

The Actual Value



By Anna Von Reitz

I am old enough so that “I have been here before.” And it’s not just some thinly underlined deja vu.

I have survived all sorts of horrific crime scenes and panics — and if you are older than a high school student, so have you.

I’ve seen Eisenhower and JFK and LBJ and Tricky Dick, used Silver Certificates and silver coins, saw the military script “Federal Reserve Notes” being forced down our throats, lived through the Petrodollar, too.

I’ve seen Korea, Vietnam, Shock and Awe and Desert Storm and everything ever since. I’ve seen “Federal Revenue Sharing”, Y2K and 9/11. AIDS and HIV and all sorts of other loathsome diseases come and go. Wars against poverty and wars against drugs and wars against cancer and wars against hate and wars against drunk driving and wars against free speech.

I am still waiting for a war against war.

Right now, we are engaged in a “war” against the Common Cold.

It’s all bogus. Like the zombies at the Fun House at the State Fair when I was 7.

What this does demonstrate, however, is: (1) Americans in general and especially members of the Press Corps, are math illiterates; and, (2) we continue overall to be both naive and gullible; and— (3) despite all the things that have been done to us to make us hate ourselves and hate life— we still love life.

We still supremely value life. We are willing to do all sorts of bitter things to protect and save and preserve life.

Too bad we don’t always remember that primal truth and core value and share it more consciously day to day. Too bad that we take life and love for granted until there is a Big Scare, some looming threat— real or perceived, and then, all of a sudden- as if it is some Big News, we remember how important life is.

And we start taking better care of ourselves and we start taking better care of each other.

And that’s a good thing.

If Yeshuah came back today he would find us minding our own business and all those of us who accept serving others are here, finding that we are needed just as much or more than ever.

Lift that weight. Tote that bale. Tell the truth.

Go the extra mile. Show that little extra love and self-respect. Take that hot bath. Scrub that counter. Rest. Reflect on just how precious life is and the mystery of how we ever lose sight of that “ultimate value”.

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