

Save Me, I'm Yours
Saving our Children
from Ritual Abuse and
Nazi Mind Control

Chapter 1

Then They Came for Me

In the Shadows

Ritual abuse is extreme, systematic, sexual, physical, emotional, and spiritual abuse. It often includes mind control, torture, murder, child pornography, and prostitution. The abuse is rationalized by a religious or political ideology. There are hundreds of cases of ritual abuse reported, as well as large numbers of adults who remember being ritually abused as children.

I first learned of the havoc this vicious weed could inflict when I heard the accounts of two survivors of a generational satanic cult during training for a crisis line in 1994. The two women were introduced to one another by their therapists because their accounts were so similar. They both suffered from multiple personality disorder, now called dissociative identity disorder, or DID. One personality might be homicidal, another suicidal, and, of course, there was the personality that had to function day to day.

Both of these women were told as young children that an eyeball, the all-seeing-eye, had been surgically implanted in them, and that if they told anyone about the activities of the cult the eye would see it, and various horrible things would happen to them or their loved ones. When they were older, and no longer believed in the all-seeing-eye, the threat that they or a loved one would be killed was a motivator to maintain secrecy. Creating multiple personalities was a goal of the cult that abused these two women. It helped to maintain the secret. One of the women said she knew of a boy who was killed because he failed to disassociate. One woman told us she was given code words or triggers while drugged, and under hypnosis, or after being tortured with electroshock.

The woman said that not only were family members, pets or anything they loved threatened, but twins were highly prized because they found that killing one twin had a profound effect on the living twin. If you were not a twin they might tell you that your twin was sacrificed at birth. The living twin was made to feel responsible. This woman was not a twin, but they murdered a child of the same age, gender, and general appearance in front of her, and made her responsible for the little girl's death.

The women spoke of the difficulty of getting out of the cult because of the positions cult members held in the community. One of the women was sent to therapy because she

exhibited psychological issues. The therapist was a cult member. The therapy she received after escaping required establishing trust. There were morticians in the cult who would cover deaths, and make graveyards available for rituals. There were doctors, lawyers, teachers, police officers, and other professionals in the cult. When it is the police committing the atrocities, who do you turn to for help?

Both of the women had been raised in the Mormon Church. Their families posed as upstanding Mormons. They were both initiated before their baptism at age eight with a “baptism by blood” in which they were forced to participate in a ritualistic murder. When they were baptized and confirmed into the Mormon Church they were told that their sins would never be washed away. What they had done was unforgivable and their souls belonged to Satan. This baptism by blood is described by many Mormon ritual abuse survivors.

Both women described their fifth, and their twelfth birthday, as being significant ritualistic sexual events. A “daddy daughter date” is a Mormon cultural event, and for these two women, a daddy daughter date was always a sexual violation. Because other young women in the church spoke of daddy daughter dates they believed that what they were experiencing happened to everyone. One of the women had been through the Mormon temple and said that the temple ceremonies triggered memories of ritual abuse because the ceremonies were reenactments, minus the atrocities, of the rituals in which abuse had occurred.

They said that when women were ritually impregnated for the purpose of infant sacrifices they were called “daughters of the Morning Star,” or “breeders.” They said that the Morning Star was in reference to Lucifer. One of the women had been a daughter of the Morning Star. She was forced to sacrifice her new born baby.

Both of these women spoke about a mock ritual of Easter in which they were buried alive in shallow graves, sometimes with a corpse or with snakes. They were told when the cult members saved them that Jesus would never save them. Their prayers to Jesus would always fail them because they belonged to Satan.

When asked why anyone would do that, one of the women responded with visible rage, “Because they can!”

The other woman stepped in to explain the emotion, “It is because no one believes this occurs that it continues.”

When asked who the perpetrators were, one of the women said, “We were. It was forced participation as children and became conditioned.” They were both born into the cult. They said if you were not born into the cult, you married into the cult. It was very elite. Bloodlines were considered important to maintain. If someone was a victim of a ritual, and not a member of the cult, they were a sacrifice.

One woman spoke about the ideology of those involved in the cult that abused them. Cult members believe they will be the only ones to survive the coming apocalypse. They

believe they are members of an elite group. They are the chosen ones, trusted with the secret plot of world domination.

