

War in the Air

By Anna Von Reitz



Warfare in the Air Jurisdiction --- the realm where all the world leaders have now retreated and where the current battles are being fought --- is not physical, despite all the impacts that War in the Air can cause on Earth.

War in the Air takes place in the realm of energy, thought, and emotion ---emotion is the generative form of organized energy.

Words and thoughts both encapsulate energy.

Words are like little bricks of energy, each having their own shape, sound, and character, while thought -- once it escapes the limitations of words -- is much more free in form.

The encapsulated energy of thought then gives rise to emotions, and these emotions give thought motive force and form -- bringing these "thought-feelings" into physical reality.

A thought has a life of its own as ordered energy and so do words.

My Grandmother observed this to me when I was very small, so now I am recommending that the rest of you follow along and give some thought to the process of thinking and feeling, both.

Our own thoughts are rather free-form and fluid, so that we can make of them what we will; we don't have to "cast" them into words, if we don't want to.

The use of the word "cast" here is important, as it carries the meaning of "casting bullets" or "making a plaster cast" or "casting a spell" -- which is something we all do with more or less intent, every time we speak in words. Notice the word "spelling" and the word "dispel".

Words are unitized and solidified thoughts. They are conveyances of energy.

The word "cat" may refer to a lion or a housecat or an angry woman, but the idea of "cat" is a single meaningful thought, a definition within a definition-- a brick in the Jurisdiction of the Air.

We can give thought sufficient form without words.

Ever observed that you can simply look at the clouds in the sky and know them directly without the need for a single word forming in your brain?

For example, you don't have to describe a big white thunderhead to yourself with words: you see that it's big and it's white and it's a cumulonimbus cloud, but the words to describe it are not necessary.

This is a direct experience of a formless pre-existing thought-image based on other clouds that you have known and seen and thought about in the past, so that when you see it again you don't have to analyze it and internalize words describing it.

It's the same with any common object. You don't have to think "pen" in order to visually recognize a "pen" and its functions, or a "cup" and its functions.

It takes an extra bit of energy to "put it into words" and we normally just skate along without doing so.

When you do have to use words to describe and define a new or a specific thing, it's like building a brick structure. The words are like bricks, or blocks, that we put together and build around a new concept or thing, until it is encapsulated, too.

The words themselves are "encapsulated" and have a specific known meaning, like "white", and "big", which we use to encapsulate each new concept or object as part of our experience.

So a thought may exist with or without words. Isn't that odd? And words are more solid, but at the same time, more rigid and limiting.

What we call a "direct thought" -- a thought apprehended without words, is more perfect and more complete than a thought bounded by words, because words only approximate reality, the way that rectangular bricks can only approximate a circle.

Most of us spend our whole lives and never think about this, nor do we think about the way that our thoughts give rise to our emotions.

The more perfect the underlying thought, the more perfect the resulting emotion, so the most powerful emotions and creations in the Jurisdiction of the Air exist without words.

You could spend months trying to word-by-word describe and encapsulate "love" and still have nothing but a miserable approximation, because love is already an emotion.

It has already gone beyond the realm of thought and exists as pure energy.

That's why you can experience it, but never truly define it.

In trying to describe "God" the Hebrews came up with 72 descriptions of attributes of God, words like "courage" and "strength" and if you could contemplate 72 words all at once (which you can't) you might have some approximation of what the Hebrew sages were trying to capture and bring into the realm of thought.

Like "love" God has already escaped the realm of thought.

All this is a prelude understanding of the building blocks of the Air Jurisdiction so that you can begin to conceptualize what I am describing as "warfare" in the Jurisdiction of the Air.

It's not a battle of words, not a matter of diplomatic acumen.

It is a matter of the energy encapsulated in the words and thoughts, released and directed via emotions, manifesting in the physical world.

It's not just about words, either, but also the perfect formless thoughts that also inhabit the realm of the air, and the energy of these thoughts beyond words.

Each word and each thought has its own vibration and each vibration has its own energy and order.

So now I will give you an example of what War in the Air involves.

Yesterday, I received a large box in the mail, and to any observer, it would seem a very odd collection of things inside the box: the clothes and sandals of a woman who lived in the 1960's and 70's, some of her jewelry made of amber, turquoise, and silver, a vial of "Georgio" perfume which was popular back then, photos of a missing child, a faded candle scented with Patchouli, a copper sculpture of a Huey Helicopter fitted with a music box playing, "Happy Days Are Here Again", a painting of a voodoo goddess feeding soul-eaters, beads and baubles from a long ago mardi gras..... dozens of such objects.... and a single wing feather from a Red-tailed Hawk.

All the supplies for purification were included; the candle for lighting, the incense for burning. All I had to contribute was water.

This was, in its own way, a gift, a challenge, and an attack, all at once.

The gift is the message and essence of a life that was lived with passion and courage and great love; the further message and challenge was the pain and injustice and confusion she suffered, and so, how will I heal this? How can I bring justice to this?

The attack was in the form of, "Ah-ha! So, here it is! Deal with this, if you can!" -- all of a sudden, out of the blue, the physical history of an entire family that was harmed by the ugliness of this world.

A family whose members are still crying out for healing and justice.

Each and every object in that box was precisely chosen and had meaning and represents an "issue" that I have to deal with, personally.

So it was no big surprise to me that I woke up in the strange light of this Midnight **Sun** season in Alaska, where there is no true darkness at night, and heard

the keening call of a Red-tailed Hawk and found myself sitting cross-legged on the bed of Sir Paul McCartney, who was, at the time, a young man half out of his head, blabbing to someone in another room about the horrible ritual he had seen the night before and how these crazy people killed a child in his "honor".

