

Money and Favorite Uncles



By Anna Von Reitz

I had five Uncles on my Mother's side of the family, and they were all favorites--- in different ways.

There was Julius, the hunting, fishing, orchard-pruning, campfire- making, ghost story-spinning Uncle. He would pack an extra bologna sandwich and take me along just because he missed his own daughter who was all grown up.

And Gene, the High Society Uncle, with the fancy suits and Lincoln Continentals and an addiction to good whiskey. He was so handsome the women used to literally gasp. Not that they meant to. He'd blow into town like a High Wind and take us all to the movies or the Strawberry Festival or whatever else was going on.

And Merrill, the Bonne Homme Uncle, who taught me how to catch a Snapping Turtle with a willow branch, how to lay a straight course of bricks, and who could name all the constellations in the sky. He was the quietest Uncle, but also the most observant. That's why I got the most spankings from him....

There was Merton, my Mother's Fraternal Twin, the dreamy musician and mathematician who could play any instrument in the band, do any kind of sum in his head, and make a stone grow. He was a Radio Operator in Patton's Third Army, and I don't think he ever really came home.

And finally, Henry, who was a Pilot in the US Army Air Force flying giant transport planes "over the Hump" in World War II; he had a smile like Henry Fonda and everyone loved him, even me, though he teased me without mercy and was forever pulling sly jokes.

Henry was the kind of Uncle who would pull quarters out from behind his ears and pretend to have captured your nose, the kind of guy who would tell you that your face was covered in purple spots for no reason at all, who would switch his empty can of pop for your full one if you let him, who would ask what time of day it was at ten o'clock at night....

You had to stay on your toes with Henry.

Not one of us kids was slow on the uptake, and it was largely because of him.

He was always up to something. Some joke. Some deceitful prank. Some silly observation that was a combination of cynical and sweet.

It's because of Henry that I recognized the con job of money early on.

It was plain to me that no piece of paper was equivalent to candy bars. Even at age four.

I said to him one day, "Why are all these people pretending about money? Is it some kind of game?"

He coughed rather violently, then gave me a slow, considering stare.

"Well, yes, I suppose it is," he said. "But it's a game nobody has any choice about playing."

That set my young wheels spinning again. Okay, it's a game, but we don't have a choice? Since when are games mandatory?

The plain fact is that money is a con game worse than any sideshow scam, is now and always has been. And just as Henry said, we are being forced to play this con game via "Legal Tender Laws" which are themselves illegal.

Can you all say, "forced and inequitable contract"?

For over a hundred years, we have been treated to the spectacle of otherwise sane Americans accepting nothing but an I.O.U. from the Federal Reserve in exchange for our apples and widgets and labor.

That's where the staggering "National Debt" of the Municipal and British Territorial United States comes from --- from all the credit that we have extended to them under force and duress of "Legal Tender Laws". And that's what makes us their priority creditors.

Paper really isn't equivalent to chocolate bars.

That, and the fact that we paid the blackguards up front face value for their otherwise worthless script. We, ourselves, underwrote the currency even before anyone began trading it, which adds another whole layer to the fraud.

Robbed, embezzled, conned --- call it what you will. Our public servants have done this to us all and the banks have colluded with them on it.

The day is going to come when you are all going to wake up and shake your heads like Rip Van Winkle and say, "What is all this nonsense?"

And you will know, as I have known all these years, that money is nothing but a game that you've been forced to play by people having less than zero authority to impose Legal Tender Laws on you in the first place.

When you finally realize that its all just an ugly joke, that you have been a fool, and that "the government" is at fault for this, you will no doubt be angry, too.

And you will wonder---- oh, my! oh, my! --- what do we do?

The first thing most people do is run headlong down to the jewelry store or gold exchange and start buying gold coins and bullion and stock in mining companies, but there, too, you are being short-changed.

It's the whole proposition of money that stinks, not just the form of it.

It doesn't really matter what you use "as" money --- paper or metals or plastics. Wampum beads will do as a cure. It's all just nothing but Flim-Flam de Jour.

And that is the part where most people balk and blink and think: what? There's no good alternative? It's not even a matter of alternatives? It's all just bunko in the first place?

But if there's no money --- no money at all --- what then?

Then we finally deal with the reality of life and our need to be able to translate bongo drums into shoe leather and pig snouts into pomade. And we deeply consider --- maybe for the first time ever --- how to construct a monetary system that is honest?

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