

It's an Imaginary World



By Anna Von Reitz

It's an imaginary world, so imagine what you wish.

What you are dealing with, is an imaginary system, and it doesn't really matter what imaginary claims they make. What matters is what imaginary claims we believe.

Left to themselves, the rulers of this world are just a bunch of mean-spirited, greedy, indoctrinated old people who rule by means of group delusion and deceit, coupled with a simple divide and conquer strategy, and a practice of driving the sheep between "the pillar and the post" ---making use of the built-in human assumption that, given two bad choices, you must choose the lesser evil --- instead of shoving both evils back down the throats of those offering the ugly proposition in the first place.

Governance is a dirty job and someone has to do it.

So, we are left with two choices that are almost equally unpleasant --- either we grow up and rule our own minds and take responsibility for our own government, or we accept being owned and "operated" by these cretins, who will treat people as terribly or as well as the people themselves demand to be treated.

Given the somnolent state required to allow oneself to be owned as chattel in the first place, this does not bode well for the future of the human race, unless we awaken the mass of the general public on a worldwide basis.

Kim (Goguen, aka, Kim Possible) has been indoctrinated, too. She believes that she is uniquely gifted and qualified and is so very intelligent that she alone is able to save or destroy the fictional world. This is, of course, untrue. It's just what she has been fed. And she has been fed a lot of garbage, which, like other victims, she believes.

She's playing a game in a matrix, a board game, quite unaware that there are other games and other game boards, and beyond all that is the truth. She takes it all deadly seriously, and plays, plays, plays---- without, however, realizing that she is just playing in the same way that a child plays a game.

From where I stand, that is absolutely obvious, and I see no reason to give her game any particular authority or credibility. That said, I don't have any prejudice against her or against her game-- which is akin to thinking that an adult would have a prejudice against someone for playing Scrabble.

Once you realize that its all fiction and that the only element giving strength to any illusion is our belief in it, you are free to examine your beliefs.

In examining your beliefs you sort through what's true, what's false, what's right, and what's wrong ---- and you willfully choose to believe in the things that are worthwhile, whether or not they are physically present at the moment, and you just as willfully choose not to believe the BS.

And that is when the illusory, fictional world also begins to change.

When we no longer take it seriously. When we recognize it for what it is. When we laugh and listen to our own music. Just as quickly as the seemingly insurmountable walls of imagination are built, they crumble. Just as quickly as the disease appears, it disappears. Just as quickly as money appears to be valuable, it loses its value.

As I am sitting here typing this, I am breathing through every cell in my body. I am aware of this --- that I breathe through every cell, not just my lungs. I am consciously aware of the more than two hundred kinds of cells all operating together to create my body. I can assure you that those who are attempting to run the fictional world have no such degree of consciousness. Instead, they are focused on making one foot follow the other.

Imagine what happens when we no longer believe in money, nor in any form of idolatry at all? Do you know that ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans don't have any concept of what a "dollar" actually is? The fact that it is a unit of measure has never dawned on them. And if you then ask them what this unit of measure is applied to, they will continue to stare at you like cattle in a feedlot.

If you tell them the answer ---- fine silver, they will continue to stare at you.

If you observe that the value of silver in any marketplace can be translated into other commodities like grapes and loaves of bread and hours of labor, they will blink.

If you suggest that both the silver and pieces of paper representing silver (or any other commodity) are just a symbolic system of "representing" value, and that we are free to value whatever we wish to value, they will snort like frightened horses and say something like, "What? You lost me there."

Yes, you can value whatever you value. If you value silver, then that's what you seek and deserve. If you value love, then that's what you seek and deserve. Whatever you trade in, is your "base commodity", and you can trade in whatever currency you please, but the greatest currency in the Universe, is love.

Nothing is stronger than, more enduring than, more valuable than, more flexible than, or greater than ---- love. In fact, all the other currencies we have, are just faded images of the abundance and strength and value of love. They are all just photographs of some aspect of love expressed as a commodity of some kind, some "good"---as we call it.

Many men and women who are counted as fabulously wealthy in terms of gold and silver and political power, have been stunted and crippled and left lonely and desperately unhappy for lack of the one currency that gives life and meaning to all the rest of it: love.

We all know that. We don't need anyone to prove it to us. Our own experience in life is sufficient.

So why not stop joking around, and value what is truly valuable? Let us find a "gold standard" for love and let everything we do, be attached to that unit of measure, instead of a measure of silver or gold or oil. Let everything we do, be done with love. Let every thought be infused with true compassion.

Let us see "value" with new eyes, and stop believing that gold and silver are valuable, stop believing that digits in a bank account are valuable.

When we cut that false belief in "things" down to size, and really examine it for the flim-flam it is, everything snaps back into place.

We can all feel ourselves breathing through every cell again.

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