

Forget About P. Diddy

By Anna Von Reitz



All he is, is a black Jeffrey Epstein. He infiltrated the Hollywood crowd, and made a fortune as a butcher bringing fresh meat to the tables of the scum among us.

P. Diddy is just one of the many who collaborated in this trade. He is of importance only because he was slipshod and careless about it, so that his activities are easier to prove and demonstrate than a John Podesta.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is, for once, doing its actual job and attempting to shut down human trafficking and especially child trafficking as part of a worldwide effort to do the same. They've been having a tough time preparing the public and convincing people that this kind of trafficking exists, even though it is nothing new.

Sheriffs, peacekeepers, public safety officers, and law enforcement officers have been fighting "white slavers" for hundreds of years. They were so far successful that for a brief time before the Second World War, they had it whipped. A whole generation of children grew up in relative safety, and then, in the free-for-all 1960's, it began again.

Because the institutions of Justice were themselves being corrupted and "redefined" and left flapping in the wind at the same time, the traffic in women and children burgeoned and burgeoned and burgeoned until at its height during the Obama Administration, more than eight million American children were disappearing every year without as much as a face on a milk carton.

The corrupt and colluding British Territorial U.S. Congress and the even more corrupt US CONGRESS and their franchises, defunded the Federal Marshals whose responsibility was, among other things, to police the international land jurisdiction and prevent interstate human trafficking. Their subsidiaries like "the United States Government, Incorporated", re-tasked the FBI to study their navels and take kickbacks, leave Witnesses in the Federal Witness Protection Program unprotected, and occasionally, look the other way while Presidents and former Attorney Generals were assassinated on camera, or women and children were burned to death in Waco, Texas, for the crime of living next door to an air strip.

For many years, the Federal Bureau of Investigations has been a sort of domestic damage control and clean up squad, reduced to engineering cover-ups, False Flags, political smear campaigns, domestic assassinations, and whatever dirty jobs the politicians needed done.

Most of the "Fibby Agents" seemed to accept this and forgot their actual purpose. By the 2000s, they'd even forgotten the difference between "Federal" and "State" jurisdictions.

But internationally and administratively, things are changing. Public opinion and scrutiny --- not to mention the actual law --- is coming to bear on them and on many other so-called "Agencies" which are now struggling to prove their worth and answer the question of why, exactly, are we paying them?

So, incredible as it seems to many long-term Fibby Watchers, the Federal Bureau of Investigations is coming out of its mothballed stupor and beginning to look somewhat credible again --- at least in the realm of child kidnapping and abuse, and they are even cracking down somewhat on the trafficking of young men and women who are above the so-called "age of consent", but still being forced into unwilling prostitution and rape situations.

It's too little and too late for many victims, but better late than never.

Scum like John Podesta, Jeffrey Epstein, and P. Diddy exist; but, you will be relieved to know that under our law, Public Law, it is a capital crime for any "mentally competent adult" to molest, much less kidnap or murder, a child.

We don't have to mess around with them like the Public Safety Departments and Law Enforcement Agencies do. We declare Land Law, which we recently did, and if we catch them in the act, we convene a jury, present the evidence (which has to be actual and substantial), reach a verdict --- and that's that.

No forty years on Death Row. No long drawn-out court process.

Many members of the Law Enforcement Community, jealous of anyone doing their jobs for them, decry our American Public Law as "Frontier Justice" but when it's their children being snatched or their wives and girlfriends, they pile on board with the rest of us, and get the job done. And when it's their job at risk --- do it or lose it --- they also tend to get serious.

Someone, apparently Donald Trump, finally gave them their marching orders in words that they can understand, and as a result, the kingpins are being taken down and the flotsam collected. This means that it took a military intervention to end these heinous activities and crimes against women, young men, and children.

We should be thankful that the stumps were stirred and orders given, but we shouldn't allow the emotional theater attached to these particular crimes distract us.

Keep your eyes open and follow the example of Robert Redford, a man who never took a wooden nickel in his life.

Stay watchful and vigilant, always observant, always scanning the horizon and watching the angles. Pay attention to the truth. Find the good in people where you find it, regardless of their color, age, sex, religion, nationality, or political party.

Don't be quick to judge, but don't be afraid to judge, either.

Keep your balance and keep moving. Don't just accept appearances. Don't rely on the status quo. If there is too much fanfare, and you will have to become a good judge of that, avoid whatever it is.

Be friendly, but don't extend yourself too much. Always hang back a little. Survey the scene. Observe yourself within the scene. Be logical about things first, emotional about things second.

