

## Seventies and Eighties and Nineties



By Anna Von Reitz

It never made sense to me as a young girl growing up-- that we sent our young men to die in foreign wars.

It made more sense to send men in their seventies and eighties or nineties, men who had less to lose in terms of opportunity, men wise in the ways of the world, men who had already suffered the vague nature of love, the losses of property, the many slings and arrows of all the fates that guide our paths.....men such as these are worthy opponents!

Not the callow youths full of flower and nothing beyond the lies they have been told.....not them. They should not be sacrificed, who do not know what their own lives are, who have not been enabled to live, much less regret.

No, it should be us, the elders, who pledge the fight. It should be us, who know what we wager with.

These youngsters have no guess. They depend on us. They are our beloved children.

Let them be beloved. Let them be....children.

By whatever alchemy we have aged, the days and years of our lives have come and gone. We have known our passions and built our castles. We have been at the banquet and know the difference between good wine and bad, between what is ours and what belongs to someone else.

We know. They do not.

They are innocent.

So yes, we must teach them, that obligation remains. If we don't whisper of the sacred things, of what matters, of what is pure----what hope do they have, against such monstrous evil?

If we do not direct their attention to the still, small voice-- what chance do they have against the blaring ego we have inherited, broadcasting 24/7 about me, me, me and I?

They will be slaves to their own bodies. Slaves to fear. Slaves to every lie.

No, we must fight. Those in our declining years, those whose spirit again catches fire, not in the bright blazes of youth, but in the embers of who we truly are--- yes, we must fight.

Because we most truly know the truth.

Because our Fathers and Mothers handed us the torch.

Because it is our duty and our world and who we are at stake, so these young people may know and remember --- when they are our age.

I remember.

I remember the G.I.s in the surf off Normandy. I remember Verdun. I remember the gentle rain in Vietnam. I remember his early, senseless death, the one I cherished, beneath the white flowers and the green turf of Virginia, yes.....

I do. I remember.

I won't forget.

I wouldn't if I could.

I heard and can't stop hearing the voice of Goldie Williams, telling me her life, telling me the lives of her husband and her daughters, how they suffered and bled for no reason but the color of their skin.

I know. How do you un-know something? Ever?

I can't do it. I know I can't. I've tried. I've tried to forget so many things, believe me. I have.

It would be so very convenient, so pleasant, so easy, if only.....

But then, here I am, Lord. I can't be so blissfully forgetful, I can't do what good sense and convenience requires. I have no other way... so this is it. For better or worse. I can't turn my back. I can't walk away.

It just isn't in me.

I will be the worthy adversary. I will contest with Satan. I will chain him to the bottom of the estuary, and mock those who say that I can't.

In truth, it is already done, a fait d'accompli, unto the final zum Ende.

There are no pleas, no righteousness. And no excuses.

Those who came before, both old and young, have done it for us.

So do it for them.

With all that is left to us, with all knowledge, all powers, and all flags flying, let us come, an army of old people, sagging at the jaw, weak at the knee, but coming nonetheless.

Let us use the weapons of our age, our helplessness, our poverty, our senility, and our graves.

Let us use our voices, while voices we have left. Let us say what must be said to every ear following after us:

This is America. The land of the free. The home of the brave.

I am old, admittedly so. Whatever roses remain on my cheeks can only be roses of shame, or a quick moment of life when I remember.

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