

FAREWELL TO POLITICS

IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON

By: Dorothy Anne Seese

Editor's Note: It is with great sadness that I am compelled to publish the following article. Dorothy's final political essay sums up the current state of affairs in a chilling style that is right on. After reading her column, please e-mail Dorothy and tell her why she must not leave. Come on EZ readers, don't let this great *political* columnist fade away!

It's been an enjoyable and a hectic three years of writing, both for my Flagship web site, which I will keep, and for the political ezines that ran my columns. Yes, I've tried to quit before, several times in fact. There was always one more thing to write, one more verbal bullet to fire at the global governance satanists whom I detest to the very bone.

Two days ago as of this writing (July 10, 2002), I realized that the war is over, the globalists are in charge, Americans no longer own America or control it, the people are in a charade orchestrated by the powers of darkness and their strings are pulled by this party, or that, so the illusion of freedom is kept alive.

And illusion it is.

Two towers fell and the federalization of America took less than 48 hours to fall into place. People and governments do not react to truly unexpected events that quickly. That was some ten months ago. Now, three huge corporations have fallen and the people are crying for more government controls to protect their assets. There is no end of the people crying for the government to save them from these evil beasts ... the notion that people live, play the hand they're dealt the best they can, and die with honor is some historical antiquity, like chivalry or Robin Hood.

Two towers, three corporations (including Global Crossing), four Reichs.

I live in an area northwest of Phoenix, Arizona where the quail are abundant, cottontail wabbits run freely around the courtyard nibbling on shrubs, the Arizona monsoon season of summer thunderstorms with all their furious wind, dust, lightning and occasional heavy rains is upon us. It is a time we dread, six to eight weeks of air from the saunas of Hell and nature run amok with its electrical displays and thundering choruses shaking the windows. No vehicle stays clean long in the Arizona monsoon unless it is locked in the garage for the duration. The violence of nature makes a mockery of the violence of man, and I am reminded that God is, really, fully in control.

We're living in times that I did not wish to live long enough to see. But I have. From my birth in what everyone thought was a free nation, to the heroism and patriotism of World War II, the dreams of my generation for a better quality of life, I've seen the downspiral of dignity, honor, family, morality, conscience, and individual freedom. Whatever else the baby boomers and Generation X did, as a group, they chucked America to the whims of the elitists while playing with new toys and technologies. Government made an appeal for a "great society" in 1965 and proceeded to lead the sheep to the slaughter after first fleecing them of every shred of wool that might have been the moral and emotional fiber of this nation.

It's been a long way down, baby, and we haven't hit bottom yet.

In the two years I've been listening to talk radio, I've heard the American people change their song from "We Want to be Free" to "Come Save Us Lord Government." It's incredible that a "free" people could be crying over the airwaves for federal officers everywhere. Such a generation can't handle freedom! And they will not be bothered by it. The government, and the shadow behind it that has for decades planned and orchestrated the present evils, will never again allow the people to seriously consider revolution. The war is over, the globalists have won, and I refuse to play charades with the shadows or join the revolution of the deceived who tilt at windmills in a nation whose Constitution and Bill of Rights are monuments to a might-have-been but got-thrown-away. The people proved that the grand experiment will not work because the people will not take personal responsibility. They are all Linuses dragging a government-issue security blanket.

Could we have foreseen this day fifty years ago, as did the elitists who were then planning for this celebration of the victory of globalism, could we have stopped it? I think perhaps yes, but not if it is in God's plan for the end-times and final Judgment. The fact is, we didn't see it, we thought freedom

had been secured forever by our victory over Hitler, a rather minor player with a dramatically hideous part in the march to Armageddon.

If I don't write about politics, then what? I don't know and at this point, it isn't important. If it is written, it will be on my Flagship site, and if it isn't written, the Flagship site will be there as long as my gracious Aussie netfriend agrees to host it. Politics is not the only subject covered on the site, so there is room to do various things, when the time is right.

This is my Appomattox, and hopefully I can surrender the sword of the pen as gracefully as General Robert E. Lee surrendered his sword to Union General Ulysses S. Grant. That was a sad day for States Rights, and the death knell of the Tenth Amendment which has now been buried and embalmed in historical acrylic, a mummified testimony to the inability of the people to overcome the power of corrupt government, or the power of self-interest.

My thanks, of course, to the ezine editors who published my work over the past two years that it has been on the internet. While I haven't met one of them personally, I feel as if I know them, and I appreciate their tireless work in the hope of restoring America for Real Americans. I do not see that day coming, nor do I see a war that can be won because it is already lost. The globalists let us rant and rave among ourselves, preaching to the choirs and the faithful, with hardly a smirk of recognition that we even exist, save to serve their purposes of continuing the smoke and mirrors games they play with us and our energetic patriotism.

So here is my keyboard, my "sword of the pen" and I hand it over to the same shadows that announced the final death-stroke against America on September 11, 2001.

Hopefully, there will be many quails and bunnies in the yard tomorrow, scampering around as if they know the God that Americans forgot. That, of course, was the true downfall of the USA. When Americans allowed the God of our fathers to be spat upon in public, then God withdrew His almighty hand from over our nation and this ... this is what we have ... a totalitarian state replete with misplaced patriotism and a distorted concept of "freedom."

For those of you who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ ... look up.

And now ... farewell.

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Dorothy Anne Seese is a freelance political writer for Patch Work papers and a regular columnist for Ether Zone.

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Dorothy Anne Seese can be reached at lightspd@extremezone.com

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