The missing child in the photo I received.

Paul was flipped out, hyperventilating, weeping as if his heart would break, not understanding that-- in the minds of his hosts-- the child had been killed to ensure the success and rise of his music career, a sacrifice to Lord Satan, the ruler of the world we live in.

Has that occurred to you yet, as nobody ever teaches it?

That the Earth has one creator, and the World has another?

That the Earth embodies truth and life, while the World embodies falsehood and death?

It's simple and obvious enough; what could Satan offer to Yehoshua that Satan did not own?

And how could Satan own the world, except by stealing it from men, through lies and self-delusions?

When something like this box comes to light, energy is smashed like broken glass, all the pieces flying in all directions.

Afterward, it comes to rest, and becomes part of All That Is, and a strange peace descends. We see the bits and pieces of our lives.

We hear Paul McCartney as an old man, still weeping, still gasping. He dimly knows that he was not at fault for this; he can't see the comfort his music brought to millions. All he can feel is his own psyche, thin and screaming like the Red-tailed Hawk, the Mother, echoing, so high in the air above our heads.

I returned home to contemplate the Huey Helicopter and I cranked up the damaged (but still playable) music box, listening to the odd and wildly contradictory song, "Happy Days Are Here Again" echoing back at me from the midst of the Vietnam

War, emanating from this symbol of death and destruction, as I am imagining the "chop-chop-chop" of the actual helicopter that bore him, the great love of this unknown woman, to his death.

The Father of the child. He never came home again. There were no "happy days".

The process of answering a challenge like this is like gathering all the sparks from a fire, and coalescing them into a single flame again.

This is War in the Air.

Answer me for the Vietnam War. Answer me for the lies and blighted promises. Answer me for the insanity of it. Answer me for the pain, the god-awful, endless pain and injustice. Answer me for the loss.

Answer me for what it cost me and cost us, my family, all of us. Answer me for my child and what could have been.

In her search for answers, this woman consulted Native Shamans and Cajun Voodoo practitioners, she even trekked up the slopes of Mount Shasta, seeking the healers of Lemuria and Saint Germain.

All these years later, her sandals have come to me.

I hold them in my hands.

In another life, they could have belonged to me.

Heal me, heal my pain, she says, bring me justice. Cast out these demons and bring me peace.

A bejeweled butterfly perches on the edge of the box. Part of me is left behind. Here it is, she whispers, peeking out at me.

It's but a moment, a step across the veil, a dream and then a dream again. Yes, that whiff of Giorgio, is what everyone was wearing back then. You remember?

Our legs were firm and tan. Our waists were thin.

She breathes in, she breathes out, not knowing that her breath will stand forever, and that it will always be hers.

Every element of her life is here, all the pain, all the glory.

It's far more intimate than having a houseguest, because she is present in a far more immutable way.

If I will overcome Satan, then, I must overcome her pain and give her answers and deliver her peace. I must answer for the suffering of the Native Americans and the Cajuns. I must answer for the soothsayers. I must answer for the sufferings of Nature.

I must answer everything; I am the Fiduciary, after all. The Bearer of the Account Books.

She flies at me like a Red-tailed Hawk diving on a mouse, while Lord Satan stands a long way off, back turned, chewing something, feigning that he is unconcerned.

The box contained an unopened packet of Blue Delphinium seeds, Pacific Giants, from 2005, the year she died. They were never planted. I opened the packet and took the dead seeds outside and planted them among my Delphiniums, Blue Pacific Giants.

The healing process has begun, for one woman, one family, and her people. Except for the man who sent the box, none of them know; they don't expect any healing. Some don't even know how wounded they are.

Yet from this day, they will be healed; I have declared it and sent forth the emotion of healing in perfected thought beyond words. This love will not return to me without having its effect and doing its work.

Satan is worried, too worried to be bored, because he knows all the foundations of his empire are crumbling. He is losing the War in the Air. All his lies are coming to naught, revealed to be ridiculous deceptions.

Satan says that men should work in exchange for his promises?

Why not eat a photo of an apple, instead of the fruit?

Deep under the surface of things, a fire is engendered, a fire that does not burn; in the depths of that fire all things are reborn, made new, and perfected.

"I shall bring to ruin those ruining the Earth; I shall comfort the aggrieved; their tears shall be turned to laughter." And so it is.

I lit the Patchouli-scented candle, formed so many years ago and never burned; I lit the unburned cones of incense and let the sweet smoke restore balance to the air.

What healing we do for ourselves, we do for others, too. The young woman who was, remains; the Delphiniums she intended are forming blossoms; the song emanating from the Huey is different now. Fading, and not ironic. I use the Hawk Feather to fan the smoke. My heart dwells a moment with her and the Red-tailed Hawk.

It's a clear blue sky now, pure in its endless depths; the gold threads of sunset dance across the abyss. There is only this moment, only now, which is both the sum of the beginning and the end. Lighter and brighter, more free, ever upward, the spirit ascends.

Safe, beyond time, no longer deluded by money, feet planted in the good Earth, quietly singing a song that has no beginning or end, thinking of the dry Sumac and Bay Leaves, their smoke curling into the wind, and the wild bright stars burning in the dark blue firmament of October.

The sparks gather into a single flame. All that was ruined and scattered and blameless, all that was lost, is found again.

The lies are only lies. The truth endures forever.

This is what we must remember.

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