

# Taking Stock

By Anna Von Reitz



It's that time of the year when every good housewife begins "taking stock" of what is leftover from last year, and what is coming as a result of this year.

This busy woman looks in the freezer and determines what needs to be used, what needs to be thrown out or given away, and what needs to be kept.

In the same way, she does the inventory of canned goods and cleaning supplies, the dog food, and cat litter.

We stand at that part of the year when last year's harvest is at the tail end, and space must be made for this year's harvest. We know this instinctively.

Most of the women doing it don't stop to think why. It's just that time of the year.

In the same way, we have to take stock of our lives every once in a while.

Looking around, I see that most people spend their lives meditating about the past or daydreaming about the future.

Their ideas about the past are mostly mistaken. This is because they've been fed a distorted view of history, and even their own memory of the things they lived through are faulty because they weren't paying attention.

No, as usual, they were thinking about the past or the future, so they don't clearly remember what happened.

And the future is full of so many possibilities that they can't begin to calculate that, so it remains a fuzzy place, vague, filled with hope, but lacking substance.

Most of us haven't trained and exercised our imagination enough to mold the future, so that time is wasted.

In between, that tiny bit of time called "now" where we actually live fleets away and we don't even notice it.

I am not the first person to observe this odd proclivity. Plato commented on our avoidance of the present moment thousands of years ago and nothing has changed.

I resolve to pay more attention to this present moment as I am living it, because I realize that this is what my life is actually made of, that this moment is truly all that exists.

Then I observe that I and everyone I know is an actor in this massive play, and that as we arrive on stage we are loaded down with names and roles to play.

I am given a name, an age, a sex, a race, a nationality, a religion, a family, a tradition, a social status, and a long, long list of prohibitions and limitations before I reach the age of five. And the same thing happens to everyone else.

A great deal depends on the script we are given.

If we are told, for example, that --- your name is Harvey Raintree. You are an Algonquin Indian. You are to be pitied. You are a member of a cheated, conquered, and miserable people. You are damned to spend your life at the bottom of the social ladder with no likelihood of success....

Then that's the role we play.

If we are told instead that, for example, "You are a being of infinite potential and a member of a proud race of ancient people who are caretakers of the Earth, honored worldwide for their wisdom and compassion. You can do and be anything you want to be or do, and you have no limitations....

We accept that role just as willingly.

The strange thing is, the people giving us our script --- the politicians and news media, the teachers and priests and even the members of our own family, never give a conscious thought to the arbitrary tripe they are feeding us and don't consider the impact of their words, beliefs, and assumptions about us.

They just trundle along on autopilot in their own lives and can't be expected to do any better at guiding ours.

I realize I have been given my pile of tripe, too. I realize that none of it is necessarily true --- and none of it is mine. It was all foisted off on me by other people before I had a chance to consider things for myself.

If I am like most people in this world, I just accept my role and play my part and don't even consider all the other destinies and identities and abilities I might have had.

I resolve to at least examine my script and toss out the parts I don't like. I resolve to view others with more kindness and allow them to be who they are, to the extent that they can find and express that long-buried self. I'll be far more careful what I say and do around children.

And maybe that's all I can do as my small bit to end the injustices and follies of this world. No matter how crippled I am, I can struggle to set my mind free and I can encourage others to do the same thing.

I can embrace a much broader view of my own potentials --- and everyone else's. I can look at each one of the people I meet as truly unique individuals, albeit, people playing the roles they were handed.

Now, in my current life, I am constantly being attacked and insulted and held in suspicion because I have observed many things about the world that don't fit the script that I and everyone else has been given.

I notice that despite being constantly told that I am free, that I am not free. I am not even free to be left alone. If I try to go about my business and live quietly, I will be singled out and hounded all the more.

If I object to the script and say, stubbornly, "Hey, this isn't true. I am not free and I am not happy and nothing about this situation is secure." ---the people around me are terrified.

I have messed with their Sacred Script.

They cling to the idea that they are free while they lose sleep worrying about being visited by the IRS or the Selective Service or some other unlawful, unelected, out of control "Agency".

They want to blame me for noticing this circumstance. It's my fault because I brought them the message.

They sit on their little spoon-fed butts and scream, "Prove it to me!" -- when it's directly observable, right in front of their face, and part of their own experience.

It practically tears their brain apart to admit that they are living their lives in chains in the Land of the Free.

They certainly don't want to delve into the reasons for this phenomenon.

When I point out all the history that they've never been taught and it leads inexorably to the circumstance in front of their noses, they scream, "Prove it to me!" and act like little kids with a sore butt.

Most of them don't even bother to read the evidence that I have presented in my books, just like they won't listen to Derek Johnson when he tells them that they've been living under a

Continuance of Government --- ahem, "Continuance of Operation Plan" for the last seven years.

He calmly presents all the history, cites all the laws and Executive Orders, the Federal Codes, the Military Codes, all of it. The man is patient as a saint and just as honest.

But nobody (present company excepted) will listen to him or even consider what he (and I) are telling them.

Our country is under military occupation by a foreign British Territorial Municipal Corporation.

That same foreign, privately owned and operated, for-profit corporation is supposed to be providing us with "good faith service", but instead, it is lording it over us in violation of their service contracts, and pretending that we don't exist.

They can't find us. Wonder where we went.

There are two (2) foreign Municipal Corporations in the District of Columbia, both oppressing us under color of law. Both are evading their Constitutional obligations. Both are running courts-for-profit and prisons-for-profit schemes on our soil. They've been mortgaging our homes for us, so that we can pay for all this "service".

I have dared to touch the Sacred Cow.

Despite all the public record evidence and directly observable facts, I must be wrong. So must Derek Johnson. So must all the other people who are now standing up and sounding off. We must all be a bunch of lying instigators. Frauds. Vatican Agents. Probably Communists.

We couldn't possibly be right and nobody owes the Public Duty to check out the facts for themselves.

I resolve to be even more attached to the truth in every situation and to accept the truth wherever I find it and no matter how outrageous it is. I accept it. No matter how scary or unpleasant, no matter what part of my identity I have to lose, I accept it.

Among all the other unpleasant truths I have to accept is the truth that most people don't want to be bothered by the truth. They'd rather live lies and tell lies and promote lies --- and then pretend to be victims and bite the hands of those who came to save them.

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