

The Rain and Belief



By Anna Von Reitz

Tonight I have listened to the second segment of Kurt Kallenbach's seminar, "Where Darwin Meets God" and I must say, it is stimulating a lot of thought and connections with other associated material.... ecclesiastical and otherwise, because he is discussing what in Admiralty terms are "bridges" ---think Roman Pontiff, and "bars" --- as in barriers.

As I have been listening intently to this two-hour long discussion, I have been aware that the rain is pelting down in gentle sheets outside --- finally, the drought of Summer 2019 in Alaska --- is ended. I must admit it is a relief to relax my mental focus and let the sound of rain on the roof and dripping from the eaves enter my consciousness more fully.

Rain after drought. Love after hate. All the schemes and dreams of men are, in this day and age, being exposed like the skeleton of a whale on the beach long after the flesh is gone.

Now that all the jurisdictions have been explored and the basics of the over-arching architecture of the World Trust are clear, the dynamics of belief are also shoving over the horizon. Some of it is ridiculous in modern terms and would be deeply disturbing if one had cause to contemplate the logical implications of continuing such practices and claims.

Fortunately, I don't seriously expect that the same reasoning that identifies the amniotic membranes and afterbirth materials as a separate dead, water-breathing being, and accords it an estate and probate and burial -- and which allows the false claim that we "abandoned" this poor creature and thereby allowed other parties to claim it ---oh, and our DNA and our identity, too --- will be extended to its ultimate logical conclusions.

If it were, a bit of urine, poop, fingernail clippings, "abandoned hairs" from our heads and other parts, a carelessly discarded snot rag, a used Band-Aid, even a fingerprint, all of which contain our DNA and "substance" could be used to front similar claims.

Oh, my poor, poor dead fingernail clipping! I must give it a burial and probate its estate! And just look at that mass grave, out in the septic settling field! And if I inhale a booger (by mistake, I assure you!) then it must be a crime of self-cannibalism.

That's where the madness of this entire system ultimately leads. It began with medieval ignorance, and then, thanks to the self-interest of crooks and governments has evolved into the current lunacy.

Still, the rain is pouring down outside, drenching the dust settled deep on the Earth, relieving the dying birch trees, sweeping aside the fires that have devastated the vast public forests on the Kenai Peninsula like a magic wand. Rain, rain at last! Fresh from the hand of God, who makes the sun shine and the rain fall upon both the evil and the good.

I think I will re-read The Book of Job tonight.

Whether it makes sense to anyone else at all, I believe in an everlasting and true Creator, a Being that inhabits and enlightens us all, a Living God that gives us life and every good thing--- and which we can never describe or second-guess or know --- in the same way that a two year-old can't know an adult.

It no longer bothers me that I can't put this True God in a box, and can't fathom the Creation, much less the Creator. I am content to accept that I am made part of it all, that I am blessed, and that I am loved and cared for and guided--- and that the rain comes and goes.

It is enough, more than enough, just to be here and to be part of it all.

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