



My name is Janice and in the fall of 1953 my twin brother, Frankie suffered from a head cold. The day before Halloween, Frankie started having difficulty breathing so he was taken to the City Hospital in Syracuse, NY. He received a spinal tap and was immediately placed in an iron lung. He had polio. Frankie died November 1, 1953 and I was diagnosed with paralytic polio the day Frankie was buried. Soon, 8 students out of my first-grade classroom of 24 were all diagnosed with paralytic polio. Three, including my twin died. This is a story repeated all too often before a vaccine was available.

The following spring of 1954 while undergoing intensive physical therapy, I was one of 1,829,916 children in the United States, Canada, and Finland to participate in the Salk vaccine trial. This is the largest vaccine trial in the history of the world. We were called the 'Polio Pioneers' and the vaccine was licensed in the spring of 1955. So vital was this vaccine that President Dwight Eisenhower signed an executive order to provide manufacturing protocol to 75 nations free of charge.

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My name is Lois and I was 2 years old in 1961. My mother chose not to immunize me as an infant. It was in 1961 that I had a fever and my throat was hurting. When I started having difficulty breathing, I was taken to St. Mark's Hospital in North Salt Lake where I endured a tracheotomy. Everything was done to save my life, but I died from Diphtheria. My brother, mother, and cousin all came down with the illness too. The only one who did not have to be hospitalized was my teenage cousin. She had received her immunization as an infant but had failed to receive her booster. Her case was considered mild because of this. My mother and brother are great supporters of immunizations now!

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My name is Roald Dahl, and my eldest daughter [Olivia] caught the measles in 1962. She was only 7 years old. I would often read to her but had no real alarm while she was on the road to recovery. One day we were fashioning animals out of colored pipe-cleaners and her fingers wouldn't work. She complained of being sleepy. Within an hour she was unconscious. In twelve hours she was dead.

Olivia had measles encephalitis and there was nothing that would save her. If a child develops this today, there is still nothing that doctors can do to help.

In 1962 there were no reliable measles vaccine discovered, but today that is different. There is a way to protect children and families. All you have to do is ask your doctor to administer it.

I have dedicated two of my books to Olivia, the first was “James and the Giant Peach.” This was when she was still alive. The second book, “The BFG” was dedicated to her memory after Olivia died. You will see her name at the beginning of each of these books.

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My name is Rotem Amitai and I am a mother to 3. In March 2019 I was 43 years and worked as a stewardess for the Israeli airline El Al. While on a flight from New York’s John F. Kennedy International Airport to Israel a passenger unknowingly exposed me to Measles. While this would not have presented a problem to an immunized person, I had only received 1 of the 2 immunization vaccines required for immunity against Measles.

I began to feel sick before the plane even landed in Israel. I developed encephalitis which is an inflammation of the brain caused by the Measles and lapsed into a coma. This was in March of 2019 and I passed from this life in August 2019.

Vaccines are important. Receiving all the required doses are important.

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