

Remembering RB Young



By Anna Von Reitz

When I remember RB I remember his voice late at night discussing points of Law and history, religion, military protocol, foreign relations--the entire depth of life and our mutual endeavor -- which is nothing more or less than the quest for justice, decency, and freedom for Mankind.

He died a year ago today, unexpectedly, of "natural causes" that the coroner could not describe or explain. It seems that a diver's embolism that should have killed him twenty years ago, finally caught up with him in Whitefish, Montana, the best part of a thousand miles from the sea.

Go figure. He would have smiled and told us there is a plan and meaning and a timing for all this, and for each one of us.

A time and a season and a season and a time, he'd say.

RB had died before so he wasn't afraid of death. He told me he had a Mission since his Near Death Experience (NDE) and this was it-- to call people home, to protect them with the truth, and finish the long labor of research he took on in the years after his diving accident.

He worked hard over the Memorial Day Weekend last year, put on the after-burners and really pushed. He was tired at the end of it, but called me up sounding relieved and told me it was over, and done, and he'd completed everything.

He hit the send button and it went off through the cyberspace to me and several others to review.

I heard once more from him a couple days later, and he said he was looking forward to a rest --and then came the news that he was gone.

Our plan, for him to come to Alaska and talk shop and tromp around the Great Land, never happened.

It would have been a respite and a thank you for all his work and research, but looking back, I know he had a different journey in mind.

Imagine my surprise and delight when his adopted son showed up this spring and we were able to share a little bit of Alaska with him?

It's all right. It all comes full circle.

RB didn't make it up here to visit, but he sent his son on the Alaskan adventure in his place and the legacy of a good man still runs true, a blessing for us all.

Somewhere in Montana high on a mountain slope, his son let go of his ashes today. A little bit of closure came. Here in Alaska, we raised a toast as the sun went down. I sat staring into the flames of

a fire until the embers were cold, then shook myself like an old owl fluffing her feathers, and all alone with the sorrow, sauntered home.

RB was a younger heir of the Montana Freeman, among those who first realized that something was drastically wrong with our country, and who set off down the road to find out what went wrong, where, when, and why.

As a result of so much work by so many good people, we finally have the answers.

Rest In Peace, RB, among your brothers, the other Marines who went before and did their work and didn't complain or quit-- not even when they found themselves outnumbered and betrayed.

God bless you, and yours, RB, and all the good men of this country who have lived their lives and contributed unselfishly to others. Semper Fi, dear friend. We miss you.

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