

## Dragon, Karen E. (CDC/NIOSH/EID)

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**From:** jerry.mcdonald@srmt-nsn.gov  
**Sent:** Tuesday, April 26, 2011 4:54 PM  
**To:** NIOSH Docket Office (CDC)  
**Subject:** 226 - Implementation of the James Zadroga 9/11 Health and Compensation Act of 2010 (Pub. L 111-347) Comments

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**Comments**  
To whom it may concern:

I am concerned about my mental health and my physical state of well being. I seem to be getting more and more delusional about my life because I am affected by these dreams which seem to be getting more and more vivid as I wake up being traumatized by the experience of what I just saw.

Let me give you some examples , for instance last night I was watching a constellation of symbols, numbers and hieroglyphics rotating in my brain and I started getting paranoid,I fear that my mental state of health is deteriorating.

Everyday I have thoughts and this paranoia that I am dying. Several weeks ago I had a dream that I was being buried alive with grave dirt. It is affecting my emotions and at times I go into state's of deep depression and anxiety which I think has to do with the toxic exposure that the WTC disaster sight put us under at Ground Zero during the world trade center collapse in 9-11.

I feel like I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that nobody understands me or knows what I'm really going through. I feel so alone. All my triggers seem to be taking it' s toll day by day, I get consumed with my paranoid self consciousness and experience mixed feelings and emotions about my own stability which is making me very insecure.

I don't understand if these dreams are premonitions and if it is affecting my intuitions about my life and why I have feelings of dying. I don't want to die but I get flashbacks everyday of the men who have died as a result of being exposed to the toxic smoke and airborne dust that we inhaled when we worked on the disaster site for 3 1/2 months on 16 hr shifts.

I'm starting to feel and see signs of my emotions ecelerating more and more out of control and I feel like I am witnessing my last days here on earth. My life is getting out of control and I have been diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome by my psychiatrist. It has affected my marriage which I have lost, my work, my relationship with my in-laws and my friends who seem to be turning their

backs on me and have abandoned me, I feel rejected and I don't feel normal. I noticed that I am starting to forget things and I feel like no one can help me because they don't know what's wrong with me.

Under these circumstances I have never been so distraught and distressed and have been led to believe at times that it would better if I just leave and disappear. I am so discouraged and lost and really wonder if it's worth the struggle to live out my days somewhere where I can find a place to live now that I am homeless. I seem to be disappearing into lost dimensions of delusion and fantasy, into comas of my life to escape the emotional trauma of 9-11 because I want to feel better but I feel like I have no real control over my future and my destiny, I am just running out of time. I am in denial of dying and losing everything that was mine.

I am living with grief and sorrow with the passing of my friends and relatives and feel like I am on the road to self destruction because of the dysfunctions of my past which have left me burdened with mental and physical abuse, remorse, misguidance, guilt, shame, alcoholism, molestation, abandonment and rejection from work and my friends and relatives who are suppose to be there to help and support me. I am sadly left alone even by my wife who I have been in a relationship with for 11 years. She just dismissed our marriage and walked out with no reason, it has left me devastated and grieving.

This is not normal ! Also, these numbers keep revealing itself to me, maybe I'm just getting cynical and paranoid about myself dying but these numbers keep showing up: " {9-11- WTC disaster}, {my wife's wish 11-11}, she make's a wish every time this number pop's up on the clock, {the year 2011} and finally we have been {together for 11 years} before my wife left me and dismissed our marriage. What is it telling me, what does it mean?

It begs the question if I am disillusioned and cynical about my premonitions or if I am truly paranoid about the way my intuition and mind wreaks havoc on my emotions sometimes. I'm losing faith and courage in myself to face the detrimental realities of my existence as I ache from my injuries in my knees, back, shoulders and meniscus tears that have accumulated throughout the years since 9-11 and the last thing that I can't face and find myself in denial of is the fact that my friend Brad Bonaparte was buried last year and died from cancer that was linked to the toxic exposure of the WTC Disaster. He worked for me, I was his foreman!

All my dysfunctions since then have seemed to resurface at the same time and I am being bombarded with flashbacks of my life in dreams that seem to have taken over my life. Sometimes I think that this world of reality itself is a dream and that I'm going to pull out of it someday unless someone rescue's me. I feel like I am trapped in a web of a brain disease that's killing me as I sleep and a victim of chemical warfare that we got left to clean up without adequate safety precautions and were living the Jacob's Ladder Syndrome.

It includes a darkness that's lurking and stalking me with the fear that I will wake up in the grave and realize it is all just part of a bad dream. But the reality is "You are affected and you will die sooner than you think"! This is what really begs the question of my toxic exposure that my friends have died from. What do you do when there's nobody there and nobody cares. When your left without a home and everything you ever loved or owned is gone forever? Am I a victim? Who will rescue me from dilemma or am I just doomed?

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