

Chairman Johnson, Ranking Member Blumenthal, and members of the subcommittee

Thank you for the opportunity to tell my story—the story that forever shattered our lives and the nightmare we continue to live every day. My name is Krystle Cordingley. I am a mother to five beautiful children. My first son and second child is Corbyn D Cordingley. He was born on September 2, 2012. My pregnancy was uneventful, and he was born via repeat scheduled C-section, healthy with a full head of dark hair. There were no complications during or after his birth. Corbyn was a vibrant, busy baby boy who couldn't wait to be mobile and explore everything. He hit all his milestones at or above average—rolling over at four months, crawling by six months, walking by eight months, and running by ten. I took him to every well-child check according to the recommended schedule, and he received a clean bill of health each time. He was beautiful. He was smart. He loved deeply—all who met him felt that love.

I call our lives before Corbyn's death our "before lives." That life was innocent and full of joy. My husband and I were living our dream. We fiercely loved each other and cherished every moment with our babies. It feels like a dream now. A dream swiftly turned into a nightmare.

I'm a scientist. I was taught to "believe in the science." The phrase "vaccines are safe and effective" was drilled into me so deeply that it became part of my subconscious. It never even occurred to me to question it. To look at the facts and research myself. To learn about the history of vaccines and the diseases they supposedly prevented. [1] I assumed that if something was approved for the market, it had to be safe. I never imagined that I would need to do my own research.

I love my children fiercely. My top priority has always been their safety. I trusted that my children's pediatrician had their best interests at heart. I believed in the Hippocratic Oath—I was even on the path to becoming a physician myself before my life shattered. I believed it meant something. I took my kids to every appointment. I followed the CDC's recommended vaccination schedule without question. It was designed by experts—of course it had to be safe.

Corbyn got all his recommended shots, including the flu vaccine at six months old. On September 5, 2013, Corbyn went in for his well-baby visit and received the PCV13, RW5, MMR, Hep A, and Varicella vaccines. They didn't have the flu vaccine in stock that day, so we scheduled it for later.

On October 9, 2013, I brought Corbyn in again—his lungs sounded raspy, and I wanted to rule out pneumonia. The doctor seemed irritated that I brought him in for what he thought was something minor. Still, I kept his flu shot appointment for October 18, 2013, at 10:00 a.m. That morning, he finally seemed fully well again. He and his sister both got the flu shot—Corbyn received the Sanofi Pasteur FLUZONE Quadrivalent flu vaccine in his right thigh. I will never forget the look in his eyes as he looked at me when they gave him the shot. They told me it was a two-part series and scheduled the next dose in a few weeks.

We went home. I made lunch and dinner—since I had a 10-hour shift at the hospital and wouldn't be home for dinner. That dinner—the leftovers—are still frozen in my freezer almost 12 years later. It was the last thing my baby ever ate.

My husband stayed home and played with the kids that day while I went to work. He said Corbyn was a little fussy, but nothing concerning. He gave them a bath and put them to bed around 8:30. Corbyn wanted to snuggle, so my husband rocked him, gently stroking his soft blonde hair until he fell asleep. He laid him in his crib on his back in our bedroom around 8:45. My husband stayed up in the living room until about 11:30, then went to bed. He glanced over at the crib and saw Corbyn sleeping on his belly looking more like a sleeping toddler than anything else.

I got off at 11:30 and was home by 11:45. I grabbed a quick snack before going into the bedroom to nurse Corbyn—hoping to get a good stretch of sleep afterward. I went to get him from his crib. He was face-down on the mattress. His arms were stiff straight to his side, fists clenched. I touched his chest—it was hard. I screamed to my husband, "The baby isn't breathing—call 911!" I pulled him from his crib and started CPR. When I checked his mouth, I saw that rigor mortis had already set in. Lung fluid gurgled every time I tried to breathe life back into him.

The fire station was located one minute away. When paramedics arrived, they let me finish my round of CPR, then rushed him to the ambulance. He was starting to pink up from my round of CPR so I think they felt there was hope. I remember screaming that I worked at one of the hospitals. They shouted back that they were taking him to the other one. I think they wanted to spare me the trauma of having to work in the place that my lifeless baby was taken to. By the time the officer escorted me to the hospital, they had been working on him for 30+ minutes. I walked in just as the ER doctor called time of death. I collapsed.

My world shattered.

How could this be me? That lifeless little body on the bed—how could that be my baby? I followed the rules. I did everything right. I protected my babies the way I was told to. But immediately, the questions started. Was he sick? Did he act off? Did he get into anything? No. No. No. I kept saying it—"He got his flu shot this morning." Over and over. But I was brushed off.

The ER doctor said it couldn't have been the flu shot. Nurses said the same. No one would even consider it. I was gaslit—"some babies just die." No. They don't.

The officer who drove me stayed while we said goodbye. I sat there rubbing Corbyn's foot that still had warmth and I kept covering it up to preserve the warmth. We stayed until every last bit of warmth was gone from his body. Do you know what it feels like to hold your lifeless baby until even his foot is cold in your hands? I begged my body to warm him back up. I wished so hard it made me physically ill. His lung fluids were all over my jacket and shirt. I'll never forget that smell. They're still in his hamper with the rest of his clothes. I can't bring myself to wash them. It feels like I'd be washing him away.

As we walked out, my mother-in-law asked the officer if he'd ever seen anything like this. He said he had—and that it's often after vaccines. But he said he couldn't talk about it.

We walked out to the car just as the world was waking up- meanwhile our world was crumbling. I looked at Corbyn's car seat in the back of the car. Empty. Forever empty.

A few days later, I called the pediatrician's office to cancel Corbyn's follow-up flu shot. I told them he was dead and his appointment for his second shot was no longer needed. His pediatrician called back wanting to know what happened. I told her that it was just mere hours after getting his first round of the flu shot. Her first response was, "I don't believe that had anything to do with his death."