One of the survivors believed that I had been a survivor of ritual abuse because I was raised in the Latter Day Saint (Mormon) Church, and I shared with her this poem I wrote. My experience of being in an abusive marriage was my inspiration:

Dancing With Demons

Children heedless of life's pain,
Smiling wide to taste the rain.
Cheating darkness wears a mask.
What's behind the dancing man,
Beckoning disguised as Pan?
Piping gently pulling,
Senses soundly dulling,
Til the music turns to mud.
Marching falling pressing blood.
Taught a new demonic dance.
Children captive, demons pet,
Screaming master of the trance.
Growing wise, inside secret,
Stay a little longer
Learning how the demons play.
Silently grow stronger,
Vow you'll never slip away.
Slip away, slip away.

My Buddhist Master

In 2003, I thought I would explore the world of S&M. I disappointed the first Dom I hooked, a transgender male to female, by deciding a few weeks later that I did not care to be involved in an S&M relationship. She quickly called to express her relief. She insisted she was not into it either. She had been a Buddhist Priest after all. It repulsed her. She too was just a dabbler. She changed her position from being the Dom of my sexual fantasies to becoming my Buddhist Master.

My Buddhist Master took an interest in training me in the development of psychic gifts, picking up nearly ten years later where my pagan mentor left off, or so I thought. The first time I sat in meditation as my Buddhist Master had instructed I had a vision.

I was a black panther stalking a moose. When I saw the opportunity I jumped on the back of the moose, but it turned into a tiger. My Buddhist Master was a black belt, and

had an affinity for tigers, as well as the moose. The tiger flipped over and knocked me with a huge paw. I got up and began to move around my opponent looking for a way to get to her back. She was clearly much stronger, but I was more agile. I leaped again, and again I went flying.

When I got to my feet again I realized I was outmatched. I was outmatched but I was faster. I ran to my cave. My cave was the inner elbow of a cliff wall where a giant banyan tree grew and enclosed the area. I checked the walls for a backdoor. It was the threat of a backdoor that had prompted my attack in the first place. I leapt into the tree and watched the entry. I could see my own tail twitching as I looked down. Soon the head of the tiger poked through the door of my cave. Instinctively, I brought down an energy shield the way my pagan mentor from nearly ten years earlier had taught me. The shield came down on the neck of the tiger and severed the head. I was surprised. I had not expected a shield to be capable of such a thing. The head of the tiger rolled into my space. I picked the head up in my mouth, and with a swing of my head, tossed it out of my sacred space. The head reattached to the body of the tiger. She shook her head, and it became the head and great antlers of the moose. The moose turned and ran down the trail away from my cave.

The next day I told my Buddhist Master about the vision. I was angry that she had come into my sacred space. She laughed and told me I shouldn't have attacked her.

My Buddhist Master ran an online group offering spiritual training. The following was the introductory email she sent out on February 6th 2005 as the Shambala-Chan Moderator:

This group is for clients and students who have an interest in advancing or expanding their intuition, spiritual base, psychic abilities, remote viewing ability, precognition skills, etc. You have requested to join a student program which will cover many aspects of personal advancement. I do not take students into this apprentice program who are not totally 100% dedicated to learn what I have to teach. If you are not dedicated and willing to put in years of effort to reach the master level, then please do not proceed as you will wash out of this program. It is a master apprenticeship program and your first lesson is one of patience. I have my reasons for doing what I do, as did my master and his master before him and his before him. To be considered for the apprenticeship program, please take your time, communicate as best you can and write to me detailing why I should consider accepting you into the apprentice program, then email in to [Her Name] at [Link] Thank you and may your higher conscious guide you through all your days. [Her Name]

The fact that it was the government's Remote Viewing program lent credibility to her leadership. We were asked to download the manual from a website for recruits. Downloading the manual was as far as I got before I backed out.

I cut all ties to her when the relationship took a very dark turn. One day my Buddhist

Master brought up my decision to be a vegetarian. She said that she had taken a vow to give up meat as well. She recalled the day that she first broke this vow. She had been in a relationship with two women as a three way. One of the women broke a vow, and broke her heart. She had her for dinner. She said she had never tasted such delicious barbecued ribs.

“There is nothing so sweet as revenge.”

My Buddhist Master said she had given a woman a beautiful dragon tattoo. She turned to her son and asked, “What did you think of her?”

“She was delicious,” he said, and they laughed at an inside secret.

