

# SURVIVING THE OCCULT

LITTLE BIRD AND HER JESUS



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# Ritual Abuse Refuge

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## Dedication:

To those who think that they are trapped in the occult.  
Miracles are available.

## WARNING

THIS BOOK is not for everyone. It is certainly not for children. It is as vague as possible concerning sexual content; however, it contains the analysis of several acts of ritualistic pedophilia and abuse. The focus is not on the physical but on how these acts are used for mind control. Still, this book is not for children.

This might not be the right time for you to read it. Prayerful consideration is needed before one reads further. It dissects tactics of severe abuse in order to render them powerless. In the end, this is an analysis of my healing after sadistic ritual abuse. His Spirit is there to heal others who have experienced similar things, in healing notes at the end of most chapters. It does detail many of the horrors that I experienced. I use terms like “inappropriate touching,” but it may be hard on a person’s heart to read this. Yes, writing this has forced me to look at devastating events in my childhood and brought me to a place of freedom. However, please consider that it could cause flashbacks. Let God lead you.

Plainly, it is paramount that anyone who reads this has an understanding that this book contains information which is heartbreaking.

# Introduction

*“People who do not believe that the truth will set you free have not swallowed memories of torture.”*

WHEN I WAS a little girl, I developed a couple of strange beliefs. One had to do with nightmares. I believed that if a person’s dreams were bad enough, when they woke up their body would be battered from the events in the dreams. I also believed that I had developed something that I called “The disease of the bottom.”

These strange beliefs were my attempt to explain the fact that often when I woke up after a night of bad dreams, my body would be battered. The physical damage was remarkable, to say the least. It included things like deep bruises, general soreness, unconfirmed broken ribs, and once, a knot on the side of my head that extended a few inches. To add to this, I consistently woke with a sore, irritated bottom with pain that sometimes radiated into my belly.

My dad saw some of the bruises but he was working away from home and unaware of the bulk of the injuries. He was rattled with stress. My brother showed some concern about me. The women, my mother included, dismissed my complaints as normal.

This started during a summer that we lived in temporary housing behind a church. The whole summer was weird. I never found an understanding about these physical damages back then. These were long forgotten elements of this strange time in my childhood.

In adulthood, most of this was overshadowed and nearly forgotten because of other memories of abuse that were addressed. My grandfather had sexually molested me that summer while on a trip to the post office. This I told people about and I was removed for a time from my grandfather's access.

In general, I hated thinking about my childhood. It hurt. My childhood was terrible. This is true for many people. Mine had some strange aspects that I never understood. I was often treated like the devil child. People looked at me with suspicion whenever I entered any new setting. I was referred to as defiled by a relative. I was laughed at for going to church at night when I attended another church at about ten years of age. In that same church I was pointed out by one of the other kids and the Sunday school teacher forgot about teaching Sunday school. They sat directly in front of me and lectured me, saying that Egyptians were evil. All I knew was that they built the pyramids. Also, my mother told me that I could not get saved or make a full commitment to Jesus. Many people have had bad childhoods, but the weirdness of mine was through the roof.

I survived my childhood and had become a good woman. I was however, always weighed down by a series of destructive relationships. I had some therapy as an adult and had been lifted, and felt that I was an amazing woman who suffered from codependency.

This was not enough, and the dysfunction continued. God pulled on my heart. He showed me I needed to look for the cause. He led me and I let myself focus on my painful childhood. I remembered all these bizarre events. I was afraid and didn't get far.

Years later I let myself think about the summer that I was molested. I knew that I needed healing. So, I sat still for a while and focused on that daytime molestation. During this process, I prayed for guidance.

I remembered that during the molestation I was terrified, but I comforted myself by the fact that the others were not there. I thought of these others as "The people from the church" and when I visualized

them, they were wearing cloaks, like the ones devil worshipers wear in movies. I also remembered that I had chosen to tell only the part about my grandfather. I felt like it was safer just to tell about what he did. This did not make sense to me and I knew that there were missing pieces to a puzzle. I came to the realization that my grandfather was not only a pedophile but also some sort of devil worshiper. However, that was as far as I let myself go. At this point, it was all I could handle. It ached at me for fifteen more years.

One day, it all came to a boil. I physically went back to this church that we had lived behind. I drove into the parking lot during the day and sat for a few moments. Within less than five minutes I felt the urge to run. In that short period of time I remembered more strange events. There were these metal double doors on the side of the building. I knew that they led into a banquet room that has parquet paneling. My mother had stated that it was fake parquet.

Many vivid details of this building became clear. Scary Sunday school rooms that no one had Sunday school in. I knew that there was a second floor and that the kids who attended there said that no one knew how to get to.

However, remembering an event that took place in this spot took my focus. I remembered being thrown out of the double doors while naked. This event had happened right before daylight and I had something sticky and gross all over me. A cloaked woman opened the door and threw my clothes and shoes at me. As I began to put my clothes on, she opened the door again and took my shoes back. She said, "You deserved that."

I had no way of understanding this and tried to just shake it off. I prayed and prayed. I asked for God to take control. I asked Him to decide if I should remember. I was way over my head. He is good to lean on.

I breathed free of it for a few days. Then while I was driving the grocery store, I thought of mundane things. I debated on picking up a movie. I thought about how I used to like scary movies.

I flipped through the memories of a few scary movies that I had seen. Then there it was. I remembered a little girl being put on a makeshift table made from an unhinged door and raped by a cloaked man as two cloaked women laid on top of her upper body. I remember how the girl felt. She was too young to understand sexual intercourse and believed that she had been stabbed by a knife. She fought back with the protesting statement, “You hurt my butt!”

I shook my head left to right and thought, No, No, No. But I could no longer deny it. I knew that I had put God in control and had comfort. I knew this process was good and right. That was not a movie that I was remembering. That was me on the table.

This has been a ride.

I have recovered many more memories of ritual abuse. I have patched this recovered memory with memories I had already had about the many weird events in my childhood. For the first time in my life my family and the strangeness of my childhood makes sense. I have come to many definite conclusions. It hurts to remember but the truth always leads to the truth.

There was an effort to train me into the ways of a hidden religion. It hurt. God allowed this to happen to me and others. So yes, I asked why. I needed a full, detailed explanation over and over again.

I know that the Bible says not to question him. That wasn't exactly what I did. I asked, questions with respect. Knowing him paid off. I knew that approaching him with respect gets his attention. I managed to get it right, enough. His generosity was massive. In exchange for a minor amount of obedience our creator taught me many things and told me to share.

It's a lot. Most of which is not about abuse. It's about glory and power beyond my understanding. He lets evil exist because he lets mankind pay consequences for entertaining darkness. We either learn or we do not, and humanity is a mess. As we all know, children always pay for the mistakes of their parents and sometimes that gets really bad.

Moving forward, there are a few things about my story that will be shocking. This is not all about the descriptions of Evil.

Without understanding specific aspects of divine intervention some elements of my story might not make sense to you.

Let's talk about divine intervention. Because he did give me a way out.

Like everyone else, God did not leave me for a second. He offered me ways out and guided me even as I failed and succeeded. There was a steady flow of love and understanding. He is just that grand.

The problem is that we often dismiss the voice of God. We busy grownups and forget that everything in our heads does not come from us.

The more one talks to him the more they know his voice. Prayer works.

Adulthood has a downside. Back then I was just a kid. Children have qualities that we have lost. I did not have as much clutter in my head then, as I do now. The bulk of the abuse took place when I was six years old and then eight years old. Hearing God seemed felt natural.

Adulthood is not as much fun. Childlike faith comes naturally to children and requires work in adulthood. Also, we get busy. How do we think that we are going to know someone's voice if we do not talk to him? Prayer is some serious business. Yes, we often lose a connection that has more value than I can comprehend.

Relationships are unique. We don't talk about it. The way in which he approaches us is different. He does not just talk to us in the language that we understand best. He custom makes the tone, volume and

inflections. He sets every atom in place and gets it right every time. I have seen this.

I was in a particularly bad spot. For me, he chose to send a team. All of heaven was active in assisting me.

It is good and true for each of us to understand that all of heaven is on our side. He choice to let me see this process and would open a window to heaven and let me hear them.

This is in the spirit realm however while in extreme circumstances this communication ranged from clear to deafening. His actions were perfect, and I did really good for a kid.

He showed me that Heaven is distinct. They were definite and made a glorious team effort. I was spiritually aware that a window to Heaven would open. There were a multitude of people in Heaven looking at me. In this group was an assigned speaker. God was in the corner of the window and had control of all communication. I have never heard anyone else talk about God communicating with them in this way. I do not care; this is how He talks to me. He is mysterious to us because He knows everything, and we do not. This was the source of guidance and love that I needed.

While my abusers used ancient techniques of mind control and two forms of hypnosis, I had power at my access. This was massive. Jesus was physically there at one point. God consistently gave me choices, options, while these evil people tortured me each time that I refused to renounce Jesus.

As holy scriptures have told us, evil is well camouflaged. They take extreme measures to make this happen. The church that we lived behind was a decoy. This group operated in secret while using Christianity as a disguise. They had regular church services and all the elements that are expected of a real church. At night they served another purpose.

They lied and told me lies that they believed to be true. The devil worshipers said that I had “the gift of feelings” and that I would be

superior at magic. God issued me love and acceptance in a way that I felt no need to be held superior to others.

Before I began this healing process, I had never completely understood myself. Now, I understand more than I ever imagined I could. I know that God never left me. I remember the evil and I remember that a great effort was made by Heaven to guide me to safety.

It has been hard. This process hurts, then heals. It is slow. God has explained to me that if He instantly healed me that I would lose much of my understanding of truth.

A massive change has taken place within me. Throughout my life I was what people called a good person. God was my foundation. Remembering how Heaven never left me has taught me a great lesson. God is not just the foundation; He is the way to freedom. He is now my filter that I see all events through. Life is different now, knowing that all of Heaven is on my side.

I am finally finding true healing. The mechanics of this process, recovering and dealing with these memories was as simple as I could make it. I have allotted myself two hours a day for months and let these memories come forth.

>Most believe that ritual abuse survivors have dealt with or suffer from what modern psychology calls Dissociative Identity Disorder. This disorder is allowed because God in his good and perfect way gave us the ability to shield ourselves from trauma. There is a wealth of information on this online. Some people think that all of us have it.

I do know with some certainty that I don't have it. I have searched and prayed, and I have not truly disassociated. On the other hand, I have a strong history of blocking out events. I do not have periods of missing time. This I will point out in places where it is a mere factor in how I progressed.

There were miracles that occurred during the abuse that shielded me from permanent damage.

I am good today. Many fears were divinely removed and others I dismiss. He works on me every day. I live in a state of abundance and joy. I am most often under demonic attack. Still, I am moving swiftly toward my goals.

My life does not look perfect. I am not independently wealthy, but I am rich beyond my dreams. Learning to rejoice in all things opened my heart. While we will live this life, hard times will come. I get tired, like ever one else. But knowing that even my flaws can be used to my benefit changes everything.

In preparation for today, multiple aspects of my life were put into place even prior to my healing.

For instance, at 40 years old I earned a degree in public relations. This is important because it is in a field that is always seems to generate evil. That looks bad but while I have not earned one dime in the field. I did however develop my ability to how to communicate effectively. I needed it to get where I am now.

Another thing is that: I have a great distaste for traditional Christianity as I have been devastated by it. The church that I was abused in was not a church. However much of harm that occurs, if not all is the fault of the true church. I can smell a fake. He did not redeem us so that we can rule the world. The world is going to hell and it is our job to bring The Kingdom of Heaven to earth. Which means Loving others as you Love yourself. That other stuff is not the real thing. Smelling fakes has proven to be useful.

I did nothing alone. I love my Lord now more than I ever imagined possible, as He has held me then and now.

# Overturning My Incrimination

*Circa 1978*

BECOMING UNDER OCCULT CONTROL did not require unusual circumstances. They divided my family without extraordinary effort.

I was six years old and my family needed help. We had been living in a red brick house in a suburb of a large city a couple of hours drive from where I was born. We had bikes and kids to play with and there was a weeping willow tree on our road. I thought it was great. Yet my dad had been unemployed for quite some time and we had to move.

My dad drove my mother, me and two brothers to my mother's parents' small apartment. My older brother and I rode in the back seat of our red, two-door, boat-like car.

I was the only girl and smack dab in the middle of two boys. I had a brother three years older and one three years younger. My older brother was a redhead with tons of freckles. He was calmer than me, smart and quick-witted.

My younger brother was just plump enough, healthy with curly white hair and blue eyes. I thought of him as my baby. He was a happy baby and rode in my mother's lap, before the advent of car seats.

Out of the three of us I was usually the one that made the most noise and mess. My parents were worried. I was young and it seemed like an adventure to me.

When we arrived, I discovered that my mother's parents were living in an apartment behind what I thought was a Christian church. At this point I only had vague memories of my grandparents.

I learned about my grandfather. He had been a pastor yet at this point he was considered a deacon. He had been the shameful kind of pastor, who wasn't really a pastor. He never did the job. Even at that age I was aware that he was lazy and selfish. I had overheard adults talking and it became clear to me that he had done something wrong and therefore was forced into retirement. Still, he remained without gainful employment. At this point he carried the title of deacon and retired pastor.

My grandmother had been working at a day care center close by the decoy church. She was good with babies. She had a strategy. She had learned that if a baby was crying it had to be because they were either hungry, mad, bored or had a dirty diaper. She would add that they might be mad because their diaper was dirty. She would go through the list of these four reasons till she found a way to quiet a baby. She was the baby expert and my hero.

The decoy church was the center of their lives. The completion of a new sanctuary was approaching. They were putting the finishing touches on an enormous building next to the older red brick one. It seemed like endless possibilities to me.

Their apartment was on the end of one long, thin, wood framed building that was divided into six small units. It sat directly behind the new decoy church. The building stretched from just behind the new sanctuary all the way to the next street.

This building was unique. It looked like they had connected the ends of a few trailer homes and failed to put on the skirting. Most of these apartments were vacant. The walls were thin, without insulation. It didn't seem to be built to last. I believe this had been temporary housing for the construction workers that had been working on the new sanctuary.

The decoy church owned more than I realized. Behind the old sanctuary, they had a small brick house where the pastor and his family lived and two other wood framed houses behind it. Both the old and the new church buildings faced the same road and the apartments and houses stretched all the way to the next road.

My grandparents had moved into apartment number 1, within a year or so before we arrived. It was the only one with more than one bedroom and a porch. It seemed like the castle of the apartments.

The first night that we arrived my older brother and I had been put to bed on adjacent love seats. The grown-ups had a lot of talking to do in the other room and we could hear them, somewhat. I remember my brother saying that they were going to ask the people from the decoy church if we could move into one of the apartments.

He often informed me about what was going on with the changes in our lives. He informed me that they were concerned about me. We both understood that there was some danger for me. This was the beginning of the puzzle. This seemed impossible to me. Why would people from a church pose a danger? I did not know that this was not a real church.

We got an apartment of our own and they got my dad a job. The place felt charmed. We moved into the apartment on the opposite end from my grandparents. It was number 6 and my grandparents was number 1. It was a tiny, one bedroom with a living room only big enough for a love seat. Our new home was the closest to the new church and it seemed to me that we were all scrunched together in a cubbyhole within a magical kingdom.

The yard came furnished with feral cats, one of which I was determined to catch; It was my mission. It seemed mean and I figured It needed some love. My dad told me to stop. He was frustrated with me in a way that I had never seen before. Soon, my brother explained to me that wild cats could scratch my eyes out. It was a struggle, but I did stop trying to catch it.

My dad was working hard to improve our situation. Due to the pressure that he was under he was irritable to the point that I thought he might explode with anger.

We were barely settled into our new home when a massive attack on my bond with my dad took place. He was taken away during the night by people who were wearing cloaks.

We had two beds in that room. I was sleeping on the other side of the room and as I woke, I could see my parents' bed.

As a cloaked person stood in the doorway, another helped my dad put his pants and boots on. The adults were whispering. My dad did not seem truly conscious. However, my mom sat up in bed and told him that he would be all right. He wobbled out with assistance.

I had heard of drunk people before, and with his recent change in behavior I thought that he had become one of them. I felt like my sweet dad was becoming a bad person. This was the only way I could understand this change in his behavior.

The Saints corrected my understanding. She said that he was not bad but that he was being taken for training. She said something that I understood to mean that something was beginning. I had no idea what was going on at the time.

One day, not long after I saw them take him at night, my dad left home to have a meeting with the men about a business opportunity. He was wearing a button-down shirt with a collection of bright primary colors. It was the brightest shirt that I had ever seen with all the colors of the rainbow layered in a plaid pattern.

Soon after he left for the meeting some men came to get me. I didn't expect to go anywhere. I left the apartment with my mother's consent and the next thing that I knew I was drifting in and out of consciousness in a strange place. The Saints were speaking words of encouragement. They were telling me that I was a good girl. As I became aware of

inappropriate touching, I tried to push them off me. I had little strength, but I did gain more awareness of my surroundings.

I was laying on the platform of the new building, naked from the waist down. Three men were around me. One squatted near me. Two were seated at my sides. They spoke vulgarity. In contrast to the words of the Saints they explained to me that I was enjoying it. I was too intoxicated to process what was happening or what was being said.

The drugs began to wear off a bit and the man who had been squatting, stood me up. I do not remember his face, but he is present in many of my memories. I refer to him as the man with the mean voice, because he had the ability to change his voice and speak in a manner that terrified me.

He always wore a cloak, was excessive in height and wore the most expensive shoes and pants that I had ever seen.

The Saints told me that they were tricking me.

After I stood, he waved his hand over my face and gave me a set of instructions. He told me that I was having the time of my life, that I would not be able to stop laughing and that I would not be able to see them. Then he told me to go play.

I hid underneath the podium in the decoy church, for fun. I was high as a kite. I could not stop laughing. No matter what happened I thought it was great. I was having a great time hiding. I was intoxicated to the point that it scared me, however I laughed hysterically, even at my own fear and loss of control.

The man with the mean voice reached down to usher me out of my hiding spot. He asked me to come out and get some candy. I was thrilled. They asked me to kneel on an unhinged door that was laying on the floor in front of the podium. When I was in place, they instructed me to hold out my arms and cup my palms. They told me that to get the candy I had to look forward. The Saints told me that I was being tricked. I was not sure what to do about it.

My thought process did not reflect in my behavior. I had been spelled to laugh and was confused.

While I was kneeling, the men were moving behind me. They would caress my hair and shoulders from time to time. They made several grunting noises. One rubbed my thigh inappropriately. I did not like this but could not stop laughing. I was told to look forward but looked to my right when one of them came into my field of vision. I was certain that someone was there but I could not see him. I could not see the man or anything else. It was like a veil had been placed between me and the man. This scared me.

Still, I laughed. The Saints spoke loudly. “They are showing him. Run!” they commanded. Soon I began to feel as if blobs of snot were being spit onto me. The Saints had been telling me that I was being tricked. They told me to get away from the men. I believed them yet still laughed at the events.

As this took place a group of men walked down the aisle between the two sets of pews and toward us. The group dismantled as they approached us. The men in the front of the group moved aside and my dad who had been in the center of the group got a sudden view of what was happening to me. He was being shown this staged activity. He looked as if someone had punched him in the chest, I think he stopped breathing for a moment. Still, I laughed.

The man with the mean voice popped me near my mouth and I became instantly sober.

They called my dad by name and said, “Look what your little girl is doing.”

“Where are her clothes?” he asked. One of the men threw my clothes at me and told him that I had taken them off.

“She asked for this,” they told him. I saw him looking at me.

“He won’t love you anymore. Not the same,” the Saints said. I still

had no understanding of what happened. More importantly I continued to fail to follow the instructions of the Saints for quite some time.

I will never forget the look on his face. He was crushed. He took my hand and walked me home. As we walked away, the men implied that I was due punishment. He questioned my behavior. I had no explanation. I did not understand what had happened. I regret very much that I tried to play it off. "They have candy," I told him, trying to act like nothing bad had happened. He dropped my hand.

In a coinciding memory that took place when I was in my early twenties, my dad told me that the people in the church made him see his mother when she wasn't there. He told me that while he was working inside the church he turned around and saw his mother. She lived about a three-hour drive from this place and he had not expected her to visit. He said that she talked to him about me and that she told him that I was bad. He would not elaborate on what exactly she said.

He also said that as soon as he could get to a phone, he called his mother and she told him that she had been at home and therefore was not at the decoy church to talk to him.

His mother was wise and he trusted her. She told him on the phone that she believed that these people were devil worshipers and they had hypnotized him. She advised him to get out of the situation.

He was baffled by this. How did these people know what she looked like?

He said that he intended to, but my mother refused to leave. My dad had eight siblings and an abundance of family members who would have come to get us.

In another coinciding memory this break in our bond was reinforced in my teenage years. A man that my father knew called him and bragged about having had sex with me. One person bragged, but when he did, he said that I had been having sex freely with many partners. I was not perfect, but this did not happen.

In a conversation with my dad about this I denied it and he replied, “Well he said you did.” I was so hurt and when I spoke to an aunt about this, she said that my dad had never recovered from “seeing me like that when I was little.” I shook it off. I was not ready to remember. I now believe that those that told false sexual stories about me to my dad were reinforcing the break in our bond. Over the years this happened several times and led to great damage.

This is one of many events in my life that did not make sense. I felt like everyone was crazy.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

While God lets us learn, the enemy uses our weak spots. My family had a few weak spots. A lack of faith was just one. I will never understand why my father did not defend me, even when he believed I was a consenting participant. This is a moral problem.

Incrimination is a primary step in occult training. This was my incrimination. My father was my only protector. While this was never a natural role for him, they prevented any chance of him feeling obligated to remove me from the situation. He never consented, but he never faced the problem head on.

In my research I have read about how men that get involved in the occult are incriminated. It has been recorded that they agree to engage in sexual rituals, then during the ritual realize that the other participant is underage.

After my incrimination, I was confused and needed a hug. That feeling did not leave until I found healing. My dad never touched me again after that. Any hug was halfhearted and as distant as possible. He would say strange things that I did not understand until later.

Heartbreak is the engine that runs ritual abuse. Ritual abuse is mind control programming. It alters a person’s way of relating to others with

a series of devastations. It breaks a person's heart systematically and as they adapt their behavior changes. It is sicker than I can or want to comprehend.

While he never consented to me being involved in the occult, He did allow abuse. This had a dreadful effect on our long-term relationship. This elevated to a destructive level and opened the door for abuse even into my adult years.

I have learned from this. When things don't add up there is missing information. I was not able to control my behavior because I was spelled. I did not know what a spell was, at that age, but I know now. It is a forced viewpoint or reaction. Now, I pay attention to my behavior and make sure it makes sense. It does not have to be perfect but it needs to coincide with what I am thinking. I have noticed others who behave in ways that are not logical. Sometimes it is not imperfections; sometimes it is imposed onto them.

Filtering one's thoughts through a knowledge of God is key. For me, like most people, God seemed intangible.

Today, my faith has developed into a filter which I see all things through. Father God is more concrete than anything that exists.

I have learned not to let the enemy throw me off balance. He has won many battles over me by keeping me rattled. Life is supposed to be scary; this is when we grow. When times get uncertain I think about my dad and learn from his mistakes. Many times, now, I have just held to my trust in the Lord and He has worked it all out for my, and His benefit.

Facing the cause of the distance between me and my dad was just a resolution of an old pain. However, facing the pain I felt due to the words of the Saints, "He will not love you anymore," took more time.

I knew that throughout my incrimination they had been warning me, empowering me. I knew that if I had reacted to their instruction I could have avoided the devastation. I was not able to respond in my confusion

and altered state of mind. For a while, I beat myself up due to my failure and felt guilt.

I do not feel bad about this anymore. I did as good as I could with my range of knowledge and so did the Saints. Their words were harsh; it hurt to remember. The truth sometimes hurts and, well, it was the truth. He never loved me the same after he saw me during that activity.

It is as simple as that. Something bad happened and it left damage. I have every intent on moving forward without hate, guilt or doubts. I will continue to flip it around and live as God intended, freely.

## We Are All Known In Heaven

*Circa 1978*

I WAS PUZZLED. Why did I need to be dressed so nicely? I did not mind; I just could not figure out why it was just me. My mother was a bit shaky and did not completely answer my questions. She walked me to the church building and my brothers stayed behind. It was weird. I liked the attention, but I knew something was wrong. I was not too worried; I knew that everything was going to work out. Heaven cushioned my fear. I was not alone.

A group greeted us. Four or five adults stood near the side entrance to the banquet room. The double doors remained shut. We waited for something. The adults talked. They remarked on how good I looked, like I was some sort of princess. It was too much. Scary.

There were several comments about how proud my mother must be. My mother spoke between deep breaths. I realized that something special was about to happen. I glanced up at her face and saw that she was crying a little. This was my big day and I did not know why. I felt like a bride that was about to walk down the aisle.

It was hot and my dress was too tight around my shoulders. The summer heat bounced off everything. I squinted to protect my eyes from the sunlight. I just wanted to go inside the air-conditioned building. There was a knock on the door that came from inside. The man nearest to it opened it. As he did, the adults bumped around. My mother drew a

deep breath. They were all excited. Her excitement was the most obvious.

He peeked in and then told me to go in. Just me. I stepped forward and then backed up. I did not know what to expect, but I did not expect what I saw. It was completely dark, no light at all. He told me to go in and play a game with the kids.

I peeked in again. “Can I turn on a light?” I asked.

The group of adults awed at this question. “No,” and, “It is supposed to be dark.” They seemed to think it was the cutest question they had ever heard.

I had never played in the dark before. This did not make sense. I wanted to reach for the light switch and turn the light on and then off just to get an idea of what was going on. I knew that this was bad.

With a physical stance suited for a knight, he opened the door further and let some light into the room. “Look,” he said. I did and I saw three kids.

They were on their knees facing each other in an incomplete circle. Their arms were wrapped around each other. They looked like a statue with equal distance between them. They were completely still. Closest to me there was a vacant spot in circle.

“See there is a place for you,” the man said. My mom took another deep breath and agreed with him. I got the impression that there was some deeper meaning to that statement.

I felt like I had gone to a different planet. I could not figure out why kids would want to play this game.

The Saints remained loving but were clear. “Run,” I was told. “This is a trick. Don’t go in there.” They pulled hard on my heart. I knew that this was bad and that I needed to run. But this was my mom’s big day, for some reason that was unknown to me. Also, I didn’t want to get in trouble with the adults. I was geared to obey adults. I wanted to be a good girl.

A moment passed and I had had enough of this push and pull. I moved forward and into the banquet room. I knelt and wrapped my arms around the other kids. The Saints spoke. "This is not a game. Where is the ball?" I knew that I was being tricked, but I did not know what to do about it.

Not long after I knelt, I started feeling like someone was tickling my ribs. "Be still," the Saints said. She was louder and I thought that this statement came from one of the adults in the room.

"We are supposed to be still and see if we feel anything," a boy said. I was still trying to think of this as a game. I thought maybe it was like the quiet game, but the be-still game. "Nobody ever feels anything," the boy said. I felt it. I felt it a lot.

The sensation of being tickled got stronger. I became angry. I thought someone was cheating at the game. I could not figure out how I was supposed to be still while someone tickled me. I was not sure who was talking.

This continued and the saint softened their voice and I recognized who was talking. "They are going to find you; they are testing you." I began to try, but every time they tickled me, I got angrier.

The Saints started distracting me. "We love you!" she said. "You are the one that makes us laugh. You never stop dancing." They elaborated quite a bit. These characteristics are true of me. To this day this is a good description of me.

I did good for a while, but the sensation got stronger. I still thought that I was being tickled by someone who was cheating at the game. In an expression of my anger I turned to look at the cheater. I wanted to catch them. The door was open, just enough for me to see some basics. A man was about five feet from me near the door.

He was stocky and wore an unfastened cloak that swayed as he moved. Just as I looked, he made a strong physical gesture from a distance. The gesture was identical to the movement a person would

make while using a horse whip. As he made this movement, I felt the sensation of being tickled. I did not understand this. There was no whip or way that he was making physical contact with me from that distance.

I got back in place, angrier. This continued for a few more minutes. After we dismantled the circle all the kids stomped away. No one seemed entertained. I moved toward the doorway and there was some light. I was ready to go home. Done. However, before I exited the banquet room, I overheard the man that was tickling me and a cloaked woman talking. They were elated, impressed, on how I played the game. They awed at how I could feel the sensation from long distances.

They debated on which of them I belonged to. I was not sure why, but she won the debate. The short debate ended with “She is mine.”

My inability to be still had just changed my life. I was then considered worthy of magic training. It took a dark turn that I have still not found my way back from. Still, I felt and saw comfort from Heaven. It was a lot for a little girl to handle. “You did good,” the Saints told me. They took that dark turn with me and never left me.

#### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

I was geared to be a good girl. This is good but can be used for bad. I wonder how often we remain obedient to the ways of our ancestors or churches and walk toward destruction, blinded by obedience. Obedience can blind a person to the truth.

Tearing oneself from their family is hard, but that was for me, the path to freedom.

A person’s worth should not be an ego trip. One should be themselves without need to be above others. In the same way, the best cook needs the best farmer. In the Kingdom of Heaven a janitor is not less valuable than an engineer.

They fed me a bunch of flattery to control and alter me. The Saint's affection for me rang true as it was not performance-based. They knew I was created for a reason and with the right characteristics, therefore all I had to be was me. I learned later that the Saints can be harsh. But it was fact-based and supported my growth. True acceptance is just that: true.

We are not commodities. Commodities are bought, sold, and can be disposed of. My worth is beyond even my own understanding.

Everyone has the right to feel safe. None of those people cared that I was scared and confused. They did not toughen me up; they weakened me.

I did good, but in looking at what I could have done better I made a couple of bad moves. Obeying the adults instead of the Saints was the first. I turned to look at the person that was causing the sensation of being tickled. This was all understandable at that state in my development. I have learned not to react to anger.

Remembering the moment in which the Saints distracted me has enriched my life at a level that I cannot express. I wish it had been recorded. I would play it as I slept and wake up ready to conquer anything.

I am known in Heaven. She giggled out many rich intricacies of my core. It was not just that they knew me to my core. It was the way that they expressed love for me. They did not say I was perfect. She said I was funny but with a tone that expressed that I was valued, just for being me. I was not just important to them but included. It is one thing to be loved; it's another to be loved for your complete self. Whenever I get down I think about their words. Yeah, at that moment I was being tested by the occult, but I don't even think about that. I remember being loved and watched over by those who see my true value. They who know the intricacies of my core personality, love me.

I now work to become who God created me to develop into. This is my perfect. He will clean up all my sinful ways when the time is right.

Most profoundly, I see that my inability to follow the guidance given by God devastated my situation. I was just a little girl and was not at fault. However, as an adult I see that increasing my communication skills and ability to follow without pause or doubt is the path to safety.

God is truly with each of us. He guides and teaches without flaw.

## Perfect Defense

*Circa 1978*

MY DAD WAS putting on the finishing touches on the new building. I was so proud of him.

During one afternoon our mother sent my brother and I to spend time with him as he worked. She stated that he needed to spend some time with us. This was true but I got the impression she needed some time alone. She was showing signs of distress as well. He made it more than clear that he did not want us to come into the building. He was shaken by seeing us in this place. We were only there for a few minutes, but I remember well seeing him sculpt stucco into the form of a stone wall. For me, it was like discovering my dad was a brilliant artist. The massive building was completed soon after this.

Many people attended the first Sunday services held in the new sanctuary. It seemed like a joyous occasion, however, my dad was dismayed. After the morning services we got into our car. The pastor approached us as my dad was about to shut his car door. The pastor came to answer a question that it seemed my dad had asked. He said that yes, they were going to dedicate the building to the Lord. Just not right now.

When my dad shut the car door, he said something strange to my mother. He said that he didn't see how they could dedicate the building to the Lord with all the stuff they had in it. He said they had something in every inch of that place.

They fussed a bit. He wanted to leave, and she wanted to stay. At that time I had no clue what they were talking about. It became clearer as time passed. This building was suited for occult activities and it contained many objects that they use.

Over time I saw some of this myself. From what I have come to understand, underneath everything were symbols and objects used for occult purposes.

Meanwhile, in the car they debated. He wanted to leave. My mother insisted on staying. We stayed.

The people from the decoy church arranged for him to work out of town. Sometimes he would make it home at night, sometimes he did not. After this, we spent as much of the daytime hours as we could in my grandparents' apartment.

This is about the time of my first nightmare. My dad had been out of town but had arrived home this evening. That night I had been allowed to sleep on the sofa. Our living room was more like a playhouse, without toys. This cubicle-like room contained a red loveseat. Not much else would have fit. The love seat was worn, faded and stained. I thought it was extra cozy. It was red, and I thought that was amazing. I liked being in it by myself when I could. With five people living in this small one-bedroom apartment, it was a good place to be alone in at night.

After dinner my mom announced that I was going to sleep on the sofa and my older brother made some complaints. His anger was significant, however he calmed down. This is the first time I remember sleeping on the sofa. Due to his reaction, I think that there had been times prior to this night.

She answered his request for a turn to sleep on the sofa by explaining that I was doing something special for the family. This mysterious comment must have been the only time that I thought I had much worth in my mother's viewpoint at all.

The family was down for the night. I had just had time to get to sleep when I woke as my mom opened the front door. She did not open the door fully. My grandfather eased himself sideways through the doorway. They spoke at a low volume. As I continued to wake up, he walked a few steps and stood near my head. My mother walked to the end of the sofa.

As they stood over me, they whispered. She was mad at him for making noise when he knocked.

My grandfather, who I called Paw Paw was wearing dress clothes and a cloak. The hood of the cloak was down and draped his shoulders while the front of the cloak was unfastened. This seemed strange to me.

My mother was upset at how much noise he made coming in. She was afraid that he would wake my dad up. She complained about how the door made noise as it was opened, and that he knocked. It was clear that she had expected him to come to our house and felt that it was not necessary for him to knock.

In this conversation she referred to my dad by his name, yet, I questioned who they were talking about. It took me a second to realize they were talking about him. I called him Daddy, but I knew his name.

However, they seemed to be talking about a big scary mean person. He was none of those things. Yet at that moment she was terrified of what he would do if he woke up. She said, "I don't know what he will do if he finds out," and that he had "already had enough."

My grandfather assured her, saying that he would be with me the whole time and I would be all right. He said "I will look after her." He added something that was mysterious to me. He said, "It won't be me; I already know that." She did not seem assured by these statements.

As they had this brief argument about my father, he offered me something to drink. The cup seemed to be wooden with a somewhat irregular shape.

As I drank from it, I jerked my head back. It was weird with a foreign herbal bite to it. Nothing like I had ever tasted before. My mom coached me to drink, saying, "It's like medicine. We all have had to drink it." He looked at her with this glance that I thought was meant to correct her. It was clear that she had said something she should not have. They stopped talking.

I drank it, and he wrapped me in a blanket that he brought. I noticed all the preparation that went into my care. I liked it.

Within a few seconds I began to feel good. I thought I was about to go on an adventure. In truth, I was drugged. This explains the memory loss. The drinking of fluid from those strange cups occurs in most of my memories. It was a fast-acting intoxicant that prevented me from remembering the next day.

This was a new sensation for me, and I just believed it to be magical. At this point I was happy about the events. I just did not understand why my dad had seemed to become a mean person.

My Paw Paw picked me up like I was his princess. Soon after we exited the apartment he said, "You will be fine. You are Paw Paw's girl." I asked to walk. He said, "I am not supposed to but go ahead."

While I was walking the Saints spoke, saying, "Remember the sand." There was sand in a spot on the way. I still don't know why this is important.

Right before we entered the church, he picked me up and was careful to brush the dirt off my bare feet. My perception of my physical location was fuzzy.

He carried me into the foyer of the church. The entrance from the foyer to the sanctuary was covered by a heavy curtain that hung from rods. These curtain rods formed a small rectangular area which extended into the foyer a few feet. It formed a place that was completely enclosed. He stood holding me for a second or two. Then, a cloaked woman entered from the sanctuary and met us in the curtain covered area. The

hood of her cloak was up but pulled back a bit, her face was barely visible. I saw a few dark curls around her face.

“He wants it dark,” she said. I understand now that this curtain covered area prevented any light from coming into the sanctuary as we walked in.

She had another of those wooden cups and offered me more of the drink. I drank, but not much. “I already gave her some,” he said.

“He does not want her to remember,” she replied.

The three of us exited this strange curtain enclosure and went into the decoy church’s sanctuary.

It was dark. This was possibly the biggest church that I had ever been inside of. The ceiling was tall. I was still confused about where I was. The stroll from the front door seemed like we were walking into an abyss.

He stopped walking. It was dark but my eyes were adjusting and I saw a little. The woman joined another, and they placed an unhinged black door on top of two carpenters’ sawhorses.

Both women were wearing fastened cloaks. Their hoods were up but did not hang over their faces. I could see just a little of their faces from time to time, just the edges. I thought the one of them that met us in the curtain enclosure might be the pastor’s wife. I am not sure of that. She was a larger than average dark-haired woman.

The other one was bizarre. She sparkled from underneath her hood. I thought of her as the white lady. Not white like a racial description but she emitted a white light. She was the sweeter of the two, but just as twisted as the rest in the end.

As they put this table together, he expressed that he was upset by how unstable it looked. “This is what he wants,” one of the women said. He stopped his complaint immediately. I was aware by this point that

the “he” that they were speaking about was some sort of boss that they dare not question.

My Paw Paw seemed to be excited and a bit anxious, giddy. This type of activity was not new to him. He was in his element. He just did not like the placement of this door. Nevertheless, the ladies behaved as if this was just another day at the office. In a moment they were finished, and he laid me onto the makeshift table. It was shaky.

I had a false realization that his concerns were for my safety. After it wobbled, one of the ladies looked directly at my grandfather and said “We will hold it.”

As my eyes adjusted, I discovered where I was. First, I saw that the church’s podium was to my left. I knew that it sat in the center and on the top edge of the platform. This church building like many has steps that lead to the top of the platform.

There was only enough space for one person to stand between the table and the steps that lead to the top.

Also, on the edge of the platform stood a group of people. They were in front of me over to the left. There were figures of what looked like four or five cloaked people. Some stood on the edge of the platform, some on various steps, with unequal distances from each other. They swayed a bit but stood still and in an orderly fashion.

