

# Four Funerals and a Wedding: A Brief History of the War on Humanity

By [Julian Rose](#)

Theme: [History](#)

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*Here, in the village of Stryzow in Southern Poland, you can hear the funeral ceremonies from the farmhouse on the hill where I reside during my time in this Country. The mournful cadences of the undertaker match the dull mechanical tolling of the church bell, as friends and relatives of the deceased, mostly in black, walk slowly and solemnly down the high street following the funeral cortege.*

The sounds come floating up the hill and often cause me to suffer an involuntary shudder. Not because I fear the day of my own passing, I don't; but because I fear for this time of great fluctuation for humanity as a whole, and the fate of all I hold dear.

The Holy Mass provides the ceremonial backing for Catholic funerals. It is heavy with a sense of fate and penitence. "One is small in the all seeing eye of God" it seems to be saying "Lower your head and know that one day it will be for you that the bell tolls."

And here lies the essence of the great misfortune that overtook the human race in the last 2,000 years. The almost unspeakable fear of a life fully lived, and the attendant nagging doubt about one's own capacities to be anything more than a cog in a machine.

The first great funeral then, is on the death of the will 'to become'. To become enlightened to one's actual potentiality. The manifestation of the seed whose origins rest with the omnipotent source from whence all life came.

In the abandonment of this great prize - this gift we were all accorded from the beginning, comes the opening of the door to our oppressors. An invitation to move into the vacated space and to seize control. Control of the destinies of all who are unwilling to plough their own furrow in the great field of life and who subsequently abdicate their responsibilities to those more than willing to take and use them for their own ends.

There were survivors. Those who held to the course they experienced as truth. But they were badly treated, ostracised from a society which preferred the narrow 'safe' road of conformity and subjection to the will of the despotic oppressor.

Who were these oppressors?

They took the form of those who felt the need to subjugate others to the experience of suffering; to pass on the suffering they themselves were subjected to in their formative years. One can trace the origin of this disease to the first appearance of monotheistic religion and the grip that its dogma exerted on all who fell for its version of 'the truth'.

It was the Judeo-Christian doctrinaire insistence on the authority of an all powerful god, to

whom one must fully submit, that started the great rot some 2,000 years ago. This god was, as one can testify from reading the Old Testament, a warlike authority figure who had no time for those who 'sinned' against his decrees and laws. What this man-invented god commanded - was to be carried-out, or else trouble was bound to ensue.

This was the first great repression brought to bear on humanity which was still, at this time, largely at peace with nature, the cosmos and fellow seekers of truth.

The ultimate suffering and redemption associated with the crucifixion of Jesus was a direct continuation of this 'you must suffer to be free' doctrine; in which freedom comes only after death - and then only if you had gone on your knees throughout your life and admitted that you were 'a sinner' in search of forgiveness.

The sacrifice of Jesus was a symbol of the self sacrifice of all who subscribed to the redeemer complex and salvationist creed[1]. So the first funeral was a mourning of the passing of the spirit of independence, exploration and truth seeking; those qualities which are the essential attributes of true humanity. It was the first and most recognisable loss that our Western civilisation incurred and has still not fully recovered from.

What more was there for humanity to lose after losing the will to seek for truth, one may ask? Yet there was. Those who survived with at least some degree of sensitivity and self respect intact, were able to build on the older pagan traditions, dispensed with by the church, that connected man with nature and the Earth.

Within agricultural communities seasons were still celebrated with rituals. Rituals that reminded those who participated in them that it was the bounty of nature that sustained them - and that it was the elements of rain, sunshine, wind and storm that sculptured the patterns of the land and awoke the cosmic in country peoples' souls.

This story was imprinted in the lines on the faces of peasant farmers. Here there was still a palpable sense of belonging. A sense that gave 'place' a richness of meaning and well defined character. Villagers fed themselves from the land whose soil they tilled. The land that immediately surrounded the village; the old strip-farming way. The emphasis was not on ownership, but on a sharing. The village remained, for a long time, a civilised place.

But one day a new edict came down from on high, that the medieval system of strip-farming was 'inefficient' and those who worked the land and provided the sustenance necessary for their families were not 'educated' enough to manage the land sustainability. Slowly but surely the village farmers were forced off their land and their long standing connection with their communities was broken. These edicts first came into being in England and then slowly spread across Europe.



Decaying hedges mark the lines of the straight field boundaries created by the 1768 Parliamentary Act of Enclosure of Boldron Moor, County Durham. (CC BY-SA 2.0)

They were known as 'the enclosures', a name which describes the development of a field by field rotational system of agriculture that was supposed to benefit the land, but chiefly benefited the yeoman farmers who took possession of the original strip-farmed land so as to practice this new manner of food production. No longer just for the family, village and community, but for sale 'for profit' in town and city market places.

