

The Revolving Door



By Anna Von Reitz

In the name of protecting the confessional and granting forgiveness to penitent sinners, the Church has harbored criminals.

As I have said often enough before, there is only One who can grant forgiveness, and as I will say again, in order for forgiveness to happen, our repentance must be sincere.

Repentance must cut to the bone and change our hearts, or we are just as guilty as we ever were --- maybe more so, because those who seek forgiveness without true repentance brand themselves as hypocrites, too.

This lackluster mundane chronic "forgiveness" offered by the corrupted Church leads to a revolving door syndrome.

Week One: "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I have had sex with my dog twice this week...."

Week Two: "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I have had sex with my dog three times this week....."

Week Three: "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I had sex with my dog, two donkeys and a really hot cat this week....."

You see what I mean and what this leads to.

The same thing applies to the Church's responsibility under both Ecclesiastical and Canon Law to liquidate corporations that engage in criminal activities. Witness the liquidation of the UNITED STATES, INC.

This took ten years to accomplish, was not properly administered, resulted in rewarding the criminals responsible, and then, these same criminals were allowed to form a new corporation under a new name, and allowed to sail on as if nothing had happened.

The form of justice was somewhat maintained. They went through the motions of a liquidation the same way they go through the motions of repentance and forgiveness ---- but nothing was bettered or altered, no justice was done, and the criminality fostered by this has continued unabated.

Here's another example: "Among those arrested, 36 men were charged with trying to buy sex [from children] and one man was arrested for promoting [child] prostitution. Forty-three women were arrested for selling sex — they were connected with social services aimed at rehabilitating human trafficking victims,

WBNS-TV reported. "<https://www.foxnews.com/.../ohio-sex-sting-104-arrested-docto...>

You notice that last kicker? The women arrested were "connected with social services aimed at rehabilitating human trafficking victims" ---- the traffickers were the ones hired to "rehabilitate" the victims.

Apparently, "rehabilitation" means being abused some more, so that the victims learn to accept it

better.

Think about it --- 43 grown women, involved in sex trafficking children. What possible punishment would be appropriate or sufficient for them? Branding a big red "T" in the center of their foreheads?

Many people are surprised when they hear about child sex trafficking in places like Ohio. I selected this story out of many to bring home the point that rural America and rural Canada are the favorite hunting grounds of these depraved criminals.

My Mother, a farm girl from Wisconsin, was attacked when she was only seven years old. It scarred her for life. She carried a gun wherever she went. And if anyone had ever again offered to harm her or one of her children, that person would be dead--- with extreme prejudice. She was connected to an entire group of adult women in Wisconsin who had been abused as children, and they were all the same. They all carried guns. And they were all sworn to use them.

My Mother's brothers were also members of a similar men's group, as a result of her abduction and abuse. They and their friends, mostly WWII buddies, were similarly dedicated to protecting the community's children. If any gang of pedophiles or child traffickers ever came into Jackson County, these people were unceremoniously fed to the catfish. It was "settled law", and that was enough.

Guys who stormed Anzio and the Normandy Beaches didn't give a rat's rump. Anyone --- and I do mean anyone --- who messed with their children, was going to wind up on the short end of a long stump.

As a result, nobody had to lock the doors of their houses. Nobody had to worry about locking their cars. We kids played wherever we wanted to play, carefree as the daisies in May. We stayed out in the evenings until the streetlights came on and fire flies came out, and nobody ever had to worry, because there were adults deployed all over that county watching us all like hawks. If anyone was caught harming a child, they died, and the Jackson County Coroner signed the Death Certificate "natural causes".

You can't get more natural than a big catfish.

Now, that's the reality of it all and that's what people of a new generation have to face. It's not all sunshine and roses and butterflies. It's not all unicorns and sly snarky jokes and name-brand jeans.

It's not that these same pedophiles and sex traffickers and cannibals didn't exist in my day. It's that they didn't exist for long. They got taken out and down and off the street faster than rabid dogs.

The local policemen, all three of them, didn't do the job of policing our community and protecting our children. A bunch of grim old men and women, teamed up with a few well-fed catfish, did that job. It was "settled law" and they enforced it.

