

A Note from the Barricade

Omens from the Past Inside a Little Pub

As I stood in the dimly lit pub where I had laughed and shared Life with the people I loved as a teenager, a whistle blast notified everyone inside the building to look towards the bar. I found myself looking at my old friend, Scott, standing beside a police officer. The pub grew silent and I felt the emotion push itself up through my stomach. A sight I never expected to behold.

The officer whispered something to Scott and then began walking towards the exit. A slow clap...some of us know that officer by name. As the clapping built up into full on cheers I watched my friend's face. Never have I hoped to witness the expression that he assumed that night. There was nothing joyous about his face in the way that I've known it to be. There was nothing celebratory or of delinquency in his demeanor. The way he stared out towards the tables that he has hosted in his little pub for over a decade...it just...it just broke my heart.

We are the rebellion? We who see that there is a political regime shift occurring before our eyes under the guise of "Health"? We who are supporting our common man in keeping his family's livelihood?

How did we get here? I'm asking you. Each and every one of you. How did we let the slave owners continue to rule the world after the plantations were made "improper"? How have we arrived back in the dark little pubs whispering to one another of what we know and of churches being fenced off? How do the forces that continue to outright abuse Indigenous populations now have the authority to pretend they are Our trusted saviours? Is freedom as a concept fated to fall to nothing but a whimper?

I listened to the words that the people I love spoke in that little pub. I heard the ones who do not want to have children if ownership of their child's life is already contracted at birth. I heard the ones who have listened to their grandparents crying into the phone, preferring death over this lonely excuse for Life. I heard the ones who are ready to fight for something. I held back tears as I stared at the omens before me.

It all just makes me sick. It's all connected. All the years of history. All of the hand-offs of wealth and all of the elite education systems. There is a class of people who do not care about you and I. I do not mean the moderately wealthy, I mean the ones who discuss matters affluently in solitude.

That night, I had to go to that pub, because we are all making history whether we are at home keeping score or out there where awareness and action collide. That night, I watched one of the kindest, most generous and balanced people I know assume the role of Rebel. And the Rebel is simply "someone who speaks out against discrimination and oppression, challenges injustice, doesn't conform to trends, and thrives off of making waves." Whether Scott was aware of it or not. I saw it wash over him, and now I know why resistances have always been born in pubs. Now I know why community space is dissolving while elite-owned box stores carry on with business as usual. Scotty should never have had to step up to this. I could have gone my entire life without knowing that kind of responsibility upon my friend's face. Why do we not help each other when we know someone is standing up for all of Us?

The Collective does not have a seat at the table unless the Collective begins to vote with their every action. The profiteers of this pandemic will not allow it.

There is no sense in learning history if we do not learn ***from*** history.

COVID existed before 2019 and has always been evolving; it will continue to. Every year we see new varieties of COVID. This time it has been sensationalized. There will be a new vaccine available for the new variants every year. Just...think about that. If there is profit, if there is control - those are the two most difficult things for businesses and governments to relinquish. It's easier to enact control than it is to retract. Read the Great Barrington Declaration. Listen to the Doctors risking everything. They are not the ones who have something to gain. The people risking everything are not your enemy.

I'm not asking you to do anything that puts you in danger.

