

I Wept for the Watchman

By Anna Von Reitz



There are a lot of reasons anyone might weep over the loss of Dr. Rashid Buttar. I had my own reasons for doing so, as I listened to his last message about the Covid 19 Op.

<https://forbiddenknowledgetv.net/dr-rashid-buttar-murdered-for-airing-this-video-share-to-everyone/>

It was more than the sickening sense that he had always been right and was just confirming it, to his own dismay.

It was my fellow-feeling as he struggled and tried to say, almost defensively, almost apologetically, "I did all I could...."

He did all that he possibly could to warn everyone, and he did it without stopping and without apology from the moment he knew the truth, even from the moment he suspected the truth based on the evidence --- he was reporting, reporting, reporting.

He was trying to be a doctor, researcher, and journalist of the highest order, all wrapped up in one, from the moment he woke up early in the morning, to the moment he rested his weary head in the wee hours of the next day, he was a man in motion.

I watched him age years in a matter of months, his handsome young face acquiring the telltale creases of care, his hair turning grey.

He reminded me of that poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay:

"My candle burns at both ends
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends -
It gives a lovely light."

I knew what he was going through, as I have suffered all the same, the early wrinkles and restless nights, the vague sense of horror in his eyes suddenly focusing down like a laser. Been there, done that, myself, in my own way and time.

As I [sat](#) here this afternoon and listened to his last report the tears were on my face and I don't cry easily or do it with any flare. The rain was pouring down outside, dripping from the eaves in sheets, thundering softly on the roof above, as if all Creation must weep.

This one dear man, whose voice was raised from the very beginning of this nightmare, is gone from us, our brother.

With all my heart and mind, I erased his murderers, not needing to know their names or faces. Simply envisioning their empty spaces. They won't be missed.

But Rashid Buttar will be missed, and not only by his friends and family.

He will be missed by the whole family of Mankind, who have come to know him and those who have yet to hear his messages to all of us, they will miss him, too.

Rashid Buttar did all that he could do, short of taking up a machine gun, yet there he [sat](#) during his final broadcast, wrestling with himself, rationalizing on camera, fighting the feeling that somehow he could have done more, shoving away the responsibility of protecting people from their own bad decisions, wondering what more he could have done, blaming the victims for believing the Vermin, and then, knowing that they couldn't know.

They were terribly misled by those they trusted. It wasn't their area of expertise. Too many of his own professional colleagues took the bait, lied, signed the paperwork, and got their payola.

Too many news professionals turned a blind eye to science, to logic, to history, to facts, and just kept on repeating buzzwords and phrases, like "follow the science", "in these uncertain times" and "safe and effective" long after the truth was self-evident.

Too many politicians gave exemptions to themselves and their families, to their staff members, to the families of their staff members, and whoever could pay them off.

Too many members of too many Agencies and military services turned a blind eye and followed orders that were criminal by any standard.

Rashid Buttar held onto the truth in spite of all of them, and stood for life in the midst of all the death. He suffered, and if he had lived, he would have suffered more.

He is safe now, and free of all the threats and falsehoods and cruelties of the world, at peace and able to see all the good he was able to do in his short lifetime. May he rest now. May the love and respect of those he left behind follow after him and crown him with great honor.

With love and sympathy to his family and those who knew him best,

Anna Maria

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