

No Virus -- the Invisible God Theory

By Anna Von Reitz



Many years ago, my Father said to me, "Ever notice how so many things that people fear are invisible?"

I thought of spirits, demons, wind, electricity, germs, and yes, God.

After all, isn't every other passage about "fearing" God?

Not loving God, fearing God?

It would take more years before I learned that the Aramaic word was mistranslated, and "fearing God" actually meant "knowing God" not being afraid of God.

I sat down on the edge of the deck while Dad leaned on the railing and we were both quiet for a while, thinking of this. Fearing a ghost could be substituted for fearing a germ or a demon or God or anything else invisible.

"What do you think, Anna, should we be afraid of things that are invisible? Why should we even believe in them?" he pondered, far above my head, his angular bulk providing shade for me.

It was a cloudless summer day with a flawless blue sky behind the tall dark green spruce trees framing the endless plush lawn at my Uncle Robert's home in Algonquin, Illinois. It was a peaceful place and very quiet. Robert and his wife, Eunice, never had children.

"I suppose," I slowly replied, "that we should not fear anything invisible, until we have cause to do so and then, we'd have proof that it exists."

"What about things like electricity and radio waves?" he asked. "We can't see them, but we can hear them or see their effects."

I gave a little shiver, thinking that moaning ghosts are audible, too.

"And, if it's invisible, how do we discern if the observed effect is from one invisible cause or another? I mean..." his voice trailed off and I finished for him, as I often did....

"Is the invisible cause God or a germ? God or a ghost? God or a particle beam?" I queried. After all, even if there is an observable effect, how can one discern among invisible causes?

He smiled. His huge hand came down and with splayed fingers, rocked my head. "Yes, that's the concept. And the question. Our senses are so limited, it would be easy to be misled."

He sighed and [sat](#) down on the edge of the deck beside me.

"It's so quiet here, like a cemetery," he said. I thought so, too.

Not an unpleasant place, but weird in its own way. Too perfectly groomed. Too quiet.

"I think about Gideon's Army, sometimes," he said. "I hope that such an army exists and will come to help us. Who knows? Get enough angels and an Unseen Army, and you could overcome the Evil Ones."

"Evil Ones?" I perked up.

"Yes, people who believe in evil. People who worship death," he shook his head. "They exist. I see them sometimes. And they are not invisible."

"Well, then," I offered, "at least that makes it easier."

"Jah," he smiled, "it gives us something to aim at."

The day moved onward and so did we. Lake Algonquin was beckoning and a white pontoon boat Uncle Robert kept tied to his private dock, even though he never used it. Like many rich men, he had many fine things he never used himself. Cars, yachts, vacation homes in foreign countries, pontoon boats....all pretty much for naught.

I observed the fancy cars Uncle Robert never drove, boats he never used, photos of vacation homes he was always too busy to visit.

Being a gangly age ten, I could observe this, but make no sense of it. I couldn't quite identify the sour look Uncle Robert gave us as we headed toward the gleaming lake, a look that was half envious, half disapproving somehow.

My Father was supposed to do something with his life, and clearly, that something had little to do with swimming lessons for me.

Nonetheless, Dad and I took the pontoon boat out a good distance from the shore and jumped in the cold dark water.

In that part of the country, the water is darkened by tannin from the oak trees and abundant iron ore that abounds all around the Great Lakes. You can't see anything that lurks beneath. Swimming is a total act of faith.

We didn't let that stop us.

We laughed and splashed and Dad held me balanced in the water with one hand as I practiced my strokes. He was incredibly strong and seemed as steady in the water as if he had been standing on dry land.

After we played tag and bobbed around enough for one day he helped me haul myself back onto the deck of the pontoon boat and we caught our breath, letting the invisible wind and invisible sunlight dry us off.

"I think God is invisible for a reason," he suddenly said. "I think so much of our world is invisible for a reason. I just don't know what the reason is."

Stretched on the deck of the pontoon boat on a big beach towel, my nose buried, arms supporting my head after a good bit of exercise, I stayed silent, eyes shut, half-dreaming, letting the wind and the sun flow over me like a different kind of water.

"Water is invisible, too, sort of," I opined, and turned my head just enough to see my Father, sitting with his long slender legs still half-dangling in the water. He looked like a Greek god from some forgotten age, tanned and slightly weathered, staring off into the distance.

His hair, which was the exact brown color of hazelnuts, with amber colored highlights, was turning silver at his temples. Though I didn't know it then, soon, his hair would be completely silver. No trace of the unknown god would remain.

"Maybe it's a test," I said, "to see how much we can see."

He smiled at that and seemed content. We never spoke of this mystery again, but in all the years since then, I have had many occasions to observe the Unseen and feel its fingertips, hear its voices, and study its effects.

Most people are terrified of the Unseen and attribute all sorts of ill-will to it, believing all sorts of ugly things about it, blaming it, running from it, never to realize with their conscious minds that it is the silence between words that gives them meaning, that it is the invisible sunlight that gives us food and life, the invisible water that slakes our thirst, and the invisible air that we breathe. It's the invisible music that makes us dance, the invisible voice of a loved one that brings us joy, and the invisible emotions and thoughts within us that give our lives meaning and depth.

It's all invisible, and if we are made to fear the invisible, then we must be made to fear life itself, and fear ourselves as well, for a very large part of who and what we are, is also invisible.

It seems that much of what the various religions teach is indeed literal fear of the invisible, not an effort to understand it or value it, but a simple superstitious fear of the "God is going to get you for that." kind, devoid of appreciation for, or knowledge of, all that is invisible.

Spirituality is denied, obedience by rote is affirmed, until the average man is not content to be alone with himself, but must engage in an endless materialistic search for empty company and diversions, whores and carnivals, new clothes and cars. He stutters and staggers trying to find some reason to be. He looks in the mirror and doesn't comprehend what he sees.

For the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not.

And even the darkness, in its essence, is invisible.

I feel my Father standing close by me **tonight**, our old camaraderie gently recalled like the sound of a distant bell, summoning me to some mysterious appointed task. The Silence says, I love you, and I am here with you, still. Just invisible. A click beyond your line of sight. A little bit beyond your color wheel.

I suppose that when I face death for the final time it will be like jumping into Lake Algonquin, a total act of faith.

And here I am, in the midst of all this craziness, with billions of people driven mad by their fear of unseen things called viruses.

Quite a coincidence, isn't it?

The incorporated churches and synagogues and mosques of the world terrify us with the Unseen God, and now, their secular litter mates, for-profit

commercial corporations, terrify us with viruses, something else that is Unseen and really can't be proven to exist, except by inference.

Here the FDA admits that there is no scientific evidence that monkeypox virus exists, yet the brain-dead authorities are trying to drum up another phony pandemic and another round of lucrative, damaging vaccinations designed to kill people and keep their own corporate profits alive:

https://slaynews.com/news/fda-admits-zero-scientific-evidence-monkeypox-virus-exists/?utm_source=mailpoet

It's time to stop fearing the Unseen.

Let us accept the Unseen with our conscious minds and let the Unseen enter our hearts. It's painfully clear that we wouldn't exist without it and its many manifestations in our world, and that our individual lives depend upon its continued presence. Indeed, we only begin to die when we lose contact with the Unseen.

Why, then, being dependent on the Invisible world, even as a child is dependent on its Mother, should we fear what gives us life and health and energy and meaning?

Stop fearing the Unseen. It's the Evil Ones that give us something to aim at.

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