

## The Real Pied Piper



By Anna Von Reitz

I know the Pied Piper. He's a Prince of the Devic Kingdoms who remembers the Old Music. Well, so do I, so I am not necessarily criticizing him for that. He honors the original contract for Earth Governance including the original Peace Treaty with the Devic Kingdoms, and like all the Devics I have ever known, he is faultlessly honest.

Truth is the only Law of the Devic Kingdoms. Whatever is true, however awful it may be, is true. And what is true must be honored. Period.

So, you are now advised to carefully regard the story of The Pied Piper of Hamblin with new eyes. What happens? He shows up in his (to us) peculiar outfit (something like a Court Jester but more elegant) and offers to help get rid of the rat infestation afflicting the city. Despite his odd appearance, the City Fathers agree.

You know, or should know, the rest of the story. He played his pipes and rid the city of the rats, but when he came to get paid for this service, the other rats--- the Mayor and Townspeople --- refused their part of the bargain, thinking that, well, we are rid of the rats, and what can this stranger do? He's just an odd beggar.... why should we pay him for anything?

So, he switched up his tune and led away all the children of Hamblin, never to be seen again.

That was 600 years ago according to the Church timeline, and 1700 years ago according to mine, but who is counting?

Let's be clear about the Devics --- they are not, strictly speaking, people --- though they appear to be. Instead, they are Elemental Beings, that may from time to time incarnate in the physical world.

The Pied Piper maintains the Devic Law.

Whatever is true is true, and whatever is owed, is owed.

If you make a deal with a Devic, you have to keep it and do your very best to honor it --- which they will know and judge --- or you will reliably end up on the bad end of retribution.

That said, if you make a deal with a Devic, you can also rely on them carrying through on their part of the deal. Their devotion to Truth as Law is invariable and absolute. They know no other Law.

Now, I am not particularly comfortable with the Pied Piper these days. He's rather bitter and very old. He likes to meet me in a certain moonlit garden adrift in white roses and water fountains when Midsummer comes around. We sit and talk, sitting back to back on a certain white marble bench, for reasons well-known to the True Wise.

We commiserate about the Old Days and the Old Music and Time Out of Time. It's always bittersweet, because so much of that True Magic has been lost or polluted or eroded away to something barely recognizable, like the Sphinx.

His bitterness makes him difficult to be with at times, and even somewhat dangerous, because he gets angry, too.

This I bear well-enough, because he has reason to be angry.

The Devics largely create this physical world as workers and artists and fine craftsmen, only to see it constantly and thoughtlessly destroyed. They build the environment only to see it polluted. They try to interact with men and have some honest commerce, only to be disappointed --- like the Pied Piper of Hamblin --- time after time after time.

And they are right. It is our fault that we are not devoted to Truth, when we have the ability to know the Truth. It is our fault that we don't honor agreements. It is our fault that we are grossly ungrateful. It is our fault that we are violent and constantly harming each other and the environment, too. It is our decision not to remember who we are.

Frankly, it's hard to say a word against his irritation with mankind.

Of all the many potent complaints held against us and our kind, the chief and most damning is our mistreatment of the animals.

Are we so deaf, dumb, blind, and willfully forgetful that we cannot see the kinship we share with the animals? Can we not recognize our eyes in their eyes? Do we not care about anything but ourselves?

Have we entirely forgotten our Sacred Duty as Caretakers of this planet and everything and everyone on it?

My meetings with the Pied Piper take place in June every year, around the height of Midsummer, when we--- those who can remember--- all drift into his villa for conferences.

I am happy that I can still enter his palace unannounced and that he welcomes me and that we sit in his garden and stare up at the dark vault of Heaven together, back to back, hands knotted like school kids on the white marble bench, neither one of us daring to look the other in the face.

From his standpoint, the world has only gotten worse and the people in it more disgusting and self-absorbed and insensitive and dishonest. From my standpoint, he has become polluted by his own bitterness, and that makes it harder to find the True Magic we all need.

I wish I could just say, well, let's begin again....let go our bitterness and the past and go forward into a new day...

But he knows-- and I know-- that in order to do that, the people in this world all need to make choices that they are largely unaware of.

They have to decide to honor the Truth. They have to choose to keep their words. They have to remember and cherish and honor their obligations as Caretakers. They have to stop their abuse of each other and of the animals and of the environment. Have to.

So I am telling you all to search your hearts and minds. There is more ---far more--- to this, than the fate of Homo sapiens. Remember who you are. Remember your place in Creation. Connect to what is True, and turn away from what is False.

Decisions are made by the act of not making decisions, and every day we wait and waver and fail to find the collective will to do what is right, the True Magic of Creation slips away from us and away from our world.

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