

## Special Message for the FBI, CIA, Homeland Security, DIA, MI6, MI5, etc., etc., etc.



By Anna Von Reitz

Just so everyone knows, my policy toward all "intelligence" agencies---is to let them stare up my skirt until they see Jesus.

I could care less about their snooping and eaves-dropping and telephone surveillance and email encryption hacking and all the rest of it.

I am sure that there are by now many agents from many agencies here and abroad who have been bored to tears listening to my "personal" phone calls, and still more who have gotten a real education from doing so.

So that is just all right with me. My policy is listen all you like and learn something of value to yourselves and your countries. Maybe your own conscience will be moved. Maybe you will start wondering about what really happened in 1865 and start searching for a Peace Treaty ending the Civil War.... maybe you will start wondering what a "Withholding Agent" really is.... or, maybe you will look up the history of the Postal Service and figure out that I am a party to the 2010 Postal Treaty of the Americas--- an updating of all the Postal Treaties owed to the Continental United States since 1754.

And maybe that will inspire you guys to look up the actual Postal Treaties and Offices, which will lead you to figure out why there are seven (7) offices all called something like United States Postmaster..... or United States Post Master....and what is that about? Why two different spellings?

Postmaster? Post Master? Hmmm....? Got any answers? Smart asses?

Maybe if you spy on me long enough the ding-dong bell in someone's head somewhere will ring and "the government" will figure out that, yes, Virginia, there really is a Continental United States, a Territorial United States, and a Municipal United States.... and they all have Postal Union Treaties.

Who knew? Who bothered to look? I did.

The seat of government for Americans is Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and always has been. The Supreme Court for Americans is the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, not the US Supreme Court in Washington, DC.

Wow. Isn't that a dilly? Kinda turns your head upside down and backwards, doesn't it? And it is all fact, set in stone.

Now, granted, there are still a lot of rank and file Americans who don't know what I just told you, but then, they aren't pretending to be intelligence agents. Most of them wouldn't even claim to be intelligent, period.

But for you "intelligence" guys, it's different.

You are all paid quite well and given all the bells and whistles and clearances to investigate things, so I do hold you responsible for investigating. And with all these billions spent on intelligence and security, I expect to have some---intelligence on your parts and security on mine.

In fact, this may be a big wake-up call, but I expect all the highly paid government geniuses in the room to figure out who they are, where they are, who they work for, and WTH they are doing.

Today I had someone call me up and say, "Psst! Psst! There's talk...." Yeah, the Bad People are going to "take you down" for talking to Russell-J:Gould. He's under investigation for "Postal Treaty Treason"-----woot-woot.

Pretty hard to commit treason against yourself, isn't it?

There are three (3) sets of postal treaties, two (2) seats of government, and all these intelligence agencies need to get some---intelligence, that is.

So get on your headsets and hunker down, boys.

The same person told me that if I get too many people on my "ship of state" the omnipresent THEY would arrest me for treason.

Well, again, these intelligence agents are just awfully lacking one key ingredient, aren't they? The first big announcement is that I am not subject to their government, they are subject to mine; I employ them, they don't employ me. Go figure.

The second Red Hot News item is that my ship of state is the one pulling their shore-to-shore dinghy along in its wake. If my ship of state goes down, guess whose rubber raft is going to get sucked down to Davy Jones' locker right along with me?

I have my own Postal Treaty and my own government, which hired THEM to provide certain essential government services (See Article IV) back in 1789, but somewhere along the road, they got stupid and mistook the Municipal Government as their employer, instead.

That's like a moose falling in love with a horse, and they still haven't figured out the facts of life 150 years later.

That's intelligence.... I just don't know what kind. Deluded? Delayed? Slower than an average glacier? Maybe we need new questions on the Civil Service Exam?

You would think that after fifteen decades of the "innee" not fitting the "outtee" all these very intelligent government workers would get it, but no, they are still wandering around sniggering and swaggering and making threats against little old ladies and hatching entrapment schemes and trying their best to cause trouble---for their actual employers, no less.

(Is that why they think we employ them? Really?)

"I dunno, Clag," says Clug. "What do you think, Clug?" says Clag. "I dunno. Ask Glap. Glap will know." Well, I certainly hope that "Glap" does know and that he gets a move on.

If there's any treason in this house, it's the treason of federal government employees defrauding their employers--- people like me. If there is any loyalty owed that has been grossly betrayed, it's the loyalty that federal government employees should owe to me---not the other way around.

If other Americans want to come home and reclaim their stolen identity and their trust estates and man their grossly neglected but still viable ship of state, guess what? That's their private business, not the business of any "agency" or any "agency personnel" of any bankrupt foreign governmental services corporation.

Now, here's a bit of INTEL that you all need to know and memorize and have tattooed on the inside of your wrist for quick reference:

You can't force citizenship on anyone nor can you alienate anyone from their nationality.

Both of those offenses are big time international war crimes and a capitol offense of the sort that involve firing squads and piano wire. Read the Geneva Conventions. Read the Hague Conventions.

Realize that you are dealing with the actual, factual government of this country when you are dealing with me.

I am your employer and the Priority Creditor of your bankrupt governmental services corporations. Both of them.

You all heard it here. Read those few sentences again. And again. And again. And again. Read it however many times it takes to sink in. This isn't any cops-and-robbers game and I am not running for any office or building any political movement or asking permission to spit on the sidewalk,

That's my sidewalk.

Get it? Mine. My sidewalk. I get to hop, skip, jump, run, and sit on the curb if I want to. Why? Because it's mine. And it's my ship of state, too. My heirloom. My heritage. My inheritance. It has nothing to do with you, unless and until you decide to come home, take up your lawful duty, and stop trying to hump a horse.

Research all you like. Get an earfull. Get an eye-full.

The Truth is a threat to Liars and Evil-Doers, a light unto the cockroaches, and if you are feeling threatened by a Great-Grandma because she is telling you the truth about your own country's history and the way your own government is set up, it's time for you to question what you are doing and who you are doing it for.

There's no job on Earth worth betraying your own country and your own people. Grow some Christmas ornaments and come home.

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