

Bittersweet



By Anna Von Reitz

I remember picking bouquets of wild bittersweet in Wisconsin as a child and making wreaths of the orange-berried vines to hang on the doors of the house as a fall-time decoration.

This was simple enough to do and made a cheerful long-lasting wreath that lasted through Thanksgiving, when again, we'd venture out into the forest and collect fragrant pine boughs for Christmas wreaths.

Everything had its place and its season, its colors and its smells.

Fourth of July was no different.

Always blueberry pie. Always watermelon. Always days on cool silvan lakes and afternoon walks on shaded paths covered deep in pine needles. Always chasing fireflies and whirling trails of comet-like sparklers in the still evening air and at night, everyone sprawled on picnic blankets along the lakeshore or perched above the dam reservoir watching the public fireworks.

Everyone knew everybody in our little town, for better or worse. You had a place in the scheme of things, just like you had a known face. And all the grown-ups watched over all the children like so many eagles, ready to swoop down from on high to correct our squabbles and guide our play.

We just took them for granted and never thought their job would fall to us one day.

The word "bittersweet" came to me in another context today from our Wisconsin Assembly via the recount of the lonely experience of going to a family picnic and both seeing the ranks decimated by Covid Fear and knowing that you are the only one present who knows the history and the present condition of the People's Government.

Funny how we all celebrate the government of, for, and by the People, though most of us no longer know what that is, what it means, and that we have to participate in it to make it real and give it life.

Otherwise, we are just celebrating a hazy memory and trotting out the bunting.

Someone else suggested that our government is wired "Catholic" with a single man at the helm, to which I observed— no, it isn't.

The Federal Government may have that kind of hierarchy with power flowing from the top down, but the actual government of this country (when in Session) operates in the exact opposite direction— from the bottom up, with the least among us having just as much to say as any President.

So ask yourselves, where is that government now? When is the last time you actually pulled an oar and took active part in self-governance? And didn't just hand away your power and your proxy to some unaccountable politician?

There are, because some of us cared enough to think and to read, fifty State Assemblies — the properly populated Assemblies of, for, and by the People of this country have finally come home and are clearing for action, getting ready to take care of long overdue business.

And where are you? Standing around staring at the fireworks, watching the celebration of something that you have otherwise forgotten?

Wake up, America. Remember who you are. Stand up and restore your government. Join your State Assembly and make it real.

The health of our country depends on the checks and balances our Forefathers built into our government.

The check on top-down Federal police power must be provided by the bottom-up power of the People's Government — and you all need to be part of it.

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