Last time I was home in Wisconsin, it was late summer, a dark and beautiful moonlit night with a yellow full moon riding high in the sky. I stopped and parked my car and listened to the whippoorwills and watched the small ripples on one of the countless lakes. Behind me, across a two-lane asphalt road was a narrow three-story court building, built of grey limestone blocks.

That court building stands mostly empty and unused now, because it belongs to the actual County and the actual People of Wisconsin. It's only when a grey-beard like me comes to town and the Justices of the Peace hold a meeting or when the County Land Surveyor brings in a new record, that it gets used at all.

One could think that there was nobody in a hundred miles. One could easily think that nobody had ever been there since the courthouse was built. It was that quiet.

But I remembered a night fifty years ago, when that same courthouse was anything but quiet.

A 42-year old man from Chicago had been caught red-handed raping a seven year old boy from

Hatfield, Wisconsin.

A jury of twelve men heard the facts, heard the law, and delivered their verdict within about an hour. The Justice of the Peace pronounced the sentence. By two o'clock in the morning, everyone was home in bed, the boy was in his Mother's arms, being comforted, and our criminal visitor from Chicago was dead.

They netted and weighted and threw his hanged body into that same lake I was looking at. It was the established and published and settled law of our actual County, and they enforced it.

If Chicago wanted to gripe, they could sit on Lake Michigan and spin.

He was a big, fat, white man and he looked like a dead pig as they lowered him in, wiped their hands, and said a prayer for his immortal soul.

That's the way it was back then, and if the military and the police don't haul rump and get their heads wrapped around what we are facing in this country, it will have to be that way again, because nobody in their right mind is going to put up with having their children grabbed and raped and murdered.

I don't care if you are black, white, purple, LGBT or ET. Doesn't make a bit of difference to me. You're on our turf now. And it's our law that matters.

As I started up my car to leave, I saw a shadow detach itself from the pine trees across the parking lot and saw a flash of white smile in the darkness. A Winnebago man from the Ho-Chunka Reservation out fishing for the evening. He was about my age and there was something familiar about him, but I couldn't immediately place who he was.

Ah, the younger brother of one of my classmates.

We greeted each other kindly, respectfully, and passed the time for a couple minutes, then he said, "I remember the way it used to be."

"So do I," I replied.

"We were poor," he said, "but people were honest."

I nodded.

"My own son stole my outboard motor and sold it," he told me, for no apparent reason.

People are forever telling me things they wouldn't tell their Mother.

"Did you get it back?" I asked.

"Yes, the motor I got back, but not my son," he said sadly. "He thinks that money is the important thing, not his Father's respect and love."

He was leaning against my car, looking up at the full moon. I could see the tears rolling down his face, but his voice didn't betray a thing.

What could I say? That our country has been deluded? That the whole world is led astray by con men? So that people value what is not valuable, and throw away everything that matters, even their self-respect?

"I don't think I will ever use that outboard again," he said finally. "I think I'll throw it away somewhere. Dig it a grave."

What could I say? I knew exactly what he meant and why he said it.

We've gained things, but not virtues. We have money, but not love. Whatever pleasure or utility that outboard motor once provided to him, it was nothing compared to what it cost him --- his pride and his trust in his son.

As I pulled away and out onto the road again, I tried to follow his shadow back into the trees, but he vanished back into the forest as abruptly as he came, and I knew that even if I stopped the car and cut the engine and listened hard, I wouldn't hear his moccasin boots on the soft ground covered with pine needles.

It all brought up an unexpected sense of loss. Harsh as it was, our justice was once swift and sure.

Hard as it was, to wear homemade cotton dresses and eat scrapple for breakfast all winter long, and share my portion with the dog so that he could live, too---- hard as it was, it was true. It was built out of our land and our labor, not out of cheating someone else, and not out of stealing, least of all, stealing from our family and our friends.

This, this ugly system of immorality, criminality, and greed is the "superiority" and the "sophistication" of the Europeans --- polite, white collar crime, murder carried out with a pen by clueless bureaucrats ---- and they can have it, too, I thought, as I shoved the old stick shift into third gear.

Predators of children and the elderly and our veterans, too, I thought, as I turned Old Bessie over into fourth gear and rocked on down the road. And they are going to give me a title, Esquire, so that I can work for them? And aspire to be like them?

Ha! They are on my turf now.

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