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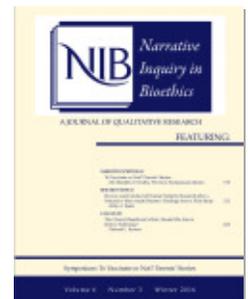
## Vaccines: All the Risks, None of the Benefits

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### Vaccines: All the Risks, None of the Benefits

Michelle M Guppy

**N**arrative Inquiry in Bioethics Call for Stories: To Vaccinate or Not? Parents' Stories—"Regrets from a Recovering Pro-Vaxxer" is my "to vaccinate or not" story. You asked for true, personal stories from parents about making vaccination decisions for their children. I guess where my story begins is at that time, as a young mother in the 90's, it really wasn't a decision to make. I didn't know there was anything I needed to further research to decide regarding vaccination. I did not have any reason to question vaccines. "Vaccination" was a non-issue in that I never read or heard from anyone anything about vaccination, pro, con, or otherwise.

All I knew was what my Pediatrician told me, and even then, it was not what I know today as "informed consent"—it was more, "you are at so and so visit (2, 4, 6 month, etc.) and here is what your baby will be getting, sign this . . ." That was all I knew of vaccination. It wasn't a "decision" it was something you just did. I didn't know about any

adverse reactions other than the benign things listed on the consent form the office gave me. A form that I now know was vastly different than the "informed consent" form that is wrapped around the vaccine vial that the manufacturer must include by law, but that parents like me never saw, or knew to ask to see. I didn't know about the vaccine ingredients (they weren't listed on their form) and I certainly didn't know the odds of my son getting what I was vaccinating against vs. the incredible odds of him having a chronic, debilitating, life altering and life-long adverse vaccine reaction.

Perhaps most horrifically, I didn't know that not once in the United States were vaccines studied done to show outcomes in vaccinated vs. unvaccinated children to answer the question, "Who is healthier?"—that would have been good to have had on the consent forms. I further didn't know that vaccines were never studied when given in combination as my sons were. I didn't know that vaccines were not tested against a true placebo as every other drug is required to be. I didn't know that *no one but me* would be responsible for any and all adverse vaccine reactions. I didn't know the contraindications of vaccines. I didn't know the scope of what vaccine reactions were. So very much was left off that "consent" form! I essentially didn't know anything about vaccinations when I "decided" to have my son vaccinated! Knowing what I know now, in having an adult son severely injured by adverse vaccine reactions, I would never recommend anyone to vaccinate their child. Knowing what I know now, if I could go back and do it all again, I would never, ever vaccinate my children.

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Those who make, mandate, and profit from vaccination have severe conflicts of interest and anything they share or assure regarding vaccines fall on deaf ears of those who know better, those who have since done their own independent research. I would rather take my chances on acute, benign, fully recoverable typical childhood illnesses that strengthen the immune system, over the chronic, lifelong, debilitating disorders that have weakened my son for life. Where once he could say words, smile, interact—he now cannot read, write, or speak and will need 1:1 assistance and lifelong care. All to prevent a weak case of: chicken pox? Measles? The flu? Vaccine policy is not about health; it is about profit and convenience. It would be easier to not be inconvenienced by missed school or missed work—so instead many have bought into the lie of artificial immunity—that is anything but “immunity”. I can speak with authority as a parent on this because I have lived both sides. Between my husband and I, we have had chicken pox, measles, and mumps. We are in our 50’s, healthy, and are on no medication. We had a total of five vaccines in our life. My son who has had the recommended dozens, is sick with seizures, autoimmune disease, mitochondrial dysfunction, gastrointestinal disease, allergies, and on no less than 10–15 medications and supplements just to keep him alive. I am pressured each time I go to the doctor’s office for vaccine upon vaccine, for my vaccine-injured son.

It is oppressive what parents are forced or bribed or threatened into doing with vaccination. It is a constant fear for me. There is no way I will ever consent to any further vaccination for my son, yet I feel one day there won’t be a choice and my already vaccine-injured son will be further injured with no recourse. It is not so much what I wish those who disagree with me should know about my views on vaccination—it is that they need to live a day in the life of my son who must now live with severe vaccine injury. Watch him have leaky gut episode after episode. Watch his lips turn blue from yet another seizure. Ride with me in the ambulance as we rush to the emergency room for x-rays from yet another broken bone from yet another seizure. See the pictures of who he was and imagine the

future he had before vaccines and then change his adult diaper—this is who he became after vaccine reactions, which is someone who never played little league t-ball. Someone who never played cowboys and Indians with his friends. Someone who never had a crush on a girl, a date to the prom, a first kiss. Someone who will never drive a car. Someone who will never provide us with empty nest, a daughter-in-law, or grandchildren.