As soon as I recognized where we were my grandfather walked away. He walked up the steps and joined this group of people.

I was front and center. The woman that I thought might be the pastor’s wife was to the left side of me. She stood between me and the podium while the other, sweeter woman, was to my right.

The Saints spoke and she said that they were with me and that I would be okay. There was a heaviness in her voice. I was confused as I did not know what was about to happen.

I know now that there was much effort made to keep this from taking place. God lets us think for ourselves and will not force our actions, therefore evil exists. At the same time, He never left me.

The two women began to dote on me heavily, rubbing my hair and expressing how glad they were to see me. They seemed to adore me and be genuinely concerned for my well-being.

One said, “How is our little girl doing today? Is everything okay with you?” We had a nice little chat. I remember one of them using the words “Pretty and precious.”

I was in magical princess heaven, or so I thought in my intoxicated state. Truly it was a magical princess hell. The women straightened my clothes and then took my pants off. This was strange, but they were so calm about it, that it seemed like they were putting me to bed. None of this made sense, but still I remained calm.

This affection is referred to as “Love Training” by ritual abuse survivors. Within minutes, this is flipped upside down.

Simply, these people used love and appreciation as a weapon of manipulation. Humans do this, but the occult perfects it. It was quite the jolt for me. This is a common occurrence and mind altering. They caused me to feel that love is not real. While I live in the same world as they do and have been fooled a few times, I know better.

How horrible it must be for the people who are still in the occult to live this way. To never know that not only do people sometimes genuinely care but God is a constant and faultless source of complete acceptance and love. They live without free divine encouragement. No wonder why they will serve a source of pain to no end, only to receive small increments of personal power. They can’t trust anyone but themselves.

One of the ladies said in reference to my underwear “We will just leave these on.” This was casual sarcasm. They behaved as if they had done this action many times before and tried to make it more interesting.

I was confused by the removal of my pants, but they were chatty and relaxed, so I remained relaxed. I was intoxicated without even knowing what intoxicated was. I had never even seen a drunk person.

While they were holding my hands with my elbows bent, a man approached the end of the table abruptly. His cloak hood was lowered and fastened in the front.

“Here we go,” one of the women said. They both laid their upper body weight onto my shoulders. They moved confidently and showed no concern that the table might not be stable. Their action held me and weighted the table on the end which my head laid on as he climbed onto the end of the table closest to my feet.

The table rocked forward, and I winced and was ready for us to all collide together on the floor. We did not fall, and he became stable on top of the table.

With woman still laying on my shoulders, he scooted toward me and started removing my underwear. I could not see much but I could hear. “What are these on for?” he asked.

It was my grandfather’s voice.

I am now certain that he was not supposed to speak. He was supposed to remain anonymous under his cloak.

Anonymity is important during ritual abuse. Victims don’t even know who hurt them. After they are hurt, everyone they see they hold as suspect. Trust becomes dangerous. To complete the damage, they implant people into your life who announce themselves. The bad guys look just like the good guys. Keeping it secret becomes self-preservation.

They seemed to leave me without a method of self-defense.

To this day, it’s hard to trust people. In my healing I have learned to use my discernment and pray concerning who I can trust. It works.

He removed my underwear quickly and my princess moment ended. He scooted further forward and I felt like my bottom was being wiped clean. I was no longer calm and tried to push him away. I failed. Then, he lunged his hips forward causing a sudden and overwhelming pain. I screamed, I was suddenly drenched with sweat and instantly nauseous to the point of vomiting. I did not vomit. My body reacted to this as it should if it rejected a massive unnatural jolt. The pain was much like I would expect it would feel like if one was stabbed with a knife.

It was literally unthinkable. I did not even know I had a vagina. Truthfully, I didn't have a vagina, like that. There was no place in my body, mind or spirit for such an unnatural assault on virtue. He had stabbed me, and this is all that I knew. I screamed my counterattack, "Paw Paw, you stabbed my butt!"

Something profound influenced the moment. The Saints made a clear statement. "You need to find the knife." I looked around me. "What are you doing?" I was asked by one of the women. "What did he stab me with?" I had seen that his hands were both at my side at the time of the pain yet I thought that had to be some of their magic.

I know it seems puzzling that the Saints would wish to confuse me. My heart and mind have understood that this confusion kept me innocent. I went in innocent of lust and I left innocent of lust. It's not about the body. They literally stopped my corruption by confusing me. Little kids should not know about lust and the Saints kept me confused enough to keep me innocent.

There was a giggle from the two women as they started putting my clothes back on. As they were wrapping up their task I cried for help. "Look at my butt!" I told them. "I am bleeding!" I felt what I thought was blood.

Some of this could have been blood. Yet, not knowing about the body fluid that was coming out of my bottom was a good thing. Sometimes ignorance is bliss.

The women continued to chat. The one on the right said “She could be bleeding.” After, a pause in which they stared at each other she continued “Well there could be a little.” They snickered. The one on the left said “You are not bleeding, and we are not going to look at your butt.”

They chatted sadistically with each other. “That was quick,” one said. “Quicker than most,” The other added. “Well, we know who we can’t depend on.”

The one on the right, the sparkling white lady, said “I know it hurts but we have to do it because he likes it.” She put so much matter of fact sweetness onto the words “He likes it.” There was a forced twang on those words that spun me around.

“She will see your face,” the dark haired lady warned the white lady. “I can’t see,” she replied. She pulled her hood down a little further.

I knew that the “he” that she spoke of was not my grandfather. I understood well that she meant this boss person that they had obeyed every step of the way.

These women’s hearts were dead. That was one thing. Nevertheless, it was worse than that my grandfather was evil. This hurt my heart deeply. They informed him that I had to stay the night at his house and he seemed perplexed. I believe now that this was punishment for exposing his identity during the ritual by speaking.

As we walked, he moped and wobbled more than usual. He held his shoulders back like a winner, but his head was down and his feet were dragging. Still, he held my hand gently. About halfway to his apartment I asked, “Paw Paw, why did you stab my butt?” He dropped my hand and we walked the rest of the way without talking.

I was stunned and intent on getting answers. I was alone in my concerns and clueless. I walked steadily but with each step wondered if I was aggravating the injury. I was perplexed at how I was not dying.

None of this made any sense to me and I worried that I would suddenly die.

Inside of his apartment he walked without pausing into his bedroom. He only reacted to my presence with a dismissive command, giving me permission to sleep on the sofa. I wanted to think that he was just in a bad mood. I needed to understand, to normalize my circumstance.

A few moments later a woman exited the bedroom and walked toward me. Standing at the foot of the sofa was this woman who looked like my grandmother, but it was not her. This woman spoke as if she knew me. I had never seen her before.

She moved with movie-star arrogance. She was the opposite of my grandmother. There was not much light in the room, but what I could see of her mannerisms it was like another person had taken over her body. I did not have time for this lady.

I thought that maybe she was my grandmother's twin sister. She was in most ways identical to her. I had never heard of her having a twin, yet this was the only conclusion that I could come to with my range of knowledge.

She did not make sense when she spoke. Nor had I ever heard this voice before. She said "I know you are getting older and are starting to like it, but you can't have all the men." She was not yelling or angry, just annoyed.

She seemed to think that I had made a sexual intrusion on her husband and was politely warning me and setting some clear boundaries. This is not realistic, even for two grown women. And I was six years old. She continued. "The men are going to do it, but you just can't have anyone you want."

I thought I had been stabbed with a knife. Nothing made sense then. Today, I understand sexuality and still, this was insane.

I interrupted her and changed the subject. I told her about Paw Paw stabbing my butt and that I needed her to look at it. She got breathy and

responded with a look of dismissal. When I insisted that he had stabbed me with a knife or something, she said there was no knife and made an air noise while shaking her head.

I didn't want to talk to this intruder anymore. I asked if she was my grandmother and she replied, "Of course I am your grandmother." I didn't believe her. I told her to go get my grandmother and she walked back to the bedroom after another air noise and head-shaking motion.

My grandmother did not come out. I needed her more than I can say, yet I am glad she was not aware of what happened as it would have broken her to the point that I don't think she could have recovered from.

I went to sleep in an emotional tornado. The only thing I was sure of was the Saints.

In coinciding memories, there is more evidence of this. During a day while we were living behind the church, I asked my mother about my grandmother's twin. She dismissed this as idiocy. My grandmother was in the room and heard what I said. She had this look of shame on her face.

Another strange occurrence ties into this. On this day I was in my later twenties. I sat in my grandmother's living room while she cooked in preparation for a family gathering. Two of my female cousins arrived. They seemed cautious. One spoke to me while the other moved directly into the kitchen. She said that you never wanted to see my grandmother's bad side, that she was a completely different person. She elaborated saying that this mean side of our grandmother just did not care and that it was best to "get away from her." My other cousin walked out of the kitchen and announced that "It was her." They seemed relieved. It was bizarre.

At that point I was still in a state of denial. I did not understand. I thought maybe that seeing her bad side was just so shocking that it seemed like she was a different person. I feel now that she was speaking about this other person(ality) I talked to after I was raped.

To add to this, several times in my life my mother had said that my grandmother is not who I thought she was.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

The way that we view magic must change.

Mystics and magic are not the same thing. Far from it! I enjoyed the feeling of this magical environment. As it is common in my culture, I was wooed by the mystery. This may have contributed to my dire circumstances. Looking at this from a distance has convinced me that the way that we use these two words interchangeably has caused a mass delusion. It has become hard to find a book or movie that does not have some sort of magical theme.

The word mystical refers to things that are outside of our understanding. The workings of God are most often mystical as we don't have enough knowledge to begin to understand what perfect is. Perfect is beyond our understanding. We don't know what it looks like, where it ends, or where it began. We don't know how it is governed or created. This is not Heaven and we are in a time of learning. We have all seen proof of this. How often have we prayed for things and then realized that what we prayed for was not perfect, or just wrong? We simply don't know everything.

Magic is a speck of the mystic. The word refers to things that people do. Even if it was used for what we think is good, it is out of place and causes harm. It's like playing with fire. It is exaggerated, unstable and far beneath the workings of God.

Ritual abuse uses mind control techniques to make people feel powerless without a method of self-defense. It is a set up. They then offer them defense magic for a cost. It becomes generational, and the enemy to mankind weakens us one childhood trauma at a time.

While a magician plays with power that they can't fully control, a follower of Jesus has all the power. We just must let it happen perfectly and learn as we live. Life is supposed to be a bumpy ride. We are learning.

Ritual abuse survivors know this; we were brutalized with the use of magic. However, the public seems to be paying big bucks to be entertained with stories of magic. Notice these stories never tell about the cost. While the practitioners may pay with a permanent residence in hell, their victims are all offered freedom. No matter how much of their life they participated in the mind control, freedom is available.

As long as we breathe we are eligible for freedom. Even the worst of them is offered true life.

Occult training is geared to remove a person's ability to think freely. They break the mind and it enslaves. Jesus on the other hand encourages free thought. We have a basic list of behavioral standards but for the most part we are encouraged to live and learn. He stays with us and holds our hand while we pay the consequences for our faulty actions, and He bridges the gap between who we have become at the time of death and perfection.

The word magical refers to things that people do that is outside of the general public's knowledge. When people do magic, they do it to elevate themselves above others which causes an imbalance. God, however, keeps us all at the same level of importance. We all have different talents and weak spots and we all have different journeys. But all are the same in ranking and worth.

Magic weakens mankind; we were created and are aimed toward existing as one creature. One cannot love thy neighbor as thy self while overpowering them.

Reality has hit me hard. I like most have enjoyed the illusion of magic. The environment that I was in during the abuse had a liveliness about it that made me feel like skipping. This was a trick then and now.

It isn't just me. It is a part of my culture, and is a constant in movies books and in the way that we speak and relate to anything mystical.

Strict Christians see this, which is good. On the other hand, many have a skewed view of the problem. Often, they believe that magic is not real. This is dangerous because they won't know the difference between what God does and what people do. It makes them vulnerable and an easy target. It is real. It just looks like more than it is and can overtake a person if they do not use God as a filter for understanding life's events.

Let God be God. Don't entertain the idea that a human being can take control. There are many religions but there are only two teams. One is either with God, or not. People don't work to overpower each other. We serve one side or the other. Human capability with or without magic is minor in comparison to the true balance of power.

Because we view the use of magic as fairy tales and many believe that it is all fiction, talking about true magical experiences makes a person look crazy. The occult hides under this. Reality is bizarre. The occult makes the experiences unbelievable to most. This makes it hard for the children who wish not to assimilate to this evil way of life.

It is the responsibility of the followers of Christ to take these children in and offer safety. Not offering a way for people to leave witchcraft, at any age, is in direct conflict with the teachings of Christ.

They have been hiding for a long time and are good at it. Don't be misled; they hide because their practices are criminal. There are laws against their practices. They hate us for this. Some are trying to get pedophilia to be considered a sexual preference. If this were to happen, they could be more open. The use of childhood trauma through sex acts is devastating to mankind.

They trained my ability to trust out of me (or tried to.) I wanted to forget this and had taken it too far. I trusted many people that I should not have. I was doing this on my own and I had it wrong for a long time.

My series of destructive relationships had to end. It has. As of now, learning to trust is an ongoing effort that has made me stronger.

So many people have bad intentions. Even without occult training and with good intentions people hurt each other. Life is hard, but it is good too. This difficulty is only going to be overcome with divine knowledge. Simply, this struggle forces one to lean on God for understanding. Which is what He said to do anyway. In this way my healing process has drawn me closer and closer to God.

Looking at the memory of my grandmother's alternate personality was new for me. This had hurt me more than I know how to describe. She was as good a person as anyone. She married badly and because of that lived a life surrounded and overpowered by evil.

Over time, I have become grateful that she formed this alternate personality. It helped her deal with the evil she faced. Our physical bodies can stop feeling physical pain by entering a state of shock. Our minds can do this too by forming a personality that can handle what is happening to them. God made us this way and is generous above human understanding.

I cannot change the horrors that she faced, but I am grateful that God formed us with the ability to use this defense.

My grandmother would have laid her life down for not only me but for just about anyone who needed her to. She was also ill-equipped to deal with any level of evil. She was all give. I still rejoice her passing knowing that she never belonged here. She was heavenly.

This heartless, mentally detached woman that I spoke with after I was raped was not her. Not only that, but from what I saw she was not a complete person. A person's behavior fluctuates but this alternate personality was all coldness and delusion.

For a while I felt the need to attempt to pray for her salvation. In my healing I discovered that the sins of this alternate personality were already covered. This realization was a profound release. I have learned

to be grateful that I don't have to control this. Letting go and letting God take control is hard at first but with practice became the great release I have always needed.

Ritual abuse always boils down to mind control.

It would have broken my grandmother to pieces if she had known what he had done to me. As a matter fact this is how this disorder manifests. When a person is traumatized to the point that they fall to pieces or fragment, they make a new personality that is able to deal with the trauma.

Abuse is more common and extreme than most people are aware of. I have, like most people, been frustrated with God for allowing evil deeds. I had received the same explanation as most. Evil is a result of free will. It always made sense to me yet it didn't heal my heart. I never left him, but I wished He could just step in from time to time and stop some events like child rape and mass murder. Why do miracles take place in some situations and good people suffer in others? It's always been hard for me to understand.

I have gained an understanding. I don't know everything, and I certainly am not perfect, but it makes sense that if I get to live freely I do some harm. We all do. While most of us keep our level of harm to a minimum, some take it further and evil develops.

We are on this earth for a time of learning and developing past our flaws. God allows a group of creatures to offer a life without balance. This gets rough and evil develops. For me to have this time of learning I must coexist in a world where great harm can take place. It's hard, but the alternative is the annihilation of mankind. We all get a time of learning.

I have come to understand and find a feeling of safety. I know that this process will continue throughout my lifetime. Great freedom and security have been given to me through this process. I am both puzzled and amazed that there are more answers waiting ahead of me on my path.

## I Have Been Made Safe

*Circa 1978*

IT SEEMED LIKE an ordinary evening, except that dinner had been smelling good for a long time. It was hard to wait. Another thing was unusual; I was dressed up. My mom had laid out my good church dress to put on and not my pajamas. It seemed special, like we were dressing for dinner.

My dad was working long hours of physical labor and he was so tired. He needed to already be in bed, yet someone had given my mom something special to cook.

I knew that my dad was worn out from work and would have preferred to eat earlier. He needed to but waiting made the food taste better. I hated how he was mad all the time and it was hard for him to just enjoy life. Life is supposed to be hard, but he couldn't enjoy life at all in his state of turmoil and exhaustion.

We were bathed and dressed well before we sat down at the table. It must have been a roast. It was a big chunk of meat with the best rice I had ever tasted and some yellow and green vegetable mixture that I didn't care for.

It was late. While we were still sitting at the table late in the evening hours someone knocked on the door. My mom opened the door and told me to put my shoes on. My dress shoes were on the floor by the door. While I put them on, my dad asked who was at the door.

My mom explained that it was a lady from the church and that I had been invited to a service.

His response was “At this hour?” My sweet daddy’s anger had come to a boil again. He went to the door and my mother moved back towards the kitchen as if he pushed her.

My parents debated as the lady from the decoy church remained outside at the bottom of the steps. My mother presented her point of view with fake honor. “I already told her she could go?” she said, as if he was the bad guy trying to get my mother to break her word.

The cloaked woman explained that the service had been delayed. She was perfectly apologetic. She was so sweet it was almost impossible to confront her.

He flipped it around on her. “Not wearing that she ain’t.” She was wearing a cloak. She said, “You don’t like my coat?” Her strategic response was latent timidity. She was good at this. I bought into it; he did not.

I was hurt by my dad’s reaction. I had never seen him behave this way. It seemed to me at the time hateful and condescending. I was wrong.

I can imagine that if anyone wearing a cloak ever knocked on my door, wanting to pick up my daughter for a late-night meeting, I would have reacted the same way. Truly I wish now he had been forceful enough to have kept me from going.

My mom explained to my dad that she had already told them that I could go and she could not back out just because the church meeting had been delayed. She well played the poor injured do-gooder act.

This is common in the way of the enemy. They seem to be the good guy. These ways are old and well-practiced.

As I stood in the doorway, my parents began to fight loudly behind me. I was embarrassed and hurt. I needed to get away from this situation. The fighting was unusual and from my perspective I thought my dad was being mean. Again, I was wrong.

I heard a loud noise behind me that I believed was a bookshelf hitting the floor. I was startled and embarrassed. This is when the sweet-looking lady from the church took my hand and we began to walk. I had escaped my parents' fight and walked straight into more damage than I could have anticipated.

The lady who was at the door this night is important. This sweet-looking lady is a nearly constant figure in these memories. I need to take a moment to focus on her.

She seemed to be in her late twenties and shorter than average. She was a little heavier than most women. She carried most of this extra weight in the lower half of her body. Her shoulder-length brown hair had a nice wave to it. It was a little thin but silky. She always pinned the sections of it above her ears, back. I thought of her as pretty but not at all the kind of pretty one sees in magazines.

Her voice was soft. Just like when my dad brought attention to her cloak, she could easily present herself as an injured victim. This became absurd later.

I have a separate and short memory of her knocking on our living room window while my mom was napping, and I was alone. She stood there looking pitiful and desperate for my company. She asked if I would

come with her. I told her my mom was asleep and I could not. She looked wounded.

In this conversation I told her “You are so pretty,” and she reacted to this complement like it was the only one she had ever gotten. Her smile gave me the impression that my words made her life more complete. It was too much, but I still bought it.

That day she wore earrings that hung lower than her earlobes. I had never seen this type before. They were tiny gold feathers. I learned later that feathers were important to this particular group of people.

It is notable that while I spent quite a bit of time with this woman and can remember looking directly at her face, I can remember how I felt when she smiled, but I cannot visualize it. It is a blur. Also, I cannot recall her name and it seems like she was never called by her name in front of me. She was always just the lady from the church.

I have discovered in my research that this person was what occult survivors call a handler. She was in charge of me. I didn't see her face that night, but I believe she was the woman who had said “she is mine” on the prior night with the other children in the dark.

Getting back to the current night: My parents fought about my going to a late-night meeting at the decoy church with this woman, my handler.

After the loud noise, she took my hand and I walked out of the door with her. As we walked toward the decoy church, she held my hand. I asked her where we were going. She said “to church.” I was disappointed and had wanted to do something more adventurous. At this point I noticed that she was in a hurry and seemed annoyed that my dad had delayed her. As we walked into the church, she bent down, took a deep breath and said “I don't have time to trance you now, so, you will have to sit still and be a good girl.” She stood back up and then bent back down and finished her statement. She said that she knew I could do it and that I was a good girl. She spoke with confidence in me. This

alarmed me a bit. I recognized that her confidence in me had to be fake, since this was the first time that we met.

When I remembered her using the word trance, I had no idea what it was. Since then, I have researched and learned that trancing is a form of hypnosis that puts a person into an easily suggestible or “tranced” state.

This like many other things that they said went right over my head. Often, they would say things as if I should already understand. This is a manipulation technique called gas-lighting.

When we got inside the church there was a group of people already seated and singing. About ten people sat on the three pews that were to the right and closest to the platform. We approached the third pew from the front where only one person sat. This person was on the far end. I sat on the end, nearest the aisle, and there was a chair in the aisle for my handler.

The person sitting on the same pew as me was wearing a cloak with a raised hood. The two pews in front of me were filled with people. Looking at their shoulders and hair they seemed to be dressed and groomed as they would have for Sunday-morning service.

There was a speaker seated near the edge of the platform. It looked like he had a hood on. From my height, I could barely see him through the people.

We had arrived in the middle of a song. As soon as it ended, my handler apologized for being late. She said, “I am sorry lord, I was delayed. It was unavoidable.” I had never heard a person call another “lord.” Jesus was the only Lord I knew about. Matter of fact a plaque that read “Jesus is Lord” hung above the church platform. This just got more and more baffling.

They were singing. However, calling these “songs” is just not right. They were in no way singing songs out of the hymnal. She handed me a piece of paper. On it were words written in short lines like a poem. I

had only been reading about a year and at first, I thought that these were words that I had not learned yet. Soon, it became obvious that these were not English words. They were marked with punctuation that explained how to pronounce them. It seemed like a genius way to do it, at first.

It was more than that. They weren't even singing. They didn't even open their mouths fully. In the middle of the first recitation, it became nearly unbearable for me. I was ready for some Amazing Grace; the sound grated my spirit.

Between songs the speaker who was seated in front of us began talking. I had to address the anomalies.

Without thinking I turned to my handler and hissed, "What are we doing?"

She answered, "We are worshipping him."

I had this sinking feeling and asked, "What about God and Jesus?"

She said, "It is after midnight; listen he is talking about the stars." She was dismissive and seemed injured.

I am not sure if I even knew that anyone even had any other religion. The next song or chant was even more painful, and she had begun to nudge me and point to the paper as I had stopped participating. I was trying to be a good girl because the grownups had let me come to their service, but this drained me. Not to mention, I was accustomed to being in bed at night. I was ready to go home.

I tried to understand. While the speaker talked, I was becoming grouchy and was pumped to ask a series of questions when the Saints spoke. "Be careful, that is a devil." I got quiet and just started paying attention.

The series of questions that had been brewing started with who is this man? I also wanted to know was she aware that she was only allowed to worship God? I took the warning and kept quiet.

I had started looking at the speaker and paying attention. From the viewpoint of a small child sitting on the third pew from the front I could barely see him. Even so, from between the heads of the adults seated in front of me I could see he was bizarre.

He had one of those cloaks on. The hood was all the way down and his face was covered. He would wave his hand with the fluctuations of sound in the chants. His head seemed large. His voice when he spoke seemed to be amplified but just loud enough to hear. It was profound and precise, almost divine, but with a tone of friendliness. And he wore mittens, well-made wool mittens. It did not take long for this to get more disturbing. He had been waving his hand around but when he stretched his arm out all the way, I felt as if someone sucked the air out of my lungs. His arm was about a third longer than normal.

He looked just like those Halloween decorations that look like the angel of death. This is what I saw, but without the scythe. I started feeling sick at my stomach which just added to my exhaustion and confusion.

After six or seven chants and short periods of him talking the meeting was nearing its end. In the closing of the meeting, he asked if anyone had any questions or concerns. It was all polite and seemingly civilized. He behaved as if he was concerned with the needs of the group.

My handler said “Lord, I have someone I want you to meet.” This scared me. I was almost out of there and I did not want to meet him.

With the others still seated, she took my hand in the same way as always and we walked toward him and then stood facing him. God gave me comfort and knowledge. I knew that I would make it out of there okay, but I did not want to do this.

As I had seen before both of his arms were a third longer than normal. Every inch of his flesh was covered by dark wool. Even without any uncovered flesh his appearance was shocking. His cloak hung low over his face. His legs were as out of proportion as his arms.

The chair that he sat in was a throne. No different than what a person would expect to see a king or queen sit in. It was not jeweled but wooden. Behind his head the wood was cut decoratively into the shape of a flower similar to a fleur-de-lis. The seat was wide with two wooden areas on each side.

He sat on a chair that was placed on the very edge of the platform. Like in many churches the platform or stage had three steps leading to the top and a podium on the center's front edge. His throne sat on the very edge of the platform. They put it just to the right of the podium. His legs were so excessive in length that as he was seated in the throne, one of his feet rested on the bottom-most of the three steps while the other was placed flat on the floor.

I froze. Seeing something that one didn't realize exists doesn't come with a pat reaction. I vibrated internally. I was quiet but if I had let the sound out of me it would have sounded like someone that was undergoing surgery while awake. It felt like my spirit was confronted with a reality I wasn't prepared for, and I felt cut off from safety.

I looked for something that I could understand. He did not have shoes on—which I found interesting because I didn't like to wear shoes either—yet all his body was completely covered by black heavy wool the same as his cloak was made of. None of his flesh was exposed. His ankles, neck and wrist were covered.

On his feet he wore tailored, loose-fitting socks. The tops of his feet had an extra layer of wool that overlapped the inner layer. The word socks do not describe them. One could call them feet mittens because they were identical to the mittens he wore on his hands. It all looked fine in quality and custom-made. I have never seen anything that compares.

My handler introduced me by name. She said that I was my grandfather's baby. She used his name (which surprised me because she referred to him by his middle name.)

She said to him “She has the gift of feelings.”

He made a reference to my name and told me his name and then said, “I have feelings too.” He put emphasis on the last statement. He was personable and knew how to speak to a child. But I thought this to be strange because everyone has feelings.

I said, “You don’t wear shoes?”

He replied “No, I don’t wear shoes.” When he spoke his reply there was a bit of a giggle in his voice. But my handler laid her hand on my shoulder and I got the direct impression that it was a bad idea to mention any of his strangeness. He seemed like a leader. At the same time, I believed that people’s way of being careful as they spoke meant that he was emotionally delicate.

He turned his focus to his left and said, “This is a fine child you have here.” I turned to see who he was talking to and my grandfather was sitting on the front pew. I was shocked to see him.

My grandfather looked proud that his child (grandchild) was approved of. He was sweating and his cheeks were rosy red. He was as happy as I had ever seen him, or possibly anyone. He was beaming with pride. This was just as I imagine it would be like to be admitted an audience with a king who expressed approval of your grandchild.

But as soon as he made eye contact with me, he looked to the floor. The Saints spoke and told me I was doing a good job, but all the fear that I was feeling had to have been obvious.

The creature asked my grandfather if I was his only grandchild. After my grandfather nodded, the creature recalled that my grandfather had told him about my older cousins.

The creature’s focus returned to me. He said, “Come sit with me.” This seemed to please my handler. She nodded, rubbed my shoulders, and expressed congratulations to me with a breathy voice. She was proud of me. I had no way of processing this. I just wanted to run.

I had already been warned by the Saints that he was a devil, but they spoke and told me that it would turn out all right. I knew that he could catch me if I ran. Plus, my grandfather was about ten feet away. I knew even then that my grandfather did not care about me, but this was his big moment, and I did not want to get punished for disappointing him.

I was in freeze mode and just followed along hoping it would be over soon.

My handler was holding my hand and as she stepped forward I did too. I climbed up two steps and he reached his hands down and picked me up.

This was done much like anyone would place a small child on their lap. He took great care to place me correctly. He seemed to be shielding me from an object that was under his cloak and to the right of his legs. At that point I viewed him as delicate, so I thought it was a leg brace or a walking cane. I believe now it was a sword.

The people that were sitting in the pews awed.

My handler said to me “See there.” I understood her to mean that I was safe with him.

It was like sitting on a real-life stick man. We all know the difference between a human body that has fat and one that has little fat. He was all lean times a million, yet he was alive and as real as anyone. Lean and thin to an inhuman level. He moved his legs a bit as he situated me on his lap. His torso seemed normal length. I started to feel like it was going to be okay. I had always known that I would make it home safe. The Saints were always there. I was not alone.

This next event caused a change that governed all events that followed. It all changed with one statement. He moved his hand, making a gesture that looked like he was drawing an imaginary horizontal line in the air and said, “I don’t want you to be afraid of me.” My view of him flipped. At that moment I began to see him as an extraordinary creature who just needed to be loved. He became, in my view, foreign

royalty. He was not my Lord, but I did not see any reason that we could not be friends.

He had this amazing warmth to his voice; it was captivating. I could call this a spell, however, it seems like it was above that. This creature is not God, but it was still above human capability and knowledge. He overtook me.

My false perception of this creature was now set in my head, but I was still afraid of the people. To me he became like a foreign prince whose followers were insane. He was still not my Lord as I knew even in my delusion that there was one above him.

With these two understandings in place, I then deduced that he was at his core a malformed person who needed love like everyone else. He had made the statement that he had feelings too and was covered from head to toe. It was obvious that everyone was very careful not to offend him. I then saw him like a poor, pitiful circus freak that needed to be accepted. I processed all the information that I had and concluded that he was deformed foreign royalty.

He overtook my perception of him, but I completed the process with my ideas. He wanted me to believe that he would not harm me, and I wanted to believe that he was harmless, unfortunate, and needed love. Then, fully believing that he was malformed, I decided to prove that I was not afraid.

I was a whiny kid but, possibly the sweetest little girl ever. I believed then and now that it is my job to love everyone. So, I instinctively hugged him up. I put my face on his chest and while I couldn't wrap my arms all the way around his back, I gave him a good hug. I hugged him the best I could and made a cute little grunt noise to prove it.

The people awed. I thought I had done a good thing. However, I did pause for a second when I noticed that his pectoral muscle was no longer than my face.

During this, I felt some encouragement from the Saints to be sweet to him. “He needs it,” she said. Then, I pulled the hood of his cloak back to give him a kiss on the cheek. In the next few seconds my false perception of him was put to the test and it never budged.

He didn’t stop me. He did however draw his upper body backward, enough to show surprise.

At first all I saw was blackness with long black feathers around the edges. I compartmentalized the presence of these feathers and for a time I believed that the hoods of all the cloaks were lined with feathers. I learned later that I was mistaken. I looked where his eyes should be and they started to develop into something I could see.

A hissing voice said, “She likes blue eyes.” The volume of the sound waved as if the source flowed past us. I did like blue eyes. The voice scared me, both its knowledge of my preferences and that it wasn’t audible or human, but I could hear it. Nothing was normal and I tried to distance myself by wondering if the voice was talking about me. I wanted to think that this voice was unrelated to me. I moved a bit but held onto this moment of connection with him.

Within a couple of seconds, from blackness, indeterminate shades of darkness emerged, lightened, and formed big blue eyes. They were round and more than five times the size of an adult humans. They filled a large portion of his face. This process ended as lashes grew and curled, long and flawless for my viewing.

He changed his shape to please, to lure me.

I climbed up toward his face and attempted to kiss him on the cheek. He did not lower his head. I did pucker and smack, but I only brushed my lips over feathers. The people awed as if cued but, I knew that his failure to lean down meant that he was uncomfortable with this action.

“That’s enough,” he said. He helped me to get down from his lap in a manner that was harmless yet hasty.

“Yeah,” my handler said. Her statement was a breathy agreement that this interaction should end.

With the people still seated, we walked back to ours. As we passed, one of the ladies asserted a concern.

“She saw his face.”

“It’s okay, she won’t remember; she is tranced,” my handler replied.

“She doesn’t seem tranced,” the lady answered. I knew that when we were walking in, she said that she didn’t have time to trance me. I had no clue what trancing was but I knew my handler lied.

As we were sitting, he was getting up to leave. We stood up just after he did and began to walk down the aisle between the pews, headed towards the exit. I looked back as I was walking.

Before he approached his exit on the right side of the platform, he went behind the podium and bent down. After he straightened his body and headed toward the exit, I saw a large, black, mutt-looking dog following him, moping like an old dog with heavy thick bones. It was a mid-sized, long-haired black mutt who had probably never been brushed. He seemed well-fed but unkempt to the point that a patch of longer hair, closer to his rear end, was loosely matted. His mope dictated age but also an undying dedication to the commands of his master.

The presence of a dog in a church was an abomination in my cultural norm and therefore I assumed it had to be unknown to the adults. I dropped my handler’s hand and sprinted back towards the platform with intent to inform the adults that somehow a dog had gotten into the building.

I was waving with one hand and pointing at the dog with the other. One of the men looked toward me, said something and then continued on his way.

My handler came toward me, took my hand and said, “No, that is his dog.”

I believe now that he was aware of my little crisis. He petted the dog for a moment. I asked my handler another question. “Do you all have feathers in your hats?” I was referring to the feathers I saw under his hood. I had no way of understanding what I saw.

She giggled as she responded. “No, he has feathers.” She stiffened her stance, glanced his way and elaborated. “We love those feathers. If I find one laying around one day, I will save it for you.”

Once again, she showed caution at its highest when any of his differences to us were addressed. I thought that like myself she was careful not to hurt the feelings of someone who was not only different, but her lord.

His momentary break to pet his dog was complete. As he walked away with his dog trailing behind him, she allowed me to stay and watch.

He stood up completely and turned toward the right side of the platform and I stopped talking.

The view of the dog’s owner was as impressive as before. Still, fully cloaked, the extraordinary length of his arms was inhuman. With the normal length of his torso, his total height was excessive but not unheard of.

I was tiny and standing on the floor while he was on the platform. My perspective was skewed. Still, I took note of his size. With all things considered, I believe He was about six foot five inches tall to six foot nine inches tall. It was also notable that he seemed to slump his shoulders. However, I discovered later it was not a slump.

He moved to exit, and my handler spoke. “Don’t forget your sword.” He patted his leg and waved as if to say thank you. Just as he reached the baby grand piano that was against the right wall, he bent down a bit. Then he repositioned his fingers and drew a pattern in the air with his right hand. He stepped forward. Suddenly, I could not see him or the dog. I did not understand what happened.

“Where is he going?” I asked.

“He has a door over there,” she said. I was fascinated and she was enjoying it. I went home feeling like I had made a new friend.

In a coinciding memory, I found evidence that some of my cousins were ritualistically abused as well.

When I was fifteen, I lived in a small town where I had many extended family members. I went to the same school as my cousin. When this friend found out that I was related to my grandfather he expressed how much he hated him and what he and others like him did to us. He talked about how the offenders wore things over their heads so you never know who they are and who you can trust. I was confused because at that time, I did not remember my own time of abuse outside of a daytime one-on-one molestation.

#### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

It is important to stay God-focused and grateful even during hard times. They sneak in when we get caught up in turmoil. When we are in turmoil, we are ripe for attack. We are separate from the world. Needs will be met when the time is right. We get hurt but a life of victimhood is for those who will lose this spiritual war. Looking in hindsight I can see that my difficulties have been set right, just in time.

The occult pretends to be the victim as a technique. They also put on a sweet act that flips when they need it to. They place no value in trustworthiness and accept deception as an inevitability. They could not be more wrong.

The occult is a big part of what is wrong with the Church. Just as the Bible says, they hide in plain sight among real believers. I knew that extreme harm had been done in the name of my Lord. It has always infuriated me. I see now that this is not just in extreme cases. It's in our

corner churches. When a person studies the teachings of Jesus, they find constant stark contrast from what is often heard from the pulpit. This is no accident and He told us about it.

“But false prophets also arose among the people, as false teachers will also be among you, who will secretly bring in destructive heresies, denying even the Master who bought them, bringing on themselves swift destruction. Many will follow their immoral ways, and as a result, the way of the truth will be maligned. In covetousness they will exploit you with deceptive words: their sentence now from of old doesn't linger, and their destruction will not slumber.” - 2 Peter 2:1-3

It is striking that the occult has no need to be genuine. This makes it easier for them to hide. With no value in trustworthiness, they can pretend to be anything that they need to.

They hide because their practices are criminal. I am certain that the world will legalize pedophilia and they will become known. But until then they hide right under our noses.

The treacherous nature of this way of life is instilled early. Several times they made statements as if they were facts that I should have already known. This can twist a child's mind. At that time I was a child and in occult training, but now I watch for this in my life as an adult. Sometimes people, myself included, have taken statements as fact without prayer. Some if not most of the flaws within Christianity are planned distortions. Doctrines of demons, or leaven, hidden by a woman in three lumps of dough until they were all leavened, the Bible says.

God will lead us in the right direction. I don't take statements as fact. Even if the speaker has good intentions, they might just be wrong. Either way there is an undeniable path to truth. Pray about everything.

Don't be distracted by what the world tells you is real. Ask God. I don't want to believe in—and I have never heard anyone else talk about—devils that walk-through doors and sit on thrones. Shape-shifting seems like fiction. I want it to be fiction, but it is biblical. Even the Seraphim around the throne changed their appearances.

The enemy does not want us to know about the secrets of the practitioners of magic. I want to shake my head and make it all go away but doing that kept me sick. God did not create me to suffer. Denying that there are hidden ways of life around me kept me sick.

As always, the Saints were with me and right about everything. God allows evil, but just for this time. I was afraid, but they comforted and guided me through this whole interaction. I sat on the lap of a devil and walked away. I did end up having my independent thought process altered by him. I was not cut from safety as I thought. I am not cut from safety now.

Let's talk about the word "devil". I call this creature a devil because that is what God called him. He spoke. "Be careful, that is a devil." So that settles that. However, the way we use this word is off. Often it is the people that are the devils. There is a army of creatures that works to deceive mankind. This guy was one of them.

