

# The Importance of Identity

By Anna Von Reitz



We have often discussed the fact that your name is not you. It is a possession, like a chest of drawers or a bicycle, that is given to you as you start your life--- but, it is important to understand that you, yourself, are nameless.

You've simply been given a name to use, like a bathrobe or refrigerator, while you are here, incarnate. You could be a Genevieve as easily as a Jane or a Ruth or a Rebecca. It's totally an arbitrary choice your parents make, whether you are a Joe, a Chad, or a Moon Doggy or a set of initials like "RD".

This is why a name in legal terminology is sometimes called an appurtenance or utility or some other description suggesting that it is a tool, because it is.

As the CB radio talk goes, it's a "handle". It's a means to grab hold of you in more ways than one, but more even more importantly, a name is too often used to limit and define you and to pretend to make you into other things as well.

Oh, so you are Joe, the Garageman's daughter....

Suddenly, you are placed in a social caste: blue collar skilled labor.

And you instantly accrue all the reputation of Joe's entire family in the community, which can be good or bad.

With one little bit of identity, you are suddenly the granddaughter of a preacher or a milkman, a famous engineer... or an infamous criminal. The reputation and social class and peculiarities of your known ancestors attach to you like a coat of glue, and with it, your nationality, too.

Suddenly, your little self is transformed into an Englishman, a German, a Japanese, an Egyptian, a Greek, or whatever other nationality.

And the one-size-fits-all box of race clamps down around us like a prison. You are black or you are white or you are.... I always thought it would be fun to paint myself with pink polka dots and see what they could say?

Would I soon have my own race? The rare albino Pink Polka Dot Variant Caucasian, only captured once in the wild.

All these boxes are rapidly followed by boxes representing age and presumptions about people of your age. You are five so you are this. You are ten, so you are that....

And economic status gets added to the mix: you are poor, you are really poor, you are middle class, or you are wealthy -- at least according to what your parents have accrued.

And sex. Let's not forget that. You have to be categorized one or the other and submit to that. Bring on the ruffled pink pantaloons for girls and the denim overalls for boys.

Then, there's religion. You are Catholic or Protestant, Muslim or Hindu, Buddhist or Wiccan or whatever else, because that is what your parents are.

And politics, too. You are Republican or Democrat, Green Party or Communist or Fascist, Socialist, Social Democrat ---- also, in the beginning, because that's what your parents adopt.

All of this happens automatically, with no say in it from your own self. You are just the object, having all these layers of "identity" applied to you like so many layers of paint.

And there you are, all trussed up, and ready to be doused with fear, shame and guilt, should you disappoint the expectations of everyone else, based on all these layers of identity already applied to you.

Do you notice something odd? You are not allowed to identify yourself.

From the day you are born, you are never allowed to identify yourself.

You are destined to live your life in this cocoon of identity woven around you like a spider's dinner napkin, and if you don't wake up and question this, this is how you will die, too.

Peter John Olafson, Norwegian, age 58, Protestant.....

Linda Sue St.Pierre, Canadian, age 19, Catholic....

Almut al Fayed, Egyptian, age 90, Muslim....

Jaimie el Soria-Hernandez, age 30, Spanish....

While this can be comforting, it is also crippling. Slavery is when you experience things determined by others, and from this, it is easy to see that to a greater or lesser extent, we are all enslaved from the moment we arrive here--- quite apart from having even this externally applied identity stolen from us by governments

seeking to redefine us as things: corporations, trusts, special purpose vehicles, vessels, etc.

What are we, poor little beings, little divine sparks, to do, to defend ourselves from this onslaught?

Go stand outside in the moonlight and look up at the stars.  
Go stand in the rain without a raincoat.

Lay down on the grass.

Look at grains of sand under a microscope.

Notice the infinite variety of life surrounding you.

Sense the glorious truth that nobody ever tells you, that you are all of this and more, and you are loved more than you could ever know.

That's who you are, Nameless Ones, Loved Ones, set free. Oh, yes, take your life and your joy, and you be you and me be me, together.

Inherit the wholeness of who you truly are, and forget the boxes and layers of identity for an hour. Laugh. Sing. Stare in wonder, for you are in the presence of miracles, and are a miracle yourself. Don't forget that.

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