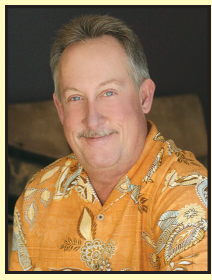


KIDS FIRST



Vaccination: For Health or Profit?

Part 3

As I have mentioned in Part II, Bart Classen MD., is the world's foremost expert on the vaccine-diabetes connection. He feels that the risk of diabetes from vaccination far out numbers any potential benefits. His study, published just this year in the British Medical Journal, revealed a 147% increase in the rate of diabetes seen in approximately 116,000 vaccinated children.

In 1996, ABC World News Tonight aired a special

report on common childhood vaccines and their relationship to diabetes. It warned parents that the risk of this disease has increased by 60% in the US and Finland in children under 5 years old. The effects of vaccination on the production of diabetes, asthma, autism, polio (yes, the only cases of polio are from the vaccine itself), Aids, and even cancer, is becoming a worldwide issue. If you think this can't happen to your child, think again! According to Barbara Loe-Fisher, President of the National Vaccination Information Centre in Virginia, **And when it happens to your child, the risk is 100%**. Edda West, who heads up Canada's VRAN (Vaccine Risk Awareness Network), agrees.

Despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, most parents are still led to believe that vaccination is "good for you" and there are

"minimal risks". Although the immediate reactions to vaccination can be life-threatening, diabetes and other autoimmune diseases may not surface for months or years to come.

Lets look at the "logic" of some vaccines; did you know that the MMR (measles) vaccine can lower your child's immune system for up to four years after it is administered? It can also set up a persistent infection in the intestine, which can lead to Leaky-gut syndrome and Crohn's disease. Not popular side effects!

You have most likely wondered what Hepatitis is all about. It is a liver disease seen only in adults and only among those using needle street drugs, those exposed to contaminated blood products, and sexually promiscuous individuals. It is NOT a childhood disease, is NOT highly contagious, and is not a killer. The Health Dept. and your

physician request that your baby receive the Hepatitis vaccine to protect him/her. Most authorities, however, agree that a child's immune system is very immature and the benefits of this vaccine only last for 5-9 years. If this is fact, why give it to children?

Is there a growing concern of your child being promiscuous and using needles and drugs in grade one? Or is there a hidden agenda?

See you in two weeks for part IV.

If you need additional information, please call me personally at 605-665-8228 and visit my website: www.plathwellness.com

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Memories

From Page 1

to this, they would just wave me through each morning.

They closed the Washington National Airport where I had arrived and rented my car. About two weeks later when I was ready to return home, I called the car rental agency about where to return my car, and they said, "Wherever it is convenient for you" — so I drove it back to Yankton and turned it in at Sioux City.

The biggest change for me was how it affected my air travel. I will always remember the smell of the smoke that went on for days and the events of the day.

'WALKING ... LIKE ZOMBIES'

Cindy Houey, Hartington, Neb.

I was sorting mail, and my first thought (when I heard the news) was that we were under attack. I immediately feared for my sister, Christi Kathol (now Janssen), whom I knew worked only a short distance from the towers in New York.

I was sure we were under attack when the second plane struck. I mentally tried to figure what streets, exactly, the Twin Towers occupied.

It was three days before we would hear that she was safe. Her office was shaken, employees ran to the rooftop, and she captured photos that day, but the "not knowing" was misery on my whole family. (Thankfully, she's since moved back to Nebraska.)

When I finally got to talk to her, she was breathlessly walking (a great distance) and said that throngs of people were "just walking toward the water like zombies" ... not knowing what to do or where to go without transit/communication/etc. A huge excitement arose as I spoke to her and she had to stop talking for a few moments. She said a weary and worn fire crew was driving past and the crowd erupted with cheers and applause for them. For that moment, I felt like I was there!

As head of the local blood drives here at that time, my phone rang like crazy with people asking to donate blood, would we be having extra drives, etc. ... everyone wanted to help — and that's the glory of living in the Midwest!

A PRICE FOR FREEDOM

Lt. Comm. Rusty Williamson, Chesapeake, Va.