## 5

# Jesus Is Alive

*Circa 1978*

IN MY FATHER'S ABSENCE the tiny apartment was full of laughter. I had dressed up for dinner again and giggled with a visiting child while our mothers congregated in the kitchen. I felt energetic and was still playing well after dinner. I felt life was grand. My joyful state of mind was excessive. I did not know that I had been drugged and the stage was set for a surprise.

While I was moving quickly from the living room to the kitchen someone knocked on the door. "Come in!" my mother announced. My handler entered through the front door. I turned to see who the visitor was and switched to panic mode.

I knew that she had come to get me. I could only remember pieces of what had happened. It seemed like bad dreams, but I knew well that seeing the people that wore cloaks was bad news. I had no intention of going with her.

I ran to my mom who was holding a drinking glass while leaning against the frame of the opened bedroom door. She seemed more casual than usual, even tipsy. I wrapped myself around her leg in protest. There was a struggle between us and she worked to pull me off while I clung to her. This seemed to upset her.

"Paw Paw stabbed my butt!" I cried.

“He is not going to be there tonight, I promise,” my handler assured me.

“These are our friends; you will be fine,” my mother said.

My mom often used the word “friends” to describe these people, as if this title excused hurtful behavior. I was intent on clinging to my mother for safety. I continued my protest.

Then came the first flip-flop moment of the evening. Instantly I was without a care in the world and in a different place. I moved from my home to the decoy church in what seemed like an instant. My mood was flipped upside down. I was not at all afraid. I know now that this can be done with the use of hypnosis. It was like living in a dream where nothing is concrete.

I was inside the decoy church, holding my handler’s hand and walking through the foyer. I was aware of the presence of a few people, one of whom was behind us moving around. As we moved toward the door, I saw a few more people moving around inside the sanctuary.

I did not remember that I had just been crying. I was puzzled by my wet face. It was like being suddenly wet with sweat. As I walked through the foyer I wiped the tears from my face and pressed my dress down with my damp right hand in preparation to enter the double doors into the sanctuary of the fake church.

This moment for me was no different than when I had attended daytime services. I was gathering myself in preparation for church services like any good little girl, even while wiping my face that was wet with tears. I knew that this was not logical. At the same time I had no awareness that just a moment before I was in panic mode.

With only a step or two before we reached the doors, we stopped to speak to a man that was doing something to the hinges to the left of the two double doors. As he stepped onto a step ladder, completed a task and then stepped down we had a short conversation.

I was familiar with him. He was well into adulthood, blond, with blue eyes. He owned businesses and was always well-dressed. Well-dressed in that country way of pressed long sleeved shirts and slacks.

He complemented me on my pretty dress and said that they would have to “See about getting me more of those pretty dresses.” For a girl who was growing up in poverty this interaction felt good. It felt as if life was easier when being involved with this group of people. It was not all about getting possessions. It was about not being alone.

“See, you are important to us,” said my handler.

She often used the word “see” to bring my attention to the manipulation techniques. The moments in which they were kind to me were often marked by the word “see.”

She placed another layer onto the manipulation. “Tonight is all about you. And I have a present for you.” At this point it felt like getting an extra birthday.

Inside the sanctuary we stopped walking down the aisle when we reached the back row of pews.

She pointed to a spot on the floor. “Sit right here. I want to give you your present.”

While she sat behind me, I sat down on the floor of the aisle directly between the back row of pews with my body angled to the left.

Four others sat around us. Three on the ends of the pews one on the floor in front of me.

The one in front of me was female and fully cloaked. I could see her shoes and the tail of her dress. Just seeing the lower six inches of her body I knew that she lived an outwardly conservative lifestyle. The tail of her dress was heavy and navy in color. Her shoes were clunky, heavy and matched her navy dress. Her dark gray pantyhose was as thick as tights. They may have been tights. The weight of it all was notable on a Southern summer night. Like many of these women, she was covered

and coated with a delusion of godliness all the way to the soles of her feet.

The one to my left was female and looked almost identical to the one in front of me, except her color scheme was various shades of beige. The lack of individuality echoed the lack of honesty. The well-dressed blond man sat on the very end of the pew in front of her. He was not wearing a cloak.

Another sat to my right. She was fully cloaked, but I failed to notice anything more than that because I was facing away from her.

“Now you are in our circle. Circles are important to us,” My handler said. They fussed a bit about the fact that it wasn’t a perfect circle.

The well-dressed man said that his back was hurting, and he was not sitting on the floor. It seemed that the others followed his lead. My handler commented. I don’t remember her exact words however it was the equivalent to a grunt. There seemed to be underlying hostility between them that felt much like hate within a family unit. He overruled her and never budged.

As someone laid a Bible on the floor a foot or so in front of me, my handler laid my present on floor. This was the end of the happy section.

The present was a cross that was formed from a cluster of twigs that were tied together with a baby-blue ribbon. It was a cross and had great meaning to me, but it looked easily broken. While I was disappointed in the quality, I intended to be grateful.

“I did the best I can, but it is ugly. Really it is garbage. It’s just garbage, made out of garbage.” My handler said. I had never experienced anyone start excitement by announcing that they have a present for me then tell me it’s garbage.

From time to time one of them would look toward the right side of the platform. Because of this I suspected that there was an onlooker. This was intense. The creature that I had met before had always been in

that area. After the first couple of glances, I became certain that he was watching us.

They began to explain the strange gift. During this, the well-dressed man began to lead the conversation while my handler interjected from time to time. The others commented in agreement with the two of them.

They made it clear that they thought a lot of me and wanted me to know the “truth.” His explanation was given with the feeling of love for me. They believed that because of my “Gift of feelings” that I was one of them. They had great things they wanted to teach me but first I had to understand some basics.

This was their sick point of view:

They said that Jesus was not who people thought he was. That the people who worship Him were the cruel ones. I was six years old and not focused at all on which groups of people in the world were the cruelest. This seemed too heavy for me and I didn’t have any clue what they were talking about.

They said that it was okay for me to love Jesus and they would never try to keep me from loving Him. However, they believed that He was simply a man who died after talking a lot. They repeated “talking a lot” in their description of Jesus several times.

They believed that most of what was written in the Bible never happened. My handler snickered and she said that she never read any of it. She made it clear that it was all right if I didn’t want to believe in Jesus at all.

The well-dressed man believed that one part of what was in the Bible was true. He said there was a speech in the book that he liked. (I believe now that he was speaking about the sermon on the mount.) He believed that Jesus would not want to be worshiped.

While the well-dressed man listened, my handler described to me how the well-dressed man had told her he had seen Jesus and that he

was dead and not in Heaven. She put emphasis on the words “not in Heaven.”

They made it clear that the people who complained about their cruelty were the cruel people. They stated they would tell me more later about this.

He said clearly that they worship something that they can see. There was extra emphasis on this statement, as if worshiping someone you can't see is stupid.

We were sitting in the sanctuary of a church (albeit a fake church) but there was a cross on the wall behind the platform. He tried to explain this.

He pointed to the cross and said, “I know you see that cross, but we only put it there because we have to hide, because of them.” He meant people who worship Jesus. He was clear, however, that this was their church.

“We built this church,” he said. They asked if I believed them. They made it clear that it was important that I understood this.

Numerous times I was told of my importance to them. They behaved as if me understanding this was a pivotal moment for not only me but the group as well.

I did not really process this, but I think I nodded yes and we moved forward in the activity. I did not really believe them. I did however believe that they believed it. After I nodded yes, they detailed a ritual that I had to do to become one of them.

This is what they wanted to happen:

First, I was to pee or spit on a bible.

Second, I was to repeat the statement “Jesus is dead,” numerous times while holding the cross she had made for me. After they saw I genuinely believed this statement, I could break the cross in a certain way.

Third, they would join me in making this statement numerous times.

After this they would show me how to do something that I would like. Something that I could do. There was emphasis on that this was something I could do. I am certain now that they were going to teach me magic.

It was mentioned that it would have been preferred that I had made the cross myself but since my handler made it for me it was the same thing.

I was baffled and while I had shaken my head in agreement, I went into full witness mode. I had every intent on telling these people the good news of Jesus Christ and that while some people who say they are Christians are cruel, Jesus is the savior of mankind. Most of what I knew of Jesus was in the Spirit but I was ready to spread the word.

I explained to them that Jesus was in my heart. They awed at this statement and told me that was because I was so sweet and that I was sweet because I had the gift of feelings. They tried to flip it inside out. The well-dressed man explained that the feeling I had in my heart was just the love that I had for him. That made sense at first. He said that when people that we love die we keep the love in our hearts for them. He explained that my feeling Him in my heart was just more proof that He was dead. Their attempt to flip this around did not work.

“No, Jesus is alive in my heart,” I said. They attacked without pause. A well-rehearsed session of shaking, smacking and verbal abuse began the instant I said something contrary to the lessons that they were teaching.

They were all yelling at once. Words like “You hurt us. You stupid girl, are you that stupid? I know you are not that stupid. Take it back. Are you going to take it back? You can’t really mean that.” Things like them were said repeatedly. As they yelled, I was picked up and shook numerous times. Each of them took a turn or two, one after the other. Often, they would yell right in my ear.

During this, I visualized a plan of escape. I knew that if I went home that they would come and get me. My mom would let them have me and my dad had been sent away to work out of town.

So, I was going to hide in the bushes and wait for them to come search our apartment for me while I hid and watched. I felt that I could sneak into my home after they did not find me there and later tell my dad what had happened, and I could save myself. I determined that the bushes near my apartment were thick enough to cover me. It was a good plan—exceptional for a six-year-old.

First, I had to get out of this circle of people before any of the plan would work. This was the first and hardest part of the task.

All the while, the Saints were telling me that it was not going to work. I would have to “call on Him.” I did not know what that meant and focused on my own understanding.

I quickly weighed my options and completed a plan. The well-dressed man had admitted to having back pain, so I decided to try to run past him. I gave it my all.

My heart was in it, but I only made it a couple of steps. Just as the Saints said, I never had a chance on my own. The well-dressed man caught me and threw me with force back into the circle. I tried again several times with the intent of wearing them out. I was tiny and thought that eventually I could slip in between two of them. Each time I was caught, pushed back and sometimes shook with excessive force. My head would be knocked around. At one point they started tossing me to each other. Then, as I tried to run past the well-dressed man, he threw me back into the circle with such force that I hit my head on the wooden end of the pew. It was bad. Significant enough to stop me from running again.

I cowered on my knees in a ball while facing the ground when I began to hear the Saints speak. I heard them throughout the experience, but I was too busy thinking to just listen.

These people were violent towards me because I believed that Jesus was alive. I was never going to get them to see this from my point of view on my own.

The Saints spoke. “We are here and if you call on Him, He will come and they will see Him. I was all in my own logic but after she said it a few times, I started listening. “Just say His name.” At this point, early in my life, I had not heard about the process of calling on the name of the Lord. I did not understand this process but I knew that the Saints were always right.

“Jesus, Jesus, Jesus” I mumbled.

“What is she saying?” One of the females asked.

“Jesus, Jesus, Jesus” I said barely loud enough to be understandable.

It was like a bomb went off. As they dismantled this prison of a circle the Saints said “Look.” I peeked. From my cowered position all that was visible was the woman to my left. In one movement she used her whole body. She grabbed the back of the pew in front of her with both hands and pulled herself in the opposite direction from me while pushing with her legs. She must have used every muscle in her body at once in this mad dash to escape.

There was a loud, imposing sound that did not scare me. It struck like thunder but inside the building. It sounded like a series of ten-ton double metal doors slamming closed, one right after another. It was more power than I knew even existed. One of the females wailed and then another cried out “lord!” loudly as if someone had died.

Still, I remained in my cowered position. I was saved and didn’t know it. I wanted to shake my head from left to right and make it all go away. I needed everything to be okay, to be normal so badly that I did not recognize that the Savior of all mankind had come to save me.

Jesus walked toward me down the aisle.

I peeked and saw His feet. I became astounded. I felt like I needed to scream “Don’t get dirty!” but I was unable to speak. My mind raced with thoughts of filth that He was exposed to just walking on that carpet. It was like the entire universe screeched that His purity cannot be touched. Being in His presence while on this earth and world is overwhelming. I was overwhelmed by His purity and perfection. There is no force that can compete with Him. It felt like more than I could handle.

His stride was strong, purposeful, and confident. His clothes looked as I would have imagined they would. Everything was made of that heavy cloth, like a Mexican blanket. His gown draped the floor enough that it might have been a foot past his ankles. It was rosy beige color. He wore closed-soled shoes. They were like heavy slippers. They had that same texture to them but were a bit darker, dark beige almost brown.

The Saints told me that this was Him. Overwhelmed by it all, I was not able to process what I was seeing. I buried my face back down and went back into my cowering position.

As He approached, I could feel that there was a bubble of perfection around Him. I did not know what to think. This much goodness well exceeded my goal of normal. Even the air changed; harmony came with Him. He passed me and then stopped and put His hand on my head, then rubbed my shoulders. Just from this I could sense divine strength. He was soft at the same time. This is the most profound moment of my life.

He pulled on my arm. “We need to go,” Jesus said.

I had been pushed, pulled, shaken and thrown around. I didn’t know it was Him. There is no doubt in my mind now. The Saints spoke once more. “That’s Him.” I was too busy panicking to listen. I was too busy panicking to see my refuge even when He pulled on my arm to take me to safety.

As always, He does not force Himself on me. He lets me suffer when I insisted on it. He did not cast a spell and change my mood. He did not render me unconscious and remove me from the path of harm. He

needed me to accept my salvation honestly without any coercion. He keeps to His promise, no matter what happens. He accepted my choice.

A few minutes later I was calmer but still balled up. I didn't see it coming when my handler came to confront me about what I had done.

All of a sudden, I was picked up and thrown with force onto the back pew. It was my handler who threw me. She was livid.

“Do you know what you did? What you did picked him up and threw him through the door and almost closed it permanently.”

I laid there as still as possible trying to shield my face and head with my arms. I looked up at her as she looked with surprise at someone who had walked up and was standing behind the pew.

“Strip her down,” the mean voice said.

As she waved her hand in front of me the Saints spoke and told me that I was not going to sleep, but I felt as if I went to sleep. Then, I woke up in my bed at home. With my heart racing I laid still and just looked around.

I was wearing new pajamas. Even after all the physical abuse I did not feel any pain. Also, I noticed that the curtains swayed even with the window closed. The apartment was quiet. Cozy.

The Saints spoke: “This is not real.” I didn't know what to do.

My Bed was much softer than usual. It was like laying in feathers, and those mysteriously swaying curtains were black and sheer. I didn't remember the curtains being black before. I dismissed this because of it being dark. The apartment was quiet, and the only light was pale moonlight that just affected the area near the window.

The Saints influenced me to notice a specific detail. I listened and focused on the streetlight that was several houses away. After I looked away, they drew my attention to it again and it was gone. Still, I did not want to accept that I was in a delusion.

I had been told and shown that it was not real, yet there I was in my bed. My bed that was better than before. I was all quiet and I began to get calm. I got sleepier and sleepier and succumbed to the mental exhaustion that resulted from the evening. I fell asleep.

As I reached deep sleep, something began to touch my face. It was a caress that built in intensity and became a light smack. In my half-asleep state I believed that it was one of my brothers pestering me. I tried to ignore the series of sensations.

“They are tricking you,” The Saints informed me. I still felt like I was safe and at home and tried to ignore it all.

I was getting increasingly cold. My hands and feet began to feel as if they were freezing. My super soft bed got harder and harder and eventually seemed to be hard, uneven and rough. I began to feel extreme pain in my right rib cage. As that happened body aches gradually built all over me. I still searched for a way to make this normal and concluded that I was coming down with the flu. It did feel like the flu.

My blanket slid off me as if someone pulled on it. I was forced to wake up and pull it back onto me.

This was a major flip-flop moment.

During most of this my hands were near my head. I do sleep this way sometimes. But when I reached down to get my blanket, I was unable as my wrists were tied and chained above my head.

I woke up. I was not home. I never made it home at all. I know now that my time of safety was a hypnotic suggestion. At that time, I had no understanding of how this was even possible. All I knew was that I was suddenly chained, laying on the floor of a dark place.

I was surrounded. There were seven fully cloaked people standing around me. Three along the right side. One near my feet and two along the left side.

I went into a rage. I was kicking and screaming with all my might. I reached as far as I could to my right and smacked the man's shoes that was the closest to me. They were light-colored shiny shoes. The hem of his pants looked fancy. They looked expensive. We were poor people and it always seemed like rich people were as foreign as aliens. I let myself believe that I was being attacked by rich people.

The Saints made four clear statements. "We are here. The more you fight the harder they will be on you. They won't kill you. This will be over soon." All these statements were true. I could not make this normal, so I listened and calmed down.

They hummed a series of mocking statements. However, after I became quiet this lessened and I was addressed directly.

I have noticed that throughout all these rituals hurtful things always approached from behind and around to the right side of my head. This was the same.

The mean voice that had said strip her down began a conversation. "What is wrong with you?"

"Someone beat me up," I answered.

Because of the Saints I was calmer concerning the general outcome of my situation. I was feeling the pain that resulted from my injuries. I also felt as though someone had kicked my side. My rib cage was throbbing. The pain was more intense than I could reconcile. This was new. I was certain that I had been beaten further while unconscious.

"Do you remember someone beating you up?" The mean voice asked.

"No," I answered.

"Well I guess nobody beat you up," He replied. A wave of mocking laughter filled the room.

After they dismissed my complaints about the physical beating, he continued to taunt me. "Well, what else is wrong with you?" he asked.

“I am cold.” I replied.

“She says she is cold. Y’all think we can warm her up?” the mean voice announced. There was another wave of laughter and a couple of male voices chimed in.

“Sure,” one said.

“Sure, if she wants it,” added another.

After they influenced me to believe that I was at fault, they began to jerk on themselves under their cloaks and made these horrid predatory sounds. Still innocent of sexuality, my perspective was like wild dogs were growling and about to attack.

A few minutes of this passed and they started pulling their cloaks up. I thought they were spitting snot on me. They each took a moment to touch me inappropriately. The person with the mean voice focused on my mouth and another man focused on another orifice.

“You warm now?”

“Is that good?”

I said nothing. Talking to them was a mistake.

Without any understanding of sexuality, I knew that I had been disgraced. However, I still did not understand the sexual functions of the human body. I thought that these men’s genitals were sick and just as a person’s nose exudes snot when they are ill, I thought that a man’s genitals could do the same when ill. It’s amazing that somehow, I remained innocent. I never adapted to this way of life and I did not lose my innocence. All because I was not alone and guided by the Saints.

It was dark but I was able to see a little. They stepped away and an extra darkness that blacked out anything that I could see behind it moved toward me and hovered over me. I could feel it.

“We are here, he is only smelling you,” the Saints said. It did seem to be smelling me.

After that, I rested in an oblivious state. I did not feel anything but numbness. My handler approached me and began to untie my ankles and then my wrists.

I saw that I had been bound with leather cuffs. They were lined with what looked to be soft sheep's wool. She unlatched adjustable buckles that fastened them to my wrist and forced me into a standing position.

She took my hand, and we walked a few steps. She opened a door and shoved me out. I saw that I was standing outside of the side door to the decoy church and realized that I had been inside the banquet room. She leaned her upper body out of the doorway and dropped my shoes and some of my clothes onto the ground at my feet. Then shut the door.

She leaned out of the doorway a second time. She was holding the rest of my clothes. Attempting kindness, she tried to rub off some of the filth with my own clothes. As she did this, I heard a male voice that came from the inside of the building issue some sort of correction. She dropped my clothes, picked up my shoes and said, "You deserved that." The sound of metal door shutting behind me signaled both freedom and abandonment.

The wet air felt cleansing and free. I gasped as much of that in as I could and dressed for a feeling of safety. I was too scared to move. It was still dark and facing the short walk home alone with bare feet seemed like swimming through a pool of sharks.

God gave me the courage that I lacked. It took less than a minute to get home. I knocked on my apartment door while standing on the bottom step. My mother opened the door. "They didn't even walk you home?" She declared her disgust to an event that she had agreed to. An event which is a result of her way of life.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

God was with me as I suffered due to the ways of my ancestors. The Kingdom of Heaven made much effort to remove me from the situation. I had the key to my own freedom and while I didn't use it, I never became one of them.

Pain cannot be ignored. For most of my life I bottled up all the pain. It was too much for me to deal with, so I didn't. I made an art out of acting like everything was okay. This is an aspect of my personality that those close to me have mentioned. I stay calm in bad times and go step-by-step toward a solution. This seems positive, but I never looked at the harmful events in my childhood that hurt and I never healed. I never focused on it long enough to understand that this was a way of coping I learned due to ritual abuse.

I, like others, asked the obvious question. Why is this level of harm allowed to happen? I understand that until the day of the Lord, mankind can behave as we please. In general, mankind suffers as a result of bad behavior and we bring our kids along for the ride. This results in much pain and leads some to evil. At this point, in order to end evil all mankind has to die. God believes in us enough to let us develop goodness.

To the contrary, my abusers cared nothing for my heart as they dominated me into submission and sought my loyalty under severe duress. Loyalty that is gained under duress is not loyalty. My God is patient and kind, and He encourages me to find my way to Him through my own thinking and truth.

The occult distorts the Church in many ways. These people had no problem with me loving Jesus. They promised that I would be allowed to keep believing in Him. However, as they say the devil is in the details and the one stipulation was that I had to prove to them that I believed that He was dead. I was told to think of Him like a dead philosopher that was brutally murdered for His statements.

I don't like to think about how much damage this distortion does. Many times during my childhood my mother warned me that I could "end up like Him" if I followed His ways too closely. This distortion of the truth flips all of reality inside out. Even as they learn of the passion of Jesus and the level of suffering, He experienced, they see it as a warning not to follow His ways too closely. It is the sickest lie of all and the only prerequisite to learning magic.

I handled the abuse well and I take no blame for the damage done to me. Nevertheless, the Saints instructed me continually on ways to remove myself from the situation.

I felt the need to normalize my experiences. This could have caused me to adapt and become one of them. It did not. However, it did keep me from accepting the power to change my circumstances. At times I listened and did what they said. At times I did not. Often, I was not able to process what they were saying as my own thoughts were spinning. This distraction is devastating and common. Regularly, we are too busy worrying to see that the problem is solved for us. This realization leads one to be still and know he is God. This is key.

I was young and, in a sense, I was more powerless than I am now, but in a much more profound way my state of youth allowed me a clearer understanding of the unseen realm around and within me. I was empowered by my clear understanding of the spiritual. Still, I worked to normalize it.

During the beginning of my healing process, I spent many nights lying in bed, in turmoil, thinking about all the children still used in rituals. One day, God spoke clearly to me, assuring me that He is with all the children as He was with me. He said I didn't leave you why would you think I would leave them. This suffering stopped miraculously in that moment. It wasn't as a result of a logical understanding; He healed me of this pain. Yes, I am powerless to protect them. God, however, is Almighty and never leaves the children.

In the beginning of this healing process, I was afraid to fall asleep. As a child my mother had allowed me to be taken at night. Due to the use of drugs and hypnosis I experienced waking up in a standing or sitting position in a different place than I went to sleep. I went to sleep in my bed and woke up somewhere else. This powerlessness is horrifying. Again, as I let myself listen to the truth, God spoke to me and explained that they no longer have a key to my house. I no longer have a fear of being taken in my sleep. Just like when suffering over the ongoing abuse of children, this gripping fear left me not because of my logical understanding but as a grace. He healed me, again.

With God we are cocooned, and all our difficulties lead to lessons learned. I was no more than a tiny little girl when I was championed. The high-ranking devil was overtaken not just because I had the faith to call on the name of Jesus, he was overtaken because there is no power greater than that of the Almighty God. He is faithful. If only my faith had reached a little further, I would have avoided torture. I had the key to my freedom.

We all have access to this. It seems impossible to not live the ways of the world, yet it only requires us to stick close to the teachings of Jesus. It can't all be found in the collection of God-inspired ancient texts. It can however be understood through prayer. Having suffered as I have has led me to a life of prayer where I find more truth than any book could ever contain.

My abusers gave me no margin for error. This led to an abundance of insecurities. In healing, God taught me that I don't need to be perfect or grieve my faults. One has no need for perfect behavior. One's behavior will improve as they spend time focusing on the truth.

The job of a follower of Christ is to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to Earth. This kingdom has a simple way of life, where people love each other as they love themselves and put God first. This led me to a further understanding. Even now in this world there is no lack of resources. Also, we all have an ideal variety of talents. There is no need for us to fight each other. There are people who live this way. They may not get

it right all the time, but they have the right focus. All deeds will be reconciled.

The Day of the Lord will come in perfect timing. Perfection of human existence will come as we learn to put God first and treat others as we want to be treated. Life in the Kingdom of Heaven awaits us all and there is only one door. The Door. The Truth. His name is Jesus.

Still in darkness, practitioners of magic have used the same techniques since ancient times. They are godless people that face danger with limited control. No amount of preparation can protect them from all the dangers. Whether one is running from a lion or getting the electricity bill paid, life on this earth can be unstable. Devastation can come due to natural disasters as well as a simple period of unemployment. Without God they are each other's targets. Life in the occult is unsafe.

They believe that people are innately cruel. That men are all sexual predators and that if someone is vulnerable that it is only right to harm them. They believe that deceiving others is a way of strengthening mankind and that if a person is weakened by harm, they are innately weak. If they teach people to lie, they have no problem lying to them.

This way of life is a downward spiral. I don't just mean this literally. As they develop, someone is always looking to take advantage of any weakness and they need higher and higher levels of magic. This leads to higher and higher costs. This sick way of life leads them to need magic and then more magic. It costs and then it costs more. This leads to unending damage.

When I complained about general meanness, I would get an answer that I did not let myself understand. It is "our way" my mother would say. She had never known anything but this way of life. This leads these groups to eat themselves one childhood trauma at a time.

They are sick, yet even the worst of them are simply searching for a way to safety and plenty. Since ancient times, an army of enemies have fed many with a false sense of control; they call it magic. With this,

these enemies to mankind have taught mankind to eat itself through this generational plague.

The need for the occult to be hidden to is due only to the fact that their ways are criminal. Pedophilia, even outside of rituals is common in this way of life. They regulate it, but child prostitution is a regular occurrence. After the children normalize the pain, they teach them that the laws that are against their way of life are a reason to hate and attack those who worship Jesus.

These practices weren't always considered criminal. They were performed publicly in the days of Noah. In recent times there has been effort to legalize pedophilia and we are approaching times like those of the days of Noah. It has been written in scripture that the Day of the Lord will take place when we live in such times.

Magic is limited and it costs. They seek the power to protect themselves when all power was created by and is controlled by God. God created what we think of as supernatural and is only limited by His promises. He never breaks one. He wants a human family and until we adapt to loving one another as a way of life, we suffer and cause our children to suffer.

They can't hurt a person unless allowed by the one true God. When hurt, it is because a door was open. Sadly, parents can open doors for their children to be hurt. I know that there is a system of stipulations that govern these activities. Staying close to the Creator is all the protection that is needed.

The occult seems powerful, but magic is a speck of real power.

My parents opened the door for me to be abused and my healing is taking place one step at a time. It is clear to me that if God removed all the pain at once, it would form me instantly into someone unrecognizable. With this process as it is, I learn at a pace that I can handle. I look at it, suffer, pray, and then He heals me. I have found relief and safety. I also know that all things, even this, work toward good.

I will never again forget that Jesus is alive. He is active, concerned, and more powerful than any little secret organization could ever dream of.

## 6

# Knowing Me

*Circa 1978*

ONE SUNDAY MORNING my mother, brothers, and I, sat towards the back of the decoy church. This was unusual but, these services always seemed genuine. I had an overwhelming yearning to worship, to hear and feel it. It seemed like I was about to be cleansed. This desire came in a sudden gust that hit me hard when I entered the sanctuary. This would seem to be good but it was so hard and sudden that I suspected that it was not coming from me. It was not. The Saints told me not to hold on to that feeling, that it was not me. I didn't understand what was happening.

There was a great tug of war going. Needing to worship would look to anyone as positive but I see now that this was demonic. The yearning set the stage for a game that was about to begin. As soon as the music began to play a mean-looking woman took my hand and asked me to come with her. My mom said for me to go. I felt like crying.

I had seen her before, but I did not know her name. She appeared to be in her mid-sixties. Her hair was black, tinged with gray in the back of her head. The rest was about eighty percent gray and teased up into a beehive hairdo with a fuzzy swirl on each side. She wore heavy plain-rimmed glasses and a dark dress with long sleeves in the summer. The hem of her dress draped her mid-calf. She was on the outside what some would consider God-fearing. I was not fooled for a second and knew

that she was hard and cold and would not recognize the love of God if it sat on her.

We went to the banquet room where I was told to sit in one of the metal folding chairs in front of a long table. There was minimal lighting and the chair was cold through my thin summer dress.

There was some sort of literature on the table to flip through but not much for lighting. With no other children to play with and nothing to do I was punished without having misbehaved. The mean-looking woman moved to the kitchen section of the banquet room. I sat, trying not to complain.

The sound of the worship had more of an effect on me from the outside than if I was on the front pew. I realized how powerful the sounds that we made were. A wave of power thumped and throbbed from the sanctuary. The music sounded just right, as if we had some professional musicians and singers. I knew that this was just a regular service, and I was impressed that we sounded that good.

I did not think of myself as devout in any way. Still, when they removed me from the service, they were not able to remove the service from me. They made me love my Lord more.

I asked why I had to sit there. My questions were met with refusal to answer. All I got were grunting comments and blunt dismissal.

I sat still and was as quiet as I could be. I shuffled around in the metal chair while she shuffled around in the kitchen section of the banquet room. It had appeared that she was cooking something. I was trapped and I knew it. As time dragged on, I could tell that she was only occupying herself.

She had no idea that having to hear it from the outside caused it to have more of a profound effect on me. It's one thing to be in the presence of the Holy Spirit; it's much more to feel it pulling you from another room.

My situation became increasingly complex as I became very aware of the feeling that an angry person was standing in front of me. It wasn't just anger. It was more like turmoil. It was terrifying not just because of the anger but because I could not see anyone. The mean-looking woman stopped what she was doing and watched my reaction to the unseen source of anger and turmoil.

A female voice began a rant. The voice was not that of the mean-looking woman. It came from right in front of me. Still I couldn't see anything. I looked around for a speaker or some sort of device that could be the source.

The head of the person became visible, just the head. The head of an older teenage female. She was pretty and as real as anyone. Her shoulder length brown hair was well groomed, and she had a small amount of make up on. Her skin was creamy, and she looked soft. She must have been wearing the highest quality pale pink lip gloss.

The head ranted about the "noise" as she called it. "I can't stand it." She said. She was infuriated by the sound of worship. While fighting the urge to run I just sat still. I focused on the place where the rest of her body should be. The lighting was dim. I could not understand why I could not see the rest of her body; I knew it had to be there.

Not long before that I had been punished for running away from them. I had been punished with a hypnotic suggestion that I had made it safely to my bed. I did not have conscious memories due to the drugs, but that lesson stayed with me. I did not run.

"Take your robe off." The mean-looking woman said. She was not surprised by this talking head, which spoke to her with a casual tone.

As she continued to rant, the young woman removed the robe, and her entire body became visible. She draped the robe (it was really a cloak) on the back of the chair in front of her. I looked at it. It seemed to be no different than the other cloaks.

I could not compartmentalize what I saw. I had no way to understand. Children often don't understand what they see. The behavior of adults often didn't make sense. This, however, was worse than other things that I could not understand. I let it seem like a dream. I went into denial.

“Wear your flag. That helps me.” The mean-looking woman instructed the younger woman.

“I forgot about that.” The younger woman said. She ranted—a little calmer now—and complained that she was going to have to come back again within the month.

This seemed strange to me. I thought that people were required to come every Sunday.

The mean-looking woman explained to the younger woman that this was something they all had to do. That the only reason she was able to stay out of the sanctuary was because she was watching over me.

“I like it,” I said. They both glared at me. It was as if I had said the most stupid thing anyone could ever say. I held still knowing that I had just got myself in big trouble.

The mean-looking woman told her that she better go back before someone saw her. She picked up her robe (she called it a robe, but again, it really looked like a cloak to me) and put it on. As she did this, she became invisible. I watched to see if the door to the banquet room opened as she exited but it did not. I have no idea how a person exits a room without walking through the door. From what I saw she moved from one room to another without using a physical door.

“She didn't go out the door,” I said. The mean-looking woman shot an evil, sneaky grin at me, as if she was the cat that caught the canary and I couldn't have any. Later that day my mom asked me if I had seen anything interesting. I told her no. I don't think I intended to lie.

In a coinciding memory I remember this same object being used.

This evening I woke sitting on a pew in the sanctuary of the church. The well-dressed man who had tossed me on a prior night was seated next to me. As I woke up, I heard multiple voices rejoice that I was awake. The well-dressed man urged me kindly to stand up and move into the aisle. As I moved into the aisle, they continued to gush with appreciation that I was awake.

“There she is,” and “There’s our girl,” were two of the overlapping statements.

From my position in the aisle, I got to see who was talking. Multiple adults were assembled in the same place that they had been the time they tried to get me to renounce Jesus. Two were sitting on the inner end of the pews while two were on the floor. My handler sat on the floor in the same place that she had before.

Once again, they formed an imperfect circle. This time I was relaxed and a bit tipsy. I knew that these circles are a trap, but I was outside of the circle this time. I was close enough to a pew to lean on it from time to time while the well-dressed man reached over to pat me on the shoulder as we talked.

They seemed so happy that I was there. I was more than willing to believe that all the bad times were over. The flow of fake love settled and my handler took the lead in the conversation. She apologized for how they had treated me. She wanted me to know that they did what they did because they found value in me. She made it clear that things would be different from then on.

She told me that I didn’t have to do anything that I didn’t want to and there was no longer any need for me to be afraid of them. That they loved me and wanted to show me something good—something that I would like. “Something that you can do.” She said, implying that she intended to empower me. I believed that I had been released from their cruel intentions. One thing was bothering me. The Bible that they had asked me to spit or pee on and the cross that was made of twigs was on the floor in the center of the circle. She explained that they had just

brought everything in case I changed my mind and wanted to be like them. She made it clear that they all believed that I was one of them.

Then, she changed the focus of the conversation. They wanted to show me something. It was a cloak. My handler put it on and I could not see her.

I did not fully comprehend that she was invisible. She took it off and told me to put it on. It felt like what it looked like, a heavy coat. I looked down and I could not see myself.

“We can’t see you!” she said. They all giggled.

This was fun. I was a bit disappointed that I could not see anything when I lowered the hood over my face. I was tempted to run around and play a souped-up game of hide and seek with the grown-ups, but I was told I had to take it off.

Still, they remained kind and asked if I wanted to be one of them now. And still, I accepted her kind offer to not do the ritual if I didn’t want to. Truly, this was impossible for me. I had hoped that I could show them one day that Jesus was alive.

She seemed hurt and took a deep breath. I still felt safe.

They began to talk among themselves a little and I gathered that she had borrowed the cloak. “She let me borrow it.” She said to the others. This was not a common item. I was told multiple times to be careful with it.

This reflects in one of the strange conversations that I had with my mother as an adult. We were watching a movie. This item was in a scene. Without knowing why, I felt like the air had been sucked out of my lungs. She responded to my reaction.

“We have seen these things,” she said.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

First, I will address the elephant in the room. Yes, the media feeds us stories of witchcraft. Yes, witches have some mystical abilities. Yes, I was tempted with a magical object that most of us have seen in a series of novels and film adaptations.

The occult makes the experiences so bizarre that no one will ever believe that it really happens. It's clever, but too many people are talking about seeing things that are thought of as fiction. The more that those who are surviving the abuse speak about this the closer we are to facing it and stopping it.

Like many others, I wanted for quite some time to shake this memory off. I wanted to think that I had imagined this. While I have remembered something that I have seen in a movie, I have also remembered magic that I have never heard anyone else talk about. I worked not to believe this. Eventually, I came to accept it as truth.

I have seen that they hide well in what most consider unbelievable. Many overcomers have shared how they were discredited because their experiences were so far over the top that no one would believe them. Adding real magical objects into fictional stories prevents survivors from talking about real experiences that they have had with them. I am not going to fall for that trick.

It is also notable that the books that contain this object do not tell the audience about the cost of magic.

Also, there is obvious correlation between media and the occult on other levels. I learned while being educated in the field of communications that almost all the news media uses the same propaganda techniques as the Nazi party, which is an occult organization with links to higher magic. This is information that I gained without focusing on my personal experience with ritual abuse.

Even outside of my experience, there is a clear correlation to depression even without an understanding that the media is feeding us fascinating stories of real witchcraft. I have spent quite some time evaluating this, and I have a conclusion. We must stop watching television. We are being programmed by the occult.

The media does not teach about the cost of magic. One would expect that; they are deceivers. However, no one else does either. Christianity teaches about Hell as the only cost.

One of the main weaknesses within the Church is that they believe the enemy does not have any power. This allows us to be entertained by stories of magic. Many are easily suckered in, believing that anything that seems mystical comes from God. The only way to overcome this is to have a relationship with God. It's hard for a person to be fooled by a fake when they are bonded with the real thing.

The truth is that God created wonderful things above our understanding. An army of enemies have some knowledge of these things and feed people limited, costly abilities that they think empower them. It's a trap. Run. Let God be God.

Many people who have left the occult state that they were first pulled in because they were fascinated with empowerment. Only after they are incriminated are they informed of the real costs. I have multiple coinciding memories in which my mother mentioned that I was unable to accept the cost of her way of life. Why would I accept the cost of magic when my God is profoundly more powerful than all other sources combined?

I have no way of knowing the specific cost of this cloak. Nevertheless, I know well that they weaken mankind one childhood trauma at a time in exchange for magic. Let God be God and he will make invisible who he needs to be in His perfect way.

Moving forward I see a much more obvious way that I was harmed. Faulty coping mechanisms were instilled during the abuse. During the daytime, I went back to believing that I was simply having nightmares.

That way I could laugh and play. The feeling of doom weighed me down, though. But I was able to focus on other things, like making mud pies, staying out of my mother's way and fighting my desire to hug feral cats. Focusing on the evils of the occult was too much to process. It was confusing to see things that were far beyond my range of knowledge. I just wanted to be a little girl. Acting as if everything was all right was how I coped.

