

Humanity – Our Heart Is Still Beating – The UK in 2021



By Shirley Edwards

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.” – Charles Dickens, [A Tale of Two Cities](#)

If there is anything that I have discovered and learnt over the last 12 months, more than any other time in my history, it has been to never judge a book by its cover, to never think I am alone, to see beauty in simplicity, to learn not to be judgemental, and to look evil in the face and not flinch. Phew.

It didn't start off this way.

I guess, that like many, at the beginning of March 2020, a wave of fear had initially swept through me like the dark and unexpected beast of prey that it is. As the UK went into a complete lockdown (the first of its kind) under Covid regulations, and the threat of a very contagious virus; I struggled with the narrative from the mainstream media, against a general uneasiness I had sensed for a while. I knew that something else was 'not quite right'.

The UK at that time, had been basking in an unusual heatwave. It was Spring. The atmosphere was clean and fresh. There was the absence of traffic and car fumes and strange long white vapour trails in the sky. A sky which was now incredibly blue.

Birds were fervently singing like never before. Neighbours were in their gardens chatting and waving to passers-by. There was an unusual peace and an endearing camaraderie that hadn't existed for such a long time. This would be an extended holiday at home by which time this virus would hopefully pass.

However, as I sat at my computer in the evenings and listened to the weekly celebration of gratitude by my neighbours on the surrounding streets clapping and showing appreciation for our 'key workers', who were the only people allowed to work; a growing annoyance rose up inside me as I wondered about the people inside who had lost their jobs and their identity, whilst being considered 'non-essential' beings in our world. There was something extremely inappropriate about elevating one section of society at the expense of others, regardless of the work that they thankfully did.

It didn't take long before all the observations I had made over many years about the displacement and dismantlement of our culture, our heritage, our values faith and identity, then began to make sense in that that we were now reaching a culmination and a climax to a final take-over of all we should hold dear – our personal God-given freedoms and our sovereignty to a global tyrannical system was in its final stages. The reality had become worse than the virus.

The winter of despair descended in the UK, the sky became grey again, as I watching people become isolated from each other by design. Religion, colour, gender, workers, non-workers, mask wearers. All were being psychologically used. The list was endless.

Hugging was banned. People dodged each other on the streets. Families fell apart. Weddings were cancelled. People died alone and they suffered alone. Words like bubbles, shielding and distancing became part of every-day language. I silently cringed, determined never to use them. Confusion arose. Stay in, go out, get tested. It was all too

much.

I stopped watching and listening to all news reports and cancelled my TV license. I had seen and heard enough to know that almost every country was now following the same identical script, and that governments were now acting indifferent to the conflicting evidence that was being provided and the views of its populace who were attempting to raise awareness to the dangers of dictatorship.

Yet my eyes remained fixed on America. The last bastion standing.

We were in a spiritual battle between good and evil. Some people appeared to be aware of it. Others did not.

However, where do you go, when the churches are forcibly closed and silenced, or they don't speak up? Where do you go when it becomes obvious that systems are rigged and evil appears to be winning?

Where was the spirit of the black robe regiment that I had often heard about? Clergy who proclaimed liberty, resisted tyranny, and opposed any encroachment on our God-given rights and freedoms?

"Come with me to a Quiet Place and Rest Awhile"

Aware of an invisible pull to descend into despair or fear, I continued to write about my observations yet dedicated myself to spending more time in nature, eating better, walking more, sitting silently, 'praying'. An appreciation of my surroundings grew. I took great pleasure in mundane tasks like washing dishes and discovered a new appreciation for my local park and the simplicity of just sitting alone there with a picnic. I enjoyed people watching, children practising to ride their bikes without stabilizers, and the antics of the dogs being walked there who were totally oblivious to a world-wide crisis. There were many different worlds existing within

a world.

Conversations though became difficult. Even though I acknowledged the virus, opposing views to mine were openly and sometimes vehemently expressed with a sense of superiority. I lost friends. Where once my heart would rapidly beat from the confrontation, I noticed I now spoke more calmly. There was also the discovery of when to speak up and when to stay silent more. During times of hardship, I also experienced wonderful acts of genuine kindness from people who wear masks, and strictly follow government orders. Despite their fears humanity towards others still existed.

Over the past 12 months, I have also discovered friends of like-mind in unlikely places, like the maintenance men at my place of work, and the housekeeper who spends her coffee breaks with me, each and every day. There have been chance meetings with strangers and a realization that there has been more people than I know, aware of the 'something not quite right' phenomenon. It would also seem a cliché to say there is an awakening, but I believe there is. It has been encouraging to see that there are young people who have not quite been fully indoctrinated by the education system which has sought to influence them into Marxist and Socialist beliefs over many years.

There has also been some very inspirational people in my country who have all stood up to tyranny. I call them the Lions of Tarshish.

There has been a small local Christian card and newspaper shop who remained open despite being threatened and fined for £17,000 whilst their neighbouring large and corporately owned store selling exactly the same things were allowed to stay open. I was impressed when I spoke to the owners who knew beyond any doubt they were on the side of truth and stated that they were 'in higher hands'.

There have been countless legal actions made against our government. Numerous people have all stood up openly to the tyranny at the expense of their own reputation and livelihood.

Some church leaders have also challenged government decisions after being banned from church activities whilst other sectors in society could continue.

However, one of the most uplifting sights I have witnessed which was typically under-reported was the demonstration in London on April 24th 2021.

An estimated 80,000 to 100,000 people peaceably marched the streets and expressed their individuality, their right to free speech, and their objections to global tyranny. Some people carried signs which read WE SEE YOU.

After years of feeling isolated I cannot adequately express the relief I experienced in witnessing this. Their stance spoke higher than any evil dictatorship could ever impose. It made it look small and as dirty as it is in the presence of Truth.

Later that day as I entered a petrol station the young girl who had been working all day there looked at me as I paid my bill. She removed her mask and asked me how my day had been. It was the first time, in a long time, someone on the other side of a counter had conversed in such a friendly fashion. We had become so programmed not to acknowledge each other. We smiled knowingly in a wordless way as I left.

Despite the evil we are witnessing, be encouraged. The Truth cannot be extinguished. Speak up, but find peace within in this storm we are going through otherwise you will sink into despair. Balance is an important factor in life.

Refuse to become isolated and used against each other, but accept that there is a natural separation taking place and you will have to let people go their own way. In biblical terms it

is called separating the wheat from the chaff.

Behind every mask is a person; you discover it's just a matter of remembering and returning to who we really are. These are the lessons I have delved deeper into through my winter of despair and my spring of hope.

Humanity on their feet is produced by Oracle films.

[Humanity on their feet London April 24 2021 – YouTube](#)

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[Join the Legal Challenge to the UK Govt Lockdown \(crowdjustice.com\)](#)

youtu.be/ZRp2sDecMK4