

To our friends around the world –

Today I have very sad words to convey. A little more than a week ago, Ernst left us forever due to what seems to have been a deadly heart attack while he was getting ready to visit a close friend in Switzerland.

I had no premonitions, and I am still in shock. It was so unexpected. I had just put the final touches on our little Mexican home that was to be our “interim solution” - not our final solution! I was flying home to Tennessee on Saturday, August 5 and must have been in the air over Charlotte, North Carolina, when Ernst passed away.

I am not fond of flying, especially of landing, which a pilot friend of mine had once described to me as a “controlled crash.” I always get tense when we land. But Ernst was different – he loved to be in the air in a magnificent flying machine. In the 23 years we have known and loved each other, 17 of them as a married couple, we were never away from each other in thoughts. “I am with you in spirit,” Ernst always used to say. So was I. I was thinking of him as we prepared to land, cutting through the snow-white clouds, and a memory came to me how Ernst and I had visited in May of 2010 for the first time in Costa Rica after his release from prison. At that time, he said to me: “I love to fly! I feel like a god looking down on the earth, in awe of all of earth’s beauty!”

Is that what Ernst does now – looking down on us from wherever his spirit now dwells? That thought, as esoteric as it is, gives me a shimmer of some comfort.

I will have more to say in my regular letter in September. For reasons we all understand, I cannot be in Germany, not even for Ernst’s funeral. That hurts much more than I can say. But we are in a war for survival, and we must do our duty.

Today, I will send out and also post the following notice via the Internet, and I ask you to share it with friends. Many of Ernst’s supporters are old and do not know how to access a website. Please help me spread the word.



A Soaring Eagles Press Release / August 14, 2017

This is an unorthodox press release about an unorthodox man who refused to live on his knees.

Ernst Zündel, 78, passed away on August 5, 2017 in his 400-year-old ancestral home in the Black Forest where he was born on the eve of World War II.

He died at what might well become the eve of World War III – a period in time where

truth is no defense and honest citizens are put in chains and thrown into imprisonment for speaking Truth to Power. The Aryan seer, Savitri Devi, called our time “the age of Kali Yuga“ – end times before a brand new dawn. Let’s hope it’s coming soon!

Controversial from the start, Ernst was a man with an encyclopedic mind, a forceful personality, an inner strength of will that simply would not quit, and a caressing warmth for his devoted comrades he allowed into his orbit. Loved and adored by millions world-wide, he was equally hated by many.

More than anybody else, Ernst Zündel straddled post-war Germany with his demand to stop the demonization of Germans. He was “... the man in time, the man above time, and the man against time ...” – possessing the features ascribed to an avatar’s distinct personality traits.

The greatest dissident of our time ...

Paul Eisen, Founder and President of *Deir Yassin Remembered*, sent his condolences to Ingrid Rimland Zündel, Ernst’s wife of 17 years:

I got to know Ernst uncannily well through you, and then, a few years later, I met him and what I already knew was all confirmed.

The Ernst I knew and met was a lovely, lovely man but also a great man. I believe he is the greatest dissident of our time - and one day, will be held as such.

I know neither you nor Ernst were believers, but I am, so forgive me when I say that I know Ernst is where he should be, with his Creator, bathed in the Grace which he so richly deserves.”

There is no need to repeat the details of Ernst Zündel’s struggle to remove the Stain of Cain from his beloved *Volk*, the postwar German people, maligned and demonized with a ferocity and cruelty for decades that has no equal anywhere among the Western nations - almost as long as the length of Ernst Zündel’s political life. All information why and what he fought is on the Internet – if you google “Ernst Zündel died,” you can peruse 180,000 hits that testify to the reaction of his passing. Try “youtube Ernst Zündel” and in the span of mere half-dozen seconds, a total of 253,000 video clips are at your fingertips. “Ernst Zündel” by itself yields more than 6,830,000 results.

Not bad for a man who came to Canada as a nineteen-year-old lad with only eighth-grade post-war German schooling – and who, in less than a decade, competed for the top political spot in the country of his choice which guaranteed him that he would not have to serve in uniform, as he himself has put it to underline his lifelong pacifism, “... to kill a man who has done me no harm.”

The youngest candidate ever ...

In his capacity as one of seven candidates for the Liberal Party ticket - which, had he won, would have made him automatically Prime Minister of Canada, Ernst Zündel addressed an audience of 25,000 in the Ottawa Sports Stadium. Speaking flawlessly in three Old-Continent languages – English, German, and French – he pleaded for chivalrous treatment for newly arrived immigrants of German descent who had landed on Canada's shores after the collapse of the Third Reich, and who were subjected routinely to ferocious demonization.

