

Mainstream Journalist Exposes Scam After Her Father Died From a Chronic Illness but Was Listed as 'COVID Death'

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"Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom.

Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I."

~ Bel Mooney

[BEL MOONEY: My dad Ted passed three Covid tests and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone... so how many more are there?](#)

by [Bel Mooney](#), [Daily Mail](#)
sourced from [DavidIcke.com](#)

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A week after his death, my father's few possessions came back from the care home, kept there in case of 'infection'. Yet I was told that he had died in his sleep.

The things I'd packed on January 5 when he first went into the home – clothes, family photographs, a favourite cushion, a special simple 'Alzheimer's' music player, the little teddy bear mascot he liked so much – all made me intensely sad.

Yet in truth, Dad had been visibly fading for months. His cough – a result of long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD) – was worse, and so were his frustrated moods and confusion, caused by vascular dementia.

You long for the person you love to have peace, yet the finality of death makes you cry. But here on my desk, his official death certificate ignites that sorrow into anger.

This is not because Ted Mooney contracted coronavirus in the very good (and expensive, it must be said) care home three miles from our house, as statistics will now state.

Because he did not. Yet the principal cause of death is set down officially as Covid-19 – and that, in my view, is a bizarre and unacceptable untruth.

You read of such things, but – dazed by an accumulation of figures, as we have all been for nearly a year – you can fail to take them on board.

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns.

We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts.

Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

It is a bitter irony to our family that, because of the ways in which Public Health England and the Office for National Statistics list data related to Covid and deaths, we are deprived of the happy certainty that Dad died peacefully in his sleep.

Equally ironic is that this blameless man – 99 and very frail – had always refused to accept coronavirus existed, even though I had tried patiently two or three times a week to explain that it did.

‘What is this plague?’ he’d ask crossly, peering (blind in one eye, macular degeneration in the other) at the TV news. And now he is just another one of their statistics. Believing all along that we were being lied to, he has (in a strange way) been proved right.

I do not believe in conspiracy theories. Nor do I have any doubt that a pandemic called Covid-19 afflicted the world more than a year ago, causing fear and death.

And yet, confronting the timeline of my own dear father’s last weeks on this earth, I feel as bewildered as I am angry.

Why would a country wish to skew its mortality figures by, I believe, wrongly certifying deaths? What has been going on?

One day the truth may reveal panic and ineptitude rather than wilful deception. But I believe the way ‘Covid deaths’ have been counted is a national scandal.

In our family (as in many others), things had reached crisis point before Christmas because my mother, at 96, simply could not cope with taking care of Dad at home.

She had tried for more than two years but her health was suffering. We agreed to give him one last happy family Christmas – four generations in our home, noisy with the excitement of the great-grandchildren he adored.

I had chosen a local care home with a specialist dementia floor and an excellent reputation – and (they were proud to tell me) no Covid cases at all in 2020.

On New Year's Eve, Dad went there for a Covid test. His 99th birthday was the next day – and then (the test being negative), on January 5, my husband and I took him for what he thought was respite care, to give Mum a break.

After that, things moved quickly. Two days later, my husband saw Dad in the special visiting 'pod' created in a ground-floor room so that patient and care worker would be behind glass.

He seemed cheerful, though he couldn't see or hear much behind the screen. But he joked about 'leaving all my money' to the sweet young (female) care worker! Same old Dad. I made an appointment to visit the next week – but before then, the shutters came down.

Obeying the latest local authority rules, the home closed itself off to visitors. I felt terrible.

On January 12, they tested Dad for Covid again. It was negative.

On January 26, I had an email from the experienced male nurse in charge of the dementia patients, saying that once again Dad had tested negative. But a phone call from another care worker gave disappointing news that 'Mr Ted' had refused the vaccine.

I was rather frustrated – but Dad could be difficult and I could easily imagine him irritably rejecting a needle for something he didn't believe in.

[Read the rest of the article and view photos at Daily Mail](#)