

The Writing on the Wall. "Genocide in The Making". Resistance to "Governmental Lawlessness Worldwide"

By Dr. Emanuel Garcia

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This past Friday I joined a few hundred people who gathered on the slopes of the New Zealand Parliament to commemorate the massive protest that took place a year before.

I was on the grounds of Parliament last year every day but one and saw firsthand a unique and wonderful coming together of New Zealanders from all walks of life in a kind of glorious unity against the mandates that had been illegally and immorally imposed upon us all. What emerged, out of the general good will and spontaneity, was a fascinating community of participants who helped one another generously, stood firm against the puerile tactics of the government to disrupt the peaceful occupation, who smiled a great deal, embraced, who articulated grievances and were determined not to let our unalienable rights be traduced. Throughout that assembly we asked members of Parliament, including our then-Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern, for a meeting, a hearing, an exchange, a debate – we asked, simply, for those people who derived their political power from the people to lend their people an ear.

They did not. Not one of them dared to traverse the steps of the building to greet us, to welcome our questions and our voices. Not once did they do what any democratically imbued government has a duty to do during our time on the people's soil.

The day before the government unleashed its stormtroopers to clear out New Zealand citizens with violence, I was part of a group scheduled to meet with representatives of the

Police force and negotiate a peaceful end to the impasse that had developed. The Police failed to show up. Later that same afternoon I sat in (virtually, via Zoom) on a meeting called by **Paul Hunt,** New Zealand's Human Rights Commissioner. Before this meeting I warned everyone I knew – various group leaders, press, friends, filmmakers on site – that a police action would be imminent because I had seen amassed at Wellington's central station a veritable battalion of unmarked vans.

I understand that Mr. Hunt had been apprised of the planned invasion and that he had been begged at the very least to stand witness as a symbol of the high importance of human rights, and as a safeguard against their violation. Instead, he did nothing. The meeting he had called, and which I attended as an observer, turned out to have been nothing but an exercise in bureaucratic hypocrisy. If he set an example to anyone, it was an example of political and moral cowardice.

The following morning, 2 March 2022, the anticipated invasion commenced, and brutally so. I assisted an elderly man whose hip was fractured by the police assault. The first ambulance that had been called refused to take him to hospital, for reasons we could hardly fathom. A second arrived, given the developing medical emergency, and thankfully did what it was supposed to do, and this man underwent surgery and recovered.

These events were much in my mind when I said a few words the other day to those who returned to the scene. I kept my comments brief. I had two words for those Parliamentarians who had refused to engage us in a civil exchange to hear us out: "Why not?" And I had two words for those who joined the commemoration: "Never forget."

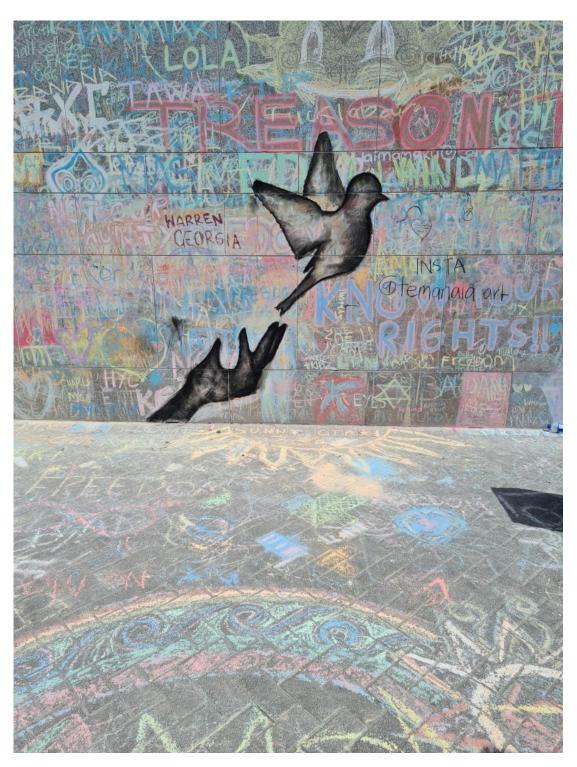
Life in Wellington, more especially given this year's exceptionally warm summer, has the appearance of normality. People crowd the harbour beaches when the sun is out, the cruise ships have returned to give retailers who survived the lockdowns some business, and I can now get a haircut despite not having received a Pfizer inoculation.