Gordon Duff, Senior Editor of *Veterans Today* – one of the most popular alternative websites in cyberspace that defines itself as a *Journal for the Clandestine Community*, , had this to say about Zündel.

“Ernst was a lion in a world of jackals...”

Robert David Steele, a former high level CIA operative and now a rising populist star on the AltRight, an activist who has been nominated for the Nobel Prize, paid tribute in an email to Ernst's wife with these words:

“So sad about your husband. Ernst Zündel clearly knew in great depth the entire history [of WWII] and all the myths and deceptions. (...) Your husband was a scholar-historian of the first order.”

Michael Walsh, a popular nationalist writer living in exile in Spain, paid his tribute as follows:

On August 5, Ernst stumbled. He dropped his baton which is our baton too. We pick it up and this is the best tribute of all.

Ernst, you escaped your tormentors after humiliating and defeating them. The time will come when parks, esplanades, squares and libraries will be named in your honour. Rest in Peace, comrade, there are few more deserving than you, a true comrade [who] joins the already tried and fallen.

When spirits flagged we picked each other up. I am fortunate as at my age it will not be too long before we two meet up again. Most of you, unfortunately, may wait a little longer.”

Linda Hart, a committed volunteer at Zundel Tennessee Headquarters, wrote this:

“Ernst's passing seems like the passing of an era. I can only hope that more warrior saints such as [Ernst] will rise in our ranks. In the meantime, it feels a bit like being left orphaned.

Konstantin Bünger, a smart millennial, expressed his sentiments in an e-mail to Ingrid:

Ernst was the greatest man I've met in my entire life, a man one in a hundred

million. I will my whole life be thankful to have met him - what an honour! He once told me that he was not afraid to die. This man had trully nerves of steel and the kindest and most beautiful heart ...”“

And Ingrid had this to say about her husband:

“If I were asked to summarize these last seven days since word reached me that Ernst had died of what seems to have been a heart attack, a William Wordsworth saying comes to mind, here paraphrased, “...that there has passed a radiance from this earth...”

For further information, please visit www.soarungeaglesgallery.com or www.zundelsite.org You may also write to:

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I am still lacking details about what rally happened and where to go from here. I need a few more days. In the meantime, I want to share with you what Horst and Gisela, two Zundel friends in Ernst’s vicinity, have shared with me that will bring tears to your eyes, as it did to my eyes and my heart:. This is not a literal translation, since my German is no longer reliable enough. I am doing the best that I can to hold myself to its meaning.

Dear Ingrid -

We are sending you our deepest condolences to the tragic loss of your and or dearest Ernst.

On August 5, about 9:30 in the evening, we received a phone call from Ernst’s oldest sister who informed us that Ernst had passed away. That was an enormous shock to us – it was as though the entire world came to a sudden standstill.

We immediately jumped into our car and drove to Ernst’s home. I (Horst) wept like a child as we were driving, and I am not embarrassed to say so. Gisela was afraid I might cause an accident because of my tears.

Upon arrival, we found your (our) Ernst in his little bathroom on the floor, covered head to foot with a blanket. I (Horst) was totally alone with Ernst. I knelt in front of him and very carefully pulled the blanket from his face in order to thank him for the wonderful friendship he had extended to us, and in order to bid him goodbye.

Dear Ingrid, I will never forget what I saw. I almost did not recognize our Ernst – such pain, sorrow, and disappointment had distored his face!

How cruel can destiny be! Cruel not only to you but also to Gisela and myself because we lost the best, the gentlest, the most precious friend that we would ever know!

We will never forget Ernst. He will live on in our hearts. That's why we take it as our sacred duty to do honor to his memory. Thousands of comrades all over the world will feel likewise.

With Frank R., Jürgen K. and many other German comrades in the national camp we plan to have a memorial September 1 – 3 for our much-loved Ernst – our heroic warrior for Truth, Freedom and Independence. It will be a memorial that will convey honor to Ernst.

With all our hearts, we wish you much strength and resolve to master all the difficult tasks now before you. With our very best wishes,

Your Horst and your Gisela.

That is all I can tell you today. There is much more that I will have to say in the future. For now, please just know that Ernst did not want and did not in the least intend to die. We had such gentle dreams. We were all ready to help fashion the future, not just for ourselves but for our many friends in the entire world - not just in Germany or here in the United States. That resolve did not die when Ernst died. Believe me!

I miss Ernst achingly.

Ingrid Zundel