“I guess you had to be there,” she said, and they laughed again.

On the day I call “the psychic probe” my Buddhist Master went out of her way to prove her psychic abilities. She spoke about Alpha, and Omega, Beta, and Delta. She said she was Theta, but her son was Delta. Some were killers, and some were psychic killers. She was a psychic killer. Her son was a killer. She said she was a programmer. Her son was a genius hacker of computers and knew all about backdoors. She was a hacker of minds in the same way. She knew the backdoors. My Buddhist Master made it clear that she was a threat. When she saw the threat I would be she said, “I ought to kill you right now.” I can only assume she didn’t because I would have been missed by people who knew where I was.

One of the women from the ritual abuse training had asked me to read “The Greenbaum Report” by Dr. Corydon Hammond. Dr. Hammond discussed the ritual abuse epidemic found within the mental health field. Clients were tortured by a Dr. Greenbaum said to be a Jewish turn coat from the Nazi concentration camps. Dr. Hammond spoke of Alpha, Beta, Delta, and Omega programming devised by Greenbaum.¹

She’s Mine

During a near death experience I was surrounded by a brilliant light. This being of light could be felt as compassion and profound love. I never bothered to ask his name. In discussions regarding him I have referred to him as my guardian.

In 1997, I heard the voice of my guardian again. He said, “I have someone here who would like to speak with you.”

“Okay,” I replied.

I heard the voice of a little girl ask me, “Will you be my mother?”

I was in no position to have a child financially, and I would have had to raise her alone, but I already loved her. I suggested she come to my brother. He was married and in a better place to take care of a child, I believed. I could be her aunt.

There was a silence for a while then I heard her tell me excitedly that she would have diabetes. Wow, there is a real loss of perspective about what one should be excited about from the spiritual realm I thought. She said she would be cured. She told me she was afraid of her mother’s religion.

I assured her it would be fine. She could choose her own path once she grew up, just as I did. There was no response. Her voice sounded as if she were walking away.

“My mother doesn’t want me.” This broke my heart.

My guardian said, “You will regret this.”

When my niece was born in 2000, my brother and his wife drove from St. Louis to visit, and I would have the opportunity to see their baby for the first time. Their new baby had been fussy and crying the whole way. When they got out of the car, and I looked down at her, she beamed at me with a smile that would split her lips. She kicked and cooed as if she had been waiting her entire life to see me. I was just as happy to see her. My brother and his wife were amazed. It was the first smile they had seen from her the entire trip. A few months after their return we received a call. Mia was in the hospital. They nearly lost her. A bacterial infection had destroyed her pancreas. She would be a type one diabetic.

You Will Regret This

In the summer of 2006, I drove into my mother’s driveway with my six-year-old niece in the passenger seat.

“Can anyone put an eyeball inside you?” Mia asked. Given my ritual abuse training nearly twelve years earlier, the moment was stunning.

“No Mia, they can’t, but I know there are people who might tell a child that to fool them, and keep them from telling about horrible things. Do you have anything you want to tell me?”

“No, I’ll talk to my dad about it,” she decided.

A few minutes later my brother came up stairs with Mia. He had a dollar bill he spread out on the table.

“Do you know what this symbol is on the back of a dollar bill?” he asked.

“Yes, it’s the all-seeing-eye. It’s a Masonic symbol. You know, Joseph Smith was a Mason.”

“No he wasn’t!” My brother stood up and went to stand behind Mia.

“He was. It’s not a great secret.” I assured him.

“He was not!” He cupped his hands over Mia’s ears, and led her downstairs.

I was officially on notice. I hoped to come up with the evidence I would need to get to the bottom of what was going on in my own family. Mia’s brother James had just turned two and their mother would give birth to Stephen in October.

The women from the ritual abuse training at the crisis center said it was a generational cult. You were either born into it or you married into it. My sister-in-law’s brother is missing a finger. When I asked her brother about it he asked if I had ever heard of “the insinuating brethren,” I hadn’t. It seemed to make his mother very uncomfortable. He said he got his finger caught in a fan as a child and left it at that.

