

For the Militarists



By Anna Von Reitz

I often encounter people, mostly from military backgrounds, who talk about me as if I weren't standing in front of them, as if, indeed, I were instead an inanimate object or some other "she" in another place entirely. These men are also invariably the type who discredit and discount women, the sort who strut around as if they had a broomstick up their butts saying things like, "She's only a woman."

My reaction to them is just an invariable. I wonder what kind of down-trodden woman their own mothers must have been, to receive back that kind of disrespect from their sons. I also wonder what kind of men their fathers were to allow it. And then I go briskly on, explain what I need to explain to them, and move away at a jog-trot.

My own parents had such a happy and mutually respectful adjustment to the battle of the sexes, such a calm equanimity in the face of their differences, that the idea of one being significantly in servitude to the other is foreign to me.

To be sure, my Mother cooked my Father's meals and ironed his shirts and kept his laundry spotless, but on the other hand, he toted her groceries and mowed her lawn and fixed her roof--- or made sure that someone else was hired and paid to do it. It all got shared out and nobody in our family attached any importance to these chores of life. There was no inferiority or superiority at issue.

If pushed into service, my Father was able to cook and clean and wash clothes with the best of them. He certainly knew how to sit down in a chair and read stories and have children and dogs and cats clamber all over him. My Mother could saw lumber and true up floor joists and shoot a woodchuck at a hundred yards, as well as forage through the surrounding forests for herbs and berries and mushrooms like a Truffle Pig, and host a gracious Sunday dinner for eight without raising an eyebrow.

They got along so well most of the time that it was like hand and glove. If anyone had ever dared to disrespect my Father, they would have had my Mother to contend with, and vice versa, though I can't think of any instance where that ever happened.

My own married life has been similarly happy and even-keeled. My husband and I are both introverts so that's a bit different, but otherwise our household and our sharing of tasks and roles has been easy and equitable. I let him shoot any charging moose or bear that threatens, and he lets me spray rosewater on the flannel sheets, and we get along famously.

So with that as a proviso, I don't understand people who are hung up on sex-based superiority complexes. And I don't like being talked about in the guise of an object, like a table or a sideboard in need of repair or relocation.

These same men (and sometimes women) also have a tendency to say things like, "Nobody could know all that stuff." and "I wonder what her Handlers fed her today."

Well, let's see....

By the age of 23, I had majors in Biochemistry and English Literature and was halfway through a Master's Degree, studying Histology. Hmm. It's been forty years since then.

Granting that I have spent at least half my time since then raising kids, chasing dogs, working at jobs and running my own business--- unlike everyone else (apparently) I never stopped going to school. I never stopped reading, studying, observing, and learning.

What can you do with a firm college education in both the humanities and sciences, and twenty years to pursue any other subjects you wish? Well, that's time enough for three Doctorate Degrees without sweating it, or ten more Baccalaureate Majors, or five Master's Degrees.

So, yes, Major Dodge, I can know all that I know, and legitimately, too. I am old enough and have spent my days in the academic trenches and my nights solving ciphers.

That is not to say that I don't benefit a great deal from the scholarship and research of many, many other patriots and people from all walks of life and areas of expertise, because I do. That's part of the advantage of having a great education. It allows you to communicate with others across a broad spectrum of subjects and enables you to benefit from their knowledge and to share yours, too.

Over time, that allows you to connect dots and jump over tall buildings with a single bound. And it doesn't matter which sex you are, either.

Nothing that I have achieved should be considered extraordinary or unusual. My expertise across a range of subject areas should be common as dirt for a woman my age, and the fact that it is not, doesn't mean that I am so exceptional. It means that a lot of other people haven't made the effort to explore their own world.

I didn't start out to study law or history or theology or pharmacology or art. I encountered these subjects out of necessity. I didn't plan to study civil engineering, statistics, communications, land surveying or materials science, either. Business management and accounting? Are you kidding? All that, too, came with the turf of my life, my jobs, my business endeavors, and my family.

The difference is, that instead of spending my days and nights glued to the television watching reruns of Columbo, I spent my time reading and thinking and experimenting and building and exploring the world around me. I didn't sit around in a bar wondering what to do next.

I've kept busy learning and observing the Earth and the world that men built upon it, all the days of my life. I've employed my mind and engaged my heart, and as a result, I don't need any "Handlers" to "feed" me anything, thank you.

Also as a result, I don't feel isolated from my world, like a separate thing set apart from it, that inanimate object that "she" represents, existing in my own little cell of a space suit waiting for the time allotted to me to run out.

Instead, I've learned that I and everyone and everything else on this planet and in this world make up a whole. We are all part of it and it is part of us. High time we realized that fundamental fact and started thinking in those terms, too.

Earth to NASA.... Earth to Pentagon....Earth to Australian Defense Ministry....

That's the way it actually is, and we do nothing but harm ourselves and each other if we miss that basic point.

In my long mental and spiritual battle with the Cabal I have often observed their smug and self-satisfied concentration on themselves and their schemes and their secret social networks and ancient deceptions.

And I have just as often thought, my God, my God.... these people can find nothing better to do? No better way to live?

They must be bored senseless. They must have no better expectations of themselves or of life, than to chase around after "symbols of value" and concoct infantile sting operations to fool the unsuspecting public.

Now, all those military types who wonder who my "Handlers" are, have tried to beat the cabal at the cabal's own game. They have tried to out-lie the liars and find even better ways to cook the books, ever more mechanized ways to fool the public, more secret and complex codes to pull the strings....all in the name of protecting this country and "the free world".

All they have accomplished by this is to make themselves into liars and crooks just like their adversaries, and to form their own criminal syndicates and networks, while de facto preying upon and deceiving the same people they are supposed to be protecting.

Sometimes fighting fire with fire isn't such a great idea. Sometimes it just blows back on you and creates a bigger conflagration.

So we have crime syndicates and weird pagan religious cults running the Roman Catholic Church as a storefront --- and attempting to move on to new digs at the United Nations, fully intending to use it as a storefront, too.

And we have almost the entire Law Enforcement community ultimately on the payroll of this venal organization, plus the military and "intelligence agencies" trying to out-con the con artists--- and only corrupting their own organizations in the process.

If it weren't so dangerous and nasty, I could afford to stand back and regard the whole situation as ridiculous and strangely funny.

For myself, I don't try to combat lies with more lies.

That's like trying to add negative numbers together in hopes of getting a positive result --- and everyone I am talking to has already tried to do exactly that with the federal debt accounting system.

No, my solution to The Problem is quite different. If we are going to ever have a Free World, fundamental changes must be made to reconstruct the world that exists, changes to our assumptions, changes to our understanding, changes to the way we do things, and all those "secrets" need to go.

The Unsuspecting Public needs to suspect. And observe. And armed with a new way of seeing things, needs to take action, too.

My solution isn't about favoring this or that bad option, doesn't involve pitting competing criminal cabals against each other, doesn't promote Corporate Feudalism, and doesn't pretend that telling huge lies and diddling little children is a religion.

My solution is about providing a stable and honest platform to support life and social interaction on this planet, something that is good for everyone, and which harms none. A transparent way for everyone to get ahead and be limited by nothing but their own imagination. A system based on what is true, instead of promoting what is false.

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