

True and False Nobility



By Anna Von Reitz

I have what is often referred to as Outhouse Luck. Something terrible will happen to me, but then something wonderful will sweep in right behind it and I will be better off than before.

Let me give you an example of it.

As a Junior in High School I had a Best Friend (we are still Best Friends) and a Boyfriend. We all ran around together and knew each other from early childhood.

Three weeks before Prom, my Boyfriend was elected Prom King and three days later he asked my Best Friend to be Prom Queen.

She called me up all confused and said, "I don't know what to do! Of course, I want to be Prom Queen, but I won't even go to the dance if you don't want me to."

That's an example of a true Best Friend.

But I knew she was innocent and had not caused my problem, so, of course, I was a Best Friend in return and said, "Oh, no, go ahead. Have fun. I will be okay sitting this one out."

Darn near everyone in the whole small community was affected. I had people stopping me on the sidewalk and expressing their shock and dismay. A Committee formed to overturn the Prom King election -because people has assumed that if they voted for him, I'd be the Prom Queen-- but I shut that down and loyally slaved away on the various event committees just the same.

Was I hurt? Of course, it was awful.

I was shocked as everyone else and with only three weeks to go before the ultimate High School social event, everyone else who might have asked me was already committed.

It looked certain that I would be sitting at home alone crying in my beer. But then, I had a thought....

Not everyone is a Junior in High School.....

So I explained the situation to an older friend --and without a second thought, he gallantly came to my rescue.

On Prom night, much to everyone's amazement, I showed up on the arm of a handsome man nobody had ever seen before and we went riding off into the proverbial sunset in his white T-bird convertible with the top down.

That's Outhouse Luck.

He was older. He was richer. He was better looking. He had his own classic white Thunderbird convertible.

So what if I was the equivalent of his kid sister? Nobody else had to know that.

Outhouse Luck often involves a little initiative, like me going out and drafting my date.

I had a glorious time and the rest of the town just thought, "By golly, that Anna had a secret boyfriend we didn't know anything about!"

The Devil strikes, but the Lord answers.

So yesterday, I was driving home and my left front tire blew. It was Minus 4 and the road was icy. It could have been a real disaster. That's the manure.

But--here come the roses-- I was literally a stone's throw from a Chevron station, and I limped the car in with no problem.

A young guy happened to be working on Saturday in the shop and he had my spare tire on in no time. I gave him the tip of his lifetime and was on my way in less than half an hour.

All this to explain my actual point:

The so-called "Common People" of this country possess True Nobility. They have a sense of fairness, of generosity, and of freewill that comes from the heart. Nobody has to tell them what to do, they just do it. They change the flat tires and rescue the brokenhearted. They have the inner resources to triumph.

False Nobility is based on accident and appearances, on bloodlines and money-- on attributes having nothing to do with the choices we make or the values we hold.

Thus it is that when push comes to shove the true Kings arise, like my Prom date, like that young man freezing his fingers to change my tire yesterday. He didn't even charge me to do it.

The American people do all sorts of things, make all sorts of sacrifices, and never think a thing of it. Why? Because they are truly noble.

Their Nobility comes from within, from their sense of right and wrong and fair play and justice. It comes from their sense of generosity, no matter how little they may have to share. It comes from their willingness to help others and has nothing to do with bloodlines or power or money.

It is because of this stubborn true Nobility that while we may all suffer, we also have Outhouse Luck.

Our current situation in this nation and in this world may look grim, but we will endure and we will find our way out of it--fires, earthquakes, and politicians notwithstanding.

As America -- the actual America ---wakes up, so does the rest of the world.

The rats are revealed by their own actions for what they are, and we shall overcome, because ours is the truth and the power and the grace to do so.

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