The impact of this forced exit of peasant farmers from the land and their replacement with profit seeking yeoman farmers, marks the second great funeral to afflict the Western World and later all post industrial nations and civilisations of the planet. What we today call 'globalisation' and the super/hypermarket domination of the food chain, has direct origins in this cruel eviction of peasant farmers from the source of their self sufficiency. Mankind suffered its second great severing of connection with nature and with the fruits of its labour.

The third great funeral was called 'The Industrial Revolution'. It followed hard on the heels of the enclosures. Once again it was the small island of England that was the first off the line.

One cannot overstate the impact of the shift of emphasis that The Industrial Revolution brought with it. From the grounded, season inspired life of the working countryside to the abstract nervous energy fuelled life of the hungry, restless city – the contrast was brutal and the sheer scale and decisiveness of this shift is what marks it out as a third great funeral. A funeral of the psychic, physical and spiritual well-being of much of that element of mankind that had somehow survived the first and second great funerals, at the hands of an authoritarian dogma preaching priesthood and at the command of greedy land grabbers.

The fever of the machine age was like nothing else ever experienced. While the crafts of the

field and forest had evolved steadily over centuries, the machine age arrived with a bang – and with it the almost wholesale forced abdication of the independence and self sufficiency which were part and parcel of a life on the land – as tough as it was at times to uphold.

The peasantry, already hard hit by the enclosures and struggling on on greatly reduced acreages, were offered ‘compensation’ and charity by none other than the church; the very church whose monotheistic authoritarianism had contributed to the first great funeral centuries before. Now a great swathe of countryside artisans and craftsmen were wrenched away from their rural homes to become the fundamental manpower behind the manning of the fossil fuel furnaces that would grow industrial England.

It was a revolution built on smoke, fumes and human sweat, and came at a high price to health and peace of mind. Down the airless pits, in tunnels barely high enough to stand up in, colliers hacked away at the coal face; while in the great steel mills above, thousands of tons of the resulting dark carbon nuggets burned hot and fierce to produce dense steel bars that would underpin the new infrastructures, transport systems and mass produced military armaments that ultimately marked Britain as the dominant power of the World.

Virtually all material utilities that we take for granted today, had their roots in the big, dirty and brutal industrial revolution of the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries. A funeral whose extended cremation of subtle beauty, sensitivity and sensuality of nature marked a seismic shift in the psychological stability of society as a whole. Nature became displaced as the foundation of human well being, inspiration and earthed spirituality; replaced by a hard edged drive for productivity, efficiency and hegemonic dominance, both in the market and in geopolitical empire building.

The authors, poets and landscape painters who emerged to counter the cruel incisions industrialisation perpetrated on the natural environment, offered a reminder of what had been lost that touched the psyche of all those still able to feel and respond to the deeper seams of a life under constant threat of extinction. The poet William Blake wrote of this time “Improvement makes straight roads; but crooked roads without improvement are the roads of genius.” It was precisely that undulating road of genius that was flattened and straightened out by the industrial revolution’s obsession with efficiency and material progress.

An obsession that continues to dominate mankind to this day, with a post industrial Western World still aggressively repeating the pattern by pushing its never satisfied hegemonic ambitions on countries whose own simple working people then become the focus of rabid exploitation, in the sweat shops producing ‘cheap goods’ for the bargain hunters of Western Super stores.

And so to the fourth funeral.

A number of thinkers, writers and artists of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century sensed the approach of World War One. They no doubt recognised that the rapid accumulation of increasingly disproportionate wealth into the hands of greedy despots, the newly established banks and the industrial arms trade – was bound to lead to some form of explosive outcome; and it did.

World War One saw an unprecedented carnage of human life, physical structures and the natural environment. All under the direction of a few mega wealthy (elite) families whose

business enterprises benefited hugely from both causing the conflict in the first place and then from financially backing both sides for the duration of the war. This cold blooded act of genocide was ruthlessly exploited through full utilisation of the mass killing capacity of new military technologies developed out of the burgeoning coal fired steel mills of the industrial revolution.

But it was not just the physical loss of life and general destruction that defined the unique levels of destruction – the psychic, spiritual and humanitarian values of society as a whole – were subjected to a deeply traumatic sense of loss as time enduring values that had defined and knitted together the cultures of Europe for generations – were torn apart, causing scars that were beyond healing.

Then, only twenty one years after the Armistice that brought World War One to an abrupt end, **Adolf Hitler**, the German Fuhrer, raised the brutal spectre again by declaring war on Poland, thus sparking off World War Two. All the same horrors were repeated, with the same despotic cabal engineering the whole carnage once again.

By then the sophistication of the killing machine had spread into both air-born and strategic undersea warfare. The loss of life and infrastructure spiralled as a consequence. Between seventy five and eighty five million people perished.

