

Hopium Hangover?

By Anna Von Reitz



Not me.

You may have noticed that I sailed through this past week with nary a bump. And that might have irritated some of you.

It irritated my Sister.

She loves me, but having someone in your family who “always” wins is irritating.

It just is. Sometimes it’s downright infuriating.

She, like so many Americans, was depending on Donald Trump, or “Q”, or “the White Hats” to DO something, and of course, the only thing that happened was that a lot of petty insults were traded, and thousands of National Guardsmen were mistreated.

That made me angry, but I can’t say I was surprised. Having them there at all was just a stage prop for the rats, anyway.

The “Progressive” (What?) Plan fizzled out when the rest of us stayed home and didn’t come to their riot. So they spitefully left their stage hands without rides home and didn’t pay the beer bill. That’s par for the course for the Dems.

Dump on “the Little People” while running your mouth about how you are helping them and fighting for them.

For the record....

The only thing I ever saw a politician fight for was more Barbecue.

That’s Politics 101- which is another course offered by the School of Hard Knocks.

Today, however, is Hopium 101.... and today I am going to give away the secret of my lifelong success, for free!

While I hope for things like everyone else, I place no stock in hope.

Hope doesn’t pay the bills or get the dishes done. Hope doesn’t change anything.

And if your hope depends on other people doing things you are bound to be disappointed, because they are all sitting around on their butts hoping that you will do something.

You see how this works?

Nothing gets done and everyone is disgruntled and disappointed over what?

Nothing. Nothing at all.

I noticed this phenomenon a long time ago and after laughing in astonishment, I made it a point to never, ever sit around hoping for anything.

I decided right then that if anything was going to get done, I had to do it.

And sure, it was fine if other people helped me or even came to my rescue, but I didn't let hope stand in the way of taking action that I could take. Right now. Today.

So I had sports cars when I was young. And I was the Belle of the Ball when I was young. And I got to travel the world and live in exotic places and earn the Big Bucks and wear the fine clothes and everyone loved me and showered me with success after success after success. I had it all.

Sure, I had "bad luck" once in a while, but I just shoveled up the clod and threw it on the nearest rose bush. And kept on trekking.

And I was happy. Why wouldn't I be?

Seeing this, my Sister must have wondered why she didn't get to drive around in a Jaguar?

Heck, she was better looking, taller, more socially adept, she had the same parents, came from the same place.... but....

She waited for someone else to live her life for her.

She lived in hope and "someday" never came, just like the White Hats didn't show up to save the nation.

I wish I could tell her what I am telling you.

You have to be your own answer. You are the only answer there is.

It doesn't matter if the White Hats don't exist or never get off their pity potty or can't decide what to do.

Why?

Because you've got you.

And the guy standing next to you has himself and he can get in gear, too.

Suddenly, you aren't hoping or waiting —- you are doing.

And doing is how things get done.

So, whether the White Hats or Q or Donald Trump shows up or not doesn't matter. If they do, fine, and if not, fine, too.

What matters is that you show up.

Go to: www.TheAmericanStatesAssembly.net.

Stop waiting. Stop hoping. Start doing.

It's a great cure for a hangover.