, by 2025, one in two children will be autistic." (Anh, 2014). At what point do we need to stop and ask what is causing this? As any researcher is aware, only an environmental factor of epic proportions can cause such a worldwide epidemic. We refuse to believe that what is perceived as the greatest medical breakthrough could be imposing the greatest harm to our children.

The tough questions are labeled as such because if everything was easy we would have nothing to fight for. I never knew to ask the tough questions and now everything I would fight for is gone. I am left with words that I hope will reach the parents of tomorrow's world. If I can raise awareness of this impending disaster and save the life of just one child, then I have done my job.

My pull in this world is limited and the miles my message can travel are often sidelined because people refuse to listen. I've been called inflammatory, uneducated, unreasonable, an anti-vaxxer nut, and one of my personal favorites: blinded by grief. It would be so much easier to keep my mouth shut and continue walking through this world without asking the tough questions. No longer would the trolls be picking at my open wounds, the doctors would stop shaking in their scrubs, and the government would continue profiting, but I learned the hard way that saying nothing has devastating results.

I urge parents to do their own research about vaccines and the potential long-lasting side effects that could forever alter or end their child's life. As you start researching, you may come across a video of a child who can't speak for himself, a teenage girl who is paralyzed after the Gardasil shot, a toddler with uncontrollable rage, or a picture of a smiling four-year-old boy who fell asleep and never woke up again. You can listen to the thousands of interviews of people whose lives were destroyed after their child had a reaction to a vaccination(s). Some of these parents will have to care for their child for the rest of their lives, others will need help because the burden is too much, some are lost because their children have died, and all will cry because none of it should have taken place.

This is not a taboo topic that we should remain quiet about because we're afraid what people will think of us. We need to demand more research on the vaccines that are injected into our babies and we need a full study

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completed on the reaction and interactions of each dose within the entire vaccine schedule. Until this is accomplished and the results are clear, we need to have the inalienable right to choose to vaccinate our children or not without punishment or imprisonment. We should be given the autonomy to make this decision for ourselves and for the children we are obliged to protect.



Chapter 11-What Happens Now?

After reading this, you may be asking yourself those difficult questions. Maybe you are reading this because you were on the fence about vaccinating your own child, or even worse your child is forever damaged or died because of adverse reactions to a vaccine(s). You might be engaging in my story simply because you made a conscious effort to disagree with every word I have to say and you are making a promise to tell me how you feel about it. Whatever your reason is for picking up this book, I thank you for doing so because I am giving you a mission and should you choose to accept it, please know I am here with you. I don't have all the answers, but I promise I have a story that needed to be told.

Your mission is to share this book with another person who you feel will benefit from it. My son's life was short, but for those four years he blessed this world with his presence; he made an impact. Every human being on this planet makes an impact from the moment

God chose to bring them into this world. We can't place value on whose life is more important for the good of society. Many people have tried to rationalize tough decisions for the good of all, but in the end someone always loses.

I'm not sure what happens now because as a grieving mother the life I planned to live has been forever changed. The thing that we can do as a society, as parents, is to ask questions and demand answers. Take a good look at the medicine and the foods your child is given and ask yourself how safe is it? If you don't know, then find out because as a parent it is your job to do so. I am forever asking forgiveness for not doing this. **I was so busy trying to do what I thought was right that my child died in the process.** I have been told by many that this isn't my fault and there was no way I could have known the lethal effects vaccines had on my son in particular, However, the rational part of my brain can't accept that. I furthermore will never accept the fact that doctors, pharmaceutical companies, scientists, researchers know

the truth and choose to say nothing in order to keep the money flowing. A great doctor named Jim Meehan once said, "America gives the most vaccines and we have more children dying on their first day of life and within the first five years of life than any other country. That tragedy is on the hands of every physician that's promoting vaccines in America today." (Meehan) When is enough going to be enough? When are people going to leave their high-horse and get down on the level of human dignity and the right to the civil liberties we were promised as Americans. "A system that subordinates the basic rights of individuals and of groups to the collective organization of production is contrary to human dignity." (Catechism of the Catholic Church, 1994) We need to grab those reigns and start doing what is best for our future; for our children.

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Chapter 12-Remembering Johnathan



Let me tell you about the wonderful boy named Johnathan Michael Wurz, my son, and my life. Johnathan was as headstrong as they come, he knew what he wanted and he didn't stop until it was his. He had a hands-on technical love of building as well as disassembling to understand the way something worked. He was the most inquisitive and intellectual little man who was happiest with a container of AA batteries for his Thomas the Tank engines. He would spend hours watching his trains go

around the track and laugh at how many could run into each other and cause major derailment. He had a fondness of the snow, always asking if we could build a snowman, make snow angels, and climb the high drifts created after the driveway was plowed.

His favorite thing to do in the world was going to Billy Beez where he could have free rein to slide and climb with his friends. Once in a while he would get scared when the slide was too steep, but I would climb right up there with him, and hold him tight as we both faced our fears. It got to the point where he wanted to go every day and I would have to tell him that the slides were closed. After a while, he would ask are the slides open today mama, and I couldn't say no.

He loved hot dogs and chocolate ice cream, although not together. Grandma had introduced him to Hoffman's with cheese and he was hooked. Popsicles became a nightly treat after he took a bath and got his

pajamas on. He was the biggest fan of cherry or red as he called them.

We would often read books together and although we rarely got to the end, he was able to memorize certain books like Llama Llama and the Encyclopedia of Thomas the Tank Engine. His favorite movie was Angry Birds and he would laugh and laugh at Mighty Eagle as he peed in the Lake of Wisdom.

He loved smoke alarms and would spend hours watching YouTube videos about different types and how they worked. Ever since there was a fire drill at school, he couldn't sleep until I tested the smoke alarm in our bedroom. He could walk into any building and find the alarms and sprinkler systems. Making sure people were safe from fires was important to him.

His love for others was tremendous and he had a knack for making people smile. We had a secret kiss where we would rub noses and give each other a quick smack on the lips, which made him giggle.

One of my fondest memories was when he finally got to see Thomas the Tank Engine at the train station and he was dressed like a conductor. He danced with the other kids, took a train ride, and finally got to meet Sir Topham Hat.

When he was first learning to speak he couldn't pronounce his name so he called himself Sunshine. My mother and I would sing "You Are My Sunshine" to him since he was a baby and for a little while I think he thought that was his name. Whenever he would do something naughty he would blame it on sunshine. From that point on, whenever I see sunshine I think of him.

My sunshine was taken away by clouds of injustice, greed, and misconduct by a system that is corrupt. The need for money and power has outweighed the necessity for protecting human life. Unfortunately, the drug companies keep adding adjuvants to the recipe, are creating more and more multiple-dose shots, and aren't doing the necessary research to make sure they are

safe. Don't let this corrupt industry take your sunshine away.

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[Vaxxed Interview-Johnathan Wurz](#)

Disclosure

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Besides, I have nothing but my story and my experiences left to give.

<https://johnathansjourneyoneshotatatime.com/>