

Babble On  
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Smashwords Edition

**Babble On**

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... The Ancient Knowledge is Revealed

by Grace Gardener

**This is a work of fiction. Any similarity to  
any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.**

Dedication:

Dedicated to my daughters, whose strength and intimate knowledge of good and evil will be a strong moral compass to guide us on an honorable path through the third millennium.

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## **Introduction**

I, Lennie Nicholson, had been the unwitting slave-prisoner of a Satanic Church for most of my life. My ex-husband, Lloyd Nicholson, was the prince and Deeta Renman was the princess. I first learned about this aspect of my marriage and my life during a totally bizarre, repulsive, five-hour conversation with Deeta – the self-proclaimed Whore of Babylon - one summer day in 2003 when I was fifty-one. I knew, as she spoke, I had fallen into an abyss of insanity I had no idea existed. I thought, if what she said were true, my life had never been my own. I had been a participant in my seemingly normal life without living it; because I had been routinely mind controlled by Deeta and Lloyd during their church's monthly rituals.

I dismissed every assertion in the conversation as the ravings of a sociopath. I have since reconsidered.

One of the many church secrets Deeta divulged was that Satanic Churches have a united purpose to end the world as we know it by December of this year, 2012.

She told me everyone I've ever met, known or loved has been murdered or brainwashed into hating me.

Deeta told me of over a hundred people their church "sacrificed" over the past fifty years. She told me deaths, which I had thought were of natural causes, were really murders, and I was the murderer.

She further accused me of being the one in their legends capable of taking them down and thus changing the course of the new millennium.

If Satanists believe I can chart the outcome of Armageddon to a better, greener, more peaceful world – who am I to argue?

### **The Apocalypse**

Apocalypse is a Greek word that means 'the revelation of ancient knowledge or truths.'

This book answers various, diverse questions about Armageddon, organized religion, the meaning of life, and the nature of God and humans.

Deeta Renman had been the princess of an intergenerational Satanic church, and she spent sixty years of her life learning the ancient knowledge through oral tradition. She said she thought she may be the only person in the world who knew as many secrets, since most of what she knew wasn't written down anywhere. She told me that she accumulated the knowledge over the years, because many elders of her church entrusted to her the secrets that they knew, because they believed Deeta to be the most evil, bloodthirsty witch-princess who has ever lived. They were certain that Deeta was the Whore of Babylon, and therefore it was important that she know certain truths that were only entrusted to the most vile Satanists, and even then, only on a need to know basis.

Deeta divulged these little-known, closely-guarded secrets to me during a five-hour telephone conversation.

A blueprint for destroying the world is contained in the Satanic Book of Revelation. Satan worshippers have stockpiled the Weapons of Mass Destruction, for their own personal use. Our Armed forces were sent to find the WMDs, in the middle east, but they had been moved to the tiny African Nation of Djibouti. Some are possibly in Yemen and Somalia.

Satanists plan to rule what's left of the Earth in 2013.

I survived to bring you the ancient knowledge.

### **About Me**

If what Deeta says is true, and I've been ritualistically sacrificed more than once; it must also be true that God has kept me alive to tell this story.

According to Deeta I'm still considered an enemy of the Satanic churches. It had been determined, nearly fifty-five years ago, that I was the one in their legends who would change the course of Armageddon: so I had to be destroyed, because I would change the Satanic Churches' way of life. For that reason, Deeta set on a campaign to discredit me. She, and her church, abducted and killed or brainwashed everyone in my family, and everyone I know and love, to believe I'm someone I'm not.

I've been to Heaven. I've met Christ. I talk to God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit (the Lady) regularly. I always feel the strong presence of the army of Angels that surround me. Throughout this book I refer to them as "my peeps," (pronounced peeps) meaning, my people. They guide and protect me. I'll be happy to get back home to Heaven.

## **My Marriage**

I was controlled with drugs, torture, electrocution, suffocation and hypnotism most of my life. I was brainwashed into marrying the prince of a Satanic cult and mind controlled into staying married to him for twenty two years.

Each time I questioned the status quo or asked for a divorce, or I started to figure things out, which Deeta said happened “all the time,” I was brought in for a “tune up.” Most of the time I was so sick and out of it, it was an enormous struggle just to get through the day.

I believe, now, I had spent the vast majority of my life and marriage to Lloyd in a waking coma. I didn't remember the hideous torture or the various murder attempts until very recently.

For the most part, our marriage appeared normal to our neighbors, to anyone who met us, and to me, too - I was allowed to remember the normal stuff. I was mind controlled into trusting Lloyd and forgetting all the horrible things he continuously did to me, and to my children.

Over the twenty-two years of my marriage I felt my friends and family fall away. I discovered, during the conversation, my loved ones had been systematically brainwashed into hating me. Those who refused to hate me were killed. Deeta claims to have gotten all of north Jersey to hate me. She said that when I try to destroy her way of life, all of northern New Jersey will rise up against me, and then the rest of the country will follow. We'll see.

It was two years after my conversation with Deeta, and after sessions with two psychologists, before I accepted her explanation of what happened to me as a possibility. Psychologists know Satanic cults exist and they know how mind control works and just how powerful it is.

## **My Children**

My oldest daughter is by my first husband, Dave. Her name is Mariah. Lloyd and Deeta began torturing and raping her at one month of age, three years before I first remember meeting Lloyd.

Deeta told me that my middle daughter, Allison, born eleven months after I married Lloyd, was not slated to be a cult member. That didn't stop them from using her in rape and torture rituals.

My youngest daughter, Brooklyn, was bred in a rape ceremony nine months prior to April Fool's Day. Deeta was frustrated that my soul became so bright and filled with Angels that none of the onlookers were able to witness the rape.

I learned the repulsive truth that future princes and princesses are tortured and raped more often and with more force than other cult babies. Brooklyn was bred to be the princess of the Satanic church, but her soul was powerful and bright white, even as an infant: and so, instead of choosing another prospective princess, Deeta and Lloyd took it as a challenge and decided to torture her more than any other human being in the history of their church. During the conversation Deeta detailed some of Brooklyn's heinous torture; sometimes she was tortured to death. I could feel my mind and body crumble as I listened. I didn't believe her while we were on the phone: but, I believe her now.

Brooklyn has had the most horrifying life imaginable. The cult never could get her soul to turn black, so another princess was eventually chosen; and Brooklyn was brainwashed, through even more torture and electrocution, to kill me and then herself.

My daughter, Brooklyn, was recently hit by a car going forty-five miles per hour. Brooklyn was crossing the street late at night on Friday March 30, 2012. Lloyd's heart is so

black that killing his daughter for April Fool's Day is his idea of a good time, and it's Deeta's way of telling me they will always try to kill Brooklyn, since they promised her soul to the Black. The driver who hit Brooklyn had no insurance: the drivers hired to kill with vehicles never have insurance. It's doubtful his driver's license was legitimate. They use many different names. The driver stopped to examine his handywork only to find Brooklyn still alive, so he began yelling at her to traumatize her a second time. He wasn't charged with any crime, so any police officers on the scene were cult members.

I'm so proud of Brooklyn. She is a wonderful human being even though her life has been nothing but a string of bad luck perpetuated by her father and this north New Jersey cult. She's had so much horrendous bull-shit happen in her lifetime. She stays in the area through mind control. My warnings only anger her. Allison helps Brooklyn when these things happen. If Lloyd's cult tries to hurt her again, everyone will know who did it.

Brooklyn's yearly near death events, highlight and heighten the need for publishing this book. My girls know I can write, they know I have a lot to say, they know I frequently talk to God, and they know I'll publish something. Lloyd and Deeta, and now the new princess and prince Rayshell and Rick, have hurt Brooklyn, Allison, and Mariah and their friends and loved ones long enough. I'm so sorry for the thorny, rough road they've been through. Here's hoping this exposé will end it.

My three girls survived many murder attempts to be the hope of this millennium.

### **My Health**

As impossible as it sounds, I didn't know any of this was happening to me because I fell asleep in my bed and woke up in my bed. I was abducted while in a drugged sleep. All I knew was I was unhappy, I very occasionally had unexplained bruises and other marks on my body, I'd wake up feeling like I'd been hit by a truck, and my health was quickly deteriorating. My symptoms included migraines, blurred vision with intermittent blindness, chronic diarrhea, right-sided weakness, severe pain and muscle weakness, diminished cognitive skills, an inability to remember nouns, uneven gait, numbness in my limbs, and serious back problems. Drinking from a glass and holding a fork had become difficult because tremors in my hands were so severe I could no longer play guitar or draw, and my writing was illegible. I was essentially bedridden. For lack of any other medical cause, I was finally diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis in 1996.

I never would have dreamed the cause of those symptoms was my marriage to a Satanic prince. Never. For the first fifty-one years of my life I believed people were essentially good and I had never believed in Hell or the Devil. I've always just looked for the good in people.

### **If all you look for is the good, all you will see is good!**

Memories of things that happened to me years and years ago have recently surfaced. It is my own memories and things Lloyd and other cult members told me over the years that corroborate Deeta's assertion in this book.

The internet is a wonderful source of articles containing corroborating evidence. I used information in only one internet article while writing this conversation. I used the internet to double fact-check what Deeta claimed was possible.

In an effort to deal with these horrific memories I've spoken with psychologists. Four psychologists have assured me that while what I say is crazy - how I say it is not. They've each

assured me it's the people who do the things alleged in this book who are psychotic; but I am sane.

Several doctors have confirmed my ongoing physical injuries are consistent with my claims of torture. I still endure sharp continuous pain in my back.

### **My Aura**

Satanic cults perform a ceremony to see a person's soul. That ritual revealed a pillar of brilliant, white light emanating from me. It encircled my body and extended from floor to ceiling. Cult members routinely went outside to see if the light went into the sky. The light was so bright that the candles normally used during these soul ceremonies weren't necessary because with no lights on at all, the basement at midnight glowed brighter than a Hollywood movie set. Many cult members were unwilling to look at my light for fear of being blinded. The light pillar was brimming with floating, beautiful, silver and gold leafy flecks resembling Angels, and it frightened Deeta and the elders of the cult because all of this meant I was the one in their legends. According to their legend, the leafy flecks are an army of Angels and the person with the great light is a threat to Satan and to the survival of the Satanic religion as a whole and has to be killed according to cult rules.

### **Satanic Church**

Deeta and Lloyd's Satanic Church operated in northern New Jersey. It's a church that worships, Satan, the son of the god of the Earth. It has a bible, and a loose moral code, which is rarely followed. Murder, rape and torture are encouraged – as long as there's a reason, and the reason can be fabricated. I refer to it as a cult throughout the book since the members worship something other than God.

They refer to their higher power as the Black.

Since it's an ancient religion, dating back to Cain and Abel times, there are many denominations or factions of Satanic churches; more so than the more recently founded Christian and Muslim religions.

There are Satanic factions of the Muslim religion. Unlike other Satanic churches, they operate above ground and recruit openly. The Taliban, and other Satanic religious groups, rape and torture children to crush their spirits and gain followers. The news media would like us to believe ALL Muslims are evil. This is simply not true! The mutual distrust the news media propagates becomes a reason, though, to abandon any idea of Muslims and non-Muslims working together.

The Catholic Church has underground factions that are Satanic some of which were popularized by the book the 'DiVinci Code.'

Incredible as this all sounds, many members of Satanic churches don't realize they're worshipping the Devil.

Satanists hide in plain sight. By day they look and sound ordinary and boring.

I opt to capitalize Satanic, as you would Catholic, because it should be grammatically correct, and to do otherwise would negate their significance.

### **Armageddon**

Deeta's bizarre contention is that the Book of Revelation, which is also in the Catholic and Christian Bibles as the posthumous word of Christ, was originally written as a directive from Beelzebub on how Satanists should bring about the end of the world. Deeta boasted, the terrible

things happening right now are caused by people hell bent on ending the world by December 21, 2012. There are enough of these diabolical humans to make Satan's plan doable; and then blame the resulting hardship on God, their nemesis.

Satan, or the Black, is victorious in their version of the Book of Revelation.

Satanists claim to be one-third of the world's population. Deeta said Satanists often use the one-third analogy, as in the Book of Revelation, they claim one-third of the Angels followed Beelzebub out of Heaven when only a handful actually did. I know scores of people who are Satanists and I've met many more since this conversation. Having worked with statistics, I estimate the Satanic Religions comprise two percent of the population: a more accurate number of followers would be one hundred forty million.

That may not sound like a lot, but realize one hundred forty million people strategically placed, many in powerful positions: advisors to the President, advisors to News programs, owners of TV and Radio Stations, heads of the World Bank, Generals and Colonels in the world's Armed Forces, the holders of electronic information stored on "clouds," makers of GPS tracking, and so forth, can wreak real havoc on the people of the Earth.

There are hundreds of Satanists who will come forward to attest the validity of her assertions of murder, rape, torture and planning for Armageddon.

### **Opposing Armageddon**

Deeta said "good" people won't try to stop the Satanic church, since they believe what's happening is the will of God. Satanists wrote the Christian version of the Book of Revelation to say Armageddon is God's work and Christians have to believe the Bible as the unquestionable word of God, and if anyone says otherwise he should be exposed as a blasphemer. Consequently, Satanists expect Christians to roll over and play dead while they take over the world.

In an effort to discredit me, I will be called a blasphemer by Satanists pretending to be Christian, and by Catholics and Christians. On the flip side - I expect Satanists, from around the world, will step forward to proclaim I'm telling the truth.

If all the non-Satanic religions and those who believe in treating others with kindness and respect cooperated, we would be an unbeatable, infinitely powerful force!

If Christians, Muslims and Jews were to work together we would be a mighty force.

Even if all the Christian religions got together, imagine the good we could accomplish!

Because of Free Will, God doesn't just reach down and fix everything. Making the world turn in a righteous direction is something we have to want to achieve. Once we combine the world's righteous organized religions with good people who have Heaven as their goal, we can enlist the help of whatever name you have for the Creator and the Angels, and things will turn around. The new day of a clean, lush, green, peaceful Earth with an abundance of clean water and food is coming very soon.

### **How the Satanism Hides in Plain Sight**

Her claim, "We own the **Police Department**, the **Fire Department**, the **high Sherriff**, and some other members of the **Sherriff's Department**, some **Town Council** members, **School Board** members, some **Mayors**, some **Lawyers** and **Judges**, and the **DA's Offices** in our counties."

I believe that claim because I ran into members of the Police Department, two members of the Doris County DA's office, a rape crisis advocate, and a lawyer, who all stopped me from getting Lloyd arrested, saying, "It's not against the law for a husband to rape his wife."

The Fire Department Chief refused to make a report when our carbon monoxide alarm went off, because Lloyd left the hopper door open on our coal stove. By law I was supposed to report the alarm going off, and he was supposed to make a report. He said, "You don't really believe your husband is trying to kill you?" And added, "It's too much paperwork."

Deeta recalled the Fire Chief incident, and added, "That's how it works. Like magic. It's the Black watching over us."

It's the strategic placement of cult members in society that protects and hides them. As in the case of Daniel Moran in Bacon, Texas; he was operating, for years, as the Devil personified. That Bacon cult operated exactly the same way this New Jersey cult operates. They had breeder women, and they tortured and raped their children. They used drugs and torture to keep their followers in line. The only difference was the cult in Bacon, Texas was contained on a compound; and the cult in New Jersey is scattered through homes in Doris County, NJ, and the surrounding area. The New Jersey cult had to have more people in law enforcement and government jobs, because of the size of the area being protected.

The Bacon cult was shielded by Bacon officials, in the cult, living on and off the compound. When anything got out of hand, or they were investigated, members of the cult would cover for them, and give Moran a heads-up. They both had the same setup - lawyers, police officers, drug and law enforcement officials, and school officials, all in place to cover up whatever needed to be covered up. The one thing they didn't think of, was to get someone into the Department of Tobacco and Firearms.

### **This Book – Babble On**

The observations I had after the conversation are set apart in italics. Thoughts I had during the conversation aren't.

I'm risking my own life by bringing the world this ancient knowledge. It was an arduous task just sitting through this horrific, ghoulish exchange, as Deeta exposed her knowledge. The next part of the chore was to retain the knowledge and make some sense of it. Then I had the hideous, gut-wrenching mission of writing it all down, and last I had to find a way to bring it to the world without being stopped by those who don't want this information to get out.

Spiritual leaders of today, like the Dalai Lama, Deepak Chopra, Oprah Winfrey and even Gary Zukav, have the same message as this book. They're all tapping into the same Creator's energy. The two things to be learned from this book and from several present day Gnostics are:

**The key to happiness on Earth is infinite altruism.**

**It is essential that the good, ethical people and religions of the world begin to cooperate and work with each other - Team Righteous!**

It has already begun with Occupy Wall Street. People are coming together cemented by a righteous cause.

Writing this has been emotionally excruciating; but I continue because I'm certain this is something God has asked me to do.

**We can't fight evil if we see no evil!**

Knowledge of good and evil is crucial because without it - evil is poised to win.

## Preface - My Childhood

When I was small enough, that grownups had to squat down to get to my eye level, they would ask me questions about their lives, ask for advice, or to solve a problem. I was always taken seriously. The questions were easily answered, the advice was simple, and the problems were always surmountable. I had some idea this was strange because of my mother's reaction and because my sisters, who were older than me, were never asked.

My mother didn't want me, she told me I reminded her of her "sin." I was the product of a short-lived affair. She says she suffocated me in my crib on a few different occasions, only to have me wake up in the morning as though nothing had happened. She neglected to feed me for the first few months of my life. I lived through it because my three-year-old sister used to climb up on the kitchen counter to get a bottle, then, still on the counter; she opened the refrigerator to get milk, filled the bottle with milk, climbed down and fed it to me. (I still have a sensitive stomach.)

The pediatrician was about to put me in the hospital because I was still six and a half pounds at three months of age. My mother told him she would start to feed me, and she did. In my weakened condition I developed pneumonia: the pediatrician found out about it only because he came to the house to take care of one of my sisters. He told my mother to put me in the hospital but she refused, hoping I would die. As she told me this, years later, she began fuming because I didn't die.

When I was four months old my family took a taxi through Times Square: my mother opened the taxi door, and set me out on the street. The man in the car behind us had seen what she did and he stopped, picked me up and brought me back to her. Even though the story has been recounted to me I swear I can remember it.

I remember as a toddler, my mother once held a bobby pin in my hand and tried to get me to put it into the electrical outlet. She remembered she would be electrocuted as well, and when she tried to put on a rubber glove, I broke free and ran to my room and locked the door.

As I learned to walk my mother would literally send me into the street to play in traffic.

Each failed murder attempt infuriated her and became yet another reason to beat me. She believed that every breath I took, I took just to make her angry.

My mother never had a nice thing to say about me. I grew up hearing I was ugly and stupid. She beat me regularly, telling me I was bad.

When I was very young, while being berated and beaten, I heard a woman's voice telling me not to believe my mother. I heard her again when I was about five and again at age twelve.

This angel woman, the Lady, saved my physical life many times and she saved my emotional life by telling me my mother was wrong to say I was bad. I've gotten advice from Angels as long as I remember. It's always been Angels and God who has given me advice to give others.

Growing up I wasn't allowed to play with my two sisters, Tricia who was a year and a half older, and Karen who was three years older than me.

I used to play with Nellie Johnston and occasionally with her little brother, Stevie. Nellie's mother worked and was out of the house for long periods of time and they had no babysitter. I think, for some fee, my mother agreed to keep an eye on Nellie but she never kept

much of an eye on me, consequently Nellie and I were back and forth between houses and roamed our Nutley, New Jersey neighborhood all day.

One day, a red-haired woman appeared in Nellie's living room. I was in the kitchen; she came in after me and asked,

"Nellie is that you?"

I said no and called Nellie into the kitchen.

"Oh Nellie, it's so good to see you. It's been such a long time you probably don't remember your old Auntie."

With that she snatched Nellie up and danced around the kitchen with her. "Oh, I haven't seen you in so long; it's so good to see you."

Nellie had the good sense to ask the woman how she got in the house. She lied and said I had let her in. I told Nellie I hadn't. The red-haired woman complained, saying, "Why spoil such a beautiful moment with who let who in?" And she danced and laughed and whirled Nellie around.

I didn't know who Nellie's aunts and uncles were. I didn't know it was wrong for preschool children to be alone in a house. Evidently, Nellie had some rules she was supposed to follow; she was probably not allowed to let anyone in.

"Oh look at you, you're so dirty, I'm supposed to clean you up." She said merrily. "Your mother wants me to wash your hair."

Now, it wasn't completely unusual for Nellie to have a bath at my house, and occasionally my mother would wash her hair. My mother referred to Nellie as a street urchin and assumed her mother must be too tired to bathe her after a day's work, so I didn't think much was odd about that statement.

The red-haired woman laid Nellie out on the kitchen counter and put her head in the sink and began washing her hair.

Nellie screamed and said it hurt. I walked over to the sink and there was red water pouring down the drain. I asked the red-haired woman what that was, and she replied it was magic shampoo that turns red.

She told me to, "Go home now," because she wanted to spend some time with Nellie.

I went home and told my mother but she had already started drinking and, though I tugged at her hand, she swatted me away and never bothered to go next door to investigate.

I returned to Nellie's some time later to find Mrs. Johnston at her bedside weeping. I asked her who was in the bed. She said it was Nellie. It didn't look like Nellie. Her hair still looked wet and it was spread out like a crown over the pillow. Her face was a blue-black color. I asked what was wrong and her mother told me she was dead. I'm not sure I knew what that meant. I didn't know what else to do so I reached out and rubbed Nellie's arm and shoulder; her mother started to stop me. Within seconds, Nellie opened her eyes, turned her head slightly toward me and gasped, "Hi." She blinked a few times, her mother swooned. Nellie asked, "Do you want to go outside?"

Her mother cried for me to keep her down and then ordered Nellie, "Don't get up."

"No, no," I answered, holding one hand on each of her shoulders, "We'll go out and play another time, it's getting late and you were dead."

"No, don't tell her that! Don't let her get up. I'm calling the doctor."

Nellie's hair wasn't wet, it was caked with blood. The woman posing as Nellie's aunt had scratched her head with her sharp nails and held her over the sink until she had bled to death.

Later I gave a description of the red-haired woman to the police.

Mrs. Johnston must have told some people what had happened with Nellie, because after that, people started coming around, asking me to touch them or to give them advice. I didn't suppose anything that had happened was unusual, so I never put two and two together that anyone thought I had anything at all to do with Nellie's miraculous recovery.

Another near death encounter happened some months later. My mother came into our house and asked me if I knew what happened to Stevie. She began questioning me, saying our neighbor's tree had fallen on him. I told her I had no idea. When she said it was the big tree on the corner, I was out the door in a flash. There were people standing around the massive tree that was being cleared away. Someone in the crowd said the men clearing the branches had discovered Stevie's body. I worked my way through their legs. People asked each other who the dead boy was.

"Stevie Johnston," I told them.

A wife asked her husband, "Is that an ID?"

A woman asked if his parents knew. I pointed to their house.

I knelt by Stevie, put my hand on his shoulder and nudged him. "Stevie," I whispered.

"Stop," a few people in the crowd said, "Don't move him."

"Oh, she's too little, she couldn't move him if she tried."

Someone else said, "What does it matter – he's dead."

I disliked hearing that, so I nudged him again, "Stevie, it's me. It's Lennie. Wake up."

"Oh Honey, he can't wake up," a woman moaned.

A heavy older man took a step toward me with the idea to take me away from Stevie,

"Sweetheart, he can't hear you."

I didn't believe him. I knew it was disrespectful but I didn't look up at him. I just kept my hand planted on Stevie's shoulder. Stevie's body moved, like it was a flat bicycle tire being inflated.

The ambulance arrived.

Stevie wheezed, "Lennie?" He smiled.

There were gasps and exclamations in the crowd. I heard things like, "Oh my God," and "He's alive?"

"Where am I?" Stevie could hear the crowd.

"Open your eyes," I told him. He did.

There were more gasps and some screams.

"You're in Jimmie's yard. They thought you were dead. That's why everybody's acting so weird; but you're not dead." I had some trepidation after what happened to Nellie, "Are you?"

"Oh, is that what it was?" Stevie answered. "I was someplace else and you came to bring me here."

"Alright, alright get away from him. Let us do our job. Get back. Everybody get back, now." The ambulance men placed a stretcher right next to Stevie; they grabbed his shoulders and legs, plucked him out of the ground, and got him onto the stretcher.

Stevie's mother arrived from work, and saw Stevie was alive. She found me standing in the crowd, fell to her knees in front of me, held my arms and said,

"I thank God for you: you've done it again. God sent you to me to be our guardian angel." She hugged me and said, "I've got to go with Stevie now."

"He'll be alright," I called after her, "He's gonna be fine." I knew it.

She breathed a sigh of relief; "Thank you-thank you," she said as she put her hands on her heart in gratitude: tears flowed into her smile as she bent over to climb in the ambulance.

It was God, not me, who had brought them back to life.

This time there was a whole crowd of people, not just Mrs. Johnston, who saw her dead child come back to life. This time many, many people were talking about what had happened.

People started coming around to see me, people I didn't even know. Some wanted advice, many wanted to touch me, pregnant women wanted me to touch their bellies, many wanted me to touch them in hopes of being cured, and some women wanted me to bless their children. I touched them, if that's what they wanted. I told them to ask God and He would bless them or their children. I was always puzzled when people were surprised it was that easy.

"I can?" They'd say, or, "He will?"

"Of course you can," or, "Of course He will," I'd answer.

More people started showing up after the first round of seekers claimed I cured them or gave sage advice. And then there were some who came around wondering how I did what I did.

Some of them wondered if I used a magic spell or charm or if trickery was involved. Some of them stayed out front of our home and waited outside until I came out; and some came and knocked on the door. At first my mother was only annoyed, but as time went on and we were interrupted more frequently she became frustrated and angry. She said, she felt like it was Halloween every day with trick-or-treaters coming to the door every five minutes. I didn't feel it was nearly as bad or intrusive as she did.

I remember one day Stevie, Nellie and I sat on a bench on the side of the Johnston's house. Even though we weren't allowed to, we began talking about what had happened to Stevie. She must have heard us through the kitchen window because Mrs. Johnston came out of the house and scolded us for talking about it.

"It's just too strange," she said, "Something like that isn't supposed to happen."

There were some people who just thought the three of us were freaks: Nellie and Stevie for dying and coming back to life, and me for being the one who touched them as they did. Some people stared and pointed; but for the most part, people were very appreciative and kind. Most people were complementary.

On another day Nellie and I were sitting on the same bench and a short round woman and her large child walked right into the Johnston's side yard and came up to us. Even though she looked about 5'6" and 180 pounds, I thought the child must be about twelve years old and I couldn't exactly tell, but I thought she was probably a girl. She was considerably larger than the short round woman, who I thought must be her mother.

The round woman wanted to know which of us was Lennie.

"What did you use to bring the boy back to life? Do you have some kind of charm or a mojo or brew that you use?" The short round woman asked angrily.

I looked at the large, frightened child. I suspected she was afraid of her mother so I didn't want to tell this woman anything.

"No," I said.

"Well, how did you do it then? Some kind of incantation?" She grew angrier.

"No," I said.

"Come on now. Come on, tell me. Tell me what you did. I won't hurt you."

I looked at the child for some indication that this woman was not as awful and frightening as I suspected. The child still appeared scared so I hesitated to say anything at all.

At last the large child spoke, "It's all right, you can tell her."

"I just told him I was there. I told him to open his eyes."

"You touched him, too, didn't you? Tell me! Tell me what you did," the mother insisted.

"This is private property," Mrs. Johnston appeared in the doorway, "You're trespassing here."

"But, I just wanted to ask the girl some questions."

"Well, you can't. If you don't leave, I'll call the police." Mrs. Johnston sounded like she'd do it, too.

"No need. We're leaving." Then she turned and pointed to me, "I'm going to keep my eye on you," then pointed to her eye.

The detestable duo left.

Very, very few people who visited me were as insufferable as those two.

Many people claimed I healed them.

People continued to come around as news of my "powers" spread.

Over the next few years, it had become my father's job to answer the doorbell when it rang at dinnertime, and he would send them away. The doorbell rang during dinner one evening, my father got up to send the visitors away, and as he did my mother jumped up from the table, slammed her fork down and cried, "I can't take this anymore! We have to move." And so we did; and the stream of people ended.

We moved to Upper Montclair, New Jersey when I started fourth grade.

### **My Life As An Illusion**

I was told, years and years later, that there was another part to this story.

One summer afternoon in 2003, when I was fifty-one years old, a woman named Deeta Renman called to tell me my life had been an illusion. I'd known Deeta since 1975 and, for the first time, she told me there were scores of events in my life that had an additional significance.

She told me, the short round woman of that detestable duo was named Dot and that she had been the princess of a Satanic church, and her daughter, the large child, was Deeta. The incident had been a pivotal point in her life, as she was a top contender for the role of princess when she turned twenty-three.

Some cult members felt surely Deeta should be the next princess since I had answered Dot only after Deeta spoke up. All I had wanted was some kind of assurance that the woman I was answering wasn't totally evil; I had wanted her daughter to give me some indication that her mother could be trusted. Deeta exhibited no kind of superpower. She was afraid of her mother and I knew it. I should have trusted my intuition and my angels, and I shouldn't have answered.

Deeta was crowned the new princess when she turned twenty three.

The other thing their visit with me did was cement the idea that I should be killed before I got too powerful; and, in the meantime, I should be watched. Deeta and Dot felt sure I was the one in their legends so a few of the Satanic churches in the area got together to decide what to do about me. It was determined I should be destroyed.

For instance, when I was seven I went to the hospital to get my tonsils out: my surgeon didn't remove them but shredded my throat with the scalpel in hopes that it would heal as one lump of hamburger that would block my breathing and swallowing ability, and I would die. My memory of the surgery is - I felt terrible, and, I never did get ice cream afterward. My throat hurt so horribly I couldn't talk or eat for weeks.

Our pediatrician called to ask my mother if my surgery had been scheduled yet. She told him I'd had the surgery a few weeks ago. On his way home he stopped by our house to check on

me. When he got there he expected my mother would call me in from playing. Instead, he found me lying in my bed, so emaciated my eyes were sunken in; and so weak I couldn't hold my hand up. He pinched the skin on my arm, and I surprised that my skin looked old and it didn't bounce back when he let go. My arm and hand didn't look like mine.

"He butchered her. Why didn't you call me for a referral? Who was the doctor who did this to her?"

He told me I had to eat or I would die; and that I had to eat in order to keep my throat open; because if it healed that way, I would die. My angels must have heard him because immediately after that I was able to eat and swallow. In fact, I was able to eat while the doctor was still at the house. (That was back in the day when doctors made house calls.)

As soon as the doctor left, though, my mother told me not to worry about it, I didn't need to eat if I didn't want to.

That may have been one of the first of many, many murder attempts on me by Satanic churches.

That same Satanic surgeon had done the same horrific surgery on other children who died soon after. He chose his victims according to when the child arrived at the hospital. The Hospital offered an option to either drop the child off the night before or the morning of the surgery. If a child was brought to the hospital the night before the surgery, the surgeon took that as a signal that the child was unwanted and so was a prime target for a Satanic sacrifice.

Her church teaches no one loves their children. It's the Satanic churches' entitlement to kill or torture or mutilate unwanted children. Deeta told me the red-haired woman, who had posed as Nellie's Aunt, was a witch. She said the woman and her entourage were forever on the lookout for children left home alone. They reckoned no one cared about children left home alone, so it was entirely appropriate that they be murdered. She had informants who would notify her whenever there was a child she could access. The red-haired woman grew her fingernails long, and if she could, she would wash the children's hair in the sink and the evidence of their death went down the drain. She killed as many children as she could, as many ways as possible, because it gave her pleasure. Deeta said, when she had time, she posed them and spread their hair out like they were a princess with a crown. It was her tribute to killing them while they were young and innocent. When she grew older she covered her front porch, in Dover, New Jersey, with mutilated dolls, each representing children she had killed. One of the crushed dolls was Stevie, one with the top of its head missing was Nellie; and two were me.

There had been six other murdered children in the northern New Jersey area whose deaths were attributed to this one murderer, but I had been the first living witness. The description I gave the investigating officers was entirely accurate, but since one of the responding officers was a member of the cult, the description was changed when they got back to the precinct.

There were many cult members involved in Stevie's murder. He, too, was murdered by people who prey on children who are left home alone. Two of them got his best friend, Jimmie, to stay away from Stevie, while others killed Stevie. Still others got a big old tree to topple onto the place they had laid Stevie's body. Deeta said the men who felled the tree on Stevie were the same men who found his body and masqueraded as tree clean-up personnel to watch the scene unfold.

Deeta told me Stevie's murder was also a test for me. She said, most of the people in the neighborhood believed that Mrs. Johnston was mistaken when she saw Nellie lying dead in her bed. They thought I did nothing more than wake her from a sound sleep. Since it was one of

their own who did the killing, the consensus of the Satanic church was that I brought Nellie back to life: but she had only been dead a short while and her body was intact. They knew Nellie was dead because the red-haired woman and her entourage told them she was dead and they knew what time she died. Consequently, the Satanic church felt that if Stevie was killed, and then if his body was crushed under a large tree, and no one knew he was there, he wouldn't be found for hours; and so I would not be able to bring his squashed, decomposing body back to life. It's a little game Satanists like to call, 'fun with neglected children.'

The Satanic churches in northern New Jersey decided my 'powers' were greater than any of their own witch doctors so I had to be watched, or better yet, killed.

Deeta continued there had always been a teacher from one of the Satanic churches in each of the schools I attended.

After we moved to Upper Montclair, New Jersey, the red-haired woman was now a gray-haired lady. Back then, she brought cookies to our house saying she was our neighbor and baked a few extra cookies and wanted us to have some.

The next time she brought a bag of cookies I offered to pay her. She declined payment saying she enjoyed doing it. She asked if I was home alone. I hesitated because I knew I wasn't supposed to say I was home alone, even though I was, but I wasn't sure *what* I was supposed to say. I've always been a lousy liar. The gray-haired lady took my hesitation as a 'yes.'

"This is a special cookie;" she pulled a cookie out of the bag and handed it to me. "See - with the nut right there in the middle?"

"Yes. Oh, thank you. We really did enjoy them."

"I made it special for you. I want you to eat it. I want you to eat it right now while I watch."

I thought it was an odd request. I took a bite, "Ummm. Very good."

"Here," she pointed to the nut in the middle again, "Eat the center. Eat the nut. I made it special for you."

Now, I really didn't trust her. This was too much like the scene in the Grimm brothers' fairy tale where the evil witch wants Snow White to eat the apple.

I took a bite and tucked the nut in my cheek.

"Now swallow. Let me see you swallow."

I swallowed making sure that the nut didn't go down my throat.

"Now swallow again - go ahead."

I swallowed again; this time some grains of the cookie went down my throat.

"Good. Good, I love to see children enjoy my goodies. I'm so glad you liked it."

"Thank you," I said. "Goodbye."

I closed the door and ran into the bathroom and spit the nut out into the toilet; I put the rest of the cookie by the sink.

I gargled and spat in the sink.

I went upstairs and did my homework. By the time my parents got home I was sick as a dog. I told my mother it was the cookie lady and I was sure her cookies were poison.

"How could you say that sweet old lady tried to poison you? You're horrible to accuse her of that."

I told my mother what the gray-haired, cookie lady had said.

The gray-haired lady never did come around again - not that we saw, anyway.

About forty years later Deeta told me I was two of the dolls on the gray-haired lady's porch. The gray-haired lady told Deeta there was enough poison in the nut to kill a horse, and

since she'd seen me swallow it, she counted that as a murder, even though I didn't die because, she said, it wasn't her fault that I had powers.

The only power I had was to distrust someone who said such odd things. The power of reasoning, the power of logical thinking, or the power of deduction.

### **My Marriage to Lloyd**

She told me that Lloyd agreed to be the Prince of her cult if she could get me to marry him. He chose me when he first saw me while I was touring Montclair State Teachers' College with my cousin when I was in eighth grade.

I said hello to him even though I heard a voice, that I thought was an inner voice, say not to talk to him. I immediately sensed I had done something terrible.

I heard God's voice and two other voices, who I now believe were Jesus and the female side of God or the Holy Spirit: the Lady's voice.

As soon as I was done saying hello to Lloyd, I heard a conversation that my father, uncle and cousin couldn't hear.

### **God's Conversation with the Lady and Jesus**

God said, "Well, that's it then."

"That couldn't be it," The Lady sounded extremely concerned.

"There must be something," Christ said.

I felt God's answer, 'No.'

"She can do it. I have faith in her," Christ asserted.

God felt He had more pressing matters.

"I'll watch her then," the Lady said.

"I'll watch her, too." Christ added, "I like her."

"Me, too. I've been watching her all along."

"Her?" God asked them. "And you think she can do it?"

