

If I'd Known Then What I Know Now



By Rob Pue

August 4, 2024

I miss my father-in-law. He passed away in December of 2020, but he didn't have to. I want to tell you what happened, but first, let me tell you about Bob. That was his name.

Bob had been somewhat hostile toward Christianity for most of the time I had known him. He'd have nothing to do with church or the things of God, and then, when I went into full time ministry in April of 2000, he thought I'd lost my mind...and I'm pretty sure I lost any amount of respect he might have had for me.

This went on for many years, and I'm married to his daughter, Lisa. But our ministry held a big Conference every year, with powerful, dynamic, courageous Christian speakers, teaching on the most vital issues of the day – relevant things. Urgent matters. And we also did street ministry and stood up for righteousness wherever evil raised it's ugly head. Our conferences went on for many years, but Bob never came... until one year, he did.

He made it clear that this was not his kind of thing, and he really had no interest in anything we were doing, and he was only there for us. He told us, *"I'll sit and listen to one of these guys, but I'm not going to be staying very long."* But God had other plans for Bob. He did sit and listen to one of

our speakers, and was so intrigued, he actually stayed for the entire conference.

He came again the following year, and this time, he didn't want to even give up his seat to use the restroom during breaks because he was afraid he'd miss something. And the next year, HE asked ME when our conference would be so he could be sure to be there. You see, he was hearing and learning things he'd never heard before. Not in any church, not from any preacher... because our speakers were bold, courageous men of God and talked about issues that 99% of pastors will never dare speak of, for fear of being "politically incorrect." Bob found out that TRUE Christianity wasn't for the wimpy or the weak. It wasn't about religion and it wasn't a "crutch" for "girly-men." TRUE Christianity is powerful, relevant, vital and exciting...and definitely not for the weak.

He came to every event we put on after that first time. I'd witnessed to him the best I could for years, but it was attending our conferences, meeting my true Christian friends and learning that real Christ-followers were some of the most sensible, knowledgeable, and again, COURAGEOUS people he'd ever met. He was impressed and it changed him. I'd earned back his respect.

After a couple of years of attending our events, when there was an altar call, Bob was the first one out of his seat, to receive Christ. At another event, he was so moved that he did something we never thought we'd ever see: he went to his ex-wife, Lisa's mom, and asked for her forgiveness for divorcing her, many years prior.

I watched Bob's heart and life change through the ministry of Wisconsin Christian News, the wonderful, insightful teachers we had at our events, who I'm honored to call my friends, and of course, the moving of the Holy Spirit.

In 2018, shortly after his wife passed away, Bob moved from Minnesota to Florida. He had some health issues but was managing pretty well. Then one day that summer, we got a call from a hospital in Florida. The doctor told us he had fallen while out shopping and had been taken to the hospital and had been there for four days before they called us. The doctor told us he was on a feeding tube, that he had (at best) two weeks to live and recommended we agree he be sent to a nursing home for his "final days."

My wife and I were on the next plane to Florida to rescue her dad. There was no way we were going to let him die in a nursing home, so far away from his family on the advice of one phone call from one doctor. When we arrived, we discovered that he had been put on a feeding tube because he failed the "swallowing test" and had been aspirating food into his lungs. On further examination, we discovered the *reason* he failed his "swallowing test" was that they had him on so many mind-numbing drugs, he was rarely even awake.

Instead of a nursing home, we brought him home to live with us at our home in Wisconsin. And it was then that I became his "nurse." Because I work from home, I was able to care for his medical and physical needs, as well as his spiritual needs. Within a week, he was eating regular food again. He quickly regained his strength. Within two weeks, we were able to have his feeding tube removed, and within three weeks, he was back to his old self.

His health continued to improve. He was able to care for all his own personal needs, he was able to go out on his own, drive a car, go shopping, go on trips back to Minnesota and Florida – and go house hunting. He eventually bought his own home near us, and through all of this, I was very blessed to get to know my father-in-law on a much deeper, personal level. We got him off many of the prescription drugs that multiple doctors had prescribed for him like candy, and he felt much better. He was even planning to buy a pontoon boat

so he could go fishing again.

Then, in the fall of 2020, he had a pacemaker put in. He'd been having trouble with his heart and everyone thought this would be a good solution. Unfortunately, the pacemaker was installed incorrectly and things actually got worse for him. The doctors' solution was to put him on more prescription drugs, which made him disoriented and depressed, and he was again aspirating his food into his lungs, causing an infection.

In December of that year, I took him to his primary doctor because he was sure he had pneumonia. He did have pneumonia and the doctor immediately placed him on antibiotics for it, and told him it would take a week or so before he started feeling better. But that wasn't fast enough for Bob. That night, he walked into the emergency room on his own, looking for a faster solution.

