

Status Report -- Grandma's New Shoes



By Anna Von Reitz

What have I been doing? Working. Hard.

What's the status? We and our allies are in every national and world court and we are pinning down a dozen "administrative agencies" besides. We have come from all sides and from many nations to expose the global crimes.

At home, we are commissioning our Marshals Service, setting up our international trade banks and state credit unions and other services.

Others among us are busily setting up the County and State Jural Assemblies.

And always, day by day, we are chiseling away at the injustices on every side: the private collection agencies masquerading as courts, the misrepresentation of marriages as business Joint Ventures (with the State of State owning the controlling interest), the endless demands to license rights, the illegal and immoral foreclosures, and so much more.

Everyone is working with a sense of urgency and mission, and going as fast as we can with the resources we've got.

When I view the immensity of the task, even I don't know how we are doing it ---- but we are.

Have I been attacked? This strikes me as a silly question.

I, like everyone else, was attacked by these vermin when I was only a few days old, a baby in my cradle. And to one extent and one direction or another, I have been under attack ever since.

This is the norm. This is how we have all been forced to live thanks to these maniacs.

We've had to fear our own government. We've been subjected to our own employees.

Absolutely everything about this whole situation has been upside down and "bassackwards" and when you stop and think about it, you will know that this is true and that not only have I been under attack ---- so have you.

Have I been lied about? Hahahahahah!

This is a spiritual war in which truth is our weapon, and falsehood is theirs.

So here I am, an American, being mischaracterized as a "US Citizen".

So here I am, a Lutheran, being attacked as a "Vatican Agent".

Here I am, a Great-Grandmother, being called a "Reptilian Warrior".

Here I am, scraping along, giving away all my money to the cause---my book sales, my retirement income, the donations I receive --- being accused of "getting rich" and taking "Rothschild money".

Hahahahahahahahah! And I don't even believe in money.

Think about this: a group of criminals pretending to represent you hands over your ability to produce your own money to a Third Party (Rothschild, for example) and he starts printing little paper I.O.U's purportedly "for" you.

In return, he receives a hundred percent of the face value of each I.O.U., plus the cost of producing the I.O.U's, plus 4%. And you? You pay for it all.

You make him unimaginably rich for doing almost nothing at all, and you make yourself and your children unimaginably poor --- and you can't see through this?

Hello?

Some days I am stunned by the sheer number of lies these people can produce. Our adversaries do "lie faster than a horse can trot" --- as my Mother used to say. If one lie doesn't work, they don't miss a beat. They just concoct another.

You have been told that Satan went insane and no longer knew the Truth. What you have not been told, though this should be self-evident, is that his children suffer the same affliction--- because the truth, literally--- is not in them.

They cannot tell fact from fiction, which makes them very effective liars: they come across very sincere, because they believe their own lies. And they cannot feel, either, because of this inability to sort fact from fiction. A man seems as insubstantial and unimportant, to them, as a photo of a man.

Whatever their opinion is, at any given moment, serves them as "truth" and they neither know nor can recognize any greater standard.

I was asked "What's taking so long?"

I replied, it's like being Alice in Wonderland.

Every question we ask has a dozen answers, eleven of which are wrong, and all twelve have avid proponents trying to shout louder than all the others. And because the liars all believe their own lies, it's not like you can sort it out according to whose palms are sweating.

So we journey onward, and I have worn out my shoes. I have spent my "forty years in the desert" and am ready to conquer the promised land.

Come now, and let's finish this. Let no moment be wasted.

We are still in great need of donations. Those who can give, certainly should, in view of what they stand to gain. Those who cannot, need not be ashamed.

May all pray for us who bear the brunt of these assaults--- those unjustly imprisoned, those unjustly indebted, and all those innocents who have been attacked by these criminals.

My PayPal is the same as my email: avannavon@gmail.com. The snail mail here is: Anna Maria Riezinger, c/o Box 520994, Big Lake, Alaska 99652.

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