"Yes," the Lady answered.

"Alright," God relented. "If you'll both watch her."

I looked around to see if I was overhearing a conversation: but I wasn't. I stopped walking, and when my father turned around, I asked if he had heard anything.

"Heard what?" My father answered.

"None of you heard that conversation?" I asked.

"Stop dawdling and keep up with us," My father said.

I'd always been taught about three persons in one God. I kind of assumed that the three Spirits of God knew all things simultaneously. I was always taught that God knew everything, that He knew what I was up to twenty-four hours a day.

Only the Lady sounded as though She knew. Christ sounded as though He checked in on me frequently, but God hadn't been watching me, not much anyway. Now, I got the distinct impression He would be watching me much more closely.

I have since learned that God is an enormously busy guy. He has infinite patience. He is totally creative. I refer to Him as the Creator. I refer to His female counterpart as The Lady: and Christ I refer to as Jesus or Christ.

At age twelve I didn't have any idea what they were talking about. All three of them sounded very concerned, like I was in for a really rough ride.

This was a definite question and answer conversation in which a decision was made to watch me and the consensus was I could do it. Whatever **it** was.

I was aware it was something spiritual and frightening.

I didn't know, until after I divorced Lloyd and a psychologist helped me to make sense of my conversation with Deeta, what exactly it was I could do. My only direction from the Trio was to write. What I can do is write what I know and let people decide.

I believe people will decide to take the righteous path and keep evil at bay.

After reading this book you can also decide why it was Deeta called and imparted her church's ancient, secret knowledge to me.

The Lady, Christ and a battalion of angels weren't the only ones who were willing to watch me.

### **Keep Your Friends Close And Your Enemies Closer**

Deeta knew what Lloyd wanted me but they never bothered to find out anything about me. She assumed she knew. She thought I came from a family who loved me.

Once the cult found out the girl Lloyd wanted was the same little girl they had been keeping tabs on, the decision was made to allow Lloyd to marry me. Those who didn't agree with Deeta and Dot's assessment were murdered. The cult killed Dot's oldest son, Deeta's brother, because he was next in line to become prince, and he would have interfered with their plan to make Lloyd the next prince and allow Lloyd to marry me. A Satanic prince isn't supposed to be married.

Lloyd agreed to kill me on our wedding night. It's inconceivable he didn't realize that he would never be married to me if he killed me. Lloyd has never been a brain trust.

### **Every Move I Make ...Somebody's Watching Me**

From eighth grade until I married Lloyd, at age twenty-eight, my life was a series of bizarre occurrences, much like the movie, "Straw Dogs." My parents ignored signs of break-ins and rapes: and I was in the dark regarding how, why and who was doing these things to me, because the cult used the drug, Ruphinol, aka roofies. The torture sessions and rape rituals were videotaped. I was put under constant surveillance at age twelve. Most of my life, I have been videotaped. I was continually abducted, tortured, drugged and ritually raped.

I went through a period of not believing in God; because, how could He allow so many terrible things happen to me?

Aside from saying hello to him when I was twelve, I first met Lloyd when I was twenty-three after I had been married to my first husband for almost three years.

My wedding was supposed to be a white wedding, meaning the bride is killed in her wedding dress. We didn't have sex on our wedding night, because that night, Lloyd raped and killed someone else in New York City instead of killing me.

Once I married Lloyd, the surveillance increased. Deeta didn't trust Lloyd to tell her everything, so there were shifts of people assigned to me around the clock. My every move was under scrutiny and could be used as a reason to either kill me or have me tortured. Their Satanic church had access to satellite surveillance through Army intelligence. There were spy cameras and microphones scattered throughout the house. Expensive equipment was installed on the telephone pole outside of my bedroom window and someone manned the camera. They could remotely focus, zoom in, and change the camera's focal point in the bedroom. The idea of that invasiveness is as repulsive as everything else they do.

Deeta plans to use the pictures to discredit me when the time comes. "No one will ever believe you," she told me.

The murders and murder attempts failed because Christ and the Lady were making good on their promise to watch over me.

When I think back on my life, I think some of the cult's surveillance and murder attempts would almost be comical if they weren't so wholly evil.

### **The Other Me**

Deeta told me, over and over, that she wanted the world to see me the way she saw me. She said she got inspiration from Beelzebub, who wanted others to see me as loud, egotistical, rude, crude, pigeon toed, pushy and impossible to get along with. Deeta enlisted a barrage of women whose assignment it was to make the world believe that they were me. She wanted to discredit me as a preemptive strike, because she was certain I was going to take her, her church and her way of life away.

What these women did was, walk around bow legged and pigeon toed, their hands on their hips, and their noses in the air, yelling, "I'm Lennie Nicholson, look at me, look at me. You're all nobody, and I am somebody!"

And then, most times, the imposter would point to someone close by and yell at him maliciously. Other times, she would strip naked in public areas, such as malls or restaurants, and then yell, "I'm Lennie Nicholson, I'm important, look at me," until the police, who were always cult members, arrived and pretended to take her off to jail. Sometimes the restaurant would be trashed beyond repair.

Deeta told me, I won many prizes I never received, because they were intercepted using, surprisingly easy to duplicate, ID. I even won a huge sweepstakes, and some wretched woman, claiming to be me, came out of a house down the street from me, showing only a library card and an ACME card as identification, told them I didn't want the prize and to get the hell out. She got so abusive that the Prize Patrol left. I never even got any notices about prizes in the mail, because my mail, while in the Mail truck, was being scrutinized, picked through and sometimes stolen, by my daily guard. Mail persons are required, by law, to lock undelivered mail in their vehicles while out walking their routes. Mine never did.

I've won other big prizes, a few cars, etc. The prizes were all intercepted using only secondary IDs, and an outrageously hostile personality. Deeta said they just wanted to get rid of me.

### **Story - My Life Changed Again in 2007**

One day, in the Spring of 2007, an assistant at my doctor's office told me another one of their patients had my name. She said the woman was so foul and repugnant that no one could stand her.

I recognized Deeta's handy work, immediately.

The assistant went on to say that, "While the woman pranced around the waiting room, yelling, "I'm Lennie Nicholson; I'm Lennie Nicholson; I have to go to the doctor! Look at me, I'm important!" she fell, and no one got up to help her."

She asked me, "Can you imagine falling in a room full of people, and no one helped her up? That's how horrible this woman is. She's the polar opposite of you. With you, and I wanted you to know this, I'm not gay or anything, but I wanted to give you a compliment. I never give compliments, so I'm not sure how to say this. I wanted to tell you that it makes me happy to see

your name on the roster for the day. I don't know how you do it, but you always manage to brighten my day.

"When I saw your name on the roster, I was excited to see you." She said again, "I'm not gay," then she quickly glanced at me over her shoulder.

"Thank you," I thanked her for the compliment. "I didn't think you were gay. I'm not either," I told her. Then, I quoted Seinfeld, "Not that there's anything wrong with that." We chuckled.

"I think, people must tell you things like this all the time. I wanted to be one of them. I wanted to tell you," she heaved a sigh and turned toward the window. "When this other woman showed up, the other Lennie Nicholson, she was so obnoxious, I felt like I was punched in the stomach. I felt cheated. I wondered how someone with the same name could be so totally different." She looked over her shoulder at me.

"Well, thank you. For a first try, that was excellent. That was one of the nicest compliments I've ever received," I replied.

"See. See, that? That's what I'm talking about - I was nervous about doing that, but you just complimented me on my compliment, and you made me feel better. Maybe I should give compliments more often."

We can easily discover opportunities to help people, if we just try to find them.

I saw an easy opening to make her life better. "Of course," I said. "It's my philosophy to give out compliments as often as possible. I look for things I can give a compliment for. Compliments are great – and they're free." I put my hands out to the side, palms up, smiled and shrugged, "Compliments don't cost nothin', so give 'em out as often as you can."

"Where should I start?" She asked me earnestly.

"Start with your children. Think about things you like about them, and then tell them."

"They'll wonder what happened to me. I've never complimented them," she confided. Then she thought a second, "Nope never."

I tried not to let on what a vastly sad statement that was, "Well, it's never too late to start. And then, when you get used to it, you won't want to stop."

"That's the hard part. Keeping it up. I don't think I could do it." She turned and faced me, "How do you do it?"

"Do you believe in God?"

She nodded.

"Well, you can always ask God, that's what I do, pretty much. Very often I ask for the right words to say."

"I've never asked God for anything." She said, "I wouldn't know how."

I leaned forward in the chair and told her sincerely, "Talk to your Guardian Angels then. That's really who I ask. Everyone has Guardian Angels assigned to them. They're God's helpers and they're easy to talk to, and they're always ready to support you. They're the ones who guide you, if you listen."

"I've never told anyone this, but, sometimes I think I hear my uncle." She asked, "Is that what he's doing - guiding me?"

"If it's good advice. If it's something that'll make your life better, then it's guidance from an Angel. Anyway, giving compliments is a wonderful thing. Especially from a mother, it's very important to hear compliments from your mother. It'll let them know that what they're doing makes you proud, and that's important. It will strengthen your relationship with your children."

"Oh, we have a good relationship." She stopped to think about it for a second, "It's like my relationship with my moth..." she stopped and was visibly shaken to realize that her relationship with her grown children was like her relationship with her mother. She muttered to herself, "I'm just like my mother. I swore to myself I would never be like her."

"It's not too late to change that." I heard footsteps outside the door. "God gives us all Angels to help us." The door handle turned and the door began to open. "Don't forget to ask your Angels for the right words."

"Thanks." She turned to face me, "I will."

## Chapter 1 - The Conversation Begins

*A Reminder: The phrases in italics are the thoughts I have had since the conversation. Everything else is what had been thought and said during the conversation.*

August 2003

The phone rang. I wiped my mouth and slid my plate back from the edge of the table so the dog wouldn't get my last little bit of sandwich. I glanced at the clock - 12:30. I pushed away from the table and got up to answer.

"Hello."

"Are you alone?" A raspy voice whispered on the other end.

"Who is this?"

"Are you alone?" The voice asked again. This time I could tell it was a woman but couldn't place the voice. I'm usually good with voices.

"If you don't tell me who this is I'm hanging up."

"Just tell me if you're alone and I'll tell you who this is." She demanded.

"Okay, I'm hanging up." I said with my hand on the button.

"Oh all right, I know you're alone. You're so stubborn; I can never get you to answer anything."

The voice sounded like Deeta Renman, a woman who had been a friend of my husband's since college.

"Deeta, what are you doing? Why are you fooling around?"

"This isn't Deeta. Who's fooling around? Listen to me. This is serious." She said sternly.

"What's this about, Deeta? And if you know that I'm alone, why are you asking me? How do you know I'm alone?" Deeta never was one of my favorite people. I figured she must have dialed wrong because she probably wanted to speak with my ex-husband, Lloyd. In the twenty-five plus years I've known her, she never did want to talk to me and I never did want to talk to her. "Lloyd isn't here," I reminded her. He had moved out about a year and a half prior, and she knew that. I didn't understand why she was calling me.

"I know that. That's why I'm calling, now." She sounded annoyed. I was getting annoyed with the game she was playing, too.

"Please tell me what this is about, Deeta. Is something wrong? Is there something I can do for you?"

"That's rich. Something you can do for me? There is nothing you could ever do for me."

"Well?" I waited.

"There's something I need to tell you." She corrected herself, "There's something I have to tell you." She corrected herself again, "There's something you should know. I think you have the right to know."

Deeta sounded so strange and serious I thought something might be wrong. And why was she using that voice?

"I've never done this before. I've never done anything like this before. I give the command to have someone killed and the next thing I hear about them is that they're dead," she said under her breath.

"You're having me killed? You've had others killed? And now you're having me killed?" I added, "You can lose that voice."

Deeta was a peculiar woman and I've heard her say some odd things, but that took the cake. I wasn't sure how to react: the conversation started out so strangely that I thought maybe she'd been drinking or something, but she didn't sound drunk - she only sounded perturbed.

"That's right," she reminded herself, "You do have ESP."

'ESP? Didn't she just tell me she was having me killed? That's not ESP, that's just good listening skills.'

"You're having me killed? Why?"

"I shouldn't be telling you this. I will." She whispered out loud to herself, "I'm not supposed to be telling you this. But I think you should know." Then continued, "I think you have a right to know how much we did for you."

I didn't know who the "we" she referred to was. I didn't know what to say.

I consulted with my Guardian Angels, I guess you'd call them. They've gotten me out of some terrible situations. I talked to them and to God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit, who I called the Lady, regularly. They're all my peeps. I'd gotten used to talking to them. I kept a line open, when I was in trouble, as I knew I was right then, I'd listen for advice: so I checked with them. I was told to wait and listen, and to try to remember because what she was saying would be critically important. So I waited for Deeta to continue.

Nothing.

I asked, "Why do you think I have to be killed?"

"That's it! That's it. You got it right away. You *have* to be killed. So you know! So you know you have to be killed."

"What? Why?"

"That's why I'm calling. That's exactly why I'm calling. To tell you why you have to be killed," she corrected herself, "Sacrificed. We don't kill anyone. Everyone who dies deserves it. They deserve to be sacrificed."

"Sacrificed? To who?"

"To the one who is. The one who always is. It's our church. Lloyd and I belong to a church." Then she lowered her voice and scowled, as though I were stupid, "You didn't know that - did you?"

I thought about it. All I knew was that Deeta had been married in the Catholic Church and Lloyd and I used to belong to the Presbyterian Church. Lloyd and I hadn't been to church for quite some time since our Pastor died, probably for two or three years before, anyway. I wasn't aware that my now ex-husband and Deeta were going to church together. And God, as far as I know, doesn't require human sacrifices. So she was right.

"I didn't know that."

"Well, we are," she continued, "we're in the same church. Well, we're not *in* it, we run it. We own it. Lloyd is the prince and I'm the princess. You didn't know that did you? That I'm a princess?"

I knew from time to time Deeta referred to herself as "the Polish Princess." I'd never heard of a prince and princess of the church. Of any church - not even the Mormons. I couldn't imagine Lloyd as a prince. I thought of him more as Homer Simpson with hair. And she didn't look like any kind of princess. She had an unfortunate face, was six feet tall, and weighed over three hundred pounds. As for owning a church - I didn't know such a thing existed.

"Oh yeah," I chuckled, "you and Lloyd are the prince and princess of a church?"

"This is serious. I could have you killed for that." Then she gurgled, "I am having you killed, and that's one more reason. I have a hundred reasons."

My peeps told me , 'Stay calm and ask her.'

"Oh, you do, do you? Name one."

"Because you've killed so many people," Deeta snapped.

"Because I've killed so many people? I've never killed anyone. You say you have. But I certainly haven't, so if that's the reason you're having me killed - you have no reason to kill me."

"You have! You've killed dozens of people. Maybe hundreds. Everyone you love is dead because of you."

"Everyone I love is alive." Love is a present tense verb. It implies that people are still alive.

I sat down on the telephone chair that stayed pushed up against the wall in the dining room. It was pulled into service at the table when we had company. The phone was at one end of the kitchen and the cord was only eight feet long. My peeps didn't want me to even ask her to hang on while I got the portable phone, which turned out to be a good thing since the conversation lasted for five hours.

"Like who? Name someone. Who did I kill?"

"All your grandparents. You killed them all."

I corrected her, "They died of old age. They were all in nursing homes when they died."

"Not all," she said. "One was in your bedroom at your parent's house. We got in, two of us held him down while Lloyd suffocated him. You said he was eighty-eight years old. We thought it would be easy. I've never known *anyone* who lived eighty-eight years. You lied. That's another reason I should kill you, you shouldn't lie to me - I'm the princess. No one that old would be able to fight back hard. He fought back so hard I wanted him dead."

My people told me to calm down and listen.

Deeta went into detail about just how, and the twisted reasons why, she and Lloyd killed my grandparents. Even though they were old and in nursing homes she said they all put up a mighty fight. It was sickening. Incomprehensible. "We did that for you and you don't even appreciate it. You're an ungrateful pig."

I wanted to scream at Deeta for being such an evil witch, but I didn't because my Angels told me to stay calm. I wanted so badly not to believe her at all.

*I have a woman spirit I call the Lady. She is one of the Angel spirits who guide me. She is exceedingly calm and loving. I believe she is the female side of God.*

My Lady assured me that my grandparents were much happier in Heaven and told me to remain calm and listen and remember. How could I do that, I wondered? The Lady told me my Angels would stay with me.

"They shouldn't have loved you. They had to die. I hate you. I hated you the minute I saw you. You're not that pretty. I don't think you're pretty at all. Lloyd thought you were the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen and I hated you for that. I asked him to marry me so many times. He's my prince, I'm the princess, and it's only fair that we would be the ones to be married. But no. He wanted you. You had to die. Lloyd only agreed to be my prince if I made you his wife. You were so young. So young. I tried so many times to kill you so you two would never be married. He's the prince so he's not supposed to be married anyway. To me would be okay, but to you - that's not okay. That's wrong, just wrong."

What do I say to that? If it was wrong, and she's the princess, why did she let him marry me at all. All I could think to say was, "I wasn't so young, I was 23 or something when I met Lloyd."

"Oh no. You were ten or eleven or something."

My mind reeled. I was certain she was wrong.

"I thought I had plenty of time to do away with you. I've been trying since then to kill you. This time I have help. I can make anyone I want do anything I want. Dave, your ex-husband, Dave, that's his name, right? He wants to cut your face up. You hated his horse. He loved that horse and you hated her. His mare - I think that's what he called her or calls her. I don't know if she's still alive. You hated her and he loved her. He loved her so much. So much. She was red. He called her something else but he said that means she was red. Now he wants to cut you up."

*It was hard to follow her insane rambling. It was a surprise to find out Lloyd met me when I was ten or eleven. I didn't believe her. I met him when I was working for the Pedestal Insurance company in Healy Park New Jersey. I had already had my daughter Mariah.*

My ex-husband, Dave, never owned a horse. As far as I know he never owned a cat or dog. A red horse? Then I remembered he liked the Bird's song Chestnut Mare.

I said, "Deeta, that's the song that he liked. The Chestnut Mare, that's in a song. You're going to have him kill me and cut up my face because of the song?"

"He wrote a song about her? And you hated her. Of course, he'll kill you for that. I can get him to do anything. He has a very black soul, one of the blackest I've ever seen. And to think we were going to kill him. What a waste - what a waste of a good man." She thought better of that statement then chuckled, "What a waste of an evil soul."

My people told me to ask about that. "How do you know his soul is black?"

"Oh, I know what everyone's soul looks like. Yours is a bright white. It looks like a pillar of white with silver specks flying in it. The specks are Angels." She whispered quickly, "Don't tell anyone I said that, but sometimes you can see their little faces." She continued, "There's some gold in it, too. It goes from floor to ceiling. It fills the room with a bright, white light that I hate. We usually use candles for that ceremony - but not for you - your light is so great we don't need candles. I've even had people go outside the house to see if the light goes to the sky. But it doesn't. But when you look at it, it looks like it goes on forever. No one else has a soul like that, except maybe - I hate saying His name - let me see if I can say it - except maybe Christ."

'The woman's delusional,' I thought. 'I have a soul like Christ?' "What? How, on Earth, do you know what Christ's soul looks like?"

"On Earth. I like that. The Earth is ours." She continued, "I shouldn't be telling you this, but it doesn't matter you'll be dead in a few days, anyway. When Christ was born, the light from His soul surrounded Him and went straight up into the sky. *You* would say, straight up to Heaven. There was no star. The light went from the Earth up and not from the sky down. That's who the Magi were. They were us. They saw His soul and they went to find out if they were right. That's why those gifts. Those gifts they brought were part of our ceremony to see the soul. Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."

"How does that work, Deeta?"

She wasn't about to be interrupted, "But yours doesn't. Your soul looks like it does, but it doesn't." Her voice turned to gravel, "You're not so special. You're just special enough that you have to die. You're a threat to us. You want to take us down. I can't allow that."

"Who's us?" I had no idea what she was talking about.

*Note: I've since learned that "us" was a Satanic cult. Satanic cults have princesses and princes. Deeta claims to have seen my soul. She was frightened by it and realized I had to die.*

*According to the Bible story, the Magi came to see Christ and went back to King Herod and he made a proclamation that all baby boys under the age of two should be slaughtered. Did the Magi know the consequences of their report?*

Deeta didn't answer. My Angels wanted me to keep her talking.

"Okay, you killed my grandparents. Who else? Who else did you kill?"

"Why do you say that? It's you. You killed them," was her retort.

I wished she were here, so I could hit her with something.

"Alright then," I forced the words out of my mouth, "who else did I kill?"

She told me how they killed four of my uncles. She said they gave them cancer. Their church gave my aunt breast cancer. I didn't believe her because, as far as I knew, my aunt didn't have breast cancer.

"You can't give someone cancer," I protested.

"You can't – I can."

"No, Deeta, you can't," I corrected her. That correction was enough to get her to keep talking. It made her angry. I had never realized, before, what a good weapon anger can be.

"You're so stupid. All you have to do is inject a carcinogen into an area of the body that produces cancer cells and they get cancer. It's easy. We've done it dozens of times on you."

"Well, I don't have cancer." I told her. I thought that would end this insane discussion.

"Not yet, you don't!" Then she muttered, "It doesn't always work." Then she gleefully added, "It's a great way to kill someone and not get caught."

I'd had enough, but my peeps instructed me to keep her talking. "Well," I challenged her, "I don't believe you. My uncles were all sick. They died of natural causes so I just don't believe you." I knew that would make her angry and she might tell me something else.

"We killed celebrities, too."

*Deeta listed over a hundred people they have killed. There were, probably, fifty celebrities. That will be covered in Volume II.*

'Down and down the rabbit hole we go.' I shuddered to think what she could say that would top this. "Oh yeah, like who?"

"Well, John Bellucci and Patrick Swayze for starters. They showed your soul. They shouldn't have done that. John Bellucci showed it in that movie, 'Blues Brothers.' And Patrick Swayze, man he looks a lot like someone else you killed, he showed it in that movie he did with that nigger. He shouldn't have done that. They told too much in that movie. He had to be dealt with. We had to send a message."

"John Bellucci died of a drug overdose, I thought. And Patrick Swayze is still alive - so I don't believe you." These thoughts Deeta was having that I was killing actors who weren't even dead or died of an overdose was mind boggling.

"There was a woman with John Bellucci the night he died. She injected him with poison mixed with heroin and cocaine. She was one of ours." She thought a second, "She talked too much that's why she's in jail. We can't help her if she's stupid. She killed him because he showed your soul."

"Come on Deeta, how could he show my soul? What the heck are you talking about? And if she killed him, how did I kill him?"

"It was on account of you, that he had to die. That one scene where he stands in the light in that church - that's what your soul looks like."

I remembered the scene where John stands in a stream of light, because recalled Lloyd sat forward on the couch and whispered, "That's what it looks like. That's exactly what it looks like." I wondered what he was talking about. I didn't always ask him because he rarely answered. He must have meant that's what my soul looked like.

"Nobody knows what a soul looks like," I stated.

She said my soul looks like a scene, the end scene, from the movie, *Ghost*. And so she said John Bellucci and Patrick Swayze had to die. Again, it was very disturbing, but I knew Patrick Swayze was alive so I didn't know what to think.

"Patrick Swayze's still alive."

"Not for long. He'll die soon of brain cancer. I think it was brain cancer we gave him."

'The woman's going around killing people with cancer and she couldn't even remember what kind?' Her voice revealed no remorse or any hint of emotion of any kind.

"We're known for targeting celebrities. It seems every time we do, we get at least a dozen more members. People like that we do things to get into national news, sometimes even the world news."

Then she started talking about the Kennedys.

*When I was very young, maybe eleven or twelve, I went to Europe with my parents. We stayed at the same hotel in Ireland where John-John and Carolyn Kennedy stayed. I must have mentioned this to Lloyd at some point.*

Deeta said, "Caroline Kennedy should never have gone to the hospital. We didn't do anything terrible to her. Caroline didn't even remember you. She didn't even remember being there." She mumbled, "John, that's his name John, came later. We got to him much later," under her breath.

She shouted, "You lied to us. You shouldn't lie to us."

A chill went through me. 'I remembered when Caroline went to the hospital because Lloyd was upset with her for going. I wondered why he would be upset about that. Lloyd and Deeta must have done something to her.

'Of course Caroline Kennedy wouldn't remember me. Why should she remember me? I never said more than "hello" or maybe "how are you" to them. The pictures Deeta showed her were probably of me thirty years later. And what would it matter?'

"Why would you do that to them?" I zeroed in on the barely audible part of her statement. "Are you telling me you killed John Kennedy, Jr.?"

"Stop that! I hate that you do that." She said, referring to ESP. "We didn't kill him. He killed himself. He wanted to die. Can't you read? Didn't you hear the news? It was a plane crash. All we did was ask him if he remembered you. He was easy to get to, too. You told us

how. You were right, he rode his bike over at Central Park. We just offered him a drink - is all. And he took it. If he didn't want to die he shouldn't have taken it.

"Then we took him off and asked him about you. Whether he remembered you. He didn't. You killed him and he didn't even remember you. You're so egotistical thinking he would."

I felt physically ill. I laid down on the floor. I would never, in a million years, expect John Kennedy Jr. to remember I stayed at the same hotel as he did when he was a toddler. It was just ridiculous of her to think that. It was just an excuse to get to him. Deeta said she was surprised when people got upset about his death. She didn't think anyone would remember him. My mind was reeling.

As she spoke, I remembered Lloyd nervously pacing, saying, "He didn't know." Saying, "This is too big. Too big. It's out of our control. They're going to get us for sure." Lloyd watched the coverage of John Kennedy Junior's death intently.

'Get who' - I wondered? 'How could Lloyd be involved in a plane crash when he wasn't on the plane?'

Now Deeta was talking about the crash, too. I didn't even have to ask her, because I realized she and Lloyd must be involved somehow.

"We killed his father, too."

"You killed Jack Kennedy?" This was too much. 'That was so long ago, I think I was in fourth grade. How could Lloyd do such a thing and get away with it? Deeta and Lloyd would have been kids, too.'

Could Deeta and Lloyd have killed Jack Kennedy? I couldn't see how.

"Oh you're so stupid. Not us - Us. The bigger us. One of our churches'. All of us. It's like that song, you know that song that asks, "Who killed the Kennedys." I think it's by the Rolling Stones. They're one of us, too."

"The Devil?"

She became furious, "What makes you say that? You couldn't possibly know that! Why did you say that? No one knows that! No one! We see to that!"

"Deeta," I said, "the song is entitled *Sympathy For The Devil*"

"No it's not! The Devil doesn't need any sympathy. We'll get them for that! Do you think the Devil needs sympathy?"

"I have no sympathy for the Devil." I don't.

"Well, you should. We'll get you for that!" she yowled.

"So, the Devil needs my sympathy? Why? Does the Devil want sympathy?"

That question served to make her angrier. "You deserve to die. That's why I want you dead!"

'Why did Deeta care that I had no sympathy for the Devil? Why did she think the Devil needed sympathy? Was that it? Was that her church? I had no idea churches worshiped the Devil.'

*That concept took a few years to sink in.*

"How about for killing John Kennedy, Jr.? Do I deserve to die for that?" I figured, 'She was already really mad, and it seemed I was getting more information out of her when she was mad, and I didn't feel that I could make her not mad - so why not go for broke.'

"Who helped you?" I asked.

“What? No one. Not a sole. We did it all by ourselves. We have the reputation of being the most evil church in America.”

“So, just how exactly did I kill John-John?”

“We asked him over and over if he would sleep with you. We showed him picture after picture, and he kept saying he was married. We tortured him all afternoon. It's all your fault. You almost got us caught. If we knew he was flying, we wouldn't have used all those drugs. Those torture and hypnosis drugs - they can change your perception - they make everything different. He wanted to die, that's why he didn't tell us he was flying. It's all your fault. You killed John Kennedy, Jr.”

“How could he possibly remember me, Deeta? He was just a baby. Just a little boy with a cast on his arm.”

‘When I saw Caroline and John-John in Ireland, he was only about three or four and he had broken his arm. He was so little and sweet. It was infuriating, frustrating and devastating to be told that their “church” used that tiny bit of information as an excuse to murder him, probably thirty-five years later.’ It was a horrifying thought. ‘How could anyone, any group of people, any church, get together to cause such misery? To what gain?’ I had no clue.

"That's another thing. He didn't remember you and he didn't even remember the cast. You lied to us about both things." She hesitated, "You're such a liar. Look at all the people you've murdered. They're all dead because of you."

I rocked my body back and forth on the floor. My eyes were wet with tears. I wished this would stop, I couldn't take it anymore. I wanted to hang up and drink myself stupid. ‘This can't be true. Why is she telling me these wretched things?’

My people, my Angels, the Lady and Christ reminded me it was not my fault. I was not the murderer. I knew that, but still those words were thorny. I began to have trouble breathing. My Angels told me to stay calm and listen. ‘There's more?’ I asked them.

My Lady told me, softly, ‘Oh yes - there's much more, and every word is important. You have to hold together and keep her talking. You have to try to remember. It's not you. She'll keep telling you it's you, but don't believe her: you know that's not true. This is important.’

She said, almost matter-of-factly, "John should've told us he was going to fly that night. It was his fault. He put us in a bad spot. They almost caught us. We had to call in favors, lots of favors."

I stopped rocking. I used my sleeve to wipe the snot and tears out of my mouth. "Favors? From who?" I figured, to cover up John Kennedy Junior's death, the favors must be enormous.

"Other churches. Other churches get together and do favors for each other from time to time - not often - but when it's absolutely necessary. Other churches had to help us. We made it clear that we couldn't let them catch us, it would have been bad for everyone. It would have been terrible.

“Don Jowlexander had to help us. He was angry with us for using his drugs on someone so prominent. But he had to help us cover it up. He's a Colonel, I think he's a Colonel or a Major or something, maybe he's a General in Army Intelligence. He's the one who supplies us with the torture drugs. He teaches us about torture. He doesn't want any attention drawn to the

fact that he's in our church. He advises the president. He is in charge of torture at Guantánamo Bay. So he had to help us, he had to call in favors, too. He didn't want anyone to know that someone in his position in Army Intelligence was using torture drugs for entertainment. He was really mad at you, too. He hates you for putting him in such a bad situation."

"He hates me?" I was flabbergasted by the whole idea that Army intelligence had torture drugs and that they were using them indiscriminately on innocent, righteous people like John Kennedy, Junior.

"You? That's right! That's exactly right. You killed all these people. You put us in a bad spot. You almost got us caught. You almost shut us down. All of us. You almost shut us all down! You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Deeta said with contempt. "That's why I hate you. That's why you have to die."

I was stunned by the wild assertions, "You have someone who's a general or something in Army Intelligence who is in your church - who gives you torture drugs and teaches you how to torture? You want me to believe the Army helped cover-up John Junior's death?"

'Lloyd was decidedly anxious following John Kennedy Junior's death.'

"Ha. And Don Jowlexander thinks you've gotten out of so many of our traps that he figures someone who can do that, must have an extremely high IQ. But you're so stupid. Where do you think those people go? People who join organizations like the CIA and Army Intelligence joined because they like to see bloodshed. They like the sound of people screaming. That's why they join. And they get precious little of it. They want more so they have to join one of our churches to feed that hunger. With us, they can torture and murder, not murder, no one is murdered - sacrifice - as many people as they like whenever they feel like it. They don't have to wait until their job orders it: that can take years. Most of our people are in some kind of law enforcement, they can't get enough of torture and murder so they join us. You're so stupid to think they don't. Ha, an IQ of over two hundred, my ass. You're an idiot."

## **Chapter 1a - Comments and Summary**

### ***Summary of What Deeta Told Me About The Kennedys***

*She said, "We killed JFK. Joseph Kennedy and Joseph Kennedy, Jr. were both cult hits. Another satanic church had something to do with Edward Kennedy's crash at that bridge." (Chappaquiddick) Deeta started to give details but then stopped.*

*"Bobby Kennedy's assassination was an army intelligence experiment ordered by Hoover. Don Jowlexander boasted to Lloyd and me that he was an apprentice during the mind control experiment that turned Sirhan-Sirhan into an aut..., a robot."*

### ***J. Edgar Hoover, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Jack and Bobby Kennedy, and Jimmy Hoffa***

*Deeta said, "J. Edgar Hoover had both Jack and Bobby killed" essentially because of the Kennedy's rift with Jimmy Hoffa and because they were proponents of Civil Rights and friends of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*

*Deeta said Jimmy Hoffa and J. Edgar Hoover were both Satanists. "Hoover was an embarrassment to the church because he was a gay cross-dresser. They should have killed him for that, but church left him alone, though, because he was compliant and yet so powerful."*

### ***Jimmy Hoffa***

*"Jimmy Hoffa was killed when he began bragging about the Kennedy assassinations and divulging the secrets of human mind control." She claimed to know where Jimmy Hoffa was buried. I said he was buried in the floor of Giant Stadium, but Deeta said no.*

*"Bragging is the main cause of death in cult members over fifty-five. Most cult members are killed at age fifty-five. If someone is slated to be killed by the cult they can't be allowed to live past age fifty-five and a half." Deeta explained, "As men, especially, get older they begin reminiscing and can't help but brag." She thought aloud, "It must be difficult, to say the least, to be a part of something as evil and large as the Kennedy assassinations and not be at liberty to tell anyone." She said, "We didn't care so much that Hoffa said he was responsible for the Kennedys' assassinations because a lot of groups were taking credit, but the information he was giving out about mind control is at the core of the success of Satanic Churches. With new drugs and torture methods mind control had gotten perfected, and we couldn't let that kind of information get out."*

### ***Caroline and John Kennedy, Jr.***

*I'm so sorry Caroline.*

*Deeta and Lloyd abducted and drugged Caroline Kennedy. Caroline was admitted to the hospital following her abduction.*

*Some time later, I think it was years later, they got to her brother John Kennedy, Jr. John Kennedy, Jr. told them he refused to sleep with anyone other than his wife.*

*"He kept saying he was married," she complained. "We tortured him all afternoon but he wouldn't change his answer. He should have told us he was flying that night, we would have*

*stopped. Well, maybe. I didn't think anyone would remember him. I didn't remember him. I thought he was a nobody."*

*The post-hypnotic suggestion was that he felt fine so he didn't realize he was in no condition to fly. The afternoon of being drugged and tortured caused John, Jr. to crash land his plane killing himself, his wife Carolyn and her sister.*

*His uncle, Ted Kennedy, wanted the crash investigated, making the cover-up much more difficult. She angrily complained, "Don Jowlexander was furious that he had to cover-up for the cult this time. His job was on the line and Don felt he might be found out. He had to block Ted Kennedy's inquiries move for move."*

### **Ted Kennedy**

*She said, "Ted Kennedy was given brain cancer as his punishment."*

*I remember when Caroline was admitted to the hospital, Lloyd was furious. I was concerned and I couldn't understand Lloyd's reaction.*

*Later, when John Jr. had the crash, Lloyd was beside himself with fear. He watched with apprehension as the investigation unfolded and breathed a sigh of relief every time the search dead-ended. He said, "We're gonna get caught."*

*"What did we do?" I asked him. After several days I was so bewildered I finally asked, "Did you have anything to do with the crash?" He said no. I never, in a million years, could have imagined that he was in a Satanic cult responsible for many, many, many murders and unexplained cases.*

*As Deeta detailed these occurrences Lloyd's behavior made more sense. Still I thought what she was saying couldn't be real.*

### **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis**

*Deeta claimed responsibility for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' death, but didn't explain why or how. She said the guy who was arrested because he had weapons and explosives in his trunk when he asked for directions to Jacky's house, was one of theirs. I speculate that must have been the time she became ill. Jacky was living in Northern New Jersey at the time, so it is possible Deeta and Lloyd were somehow responsible.*

*- End Kennedy Summary*

### **Boston Strangler**

*Lloyd told me, once, he was the Boston Strangler. I thought that was impossible. I thought the Boston Strangler killings happened before he was born. Lloyd was only two years and three months older than me. I've since figured out he would have been eleven when the murders began; and now I'm not so sure he was lying. I know, now, he was capable of murder but he would have had to figure things out on his own, like how to get to Boston from North Playing Field, New Jersey, kill someone, and then get back home again without his parents asking him questions. He said he took the train. As for the murders, Lloyd's a big guy, he may have been a big kid, and the Strangler's victims were mostly elderly women.*

### **My Struggle to Get Lloyd Arrested**

*I tried for about a year and a half to get Lloyd arrested. I knew he was a murderer because after he moved out of the house, my memory started improving. I remembered times he*

*told me, details about murders. There was no way he would know some of the things he told me, unless he was the murderer. For instance, about the woman known as the Central Park Jogger, Lloyd said, "Blood and water flowed out." Then he asked, "That's how you know someone is dead, right?"*

*I was in a supermarket looking at the beets one day after Lloyd and I separated, and I remembered what he said. That was one of the many, many horrific, buried memories that have surfaced. I didn't know, until this conversation with Deeta, how a memory like that was hidden to begin with.*

*I had no hard evidence he was a murderer. I thought if I got him arrested for raping me, his DNA would have been tested, and murders and other rapes would be connected to him.*

*I wrote letters to a few people regarding Lloyd's admission he was the Boston Strangler. I never got anywhere with that, either.*

*My psychologist in Maryland helped me piece together my conversation with Deeta. Over a year after the conversation I was still writing down the heaps of jumbled information I got from Deeta. The Psychologist was also helpful in making sense of the Satanic church aspect. She said all psychologists have to know about cults because they wreak such grave emotional damage. She and another psychologist told me that usually people who've suffered the kind of abuse I've suffered, are wearing straightjackets, and live in a padded room. I certainly shouldn't be RVing, enjoying myself, mapping routes, holding intelligent conversations and looking as kempt as I do. I should be, or at least look like, a bag lady. They thought my assertion that it was God who saved me must be true, because my mere presence is a miracle.*

*I've had people, who claim to be qualified to make a determination, tell me that I'm sane. I know what I'm saying sounds insane, but it's my circumstance that was crazy – not me.*

## Chapter 2 - Wholly Evil

*A Reminder: The phrases in italics are the thoughts I have had since the conversation. Everything else is what had been thought and said during the conversation.*

“Who is it who hates me?”