I was in direct contact with the Medical Examiner for months afterward. The first time I contacted her I told her he died just hours after getting the flu shot. She said the same thing: "I don't believe it had anything to do with his death." The one person whose job it is to figure out why people die wouldn't even consider it. Why?

I asked her to send out tests to rule it out. She said she'd look into it. A month later, I followed up. She said she forgot. I asked her to do it then. She said the samples were either used or too old. But she'd "try." The testing she did send wasn't even related to the flu vaccine or it causing damage in any way. She gave up and ruled his death "unknown natural causes". She never truly tried finding an answer.

Still, I kept searching. People said maybe he had a genetic issue. So my husband, my daughter, and I all did extensive genetic testing. Everything came back normal.

Two years later, I found a research program studying familial febrile seizures and unexpected child deaths. I enrolled Corbyn. They requested cuts of brain samples of his brainstem and hippocampus from the medical examiner. When testing was done, the lead researcher called me. She asked about Corbyn's health and development. I told her—he was perfectly healthy and developed on or above schedule on everything. She said she sees that level of damage and scarring on the brainstem and hippocampus in SIDS babies, but never in a child his age. She couldn't make any sense of the level of damage and he still be alive so much longer than she has ever seen before. Not deformities. Not birth defects. Not genetic abnormalities. Damage. Scarring. We all know that doesn't happen without an external factor at play.

The elephant in the room was finally acknowledged. But here I sat feeling abandoned, gaslit, and completely isolated by society because somehow I am now labeled an anti-vaxxer. Why? Because I was terrified to vaccinate again and nobody would give me the time of day to help me find any semblance of an answer. I was abandoned by the medical community that I belonged to. My colleagues distanced themselves from me when they heard I was still questioning the vaccine. I was blacklisted by family that clearly knew better than me as they too were in the medical field. All because I was willing to look at the glaring evidence that he received his flu shot less than 12 hours prior. They wouldn't even acknowledge the damage on his brain that the researchers found.

And yet, after everything, Corbyn's pediatrician still told me she didn't believe the flu shot had anything to do with his death. She told me to keep vaccinating my other children. She even offered to admit them to the hospital for 24-hour observation after every shot if it would help me feel safe. Why would that be needed if they were safe?

Later, I requested Corbyn's medical records. I found a note dated October 23, 2013: "Called Sanofi to report VAERS. Nurse collected information and submitted report. She told me that the parents will not be contacted. If any further information is needed, contact will be made with our office."

So she did file a report and didn't want us to know about it.

She reported Corbyn's death to VAERS, then told me it had nothing to do with the vaccine. And that I should keep vaccinating my kids.

Also on October 23, 2013 just a few miles away from us a teen, Chandler Webb, received his flu shot, immediately reacted and was put in the hospital. News stations got wind of this because his mother wouldn't stay quiet about how his illness was directly related to the flu vaccine he just received. News reports stated "If that's what killed him, health officials said it would be a first in Utah". This article was published on November 22. Over a month after Corbyn's reported death to VAERS.

We are being silenced and dismissed.[2] We are being gaslit and painted to look like we are crazy all because the product that killed our children has complete immunity and doesn't have to answer to any of it.

I wish someone had warned me.

I was never given true informed consent. No one told me about the lack of safety studies. No one told me how few were done on babies. No one told me the studies that were done used improper placebos. I was never given the full insert. I was handed a paper that said, "Your baby might get a fever. Give Tylenol."

I wish I was told the truth- that vaccines contain more than just antigen and saline. I wish I was warned about the lack of safety of vaccines and testing being performed on a true inert placebo. [3] That adjuvants and ingredients like Polysorbate 80 can open and cross the blood-brain barrier, letting toxins and metals into the brain causing irreparable damage.[4,5,6] I was never told how toxic aluminum was and injecting it into my child at doses that were never tested for safety was problematic. [7]

I wish I had known. I wish someone told me to wait. I wish I had the chance to fight for his life in the hospital. Instead- I had no warning. Nothing. He was ripped from my arms with zero chance to fight.

It only takes one.

Thank you

References:

1. Humphries S, Bystryanyk R. *Dissolving Illusions: Disease, Vaccines, and the Forgotten History*. Scotts Valley, CA: CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform; 2013.
2. Kennedy G. Utah mother says her son died due to flu shot [Internet]. Sandy (UT): Fox 13 News; 22 Nov 2013 [cited 2025 Jul 09]. Available from: Fox 13 News article .
3. Tomljenovic, Lucija, and Christopher A. Shaw. "Mechanisms of Aluminum Adjuvant Toxicity and Autoimmunity in Pediatric Populations." *Lupus*, vol. 21, no. 2, 2012, pp. 223–230.
4. Matsumura, Y., and K. Hironaka. "Enhancement of Central Analgesic Effect of D-Kyotorphin by Polysorbate 80 in Mice." *Journal of Pharmacobio-Dynamics*, vol. 12, no. 12, 1989, pp. 741–745. <https://doi.org/10.1248/bpb1978.12.741>.
5. Pardridge, William M. "The Blood-Brain Barrier: Bottleneck in Brain Drug Development." *NeuroRx*, vol. 2, no. 1, 2005, pp. 3–14. <https://doi.org/10.1602/neurorx.2.1.3>.
6. Shaw CA, Seneff S, et al. Aluminum-induced entropy in biological systems: implications for neurological disease. *J Toxicol* 2014; 2014:491316.
7. Tomljenovic, Lucija, and Christopher A. Shaw. "Aluminum Vaccine Adjuvants: Are They Safe?" *Current Medicinal Chemistry*, vol. 18, no. 17, 2011, pp. 2630–2637.