

Farewell to Another Star Fighter

By Anna Von Reitz



Last time I spoke with Neil Keenan he was upbeat, even chirpy, despite a recent bout with "medical" symptoms; it sounded like the usual recital of issues that come with men of a certain age, nothing too alarming, but in the background somehow I was remembering the numerous times that Neil endured being poisoned with exotic mixtures, everything from snake and frog and spider venoms to plain old nightshades and arsenic. His constant motion left him vulnerable to spur of the moment poisonings that left him alive, but not entirely recovered.

He explained early on that he had to take minute portions of poisons to build up his immune system, so every day, he had his "venom shot" that he tossed off as if it was nothing. Just a faint and momentary snarl of the lips and he was on to other things --- but I remembered, and I thought --- helluva situation when you have to poison yourself to prevent being poisoned.

Can't be too good for your liver, and then, of course, there are the professional hazards of an Amanah. Lots of late night toe-to-toe events and exotic foods and drinks take their toll as surely as knives and bullets. Neil could never call his time his own.

Neil Keenan was a man on a mission from the first moment I met him, until I am standing here today, nine days after his death on the other side of the world, thinking, I didn't want to know, but I knew just the same.

The old farm wives tell you to count your friends and relatives when you hear an owl hooting, especially a Snowy Owl, at the edge of a frozen birch forest just as the sun has slipped over the horizon and dusk has come. Involuntarily, I thought of Neil. That was eleven days ago.

There was something in Neil's voice during our last conversation, a bravado that in one sense was the same as ever, the same old Fly Boy, but in another way, very subtly, his tone faltered. He told me he'd been poisoned again, but nothing to worry about. Rumors of his death had been greatly exaggerated.

He threatened to show up at the Anchorage International Airport "as soon as this thing is finished" --- and give me a big hug. I imagined one of his famous bear hugs, though nobody could ever quite place what kind of a bear it was?

Koala? Blackie? Grizzer Bear? Kodiak?

The "thing" he referenced was the return of all the stuff the bankers and politicians have stolen from the living people of this planet, work we both got engaged in many years ago. That's how we met. Neil was bringing a major claim and lawsuit against the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Southern District, the Baddest of the Bad, to force the rats to return gold that had been left on deposit with them by the Chinese Nationalist Government in 1928 --- to the Chinese Government.

Neil's take on it, like mine, was simple enough -- the gold belonged to the Chinese people, not the New York Fed, which tried to claim that the gold had been abandoned by the original depositors and could not be returned to them because of that little thing called death and The Cultural Revolution.

Neil was adamant, and I agreed; the Chinese gold should go back to the Chinese. So we doubled down and sank our teeth deep, watching as the corrupt court system turned tail spins on itself. They finally weaseled things around to an out of court settlement. The gold, very quietly, got shipped back to China, but not before Deutsch Bank, the Eternal Bag Man of the Octagon

Group, demanded the return of Nazi gold held by the same branch of the Federal Reserve.

They were told they'd have to wait for years and take repayment in small tranches over a long period of time. Nazis are considerably less cuddly and popular than the Chinese, when you get down to it.

While Neil fought the good fight for the Eastern Hemisphere, I was left to struggle with the endlessly complex and labyrinth-like banking empires of the Western Hemisphere. Late at night, my time, which was morning of the next day in Neil's world, he and I would commiserate over our latest headaches, hopes, and occasional joint projects.

He was the only person in the world who understood my frustration with Karen Hudes, who, on one hand, was a very brave woman, who sucked it up and told the truth when it was most inconvenient, but on the other hand, could be so maddeningly coy and evasive about very basic points.

Like Donald Trump still does, Karen used to make both Neil and I shake our heads, open-mouthed, silently screaming --- "If you went THAT far, why not just go all the way?" We loved her, because she was brave and to an extent, she was a whistleblower, but in another way it was like a frustration dream listening to her. She'd get right up to the moment of kicking the can into the Grand Canyon -- and stop.

Like Donald Trump with the JFK records.

For the record, we don't care what Mike Pompeo wants or thinks or says. Ever since he described the Pandemic as a "live exercise" our edgy respect for the man settled into the same pattern: so near, and yet, so far.

Almost there....but, almost doesn't count, does it?

Same thing with JFK's famous speech a couple weeks before his death about the ruthless coterie of Bad Men he was going to expose. "Going to" doesn't cut it. "Going to" just makes you a target.

When you actually let it fly and let the chips fall, the Bad Guys are too busy trying to save their own rumps to think too much about you.

As the Japanese Elders say, "Do or not do." Or as my Grandmother and Neil Keenan might both say, "For God's sake, get off the pot!"

Don't threaten. Don't tease. Take your shot and walk your walk, if you want a better world. Neil Keenan never missed a beat. Didn't stumble. Didn't hesitate. Didn't waffle.

I appreciated that about Neil. He was a man of constant action fueled by constant thought. He'd consider the subject, weigh the facts, make a decision, and that was that. Having made a decision in your favor, he'd be right there at your back, come Hell or high water.

It was that integrity, at least in part, that led the ever-skeptical and watchful Elders to choose Neil to be the Amanah, a position he cherished and earned.

All of humanity has lost a faithful friend, especially those living in the Eastern Hemisphere. I am saddened for them and for me.

The meeting we planned for "when this thing is over" will never happen now; I won't ever see his smiling face and one of his flamboyant high quality Hawaiian shirts coming down the gangplank, aiming like a silk torpedo with a Brooklyn accent, straight at me.

And my St. Patrick's Day observance, beginning with today, will never be the same, either.

Now Neil and Karen Hudes are both gone, and I remain like that one stubborn leaf that hangs on the branches and flaps in the wind, thinking about the great people I have known, with all their endless diversity and ultimate uniqueness.

There will never be another Neil Keenan, and part of me says, he earned his rest, while another small voice says, but I wanted him to see the fruition of what he worked so hard for! And a third voice in the inner choir says, silly, you know he'll see it, whether he's in the flesh or out of it. So why are you sitting here waiting for dawn on Saint Patrick's Day, and grieving over Neil Keenan?

Fair enough. Maybe it's just to commiserate with his spirit, when all the seeming obstacles of flesh and time and distance melt away, and only what is true remains, and I embrace him as my brother and my fellow-warrior in a fight that has taken our lifetimes and more.

Neil and I never put the content of the struggle into words; we didn't have to. We just looked each other in the eye; he knew I knew and I knew he knew and that was that. We could be at peace with each other and stand back to back, never saying another word. Old cadre, veterans of a most Unholy War, we couldn't put that into words even if we tried to.

Sometimes, it's not the words. It's the silence between them.

Fare thee well, and the High Road to you, Neil Keenan!

Another star fighter is laid to rest, and I don't have your poetry, Neil, to ever say what that means to me. Let the silence between words remind me. Let the wind wrapping around my hilltop remind me. Let the first small flowers of spring remind me. Let the first blush of autumn remind me, until I, too, turn homeward.

Much love,

Granna

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