Deeta said, “Everyone.” Then she said she did, so I asked again. She said, “Everyone,” again, then she relented and said, “Don Jowlexander. I shouldn't be telling you this. I'm not supposed to use his name,” Deeta said, almost to herself. “I shouldn't be telling you this but I will, because what does it matter? You'll be dead by next week, anyway.”

“Yeah, I'll be dead, so nothing you say can be repeated,” I said to punctuate her assertion and to keep her angry. Her anger was getting me lots of information. The idea that people who represent the president, or advise the president and set Army policy could also be pedophiles, rapists, murderers and sadistic ghouls was insane, repulsive and intriguing. Sometimes, when I see a president who is a proponent of a ridiculous idea, like Reagan was with ‘Star Wars,’ I wonder who’s advising them.

“So, was ‘Star Wars’ yours?” I asked.

“The Movie? What are you talking about?” She answered.

“The idiotic peace Missile Shield proposed by Reagan. Was that one of yours?”

Deeta said it was, and then hesitated.

Deeta went on to tell me how there has always been someone from one of their churches to advise the presidents. Always. She alleged the founding fathers worshiped Satan.

*I still don't believe that one.*

“We're especially good at starting wars.”

She claimed the Army and special services had someone from one of their churches in a position of power to guide operations. She said that Bush was in one of the churches but that he wasn't Satan, as I suspected, but that Vice-President Dick B. Cheatey was. She said the Skull and Bones club they belonged to in college was the only Satanic Church she knew of that allowed a person to quit without dying. “Normally the person has to kill someone because, then we know we've got their soul and we have something to blackmail the person with if they go to the police. Otherwise, death is the only way out.”

She said Don Jowlexander is sought after by all the churches in the area. “We're the lucky ones - we got Don Jowlexander and he provides all kinds of torture equipment and drugs for our monthly rituals. He taught us torture techniques like waterboarding and electrocution. Sure we were using that before he joined, but he showed us how to get more information. He showed us how to really torture someone. I mean really, for real, the way the Army does.

“He even gets us night vision goggles. He teaches us how to use animal calls to communicate with each other on a mission at night. I'm a cat. Don't you think that's funny – me? A cat? Greg is a dog, Lloyd's a crow and ... I shouldn't be telling you this. Oh! I was so mad at Lloyd for trying out his crow call on you, I almost tortured you to death! Let's see, that might've been one of the times you died - I don't know.”

She was mad at Lloyd so she killed me? I had to let the comment go about me dying. "Doesn't the Army realize they're missing torture drugs and night vision goggles?"

Everything she said defied all rational thought! This was really difficult to believe, I figured there had to be a hole in this scenario, somewhere. She was saying so many, seemingly, delusional things I was just trying to find the hole.

"No one investigates Don. The Army has no one else to answer to when it comes to ordering torture equipment and torture drugs. And besides, he's right up there at the top. No one who works for him would dare question him." Then she talked aloud to herself, "He'd probably have them killed."

You would think the Army would have an internal auditor asking why so many drugs were ordered – but, apparently they don't. What about the equipment? Are night vision goggles so cheap you can order an extra couple hundred and nobody notices?

Deeta perked up, "When we used the drugs and methods the way he taught us, not that we were ever wrong, but we can get anyone to do anything if we do it the way he showed us. We can get anyone to kill someone, someone they love even. Except you. That never worked on you. I don't know why. It makes me furious. But for everybody else, when we cast the spell, it sticks."

"You call that spells? I call it brainwashing. Spells are like witch's brews of bat wings, eye of newt, hocus-pocus, stuff like that. What you're talking about isn't spells, Deeta!" I was furious. I thought it was so irresponsible and reprehensible that she thought that use of torture and drugs and hypnotism was spells. This was like nothing I'd ever heard before. We know now that Army Intelligence was using torture at Guantanamo Bay but when she told me this in 2003 I didn't know that. I always thought our country was better than that!

"Spells have always been drugs, brainwashing and hypnosis. Always. We know we've had our own stuff. Bat wings, eye of newt - that's not us," she added under her breath, "Well, sometimes it is, sometimes - just for show." She said, "But we've always used drugs. Like that Saint, Saint somebody's dance. I know this one, I'm omniscient."

"St. Vitus?" I told the omniscient one.

"How did you know that? Nobody knows that! You read my mind. I hate you. What St. Vitus did... All the Catholic saints are ours, well the old ones, anyway, what this one did was when we took over a whole town and gave it LSD, then we held torture and rape rituals all day. We made people dance until they dropped dead. You didn't know we had LSD, did you? I mean way back when. You didn't, did you?"

In fact, the thing I read about St. Vitus' Dance, a disease from the 1690s, was that experts felt a batch of rye had become moldy and everyone in the town ate it and essentially they were tripping all day. (LSD is made from rye mold.) "Well, yeah, I did." I didn't know about the torture rituals but telling her I knew about the cause of St. Vitus' Dance was true enough, and enough to keep her anger at such a pitch she kept talking.

My peeps kept me calm enough to stay focused.

"We like to have everyone in a church hate one person. That way," she explained, "the hatred is focused and more powerful."

She said I was a regular guinea pig for Don Jowlexander and the Army Intelligence group because they had easy access to me and I was the wife of the prince of the cult. I was not supposed to have powers, such as ESP, they felt I had. Deeta and Lloyd also told Don I could make myself and my vehicle disappear and I could raise myself and others from the dead.

Deeta told me how Don Jowlexander, the Armed Forces, President Giggles N. Bush, Vice-President Dick B. Cheatey, and the Satanic cult they belonged to, were all working to bring about Armageddon. She said the men in the shadows stay there because if people catch on to what Satanic churches are up to, they'd probably try to stop Armageddon. (Do you think?) Those who worship the Black can't allow that to happen. Armageddon has been the prime directive of the Devil, or the Black, and those who worship him, since the beginning of time.

The Book of Revelation, in the Catholic Bible, mirrors what the Book of Revelation, in the Satanic Bible, says except it's Satan's worshipers who carry out the various world catastrophes and then they win dominion over the Earth. Satan, Beelzebub and Lilith, the Unholy Trinity, revealed what they have to do and it's only now, six millennia later, that they have the means to do it all. Satanists intend to be the last ones standing.

*I encourage you to read either the Book of Revelation or, better yet, an interpretation.*

Drugs and torture, including electrocution, combined with hypnosis result in powerful mind control or brain washing: if you're told you'll be tortured again if you don't do what they want – you're extremely likely to do what they want.

A more long-term insidious torture, which government agencies also engage in, is giving the victim cancer.

I dismissed that possibility as preposterous.

So she explained. A cult physician places a carcinogen inside a person's pituitary gland or brain by going in through the nose. Deeta told me a carcinogen can easily be injected into a thyroid gland or in the breast, or ovaries, or prostate. She told me I have had carcinogens placed in my brain, breast, thyroid, and ovaries. The body reacts by making a pearl of cancer around the carcinogen. Deeta maintained that a cancerous pearl is liable to spread more quickly than regular cancer. These cancers are devastating and often times lethal. Once a person has cancer the cult can wait for the cancer to kill him or they can murder him by suffocation and the diagnosis for death is always cancer - natural causes.

“No one checks for the cause of death when a person has cancer,” Deeta gurgled.

Someone who goes up against a public official, or the CIA, or Army Intelligence, or anyone in a Satanic cult, cancer is the preferred murder method!

Germ warfare is prevalent not only in the Army but among Satanic cults.

“Someone in each cult is always in charge of growing salmonella, at the very least.” She said, their north New Jersey cult, “Has dozens of diseases and poisonous bacteria ready to be unleashed at any time for any reason.” She said, “Most cults keep a supply of Whooping Cough, Anthrax, Small Pox and Typhoid. Some are concocting bacterias that are incurable. Antibiotics won't work on them and they're very contagious. We're about to cause the next Black Plague.”

## Chapter 2a – Comments and Summary

*Note: The cornerstones of evil and Satanism are **fear, anger, hatred, and vengeance**. Keep someone afraid and you can control him. **Fear** is a great motivator. Wolf News uses it non-stop.*

***Anger** works like a Genie in a bottle. Anger takes control, whirls around, and you end up someplace you didn't want to be. People tend to want to let their Anger Genie out because he can be a powerful force. But when a person gets angry he gets irrational. It's easy to move that anger to other things, and soon he becomes angry with the world or his lot in life. A suggestion can be made to murder to get rid of the terrible, uncontrollable, all-consuming feeling of anger. Again the brain is not able to think logically or rationally and may not see any way out. Murder wouldn't make the angry person feel worse, so the suggestion sounds plausible.*

***Hatred** closes the mind.*

***Vengeance** may falsely appear to be a solution to the trap of Fear, Anger, and Hatred. A person who believes, 'An eye for an eye – a tooth for a tooth,' is doomed to a life of unhappiness.*

*I know, now, Deeta was often telling the truth about my daughters and my life. I've read articles on the internet. My memories have returned, since this conversation, I recall Don Jowlexander and the things he did to me.*

*I know, now, like the Manchurian Candidate, these hideous people can then make anyone do anything they want. The cult can turn anyone against anyone to the point that they will murder for the cult. I know members who murdered people who, just a few months before, they loved.*

*They call it spells. Their spells include torture beyond comprehension and drugs only Army Intelligence can acquire. The spells aren't witch's brews of bat wings, eye of newt, etc. Belladonna is put into mead for their members at the torture and rape parties. Other hallucinogens and Chloral hydrate are added for human sacrifices. The room is always dark. The minions are given a cup of Kool-aid laced with powerful drugs upon entering so they become compliant and the evening seems like a dream. (That's why the Jim Jones cult all took the Kool-aid - because that's how those meetings always start.)*

*The cult's favorite torture was the use of Army Intelligence torture drugs injected in high doses to cause agonizing pain. They told their audience (Deeta and Lloyd's cult had about 350 members) it was a spell because the torture victim screeched, twisted and writhed in pain while no one laid a hand on him or her. (This is, undoubtedly, the preferred torture at Guantanamo Bay. That's why the prisoners will never be allowed to leave. The prisoners there know too much to be allowed to leave. They're used as guinea pigs and torture victims for the pleasure of the Satanic cults that exist within the Army. And Satanic cults DO exist within the armed forces! That is a verifiable fact. Again the internet articles are a wonderful source. Deeta asserted everyone in Guantanamo Bay is in a Satanic cult, although many of them may not realize it.)*

*The Army also has drugs that, in high doses, cause strokes, brain hemorrhages and heart attacks. Pain increases with each higher dose and so does the risk of death because the heart and brain can't take it any longer.*

*Don Jowlexander wrote an essay for the Army on non-lethal torture methods in which waterboarding, electrocution and drugs are highlighted. Electrocution is also useful in erasing*

*memories – even memories of torture. Since the brain works on a series of electrical impulses, electrocution can change memories.*

*The drugs this north Jersey cult used also cause tremors and lasting conditions such as early-onset Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, Multiple Sclerosis and Lupus. It was her opinion that without cults, those diseases would never have existed. When the cult uses the Army drugs in high doses the victims suffer strokes, brain hemorrhages and heart attacks - so that the cause of death is natural causes.*

*(Don't use your own computer to search any of this - go to an out of town library) If you read about this man, you'll undoubtedly find it was easy for him to believe such nonsense because he truly believed such things are possible.*

*ESP is possible; I think the rest of it is bunk. ESP HAS to be possible - That's how we talk to God! At any rate, I wasn't allowed to have these powers, most of which I never did have. Don wanted access to me in order to find out how I did these things so he could teach them to special ops troops. As for Deeta and Lloyd, they thought I could not and should not have powers greater than theirs since they were omniscient and infallible and they could do magic tricks using sometimes as many as 60 people to help them pull it off. My "powers" could certainly not be greater than those people in the cult - so they felt it was perfectly okay to torture and preferably kill me.*

*Murder, rape and torture are sanctioned by their religion and will become legal in 2013 if Satanists win, and rule the world as they predict. Their only caveat, is you have to have a reason. I suspect the Texas murder defense of, "Your Honor, he needed killin'," will become popular.*

*There's no such thing as magic. No one can perform magic – Certainly not the Pope.*

*Evidentially Deeta knew I said President Giggles N. Bush was Satan ever since he got us into war. In fact, when I saw him the day of the 9/11 attacks I was certain he had something to do with it. Just by his face and his demeanor and the way he looked at his watch and nodded as if to say, "Ah, yes, right on time," and then went back to reading to the children. Oftentimes it can be disconcerting to have a sixth sense. 9/11 was one of those days.*

*To be clear, I didn't think Bush was actually Satan, but I felt he had evil, twisted tendencies.*

*'Spoonbenders' Pushing Nuclear Armageddon is a terrific article that names Satanic cult members who run the government, mass media, the armed forces and advise the President. I know for a fact the article is truthful because I've been tortured and questioned by one of the key characters named in the article. Go to a library and use their computer on a guest pass to read it. If you're in the government, mass media, the armed forces and advise the President, and then, if you're qualified, please shed some light on the real behind the scenes shenanigans.*

*Everyday occurrences are bringing back many of the memories that Don Jowlexander and Deeta erased. My memories from my time with Lloyd all end with – and then I got tortured. Sometimes the memories flood back and it's too much, and I have to resist the urge to shut down. Most often, though, something happens, a smell, a flower, the way a shadow falls from a building, a song, something that becomes the trigger to an episode in my past. It feels like the trigger is to an air gun that blows a puff of air that clears some dust and I can see the memory through a foggy haze. I then must mentally purposefully and carefully wipe away the remaining*

*dust that covers the lens to that memory. Within twenty-four or forty-eight hours, depending on the type of torture that short-circuited the recall, I have a clear memory intact. Sadly, part of the memory reveals the reason so thick a layer of dust was there to begin with. And that's where Don Jowlexander comes in.*

*I know that the information Jeffrey Steinberg has in his article, 'Spoonbenders,' is not only compelling but real. The article contains amazing amounts of information, all of it sounding quite wacky. I have to wonder if Jeffrey is still alive. I can't imagine that Wolf News and our Army Intelligence agencies would allow a down and dirty article like that to go unpunished. The eight page article has more information regarding the Army and Satanism, and Mass Media and Satanism, than I have in this book. And Jeffrey's a better writer.*

*I've recovered many memories of Don Jowlexander. I know he and his wife are Satanists, and he is the country's foremost expert on mind control. I remember many torture sessions that feature Colonel Jowlexander as the torture master and I was the guinea pig. Following the torture I had to tell him how the torture made me feel.*

*He would ask me things like, the name of my third grade teacher. He'd continue to ask me and torture me, even after I told him her name. One time I decided, 'This is my nightmare, I can do what I want,' so I asked for a phonebook. Don Jowlexander thought that was interesting. I told him it was obvious he wasn't after the truth, since I gave him the truth an hour ago, so he must want me to lie. I told him the drug they were using made it difficult to make up names, so I asked for the phone book. My experience was eerily similar to a GTMO prisoner's experience. The prisoner stated he gave the questioners the name they wanted; there was no reason to torture him. He said, under torture he began making up names because, "They wanted a name," and he'd already given them the only name they knew. He was a small player. That GTMO prisoner's experience proves we torture our prisoners for fun. I can also unequivocally state, torture is a VERY ineffective means of attaining information.*

*Don Jowlexander was also interested in my ideas. Apparently I scored high on his IQ tests. Deeta said I averted a second terrorist attack in NYC. I later remembered those details quite well. Bush thanked the unnamed informant as a true patriot. That's one thing in my life, and one good memory I can be proud of.*

*I heard Colonel Don Jowlexander talk about the WMDs being hidden south of Yemen. I chimed in and asked if they were in Djibouti. He asked me to pronounce the country's name because he wasn't sure how to pronounce it. "Jah boo tee," I told him. Don Jowlexander said the WMDs were hidden about a hundred miles south east of Djibouti. I asked if that would be off shore. He realized who he was talking too and stopped talking. I remember that exchange better than he does, I'll bet.*

*I sometimes asked why I was being tortured and what country he represented. I told him my country doesn't torture people. That statement never failed to get a big laugh.*

*The internet has many old magazine articles that corroborate those claims.*

## Chapter 3 – Apocalypse

*A Reminder: The phrases in italics are the thoughts I have had since the conversation. Everything else is what had been thought and said during the conversation.*

***Apocalypse is a Greek word meaning the Ancient Truth is Revealed or Unveiled***

She said, “Some of the most powerful churches feel Armageddon will be a real life ‘Star Wars,’ with Jedi Warriors, Darth Vader’s team and mind control. Some of the Armed Forces, the Special Forces they’re called, I think, are practicing our ritualistic mind control and torture as part of their Army training. They even call themselves Jedi’s, but they shouldn’t, they should be the other ones. We’re on the other side but they can’t know that. Some of them practice torture, murder and mind control on goats. Don got that idea from you.”

“Oh come on, Deeta. Please. How on Earth did he get the idea from me?”

“Ha. On Earth. You’re not allowed to say that. The Earth is ours!” She continued, “We told him you can control the animals. We’re afraid that you’ll have your own army when you try to defeat us! You’re going to make the power lines come to life. You’re going to make the towers that hold the power lines into soldiers. We tortured you for days for that. We can’t have you doing that. Part of your army will be animals. It says something about that in Revelation,” Deeta was dead serious. I was flabbergasted. Did she think I was a comic book hero? Even Wonder Woman can’t make power towers come to life.

*Note: I feel like animals respond to my natural affinity for them. Sometimes even wild animals come up to me. I’m not controlling them, I figure I have a scent or demeanor or something that attracts them. I never thought of controlling them, and if anything, that’s what they respond to.*

*As for defeating someone or something? Who was I supposed to be defeating? I didn’t believe in the Bible much, and I never believed the Book of Revelation.*

How many absurd things were they telling Don about me? I’m to make the towers that hold the power lines into soldiers? How would I do that? I may have MS, I thought, but I’m not as sick as this bitch. They tortured me for days for that? For what? I didn’t make power towers into soldiers – I couldn’t. They can’t have me doing that? No problem. I can’t do that!

“The Book of Revelation? From the Bible?” I asked after I caught my breath.

“From our Bible. I guess it’s in your Bible, too,” she answered.

“You have a Bible? Is it anything like our Bible?” With all this talk of murder and torture I was surprised to hear she had a Bible even though she said she had a church and she called the one they worship, God.

“It’s the same. It’s exact.... It’s almost exactly the same. ‘Singing Satan songs and reading from the Bible,’ that was me, Paul Simon wrote that about me – the ‘Garden of Delight’ - that was you. Oh he liked you. All the men like you,” Deeta snorted. “We had him write the play Capeman. Lloyd is the Capeman.”

I ignored the nutty non sequitur. Much of what she said was as if she were talking to herself. I adore Paul Simon, but I don’t know Paul Simon.

“We do what you do. We cherrypick what we want out of it and make it fit our agenda. And right now, our agenda is Armageddon.”

“We have a third of the world’s population.” She mumbled about statistics and said they count agnostics and atheists and people who don’t belong to any organized religion. “We tell our followers we are the third largest religion. We use a third a lot. Like a third of the Angels followed the Black out of Heaven – stuff like that. It’s not a third – nowhere near. That’s how I know I’m guaranteed the best place in Hell.”

‘The best place in Hell?’ I thought, ‘What must that be like? It never gets above 180 ?’

Deeta continued, “We have millions and millions of people working toward the end of the world. The destruction of the world has always been our prime directive. That’s what the Revelation is all about. That’s the biggest lie. Maybe not the biggest lie. The biggest lie is Adam and Eve.” she paused.

“There I’ve given you the key to the universe. Don’t you feel like it’s the key to the universe? All this stuff I’m telling you, it’s all the dark secrets. We don’t trust anybody with this knowledge. I only know it because I’m the most evil witch princess who ever lived. I’m the Whore of Babylon. They used to think no one could be eviler than my mother. Ooh,” she shuddered, “She was wicked. I’m worse. I’ve done more evil things. Way more. I preside over rape rituals for infants and babies. I had my church eat a child alive – well, he wasn’t alive when we were done with him. I’m the worst mass murderer who ever lived.”

She thought a moment, “Well Hitler, maybe, maybe he was a bigger murderer, but he couldn’t be trusted. The elders in his church never did trust him entirely - he didn’t possess the ancient knowledge. He was a puppet. I’ve been trusted with knowledge that I don’t think anyone else has. I mean, no one person has insight like mine. It was different people over the years that told me the things each one of them knew; but I know it all now.”

My Angels reminded me to stay calm and keep her talking.

“What about your mother? She was almost as evil as you – didn’t she have the same understanding as you?”

She gasped. “That’s a compliment. Isn’t it? I don’t care; I’ll take it as a compliment. Here I am, the most evil witch princess who ever lived, and I don’t get compliments. People are afraid of me, I think. That’s it, I think. That’s what I tell myself, anyway.”

I had no response. All I could think was, ‘she’s a raving lunatic.’

“I’ve never done this. Never. Isn’t that something? To be 55 and never ...” she was in earnest. She had told me several times throughout the conversation that she had never before told a victim he or she was about to be killed. That wasn’t it. My peeps told me it was a conversation; she had never had a conversation.

“You mean the give and take? Like me asking questions and you answering, and you asking questions and me answering? That’s a conversation. We’re having a conver...”

“You couldn’t possibly answer anything I ask. I’m omniscient.”

“Okay, yeah, well, anyway, that’s what you call it - a conversation. You’ve never had a conversation?” This was the closest we came to a civil conversation since the phone call began. How I could hold it together to be civil to her after all she’d told me was nothing short of a miracle.

“I’ve heard of them. This is what it feels like. Huh? I’m always giving orders or receiving reports. I’ve never experienced anything like this.” Then her voice got rough again and she began a Jekyll and Hyde conversation with herself saying how she’d never talked to me

because she wanted to hate me and she thought if she got to know me she wouldn't hate me and on and on.

I interrupted her, appealing to the human side I had heard just seconds before, "So your parents must have had you raped and tortured, too, as a child. You said you were born to be princess and that the princess gets the most horrible torture, so they must have done that to you? Did you hate them for that?"

She thought a moment and responded they did her a favor; she wouldn't be where she was today if they hadn't done that for her.

I asked her how she was aware of the ancient knowledge if she didn't learn it from her parents. I wanted to get more information about what Hitler didn't know.

Some things she learned from her mother who was privy to certain of the ancient secrets. As Deeta got older, and her powers and her penchant for evil more apparent, elders from the church would take her aside and make clear to her certain truths that had been kept secret from all but a handful of people in the world. "I know things even my mother didn't know because the elders in my church believed I was, indeed, the Whore of Babylon; so I needed to know everything there was to know about the Revelation and ending the world."

I asked about her father. Her father was an elder in her church but not in the upper echelon and so didn't know any of the secrets she knew. The man who raised her was not her biological father, she assumed, since he didn't have the lineage necessary to produce the princess.

Deeta's church dated back to Cain and Abel times.

"When Cain killed Abel," she explained, "God didn't know. We took that information to heart. Satan knew that God wasn't watching all the time; he decided he could use that against God. Satan decided Cain should move north and begin a breeding program to change the skin color of his descendents to white. That's why we value albinos so much – they're the furthest thing from God's creation. They're treated like royalty; they get to suffer the worst torture and rape rituals we've devised. We have to make them one of us – or kill them trying."

She began getting angry, "Descendents of Cain and those who worship the Devil were the first religion. You didn't know that, did you? We had the first religion. All religions that came after just copy us. Canaanites worshiped the Black. Some of our songs and parts of our Bible are in all religions. You know that song, 'My God is an Angry God,' that's our song, the words, the music, everything. You know the saying, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' that's our saying. Ooh, oh, and so is 'Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.' We've got our fingers in everything you do. The idea of tithing, that's ours, too. Everything you do has a basis in our church."

Deeta got herself back on track, "That's why our story of Adam and Eve is right there up front. It's the greatest lie."

"It's just a story. Nobody believes it. It's just nonsense. I don't think anybody these days believes that story," I know I didn't. I thought she was talking about the story. I really didn't understand what she was talking about. I didn't know what tithings were. And, since I was brought up Catholic, I didn't know the song, either.

"You do believe it! You DO!"

"No I don't," I responded.

"You believe God sent His son to be sacrificed to pay for our sin, don't you?"

"I guess so."

“See! So you do believe the lie! Everyone does,” she laughed. “The whole world believes it! He didn’t come to deliver anybody from sin, he came to tell everyone about Heaven and how easy it is to get there. We couldn’t have a message like that get out so we had to kill him.

“When the Hebrews took over Canaan they mixed with us. We are the Pharisees. I said that right – didn’t I?”

“Pharisees, yeah, that’s right,” I assured her. “They’re the righteous bastards who were always on Christ for the stuff He did.”

“You shouldn’t call them bastards; and they weren’t righteous, that’s for sure. I’m not sure we’ve got the word right, but you know what I mean – we killed Christ.”

It wasn’t hard to believe the Pharisees were Satanic. The Bible makes it pretty clear they killed Christ or at least helped to set Him up. Christ never had a good thing to say about them.

To me, Deeta sounded like she believed Christ was God more adamantly than most Christians I knew. I wondered, ‘how could she possibly worship Satan?’

“So, you’re one of the only people in the world who knows the truth,” I said.

“You get it! You understand. I thought you might. We all know there’s something special about you. It’s kind of a shame we have to kill you. You could be one of the greatest witches of all time.”

I had to be very careful not to say facetiously, “Greater than you?”

“Really great. Sometimes I need as many as sixty people to pull off a magic trick, one of the really complicated ones, sometimes more. But you - you do magic that I can only dream of. You make cars disappear. You can make yourself disappear. I do that too, only I need help. Don’t tell anyone I told you - but I need help for all my tricks.”

“That’s because there is no such thing as magic.”

"You know that, and I know that, but my followers don't know that. I make them believe in magic. It's one of my greatest gifts. You could be really great if you'd follow me."

She hesitated for quite a while. "Will you follow me? I could make you great! You could rule the world!"

I thought, ‘What a ridiculous turnaround. I’m tired of telling Deeta I don’t believe her. It reminds me of a statement Lloyd had made a while ago. He said, ‘It wouldn’t be so bad if you ruled the world. I mean, I wouldn’t mind. You always do the right thing, even if it means getting killed.’ Now I know why he said that. ‘I don’t want to rule the world’ is what I told him.’

"Sorry Deeta, but I don't want to rule the world." Then my peeps helped me add, "You can just go ahead and kill me."

"I knew you would say that, but I felt I had to ask. It's been something I've wanted to ask for a long, long time. I didn't dare, because I knew what the answer would be, but I thought if you knew you were going to die - if you had a choice between dying and being one of the great - probably the greatest magician of all time - I thought that maybe you'd pick being great. It's that cursed light, if I just could have made that light go out. I tried; all these years I tried." She paused again. I said nothing. She added almost apologetically, "I just had to ask."

“Sorry Deeta, but I’m gonna have to pass.”

‘That’s the same crap she fed to Lloyd. And he accepted?? What a jerk.’

I was about to tell her it was God who did those things she thought I could do.

“I’d help you,” she added. “I’m telling you, you could be famous. I could make that happen. Don Jowlexander already thinks you’re the most powerful thing he’s ever come across, and he studies that sort of thing. He has the ear of the President. He’d help you too, I know he would. He’s already told me he would. We’ve talked about it.”

I said nothing. ‘Was it the president or Don Jowlexander who would help me? I knew she was lying to me because she’d already told me no one in her cult was allowed to become famous. I wondered how she ever got anyone to believe her. They must load everyone up with some powerful drugs in the Kool-Aid before each meeting. I knew several of the people who bought into what she was telling me. They weren’t total idiots.’

I felt like Alice – ‘Down and down the rabbit hole we go.’

“I’d tell you things. I’d tell you what I know,” she pleaded. “I’ll teach you about superstition.” Without any prodding on my part, she informed me, “What happens is, what we do is,” she thought a second, drew in a quick breath, “when something happens, like a black cat, let’s say a black cat crosses your path, we do that part, too. A lot of us own black cats. We’ll let it out in front of our target: then someone else will, let’s say, drop something out of a window on him. We’ll do both parts, we’ll be the ones who set a ladder up so the target has to walk under it and then we’ll be the ones who push a bucket of paint onto him. That’s why people get superstitious, because we make bad things happen. The reason bad things happen on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> is us, too. It’s a green light for ‘Dirty Tricks Clubs’ to have a field day. You didn’t know that did you? You just thought bad things happen. It’s us, it’s all us. Isn’t that fun? Now do you want to join us?”

“That sounds horrible,” the thought was repulsive to me.

“It does?” Deeta said with confusion and a hint of disappointment in her voice. Then she toughened up, “You’re just saying that. Good people say they don’t like those things, but they’re lying. Everyone likes it when bad things happen to somebody else.” Then she yelled, “Everyone!”

The conversation had strayed off into an aggravating area. My people reminded me I was supposed to be getting information.

“Does that have something to do with Revelation? You said you have no one to tell these things to. I’d like to know. I really would. You’re gonna kill me anyway. I don’t know anything about Revelation. Tell me about that.”

“It’s in the Bible. I thought you’d be the type to read the Bible. You keep surprising me.”

She went on, “It was ours – written eons ago. It’s what the Black wanted from us. It was rewritten to claim it would be God causing the destruction, but it’ll be us. We can do it all – we have the power to do it all. And you stupid people will believe it’s God punishing you! You’re so stupid – God doesn’t work like that,” she said contemptuously, then growled, “He’s so good.”

“Why are you saying this? Why would you want Armageddon? Don’t you realize you’ll be killed, too?” I asked because I was being coached by my peeps. I was dizzy from all of her insane statements. I couldn’t keep up.

“The Earth and the universe are God’s creation. The dark Angels hate God and all of His creations. That’s why we want to ruin the environment. We *love* litter, smog and graffiti: we think it’s beautiful. We want to destroy what God created.”

“So you’re Republicans?”

She laughed, and then said, “The Republican Party agenda is in line with ours. We have a new group called ‘the Patty Cake.’ Isn’t that funny? It sounds like a child’s game. I love it! They’re us. They want to destroy the world as we know it. The Patty Cake,” she laughed again.

She said that the Book of Revelation, the last book of the Bible that predicts the Apocalypse and Armageddon, is an ancient Satanic prediction. In the original Satanic version, followers of Satan cause the destruction of a third of the world using wars, tidal waves, volcanoes, Earthquakes, floods, an apathetic population, one world religion, global financial insecurity, incurable diseases and plagues - and then Satan wins. These ancient teachings were changed slightly and made their way, as the posthumous word of Christ, into the Christian Bible via the Roman Catholic Church.

*Note: Christians believe John dreamed Christ revealed this prophecy to him. The book of Revelation was added over three centuries after Jesus’ death.*

Deeta told me in the Christian version it’s God wreaking havoc because Satan worshipers want everyone to hate God so they make Him out to be the bad guy. She chuckled to think the dirty deeds they were doing were being blamed on God. Deeta said it’s only now that they have the technology to do these things. They’ve always known what their directive was, but it took six thousand years to get to the point, technologically, that they could actually do it.

*Note: I can assure you it’s not God causing the destruction of His creations. There’s no scenario where that plays out. Because He likes us? Because He doesn’t like us? Come on.*

*As much as Satanists would like it to be, this is not the end of the world. In the Satanic version those left on the destroyed Earth will be Satanists. They will rule Earth the way they want with no Ten Commandments to guide their laws.*

*As an aside, the Mormons expect to be the last people left. You can find their stock-piling tips on the internet. Deeta referred to Mormons as Satanists throughout the conversation. I think she’s off the mark on many of her assertions.*

*I was surprised that the Mayan prediction of December 2012 was also Deeta’s prediction and she spoke as though all Satanic religions want the world to end 12/21/2012. I had heard that the Mayans just ran out of calendar room and it was an end to the cycle and a new cycle would begin in December 2012.*

*The Mayans, Hebrews, Christians, Muslims and many other groups believe there will be a new beginning for the Earth and its inhabitants. There will be peace and abundance. That’s the message my Angels are giving me. They’re also telling me evil can be banished from anyone by telling the Devil to leave.*

I assumed she was wrong so I asked her, “Do you really think the world will end in 2012? How did the Mayans know that? Why should the world end in 2012?”

She said that the ancient Mayans predicted the end of the world at the end of 2012. She said they were ruled by a government that was rooted in Satanic religious philosophy. All Satanists believe the world needs a nudge toward annihilation. She said, “The Mayans just put a date to it – is all. About a hundred years ago all the Satanic churches realized that with the expected medical advances and the advances in technology they would actually be able to do what the Devil has always wanted since the creation of man. In our version of Revelation – the

Devil wins. It's our job to help him. We've really started to see things happen for us over the past ten years."

She went on, "I say we've already won. There's more evil in the world than good. Don't you think? I think so. I feel it. Don't you feel it? So the date December 21, 2012, that's it, that's the date all the churches have agreed to shoot for."

Admittedly, I felt something was happening. I felt, in that summer of 2003, that there was more good than evil, but evil seemed to be gaining. Her questions were rhetorical and I wasn't about to answer her anyway.

*Note: I still feel there are significantly more good people; but she was right, evil is being popularized and the lines have become blurred. During the conversation Deeta said the lines between good and evil would become almost undetectable. She predicted the rise of Vampirism through movies and books. She predicted lots of things that are happening now.*

"Good will seem bad and bad good. You'll all be wearing Satanic symbols and you won't even know it. Everyone will get piercings, and I'm not talking about earrings. I'm talking about piercing with stuff that'll make you look deformed. And everyone will get tattoos of our images. Fallen Angels, stuff like that. We want everyone to try to look the way we want them to look – not in the image of," she lowered her voice and growled, "God."

She went on to talk about movies and TV shows that would convolute evil into good to keep everyone confused and blur the lines.

The rise of Vampirism would overshadow Harry Potter.

She said Rollins' mother was given MS and then killed as a warning to her to stop giving away Satanic cults' secrets in her books.

There would be a new set of the Grimm Brothers' stories. She said those were their stories. "People will watch our movies because the only choice will be movies that glorified evil."

*It bothered me when any of Deeta's predictions came true. The choice in the movie theaters has been abysmal. Deeta even knew the names of some of the movies and TV shows that didn't come out until 2011, eight years after the conversation. Worst of all, people have become desensitized to the evil.*

*I wonder how Avatar got past them.*

She persisted, "Working together makes us the most powerful force on Earth. Each one of our churches has so much power, more power than you can imagine, so together we'll be unstoppable. At this moment millions of people, including some of the most powerful people in the world, are working toward Armageddon – working to end the world. We'll be the ones left. We rule the world already. The Earth is ours. God gave it to Satan as his playground, and since we worship him, we own it. But when it's just us left, then we can run it the way we want.

"We're working on new killer fungi, viruses and bacteria. Some churches are working to develop new diseases. AIDs is ours. We're bringing back the plague, typhoid, small pox, cholera and whooping cough. Typhoid Annie was one of us. Of course, anthrax is ours. Other churches are going through our poisons and potions to see if there are side health benefits. Like Acetaminophen, we've always known it causes liver failure - that's how we killed Poe and

Mozart. But, in very, very small doses, smaller than the recommended dose, it relieves pain. The recommended dose of extra-strength causes liver failure pretty quickly. Don't ya love it?"

She got giddy and added, "We'll get people to take toxic levels of Vitamin D."

I couldn't take hearing these horrible things anymore. "The FDA won't allow any of it," I countered.

"You're so stupid! We own the FDA! There's already loads of stuff on the market that's really bad for you that the FDA approved. We put poison in the food; we call it ad..., adit..."

"Additives? Like, oh, I don't know, preservatives and food color and..."