On the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, I was serving aboard a guided missile frigate, home ported in Norfolk, Va. I had left the ship before sunrise with the navigation team and other officers of USS Estocin (FFG 15) to report to a computer-based ship-driving simulator located on the Navy base. We were conducting a routine but simulated transit up the Hudson River in preparation for an upcoming port visit to West Point, N.Y., for the Army-Navy Game in December 2001. The simulator is quite an amazing training aid and uses high definition graphics and advanced software to create a very vivid depiction of most ports visited in the



PHOTO: ASSOCIATED PRESS

This image of the second plane about to slam into the World Trade Center was used on the cover of the extra edition the Press & Dakotan published on the afternoon on Sept. 11, 2001.

U.S. and abroad.

We were navigating the narrow waters of the Hudson, enjoying the view of the simulated Statue of Liberty, Battery Park and the World Trade Center towers. The images and sounds of the simulated skyline and busy harbor traffic were interrupted that morning around 9 a.m. when the first call rang on my commanding officer's cell phone. Within minutes, a second call came in, and he calmly told us the training was over and that we needed to report back to the ship.

Shortly thereafter, it was clear that the terrible events of the day were no accident, and we returned to the ship for what would be the last day many took our security for granted. The image of burning buildings and the irony of seeing the same buildings standing tall on a 360-degree navigation simulator will never be forgotten. Within minutes of returning to the ship, I was armed with a sidearm and we were preparing to sail. Our mission was to take position to defend the air and water space along the East Coast. Fortunately we were at sea for a short period, no action was required, and we returned when directed.

Sept. 11 serves as a reminder that you don't have to look very far to find a hero. I learned calculus from one, I was taught how to play football by one, I played in the marching band with one, and I sat a few rows behind one in home-room. This event changed my life because, every year on Sept. 11, I am reminded that there is a significant price to pay for our freedom — and the currency is sacrifice.

THE ONLY WORDS

Pauline Rhoades, Yankton

Sept. 11, 2001, was a beautiful morning as I drove from my home at Lewis & Clark Lake in to Yankton to care for my 10-month-old grandson. It was my mom's 73rd birthday, and I made a mental note to call her around 9.

As I watched the "Today" show, I remember overwhelming confusion as the broadcast was interrupted with news of a plane hitting one of the Twin Towers. Shortly

thereafter, the second plane hit, followed by news that a flight had crashed in Pennsylvania, and then learning the Pentagon had been struck.

Shock, horror and disbelief seemed to be the only words to describe what we were witnessing. Reality started to sink in. We would never be the same. The sense of security I had always felt was shattered in minutes, replaced with doubt, fear and distrust. Terrorists and terrorism became commonly used words. We learned in an instant what "red alert" meant.

Since 9/11, I pay more attention to my surroundings. I watch people and situations more closely. I am more cautious, less trusting. I am more guarded and protective. I take nothing for granted. I am more patriotic and more appreciative of the men and women who protect all of us and defend our country.

Ten years later, I still struggle to find the exact words that describe how I felt that day. Planes crashing, people jumping to their deaths, people trapped in stairwells, people buried in debris, people running, people making what proved to be final phone calls to loved ones ... innocent people who probably started that Sept. 11, 2001, morning much like I had. The pictures, sounds and memories of 9/11 are seared in my mind as if the attacks happened yesterday ... and I will never, ever forget.

SADNESS

Kelly Tjeerdsma, Avon

My uncle, Marty Morgen, is a Yankton native who is a retired captain in the Navy, hired as a civilian and was working at the Pentagon at the time of the attacks. As the day unfolded and the horror of what was happening was being reported, our concerns turned to wondering if Marty was at work that day.

We started making phone calls to his house, and finally that evening we got hold of his wife. We were relieved to find out Marty was not at work that day. My uncle didn't want to talk at the time as he was terribly saddened with the fact that he had lost a lot of friends that day. My aunt Millie told us he just couldn't believe they got four planes.

As a retired fighter pilot, it hit him hard. My deepest and most heartfelt thoughts go out to all the families of 9/11.

SOMETHING BAD

Christopher McIntosh, Yankton.