The freedom-loving friends I gained during the past three years, and particularly during the demonstrations at Parliament, have been a boon to my life: they far outweigh the friendships lost, and these friendships lost I fear will be forever. Why? Because these former friends did nothing to support those of us who 'naively' extolled bodily autonomy as an ingrained right; to those of us who protested against the cruelty of an apartheid nation; to those of us who quite sensibly warned against an untested medical intervention; to those of us who criticized the quarantining of the healthy, the destruction of livelihoods, the shutting down of commerce, the prevention of public worship, the forbidding of public protest, the wholly inhumane isolation of our suffering relatives from family contact, the ubiquitous and absurd use of inefficacious and psychologically damaging masks; to those of us who stood true against tyranny and its purposeful inculcation of never-ending fear.

Make no mistake. The corona respiratory virus, whatever its origins, did not kill as we were led to believe, not even by wildly erroneous PCR standards. People do not transmit respiratory viruses when they are asymptomatic. Effective treatments did and do exist for such viruses, along with protective healthy lifestyle habits that enhance our ability to manage them.

As I left Parliament grounds a few days ago, after having heard others speak eloquently about our show of pacific force, I thought of a passage from the Book of Daniel in the Old

Testament. In chapter five, King Belshazzar is hosting a feast, a feast attended by his underlings, concubines and princes, and in the midst of his revels he perceives a hand that has written a message in a language unknown on the palace chamber walls. He is taken aback. None of his wise men can elucidate the mystery, so the king sends for Daniel, who had served his father well and who was known for his perspicacity and fearless interpretation of dreams and signs. Daniel translates the message for Belshazzar: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." By morning, King Belshazzar was no more.



I wonder if **Jacinda Ardern, or Paul Hunt, or Ashley Bloomfield** and their ilk here in New Zealand have thought about how they will be judged? I wonder about those dancing doctors and nurses who had time to take video-selfies for YouTube. I wonder about the Faucis and Tedros's of the world, and their little soldiers who scolded us for not being afraid enough. I

wonder, in fact, if the one-world government I have inveighed against so often, is already here.

After all, as many have observed, the entire globe was brought to a standstill in short order on the back of a lie.

The universal lockdowns and rush to coerce inoculation were not organically developing phenomena. The relatively abrupt descent into governmental lawlessness across the globe - lawlessness that saw private citizens' bank accounts frozen in Canada, and people forced into quarantine camps in Australia - was not spontaneous. The universal persecution of doctors for daring to be decent doctors did not arise out of nowhere. Even now, as I write, the corrupt Medical Council of New Zealand is attacking physicians for having prescribed Ivermectin and other helpful medications, and for insisting on informed consent. I have no doubt that the Medical Council here is following the orders of the Federation of State Medical Boards, a private entity in the pay of Big Pharma wielding authority over medical licensing entities in America and the West.

There is, to my mind, a consortium of groups with power and money and military might who have managed to organize a very effective campaign to depopulate (meaning: murder) and safeguard (meaning: enslave) humanity. Digital IDs and total surveillance, control over our 'carbon expenditure' and who knows what else, are being openly touted by the likes of the United Nations and the World Economic Forum. The World Health Organization is warning again of another 'pandemic' and arrogating unto itself dominion over national sovereignty, given the eager genuflection of countries like New Zealand to its will.

But this consortium will have to meet the likes of an ever more determined resistance among those who, from the beginning, smelled a bat, fought against manufactured fear, and refused to renounce the birthright of autonomy to a domineering State.

I now have no bones about predicting an ever growing cascade of excess morbidity and mortality as a result of the covid injections over the next number of years: more sudden deaths, more earlier than usual deaths, more sickness and ill-health generally.

These unstoppable realities will shake even the most unquestioning followers of the established order – those who feed on the mainstream news outlets as their meat and potatoes of reality, and who can't imagine that their countries' political authorities or big corporations could ever tell a lie, let alone attempt a genocide-in-the-making whose breadth has already begun to rival the familiar genocides of the previous century. I sincerely hope that they, when the inevitable showdown comes to pass, will err on the side of humility and compassion, instead of the vehemence and savagery they espoused not long ago.

I hope that they too see the writing on the wall – and understand it.

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Dr. Garcia is a Philadelphia-born psychoanalyst and psychiatrist who emigrated to New Zealand in 2006. He has authored articles ranging from explorations of psychoanalytic technique, the psychology of creativity in music (Mahler, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Delius),

and politics. He is also a poet, novelist and theatrical director. He retired from psychiatric practice in 2021 after working in the public sector in New Zealand. Visit his substack at https://newzealanddoc.substack.com/

He is a regular contributor to Global Research.

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Garcia

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