

## Something in the Air

By Anna Von Reitz



Does everyone recall, as I do, the late Queen Elizabeth II, letting her hand fall in consternation on the arm of an overstuffed couch covered in fine Jacobin floral patterns, and declaring, "Charles shall never be my Successor."

She said this clearly, with perfect enunciation, and no small amount of energy. Her expression was one of calm and final determination. There was nothing to suggest that she had the least doubt remaining, and her jaw was set with that little tell-tale fold mark at the right corner of her mouth. Nobody who knew the Queen had any question or doubt that Charles had pimped his last gasp, ruined his last horse, and caused his last scandal as Heir Apparent.

Mother had, over-flowingly, had enough.

And nobody present, not members of the Royal Family, not the Prime Minister, not the assorted members of the Privvy Council ---- nobody dared say a word, raise a question or even cock an eyebrow. They'd all been properly and surely informed concerning what was not going to happen, and left to wonder what would happen and who else would be named as the Queen's Successor.

There was a short flurry of speculation surrounding who might rise in the Queen's estimation and profit from Charles' political demise. After brief casting about, it was decided that Prince William was the most likely candidate to simply brush past his Father, but not before a process akin to a Fraternity Rush had taken place and all the other possibilities had been remembered, examined, and for one reason or another discarded from the "Most Likely" spot.

Those of us who witnessed this brief cut-and-dried drama during an unguarded moment of BBC "coverage" --- which usually means covering something up --- have remembered it. It had the quality of one brief blinding shaft of sunlight striking through

the clouds. I would hazard a guess that it was in 2009 that this occurred, at about the same time that Michael Jackson's death was reported--- so by my estimate, anyway, more than a decade ago.

Much has happened since then. Charles' marriage to Camilla Parker-Bowles seemed to calm his restless and often unhappy spirit, and thing settled down, with Charles lapsing into his more solid role as a man of intellectual depth interested in architecture, city planning, water pollution remediation, animal welfare, and an endless list of similar proper concerns, well-distanced from chasing skirts and tromping around the celebrity circuit. Once he turned sixty-five even the papers stopped chasing him around like hounds.

There seemed to be a pause, almost like a pleasant intake of breath held comfortably, and at a time in his life when most men consider themselves retired, a few people were heard to say, with a slight bit of wonder, "Prince Charles appears to have come into his own."

Despite the Queen's solemn pronouncement that Charles would not be her Successor, nobody seemed to question it much when Charles was heralded as King Charles the Third, but I questioned it for the simple reason that I have been watching Queen Elizabeth for most of my life.

Via the miracle of modern telecommunication, I have heard Elizabeth II speak on hundreds of occasions, watched her reactions to sporting events, the openings of Parliament, romps in the country, tender moments with family, and every other kind of scene one might imagine. I have watched her sign death warrants condemning some hapless Territorial to the gallows with the same business-like acumen with which she performed so many other duties.

Through this long-standing Observation, I believe that I have developed a fine sense of the Queen's indomitable, fixed character. I believed her when she said that Charles would never be her Successor all those years ago; she meant it, and I don't think she changed her mind. I think she did something totally unexpected and brilliant.

As the last of her days played out, I believe that she sensed the end coming and retired to Balmoral in Scotland, where she prepared for her Successor, King Charles of Scotland.

Even Native Heirs of Britannia don't realize that under the terms of the formation of Great Britain, any one of the four (4) kings -- England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales -- can serve as the King of Great Britain in a pinch.

This would adequately explain the otherwise completely inexplicable recent swearing-in ceremony of the members of the Parliament and Judiciary, wherein they all swore allegiance to "King Charles", not "King Charles, the Third".

Astonished commentators, including myself, gave side-long glances and knew, absolutely, that something is afoot. Top British Barristers could never and would never make such an omission, and neither would the seasoned members of the Queen's Government. I would sooner bet on Mount Everest falling down, than consider that swearing-in ceremony anything but deliberate and precise.

Almost immediately people jerked awake and speculations started to fly about this very odd spectacle. Were they all swearing allegiance to King Charles I, the second son of James VI, one of the Catholic Stuart Kings, who was beheaded in 1649? He was one of the casualties of the still-ongoing English Civil War, which was more about religion than our American Civil War, but in the end, just as illegal and interminable.

Our early research on the subject suggests that what we have suffered in America was also suffered first in England: an undeclared Civil War steeped in violence and mercenary intrigue, excused as a religious war just as the American Civil War was propagandized as a moral crusade against slavery when the real motivations were commercial. The real bone of contention in the English Civil War appears to have been the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church and the extensive spread of its "Common Wealth" holdings.

Is it possible that the actual history has been unearthed and the Stuart Kings are being put forward by the Roman Catholic Church? And faced with overwhelming evidence, the Parliament and Judiciary are standing for this?

That's one theory, not mine.

I think that the present King Charles of Scotland would be a logical and historically supported choice to rule Great Britain, to protect the land and soil and cultures of the British peoples, rebuild the strength of the military apart from dependence on Allies, and restore Britain's maritime industries and time-honored crafts. He is, after all, Scottish through and through, not a German in tweeds.

At a time when we are otherwise all left with apparent acceptance by the UK Government of spectacles like the Dead Baby Procession at the London Olympics and this more recent example of WTF? -- presided over by then (definitely) Prince Charles earlier this year:

<https://youtu.be/0tpvgGTFaiM>

----King Charles of Scotland would be a relief as King of Great Britain, as well as a true son of the British Isles.

In the end, I think Elizabeth II had her way and it won't be long before we all know the Successor she named. It's possible that she split her many roles and left Charles to rule "the Kingdom of the Dead" --- the Chair of the Estates, that she [sat](#) on herself for so many years. The truth will become apparent as part of the Coronation process.

The true king will wear the Christian Crown of Saint Edward. The false king will wear the Imperial Crown. If past practice continues, we won't see the Coronation of the true king, which will be a private ceremony with few attendees at the Canterbury Chapel, but we will see the giant tabloid-like coronation of the false king, who will appear to take the proper Coronation vows and wear the proper crown, only to take up the Imperial Crown and go sit on the Chair of the Estates within three days of the public coronation.

The King of Life and the King of Death are both enthroned in England, according to the ancient seasonal calendar of the Celtic peoples, and always remember that the wheel of the year turns in a way you might not expect: the King of Death is always enthroned in the summer, during the high holidays of Midsummer, while the King of Life is always enthroned in the winter, during the darkest, coldest times.

Keep your eyes open and your ears perked up; something more than usually odd is going on in England.

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