The two World Wars marked a funeral so tragic and so dark that their imprint on the human psyche should have put an end to all large scale warfare on this planet for the foreseeable future. At least, concerning physical conflicts on this scale, they pretty much have. Albert Einstein is reputed to have said that if there is ever a Third World War, any war after that would be fought with sticks and stones.

Nevertheless, due to barely contained displays of superpower megalomania, principally emanating from the USA, the world hangs perilously on the brink of global conflict once again. And with manic ego driven ambitions to achieve ‘full spectrum dominance’ of Earth and Space being publicly lauded by US military strategists, we, the mortals who would perish along with most sentient life forms should such an ambition be aggressively acted upon, have suddenly realised that we, collectively, are the only force that can prevent it!

However, to do so, we ‘the people’ will have to recognise that the underlying war on humanity – key points of which I focus on in the essay – is being played-out on a covert level every day and every night of our lives. This war takes the form of attacks on the physical, psychic and spiritual membrane of humanity, and comes under the label ‘Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars’. The manual carrying this title is a declaration of international elite intent concerning the possibility of controlling the whole world from the push of a button. In 1986, this previously secret document came to light. It is purported to be one part of a series of predictive presentations which first took place in 1979.

The present underlying war on humanity incorporates these ‘silent weapons’ that cluster around advanced forms of mind control and scalar type weaponry. It involves mass propaganda and indoctrination on a scale matching the vast elite corporate wealth that backs it – on the explicit orders of the deep state. The hidden hands of the global puppet-masters, who with their ‘New World Order’, intend on achieving ‘full spectrum dominance’ and control over all life on Earth – and ultimately Space as well.

At the core of the control freak’s silent armoury is WiFi, in all its various forms, culminating



in the planned roll-out of 5G microwave radiation – on Earth and from Space – to act as the engine of the ‘internet of things’. A microwave grid supplying commands to all electronically aligned household and business appliances at the swipe of a SIM card or chip embedded in human flesh.

With 5G controlled robotic self driving cars, smart cities and soulless automatons being relentlessly promoted as the solution to all our needs – the dawning of ‘robotic man’ appears to be fast approaching. Probably only a robot could survive the blitz of EMF radiation required for 5G to fulfil the expectations of its proponents.

But here, at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour and 59<sup>th</sup> minute of our demise as warm blooded, warm hearted sentient human beings (the great majority) comes the most dramatic wake-up call of all wake-up calls. The call to defend the sanctity of Life itself, or to become deeply imprisoned slaves to the anti-life would be masters of control.

**The rising-up of humanity to meet this greatest challenge that any of us is ever likely to face - is happening at this very moment. It takes the form of a simmering sense of outrage,** but will soon emerge as an unstoppable force, a trans-planetary uprising informed by the call of the life force itself, in each one of us. It is to give expression to the refusal to accept slavery. To outright refuse submission to that which would anaesthetize the beating heart of the natural world and sterilise love itself.

This is a drama in which passive spectators play no part, only actors. Actors who step forward to seize the flag of truth and justice in both hands and keep going until a turning point is reached and the foundations of a new vision of the meaning and purpose of life is laid. Here we are, having the extraordinary privilege of being called upon to meet the most momentous challenge of our era, with courage, conviction and the certainty of success. A certainty which comes from our deepest levels of being.

Those already positively responding to the task at hand are coming together and being united. Recognition of commonality of cause is felt, often almost instantly. The maturation of this unifying process brings with it direction and leadership. This in turn blossoms into the joyful discovery of a deep seem of connectivity extending through all seemingly disparate branches of humanity.

Here, if I might be so bold to suggest it – is a wedding in the making. A great wedding of souls. A wedding to which all are invited and in which all will joyfully participate. Such will be the illuminated energy given forth by the festivities surrounding this wedding that all the sadness and grief of earlier funerals will be banished to the four corners of the universe, and the perpetrators of the historical repression of humanity will go with them.

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**Julian Rose** is an international activist, writer, organic farming pioneer and actor. In 1987 and 1998, he led a campaign that saved unpasteurised milk from being banned in the UK; and, with Jadwiga Lopata, a ‘Say No to GMO’ campaign in Poland which led to a national ban of GM seeds and plants in that country in 2006. Julian is currently campaigning to ‘Stop 5G’ WiFi. He is the author of two acclaimed titles: *Changing Course for Life* and *In Defence of*

Life. His latest book '**Overcoming the Robotic Mind**' is now available from Amazon and Dixi Books. Julian is a long time exponent of yoga/meditation. See his web site for more information [www.julianrose.info](http://www.julianrose.info)

## Note

[1] See John Lamb Lash's 'Not in HIS Image' for more on this subject.

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