



## Pacifying the Insane

### Description

**WORLD : Maybe using the word “insane” is overkill, but it makes a better title than using the word “troubled” or something equally innocuous.**

But maybe “Insane” actually might be the more accurate word to use because this article addresses people who willingly went along with the vaccine fiasco without a tinge of resistance or question. What more appropriate way to describe them?

And how are we pacifying these people? Well, maybe most of you folks reading this are not pacifying sheep, but I know I am. At first, I was the Chicken Little character (as I have mentioned several times in my articles).

**I was like the kid who overheard a conversation while I was hiding in the closet—a conversation between mom and dad when I was 5 years old:** “Sending little Toddy to camp is the best thing for him, we will tell him it is only for a few days and he will have a great time with all of his new friends, but he will actually be there for 2 weeks.”

Good lord, how deceiving is that??!! (Of course, my parents never did this, at least not that I know of.)

I started running around telling my sisters, my friends, and anyone who I bumped into that my parents were plotting to kill me. But no one listened. Everyone thought I was a tiny fool.

Eventually, I tired of all the fuss and resigned to the horror and got on with it. That is where my analogy falls apart, as all analogies eventually do.

What is different from my story in the vaccine situation is that the “secret” my research revealed early on was that the vaccine was not all that it was trumped up to be (I HAD to use that word!). In fact, it was potentially deadly, and at the very least did not do what it was touted to do and could have serious side effects.

The response that my Chicken Little-self received from non-believers was harsh, toxic, ugly, and abusive. I was labelled all sorts of cruel things, and these attacks got so uncomfortable I gave up my

ranting.

This seemed a good choice with people who were not close to me. “Screw them,” I eventually said to myself. And although not a very Christian, nor human, way to be, I found myself resenting these people and figuring they were bringing on their own demise. They had ample warning. It is what it is.

This attitude did not work with close people—really close friends, and close family members, including my wife. I truly cared about these people, and no matter how caustic they were toward me when I would try to warn them, I kept at it.

But even those earnest efforts dissipated over time. I still worried about them (and still do) but the counterattacks were so harsh it seemed that to keep the peace it was best to just let it go.

After all, they are all adults. They really should be able to put two and two together and see what is going on. I do have to say I admire the people who never have given up, and their spouses have left them, or family members have blocked them and won’t speak to them.

But I am weak, and it was just easier for me to slip into denial and try to convince myself, “Well, maybe they got the placebo (6 times?), they will be ok.”

**I recently ran into an article a friend on FB posted (a super shrew). Albeit showing up on Global Research, an outed “conspiracy theory” wasp’s nest of misinformation described by the CBC as:**

Global Research, features a Canadian domain name and offers an ever-expanding collection of conspiracy theories, such as the myth that the 9/11 attacks and COVID-19 pandemic were both planned in order to control the population. The website also hosts articles experts have attributed to a Russian spy agency.

**Yadda yadda.**

I still thought it contained some rather sobering information that I would have liked my family and friends to have seen. I caught myself just in time before sending them the link, “No, no, no. This is not a good idea,” I said to myself.

It was not found in one of the “trusted five” news sources, The Washington Post, The New York Times, NPR, The Guardian and The Atlantic. So, it would then be considered utter garbage.

And besides that. Why would I want to bring sorrow and regret, and even fear, into the lives of these people? My only incentive would be for my own personal vindication.

For them to become aware that they had been injected with a poison that could very well kill them is not an awareness I really feel does anyone much good after the horse is out of the barn. And of course, all of this is contingent on them even reading and believing it, which they definitely would not do.

This approach is akin to doctors in days of old not informing terminal patients of their impending death. It does seem to be the human thing to do, although due to modern ethics, it is no longer practiced.

How about treating an insane person passively? “Now, now dear, just relax, all is fine, don’t fret.” That, or something like it, is still an acceptable way to deal with someone who just doesn’t have the cognitive capacity to process complex information. “

Don’t let granny know she is suffering from dementia, don’t argue with her, just go along with her. It is best not to get her upset.”

I think this most accurately describes what I am finding myself doing with friends and family. I don’t necessarily agree with them when they tell me that, for example, Biden (POTUS) is “doing the best he can,” or “has good intentions, and means well,” etc. But I just don’t argue with them.

A family member the other day got frustrated with the implication she observed in me that it wasn’t a good thing to just waltz into a world of CBDCs, UBIs, and digital IDs.

She said, “Why can’t people just stop talking about all of this and just live their lives.” And I responded, “Because we are headed into a world of global fascism that will make our freedom-less life miserable and unlivable?”

That wasn’t a good thing to say. Eyes rolled, and the usual other huffs and puffs ensued. “Yes, dear, whatever you say,” would have been more appropriate for the situation.

Pacifying.

But even this tactic of avoiding major conflict is disconcerting. I do have to mix it with a dollop of denial, as explained above, to make it work for me.

Maybe it is easier because, like the guy’s realization who is standing on the railroad track, facing the oncoming train, shaking the shoulders of the people facing the other way, that he too will be taken out by the train.

There doesn’t seem to be much point or consolation informing people who are floating carelessly on their cloud of denial that they are about to be destroyed by a speeding train. Particularly if you are most likely going down with them.

**BY Todd Hayen**

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