

American Know-How



By Anna Von Reitz

Some years ago, the Father of a large family died suddenly from a heart-attack, leaving his widow, a school teacher, and six kids. The oldest child was only sixteen at the time, but he weighed in and they struggled along. Eventually, however, they couldn't keep up with the house payments and the bank foreclosed. They were forced out onto the streets and the kids forced to split up and go live with various relatives, while the Mother took a small apartment and kept the baby with her.

It turned out that the local bank president wanted their property for its view, and that the rapid and ruthless foreclosure was no accident. He tore down their old farmhouse and built a brand new modern house on the land, tore up the trees, built a zen garden, and settled down behind his iron fence and imposing stone gate.

Twenty years later, a stranger showed up in town. Hardly anyone recognized him. It was the oldest son of that unfortunate family, and he looked as down-at-heels as ever, just an average working man.

He bought the property next to his old home and settled down. Nobody was expecting what happened next. He opened a junk yard and recycling center and built a tall fence around the property. Next, he used an old shed as a piggery and got a couple dozen pigs and some chickens.

Well, just so happens that junk yard and car crusher and other industrial-type activity made a lot of noise from sunrise to sundown, and the smell of those pigs---Ewww!--- drifting downwind over the banker's elegant estate was enough to gag a person, especially when the weather turned warm and humid.

We all heard the banker ranting and raving and complaining and trying to figure some way out of his dilemma, and believe me, he tried everything, and nothing worked. That eldest son stuck it out, despite all the complaints and legal actions and thuggery the banker could manage.

Finally, the banker gave up and moved on. His fine house and estate was put up for sale, but owing to the junkyard and pig farm right next door, it wasn't worth much. Nobody with money wanted to live next door to a salvage yard combination pig farm.

The eldest son bought the banker's place for a song. He moved into the banker's house and shut down the salvage yard and pig farm and cleaned everything up. He was left with a far larger estate and a pile of money.

I happened to talk to him one day, having been a friend of his parents. I mentioned the fact that he got the old home place back. He just smiled and nodded and said, "I planned that for twenty years, and never gave up."

Good people can win against bad people, provided that they never give up. Ways can be found to defeat even the meanest acts and cruelties, if we use our imaginations and our creative power.

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