

Note: This is the first chapter of *The Truth Un-Masked (Never Again): How Authorities Silenced Doctors Who Embraced Truth and Freedom and Saved Lives During the Pandemic* by Dr. Rodica Malos, with revisions and substantive editing by Ken Walker. Released July 1, 2025, by Lascau Scriptum Ministries.

Chapter 1 Grace Under Fire

The story you're about to read concerns maintaining grace in the crucible of injustice, irrational decisions, and stunning persecution. Most of all, it is a story about faith. The faith that sustained me through the lockdowns of the pandemic and many agonizing months that followed. The repercussions of this frightening experience have lasted to this day. Yet faith in my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, has helped me endure the same kind of persecution I faced growing up in Romania under stifling, overbearing, godless communist rule. That I experienced similar opposition in a free land is a bit saddening, yet not surprising. No matter where we live, we will always face leaders who want to lord it over us, govern our daily choices and decisions, and prove that they have ultimate power.

That I withstood some of the worst pressure imaginable is a praise to the Lord. Generally, nobody welcomes persecution and tribulations. But fellowship with Christ's suffering takes place when we are going through trials, investigations, and persecutions. This is the time we draw closest to Him in our prayer and petitions. It is when we have a special communion with Him who suffered for us first. We must go through various trials to be closer to Christ.

It is a Christian formula to pray and participate in the rite of Communion with other believers, when we are asked to remember Christ's suffering together. In persecutions and trials our reputation is often adversely affected; we can suffer overwhelming distress and discouragement. But Jesus said to rejoice in those moments. As James wrote: "Count it joy when you fall into various trials, knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience" (James 1:2–3).

This passage from James changed my perspective during a painful time, when I grieved over losing my nurse practitioner's license after so many years of completing education and enjoying the rich experiences offered by primary care medicine. After living through this devastating time, I assure everyone reading this: we cannot allow this to happen again.

Frightening Flashback

It's been more than five years since the draconian lockdowns rippled across the world and created fear, suspicion, and division that has lived with us since that awful day. A day that began in January of 2020 in China and spread to the United States by mid-March. But there was something equally insidious going on in the months that followed. Doctors were persecuted for

daring to deviate from the government line, telling the truth, or prescribing certain medications that could save lives. I know, because it eventually cost me my license as a primary care provider.

That this could happen in the “land of the free and the home of the brave” is especially frightening. Growing up in Romania, I had seen up close the horrors of an authoritarian government that exerts pressure over its citizens’ lives, determining what they can do, where they can live, how many children they can bear, and how they can make a living. This was my nightmarish existence in my native land of Romania.

My past is one reason I believe so strongly in freedom, the right of people to be free from governmental interference in their lives, and the right to freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and freedom of expression. Under the guise of health and safety during the early days of the pandemic, all those rights were suppressed and in some ways still are. I sound the alarm to inform and alert our citizens to the threats they face now and in days to come.

A Lethal Pathogen

When the horrors of the pandemic unfolded, interventions that saved lives during the onset of Covid-19 wound up getting banned. That left primary care providers with no weapons to fight a lethal pathogen that killed millions of people worldwide. The lack of guidelines for primary care practitioners to treat early acute symptoms from this deadly virus posed a nightmare for doctors on the front lines of treatment. People who had been trained in prominent medical schools, hospitals, clinics, and specialty departments to take care of patients when they were suffering from different acute and chronic symptoms and diagnoses found themselves helpless to offer solutions. During lockdowns, when patients needed the most attention from primary care providers, they were sent home with no treatment. They felt abandoned and sentenced to live with the fear of dying alone in isolation, with nobody at their side to hold their hands. Today as I reflect on that nightmare, I sometimes ask myself if the freedom to live has been lost.

Emotions of sadness gripped my heart and thoughts of desperations ran through my mind as I thought of the past. Especially memories of my parents telling my brothers and sisters and I about their struggles, suffering, and persecution as they ran from secret police to preserve their lives during World War II in Europe, both during the Holocaust and the communist takeover that followed. They lived a life of sacrifices so we, their children and the generations to follow, would be safe and face an optimistic future.

