

The Burning House

By Anna Von Reitz



Now many of you have heard all the many accusations lodged by members of the TROH brand against me, personally.

I have already forewarned you how these people operate in terms of accusing their opponents of the things they do themselves.

And now I am going to take it to an even more fundamental level of understanding.

Imagine that you have been at work until late come home in the evening to find your home enveloped by flames and a crew of local firemen and neighbors milling about in the front yard.

There is one man in particular, with an ash-stained face and other obvious signs that he has been fighting the fire, standing beside your dog on a leash, and a large mound of your most precious possessions.

Your family Bible, your birth certificates and other records, your family photos, your jewelry, your bank records, your business computer and personal computer, everything that is most precious and useful to you, plus your goldfish and the plants have all been carried out of the burning house and stacked in the front yard safe and sound and your beloved dog is very happy to see you, alive and well.

But your house is a goner.

This man who is nonchalantly standing beside this pile of your possessions giving instructions to the rest of the neighbors in the mop up crew and casually guarding all your stuff, turns to you with great sympathy and nods and explains how he was home from work and was the first one to spot the fire and call in the fire department and get the other neighbors to help battle the blaze.

He explains that he got in through the garage and got the dog out and then got your office and bedroom cleared out, and together with other neighbors, brought it all out of the house far enough from the blaze to save it. Then he hot-wired the ignition of your second car and drove it over to the neighbor's. He apologizes that you will probably need a new ignition.

Then he tells you that another neighbor is on the way with a U-Haul van they rented and paid for, for you to store your stuff securely and they will all help move it into the van for the night and give that van to you for transportation to the hotel space they've rented for you. They've already paid for the hotel and the van for the next two weeks. And it is a dog friendly hotel so Rover can just stay with you.

Now, you have suffered a major shock and loss.

You are staring at your house in ruins, smoke still billowing from the ashes. A fireman is approaching with a clipboard in hand. You are confused and scared and beginning to cope with what all this information means.

And you have choices about interpreting all this.

You can:

(A) Thank the neighbor who called the fire department and while waiting for them broke into your house and organized all the other neighbors to save your dog and all your really important stuff, including your second car. And you can thank all of them for doing their best to help and renting a van and getting you a hotel to stay in.

Or...

(B) You can think -- who is this guy with all my stuff piled up in the front yard? He must be the arsonist who is responsible for my house burning up! Yes, he's a thief and I just ruined his plan by showing up at this moment. He rented that U-Haul so he and his buddies could steal it.

You see? You've always got a choice to make, concerning what is real and what you believe about any given person and any circumstance. You can believe in what is good and right (A) or you can believe in what is diabolical and evil (B).

And it is entirely your choice.

At that moment, the neighbor driving the U-Haul van shows up, jumps out, sympathy all over his face. He walks up to you and hands you the key and says, "Well, alright then, fellas.... let's get everything loaded up. Looks like it might rain on top of everything else."

Now, it's pretty obvious that nobody is going to load up your stuff and bonk you over the head and drive off with the entire town's fire department there, so you gingerly take the keys offered and begin moving your stuff into the van.

It takes a little while to start coming out of your shock, but the need to get everything moved gets you moving, too. Blood starts flowing again. Other neighbors start helping. As you drive away you see your second car parked in the neighbor's driveway.

It occurs to you that if he knew how to hot-wire your ignition to save it, he also knew how to hot-wire it to steal it. You glance at your hungry dog sitting in the passenger seat beside you, and somehow, you just "know" that when you get to the hotel, the room will be rented just as these good men told you.

You finally know what to believe because of all the little nuances of things, the words, the information, the way the keys to the U-Haul were handed to you, the look on the man's face, the fact that your dog liked him, just a whole pile up of things that logically fit together.

And you notice that, in spite of this great disaster, everything that really mattered was saved, and that you are now back in control of things.

In the morning, you wake up and begin sorting through and organizing and you're on your way to a new and different life. You are still in shock from the loss of your home, but also in shock from realizing all that your neighbors just did for you.

They could have stolen all your valuables, but they didn't. And it wasn't just because you showed up at an inopportune moment. It was because they acted on your behalf with goodwill and honesty. They did this without really knowing you from Adam and risked life and limb going back and forth from the smoke-filled house to do it.

Of course, there is the alternative scenario that the "Fearless Floyds" of the world want you to believe and in that scenario, you don't go to the hotel prepared for you, because you are afraid that it's a set-up, and that there's a gang of robbers waiting for you. So you drive up the highway and park at a secluded spot and sleep in the van for the night.

In the morning you wake up all mean-spirited and cranky and overwhelmed by your losses, focused only on your losses -- not all the stuff that was saved and which is now secured in the back of the van --- and you are angry about the whole circumstance, wondering who these evil people are who hauled all your stuff out of the house?

Why you? Why was your house targeted by these arsonists? What are you going to do about it? And so on.

It's the same with the present circumstance in our world.

You can use your common sense and intuition, or you can use an evil imagination tainted by years of Hollywood, bad experiences, suspicion, and anger.

Notice that it's your own fault that you spent the night cramped up in the cab of a U-Haul that you didn't pay for and that it's your neighbors on the hook for it if you destroy the van or steal it.

Uh-duh. Turns out that they've risked themselves to help you, and they could have just stood on the sidewalk and watched your house burn.

This is all about your choices and what you choose to believe in and how well you can reason your way through things and whether or not you have intuition enough to feel your way through, even if the facts are all jumbled and conflicted in your mind.

It's also about time and how long and how many facts have to accrue before you know for sure what to believe and not to believe.

So for all who are unsure and all those running around like Henny-Penny shouting, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! And it's all because of Anna that it is!" --- remember that your own beliefs dictate your experience.

If you choose to stay in the van all night and suck your thumb, that's your choice.

If you choose to wake up after a good night's sleep and face the day with courage and a little optimism and restored faith, that's your choice, too.

Your house is still burned and your really important stuff is still saved, either way.

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