

Foxes in the Hen House



By Anna Von Reitz

When I was very young I lived on an old-fashioned farm with a barn and a hay loft and a chicken coop and a pig pen and cows and horses and all sorts of critters. Then as now I had to figure things out, so I was constantly bothering my poor parents with oddball questions--- for example, "What do angels do when their wings molt?"

My Dad made a sound like he was stifling a sneeze. His eyes watered as he gazed up toward the ceiling of the hayloft. I thought it was the dust getting to him, but on later reflection, maybe not.

"They walk," he finally answered, sober as a judge.

Well, okay.... you can see what he was up against.

Inevitably the day came when I encountered the idea of foxes in hen houses. In our case, it was real foxes in real hen houses, so I took it literally and vividly remember the bang of the shotgun in the middle of the night and the squawking and scrabbling of the chickens and the barking of the dogs and the flash of red and white fur streaking through the deep shadowy back pasture grass.

My Dad didn't shoot to kill the varmint. After World War II, he had seen enough killing of any living thing to swear off it for a lifetime. He just stood looking after the fox and nodded and said, "You can't have foxes in a hen house."

This seemed self-evident enough and I didn't comment. Even I knew that foxes eat chickens and eggs. They are real thieves and brigands when it comes to that, and I too-well remembered seeing the stray feathers and broken egg shells when one of our Biddies strayed and stayed out for a couple days on her own, making a secret nest in the open hay shed next to the barn.

"Foxes got her," Grandma said, shaking her head on that occasion, and something steely in her voice and eyes told me she'd do as much for the fox, if she caught him.

As it happened, the foxes had plenty of rodents in our woodlot and their taste for chicken abated after a few such incidents. I never had to think about it much after that, until much later when I heard the same thing said about politicians being "foxes in the hen house."

I want you all to realize that we've had foxes in our hen house for 150 years, just raising no end of hell with the chickens.

It is now time for the farmers and doctors and lawyers and bureaucrats and yes, the Catholic bishops responsible for this mess, to face the facts. It's time for the politicians to heave ho.

The people of this country trusted you to take care of them and their property. You grossly betrayed that trust.

You had cause to know better, and you all stood around like big, dumb stumps and let the predators in. It doesn't matter if you say "foxes in the hen house" or "wolves among the sheep" it all amounts to the same thing.

You were hired to keep this country and its people safe and you have failed; instead, you have enslaved your employers, engaged in racketeering and fraud on an unimaginable scale, and promoted injustice against your own benefactors and underwriters.

You've disguised your private bill collectors as officers of public courts and amassed private mercenary armies under color of law on our shores, disguising them as employees of federal agencies. You have confiscated our property and illegally conscripted our sons to serve as gun fodder in wars for profit. You did all this under conditions of non-disclosure and deceit.

You are vermin without cause or honor, pirates and thieves and ingrates who deserve no mercy from any actual court and certainly deserve no mercy from those who have suffered as a result of your criminality. You are foxes in hen houses, wolves among the sheep, and though I may show you the same mercy my Father showed --- and for the same reasons--- we can't have foxes in our hen house any more.

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