

The Devil Went Down to..... Alaska?



By Anna Von Reitz

So we finally won our case. Donald Trump sicced teams of lawyers and archivists and historians onto all the information we've provided and guess what? We stand exonerated. All that we have brought forward has been proven, nailed down, and tied up with a bow, complete with all the research and case law and historical documentation.

Count that much done and over.

President Trump now knows -- definitively -- what is wrong, what the game is, what the game has been all along, who is responsible, and from what he has done so far, he is swiftly taking care of business. But he can't do it alone.

You see, he is working from the "federal side" of the fence. He needs our help coming from the side of the states and the people to meet him halfway. I already thumped on everyone to get their political status corrected and join their State Assembly, so I won't beat that drum again. At least not today.

What I will tell you is that there has been an extraordinary "up-tick" in millionaires and billionaires contacting me and promising support for my work and the work of The Living Law Firm.....if.....

Now I have been contacted before by millionaires before in the course of doing this work. Somehow none of them have the insight to figure out that their good is tied to the overall good of this country and that their freedom from such things as IRS harassment is tied to a larger picture in which everyone is freed from the same scourge.

Instead, they always want a quid pro quo. You do this for me, and I will do this for you.... always the sidebar, always the back rubbing scenario, always the everyone-has-a- price attitude. Even those that inherited their money have the same selfish, small-minded, narrow view.

Most of them come because they have IRS or "regulatory agency" problems they want me to fix. I help them. They promise to make a donation. They forget. They include some of the richest people in America and they all do the same things, the same way. It's monotonous, boring, and yes, irritating. So irritating that I see them coming and spit.

They always show up with the expectation that I am going to be all excited and groveling and fawning and begging them for money. They always brag about their latest acquisition, their expensive hobbies, their new car, their latest hang-gliding trip to Morocco.

It's so obnoxious that I have to apply my Christian upbringing and try really hard to see them as people who are in trouble, who need help.

Most of the time I succeed.

But lately, since the word is out on the street that I am on target and have the facts and by golly ---- she was right! ----- now all of a sudden there is a conga line of millionaires lining up to make a deal. But, I tell them, there's no deal here. All you get from helping me, is what everyone else gets. Good government. Free markets. Safe banks. A sane judicial system. Protection of your lives and your private property. You know -- what you are supposed to have now, but don't.

They all look disappointed. Crest-fallen. What? There's no special ice cream? No back of the cabinet joy juice? Nope.

They don't have sense enough to realize that without the basics that everyone needs being in place, they suffer too. So they walk away and most of the time don't even say, "Thank you." It's rare that they even buy lunch. Most of the time I get stuck with the bill ----after they asked me out to pick my brain about their problem.

See what I mean? Selfish. Short-sighted. Small. If that's what having a lot of money does to people --- and apparently it does in a majority of cases --- let's stay poor.

Probably because of this plague of all these do-nothing-see-nothing-care-about-nothing-but-my-pedicure millionaires, I had a dream last night.

Lucifer came to me and promised me all the money and power in the world, if only I would bow down and worship him.

I said, "What good is money to me? The moment I spend it, it's gone. Bring me clean natural ocean water for this planet. Then, we'll talk."

But of course, that's impossible, because all the oceans are polluted. He looked just like those millionaires. So disappointed.

So the dream goes on, and I go on about my business in the dream --- which is cleaning house and washing windows -- and Lucifer shows up again --- and he says, "You need money to do the work you've taken on. I can give you the whole world. All you have to do is bow down and worship me." I smile at him. He looks like a young Marine. He's so earnest.

"I'm not really interested in money. It comes in, it goes out. Bring me really nice, fresh, clean air to breathe---air with lots of oxygen for everyone. Then we'll talk."

But that's not possible, either. He flushes red-faced and looks really angry, but he turns around on his heel and walks away.

Finally, as I am resting from my day's work and looking out my nice clean windows, he shows up again.

"What does it take, you obstinate old woman!" he rages.

"I already gave you a couple ideas," I return mildly and shrug.

This doesn't improve his mood.

"Perhaps you could clean up all the polluted soil and return all the soil that has eroded to its rightful place? Then, we could talk."

This is the final straw. He's really beyond angry now. He's stomping around my living room, huffing and snorting.

"Everyone worships ME!" he shouts. "Everyone!"

I say nothing. I don't have to. Evidently, not everyone worships him....or he wouldn't be kicking up so much dust, right?

"Money," I say to him, "is a tool --- like a shovel, or a rake, or a post hole digger. And I have work to do, that's true. I am a bit frustrated right now, because I want to get on with my job, but hey, I'm just a worker. It's the True Lord's vineyard. He'll get around to supplying me with everything I need."

And that was the final straw. He whipped around and did his old swirling routine, making a little tornado in the middle of my kitchen and disappearing in a puff of smoke. The dream ended with me sighing and picking up all the paper he blew off my desk.

Out of all these millionaires and even billionaires I have talked to, I bet none of them have contributed as much as some of the seniors who make a \$10 per month donation out of their Social Security checks.

Well, at least we can truly and absolutely say that everything that we have done has not been funded by any special interests. It has all been done with cookie jar money by Team America and Team World--- just average people with limited resources who weigh in and plug along step-by-step toward a better future for everyone.

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