

To the Man Trying to Reach Me



By Anna Von Reitz

For the past three days, you have approached me, and we wind up talking about nothings. And then, you slip away with a furtive glance over your shoulder, having said nothing, but having said it with great earnestness.

I have seen this behavior many, many times before when someone wants to tell me something, but isn't sure they can trust me.

All I can say is that as far as I know, I have never betrayed a source or given away any names without permission. In fact, I have sometimes gotten into trouble for not crediting sources, because I protect my sources fiercely.

I understand that your wife knew me in the past and that we were once friends. I understand that she is gone now, and that people in the community loved her very much. They still leave bouquets of flowers in her memory in front of your apartment building. It's very sad. You know there is nothing I can do to bring her back, and while we can talk about her, that may not be the best thing for you. You tend to brood and think too much, and the pain of losing her has already taken a great toll on you.

You keep to yourself and usually only come out at night to shop and do what business you have to do. You are not a wealthy man, but not desperately poor, either. Slim and athletic and above medium height, with graying reddish brown hair and beard. I know you on sight. I know your voice. I recognize who you are with no problem at all.

But if you want to talk to me and tell me something, please do so. This kind of subconscious tag becomes wearing, and I am too respectful to read your mind. I feel that if you have something you wish to share, it is up to you to share it, not for me to probe it out of you. You understand.

It's not a matter of what we can do, it's a matter of what is fair and right to do.

So if you want to share your mind, share. Trust me, or let it go.

I gather that you consider the information dangerous in some way, that it may even be connected to your wife's death. Again, all I can tell you is that I am no stranger to dealing with sensitive and dangerous information in a responsible way, and as I was a friend to your wife in the past, I remain a friend to her to this day. I won't betray her memory or willingly cause any harm to you.

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