



[David Lane 1938 - 2007](#)

Dateline June 1, 2007 CE

Only this afternoon my wife Linda had informed me that our kinsman Ron McVan had contacted her to inform her that David Lane had passed away earlier this week on Memorial Day.

How David passed is not nearly as important as how he lived or the severe consequences he had incurred in concert with his noble convictions and principles. More so, with Dave's passing both the Aryan folk and Odinist/Wotanist faith have lost a champion. The battalions of Zionists and their misinformed sympathizers are most assuredly overjoyed at our faith and folk community's great loss. Albeit, one hundred perhaps two hundred years from now, history will be rewritten to reflect the reality of the role genuine Patriotism played in the late 20th century Vinland (USA) where European folk, heritage and cultures were to come under siege and remain so today.

And where such history shall be chronicled, the name of David Lane will appear upon the Patriot's Roll of Honor.

David Lane was born in Woden, Iowa, Vinland on Wednesday – (Odins day), November 2, 1938 CE and he was a life long folk patriot; Whom on many occasions disregarded his own comfort and personal safety in service to that which he most loved and remained stalwartly committed to; "His Folk". Dave now leaves us to join Allfather Odin and the myriad of heroes whom await him in Valhalla.

The piper's song is mournful, as it wends its way across our Odal lands, and I fear that many "Armchair Patriots" will seek to capitalize off his honorable name and memory. The deluge of poetry, essays and songs will now begin, and were they are proffered by the legitimate Folk Patriots, such fame of sound praise is always appropriate. But where the Aryan man or woman lacks even the desire to abhor the many maladies which plague our Race, all the while singing the praise of Dave, an even a greater disservice our foes could not afford his valiant memory.

For Dave, just as all true Folk Patriots, despised the Aryan man or woman in name only; those who refuse to acknowledge the damage that drugs, vice, prison politics and fratricidal behaviors destroys our people with. It was David Lane that gave us the 14 words, "We must secure the existence of our people and the future for white children".

As surely as we honor the memory of this kinsmen, who now joins the ranks of our honored ancestors, others will come to fill our ranks where the fallen once stood. The only question that remains is this, "Will those who come along honor or deface the memory of David Lane with their actions?"

Cattle die; Kinsman die
and so each one must die;
One thing I know shall never die,
the deeds of a good man.

– Hávamál - 77

David Lane was 68. We shall miss him sorely. But we shall never forget him, or his selfless and tireless efforts. Fara meth Odin, Dave!

On behalf of all Sons of Odin, 1519, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. faculty and the Vinland Folk Resistance

Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519
Vinland Folk Patriot for the 14 Words

=====

Farewell Dear Kinsman

Rare are the men today who display deep commitment for their race and heritage. Rare are the men who through ceaseless striving live their convictions and are willing to sacrifice everything for the greater good of their people. Such a man was David Lane and his passing at age 69 was a tremendous loss in the ongoing struggle for Aryan survival.

For over four decades David Lane poured out his heart, soul, mind and knowledge with such unwavering passion that our people might awaken, unite and fight against the impending realities that threaten our race with virtual extinction.

A prison sentence of 190 years did not waver his ironclad commitment to our plight nor keep him from having his voice heard through his thought provoking and extensive writings around the world.

To many, David was a best friend, a kinsman, teacher, philosopher and at times even a prophet, and his passing leaves behind a void that will take a giant of a man to fill.

Those of us who have had the honor to have known David over the course of many years throughout the Aryan movement, we salute you dear kinsman and eagerly await the day when we will meet again in Valhalla with so many other noble fighters for our cause who have carried the torch of hope through the darkness and turmoil here in Midgard.

Godspeed to you in your journey and new horizons across the Bifrost Bridge, your physical work is done and we will not forget you, nor will we ever forget your crucial 14 words which will resound in our hearts forever!

Farewell dear kinsman! Sage and comrade!..... Farewell!

Ron McVan, *Gothi HNO*

Dave's Song, by T.A. Walsh, 1519-AG, *apprentice Gothi HNO*

I always rode the waves
as far as the winds would take me
The sea of my heart was brave
when storms thereon would forsake me
But better I lived all my days
'gainst the wind and the rain that have faced me
than to ever have lived like the slave
that this piteous world tried to make me
Deceived, Damned, but oh so beautifully defiant.

Hail Davie Lane!
There can be no doubt that he dines with the Allfather today!

=====

"Cattle die; kinsmen die; you must likewise die; but the voice of honor never dies for him who has earned a good name." - Havamal

"Lo, there do I see my father. Lo, there do I see my mother and my sisters and my brothers. Lo, there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning. Lo, they do call to me, they bid me take my place amongst them, in the Halls of Valhalla, where the Brave, they live forever!"

