

Name One -- Day Eleven



By Anna Von Reitz

This morning I realized that the light fixture above my bed is still hanging at a crazy angle as a result of the earthquake and that two shelves of books are still laying down sideways.

That's the way it is in a disaster. It's too much to take in all at once. It was the same way with the Miller's Reach Fire back in 1996. You keep on reaching for things that are no longer there, or trying to find things that were thrown out by someone else. It's crazy.

And the "recovery" goes on and on and on, as you discover new things broken, or go into the garden shed for the first time in two weeks and realize, OMG! Another mess from the earthquake!

Sigh. It gets tiring. So does the stress from the after-shocks. [Either they ran out of ammo at Fort Rich or someone got to the Commander and told him to stop all artillery barrages in the wake of an earthquake.]

The dogs have gotten sensitized to the rumbling and jerking and now bark in advance, which could be good--- but isn't, because we Dumb Humans don't know if they are barking to warn us of an impending earthquake after-shock or just objecting to a cat crossing the yard or the UPS man making a delivery next door.

We'd all love to take a nice, long, hot bath or shower, but really can't, because the after-shocks keep us ready to bolt out the door, so we dance through the shower in record time and get dressed like we are late for a fire alarm. Really, truly, this isn't fun.

But we are mucking it, as my Mother used to say at moments like this, and stumbling our way forward. I was able to get a few gifts off to friends and family in time for Christmas-- just enough to say, "I'm still here! I still care!" So I won't feel utterly bad about Christmas. I had forgotten a stash of presents I bought earlier this year, and they survived the wreck.

It may sound stupid, but the sense of connectedness and empowerment that you lose in a disaster is close to being the worst of it. One moment you are in charge of your world and have a clear view of tomorrow, and the next, well, the next... you can't even guarantee sending a Christmas card.

There have been a couple nasty surprises in the aftermath -- things that waited a day or two to fall over, give way, slump -- after the main earthquake. I am told that is normal and to expect more damage to appear in the spring when the ground melts. Oh, joy.

It doesn't feel or look like the normal holiday season here. We have our one string of lights turned on and one distant neighbor also has a single string of lights lit. That's it. No wreaths, no swags on mail boxes, no kitschy blow-up Santa Clauses, no reindeer, no pink flamingos with wreaths around their

necks and Santa hats. I almost miss the flamingos, with their wry, determinedly jaunty plastic stare. Almost.

Even my Obnoxious Neighbor (everyone has one, right?) hasn't put up his traditional decoration: a single giant glowing can of SPAM.

It's an Alaska thing.

Long after WWII we were eating the leftover rations: drinking canned milk and eating SPAM casseroles.

And then to top off the general sense of loss and hard times, my ExO walked in this morning shaking his head.

"I've been thinking," he said gloomily.

With him, this is always an ominous prelude.

"....and I can't think of a single world leader I can name, who really seems to have the good of the people at heart. Not one."

Of course, I tried to help him with the search. After a few seconds I shrugged and looked at the wall.

The new guy in the Philippines appears to be making a Good Faith effort to clean out the drug pushers and thugs. Trump promised to end the Chem Trails.

But as usual, I had to admit that my ExO is right. I couldn't put my finger on any declared Knights in Shining Armor championing the cause of Mankind. All the world's leaders are mostly too busy trying to clean up after themselves, like Macron, or too intent on keeping a low profile to avoid past misdeeds, like the Queen, or just plain obscene, like Trudeau.

Not a happy rumination, but one we need to make.

What more or better can we expect, when we choose our leaders according to accidents of birth or which lobbyist group promises the most generous kickbacks?

Bah, humbug.

Macron promises a dollar more an hour for minimum wage. Eight dollars a day, average 23 work days a month, times 12 months = \$2,208. That would keep Macron in cigars for a week, but after taxes, amounts to a net gain of about \$1,400 for an average French worker with a family of four. Enough to buy a half-decent bicycle, so Dad can get to work.

No, no heroes anywhere in this cold and dark December. Its just you and me, Jaime, and of course, the chickens. It is apparent that if any meaningful help is to come, it must come from within ourselves, among ourselves, by people making their own stand for Mankind and for decency. We must be our own heroes, our own leaders.

Many thanks are being sent to all of you who have shouldered that extra burden this Christmastime, and who have shared our losses. The need is still heavy, but we don't feel alone--- and we may be depressed by the entire situation, but, there is progress.

Bit by bit and piece by piece, the Great Fraud is being unraveled and the criminals are being exposed. More and more people are waking up worldwide.

With this week's clean up of the more corrupt elements in the "US" military--- the old DOD, US NAVY, USAF, US ARMY, PENTAGON--- all of which are commercial corporation franchises of the French-Belgian-Swiss UN CORP engaged in commercial mercenary activities under color of law, we reached the Tipping Point.

I feel confident that the Swamp is in fact being drained and despite all the rhetoric and attacks by the corrupt demagogues in Washington, Donald Trump is keeping his word. He may not be a Knight in Shining Armor, pure in thought, word, and deed--but among the world leaders, he is coming close to that.

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