

## Demonyms



By Anna Von Reitz

Here's the Wiki definition: A demonym or gentilic is a word that identifies residents or natives of a particular place and is usually derived from the name of the place.

It sounds innocent enough, doesn't it?

But use your eyes: demon plus nym equals "demon name".

And "gentilic"? The name given to gentiles. Not nice.

The use and misuse of our names has become such an urgent issue that everyone on the planet needs to be made aware of the looming crisis. We must all pay attention to this. The identities of entire nations are being stolen, to say nothing of currencies.

So "Californian" is a demon-nym, according to those running this demonic system. So is "American", "Brit", "Dane", "Canadian", "New Yorker".....

These are all Goyim names, suitable targets for usury. Jews can't lend money at interest to other Jews, but presto-change-o, call Reuben Goldsmith a "Canadian" and they can charge the hell out of him.

And do.

There's a fix for everything, an excuse for everything.

Oh, I thought Yenta Sybil Frankenberger was a Minnesotan.....which she is, but we will just ignore the fact that she's an Orthodox Jewish woman now eighty years old.

And take her home via bogus foreclosure.

Muslims play the same game. They aren't supposed to charge usury to other Muslims, either.

So they convert Ali Hussein Ramadi, call him a "New Yorker" --- and bang! That will be 8% interest, compounded hourly...

Demonyms are used by foreign bankers to "demonize" and therefore justify their own crooked dealings, which are all contrary to the mandates of their professed religions.

Instead of thinking in terms of religions, when we think of bankers we should think of gangs --- predatory, outlaw gangs. They are equal opportunity destroyers. Religion, aside from the worship of Mammon, has nothing to do with anything.

Except that if the Muslims get caught cheating another Muslim in a Muslim country, they are apt to wind up dead. There is still that shred of enforcement against the worldwide banking fraud culture. And once in a while, an old Mafia Don will get fed up and just start "taking care of business".

About thirty years ago, I met the Proverbial Don Luigi. We met at St. Malachi's Church --- a tiny, largely abandoned Irish Roman Catholic Church sitting on a hill so far out in the farming country in Wisconsin that even the cows are sparse company.

I will never forget how odd his gleaming black stretch limo bristling with antenna and cloaked in dark glass windows looked --- a real street car, sitting on the worn gravel driveway, a Meadowlark perched on the rear-view mirror.

After a couple minutes of preliminary greetings and niceties, his eyes suddenly went cold and he said, "What the F--k, sorry, I mean no disrespect, but what is wrong with this church? What's wrong with this country?"

He'd driven all the way from New York to find out, God bless him.

I wish I'd had all the information then, that I have now. I was only able to give him a very broad pattern to look at back then, a long series of things that didn't add up.

At the end of the conversation, he nodded and looked very thoughtful. I am sure he went home and continued to think. I am sure he passed on his thoughts to younger members of his union and his family. Only the Good Lord knows what they did with it.

This much I do know, though he was a man who was "demonized" during his lifetime, he loved this country. He put his life on the line in World War II. And he loved the Church, too. The True Church.

And I remembered what my Mother told me time and time again --- "There's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it's often hard to tell the difference."

I wasn't afraid to shake his hand or be alone with him in a deserted church on the edge of nowhere, but I have had my skin crawl shaking hands with politicians in the middle of well-populated social events. Call it dog-sense.

As you all go forward in your quest for the Truth and face your own scary moments and prejudices and oddball instinctive responses, use your dog-sense, your instincts, your built-in Shinola Sensors. Don't try to reason too much. Most of us aren't too smart, but if we will let them, our instincts are sharp enough to show us what things really mean and who to trust and what to do when push comes to shove.

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