The spirit of compassion for those hopeless patients when Covid began overwhelmed my heart. I have always had compassion for suffering patients from any condition, so the deadly virus that suddenly engulfed the world gave me new determination to do the right thing. I had to stay upright, tell the truth, and put my patients first. I had to expend my energies and give unselfishly to save their lives.

As this battle unfolded, I felt like David facing Goliath. Still, I knew that David won the battle with the giant because he had God on his side. With that picture in mind I began the battle by finding a “Hiding Place.” That’s what Dutch author Corrie ten Boom called the small room her father created in their house to hide Jewish people from being arrested by the Gestapo secret police during the Holocaust. Standing up for the truth and freedom for the next generation is the highest call for us all, even if we need to pay a very high price. We must fight for freedom for our children’s children.

Standing for Truth

Returning from the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) in February of 2024, my heart surged with emotion. All the speakers who had stood up for truth and freedom for the next generations had moved my heart. So did their messages begging the audience of thousands of people to do the same for the sake of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. They stirred a resolve deep in my heart to not give up fighting for freedom in medicine, all for the sake of generations to come.

I also felt overwhelmed as I reflected on what happened over the past year, with my license revocation in April of 2023 by heavy-handed health care authorities in my state. These people had been unmoved by the fact that I had saved countless lives during the pandemic by volunteering my time at a small clinic in our area, serving minorities and the most vulnerable among us.

That would be followed by an invitation from Frontline Doctors to attend their White Coat Summit in Washington, DC at the Supreme Court (July of 2023), where I met like-minded experts, doctors, clinicians, scientists, and political leaders. In Washington I received an invitation from Dr. Robert Malone to attend the International Crisis Summit IV at the Romanian Parliament in Bucharest. Held in November of 2023, the forum featured top medical experts, analysts, scientists, health care providers, and political leaders. While there I received an invitation to CPAC's meeting in February of 2024.

Everything happened so fast that I struggled to find the time to review the data and information from all the great speakers I had heard. I like to know what is going on in the world and how the victims of propaganda and censorship are affected by current events. I also enjoy meeting the heroes and persecuted doctors and medical experts for standing up for truth and fighting for freedom in the health care field.

The “Free Book”

During a short break between sessions at CPAC, I was threading my way through the crowd and up the stairs to the coffee shop. Suddenly I noticed a nice young woman looking at me intensely. She raised one hand with a book in it, insisting I could have it “for free.” I hesitated, but she kept insisting. One reason for my hesitancy came from the fact that just looking at another title made my head spin. I had already read so many books about the pandemic and the attendant injustices, totalitarianism, and lies spread by authorities. This material made me reflect again about persecution for telling the truth in a free world and stirred deep emotions within.

So did reliving those moments when I took matters into my own hands and started to treat early pandemic sufferers. These were desperate people in agony, knowing they were close to the grave. I talked to them every single day until I knew they had recovered or were at least out of danger. I could literally feel their agony deep in my soul. The unpleasant moments when I faced intimidation from the health care establishment also stung my heart. Imagine being investigated for the “crime” of treating suffering patients.

All of this swirled through my mind while this beautiful woman insisted I take the book from her outstretched hand. I thought that if I read another book with some painful information I should at least pay something. But when I tried to take some money from wallet, she insisted on

giving it to me. After pushing it into my hand, she vanished into the crowd. I never saw her again.

Ironically, I wanted to pay even though I felt ill-prepared to read another book about the war against humans during Covid, post-Covid, and long-Covid lockdowns, facemasks, and vaccine mandates. In addition to acting as a primary care provider, I became a victim of the virus. For sharing the protocols with those desperate for solutions, the state stripped me of my license as a general practitioner.

Because that anonymous woman insisted that I take it, I now held in my hands another book chronicling catastrophes against humanity. It sickened me, even though I had already read many books written by doctors standing up for the truth and sacrificing their profession, career, and licenses because of tyranny during the pandemic. Established medical authorities allowed patients to die without early treatment, at a time when they needed it the most.