Let yourself enjoy life, especially all the little things, but don't let any person, experience, or thing become your master. Don't lose yourself in the crush of the crowd. Make sure you are at your own controls.

Politely consider everyone else's ideas and opinions, but mind your own thoughts. Push yourself a little every day, to try something that interests you, to find answers to questions that interest you.

Don't let other people ask all of your questions for you.

Never accept a dead end. If one good thing ends, accept that, and go on, knowing that other good things will come. Honor your own truth. Have courage and don't even try to lie.

Accept the fact that our relationships don't always last forever, and neither do our lives. That's not the point. It's the living that matters, every day, moment to moment, right now.

It's the sincerity of the love in each moment that matters most of all.

Make friends with Nature, even if it seems alien at first. The Earth is your Mother and your birthright, even if you've spent your entire life standing on asphalt and concrete. Take a clue from the Japanese.

No matter how crowded together they are, no matter how urban their environment, they find ways to connect back to Nature. There are gardens on the rooftops and fish tanks in the restaurants, single flower blossoms adorning their chopsticks --- for a reason.

They constantly remind each other that they are part of Nature and something greater than their individual selves.

We all need to know that.

When you fall down, stand back up. We all make mistakes, but the biggest mistake is when people don't dust themselves off, learn from it, and try again.

Remember Yogi Berra: "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." Whichever road you choose, you can make it the right one.

Never live with regret for long. It's a bad roommate. And don't be chintzy about forgiveness. Just forgive and move on. Whatever harm people have done to you, they've also done to themselves. There's no point in prolonging any attachment to that pain. Just let it go. Set yourself free of it.

And know that you are doing so. Be willful about it. You are forgiving them for your own sake, not for theirs, so there's no reason to hold onto the least shadow of hate. If you do, it will only darken your own days.

This goes double for "ancestral memories" -- that is, animosity and fears and hatred about things that happened to your ancestors. Stay present. Those things didn't happen to you.

You weren't enslaved on a cotton plantation. You weren't slaughtered at Wounded Knee. You didn't die at Gettysburg. You didn't perish in a gas chamber at Dachau.

The soul memory of these things can cling to us for 22 generations, locked into our DNA. The only reason to remember what happened to your ancestors is to evaluate the experience. Examine it. What were the evil motives, thoughts, emotions, and beliefs that caused it?

How do we keep that from happening again?

Beyond that, the experience has served its purpose, and needs to be put to rest, together with all the prejudices and cruelties and fears that those memories engender.

The present moment is where you are and where you belong.

Don't get caught in the slipstream of a past that you can't consciously remember.

Let it go in peace and you --- you move on. Live your own life.

Don't forget to dream. Dreams become realities. Thoughts take on a life of their own. Cherish every good dream you have, including daydreams and pipedreams. Remember that they belong to you, and are utterly your own.

Nobody else has the right to pass judgment on your dreams.

If people do pass judgement on your dreams, if they laugh at you, if they say, "Oh, that will never happen!" ---- just put that in the grab bag labeled "Personal Opinions" and smile, knowing that the fate of your dreams isn't up to them. It's up to you.

Don't waste your time on the P. Diddys and Jeffrey Epsteins of the world. Know that they will get the payment they are owed and harvest the seeds they've sown --- and so will you. So make up your mind to do good deeds and spread kindness. Plant carrots, not bombs.

By doing that, you change the world that is, and help to create a new world, where evil can't exist.

Give compassion as a gift. Nurture the world. Not being stupid about it, not to exhaust yourself, but quietly and consistently through the years, granting mercy and nurture to man and beast, not to be seen by any crowd or to earn any accolades, but just to fulfill your own nature as a caretaker of this world, and be at peace.

When you look at yourself in the mirror, look closely. Look at what you see reflected in your eyes. Are you happy? Really? Are you at peace with yourself? Is your conscience as clear as a pane of glass?

Trace over any scars and wrinkles. Think of them as tokens of the experience you've earned. Realize that while you may have lost beauty of one kind, you've gained another beauty. And it's all, first to last, uniquely your own.

At the end of one road, is the beginning of another. The wretched excuses for men like P. Diddy and Jeffrey Epstein, the empty husks of men, don't count, but you do, because you made that decision for yourself.

The decision to love.

It is a decision, like a decision to mow the lawn. It doesn't have to be any more dramatic than that. Just a simple decision, but it's the one decision that -- repeated everyday -- makes all the difference between a life well-lived, and ending up in the Abyss.

So forget about P. Diddy and focus on you.

Granna

See this article and over 5000 others on Anna's website here: www.annavonreitz.com

To support this work look for the Donate button on this website.