

A Crash Course in Skepticism--- and Hope



By Anna Von Reitz

Take a good look at my face. My hooded eyes. My cupid's bow pout. Where have you seen them before? Only in all the great houses and the great portrait galleries of the world. I am a Hapsburg. The map of the Holy Roman Empire is written on my face.

A hundred generations of European skullduggery runs in my veins. I am the living heir of the Holy Roman Empire---- first, second, third, fourth, and however many iterations of it there are or may be, here I am, the end of the line.

It all comes down to me and the Holy See knows it.

Merovingian, Carolingian, Batavian, Hanoverian, Mecklenburger, Liechtensteiner, I am like the Grand Central Station of bloodlines, all intersecting.

And as Voltaire correctly observed, the mess that I am heir to is not holy, not Roman, and not an empire.

It's an unholy, worldwide, multi-national corporation that my Father lived and died to protect me from ever knowing anything about.

Thanks to him, my Father, I grew up innocent as the flowers in May of any such heritage. It was only after his death that the darkness began to ooze forward, like a pool of blood from a corpse hidden under the bed.

Just as you can look at my face and know more or less where I came from, you can look at other faces, too.

Take out your newspaper clippings and look at photos of George Bush. Senior and George W. Bush and Jeb Bush and then look at their "cousins"-- Governors Bill and Scott Walker.

Look at Alaska Senator Lisa Murkowski's face and family history and what do you find?

It's all over, everywhere, hidden in plain sight---- and easy to read for anyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear.

All these crazy stories you are hearing about ruling families and bloodlines are true, but that being true does not necessarily give rise to all the other crappola that is deduced or extrapolated from it or theorized about it.

Being a Hapsburg doesn't mean that I drink blood for breakfast. It doesn't mean that I am super-wealthy. It doesn't mean anything more or less than being a Johnson or an O'Brien or a Montagne.

Individuals are born into families, and that's the way it is.

For perhaps a million or more years on this planet, an advanced civilization prospered. It was a caste system similar to the caste system still found in India today. Circa 32,000 years ago, this Aryan civilization was destroyed in what is known as The Great Plasma War.

You live in its wreckage every day.

These people being identified and called "Reptilians" are descendants of the Warrior Caste of that ancient civilization. They were born and bred for war the same way that Dachshunds are bred for going down badger holes. They can't help being what they are and they are not intrinsically evil, but they are not well-suited to functioning as political leaders.

They simply step into the gap for lack of anyone else to do it, and then get blamed for accepting the ugly job nobody else wants.

In the ancient Aryan Caste System, the rulers were the priests, and the priests were not priests as we think of them today. They were scientists and they were known as the "All Seeing"----for their uncanny ability to see through and beyond appearances and to discern truth in spite of all efforts to lie and obfuscate.

How is it that I always know the truth, whether I want to or not?

Blaming people for their genetic heritage--- whether it is expressed as a skin color or an inability to think beyond patterns of "either/or" or a deformed arm--- is like blaming a rock for being granite instead of sandstone.

You have to take each utterly unique creation one by one, just as God makes them, judging them according to their fruits and their words and their deeds. If you are sane yourself, you can't make assumptions about people and write them off because of such inheritances--- "Oh, he's a Rothschild, so he's bad!" is as illogical as, "She's got green eyes, so she's jealous!"

One of the best allies I have had in the long fight to free people and see to it that they have what they need to thrive and be happy is a Rothschild.

And I will stand in front of the World Court or anywhere else on Earth and say so, too.

Another True Friend of decency and peace and compassion is descended from the Egyptian Pharaohs.

Another is a Muslim who faithfully prays five times a day, facing Mecca, and he is faultlessly generous and wise and kind.

Another is a former member of the Russian Mafia, who "turned the corner", experienced miracles in his life, and came to God.

It's not where we all come from that counts---- it's where we are going, and on this journey you can make no pat assumptions about anyone or anything. You have to look and see and think for yourselves.

You have to be skeptical, yes, very skeptical all the time. You have to test and weigh things in the balance. You have to look for the motivations behind what people say and do. You have to do your own sifting and proving.

But in the end, you also have to take chances and believe and make leaps of faith, because as necessary as healthy cynicism is, it serves only the limited function of winnowing out the bad from the good and the true from the false. It does nothing positive toward building a future.

A man may have been a criminal ten years ago and be a saint today.

If I am to speak to you as I would speak to my own son, I would say that we walk on a balance beam all our days, and that we must be resolute in the face of great evil and recognize it for what it is. Yet at the same time, there is no need to fear and no need to falter.

In our heart of hearts we all know what is good. We all know what is true. We all know what is valuable.

Focus on that. Keep it mind. Hold it close. Let that be your compass in all the strange and even bizarre things that happen. Your logic may fail you. Your senses may deceive you. Your heart may mislead you. But the Holy Spirit which is Truth lives in you and if you listen closely and with an open mind, the "still small Voice" will bring you safely home.

See this article and over 400 others on Anna's website here:www.annavonreitz.com

To support this work look for the PayPal button on this website.