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." -- David Lane

[David Lane 11/2/38 - 5/28/07](#)

[Legends Live Forever](#)

Remembering David Lane

We must ever remember David Lane, his 14 Words, and what he stood for. His life is an example of courage, honor and commitment we would all do well to emulate.

So many proclaim the 14 Words. "14" has even become a greeting and a salute. Reflect where and when David Lane first spoke the 14 Words. These inspirational words were first uttered by David Lane during his final address to the court at the conclusion of the infamous 1988 Ft Smith "Sedition" Trial. David Lane first proclaimed the 14 Words, destined to become a guiding principle and noble cause for many, while he was a political prisoner already sentenced to 190 years and threatened with even more time in

addition to a cruel sentence spanning several life times. David Lane was to remain a political prisoner , a POW, one of our more renown, ever defiant to a growing tyranny determined to subjugate if not destroy our Eurofolk people, until he crossed Bifrost to leave Midgard and to be welcomed by the venerable of Valhalla.

During those long years of imprisonment, there were periods during which David Lane, and the other Order POW's, were forgotten or neglected by all but a few. As with almost all of our political prisoners, outside support waxed and waned in ever revolving cycles. As with almost all of our political prisoners, there always seemed to be those shallow individuals who feign to be pro-Eurofolk while backbiting and defaming him. If you seriously, genuinely, wish to remember and to honor David Lane, in a way he would appreciate because it will be in a way which will really matter, remember and support our political prisoners. If you really want to honor the memory of David Lane, never again allow anyone who claims to be pro-Eurofolk to go unchecked if they slander or undermine support for any of our political prisoners. Be silent no more about the attempted come back in the pro-Eurofolk cause of any of the traitors who testified against David Lane and the other political prisoners who were his co-defendants at Ft Smith, and tolerate no one who supports or acquiesces to any of these traitors worming their way back into any pro-Eurofolk circles.

In several state prison systems prisoners are punished, some times severely, for having or using the 14 Words or even just the number "14." Prison mail rooms have withheld mail which included the 14 Words. Only someone warped by the mental mildew and spiritual poison of "political correctness" could find anything hateful or a "security threat" to "we must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." Honor the legacy of the author of the 14 Words by helping to provide outside support for those of our kinsmen and kinswomen behind the wire and wall who are penalized by self appointed thought police for embracing the undying principles of the 14 Words. Honor the memory, the legacy, of David Lane by doing your part to assure that no more will any of our own trapped in America's gulags be made to feel abandoned and forsaken.

David Lane has now passed into the realm of legend, yet his legacy will live on within each of us who live by the principle of his enduring 14 Words.

Heilsa, David Lane!

John W Gerhardt, LibRA

=====

The following eulogy for fallen hero and martyr David Lane is by Order POW, political prisoner and LibRA member Richard Kemp. You may write to Richard at:

Richard Kemp, 09886-016
FCI Sheridan
PO Box 5000
Sheridan, OR 97378-5000

Please share with others

Eulogy For David Lane

By Richard Kemp

Native American lore teaches an owl is a harbinger of death. I don't buy into this superstition, so when I saw a great horned owl perched outside my window on the night of May 27th little did I realize I had lost a dear friend, trusted comrade, and hero of our folk, David Eden Lane.

When a man becomes a living legend, we forget he was mortal and possessed many of the same passions as the rest of us. Many of you are unaware he was a boxer, or that he was a scratch golfer who used to hustle skins games at various golf courses around the West. When I first met him, he was working for a title company. He was the stereotypical middle aged bachelor who liked to dance with the ladies at the country and western bars on the weekend and had a knack for hooking up with wild women.

The first time I met him, his woman friend was chasing after him with a sword and intended to inflict grievous bodily harm upon his person. It took three strapping men to disarm her. I thought to myself; this is a guy who lives life on the edge, maybe he can teach me a thing or two.

Though David had a silver tongue and was a smooth talker with the ladies, he was not given to ostentatious displays. He lived out of his suitcase for the first year that I knew him. At the same time, he often slept on people's sofas or hide-a-beds, or stayed in cheap motel rooms. He was given to wearing casual slacks or jeans and a dress shirt covered by a windbreaker. For transportation, he drove a broken down VW bug with no power. One day, he let me drive it to the store, and I swear, I had the accelerator pressed to the floor just to get it up to 50 M.P.H. on the highway. Yes my friends, although he did not have a lot of wealth and finery, this man was a prince. In personal sacrifice, he eschewed all worldly goods and gave his heart and soul to fight for a dying race.