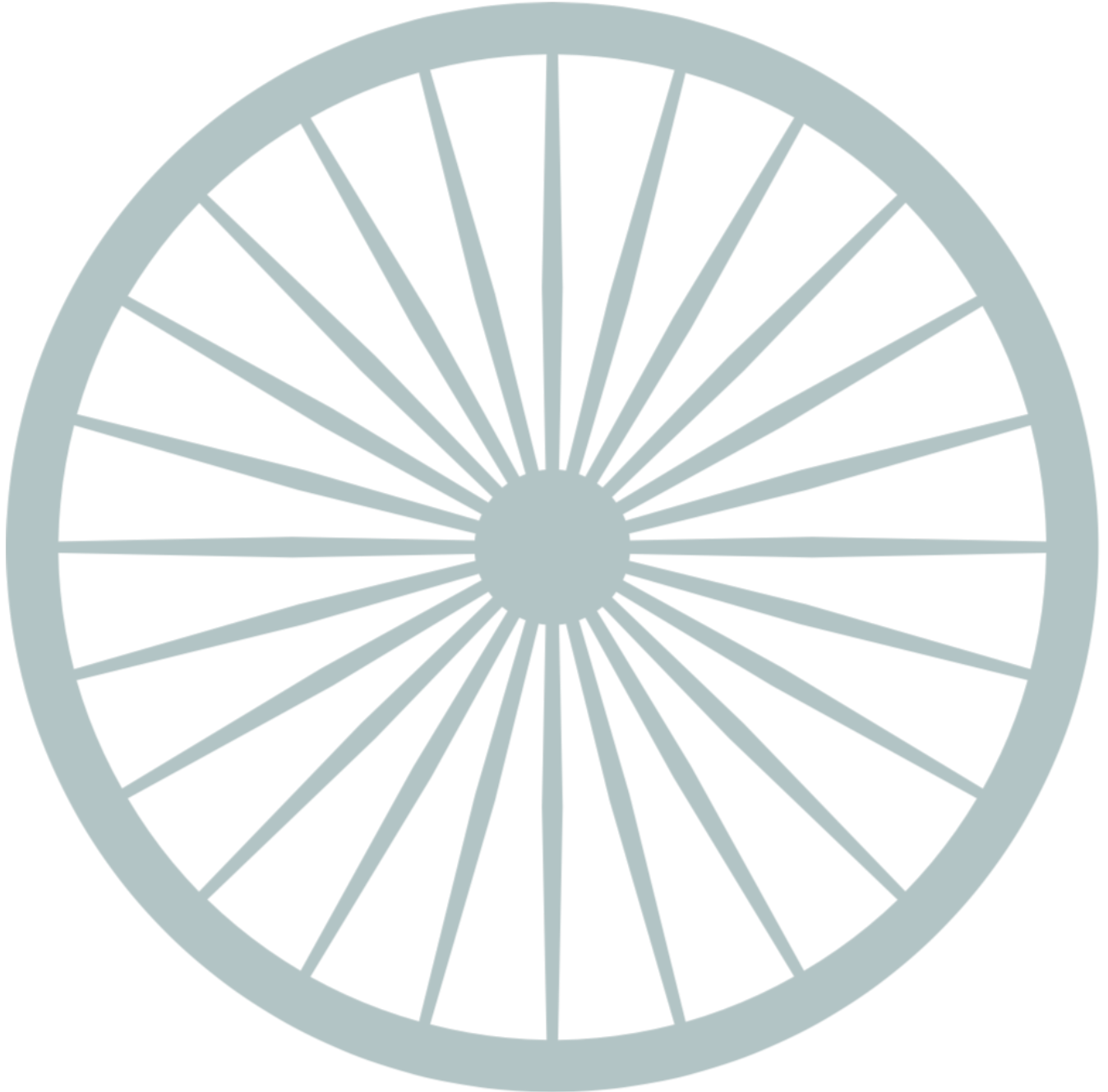
I'm not asking you to do ***anything*** actually.

I'm just writing to you to let you know that We're here. We're all here. We all are voting all the time, we all are making little choices every single day. Some choices align with our Self and ultimately spread the frequency of honesty, truth, confidence and Love. Some little choices spread fear and illusion simply by going against what we believe, by creating a war within ourselves.

I'm not asking you to do anything. I'm just saying - this new way doesn't feel real to me and it does not feel safe to me. This new way does not feel like it's meant to raise us up as the Collective. Keep Hope because everything plays its role within Life. So, to the Darkness I bow my head and say "Thank You". For without you, I would not know the depths of my Love.

If you know something is wrong -- do not vote for it.

We are Oneness.



Power to the Peaceful.

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Live Free | Think Free | Love Louder | Stand Up for Others**

Gratitude for Light & Dark

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