It’s a Conspiracy

My Buddhist Master introduced my family to New World Order conspiracy theory in 2007. I cut off all relations with my Buddhist Master in the summer of 2006. By winter of 2007, she had introduced herself to my family through the Internet. When I saw she was on my mother's Facebook page, I warned my mother that she was dangerous, and should be blocked, but my mother assured me she was harmless. My Buddhist Master was sending religious thoughts for the day. How she got my mother's email, I don't know. My Buddhist Master led a survivalist group and foresaw a troubling end of days scenario. She began sending my family conspiracy theory propaganda and invitations to the secret society of Ken Bowers. In the following email the heading indicated that it had been sent from my own email address to my Buddhist Master with copies to my mother and myself. She was making connections with my family, and had access to my email account:

From: [My name and email address]
To: [Her name and email address, and my mother's]
Sent: Thursday, January 18, 2007 5:03 PM
Subject: Fwd: FW: Lecture on the News Media

IT'S TIME!

I'm excited! On Feb. 17, Saturday, from 7-10pm, I will hold my next lecture, finally! It will be in the basement of the Cottonwood Mall, 4835 S. Highland Dr. The basement is located just north of Pendleton's in the mall. Go downstairs and there will be a large room on the right-hand side. The topic this time will be **THE NEWS MEDIA AND THE SECRET COMBINATION**. Learn about the true ownership of the news media and their agenda. This is the one lecture that really stirs my emotions. GRRR!!! Come learn why.

I'll have my books, *Hiding in Plain Sight*, and *Beneath the Tide* for sale plus four DVDs from my first four lectures in case you missed some of them. Bring your friends. There will also be a Constitution Party table with their books and DVDs.

I've had to change the location. But I wish to give my heart-felt gratitude to Brian Mecham for all his efforts in securing the Larry H. Miller location this last year.

The attendance fee will be \$8/person. I wish I didn't have to increase my fee, but Federal Reserve caused inflation makes it necessary. (Oh sure! Blame it on someone else!)

Oh, yeah, and by the way, I got married in December to the greatest gal in the world!!!!!! But I'm not bragging, mind you.

I hope to see y'all there. Ken Bowers

My mother and brother became obsessed with Ken Bower's book, *Beneath The Tide: Who Really Runs the World?* They became obsessed with conspiracy theory, survival preparedness for the last days, and the government manipulation of information. My brother and his wife decided to home school their children. They didn't trust public education.

My mother and brother attended secret meetings where Ken Bowers told recruits that his real name was Goldberg. He introduced the main speaker, Michael Merrill, who claimed to be the heir to the Rothschild Empire, and as such, raised in the secret Luciferian society of the Illuminati. Michael Merrill tells the story of how his parents tried to escape the Illuminati and were killed. He was raised by his grandmother and converted to the Mormon Church. The Rothschild side of his family found him, reestablished partial custody and trained him in the rites of the Luciferian Illuminati in preparation to take his place as heir but he refused to take an innocent life.

After my brother and mother had attended three of these secret meetings, my mother had a fitful night. I could hear her from across the hall. The next morning she told me about her horrible nightmare. There was a horrible sadistic orgy and people were being eaten alive. This dream was so far removed from the thoughts one might expect from my mother.

My brother came upstairs and asked me to leave the room. He wanted to talk to my mother.

When he left her room he came into mine and said, "It would be best if you didn't ask too many questions. Curiosity killed the cat." My mother volunteered this much information; it seems they had both had exactly the same dream.

Where There's Smoke

After Mia's concern about the all-seeing-eye, I took note of events that supported my suspicion and sought evidence. One evening Mia came up to ask me to help her put her diaper on. As a type one diabetic, she was still wearing diapers at night until the age of six. She handed me her diaper, lied down on my bed, and spread her legs in the air. I was stunned by her actions, but even more stunned when I saw that her vagina was too large for a child her age.

My mother said one day in spring of 2007, "I don't know what you would do if Lilly died." She talked about how my younger sister had her worst mental break when her dog died. I assured her my dog was healthy. There was nothing to worry about. My brother and my mother spoke about how my younger sister had such a hard time with her bipolar disorder that my mother was granted guardianship over her. My case of bipolar is extremely mild. I had only had one episode nearly seven years earlier.

Two Easters in a row, 2007, and 2008, James got up in the morning, stared out the window and said, "We slept outside." It was still too cold to sleep outside. He would say nothing more.

One day I came into my brother's clinic and sat down to talk to my mother who was running the front desk. My mother was agitated. "They buried the doctor's daughter. They buried her alive. Can you believe anyone would do such a thing? They did it because he couldn't cure her. Who would believe it?"

