

International Public Notice: Hahahaha!

By Anna Von Reitz



Be gone, Satan, you have no jurisdiction here! Surely, we rebuke you.

So, we've been told that we've been "disqualified" because we made some "mis-steps" in their matrix system-- let us reply:

Nobody has any authority to nullify or disqualify the Children of God. And there are no mis-steps possible in a fraudulent, fictional system. It's bunk from first to last. A joke.

Frauds do not have rules. Fiction does not have form.

We were certainly never part of the fraud nor the fraudulent matrix. No phoney legal fictions here. No delusions.

We are back in Kansas. Maybe you didn't quite get that part.

The CIA and MI6 and Federal Reserve have copies of all the records and can fake them. It's the DNA that counts.

This is yours: Notice to Agents is Notice to Principals; Notice to Principals is Notice to Agents: there are only two kinds of people and two kinds of energy in this paradigm.

We stand for the paradigm of love. Love is our fundamental resonance frequency. Our home base.

We did not come here alone.

Anyone who stands apart from love stands for and in the paradigm of discord.

Which one you stand for or with, is determined by the choices that you make.

The Learned Elders of Zion knew that I would come; they foretold their own destruction. The Hindu people have called my name in the depths of their misery and their pain: Durga! Durga! Durga!

And here I am.

The Occultists know my name.

And all the Liars in infinite worlds cannot prevail against what lives inside me.

So the best pathway is to submit to love; accept the Mother in me. Be nurtured. Live. Thrive. Be fully alive. Let the breath of the Living God burn within you, so that you can never die. Let Justia minister to you and heal your hurts.

But if you will not submit to love and allow others to do the same, if you will not forsake your wars and wordy gibberish and lies, then there is only one place left for you: the Abyss.

And the Abyss it will be, for all those who cling to evil and harden their hearts; I have spoken it. That is your destination.

These demons that you have invited from other spheres who eat your children, are a form of slime mold. They need to be sprayed with bleach, not worshiped.

Plain laundry bleach.

Technology they have, but not love or sense. In the same billions of years they have remained the same: appetites that have never grown beyond gluttony, intellects fixed on unworthy things.

I have made them. I am their woe.

The record of their DNA does not lie.
Until such time as I will not remember them.

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