A Broken Heart

I reflected often in those early days of the pandemic and how people who relied on doctors, nurses, and professional health care providers were abandoned. We let them die when we could have taken simple steps to use safe, off-label medications that we had used for decades for various symptoms. Like anti-inflammatory medications for inflammation in patients' lungs, anti-viral medications for viral infections, antibiotics for secondary bronchitis and pneumonia, bronchodilators and steroids via nebulizers for respiratory problems, or anti-thrombolytic for blood clots. Even prophylactic treatments are usually used in certain situations in medicine. I thought, "Why is it impossible now to use the same approach to save people's lives and protect them from this enemy? Why should we let them live in fear of dying unnecessarily?"

Such questions absolutely broke my heart. Even as I write this book, tears run down my face as I think about the numerous young patients who died prematurely (and unnecessarily), leaving behind wives, husbands, children, parents, and relatives. I have close relatives and friends who are still grieving for their loved ones. It is likely their emotional pain will never heal.

I also feel sick over the treatment my husband and I suffered when the coronavirus struck us and our primary care providers told my husband and me: "There is no treatment for Covid." Simply put, they lied to us. I knew that all my patients whom I treated with early interventions recovered and are alive today because I was willing to step out of my comfort zone. When patients suffer, you must do everything possible to alleviate their pain, make them feel better, and save their lives.

Facing Two Wars

Our patients, including my husband and myself, were fighting two wars. A physical war when our body was infected with a lethal pathogen even after receiving the mandated vaccinations. It hit us physically to the core, causing weakness, lethargy, lack of energy, and respiratory problems. We also battled emotional distress when our doctors told us there was no treatment for symptoms from Covid. We felt as if we had been sentenced to die.

As soon as CPAC concluded, my husband and I had to leave. Fortunately, on my computer I had Kindle access to read books that I had begun earlier during the six-hour flight from Washington, DC to Portland. I had decided to not touch any "heavy" books during this time. I did not want to have to reflect on yet another book filled with information that would

remind me of the painful catastrophes of recent months. But as soon as we got seated on our flight, I found myself reaching for the “free book.”

As I read, I came to a pivotal paragraph. It jumped out at me and grabbed me with the force of someone gripping my throat: “Someday all our kids and grandkids will ask each of us directly: ‘Why did you stand by? Why did you not help me? I could not breathe.’ Or God forbid: ‘Now I have these health problems.’ Or else they will say: ‘Thank you so much for speaking for me when I was too little to speak.’ ‘Dad, Mom, Grandma, Grandpa,’ they will ask: ‘What did you do?’ So let me leave you with this question: What did you do?”¹

That question stirred my heart: “What did I do?” It prompted me to start thinking more about what I should do. A verse from Proverbs immediately came to mind: “A good man leaves an inheritance to his children’s children” (Prov. 13:22). In my mind pictures emerged: sick parents who were desperate for treatment, grateful that I was able to save them from premature death. But then other sad images came to mind, like a young family with six children; both parents died from Covid a few months apart, leaving behind those beautiful children. Or another family of thirteen children, all grieving the loss of their father to Covid at thirty-nine years of age, with only their mother to provide for them.

That question, “What did I do?” led me to write this book to bring more awareness to those who read that we *must* stand up for the *truth* and for the *freedom* for the next generations. We must not let the same catastrophes to happen again in the future, no matter how hard it will be to do the right thing.

The same question should motivate us to keep fighting for the truth to the end, even though we may face persecution at the hands of the dictators in charge of the various establishments that govern our lives: “What did you do?” As John wrote in his prophetic book: “Here is the patience of the saints; here are those who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus” (Rev. 14:12).

May we all keep the faith.

¹ Naomi Wolf, *The Bodies of Others: The New Authoritarians, COVID-19 and the War Against the Human* (All Seasons Press, May 31, 2022), 307.