

# Spiritual White Boy

By Anna Von Reitz



People keep wondering why nothing ever cuts loose. They hear all this "intel" about "Great Resets" and NESARA and God only knows what.

And nothing ever happens.

It's all supposed to happen [tomorrow](#) or next week or next month, and it never does.

All that actually happens in the real world is that inflation increases and the stock market wobbles around in a bizarre manner.

Everything else seems to be oddly paralyzed and in permanent stasis, while the "government service providers" peck away at people trying to steal as much as they can via mortgage foreclosures and traffic fines and whatever else they can racketeer.

The effect is akin to listening to fingernails being scraped across a blackboard very, very, very slowly. Severe damage is being done to the economy worldwide, but it is being done slowly and without fanfare, so that even the excitable commentators like Bravo run out of steam and wind up just sitting, looking at the video screen.

Those who are paying attention to traditional economic indicators are convinced that, in the immortal words of Scotty, the Chief Engineer of the U.S.S. Enterprise, "She's gonna blow, Captain, and there's not a blessed thing I can do about it."

The Federal Reserve is completely shut down except for the New York Fed. The IMF is under investigation and not saying a word --- a far cry from all the arrogant nasty World Economic Forum drivel coming out of their mouths a year ago. All the major insurance companies are shaking in their boots.

Last time I looked, the SEC Hive was scrambling around like roaches with confused looks on their faces. The Treasury Secretary is nowhere to be found, and the Secretary of the Treasury is on vacation, too. Even Jerome Powell, my favorite non-entity in the mix, has not been heard from and probably won't be until the annual Bank Holiday in England is over.

Don't be fooled. Real bankers don't have holidays. Ever. Once a year they go to the mattresses with their brethren and hatch plans, do secret handshakes, indulge in a few quick orgies, and then it is back to work again. Whatever opening salvo they can come up with this year ---- only God can say.

There is an eerie stillness. like the quiet before the storm.

USDs are not being accepted by the Bank of England and can't be used for money transfers and Postal Money Orders in Canada and Australia. This is probably predicated on the idea that the Petrodollar is worthless now that the Saudi's 50-year sole source contract hasn't been renewed. Or on the certain knowledge that Free Energy technologies are about to be released, so crude oil supplies are not an issue anymore.

Imagine the Whaling Fleets sailing over the horizon into the sunset.

For Americans who don't know, the rumor that our money was "worthless" and wasn't "asset-backed" was about Federal Reserve Notes, not the Petrodollar, which was, obviously, asset-backed by refined oil products that are definitely hard assets and commodities having value.

The Caution Flag being thrown might be as simple as wondering if the Americans will develop their own staggering crude oil supplies and bring them to market, or not, but something has to be resolved during this Bank Holiday, to put the USD on a solid, known footing. There's a lot of nervous scratching as people wonder what that new asset-backing might be.

Either way, it's a cold day in the Privy Council when the Bank of England battens down. Their counterparts at the Vatican are already snug and hunkered, waiting.

Meanwhile, back at the Farm with Auntie Em and I, another day is almost gone.

The mammoth Global Collateral Asset Accounts remain locked down and inaccessible. All that the gifted programmers and engineers who designed the

tracking system for the Global Collateral Asset Accounts can do is sit, like cats, in front of a fish bowl.

The codes to unlock the system's Grey Screens were spirited away years ago by a black man, a brilliant programmer code named "White Spiritual Boy" --- after the massive trust carrying the same name.

"Spiritual White Boy" got sick of being abused and knowing the Bad Character of the people left in charge, one day, he just disappeared with the Access Codes.

He locked everything down so that the account managers and other techies could see but not touch, and so it has remained. The situation has gone on so long that it is an open question whether or not these assets are actually usable for anything. They can't be accessed.

Kim Goguen, Marduk's protege, claimed that she had the codes. She didn't. Like all the others, all she could do was watch and stop transactions, not open the accounts.

It must be embarrassing to admit that they lost the keys to one of the most advanced computer tracking systems ever built.

The Global Collateral Asset Accounts are presently still locked up tighter than a drum, and we are left to contemplate the pathos of the scene.

A little kindness and respect, a little time off, and no threats against his family, and the Spiritual White Boy would probably still be working and the assets needed to fund a new world economy would already be here.

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