This faulty coping skill remained instilled throughout my adult years. I remained, like many, ignorant of the occult activities around me. This is reasonable but as I heal, I have evaluated the damage this has done.

Blocking out knowledge of the occult caused me to stay in abusive situations throughout my life. In my healing I see now that it is important to address and correct harmful situations. This has been a massive downfall for me as an adult. It was more acute in childhood. During this period of abuse bizarre things would happen during the day. I blocked them out as well.

I have always been the calm one during a crisis. This seemed to be a positive. It is not positive at the level that I have taken it. Many times, I have remained committed to people who harmed me continually. I acted as if everything was OK. Often, situations escalated to the point that I had to escape.

I have stayed at jobs, in homes and kept friends that were toxic. Some of my codependency was rooted in my need to find a sense of unity as one needs a family. Nonetheless, my faulty coping skills took this to a destructive level.

Much of this I can now change. As soon as I evaluated this I started getting still and asking myself questions. For instance, what do I really want to do with my time on this earth? It's fun, and I have accepted that I can and will have a life of safety, adventure and true love.

I have learned to enjoy alone time. In truth, I am never alone. God was with me then, now and always. I was just too focused on my own

logic to see that He wanted to guide me. My head was spinning trying to control my circumstances with my limited logic.

Healing has forced me to sit still and know that God is God. In this, He has shown me that I am not supposed to be sick and tired. Some days are hard because I am learning and growing. Greatest of all, He assures me that my biggest sin is my anxiety and depression. He did not create me to suffer but to shine so brightly that others find Him through me.

In general, I see that mankind is a target if we remain ignorant. We should gain wisdom. However, there is no need for anyone to go on a witch hunt. Nor does vengeance belong to any of us. Taking control is the foundation of witchcraft. Our job is to love everyone—some from a distance. While it is good to expose their crimes, one must always give room for them to come to the ways of God.

They hide their criminal activities well as many have sought them out. Many who have left the occult say that they once believed that Christians were powerless. They saw many Christians demolished. This happened because they went to a battle while fueled by their self-importance and logic. One cannot defeat the occult. One must do what God tells you to do.

The truth is that the occult has never been hidden from God. The idea of hunting witches is wicked. History as it is written tells of witch burnings. True or not this prevents them from knowing the Lord. It fuels the fight between us. God loves us all; don't fuel hate and separation. Expose the crimes and offer them a way out. Many of them are looking for it.

Witchcraft is simply ignoring the standards of the Kingdom of Heaven and doing it your own way. True defense only requires one to have a solid foundation in love, which is the greatest of supernatural forces. Supernatural is just the natural things that are above our knowledge. I have seen them dismantled and whimpering at just the sound of the name, Jesus.

Looking back at the cycle of dysfunction that I have lived in, God warned me about every bad turn I made. I got a tug every time. Acting in accordance to our conscience is the only way to overcome this world of magic. Get out of His way and let Him do it.

Dealing with sin, God did give us a list of basic behavioral standards. Preachers keep warning about hellfire and brimstone. They shout about how the wages of sin is death, however, if one gets quiet and just looks toward God, they can see that the listed sins are all simply things that cause harm. Adultery, murder, stealing and lying on each other hurt people.

The more time I spend with God the better my behavior gets. This is how to correct one's behavior. That way of finger-pointing causes harm.

Jesus said to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to Earth, and He would forgive our failures. Yet still, over thirty thousand denominations believe they have found the complicated route to Heaven. The idea that it is our right to figure out what to condone and what to condemn is wicked.

We are often so focused on when to bow, what to wear and who we can look down on we forget about how simple love is.

I learned about demonic influence when I relived the moment that I walked into this service. I felt something good—the urge to worship. I see now that this was demonic influence. They fed me the desire to bond with my Lord and then yanked me away. This made it hurt more. They were trying to dominate me but what they accomplished was making me realize how important worshiping was in forming a healthy life.

Just this one section of my healing process has taken me leaps and bounds. I have eliminated much of the enemy's influence in my life. I have become aware of the source of dysfunction, realized it is not my fault and found great contentment.

## Winner

*Circa 1978*

MUCH LIKE BEFORE, this night of abuse began with my handler tapping my face. I woke. This time, I was standing in the foyer with my back against the wall. The double door entrance was to my left and I had one of their cloaks on.

She said she wanted me to see something and that I should be quiet. She took me by the hand and we walked into the sanctuary of the church.

There were about fifteen adults seated in the pews and the ritual table was set up in front of the podium. We did not walk far and she signaled for me to sit on a pew that was to the right and towards the back.

The adults were sitting on the pews in front of me. Several cloaked people were standing in an array on the steps that surrounded the platform. This was no different than it was the night that I was raped.

She bent down and placed her face near mine while looking towards the table. I realized that she was making sure that I could see the ritual. She told me not to worry.

She coated her words with a heavy dose of importance. "It is not your day. I want you to see something." She turned and walked with reverence towards the entrance.

A boy that had been seated in one of the front pews on the left side, stood up and walked toward the ritual table. He was about eight or ten years old and looked familiar to me. His smooth stroll and tense body language conveyed that he was ready to face something he hated.

As he walked, he unbuckled his pants and pulled them down a bit. Each movement was done in smooth jerks. I knew that this was a well-practiced and dreaded action. He held the front of his pants in place, shielding his genitals, while they dropped in the back exposing his rear end. As he reached the table, he shot a look of hate in my direction. He then bent over and grasped the edges of the table. His pants fell to the floor. I stared, still oblivious of the imminent evil.

One of the cloaked men who stood on the platform steps approached him and lunged his hips to meet the boy's rear end a few times. The boy yelled. One steady cry that sounded like it used all the breath his lungs could hold. As the man moved back to his original place, the boy continued to grasp the sides of the table. His upper body heaved forward as if to vomit.

The older couple that sat in front of me shuffled around and spoke to each other. The boy managed not to vomit.

“He caught himself.” The man in front of me said.

I knew that someone was going to get hurt when I sat down. I tried to stay quiet. I had prepared myself for this. I might have succeeded but the shock of their reaction broke me. Their concern was that he did not vomit on the table. I still do not know how people can be this twisted.

Sobs erupted from my chest. As soon as they did, I sucked them back in. The couple in front of me turned to gawk. I knew that my actions were punishable. I was nearly successful in playing it off, but when my handler came to rescue me, I let more out.

“They hurt him bad!” My voice was so strained that I almost did not recognize it as my own.

“I thought that would make you feel better,” she whispered. Her whisper was breathy and communicated her surprise at my reaction.

She eased me out of the room and continued her explanation in the foyer. Everything about her voice and body language told me that she was intending to comfort me. She even brushed the tears off my face as she spoke. She may have intended to comfort me, but that is not what she did. She explained that it wasn't just me that this was done to. This was just their way of life. Her dotting way showed admiration, yet her words and tone showed frustration. She seemed to think that I should have already understood.

I understood that the reason I witnessed this was to show me it wasn't just me they hurt. She thought this would make me want to be one of them. I felt like I was in hell. In truth I was not far from it.

In a coinciding memory of an event that took place not long after this I had an opportunity to talk to this boy. “I saw them hurt you,” I said. He tried to comfort me and explained that it was easier that way—that he got “one yell”. When kids continued to cry, they did it to themselves, he explained. The man would take much longer and it was way worse when they cried more. He said that sometimes kids would die, especially the little ones.

He said that it was much easier for him now than it had been. In the past his brothers had been allowed to do that to him. He had moved up to the level in which this was only done about once a month. It hurt but it was okay because “He teaches us stuff.”

As I remembered seeing him and his family during the day, I realized that the older couple that sat in front of me were his parents. The look that he shot in my direction was aimed at them.

In this conversation he showed me his perspective of my experiences. He told me he thought that I was smart. He explained to me that every time I refused to renounce, the level that I would come in at was raised. He thought he had figured me out. I felt like I had been branded by them.

He did tell me the truth about an important element. He said that they had been fooling me. They acted as if this “gift of feelings” made me special; he said it was common.

“We all have it,” he confessed.

I have read where other survivors were told that they were special only to find out later that this is a part of the initial mind-control training.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

I am not the victim. I am surviving. This is a lifetime process, but occult victims are those who don't see that they have a way out. They have set norms so far from perfection that they feel no pain when others are hurt. I don't know how to warn someone about the dangers of hell. I want to scream and tell them that they don't have to live that way right now!

I hurt; I have anger. There are still layers of damage, but I can lay my whole heart on an altar at the feet of Him who created the Earth with His fingers. He did not even have to use His upper body weight when creating a planet and the systems of nature that some find worthy of worship on their own.

A long time ago I accepted that vengeance does not belong to me. I am not perfect and yearn for it from time to time. I was never satisfied with the idea that evil was paid for in hell. Truth is they pay throughout their lives on Earth. I don't deal with this anymore. Gaining an understanding of how they were transformed into evil with repeated cycles of harm and reward killed my underlying desire for vindication.

I was being tortured for my refusal to renounce Jesus. It was much worse for those who submitted to this way of life. They are so far from love that they can submit their own children to torture. Surely, they had moments where they faced reality.

Another life changing realization occurred as I looked at this event. One of my worst faults is my inability to cry. I learned this as I was forced to suck up my tears during rituals. Whenever I do start to tear up, I feel a rush of fear. I have thought about this many times during my adult years.

A person needs to cry. It is part of the body's way to heal from emotional damage. I have recognized that I learned not to cry during this time period. Sucking it up has caused me much sickness. Now that I have recognized the source of this flaw, I am working on correcting it. This process is healing me.

## Daytime

*Circa 1978 – 1979*

ACCEPTING THAT THERE WAS ritual abuse explains the insanity of my childhood. I have always remembered daytime events that were harmful and ridiculous. Due to the use of drugs and hypnosis the nighttime events were a blur. In the morning I would wake up and feel as if I had nightmares. As I look at this summer from an adult perspective it all ties together. Over and over, I see that the events that took place during the day supported the training that I received at night.

It was wrong, but I was not alone. The Saints were guiding me and never left me, even though I failed to follow their efforts to remove me from the situation.

During the day, the place seemed like a magical corner of the world. The people there always took a special interest in me. There was a flip side to this place and these people. Sometimes while I enjoyed this magical atmosphere, I faced the fact that this place was evil underneath it all.

Regarding the evil, I had nothing to tell. There were no known facts or events that I could tell people about. I saw no logical reason to complain. I know now that this was due to the use of drugs and hypnosis. Back then I was clueless. I didn't know what or where the evil was, but

I knew it was killing me. I could not connect my physical pain to any specific events, but my spirit felt beaten.

I was just learning about life and had normalized much of what I was experiencing. For example, I thought that bad dreams could result in moderate to severe physical damage. When I spoke to the women about the pain in my bottom, they dismissed it as normal. I don't remember talking to my grandmother about this, but I did address this with my mother and a couple of the women at the decoy church.

I realize now that they were aware that this pain was a result of sexual contact and therefore, they felt it was understandable pain. The women would say "We have all had to deal with it." The sick twist here is that I was six years old and should have not been experiencing pain due to sexual activity.

If it occurs within their sanctions, sexual contact with children is considered normal to these people. How sad it is to think that so many did not get to be free from sexuality in childhood.

I remember what purity feels like. It's free and fresh, without consequence. It is also clear to me that even after being raped and molested on several occasions, God protected my purity. They were often frustrated with me because I could never understand that I was a sexual conquest. How generous Father God is. He never, not once, overruled my faulty choices. He did however force a time of purity on me.

I was too proper and never even considered telling my father about this specific problem. That would have been a massive red flag. I don't know if it would have made a difference.

I did reach out to him. He was hard to approach but with the Saints' encouragement I did ask him for help. The Saints said, "It will matter later." I was given divine inspiration and understanding. I knew it was not going to work, but I also knew that just asking would make a difference later and it does.

On a hot day, he was sitting on the steps that led to our apartment. I took his hand, snuggled his arm and turned up my sweetness. This intimate moment made him stiffen up. He never recovered from seeing me laugh during a sick sexual ritual. I did not understand why I had lost his love. I tried to ignore the pain of rejection.

I began my attempt to sweet talk him into taking us away. I had no reason to give him. I asked if we could go live somewhere else. He slumped his shoulders and shook his head from left to right. I felt blocked and tried a more aggressive approach. I told him I thought the people from the decoy church were going to kill me.

He moaned out a sarcastic giggle in response. “They love you.” He appeared to be surprised that I wanted to leave.

I could see that he was overwhelmed and defeated. I kept pushing and he said that he did want to move, but they had the car. I had not seen our car in quite a while. He told me that the people that he worked for had offered to fix it. They took it and he had not seen it since. He implied that the car should have not needed that long to repair. I let some fear set in. Still, I had the comfort of knowing that Heaven was with me.

I don’t think he understood me. I think he thought that I was saying they wanted to murder me. That is not what I wanted him to understand. I was trying to express that they were trying to turn me into someone else—one of them. My spirit knew this; I just did not know how to express it.

Throughout this interaction Heaven gave me all the clarity of thought that I had. Knowing that I did ask for help, helps me now. Just as I was told, it made a difference later.

In general, this summer was full of missing gaps. There was however, an unsanctioned incident of abuse that made family history.

Not long before the start of the school year, I was standing on my grandparents’ porch, bored. As I watched cars pass, my grandparents walked out of the apartment. They were both fussy and talking about

postage stamps and how much they were going to cost. My grandfather walked down the steps and headed toward their car. It became clear to me that he was going to the post office.

This was my chance to go somewhere—anywhere. I had to act fast and started begging to go with him.

“You want to go with me?” he asked. My grandmother did not like the idea. He approved of it. I pushed and she agreed.

“Come right back,” she demanded, and I was off on a quest for postage stamps.

There was an underlying feeling of dread that I did not understand. I ignored it. I felt like something was going to happen. My goal was to get away from home for a little while and maybe get a soda and a candy bar as a treat. That is not what happened.

On the way to the post office, he drove the car onto a parking area next to a small bridge. There was a creek. He asked if I “really wanted to do this.” I said yes.

It occurred to me that we had not brought fishing gear, nor did we have time to go fishing. I knew that my grandmother had told us to come right back and we were being disobedient and sneaky. I got a bad feeling about it but a walk by a creek seemed like fun. I thought it was a sneaky adventure.

We found a place to sit down, and he began inappropriate touching. I felt like I was in one of my nightmares. Still, this physical activity was so far outside of my range of knowledge that it would have been no less shocking if a spaceship had landed on the water.

I was trapped, needing escape, and looked around for it. I looked behind me. We were alone. I was glad that the people from the church were not approaching. When I thought of them, I visualized a group of three cloaked people. Even my thoughts scared me.

I felt sick. He fussed when I pulled away, reminding me that I had agreed to the activity. He was in authority over me and I bought it. It felt like fluid filled my lungs and throat and all the way to the back of my mouth. I sat there and suffocated with guilt and shame. I did not know what I had agreed to or how I agreed to it. In that moment it was like I discovered that I was evil.

On a spiritual level I knew that he was assaulting me; he was killing who I was, molesting me. For a few seconds I found some comfort in the way the light shimmered on the flowing water. As my eyes fixed on a small tree stump that projected out of the center of the creek, I tried to compartmentalize the feeling that I was being attacked. In my confusion, I deduced that he was going to impale me onto the tree stump and kill me. Death by impaling seemed like a way out.

He stopped and burst into a temper tantrum, flailing his arms into the air. I was afraid of what was going to happen next. As he stood up he grumbled about some sort of injustice. He stepped away from the creek in a plodding motion. I didn't know what was happening and just stood up.

He began to stomp toward his car, continually grumbling and flailing his arms. He was leaving me and I did not want to be alone in a wooded area. I sprinted in a struggle to catch up.

The movement caused air current to chill me. I realized that the hair near my neck was wet with sweat and my clothes were sticking to my body in spots. I ran after him, seeking refuge from the wilderness, but was halted by the chilling evidence of his assault. It took my breath away and I would have felt cleaner if covered in feces.

Stunned but moving, I could see him stomping with his head down. As he approached the top of an incline that plateaued at the opening to the parking area, I was just a few feet behind him. I saw the source of his perceived injustice. A man and a boy stood at the end of the trail. They looked fine and strong. Like statues, they held their fishing poles and small tackle boxes, perfectly equipped and prepared for a proper

afternoon of outdoor activities. They looked ordinary overall except for their facial expressions. They looked as if they had found a corpse in a freezer.

As we approached, I picked up my pace enough to reach for my grandfather's hand. He shook my hand off. He did not alter his pace, stomp or grumble.

I pretended that him shaking me off was an accident and tried again. Just before we passed the man and boy, he took my hand. I felt a little better. Then as we passed them, he added a racial slur to his flowing grumble. He called them an evil word without lifting his head to face them.

In those days racism was normalized. Normal is often wrong. I felt the evil as he spit it out, but in those days, statements like that were handled like a harsh hello.

I could see the man's face. He was hurt. He had kind eyes that beamed concern for me. He felt bad for me. His eyes were teary, and his chest moved with excessive breaths. The boy made a remark, but the man hushed him quickly. Racial divisions restricted him from confronting my grandfather.

I need it all to be okay, so I placed my free hand over my grandfather's hand that held the other one. "I am okay," I said as we passed them. He shook his head up and down. This was the only movement that I saw this man make, but his eyes communicated that I would be in his prayers.

I needed everything to be okay, so I acted like everything was okay. When we returned to my grandparents' apartment without postage stamps my grandmother was not happy. I found a place to hide.

The summer was coming to an end and it was time to go back to school. This was exciting. It seemed like we were going to get out of there for a while. I was hopeful.

On the first day of school, we woke and dressed as expected. Instead of walking to a bus stop or getting in a car, we walked next door. They were experts at giving hope and then crushing it. I was hurting. I did not even know that they owned this house. I had a bad feeling about it from the beginning and now I felt surrounded.

This wood-frame house had a delicate and understated look to it. So understated that no one would ever complain about its appearance. It was painted flat white, which contrasted flawlessly with black shiny hardware. Everything matched. The windows had a slight shimmer of a tint that made it look a bit dreamy.

The lawn was cut low with its edges naturally irregular. The simple flower beds were well placed with each plant evenly spaced from the next. There was not a chip on the paint, or a weed out of place. Nothing was overdone or grabbed one's attention. With just a tinge of fresh dust around the bottom that let you know it was there, it was manicured to be unremarkable, unnoticed. This was a perfect place for evil.

My brother made some complaints and I expressed surprise. My mother pretended this was a good opportunity for us. I wanted to believe it, but all our voices showed panic and she was breathing heavy.

A lady from the church met us at a door that was on the side of the house but was all the way toward the front wall. She gave my mother the key in a hurry. All of this was upsetting, but the fact she wore a cloak was straight out of my nightmares. I felt like running.

I never saw this coming. Inside, we saw a complete classroom with all the elements. I was shocked that this could have been so close to us without our knowing it.

Rows of typical children's desks faced a metal teacher's desk. There were multiple cubicle desks lining the walls. I had never seen cubicle desks before. The floor was covered with plain tile that looked like that in most government buildings.

I took a deep breath when I saw the front wall. I knew that this house had a front door that was visible from outside. On the inside the black board hung all the way across the front wall. There was no sign of a door above or below the black board, just a wall. The black board itself was picturesque. It was new and clean, with small grayed areas where something had been erased.

It seemed unrealistic. It was better than realistic. The details were remarkable, little pictures hung on the walls, all perfectly spaced.

This was what I would have called magical, but I was done with that fascination. I knew it was a lie. I tried to think of it as a secret classroom and make it fun. It was a schoolhouse, like in western movies. This only worked for a minute. I was desperate to see other kids, or a teacher.

The only students were me and my brother. After we sat down I asked about the other kids. My mother said that they moved away but more were coming. She was repeating lies as instructed, but she would begin to pant when she answered questions and always started with "They said." She knew it was all lies.

I got the impression that this school had been built for the families of the construction workers that had lived in our apartment building. I had overheard how all those people left suddenly. I was scared.

She gave us books and some instructions, then sat down at the teacher's desk. I asked about this. She stated that she had been a teacher in the past. I have never heard anything about her having any teaching experience before or since this. She was overwhelmed and rarely in the classroom.

They did something that made my head spin. As we pretended to start our school year, she told me that I was repeating the second grade.

This was strange to me because I had just completed first grade the year before. I did not understand why I was being told that I had failed and was repeating a school year that I had not attended yet. They were altering my memories.

We would sit down and just fiddle through books while my mother faked teaching skills. On one occasion while in the schoolhouse a lady from the decoy church knocked on the classroom door. In her conversation with my mother it was clear that my younger brother had been left alone in the apartment while she was teaching. My mother was sick with worry.

“I can’t do all of this,” she said. The woman tried to convince her that everything was all right. She was overwhelmed and shaky. After this we were often alone in the classroom. We had some books and quiet time but besides that it wasn’t anything like attending school. They told us that other kids would come but they never did. I can’t imagine that we learned much.

I didn’t understand what I was feeling or my parents’ excessive stress. The things that happened at night seemed like bad dreams, but when school started and we weren’t allowed to go I started seeing that we were trapped, even during the day.

My brother expressed the same feelings. He said that he knew they would not let me go to school, yet felt that he should be able to attend. It was not just the school situation. He was miserable. Somehow, I knew that it was all because of me.

These dire circumstances changed soon after school started, when I had a pregnancy scare. Yes, a pregnancy scare. I was only six years old and therefore could not get pregnant. But I did not know that. The fear hit me hard.

That day, I had been kicked out of the house while my mother talked about some grown-up stuff about a pregnancy scare with two older teenagers that had come to visit. I was sitting on a tree limb in the front yard of my grandparent’s apartment when the terror developed.

I wasn't supposed to have heard what they were saying, but I had heard enough. They had made a baby grow in her belly. In a panic they came to my mother for guidance. I was rather innocent, but I had understood that they had done something dirty and that they were in big trouble. I felt so bad for them. Then I realized I had done dirty stuff too and therefore concluded that I too could be pregnant.

I had overheard about someone's unexpected pregnancy and assumed that I could be in the same situation due to the daytime sexual contact with my grandfather. It was like all of Heaven was trying to calm me. When I was that young, I had a clear sense of things divine. I knew who God and Jesus were and felt close to them all the time. At the same time, I applied my own logic to my situation and let terror overcome me.

I said nothing and let it fester for a bit. It did not take long. On the day after my pregnancy scare began, my brother and I were in the schoolhouse. I was pestering him terribly. I was spastic and physically hot. My mom put me in a back room so that I would stop bothering him and have a little talk with myself about how I treated my brother.

I had never been in the back room before. The light was dim. It was a bedroom, with a bed, dresser and nightstand. As instructed, I sat on the end of the bed. My mother had warned me that the room was dirty and to not touch anything. The place was neat. Nothing seemed out of place. I got the impression that it had germs. It was creepy.

Sitting there, I realized that I was being mean to my brother because of the pregnancy turmoil. I knew I had to do something about my concerns and the first step was to tell someone. I decided to forget about the things that happened in the decoy church. I was certain that if I told the whole story that the people from the church would kill me.

It was more than just the fear of retaliation. I didn't really know what else happened. I just knew that there was more. This plan to tell part and forget the rest occurred to me like a divine revelation and calmed me for a while.

Soon after that I was back in my grandparent's apartment laying across the bed. I didn't realize I was crying but my aunt walked in and asked what was wrong. I responded with what seemed like the funniest thing to her.

"I might be pregnant."

Her laughter changed after a minute and she explained to me that I was a little girl and little girls can't get pregnant. Then I explained to her that that was because they didn't do dirty things and that me and my grandfather had done dirty things.

She ran to get my mother and I told her. My mother began stomping the floor with both feet. Her knees would raise high. She stomped, held her face and screamed. She seemed devastated.

I now understand that unsanctioned sexual contact with minors is considered a betrayal. What he did risked exposure because it was not done under the cover of darkness and their systematic methods. They are wrong, but they justify sexual contact with children if it is regulated. They are appalled when it is not done within their stipulations.

I told the truth. I did not tell them that I was afraid that he was going to push me onto a stump that stuck out of the water and kill me. I also did not mention that during the molestation I looked around me, worried that the people in the black robes would come. These parts of the event I filed away with all the other things I forgot.

My mother and aunt explained to me that girls can't get pregnant until they have their periods. That was the end of my pregnancy scare and a new beginning.

My circumstances changed. My family's reaction seemed normal. My mom was certainly hysterical.

There was not much involvement with the authorities. I do remember being taken to an office where my mother reported the abuse. I remember one of the women from the decoy church telling her that she had to make an official report, in case it came up later. We went to some

sort of government office. She cried, as one would think a mother should. A woman led me to a separate office. While with this woman she asked for my story. I used a silly word to describe female genitalia; she laughed at me and that was the end of my testimony. They were rude and pushy and only asked me for basic information. I did not go to any sort of counseling.

My uncle owned a house and we moved into it. It was his wife that I first told about the abuse, so they championed us. They owned another house, so they moved out of this one and we moved in. This three-bedroom brick house was fully furnished. It was a good starter home but might as well have been a mansion, to us. The generosity was notable. It was much nicer than what we had ever had.

I was told that the people from the decoy church put my grandfather in some sort of counseling camp and I was not around him much after that. The next memories I have of him were when I was fourteen or so and he was a senile old man. My grandmother visited us after we moved into the nice house and seemed to be absolutely mortified by what her husband had done.

My divinely inspired plan to handle my pregnancy scare had gotten the whole family away from the people at the decoy church.

The day we moved in, my uncle sat at the head of the table and we had a meeting with both of my parents present. He asked me directly if anyone else had ever touched me like that. I said no. He asked specifically about the people in the church. He said that he felt that something was wrong with them. I said no.

I didn't feel like I was lying. They certainly had but I had nothing concrete to tell about. Yes, I remembered that more happened, but I was not even sure what it was that happened. It was all intertwined in my nightmares.

My older brother praised me for being the cause of this positive change in our lives. I was relieved and we had a great new beginning.

I just wanted to play and be a kid. I knew I had to hurry up and have some fun. I felt like the devil was hanging around the corner, and I was right.

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This period did last about a year. I remember discussing my seventh birthday while in this house. My mom and dad were laying clothed in their bed and I sat on the edge. We talked about my upcoming birthday and how a neighbor had the same birthday as me.

In this same setting my parents gave me the birds and the bees discussion. I remember understanding what was being described. I did not relate this new information to any of my experiences. It is beautiful that while I understood, I felt baffled at why grown-ups would do this. The fact that I could not remember shielded my innocence and even after I knew about the mechanics of sex, I was still oblivious to lust.

Some time passed and the stress began to build. My dad had been working. He began to have a long stretch of time where he kept losing jobs. He would get a job and then lose it, often without reason.

I am certain that much of this was caused by the people in the decoy church. They seemed to know everyone. One of the men we knew at the decoy church owned a large construction company and I feel he prevented my dad from sustaining employment.

My dad had been unemployed for some time when we got an opportunity to take a trip. My dad's brother lived in another state and asked if we would visit. I remember my parents talking about this. My dad's brother offered to pay for the trip. My dad was hesitant while my mother encouraged the idea. We went and spent a few weeks. He had a little girl and his wife was pregnant. They were always laughing. It was quite a treat.

On the way home we ran out of money. I got the impression that my father's brother did not come through concerning paying the full price for us to return home.

The way home was scary. My mom convinced my dad to stop at a store and then coerced him to go in and ask for free food. When he got back into the car I could feel how defeated he was. He had a pack of crackers and a few other items. The crackers had a few little black bugs crawling around in the pack. I would have rather starved for days than to see the look on my father's face when he saw this.

We made another stop on the way home. This one was significant.

Well after dark, we drove down a long dirt road. I had been dozing in and out but I had become aware that we were deep in the woods. My brother nudged me to wake as the car slowed and then stopped. My dad turned the engine off and my parents talked for a moment. They were talking about "she" and "her." My dad was hesitant because it was late at night. This scared me a bit. A cool breeze came through the window and brushed my face. They talked at a low volume with a roar of insects in the background. It was like a bad movie with a great soundtrack.

My eyes adjusted, but I could still only barely see that we were in front of a house. We had parked close to the house and the porch was just ahead of us and to our left. The cool wind was refreshing me and I was ready to deal with this "she" or "her" person when I saw what I thought was a ghost walk onto the porch.

Her hair hung well past her knees. It was faded red and grey that blended into orange streaks. She was wearing a heavy, light-gray cloak on top of a thin, oversized, white nightgown that flowed as she moved. The nightgown had long drooping ruffles around the wrist, hem and neck. Only her face, chin and hands were visible.

It was more clothes than most people wore, moving freely in the wind. All the light colors caused a mysterious glowing quality about her in the dim light. It was the way that she moved as well. From the moment she stepped on the porch she moved in a way I had never seen before. Continuously, she twisted sections of her hair and began to open bobby pins with her teeth and pin it up into a ball on the back of her head.

She talked, called my father by his name and told us to come in. She was no ghost, she was his mother and my Granny. This is my earliest memory of her, and this is one of only a few times that I ever saw her hair down.

We stayed for what seemed like a couple of weeks. My father's family was enormous and the house was often full of cousins. It was a great release. While my parents made decisions my brothers and I played and had full bellies.

My Dad was offered a job in the area. He decided to stay. My mother objected and refused. Life that far out in the country was hard for her. They had electricity and indoor plumbing, but that was as good as it was going to get. I understand that there were cultural differences and difficulties. I also know that she had conflicts with a few of my father's family members. I can see why she would not stay. Ultimately, I now believe that this was all a part of a plan by the decoy church to remove my dad from my life. It was a set up. We drove home without my dad.

I did not see this coming. While still on the dirt road I asked my brother where our dad was. He told me that they were getting a divorce. Often during this time period, I had toned out all serious discussions. My brother tried to explain to me what a divorce was. I was confused as I thought marriage was forever. My mother said that he was being stubborn and would not go home.

Not long after this, my older brother and I woke up and saw his boots were in the dining room. We were jumping up and down.

He was in the bedroom with my mother. When he exited the bedroom, he did it in a fury. He stomped out. I could hear my mother crying. He sat down in a chair that had already been pulled back from the table and started to put his boots on. I tried to hide his second boot. My brother pulled it from my hands as he tried to talk him into staying. He pushed me off as I clung to him. This process only took a few minutes and as he left the house my brother told me that he left because of me.

We were still in the nice house. Still without income. The financial stresses had become more apparent to me now that my mother was a single parent. Dad had not been able to provide enough, yet without his presence as natural provider, the financial stresses took his place. It was almost like another person had joined the family.

My parents did divorce and the people at the decoy church took control with my only protector out of the way.

There are two coinciding memories:

The first one relates to me being told that I was repeating a grade that I had not yet attended. Something similar happened not long after my parents separated and I got my ears pierced. My mother and I were sitting at the kitchen table. She approached me with the opportunity for her and I to go get our ears pierced, together. She said that we were free to do things like that because my father, who would not have approved, was no longer in control.

“We can be who we really are,” she had said.

But the part that relates is that she said that I would always remember that I got my ears pierced when I was eleven years old. I was confused because I was only nine. When I stated the obvious, she got nervous and corrected me, saying that I was eleven. I am certain that we left this house before my tenth birthday.

The second coinciding memory took place in my mid-twenties. My father told me that right before he separated from my mom, he had a period that he found it impossible to maintain employment. He said that no one that was in any way connected with that church would hire him. He got a couple of jobs outside of their influence but was let go after a short time and without sufficient reason.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

The occult cannot dominate a person without their consent. They made a good show of trying for my family. We had a choice but got caught up in our own logic. We were a weak and an easy target. My dad had grown up in an abusive family. Sure, this paved the path for a difficult life. Nevertheless, the enemy took full advantage.

Some people will even anoint their mirrors to keep the demons from finding a path into their homes. In the modern world it seems almost impossible to block all their portals. It is not that complicated.

When pressure is applied by the occult, resist. Give them what they don't want. They don't want us focused on truth. They don't want us feeling joy despite pain or feeling gratitude for what one does have. Respond with growth. Don't scavenge for a path through the hardships. Wait and know that it will pass.

To the contrary, scavenging through a life of uncertainty is a beacon to demonic activity.

We were leaning on our own understanding and that understanding was limited. This group seemed to own the whole block. Once, my mother warned me about telling any of the neighbors about what goes on in the decoy church. She made it clear that they knew everyone.

Occult domination is an illusion. At this point our lives were lived on property owned by the church and all the people we had contact with were associated with them. My parents' stress level continued to increase. From all that we could see we were trapped.

My brother showed signs of extreme stress. He expressed frustration that was directed towards me as our whole life was now captive due to the people at the decoy church's fixation on me. They caused division. He was not mean to me, but I felt as if the weight of the world was on my shoulders. Fear and division are killers.

I have broken up with fear. It has no right to me. When it lingers, returning like hunger, I feel it. This is just part of the journey. I see with human eyes and work with human hands. I am human, limited by my viewpoint. But I am no longer that little girl that stood on a tree limb, overcome with fear of an impossible pregnancy. It is more than anything that can be written in a science book that has brought me to this place. It is the truth gained from simply being still and recognizing that God is God, with no power above Him.

He will plunge into any crevasse to champion me, again and again. No matter how far I go or how I got there. He is still God, even when I hit a stump or two on this bumpy ride. This is a job that does not require perfection. The debts that I make on the way were paid on the cross.

The Almighty God has intentions to guide mankind through this life. Why would anyone choose anything else?

This is a life, not a moment. It is a bumpy ride to a destination. If I hold close to truth, even the moments that I entertain fear will work toward the foundation of the Kingdom of Heaven, on Earth.

Facing the pain that I experienced proved to me that God is real. I see the path to a good life. The safe place exists where it does, not where fear pushes us to.

They have no power over me. I have access to all the power. I just must let it happen perfectly according to God's knowledge. I don't get to wave a magic wand to fix my problems. The truth is better than an instant fix.

God never left me. I had a whole team on my side. To add to this, He created me to have instincts. There were many times that I got a feeling about different things, like the schoolhouse. I felt that something was wrong and I was right. Every little detail about the place blended into the background. There was no need to focus on it—nothing worth mentioning. It was camouflaged and left no clue of its occult uses, however my instincts told me otherwise. We are not without power.

They can be spotted if one knows what to look for. In the decoy church they were always the type that could recite scripture word for word. This is not bad on its own, but they were cold with a tinge of arrogance. It would sound distorted because it was distorted. In the government office they seemed to be the upstanding citizens. No doubt their records were wiped clean of any blemish. These women were as sweet as they could be. Until I was alone with one of them and she made fun of me during a child abuse interview. Sometimes people are just mean, yet that level of coldness is not humanly generated.

I have recognized my own flaws. My reaction to learning that evil people are often camouflaged was not healthy. As an adult, I have clung to people with scarred pasts. This proved destructive for me, yet I see that this was my attempt to distance myself from those who appeared perfect. I got it wrong for many years. However, looking at this with the information that I have now I see that I was seeking safety from the damage that was done during this time. I have always felt safer with people with obvious flaws. It was the genuine nature of those connections, not the flaws that drew me in.

Following one's instinct is pivotal. Nothing is more important than doing what God said. Making good choices must become a pattern. This is not hard, it just requires staying focused on the truth. My father had to have realized that the level of his financial difficulties was occult generated. I do believe that he made some, even many mistakes. They compounded this trouble and kept us in chaos. I have recognized this in my own life. I have made mistakes and then felt that my weaknesses were used to keep me in an unrelenting cycle of dysfunction. They are opportunist and wait for a person to spark an attack with mistakes.

The stipulations that allow demonic attacks are governed by our behavior. Safety does not require perfection, just refocusing. I have often felt buried in situations that began with my own bad judgment. All I had to do was not let fear and chaos rule, refocus on the truth and move forward in courage.

In the past I let guilt weigh me down. I recognize this pattern and have found the ability to get back on my proper path. Guilt is a tool of the enemy that can paralyze a person. This happened to me. Looking at the moment that the Saints encouraged me to ask my father for help has shown me that there is freedom from this weight. They told me he was not going to help me, but that asking for help would make a difference to me later. They were right. Remembering asking for help has eliminated much of the deep-seated guilt that kept me from pursuing a place of security.

In the rituals they would tell me “You like it.” They trained my father to say “You like it.” It seemed like they were training me to believe that I did like it. I never consciously believed it, but it did leave me with this underlying weight of guilt. Remembering that I did try to find a way out lifted much of this. It has freed me.

God provided what I would need in the future, in the past. The magnitude of God’s power is in no way limited by my view of Him. It is bigger than I can see. Yet, it just means so much to me that God knew what my heart would need now, and provided it when I was a little girl. Why would anyone not serve him? He served me.

## Understanding

*Circa 1978*

WHEN I WAS SIX years old there was a night in which I was taken from my bed. This had happened many times before. On this night I was awake for just a few minutes.

As a child, my recollection of this event was just a blur. I have worked since then, to understand what happened and like always, I did it with all of Heaven and ended up blessed with a wealth of knowledge. I learned in this interaction the differences between reality, hypnotic trance, and hypnotic delusion. As a child, I did not understand all of this, but I do now.

Just like other nights, I went to bed at home and then woke up sitting on a pew inside the decoy church. Like often, there was little light. This time, I was sitting on a pew in the back. Like any traditional church building there were two sets of pews with an aisle in between them. Specifically, I was near the end close to the center aisle on the right side.

I could not see anyone, but I was not free. In the distance, I could hear a conversation that took place between two or three adults. I always felt a jolt when I woke from a trance. I had experienced this many times now, and I had had enough. I was sick of it.

As I woke, I jerked from left to right a bit. God was talking to me. I cannot quote Him directly, but I remember well what I learned. He

comforted me, but I held on to anger. I suddenly became wet with sweat. He kept talking.

God began to instruct my every movement. I was confused. But He was the only one I had ever known to absolutely love me for me. So, I tried hard to do right. He never failed me.

I understood that the people were coming and that they would think I was still asleep if I stayed still. He let me make my own choices. While He wanted me to be still, He did not make it happen. I was confused, but as I bumped around a bit and heard Heaven groan, I snapped back into stillness.

Multiple adults approached me in unison and surrounded me. As always it was dark, with a tint of light. I was aware that a group of two or three approached from my left between the pews and the front door. At the same time another group walked through the row of pews to the left and then towards me.