"I would," I assured her, "I know of people who were buried alive as a mock of the resurrection. Who are they? Who is the doctor?" I asked.

My mother refused to say anymore.

When I got home that day I noticed that Mia's hands were stained. There was black under her nails. She said she had been digging. She put her hands behind her and headed downstairs.

My family are devout Mormons. When my niece was baptized there was a conversation that took place with my brother. Mia was the intended audience.

My brother asked me, "Did you feel any different when you were baptized and confirmed?"

"No, no one does. The confirmation is a blessing."

"Really?" he said, "I did."

"Really?" I probed, "What did it feel like?"

"It's hard to describe," he said, "like a still small voice."

"Interesting, just like they tell you it should," I said.

"Do you think it washed away your sins?" Mia asked.

"I don't believe in sins," I said. "I believe in choices. The consequences of our actions come with the choices we make. When we feel our actions do not reflect who we are or want to be, we can change them. Repentance is this choice."

My brother insisted that I should have felt the spirit.

One day Mia sat down with me so that I could help her with her school work. I was stunned to see the necklace that hung over the top of her turtle neck. It was a delicate golden cross, hung upside down. A cross is not even a symbol Mormons recognize much less an inverted one.

"Where did you get that necklace?" I asked.

She tucked it back in her turtle neck and would not respond.

The next day my mother was in a panic. Where was the necklace she had bought for Mia for her baptism?

"It was expensive, 14K gold," she said. I asked her what it looked like. She just said it was gold.

A few days later, Mia came upstairs to show me the locket my mother had given her. It was a locket that had been mine when I was a little girl. It is not 14K gold.

Mia told me one day she had been born a twin. My sister-in-law had made it a lifelong goal to have twins.

"No you weren't," I assured her. She insisted she had been. My brother sat and observed the conversation without supporting my assertion that she was not a twin even

when I suggested she ask her dad. He simply escorted her downstairs once it became apparent we had reached an impasse.

I was working on a research project on the life of Jesus and Mia asked me about it. I reminded her that my beliefs were different than her parents. She still wanted to hear about what I was working on. I told her that some believed that Jesus might have been married.

“Which disciple do you think it was who Jesus kissed on the mouth?” I asked. I was referring to a passage in the gospel of Philip which makes it clear that Mary Magdalene had been the companion of Jesus.²

She smiled, “That would mean he was kissing a boy.” Then her face went pale, and she began to chant, “I don't want to die! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!”

Her mother stepped in, “How old is Roxy?” she asked.

“Ten,” I answered. My mother's dog was ten.

“Yup, the same age as Mia,” she looked at me with an ominous glare.

Mia touched my arm. Her hand was cold and shaky, “Are you scared?”

“No,” I assured her.

One evening in the summer of 2009, my sister-in-law made fruit puree drinks for everyone. My mother asked me how much I weigh. I never concerned myself with how much I weigh. She insisted I get on the scales. I did. My sister-in-law told me that Mia was sleeping with me that night. This was strange. She rarely allowed Mia to come upstairs, and never alone.

It was extremely hot that night. I could hardly focus on the thermostat. I felt strange. When I came into the bedroom Mia was already asleep. Mia usually stayed up until the early hours of the morning. On the rare occasion she was allowed to sleep upstairs she stayed up talking even after I fell asleep. I opened the window, but put a safety-lock on it so that it could only be opened part way and went to bed.

Once in bed, I heard voices calling my name. There were people in black hoods at my window. They asked me to open the window. As I went to undo the safety lock it occurred to me that I probably shouldn't open the window for strangers.

I stood up and said, “No.” The man asked me to give him a hand. As he took the screen off the window, I went back to bed. Whatever had been put in the fruit puree made me oblivious to threat.

The next morning Mia pointed at me.

“What is that mark on your arm?” she asked.

There appeared to be a needle mark with slight bruising on the inside of my elbow. It looked like a mark left by an IV.

“I don't know,” I said. She suggested it must be a spider bite, then got up and went downstairs.

When I came home from work the next day, the neighbors across the street asked me who the people in black hoods were at my window the night before. I didn't know, but

the question triggered the memory of people in black hoods at my window. I told my mother about their questions. My mother told me a few days later that the neighbors had moved. They thought the house they lived in was haunted.

