

Our Problem Boiled Down to Caramels

By Anna Von Reitz



You know Granny. She's always doing something. Up before dawn, last one to pack it in at night. You never know what it's going to be. She might be writing a new Constitution or boiling eggs.

This afternoon she was making caramels for the little kids.

It occurred to her as she stirred all that sugar, that a lot of people "just aren't getting it" and that this has been a problem for a long time.

We've been hampered by incomplete knowledge of the problem we face, which has crippled efforts to find solutions.

We haven't even known that American History and United States History are two different subjects.

Everything has been veiled in layers of secrecy like layers of dust and cobwebs.

We haven't known friend from foe, and unseen forces keep moving the cheese.

Layers of lies and obfuscations and obstructions are everywhere, and when you track them down and have them on the mat, the Players in this game go silent and just stare at you dolefully, as if to say, "You know I can't answer you."

This whole circumstance has meant all sorts of different working groups focused (and sometimes fixated) on one particular part of the problem to the exclusion of all others.

It's the law. No, it's history. It's public. It's private. No, it's a public-private partnership.

The blind scientists have an elephant in the room and they are trying to examine it.

It's a tree! It's a wall covered with leather! It's a hose! No, it's a rope!

They are all telling the truth from their own point of view, and they are all confused and angry when anyone else comes up with different findings.

All the squabbling keeps them chasing around, accusing the others of lying. So they can never imagine the elephant.

Grandma keeps on stirring all that sugar, letting it melt and turn brown.

Yet there is one truth, and truth is always simple. An elephant is an elephant after all.

The truth is that we hired some contractors to provide us with "essential government services" a long time ago, and these bushwhackers went into business for themselves --- also a long time ago.

And now everyone is confused about who is who and what is what and most people are afraid to open their eyes and actually see the elephant.

But it is just an elephant, after all.

Please, everyone, stop being afraid. Enjoy the beauty of life and accept a share of the blame.

Then we will sit on the back porch in the shade and drink lemonade and have a homemade caramel dusted with powdered sugar.

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