

In Memory Of Robert David Steele

By Anna Von Reitz



The mainstream is out in full hue and cry, crowing that Robert David Steele, affectionately known as "RDS" -- died of a disease he never believed in, but in the current atmosphere, we don't even know for sure that RDS is dead, much less what he died of.

We do know that the treatment they gave him was not the treatment he repeatedly requested: Ivermectin or Hydroxychloroquine. We do know that they put him on a ventilator, and that ventilators kill lung patients on a regular basis, simply by being improperly adjusted.

There were always questions about Robert. He openly admitted his shadow past as a CIA agent and informant. We were led to believe that he was a good guy who turned against his old pals, and that is certainly how he lived his life for the past dozen years or so. He became a white hat's White Hat in a sea of black hats and did such laudatory things as exposing the theft of trillions of dollars by Wall Street insiders, Goldman-Sachs, and banks.

His attack on the Securities and Exchange Commission is second only to those similar exposures made by his British counterpart, Christopher Storey, who proclaimed to the world a simple truth that everyone has yet to hear: "Securitization is illegal!"

RDS always claimed that, while he believed my integrity --- probably because of the way I answered questions more than the content of what we were talking about --- he never understood how it all went together, and how the American Government was different than the US Government.

Now, it wasn't that he couldn't intellectually understand the relatively simple facts I was laying out. It was that he couldn't agree with it in public, as an officer and a gentleman who was still holding a commission. He couldn't "understand" in the legal sense of that word, yet he wanted to help me get the word out to people who would be able to understand and help change the world.

God bless him for that. He was sticking his neck out and he knew it and did it anyway.

We had a falling out of sorts late in our relationship, over the "Arise, America!" tour. He wanted us to get more exposure for the Assembly Process, so he invited us to participate in that, too, but it quickly grew and changed into a multimedia Hollywood-style blitz with professional lighting and sound crews and multi-million dollar budgets.

It wasn't our style of operation any more and for people scrabbling around spending money on brochures and renting meeting spaces, it was too rich for our blood, so we withdrew. We didn't mean to have our motives for that withdrawal questioned, as it really was a no-brainer.

Our idea of a "nationwide tour" is the old-fashioned kind, where you take a couple of buses, half a dozen talented people, and roll from community to community, setting up educational programs in town halls and school gymnasiums and church basements, hand out more educational materials and contact information and roll on..... a "bologna sandwich" kind of tour, where there aren't any celebrities, sound stages, and a hundred roadies to carry it all.

Our idea of a nationwide tour is more like a High School Variety Show, less like a Hollywood movie.

I explained that to RDS, but he was convinced that what he was offering us was the Big Time and he got angry amid the constantly changing and expanding parameters of the endeavor.

He said he would never speak to me again, and now there is little doubt that's true. I am sorry for that. I'll miss his constant updates. His generous spirit. His upbeat, energetic attitude.

Much as he believed me, but couldn't understand me, I will raise a glass to him, too.

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