In time I remembered that I woke to my mother, who is a nurse, giving me an IV. I said something about how glad I was that she was giving the IV because she was so skilled then I passed out. It hadn't occurred to me to wonder why she was giving me an IV in the middle of the night.

Then I remembered telling my brother his penis had grown since I saw it last. The last time I had seen it he was three years old. I tried to remember when I had seen his penis as a man. I remembered my brother at the foot of my bed naked. My nightgown had been hiked up and I was not wearing my underwear. I had realized this in embarrassment and tried to pull my nightgown down. I was told not to from a voice behind me. When I tried to turn to see who was speaking I passed out.

I remember my Buddhist Master asking me why I wouldn't let her son in through the window. I asked her what he was doing at my window. She wouldn't answer. I was sitting in the passenger seat of a car, but the memory is out of context. I had cut off all relations with her. When this conversation took place, I don't know.

A month or so later my sister-in-law asked me if I thought I might be pregnant. My answer was, "Absolutely not." I had not been in a relationship with a man in nearly ten years.

"I think you are," she insisted. She knew better than I do what it felt like to be pregnant.

"What you know about being pregnant is not relevant. I don't play with sperm," I reminded her.

"It would be a miracle, wouldn't it?" she smiled.

"Ah, yeah, it sure would," I was beginning to understand her line of thought and I didn't like it. I was glad I hadn't told her that my tubes had been tied.

"You might be a daughter of the Morning Star," she announced as if I had just been given a great honor.

"Why would you say that?"

"You know the Morning Star is Satan," she informed me.

"And why would you call me a daughter of the Morning Star?"

My mother walked in and turned to leave again with an agitated tone, saying, "I can't do this."

Then Mia came into the room, "Why can't you be pregnant?" she asked.

"Because, for a woman to get pregnant, a man's sperm and a woman's egg have to come together to make a baby. I have not been with a man."

"Could I be pregnant?" she sounded worried.

"No, you are too young. A woman has to have her period before she can get pregnant." My answer didn't assume she had never been violated by a man.

“Could Kari be pregnant? She started her period.” Kari was Mia’s twelve-year-old cousin.

“I don’t know.” I was not going to assume anything.

Whatever they did to me that night, they did it in front of Mia. Not only did Mia stop dancing around talking about how, with my Kung Fu, I could fight off the bad guys, but now she would be doing what she was told in order to protect me.

My mother asked one evening if I had heard of the old woman who was found tied to a bed in the basement with a plastic sheet beneath her. She had been lying in her own excrement and vomit, and had not been fed for three days. I had not heard about it. But I would read about a similar case in the book *Hell Minus One: My Story of Deliverance From Satanic Ritual Abuse and My Journey to Freedom* by Anne Johnson-Davis. My mother had accused my brother of elder abuse around the time they were attending the secret meetings but she would not tell me what he had done. She said on a few occasions, she was, “in it for the kids.”

In July of 2010, I was camping with my family. After they left, my dog Lilly was extremely sick. Again my mother had been saying she was worried about what might happen to me if Lilly died. Lilly could hardly move and shook in pain. I had to come out of the mountain to get her to the vet. I thought I was going to lose her.

A few weeks after they returned from camping, my nephew, Stephen, who was about three years old at the time, looked lost in thought as he stood in the bathroom.

“There was a dog that died in here. There was blood everywhere,” he said. He would not talk about it anymore. It made him feel sad.

That same summer James asked me, “Do you like the taste of blood?”

“When did you taste blood?” I asked, “Did you lick a cut?”

“No, more blood than that, a whole cup full.”

“Where did you get a cup full of blood?”

“There were a lot of people there,” he started, but his mother stepped in the room.

“Have you ever had tripe?” she asked me.

“No,” I said.

“Do you know what it is?”

“Yes, it’s the intestines of a cow. I’ve seen blood pudding made from pig’s blood too, but I have never seen anyone drink a cup of blood.”

She quickly led James downstairs. “Come on, maybe I’ll have to make blood pudding for you one of these days,” She laughed nervously.

One day my niece asked me to shake her hand. She had a strange expectation that I should respond in a certain way. My brother seemed to be coaching the whole thing and encouraged her to try again. Her handshake was low and her fingers were off, but I did not respond to it. She shrugged her shoulders and they went downstairs. I didn’t know the secret handshake.

