The Confession of Sin



By Anna Von Reitz **Anna von Reitz**23 hrs ·

Corrections, Published on Facebook yesterday, 4 2 2018,

I have been sick the last few days and not quite up to my normal standards of imperfection.....

In the letter titled "To President Trump and UN Inspector General on Easter Sunday 2018" the name of our ancient homeland in France is "Armorica" -- the first "r" wasn't included and it was written "Amorica" instead. Don't worry. The official version to Trump and the IG was correct.

And in "America: Some Assembly Required --- Literally" sent out today, I should have noted that Dave Robinson formatted the book on Amazon having sixty pages, not fifty (which is how many pages my original had, howbeit in 8.5" X 11" format.). The illustrated version will probably have fifty pages and be in the original format.

There is also a typo (but an important one) in the website address for the new National Assembly site. There should be a hyphen between the words "national" and "assembly" ---- http://national-assembly.net.

Please forgive me for causing any consternation or difficulty in finding information. I was born with two left thumbs, two left feet, bad eyesight and a predilection for dropping stitches, hyphens, dishes and occasional letters.

My Father used to watch me diligently practicing my typing skills and shake his head in wonder.....not because a girl was typing, but because he was amazed that I could type at all, given my near total lack of eye-hand coordination



The Confession of Sin

So many responded to my "Correction" yesterday. Would it surprise you to learn that I make such admissions and corrections every day, they just don't always get published on the Front Page? My "standard of imperfection" is a joke, but it is also true.

I go slow and make a lot of mistakes---literally. My whole life has been a cavalcade of mistakes and corrections. And, amazingly, I never stop making mistakes and corrections. You would think that at a certain point in one's life, you would have it all down and know all the answers and never fall face down on your nose, but guess what?

You get wiser with age, but nobody is immune from sin and folly and the need for forgiveness.

What is sin? It is a mistake.

That's all it is.

A mistake, and anyone can make a mistake. Indeed, we all do.

So it is not the matter of making mistakes that condemns us. It is the hard-hearted refusal to admit our mistakes and correct them that condemns us --- and that condemnation comes at our own hands, not at God's.

Let's clearly perceive how this happens. We make a mistake. We fall into a falsehood. We do something wrong. And then?

By failing to admit and correct our mistakes, we are obliged to live with them and their consequences.

It's like going down the wrong road.

We can only retrace our steps and find our way again, or keep going on the wrong road until we realize our mistake, admit it, and turn around.

Remember the difference between Peter and Judas Iscariot?

Both made terrible mistakes. Judas by being faithless and beguiled by the Sanhedrin. Peter by being faithless and denying that he even knew Jesus.

One despaired and hung himself, after casting the silver back at the feet of his betrayers. The other one. Peter, knew that he could be forgiven and he trusted in that, so he went on living and ultimately, to glory.

Both confessed their sin. Both made correction. But one chose death and one chose life, and the difference between them was faith --- faith in forgiveness-- faith that no matter how bad our sins are, we can turn from them and be forgiven.

We are here to learn. We have to be able to discern evil if we are to avoid it. We are destined, fated, and meant to make mistakes, because by such trial and by such error we progress. We learn.

The further we progress on the road to salvation the harder we are tested, the more explicitly all our faults and failings are exposed. Yes, even as in a refiner's fire, we are melted, reduced to tears, humbled in every way there is to be humbled.

Yet if we persevere, we are also greatly rewarded. We have peace. Our feet are firmly grounded. We see the snares set for us and we avoid them. We recognize Satan's flattery and twisted words, his half-truths and vain promises --- just as Jesus did.

Listen and know --- the ancient kings were not kings of the Earth. They were kings of men.

Remember the sign the Romans hung above Jesus? King of the Jews?

Not King of Jerusalem. Not King of Judea. Herod and his sons were the Kings of Judea.

No, our beloved King was "King of the Jews". Just as King David was King of the Jews. Just as Jesus is King now of every truly Christian heart. A king of men, not geographical places.

He did not seek any Earth-bound Kingdom. He led no political movement. He carried no weapons.

He sat down on the Throne of Mercy and wielded the Sword of Truth, instead.

In the same way we walk forward today, because we come from Him and in His Name, to address the Evils that have infested High Places, and to bring these Evils down.

We live today in a world where nearly everything has been corrupted by the mistakes of men. Doctors promote poisons. Lawvers promote injustice. Bankers promote financial crimes. Priests preach the benefits of sin. Governments wage "war" on those who employ them.

It's crazy without a doubt. Upside down and inside out. Satan has had a field day, because so many souls have lost their way and not had sense enough to admit it and turn around.

There are a great many people throughout the world in dismay. They have been tricked by Satan and his promises, but now they see that he has been bound and chained and led away. All his lies are uncovered, all his cruelty and madness displayed. What now?

Come home. Follow Peter's example: choose life and come home, though your sins be as scarlet, though you weep and though you are afraid of what you have done and what you have left undone, don't hesitate a moment longer. Turn around.

Join with me. Admit your faults and limitations, acknowledge your mistakes and failings. Do it every

day. And then, բ	oick yourself up,	dust off your	britches ar	าd go on to	oddling, secui	re in the kr	nowledge
that someday, y	you will run.						

After all,	despite	everything,	I did	learn	to type!

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