"Your such a block head! Don't you listen?" She got really angry, "Poison. We put poison in the food. You read those chemicals, I've seen you reading labels, there's a bunch of them. You were our guinea pig. We had you tell us just how many chemicals, and at what amounts, we could add to food so nobody can taste them. I think we can put seven different poisons, and make no mistake, they're poisons..." she paused. "Why am I talking to you? Why am I telling you? Go ahead – eat what you want. Think what you want. Okay, their presser..., preservatives. They're not; they do nothing but make people sick. Hear me! They have no purpose! They are NOTHING but poison! They're our poisons. We found they're tasteless in small amounts – so we put them in everything. So, if they're in everything, they'll build up. But you don't get it. So forget it. Do what you want. I should've just let you do what you want, always. The time I've spent making you do something I want you to do! It's insane! I torture you all night, sometimes to death, to get you to say something I wanted you to say. Everybody else," she shouted, "*Everybody* else goes along with me! You don't listen to me – do what you want about this! Kill yourself, for all I care. Saves me some work."

I could really see how her anger could make torture go wrong. Anger doesn't work for anyone, we work for anger. I resisted the urge to preach back at her.

"What about Vitamin D? People know that's toxic – they won't take too much of it."

"We'll just do our own study. We do that all the time. All the time, not just for science stuff, but for everything. Then we'll just work a little of our magic on some of the country's health gurus. We'll make them say too much Vitamin D is good for you. People'll listen. People are like sheep," Deeta snorted.

She wanted very badly to convince me she was telling me the truth. She wanted me to be aware of all their wrongdoings so I would realize she was serious about having me killed and then I would be petrified or panicky – or at the very least jumpy.

***When we act out of fear we act irrationally.***

So far I was giving her the impression, I was not impressed. Not only were my Angels surrounding me with calming words and feelings but they encouraged me to stay on the phone to find out more. My mind couldn't comprehend such evil, so ultimately, my mind protected me. Even though I was developing a raging headache and experiencing waves of nausea with each horrendous word, to Deeta, I remained nonchalant and skeptical.

"You may be right, there," I replied, "people can be a lot like sheep."

Look at the people who watch Wolf News. Plus that I figured agreeing with her on any point would be productive. At times it seems as though the FDA keeps drugs away from people who could really use them. The thought that they knowingly approved drugs that were bad, and withheld drugs that were good, was disconcerting. "But that's not power, Deeta," I countered,

“making up stuff and passing it off as real, that's just lying. Anybody can do that. You're not so special.”

Deeta bellowed she'd have me tortured for that. She told me one night she had me tortured all night because she didn't like the Pat Benetar song, *I'm Special*. Then she got back to the subject.

“We're powerful! We are! Our member, the Colonel in Army Intelligence, says we already have a doomsday machine. You designed it. That's another reason to kill you. You'll have killed thousands, maybe millions of people; once that's operating the way it should. I shouldn't be telling you this but you'll be dead in a week anyway.”

"Oh yeah, that's right, do you have any idea how I'm going to be killed?" I was curious.

Deeta did have an idea and she explained it to me in graphic, horrid detail.

Seemingly unfazed I asked, "So tell me about this doomsday machine I designed?"

“It's basically a submarine, or wait, maybe it's two submarines that can drill a well hole and then pump water into fault lines deep under the ocean floor to create Earthquakes. I don't know for sure. You designed it. You said to use a bomb. That was bad, because a bomb would leave radioactivity. We can do the same thing with water.” She said the reason the drilling would be off shore and based on submarines is so it would be undetected by satellite surveillance.

Iceland, Japan, Italy and the Netherlands were all targets. She said Christchurch New Zealand was a target. She growled saying she hated saying His name. Italy will have a series of volcanoes and the Netherlands will be entirely flooded.

“We're going to make Hiroshima seem small. That'll send a message!” She stated.

I didn't bother to ask just how I designed it; or exactly what message that would send, but said instead, “That's absurd! You couldn't get anybody to man it.”

“You're the one who's being absurd!” She screeched, “We make up a third of the world's population. There are millions of people who'd love to do that! There are loads of people who'd love to cause mass destruction like that! We've already tested it and we have a bunch of planned targets. Don't you call me absurd! I'll have you killed for that.”

“Too late,” I told her.

“What's that mean? Too late?”

“You're already having me killed.”

She reprimanded, “Don't say that like it's a joke. I'm serious! *We're* serious! We're as serious as...”

“Yeah, yeah. You're serious as a heart attack.”

“That's it. That's good 'cause a heart attack is pretty serious. Did you just come up with that? I've never heard it before.”

“No Deeta, it's a saying.”

“It's a good one. I'm going to start using it. Are you sure you didn't come up with it?”

“I'm sure I didn't.” I rolled my eyes and thought about sitting up. “Tell me more about Armageddon.”

“Armageddon was the goal of the 9/11 attacks. You didn't know that, did you?” her voice became stern again, “How could you? You don't know any of this. That's why I called, because I realized you didn't know any of this. You have a right to know because you don't even know who you are. When I'm standing over you, I want you to know why you're being killed.”

She was right - I didn't know.

‘Wow, President Giggles N. Bush and Vice-President Dick B. Cheatey are in Satanic cults?’ What I thought was, ‘They, at the very least, allowed those 9/11 attacks to occur, or, at worst, planned the attacks.’

She told me 9/11 did two things. It began a spending spree intended to aid in toppling the world economy: and, it was used as an excuse to begin a war that was slated to spiral out of control and begin WWII - killing many of the world’s population. She insisted there are people in charge of the world economy who are set to topple that economy. She was sure that there would be a WWII.

*Note: As I write this I feel strongly that our involvement in Yemen is a bad move.*

As she told me these things I thought, ‘how can she possibly think Satanists won’t be affected by World War Three, especially if it’s fought on American soil?’

Many of the people in the Army, who call the shots and advise the President on methods of interrogation and defense, are in Satanic cults. Many are executives of Wolf and NNC.

*Note: The internet is a good source of information on that subject. Use a public computer.*

She said Dick and Bush knew the war would financially cripple the economy, but the goal for a proper Armageddon would be global bankruptcy. The banks would also have to fail and the world’s stock markets would have to be disrupted.

*Note: You can find interesting articles on the internet on the connection between Satanism and the Army. I know, for a fact, this statement is true since I remember Don Jowlexander and the many times he tortured me. As for the 9/11 attacks being used to start Armageddon, I figured they were used to get us into war but for what purpose? – I didn’t know.*

“What else can you tell me about Armageddon and the Revelation? You said it took six thousand years to fulfill?”

“About that. It’s been our directive since the beginning of time. God created the Earth for Satan. Satan hates God so now he wants it destroyed.”

“What can you do now that you couldn’t do six thousand years ago?” I asked.

“Well for one thing, we’re going to cause a nuclear disaster in Japan that will make Hiroshima seem like nothing. It’ll be the biggest disaster Japan ever faced.”

"Why Japan?"

"Why not Japan? They’re as expendable as the rest of the countries. We won’t need them in 2013.”

"Are you going to drop another bomb?"

“We’ve got it all set up. All we have to do is use your doomsday machine. All nuclear power plants are built on fault lines. You didn’t know that did you? Well they are. There are commissions that people who want to build those things have to go through. We have someone sitting on everyone of those commissions. Our people always recommend nuclear power plants are built on fault lines. All they have to do is say no to every other site that is proposed. If somebody complains, and they always do, we just get to that person.”

She went on, "Japan is no different. We'll get them. We'll get Holland, too. We're going to make it sink. And Italy, we're going to make that other volcano seem timid. We're going to have volcanoes set off all around Rome. Seven of them, I think."

"The seven hills of Rome? How are you gonna pull that one off? Are they on fault lines?"

"You're an idiot, They're not hills. We have our own suicide bombers. We can mind control anyone. There are thousands of people who will think it's a privilege to throw themselves into a volcano with explosives in a knapsack."

"How will they get in?"

"You dope. People hike inside volcanoes all the time."

"You'll get suicide bombers inside volcanoes and set off Earthquakes at the same time?" I wondered aloud.

"Something like that," her voice softened, "I think so," then it trailed off, "We'll make it work."

"Why won't you die? Aren't you afraid you'll die along with everybody else in the world?"

"Don't you worry about that. The Black will save us. Are you sure you don't want to join us? If you do, I'll save you, too." She worked up her most convincing voice – almost nice, "I will."

"I'll take my chances. Thanks anyway. What about storms and floods?"

"The weather? We control that, too."

"No one can control the weather." Before she could respond, I added, "If you can, how come no one will know it's you doing all this?" At this point I was just listening and trying to remember what she said. I kept asking my peeps, '*Is this right?*' They instructed me to listen. I flat-out didn't believe her.

"We have our scientists working on it. Tracking sun storms and weather patterns into the future. We can tell our people what to look out for. We tell them where and when to move. We can control the size of hurricanes and tornadoes. That's why there's a tornado in the *Wizard of Oz* - we controlled them even then. We're going to make the sun explode."

"Oh come on, Deeta, you're not going to make the sun explode," I said like she was a child.

"It will! It will explode on December 21, 2012."

"That's absurd! It's physically impossible. We're puny. We're nothing but tiny specks of dust to the sun."

"You are! Not us. We're the rulers of the sun."

"I thought you were rulers of the moon?" Didn't she tell me she was the ruler of the moon?

"The moon, too. But the sun, now there's power. We own the universe. We'll send an atomic bomb into the sun if we have to."

"It would burn up before it could explode," I explained.

"Not if we send it. We have great power. We can do anything we want!"

"Well – ya can't make the sun explode," I rebuked her.

"Silence!" She hollered like she was in some bad B movie.

I wanted to say, 'You're a major loon,' but instead I said, "Okay, so you'll make the sun explode. What else are you gonna do?"

She told me if the Earth was still here in 2013 the Satanic churches would pack up and move to the moon. I told her that was impossible. She insisted it was possible if she said it was possible.

I asked her what else she had cooking.

Much to my amazement, She continued, “We own the air waves, too. The microwave towers, that’s it, I think, they’re called microwave towers. I think. We own them, too. They’re more powerful. We can make people anywhere do anything we want, or,” she lowered her voice to correct herself, “to act any way we want them to act. The Watts riots – we did that. And a lot more, too. We can get people to think the way we do, and not just with microwaves, we send mind numbing signals out over the radio and TV.

“We own Wolf,” She said with an air of confidence.

“I thought you did! Not you, I didn’t know about you...”

She interrupted, “You didn’t, but you do now. You’re starting to realize just how powerful I am. And you thought you could bring us down.”

“I was pretty sure someone evil owned Wolf News. I couldn’t figure that out, how they got away with saying all the shit they say.”

“It’s not shit – it’s the truth. Well, it’s the truth the way we see it. And it’s not just Wolf News we own – we own Wolf – the whole station. There’ll be others. We own AM, too.”

“AM, like the morning?” I asked, just to say something silly.

“Ugh. You’re such an imbecile. Imbecile? Is that a word?”

“Yup, it’s a word.” I told the omniscient one.

“What’s it mean?” She asked.

“Untrainable. Someone who’s unable to perform simple tasks.”

“What’s *that* mean?” She asked.

I made the explanation something even she could understand. “Really, incredibly stupid.”

“That’s it! That’s what you are! Now, what was your question?”

“AM – like the AM radio band. Which station?” I asked.

“What?”

“Which channel? Which station? Like WSB or WNEW or WABC or what?”

“It’s not a band!” She sounded exasperated.

“Sure it is – it’s a wave length – like FM.”

“No it’s not. The only kind of band is one with instruments! You’re so stupid, I can’t believe Don thinks you’re IQ is over 200.”

I started to say, ‘what about a rubber band, an arm band, or a band of gypsies,’ but figured this argument was difficult, to say the least. Trying to make a joke while she was talking about mass mind control was exhausting, so I asked again, “Which station? Like WABC – 77.7 or what?”

“All of them. We own all of them, I think. I’m pretty sure. We even know how to keep people tuned in. There are certain frequencies we broadcast. And we do su... sub...” she paused trying to think of the term.

“Subliminal messaging?” I offered.

“No. Not that, it’s something else. Maybe that’s it - I can’t remember,” She paused again and I just gave her time to think. Her mind was off thinking about mass mind control when it finally lighted on something. “We’re taking down the Post Office. You were right. The beginning of the end was when we said, ‘the Post Office can’t make a profit.’”

“Why do you want to take down the Post Office?” I asked.

“Commerce – commerce, I think it’s called - we want to stop that.”

“You plan to stop commerce, by taking down the Post Office? How? Is this all part of your plan for Armageddon?” ‘She’s just out of hand,’ I thought. “Anyway, I don’t think getting rid of the Post Office will end commerce.”

“You don’t think so?” She sounded disappointed.

“Well, it would fuck things up pretty bad; but no, I don’t think so,” I replied.

“Don’t talk like that, you can’t talk to me like that!” she bellowed.

‘Deeta can talk about eating and raping babies, causing world-wide famine and plagues; and she’s worried about my verbiage?’ I thought. “And how do you think you’re gonna get away with all this? It’ll take a while to take down the Post Office – you don’t think anyone will notice?”

“No one will notice because we own the vanilla sky!” She bragged, “That’s what we call it.”

“No one will notice you stopped commerce because you own the vanilla sky?” What the heck was she talking about? “The movie?” I asked.

‘Are you listening to this?’ I asked Jesus.

‘Keep listening,’ He answered.

‘Oi, vey.’

“What movie?” She said, “The thing over your head. The sky. When it turns yellow, we call that Vanilla Sky. It makes you sick and keeps you confused.”

The only vanilla sky I’d heard of, was the recent Tom Cruise movie.

“I’m sorry Deeta, but the only vanilla sky I know of is the Tom Cruise movie,” I said.

“Tom Cruise – he got everything that was coming to him,” she stated.

‘Where is she going with this one?’

My Angels told me to just hold on. It’s about to get stormy.

## Chapter 3a – Additional Thoughts on Armageddon

### Financial Armageddon

*The madcap initiative to loosen lending restrictions happened during a previous administration. You know the old saying, “Banks only lend money to people who don’t need it.” The idea of the change in restrictions was to alter the way banks thought about loan customers and to make money accessible to people who did need it. When the idea first came out I was working for a bank. In the late nineties I asked what would happen if we changed our lending criteria to encompass more borrowers? The answer was, “**Runaway global inflation.**”*

*I raised an eyebrow, “How did you come up with that?”*

*The fella with that answer went on to explain it as well thought through chess moves:*

*“Today’s banks have become too big to fail. When bad loans don’t get paid back the banks won’t have the money to cover depositor accounts. The government owned FDIC insures deposit accounts. It will have to step in to cover the banks and since all banks will be in the same boat, billions and billions of dollars will be lost.*

*The government will have to start printing money to cover the FDIC since that’s an entity with no available funds.*

*Printing billions and billions of dollars with nothing to back it up will lead to mass inflation,” he said matter-of-factly.*

*“How can you, in good conscience, knowing that, still change our lending criteria?” I asked.*

*“Everybody’s doing it. If we don’t we’ll get left behind.” Was the foolhardy answer. This was in the late 1990s. - check mate!*

*The FDIC may be a fund but there also may be no real money in that fund. (Much like Social Security.) I can’t find any verification regarding that statement.*

*Banks knew exactly what they were doing and what the consequences of their negligence would be. I think as long as there are people who want the banks to fail, and are working toward that end, there is nothing this government should do about it. They will fail even with FDIC funds - so let them fail. If banks know they won’t be covered they will have to become fiscally responsible. We (the US government) should stop spending money to cover for their idiocy. We can and will bankrupt the country that way.*

*The incentive to let banks fail was stepped up during the Dick/Bush reign. This, of course, further increased this country’s debt with an end goal of mass inflation and financial ruin. If you thought it almost seemed that they were part of the bank failure but couldn’t figure out why in the world they would do something like that – well, that’s why – that and money. Members of the Bush family own banks. Many Dick/Bush cronies own banks. Essentially banks have been making loans knowing they were guaranteed to be paid back by the taxpayers, and while it worked, banks made oodles of money. The officers and board members knew what they were doing because they all made sure their “golden parachutes” were in place before they got involved in bad loans. I remember that happening in the bank I worked for. It took months even though they outsourced a team of lawyers.*

*The stock market is unstable because, basically, it’s almost like everyone – investors and companies alike – are floating checks. There’s no real money to back up investments. Some*

large investment companies out and out lied. Many companies had and still have two sets of accounting books. One for regulators and stockholders and one for internal use.

Investment firms and large companies knew exactly what they were doing and they knew the hardship they would cause their investors. Again, as long as there are people who want companies and the stock markets to fail, and are working toward that end, there's nothing this government should do about it. They will fail even with government funds - so let them fail. Far, far fewer people will be hurt if the government says, and rightfully so, "these are private entities and taxpayer dollars will NOT be used to help them." If large companies, conglomerates and investment firms know the government won't bail them out they will have to become fiscally responsible to stay in business. We should stop spending money to cover for their idiocy! We can and will bankrupt the country that way and then EVERYONE will be affected, not just the investors.

Even though their business practices were (and probably still are) illegal, the US government felt many corporations were too big to fail and so we, the taxpayers, should bail them out. The same chess moves follow for these companies as for the banks.

Now, the Obama Administration is following terrible advice to keep spending. Everyone seems to think the US economy is too powerful to fail. It's not.

Since this conversation much has happened. Now I wonder if some financial advisors to the President have financial Armageddon as an end goal.

### **The News Media – Hate TV- Armageddon Propagandists**

One of our ex-presidents questioned why Wolf News was able to get away with making up the News.

If you check the internet you will also find that many Opaque Channel, NNC, Wolf and Wolf News advisors, officials and commentators are in Satanic cults. These network officials have studied and written about mind control and subliminal messages. Wolf uses all those things, including the cornerstones of Satanism - fear, anger, vengeance and hate - to keep their audiences glued to the TV. People **are** mind controlled into thinking that the minute they stop watching, something terrible will happen. They're brainwashed into hating, fearing and getting angry with the current political situation. Satanism works best when a common enemy is established, so Wolf keeps vengeance at the forefront of the "News."

The focus of much of their hate is Obama. Wolf and NNC enjoy referring to Obama as the Savior, the Anti-Christ, and Hitler alternately. Any which way they can do it, they'll make him fit into their version of the Book of Revelation. Deeta said several times during our five hour conversation that Satanists hate black people. It was my impression that Satanists are afraid of black people so it would be important for them to get everyone to hate Obama. Also, it's in our nature to place blame; and we need someone to blame for this man-made Armageddon and it can't be Satan or Satanists.

**'Spoonbenders' Pushing Nuclear Armageddon** is an article that corroborates Deeta's allegation that the former vice-president is a Satanist, and that Army Intelligence and the Wolf network is owned and operated by Satanists. The article, by Jeffery Steinberg, details how mind control is used in the media and by the army. I know, for a fact, the article is correct; and it's absolutely excellent. Be aware that Pedophilia is an integral component of intergenerational Satanic Churches. Be aware, too, that some very high-ranking government officials are pushing Armageddon. The 'Spoonbenders' article can still be found floating around the internet. (If you're the keeper of one of the sites that contains that article, please back it up, so the article

*can be put back up, once it's been sabotaged. I never suggest using your own computer to investigate Satanism. The 'Spoonbenders' article explains why.)*

*What can you do? If you work for a TV network, radio station, or printed media, and you think you notice a different way of thinking or downright strange things going on behind the scenes – that's why. If you work for any mass media, please question what you're doing if something feels wrong. If you're a DJ or commentator and you're asked to say or report something questionable – question it publically. I realize this is a bad time to be out of work, but remember you can change the world for the better.*

*If you're an advocate of a station whose motto is, "We report – You decide." Think about what it is you're deciding. You decide whether or not we made this up just to make you angry? You decide whether we're telling the truth or just trying to scare you? Decide whether bigotry and hatred are good things: or are they teaching you these things to make you fill with hate? Decide you're being lied to because you are! That's exactly what that motto means!*

*Watch other news stations. I recommend PBS. The Daily Show may be funny, but it has good news synopsizes from other news station; they generally have more real news stories than the real news has. A study showed people who watched The Daily Show ranked as the country's best informed. (It's a sad commentary on today's society that one of the only bastions of sanity can be found on Comedy Central.)*

*Rethink everything. Calm down!*

*Do the right thing. If possible – do the righteous thing.*

***Never, never act out of anger, vengeance, fear or hatred because you will invariably be siding with evil. Don't let Hate TV win!***

### **Death, Disease and Famine**

*I want people to be aware that research to end these possibilities won't be enough, if there are those intent on causing death, disease and famine. Be vigilant. Report to friends and family if you suspect something is askew. Report to Public broadcasting. Use the internet to pass around information.*

### **Commerce**

*A while ago, probably more than twenty years ago, the post office changed the way it did business. It used to charge enough for stamps to have a surplus the first year, break even the second year, and show a deficit the third year. Deeta claims Satanic churches are responsible for changing the Post Office's financial status quo. The Post Office has been in a downward financial spiral ever since. Its existence is being threatened.*

*If the Post Office doesn't go back to its old way of financing itself, it could help bankrupt the country.*

*This is another prediction of Deeta's that's coming true. Without the Post Office, Commerce would take a definite hit.*

*Our Post Office is one of the best in the world, people complain, but it's true.*

### **Vanilla Sky**

*If you look up chemtrails on the internet you'll find that, according to some, the contrails of jets are laced with drugs that keep us confused. The government and the armed forces tell us it is jet fuel being dumped before landing or chemicals to make rain. But it doesn't rain and it sometimes makes the sky a vanilla color. When it does rain it can easily become a flood. About fifteen years ago, in the area of northern New Jersey where I lived, we had fourteen inches of rain in twelve hours. It was like someone opened a huge water faucet in the sky. It broke all the little levies in the area. My ex-husband's cult took credit for that.*

### **The Weather**

*I still don't think Satanists can control the weather. (Maybe they can, I just haven't figured it out.) They can, however, compromise levies.*

### **Volcanoes**

*If Satanists can control suicide bombers, as she claims, and if she's right about people hiking inside volcanoes, then we could very well be at their mercy.*

*I know, for a fact, we can cause Earthquakes. She predicted Christchurch, New Zealand; and Tokyo, Japan, in 2003.*

*Note: I don't know if anyone is monitoring the use of the equipment that causes such devastating disasters but I know from my personal experience the Army doesn't monitor itself much – if at all. An Earthquake machine in the hands of the Army or a filthy-rich maniac who is also in a Satanic cult is a scary thought indeed.*

*Helliburton, Dick Cheatey's company, built the cement casing on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico that held the oil well drill in place.*

*The oil well explosion in the Gulf of Mexico gushed oil into the gulf uncontrolled for four months. Why was it still a spill? The cults will often cause a vacancy in the company they want to infiltrate by eliminating an employee.*

*Don't overlook the money.*

*It has been proven that pumping water into a well hole to get natural gas causes Earthquakes. That's how the Earthquake that injured the Washington monument happened.*

*There are magazine articles that can be found on the internet that corroborate her allegations. Since this telephone call I've found Vice-President Dick B. Cheatey's involvement in Satanism to be well documented. She mentioned, and I've been told, Giggles Bush quit the cult when he was about thirty-five. She wasn't sure he actually had quit. I believe he decided stating he was a "Born-again Christian" was a good political disguise. I also don't believe the man's a fool.*

*I also think someone from President Giggles N. Bush's or Vice-President Dick B. Cheatey's cult got to the film-maker Max Rock to make his portrayal of Giggles N. Bush sympathetic and complimentary. Max Rock made "N" out to be an affable, well-meaning, good-natured fool. My memories from the torture sessions have returned and I remember in 2003 Satanists thought Giggles was their greatest puppet.*

*Don Jowlexander boasted he could make Giggles do anything he wanted.*

*Since the conversation with Deeta, I remembered that during one of my torture sessions, Don was talking about having Giggles call off the search for the Weapons of Mass Destruction in Iraq. He would have Giggles say, "Mission Accomplished," on an Air Craft Carrier. The weapons had been hidden away in the east African country of Djibouti and were slated to be used by Satanists at some later date, and so Don, and his fellow Satanists, didn't want the US to continue to look for them.*

*The Mission Accomplished scenario went off without a hitch, even though we never did find the WMDs.*

*A lot of what I say in this book sounds really crazy, but the following statement is a verifiable fact - we didn't find the WMDs, and we know Iraq had them, because we sold the weapons to Iraq. Why doesn't anyone care where they are now? Some may be in Yemen.*

*The WMDs may still be in, or near, Djibouti, for all I know.*

***Note: Christ had such a simple message! It's so easy to get into Heaven – all you have to do is want to go. Deeta, Lloyd and their followers want to go to Hell.***

***I was kept alive to repeat the message that was so badly mangled over the past two thousand years, so you're liable to see it repeated a few more times in the book.***

## Chapter 4 - Tom Cruise

*A Reminder: The phrases in italics are the thoughts I have had since the conversation. Everything else is what had been thought and said during the conversation.*

"Tom Cruise doesn't deserve to be happy. He interfered with us. That whole Universal Studio thing. He shouldn't have gotten involved."

"What whole Universal Studio thing?" I pointed out, "He's an actor, isn't he supposed to get involved with movie studios?"

"No, stupid. This had nothing to do with the movies. I'm talking about the time you and Brooklyn were at Universal Studios. You should never have gotten her to try out for that movie. You caused us a lot of trouble. We had to call in favors from all over - even in Florida and California," She scolded.

'Really?' I had no idea what she was complaining about. None. I've never had my daughter, Brooklyn, audition for any movie. She and Alison had a fuzzy-in-the-background spot on an obscure TV commercial once. Our trip to Universal Studios in Florida was around February of 1991 – give or take a year or two.

"I never had Brooklyn try out for any movie."

"Yes you did! Liar! You're nothing but a stage mother! You put Alison in that movie *Popeye*. We had to torture you for days for that! And now you tried the same thing with Brooklyn."

"Alison was *not* in the movie *Popeye*. It was a baby boy who looked like her. And anyway if you claim to have someone watching me twenty-four seven you should know I didn't spend any time in California or wherever it was that *Popeye* was filmed," I countered.

How could she possibly think the baby who played Sweet Pea was Alison? She said over and over that I had been under constant surveillance since I was twelve. How could Alison be in a movie without Lloyd and Deeta knowing about it? Lloyd should have noticed that I was away from home for several months, even if the 24 hour surveillance didn't. Deeta constantly looked for "reasons" to torture me. She kept saying so many things that didn't make sense. I tried to stay calm.

"We counted the minutes. She was on-screen for less than an hour." She stated with some authority. "We could have missed it. You could've snuck out and put her in the movie and snuck back home. Then you changed her name for the credits, that's what they're called, credits, isn't it? You changed her name for the credits so we wouldn't find out."

"That's not how movies work, Deeta. Those actors are on the set for days and weeks and even months. I would have had to have flown out to where they were making the movie and then hang around for a while and then fly back - you should have noticed I didn't do that. You're just looking for any excuse to have me tortured. You don't need a reason. You just need an excuse - they're different."

"You can't talk to me like that! I'll have you killed! That's another reason to have you killed; and make no mistake about it – you'll be dead this time next week," She screamed. "If I say it's a reason, it's a reason! And anyway, you didn't learn your lesson, you made Brooklyn try

out for a movie at Universal Studios and that made us work over time for almost a month – maybe more.

“The cops in Florida were looking for you,” she continued, still making no sense. “You were on the News for days. Your answering machine was full! We had to forward your number so you’d stop getting calls. We had to figure out who called you. Who was trying to interfere with our work? We had to call in favors - lots of favors. And we found out you had people you knew who we didn't even know about. I don’t know how you do it. Everybody in every town you’ve ever lived knows you.” She scolded, “You’re not supposed to do that. You’re not allowed to talk to people: but you break the rules. You talk to people all the time. And they like you! Imagine that? I tell my followers you have a magic charm, because you’re such a goody two shoes there’s nothing to like. You shouldn’t use that charm, it makes our job harder. Everybody - everybody who meets you has to be tortured and sometimes killed! Everybody who called you about Universal Studios had to be tortured into not recognizing you and hating you. You should stop talking to people. We had to torture them all into hating you. It was a nightmare trying to keep up; you have so many people who love you,” her voice lowered in wonder, “really love you, men *and* women. I never knew women could feel love for other women. I thought they would have to be queer or something. That’s what I told them, anyway, that you were queer, but that didn’t seem to matter. I never realized so many people could feel the way they do about you. Trying to get them to hate you was more than we could handle. When Tom Cruise got involved in looking for you, he made it National News or World News or something. It was horrible!”

She grumbled, “That’s when we realized – that’s when we made the decision – we agreed we had to go into your past. We had to find everyone you ever knew and make them hate you. We had to kill some of them because we couldn’t get them to hate you.”

Deeta got back to the subject, “It was complicated keeping the truth from you. There were a few times we thought it would be impossible, especially after that Cruise character decided to butt in. We still can’t figure out why he did that – so he had to pay. You both had to pay for making our job so hard.”

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Her church tortured people from my past and even killed them for calling me?! I wasn’t breathing. My Angels reminded me to breathe and that none of this was my fault. Torture was Lloyd and Deeta’s pleasure and any excuse to torture and kill people was their responsibility not my burden. Still it was physically painful to hear. I could hear Christ calming me and requesting that I continue the conversation. The phone cord was only about eight feet long so I laid down on the dining room floor.

‘And what of Tom Cruise? What did they do to him?’

She asked, “Where are you? Where did you go? Are you still home?”

“I’m still here,” I answered; completely aware whoever was watching me was letting her know they could no longer see me sitting in the chair.

My peeps urged me to keep her talking.

“They can’t see you. Did you leave?” She asked.

“Deeta, you’re having the house watched, you know I’m still here, I’m lying down on the floor. Are you talking about the tour we took at Universal Studios?” I was pretty sure that’s what Deeta was talking about so I didn’t wait for an answer. “All I remember is when they asked for volunteers at Universal Studios, Brooklyn ran right up onto the stage. There was nothing I could've done about it. She raised her hand, but the guy didn't call on her so she went

up anyway. I didn't make her do anything. There was absolutely nothing I could have done about it."

"Well, we had to get you out of there. We knew if we got *you*, that Brooklyn would follow. What we didn't know was that everything was on tape. They filmed everything there. They had films of you walking down the hall and a lot of films of Brooklyn trying out for that movie. We injected you and we told people you were drunk, and that's usually enough. People don't want to get involved with a drunk woman- so that's usually the end of it. But not at Universal Studios. They put you on the news: they put Brooklyn on the news: everybody was calling you. Every time there was a film of you or Brooklyn on the TV, we broke in and stole it – but, they had copies. They must have had copies everywhere. You had hundreds of messages from people we didn't even know existed. It was a mess. And just when we thought we'd gotten it under control, Tom Cruise got himself into the picture, I'll never understand why. He offered a reward or something. So he had to suffer. He shouldn't have monkeyed in our business."

*Note: I can remember much, much more about the Universal Studios incident now than I did when Deeta told me this story. In fact, I didn't remember any of it except going to Florida on a vacation. I also knew that my daughter, Brooklyn, didn't even remember the Florida trip at all.*

*I remember being puzzled at some of the strange events, such as no messages on the answering machine, but the cult made sure I couldn't remember anything else. Deeta claimed to have tortured me to death after the trip, twice.*

"Deeta, you can't expect me to believe this. This is all so impossible. It's impossible! How could you get to Tom Cruise? How could you get to all my old friends? You can't kill people without going to jail. I don't believe any of this!"

"Oh, believe it. It's true. It's easy. We own all of north Jersey, so we own the whole world."

"The whole world is in north Jersey?" I quipped, "How can you own north Jersey?"

She told me how they operate.

"We can do anything we want to anyone we want!" Her voice softened in admission, "Except Paul McCartney. He wouldn't accept a drink. How dare he? He thinks he's better than us! We couldn't get near him. We tried everything we could think of. How dare he think he's better than us?"

"He probably doesn't let anyone near him," I interrupted. "After what happened to John Lennon he's probably scared. I'm surprised he doesn't have bodyguards."

"He does have bodyguards. We couldn't get past them. We own the world. No one is better than us. We had to teach him a lesson." Her voice lowered as if she were talking to herself, "We made an exchange with one of our churches in Scotland. It wasn't a fair exchange, all they wanted was to have someone murdered and that was so simple, we just did it as a drive by." She thought a minute, "I don't know why that's all they asked for." Then she continued, "They couldn't get close enough to Paul, either. He thought he was too good for them, too. So they trashed his house while he was at the hospital with Linda." Her voice brightened, "That'll teach him. They really did a number on his house. Sir Paul, ha! They broke down walls and demolished everything in sight until the cops finally showed up and they almost got caught. The message has been sent. He understands now that he can't be better than us. I think they did

several million dollars in damage and all we had to do was pull a trigger. So you see, we can get anybody - anybody at all," Deeta said with great bravado.

"How about the president? Can you get to the president?" I chided.

"We don't need to get to the president; there are others who do that. And besides," she realized, "he's one of us, anyway, so no one really needs to get him. But before Bush, Baby Bush, that's what you call him, right?" She paused for my answer.

"Yeah, the one in now? I call him Baby Bush, the one in ten years ago I call Daddy Bush."

"Yeah, before Baby Bush was president we always had someone in the White House, well not us, but one of our churches – someone with our beliefs." She hesitated. "There's a club called the Makerbub Society, which has had every American president as a member. In order to get elected, I think, the person running has to agree to keep certain people as advisors and listen to them. That's why so many things go wrong and so many campaign promises fall by the wayside. The candidate sells his soul to the Devil in exchange for getting elected."

Then she became excited, "We *do* have someone! We have Don Jowlexander in our very own church and he's an adviser to the president, so yes, we *can* get to the president!"

I felt hollow, "Okay, so you killed somebody for one of the churches in Scotland and you had Paul McCartney's house trashed?" I asked with concern and mistrust, "And somebody Lloyd knows advises the president? How come I don't know any of this? I don't believe you. You would have gotten caught. I would know something about it! I was married to Lloyd for twenty-two years! What you're saying is impossible."

"It hasn't been twenty two years! I'm so glad I'm having you killed. I hate you so much. I'm telling you this because I need you to believe me; I need you to be afraid of me. That's important – everyone's afraid of me. I need you to understand you'll be dead in a week." Deeta asked, "You've heard of Dirty Tricks Clubs or a Little Harmless Fun Clubs or After Hours Clubs?"

"I've heard of After Hours Clubs," I answered.

"What do you think we're doing after hours? The only people awake and up and around after midnight are people who want something to happen to them. We make it happen. If it's a woman, then we know she wants to be raped. If it's a prostitute, then we know she wants to be raped and murdered. Everyone out between the hours of twelve and dawn wants something to happen to them. Maybe they want to be tortured? Maybe they want to be mutilated or killed. It's up to us to make that happen for them. We generally refer to ours' as a Dirty Tricks club, because everybody loves dirty tricks."

I thought about the sheer horror and insane ridiculousness of that statement, "I don't think people who are out late at night want that. Maybe they have something to..."

"Silence!" She yelled. "I am right! I'm always right! I'm omniscient! If I say they want to be murdered - then they want to be murdered. All we do is provide a place where people can go to accommodate all those people who want to be killed or tortured. People who want to do the killing, raping and torturing come and join us."

"That's how I found Lloyd," she continued, "I could see it in him. I knew he wanted to torture and rape and murder and I knew he'd do anything for me. I had many men get in my way. Those who were supposed to be prince opposed me. I even had my brother killed. I had to. He liked you – can you imagine? But I wanted Lloyd. My mother agreed, because he was so pitiful and hateful, we knew he'd do anything for me. That's why I wanted him for my prince. In exchange I gave him you." She muttered and grumbled, "I thought you'd be dead by now. I

thought I would have killed you by now, but make no mistake - you'll be dead by the end of the week."

"You'll be caught," I asserted.

"Us? No. Ha. Impossible." It was clear by the tenor of her voice that she summarily dismissed the idea. "People join us, I don't know how they find us, but they always do. After we do something really outrageous that makes the news we always get a few dozen new followers. Like the time we ate that baby alive in Milford, Pennsylvania. We did that for you – that's another reason to have you killed – we do a lot for you. That stunt worked out well for us, we got almost a hundred new followers. They found us, the police couldn't find us; but a hundred other worshipers did. They loved it and wanted to be part of it.

"They join us to watch torture and murder which makes them feel powerful and in control, sometimes for the first time in their lives. They hear *our* Bible and everything suddenly makes sense to them. They feel at home. They want to worship the ruler of the Earth, not the Creator of Heaven and Earth."