One Sunday my mother sat in her chair looking pale and in shock. She said she needed some Tylenol. I assumed she had a headache and went and got her some. She stood to take it and blood ran down her legs beneath her Sunday dress. Stunned I pointed it out to her. My elderly mother had a hysterectomy years ago. She called out in horror and ran to the bathroom. She told me to get my brother. She would not talk about it.

It was the end of November 2010, and I was living in my own place when my mother called. She was very worried and asked me how Lilly was. I assured her Lilly was fine. My mother just didn't know what might happen to me if Lilly were to die. I asked her why she was so concerned.

"I was just worried about you."

Later that evening, Lilly was not fine. She was too weak to move. She kept acting like she needed to throw up, and she shook like she was in pain. I took her into the veterinarian the next morning. The vet gave her pain medication and fluids, but it was unclear why she was so sick.

A few days later, I was invited to dinner. During dinner, Mia asked me about being a vegetarian. Would I kill an animal if I had to, in order to survive? I assured her I would, but only if I had to. The next morning Lilly was sick again. I asked the vet if insulin could be used to harm Lilly. My dog would have gone into a coma and died. I knew this but my family had access to diabetic supplies. The vet suggested she do another test. When the vet came back she said she was concerned.

She said, "I have never seen ketones in a dog that was not diabetic."

My dog was not diabetic.

I moved in with my family again, hoping to come up with some evidence of the ritual abuse I strongly suspected. One morning in the spring of 2011, my sister-in-law made her infamous fruit puree. I politely declined. This was very upsetting to her. The kids were concerned as well and asked me why I wouldn't drink their mother's drink. I simply told them I didn't want any. My sister-in-law got on the phone and began speaking anxiously in German.

The next morning she made her fruit puree again. My mother handed me the drink. "Here, this one is yours," she said as she put it in my hand. I slowly sipped it while they watched. I knew too much. I knew that they had drugged me. Things went downhill rapidly.

My sister-in-law looked at me menacingly a few days later.

"Is the fruit ripe yet? I think it is." I had no idea what she was talking about and said so.

My mother said, "No, I think it is still a little green." I didn't know what they were talking about but it felt like a threat.

I gave my mother the book, *Hell Minus One: My Story of Deliverance From Satanic Ritual Abuse and My Journey to Freedom* by Anne Johnson-Davis. Anne Johnson-Davis received a signed confession from the perpetrators of her ritual abuse: her parents. I was testing the possibility of an open discussion about ritual abuse. The next morning my

mother showed the book to my brother and told him I had given it to her to read. My brother said he knew of an incident in a Mormon Church where there was an altar.

“Imagine a little girl who has been told all her life that Jesus loves little children and is kind and good. In comes a man dressed like Jesus. The man proceeds to violate her in every way imaginable. Can you imagine what this would do to a little girl?”

“In a Mormon Church?” My mother mocked surprise.

That evening my brother and Mia came upstairs to tell me that Mia had seen the real Jesus.

“Really,” I asked, “What did he look like?”

“Just like you see in the pictures,” she said, “and he was real. You could touch him.”

“Did he have holes in his hands? You know Jesus was crucified. Did he have holes in his hands and feet where he had been nailed to the cross?” She looked confused and thoughtful.

My brother led her downstairs, “Pretty amazing, huh?”

My brother asked me a few days later what might happen if I were to leave a door open and a light on at work. He let me know he was pretty handy with a lock. The discussion turned to what might happen if Lilly were to die and how my mother had been granted guardianship over my younger sister, who had her worst mental break, when her dog died.

The next day at work, I locked up my post as usual but when I returned to work the following morning the door had been left open and the lights were on. I made a conscious note of locking up that evening. When I returned to work the next day the supervisor came to tell me I had left the door open and the lights on.

I called my supervisor, “If someone were to call the main office and ask if I work there, what would they tell them?”

I knew I had to get out. My family’s plan was not to kill me. They would arrange to have me fired, then they would kill my dog, and I would end up in the psych ward. If I did not have a break from the stress, they would arrange it with drugs. I would be drooling out of the side of my mouth in my mother’s custody. Stephen had been telling me I was supposed to be lying in my bed so that I could have a baby. My credibility was a threat to them, not my life.

