

About Small Contributions



By Anna Von Reitz

Some friends are only able to send \$5 or \$10 toward the expenses we face here and they feel bad that it couldn't be more. But if you think about it, it's the staying power that counts and the commitment to give what we can.

If you think about the immensity of the problem, all contributions are small.

Only God knows whose \$5 or \$10 kept us in the black all these months of struggle, but there have been many times when it came down to that. So let's hear it for those small donations that add up and keep the wheels rolling.

When I was young I ran with a pack of very athletic Californians. These people were all Norwegian scions and were tall and blond and built for all sorts of sports and outdoor activities. They kept on and on about wanting to climb this particular (rather low, but still a "mountain") in the local area where we lived and I, the short and slightly flabby and only German member, kept saying--- "No, I have no interest in climbing any kind of mountain."

Germans, being Germans, are pragmatic by nature. It's built into the warp and weft. We don't, if we run true to form, climb mountains for no reason. We might walk for pleasure, we might even hike, but it is a rather rare German bird that sets off to climb a mountain just because it's there.

Notice--- I didn't say I couldn't climb that mountain, just that I wasn't interested in doing so.

Nonetheless, they kept at it, week after week and month after month. Finally, in exasperation, I agreed to climb the mountain with them. So, one Saturday morning, we set off.

Of course, they immediately out distanced my stubby legs and were soon lost in the rain forest mist. I was left chugging along far behind, so far behind that I could no longer hear their cheerful voices up ahead.

But by then, I was disgusted to be climbing a mountain for no reason. And I grimly plodded along, ever upward.

A couple hours later I met the first one of them coming back down the trail. His hiking boots had chafed his feet and he was limping home with blisters.

My sympathies. Despite my smallish physique, I had actually used my hiking boots enough to break them in and I was doing fine in that respect. So I wished him well and kept climbing.

One after another, for all their various reasons, I met them all on their way back down the mountain.

I was all alone and the only one who made it to the top of the mountain late in the afternoon. I had brought along a plastic garbage bag to pick up the beer cans and empty film cartridges and other

detritus that climbers always leave behind at the summit. Don't ask me why. I am not of the mentality that climbs mountains for no reason.

So I picked up the trash and took in the view and took photographs and headed for home, hauling the trash bag out and walking and climbing more swiftly going downhill in hopes of getting to the trail head before dark---- which I did. Just barely.

My point is that the tortoise who endures and knows what it takes to climb a mountain is a better bet than the rabbit who doesn't, and the size of a contribution is not necessarily the measure of it, any more than the size of a climber determines their success.

It's the will behind it all that matters. It's the grit. It's the decision we make to take action and keep climbing.

Like the Widow's Mite, a small gift from small resources is the moral equivalent of a large gift from large resources. And it all counts. Ten bucks a month over the course of a year is \$120. Not such a small donation, is it? Not when you think and feel and see the bigger picture spread out before you.

There are three elements to a lawful claim upon property --- status, standing, and jurisdiction. The only people who have established their correct political status on the public record, the only ones having the standing to bring a claim in behalf of our States of the Union, and the only ones left guarding the land jurisdiction of this country, are all those who have listened and taken action to reclaim their Good Names and correct the falsified political status records.

We, ourselves, our band of brothers and sisters from all across this country, are the only ones determined enough and in position to rebut the claims of all the foreign Secondary Creditors of "the" United States. We didn't want to climb this mountain, either, but here we are.

Despite everything that the perpetrators allege and throw against us, we keep coming. Despite the lies and the disruptions and the widespread ignorance and every other obstacle, we are building our Assemblies, too. As each State Coordinator steps forward and serves notice that their State of the Union is populated, another miracle happens--- America is reborn.

Soon, the immensity of all our "little" contributions will become more obvious, the impact of simple truth-telling and logic will emerge out of the confusion and the pile of purposeful lies and omissions that we have had to sort through. That's another mountain we were not eager to climb.

But we did so. Today, I ask you to remember a great man you never knew. His name? Bill Benson. Bill climbed his mountain, too.

As a retired forensic auditor for the State of Illinois, he began to suspect that something was wrong with the records and the claim that the Sixteenth Amendment (the Federal Income Tax) was ever ratified by the States.

So he and a few others began the long, long trek, all across this country, digging into records in State Archives that nobody had looked at in a hundred years, getting Certified Copies, and painstakingly piecing together the proof that the Sixteenth Amendment was never ratified by the States of the Union.

That proof, a two volume set of over-sized books published as "The Law That Never Was" absolutely documents the deceit and the fraud against the American People.

As a thank you, the Powers That Be arrested Bill Benson on false federal charges and denied him the medication he needed to live.

I suffered for him then and I suffer for him now.

This afternoon I am told that the large platform scanner your contributions made possible completed the job of scanning every page of "The Law That Never Was" into the digital form for The Library of the Continental Congress.

The rats who are so famous for burning books will never be able to destroy the record he gave up his easy retirement and ultimately, his life, to create.

Bill was hopeful that all his work and effort would bear fruit, that people in this country would look at the records and come to their own conclusions.

There are no small contributions. Write a letter, tell your kids, pass it on, elbow your best friend and fill them in. Cash in your pocket change. Take on a piece of the puzzle. Rebuke Satan. Collar a Congressman. Report their abuses and hypocrisy to the United Nations. Do whatever you can. And keep doing it.

We're not only going to climb this mountain. We are going to move it. If we have to do it \$5 at a time, that's how we will do it. Raindrops make an ocean and single footsteps gain the summit --- never forget that.

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