*There are a few names for the Devil in the Bible, probably referring to different fallen Angels. We generally speak of the Devil meaning all of the fallen Angels and the souls who have joined them since the creation of man, which was the point in time along the evolutionary ladder when God put an immortal soul into the human animal. We say 'the Devil' like there's only one.*

*Evidence of evolution is in the story of Esau and Jacob. God reminds me to remind you He did not write the Bible. He created us using evolution as His clay.*

"The Black is the reason we're here. We have the Devil to thank for this temporary life. So we worship the Black since this is the only life we know and the only Earth we have. We don't tell our new followers that's who they're worshipping, but in time they find out and by then it's too late because we've convinced them the things they've done, in the name of the Black, are too horrible for God to ever forgive. We tell them since they're going to Hell anyway they might as well enjoy the ride."

She continued, "Sometimes worshipers don't realize that when I say, god, I'm talking about our god - the Black. We have a trinity, too: Beelzebub, and Lilith his female half, and their son, Satan." Then she whispered to herself, "I don't know what he needs Lilith for. Women are worthless."

I didn't comment on her whispered comment because I would have been accused of ESP. "First of all, I don't believe in the Devil, and B, there's nothing you can do that God can't forgive," I told her.

"Oh, you're so stupid! I know you don't believe in him that is, but you should, he's real - I've seen him. And I know as well as you do, there's nothing you can do that God can't forgive: but that's not what we tell our followers, or we wouldn't have any - well maybe not *any* - but we'd have a lot less. We like to portray God the way Satan sees Him."

"So you lie to get followers?"

"All religions lie!" Deeta snapped.

She had me there.

## **Chapter 4a – Comments, Summary and Story**

*When I put the pieces together I realized the scope of this was mind boggling! I'm including the rest of this story to demonstrate how invasive and thorough this cult can be. Remember they had about three hundred fifty members at the time, probably less. Other Satanic churches worked with them, but it was still a mighty feat. She said the Satanic church in California that helped them get to Tom was the pyramid heads. This one incident indicates Satanic churches could possibly be capable of some of the other outlandish claims Deeta made throughout the conversation.*

*I'm also including this story because there may be many people who remember this incident and can corroborate it for me. Not those who called me, of course, since their memories were erased through electroshock torture and drugs: but, probably people who still work at Universal Studios, the Florida Police, the Florida News or even those who saw it on TV.*

*The reason Universal Studios and Tom Cruise wanted so badly to find Brooklyn was they wanted her to play the girl in the film *The War of the Worlds*. Dakota Fanning got the part. She did a fine job.*

*The sad truth is, people get abducted and children go missing every day. It rarely gets past the local news and sometimes doesn't even get reported. The power of Universal Studios and Tom Cruise didn't make little Brooklyn reappear. What chance do the children who disappear on a daily basis have?*

### ***My Universal Studios Florida Story***

*Lloyd, Alison, Brooklyn, and I took a trip to Florida when Brooklyn was about eight, so that would have been around 1991. One of our stops was Universal Studios, because Alison and Brooklyn were interested in seeing the Nickelodeon exhibit. One of the stops on the Universal tour was to show how movies were made - or that's what we were told. Brooklyn had always expressed a desire to be an actress so she immediately raised her hand. The MC, who did the choosing, chose all the girls up front who had their hands raised. Brooklyn had her hand up but she wasn't chosen. So when the man said, "That's it. Is that it?" she just hopped up and ran up toward the stage with her hand in the air. He noticed her coming and said, "Oh, there's another one. Sure, come on up." The MC said that it was to be a scene about an Earthquake and the girls on stage should imagine the ground was shaking and they were very afraid. Brooklyn took that direction and made her whole body shake, rock and roll, while screaming and she finally fell down. There was a woman in the audience who really enjoyed her performance. The woman was a talent scout for Universal.*

*After the presentation was over, the crowd continued on the rest of the tour, the parents of the girls on stage were asked to come to a room to sign a release. Lloyd and Alison and I headed off to the room, after I explained to Lloyd that Brooklyn was one of the girls on stage. Brooklyn ran up to us to ask if we'd seen her performance. I said, "Yes, you were the best one!" She was called back to the group of girls. A nice-looking, young woman walked up to me and said, "She was the best one. Everybody thought so. Did you see that crowd reaction? Did you see how they applauded for her?"*

*"I thought there was more applause for her," I replied, "but then, I'm her mother so I'm a bit biased."*

*"So you are her mother, that's what I was going to ask." I said yes I was her mother, and she told me how much she enjoyed Brooklyn's performance. I told her Brooklyn had always expressed an interest in acting. Then the woman said, "This wasn't a normal part of the tour. We were actually screening for a part for a Tom Cruise movie that will be out in about four years. We've been trying to find a young girl to play his daughter, because the girl the studio has in mind doesn't look anything like him and she's a little bit too young." She said she'd do a real screen test on Brooklyn but was certain, regardless of those results; Tom would want to do a screen test with Brooklyn. The nice-looking, young woman wondered if I would mind meeting Tom Cruise. I laughed and said, "Of course not," and added I thought Tom Cruise looked a lot like my brother. She wanted to know if my brother had ever done any acting. The conversation was getting very exhilarating. She went on to say that I might get a tiny, one-line spot in the movie as well since she felt I had universal good looks and it would be cheaper for the studio to hire me as a bit actress, so that I would be on the set when Brooklyn was on the set, than it would be to hire someone to watch Brooklyn since she was under age. She said she wanted to try something and she asked me to look frightened - so I did. I happened to be looking at someone when I put on a terrified face and gasped. The man, I happened to be looking at, got frightened; I said, "Ooh, I scared that guy," and the nice-looking, young woman and I both laughed.*

*The whole time Lloyd kept saying, "I can't believe this is happening." He appeared very nervous. I took it for excitement, but I was wrong. It looked like Lloyd gestured for the man who got frightened, to come over. The frightened man came over and told the nice-looking, young woman that her boss was looking for her. The woman laughed and turned away because she didn't know the frightened man and she said to me, "I am the boss." The man said again, "You're wanted over there in that room," and pointed across the room to an open door. I said "It's okay if you need to leave."*

*"This is important. They want you over there," the frightened man persuaded.*

*The nice-looking, young woman said to me, "I have no idea what this is about. I'll be right back." As she turned and walked away Lloyd grabbed me from behind and said, "Let's go." I told him I wouldn't do that to Brooklyn, this was her big chance. I asked Lloyd if he heard what that woman was saying? His answer was that he heard and that's why we have to leave. I said again I wasn't leaving. Lloyd stood right behind me and grabbed both of my arms at the bicep. He said, "Just once I'd like to see what you can do." Then Lloyd addressed the frightened man, "Go ahead - do it. What are you waiting for?"*

*"You said you wanted to see what she could do," he answered.*

*Lloyd shook his head, no, and said again, "Do it."*

*I was trying to break free. Some of the people around me expressed surprise and apprehension and asked, "What's going on?" The frightened man shot my left thigh with a hypodermic needle. As I collapsed I remember Lloyd saying to the crowd, "She's just drunk."*

*A man next to me said, "She wasn't drunk a minute ago. What are you trying to pull?" I tried to say, "No" but couldn't. That's all I remember.*

*Evidently this caused a huge disturbance.*

*The frightened man and Lloyd were able to get us out of there. Brooklyn and Allison were too scared not to listen to their father when he told them we had to leave.*

*I don't know what happened to the young woman. I hope she's okay.*

*The next day, back at the Ramada Hotel, I was walking along an outdoor hallway when a woman stopped me and said I looked a lot like the woman on TV. I told her I wasn't on TV. She*

became excited and told me she thought she'd seen me on TV. Again, I told her I wasn't on TV, I thought she thought I was an actress. With that her husband came around the corner. She asked him and he agreed. He said we should call the police. As he turned to leave, Lloyd and the frightened man came up from behind me and shot me with the drug, and as I fell I heard the woman screech, "That's exactly what happened on the news! I can't believe this is happening."

I felt a jolt and a thud and I realized I couldn't move because I was up rolled up inside a rug. I heard men, I thought one of them was Lloyd, talking and laughing and walking away, so I moaned loudly. Lloyd and the frightened man unrolled the rug and were astonished I was alive. They dragged me into the car and I fell back to sleep.

I sometimes wonder if I should have stayed quiet and I might have been found rolled up in a rug at the dump. The police may have put it all together and Brooklyn would have been much better off. Then again, reality sets in and I know, I would have starved to death rolled up in a rug in the dump.

When we got home to Rocksburn, NJ from our eight day trip I was surprised to find there were no messages on our answering machine. There were usually a few people who didn't know we'd be gone, and my daughters have friends who call regularly. I would have expected about twenty messages. When I tried to talk to Lloyd he asked, "Why? Are you expecting messages?"

I said something like, "Well, yeah, even when I go to the store I have a message when I come back. This has been eight days; I'd expect at least a dozen messages. Somebody switched the tapes. Where's the tape that belongs in the machine?"

He just got jumpy and wandered off. Typical Lloyd.

Later that day our TV broke.

One odd thing that happened – I was walking the dog when someone came up to me and introduced herself as my neighbor and she told me there had been a disturbance at Universal Studios and some equipment was destroyed and that Brooklyn was wanted by the police. I told her she must be mistaken because Brooklyn volunteered to be in a demonstration of how movies are made and how actresses were expected to act scared. The special effects were filled in later. Brooklyn didn't destroy anything.

My neighbor, whom I didn't know, said there was a lot more to it than that. She thought Brooklyn destroyed some property and we were expected to pay, or something. She wasn't sure. She was surprised no one else told me about it. "They're making a big deal about it," she said. I asked who I should call and she didn't know.

Perhaps, if she had known who I should call I would have called; but as it was I did nothing because I was certain Brooklyn didn't destroy property. I felt she must be mistaken. I really didn't want to sit in court defending myself and my daughter in a lawsuit brought by Universal Studios.

When my daughters came home from school they told me Brooklyn had been on TV and I should call someone. Again I asked, "Did the kids who told you about it, did they tell you who I'm supposed to call?" They said, "No." We decided I should call the police. When I did I was told I must be very narcissistic to think that Tom Cruise would want to get in touch with me. I told the police officer who answered, it wasn't just me he wanted to talk to, but Brooklyn, too. I asked to speak with another officer and he said they were too busy to run errands for me and hung up.

The next day Allison and Brooklyn got off the school bus buzzing with the news that Brooklyn may have landed an audition to be in a movie with Tom Cruise.

*The second time I called the Rocksburn Police I was told they gave a description of me to the Orlando Police. I asked how they got a description of me. He said Lloyd dropped off a picture and they sent it, and the Orlando Police said I wasn't the one they were looking for. I asked about Brooklyn.*

*"Listen Mrs. Nicholson, it's not you they're looking for. Not you or your daughter. Stop wasting our time," He snapped.*

*"Who did you check with? Can I have the name or the phone number or some idea of who it is I'm supposed to call?" I asked.*

*"Jesus, lady. Get over yourself. It's not you, alright!" he yelled and hung up.*

*I was tortured for that.*

*There were many things I could have done if I felt better. I could have gone out and bought a new TV, but I felt terrible and the torture sessions had me convinced there was nothing I should do.*

*I have to wonder why no one who knew us, or none of Brooklyn's teachers, called Universal or the Orlando Police, and if they did, what happened to those calls? I would have, if I had known someone, and they didn't return my call, and there was a problem that made it to National or World News, I'd like to think I would have done something more than call and leave a message.*

*Deeta said there were urgent messages on my answering machine that she and the gang intercepted. That's how they knew who to abduct and brainwash. She had several women intercept my phone calls and they told the callers I didn't want to talk to them.*

*She told me, there were many, many calls to the Rocksburn Police Department telling them who it was in the video. Those calls were intercepted and passed off as crank calls. There were a substantial number of Rocksburn Township Police Officers who were in Deeta and Lloyd's church since Deeta, Lloyd and several other cult members lived in the same township.*

*There's a computer program used to intercept and reroute calls, or even logged in walk in complaints, whenever the name of a cult member shows up on the Township's computer. Even with that -how they could have kept me so completely unaware of something that was on the news for a few days? The only person I can remember who got to me was a neighbor I didn't know, and she had the story all wrong. How is that possible? The cult kept me drugged and tortured for about a month after our Florida trip so perhaps I just can't remember.*

*I cover how the church works together to accomplish such a feat in - How They Operate.*

## Chapter 5 - The Creation of the Roman Catholic Church

*The allegations that the Roman Catholic Church has its roots in Satanism, and that there are still priests who hold allegiance to both the Catholic and the Satanic Churches, are her beliefs. I'm merely reporting her Church's teachings as part of this exposé.*

*A Reminder: The phrases in italics are the thoughts I have had since the conversation. Everything else is what had been thought and said during the conversation.*

“But you trick people into being followers,” I countered.

“What do you think? Don't you know all churches trick people into being followers?”

Deeta explained her statement by giving a history of the Catholic Church.

She told me most of the Scriptures and Gospels and writings of the church that contained information about the Devil were stricken from the Bible and kept locked away in the Vatican basement. This information would have helped people recognize the Black (the Devil) and guard against evil.

“The biggest lie is the story of Adam and Eve! That's our story! You believe it – everyone believes it. You're so stupid! It's the world's biggest lie.”

She hadn't explained herself before. I remembered she thought this was the key to the universe.

She went on to say that the Roman Catholic Church has its roots in Satanism. All Christian religions are an offshoot of the Roman Catholic Church. All Christian religions are missing basic truths about good and evil that people need in order to live more happily on Earth. These basic truths are also necessary to choose Heaven or Hell.

I said, “I thought ancient Rome was a Pagan society.”

Deeta told me to think about it; and explained that the Coliseum was the Satanic Church building where torture and sacrifices were held, and since all of Rome was obliged to worship Satan, the Coliseum had to be huge in order to accommodate the throngs of people attending the services.

*Note: Over the years I did think about it and realized that it made sense. I had seen the PBS program, I Claudius, which told of the various idiosyncrasies of the Roman emperors. Some even declared themselves to be gods. One married his sister and then ate the fetus she was carrying. Deeta told me eating fetuses was a common Satanic ritual.*

When Rome decided to make the switch from Paganism/Satanism to Catholicism the Satanic Priests, already in place, began calling themselves Catholic Priests. Many of the most evil, vile Satanic Priests, who had ever lived, were canonized as Saints. This was done to draw prayers away from God. Deeta found it amusing that people, thinking themselves to be Christian, were praying to some of the most heinous criminals of the Satanic church. The creation of Saints blurred the lines between good and evil.

The coliseum was expected to continue to be filled with sacrifice and torture victims just as it had been before Catholicism became the law of the land. Those who refused to convert provided ready victims in the first few years. Deeta said the Romans found Catholicism to be an

even better organized religion to keep its empire's population in line because the carrot they now offered was Heaven! The Romans said they had the key to Heaven and a person could only get there through them.

*Note: This is sad, but still true.*

One of the early mistruths of the Roman Catholic Church is the need for confession. She told me there's nothing in the Bible that says a man should confess his sins to another man; and there is no reason why he should do so. Confession to a man rather than God is an idea born directly out of Satanism. Satanists normally would use potions and hypnotism to get a person to tell his darkest secrets. The concept of sin is something Satanists concocted, but both sides (God's followers and Satan's followers) use sin to keep their parishioners in line.

By making Roman Catholic/Satanic Priests confessors, the church got to hear a person's fears and failings without trickery or witchcraft, potions, drugs incantations, and the like. She said confession was a tool of Satan to hear the many transgressions that plague a person's heart, mind and soul and it provided the Catholic/Satanic Priests with some reason to torture or sacrifice that person. Also, using a person's deepest fear is an easy road to mind control or brainwashing.

To this day double agent priests practice both religions and hear confessions in the Catholic Church to garner sacrifice and torture victims for their Satanic Church.

Deeta also maintained, throughout our entire conversation, that the Bible was written and re-written by Satanists.

*Note: Christ was questioned incessantly whenever He forgave sins in the name of God. He did not give His Apostles and Disciples the right or ability to forgive sins. In the Bible, Christ says only the Father can do that, and as God's son He also has that right. The Catholics and Lutherans have their own Bibles.*

*I never bought into confession to a priest in those creepy, little, broom-closet confessionals. I'd rather talk to God about how I'm doing.*

Satanists have a list of reasons for sacrifice and were delighted to get this information freely. According to Satanic law, if you confess to being homosexual, or a prostitute, or an adulterer that was reason enough to be killed. You were put on the Roman Catholic Church's short list of potential torture and sacrificial victims.

The Coliseum was still filled with sacrifice and torture victims to satisfy Satan's lust for blood. Some of the churchgoers questioned why God wanted the same torture and sacrifice as Satan. Of course it wasn't God who wanted sacrifice but that's not what churchgoers were told.

"And that," Deeta said, "was how the idea of communion came about. Early on someone was actually sacrificed and flesh and blood was eaten at church services; and churchgoers were told Christ asked they do that in remembrance of Him." It wasn't until much later that Christian ethic overrode the sham of the Catholic Church Rome had created and communion became wine and bread or communion wafers.

Deeta said, "The Roman Catholic High Mass is, to this day, the same as Satanic sacrificial rituals, complete with incense and chanting. Incense at high mass was to cover the stench of dead or burnt bodies after the sacrifice."

As Deeta told me these things I was summarily dismissing them. The idea that the Roman Catholic Church was also Satanic was ludicrous. I had been brought up Catholic and I had gone to catechism classes and Catholic schools. They gave other reasons for all of these practices. At this stage in my life I didn't particularly care for the Catholic Church, I felt that many of their teachings were oppressive, and that they seem to want to turn out atheists as much as they do believers. At this point in the conversation I still was having a hard time believing that my ex-husband was a prince in a Satanic cult. I knew he was no good and memories were surfacing that made me believe he was a murderer and rapist but, it was hard for me to believe that he was a member of anything. Her allegations meant that my entire life had been an illusion.

'Keep listening and remembering,' my Angels said.

"This is crazy," I kept saying to Deeta.

"That's exactly what we want you to think. That's what we want everyone to think. If you start talking about this, everyone will think you're crazy so you can't tell anyone. You'll want to - it's only natural because you're human, I think you're still human, I don't know what to call someone who's been raised from the dead as many times as you, but you'll want to. And when you tell people they'll lock you up and then we'll find you. But, you'll be dead in a few days anyway, so you won't be able to tell anyone," she asserted. "I really don't know why I'm telling you all this - it's something hardly anybody knows. It's all written down in the archives of the Vatican so they know their roots. Only the Satanic/Catholic priests are allowed in the basement. Even within the Satanic Churches, no one knows this stuff. I think it's interesting stuff - we control the most powerful church on Earth and fool people into believing what we want."

Deeta went on, "Each one of our churches has a priest in the Catholic Church, too. They hear confessions and we can pick and choose sacrificial victims or torture victims based on the reports they give us. Some of our people work their way up the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. We have Bishops and what's the other one called?" She waited for my reply.

"Cardinals?" I offered.

"Not cardinals - that's a bird," she chuckled, "and a team. Eminence! That's it. That's what Lloyd wants to be called now that he's not the prince anymore. We call him Eminence." Deeta seemed to think this was a wonderful thing: I found it a horrifying thought.

Even though I knew, Eminence was a title rather than a position, I agreed. She went on to tell me that one day, and she felt it would be one day soon, they would have a Pope. I asked her if she meant a Pope in one of her churches and she said she meant the Catholic Church. She explained that one of their people had to be in power in the Catholic Church by 2012; and that one of their people was always part of the council that elects a new Pope and they make sure the Pope has leanings toward Satanic ways of thinking.

Deeta told me Satanic "rituals" are still used to this day to turn young boys and girls into priests and nuns. The rituals include rape, sexual abuse, mind control along with the destruction of the child's ego and self-worth. She said that very detailed instructions of how this is done are among the secret Vatican papers. She told me Lloyd had mastered the ritual and used it routinely on many girls.

I insisted, nowadays, the Catholic Church does do some things that would be considered Christian. Deeta said Roman Catholic Christianity evolved over a period of centuries. She said even though Satanists rewrote the Bible taking out references to Satan and deleting most of Christ's message and changing the words of Christ, people still were able to get a message from the Parables. The Parables, she said, were left in place as the only word of Christ because the

people doing the rewriting felt they were so obscure that no one would be able to gain any information from them. Satanists felt since they had to leave something about Christ in the written Bible that the parables would be it. And, lo and behold, many people were able to derive good from the little that was left: and now the Roman Catholic Church is a mixture of Satanism and Christianity.

During the evolution of the Roman Catholic Church, the church used confession as a means to make money, saying sins will only be forgiven when certain amounts of money were “contributed” to the church. And payment was expected for many other church related services.

This is one of the practices Martin Luther objected to in the papers he wrote in the fifteenth century. Satanists of the church “had to” discredit him because they saw those papers as a threat to the Roman Catholic Church, so through torture, drugs and mind control they got Martin Luther to write anti-Semitic papers. Martin Luther was never allowed to leave the Roman Catholic Church.

Deeta became almost gleeful when she told me that those same anti-Semitic papers were used five-hundred years later by Hitler, who was also a member of a Satanic church, as justification for the genocide of the Jews. Deeta told me it was her church that was responsible.

Deeta reminded me that she knew these things because her church was intergenerational and she was born and bred to be their princess so those teachings, that had been passed down through the centuries, were taught to her all her life. She was therefore privy to all of her church’s closely guarded teachings. She was proud to be the bearer of the ancient knowledge that very few of Satan’s followers were given.

The reason, Deeta stated, that the Roman Catholic Church calls Christ’s crucifixion a sacrifice is because it was. Satanists claim responsibility for that sacrifice. The staff of Orinen or the Spear of Longinus, which Deeta and Lloyd’s church claim to own, is the sword or lance that pierced the side of Christ when blood and water poured out after His death. Deeta said the lance and the Christ’s robe are as sought after relics to Satanists as the Holy Grail, the chalice that Christ drank from at the Last Supper, and the Arc of the Covenant, the box that contains the Ten Commandments, are to Christians. That sword put into Christ’s side wasn’t to check to see if He was dead, it was much too early for that, it was done just to hurt Him.

She went on to say, “Jesus didn’t die on a cross but on a Satanic alter. The Satanists cut out His heart and ate it.” Deeta said, “They cut out His liver and other organs so that He wouldn’t be able to rise from the dead, and because there were so many in attendance who wanted to partake. According to our legends, Christ had been killed in practically every town He visited because we couldn’t let a message like that to get out. Killing Him didn’t stop Him; it just made Him more believable. Christ’s message was simple – too simple,” she said, “and He had to be stopped.”

“Christ’s message was, ‘There *is* a God and He lives in Heaven. We’re all welcome there when we die.’ The people who heard His message were also witness to the many, many miracles so they knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, Jesus was God’s son.” She maintained, Christ not only raised Himself, but He, “raised lots of people from the dead, not just Lazarus, but hundreds. He cured everyone who was sick and told them to be wary of potions and spells the witch doctors use to control them. He warned the townspeople about Satan and told them they had a choice, and Heaven was a good choice, and said that God wanted nothing in return. Christ said, He came from Heaven and was going back there when His work was finished.”

Deeta explained urgently, “We couldn’t have a message like that spread. He had to be stopped! We were losing control. Without control of the people here on Earth our religion is meaningless!”

My mind reeled. Deeta knew more about Christ than most Christians. She knew, absolutely, without a shadow of a doubt, Christ was God and she knew His message. I knew, even at that time, that Heaven, not Christianity, was His message, so I knew Deeta was one of the very few people aware of Christ’s original message. It didn’t sound like it was her belief; rather it was part of the ancient legends, something she thought of as fact. She was certain of Christ’s divinity and yet, she wanted to go to Hell. I was dumbfounded by the thought, it was only the twisted rationale behind those beliefs that cause such pain, misery and heart-ache to all those around her. If she, and others who worship Satan, allowed herself to contemplate those beliefs, what a different world this would be.

*Note: I think questioning the rationale for all Satanists evil acts must have been a source of appalling torture.*

Deeta went on to say, “Satanic churches were losing members by the hundreds in every town Christ visited. We couldn’t control people who heard the message because they no longer had to live in fear. They knew they didn’t have to be subjected to torture or human sacrifice.” It was a wonderful relief.

“Deeta, are you sure Christ raised Himself from the dead lots of times? I’ve never heard that before,” I was searching my memory for anything I learned during religious discussions or when reading about the history of religion. It seemed to me we Christians would have heard about that possibility.

“Oh, we took all that out of the Bible. The Bible’s about ten times longer than the one you’re familiar with. We couldn’t allow everyone know Satanic churches in town after town were being shut down due to lack of members. Leaders of Satanic churches in town after town killed Christ trying to stop Him.” She said, “Jesus raised Himself from the dead time, after time, after time. Killing Him was not a means to stop Him, but it made Him more powerful and His message more believable. We can’t let people know that stuff! Can you imagine?”

Christ was single-handedly changing the world. He was, indeed, the Prince of Peace. Deeta went on, “People were happier. There were fewer murders and less disease. He had become seemingly unstoppable. As a last resort Satanic churches began communicating with each other. The decision was made that they would have to work together in order to stop Him!”

Deeta explained, “Satanic churches seldom work together, just as the different Christian churches seldom work together. They share the same religious calendar - they all celebrate the same holidays. The first full moon after the spring solstice is a time of great sacrifice. We knew Jesus was going to Jerusalem for Passover and we decided that would be a perfect time to have our sacrifice. The year Christ rode into Jerusalem, the full moon after the spring solstice would have been on a Friday.”

*Note: The Passover, that the Jews celebrate, is a time when Jewish children, living in Egypt, were saved from "The Angel of Death." The Torah and the Book of Exodus in the Old Testament teach, killing the first-born Egyptian children and animals was the last of the plagues God sent to free the children of Israel.*

She asked, "You know what I'm talking about when I say Passover?"

"Doesn't everybody?"

"Actually," she said, "here's what I know. It was a Satanic sacrifice. The date was set for the first full moon after the Spring Solstice. The Jewish children were supposed to die along with all of the Egyptian children of the land.."

"You're children, too?"

"Of course, our children. Don't interrupt me, this is important. I think it's important, it's really interesting, anyway. Some of the Jews found out what the signal was to be used to let the other murderers know the children in that house had been killed, and they put blood over their door as though their children had been sacrificed. I still don't know how they did that without killing their children."

"Well, they used lambs' blood, or goats' blood, or something. They probably could have killed one goat and they'd have enough blood for five doors," I explained.

"Oh, we'd know," she snapped back.

"No you wouldn't. This was like six thousand BC, how would they know?"

"They tricked us," she said like it happened ten minutes ago, "They ruined our sacrifice. We didn't get what we were asking for."

"Do you know what the sacrifice was really for?" I asked.

She didn't know: but added, "The Angel of Death, in the story of Exodus, was really a team of Satanists out on a killing spree. So you see, it's us, it's always us, we're in the middle of all the big events in history."

*It was not only interesting, but important, because the flip side is something God tells me all the time - God has no 'Chosen People' and no 'Promised Land' - we're all chosen and Earth is our Promised Land. God loves us all: Hindus, Muslims and Jews – everybody! And we're all invited to Heaven. That was Christ's message – that's why He had to be stopped.*

***The Pharisees.** I'm not a Jewish Historian, but from what I can piece together from what She told me and what God tells me is, after the Exodus the Jews were falsely told God wanted them to slaughter every man, woman and child in the area they believed was the promised land. That just didn't happen. Basically that's an horrific order for any rational human being to carry out, and, to complicate matters, they couldn't tell the good guys from the bad guys (unless they dropped their pants.) The Satanists in the area assimilated in with the Jews. Deeta said, most of them found the Jewish religion to be a welcome relief, and they converted. After about one hundred years, long enough for the original Egypt fleers to have died off, the **Pharisees** emerged as religious leaders adding Satanic law in with Hebrew law. The intimidating Pharisees, and their religion of mixed morals and beliefs, broke off from the original Hebrew.*

*I invite religious historians to jump all over that interpretation so we can straighten this thing out before December 21, 2012.*

"Like killing Christ. For one of the few times in history Satanic churches cooperated. Working together the leaders of the Satanic churches began a whispering campaign against Christ." She went on, "You know that saying, 'one rotten apple spoils the barrel,' that's us!" She said happily, "That's us - that's what we do!"

Deeta said Christ traveled with many, many apostles, and that large numbers of them wrote gospels. She said the number twelve was chosen for the Bible because twelve apostles plus Christ equals thirteen.

*Note: I didn't know this then, but there are thirteen in a coven.*

The leaders of the Satanic churches were successful in separating Christ from His disciples and leading Him off to torture and sacrifice.

“We felt sure that Satan would gladly share this sacrifice among all of our churches, since Christ was such an important person, the Son of God, and all.” She explained, “This time we wanted to disfigure His body, so He wouldn't want to raise Himself from the dead this time. Some of our teachings say, there was very little of Christ's body remaining. Eating the victim's heart and liver is supposed to take the sacrificed person's strength and give it to the one who has eaten it. In Jesus' case we felt, He was God's son and the most significant person who ever lived: to steal His power was one of the reasons for His sacrifice to the Devil.”

Again, I was flabbergasted she believed so completely in Christ's divinity. These were nauseating thoughts. What kind of ghoulish fiends were these? Christ and my Angels reminded me to stay calm.

“That's how Christianity spread so quickly and completely; because we killed Him beyond a shadow of a doubt, our top leaders saw to that, and then, like the next day or something, He was alive again.”

“Three days,” I told her.

“What?”

“On the third day, He rose again from the dead,” I quoted the Bible to her.

“I don't know what you're talking about, we killed Him and ate Him and the next thing we knew He was walking and talking and writing. He wrote volumes of stuff, like a whole library of books we had to burn.”

“He wrote volumes of stuff? When? ‘On the third day He ascended into Heaven,’ isn't that it? He was here for three days after you killed Him?”

“Not hardly. He was here for a long time after that. None of our people would go near Him after that.” She told me, “Not Him or Paul. The Apostle Paul was one of the worst Satanists. He was the most feared, ruthless, bloodthirsty Satanist.” She said, “Paul helped with the sacrifice of Christ and was one of the ones who ate Him. Paul was a party to Christ's death and consumption and later witnessed His resurrection, so Paul became a staunch believer and turned against his Satanic roots. He felt like he'd been duped.”

I wondered why she didn't feel that way?

She said, “Forget about those stories of Paul being blinded by God. He didn't have to. And besides, that wouldn't have been enough to get a Devil like that to turn into a believer.”

“Paul did a lot of damage to us. Nobody interfered with him, they were all too scared of him. We had to take over the Catholic Church, after he was dead. The original message was too simple. So, the Catholic Church began teaching its members the human body was merely a vessel for sin. The pointed hats that Cardinals and Popes wear actually have two points on them, one in the front and one in the back, that signify two horns of the Devil.

“The black outfit with a small square of white on the collar over the throat,” She said, “symbolizes that only the words the priests speak are holy; but what they do is sinful.” She

added, “Satanists are afraid of white. In the early days, even that small amount of white was troubling to wear and see.”

She told me, the color of the trim on the priests vestments was important. “For instance, purple represents human sacrifice. The Priest who wears black with purple trim is the one responsible for the execution.”

I began asking about the significance of color.

“Purple is also the color of blood and the heart. It’s the color for human sacrifice and consumption of human blood and organs, especially the heart. Every Satanist is a vampire, well, not every, but most. Hah, and we’re making Vampires the heroes!” She laughed.

“Black signifies the absence of light, the rejection of good, or the complete lack of good. Evil. The dark side. It’s our color of choice. We wear black, and very dark colors, to show each other who we are. We can pick each other out of a crowd.

“White signifies God, good, virgins or innocence. Someone who wears white is good, or wants to be sacrificed, or may want to defeat us, so should be sacrificed.

“Red is the color of blood. Death. Rape. Sacrifice. Prostitutes. Those who want to be sacrificed. It means murder, death, destruction. Red and black are the colors of the Devil. Red on the feet means you want to stamp out evil or the Devil. We were forever torturing you for those red, high-top sneakers you wore.”

*Note: If this Pope, Pope Benedict XVI, is a Satanist, he wears red shoes as a smokescreen.*

“Red and White signify a White Wedding. A white wedding is when the bride is sacrificed on her wedding night while she is still pure – still a virgin.” She said, “Your wedding to Lloyd was supposed to be a white wedding.” She said, “Lloyd killed someone else on your wedding night to appease Satan.”

I thought I might believe her about my wedding. There were many things that were unusual about our wedding and wedding night.

She went on, “Young girls chosen for virginal sacrifice will wear white dresses with red sashes around their waist or neck.” She said, “Satanists, in the Catholic Church, will dress their girls in a white dress for their First Holy Communion but put a pink or red ribbon around their waist or neck signifying they are virgins ready to be sacrificed.” She insisted a girl dies in every Roman Catholic Church after every First Holy Communion ceremony. “Mark my words,” she said, “pay attention, if you read a Catholic Church is having a First Holy Communion ceremony the next day or the day after, there’ll be a story in the paper, or you’ll hear, a girl was killed. It will always be a girl who just had her First Holy Communion. Of course,” She told me, “you were the one who was supposed to be killed, but, you tricked us, and another girl from your class was killed. There; there’s another one you killed: I could never believe how powerful you were at such a young age. And you don’t even know! That’s why I’m calling – to let you know how many you killed: and,” the bravado fell out of her voice, “and who you are. You have the right to know who you are.” Muffled and mumbling, she added, “If we hadn’t’ve interfered...” but kept herself from saying any more.

*When I think about it now, I find myself mourning for all those who gave their lives for me. I mourn for my children’s lives – the lives they were never allowed to live. I mourn for the*

*horrid lives my girls were given, instead of the wonderful lives I yearned to give them. I mourn for myself, for the life that was systematically stripped from me.*

*I have to snap myself out of it. I force myself into the present.*

It was unsettling, to say the least, to be called a murderer for deaths I knew nothing about. It was particularly horrible to find out others were killed in my place as far back as my First Communion. All this talk about women “wanting” to be raped and girls “wanting” to be sacrificed was getting to be much too much.

This color information was a lot to pay attention to.

“So, red and white are for a white wedding?” I asked.

“Not just that, they’re for anytime an innocent is sacrificed.” She said the reason red and white are the colors of Christmas and Santa (Who has Satan’s name in anagram) is because “Christmas is a holy time when children are sacrificed. The twelve days of Christmas are signified by the various animals and people who are sacrificed daily. It names our sacrifices,” She said, “that’s why the song is filled with animals and people.”

I went through it in my mind and asked, “What about the five gold rings?”

“Gold is an offering, and,” she added, “the Magi brought gold, frankincense and myrrh because they wanted to sacrifice the infant, ugh... you know who. December 25<sup>th</sup> begins the highest holy twelve days in the Satanic Church when children are chosen as sacrifices. That’s why the ancient Roman Catholic Church chose that date as His birthday.”

She said, “The story *Polar Express* had been a Satanic legend that explained why children went missing at Christmastime. They had really been abducted to be used in rituals and then sacrificed.”

“Pink is a combination of red and white and so is the color of virginal sacrifice.” She said, “that’s why pink has always been the color for girls, because every parent wishes his daughter will be sacrificed. Pink is the color of love and death. Valentine’s Day is usually pink or red because it’s the Satanic Churches’ day of death to lovers. She said, “The real ‘Saint’ Valentine was a vile, evil man who ate human hearts. Satanists aren’t allowed to love, so for them Valentine’s Day never was about love. ‘Saint’ Valentine, hah,” she laughed.

“Orange is the color of fire. Fire’s used in most of our ceremonies. Orange is the color of witches and that’s why it’s used in Halloween, one of our high-holy days.” She said, “There’s no such thing as a good witch. Halloween is the night we conjure up the dead. The next day, November 1<sup>st</sup>, is the day of the dead, the day the evil souls, raised the night before, walk among us. The Roman Catholic Church kept it as a high-holy day and called it All Souls Day. Whatever that means? You were brought up Catholic, what did they tell you it meant?”

I responded, “Nothing in particular. They have a lot of them, they’re just extra days you have to go to Mass, I suppose.”

“Yeah. Well, I didn’t think so. Just thought I’d ask.” She may have forgotten who she was talking to. “What were we talking about?”

“Orange. Oh, and witches,” I answered.

“Witches are signified by Black for Satan and Orange for Fire. They wear those colors to coven meetings.”

She said the story of John the Baptist, and the edict that everyone has to be baptized in order to go to Heaven, came out of the Roman Catholic Church. This story was added into the Christian Bible after the death of Christ, in order to keep the Romans in line: and it made the

Satan worshipers, who were eager for more gore in an otherwise bland Bible, happy. She insisted, “The John the Baptist character is pure fiction, and has nothing to do with going to Heaven.”

*Deeta didn't identify the story as a universe key, but I have to say, a lot of lives would have been saved if Christians didn't believe they have to convert the world to Christianity. Her assertion, 'Satanists are masters at starting wars,' has become more believable over these past nine years.*

As the conversation continued she told me, the Roman Catholic Church's steadfast adherence to the edict that Priests never marry is a carry-over from the Satanic church. The Satanists don't allow their priests to marry, to fly in the face of God's commandment to “be fruitful and multiply,” and to keep their priests under control. “Each prince of each Satanic church is like the Pope of the Catholic Church with the same ‘magical’ powers.”