One stood directly behind me. One walked in between the pews toward me and stood over me. They were talking amongst themselves about how my breathing seemed to be stressed. A female who was to my left spoke to me. They were checking to see if I was still in a trance. Somehow, I managed not to respond at all. I kept still and quiet.

While believing that I was in a trance, they discussed my training and how troubled it was. One said that my mother was my problem. A woman said to let her handle my mother and that she was not as bad as they thought. They chatted and I gained an understanding that this woman was a visitor and a bit of an outsider.

The visiting woman started an exercise. She was going to show them how to do something. They spread out and she put certain people into certain places.

Two men approached me from my left. One was ushering the other and instructed him saying, "You be him."

In my peripheral vision I could see him move like a pouting bully. “Why do I have to be him?” He complained.

I had no clue what was going on. I thought we were about to perform a play. I liked plays and while still pretending to be in a trance, I started to feel better about my circumstances.

They stood me up and moved me with gentle commands, whispers, and slight tugs. While still pretending to be in a trance I stood slowly and moved. They told me to turn to my left and take a step. I was just inches from the end of the pew and facing the aisle.

They knew something was off. They talked about how I was moving.

One said, “She is getting used to this.” They were not happy about the way I moved but they did not know the true cause and came to a false conclusion.

The visiting woman addressed me kindly and told me that nothing bad was going to happen to me. She began to instruct me.

“Look at the man.” She indicated the one who had been ushered to a place right in front of me. She continued, calmly. “Imagine that this man looks like Jesus.” When she did, people reacted by shuffling around a bit. This upset them. I could tell that the upsetting aspect of this was that she used the name, Jesus. There was some quiet, yet hostile discussion about it.

She continued her instruction. She said that she was going to start sounding as if she was speaking to me from the other end of a tunnel. As she said this she started sounding and feeling as if she was standing on the other end of a tunnel.

I was amazed. When she asked if it had happened, I responded with a strong “Yes.”

I had been shown by these people that sometimes the kids could play, so I was optimistic and thought that we were about to do a play. It seemed like that, so I became engaged in the activity.

She told me to imagine Jesus looking however I thought He really looked. I mentally debated the details of His physical appearance for a second or two, when a man waved his hand over my face.

This changed the type or stage of hypnosis that I was in. I was no longer in a trance. I was awake, sort of. I was in a hypnotic delusion, that I would be able to remember later.

She had set up a delusion while she thought I was in a trance state, but I was not in a trance; I was pretending.

I do not know how God did it, but I have seen him do some amazing things. He allowed the hypnotic delusion to still happen.

As a man's hand moved over my face, the man that was in front of me seemed to flicker. There was a static look to him, like how static looks on a TV screen. After just a moment of this I got a grand view of what was supposed to look like Jesus.

What I was seeing was created within the limits of my imagination. It was limited, but that was plenty to wow me. I was in awe and forgot all about the fact that I had just been instructed to imagine him.

I really thought that this man who stood in front of me was Him. I gasped and asked. "Are you really Him?"

He answered. "The one and only!" He was cocky. I was still swept away but had become confused. The visiting woman interjected. She said that he could not be the one and only because there were other people named that. They said it differently.

At that point, I dismissed this as craziness. Now I know that she was referring to Hispanic people who are named after him but in Spanish, not English. I did not get it at the time.

I did not want to deal with these people anymore. I wanted to just talk to the guy that was in front of me. He was still of massive importance to me.

I tried to talk secretly to him, which was hard because all these people were about equal distances from me. I whispered, or tried to. I changed my voice but was loud enough for everyone to hear.

“These people need you!” I told him.

The last thing I remember is feeling a gush of love from Heaven as someone waved their hand over my face.

### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

The true beauty of this is that this interaction demystified my circumstances. He gave me the information that I needed to understand what I was facing. This is empowering, but it gets better. He did it His way and I still was not corrupted with magical knowledge. It was perfect. Somehow, I managed to get it right.

I got the bulk of this information on that night. Combined with other things that I noticed, it has proven some things to me.

Here are some key conclusions:

I had already figured out a general practice. They were trancing me as they woke me while in my bed at home so I would only remember a split second of my nighttime activities the next day. They may or may not have allowed other periods of awareness during the activities, but this allowed it to feel like I was being teleported. It was a trick.

On this night I observed the steps they took to create the delusions. While in a trance, I was told to imagine a specific thing. Then, someone would wave their hand over my face again and I would experience whatever I imagined in a delusion.

Later in the book I write about bizarre events that I know were not delusions. I came to that conclusion because anything shocking, painful, or loud will wake a person out of a delusion or trance.

If those events were created by my abusers, I would have woken up due to the level of shock, pain, and all the sudden noises. When I was around others while in a trance, I was told to be careful not to wake them up. I do not like it, but many of the most traumatic events did happen. In these other bizarre events, there was a lot of pain and shock.

Another major conclusion that I have come to looking at the events of this night is that I was becoming conditioned to the trauma.

Conditioning to trauma can go badly. Many, if not most develop mental illnesses. I managed to skip this. Well, I did develop the ability to block out events that hurt. This continued throughout my adult life. Most of my dysfunction seemed to be a result of codependency. I lived a codependent life because of a combination of character flaws, none of which would be considered a true mental illness. Most of what went wrong was my lack of faith.

I came out of this better than would be expected because throughout my troubled years, I had a relationship with God. Even while the abuse was taking place, I saw that He was my salvation. Not just the salvation that happens at the time of death; He saves me throughout my life.

Jesus is my salvation in every moment.

## Caught

*Circa 1978*

BEING AN INNOCENT does not mean that a person does no wrong. It means they are not aware of the push and pull of good and evil.

At this point, poverty and the push and pull of good and evil came into my field of vision. I had passed the age of accountability and this changed all the rules.

On a night after my parents separated, I went to sleep in my bed at home. In the night, I felt tapping on my cheek near my mouth. I was eight years old. It had been a while and my body had forgotten how to react. It took several taps but I woke and realized that I was standing on the platform of the decoy church.

I began to pant and dart my head from left to right.

“There she is,” someone said.

The Saints were with me. I was not alone. Still, I felt like someone had knocked the breath out of me.

My handler and two other cloaked women were crowded around me. We stood on the right side, near the place where their lord had an invisible door.

Three men were present. They appeared to be doing simple tasks. As they expressed affection for me, they caressed my hair and doted on me. It was slimy.

“I couldn’t believe it when I saw you!”

“Look how tall you are!”

“You are even prettier than before!”

Without nausea, I wanted to vomit. I had no way to get rid of the fear. I was confused at how this had started happening again. I had about a year to practice blocking it out and the shock of being in this environment again took a physical toll.

I got another jolt when I looked down. The Bible and cross that was needed for the renunciation ritual were on the floor near us.

I had learned before not to ask questions or run, and to move as little as possible. I learned that any time I took any action, even the most insignificant, I was subject to harsh judgment.

They announced that they had something for me. As if addressing royalty, they graciously offered me a child-sized cloak as if it some sort of grand honor. They made it clear that I could wear it, but that it was not mine. They hoped to get me one of my own, yet, for tonight I could wear this one. I needed to run but knew that I would be punished.

They started taking my clothes off. As I started shaking, they began to offer soothing words. They explained that no one was going to hurt me. They wanted to show me that I was safe with them.

After my clothes were off one made a comment. “See! No one is hurting you.” They stripped me naked in a room with multiple men to prove to me I was safe with them. I wanted to say that changing in the bathroom would make me feel safe, but I made as few actions as possible.

They put the robe-like cloak on me. It had a silky lining that felt cool. This silky lining was a constant reminder of my nudity underneath the cloak.

They commented on how they had planned this. They had wanted me to experience how it felt. I knew I was supposed to show appreciation for this sensation. I was unable to fake it.

During this exchange of words, the adults began to gather one or two at a time and sit on the floor. It was a gradual process and before long I realized that they were forming a circle. My shaking increased. They worked hard to soothe me. They seemed frustrated that I was so alarmed.

I had been standing on the edge of the circle while they sat. They asked me to sit down inside the circle. I sat down. They started using a different method of manipulation. The soothing did not work, so they changed their attitude. They took the fact that I was upset as an offense.

They started pouting. The women took turns making statements. They all spoke with an injured, whiny tone.

“You don’t trust us?”

“Why don’t you trust us?”

“We don’t want to hurt you.”

“We are not the one that hurt you. He is not here.”

They often spoke about the rape ritual as if it were my only reason for objecting. In his absence, they put all the blame on my grandfather.

“We love you.”

“We just want you to be one of us.”

Then they made a statement that would be repeated throughout the rest of this evening and my childhood.

“We want you to be able to defend yourself.”

They explained that they loved me, and because of my gift, I would be targeted by “our” enemy. Due to my past experiences with them I knew that they were talking about people who worship Jesus.

They explained that I would also be able to defend myself against the bad things that I was upset about. They said that they loved me and would not always be able to defend me. So, they would not defend me; they would teach me to defend myself. This might have worked if they had not been the people who hurt me. None of the men in my family or otherwise had invaded me in that way.

I wasn’t just upset by the sexual abuse. They were lying to me. It was one deception after another. They wanted me to leave Jesus and join forces with evil people. They never had a chance. The bottom line was that I was never going to leave Jesus.

I stood as still as possible, mumbling “No” and shaking my head from side to side. They seemed more and more injured as we went along.

I realized that the devil that was their lord had joined us. He was walking around the circle when I turned my head and noticed him. One of the women said that they had put the circle close to his door so that he could join us. Their tone and words all communicated my importance to them. However, it was overdone and obviously fake. The doting that I had enjoyed before became gruesome. It was not just that I knew they were going to hurt me from prior experiences with them. I could hear the evil in their voices.

The Saints made a significant effort to stop this. “We can make all of this go away. Tell Him you are a sinner,” they said. There was more said, yet it was hard for me to understand. I understand now. She was telling me that if I made an official commitment to Jesus, this would all stop. I did not understand at that time that I had recently reached the age of accountability and could have made a commitment that would have protected me. I was baffled and tired of people wanting me to admit to being bad. I puffed up and got defensive, and missed the point. As a result, I toned them out and lost my chance at freedom.

Toward the end of this time in the circle, I heard a noise that originated in front of the podium. As I turned, I saw the devil assembling the makeshift table that was an unhinged door placed on carpenters' sawhorses.

As he moved away from the door the women seemed alarmed. They always watched carefully when he did this. Because of this I believe that he only had a small area that he could operate from. He had some options, but I am certain that he was weakened as he gained distance from it.

In a couple of seconds, the table was assembled. Just like before it sat with its long side flush with the podium. This was the same table—and in the same place as during prior rituals—and it was more than I could handle. Something was about to change. With the pouting women defeated, the devil took the lead for the rest of the night.

He pulled me away from the group. I felt better. I was now in his direct focus. Just like before, I could not associate him with even his own evil actions. It was a deception—sort of a spell. I viewed him as a foreign prince and a possible avenue out. This was as strong as ever. I relaxed.

He instructed us to change physical positions. With him behind me, I stood on the edge of the platform to the left of the podium. He made a few polite commands and they seemed to know what he wanted. They had done this before.

During this change, my handler looked nervous and expressed some concern.

“She already doesn't trust us,” she said.

“She won't remember,” he replied.

Two of the three women sat on the front pew to my left. The third woman sat behind them with the hood of her cloak over her face. One of them that was in the front was my handler.

I had never seen the other one before. She looked like an aging beauty queen with an extra forty pounds. She had well-kept blonde hair. It was healthy and smooth. The hair closest to her face was almost white and she had it tucked behind her ears. The rest was tied back behind her head.

The men sat on the right section of pews while the women sat on the left.

When it became undeniable to me that he wanted me to get on the table, I tensed up. He told me that nothing bad was going to happen to me. I believed him.

He picked me up and put me on the table. Well, he didn't pick me up or lift me in the way that a human would. He formed a scoop with his hand and placed it right behind my rear end. He instructed me to lean backward. I did and became weightless in his hand. He moved forward down the steps of the platform and guided me onto the table.

“See, how easily I move you.”

I noticed. One of the women commented that I should take notice of how he did things.

“Lay back. You are not going to be able to move your shoulders,” he said. I laid back and was unable to move my shoulders.

There was some calm chatter between the adults. They chit-chatted. I toned most of it out. I was in his focus and on my best behavior. I hated laying on that table. Still, I felt safe after being told I would not be hurt. It was like getting to do something dangerous without getting hurt.

Soon, the conversation began to include me. In a casual manner, he instructed the men to form a line behind me, out of my sight. The men's hoods were down, covering their faces. The women seemed a little nervous.

He told the first one in the line to move forward. He approached from behind me and came around to my right side. The man began to molest me. I told him to stop and pushed his hand off me.

We struggled for a few minutes. He was told to go to the back of the line and the next man stepped forward and began the same action. Again, I fought. I was furious.

My anger was directed toward the men. I was completely unable to recognize the devil's guilt. Even while he orchestrated the ritual, I could not see that he was at fault. This man was told to go to the back of the line and the next stepped forward and took a turn.

The Saints spoke during this. "We are here. You are doing so good." And "You can call on Him any time you want." My head was spinning and I was unable to understand that if I called on Jesus, He would save me.

I had called on Jesus once before and He did come, but because I did not leave with Jesus on that occasion, I was punished for calling on Him. I could have gotten it right this time and found a way out, but I was overwhelmed and did not get it right. I was paralyzed by fear.

I was unable to move my shoulders. I could kick but that did not stop them. I pushed their hands off me with my hands.

As my rage began to escalate, they began to implant an idea into my psyche.

"Defend yourself."

"We are not going to do it for you," were stated and then echoed by the group. There was a mocking tone, as if I should have already had the ability to defend myself.

I spoke the truth. "Men are not supposed to touch little girls down there!" Several of them snickered.

The devil agreed with me but then stated "Oh yeah, well they are going to do it. And you can't defend yourself."

As he instructed another man to move forward, I fought again. “There is a whole line of men waiting and you can’t defend yourself,” the devil said. My arms hurt from pushing the men off.

He said there was an inexhaustible amount of men in the line. I knew there were only three. I could tell. One of the three men only took one turn and he didn’t seem to like it. A second had a moderate amount of interest. The third however very much enjoyed it and took the other men’s turns when they would allow him to. This went on for a while and at the end he was the only one participating. He would step back and then move forward pretending to be someone else.

In response to my complaints, the devil made a couple of profound statements.

Once he said, “Do you want me to do it?” I have learned that when the devil himself does the rituals often the kids die. But more effectively he said, “Do you want me to go get that baby of yours?” This changed everything. I began to believe that if I was released from this torture that my little brother would have to take my place.

During this I noticed that the women seemed to be appalled by this activity. The two on the front pew looked to be sweating and they both shuffled around on their bottoms. I assumed that they were fighting their desire to help me.

Still, I was secured to this table due to my inability to move my shoulders. I was weak and furious. My arms had been hurting for a while. I paused the fight for a few seconds and covered my face with my hands. I was still crying.

“She likes it.” One of the men said. I started pushing him off again.

“Let me go!” I yelled.

This statement got the attention of my handler who explained something to me.

“Nobody is holding you down. You can’t move because you trust him.” Her tone expressed her frustration with me. It was like she was showing an engineer how to use a wheel.

I realized she was right about this one thing. The devil had told me that I would not be able to move my shoulders. I trusted him on a level that prevented me from moving. Being aware of this lessened his control of me. I started moving. It felt as if I had wiggled until I broke free of physical restraints. I felt empowered.

“Stand up,” the Saints said.

In one smooth movement, I put my feet flat on the table against my bottom and sprung myself into a standing position. I did this in an instant and without thought or concern about the instability of the table. This was divine. The table wobbled underneath me and I felt no fear.

Screaming and waving my arms, I went into a full rant. I was wet with sweat and much of the hair around my face was in globs stuck to my face.

I pointed towards the women. “You are even hurting them.”

My handler stated that I was the one that was hurting them, because I would not defend myself.

“Freeze! Stay right here!” The devil commanded. I ceased all movement and speech in mid-sentence with my arms still extended. Even my excessive breathing was limited enough that I was completely still.

The cloak they had put on me continued to move after I froze in place. As it responded to gravity, the silk lining slid over me.

I was caged and then brushed with a sensation that they had told me I should like. I did not want their sensations, any of them. What would have been pleasant felt like the locking of a prison door.

My body was frozen, but I was in there erupting with rage.

“Be calm,” he said, and I was calm. He glided off the platform, stood near the table and gestured toward me as if revealing the view of jewels.

“Look how magnificent she is. Such power, such loyalty. I must have her.”

This trick did not work on me this time. I knew they could display me like a treasure one moment and brutalize me the next.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

My time of innocence had passed. This affected the way that I perceived their techniques. It was more than clear that these displays of affection were temporary ploys. Being aware of the tug between good and evil allowed me to recognize fake love.

Before this change in me, I had not processed the evil fully.

They acted as if I was important to them. I have learned that this is a common technique that is used on all the children. I got the impression that the reason they wanted me to be one of them so badly was that I was naturally loyal. This I believe to be true. They wanted the kind of loyalty that would keep a person from reporting criminal behavior. My consistent loyalty to Jesus made them want to win me over more and more. What they didn't understand is that it wasn't just natural loyalty that kept me from converting. I knew Jesus was alive even before I saw him. I was unmovable even in my suffering.

Yes, I was toughening up, but in a big way, it was damaging. Abuse always causes harm, but when a person does not have a safe place to return to, the damage becomes imprinted. None of my family offered any sense of safety. I had the knowledge that this is not the way people are supposed to live. Heaven taught me that there is true love. So, I spent most of my life looking for it in people, waiting for fake ploys to turn into real love. I knew that fake love was fake. Being surrounded by it

forced me to block it out and pretend that everything was okay. This got me in a lot of trouble. In the end I was going along with deceptive behavior and allowing it.

Feeding me validation had a profound effect on me. Not just because of the occult training but because I did not receive true appreciation from anywhere but Heaven.

When I think about all the children that are experiencing occult training today, I realize that having a safe home where they are consistently valued will heal them. If I had had a family that offered safety and a true sense of value for me, I would have found healing at an early age.

There is hope for these children. Not only in the power of the Almighty God, but in the power of our love for each other. We can make a difference for each other. That love one another rule never stops shining.

I am not going to beat myself up. I did good. However, I missed my chance twice on this night. As I focus on each of these memories, I see that God never left me. Over and over, I was given a way out.

The techniques used this evening were reverberated throughout my life. They reinforce their training. Many times, in my life I have heard “You can’t defend yourself, can you?” I never understood why my mother would say this to me. It was one of the weird things I had learned to dismiss. I did not understand what this meant until now. I did not remember.

Dealing with fear today is a different thing. I am more aware of the spirit realm. As I deal with uncertainty, I don’t get distracted. I work not to let my head spin to the point where I can’t see the way to security. He never leaves me nor forsakes me.

The enemy of mankind, who causes much of the difficulties we go through feeds people the idea that they can defend themselves. This is a

destructive circle. All negativity dies. Therefore, this system will self-destruct.

I see much of the same mind control techniques in this memory as I do in the others. They systematically switch from validation to harm. A massive amount of pressure was put on me to stop thinking independently. They worked to stop me from recognizing harm as unacceptable. They made wrong to look right and right to be wrong. This is the cornerstone of occult control.

To the contrary, God gave me a choice and stayed with me as I made the wrong ones. Continually I see that they dominated me to the extent that it appeared that I did not have a choice.

The opposite of this is, letting God be God. The Kingdom of Heaven is one creature. A positive way of life is the route to immortality.

Freedom is found in the Kingdom of Heaven. Not just because Jesus forgives sins and we get into Heaven, but because loving each other here, now, is the key to bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to Earth.

## Abigail Lives

*Circa 1978*

JUST LIKE MOST other nighttime events, I had gone to bed at home. I woke inside the decoy church but this time I was walking. In this moment of surprise, I waved my hands upward to remove the hood of a cloak while stumbling from side to side.

What I saw was different. The only light came from candles that burned on top of long candle stands. I had never seen this before, but I did recognize that I was inside the decoy church. I was between the pews and the platform, in a line with other cloaked children moving from the left side of the building to the right. The moment that I woke I was near the center aisle between the pews with seated adults to my right.

There was a booming sound that roared in cycles. I knew the sound originated from near the demon's door. It sounded like a massive engine. It generated power; I could feel it. It was evil and I was headed toward it. This was overwhelming by itself, but each cycle of roars was accompanied with a swishing of fluid. The fluid scared me even more.

The Saints spoke. "Look to your left." I looked. The place where a cross had always been carved into the stucco behind the baptismal had a different symbol. There was something like a cross in its place. This was not at all the same thing. It contained an infinity symbol.

My stumbling was noticed, and a cloaked adult leaned in from a sitting position and waved their hand over my face which put me back into a trance.

This was all that I remembered for quite some time. I put God in control and recently he pushed me to gain awareness of the next events that followed.

I was kneeling in front of the source of sound. It was covered with some sort of a veil. There was a child to my left and one to my right. We had wooden bowls of liquid near our knees. We were told to drink. After I was poked, I picked up the bowl in front of me and pulled it to my mouth. I heard a cry from heaven. Many voices screamed “Don’t drink that!” I looked up and about twenty feet in the air something was dangling above the thing that made the engine sound. I tried to convince myself that this was a little midget doing a trapeze show. I held on to this delusion for comfort for as long as I could.

I was scared and unaware of what was in the bowl. I lowered the bowl and a cloaked woman offered what seemed to be loving encouragement. She said that it was okay and that it was for me. I raised it again. As soon as I did her attitude flipped and she jerked my arm and pulled me away. I could feel the liquid on my upper lip. The jerking action woke me out of the trance, and I became intently aware that I had an abomination on my mouth.

I took a seat four pews from the front on the right side. My handler sat next to me. There were people crying on the pew in front of me. The restrained whimpers were real and snotty. It seemed like they were at a dignified funeral. Each person was a different size. They looked like a grieving family. They were a grieving family. I knew I couldn’t let myself be distracted.

I had to focus on what was above that engine. It was dark but I could see. I could close my eyes but not the entire time. I could blink, I could blur, but after a while I had to accept that the thing that was hanging was not some silly show. This was a child about four years old.

She had tight uneven light brown curls. It looked like her hair had been cut in chunks. Her head tilted backward a bit, and her torso buckled. Her arms were limp while one knee raised higher than the other. The placement of the legs had a poised look to them, and I wanted her to be doing a trapeze show. This was not a trapeze show.

This was not rubber, this was flesh. The fluid was blood and it was not for me. The physical reality of what I was seeing was more evil than I could comprehend. However, the mental aspects are way worse.

“That is our Abigail,” my handler explained. She told me how the demon had taught them a better way to do this activity. She said that he told them that they had been excessively cruel in their former method. She explained that they used to hook them through the mouth and out of the rectum. He however hooked them through the shoulder, ran the hook through the center of the body and out through the genitals. This was preferred because going through the rectum contaminated the blood. She also said that this new method kept them alive longer and that the blood was not worth much after they were dead. Her tone was calm and smooth. She seemed lifted by her newfound information.

She spoke of Abigail’s contribution as if it had been a sacrifice of love and honor. “We love her,” she said. She talked about how Abigail had experienced an exceptional amount of affection, as if she were loved more than most in the same situation. I did not get it. At this point I lost my ability to ignore that there was a metal rod projecting from her left shoulder and blood dripping from her feet. She continued to rejoice over the newly revealed techniques.

Abigail twitched and the people responded with a verbal gush that sounded like a wail of both mourning and appreciation.

“She is still alive,” my handler bragged.

The whimpering family continued as my handler sat in admiration of their sacrifice. God allowed these people to raise their children in satanism. He let them kill Abigail. But I know that the God who loved me through my suffering took her soul to paradise well before the blood

stopped pumping. It is the ones that lived that suffered the coldness of this way of life. Not only was Abigail not alive, I saw no signs of life in any of these people. How hard it must be for her siblings to find true life after this. She did not feel that twitch, but we sure did.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

I processed this memory in two different time periods. The easier part came first. The harder it is to deal with a memory, the longer that it takes to come forward. It was not too hard dealing with the moment that I saw the symbol and heard the sounds. However, I knew that there was more information because I knew that the fluid that I heard swishing was blood. For a time how I knew that it was blood was a mystery.

Seeing Abigail on a hook was harder. I recalled a glimpse of it and shook it off. I got severe abdominal cramps for several days. I felt as if I had diarrhea, but with normal bowel movements. With prayer that went away. But then I began to feel as if I had an extremely high fever for several nights, but without a physical fever. I prayed and it occurred to me that both diarrhea and fever are detox processes. But I was not detoxing physically. I was detoxing spiritually. I accepted that I had to address what I remembered and am finding healing and sharing it.

This was a tough one. I know the generosity of my God. He allows people to raise their children as they choose, and sometimes that gets much worse than others. I get it when it feels good and when it fits into what I think is a normal range. I know that evils against children are common in third world countries. It is hard to accept that right under our noses people murder their own children, and so cruelly.

This is not the hardest part. Abigail got a ticket out of a life in which she would have been mind-controlled. Her siblings did not. The long-term damage is the death of their hearts and not knowing the security that God offers.

The enemy distorts. Betrayal is the core belief of satanism, and they betrayed Abigail. Because I saw this, I had never felt safe until I let God heal me. I have in the last few years watched God keep me safe. I have had people enter my hotel room as I slept and suddenly leave without harming me. I never knew how warm complete security is until I let go and let God be God.

God's power was always obvious. In the moment that the woman jerked me and prevented me from drinking blood. I did not respond to the cries from heaven telling me not to drink so he forced the hand of my enemy to prevent my participation. That is amazing. So why would I think that He who shielded me perfectly did not remove Abigail from her body in perfect timing. He is more brilliant than I can conceive.

I have not doubted exactly. However, as I move forward, I am more and more convinced that I am on the right team. God can ask a lot. But He never asks for the sacrifice of a child in exchange for a cup of hormone-pumped blood. His yoke is easy. It is all a path to perfect. I do not know what today's perfect is, but often I see what it is in hindsight. All things work toward the benefit to those who serve the Almighty God. He allows more than I wish he would sometimes, but it always works out in the end for my benefit.

By the way, in my research I found that the symbol I saw, the strange cross with infinity symbol, is the alchemical symbol for sulfur. It's also called "Leviathan's cross." Psalm 74:14 reads "You broke the heads of Leviathan in pieces. You gave him as food to the people inhabiting the desert." And Psalm 68:6 says: "God sets the lonely in families. He brings out the prisoners with singing, but the rebellious dwell in a sun-scorched land." Why do the occult music videos so often feature desert symbolism? Why would they choose an enemy that God already defeated?

Let's get this straight. Satanism is not the worship of a specific false deity. Satan is not a proper name; it means adversary. Scripture does not honor them by using their given names. At its core it is the belief that

betrayal strengthens humans, hence the word satanism. Adversary-ism. The opposite of “Love one another.” They just flip it inside out because the enemies don’t create, they destroy. Also, they know their “lords” are limited. They just like that they are offered immediate gratification. We must wait if we are to receive perfect.

Its practice focuses on the worship of oneself and a specific group of chosen loved ones. While most would never dream of sacrificing a child, these core principals are not far from the way most people live. It is a common way of thinking. I have seen where this way of life leads to. I know that the only refuge is through the protection of the Almighty God. In a time when people are losing more and more personal freedoms every day, He blocks attacks aimed at me often.

If a person fears the occult would come for them as an individual, the only way to get away from it is to surrender to God. A life of repentance is a life of growth, not condemnation. It is fullness. The Almighty God is handy to have around. Constant, unfailing instruction from the source of all power is working for me. It makes sense. The current way of the world is headed to openly practice satanism.

God showed me, it’s not about just avoiding hell after death. Nor is it about avoiding hell on earth. Its about true and perfect freedom, back to the way God created us and intended us to be; in fellowship with Him and being love, like He is love. Its not hard giving others things that you are not using. It's not hard to share when you do not have excess either. Love one another is not an option when it is so obvious that all negativity brings death.

## Methods of Release

*Circa 1979*

I FLOPPED, LIMP AND COZY, into a conclave in the cushions of the back seat of our car. A long breeze brushed over me. With my clothes damp from sleep, it washed over my face and hands. It was clean and I indulged.

My mom leaned across me. I almost caught a hug. It came close for a second. I woke when I heard the click of a seat belt. She straightened her body and I saw that she was crying. It was a real cry; I knew she was desperate.

“I am so sorry about this. Give them what they want, I need the money,” she said. Her cry was real. She was hopeless without money. The desperation in her voice almost matched the weight on my chest. Between the drugs and the pressure, I felt near death.

The mixture of strategy and true desperation worked. I had no way of giving in and believing that Jesus was dead—I still did not doubt that he was alive—but I was going to fake it.

After a period of sleep, I woke standing near the invisible door on the platform. A group of cloaked people were seated in a circle that surrounded me. This was bad.

I was caressed and welcomed. It was explained to me that they had decided on a plan. All of them agreed that it would be easier for me to squat down and urinate on the Bible, versus the alternative of spitting. These ladies came across thoroughly gracious. The level of concern and effort was just as sick as always.

I had rattled the cage that I was trapped in as long as I could. It felt like I was committing suicide before I even knew what suicide was. I squatted down on top of a Bible with the intent to urinate on it. I was looking down but could see that someone was pacing around the circle. I knew it was the devil. He strolled like an expectant father.

As I struggled to urinate with an audience, I wobbled. In their loving and gracious mode, the ladies held me in place. I saw another person pacing with him. They had a bright robe on and moved in the opposite direction as the devil. I was confused.

“It is a sad day in Heaven.” There was a pause. “Do you want to do this?” the Saints asked.

“No,” I answered out loud.

“Who are you talking to?” a lady asked.

“You don’t have to do this. He is there with you,” the Saints said.

“Help me pee, Jesus. I have to do this,” I prayed.

“He is not going to help you do that to yourself,” the Saints replied.

I felt a large strong hand on my head. At that moment I thought this was the devil, but it was the same touch, the same feeling, the same love I felt on the night the Jesus came for me. It was my Lord that put His hand on my head, and it was Him that was walking in the opposite direction as the devil. Everything changed. I was miraculously off the hook.

“You don’t have to do this,” one of the ladies said.

“No, it's okay,” said the other.

“I can do it,” I told them.

“You don't mean it,” one of the ladies replied.

“We are going to have to take her in,” the devil said.

“Really?” one of the ladies replied.

“Yes, she is being contacted here, I can feel it.”

In a coinciding memory, I find how this abuse caused me to develop a phobia that over time became just a bizarre personality quirk. I had not focused on this in quite some time, however in my healing process I revisited the onset of this phobia. I was about ten years old. I had been seen in a medical clinic after waiting most of the day. I don't remember what medical concerns I had been seen for. I do however remember that when we were walking out to the waiting room area my mom handed me a urine sample cup. I did not know what it was for. She explained the process.

My mother seemed to already know that this would scare me. I thought it was a trick. I tried to form a plan of escape. I felt like I was surrounded and had to find a way to get past this horror. I was not afraid that it would hurt. I felt like the urine would be used for evil purposes.

The Saints made an effort to calm me and I did not run. Still, I was sickened by the idea and wondered if I had to do this in front of people or in the bathroom. After asking for clarity I felt like an idiot. Why would I even think that I might have to do this with an audience? Still, I was relieved to learn that I could do it in private.

My flow of intense emotion did not match my logical understanding.

It took hours and multiple tries for me to get a few drops into the cup. I would go in the bathroom, get in position and freeze up. It seemed like peeing on demand was an abomination. During each try, I was wet with sweat, nauseated and shaking.

I knew that this was insane. I think that the insanity of my reaction to such a benign activity bothered me more. I prayed and gained an understanding that my reaction was due to some suppressed fear. Something deep down inside me hurt. The clinic was just a few minutes before closing when I completed what felt like a massive undertaking.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

My greatest discovery is recognizing the display of power that took place when I started praying. These women not only backed off, but I don't they would have let me do the ritual if I begged.

In my perception, I was surrounded, hopeless, without a chance of escape. But that is not what was happening.

This has been a common occurrence during my adult years. During my troubled years, what was missing was repentance.

Repentance does require change in behavior. Good behavior does not always provide instant gratification, yet it always leads to safety. I could have gotten out of several bad situations if I had turned to God.

I have gained the knowledge that God is in control of even the darkness. Out of all the possible theological angles, this was the one I realized was truth. Seeing it is life-changing. I was without hope on my own. When He appeared, the entire mood changed. These dead-hearted humans bent to His will without even knowing that He was there. I saw Him, felt His touch, and still did not grab on to the freedom that He offers.

The problem for me is that I was so overwhelmed I did not see that He was in control. My behavior governed the amount of damage that could be done to me and I failed to grab on. This is a consistent pattern for me. I can't see that it is uncommon in the human experience.

The human experience is difficult. We go to war forgetting that we have already been allotted our release.

Turmoil halts spiritual sight. Focusing on truth is pivotal.

Moving onto the connection to my fear of giving a urine sample and ritual abuse, I can understand myself now. Sure, I haven't felt this fear intensely for quite some time, but it is a part of my life experience. I have started looking closely at my emotions and what they signal. Often emotions aren't logical, because they are emotions. When they have severe onset, I notice and look for what they mean. What needs healing?

I am not saying that I get this right, but I know that I should never feel hopeless. When visited by fear, one must let it fade. When a person's perspective changes, hope returns. So, look at situations from a better angle. The absence of money should not faze hope. It seems that the feeling of hopelessness that accompanies poverty is reasonable. I, like very many, have spent much time in this state of turmoil. We live in a world where not having money is considered an inexcusable sin. This is far from the truth.

## They Cannot Hide Everything

*Circa 1979*

THIS CHAPTER INTRODUCES the events that are the most difficult to process. Relating them to daytime events is spotty, but profound and definite. I have spent a significant amount of time accepting this and piecing it together.

At this point in their attempts, the frustration had built. Not long before this I had tried to do the ritual and was not able to. The devil had said at the closing of this that they were going to have to take me “in”, because he could feel that I was being “contacted”.

Yes, I was being contacted. My God never left me.

They were unable to get me to do the ritual in which I was to break with Jesus. I knew that they believed the obstacle they faced was a result of the fact that I did not trust them. In truth, I was never going to believe Jesus was dead, even if I trusted them.

I trusted the devil, yet it appears he was restricted and unable to take a direct part in that ritual. God set the standards. So, they took me somewhere that the rules were different.

I want to believe that this does not exist. It took me a week of thinking of this as the hot place where the devil had a throne room before I faced the fact that these people took me to hell.

These memories are spotty, however I have been able to give them some definite aspects. I have concluded that I went to this place at least three times, but probably more than that.

The shock of being in this environment for the first time was impressive enough that I know this was the first time. In this memory I was told, “Put your shoes back on, you are going to need them.” Yet I clearly remember that my handler remarked at how I failed to put my shoes on “again”. I am certain that I went to this place at least three times—probably more.

Another definite aspect is that each time I was brought in naked. Sometimes I wore one of their cloaks. It was not explained to me, but I got the impression that being naked was the protocol used when a person who was not in the service of the devil entered.

While there, I was naked most of the time. From time to time I was draped with an adult-sized cloak. Sometimes I wore it. I was not one of them and was not officially allowed to wear a cloak.

I have memories of things that happened at home and during the day that coincide with these memories.

The daytime conditions reflect the nighttime events. My brother told me I smelled like rotten eggs. He was often repulsed by the way I smelled and would move away from me. My brother asked me if I was okay. When I said yes, he expressed concern. “You just slept for two days.” He was stressed to the point of anger. He would ask me what was going on. I told him once that they were turning me into a monster.

Once, I walked into my house before dawn and asked to take a bath. My mother said that I had already had a bath. Then said, “we don’t have the water.” I thought that she was lying. I had taken a bath earlier that night and the faucet turned on. I believe now that this was due to extreme poverty. She could not afford for me to use any more water.

It had become normal for me to be at home alone during the day. My mother seemed to be worried about this and told me that I could stay

in bed. Most of the time I was afraid to even go to the kitchen for food. Sometimes I would feel so drained that I felt desperate for nourishment. When I did go to the kitchen, there was little food and I fumbled around and left messes. My mother would find the messes and I would get in trouble. I was encouraged to drink water, but I was not thirsty. It seemed useless.

During this period, she gave me clear instructions to stay inside. She mentioned that while we were instructed that I needed to spend time outside every day, I could not go outside while she was not home.

I have a clear memory of sneaking outside while she was not home. I felt like I was going to get caught, but I had to escape for a moment. I remember wanting to get a blanket and sleep outside. I knew she would find grass or dirt on the blanket and I would get in trouble. I laid on the grass for a while and felt as though I had intruded on nature with my filth and dirtied the balance of the soil and grass.

Even when I had bathed, I still smelled myself.

While lying on the ground I was thinking that the people at the decoy church were trying to make me become a monster. That I was already smelling like a monster.

During most of this period, I was drained to the extent that I just laid in bed and gave up on everything. Once, I was outside with my brother who tried to get me to talk about what was going on. I told him that the people had stopped hurting me. He became angry with me and explained to me that it was still going on.

I was weak and needed to think of it all as bad dreams. I needed to think of the last time that it happened as the last time it was going to happen.

I returned to school after a long period of absence. My mother told me that she had arranged with her people at the school and that if anyone asked, I was to say that I had been sick.

## Power Structure

*Circa 1979*

I WOKE FROM A TRANCE in the middle of the night, inside the decoy church. This time I was sitting on the end of the back-right pew, close to the wall. It was a bit more complicated than usual. As I was being tapped near my mouth, I drank from a cup while nodding.

My handler stood between me and the wall. While tapping with one hand she helped me hold the cup with the other. As I woke, I realized that the man with shiny teeth was standing to her right.

I nodded again. The speed in which I became intoxicated was notable. I must have already ingested some of the liquid while in a trance.

“She is ready,” my handler said. She took my hand and the three of us walked toward the front of the church. We stood on the platform. My handler held my left hand and the man with shiny teeth held my right.

I discovered that he—like all the others—had a way of holding my hand so lightly that It seemed like I was a precious princess. As we climbed the steps, she asked me if I like the way the drink made me feel. I said no. I was sick of feeling weak and defenseless. She told me that most people like me enjoyed it and that I would probably grow to like it too.

As we faced the invisible door, the man made a physical gesture with his right hand. With his fingers in a specific position he bent down and made a movement.

