

JFK's Battle in Real Time

By Anna Von Reitz



JFK's actual heroism --- the personal kind --- was simply in getting up every morning and pushing himself through the day, representing America and Americans, while also battling Addison's Disease.

JFK suffered from a rare and deadly autoimmune disorder impacting the adrenal system which renders the body unable to produce two key hormones, cortisol and aldosterone. This results in "adrenal insufficiency" --- aka, adrenal failure.

It can be treated to an extent with drugs, but even [today](#) it is a ticket to a long, slow, and very painful death characterized by the wasting away of the spinal cord, organ systems, ulcerative colitis, and hyperpigmentation of the skin.

That deep glowing tan that Kennedy always had in the depths of winter that made him look so healthy? The [sun](#)-bleached highlights in his hair?

It was all part of an ongoing cosmetic program to hide Jack Kennedy's actual physical condition from the public -- and also from other world leaders and hostile populations around the world, who might be encouraged in aggression toward our country if they knew the President was ailing.

Kennedy put up a good front and the secrecy surrounding his actual condition was air-tight, a matter of "national security" on one side, and the loyalty of family and friends on the other.

Jackie knew. His Mother knew. His siblings knew.

They took it to their graves. Nobody on the outside needed to know how much he suffered, so nobody was told.

Sixty years after the fact, you know.

When you look back and see photos of JFK, whether he is smiling his iconic smile, or serious and lost in thought --- know that he was in constant wracking pain. Know that he did it all in spite of that.

And so did his family.

His death at an early age was, in some ways, a relief.

It spared JFK the indignities of a long, slow, and unavoidably public demise. It released Jackie from a marriage that would have required long years of patient, faithful suffering and attendance waiting on an invalid. It spared his children that same fate.

Ironically, and in the grace of God, the evil men who plotted Kennedy's death that November, probably did him a favor.

Like so many mysterious autoimmune diseases that have gripped the planet since the advent of man-made chemicals, Addison's wasn't well-known or understood during Kennedy's lifetime. It remains rare [today](#).

I think about Kennedy and his Administration this time of year, the drama of his assassination remains imprinted on my brain along with the season, the idiocy of the Warren Commission report, the way we all meekly swept away the litter, and looked the other way.

It was so tidy. Kennedy killed by a lone assassin, and practically within hours, the purported assassin killed by another lone assassin, who happens to be on his last legs and dies of cancer shortly afterward.

Move along, lady, nothing to see here. End of story.

Part of me never moved on. Part of my attention has stayed fixed, indeed, riveted, on that moment in history. The Kennedy Assassination was my first big glaring non sequitur, in which reality and logic didn't fit the narrative and the hype.

It was the first Big Government Lie that caught my attention, and it has remained like a festering wound, never healed, never put to rest.

Before I knew about Kennedy's medical condition, I was familiar with the idealism and energy of his Administration, all the far-sighted and humane improvements that he and his brother, RFK, envisioned and fought for.

In ways and in venues that most people will never know about, the two brothers fought the good fight, and their legacy remains, protecting people and shining a light on the criminals to this day.

Somehow, when I realized what Jack Kennedy suffered every day of his life, and knew all that he accomplished in spite of it, appreciation turned to something deeper. I just shook my head.

Some men are knot heads. Kennedy was one of them. He didn't have to choose a life of public service and spend what time he had fighting for such things as human decency and justice.

JFK could have stayed home with a child on each knee and a beautiful wife; he could have enjoyed the earthly fortune he inherited, rested on his laurels, and to hell with the rest of us --- and who would have blamed him if he did?

He was sick. Slowly, painfully dying. In terrible pain. He went to Washington anyway.

Now, RFK, Jr., is running as an independent candidate for President. An Independent. Imagine that? He's a knot head, too.

What kind of man would put himself in the way between a helpless baby and Pfizer?

Certainly not Joe Biden. Certainly not Donald Trump.

Even though it's a private foreign British Territorial corporate shareholder election and even though actual Americans aren't allowed to vote....

Even though it's not our election....

We can put up a yard sign. We can give others a ride to the polls. We can give the nod to our Federal Employees and our Federal Dependents as they vote.

If only to honor what RFK, Jr., has done with his life, the choices he has made, and the things he has tried to do--- which is all infinitely braver and more humane than anything Joe Biden or Donald Trump, either one, have ever imagined.

If only to raise the Independent flag above the massive buying power of the political parties....

If only to preserve what is left of the heart and the soul of this country....

If only to signal to the British Crown that we are still alive and capable of thinking....

I think it's time for the Silent Majority to find a voice, no matter what we've suffered, no matter what obstacles stand in the way.

Let all the knot heads stand together and shove.

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