I had never thought of the Pope's power as magical so I questioned Deeta and she said the Roman Catholic Church says the Pope is omniscient, and omni..., omni,” she thought a second, “something else, and that's magical.”

I agreed, but said, “In reality, the Pope has no more power than any other human.”

She said, “Neither does Lloyd, or me for that matter, or any of the other Satanic princes or princesses, but that's not what our followers believe, and it's that belief that makes the difference.

“It's belief that makes all magic work,” she asserted.

What a succinct, insightful thought she had. I was just about to compliment her.

“People who think they're bad people because they enjoy sex or dancing or fun; have been told they're sinners by someone who worships Satan, and who wants to add to the numbers in Hell. If somebody thinks he's going to Hell,” she stated, “then he might very well be tempted to do other things, and he may think he would prefer Hell, and that's why Satan worshipers tell us these things are wrong. It's a snowball effect.”

*Note: Her logic—if there were any – made little sense. My perception was then, as it is now, Satanic churches make people's lives as miserable as possible in order to get people to turn away from God and to choose Hell. The logic people, who worship the Devil, are using, is the same logic the Devil uses in the Book of Job, and it didn't work then either; even though, in the Book of Job, Job thinks it's God causing the terror.*

*As for the Book of Job, God didn't write that either, in fact, He dislikes it. The Book is another attempt to turn us away from God.*

*I will never agree that all people, who point to our minor human foibles and call us sinners, are Satanists. I will agree, people have made up their own rules about getting into Heaven, and about what God wants. These rules have nothing to do with God at all; and are meant to be exclusionary in hopes of gaining control; but may lure people away from God, or worse, to the dark side.*

I said, “So someone might think, ‘I'm going to Hell anyway – so what the Hell?’”

“Don't say that. You're not allowed to say that!” she reprimanded. She went on, “All of the characteristics of the Devil are given to God in the Bible as a ‘**smoke and mirrors**’ trick. The Devil lives in some people.”

“I don’t think that’s possible,” I muttered.

“Silence! It is possible. Just as God can live in some people, so can the devil. Modern psychology calls it mental illness.” She said, “People who worship the Black, hate being categorized as psychopaths or sociopaths, just because they’ve chosen a way of life decidedly different from those who worship the Earth’s Creator. They want to do bad for badness’ sake. Ha,” she laughed to herself, “that’s a good one. Don’t you like it? It’s like good for goodness sake. I just made it up. That’s what you do, isn’t it? Ha – I did it, too.”

### ***Smoke and Mirrors***

*God does NOT require adoration - The Devil does. The image of a vain and vengeful God who wants people to serve Him is what Deeta called ‘smoke and mirrors.’*

“It’s what we did to you, your whole life. That’s why I never got to know you, I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to discredit you.” She explained how it works, “You say about someone else, what people will inevitably say about you. For instance, if you know something you’re doing, or are going to do, is Nazi-like, call the other person a Nazi as a preemptive strike, so, when the time comes, he won’t be able to say that about you.

“Get it?” she asked, “Do you understand why we had to do what we did to you? Why we had to get everyone to hate and distrust you?”

‘Is this some kind of sick apology?’ “Yes, Deeta – I get it, it’s clear as vodka.”

## Chapter 5a - Comments and Summary

*Note: After many conversations with God and my Angels, I realize, now, what she was talking about. The story of Adam and Eve makes people believe there is such a thing as sin, and they further believe they were born with Original Sin; the dreadful thought that our Creator would punish all of His creations for a lapse in judgment, is the biggest lie. I know we were born with Original Love.*

*The character, Eve, makes men believe that women are to blame for this flawed existence. Another unfortunate byproduct of the story is it implies menstruation and childbearing is a curse, not a blessing.*

*Here's why that lie is so great - When we believe we were born with Original Sin we're duped into believing we need redemption. We're forever seeking to be forgiven for sins that are man-made. We may even believe Heaven is difficult to attain.*

*The other part of the Adam and Eve story happens several thousand years later when Christ is sent by His father to pay for our Original Sin. In actuality, and I got this from the man Himself, Jesus was sent to tell us Heaven is real and everybody is invited. He is the Word of God, because through Him, God was able to communicate using human language – words.*

*Christ's visit allowed new insight into the human condition.*

*We're told to believe that God requires sacrifice. Again this is a trick of smoke and mirrors set up by Satanists to have us believe that God behaves as Satan does. God does not want sacrifice. He did NOT send His Son to be sacrificed! Even Deeta knew that. That's another Satanic illusion to make us dislike God, or think of Him as needy and sinister.*

*Note: The Romans at the time of Christ had ritualistic sacrifice, ritualistic murder, barbaric entertainment and hedonistic unions. The Caesars wanted their subjects to believe they were gods, in order to justify their penchant for watching humans being drawn and quartered, fed to lions, killed by gladiators, etc.*

*It's entirely plausible the Romans were not only pagans; but were, in fact, Satan worshippers. That tidbit is certainly not in the Bible since what's in the Bible was orchestrated by the Roman Catholic Church before the year 400 AD.*

*Note: Satanists who killed Christ wanted to steal God's power. They long for God's power but won't ask for personal power through prayer.*

*Much ado is made about the Sacred Heart of Christ. Much is said of His blood; there are even songs that glorify being washed in His blood. Yuck. The glorification of the sacrifice is a cornerstone of many Christian religions. Satanists claim credit for changing the focus of Christianity to the belief that Christ was sent to Earth as a sacrifice to pay for, the Satanic manufactured, Original Sin. It's a trend, Christ would like us to leave behind - we've had countless discussions on this subject. Also, while we're on the subject, He dislikes the crucifix immensely, and He prefers the symbol of the lion to the cross. And those statues and pictures of the sacred heart - forget about it.*

*He died to fulfill a prophecy. He died to rise again to prove, once and for all, that Christ was God's son and we should listen to His message, because He knows what He's talking about. The message was simple. He brought the good news of Heaven to us. He said over and over that Heaven exists, it's a most beautiful, glorious place; God is home there, God created us, the*

*Universe, Earth and Heaven. God has infinite mercy and love and He wants to share Heaven with us. He wants us to enjoy Heaven. He wants to share Heaven with as many souls who wish to live there.*

*Heaven is NOT a club. Christ was anti-organized religion.*

*There's no prerequisite to getting into Heaven other than to respect others: and to simply want to go. That's it! That was and still is His message. Christ feels there is entirely too much emphasis put on the cross, His heart and His blood. He wants His message to be His legacy. His message? "Heaven exists and we're ALL invited!"*

*Mel Gibson is wrong, it wasn't the Jews who killed Christ, Christ was a Jew.*

## Chapter 6 - How They Operate

*Satanism is the reason, bad things happen to good people.*

*Can you imagine being in a club where the glue that binds you is torture, rape and human sacrifice? Where the rules are - you never quit? You have to worship the prince and princess? They can never be wrong and you can never question that? You will be asked to murder for them? You have to pay thirty percent of your salary for this privilege? And if you mess up, in any way, shape or form, you will be killed or tortured. If you don't like what they're doing, you'll be killed. You literally sell your soul to the Devil with your money and your life. -  
Oh, sign me up!*

*Deeta claimed, the horrible, unexplained things that happen daily are direct results of cults at work.*

*Not all evil people are in Satanic cults or churches, and some don't pray at all. For instance, even though Lloyd's Norwegian mother and father belonged to a Protestant Church, Lloyd's father brutally raped him while his mother watched. Many, many people just let Satan work in them. Those are the people who say nasty things to you in the supermarket, who cut you off on the road, drive through puddles to splash you with muddy water, put everyone around them down, don't trust anyone, or bring a bag of guns into the post office to shoot everybody. (You may be one of those people: now you know it's the Devil working in you.)*

*A Satanic cult is like Fight Club. The three rules are - you don't talk about the cult. Satanists are able to identify each other, though. You don't realize it because it's so clandestine, but there are satanic cults everywhere! That's an extreme statement, and surely can't be true, or you would have heard more about cults. Not true. They cover for each other. There's much tedious planning, including cover-up planning, for the more heinous crimes.*

"How are you getting away with this? The things you're telling me are impossible – not to mention insane. I'm sorry, Deeta, but I don't believe any of it," I balked.

"I won't let you call me insane. You have to believe. That's why I'm calling. It's important to me. Lloyd doesn't know I'm calling. Nobody does. I have extra people watching your house, because, I thought you'd run away screaming by now," she stopped to think a second. "That's another thing. Why aren't you running away? You're a freak."

"That's another thing," I answered. "How do you get people to watch me? How do you get extra people? It must be incredibly boring. Do you pay them? Is that why you stole all that money from me?" It was clear someone was watching me right then, because she knew when I got out of the chair, and onto the floor, and back up onto the chair, and when I walked into the kitchen, everything.

"Hey, wait a minute. We didn't steal anything from you, you gave it to us!" She said, like I was one of her minions she could so easily lie to. "That's what I told everybody, anyway."

"We'll get into that later. If you don't pay them, how do you get people to watch me?"

"Oh, for you, it's easy. I send around a sheet with times blocked out and openings, and men fill in their names. Since we watch you around the clock, your sheet is the longest, but we usually get yours back first. For this assignment I sent around another sheet that Lloyd didn't

know about. Then, I told the men who signed up for today, not to get in each other's way, and not to tell Lloyd.

"Ordinarily, between the cameras, and special assignments, and all the times we've tried to kill you; we'll go through a hundred and fifty members a month, usually."

"A hundred and fifty members a month? And they don't get bored? They're out there watching me...?" There were too many questions; I wasn't sure I'd be able to ask them all and get truthful answers: and my peeps told me it didn't really matter, anyway. I had to keep her talking.

"That's mind-boggling. I don't believe you." I was dumbfounded.

"It's magic! That's how magic works. That's how I'm omniscient. That's how I know your every move. Isn't that wonderful?"

I knew she had never had a conversation before. I didn't want to remind her, I wasn't one to share her glee. "It *is* like magic. How do you get everything else to work? I mean, all of it? How is it you manage to not get caught?"

"I'll tell you because it'll get you to believe," she paused to think of just how to explain. "People join us who want to see torture and get away with murder."

"But no one wants to..." I didn't want to believe people like that existed.

"Every one of the people in every type of law enforcement goes into those professions, because they like to see misery, and torture, and murder. Take our guy. He's a Colonel in Army Intelligence and he heads up torture for Guantanamo Bay. He loves murder and torture, that's why he got into the Army; and then once he figured out the real torture was in Army Intelligence, he went into that. People like that, can't get enough in the jobs they do, so they come to us. Our guy has a mini-satellite office set up in his home with all the computer hook-ups and tools that are in his office on base. He holds cult meetings there regularly. No one investigates him."

She went on about how all Special Ops Divisions of each branch of the Armed Forces were headed up by Satanic Church members.

"Our church has the power of Army Intelligence and the FBI. We can track your cell phone, intercept emails, plant tracking devices, and spy through your computer's camera, all that good stuff. We use Army drugs and equipment. We can turn anyone against anyone to the point, they'll murder for the church. The Army does it all the time! They use mind control on momma's boys to turn them into killing machines. Lots of Army Officers are our people, because the Army needs human killing machines, and we know how to do that. We can use the same mind control techniques on our members, so they'll murder people, who just a few months before, they loved. It's like that movie. The one with a name like an orange? What's that called?" she paused.

My mind was still rolling around in the rut of, 'They use mind control on momma's boys to turn them into killing machines.'

"A Clockwork Orange?" I answered.

"No, not that one. That movie should never have been made. That told too much about us, exactly how we operate. Nothing should ever be told about how we operate. The other movie," she asked again, "with a name like an orange?"

I thought a minute about her claim that she could make anyone do anything, even kill someone they love. My peeps helped me answer this one.

"The Manchurian Candidate?" I offered.

"That's it. That's the one. That movie tells too much, too. We call it spells, but it's not like any spells any of the churches have ever had before. This is real powerful stuff. It makes

our church more powerful than anything anyone has ever seen. Our church *alone* could start Armageddon."

"But how do you get away with it all? You're telling me, you're gonna start Armageddon, and no one will know?" I had to be persistent. I had my angels keeping me calm. I was supposed to listen and learn.

"I told you. All we need is someone in every profession. We can get into any place we want any time we want. You'd be amazed. It's like magic – like real magic. Sometimes it amazes even me." She said wistfully, "It works so well because we have the Black watching over us."

We discussed, again, how there's no such thing as magic; and how 'one rotten apple spoils the barrel.'

We talked a while more and it turned out every profession meant *service* professions.

She was pleased to be the princess of a Satanic Church that had been operating, unnoticed, since the 1400s.

She boasted that, during her lifetime, her church had been responsible for the deaths of, probably, a hundred celebrities; and they had controlled dozens of celebrities, with torture; and the majority of those murders and tortures happened while she was the princess. And it was all possible with meticulous, time honored, planning.

She said most, if not all, Satanic Churches operate the same way.

Here's what she was proud to tell me.

### **Law Enforcement**

She stressed, "Owning **law enforcement** is essential for the survival of any Satanic church. Cults have no shortage of cops. Most cops," she maintained, "join the **police** force to feel powerful. They thrive on life and death situations. Once they get a taste of blood, they can't get enough. That's where we come in.

"Police forces are corrupt, anyway. They cover for each other. It's easy for them to justify being in a cult and torturing, and murdering.

"The more members a cult has in law enforcement; the better it is for the cult. It works just like the Mafia, only we have way more cops, and we don't have to pay them – they pay us," she laughed. "No cult can survive without at least some members on the police force."

Deeta's and Lloyd's cult members live in more than six counties in northern New Jersey. They rely on numerous officers in various precincts. She started to try to figure it out, but then quit. She said, "Almost half of our members are in law enforcement - mostly the police force."

*Note: The mainstay of every cult is law enforcement.*

*Police officers, in a satanic cult, will make you feel meddlesome, ridiculous, and on the verge of being arrested, if you question them.*

*I know for a fact, cults use fake police officers to harass individuals; it's happened to my daughter and to me. Always ask for at least two forms of ID and a badge. Police uniforms can be bought by anyone.*

She emphasized they have law enforcement in all areas where major members live. "We own the **Police Department**, the **Fire Department**, the **high Sherriff**, members of the **Sherriff's Department**, some **Town Council** members, **school board** members, some **Mayors**, some **judges**, and the **DA's Offices** in our counties. And we use a computer program that has

the names of all of our cult members tied into the network of all of those departments so when someone calls with a complaint against a member, that name shows up, and the cult member is notified, and our member answers the call. Like, when you walked into the police department, trying to get Lloyd arrested, one of our people met with you.”

I knew she must be right. I knew her cult must have those computer capabilities. I had been trying to get Lloyd arrested for months, and I bumped into hurtful roadblocks at every turn. Lloyd had raped me many times while I was drugged but only once, that I was sure of, and I thought, if they would bring Lloyd in for raping me, they would have been able to have his DNA checked. I figured it would have been matched to close to a thousand rapes and almost a hundred murders. This conversation confirmed my suspicion. Until this moment, I couldn't understand how I could bring a list of the twenty murdered women, I had information about, to two police departments, my DA's office, the county's rape counselor, a local lawyer (recommended by the rape counselor), and the FBI, and have them all yell at me and tell me I was “being vindictive,” like they were reading from a script. One by one, as I showed up at their offices, they stood over me, and shouted at me for wasting their time, saying, it wasn't against the law for a husband to rape his wife. They all knew, what I didn't know until this conversation, why I should be so vindictive.

For me, this part of the conversation was an appalling, ‘ah ha moment.’  
My head was spinning.

*In 2005, I talked to someone in the Doris County, New Jersey, DA's office who told me she couldn't help me. She had taken the case away from the DA's offices in Doris and another county. The DA told me all of my suspicions were correct, “When you put it all down on paper like this, it looks kinda bad.” I was right about twenty women Lloyd had killed and all she could do for me was tell me I was right, and say it looks “kinda bad?”*

*She added, Lloyd has killed at least seventy women, and that their church has killed hundreds.*

*Lloyd murdered two women in Frantic Highlands, New Jersey. The murders were about a dozen years apart. I think both women had a ballpark resemblance to me. He dumped both bodies in the same wooded area. It took so many years to find the first victim, he thought the second victim would take as long to find. The second body was found the morning following the murder, while we were still at the shore.*

*The Doris County DA told me, when the murders in Frantic Highlands were taken off the investigation list by one of their churches' members, it made the police in the town angry. I had walked into the Frantic Highlands, New Jersey, police department with information about the second murder Lloyd had committed there. At first, the police officers there were hostile toward me for coming in, because it had been several years since the murder and it would be difficult to dig the paperwork back out, and because Lloyd's most recent Frantic Highlands' murder victim was pregnant. Murder is the leading cause of death for girls in their teens and twenties, and the vast majority of those victims are pregnant. The police surmised the murderer was the vagrant girl's boyfriend, and so, closed the case. After I showed up they re-opened it without telling me, so I assumed they didn't believe me. The investigation didn't get far, though, because it was taken over by Lloyd's church.*

*The female DA who met and interviewed me brought a partner, a man who was in the DA's computer investigative division. They said I was an “innocent,” and shouldn't have been tortured, and I shouldn't be on their “kill” list. She didn't think Deeta had that much power.*

*She told me they were supposed to kill me when they had the chance, which they did (have the chance, I mean.) they said if I persist in trying to get Lloyd arrested they would kill me without batting an eye. I told them I would stop, because I'd tried everything I could think of, and I was getting nowhere. It was apparent the coverage Deeta spoke of was steadfastly in place.*

*They were glad to hear about my frustration, but they continued the conversation because they wanted to know about my spiritual beliefs and habits. They'd been present at many of my torture sessions. The man had ritually raped me. They were witness to several torture sessions that ended with me being pronounced dead. They confided in me that they thought I was special.*

*It was a bizarre conversation. I quickly became aware the DA Officers weren't interested in helping me, but they were interested in my spiritual awareness. They were both of the opinion that rape was sex. They both told me they had never had sex, though they appeared to be a couple in their forties. They were an arranged couple, one of the types of Satanic unions Deeta told me about. I explained to them that rape was an act of violence, and sex was an act of love. It's frightening to think that there are ANY people, working in law enforcement, who think there's nothing wrong with rape.*

*There are some statistics that state, half the women in this country have been raped. If you're sitting around in a group of women, ask. You'll be surprised to find at least half have been raped, and half of them didn't report it.*

*FYI - The two people from the DA's office had two forms if ID and badges.*

### **Health Care Workers**

Satanic churches have hospital workers including janitors, technicians, lab workers, nurses, doctors (yes, doctors) and records retention. Records are an increasingly important role.

*Note: I've tried, a few times, to get old files; and have been told that if a file is deleted from the computer there is NO WAY the paper file can ever be found.*

*I had an overnight sleep study done in a hospital, because, on so many mornings, I woke up feeling terrible.*

*During the study I had a blood test that proved I'd been poisoned. I almost died during the study and woke up with sirens blaring and lights flashing inside the room. Someone was standing over me with the defibrillator paddles ready. The nurse overseeing the study told me, when a patient stops breathing for a minute, first, lights flash, then if they don't breathe sirens go off, and if they still don't breathe she tries to wake them by shaking them, and if that's unsuccessful, she calls for the defibrillator. God woke me up just before I got zapped.*

*When I tried to get a copy of the bloodwork, there were no results on file, and when the records people dug deeper, not only was the lab work missing, but there was no record of my having the study done at all.*

Medical people are needed in satanic cults to kill and torture members and victims, and then to cover up what they did. Most modern torture leaves NO physical evidence.

The doctors who join are primarily anesthesiologists; surgeons; eye doctors, ear, nose and throat doctors; post mortem; pain management; obstetricians and some plastic surgeons. Other doctors who join may be encouraged, by the cult, to change fields, most often to Gynecology or Anesthesiology, or some field the cult can use.

**“Gynecologists** can cause problem pregnancies, miscarriages, perform abortions, and they can supply fetuses for ritual consumption.” She said, “Satanic churches want to make abortion illegal again, so pregnant women will have to use witch doctors. It was easier for Satanists to obtain aborted fetuses when abortion was illegal, and, of course, more women died from infection and complications, which,” she said, “is a plus. Bush’s doing his best to make abortions illegal again. We’ll get it done. You’ll see.”

**“Anesthesiologists** can kill. Cults find them particularly useful because patients can choose a surgeon, but are generally assigned an anesthesiologist.

**“Surgeons** can make fatal mistakes, or can be used to fix botched torture. All our surgeons are always under investigation for killing someone, but we can fix that. It’s six, I think it’s six, they can kill before it’s a problem, so we have them change hospitals after five.”

She meant lethal mistakes.

**ENT** - Ear, nose and throat doctors are important because the screams of the torture victims leave the throat shredded. There are many scars inside a torture victim’s throat.

The ears are a main source of torture. The same kind of electrical cord that leads to a lamp or an appliance is used. The ends are stripped, sometimes probes are attached, and the ends are placed on, behind, or in the ears.

*Note: My ear canal and ear drum exploded during this torture. When I woke up, in my own bed, my ear was bleeding, and I was in terrible pain. My ENT was in my husband’s cult. If I had gone to a doctor not affiliated with the cult, he or she would have suspected foul play.*

*I went to an ENT, recently, to see if there was any way to remove scar tissue from my eardrum, because I have a chronic ear-ache and my hearing is progressively deteriorating. He literally ran out of the room. I have to wonder if he’s associated with a cult.*

**Eye doctors** can cause blindness or torture eyes.

She said, “The cult uses boric acid to blind people. Boric acid mixed with too little water can blind someone. We have the victim remember a battery exploding in their face, or some such thing.”

**Coroners** are used, post mortem, to cover up sacrifices, and they can report the diagnosis as natural causes.

“Sometimes we’ll say the death was a suicide, to cover up murder, or if we feel the family would be hurt by it. That way we get the most bangs for our buck,” she laughed.

“Coroners and crime cleanup are key. Probable heart attack or stroke is the usual diagnosis. If a victim is posed, and the area around the victim is clean and tidy, murder isn’t suspected,” she said matter-of-factly.

*Note: Causing the most pain in any situation is the goal of all Satanists.*

**“Pain Management Doctors** treat victims with cult caused disabilities. They can diagnose the problem as being caused by something other than torture. The doctor can find out the victim’s weakness, and help the satanic church he belongs to, by reporting the weakness to cult officials, and then we can figure out ways to hurt the victim even more. Those doctors can make sure a person’s pain never goes away.” She said, “They can prescribe medication that’ll make everything worse.”

“**Obstetricians** can prescribe drugs and do tests that hurt a fetus. Early ultrasounds on fetuses, at development stage two to four months, can cause Autism, and so we’ve made sure they’ve become routine. Obstetricians can also perform abortions, so they can provide fetuses for sacrificial consumption.” She went on, “They’re also used to make childbirth more complicated or painful.”

(For women who have somehow become unwitting enemies of the cult.)

“They also help to steal or switch babies at birth.” She complained, “That didn’t work with Allison. You figured it out – I don’t know how?”

*Note: I know of an obstetrician in the cult who uses pitocin when it’s not needed: and he gives women larger episiotomies than necessary and leaves the stitches long, so they’ll be more painful. He does this to ALL the women in his care for his own amusement.*

*My baby was switched at birth, but I complained until they brought her back.*

“**Pediatricians** cover up child abuse and rape. Satanists begin raping babies at one month of age. Any pediatrician would be able to tell that. We had you go to ours with Mariah, but you weren’t satisfied with him. We had to be really careful our torture didn’t show on your children after that. You’re so stubborn.”

“**Plastic Surgeons** are needed to change a killer’s face or to fix a botched torture. They’ve gotten busier since America’s Most Wanted.” She stated, “Plastic surgeons are shared among a few churches.”

She went on to say, “The Satanic Churches’ goal, as an important part of Armageddon, is to abduct and kill a well loved personality, and put that person’s face onto one of our people. We’ll call him the face-demon. We’ll need a team of plastic surgeons for that. Then we’ll have a well loved and trusted person giving out our philosophy. And everyone will say, ‘Ooh?’ We’ll get lots of converts – lots of people will want Armageddon.”

I said, “People’ll be able to tell it isn’t the same individual.”

“What does that mean – same individual? Individual what?” She asked.

It took me a second to figure out what she was asking. “Same person,” I responded. ‘Yikes’ at first I thought she was kidding.

“Well, say person, then. I don’t know why you say things so no one can understand you.” She went on, “If the celebrity is well loved, no one will care when he or she shows up again, alive. No one will care that the face-demon’s morals and ideas suddenly changed drastically.”

I told her, “The public isn’t just interested in the face of the person, but in the whole person, his ideas, ideals and morals.” I said, “If an individual has gone missing and then shows up again and suddenly has a completely different personality, then the public’ll be suspicious.”

She said I was wrong.

I said I was right.

*This conversation was in 2003 before the first face transplant; which, by the way, our Army paid for. Once his face healed, I doubt the person receiving the face ended up looking like the person who had donated the face. Since it was our tax dollars that paid for the operation, we have a right to know whether a face transplant, along the lines of the movie, Faceoff, is even possible.*

She insisted, “**Doctors and Dentists** go into those professions because they enjoy watching suffering. They don’t get enough, so they join cults to inflict suffering.”

As she described those dentists I thought it must be something like the dentist in *Little Shop of Horrors*.

*Note: Deeta said a few times during the conversation - Eyes and teeth are key points of torture especially for the cult members. When you join a cult you agree not only to torture whoever they tell you to, but to be tortured yourself. Members sometimes need medical attention after they’ve been tortured and they can’t go to just any Eye Doctor or Dentist. These doctors can also administer torture to teeth and eyes, skillfully, so it’s undetected by the casual observer. They have access to drugs and tools used by their trade. Dentists can provide anesthetics, nitrous oxide, drills, etc.*

*I know someone who had all his teeth pulled, and someone else who had all her eyelashes removed, and a few who had their eyes tortured until they were useless.*

*Doctors are helpful when torture goes wrong, which it often does. They also have access to drugs and medical equipment that can kill and make it look accidental.*

*I know from my experience with cult doctors - Doctors working for the cult will do things like, look at their watch a lot, in an effort to make you feel intrusive, and stupid if you question them.*

“**Nurses** have access to patients and can administer any drug. Anyone in a nurse’s uniform can walk around any hospital unquestioned. Our nurses often start intravenous without filling the tube with liquid before attaching it to the needle, so all the air in the tube gets into the bloodstream. Sometimes the air alone is enough to kill someone. Once the air hits the heart the patient becomes unconscious.” She said, “When the electric paddles are used to shock the patient back to life, the heart literally explodes.”

*Note: The electric paddles Deeta referred to is a defibrillator.*

*I don’t know if that assertion is true. I’ve had intravenous started with air in the tube, evidentially done by nurses working for Lloyd and Deeta, and I can tell you it made me feel very woozy and nauseous. I’ve passed out at least twice.*

*Once, I awoke in a hospital room, to find my shirt open and a Resident standing over me with the defibrillator paddles, and other hospital staff around my gurney. I spoke just in time to stop them. My blood pressure had gone down to 60 over 30. As they asked me my name, and who was president, my pressure rose into low normal levels.*

She said about the incident, “You had your shirt open for all the world to see. We had to torture you for that.”

I thought, ‘Apparently “all the world” consists of a hospital Resident and three nurses, including the one who started my I.V.: and while I was passed out I had some control over having them open my shirt?’ Logic and reasoning weren’t her strong suit.

She stated, “Anyone can impersonate a doctor or nurse and stroll the halls of a hospital unquestioned; all they need is a white coat and a name tag. There’s no real security.” She said, “Lloyd and I have done it several times and killed many people that way.”

“Lethal nurses are in all hospitals and if they stick to only killing the people the cult assigns, they go completely unnoticed for years and retire with a good pension.” She said, “The guy, nicknamed The Angel of Death, who was arrested for killing so many of the residents of a nursing home, was a member of a satanic cult. He was killing people for the cult but then began killing just for the thrill.”

*Note: I didn't believe her; but since then I have read a statistic that only two thirds or 66% of people who walk into a hospital as a patient, ever walk out again. That number includes people who walk into the emergency room or go to the hospital for tests. That's a chilling statistic.*

Deeta didn't need provoking. She was proud to tell me how they operate, unnoticed, in plain sight.

### **Mental Health Care Workers**

She said, “Cults have doctors and staff in **mental institutions** diagnosing anyone intent on blowing the whistle on our cult as insane.” She told me again, “When you try to take us down, we'll all say you're insane. All of New Jersey will insist that you should get locked up. We'll do everything in our power to make sure you actually get insane, and if you persist in your accusations, the cult will murder you. You'll prefer hell to the mental institution we put you in.”

She claimed to, “have ALL mental health facilities covered.” She said, “This is one area where our churches will work together, because the goal of going unnoticed is really important to all of us. The church member who works in the mental institution can change charts, administer hallucinogens; make nightmarish night-time visits to ensure the accuser will never be believed. The hospitalized person will be encouraged, by the mental health counselor or night visitor, to commit suicide. Electro-shock is used to alter or erase memories. The accusation of demonic possession'll be mirrored back onto the patient. If their treatment doesn't end in suicide, or complete breakdown; and if the person continues with the accusations, that person will be killed. We can, almost always, make it look like an apparent heart attack; but sometimes it's called a suicide; sometimes the death will be accidental, and once in a great while, it will be called a suspicious death, but we'll make any trail, leading back to the cult, disappear. Don't think you can hide from us, or take us down, because you can't – you can see that now.”

My blood ran cold as she told me these things. It was all so horrific I had an enormously hard time keeping up. I had to force myself to pay attention and try to remember all of these ghoulish details. I had to remember to breathe.

“We have **Rape** Counselors to talk women out of reporting rape. They make her feel like it was her fault.

“We have **Suicide Hotline Counselors** to help guide teenagers to commit suicide.

“Cults need **Psychologists** and **Psychiatrists**,” she told me, “to help guide teenagers, who aren't evil enough, to kill themselves. They can keep torture victims and prisoners from asking questions by making them feel crazy. The accusations sound crazy enough.”

She reminisced, “The Children's story, *The Secret of NIMH*, is true - only the mice are people. Those who worship Satan own the National Institute of Mental Health and the FDA.

NIMH investigates alternative means of torture, memory altering or erasing, which is another name for electroshock therapy. And they find new ways to cause permanent brain damage. Patients in mental hospitals and prisoners at Guantanamo Bay are nothing more than guinea pigs for NIMH. Ooh, ugh,” she shuddered, “the things we’re doing at GTMO, even *I* think, are bad.”

**DYFS** “The Department of Youth and Family Services, ALWAYS has a member who will show up at the homes of other cult members who are accused of child abuse or neglect.” She told me, The report will always be stellar saying the cult member is an exemplary parent; and indicting the accuser with being vengeful.

“There’s an enormous need for cult members to work for the Division of Youth and Family Services because of the rampant abuse. I don’t think a cult can exist without them;” she thought a moment, “and cops.” She found it amusing that, “These are people whose job it is to protect children by day, and then by night, they torture them, sometimes to death; or they watch and chant as babies are ritualistically raped.”

She went on, “When a cult member takes an intense interest in a case, and takes the case away from another social worker, no one questions it. No one says, ‘She may be in a satanic cult,’ because the mere suggestion sounds so crazy, that when you say it, you’re accused of being delusional, especially by our church members.”

I realized, ‘This happened to me. The DYFS worker admitted to knowing Lloyd; and I suggested, perhaps, we should do things by the book, and someone else should take the case. That surprised them both. I wasn’t afraid they’d find something because I certainly wasn’t abusing my children, and I had no idea who Lloyd really was.’

She told me, “Lloyd and the DYFS worker who investigated you knew better.”

It was sickening to realize, ‘The investigation had been a cover-up, the report stating we were exemplary parents was bogus, and the complaint sent to DYFS was legitimate.’

Luckily, I had no time to catch my breath or comment.

*Note: Of all my atrocious memories, the recognition of what happened to my daughters has caused me the most pain and depression. My daughters continue to be abducted and their lives continue to be manipulated.*

*My daughters will be very upset with me for writing and publishing this book. I hope this book provides them with a modicum of protection. I know, with God’s help, they will eventually forgive me.*

She thought aloud, “**Pharmacists** are a nice addition to any cult because they can supply the satanic church with almost any date rape drug, sodium pentothal, hallucinogens, chloral hydrate, belladonna, psychotropic and/or other chemicals to induce pain.”

*Note: I think when strange things happen, these are the drugs law enforcement, hospitals and doctors should be checking for, but don’t. They should NOT assume the person who has drugs in his system, knows the drugs are there.*

The **pharmacist** for their north Jersey cult was arrested and sent to prison. She said, “That was your fault, and another reason to have you killed.”

Her mind must have been off thinking about the drugs they use, “Meth-amphetamine is a drug that makes people look and act like the Devil.” She continued, “Have you ever seen a meth addict? They look awful, like something the Black made. Ha!” She laughed, “They’re our creation. Ha! I love it!”

“That’s not creation. You didn’t create a human being. You’ve ruined a life.”

‘Down and down the rabbit hole we go,’ I thought.

*Since this conversation I’ve met a few meth addicts, and she’s right, they do look and act like the Devil: and I’d like to say to them - Cut It Out!*

### **Children**

“The **school nurse** is also a nice addition in the school the prince and princess’ children attend. Any signs of abuse go unreported.” She assumed, “Most cults aren’t big enough to have that luxury. Some of the really large cults – like the one in Bacon, Texas – have not only the school nurse, but school administrators and teachers in the cult.”

She went on to say that, “What went wrong in Bacon was, they thought they had the perfect setup. The Vine Danielians had people in the Sheriff’s Department, the Police Department, the hospitals, the Fire Department, DYFS, and district officials.” She said, “They forgot about the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and explosives. That was the department that took them down.” She added conclusively, “All cults learned a valuable lesson from that.”

*Note: The Bacon Texas cult had a good long run, and, if it were not for the vigilance of BATF officials, many more lives would have been ruined. Intergenerational cults go on for centuries murdering, raping and using torture rituals to turn their children evil. The surviving children of the Bacon cult have been permanently, emotionally scarred. Hopefully they’re getting loving care and aren’t living with relatives in Satanic churches. Daniel Moran is a testament to how totally self absorbed and egocentric princes of Satanic cults are. Narcissism is sociopathic.*

“It was an unwritten law of the Vine Danielians’, that if Daniel Moran were to die they would all die with him.” She added, “I know that, because Ralph has relatives in cults in Texas.

“All of Texas is one big satanic cult. We own the government. The Governor and Senators and most of the local politicians.” She thought a minute, “That’s right. I think that’s right.” She mumbled about it, going over the elected officials they own, in her mind. “That’s why the death penalty is so popular in Texas. They like to torture the prisoner for a long time before they kill him. If the family of the victim is allowed to watch, and they want revenge, the torture can go on for hours.”

I threw up.

“What?” She asked.

“Doesn’t anybody monitor that stuff?” The thought was appalling. It didn’t sound plausible.

“That’s what I mean. Everybody who would monitor, does that mean check up on...?” she didn’t wait for an answer, “everybody’s in on it.” She questioned my motive, “What do you mean?” She gasped in recognition, “You mean you care about how a murderer’s treated?”

“Well, yeah, I care about how everyone is treated. That’s why listening to you...” she wouldn’t let me finish my thought which was, ‘is just about killing me.’

She growled, “Ugh, you’re so good.” Then scolded, “You’re lying. Everybody wants to see murderers tortured.”

I cringed, “I don’t.”

“I do. I love torture. It’ll be a TV show one day.”

“Nobody’d watch it.”

“They would, too. They’ll have no choice. Everything on TV will be ours. Mark my words”

She went on, “I can’t get enough of torture. Especially children. The most beautiful sound is the scream of a youngen’.”

‘This has to stop, please, it can’t be real.’

### **Children, Continued**

“**Adoption workers** supply the Satanic Churches with a source of unplaceable children who can be adopted out to cult members as torture and rape prisoners. The bonus of that,” she said, “is the cult member is viewed as a caring individual, and since the child has no other potential adopters he or she is never checked on. The more severe the deformity or illness, the more severe the torture. If the child can’t leave the house anyway, physical abuse, such as breaking bones, burning, and cutting away pieces of the child, is a common practice.”

“What does that mean!?”

“Oh, look. I finally got you. I finally got to you!” she mocked me. Then became curious. “What do you care? We didn’t do that to your children. I wanted to, because Brooklyn’s so pretty, and she shouldn’t be. The princess isn’t supposed to be beautiful. But Lloyd wouldn’t let me.” She went on to tell me of the ritual torture Brooklyn was scheduled to undergo following a play she had been in. Deeta detailed the repulsive, disfiguring torture I prevented. I threw up, again. I cried. I was so thankful to have been able to interfere with their schedule. All I knew at the time was, I had to keep Brooklyn from going off with Lloyd. I had to do and say everything I could think of, to keep that from happening. It was chilling to find out why my peeps and the Lady had been so insistent.