Just as I had seen the devil do, it seemed as if he reached down to pick up an invisible substance that was a foot above the ground. He then seemed to sprinkle this substance as he formed a shape in the air.

They both turned to me and began removing my clothes. I was surprised and sick of being undressed. I fussed with them a bit.

“You have to go in naked,” my handler said. I stopped fighting. I was upset by this but did not process what we were doing in general.

As I was being undressed, the Saints spoke. “We are so sorry about this. We are going in with you.” There was a pause. Then she said they have, “special permission”. She made a point to let me know that I was not alone. I was confused. Even though I had seen the devil walk through the invisible door I did not understand what was happening.

I was completely unclothed. “You can put your shoes back on, you are going to need them in there.” my handler said. Because of this, I picked up on the fact that we were going to a dirty place. I had no clue what was happening. I had learned to just follow along and wait for it all to be over. I was drugged, tired and innocent. Still today it is hard for me to grasp what happened next.

With us back in hand-holding position, we stepped forward into another place. It was dark and the environment swirled around us. It had the texture of wet sand. I closed my eyes. I could feel it brush across my skin. It was abrasive and hot but not to the point it caused pain. It was like being caught on the edge of a tornado that was full of wet sand but not quite strong enough to lift you off your feet. I became overwhelmed, breathy and wobbled a bit.

Just as it became unbearable the swirling slowed steadily into complete blackness. Heat and stench hit me. It was breathtaking. I took a step back in a knee-jerk reaction.

I was halted as a creature groped me. We had only taken one step forward into this place, yet this creature seemed to approach from behind me while in a seated position. He moaned as he ran his hand from the back of my knee to my rear end and cupped it in his palm.

The man with shiny teeth dropped my hand long enough to push away the creature. “She is here to see our lord.”

We were in a building that felt as sturdy as a stone castle. The air was heavy and dank, thick with age-old heated body odor. Dim light existed but without an ordinary light source. My eyes adjusted and I could see the areas that were lit. I got a view of my surroundings. It was a physical place that was governed by a different set of natural laws.

In front of me was a wide hallway that functioned as a waiting room. It was about twenty-five feet long and seemed to be L shaped as it extended to a section that was out of my view.

Many cloaked creatures were present. Some sitting, some moving through the hallway. Some moved from chair to chair.

I had no choice at that age but to think of them as people, however, now I doubt that many of them were human. They were all cloaked. Most of them had their hoods draped over their faces. A few of them had their hoods back enough that I could see their eyes in the dim light. This was jolting as all their eyes glowed.

Most of them seemed male but more animal-like than human males. All stood upright but some seemed misshapen. Each was unique but all moved with the dominance of a master bully.

The furniture was miss-matched but consistently similar. Chairs and side tables lined the walls. Two, sometimes three chairs and then a table. Two sets of these to my left. They were upholstered straight-backed chairs with wooden armrests, much like one would see in any waiting room.

Each of the tables had what looked like small lamps. They were not lamps, yet they sat in the center of the table as a lamp would. They were

teardrop-shaped. The bottom two-thirds were black while the top was an orange color, that glowed without projecting light. Then this wall ended. It appeared this waiting area was continued to the left.

On my right, there were tables and chairs lining the walls in the same way. This wall continued forward, however, right before the end of the hallway there was a dark place in the wall.

These dark places in the walls seem to act as entryways from other places. I saw three of these areas on the walls during my experiences. One of which we entered and exited from. Often creatures moved from and into these spots.

Past this dark spot the wall to my right ended. The wall that we faced had an entryway the size of double doors that set directly in front of us. It was covered with a heavy wool curtain that was two-thirds closed. It swayed a bit and light would shine through.

The walls were a dull, charcoal gray and without texture. The wood trim was heavy planks of rough wood covered with multiple layers of black varnish. I thought the trim looked like it belonged in the hull of a pirate ship.

After a brief adjustment period. We walked forward, still holding hands. Both adults that were with me seemed to be anxious and afraid. They both moved with fake, forced-confidence. We moved quickly and I was aware that both had been here before and were aware of the protocol.

We had only taken a step when one of the creatures approached us. This creature like all the other emitted a unique scent that was repulsive even from several feet away. It was shocking. The man with shiny teeth had a brief exchange of words with him. I don't remember what was said. I was aware that he was cautious. He paused between comments and his voice held back fear. The interaction ended with a sense of forced civility.

The creature moved aside and let us move forward when I made a mistake. “He stinks,” I said.

It did not seem that the creature heard me. Still, both adults that I came in with seemed alarmed by my words. They both turned to me and my handler corrected my behavior. “It’s hot here and we all smell.”

She was right. Within minutes of being in this environment, I began to feel as if someone had coated my entire body with gritty oil. I did not get a chance to sweat in the normal way. I was coated in filth. I stunk as if I had been in the jungle for a week without any ability to wash.

We stopped and turned left before we reached the entryway. I could then see that in the place where the wall to my left ended, the waiting area continued. Two or three sets of tables and chairs lined the walls just like the other section. I could not see where this hallway ended, it was one of those dark places.

We walked. Right before the dark place, there was a physical entryway to the right. We went into this dark room and stood in the doorway. It was dim, with minimal lighting near the doorway. I could see a large tub to our right. The room felt enormous.

The tub was two thirds as big around as an average hot tub but much taller. The top edge was adjacent to my collar bone and it was full of water. Three, two-foot wide steps led to the top, with a metal handrail. It was solid in a way that gave the impression that it would never need to be replaced or even repaired.

The man with shiny teeth stepped towards the tub. He grasped a water ladle that hung on the wall near the entryway. He dipped a cup into the tub and we each drank. I was told the water here was sacred and I must not waste it. I thought they meant it was some sort of magic water but realized later that this and one other tub was the only water they had in this place.

We went back to the area near where we entered and found a place to sit. That is when I noticed the area we entered from was one of those

dark places. I did not see the swirling wet sand. I did not see whoever had groped me from a seated position. Soon others entered from this place, the same as the other two dark places.

In this place, the people I came in with were out of their league. These master-level witches tried to play it cool but failed. Both used extreme caution and did not speak to anyone without being addressed. As the creatures would brush by with the air of supremacy, they would sit up straighter in their chairs and pull their legs as far out of anyone's way as possible.

There were a lot of creatures in a small space and any time one of the creature's cloaks would brush over their legs the people I came in with would physically shudder as if they were preparing to be struck. When more of these creatures came close or when more entered their body language would stiffen, and voices would become stressed.

It seemed that any action could be construed as punishable. I sat as still as possible.

Over time, I observed the basics of the protocol to get into the main area. As creatures would exit the wool-covered entryway, they would walk out through one of the dark places. When this happened, the creature sitting closest to the entrance would be able to go in. This signaled those waiting to move to the next closest chair to the entrance. We were sitting in a line, a hostile one.

Each time, we moved in a jerking motion to our next seats. It was obvious that the adults that I was with were afraid we would be skipped in line. The people who I came with had dominated me on a level I could not handle. Nevertheless, in this place they were reduced to the status of likely victims.

I did not process the level of danger that I was in. Between the drugs and the heat, I was half-conscious. They would jerk me from chair to chair. We only had a few chairs in front of us when I had a pleasurable sensation of someone massaging my legs while I was half asleep. It started low and then moved upward. I woke when the rubbing reached

an inappropriate area. I saw a cloaked creature on his knees in front of me. His eyes glowed. I pushed him away. It took a couple of times before my handler intervened.

“She does not like it,” she told him. With some hesitance, he moved away from me. “I am sorry, I thought you were enjoying it,” she said.

“That man was touching my bottom,” I said.

“That is not a man,” she replied.

I started trying to stay awake. I asked for more water. I had to move or make some sort of change while trying to cope with the heat. I complained about the heat and my handler explained to me that they were all hot. As she spoke her tone described her misery. Something had to change.

In my attempt to improve my situation I asked to go to the bathroom. I was speaking about the room with a tub of water. I did not know what else to call that room. “They don’t use the bathroom here,” she said. She moved her upper body forward off the back of the chair. “Do you need to go to the bathroom?”

“No,” I said, and she shrunk back into her chair.

I asked about the room where we drank water. She abandoned any need or intent to protect me when she said that I could go get water if I wanted to, but that she didn’t know if anyone else would be there. I asked her to go with me but she refused.

I walked by myself to the room where I had seen the tub of water. Like before, I could not see past the tub that sat near the entry. I looked around for the cup that we drank from and could not find it. I stepped up and stood on the second of the two steps and dunked my head into the water. I heard something like a grunt and looked to my left in the darkness. There was a set of eyes that shined a yellowish red. They were about twenty feet from me. It grunted again and I ran back to my seat.

My handler noticed my wet hair. It was obvious what I had done. She was disgusted with my actions. “That is all the water that they have here.”

This woman who just minutes before had been completely fine with sexual activity with an eight-year-old girl, was appalled by me wetting my head in a tub of water.

Not long after this, someone exited the wool-covered entryway and she turned to me and said “We can go in soon.” The man with shiny teeth said something to her and she agreed with him. He went in before us and when our turn came, we walked through the wool curtains holding hands with her to my right.

This room was rectangular and about seven hundred and fifty square feet in size. It was lit much better than in the waiting area with a dark place in the corner to my left. Still, the light was without a detectable source.

As we walked in, I could not see to my left. My view was blocked by a fire that emitted from a cream-colored metallic bowl. It sat on a well-made wooden stand and stood about three feet off the ground. The bowl was textured. It looked like someone had struck it with a hammer thousands of times. It was of the highest quality and could have been twenty or a thousand years old and still in the same shape.

The fire that emitted from this bowl was blinding. Hotter than any fireplace. I could have done without the heat, but I was struck with its uniqueness. Later, when I was able to just observe this fire, I noticed the flame itself was not like I had seen before or since. It was steady and did not sway as much as an ordinary fire. Also, there was no wood or coals in the bowl. In its place was a smooth black stone with streaks of bright yellow. I had never seen anything like this stone before. It was nine inches by three inches and one to three inches in depth, smooth but naturally irregular.

Straight ahead there was an exit to the outdoors that looked identical to the entryway into this room. Again, there were wool curtains that

swayed. Through them, I saw a spacious balcony with railings and a dark charcoal gray sky that appeared to be smoky.

Guarding the door were unnaturally tall cloaked creatures. Throughout my experiences I saw several of them. I call them attendants.

Near the doorway was a cloaked creature sitting without movement in a chair. He looked decayed, like a mummy.

There was a wall about twenty feet to my right. This side of the room is where an audience of eight to ten creatures stood. Within this restricted area, they would move at will. All of them quiet, patiently observing something on the other side of the room.

The wall to my right ended about fifteen feet before it reached the exit. The room extended here. The audience was between me and the extended area. I never got a chance to see into this space.

As we made it past the fire, I could see to my left and got an almost complete view of the room. The devil was front, center and outstanding. Poised on his throne with his cloak hood on his shoulders he looked like a living statue.

I felt better seeing him. He was not my lord, but I was still under his spell. Also, I noticed that in the waiting area the statement, "She is here to see our lord" made the creatures back off. I was desperate for safety and clung to his imposed delusion of friendship.

I was struck by his dominance in this setting. He did command in both settings, however when I saw him in this moment it became obvious that he had been weakened when outside of his kingdom and inside the decoy church.

The throne was much like the one that I saw on the platform of the decoy church. The one in the church was placed on the edge of the steps that led to the platform and gave him room for his inhumanly long legs. This throne had a platform with steps of its own.

His massive eyes were matte black and showed no flicker of light, they reflected nothing and had no similarity to the soft delicate flesh eyes of humans and animals. They looked rubbery and without life. With my arm raised high, I waved the same way I would have waved to a friend. My handler remarked about my ridiculous behavior. “Don’t wave.”

With no noticeable light source, the center of the room was well-lit. The level of light lessened gradually from the center of the room. It was bright in the center and dim near the walls. These walls looked the same way that they did in the waiting area.

There were others like the one sitting in the chair near the exit to the balcony. They sat in shorter reclining thrones that lined the walls. Five or six of them cloaked. Many of them were misshapen.

They barely moved and seemed to be in some sort of a trance. In my experience, this is different than when a human is in a trance. The tranced human that I saw did not seem to move at all—not even to breathe. These creatures did move some, but it was as if they were rustling in their sleep.

In all my times in this place only two of these creatures reacted to me. One had eyes that glowed through the dark and I was aware they would have hurt me if they were able. Another moved in jerking motions when I was near it. The devil said that they could not hurt me, but I was warned with a giggle not to wake them up.

On another occasion, the devil told me that these creatures are like him, but that they just sit there and feel no pain. His voice became heavier and he admitted that he felt pain. He seemed a bit resentful as if he had to bear more weight than they did.

We arrived in our places and stood in the audience just as one would in any throne room. We stood patiently and waited until we were addressed. He dealt with whoever he wanted to in whatever order he wanted to and did whatever he pleased.

This was my introduction to this place. It was shocking, as it was my first time. It was all new discoveries. I was in a dangerous place, but I knew that I was not alone and would receive instructions perfectly.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

Hell is a pit for the negative. Everything that is without love is dead and only exists for a time on this earth.

On the contrary, “love one another” makes sense. This becomes obvious when looking at the Kingdom of Heaven. It is a cool breeze.

There is no need to fight for position. One might be a baker with alcoholic bad habits, and another might be a truck driver with cigarette-smoking bad habits. Another might be an artist with little to no bad habits.

Our goals are unified. All unique with our varieties of cultural norms and generational curses, we all are commanded to love everyone. Words from the pulpit can lead us away but the Holy Spirit directs the same, every time. Our purpose is to love.

I see this in the way The Saints actively loved me without fail or judgment. The goals were unified without need to control others. No matter how many times I failed to use my ticket out, still they never left me and expressed sorrow for my situation. I was just a kid, but this has been my experience throughout my life. The Kingdom of Heaven is faithful beyond my understanding.

Treating each other as we want to be treated unifies mankind. Therefore, the Kingdom of Heaven is one creature. There is no need to function any other way. Without it we end up in the pit. In truth, there are plenty resources for everyone. We each have talents. Freedom becomes visible as we approach the path of righteousness.

The opposite, the dark side is a war zone at its core. They must strive for position for survival. Yes, it is human nature to climb the social ladder, but we are more than meat. The human race fights itself within this system. The fear exhibited by the practitioners of magic while in the company of others of higher ranking is no different.

Practitioners of magic focus on elevating themselves with some consideration for their loved ones. They do this mostly for immediate gratification. This shallow mindset prevents them from being able to see past the physical realm. They cannot understand the big picture. They are easily impressed by minor mystical events. There is no comparison to the Almighty God.

I have seen some rather high-level magic. Nothing beats looking at a landscape and realizing that Father God, who easily made the earth, believes in me. Even when I am foolish, He sticks with me because He knows I can develop into what He created me to be. This goes for everyone. He did not create anyone on accident. We all have purpose, talents and a safe place to thrive.

The wicked will be overtaken by the abilities of magic and forget that they can dominate all they want but without a team they are like a cook without a farmer. One cannot know everything. They can cast spells to make the spouse of their choice cling to them. However, true love will walk right past them as they cannot see true value in others.

Plus, the world can only last for so long. Where will a person who has climbed on the backs of others be when the current systems of society end?

## There is No Trick to Truth

*Circa 1979*

THEY BROUGHT ME BACK through the portal on another occasion, after that initial introduction. This time I was worn down and manipulated into a position that gave the devil power to curse me.

This time I got more of the full experience. It was like being members of a king's court. As he addressed issues, we observed with reverence. Like before, the bulk of this audience stood near the door to the balcony. I was in the front of the group and the only one that was naked.

Once again coated with oil and grime, I was depleted. This time I knelt with my bottom resting on the heels of my bare feet. I would lean forward from time to time and then sit back up.

God knew what was happening and took actions to prevent me being cursed. The Saints spoke. "I know you are tired, but you can't kneel." I stood up and then was pushed back down. I did this a few times—at least twice. They pushed me down and eventually I succumbed to them and did not stand back up.

I lost consciousness and leaned all the way forward with my chest resting against my knees and my bottom elevated. I woke as my handler sat me up.

This happened again, just a few moments later. This time my face was on the floor. I do not believe that I lost consciousness this time, however, I was delirious and just leaned forward, toward the cool floor. This change in stimulus distracted me from the fact that the level of filth on the floor presented a danger to my health. It was much worse than that. I had lost my ability to grasp the level of danger that I was in. In a profound way, having my bottom stuck out was a much worse problem. There was a scuffle behind me and I looked back.

I saw my handler standing behind me and shuffling from left to right with her cloak outstretched. She was blocking the view of me from the creatures, while dodging one of them who insisted on approaching me.

“What is going on?” the devil asked.

“She has got it all stuck out there,” the creature replied. My handler did not mention in my defense that it was due to the extreme conditions. No one ever dared to complain about the heat.

There was a discussion. In conclusion, the devil agreed with the creature and allowed him to approach me. While I had more of an understanding of the function of the sex organs than I did when I was raped on the ritual table, this was just as shocking.

I was looking the other way and did not see it approach. I was stretched into an extreme position and jabbed three times. This took place in about two seconds. I was not able to scream until the third jab.

“If you tease it, you satisfy it.” The devil said. He added that he loved the sound of my scream. In general, it was all handled as if I had been taught a valuable lesson. There were multiple mentions from the crowd that they all agreed that this lesson was warranted. I never even saw my attacker.

The Saints said that they were sorry and that I did nothing wrong.

I could not move afterward and laid on my side. The floor was cool. As the activities returned to normal, I laid there in and out of consciousness.

Later my handler approached and felt my wrist. “She is weakening, quickly,” she said. “They told me that she was more susceptible to the elements.” No one dared mention that anyone would have a hard time in this environment, but she managed to in this moment.

“We will lose her and won’t be able to find her.”

“I know,” the devil replied.

The man with the shiny teeth took off his cloak and laid it over me. He immediately asked if I felt better.

“No,” I said.

“I just gave you my cloak.” He complained to the devil.

Some time passed, and I became the focus of a polite discussion. The devil gave a command and his attendants retrieved a cot from the extended area of the room behind the audience. My handler assisted me to stand up. The audience hummed statements of approval.

The cot was small as if designed for a toddler and covered with long black animal fur. The wooden poles had a natural irregularity about them, however, they were of the finest quality and it stood on its own after the attendants let go. I looked and did not see a stand. From my perspective it seemed to float in a stable position.

I was hesitant to lay on the cot. Fur holds heat in and I thought the floor was a better option.

With a dismissive tone she expressed that I should be grateful. She stated that this fur was special because it came from an animal that does not exist any longer on earth, but that these animals still existed in some part of this place. I could hear the audience chatter with the devil about how I was still unaware of the natural laws in this place.

“She does not understand,” one said. They seemed amused at my ignorance. I got onto the cot and curled up and laid on my right side. Someone laid a cloak over me and I was cocooned.

The Saints tried to sooth me and give me a break. They told me that all I had to do was sleep. I was miserable in general but adapted more

than I expected. I noticed that not only did the cloak shield some of the heat, the fur did too.

The heat was different in this place. It did not come from the Sun. It was more like an oven. I managed to relax on and off for a while. This went on for quite some time. About the time I dozed off they expected me to get off the cot and put me back into the kneeling position.

While wearing the man with shiny teeth's cloak, I was pushed into a kneeling position in the same place that I was assaulted.

A conversation began. The Saints told me that I could not kneel because it changes the rules. I do believe that I could have physically stood up; I just could not handle being pushed back down any longer. I had given up. She encouraged me and told me that it was not my fault. I was offered a solution. She said that He would bring me home if I wanted, but that I would have to come back because He had a job for me to do and He wanted me to have children.

This was a lot for me to understand. I struggled with the word home. I wondered if she meant my house. I knew this was bigger than that. She explained that I would have to come back with a different family. In this exchange I noticed that she could not read my mind, yet after I asked God a question with my thoughts, she would reply.

In this exchange I gained the understanding that, God would start my life over.

I found understanding, however my heart and focus was set on saving my baby brother from the rituals. I had seen a boy sodomized to death and later told that if I did not withstand the rituals "I will go get that baby of yours." I was wrong, but I believed that if I was being taken at night that he was safe. I was not going to leave him. With a mother who agreed to all of this and an absent father who agreed to some, I took the role of his protector.

The Saints explained to me that I was going to be cursed in a way that He could not do anything about it. I grasped that my kneeling in front of a devil under these circumstances changed the rules. He could curse me in a way that cannot be changed.

My mumbling was noticed. “Who are you talking to?” The devil asked.

“She is being contacted.” My handler said.

“I know,” the devil said.

“That is not supposed to happen,” she said.

“It can with special permission,” he explained. His tone of voice lowered with the last statement. I knew that he was not happy.

I felt hopeless. Then the Saints told me that God could make it perfect if I would let Him. The creatures had shaken me several times as I mumbled responses in this conversation.

I was afraid to speak, but still, I said it. “Perfect,” I chose.

On this evening I was manipulated into a position that gave this devil the ability to curse me. It made my next visits much more dangerous. It was all over my head at the time, yet I had all the guidance that I needed to fight back and even get myself out of the situation. God knew the outcome of this evening and like everything is still working it for my and others’ good.

#### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

This interaction was a set up. After this, he was able to curse me. They are strategic, but they cannot beat God who is all knowing. He cannot be deceived; He knows more than they do.

It was too much for a kid, or well, anyone. I knew little and was delirious during most of this. Still, I was empowered with all that I needed. It went badly because I lacked the ability to put away my own understanding and follow without question or pause. Therefore, I was vulnerable.

Still, good will come from it all. Learning to count it all joy has turned my life in a direction in which I have found just that: Joy. It has been a journey, but I don't regret it for a second. Learning to forgive is part of this. I have seen the workings of God too many times not to believe that He has His hands on me.

In general, God gives humans independent thought and lets us make our own choices. In developing this we hurt each other. Some worse than others. At any level, this life is a learning process and it hurts. People make choices and their children suffer at unimaginable levels. Suffering continues until we make a genuine choice to say we are sorry, change our behavior and let go and let God.

I mean, if a person has access to all the power, should they not take advantage of it? In truth we all have access to Him. Why not choose safety?

Looking at the people that were around me, they were insane. They brought me to the point of collapsing and when it happened used it to justify doing what they wanted to do. To the contrary, The Saints had shown that they could be harsh and tell me what I did not want to hear, but the entire time made sense. Because of them I know that this was not my fault. I did not deserve such brutality.

These devils did not pursue true loyalty. They worked only to dominate. The devil did not care that my kneeling was not due to loyalty to him. Nothing must be true for devils.

Truth lasts while the liars are leashed and on a time limit. The level of delusion that his followers operated under continued to show moral distortion. They even believed it right that an eight-year-old girl should be raped. The battle is for the mind and some have already lost.

I missed my chance to get out of the situation, but God still brought me to a better place. God was giving me a way out, but I was deceived and did not know that I could take it. Before this specific night, I had been deceived enough by this devil to believe his threat towards my baby brother. I believed fully that if I did not continue, he would have

to take my place. Again, my love was being used against me, and it worked.

I saw God flip this around on them later. Truth is that my refusing to renounce kept me from being taught any magic. Therefore, my brothers could not participate in occult activities. They were not going to expose me to their secrets through my siblings. In the end, my refusing saved both of my brothers from the tortuous costs of magic.

The workings of God are mysterious to us because we don't know everything.

This by itself is perfect. I don't believe that God's perfect is that small or simple. I believe that the perfect that he promised me is bigger than just my family. Good can come from what happened to me.

I saw that the battle that we are overcoming is profoundly governed with policies. My kneeling in front of a devil in hell changed what he could do to me. I have heard a lot of talk about this over the years. A preacher once suggested that people put oil on the mirrors in their homes to prevent demons from being able to come through. This is too much.

Not kneeling in front of a devil is a rather basic standard within the Kingdom of Heaven. Yes, I was just a kid. On the other hand, I was above the age of accountability and I was warned and guided through the situation.

This lesson reflected in my beliefs. Even before I began healing I had an intense awareness that kneeling in front of someone could have massive consequences. I thought this was a result of a Bible story I had heard as a child. I realize now this idea was imprinted on me so thoroughly that it stayed with me.

The Saints' statement concerning God not being able to do anything about me being cursed did not make much sense. I have come to understand that He cannot do anything that He said He would not do. In the same way, He gave His word that He would not flood the earth again; therefore He cannot. He said He would not remove a curse that occurred

in the situation that I was in; therefore He cannot. He has the power, but He does not break His word.

I see also how these policies reflect in my Christian family member's experiences. They were not all servants of the devil, however, he took hold of them as they failed to stick by the basic rules of the Kingdom of Heaven. The enemy had control of my father's mind. This was made possible because of his faulty moral standards and lack of faith.

Many are impressed by power. Why not serve the one with all the power? The only things that He cannot do are the things that He said He would not do. This shows that His goodness and power are beyond human understanding.

## James Henry Lives

*Circa 1979*

WHEN I WOKE from a trance, I was already worn out almost to the point of collapsing. I was once again in what I called “the hot place.” I wore an adult sized cloak that bunched up at my feet. The silky lining against my bare skin did not relieve my distress. I hated it. But the hood was down and shielded my sight. I left the hood down and just kept breathing.

Before I woke, my body had settled into a cramped position. I must have looked inhuman, like many around me. I was leaning to my left and a bit forward. My young shoulders slumped causing a hunch to form.

My handler was holding my right hand and jerked my arm from time to time in concurrence with sounds that I ignored. It hurt. The left side of my abdomen was scrunched into knots. I wondered if this was how the others had become malformed. Maybe they had just adapted. This hurt more.

The cloak draped the floor. It seemed excessive in weight, like someone had lined it with lead. The hood was good and hung low. I kept it down for much of this evening.

I felt a brushing sensation a few times on my calves. It was physically minor, but it alarmed my spirit with a heavy wave of dread.

My handler would jerk my arm each time in response, moving me away from the source of the dread. It still hurt.

There had been many events taking place, yet I let most of the sounds muffle in the background, just hoping that she would stop jerking my arm.

A woman started screaming and I looked and straightened my body.

This night, I was not standing with the bulk of the audience near the balcony. I was on the other side of the room. I stood about fifteen feet from the throne, with the front door behind me and to my right.

The only thing in between me and the wall was one of the semiconscious creatures. It was his cloak that would brush me from time to time.

As attendants escorted the screaming woman with force from the dark spot in the back-left corner of the room, she screamed and jolted her body backward. She was different. Her body glowed with a pulsating orange. She wore an unfastened cloak with the hood all the way off her head. The front of her cloak was open and the center of her chest was unclothed. Below that, the cloak was held open by an extended abdomen.

Seeing this much nudity displayed in front of people was far enough out of my norm. I could have grasped that alone. However, this otherwise human body looked like a burning hot coal, no different than one would see in the bottom of a roaring fire. I was both amazed and terrified, but I knew this was not going to go well. I was not even able to completely process that she was pregnant.

As she jolted again, one of the attendants almost lost his hold. She calmed for a brief period. They stopped and stood next to the throne. While facing the audience another session of the screams began.

“Dinner!” the devil announced. The audience laughed. Soon, he complained about the noise she was making.

Within a couple of minutes, the pulsating color of her body calmed and slowly turned flesh colored. This calmed me a bit. At this point I

noticed that she had long dark hair and olive-colored skin. I could not see the details of her face. Still, I could see that she was delicate.

“You need to see this. She is having a baby,” my handler said. Her tone indicated that I had been foolish enough to miss out on witnessing the sacred event of childbirth. I had no knowledge of the contractions a woman’s body goes through before a birth. It was more than that. I had no way of coping with the idea that a child could be born in this place.

The woman wailed in these sessions of pain for about twenty minutes. During this time, I accepted that she was pregnant, which was a lot for me, but I held on to my ignorance, believing that babies were born in a hospital.

With an attendant holding each of her arms, she squatted down and the devil stood to face her. I did not connect all the facts, but the baby came out anyway. The devil reached in between her legs and as he stood back completely upright, he was holding a baby.

The audience awed and my little heart was filled with the joy of new life. For a moment, I forgot about the fact that this was no place for a baby or a woman in childbirth. It was still a blessing.

As the devil held the baby with his belly in his palm, the woman laid down on the floor. They had a conversation.

“What was all that noise about? Haven't you done this before?” he asked.

“Yes, I have five. I love them all and I miss them every day.” She paused. “But it is different here.”

“Different how?” he asked.

“It hurts that way everywhere.”

I understood that her entire body hurt with the birth pains. This was strange enough, however I also got the impression that the devil had not been aware of this before that moment.

He tilted the baby enough to get a look at his genitals. “Congratulations. You have a fine son. What name have you chosen?”

“I did not choose a name.” She paused and then continued. “I didn’t think I could keep him.”

“He doesn't get a name unless you keep him?” he asked.

The crowd hissed a series of condemning remarks. My handler shrugged her shoulders, turned her head toward me and expressed her outrage with a forced facial expression. It was all so fake. Faulty morals are one thing, but these people had fake faulty morals. Like followers of a high school bully they echoed his spiteful condemnation without logic.

“I know I can’t keep him. I am here and I don’t want him here.”

“I thought his momma might want to give him a name. You are not his momma?”

“Yes,” she answered. “Will I see him again, when my time here is over?”

“Can you come up with a name?” As he changed the subject, the attendants began to clean up a mess that was underneath her.

“James,” she said.

“James is a fine name. Do you have another name?”

“Henry, for my father,” she said.

“You hated your dad,” he replied.

“Yes, but he was still my father.” After another pause, she elaborated. “He is still my father and I love him.”

With the baby named, the devil raised him high, displaying him to his mother. “Say hello to James Henry!” he announced.

“Hello James Henry, mommy loves you,” she said. The desperate release in her expression “mommy loves you” still rings in my heart.

At this moment, he bit James Henry on the back of his neck with his big black hook of a beak. She did not react. The audience gasped as if they were surprised.

“That didn’t hurt you?” he asked.

“I don’t want him here. He suffers here, even in my womb I can feel it.”

He let her hold the baby for a few minutes. “Let her have a minute.” He said. His elevated tone brought attention to his own generosity. Everybody was quiet.

I hoped somehow that the baby was still alive. Things that were not possible, were possible in this place. I tried to imagine a new kind of supernatural, something good. I was in the wrong kingdom for a miracle.

She had that moment that every mother should. She caressed and kissed him. After a few minutes he bent down. There was a quite struggle between the woman and the devil. But he took the baby from her. As, the attendants began to move her back toward the dark place that she had entered from she asked a question. “Will, I ever see him again? Where will he go?”

As the crowd snickered, he replied “In my belly.” His dismissive tone made it obvious that he was not answering her question. She was not asking about her baby’s corpse. She wanted to know about his soul.

It is notable that she did not react to his comment, which indicates that she knew what he was going to do next. I was not a resident of this place and even after hearing what he said had no way of conceiving what was going to happen next.

The attendants stood her up and the devil talked with her a little more. “Do you know why you are here?” he asked.

“I can’t say His name here.” They debated a proper answer. She said “I served you.” To that he replied that she must not have served me well. This discussion ended with her final answer. “I died with sins,” she said. He agreed.

Next, he addressed her pregnancy. “We didn’t do this to you. You came here this way.” He probed her for information and she admitted

that she had betrayed her husband. She also stated that she didn't regret it because she did it for love.

The conversation ended and the attendant turned her toward the black spot in which she had entered. While once again noting his generosity with a change in tone, he told them to get her some water on her way out.

With the peak of this moment completed, I managed to ease my hood back over my head unnoticed. But not fast enough. I saw the attendant bring him a long silver platter. He sat onto his throne and laid the platter over the arms. Still clueless, I was impressed by the quality of the platter and the way it fit on top of the arms. I thought of it as a TV tray for rich people. I let the novelty of this comfort me.

I had my hood down for a few minutes. There were muffled sounds. I could sense a stillness in the audience as if their fear of him was heightened.

He referred to me. "She needs to see this."

"You need to see this," my handler said as she jerked my hood off. I looked, and then would look away. I managed at times to close my eyes without being caught.

I saw him twist a leg off and throw it on the floor. As the dog moped from behind the throne to retrieve his portion, the devil boasted. "That's good meat." The audience hummed a collection of comments about how lucky the dog was.

My affection for the dog ended. I never saw him the same after this moment. Even though I had been warned not to get too close, the dog had been a positive focal point for me. I had been comforted by the way his eyes would roll from side to side, oblivious of the brutal rituals. I would keep my focus on him whenever I could. His lack of concern had been a relief to me. Often, I had wanted to just play with the dog. That ended in this moment.

I closed my eyes and imagined that he was eating puppies. I repeated the statement "he is eating puppies", mentally, several times.

He picked up the head and bit the ear off and sucked on it. He said that most people didn't know that that was the best part.

I knew that God had not left me, yet, if the Saints were talking, I could not hear them. My head was spinning, finding a new way to cushion reality. I found no escape. I knew that this baby did not feel being eaten. The baby was in Heaven. Me however, I was in Hell. My spirit slumped like flesh that was beaten to the point of numbness.

The devil was full. The attendants took the platter and balanced it in order not to spill the remaining mound of goo and blood. He remarked on the fact that there was still food. "Does anyone else want some? I hate waste." I heard several say no thank you and saw several cloaked creatures shake their heads from left to right.

~ HEALING NOTES ~

Even in hell, truth is truth. There is no avoiding it. Everything starts and ends with it.

In the beginning of this definitive interaction, this woman was asked if she knew why she was there. She said without pause, "I can't say His name here." On my first visit, I was told by the Saints that I could not say the name of Jesus in this place or I would be torn to pieces. I remembered that and knew that she was talking about Jesus. I am sure at least some of the others did as well.

She needed to outsmart her punisher. I got the direct impression that the devil was trying to get her to say the name of Jesus, so that he could punish her. Often when he spoke with his prisoners, he seemed to lead them to causing themselves harm. We were in his kingdom and I am sure that destroying a person with an audience would give him more leverage.

It is no surprise that devils are consistently tricky, but why would people be loyal after seeing this? I see no explanation except that they do this out of fear. All their training techniques that I experienced were fueled with it. The people that were training me were no doubt trained with the same techniques. Fear is a lie. They don't know that power above any they could imagine is offered to them, no matter what they have done.

Unable to use His name, she moved to another way to express her understanding, but it did not work. She stated that she served the devil and that she had betrayed her husband. Those are both sins and could have been forgiven with repentance. They both seemed to be aware of this. Neither of them viewed this as a definitive answer, it needed more discussion.

She was faulty but she knew the truth. Yes, I heard what she said about serving the devil during her life. I had seen the distortion of those who served him. They were all sick people. I knew well the sickness and the misery, but after her death, goodness became her choice.

She used goodness. Even when offering the fact that she had betrayed her husband, which was wrong, she stated that it was an act of love. She talked about her love for her children, how she missed them. But, mostly her desperate gush, "Mommy Loves You!" when saying goodbye to her baby. That rang through the place. It sure stuck with me. This devil worshiper had learned that goodness had more power than harm. It just came too late for her.

This discussion moved in a circle. It started and ended with Jesus. Her first response when asked why she was there was unacceptable because she could not say "His Name." They talked about her sins. Then ended with an agreement that she was there because she "died with sins." The devil agreed with her without hesitation. His reply was, "I will accept that." Jesus really did die for our sins. Her failure to accept this during her life landed her in hell and they both knew it.

Those who witnessed this may have been distorted, but that does not mean that they are stupid. At some point these people had to have seen at least some of what I did. Most are led to this way by family tradition, which is early in life. Jesus came to tear families apart. Escape from this generational plague is available. I did it. The damage that was done to me as punishment could have been avoided if I had more faith.

The use of goodness will not go away. It was prophesied that in the last days of the world that what is good will be considered bad, while what is bad will be considered good. I see this in the world today and it hurts me. Seeing good used as a weapon in hell is profound. She had learned the effectiveness of good.

## Johnathan Lives

*Circa 1979*

ON THIS OCCASION I was standing with my handler close to the main entrance of the throne room. I began to hear multiple babies crying. Others seemed to notice the sound and some shuffled around. The devil seemed to be both amused and annoyed and made a comment about it being some sort of holiday.

The devil pointed toward the dark spot. In response, an attendant walked through it. Within seconds he returned holding a well-nourished baby boy that was about eight months old. The sound of crying stopped.

The child looked to be in perfect health—clean, fat, and fine as any baby could be. He had sandy blond hair, extra-large blue eyes and wore a blue t-shirt and dark colored shorts. His face was without extreme expression, letting his chubby cheeks droop. With his shoulders slumped, he looked like a ball of sweet love. He was not bothered to be here at all, however, his head moved in firm wobbles, peering around with notable innocence at his surroundings.

I needed something good to focus on. The dog had lost that job after I saw him eat. I wanted to use him as a new focal point, but I knew he would not be here long.

The attendant sat him on the devil's lap. "People give me their babies," he said. He expressed his continued disgust and the audience

hummed their agreements. There was an extra set of giggles added by the audience and the devil responded with the confession, “Yeah, I play with my food.”

With the baby still peering around, the devil asked the attendant a question and then announced that the baby’s name was “Johnathon”. As the audience hummed in response to this announcement, the baby sat strongly up with the devil’s hand wrapped around his side.

The moment changed when the devil spoke directly to Johnathon. As he turned to focus on the devil, he jerked his body back, twisted his face up and began to cry. “I am not going to deal with this,” the devil said.

He encompassed Jonathon’s head in his hand and moved him away from him. With Johnathon dangling in the air in front of him, the devil used his other hand to spin the baby's body. While being held at a distance like stinky garbage, Johnathon became limp. An attendant moved in front of the devil and took the baby's body. “Keep him, it’s good meat,” he commented as the attendant moved back toward the dark spot.

In a coinciding memory, I once reacted to someone in a way that I did not understand. I was in my late twenties and had started attending a new church. I met a teenager named Johnathon, and he had big blue eyes and chubby cheeks. I was struck with how much this guy looked like someone I used to know. I gasped and told him about this. I was so excited by it that I gave the impression that I was flirting with him—not my intention.

I did not remember who this person was. I know that it was a baby that had big blue eyes. I did not understand my behavior. He thought I was flirting with him and while I backed out of the conversation, I faced the puzzle. Why had I been so excited that this guy looked like a baby named Johnathon that I had once known, when I could not remember when or where I saw this baby?