David was most ardent in his beliefs. He was unafraid to speak his mind both verbally and in his many writings. He was an adherent to the "By any means necessary" school of thought. He fought for our people with both pen and sword - though it was his pen that proved to be his greatest weapon. He penned "The 88 Precepts" and was responsible for coining The 14 Words. The title of his book *Damned, Defiant, and Deceived* summarized in just three "D's" how Mr. Lane viewed the world. In my mind, his defiance is what will forever ring true in my memories of him. David was defiant with every fiber of his being. Even when they took his freedom and locked him away in some of the highest security prisons in the U.S., he continued to tweak the nose of the authorities with his fervor. Even if he had to sharpen the stub of a pencil on the concrete floor of his cell he continued to write and influence our folk half a world away.

There is a huge emptiness in my heart upon hearing of Mr. Lane's passing. I would like to honor the man with some words and share with you some memories so you can know how this man lived, that he passed this way and made an impression on our hearts.

The night we heard of his passing, about 40 guys stood in our grove and honored him with a moment of silence. As my mind raced with memories of the man, my gaze fixed upon a bird of prey soaring above the farm fields nearby. All these little black birds were flying up to nip at his tail feathers trying to chase it off. I thought to myself; what a perfect metaphor. David Lane was like this raptor, soaring into the heavens; and all these frightened little birds, who could not understand him or his nature, pecked at his behind in an attempt to drive him away.

I remember David told me he was raised in the rural town of Aurora, CO. He was born in a cabin there surrounded by fields of grain with the majestic Rocky Mountains silhouetted on the horizon. As he spoke of it, I envisioned this pastoral setting where hardy, ham fisted yeomen hung out at the seed and feed store drinking black coffee, and talking about how the weather is going to affect the crops of the season.

Once, when David and I were passing through Denver, he decided since we were nearby, we'd detour so he could show me his birthplace. I recall David seeming as if he had lost his way. There were blocks and blocks of urban development, brand new condos and shopping centers. Suddenly, the area where he grew up became unfamiliar to him. Where once there were fields of ripened grain - now there was a concrete jungle filled with

foreign faces. As we turned into the neighborhood of trash filled streets littered with broken bottles and dirty diapers in the gutters, gang graffiti marked the buildings and Hispanic youths sat on street corners acting tough. We slowed to a stop, and David stared at the home of his youth. I saw tears welling up in his eyes. The windows of this small house were boarded up, and graffiti marred the building. A large construction sign in front of the house indicated that the property was soon to be converted into a soccer field. Already some young Hispanics were kicking soccer balls in a dried up field behind the house. As I looked back, I realize this may have been a watershed moment serving to further enflame the passion and commitment of David Lane.

I truly lament the fact that David had to die in prison - away from his family, friends and loved ones. This man deserved better. Just as it was with the home of his birth, some official probably had a trash can set up outside the door of the cell where he died. He probably tossed most of David's belongings into the trash, erasing the final traces that a great man passed that way. With any luck, a few items will be boxed up and sent to a family member or close friend. Little does this government employee know that the man whose property he is emptying into the trash was a hero of our folk who ranked with the titans of our people in North America; Robert Miles, Pastor Butler, Dr Pierce and Robert J Mathews. They can go ahead and throw away his treasured belongings. What he lacked in worldly goods, he definitely made up for in the richness of the legacy that he left behind. I think of the scene from *The 13th Warrior* when the chieftain of the Viking Warrior band is dying and he laments he has no worldly possessions worthy of a king, but if a person were to tell his story he would be a rich man indeed. I can assure you, that David Lane is a very rich man because we will tell his story to our children and grandchildren.

I suspect the powers - that - be now feel a sense of justification if not relief in their attempts to muzzle and stifle this man who remained a bastion of opposition until his passing. Regardless of the obstacles placed in front of him through restrictive incarceration, David had remained a beacon of integrity, passion and character who has inspired our folk throughout the world, and will continue to do so in the immortality of his words and teachings - many of which have become tenets of our creed.

In memoriam to my friend David Lane, I ask only that those of us who grieve not dishonor his life or passing by disregarding his commitment to the cause by forgetting the mettle of this man and the sacrifice he made both before and after his incarceration. What I personally will carry within my heart until my end days is the undying love that David held for his people, and the fact that despite efforts to discount and debase that love it remained true and constant even as he drew his dying breath. Remember, if nothing else, David Lane lived and died for the struggle to secure the future existence for us and our children, I can think of no more appropriate words than those of the Havamal..

Cattle Die, Kinsmen Die, Every man is Mortal.
One thing I know that *never* dies is the fame of a Dead Man's Deeds

We will Never Forget !

Bruder Schweigen
Richard Kemp