She said, the Elephant Man, and Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre-Dame, were examples of the results of years of disfiguring torture, and mental and emotional abuse. “The characters,” she said, “were based on a real people.”

“The Elephant Man had a disease. Like the boy in the Movie *Mask*,” I responded.

She thought I was talking about another movie and started off on a tangent.

I wiped my face and mouth and said again, “The Elephant Man had a disease.”

“No, no,” she huffed. “You can tell by the way he was treated. We have to make them hate themselves – that’s half the fun.”

She began talking about burn victims. She claimed the Shriners members were Satanic.

In high school, I had befriended a boy whose face had been badly burned. Deeta reminded me about him, “You made him feel better about himself. You gave him street cred, I think you call it, that someone like you would even talk to him.”

‘That’s good, finally something positive,’ I thought. “Street cred is...”

She interrupted, “We got to him, and made him hate himself so much, he never went out in public again.” She said, “We had to do that to him because we wanted to make him hate you. We told him you thought he was hideous. His parents are the ones who burned him. Once they found out he wasn’t going out of the house anymore, they began planning more mutilations. It’s always good to have a few Quasimodos around.”

She began telling me about another little girl who had been adopted, as a crack baby, by a cult couple. I remembered her. I knew what she was talking about.

That was such a horrifying thought. I held the phone near my knee and vomited again.

This time I held it there until I could hear her say, "Are you there? Hello?"

"Go on," I choked.

"Where did you go? I almost hung up. They could still see you, so I knew you were there. How dare you not listen to me?"

Still bent over, I thought briefly about sitting in the chair near the door. "Deeta, this is too much." I added, "I'll listen." I pulled my head upright and went to my knees. My peeps said, 'Not much longer.' I lay down on the floor in the doorway near the telephone chair. The areas to sit were more and more limited because of the puddles of vomit. I stared up at the warm wood door and then looked up at the cracks in the plaster and lath ceiling. The designs, always so apparent in the old ceiling, were replaced with ugly cracks and pock marks.

"You know, I shouldn't be telling you this stuff, anyway."

"Deeta, I really do want to know how your church functions. I didn't mean to stop you. Please go on," I requested. 'I hope she stops,' I thought.

"Alright, then. But you'd better listen. We do more than function."

### **Other Professions**

To a lesser extent Satanic churches can use any profession to their advantage.

She said, "For example, we have county **welfare workers**, or someone who pays out welfare, food stamps, and other benefits to cult members, to free them up to work full time for the cult."

'Our tax dollars at work.'

"**Truck drivers** who can kill with their vehicles or haul dead bodies are a plus.

"**Demolition Derby Drivers** kill victims who've gotten in our way. Anyone who threatens to go to the police meets with a hit-and-run accident. Anyone we just plain don't like can be killed.

"The cult has several demolition derby drivers who know how to hit a car in such a way as to kill the driver. We use these drivers all the time. No one suspects it's all the same driver or drivers. They assume it's all different, probably drunk, drivers."

She said, "When I see those little grave markers by the side of the road, you know the ones with the homemade crosses and plastic flowers, I laugh, because I know it was a cult hit. No one suspects a cult. No one ever thinks that a cult can do damage. Most people don't believe satanic cults even exist, so the dots are never connected." She added, "ALL hit and run accidents are Satanic sacrifices."

*My daughter, Brooklyn, was recently hit by a car going forty-five miles per hour. Brooklyn was crossing the street late at night on Friday, March 30, 2012. Lloyd's heart is so black that killing his daughter for April Fool's Day is his idea of a good time, and it's her way of telling me they will always try to kill Brooklyn, since they promised her soul to the Black. The driver had no insurance, the drivers hired to kill with vehicles never have insurance. It's doubtful his driver's license was legitimate. They use many different names. The driver stopped to examine his handywork only to find Brooklyn still alive, so he began yelling at her to traumatize her a second time. He wasn't charged with any crime, so any police officers on the scene were cult members.*

*I'm so proud of Brooklyn. She is a wonderful human being even though her life has been nothing but a string of bad luck perpetuated by her father and this north New Jersey cult. She's had so much horrendous bull-shit happen in her lifetime but she preserves and is making a difference in children's lives. She stays in the area through mind control. My warnings only anger her. If Lloyd's cult tries to hurt her again, everyone will know who did it.*

*Brooklyn's yearly near death events, highlight and heighten the need for publishing this book. My girls know I can write, they know I have a lot to say, they know I frequently talk to God, and they know I will publish something. Lloyd and Deeta, and now the new princess and prince Rayshell and Rick, have hurt Brooklyn, Allison, and Mariah and their friends and loved ones long enough. I'm so sorry for the thorny, rough road they've been through. Here's hoping this exposé will end it.*

She said a young neighbor of our friends, Dodger and Rue, “was hit by a car while riding her bike, because Rue had become very fond of the little girl. Satanic church members aren't allowed to feel love, so I ordered the hit.” She lowered her voice, “It had to be done. Rue may have even loved that little girl. I told her she was getting too close.”

I remembered when that happened, because Rue started a campaign to have children wear helmets while bike riding. She was very upset. I had no idea she and Dodger were in a cult. I was finding out all kinds of distressing things.

During the conversation I found out that all of my “friends” participated, in some way, in my frequent torture, and many planned sacrifices.

*Note: I never thought kids riding bikes, who got hit by cars, were murder victims. Even if SOME hit and run accidents are murders - that's more than NONE which is what I had thought.*

*The person who died probably had nothing to do with a cult, but they did something a cult member didn't like.*

*Some are children of cult members whose lives may be going too well. Satanic churches cannot survive with happy members.*

“Cults can use **Lawyers** to get their members out of any charge. The lawyer will also deter any would-be client, who wants to sue a cult member, by saying there's no case. The lawyer will belittle the person into never wanting to talk to another lawyer.”

‘The lawyer I spoke with belittled and berated me while he stood over me, yelling. I wouldn't talk to another lawyer after that. Deeta knew that,’ I thought. ‘The lawyer had told me he was in the same club as Lloyd. That was the first I heard Lloyd was in a club. This happened after Lloyd's and my divorce.

*Note: Never threaten a cult member. If you're a member of a cult and you mean to bring them down – DON'T tell them! You'll be dead before you can leave the room.*

“Cults like to have **Butchers** as members for obvious reasons.”

I had no time to think.

“Some Satanic cults share **Crime Scene Cleanup** experts. They come in after a murder sacrifice and no one ever knows we were there,” she bragged.

‘Lloyd once commented on the Seinfeld episode where a model took George to a party, and later George took Jerry to the same place, but that place was now a meat warehouse, so Jerry didn’t believe George.

‘Lloyd got upset because he said his secret was out,’ I remembered.

Satanic cults take over a place for the meeting and then turn it back into that place when they leave. His reaction told me, they use sawdust on the floor.

“Dying is a dirty business,” she said, matter-of-factly. “Well, you know. You’ve died plenty of times.”

‘I knew, in addition to blood; dying causes vomiting: and urine and feces are released,’ I thought. I still didn’t believe her.

She went on, “And that’s just a little part of it. It’s not just the victim who’s gotta be cleaned up. A lotta members throw up, or lose control of their functions during a ceremony. The saw dust absorbs most crap, and makes the scene easier to clean.”

Deeta and Lloyd’s cult in north Jersey likes having **musicians** as members. She said, “I don’t think that’s standard throughout all cults, in fact, I don’t know of any other cult who uses them, but they’re available entertainment. Musicians also have access to large venues when the cult needs them. They also have an excuse to be out in the wee hours of the morning – the hours the cult is active. They can usually let the cult into a place after a gig, and we get it to ourselves. It’s helpful for human sacrifices, and unusual tortures, when we get a big draw. Like for you. We always get a big place when people know you’re going to be tortured, or raped, or sacrificed. We make a ton of money when you’re the victim. Sometimes there’s betting, laying odds, that this time you’ll stay dead, so people who like to gamble show up.” She added, “Everybody loves that light of yours.”

“Where does all the money go you make on me? I never see any of it.”

“A lot of times it goes to Lloyd and whoever travels with him. Once a year he goes to Atlanta to rape your sister, Tricia. While he’s there he likes to screw up Tom’s life, oh, and Lloyd always tries to kill Tom’s son, John.”

“You stay away from my sister, Tricia. That’s my money; you can’t do that with it.” I protested. I knew it didn’t matter a hoot what I said, but I had to say it. “Who are Tom and his son John?”

“He’s your boyfriend. That’s what I tell everybody. I have you both tortured for that. I had you paralyzed one night because of him. I stuck a cattle prod up your ass and gave you your treatment. I zapped you until you couldn’t move. We stuck needles in your feet and you said you couldn’t feel them. We burned your shins with a blow torch and you didn’t flinch. Then we stuck a harry carry knife in your thigh until it hit the bone and you didn’t make a peep. We did that so you could be like your lover Tom. We paralyzed him, too. But the next day you got up and went to work like nothing happened.” She got very angry, “I hated it when you did stuff like that. What do you care? You don’t know him.” She said in a way that made me think she might tell me.

*I remember that “treatment.” I had to say I couldn’t feel my legs or they would have paralyzed me. She was hitting the cattle prod against my spinal cord from the inside and turning it on. A body’s whole nervous system is affected and the body convulses as the spinal cord furiously whips back and forth. When she asked, “Can you feel your legs?” After just a few times I knew enough to say “no,” because I knew what a “yes” answer would get me. My*

*people told me to stay calm and still. I concentrated on my Angels and the pain was bearable during the rest of the torture session.*

*The next day the pain down my legs and in my thigh was so sharp it was very difficult to walk. I walked slowly and held onto the sides of the cars and the fence, then the side of the building as I went to work. I kept my legs propped up as much as possible and I kept wet paper towels on the burns all day. They gave me a reason why my legs were burned but I can't remember now. I've known so long it was my husband, his princess and a blowtorch that I forgot what they brainwashed me to think. The doctor attributed the pains in my legs to Multiple Sclerosis.*

She went on, “**Animal welfare workers** supply the cult with animal sacrifices on a continuing basis.”

*Note: This could be easily policed, by checking records of who is adopting animals. I wanted to adopt a cat, once, and I was told the man who was getting the cat had already adopted sixty animals. No one wonders what he's doing with all those animals? I did. I said, he must be using them for sacrifices, or his house would be overrun with animals. I was right, so I got tortured.*

“**Snake farms** are always owned by cult members,” was her assertion.

“Always?” I wondered.

“Snakes are an important part of Satanic ceremonies.”

#### **How Cults Keep Members in Line**

“Cult members have to report their every move, and every conversation, to the princess of the cult. They have to kill, when asked to kill. Men have to rape, when asked to rape. They all have to cover for murders, rapes and tortures. They have to want to torture. They have to want to mutilate and burn victims. If, at any time, they want any part of their old life back, or if they fail at a given task, they'll be killed.”

She went on, “Once you're a member, you can only get out of a Satanic cult by committing a murder for the cult. That way the cult is assured of your silence, and we already have your soul.”

*Note: All of the cult members I've talked with are so miserable, that their life's a living Hell, anyway. Why live it that way?*

*I don't care what Deeta believes, no one owns another person's soul.*

*“It is belief that makes all magic work,” was one of Deeta's statements.*

#### **Thoughts On the Conversation**

“Once, during a rape ceremony, you told everyone in attendance what was really happening.” She said, “Since you weren't being tortured, I had no torture equipment handy. You were drugged, and on the altar, and when you realized you could be heard, and you weren't being tortured, you began telling the congregation, loud enough to be heard, that I changed your words, and made up things, and you went on and on about how the things I made up weren't what you said. You told them I just made them think those things, so they would have a reason to torture you.

“When you did that, about a third of our members wanted to quit the cult.” She angrily told me, “That was one of the times I had you killed.”

“What followed was a bloodbath. We were able to get rid of people we’d wanted to get rid of for a long time.” She said, “You even commented on it.”

I asked her how they were able to get people who wanted to leave the cult to murder.

Her answer was, “Once someone murders for us and gets out; then others see it as the only way out, and they follow suit. Most will murder, because they know if they don’t, they’ll be murdered themselves. And then those who are left, who didn’t murder for us, are killed.”

She said if I ever remembered that, they would be in trouble. “That’s why you can’t be allowed to live.”

‘I remembered, I told them I never said, or even thought, the things Deeta said I said.’

(Deeta would usually shock me, in an effort to make me say something. I annoyed her because I wouldn’t lie. She claimed to torture me to death, because she couldn’t get me to say or do the things she wanted me to do. I rarely said what she wanted me to say, unless I misunderstood her, or it would save someone’s life.

She claimed to be repeating what I said; really loudly, only she changed the words and the sentiment.

For instance, she would bend over me and ask, “So, you want him tortured?”

I’d answer, “No, don’t torture him.”

Then she would take a step back, turn toward her members, raise her face to the crowd and yell, “She says, torture him to death. She wants us to torture him to death!”

It felt like I was trapped in a nightmare that I couldn’t remember in the morning.)

During our five hour conversation it was my distinct impression that she hated herself. She hated everyone and everything - except Lloyd. She hated her children from the moment they were conceived – possibly before, since cult members are only “allowed to” have sex for procreation (a satanic practice adhered to, to this day, by the Roman Catholic Church.)

Deeta said she periodically drugs and tortures her prince, Lloyd, since he wasn’t born into the cult. She has to keep him in line. “That’s one thing I love about him,” she said, “I can tell him some lie about you, and the very next night he’d bring you in to be tortured for it!” Then she laughed and laughed, “He’s my puppet.” She added, “He rapes and murders all the time,” she thought about it, “All the time. He’s not supposed to rape unless we vote on it, but he does it whenever he feels like it.” She chuckled, “And he feels like it a lot. That’s another thing I love about him. He rapes old women, too. Isn’t that wonderful?”

She told me again, “You shouldn’t’ve tried to get him arrested.” She was surprised Lloyd didn’t want me dead as soon as he heard that. “If ever anyone deserved to die, it’s you.”

“A human sacrifice is the best housewarming party imaginable.” She told me, “That’s how housewarming got its name. After the sacrifice there’s a fire for burnt offerings.” She said, “You were the intended sacrificial victim at three, or was it four, separate parties.”

At one in Danville, NJ, a man nicknamed Stretch was stabbed to death saving me.

### **Daryl’s Party - Did My Car Disappear?**

At another, I left without being seen. She said, “You made yourself and your car disappear.”

*In reality, I left without saying goodbye because everyone vacated the living room without a word, and it had been my experience when something like that happened, things took a turn for the worse. My peeps told me to leave. When I got to the car it was penned in by other cars parked at such weird angles it looked like it might be deliberate. I thought to ask people to move their cars so I could get out: but again, my Angels told me to get out as quickly and quietly as possible. I'll explain it to you sometime. I strongly suggest if weird things happen, trust your instincts.*

She told me they parked like that so I couldn't leave unnoticed. She said, "We measured the distance between the cars and looked up the dimensions of your car, and there was no way you could have gotten out without making your car disappear." She added, "You couldn't have gotten out of the house without making yourself disappear, because I had a half dozen people keeping track of you."

*The couple who hosted the party were good friends of ours – I thought. We exchanged phone calls and went to each other's houses for dinner regularly. Daryl Macey was a talented musician/comedian who made his living playing guitar and singing at local clubs in northern New Jersey.*

### **With Friends Like That**

"Daryl was easily brainwashed. He did hundreds of horrible things to you, and he never remembered the next day." Among the things he did was to hold a rape party the night Brooklyn was conceived. Deeta said, "Since I'm the princess, and I was present when Brooklyn was conceived, I felt I magically became Brooklyn's real mother. I still feel that way." Apparently conceiving and carrying the baby for nine and a half months, then giving birth and raising her was meaningless. It was extremely disturbing to find out I had an audience during sex.

*My bedroom activities and frequent rapes were a constant source of amusement and revenue for Lloyd and Deeta - a notion that repulses me to this day. My point is - even someone who genuinely likes a person can be mind controlled into doing something heinous to that person. Sirhan-Sirhan never could remember shooting Bobby Kennedy – he liked Bobby Kennedy. Don Jowlexander takes partial credit for that mind control job. Take John Lennon's murderer: she said he was made to believe murder was the ultimate display of affection. I believed Daryl liked me: and he may have. Killing someone you like is an outlandish display of affection. Can you imagine believing that's true?*

Deeta claimed I was pronounced dead at the other two parties.

*I may have been pronounced dead. Who knows? Never-the-less, I am here now to tell you about these people, how they operate, and their plan to start Armageddon.*

### **Mad Max**

She says the time post Armageddon will be like 'Mad Max' or 'Water World.' The Satanic Book of Revelation says the Black wins and evil and anarchy reigns. One of the main reasons people join Satanic churches is they want to be on the winning team.

### **Smoke and Mirrors.**

There are satanic cults everywhere, in every country. Deeta claims one third of the world's population. That's a gross exaggeration.

*They're like the movies "The Bourne Identity," "Duplicity," and "Mr. And Mrs. Smith" all rolled into one. They do things to trick people, rape, murder, and ruin lives just for the fun of it. They use whatever company resources are available from their jobs. They position themselves in jobs with companies that can benefit the cult. They take cult directives more seriously than their jobs.*

She said, "We have Satanists to thank for this life on earth. The Angels who rebelled against God asked for a place where souls could begin and choose Heaven. That place is earth."

### **Belief in the Devil and Ruining Lives**

*They abduct those whose life they want to ruin and make them hate their job. They will then abduct that person's boss and make them believe appalling things about that person to make their job really terrible, even unbearable. It is a soul crushing experience to go everyday to a job you hate and work for a boss who hates you. Their goal, and the goal of all Satanic churches, is to make life on earth as much like hell as possible. The logic eludes me.*

*This was done to me in most of my jobs. I apologize to those who worked with me and suffered under this edict.*

***Skepticism** is how the cult hides. No one wants to think Satanic cults exist and if you try to point it out to people, they'll just say you're crazy and that way Satanists get away with murder! And you bet ya – it sounds real crazy! They rely on disbelief. Deeta made it a point to tell me the same thing will happen to me.*

She said when I tell people, "And you *will* tell people, because that's the kind of person you are. You don't care if we kill you. If you think something is right – you'll do it. Your own life isn't as important to you as doing something for someone. Even for people you don't know. I'll never understand you. But it doesn't matter – no one will believe you. They'll all say you're crazy. And we'll be right there, up front, pointing our fingers at you. We'll get everyone to believe you're just crazy because you say so many crazy things." Deeta puffed like just thinking about all the trouble I've caused her made her tired, "That's why I had to go back through your life and make everyone hate you. Everyone you love, everyone who ever knew you hates you or is dead. All of north Jersey will say they hate you, and you're just crazy, and the rest of the country will believe us."

It came to me to say something. My peeps were pretty clear, I wasn't sure why I was to say, "You won't kill me," but I did. It just confused her.

## Chapter 6a - Examples

I told her, no one owns a soul. We own them, so to speak, until these Earthly bodies pass away. Once we die, and decide on Heaven and Hell, the soul becomes us.

### **Murder Cover Up -**

*A young man, whose name I only know as "Stretch," was murdered in Danville, New Jersey, in the late 80s.*

*Lloyd and I were at a party. I was given a Jell-O shot at the end of the party. I said I wanted to go home and didn't want it.*

*The host, a man who I thought was my friend, said, "Oh come on, I made it special for you. Go ahead try it." So I did. I immediately felt sick, sat down, doubled over, and said, "I knew I shouldn't have had that last shot," and passed out.*

*The drugs I was given cause a coma-like sleep. The person who takes the drugs is aware enough to recognize some of what's happening; but is unable to respond, and can't remember what happened when she comes out of it.*

*The room, the party had been in, became candle lit. The party-goers draped themselves in robes. I was stripped naked and laid out on a bed. Lloyd stood over me with a dagger held high over my heart. The group began chanting. Someone asked,*

*"What's going on?"*

*"Shhh. This is the sacrifice," was the whispered reply.*

*"It's usually a chicken or a body part," she responded.*

*I became aware that the woman speaking was the same woman I had been spending time with at the party. I became aware of Lloyd standing over my head.*

*"Where do you think the body parts come from?"*

*"But they're... Oh, my God! They've been murdered?" She suddenly comprehended, the club she belonged to, were murderers. How else could they have a constant supply of fresh human blood and body parts?*

*"Don't use His name in here! This is our sacred place!" Deeta bellowed, "And it's not murder – it's a sacrifice!"*

*"Why her? I like her. What did she do to deserve this?" The woman asked.*

*To which Deeta replied, "You must be gay. There's no way anyone could like Lennie. So you must be gay, and we have to kill you, too." (It is the "right" of the cult to kill anyone who is homosexual.) The woman denied being gay. She wasn't gay.*

*"You're going to kill her?" Stretch asked, as though he just awoke from a dream. "You don't want her?" He told Lloyd, "I'll take her. She doesn't have to die."*

*"We promised the Black. He expects a sacrifice. In return, we get her power," Deeta countered.*

*I recognized Stretch's voice, and I was elated to think he wanted me, and I thought that could stop this madness. I'd met him a few times, and I liked him immensely. He seemed so much nicer, smarter and funnier than Lloyd.*

*"No one has to die," Stretch was trying to get through the crowd surrounding the bed.*

*Deeta shouted, "Silence!"*

*Lloyd raised the knife higher. Stretch rushed forward to take the dagger from him. Lloyd turned a quarter turn, and plunged the dagger into Stretch's heart. I braced myself for the*

*feel of a steel blade in my chest; but heard a thud instead, and I figured out Stretch had been hurt, or murdered trying to save me.*

*The crowd became conscious of their surroundings. Some screamed. Others asked, "What happened?" Some ran, like rats, when a light comes on.*

*Neighbors heard the screams that came from Nick Black's apartment, and called the police.*

*"Is that it? What about the girl?"*

*"Yeah, I thought we were gonna sacrifice the girl."*

*"That's what I came for."*

*"Me too."*

*Lloyd shouted, "There's only to be one sacrifice tonight. The Black only requires this one."*

*'Was I the girl?' I wondered. I was in my late 30s. 'Was that Lloyd's voice? Stretch must be dead'*

*Of course, the police officer who arrived on the scene was in the cult. They made sure he was on duty that night. He may have had to switch shifts. He remained lurking in the area until the call came in, and he went to answer it. He immediately began to help cover up the murder.*

*Then, as they were all busy covering up, and cleaning, and rolling Stretch's body in a throw rug, a second police officer arrived, because the cult member who answered the call forgot to check in, and had his walkie-talkie turned off. By the time the second police officer came, the screaming woman had been subdued, probably by injection, or, she may have been killed.*

*The second police officer noticed the rolled up rug and my naked, drugged body on the bed. He asked, "What's this? Is she dead?" He saw the candles burning, the darkened room with make-shift, dark drapes covering the windows, and some members still in their black robes and hoods. "Is this some kind of ceremony?" Then he questioned the cult's officer, "Why didn't you call for backup?"*

*Deeta ordered, "Shoot him in the thigh."*

*A few men grabbed and held him, and someone injected a sedative in his thigh.*

*The second officer, realizing he was in the midst of something very sinister, said, "What did you do? You shot me," referring to the injection.*

*Deeta mocked him saying, "Hold it. No one shot anyone," as though he was talking about a gun. The officer was fading fast.*

*"No, you shot me with something. What was it?"*

*Deeta laughed, "No one shot anyone. No shots were fired here." She lowered her voice, "You won't remember anything that happened here. Forget everything you saw here." By this time the officer was down. Deeta leaned over him and reasserted, "You won't remember a thing." She knew her post hypnotic suggestion, along with the drugs they used, would make him forget what he saw.*

*That is a recount of what I remember from that night.*

*Deeta said they took the second officer to his car and drove it to another side of town, parked it, and left him slumped over the steering wheel. She couldn't remember whether he made any trouble for them. She said, "If he did, that would be another person you murdered. That would be two in one night."*

*There were probably more than fifty cult members in attendance that night. These sub-humans have no sense of self. No sense of right and wrong. If the young lady, who was accused of being gay, told anybody that she wanted to turn them in, she would have been killed. Or, if she tried to turn some of them in, she would end up talking to someone else in the cult who was in law enforcement. The cult would be notified, and she would have been killed.*

*The young woman, or anybody who wanted to stop the madness, had to be willing to die, or turn themselves into the FBI first; and demand protection, in exchange for names and addresses of the murderers and rapists.*

*Deeta was relatively certain the young woman threatened the church and was killed.*

*\*If that's something that you, as a Satanic church member, have been thinking of doing, just realize you will most likely do some prison time, or you may be killed; so do it right. Make sure you get enough of them to cripple their church. Think about your life, the way you're living now. Are you happy? No? So, what I'm asking isn't so terrible. On the upside, you'll be saving countless lives! Remember, God's grace can forgive anything. Heaven is an outrageously gorgeous place.\**

*The first police officer was killed for screwing up. He should have called to say he was at the scene and everything was under control. Since he didn't, a second officer arrived and that was problematic.*

*As for the second police officer - If later on he remembered what happened that night, they would have killed him. Deeta said, she couldn't exactly remember, but she thought he had to be killed, "Most likely by a drive-by shooting, or a hit-and-run." Both things would have been deemed unsolvable and therefore are not linked back to the cult. Cult members inside the police department, and the DA's Office, contaminate or eliminate evidence. Other cult members give the investigating officers bogus information to keep the investigation confused until it dead ends.*

*Stretch was reported as a missing person. He died saving my life. I cried for him for weeks after I remembered that night. I know that Heaven is a most wonderful, spectacular place. I know that he is one of my Angels.*

*Thank you, Stretch, with all my heart.*

*The next time I was at Nick Black's apartment, I asked where his pretty throw rug went. He said Stretch took it with him to Pittsburg. Then Nick and Lloyd giggled, like school girls, for a while. I was hurt that Stretch moved away without telling me.*

*As for Nick Black, he participated in several more of my murder attempts. One attempt was on his wedding day. When that one failed to kill me, Nick agreed to drug his new bride to kill her to appease Satan. Then he drugged his bride and he sent her out at night to drive 300 miles alone. She fell asleep at the wheel and got into a terrible wreck. She broke bones in her skull, jaw, neck, and ribs, and got bruises and cuts all over her body.*

*I saw her about a year later and she couldn't remember her wedding day or the accident. In fact, she was surprised to find she had been in an accident at all.*

*That's how easily they can get away with murder.*

*- End*

### **This is an example of having a cult member in the Fire Department –**

*We owned a coal stove to heat the house in the winter time. Lloyd continuously left the hopper door propped open with a bit of coal. This day let it wide open so the carbon monoxide would flow into the house and hopefully kill his family.*

*Unbeknownst to Lloyd, I installed carbon monoxide detectors. When the detector went off, our daughter, Allison, said we were supposed to call the fire department to report it. The chief of the fire department arrived almost immediately. He said he was supposed to make a report, but he wouldn't because it would take too much time.*

*When I said, "Maybe you should make a report."*

*He responded, "You don't really believe your husband is trying to kill you - do you?"*

*Again I said, "If you're supposed to make a report, perhaps you should make a report."*

*But he never did, because he was in the cult and he arrived to protect Lloyd. It wasn't even his job to come to the scene. I didn't realize he was the chief until another fire official arrived was told to go away. The other fire official was very surprised to see the chief doing the job of a fireman. The other fireman scratched his head quizzically; but none of us ever thought the Chief was in a satanic cult, and he arrived at the scene to cover for Lloyd. It's inconceivable.*

*Lloyd used to remove our home's fire extinguishers. He routinely took the batteries out of the smoke alarms. When our daughters were about six and nine, Lloyd habitually had them make their own dinner, while he left to go to a strip club, while he was supposed to be caring for them.*

*What a guy.*

*They were home alone one evening, when something in the kitchen caught on fire. The girls couldn't find their father, or, the fire extinguisher, so they used the sprayer on the kitchen sink to put it out. Deeta said Lloyd set it and snuck out. Apparently, the set-up was, Lloyd let the fire chief know when the girls were home alone cooking dinner, so if an alarm was called in, it wouldn't be transferred to the fire station.*

*She told me, one of my neighbors died in a fire, because the chief assumed it was my house, and so, it took over an hour for the fire department to respond. I'm assuming it was on the day of the kitchen fire at our house.*

*My girls told me about those incidents about ten years later, after they were in college, and after I filed for divorce.*

*She said it would have been my fault if they died in a fire, because I shouldn't have been working.*

*(I worked because we needed the money.)*

*My town's Fire Department was cited because the fire hydrants didn't work. Our town was on a lake. The lake served as the Fire Department's water source, with fire hydrants built into it. Someone sabotaged them so they didn't work. In an effort to allow Lloyd to kill his family in a fire, the entire town was put in jeopardy.*

*I mention this because I want you to be aware that Satanic cults affect everyone's lives whether you believe they exist or not.*

### **An Example of Satanic Cults Use of the Division of Youth and Family Services**

*Someone sent a letter to DYFS accusing Lloyd and me of child abuse. The woman from DYFS, who came to our house to investigate, was in his cult. She took over the case from someone who had interviewed our two girls while they were in school. The cult member caught up with the case by the time there was an investigation at our home; and since she was a higher official in the Division, she told the original DYFS worker, she would take over, and no one questioned it.*

*That was one of her statements, "No one questions when you take work away from them." The DYFS worker's commitment was first and foremost to the cult and second to the government agency that paid her salary.*

*Lloyd had free reign to drug, torture and rape his daughters for the rest of their lives. That's bad enough, but, since you don't know my daughters, think of it this way. Lloyd is a rapist and murderer. He rapes an average of one woman a month, and he murders at least once a year. If Lloyd had been arrested twenty-five years ago, that would have put his DNA on record, and he would still be behind bars for the rapes and murders he had already committed. That would have brought some closure to the families associated with approximately a thousand rape victims and, at the time, seventy murder victims. (The Doris County DA confirmed those figures for me.) Lloyd is still at-large. If he has committed only ninety rapes and ten murders since then and if each of those one hundred women had only five people in her family, that would mean five hundred people's lives were directly impacted by the interference of one Satanic DYFS worker. So you see, it was not only my family, but the entire community that had been affected.*

*Again, I mention this because I want you to be aware that Satanic cults impact everyone's lives whether you believe they exist or not.*

*People tell me – "Oh, I don't believe in the Devil, so I don't worry about that stuff. I don't even think about it." It is precisely that attitude that got this country in the dilemma it's in.*

*Do you know someone who has been raped? Do you know someone who was killed by a hit-and-run or drunk driver? Do you know someone who went missing? Then you probably know someone affected by a Satanic cult. If your life was influenced by that death, rape or disappearance then the cult has touched you, as well.*

*There's a fine line between prudence and paranoia. I'm asking you to be prudent, because, you don't have to believe in the Devil to be effected by people who worship him.*

*These were people who'd come to our parties, or over for dinner, or whose children played with my children, you know - friends - were in the cult. The parties we went to, or hosted, became church ceremonies after midnight. When it became time for the Mass or their meeting to begin, whatever drink I was nursing was drugged and I would sit or fall to my knees and pass out. All my good friends, from my life before I officially met Lloyd, were pushed away with mind control and torture, so the only friends I had were attained after Lloyd and I got together.*

*All of my family was taken away, too. I admit I did write a letter in 1987 to my immediate family explaining why I couldn't see my mother any longer, since she managed to hurt me deeply every time I had contact with her. The last straw was the family gathering when*

*I told my family why I had been so sick for so long, I had been crushed to find out the diagnosis was probable Multiple Sclerosis when I was thirty five.*

*My mother angrily scolded me, screeching, "How could you be so cruel to me?"*

*My sisters rushed to her and sat on either side of her, petted her shoulders and said, "Oh, that Lennie, she's so mean to you." And, "There, there Mom, don't let horrible Lennie get to you. Ignore her." They rubbed her arms and back, saying, "There, there. Lennie's so rotten. She got MS just to hurt you."*

*I stood alone and crying as my sisters, at my mother's sides, comforted my mother and shot hateful glances at me. I couldn't face them again. I've only seen my brother once since then. He very rarely returns my calls or emails, which are infrequent.*

*After Deeta's call in 2003, I emailed my family telling them all about Lloyd's involvement in Satanism, and told them of the many people, who we all knew, who were killed by Lloyd. They never returned my emails.*

*None of my extended family has seen or talked with me in twenty five years. For them it's the loss of one niece or one cousin – no big deal; but for me it was the loss of twenty seven cousins and, at the time, eleven aunts and uncles. Lloyd had already killed one uncle when I was seventeen. Two more uncles and one cousin were killed after Lloyd and I got married. One baby, newly born to my cousin, was abducted and eaten, according to Deeta. The cult brainwashed my cousin and his wife into believing the baby was born without a brain and was cremated.*

*My mother died in the summer of 2007, as Deeta predicted, just before my 55<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was given no details. I told Deeta not to kill my mother in order to trap me, because I told her, I wasn't going to the funeral. I told her my mother had been nothing but mean to me my whole life and I didn't want to go to her funeral because I wouldn't have anything good to say about her. It sounds cold-hearted of me to do nothing, but I felt my family was safer if I stayed away, and if they didn't believe that Lloyd was a murderer and in a Satanic cult, they wouldn't have believed he killed my mother, either.*

*Deeta also told me, my brother-in-law was given Alzheimer's Disease in 1991 because he discovered Lloyd raping Tricia. He was later killed after Lloyd and I split up, to free up my sister, Tricia, to marry Lloyd, but then Lloyd began dating a woman named Jerri whom he later killed. If a Satanic prince, like a Catholic priest, isn't supposed to marry, why did they free Tricia up to marry Lloyd? Why was Lloyd allowed to marry me in the first place?*

*As I mentioned earlier, Lloyd's cult killed my ex-husband's brother, father and mother, his aunt, who was just about to put Dave and me in her will, and three of his four cousins. They killed three people of the five in his immediate family, and five of the eight members of his extended family. The cult used our daughter Mariah as a rape and torture victim ever since she was one month of age, and yet, Dave joined the cult. He turned against me, Mariah, his brother, mother and father and began worshiping the Black. It is mind boggling. I feel our marriage would have lasted, if the cult hadn't broken us up using mind control to turn us against each other. Deeta said after all that tragedy, which they told him was God's doing, Dave's soul turned deep black and he rose quickly through the ranks of the cult.*

*A lot of senseless killing would have been avoided if Lloyd had kept to the same Satanic law of never marrying.*

## **My Comments on Hate TV**

*I feel like many of Deeta's prediction has come to pass. I didn't think TV could possibly get more brutal. Have you looked at the TV lineup lately? A show on torture isn't far out of the public's tolerance.*

*If you want to watch torture, or the murder of a murderer, know that's the Devil working in you.*

*Torture and cruelty have become rote in today's society. Our constant attention to evil, through entertainment and the News, has become a back door for the Devil to enter our souls. Please, don't keep reading about Vampires and watching TV shows that glorify evil.*

*Deeta said they (the Satanic Church) were going to make a movie of the real Lord of the Flies. Brutal, gory movies, that glorify violence, are garnering a PG13 rating, while thoughtful documentary-type movies, that could help teenagers, are rated R. Doesn't it make you wonder who's pulling the strings? Deeta told me that I was right about the Censors. They allow violence but not sex, making it appear as though violence is okay but sex isn't.*

*Growing up with violence, and accepting cruelty as inherently human, changes everything. Look at some of the government regimes in the Middle-East and Africa. They exist because the children of those countries learn to accept emotional, spiritual and physical abuse heaped on them not only by their parents, but by their countrymen and government.*

***No change can occur if we always do things the way we've always done them.***

*People my age see this trend, in the media, as a passing phase. Our children know nothing else. This ugly "phase" has to be ended by us! We can end it by boycotting TV shows and movies that glorify evil.*

*I haven't owned a TV in almost five years. Very recently, I was sitting in the waiting room of an auto repair shop, and I watched two and a half hours of television; and realized why I don't own a TV.*

*Young adult novels should be discussed, in teenage book clubs and classrooms, with the distinct goal of finding the righteous characters and deeds.*

*Note: I remember most of the torture sessions now. I remember murder attempts that killed innocent bystanders, especially in automobile accidents in Northern New Jersey. These memories haunt me. I know an apology is cataclysmically insufficient, never-the-less I want to express my deepest regret for those deaths. I take seriously the knowledge and responsibility that I was kept alive for a reason. I hope the result of publishing this exposé will be some consolation.*

***Three of Deeta's predictions that haven't yet happened are the volcanoes erupting around Rome, the flooding of the Netherlands, and the use of the Weapons of Mass Destruction in the Middle East.***

>>>>>

*A quote from David Galland with Casey Research regarding the Stuxnet and Flame Viruses. I've edited down his article to the talking points.*

*Galland writes -*

*"You get up one cold winter morning and there's no electricity. If you could log on to the Internet, watch television or listen to the radio, which you can't - you'd learn that the primary operating systems of a major power transition hub have been infiltrated and destroyed, along with the back-up systems.*

*As the grid begins to overload, a second hub goes down, then another.*

*Note that I am not talking about "the Internet" here - but a proprietary system that connects to the Internet in too many ways to count. And, as the Stuxnet attack proved, even if the system is an entirely closed loop, it can still be attacked.*

*While your first thoughts on discovering you had no electricity, and that nothing requiring electricity worked, would likely be frustration at not being able to instantly access the information as to why the electricity was off... within a pretty short period of time, your thoughts would turn to other matters. Such as heat, or being able to get access to fuel for your car, or the lack of food or water.*

*A derivation of the Stuxnet virus - the Flame - is beginning to show up in the World Wide Web. While there has been some news and a bit of Twitter traffic about it, so far the reaction among the masses has been tepid at best. Yet, according to computer security experts, Symantec, the virus is built to allow the operators to wipe out computers.*

*Symantec researcher Vikram Thakur said that the company has now identified a component of Flame that allows operators to delete files from computers.*

*"These guys have the capability to delete everything on the computer," Thakur said. "This is not something that is theoretical. It is absolutely here."*

*To be clear, I am not saying the Flame will herald in what's coming next. What I am saying is that it, or whatever soon follows, certainly could.*

*We have to expunge the crippling dependence of people on governments. Only when people once again learn, in no uncertain terms, that ultimately they have to rely on themselves to better their life - working with their neighbors and others they want to associate with freely - can the world transcend the current morass.*

*Give a little thought to your Plan B."*

*- end David Galland quote -*

*>>>>>*

*My comments on David Galland's assertions -*

*This kind of attack is what Deeta was talking about. She said the plan to sink the Netherlands had to do with electricity, computers and a part of a wheel. Major Power Transition Hubs are the brainchild of the people at Google. I can remember naming Google and having conversations with the two programmers and I believe Deeta's assertions may be correct. When the hub goes out, the dike system will fail.*

*As for what we can do - be aware something sinister is in the works. If you have money in electronic form, i.e. stock trade accounts, electronic banking accounts, I suggest investing in a printer and at least printout hard copies of your holdings, probably, twice a week. Make one of them on a Friday after the stock market closes so you have a hard copy of your assets. Buy durable goods. I really think buying what makes you happy makes the most sense, since that's what you'll have in the long run. Redistribute your money; pay off your mortgage so at least you'll have your home. If this happens, it will take a long, long time to get everything straightened out.*

*Deeta thinks the Mormons are in on the demise of the country since the Mormons are looking forward to Armageddon and plan to rule the world in 2013. The Mormons have certain stockpiling requirements. They are each required to own a one year supply of food and sundries. I don't agree with that type of thinking. I think prudence is called for, but we're going to be in existence come 2013. The world will still be here. We can't let chaos rule. We are all in this thing together. The idea that the Mormons and Satanists will survive and the rest of us won't is hogwash.*

*I do agree with more communal living arrangements. Shared tools, building supplies, 'have' or 'free' tables or areas, swap meets and community gardens are a great start. I also suggest if you have land, plant vegetables. Our food supply is not as healthy for us nor as plentiful as we think. There are plans to sabotage that as well.*

*What the governments can do is make sure there are manual back-up systems for everything connected to the Major Power Transition Hubs. They should begin dismantling and disconnect everything that can be disconnected. Internet searches will take longer, but the country will be safer.*

*I whole-heartedly agree with Galland when he says -*

*"We have to expunge the crippling dependence of people on governments. Only when people once again learn, in no uncertain terms, that ultimately they have to rely on themselves to better their life - working with their neighbors and others they want to associate with freely - can the world transcend the current morass.*

*Give a little thought to your Plan B."*

## **Chapter 7 - The Satanic Church Setup**

### **Members Intergenerational**

Members born into the cult are tortured after one month of age, because, Deeta says, that's when a child gets the will to live.