I could provide independent proof upon proof of how unsafe and unsound vaccines are. But more than that, I wanted to convey those things that can’t be quantified in the cost of vaccine policy. The loss of milestones. All for the possibility of maybe avoiding chicken pox? I think what would help resolve the controversy is sharing those things like our story that you never hear on the news, in research journals. Stories that [www.vaxxed.com](http://www.vaxxed.com) are sharing from parents all across America. Hundreds and thousands of stories from parents who watched their children become maimed for life by adverse vaccine reactions. The “RIP” stories of those who have lost their babies after vaccination and have had it called “SIDS” when in fact, it was not SIDS, it was “vaccine injury” from being given multiple vaccines containing multiple neurotoxins at once. Countless stories of how lives have been maimed all for the sake of preventing a possible outbreak that would be benign at best. How many in any of those outbreaks in the last decade have died vs. how many vaccinated for that illness have died? The reality of that is sobering. Sickening for those who care to truly grasp it and not just profit from it.

For me, and what I’ve seen in how my sons life, and ours, was forever altered, it’s just not worth it. I would beg of any parent to believe the thousands of us on that. It isn’t worth it. The risk is too great. That is the decision you must make with the information and truth available today. Is vaccination worth it? My answer is a resounding no. Especially in light of how most outbreaks today began with a fully vaccinated individual or one shedding the live virus from being recently vaccinated. The vaccine policy has been weighed and measured with our son, and we have come to the overwhelming conclusion that with vaccination you get all of the

risk and none of the intended benefit. We will never, ever vaccinate again.



### To Vaccinate or Not—Insights from a Mother Who Lost a Child to Influenza

Serese A. Marotta\*

As a mother of two, I have always been pro-vaccination because there's a reason vaccines were created. The fact that vaccines exist indicates these diseases are something we need to be protected from, but honestly I never thought vaccine-preventable diseases were the most likely cause for concern when it came to my kids. As a parent, I used to worry about the typical things—like having them hold my hand as they crossed the street, wearing their helmets when they rode their bikes, and don't talk to strangers! That is until I lost my healthy, five-year-old son, Joseph, to H1N1 flu during the pandemic in October 2009.

Joseph was a typical kindergartner who loved Star Wars, Spiderman, Transformers, and riding the school bus. I had taken Joseph and his older sister to get their flu vaccine in late September 2009. However, the H1N1 strain was not in the seasonal vaccine that year and the supplemental H1N1 vaccine wasn't yet available in our community at that time. Looking back, I don't remember being especially worried about H1N1 because, like so many others, I suppose I still lived in that cloud of "it won't happen to me". Besides, I was doing all I could to protect my children from the dangers of the world—wasn't I?

Joseph's story started innocently enough. It was October 9<sup>th</sup> and his school called to say he threw up on the school bus. No big deal, right? As parents, we frequently deal with bumps, bruises, and the occasional vomit. Since I was out of town, my husband went to pick Joseph up and bring him home. As the day progressed, Joseph kept throwing up and was very lethargic. My husband finally called

our pediatrician that afternoon and they advised him to take Joseph to the local urgent care. Upon arrival, Joseph's oxygen levels were very low and they immediately transported him via ambulance to the local children's hospital. Although the nurses commented that he looked like he had the flu, the rapid flu test and the "gold standard" PCR test came back negative (which turns out weren't capable of detecting H1N1 at that time). Joseph was eventually diagnosed with pneumonia that evening and the hospital staff started the traditional antibiotic treatment. It only took two days for Joseph to be downgraded from intensive care to the regular pediatric floor. Several days later, the doctor came in and told us Joseph's culture was growing influenza and that it was likely H1N1, but not to worry, it was "just the flu" and we'd start him on antiviral medication. The next few days were a blur of breathing treatments, testing, medications, and specialist visits. But all was going well and we were preparing to be discharged shortly. However, all that changed on the ninth day of Joseph's hospital stay. It was a Saturday morning and I had left my husband in charge at the hospital while I went home to spend some time with our seven-year-old daughter. When I left the hospital, Joseph was alert and talking and overall, doing as well as can be expected when you've been eating hospital food and hooked up to an IV for nine days. He was anxious to go home, but being a good sport about doing what he was told. When I returned to the hospital later that evening, things were changing rapidly. Joseph's blood pressure had dropped so low the nurses could not get an accurate reading. The doctors were called and we made our way back to intensive care. This was the first time I felt in my gut that something was wrong. The doctors couldn't figure out what was happening. The next several hours included blood work, x-rays, consultations, questions—it was a flurry of activity, throughout which Joseph remained alert. I remember trying to distract him from all the poking and prodding with some cartoons on the TV. The doctors didn't seem particularly alarmed about his condition, but were just trying to figure out how to rectify his blood pressure. This went on all throughout the night. Finally, the attending doctor came to me and