The day started like all the other days. I was 9 years old, and my dad was outside taking care of the many huskies we were raising. My mother was walking up to get the mail with her dog, Copper. I went with my mom to get the mail. As we got to the post office and picked up our mail, one of the neighbor's dogs got out of his kennel and came up to us, starting a dogfight. My mother knew she could handle Copper but not the other one, so she told me to get Dad. I ran back to the house to get my father and I stayed home while he went to stop the fight. I know the dogfight ended and my parents and Copper came back home uninjured.

Dad told me to stay at home; so not knowing what else to do, I began to watch TV. The news was on so I decided to see what was happening until they got back. (I was homeschooled and should really have been doing my homework.) The news flashed a special that announced that a plane crashed into the Twin Towers. I didn't realize what it meant but I knew that it was bad. So I ran outside to get my parents and told them, "A plane went into the Twin Towers." They didn't believe me, so we all went inside to watch the news. We all stood in front of the TV for the next hour, not even

moving. We saw the second plane hit the second tower and then a plane hit the Pentagon.

It was scary not just because of the attacks, which seemed unreal, but also because I had an aunt and uncle that lived near Washington, D.C., and we wondered if they were all right. We tried for hours to reach them, but the phone lines were all tied up. Things must have happened around me, but I just stood stunned for a very long time after my dad explained the newscast.

I couldn't really tell anyone what the rest of the day or even the next days were like because I just remember watching the news about 9/11.

SO QUIET

Cyndi Hunhoff, Yankton

On the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, I was sitting by my dining room table reading the Press & Dakotan and having my morning coffee. My daughter was getting ready for school and had the radio on.

She came into the room and said a plane had hit a building in New York. We turned on the morning news only to view the second plane hit the second tower. We both stood there — speechless.

She went to school and I went to work. The town was so QUIET! I told my employee to stay home until we knew what was going on.

Were we at war? I had a friend working at the Pentagon — was he OK?

The day went on with the town so quiet. The only phone calls were from customers looking for American flags. The news showed flags being placed on homes, cars, trucks and businesses. I called a flag company to order more flags, and they said that stores throughout the U.S. had been calling in orders all day.

As I went home from work, the streets were quiet and no one was even walking around the park.

That evening Sen. Tim Johnson's office called to get my daughter's phone number in Minneapolis. The senator was on the last flight out of D.C. before the airports closed, and they wanted my daughter to pick him up at one airport and take him to another airport so he could fly to Pierre for the World War II Memorial dedication.

We traveled to Pierre that weekend for the dedication. On the drive there, I wondered what I could do for all the pain in New York. I was planning a trip to D.C. to take my daughter to work as a Senate page, so I thought about going to New York to see the Ground Zero site. As I entertained that idea, I realized I did not want to just be a sightseer. I contacted the Salvation Army and made arrangements to work at Ground Zero.

That was the greatest experience that I have ever had. To see the site, to visit with the people, to see all the memorials was overwhelming. I went back to the site in 2007 and again in 2011. I am also going back to New York at the end of this month. My daughter and son-in-law reside in New York.

NO ANSWER

Kevin Koenig, Yankton

While being employed in 1 World Trade Center only weeks prior to its demise, I remember receiving a large sense of satisfaction with its impeccable view and its unbelievable status symbol within the world.

As the building was being struck, a large sense of sadness and sorrow overcame me as my fears and concerns went to all my former employees, clients and personnel. As the building was crumbling down, my mind constantly was asking "WHY? WHY? WHY?" this was happening.

I still have not answered that question.

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Ringling Heaven's Bells IN YANKTON!



HEAVEN'S BELLS, a unique Bell choir from Lincoln, Nebraska, are ringing their way into Yankton this Saturday, September 10th. The accomplished group has played in many states and outside of the United States. They began touring in 2004.

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September 10th

Seventh Day Adventist Church
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11:00 am — followed by a free fellowship dinner
7:00 pm — followed by a free ice cream sundae social

One and all are invited to attend this unusual concert and mingle with the choir members. A free-will offering will be taken and CD's will be sold after the ice cream social.

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