I had never heard of human sacrifice when I saw what happens to babies after they are sacrificed. It was too much for me to handle. I had buried this pain and it peeked out in a moment when I met someone with a similar face. As a result, when I have strange reactions I have learned to sit with God and let him guide me as I find understanding.

Johnathon had a right to live. What was done to him was an abomination. Nonetheless, this is not the real damage here. It is the practitioners of magic that sacrificed him for power that face imprisonment in hell. They suffer in this life more than any victim. How will they ever forgive themselves for such a crime and enter the Kingdom of Heaven? How do they live through the moments when their hearts are tugged toward truth?

I am grateful that His wrongful death was a release from the fate of being raised in the ways of the occult. If he had lived, he could have become one of the audience members, or like me. The ending of his life a sentence of freedom. A ticket to Heaven.

I am struck once again at the audience's contradictory behavior. I don't know everything, but these people were witnessing the devil's disgust with the ways of his followers while they followed him.

I have no way of knowing how many of those in the audience had sacrificed their own children. Yet, they see and react according to an understood script with him as he mocks the ways of his followers. This must be a terrifying way of life. What measure of magic is worth the contradictions that they live under?

God gives me and all others the ability to think and act independently. This is part of the learning process. The Kingdom of Heaven is developing here on Earth. The Saints were not born saints. They too fumbled around in the dark failing and succeeding.

It gets hard, sometimes. Life is supposed to be hard. Most of the pain is our own fault. He does not stop the consequences of our faulty actions. We can let ourselves feel powerless and reach for harmful ways to solve our problems. Everyone does this; some take it all the way to hell.

## Half Measures Fail

*Circa 1979*

I HAD BEEN AWAKE for quite some time and was worn down. The hood of a cloak was over my face, but I had seen my position in the room. I was near the door to the balcony. The bulk of the audience, including my handler, stood behind me. I had little strength left and my rear end rested on my ankles. I bent forward and coped.

A group of rowdy people entered the throne room. As they moved there was a wrestling motion with the sound of grunts and commands. With effort they positioned themselves to my left and in front of the devil.

Others adjusted their positions. My handler pulled on my arm to move me out of the way. I pushed her away. I was close enough to them that I could feel the robe of one of the men brush over me. I was exhausted to the point that I did not physically react to this. I was unable to move away from the chaos; remaining conscious was my only focus.

I heard the men inform the devil that this woman had betrayed him. He declared that he was aware of her betrayal and that he had been expecting them to bring her in. He questioned her.

She declared that the men had tricked her into the action of betrayal. She alluded that she did this at their—the men that brought her in—request. He seemed to believe her. However, he asked her if she had

done it. She said yes. This was twisted and was not going well for this woman. Nevertheless, it was not over.

Things took a serious turn. The men declared that she was “a Light”. The audience murmured. “I know,” he said. She was being condemned. As he spoke, I could tell that the devil was moving closer.

She screamed and I reacted without thinking. I reached to pull the hood of my cloak back to see. My handler stopped me. “Don’t look!” she said. This woman who encouraged me to watch as a baby was eaten shielded me from this sight.

The screaming was without restraint and lasted for about fifteen seconds. It stopped. The devil gave instructions for the mess to be cleaned up and the men seemed to leave.

#### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

I only heard this event, yet their words left a profound impression on me. I have made three definite conclusions.

First, in this way of life deceptive actions are justified if the results are wanted. They set her up, by talking her into breaking one of his rules. The fact that she was manipulated into this action was never addressed.

Second, it seems that being a “light” was not a punishable offense on its own. If so, they would have had no reason to lead her to disobedience. Plus, leading her to the action would have been considered a disobedience as well. Nothing about this was right.

The term “light” is important. I have heard that people who have converted, or are approaching, the Kingdom of Heaven are considered “a light” to the occult. This is my only time hearing this term in my personal experiences. However, that would mean that this woman was being punished for entertaining the truth while in the occult.

Third, one cannot play both sides. She was not under God's protection. She was playing for both teams and evil forces maintained some authority over her. In the end she suffered. Judging by the sound of her scream and the way that it stopped, she was killed. There was no mention of where this woman would spend eternity. I think that this devil would have boasted if he was able to kill her for being a light and kept her soul. I don't know if she found salvation or not, however.

All negativity dies. In the Kingdom of Heaven, lying and betraying each other is considered wrong, yet in the occult deception is considered benign if it leads to a desired result. This reflects more and more in human societies as we move forward to the Day of the Lord.

Let God be God. One cannot fight the occult; they will get stomped. However, if an individual listens to and acts in accordance with the will of God they will find a level of glory that is out of human reach. I know this quite well. I have done this right and done this wrong. It has become simplified. One must listen to step by step instructions and act without resistance. It is not easy, but, confrontation with the occult is a front row seat to the glory of God.

## Hell is a Permanent Residence

*Circa 1979*

ON THIS OCCASION I stood near the door to the balcony. I was feeling stronger than usual. With my handler a few steps behind me, I was in the front of the audience and naked under a cloak.

With my hood on my shoulders I could see that the throne room was more active than usual. Maybe I was just more alert. I had observed while in the waiting area that he regulated the number of people in the room.

I had been awake for a while when a woman was brought in by two cloaked creatures. At that time, I thought they were men. The Saints spoke with sorrow, saying that they had tried to help her.

Like the woman that gave birth, she had long dark hair and was pretty. She was bigger and tougher, but both seemed to have prepared responses to his questions.

As the three of them stood to my left they faced the devil. They tussled her around a bit. She was resisting their grasp on her arms. The devil made a verbal mention of her arrival and they calmed.

A conversation between her and the devil began. He greeted her with sarcasm. They already knew each other. There was a forced politeness as he taunted her arrival. She stated that she was “surprised” but that she

“didn’t mind” and that she had had a “good life.” I became certain that this woman was one of his followers who had died. The Saints again stated sorrowfully that they had tried to help her but that she had been tricked.

She said that she was prepared for her time in this place. It became clear that like others she believed that her time in hell was temporary. The Saints had told me on a prior occasion that this was a deception. I wanted to tell her the truth. It was too late. She wouldn’t want my help and she had no way out at this point. She too died with sins after being offered freedom.

As he questioned her further, she continued to show a lack of regret for her actions. “How was the acid?” he asked.

“Fine,” she answered. His voice started to show surprise when he probed for her to elaborate. “I walked, every day, not even for long,” she replied. He said that he didn’t know about that and added that she had also been given an itch. She played it off as if nothing he had done to her in the past had harmed her and that she was accepting of her time in hell.

#### ~ HEALING NOTES ~

First, why die with sins? These people suffer beyond human understanding. It is more than the physical pain. They are taunted by their choices. The Saints showed sorrow for each one of these women. I saw evidence that God knew and made efforts to bring each one to the Kingdom of Heaven.

The devil’s followers show signs that they prepared for conversations with him. I do not know at what level or classification witches and wizards become aware of this need.

Nevertheless, living with knowledge of this inevitability has got to be heavy on their hearts.

They are so deceived to the point that they accept anything. Like the boy who was okay with being sodomized, they have been conditioned to cruelty so intently that they walk straight into Hell without knowing that they have been duped. All freedom is lost in this way of life, but it is given in the Kingdom of Heaven.

## Really Being Me

*Circa 1979*

AS I STOOD in the front of the audience near the balcony, the devil glided toward me. The audience began to ooze a series of congratulations. As the space between us lessened, all eyes were on the pair of us.

Just like the times before, when he got close that spell of sorts took control of my will and independent thought. I was once again enamored. All knowledge of his evil deeds dissipated and I gazed at the creature I believed to be a deformed foreign prince that needed love.

He took my hand like a princely suitor. I felt as if I was being proposed to. He said something loving and inclusive which was echoed by more statements of congratulations. My handler brushed my shoulder and let out a sweet, deep sigh of pride. It was clear that this was what she had been waiting for.

As he led me to the balcony, I became refreshed, comfortable, and calm. I was still covered in oil and hot, however, while close to him it all seemed like an adventure. It felt like I had been camping and the filth and sweat became nostalgic.

Standing just one step onto the balcony I got a look at Hell. It was dark but I could see the outline of the environment.

What I saw looked like a mountain range. It seemed that the building that we were in was built on the side of a mountain. I thought of it like a moonless night in a foreign country or another planet. I was not far off. It was another kingdom. I could not grasp what I saw then, but I have now accepted that I was in a cavern way underneath the Earth's surface.

In the distance the ground was elevated, like mountains. It was black and bumpy, with the air above it gray and smoky.

The top edges of the elevated area looked bumpy as if covered by trees. I thought of these as trees, only because I needed to normalize it. The Saints explained that nothing could grow here. I accepted this. There was just enough light to allow me to see that these were irregular, rectangular-shaped stones that projected from the ground.

There were no moon or stars. I mentioned this to the devil and he seemed to be amused. He explained that this was because we were far underneath the ground. "Way, way, way down." This was one of the many times that he had a delightful way of explaining things. He was a deceiver and good at his job. Most often, he was personable and could be charming. It was striking, and remained regardless of subject matter or even when making the most brutal of statements.

He said that the building floated in the center of a cavern far beneath the earth's surface. He said that it took a lot of work to maintain this.

I discovered that gravity had less of an effect in this place. He asked me if I felt lighter than usual. I said yes and bounced a bit. At first this felt like I had the most amazing science lesson. Then he said that some kids like being there because they can jump around easier. At this point a realization weighed me down.

In all the misery I had not realized that I was lighter. This would have been amazing in another setting. It just reminded me of the misery in this place. Plus, I knew that kids did not play and jump around while visiting. I also did not like the idea that other kids had to experience what I had.

As we walked just a few steps forward, I noticed that another tub of water like the one I had dunked my head in was to my right.

We reached the edge of the balcony. The railing was made of the same rough wooden planks that were coated with layers of black varnish. Like everything else it was the highest of quality and could have been one year or a thousand years old. The balcony extended to my left and stretched the length of the building.

Looking down I could see what looked like a river of lava in a valley. It moved but it did not flow. After a brief exchange of words, I had become aware that this river was the central purpose of this place.

With his instruction, I turned toward the tub of water. He told me that water was rare here and that the people are desperate for it. We walked to the tub.

With a charming giggle underneath his tone, he explained that even if he dumped it on them it would disappear before it got to them. I like the charming aspect of his speech and thought that he was saying it was magic water. I was ignorant of the fact that water evaporates in hot air. He was being sadistic, but I did not want to accept it.

He made a physical gesture. He put his hands together and then separated them. We both focused on the reflection on the water. This was not the reflection of our faces. It was a view of the glowing river beneath us—a close-up view.

There was no lava. It was bodies—live human bodies. Like the woman who gave birth, they had burned to the point that they were hot coals, but could not die. The color pulsated and glowed. They were alive and moved around. I could see some facial features. They moved as if they were looking for a more comfortable position. I was horrified, but still had no fear of the devil. This was his kingdom and his prisoners.

He cradled one of my hands and began to remove one of his mittens. He stated that he did not want the appearance of his hand to scare me. I was not afraid at all. It was twice the size of a normal hand and a cross

between a human hand and a bird's talon. He had hair on his fingers. They were sparse but five or six inches long. This scared me, in a way. I was a good friend and did not know how I was going to advise him to trim these hairs without hurting his feelings.

He lightly brushed one of my fingers with the bare tip of his finger. Saying that he was not going to hurt me but that he was just going to thicken the skin.

“See, I will mark your finger so that you will never forget,” he said. “Did that hurt?”

“No,” I replied. There was no pain. It all seemed loving.

He showed me how to hold my hands in a specific position. He said “Push your power out.” I could call it energy if I wanted to, he added. I understood what he meant by energy. The Saints expressed sorrow and explained to me that what I was doing was bad. However, I could not change my mindset and stayed oblivious. I did not know that I could stop the interaction. I believed I was powerless.

He did it first. I felt that something happened. As this happened, I saw that the people moved around and heard a moan. He urged me to do the same and I did. He said I did it, but I did not see or hear any reaction to what I was doing. He said that I had completed the task. It now seems that he was lying because they did not react to what I did.

I understood to some degree that I was moving energy. What I was unable to understand was that this action caused pain. I was at this point still under his influence and as always, I saw no wrong in anything he did. It was like helping a warden lock the doors of a prison. It seemed like an unpleasant duty.

In a casual motion he moved a few steps backward and stood behind me. I turned to look at him. We chatted again and he began to share things about himself. “Did you know that I am a bird?” I just nodded. I knew that he had bird characteristics. However, I had never known a bird that could talk. That was a bit too much for me.

Without boasting he let me know that he was powerful, and many followed him. He talked about there had been complaints, but that he and some others were proud of what they had built.

“Did you know that I have wings?” He asked. I was so excited. I asked if he could fly. He said yes but that he didn’t like to. He sought my approval and responded to my excitement by offering to fly.

He showed some concern that I might become afraid of him, but he took his cloak off and showed me his body.

This was in no way sexual. As I was still under his spell-like influence, I was not afraid. He was like nothing I had ever seen.

When he was naked, I got a better view of his body language. It was charming. As he spoke, he darted and tilted in motions that gave me the impression that he was desperate for my approval.

It was a featherless body of a bird. His skin was pearl white and glistened in complete contrast to his black, feather-covered head and massive, matte-black eyes. It had a sturdy quality to it and appeared to be hard to puncture or cut.

He was lean and appeared as if he couldn't grow old or overweight.

His total length was about six and a half feet to seven feet tall. His torso was short. As I had seen with his cloak on, His arms and legs were at least a third longer than human. They were completely lean and narrow in diameter. His pectoral muscles were short. Both of his hands and feet were twice the size of a human and seemed to be talon hybrids. Like on the hand that I had already seen, his fingers and toes had a small amount of long hairs.

At my eye level was the area of his body that one would expect to see genitals, but there were none. It was a large protruding mound, like a male doll except this area was larger and protruded out further, taking over a good third of his short torso.

He let me have a moment to just look at him. I reached out to touch him. My way of asking for permission was to extend my hand just enough for my intentions to be obvious. He did not move. With my hand extended he agreed and seemed amused.

I laid my hand flat on the mound, for just a second. The Saints said that this was where his heart was. I was fascinated. With clarification from Heaven I had an understanding that I was appreciating one of God's creations. This creature did not make his own body. I found appreciation for God's work.

When I pulled back, I noticed his wings. The edges of them were visible around his shoulders. They were covered in snow-white feathers.

I was not afraid, but I was shocked. I had formed the opinion that he had been hurt when people reacted to his physical differences. It was my sweetness that guided me to show him that acceptance.

He addressed the attendant that stood near the door. He instructed him to move forward and put his hands on my shoulders. He gave explicit directions to the attendant. He told him to keep his hands on my shoulders, without fail. He repeated multiple times that I was not to be harmed. He stated that I was important to him. These instructions were direct commands that he had repeated back to him.

He would speak in English and the attendant would reply with a series of clicks. This did not upset me until the devil started responding back to him in clicks. The Saints explained that this was a language. He left no room for misunderstanding and expressed that if harm came to me the attendant would be punished.

I remember being surprised at how long the fingers of the attendant were. They were narrow and twice the length of an average man.

I was in full princess mode and delighted with the expectation that he was about to fly for me. He turned, facing away from us and walked toward the four-foot-tall railing and jumped on to it with little effort.

He leaned forward and fell. My reaction was to move forward. I was held in place by the attendant who clicked his disapproval. I saw his white wings as he glided over the river of people.

I pulled against the grasp of the attendant. He allowed me to move forward and moved with me. In just a couple of steps, I reached the railing and was able to place my hands on the top. It was hot and I jerked my hands back.

After I tested to see if I could handle the heat, I laid my hands flat onto the railing and looked for him. The attendant pointed and I got a view of him. With only his white wings visible in the distance, he looked to be the size of a fly. This place was much bigger than I had thought.

The attendant began to pull me backward away from the edge. Still, I bounced with excitement. Just as it began to subside, he appeared suddenly, standing about ten feet away from me on the top of the railing. I cheered him and he accepted my excitement. He jumped down onto the balcony, dressed, and ushered me back into his throne room.

My hand was braced carefully in his, both of which he protected with his other hand. I had all his attention. His regal glide across the room was easy to match. It felt more like floating than walking. All eyes were on us and a conjoined series of comments from the audience showed appreciation for our arrival after this trip to the balcony. I felt like I had joined a royal family.

We walked toward the waiting room entrance and veered slightly right and stopped in front of one of the seated creatures. This one was misshapen under a cloak. I couldn't figure out where his head was. He had three mounds on his shoulders and they bobbed a bit. I didn't like standing right in front of him.

He explained how he didn't need the tub of water; he could do what he had showed me from other locations. Just like he did at the tub of water, he put his hands together and then moved them away from each other. Again, this opened a view of the river of burning people. It was

transparent but definite. I did not like this. I had coped with this once and did not want to do it again.

His way of speaking started bothering me. Through this night he had maintained the same regal presence I had always observed. His tone and use of words had been welcoming and supportive toward me. However, when he spoke to me about his prisoners, he added a sly dismissive element that seemed appropriate, as he was a superior to his prisoners. It was like having a mean best friend. This started bothering me.

I started to accept what was happening. This was my first true realization that the river of people below had real people in it. I was always trying to compartmentalize it all and compare it to things I knew and understood. I had not had much exposure to this level of magic. I knew they were real but at the same time I allowed myself not to grasp the reality of humans who were continuously burning. It was too much for me to dismiss any longer.

To add to this, the seated, three-headed creature that was about a foot in front of us started moving again. He jerked around. I did not think that he was awake. I did however recognize that my being there was bothering him. It was like when someone rustled in their sleep. I was distracted to say the least. The devil noticed and addressed the issue. He told me that the seated creature could not hurt me.

The devil was trying to get me to focus on him. But the creature made a stronger jerking movement. His cloak moved enough that I saw one of his heads. It was a frog's head. "He is a frog!" I announced. The audience laughed and the devil agreed. "Yes, he is a frog. Most people think he is a horse, but he is really a frog."

The devil took this moment to add to my understanding. He said that the creature's name was Balal, but that most people call him "Bael." He expressed that he did not know why people called him "Bael." He said that he was the one who I dealt with more. He expressed that this creature was in your—that is, human's—book, but that he was just the one that ended up getting written about.

Once again, he assured me that this creature could not hurt me. He did add that it was best that I did not wake him up. The audience hummed their agreements. I did not understand what he was talking about but did find it easier to focus on the devil after this explanation.

The devil reached in the window and poked one of his prisoners. In the center of the window was a man who laid on top of the others with his arms outstretched. Focusing on one of them influenced me. They were no longer a random group of prisoners; I saw them as individuals. I tried to think of them as bugs, but that did not work.

The devil poked him again. “See that,” he said. “You can do it too.” I moved my hand forward and poked the man. I saw him move in reaction to my touch. Reality was hitting me. I had no clue what to do.

The devil put both of his hands in the window and grasped the man's wrists with his forefinger and thumb. He pulled on his arms and stretched them outward and let go. The man's arms snapped back into place.

I knew that the man felt this because he had responded to my touch. I had no way to cope—no way to normalize or make this understandable.

While maintaining the same level of charm, he explained to me that most people don't know that if you do this that the arms won't come off. They will just stretch outward even for miles and miles. “He did a good job on your bodies,” he said. He elaborated that some people believe that “He” made human bodies better than theirs. I knew that he was referring to God. I was confused. He knew that God was God but was having a good time torturing this man.

He explained that letting go of the arms caused more pain than stretching them out, but they don't react too much because they are already in so much pain.

He told me that even though they could have all the sex they want here, they don't. He said all they wanted to do all their lives is have sex,

no matter what. He explained that they used to believe that this this flaw only belonged to men. He changed his voice and seemed to rejoice in amusement. “But no,” it is the women too. He concluded by explaining that they are in so much pain that they didn't think about it anymore. He was having a good time.

Again, he grasped one of the man's wrists and asked me to grab the other. I did. When my hand was inside the window it felt warmer than usual. He told me to make sure that I didn't burn myself. He asked if it was too hot for me. I was able to cope with the level of heat. I pinched the man's wrist between my thumb and forefinger.

I tried to numb myself and think of this man as a bug. It didn't work. We both pulled and then let go.

I told him to stop. He stopped but just long enough to explain to me that this man was an adulterer. He paused and then added that he was also a thief. He asked me if I knew what a thief was. I said yes. He added that the man had stolen from his mother. I got the feeling that this detail was a lie. This comment shook me. I knew these words described people and I couldn't handle this any longer. He did not ask me to participate in the next action.

With me watching, he grasped this man's head with his thumb and forefinger and began to twist. As he continued to twist this man's head, I noticed how none of the others around him reacted. They did not flinch—no movement. They did not even seem to notice. This was their life now. It was an ordinary event. I suffered.

The man's head detached from his body. The devil dropped the head and commented on how the head was different than the arms. He admitted that the head would come off.

“You killed him!” I said. He laughed. The audience reverberated his laughter, harmonizing. The sound cut my heart.

I did not realize that they were laughing at me. He backed away from the laughter and explained that the man could not die here. He pointed

to the head as it lay near the man's body. He explained that the head would find its way back to the body. That it might take a while, but that until then he would hurt in both places. He finished saying that he could do this over and over as much as he wanted. I wished the man was dead. His way of speaking did not change; he still seemed to expect me to find amusement.

He reached back in the window. Without thinking, I pushed him. I was done with this activity, however, I was still affected by his spell of sorts enough that I felt I could express myself.

He did not budge with my push, but he jerked back as if he was shocked that I dare push him. The audience gasped. He lowered his upper body and spoke directly into my ear. "You cannot do that. If it happens again, I will have to reprimand you." The audience hummed their agreements.

For me, this seemed no different than when a parent gives a child a fair warning. I had seen on many occasions that his punishments were severe, however, when he cast a spell on me during our introduction, he used the words "I don't want you to be afraid of me." So, I wasn't truly afraid of him. I thought that my reprimand would be something along the lines of a week without television.

While not afraid of him but devastated by the activity I said what I thought. I told him I was a sweet girl. I spoke the truth and told him that it wasn't my place to do this. I made a good point. He lifted his upper body. He was affected by me speaking the truth. He replied with a firmer voice. "It is my place to do this and I can teach you this here." He pointed toward the ground as he used the word, here. I knew that he was telling the truth.

He returned his hands to the window. In response, I stomped back to the cot that had been set up for me on the other side of the room. My pouting ended when I covered my face with the hood of the cloak and balled up into the fetal position.

I was young and had experienced little but some things were obvious. I even viewed the evaporation of water as mystical. Even in this state of youthful ignorance it was obvious then that this devil was regulated. He himself talked about what he was “allowed” to do.

Being in an environment with a different set of natural laws changes one’s insight. We use the word supernatural often to describe things outside of our understanding. This is not right. Humans understand little. What we consider supernatural is only that which is above our understanding. This understanding does exist, however.

Devils are creatures that have disobeyed God and are paying for that. They may have knowledge way above that of humans. But they are on a leash. They not only know this; they will even admit it when they reach the end of what they can do.

When in submission to the Almighty God, we have access to enough power to move mountains, yet most of the time we are sweating about how to get the light bill paid.

I have many times suffered without my needs met. I can look back now and see that each time that I did without, I was not ready for my needs to be met. I still had something to learn and the time for my release from those struggles had not taught me all that it needed to. I was not ready.

When I admired his physical form, I was only admiring the workings of God. This creature had the ability to swat me like a fly. All the while he is bound by the will of my Father.

With God, there is and was power above anything I can imagine.

Even now, my understanding of power is still on a human level. I see this regularly as I live and learn. Being impressed or fearful of the powers of hell is a waste of a life. I have seen for myself that even its

highest authority is aware that they are bound by the will of God. That is, if you are not a prisoner in hell.

Often, I shoot too low when making requests to God. I have learned that His power is above anything that I can perceive. As I develop my prayer skills, I have learned to ask myself, is my request perfect? His power may be above my understanding, but I have learned from seeing demonic power in action that if a devil can do what I saw him do, what can his and my Creator do?

He was trying to get me to do what it is not my place to do. Influencing humans to take a distorted level of authority was his game. This position was given by God and he sure seemed to be good at it. When his spell lost some of its effectiveness my goodness took its rightful place. It just got to the point that I could not handle it anymore. He continued to speak as if participating in torture was fun.

This was not a place for a child. I must keep in mind that I was not saved. This governed everything. On a prior occasion the Saints were clear that they could make all of this go away. They tried to guide me through the sinner's prayer. In my panic, I did not pull through and process the commitment fully. This made a huge difference concerning what could and could not be done to me.

If I had made the commitment my situation would have been different. I have heard survivors' stories that reflect this. In these stories, devils and witches have admitted to their inability to harm those who are committed to God.

I was in a big way devoted to Jesus. This has massive worth. Still, I had not yet made an official commitment to him. Admitting that one is a sinner is a must-do step toward salvation. I was intellectually capable of this but had not gotten that far. I had not processed that I was not perfect and while I was good, I needed his sacrifice to take me the rest of the way to the Kingdom of Heaven and its protection.

I was not in any way fair game, and the Saints continually stayed with me. They guided and supported me as always. God had the power

to force my perception and place me under his full protection. In His wisdom He did not. Life can be hard because it is a learning process.

Not being saved is dangerous, even when you are eight years old. Even after a person is saved, opening doors to evil with sin can, well, open doors to evil. That is a hard reality.

Writing this has given me the ability to dissect the effects of the spell he cast on me.

First, I don't believe that using the word spell is correct. I think the word spell is like the word witchcraft; it refers to something humans do. This creature was not human; he was more effective.

Second, this power was used in the opposite manner that God operated. It overtook me, molding my perception. I could have easily asked him to protect me from the evil baby-eating devil. I did not know that they were the same creature.

Third, he did not change my heart. When he opened a window the first time, I did participate in the harming of the prisoners. I do believe that I did not have a real effect on the process. He said I did. I felt included. At this point I didn't get it. I justified and compartmentalized it. Then, when I saw faces and human characteristics, I froze.

His ability to overpower me was limited. He had my perception of him flipped upside down. He did not change my heart.

I participated in some bad things. The Saints guided me throughout this interaction without uttering one harsh word or judgment. It was all supportive. They already knew that I would not adapt to evil, because they are with God. They had access to all knowledge. It is a good idea to act like a Saint.

The occult sometimes seems to be able predict the future. God knows what is going to happen. Plus, God knows what we will become. So, if He tugs on a heart He does it knowing that they are better than their current behavior.

## Viewing Power

*Circa 1979*

MY HEAD JERKED UNCONTROLLABLY from left to right, looking for a way out. I was naked, wet with my body's oil and unable to think. Like I had seen others do, I knelt on one knee on the right side of the gap between him and the audience, stunned with panic. All eyes were on me, waiting to agree with my demise.

The devil was not bothered at all. Smooth with experience, his actions required little effort. He perched in ease on his throne and did not even need to vary the tone of his commands. On prior occasions, I had observed him addressing various issues with this same calm demeanor.

At this moment I was aware that I had become the issue. The Saints assured me that I was going to make it through this. They always knew everything, but I was unable to process it all. I felt as if I had become like his prisoners; lacking the ability to die.

While I knelt, he called the name of one of the men in the audience and instructed him to disrobe and kneel in front of him. The audience bumped around. I heard several comments suggesting that some of them had thought this would happen. I was aware that this man or creature was in severe danger. It was almost a relief that the focus shifted away from me, almost.

He moved forward without hesitation and was undressed before he was in my view. With stern, controlled movements this muscular blond man knelt like a knight would. He poised himself with one knee on the ground and his arms rested on his other. He looked like a superhuman knight.

I think that he was human, but I have no way of knowing what this creature was. He looked like a man that had been infused with demonic power, more muscular and animal-like. He was either nonhuman or distorted from hard training and rough living. Either way, magic and its cost had altered him. He was tough enough that his skin glistened in the light. He appeared impenetrable.

“Do you remember this man?” The devil asked. I was expected to recognize him even though I had never seen him. I nodded yes in a knee-jerk reaction. Within seconds I realized that this was the creature that had been allowed to assault me from behind.

The devil moved his hand and the kneeling man was engulfed in flame. This flame was exceptional, like the flame in the bowl. It looked as though someone had lit a giant blow torch underneath him.

While the devil contemplated the engulfed man, I had about two seconds to process the initial shock of this sight. His skin began to bubble and I thought this was an indication that he was not human. The Saints had been issuing words of encouragement throughout. The only thing I was able to process was their explanation of these bubbles. They explained that they were blisters that were forming due to the heat.

The devil noted his admiration of the creature. “He does not even flinch, in such pain.” Still, I wanted his lack of movement to mean that he was not in pain. The devil ended my attempt when he added the comment, “such unimaginable pain.” As the torture continued, he proclaimed, “My strongest and finest!”

The rest of my body began to jerk around. I had been on one knee, but my other leg would push me up into a runner starting position. My

body was trying to run and I would have to take what little control that I could.

The devil asked me if I wanted him to kill the man. I said no or I thought I said no. I bobbed my head around signaling both yes and no. Still, he moved his hand again and the man disappeared. The audience purred in a way that communicated to me both admiration and sorrow. One of them was louder than the others and I heard him express that he had expected this to happen.

“Kneel!” he said. He left no chance of misunderstanding. I fell to my knees and laid my chest on my legs.

“Now! Am I your lord?” he asked.

“No,” I replied. There was a gasp from the crowd.

I did not expect him to say this. I had not realized that he wanted to be my lord. I already had one. I never considered the question; the answer came without thought. I have suffered greatly due to this, but not once have I ever even approached regretting it.

“I will make you acid for that!” was his response. As the audience groaned, he paused. “Take her from my sight.”

Preparations must have been made for this possible outcome. Before I could process his words, a cloak was draped over me. While under the cloak, I was lifted off the ground by two people, one of whom assisted.

Then, I was moved out of the room in a bizarre manner. I was made weightless or my weight was lessened. I do not believe that my mind could react to something so far from my known reality. Even after I was off the floor, I could feel its support enough that my legs stayed in the same position. I was held in place and guided with effort.

Two people were involved in this action. I saw later that the main one was my handler. The other person, the man with shiny teeth, assisted. This action seemed to be rehearsed as if they were prepared for anything. I got the impression that this took a great deal of effort.

I had experienced something like this before when the devil rendered me weightless and guided me onto the ritual table. This however, took less effort than when he did it and it was much more complete.

It seemed to me that I was moved in about the time it would take a person to walk from one room and into the next.

She plopped me down, removed the cloak and left the room. The environment that I was in puzzled me. I was in a doctor's exam room that I had never seen before. I was clothed. My shirt was on backward, my pants were not pulled up into place and unbuckled.

I was caressed with cool air. This made me feel free and blessed. I was surprised by my environment and tried to compartmentalize it. I knew it was nighttime, so I figured that this was an emergency room, but it looked like an exam room that one would expect to see in a charity clinic. The room was narrow and small enough that it could have been used as a supply closet.

I sat up and I looked around to observe the details of the room. The exam table was baby blue and the appropriate length for a small child. It stretched the entire width of the room. There were a table and chair and on the other side, a sink and nearby canisters for medical supplies.

This was a hypnotic delusion. It was not real but what I saw, I really saw. The room temperature air comforted me and I hoped for a moment that they were showing some concern for me.

The Saints informed me that this was not real. I could not accept that. I believed that I was in a medical exam room because I saw with my own eyes that this is where I was. I could not break with my reliance on my power of sight. Plus, I wanted to believe that the people I was with had finally showed some concern for my well-being.

It was more than what I saw and wanted. I could feel it too, it felt real. I knew the feeling of sitting on a paper-covered exam table. The sensation of sitting on a rubber-coated padding over a stable platform

was familiar. I could even hear the paper on the table crinkle when I moved. I could not break with my perception. It was too much for me. I laid back down and balled up.

I felt encouragement from the Saints that I had done right and that they were with me. This meant more than I can explain. My mind stopped spinning and I focused on what was important. I began to cry and pray a declaration that I was never going to leave Jesus. There was a flow of love sent to me. I felt better. I was better. However, I still believed that I was in a medical exam room.

I was in a better frame of mind and wanted to do the best that I could. I noticed that while I had been crying, a spot on the exam table paper had become wet with my tears and wrinkled. Also, some of it had bunched together underneath me during my movements. I sat up and tried to smooth the paper. I was trying to make things better. I knew I was in a lot of trouble and did not want to leave a mess. I was a good girl. I focused on this task and the Saints spoke clearly. “Remember the paper.”

I do remember the paper. Because of my tears, it had goosed in a place and around that place it was wrinkled. I knew it would take time for it to dry, but I worked to smooth it and make it less noticeable when it did.

My efforts only worked against me as the paper weakened and tore. I observed the tears. Tiny fibers flared around the edges just as I would have thought they would. This delusion looked more like reality than reality does. With encouragement from the Saints, I moved closer and focused on these tiny fibers. They grew longer—an undeniable change. I could not process what that meant but I got the feeling that I had changed it with my will. These delusions are created with the use of one’s imagination, which gave me the ability to change what I was seeing.

As I continued to smooth the paper, my handler stomped into the room. She was somewhat out of breath. The man with shiny teeth was

with her but he stopped and stood in the doorway. Their body language communicated frustration. When she saw me, she asked what I was doing and I explained my intent.

“What paper?” She asked.

I knew that nothing I did was going to satisfy her. At the same time, I did not understand why she didn’t see the paper.

She began to yell at me in her way. She never raised her voice, yet like before her body language and word choice expressed anger. She said that I had no idea what I had done. She waved her arms around and pointed at me from time to time.

This rant became confusing because she mentioned elements that I did not understand. She brought my grandfather into it. She said that I had tricked him and that I had no idea how badly I had hurt him. I was trying to reconcile that she knew about the molestation, as it was a private family matter, when she accused me of setting the situation up. She seemed to think that this showed that I was intelligent but added a strange comment. She said. “Do you know where he is right now?”

She seemed to think that I was playing a game to get a higher rank. I could see that in her anger she had stopped holding back what she thought. I knew she believed this untruth and I saw further into the hopelessness of my situation.

She informed me that some people believed that I may be too old. As she addressed this problem concerning my age, she seemed to feel that it would be devastating, if true. Her tone implied impending doom.

She spoke of the devil. “He is going to do what he said.”

She pointed toward the door and asked me if I could see all the men waiting to come in. I had only seen the man with shiny teeth in the doorway. But at that moment I saw shadows around him and thought she was telling the truth. I nodded yes.

She said that they were all going to come in and do what my grandfather did. She said that they would do it repeatedly and that she would not stop them.

“There is only one of them and they are not going to do that,” the Saints said. They always told the truth. As my handler ranted, she showed me how fully distorted her view of this situation was. She believed me to be a manipulator. I was not. She was wrong about me and that made it easier for me to accept that she was just spitting out a made-up threat. She did not scare me anymore.

I only wanted it to stop. I never choose any of this. I wanted me, my baby brother, and everyone to never be hurt like that again. I wanted to go to sleep at night without waking up somewhere else. Even showing these people that Jesus is alive was a forgotten goal. I just wanted to be safe.

Things changed. Seeing further into the distorted viewpoint of this woman forced me to face that nothing I did with her was going to protect my little brother from the deadly rituals. I let go and God took over.

I started a rant of my own. I told her that I was going to tell everyone. I told her that as soon as the doctor came in, I was going to tell him everything. I told her that if he didn't listen that I would keep telling people until someone did something.

I know now that this is the moment I became an official enemy to the occult.

“What doctor?” The man with shiny teeth asked. “It was all I could think of,” my handler replied. At this moment I became aware that my experience of being in an exam room was a hypnotic suggestion. I was on a pew in the decoy church.

Again, the Saints were proven correct.

They no longer tried to train me. This changed everything, not just for this time in my life but it set the tone for my entire life. I was deemed a refuser—an enemy to the occult.

There were a couple of lifelong consequences of my decisions on this night. One was good. One hurts.

Both outcomes connect with multiple strange aspects of my life. It was like doing a jigsaw puzzle. It all fit together. After prayer, meditation and research I have found understanding. In the end, I have gained a grasp of what God has in store for mankind.

God did it, but it did not happen the way that I expected. I did have reason to believe that my little brother was in danger. When using my own wisdom, I believed that if they were taking me at night, they would not take him. I was right about that. However, I know now that we both were in danger.

This outcome is better than I could have done on my own—way better. In that moment when I let go of my need to control and announced that I was going to keep telling people until someone listened, in my heart I let go and let God handle it. As soon as I did this I went into a rant. This does not seem godly, but God is greater than how we view him. He knows everything and in our ignorance, we do not always recognize His influence.

Like many of the changes in life, it makes sense when viewed in hindsight. That rant resulted in me being listed as a refuser—an enemy to the occult. I did not know it then but, an occult refuser can never be exposed to secret knowledge of magic or its cost. They did not take any chances of me picking it up from others, so, the other children in my household could not be taught magic nor be taken in for rituals. This is how we found freedom. It all fell into place.

Before my rant, my younger brother had been intended to be trained for a role called “the Service.” He was in line for this because he was not the firstborn son. My mother has made several comments about how

I blocked him from serving. She said that he might like it. It was said as if I blocked an honorable birthright.

The truth is that in the occult, boys “in the Service” are boys that serve men sexually. These boys often adapt to sodomy. Like the girls, the boys in the service can be used in rituals and the head of a household can and often does prostitute them.

Therefore, I believe that it is the duty of a follower of Christ to extend as much love as possible to men who prefer sodomy. Whether a person is like this because they were trained or it is the result of a generational curse, they are victims of occult abuse. It makes sense not to judge. One does not know why others behave the way that they do. One does not often understand their own behavior. We are not the source of redemption.

I suppose, my older brother would have had an easier time because he was the firstborn son. They train the firstborn sons in a way that ensures they will procreate. This also had something to do with why I went into training first. I do not know what would have been done to him. At any rate it would not have been good. He could have ended up like the man who was allowed to rape me and then killed for doing it.

Because the absence of occult torture coincides with the lack of magic training, God also prevented my brothers from learning magic. This explains many of my mother’s comments about how my actions cheated my brothers of what they could become.