Note that this was at the height of the planned-demic in 2020. If only I'd known then what I know now, I never would have let him go there. They immediately stated that he didn't have bacterial pneumonia, but "COVID pneumonia," and they admitted him to the hospital. They had a "fish" on the line and the hook was set. The first thing they did was take him *off* the antibiotics his primary doctor had placed him on that very same day.

The rest of that week is an odyssey I still find hard to comprehend. Since there was a so-called "pandemic" going on, there were no visitors allowed. I called the doctor every day, explaining that this all started shortly after he had a pacemaker put in and he was placed on more drugs, and that he'd been aspirating his food, which caused him to have bacterial pneumonia. The doctor's response was, "*He had a pacemaker put in? When was that?*"

Every day I would call and every day he had a *different*

doctor, and every day I had to tell the same story over again. He had a pacemaker put in. They put him on more drugs that caused him to be disoriented and he'd been aspirating his food. His primary doctor gave him a prescription for antibiotics and he NEEDS those antibiotics to get better. And every day, the new doctor would ask, incredulously, "*He had a pacemaker put in? When was that?*"

I can't describe the frustration. It seemed no one knew or cared about Bob's medical history, no one read any of his charts and no one was doing anything to help. Furthermore, he was now a "hostage," because no one was allowed in the hospital. No visitors. When I asked about getting him out of the hospital, I was told he couldn't be released, and if we insisted, it would be "AMA" (Against Medical Advice), which would mean his insurance wouldn't cover anything and he would be personally liable for enormous hospital bills.

This was the time when we were all told the hospitals were "overflowing" with COVID patients. Patients were stacked up in hallways, because there weren't enough rooms. Hospital staff was working 24 hours a day and couldn't keep up. It was all a big lie.

On the fourth day of his incarceration at the hospital, I WAS allowed to see him, because the doctor told us he was near death. I was only allowed to go see him because I had clergy credentials, and he was about to die. That was the one and only time during the whole COVID scam that I wore a mask. I checked in at the desk, had to be tested for COVID myself, and was finally allowed to go to his room, which was about a mile away.

As I walked there, I noticed something that didn't match the narratives put forth by hospitals, Fauci & Co. and the mainstream media. The hospital was definitely NOT "overflowing" with patients. Staff was NOT overwhelmed. In fact, during that mile-long walk to Bob's room, I didn't pass

a single doctor, nurse or even anyone pushing a food cart. The place was deserted.

He was in terrible shape, much worse than when he walked into the ER that first night. And no one knew much of anything about his case. I demanded he be released to our care. The only way that could be accomplished was by sending him home on hospice care. We agreed, and he was to be released at 10 am the next morning.

The next morning came and they didn't release him. Every hour, we called the unit he was in and no one had even checked on him yet, gotten him dressed or did anything to prepare for his release. It was 8 pm that night, with freezing rain pouring down, that they finally pushed him out in a wheelchair, nearly dead, and returned him to us, like they were pushing a garbage bin to the dumpster. I had to literally lift him into my van to drive him home.

I had hopes of getting him back to health again, getting him back on the antibiotics he needed in the first place, giving him some food (of which he'd had NONE for an entire week). But the hospice team wouldn't allow it. They began their "end of life" regimen with drugs to keep him sedated. Clearly, their only plan was for him to die. There was no option for him to get better.

If I'd only known then what I know now. It was two years later that I learned what had happened to everyone who entered ANY hospital during that time. It was the "official hospital protocols." Anyone with upper respiratory symptoms was immediately labeled a "COVID" patient. Those who actually had COVID (which Bob did not), were forbidden from receiving life-saving treatments like Ivermectin and Hydroxychloroquine. These were banned nationwide. Some families went to court so their loved ones could be given these meds. Some won and survived. Most times, the hospitals won and people died.

And the official nation-wide hospital protocol – and the ONLY drug allowed for use in American hospitals for COVID – was Remdesivir. I didn't learn of this until two years after Bob died, when multiple doctors and scientists came out and blew the whistle on it. Remdesivir, they said, was actually a bio-weapon. It had been tested in Africa, but so many people died during the tests, that testing was halted. Yet this is the ONLY drug Fauci allowed for use in our hospitals.

It has a long list of adverse effects on the human body, the first of which is upper respiratory distress, quickly followed by kidney failure, followed by “cascading organ failure.” This causes the lungs to fill with fluid; then the patient is placed on a ventilator and suffocated to death.

That's what happened to Bob. His kidneys, liver and other internal organs failed...all things he'd never had any problems with – until he was kidnapped by the hospital. Remdesivir literally melts internal organs. And in return, the hospitals all across this country received hundreds of thousands of dollars *per patient* in “incentives” to follow this deadly protocol. Countless people died needlessly, including my father-in-law, Bob. If only I knew then what I know now. I miss him, every day.

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