

A Great Big Fat Misunderstanding



By Anna Von Reitz

I can't sugar-coat this or make it easier for anyone, so I am just going to say it flat out: we've been duped---by our own employees and by our own ignorance of what our employees have been doing behind our backs for decades.

We've been occupied --- by our own army.

We've been pillaged and press-ganged and kidnapped into foreign jurisdictions, and once there, we've been railroaded through foreign British Equity Courts, which are rigged by definition.

Okay? It's really that simple. We've been shanghaied-- by legal chicanery-- and all without appearing to go anywhere at all.

It's up to us to take control of the situation and sort it out, as the actual owner-operators of this whole shebang.

Just so you know, just so somebody finally tells you.....

We are the "Foreign Sovereigns" referred to in the Foreign Sovereigns Immunity Act. Subsections 1605 and 1607 are crucial....

We have to identify ourselves as Foreign Sovereigns owed all exemptions and immunity the moment these jokers approach us, the moment one of their courts sends us a summons, the moment they dare to say anything whatsoever at all--and the next words out of your mouth should be:

"Who gave you permission to address me?"

"I am your employer, so that's my role. What's yours, if it's not to serve me?"

That's Job One. And we have to be prepared to make it stick, by being able to prove who we are.

So have those Birth Certificates ready and make sure you tell them that you have your "indemnity receipt"---the BC, which the military had to issue when they seized upon your name and estate and kidnapped you into their foreign British Territorial United States of America jurisdiction back when you were just a poor defenseless little baby in your cradle.

Well, Bob, you're not defenseless now.... you're part of the Jump Team.

The BC is proof of what they did--that they conscripted your name and estate. It is also proof that someone who just happens to have your Given Name and who was born in the same place at the same time and to the same parents as you were--- is insured up the ying-yang against loss or damage and is naturally EXEMPT and immune from all their BS.

Military veterans? Have your DD214's and your Notice of Return to Original Status in place. These vermin have kept you in the service long after you were supposed to be mustered out, so they could keep on dinging you and charging you and taxing you and pulling your gig lines long, long after they were supposed to send you home.

This Notice of Return to Original Status is just a little letter that you send the head of your former Branch of Service informing him that you retired from the military and have been officially discharged and returned to your birthright political status. Thank you the FC very much. Include a plain black and white copy of your DD214 and rivet or triple staple it to your Notice of Return to Original Status to make it all official.

It's not enough to be "Honorably Discharged".

You have to send them their very own special Official Notice in your own handwriting by Registered Mail, Return Receipt Requested, telling them for sure that you left their jurisdiction as of the date of discharge clearly shown on the accompanying DD214.

I swear to God, I couldn't make this up. They have found ways of discharging you --without actually discharging you-- from military service. You are being kept on as unpaid volunteers and subjected to military law, just as if you were a Buck Private in your tidy whites forever and ever.

Ever watch suckling pigs in action? One piglet will shoulder out another and around and around it goes, in a game of musical nipples, each little porker nuzzling in to get his share. That's all innocent enough, but it neatly demonstrates the Principle of the Middleman. He also shoulders his way in and gets between you and your share, and that's what has been done here to our veterans.

What are you due as a veteran? Your freedom. Your sovereignty, which you earned. All your rights. All your heirlooms. All the rents and leases you are owed.

Your stock portfolio, yeah, your stock in The Company--- should be yours to do with what you will, buy, sell, or trade, but they won't tell you that. You have to come back through the door wearing your Foreign Sovereign's hat.

[Lady Flamolare del Chesa wears purple and red, stiletto heels, and a Foreign Sovereign's hat with black ostrich plumes....she's hard to miss, and Lord knows, no man is safe with her around bellowing orders on the tarmac....]

Your soil, your home free and clear, your cut of the Real Deal should all be given to you, no questions asked, but certain parties have found no end of excuses, reasons why they should benefit themselves, instead of dealing honestly with you.

Did you know that our military veterans are literal sovereigns in their own right? Did you know that "We, the People" translates as "We, the Militia"? The Founders of this country set it up so that the men and women who defend it are the ones who own it. Imagine that? Literally. For real.

The more we find out as we go down these rabbit holes, the more disgusted I get, the more nauseating the stench of corruption gets.

I want you to understand why I am so angry, so totally fed up, why I am sometimes left speechless as I grind my way through the bureaucratic nightmare blithely called "the federal government".

Vast resources, (asset pools, credit, stocks, bonds, silver, gold--- you name it), belong to our veterans as part of their inheritance as Americans and also as individuals who served this country, and there is no way to put this nicely--- they are being grossly, infamously cheated out of what is theirs.

These assets are being managed "for" them in generation skipping trusts and tax shelters and sheltered stock portfolio private investor association multiplex funds...oh, the very best, very sneakiest lawyers and bankers have been hired to make sure that all this wealth belonging to our veterans is safeguarded---from the veterans, that is.

The problem is that the middlemen and politicians sucking off these funds are rich, fat, and powerful, while the men and women these assets actually belong to go without even a decent modicum of comfort and support.

Not even a reasonable amount of the interest is being made available to the people these assets actually belong to.

Every veteran in this country is in fact a millionaire and many are billionaires. Yet they are losing their homes to illegal foreclosures. They can't pay their child support. They aren't getting the medical treatment they deserve. They aren't getting the physical therapy and mental health support they need. They don't have the means to go back to school. They can't get private in-house care for drug and alcohol addictions. They can't afford a two-week vacation.

The long list goes on.... and there's no excuse for it. No reason for it. It is absolutely nothing but pure runaway greed and callous, selfish, criminal mismanagement by federal officials and politicians.

Imagine the scene. I walk into a "government" office in sunny California. My jaw is set. I stare at the leggy secretary in a way that makes her sit up straight and stare back at me. "I am here to see Mr. _____." Blink-blink. Do I have an appointment? No, but he will see me. Here's my card.

His face is absolutely white. Drained of all color. He can't look me in the face.

"This is all a great, big, fat misunderstanding....." he stammers.

But even he doesn't begin to realize just how big and fat a misunderstanding it really is. He just sees his part of it. His program. His few trillion dollars stashed in "external investment management portfolios".

My guys deploy. They are thin and swift as greyhounds. A few zip drives later and we are walking out, then scattering to the four winds of heaven. By nightfall, the evidence is recorded on all seven continents.

And late in the night I am alone, my thumb on the scroll button watching the spreadsheets roll.....thousands upon thousands upon thousands of accounts belonging to American veterans who have been cheated out of everything including their own names, by hordes of scheming little white collar Ivy League scumbags who all dodged the draft and God knows, would never volunteer to serve.

Now, imagine an Avenging Angel.

Imagine the curtain in the temple torn asunder. Imagine the divine power pouring through you, pure, eternal, unstoppable.....power to do anything, move any mountain, meet any challenge, overcome any obstacle.

Ride the Divine Wind. It's your inheritance. Your country.

It's time to get Highly Motivated, Gentlemen.

Time to hike your skirts, Ladies.

O-Dark-Thirty in Alaska, ten plus O-Dark-Thirty in Rome, nine plus in London.

If the politicians have any trouble understanding who you are, or the bankers, or the lawyers, or the priests, just lean in real close to their ears and say, "I'm the missing foreign sovereign."

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