Comments were made on a continual basis that were creepy and informative, but always in the form of metaphors. Metaphors are slippery. We all know what they mean but would a threat made by metaphor hold up in court? It was made clear that people will do unimaginable things they might otherwise not do when they are addicted to drugs and in need of their fix. My sister-in-law’s brother was in prison for arson. My sister-in-law added that he had tried to kill the man in side by burning down his house. Her brother was addicted to pain killers.

How would it be to know something as huge as what Marco Polo knew and no one would believe you?

We watched *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. When the older brother tried to scare his younger brother by telling him there were Satan worshipers in the woods Mia and the boys all jumped up and chimed in on cue, "Liars!" Then they danced around and gave my brother high fives.

My brother announced that he had tried "shrooms" when he was younger. They accentuate euphoria, but he wondered if I knew they could accentuate your worst nightmare as well.

My brother asked the day before I left home if my fingers felt like hammers. He placed a hammer on the table. My fingers did feel as though they were heavy and moving in slow motion. I was concerned. I recognized this as programming discussed by Dr. Hammond in his report now called *The Greenbaum Report*. My family would tell everyone I am psychotic if I say anything about their involvement in a cult. Clients in Dr. Hammond's report described the sensation that their fingers were hammers. The programming involved using LSD and was intended to make the subject appear to be psychotic. The objective is to discredit their experience.³

I planned to leave on July 3, 2011. It was a Sunday and I hoped I could get out while my family was at church.

On that Sunday morning, Stephen held Lilly, "I don't want mommy to make Lilly dead," he said. He had said this a year ago but his speech had been unclear. I had asked him to repeat it but could not believe this was what he said. This time his speech was clear.

"Who is going to make Lilly dead?" I asked.

"Mommy."

"Who is telling you this?"

"Mommy," he said again.

"How is your mommy going to make Lilly dead?" I asked.

"There might be a big fire," he said. I was surprised. I would have thought poisoning.

"Don't you worry," I assured him. "I'll take good care of Lilly."

My mother said she was going to stay home from church, she wasn't feeling well. I told her I was going to go help my sister move. This agitated her, and she began to ask where my sister was moving. I told her I didn't know. My mother hadn't spoken to my sister in years. I quietly packed as much as I could in a laundry bag, took my dog, and headed out the front door just as my brother and his family was pulling up. I waited until they came in through the garage and I went out the front. I felt a little safer with each block I put between me and them.

Message in a Bottle

Paganism is the native religion of the people of any given country or tradition which incorporates a pantheon of deities. I had a friend from the Euro-Pagan tradition who referred to herself as Pagan-eclectic. She began training me in the development of psychic techniques in the early 90's. The term occult has become associated with paganism, demonized and associated with Satanism. Occult is a belief in the ability to interact with the spirit realm. My Pagan mentor taught me to do what she called receiving a message in a bottle. Sometimes she would feel the need for a message and randomly open a book and there would be a message for her. There were a few books she especially liked to use for this.

The February before I had to run from my family and go into hiding I sat considering my family's involvement. I had a bag of candy hearts. I decided I would pull a "message in a bottle."

The candy heart I pulled read, "Save Me."

I was stunned. I had been taking this message in a bottle thing lightly. What could you really expect from a bag of candy hearts? I had never even seen a candy heart with the words "Save Me." This would be the only candy heart like it in the bag.

A crow came and cawed, and landed in front of the window to watch me. I remembered the teachings of Don Juan. A crow is an omen. A wave of denial hit me. It must be coincidence, I assured myself. I pulled the next candy heart from the bag. It read, "I'm Yours."

A second crow flew in to join the first. I couldn't hold back the tears. I did live to regret a decision I made so many years ago.

I stepped out the door and shouted at the crows, "How?" Another crow came to join the first two.

I sat to consider my family's circumstances. *And what about the children who have no one concerned enough to pull a candy heart for them?* I thought. I pulled a third candy heart. I looked up to see four crows cawing at me. These two candy hearts were pulled as a message from Mia to me, but they are also a cry from every child living in the hellish clutches of the ignorant. The third candy heart I pulled read, "Be Mine."

Notes

Chapter 1: Then They Came For Me

1. Hammond, 1992, June 25.
2. The Gospel of Philip (see Barnstone (Ed.), 1984, pp.90-92.)
3. Hammond, 1992, June 25.