Tell Me, this is not a Government Run Operation

by RG

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Yesterday, April 7, 2021 I went to the nearby fairgrounds in a neighboring county to receive my first dose (shot in the arm) of the Moderna Vaccine as instructed by the appointment card I had to print out for confirmation of the appointment which also indicated my name the recipient of the shot. This assumed was to be used to verify with the Public Health officials onsite that I am just not a wandering soul coming off from the streets, but I do have an actual appointment time, range indicated on the card 09:15 AM to 09:30 AM. I made sure I arrived in enough time to avoid any issues and that depending on the potential crowd that may be present that some like when a concert use to come to town people would camp out overnight to be the first inline. However, to my amazement the only people present when I arrived were the Public Health officials and representatives of the local Deputy Sheriff’s office. Surprising to me for when I would go online previously to attempt to set appointments all locations that were listed indicated either FULL or NO APPOINTMENTS ACCEPTED.

The county Deputies that greeted everyone and that were stationed throughout the grounds were extremely polite, friendly, and cordial whereas the initial Public Health representative was something less than to be desired. Her actions were like she had grapefruit juice in cornflakes rather than milk. The greeting from this person was, “*What are you doing here*?” I thought to myself and before replying, “I’m here to pick up a pizza. What the Hell ya think!”, I replied simply by saying to get my shot. The second question following that comment was, “*What is your QR Code number*?” Looking at my printed copy of my appointment sheet I responded, “I don’t know. Here is my appointment ID number.” Showing her my printed appointment confirmation sheet and pointing to the Appointment ID # which she continued to ignore and refused to look at it. “*You will not receive your shot without the QR number.”*, she continued insisting. As I continued to look for the email in my smartphone.

Entering DPH, Department of Public Health, GDPPH, then Georgia Department of Public Health, and the county name where I was scheduled to receive the shot, all entries into my email was displaying nothing on my smartphone. I could not find the email and could not understand why my appointment sheet was not being accepted as a valid form of authorization, since it was issued through the State’s system. Truth be known, the QR Code which is a square box of lines resembling a maze contains the same information as that which was displayed on my appointment sheet with few exceptions as to Social Security number, telephone number, age, and address. The appointment sheet was a hard copy confirmation which also showed my email address but did not indicate the email address or name of the agency from which the appointment was issued. After several more minutes of a back-n-forth discussion where I asked what named agency would have sent the email with her or none of her associates on the scene could state other than the State of Georgia, the State DPH employee stated she found my info in her tablet. Subsequently, I received the little orange raffle ticket with a number affixed to allow my me to proceed. Coming to the next station on my journey, the male DPH Representative again inquired of me what was my QR Code number and again I showed him my appointment sheet pointing to the Appointment ID # which he also refused to acknowledge and informed him as well that I could not locate the email with that particular bit of information in the email of my smartphone. As he was more polite than the initial lady, he informed me to proceed on but get in the left lane. Approaching a large tent structure containing approximately 20 individuals, 10 on each of the tent all behind several metal tables, I approached the ladies that were manning this position. Stopping and shutting down my vehicle, I rolled my driver side window down and before I could say a word, the one of the two female representatives attending me mentioned, “*I hear you are having difficulty in locating the email with your QR Code Number.*” Yes, I replied and again showing my appointment sheet which, she too did not want to see. *“No worries.”,* she stated, *“You will get your shot.”* As this was a tag-team approach, as this lady was distracting me talking, the other casually reached in rolled up my shirt sleeve and within seconds I was poked with a hypodermic pumping my arm full of the juice referred to as Moderna. I asked if I was going to have extra growths protrude following this shot and their responses were, “*Well, we hope not. But as a precaution we ask that you pull your car on down to the next station, park and wait approximately 15 minutes before you depart.”* Not really having a complete sense of security, I started my car and before I pulled away, the DPH employee that was doing all the talking showed me her tablet and asked if this was me. Seeing the information, I confirmed with her that it was. The final statement made by her was stated in a somewhat humorous manner, “*They, instituted new procedures today. So, I guess this is why there was a difficulty. You will receive another email for you to schedule your second dosage and you will return here.”* Thanking her for her politeness, I drove away to park.

Final thoughts about this whole process. Knowing I never deleted the acknowledgement and confirmation email from my computer and that my smartphone is synchronized with my computer, upon my return home I immediately booked up my computer and opened my Outlook email to locate the message and voila there it was in my inbox. Upon further inspection of the email, I discovered why I could not locate and retrieve the email. The email and appointment confirmation did have any of the entities that I expressed earlier as the sender. The emails did not come from the State or any agency or department of the State but rather the emails were issued through a Third-Party Vender of the State. None of the DPH employees onsite are aware of how the State issues the notifications to the public. Also, before I left my house, I had the TV on. The news program had an anchor person reporting on how the case numbers for the States of Florida and Texas are showing a remarkable reduction in active cases being reported daily since the States has opened up. The numbers are dropping below the national averages. When the reporter that have filed the story asked the infamous Dr. Anthony Fauci could he explain why he said, “I don’t know.” Though the news anchor did not comment, I thought that has been the most intelligent statement he has made since the beginning of this incursion.

As a final note, I read a story that compares the vaccines of Johnson & Johnson, Moderna, and Pfizer. Of the three, Johnson & Johnson and Moderna require two doses or shots approximately 4 weeks (30 days) apart. With the story, it listed that any potential side effects are expected and to be normal. Oh, that’s great for a pharmaceutical company to express their honesty in that side effects of their drug is to be normal. Kinda puts a new light on the FDA regulation on drug manufacturers to state known side effects. Most of the side effects noted in the article normally become present after the second dosage. Arm soreness, fatigue, and drowsiness are some of the listed side effects. As I had stated, initially after receiving the shot they recommended I waited 15 minutes before leaving just in case. What they should inform everyone that the effects if they do not hit you immediately, they wait 24 hours after. The next day I woke feeling a little sluggish but not enough to cause any concern. Approximately some 2 hours later it hit. For the next several hours I felt as if I was coming down with something. As I told a friend, I felt like I was trying to push a parked ’75 Cadillac Fleetwood which had its emergency brake engaged while wading through waist deep mud. The feeling was so impactful that during the day I literally passed out twice. I am thankful I had no plans of driving. In between the two events, I walked to my mailbox for my mail and while I was walking some 25 feet to and from the mailbox, I felt if the world had shifted on its axis and I was trying to walk a straight-line, blindfolded, wearing stilettos with one of the heals broken off. Truly, I was in no physical or mental condition to write my name. Plus, the spot where the DPH stuck the needle in my was extremely sensitive to the lightest of touch. As I remember several years ago while working, a blood drive was taking place I gave blood. At that time the nurse had an extremely difficult time of sticking the needle in arm. Two weeks later, the tendon and bicep muscle in my left arm tore from my Humerus and a week later I had muscle and tendon reattachment surgery. This episode makes me wonder if the DPH employees are actually registered or licensed nurses. Who knows.