My childhood was rough, however, my being deemed a refuser saved me and my siblings from this devastation. It cost my mother a lot of money. Understanding this has finally explained my mother’s intense hatred toward me. I know this would have been much harder if I had not refused. My mother’s heart must have died in her own training as I have never seen evidence of it. Between that and her hunger for money and shopping addiction, I know that my younger brother and I would have been prostituted to whatever extent she was allowed by the occult. God saved me and my brothers.

The second outcome hurts. It was prepared for during a prior interaction. They were thinking ahead. Demons are tricky and they know more than people do. They have been doing this a long time. One must lean on God and not their own understanding, always. We don't know when we are being ushered into a direction that could cause us harm.

On an earlier occasion, he gained the right to curse me due to my own behavior. So, when he said, "I will make you acid for that", he literally did. He made my body acidic.

Curses can seem complicated.

Simply, curses are placed under a system of stipulations that God agreed to. He never breaks an agreement. The stipulations are all governed by a person's behavior. It is a legal system that I was unaware of on my own. However, I was given guidance, and if I had acted differently this would have not been done to me.

As I was told by the Saints, God cannot do anything about it because He said He would not undo curses that were placed under the set of stipulations that were met by my behavior. This possible outcome had been set up on a prior occasion when I continued to kneel in front of the devil while in his kingdom and wearing one of their robes.

God is all-powerful and all-good. He does not break His agreements. Even, now I love Him for that. With His knowledge of this beforehand, much effort was made to avoid the situation. He even offered me the choice to go to Heaven and have a new beginning.

The curse manifested physically. I have suffered since age eighteen from a rare disease that causes my kidneys to calcify. I constantly make kidney stones. I have been through the same test on multiple occasions. The only thing that had ever been discovered is that my urine is acidic.

A few doctors have asked me if I knew why I am acidic. A few of them worsened my suffering or seemed to enjoy it. Some have been

good to me, but all find me interesting as no other cases like mine are known to exist.

I was still in denial concerning being ritually abused when I learned the acidity was the cause of my illness. When I told my mother about how my urine was consistently acidic, she reacted to this news by running out of the room. She jerked herself from a sitting to a standing position and made a sound like a dog's yelp. It was strange to me at the time. She was scared.

Since this, she has said on many occasions, "You do this to yourself." I had always thought that she was saying that I do not drink enough water. Now that I have worked through this I see that her cruelty is not random but an expression of anger since I refused her way of life. A few times, right before I have been put under anesthesia, she caressed me and whined, "Why do you do this to yourself?" She has always been abusive, however I now see the method behind her cruelty.

I was not ready to look at what was really happening. I always knew that the source of this disease was something hidden that I was not ready to deal with. Even before I remembered these events, I referred to this illness as a cruel joke and a curse. I felt like I held some responsibility in causing it, but that I was not truly at fault. My heart knew what had happened; I just was not able to face it. Now that I can face it, I can heal.

I can see now that this process of healing began when I stopped having any contact with my mother. It was a few other things, however, right before the healing process began, I let God fill that place in my life that I had needed and safety rushed in and replaced all of the insecurities that she had instilled in me.

It has become evident that healing only begins when a person feels safe. Even physical wounds do not close if they are being agitated.

The truth is not what I always want, but it always makes sense in hindsight. Now I know that there are forces around us that intend to hurt us—forces that are above our knowledge. Serving God is the only way

to find safety, for anyone, regardless of the level to which they were exposed to the occult.

The Creator controls His creation and therefore is the only complete refuge. I know that letting God have His way results in a complete victory even when it hurts.

Now that I am safe, I recognize witchcraft. I am certain that my mother used a trigger word to upset me. Her pet name for me horrified me for no apparent reason. I recognize this now and it stopped bothering me.

I ignored more than red flags. In my early teens someone mentioned her getting in trouble for casting spells on me. Her way of life is rogue and she ignored even those standards. This is excessive. However, with or without the involvement of witchcraft, sometimes one must forgive a person from a distance, as she only worsens with age.

Throughout my life, harm has come to me as they work to suppress me. In truth, this is not retribution for refusing the occult; they hurt each other quite a bit. This happened because I failed for many years to use God as the filter for understanding everything. Knowing who Love is has an eternal payoff. Life here is short and I have much to look forward to.

Writing this has compartmentalized my experiences to see that they do not know everything. That is why they need to lie. Plus, they are not as powerful as they seem. They need to use hypnotic delusions to train their children.

The childhood trauma that they experience prevents them from seeing goodness and love as a viable option. War is their norm. My handler and my mother seemed to believe that my intentions were as sadistic as theirs. They are disconnected from others. Because of this they showed a lack of intuition and could only see situations from one side.

They were detached from love. They served a creature who declared that a man was his “strongest and finest” as he burned him. He even stated his admiration for the way this man handled the pain that he caused. Then he killed him for an action that he sanctioned. If the whole world lived this way of life it would be hell. It did not make sense, except that he ruled by fear and delusion.

The Saints made sense. God does rule by force and wrath, but it will be against the ways of hell. He lets us learn and that hurts, but His generosity was astounding. Throughout all these experiences, Heaven stuck with me and reinforced my innate understanding of righteousness.

The occult’s way of life was sadistic and without reason. Often, they expected me to know things that I had not been told. This kept my head spinning and fostered insecurities.

Heaven was steady and reliable. It is handy to be teamed up with the Almighty God. Their words of encouragement were perfectly spaced to counteract the mind-control techniques.

The occult expected domination and to be held worthy of devotion. Domination is not good, but they were good at it. In the absence of truth, they had to excel in creating delusions. In my experience, these were their main tool. To the contrary, the Saints showed me how I could control them. They encouraged me to think for myself. I did not understand what was happening when I was eight years old. Now I see that they used my imagination to build what I was experiencing. Therefore, I could control it. I saw paper fibers extend at my will. This had happened before during a delusion when I caused a streetlight to disappear.

This knowledge has intrigued me. God created all these things. What I saw was the unethical use of things that God made possible. These creatures have above human understanding of them and use this to control their followers. Still, God created our minds and all its capabilities. The use of this under His regulations must be astounding. I look forward to Heaven more now, knowing that in the right place and

time, I and others can use our minds in ways beyond anything that I saw in training.

Negativity is like a sick species; it is going to die.

Humans—even the best of us—have negativity in us and require the blood of Jesus to bridge us to perfection. His generosity never ceases to amaze me. I can see in hindsight how His will is always done. He is all-powerful, all-knowing and all-loving.

I do not regret my choice to stay with God. It is not all about the rewards in Heaven. It's more about how God never left me. Not just when I was a child and dragged to hell against my will. He did not leave me when I was an adult and did not deserve His love. He let me pay my consequences, but when I started spending time just being with Him, reality opened for me. People believe in what they know is true. He believes in me because of what He knows I can be.

## Inheritance

*Circa 1979*

I WAS DEEMED a refuser. I was no longer used in rituals nor was I prostituted. The Truth had set me free from that. Still, there were hard times to come. Like everyone, the extent to which I lived in freedom was governed by my ability to understand that God is all-powerful. I did not know that I could ask to be removed from an occult family, so I stayed in a bad situation. The life of a refuser can be hard.

First, I was removed from my home. I was brought to a babysitter's house and left there for an extended period. There were two different babysitters; this went on for what felt like months. My mother would cry about it. I was not given answers, but I was handled like I had contracted some fatal and contagious disease and my presence endangered my family. I let the memories of ritual abuse fade in and out. I needed to distance myself from this reality in order to feel safe.

While staying in the first household, I think I rode the school bus from the babysitter's house to school, but I know that my mom would pick me up from school and take me back to the babysitter's where I would stay all night.

This was a small apartment that looked like government subsidized housing. The lady who took care of me was nice and politely requested that I sit alone in the living room most of the time. She was kind enough

to let me know that I could go to the bathroom anytime I asked, if I asked.

She had a child that was younger than me, but I was not allowed to play with him. I only saw the child a few times. We were very much kept separate.

As commanded, I sat on one specific spot on the sofa unless I was in the bathroom or at the dinner table. When the boy would come in the front door I was barked at and told to look at the ground while he moved through the living room.

I could hear a TV that was playing loudly in his bedroom. As if to make sure I was okay, she would observe me as I walked to and from the bathroom. It became obvious that this was to make sure that I did not visit the boy.

She was married and when her husband came home, he sat in the living room to watch TV. He was an obvious brute. He proved that this was true the first day that I met him. The lady whispered in his ear and a fight began. He wanted me out. He was angry at her for having me in his house. She explained that my mother had nowhere else to send me.

He made it clear to me that I was not to talk or move. He made a specific point that I was not to comment on what TV shows that he was watching. As the end of a program approached, he told me that I was not allowed to look at his TV anymore and ordered me to look at a specific spot on the carpet that was in between me and the TV. As excitement built during the TV shows, I could see out of the corner of my eye that he would turn and stare at me to make sure my eyes did not dart up.

I tried so hard not to anger him. At some point, I failed. He told me that I was evil and that I had betrayed my family and my people. I did not remember but when he pushed hard on those buttons, I told him that I was not one of those people who eats babies. He called me a liar and the nice lady interjected that no one knows what they do in that church. The subject was dropped.

I was often told that I was sitting on the wrong spot on the sofa. I could not be an inch off. I tried not to anger him, but he was determined to find fault.

One night, after my bath, he asked if I had “it all clean for him”. He laughed and told me that I could recline and go to sleep. He stared. I moved carefully, holding my nightgown down. I did a good job but still he spat an accusation.

“I know what you want. You better hold that nightgown down tight.”

On another occasion, he started a fight and I don’t remember what it was about, but the result ended my time with this family. He asked me a direct question and then announced that I had harmed him with my answer. He told me to get in the corner near the hinges of the front door. I did so, thinking that this punishment was light. As I moved, he shot a sly grin at me.

He approached and started pulling on my pants. I reached for the doorknob trying to get away and there was a struggle. At one point I got the door open but it was slammed shut.

“You can’t go out there, someone will see you,” the nice lady said. Her tone insinuated that my attempt to go outside was idiotic. It ended while I was still wearing underwear. He lunged his hips forward and grunted, leaving a blob of body fluids on my thigh.

I was told to go back to my place on the sofa while he and his wife explained to me that I incited the fight. There were several mentions of me “wanting it”. When I expressed that this was false, they stated that if I had not wanted it, I would not have gone into the corner. The level of insanity only relieved me of my desire to prove my point. These people’s way of life and thinking was insane and that validated my objections.

I was still sweaty when my mother arrived to pick me up. She was sweaty and out of breath. She leaned back against the front door and for a moment I thought that she was my ally. Her first statement was “That

is my property.” I explained that I was not property and my mother told me to go wait in the car.

In the car I had this moment with the Saints that reaffirmed my sanity. My thinking was different than those around me and I knew that I was not the crazy one. I also knew that this was going to get worse, but I would not be alone.

My mother got into the car like a winner. She explained to me that what he did was wrong but that “I made him pay me.” She said that she had not been able to find a better place but with the money he paid we had a chance. She seemed to believe that receiving money eliminated the harm that was done.

The next household was a better situation, but still wrong. This woman I knew, and she was kind. She would ask me what I wanted to eat.

Neither her kids nor her husband were around. I heard them sometimes; I just don’t remember seeing them. I thought I was sick. She told me that I was not sick. I was weak and slept most of the time. I believe now that I was drugged and everyone except her would go away when it was time for me to bathe and eat.

It is notable that I did not play or go to school during this. I was not as afraid while in this household. Still, it was another bad situation. I remember trying to wake up and fight off someone who was touching me inappropriately while I slept. I was conscious for a minute or two. I pushed him away and he said, “You are in my house.”

I had been staying there a while when I told her that I did not wear pajamas because we went places at night. This upset the woman. I did not know why. Soon after that, I overheard a conversation between her and my mother. They were sitting at the kitchen table. She was confronting my mother about something. Soon after that, I was back at home with my brothers.

I did not go home. For one thing, we had moved out of our house and into an apartment. I had changed as well. My first memory of being in this apartment I woke up and felt like a baby. I had to think about how to walk. My mind was blank. I remember walking into the living room with the Saints talking to me. They said that I had been wiped. They seemed sad, but said that they would give me most of what I needed back and that in the end this would be better for me. Within a day or so I started to remember the basics of how to operate my body. I continued to improve.

A couple of years passed and we moved in with a single dad whose children were related to the people at the decoy church. He was a domineering pervert and still I was surrounded by the occult.

Not long after we moved into this man's house the family started going to church. Everyone would get dressed on Sunday mornings. They looked nice. The first time this happened my mother gave me the option to stay home. She put on the TV and turned the channel to a station that played scary B-movies. I opted to watch scary movies instead of going to church. This lasted a few months.

My mother and her future husband stopped going to services. They were married in the decoy church that I had been abused in. Before the ceremony began my mother took me aside and had me stand near the demonic door.

“All they asked is that I let him smell you.” She walked away and I stood for a minute or two and then she said that I could move. I was horrified and did not know why.

There were five kids in the house and we would sometimes all go to a church that was pastored by a man who was married to my step-sibling's aunt. My stepfather said the pastor was “the real thing.”

Something was wrong with this church. One of the kids at church told me that the pastor found out that his wife was “one of them” on their honeymoon when he caught her “doing it, in the act.” This kid elaborated and said that the pastor was stuck and “made a deal.” I do

believe now that this was a decoy church, however, it seemed to be better than the one I had been abused in. It was a complicated web of lies.

Our attendance was hit and miss. I believe that I was only there when they were doing Christian-like activities. I seemed to have been incriminated in the eyes of those who believed this to be a real church.

One occasion I was laughed at for attending at night. It became obvious that my stepfather had told them that I was somehow bad. On another occasion a Sunday school teacher stopped teaching and gave the other children an activity on their own. While they used the table, she moved two chairs so that we could sit face to face. She began to lecture me on how the Egyptians were evil people who worshiped jewelry. This was intense.

Still, I got saved at the altar of this church when I was twelve. I did not remember but I knew I was weighted down. In my prayer, I begged and kept begging. The pastor put his hand on my shoulder and said, “He hears you.” He may have made a deal with the devil but he still managed to say the right thing in that moment.

I was high for a week. I thought that this was the way everyone felt. It was as if I could run a thousand miles in one leap. I realize now that my physical reaction reflected the fact that I had been cleaned of the heavy weight of what I had experienced under ritual abuse. During this, my stepsister ratted me out. I was standing in the kitchen looking at the stove. It was like time froze. She announced “Robyn got saved!” like an air horn. Like often, I did not know why I was in trouble. No one said a word directly to me.

“They said that could not happen,” my mother assured my stepfather while he rubbed his face.

I did not know why I was in trouble. I did not know why I was held at arm’s length like a devil child. I did not know why anything of this world was the way that it was, but I knew who my God was. One thing I was sure of in this moment was that my conscience, even the voice of

God spoke without room for misunderstanding. He said, “I made you good; don’t let anyone tell you I didn’t.”

~ HEALING NOTES ~

My life as a refuser began while I was still unsaved. I had not at that point understood that I needed Jesus to clean me of any imperfection. It was not just a set of words that I needed to say; it was that it had to be heartfelt. That is not why I continued to be abused—not exactly. It was that I did not yet understand my inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven. I did not have what I needed because I did not ask for what I needed.

The Saints would pull on my heart and there were times that I listened. God spoke a definite message. That was definite. Between the effects of the mind wipe and my natural tendency to try to protect myself from the damages of the abuse, I had developed an ability to block out most of the mystical. I was so intent on just being a kid that I blocked out the truth with the pain.

A person’s conscience is their link to perfect truth. That pull on the heart that people feel when they are doing something wrong is not a minor phenomenon. If one keeps listening it becomes distinct, detailed, and provable. I don’t know everything, but I have seen that the voice of God is always proven right in hindsight.

Just as any believer does, I had access to all the power. I could have reached and taken a new beginning—one that was perfect for me. After some time, I did understand that I was imperfect and needed Jesus. It took decades more for me to understand that while life is a bumpy ride, I—like all of God’s children—have access to greatness beyond our understanding. Once again Father God waited for me to ask. Due to my human imperfection I had to learn how to use this freedom. He waited for me to understand. I get it now. As always, the battle is for the mind.

During my adult years that I lived without filtering everything through God, I walked into many traps. With my past blocked, I blocked all the lessons.

The occult does things that can amaze a person; it should not. It is a delusion of power. Most of it is a planned practice that has been orchestrated and tested throughout much of human history. They have been working on their skills and sharing them generation after generation. Still, they cannot compete on their best day with one faithful servant of the Almighty God.

The fear that they live under drives them to pay higher and higher costs for higher and higher magic, while ritual abuse survivors can heal and live free under the protection of the highest of power.

Concerning my time in both households, I saw evidence that these people didn't know or approve of the level of abuse that I had been under.

I had to look past the blaring fact that they abused me themselves. The first household was terrifying. With my mention of eating babies, his face slumped into a blank expression. The sweet lady dismissed it with a scripted response. They did not know about the level of evil that was taking place. At the same time, they were not going to stand against it.

The second household was better but only because I was drugged. Her reaction that I had been habitually going out at night shook her and she still stood close to her way of life. They seemed trapped without knowing that there is a Way, a Truth, and a Life.

I was caught in a web of lies. This second decoy church behaved as if I was whatever they feared. My step-family was the same. Each place I was held at arm's length; even my father's family did this.

As a child I felt like before I went anywhere, someone always went ahead of me to spread lies. In hindsight I see that I was right. It was my mother.

The witches have their own divisions and denominations and I was an enemy in each setting. This was compounded by the fact that I did behave badly at times. I knew that every time I made a mistake in my behavior it would be amplified and recited as evidence. Often I heard the statement, “After what you did.” I did not know what I had done.

I am sure that this looked to be a success to them. I did suffer and grow to be dysfunctional, but the race is not over. I find more levels of victory every day.

## Contagion

*Circa 1993*

NOTHING WAS WORSE than the Christians. They were easily puppeted by the occult. They used my Lord's name to cause harm and made witchcraft seem like a better choice. The occult hides under the love and it only takes one corrupted member within a family to distort it fully. Our ways of life must be uprooted.

Throughout my teenage and into my early adult years I had received multiple phone calls in which my father confronted me for inappropriate sexual encounters. While I was not innocent in general, I was not at all promiscuous. I knew nothing about these specific encounters. Sometimes, he would give names and add on statements like “and them.”

This was a small town and it was common for males to make false sexual claims, but these males were calling my father and telling him that I was dangerously out of control. It sounded like I was being accused of being with multiple men at the same time. Comments like “I heard you did it again” would hurt like a kick in the chest, each time. My denials were met with mocking.

In my early twenties, I was loyal in each of my sinful relationships. However, I was not living a life of repentance therefore, I opened myself up to a significant attack.

My mother and I had moved away from my hometown. At this point, I was working and living about a ninety minute drive from where my father and his family lived.

I was approached romantically by a member of the local occult group that focused on forcing racial division by brutal force. I did not know that he was occult and I had no understanding of how all secret organizations worked together. He did mention that I was resistant and used the word refuser. I knew that he was a bad guy but did not put it all together. He did not say that he was married, and I did not ask. He was attractive and effective in pursuing me. This was not normal for me, but I did see him on about three occasions for purely physical reasons.

On the second occasion the Saints spoke. I became aware that he “was one of them.” They added that I was “Opening myself up for attack.”

Afterward, I blocked out the words of the Saints and returned. I knew that this was only a physical relationship. While joking I said to him “I want to see your house.” He responded with anger and proclaimed that he loved his wife and that he was going to destroy me. I never saw him again.

Not long after this, my father called and asked for me to come to his mother’s house so that we could all have a talk. He said that he knew that I was having a hard time and they wanted to help me with some things. I did not connect this to the man I had been seeing.

During this period, I was young and struggled financially because I was not asking God for what I needed. I thought my family was going to help me get my finances together. This seemed like love. It was not.

I arrived and four family members were sitting at the kitchen table. They asked me to sit down.

The rectangular table filled a space that extended the long narrow kitchen. With long bench seats surrounding it, we had all been able to squeeze in on Sunday dinners. The only back rest was a wall.

I sat in the same seat as I did when I was eight years old and was confronted about my participation in the sexual abuse. My position had me about eighty percent enclosed. I was on the edge of a short end, but even with a window behind me and a stove to my right there was a small path for an emergency escape.

The stage was set. My dad's youngest brother sat across from me. He was a bully and I had figured out that he was in that lower-level occult group. The brutal, mindless ones that burn churches and crosses in people's yards. He radiated that mindless evil every time I had ever seen him. However, I had never connected him to the people at the decoy church or the man that I had made a mistake with.

My granny sat with her back to the kitchen. My dad had his back to the corner of the room and was nearest to me.

I knew that I was in trouble but I did not understand why.

The other person raised an immediate concern as I had never seen him before. It was more than that. He was dressed in a well-made and fitted suit and I thought that maybe he was a lawyer. Between that and the fact that he had the physical characteristics of a Native American man who was sitting in an extremely racist household, it would have been easier to process if a peacock had joined the meeting. I had to face that something was up.

My father introduced this man by name and said that he was here to help. I then thought maybe he was my granny's pastor. I do not remember his name but I do remember that he never looked me in the eye, even during the introduction.

The first assault was significant. My father took my hand and told me that he had a confession to make. He asked me if I remembered what had happened to me in that church. I nodded. As I processed the embarrassment of this discussion being conducted in front of someone I had never met before, he crushed me. "Well, I got paid for it."

His apology was polished and sick. He said that when we moved behind that church the men offered to help him start his own business. The only thing that they asked in return was “some time” with me. He said that they wanted to teach me something. He admitted that he knew there would be some touching, but that he thought I could handle it. He then said that he now saw that he was wrong because he had seen the damage that it caused me.

He started to pout a bit and elaborated that they gave him money several times but never did all they said they would. He had this expression on his face that communicated victim-hood. This caused the emotional equivalent of being thumped in the throat by a giant.

While caressing my hand, he announced that he knew what he had done was wrong and that he had repented. He took my hand and said “I am sorry.”

I was spun and emotionally gutted when they hit me with the next blow. His expression hardened a bit. With his then considered repented, he struck. “Now, we are gonna talk about your part in it.” It was a condemnation. My narrow escape route was to my right, but I was stunned to the extent that I could not find it.

Just twenty minutes before I had all those bad memories buried deep. It was all rushing back.

“What part in it?” I asked. There were multiple scornful comments from the group. As he talked, I tried to focus on my father, and I recognized two expressions. “What I saw” and “What you did.” I had heard him say this before. Whenever this had been discussed he would use those two phrases. There was a desperation in his voice that would have been detectable even if heard by a squirrel. He was talking about my incrimination. He was still hurt from seeing me laugh while being ejaculated on at six years of age.

The devastation that had occurred more than fifteen years before this moment was fresh and all over his face. It fueled his attack with a force that could have killed me. It was close.

It was all twisted and knotted. He hurt because he saw me disgraced. They had tricked him into believing that I liked it. Just like he said when I was eight years old and I had tried to explain the truth, he did not care what the truth was; he cared about his pain. He had agreed to me being sexually abused, without regulation. By doing that, he failed to prevent himself from having to see it.

This group were prepared for any possible reply that I could make. “I could not see the men” Was met with “How could you not see them?” During most of the event the men were behind me, but when one of them moved around the side of me there was a black cloud between me and him blocking my view. I explained the fact that I had been spelled and they dismissed this as a lie. He said that my uncle had made some phone calls and had been told that the people who abused me were not practicing magic. This false information came from an unnamed source and was without verification. Still, it was stated as if it was concrete fact.

His new understanding conflicted his past statements. When I was a teenager my father had brought up our time living behind the church. He had talked about his own experiences with hypnotic delusions. He had even mentioned a creature who had a dog. All of that was erased when he was offered the opportunity to flip all the blame onto me.

“You have no excuse.” He proclaimed.

The crowd hummed their agreements just like they do in hell. “You even grabbed at it,” they explained.

During this I did not see any male genitalia. Nor did I have any knowledge of it in general, even after this event. I guess I thought grown men looked like little boys. However, in that moment I had my hands extended awaiting candy and when one of the men tapped my hand with their genitals, I grasped. I had no hope of rebuttal. There is nothing new under the sun, thus what they do is well practiced.

“You have to answer for what you have done.” My father announced. My granny explained that I needed to be purified. She meant being burned. She was that old testament.

Members of the occult had been calling my father for quite some time and telling him stories of dangerous promiscuity. This was not true, however I had made some mistakes. This was what the Saints were talking about when they warned me that what I had done had opened me up for attack. I was swamped, but the Saints were still with me and I was not without rights.

My uncle said, “First, I am gonna get what I want.” I knew that he meant that I would have to renounce. I proclaimed that I would never renounce. I talked about how the people in the decoy church had tortured me in an effort to get me to renounce Jesus, and that Jesus had come for me. My granny expressed that it could not have been Him who came for me. My uncle’s response was “Well you did not leave with Him.”

“He would not do that,” my granny said. She was telling me that Jesus would not have come to rescue me. This broke me. I needed to make it better. I asked her if she meant that He would not come for me, or for any child?

She shook her head and said “None of it.” That He would not go near any of it. I was crushed, but I told my uncle that I would never leave Jesus.

He replied, “You are gonna leave what you got. You are not gonna get out of here without it.”

I understood that all his occult buddies were outside blocking me in. We were miles from any other homes. No one would hear my screams. There people were the local law enforcement. Plus, they ran the legal system. He thought he had me. This did not scare me as I knew that I could not be forced to renounce. I had a grip on reality which still hurt. My heart throbbed that this apparently devout woman was convinced that Jesus would not come to rescue a child who calls on Him.

It had also become clear to me that my uncle had been talking to my abusers and everyone was all right with it. Also, information that my abusers had contributed was stated as if it was fact. He even used against me the fact that I did not leave with Jesus. They were convinced that My Lord that came for me was some other creature.

I tried logic. “It’s demons,” I said. I tried to explain that sexual attraction to children was demonically generated. I was doing a bad job. Somehow, they understood my point, but still, insanity ruled. They said that all men were attracted to children. Even the man in the suit agreed. They all chuckled.

“Then you are all infected.” I told them. They did not like that very much and my uncle said it was not even that bad. They did not seem to have a problem with what was done to me.

I proclaimed that anyone with any basic decency knew that when a child was harmed the child was never at fault. I needed her to hear me, as much for my sake as hers. She softened but just for a moment.

She agreed with me, but explained that I still needed to be purified. She said that I had to have done something wrong to be in the situation to begin with. It was obvious that any logical point that I could bring up had been expected. I told them that I did not like what was done to me.

They responded in unison, “Well, you like it now.” I could not say that I did not like sex. At this point I was a young adult. They had a way of twisting anything that I said. My granny even said that in order for me to have been molested as a child I had to have done something wrong.

Throughout most of this I had pushed my father’s hand off of my leg from time to time. I had been somewhat successful in ignoring it, but this aspect of the attack intensified. I began to tell him to stop. His response was “why not?” The others chuckled.

I could not ignore this. It reminded me of some past weird events. He was never one to give physical affection, but there had been a few

times in my teen years that he had hugged me. These hugs were in no way physically inappropriate, however, he would say “Why not me?” I had not understood what that meant. It did give me the creeps but I did not know why.

I asked him a pivotal question. I asked him if when he had said “why not me” in the past, if he meant, why not him sexually. He grinned and admitted that he had meant that he wanted to know why I would not have sex with him. This got worse. I turned to my granny to see her reaction.

She said, “Well, if you will allow it.” I knew then and now that she was under occult manipulation and did not approve of incest in general, but my heart was broken the same as if this was her true way of thinking. It was still crushing. I was desperate for a sign of goodness from her. She showed none. Her responses remained scripted and practiced.

“Rebuke her,” the Saints instructed. I was weakened to the point that I could not make that stand. The fact that I was not without fault weakened me. I did not have the strength to rebuke her because I did not have the self-worth to make a strong stance.

My father grabbed me in between my legs and then pulled his hand back. A punch in the face would have been better. “Rebuke him, her and then all of them,” the Saints said. I should have, but I did not have enough confidence to make that stance.

At some point I remembered the escape route to my right. I needed my granny to see the truth, but that was not going to happen. My mental state regressed to early childhood. I stomped out of the room, saying that “My daddy did not whore me out.” While my uncle chuckled at my attempt to leave, the group shook their heads.

I had to pass him on my way out and he grabbed my arm. I pulled back. Under the Saints instruction I announced, “You can’t touch a child of God.” They laughed.

“He won’t hurt you again,” the Saints said.

I walked through the living room and exited the front door. The stale indoor air coated me with mold but the feeling was brushed off with a fresh cool breeze as soon as I stepped off the porch.

“Hey, good looking,” someone said. I felt a tug at my shirt but when I looked, I saw no one.

“Just keep walking. We will hold them back,” the Saints said. I saw no one, nor any extra vehicles. I got into my vehicle and left.

The next day my father called and wanted me to drive to his house. I had worked to block the last evening’s events out, but I remembered when I heard his voice. He said that he wanted to talk to me and promised that they were done attacking me. It may have been stupid, but my heart needed to be cleared to guilt in his eyes, so I drove to his house.

When I walked in everyone jolted around as if a celebrity had entered the room. I wanted to just be one of them.

“There she is,” my father announced from his seat at the kitchen table. “Sit down,” he told me. He was in a state of fascination after the prior night’s events. His voice was different that day—different than I heard it anytime, ever.

“How did you do that?” he asked. I did not know what he was talking about. “You just walked right out of there, didn’t you?” I responded casually, as I had not met any restriction when leaving. He used a name that I do not remember but said that he was told that I drove straight through this person’s truck. He also said that a person was thrown quite a distance when they approached me.

Father God made it easy on me. My memory of leaving was dominated by the way the cool air had a cleansing effect on me. I did not want to deal with this.

“Looks like I didn’t do anything wrong after all,” he said. He literally used knowledge of miracles that were done to protect me to put

the blame on me. He was relentless in his pursuit to dump all fault onto me, even with me being six at the time of the event.

Again, it got worse. “You know they were all gonna have you.” He was boasting to me that all the waiting men had planned to rape me.

He seemed impressed by their plan. “I was gonna get a turn too.” He took a deep breath and seemed to become aware that his wife and three of his children were in the room. They were young teens, two girls and a boy. He took a deep breath. “I wouldn’t have done it, but I could have.” I don’t know if I was the only one who could tell that he was lying. But the fact that he was gloating at the opportunity was unmistakable.

“He has been really good to us.” One of my siblings announced. I responded with truth, but also with spite. “That is because y’all come with a check.”

I lashed out. I told them about how he had admitted to having had made passes at me. My stepmother asked for the details. I told her about how he admitted that his statement, “Why not me?” was sexual. “That ain’t nothing,” he said. He laughed in a way that was forced and fake. He said that when he said that he was just messing with me to help me.

I wanted to eat and drink some sweet tea and go sit on the swing. I needed everything to be ok. It was not. No matter what I did I was wrong. I walked out while being mocked. Before I saw him the next time, I had all of this blocked out again.

Years later, we were sitting outside. He said that his wife took him to someone who made him look at himself. This had to have been witchcraft. He admitted that he had some apologies to make. He said that he was wrong for selling my innocence and blaming me for it. He admitted that he knows that I did not know what was going on during the sexual abuse.

He talked about his other failings. He talked for a while and admitted that he never felt responsible for me and my brothers. He said he did not

know why. He also admitted that he had pushed my older brother away and then blamed him for leaving.

I heard what he was saying, but I did not allow myself to process it. I needed everything to be normal and acted as if I did not know what he was talking about.

Preachers go on and on about fearing the wrath of God. This is in some ways biblical. I however look forward to it. Not out of meanness but I am ready to see things set right. I am okay with the wrath of God because I know his love and generosity towards us. I want to see it all, set right.

Both my granny and my father have passed away and met their maker. I have reason to believe that both repented and found their way home, to Heaven. Sometimes, facing God's wrath is easier than facing his generosity. I know that they had to have both been genuine in their repentance. Knowing that God forgave them inspires me to stop holding in the harm that was done to me.

I hurt because of the way people hurt each other. Yet, in a much bigger way I hurt because of the way we hurt Him. It is insane. Father God provided all the resources that we need to flourish. The only thing that the human race lacks is the mental clarity to accept that life is not that complicated.

My lack of self-confidence was devastating. If I had been able to hold my head high, I could have stood my ground and rebuked them all. This would have not only stopped the harm that was done to me, but it would have forced them to see that they were being manipulated by the occult. That would have been a victory for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Like often, I needed to normalize what was happening. I never stopped knowing the difference between right and wrong; I just ignored how wrong it all was. If I had looked at this without these filters, I would have been forced to face the fact that living closer to the teachings of Christ was my refuge. I did open a door that allowed this attack.

Some of them loved me, but I never really had a family. Not just because I was rejected by them, but because I never accepted what was happening. I either blocked it out or ignored it. This caused the problem.

I never had a family because I did not ask for a family. My defense mechanisms prevented me from seeing that life did not have to be so hard.

The occult does not know the truth. Even those of them that have discovered they are living a lie are profoundly more effective than Christianity. We flop around and believe that attending Sunday and Wednesday services is anywhere near enough. Believing in Jesus means believing in His teachings. He never taught us to punch a time clock a couple of days a week and flop around the rest of the time. They that are hidden are working behind the scenes controlling much of it.

My granny never cut her hair, watched TV or celebrated any of the pagan rituals that we think are ours. Her skirt length was mid to lower calf and she was what most would consider devout. However, she was fooled into participating in an intense effort to get someone to renounce Jesus. She has been forgiven. God is that generous. There is much to learn from this.

She trusted her son, who was in the occult. She knew that he was in the occult but must have excused this believing that their goals were correct. That is sick. First, racial division and brutality are enemies to mankind and the Kingdom of Heaven. Staying away from all secret organizations is truly a requirement. Being willing to leave all family if needed is also a requirement. She worked against witchcraft and sexual immorality however she embraced other aspects of darkness.

I am not one of those people who worship the Bible. However, Father God has given us standards that keeps us safe. In a big way the rules are set in place for our development.

As always, I was guided by Heaven. They must have been disappointed in me when I opened the door to this attack, yet they never left me and always believed in me. People can be fooled, however the Saints are in constant contact with Father God in a way that we aren't.

They understood my need to block it out and ignore evil events. Their generosity and understanding are the greatest love I have ever

known. It is our Lord that taught us how to forgive and give to those who do not yet understand the ways of Heaven. These are the ways of the Kingdom of Heaven and I am going to keep working my way to be more like my Lord.

I am thankful that I can live outside of the waves of animal instinct. I can move through life without fear of the next more powerful creature that I bump into. I am baffled by the edges of God's beauty. I love my Lord more and more every day. I am safe.

## Freedom

WHEN I ACCEPTED that I was ritually abused, my first reaction was to strike back at my abusers. I was going to bust them and make sure that they paid, and defend myself.

I am human and this is a reasonable human reaction. I researched hidden cameras. The ones with night vision are interesting. This went on for a while.

I was praying through this process and God let me think it through. He did not stop me. The problem came when I asked him to protect me. I knew that somehow, I had to sneak in, plant the cameras and then retrieve the video. This was dangerous and I thought that it would be best to ask the Almighty to assist me in my plan to take down the occult. I needed His protection.

I was left without a clear answer, but He showed me that He had a better plan. This put me in a state of submission. I think for myself, but I know that I do not know everything. I needed all the power that I could get and well, with Him, I had it.

His plan made sense. My first step was to heal. In two hour long daily session, write each memory while fresh. Then go back and clean up my jumbled emotional rant. I was to focus on other things for the rest

of the day. This worked. I was able to function normally through my work day.

Each chapter led me to a better understanding. After I faced each one He would relieve the pain. I did not choose to forgive; He gave me the ability to forgive. He showed me to look at it from the perspective of my abusers. My family members were only reacting to their own training.

This worked. Also, I learned how many of my flaws were installed, so I uninstalled them. These programs had never worked for me because they were not supposed to be there. I was not created to live that way.

Each time that I sat down with God and worked on this I got closer to Him. Not just because I was spending time with Him but because I was seeing the evidence that He loved me. He proved it to me. Sticking by a person proves love and loyalty. My low self-esteem was raised as I saw that He had found great worth in me.

Then this massive weight laid on my chest. I had not wanted to focus on it, but the reality was this was happening to many others still. I mourned for the children who were still being put on the ritual table. In a big way this forced me to express my gratefulness as I laid down and slept safely at night. The fact that so many children were still suffering in a continual cycle weighed heavy on me, however.

One day I went into a church and lit a candle and began to beg God to protect them. I was powerless to help them and needed His help to complete the task of protecting the children. Well, he explained something to me very clearly. He said that He was with me, why did I not see that He was with them? I started to see this from a different perspective.

One thing is that on our own we are powerless, but with Him we have all the power. We think the battle between good and evil is hurting us. The truth is that the battle has already been won. I love you Jesus. Just as you said, you choosing to shed your blood for mankind wrapped it all up. The battle is already won. We just must accept it.

I stopped asking Him to help me and started asking Him what He wanted me to do. No, this is nothing like a magic spell. It does not serve immediate gratification. It also does not cost a thing.

Another aspect is that evil cannot happen without Him allowing it. Life is supposed to be a bumpy ride, but some things go far beyond this. Adults open themselves up to this, but then there are the children—the innocent. Well He explained to me that He never leaves the children. So, I am going to hold Him to His word. I know He is good for it.

I challenge all of those who have experienced occult training or abuse to allow yourself to remember Him. The one that did not force Himself on you. Did He put His hand on your head as He did mine? Did He tell you it was not your fault when they told you that you liked it? Did He pull you in better directions when you did not know what to do? Did He help you forget? Did He love you? I know He did. He made you. He is your Father, just as He is mine.

Never forget that no matter what wretched things that you have done, the Truth is still there. It can only be hidden from you for a time. The Kingdom of Heaven is where we all have equal worth and learn to deserve the safety and abundance that exists for us. You have a place that was designed for you, as well as me.

It seems like a long road for most of us to find our way—to exist in a way where no one goes without in a place of safety and plenty. All our ancestors left bad traditions and ways that are not perfect, but the long road is not so long when one looks at it for what it is.

God does not love us just for who we are. He loves each of us because He knows who we will be. It's handy serving a God that knows everything. If He pulls one's heart toward goodness, He does it because He knows that they are worth the effort. He is not wasting His time. There is safety for all. If you do not believe me, ask Him to show Himself to you. He is amazing. Filter all things through Him. Then and only then does life make sense.

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