

The Only Secret We Need to Know

By Anna Von Reitz



There have been many great challenges this past year, and even this past week. Sometimes the questions seem impossible to answer, or as if nobody is listening when you do reply. My own life is slipping away, and my time with my husband and family, too. I am acutely aware of how precious each day is, how the years have flown by, and I chafe under the burden of this loss.

On top of the actual work we face on the international scene day to day, we have to rebuild our American government with the help of thousands of other Americans who are coming forward without the benefit of decades of studying these issues, people who are often confused, or afraid, or angry, enmeshed in court cases, targeted by vindictive thugs, struggling with poverty, illness, or addiction. Nonetheless, they come to save our country.

And that's where my heart breaks and turns around and I stop thinking about myself, when I see them with all their hurts and lacks and still, they come to save their beloved country. I shake my head, the tears come, and I brace myself for another day. God never created more gallant people.

The enemies of freedom, those who have plotted and schemed for their mean elitism and selfish benefit, are all about secrets. They have secret societies and secret handshakes, secret spells, secret technologies, secret protocols, secret signs and signals, secret language, secret agendas, and on and on and on.

They make lies a religion and confusion a goal. They take delight in undermining and betraying their fellow man. They fancy themselves "global citizens" without any loyalty to any home, not even, ultimately, the Earth. And for the sake of blackmail and control, they do things in secret so criminal and nasty, that normal people recoil in horrified disbelief.

So they have their secrets, but we have our secrets, too.

We have the secret joy and peace of knowing that we are doing the right thing for the right reasons. We have the brotherhood of our countrymen, who far outnumber the self-proclaimed elitists. We have the wisdom of poverty and

striving and the growth of overcoming. We bear the risks of caring, because we are big enough and brave enough to take on the challenges of living.

Every Sunday afternoon, it is my great pleasure to write as many thank you notes as I can. As I do so, I read the messages people send from all over the country, people of all ages, all colors, all ethnic backgrounds, bound together by love for this country and for their States of the Union. It's a humbling moment as I think about each one of them and about their States and their communities, large cities and small towns, seaside and mountaintop, little ole cow towns in Texas, and farms in the Midwest where I grew up.

And by the early evening, having made a good faith effort to answer my mail and say my thank yous, I feel tired, but I also feel inspired. I rise up the next day with hope in my heart and grit for my determination. In the end, the only secret there is and the only secret we need to know is love.

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