“If babies are tortured before one month – they just die, the light of the soul goes out first and shortly after that, they die. We can't torture them at all before one month because they die with any amount of torture. Babies who are over one month of age, who die during torture, die first; and then the light of the soul goes out.” I had Deeta repeat it a few times. I wanted to make sure I had it right. I recommend you reread that assertion.

How I remained cognizant and calm enough to listen still eludes me. The air surrounding me was thick with Angels reminding me to breathe and listen and remember.

### **The Light of the Soul**

All babies are born with light. As they grow all babies begin to get some dark mixed in with the light. A cult baby will be born sometimes with a layer of dark and a layer of light. For cult babies the layer of black grows quickly and begins to surround the layer of light. I believe that's the same with almost all babies who are habitually abused.

Since the ritual to see the soul isn't preformed until the infant is one month, it seems to me, the black might come into the soul from neglect during the first four weeks.

### **How Intergenerational Cults Keep Members**

The Satanic Church is not the only religion that condones rape as a means to increase membership. There are quite a few religions in this country that teach it's okay to rape your daughters.

I hate to be the messenger of such horrific news, but Deeta said, “For the first several months of life infants are electrocuted on their temples, behind their ears, or on the soles of their feet; and when they scream for help they get laughed at. They're made to feel stupid and weak and small, even as an infant. They learn, very quickly, that it's grownups who torture them and grownups who won't comfort them - not even their parents. They're confused and hurt and have nowhere to turn.” Their tiny bodies and little souls are broken and torn.

Parents are the mother who bore them and the man she's married to. If the man the mother lives with isn't in a high position in the cult, then he is unlikely to be allowed to breed. The prince or an elder (retired) prince is the probable father of most of the children of the cult. (That is one of the reasons the prince is not supposed to marry.) Many children are conceived during rape rituals. Most married couples, and Deeta sincerely believed this, live together without ever having sex.

As soon as babies old enough to talk, they're indoctrinated with drugs, torture and rape rituals. Drugs and brainwashing are necessary because the cult doesn't want the child telling anyone about it.

Little girls are especially vulnerable to this. Later still, when they are about eight years old the girls are selected to live their lives in one of three categories.

**The first** is to make them hate sex. These little girls will serve the cult alone. The ritual used on these girls is supposed to be the same rituals used on girls in the Roman Catholic Church to turn them into nuns. I won't comment on the despicable, diabolical, disgusting practice, based in satanic tradition, used to turn their infants and children into nuns and priests indoctrinating them into service of their religion. Supposedly these rituals are among the secret books and papers in the infamous Vatican Basement.

**The second** is to be a breeder. These little girls will have children that will be brought up into the cult: they're slated to be bred to the Prince and the higher-ups of the cult. They're drugged, tortured and brainwashed into becoming sexually active at a very early age: this way, when they become pregnant, they'll think it's something they did. The parents will offer to bring up the baby and that baby, oftentimes the half brother or sister of the child having it, will be subject to the same disgusting, horrendous torture as the others.

**And the third** would be daughters who are expected to become part of the cult's royal family.

These babies are subject to rape rituals on a regular basis and are tortured, sometimes to death, and then brought back to life. They are subject to the worst torture of the three because they are expected to become the most vile, hateful, evil creatures.

*My daughter, Brooklyn, was such a child. She was born with a bright light that surrounded her so her torture was more intense and frequent than most girls who are born to be princess. She became more beautiful as she grew and her bright light filled the room, so she was unfit to become a satanic princess - thank you, God.*

Children whose souls don't turn black are mind controlled to commit suicide. The drugs and torture endured to get them to do this is as depraved as they suffered for the first nine years of life. Deeta said they never give up trying to get the youngsters to kill themselves. Deeta said Ralph's brother, Billy, was slated to be prince but was too "good." They couldn't get his soul to turn completely black. It took over thirty years of brainwashing to get him to kill himself. It was Ralph, on her instruction, who delivered the 'trigger words.' Billy was in his forties.

"So you see," Deeta told me, "We never give up! Once the cult votes to do something or kill someone – we do it. We'll make Brooklyn's life horrible. We'll kill her if we have to. She won't live to see her twenty-ninth birthday. I tried to kill you before then, too."

I told Deeta to stop. I told her I was more powerful than she was. This gave her pause.

*Deeta didn't stop, though. Brooklyn has had some terrible events in her life. Two weeks before her twenty-ninth birthday, 2012, Brooklyn was hit by a car going 45 miles per hour. She was crossing the street and a car came out of nowhere. The driver was a man disguised as a woman. She was badly banged up. (The only solace I have is that I know Brooklyn is a mighty might. She's a force of nature. Brooklyn and Allison and perhaps Mariah, will be the ones to lead us to a peaceful, beautiful future without evil. Recognizing evil will be paramount, and Brooklyn has had a lifetime of experience doing that.)*

She said when the parents of a teen who committed suicide are questioned they just decline to answer saying they're too upset. Satanic religions believe a person who commits suicide goes to hell.

*The logistics are inconsequential to them – I mean if the child is made to commit suicide – is it still suicide? No! Does that soul go to Hell? No!*

This is a practice that has to be agreed upon when joining the cult. One has to agree to let the cult decide when they will have children, who the father will be, what will happen to the child, what to do when the child does not turn evil (which is always the same answer) and what amount of torture, to death if necessary, to use to get the child to turn evil.

## Chapter 7a - Summary and Comments

*This is true! Hundreds of thousands of survivors know it's true. I know this is true! I lived it. This is the most horrifying part of the cult.*

*My hope, in writing this book, is that this barbaric practice will stop.*

*The recent fairy tale movie, 'Ella Enchanted,' was about being given the "gift" of obedience. If children are tortured and drugged into mindlessly obeying from infancy, they make excellent adult cult members and continue to do the cult's bidding without interfering or questioning. Sounds like a good children's fairy tale. It may sound crazy but I know for a fact, I've seen it happen, just like the fairy tale we all have the power to end the "spell" ourselves.*

*Everyone has the power, even if you were brought up in a cult, to go against the wishes of the cult. Something all Satanic cult hierarchy will cringe to see in print.*

### Notes on Becoming a New Member

Members include those born into the cult (intergenerational) and those wishing to join later in life who pass a test that measures the darkness of a person's soul. They have to have a penchant for torture, rape and murder. Deeta told me of a horrific cannibal incident in Milford, PA. She said once that hit the world news the cult was inundated with people wanting to join. Deeta thought it was curious and amusing that roughly a hundred Satan worshipers found the cult but the police couldn't.

Deeta insists an aura is the soul. I don't know how the test is done but Deeta said that certain people have a very dark aura, so dark it's black. Those are the people most sought after to join the cult. Sometimes the aura is so dark and black that you can't see the person at all during the test and sometimes the person has a black aura and black spirits swirl about him. Those are the people who feel most comfortable in Satan's church. Those are the people usually promoted rapidly through the cult.

The black spirits' actions and appearance is similar to the black spirits in the movie *Ghost*, (the ones that take the murderer to Hell after he dies) only smaller. She said Lloyd's soul is like that.

Deeta said their church gave Patrick Swayze brain cancer. She said that sent the message. I asked, "What message?"

She said the message that he shouldn't have shown what Lloyd's soul looked like. I pointed out Patrick Swayze didn't have anything to do with that. I said actors have nothing to do with the content of the movies they're in. She said it didn't matter, that's what she decided to do, and since she can't make a mistake, that's what the cult did. "The message was sent," Deeta insisted.

I didn't believe her. I had no idea Patrick Swayze had brain cancer in the summer of 2003. At that point in the conversation I still couldn't believe Lloyd, Deeta and their church were capable of doing the things she claimed.

Members have to worship and swear allegiance to the cult prince and princess to become a member. Potential members aren't told they're joining a Satanic church until after they're members and have participated in at least one murder. They have to pay heavy dues, called tithings, in order to see the torture and rape and sacrifice rituals.

An example is Keith O'Dopul of Briny Ridge, NJ, who joined to have his daughter raped and tortured because she gave him a little bit of a hard time as a teenager. He sold his soul, and

tortured and raped his girl, because he was a lousy parent. And who pays for his cowardice? His daughter! Because even if Keith is made to pay for torture and rape; his daughter will never be able to trust a man. He ruined his daughter's life! But that's the evil of the cult. Ruining their children's lives is their greatest joy!

### **Members are Required to Worship the Prince and Princess -**

*Lloyd and Deeta are considered infallible and omniscient. They are idiots. They both have double digit IQs. To make matters worse, they're not allowed to learn anything that isn't cult related. Deeta sticks to her church's rule of allowing herself no entertainment except for the cult meetings. Consequently, they both know next to nothing about the real world and how it works. If anyone knows something they don't, that person is tortured because Deeta and Lloyd are infallible and all knowing and no one can possibly know something they don't. None of their minions catch on. I'll spell it out, if someone is being tortured for knowing something Deeta and Lloyd didn't know – Deeta and Lloyd are not omniscient or infallible. This rouse has been going on for generations.*

### **Lying is Forbidden**

*Deeta and Lloyd lie to each other and their minions continuously.*

*They lie so openly and often, first graders would be able to tell they were being lied to: but no one questions it. Why? I was in a trance for close to thirty years. I was suffocated long enough to pass out and I was drugged a few times a week. Lloyd and Deeta didn't have access to all of their members to keep them addled the way they could with me.*

*I remember people coming out of the trance during some of my tortures. Deeta would command, "You're next! Hold him!"*

### **Lying to Their Members**

*My point is, Deeta may very well be right when she said most people in cults, aren't aware they're in a Satanic church. Deeta said Preachers in every church lie. I assume, most times, they don't know they're lying. I now believe Deeta when she said any church that uses sex to manipulate members, has its roots in Satanism.*

*When Deeta holds a church service, on the Saturday night closest to the full moon, she reads from the Bible and calls the Black, Beelzebub, or Satan, **god**. She said her bible mirrors the Talmud, the Koran, and the Christian Bible. Her minions don't know the bible well, and since the Satanic Bible is hand written, no one can bring a copy home to study. Perhaps Satanists would discover discrepancies if they were allowed to think about it.*

*Members take communion as they enter the Satanic church before the ceremony begins. The "wine" is Kool-Aid with a cocktail of drugs, so everything that takes place is like a dream. Deeta said they mix Viagra in the Kool-Aid for the old men so they have the illusion that the only time they can get aroused is for rape.*

*Deeta maintained she belonged to the earliest organized religion, and all religions are modeled after Satanism. Satanists are told theirs is the original bible. It's a fact that all original bibles were compiled from stories passed down from generation to generation. If those telling the stories were worshippers of the god who they believe is the god of the earth, Satan, then, their bible would be different than those worshipping the God who is the Creator of the earth. The protagonist and antagonist are switched.*

*Fear, hate, vengeance and anger are the main ingredients of control. They are the cornerstones of Satanism. They are doorways through which evil enters a soul.*

### ***Fear***

*No one gets out of this life alive.*

*For five hours I listened to Deeta tell me of using death threats as coercion to make her followers do despicable things. I thought, 'Being killed shouldn't be a threat.' They live in constant fear. Death is the natural consequence of a finite life. They are just postponing the inevitable. She has them convinced they are going to Hell, so they want to stay alive. (Lloyd wants to go on life support, indefinitely.)*

### ***Christ's quote:***

**Lk 17:33** **whoever tries to keep their life will lose it, and whoever loses their life will preserve it.**

### ***What We Can Do***

*Be ever mindful that Heaven is an indescribably glorious, fantastic place where you feel gloriously wonderful and you're deliriously happy. The weather is perfect. You can do anything you want, effortlessly.*

*Death is a natural part of life. Our souls are immortal. There's nothing wrong with wanting to go to Heaven. Deeta said, the Grim Reaper image of death is something Satanists concocted to keep people from killing themselves.*

*That transient rush the minions get while witnessing rape, torture and murder isn't power at all. Breaking away from the church and defying them would be powerful. People in cults should stand up to their church's officials to display a power never before seen in cults. Whether you call it a church or a club, remember, the rule of not talking to other cult members outside of the church service is preposterous and is only in place to prevent a mutiny. Now that's power!*

*Escaped cult prisoners and torture victims please join me and step forward and be counted. I'm not the only survivor, I'm sure of that. The things I say sound crazy because the things they do are crazy. Ignore the initial criticism. Hold a spotlight firm on those who would do others harm. They will scurry like roaches and you will find you're the one with all the power.*

*Psychologists could start up support groups because they know who the victims are, and that would eliminate the need for advertising which would curtail infiltration by cult members wanting to put a stop such meetings of the minds.*

*I propose speculative prudence - not paranoia. Those who work in a capacity to serve and protect should be attentive to possible cult activity, and be aware that their coworkers could very well be in a cult. For instance, if a police officer suddenly leaves a meeting when he hears a certain name or phrase, and goes to take over for the officer who originally took the case, that police officer should be suspect of being in a cult. If it happens often, I would conclude that police officer is in a Satanic cult.*

She said there are some of the modern-day Satanic churches posing as 'Little Harmless Fun Clubs,' or, 'After Hours Clubs,' or, 'Dirty Tricks Clubs,' and those may not need an

extensive defensive network because they don't practice anything that requires murder. Cults that practice cannibalism, vampirism and human sacrifice need that extra protection.

*The professions discussed in this chapter have to police themselves and report suspicious behavior within their own organization. Don't give up a case so easily, and if you do because someone outranks you, follow up. If you can't get satisfaction call the FBI, go public, and always let everyone you trust know the facts. If they tell you, you sound crazy, tell them to read this book.*

If evil people pray for strength or guidance, they pray to Satan, the Black, Baal, Beelzebub or whatever name they've given their god or gods.

The use of electricity is common because, first of all, it hurts! It's an effective memory modifier. Cults use it to erase memories of torture and to replace memories of day to day activities. They use it to erase a child's happy memories to make his or her life seem even more miserable than it is.

She said the doctors who administer that therapy are almost certainly in a Satanic cult and use the opportunity to further torture the patient.

Electricity can be used as part of mind control to get someone to commit murder.

*Note: My psychologist told me electricity can also be used to split a personality. A person can carry out his day to day activities and then, once a month, on a full moon, go to a church meeting and participate in ritualistic rape or murder and never remember a thing from that meeting.*

*Electroshock therapy is still legitimately used on patients suffering from depression to erase the memory of the event causing the depression. It's barbaric. If you or someone you know is considering it, don't do it.*

*Note: The recent barrage of teenage girls being afflicted with **Tourettes-like symptoms** is the work of Satanic churches, probably calling themselves Dirty Tricks Clubs. Any of their doctors who can't identify the girl's symptoms may belong to the same Dirty Tricks Club. For lack of a better word, they are victims of "witchcraft." There are drugs to check for. Was there a rash behind the ears or on the feet where the electric wires touched the skin? There are probably trigger words. When the victims pinpoint the trigger words the ailment should be alleviated. Time will also heal, just as time and perseverance heal stroke victims. The brain has a marvelous capacity to rewire itself. (Read the book - My Stroke of Insight.) I would suggest moving out of the area; and, of course, a little prayer wouldn't hurt.*

*Lloyd used to tell me he would kill my daughters first, and make me watch, and then he'd kill me, if I ever tried to leave. In my addled state, I could never figure a way out. My Angels made me aware when it became important, that I was being watched me, but I wasn't aware of the extremes the cult went to, to watch me: or that it was 24 - 7. I wasn't aware there were cameras on the telephone poles, and in my house. I was periodically brainwashed into thinking Lloyd was the love of my life. Even with that, I questioned that love, when he treated me or my daughters badly. I didn't know my daughters were being tortured and raped.*

*I wasn't aware of the torture; I thought I was very sick. I went to bed in my own bed and woke up in my own bed. A lot of times, I felt like I'd been hit by a bus, and then I'd go to the doctor. How I didn't know is a gut-wrenching, terrifying mystery to me.*

## Chapter 8 – The Conversation Ends

We talked and talked. Actually, Deeta did most of the talking. The conversation encompassed countless mind numbing assertions. She told me her church controls Bruce Springsteen and his family with drugs and torture, because Lloyd's a fan, and he likes to make Bruce write songs about him. They go into the studio with Bruce in the middle of the night and have him record tracks, and they tell him he's sleepwalking. Crazy stuff like that.

Deeta told me various things about myself, I had no idea happened. They were forever trying to turn me to the dark side. There had always been people pulling strings in my life, not to make it better, to make it worse. At the risk of sounding narcissistic I'll relay some more crazy stuff. She said I was a muse. Also, they used me to name products, the Satanic church is especially fond of the word 'apple.' Also, I had ideas all the time about business ventures and products that the cult funded and they were always moneymakers. Not only that but Deeta told me other ways they used Brooklyn and me to make money for the cult. She told me we were worth tens of millions of dollars, all the while Lloyd and I always had money problems. The things they did to my daughters and me were disgusting and infuriating. It was a lot to listen to, and even more to remember, since I had serious trouble believing any of it.

When I asked about how they spent all that money, one of her preposterous answers was, with some of money, a few million, they bought an infant chimpanzee to keep as a rape and torture prisoner because a few of their high holy days require the men to rape an animal, and some of the men had trouble raping the four legged kind. But when the chimp grew she could break out of any restraints and toss the men around like they were rag dolls. Her owner gave her to someone in Africa who took years to acclimate her back into the wild. Deeta said they spent as much or more to hunt her down and kill her, as they did to buy her in the first place. I asked why they killed her, and Deeta said, "Because we couldn't have her telling anybody about us."

I began to feel she was indeed the most evil witch-princess who has ever lived.

"You got up." She sounded surprised, "Where did you come from?"

"I was lying on the floor. Listen, Deeta, I have to go."

"What?"

I wasn't sure whether she knew what the expression, 'I have to go,' meant.

"I have to go fix dinner;" I'd had more than enough. There was nothing my peeps could say, so they didn't even try, because they knew I just couldn't listen another second. And for some reason, probably due to emotional trauma and exhaustion, I felt I needed to be civil in order to hang up. It must've been years and years of manners beaten into my brain that did it; I don't know how or why I was so courteous.

"Ha," she laughed, "you mean lunch?"

"No, Deeta, I have to fix dinner. I have to go now."

"I called you at lunch time. So you have to fix lunch," she corrected me.

"You called me at 12:30; it's now 5:30."

"That's...?" Deeta couldn't figure it out. "How do you do the math on that one?" She sounded very confused. "12:30 to 5:30, that's...?"

"That's five hours. We've been on the phone for five hours," I told her. I felt like it had been years. I felt beat up.

"You tricked me," she scolded. "I've never talked to anyone that long! No one. You're wrong!"

"Okay, Deeta, I'm wrong. I still have to go."

"You're lying! It's not 5:30!"

"Okay, Deeta, I'm lying. Good-bye now," I assumed she could figure it out on her own time.

As I took the receiver away from my ear to place it back on the phone, I could hear her yell, "You tricked me."

Click.

'Now what? I could go to a hotel? Should I move out in the middle of the night?'

My peops told me nothing would happen to me that night, so I decided to settle for a drink.

## **Chapter 8a - A Short Summary of Deeta's Assertions**

*Deeta's church's cult symbol is a swastika. This is the same cult that got Martin Luther to discredit himself in the 1500s by drugging, torturing and brainwashing him into writing anti-Semitic articles: Deeta claimed they also kept him from leaving the Roman Catholic Church. They were thrilled when four centuries later Hitler, whom Deeta claimed was also in her intergenerational cult, used those same articles as grounds for genocide. (Please watch the history Channel on Hitler and the Occult.)*

*Lloyd and Deeta's church hates Jews because they believe that Jews are God's chosen people; and because Jesus, whom they believe is the son of God, was a Jew. They hate black people because their bible teaches that the first man, Adam, was black; and Jesus was black. They believe man was created in the image of God. Ancient satanic tribes bred the lighter skinned, blue-eyed people together and moved to northern territories. Albinos were revered. Deeta said the white race is the furthest from God's creation and is therefore superior.*

*They claim to have the Staff of Orinen or the Spear of Longinus (the sword that pierced the side of Christ when blood and water poured out after His death.) Deeta said this is as sought after a relic to Satanists as the Arc of the Covenant or the Holy Grail is to Christians. Deeta admitted that several other Satanic churches make the same claim. They believe the sword gives them additional power and rights. It gives them carte blanche to kill, maim, torture and rape whenever and whoever they want.*

*They worship Satan and Hell is their goal. They meet at least monthly at midnight to just before dawn on the Sunday closest to the full moon. They're required to have torture victims at the meetings: this cult usually has three. On their high holy days and the birthdays of the "prince" and "princess" they have rape rituals and sacrifices: this cult prefers human sacrifices.*

## **Chapter 9 - Twenty Traits of Satanic Cult Members**

### **The Importance of the Recognition of Evil**

In this new Millennium the understanding and recognition of evil will be of paramount importance. Good people MUST wake up to the fact that there are people on this Earth who mean to do harm. Evil people can pick each other out of a crowd. You're at a disadvantage if you can't. These are the people who will lie, cheat and steal to get what they want. Making others miserable, "dirty tricks," brings them temporary pleasure. If you cross them, they will torture or kill "sacrifice" you.

These people are your friends, co-workers, the cashier who just checked you out, the nurse at your doctor's office, your Army buddies, and the cop on the corner.

People ask me how they can tell who is evil. Others say, "Oh, I would know if my friends were in a cult." No you wouldn't. I was married, for twenty-two years, to the prince of a Satanic cult, and I didn't know: I may not have an IQ of 200, but I'm not stupid.

Here are twenty signs to be aware of.

### **Looks – Physical Appearance**

#### **1. The overwhelming majority of Satanic cults in this country are white.**

During Cain and Abel days, it was assumed, God is black, because man was created in God's image, and everyone was black. The earliest Satanists were called Canaanites because they decided to worshiped Cain for being the first person to end a human life. They wanted to breed themselves as far from God's creation as possible. They wanted to become white. Many migrated north. Albinos were exalted and abused and used in their breeding programs.

Over a hundred centuries later, Satanists continued their hatred of black people and Jews, since Christ, whom they believed was God, was a black Jew.

#### **2. Tattoo**

**The tattoo symbol** for many satanic cult members is a small pea sized black circle with a circle of black dots surrounding it. Or three sixes, or a circle with three curled tails coming out if it – the circles of each six is overlapped. Cocopelli, the god of fire and mischief, was the first figure made of two series of three sixes. He's not often drawn that way anymore. These tattoos are usually at the hairline on the back of the neck, but they can be anywhere. A dragon, skull, skeleton, the six pointed star, or snake, are popular cult symbols.

These symbols make it easier for cult members to identify each other. Three sixes is the symbol of the Devil in the Book of Revelation, because six has always had meaning to the Satanic church. The six pointed star was one satanic symbol adopted by the Hebrews during the Exodus. Hiding the sixes, as in the overlapping circle or figures, is popular, since the Devil hides.

#### **3. Eyes**

**People who belong to Satanic churches won't look you in the eye, since they believe the eyes are the mirrors of the soul.**

They take to heart the saying, "The eyes are the mirror of the soul," and they don't want anyone to see their soul. When they're in a trance, which is usually before and during the church meeting, their eyes tend to wander around your face.

As they talk to you, they'll glance at your eyes periodically, like they're trying to look you in the eye; you might mistake this for shyness, or some affliction of their eyelids.

For a day or two before the full moon, until a day after the full moon, they have a decreased capacity to focus, or to pay attention to what's going on around them (which might be mistaken for boredom) because they're in the mode to go to a cult meeting. During this period of time, they may get agitated easily, especially if they have a task to perform at the meeting, such as bringing the torture or sacrifice victim, or the torture supplies.

If you're a neighbor, or a co-worker, of someone who acts strangely every once in a while, pay attention to the phase of the moon. If they're unable to concentrate, are irritable and their eyes are especially evasive, and that happens during the phase of the full moon - think cult.

After age forty, their eyes are dark, with dark circles around them. Some of the women get so unsightly as they grow older, it's difficult to look at them. The black circles and sunken eyes are almost grotesque.

#### **4. The women don't wear make-up.**

Women are a subspecies. They're not considered equal to a man, even by other women. They're treated as rape victims only, unless they're dominant in their marriage relationship, due to their standing in the cult. They're not supposed to be attractive. If they wear make-up, it must be undetectable, because wearing make-up is grounds for torture and rape. They teach, if a woman wears makeup, she wants to be raped. They believe only actresses and prostitutes wear make-up, and their Bible dictates actresses, and prostitutes, are willing rape and sacrificial victims. (That's why there were no female actresses centuries ago.) If you try to be helpful and suggest under eye cover-up, and the woman replies she is not "supposed to" or "allowed to" - think cult. Also, be aware, your suggestion is grounds to torture, rape or sacrifice you.

#### **5. They wear very drab, dark colored or black clothes. They're often unkempt.**

This is another rule. It is designed to keep women undesirable. Men should look scary. Most people try to avoid scary-looking people. The Satanic churches' reasoning is, that we're made in the image of God; and they want to make that image far from God's image or hideous.

Black is the color of the Devil. Red and black are colors of the Devil; but in cult teaching, red is also the color of sacrifice. Those who wear red want to be sacrificed; so black is the color of choice for Satanists. Black and orange are Witches' colors. White is the color that signifies God, so only dark colors are allowed.

They don't wear white. Satanists are troubled by people who wear white. That can be a handy tip.

Overweight people are often ignored, therefore, people whose religion it is to murder, torture and rape, will tend to be overweight in an effort to go unobserved or unidentifiable.

Nice clothes might draw attention to one's self, which isn't allowed.

#### **6. Their hair is not done professionally.**

Again, to keep the women undesirable and the men scary. If their hair is wiry, all the better, because that makes them look more like a witch.

They're allowed to go to a beauty salon to get their hair cut, but would never ask for a cut like a celebrity or anything that would make them more attractive.

### **7. They may slump.**

Satanism is one of many organized religions that allow no pride. Cult members hate themselves. Standing up straight, walking with good posture, is something that would stand out. They would like to be invisible.

This is obviously not just a cult thing: a lot of people are taught to hate themselves as children, so they slump, with the weight of the world on their shoulders.

Note: If your daughter slumps, she is depressed and you need to think about acting like you like her, and tell her you love her every day. Depressed people often end up in a cult.

### **Behavior**

**8. They are not allowed friends outside the cult.** They keep to themselves, they won't talk about themselves or share anything personal. They may not tell you where they're from.

Satanic cults call themselves clubs. They will say it's an After Hours Club, or it's a Dirty Tricks Club, or a Circle of Friends.

If someone brings you to a cult meeting you'll be drugged, usually with Rophinol, AKA roofies (the date rape drug), then subjected to a ceremony that looks at the soul. If you have a dark soul you'll be encouraged to come back and after a few meetings you may be brainwashed into joining.

If you have a white soul, but they want you to join for some ulterior motive, you'll be drugged, tortured and mind controlled each time you attend a monthly, full-moon meeting, until your soul begins to turn black. These, once good, people often change their jobs and attitudes, and begin saying things they never said or thought before in their lives. It is a dramatic change and it's disconcerting, to say the least, if you were a friend of theirs before the indoctrination began. You may shrug your shoulders and give up on the relationship; but you should know that person is in jeopardy.

That person may say she doesn't want to be friends anymore, because she has new friends - something she's been looking for all her life. Her original personality may be nowhere to be found.

They're not allowed to enter contests because they wouldn't be allowed to go on any trips or concerts they won.

If you, and an old friend join the same cult, you won't be allowed to see that friend, ever again, without permission, and if you get permission, you will have to call the princess to tell her what the conversation was about, and everything you did, and anyone else you met up with: and/or agree to be surveilled. This puts acquaintances of cult members in constant jeopardy, because, if anyone in the cult meets with anyone outside the cult, that person is watched, and more often than not, abducted, tortured and may even be killed.

It's hard for me to believe that they're capable of a project of this enormity, but, I think enough people keep strict to that rule, and don't see any other people outside of the cult. There are enough members who want the job of surveillance, on anyone, because they enjoy it. After all, they call it a dirty tricks club, and spying on a friend in order to have him or her tortured is a pretty dirty trick, but that's why they joined.

If you know someone who's personality has changed drastically and no longer wants to be friends, because he has "new friends" - think cult.

### **9. They say and believe that everyone lies.**

The Bible says righteous people don't lie; and evil does nothing but lie. {The Roman Catholic Church believes that everyone lies. I said I didn't, so the Priest told me he would hear my confession. He said the statement, "I don't lie," is a lie, and lying is a sin.} Since the cult does nothing but lie, they think and are taught that everyone lies, and if you say you don't, they say you are a liar, because you lied about that. They are very adamant about that point. It's a catch twenty-two.

If you know someone who lies consistently, be careful of that person because they will lie about you, too. And if you've told them you don't lie, now they know you're a righteous person and now you're in danger, because they can and will take advantage of you. Evil people would like to kill all the righteous people - and would - if it weren't against the law.

People in Satanic churches lie, they lie to each other and to everyone else -- to the point that they can't keep their lies straight.

Lying about someone, giving false witness against their neighbor, gives them an excuse to torture. They'll say, for instance, that someone is a murderer, just so they can use the accused as a human sacrifice. It doesn't matter that they're lying.

### **10. They use words like "supposed to" or "allowed" when justifying behavior.**

I was talking about sex with one woman, who I didn't know was in a Satanic cult. She told me she didn't like sex; and I responded, "That's regrettable."

She was very surprised and said but, "I thought we weren't supposed to like sex."

I asked her, "According to who?"

She said "It's in the Bible."

I told her it wasn't.

She was very shocked and very upset.

The cult has its own Bible.

Of course, that conversation was before I knew the cult existed. I've talked to many cult members over the years, before I knew about cults or the Devil, and I was always surprised at the things people told me they weren't "allowed to" do, or the things I wasn't "supposed to" be doing. Like noticing things. Remembering events and conversations. Going to movies and concerts. Cult members are "supposed to" live their lives with blinders on. They spend most of their lives in a trance. They're not "allowed to" go to movies or any entertainment except the monthly cult meeting. Some churches, like Southern Baptist Churches, have the same rule. This is so the cult meetings and church services are more attractive. If that's your only entertainment, you're more likely to go. You're not "allowed to" talk to anyone outside of the cult, or to each other, except at meetings, unless you have a high ranking.

You're not "supposed to" be noticed.

If someone tells you their not "supposed to" or "allowed to" do something – think cult.

### **11. They're not animated. They have a peculiar, sick or morbid sense of humor.**

These people will joke and laugh but if another cult member enters the room they'll be reserved and they'll check with the other person to see if it's okay to laugh. They have to get permission to laugh! I think when they're not being watched they'll laugh much more readily; but cult members know they may be watched so this changes their normal behavior. If they make a joke it will always be either at someone's expense or about something upsetting.

If you know someone who always looks over his shoulder during a conversation and sometimes will laugh at your jokes but at other times tells you, you're not funny and gets agitated easily -- think cult.

The only people allowed to be funny are the prince and princess and the elders of the cult. No one else is "allowed to" be funny. When the prince or princess hears someone say something funny they will repeat it, so everyone in the cult can laugh. It could be disastrous for them to laugh at something you said even though everyone else is laughing.

### **12. They do everything so as not to be noticed.**

Everything must appear normal and unobtrusive - their looks, their house, their yard. The yard can be neither weedier, nor less weedy, than their neighbor's yard. Their house should be the same color as the predominant color in the neighborhood, and should be no more rundown nor spruced up than the neighborhood houses. The children should wear clothes that other children wear, not Kmart or Salvation Army, and not Tommy Hilfiger or Sacks, if that's not what other children wear. It would be horrible to have someone say, "Oh look at that child, he's always so dressed up," or "Look at that child, she wears the strangest clothes."

When they need a new car they buy the most popular car, like for years in the 1980s, that would have been the K cars, and they buy the most popular color. In the late 90s it was a white Camry.

They don't change jobs if they can help it. They don't move often if they can help it. Both things would cause new people to become aware of them. If your neighbor or co-worker is in a cult, you will be subject to routine observation, drugged question and answer sessions, to make sure you're not aware of any unusual goings on. You'll be left with the feeling, you can trust this individual, and you like him or her, even though you can't put your finger on why. If somebody asks you about her, you'll find yourself saying something like, "Oh, you're wrong about Deeta, she's okay."

The point is, that person who blends in so nicely, could also be a murderer and a rapist.

### **13. They go out late at night. They may appear not to go out at all.**

The Satanic church meetings are on the Saturday night closest to the full moon, unless the full moon is on a Friday, or Sunday, then it will be on the night of the full moon. Some cults aren't that strict - they'll have their meeting on the Saturday closest to the full moon, regardless. The tortures and sacrifices are around 3 A.M. The meetings will begin around Midnight (the witching hour) and run until just before the dawn. A time when, in their minds, only people who are up to no good, are out. If a woman is out before dawn, as in the case of the Central Park jogger who was attacked by Lloyd, she wants to be raped and murdered. Satanic church teaching is very steadfast about that. They feel secure with the 3A.M. torture and sacrifice time, because they say only people like themselves are out.

They're not allowed any other entertainment than the cult. Even though many of her church members are musicians, other cult members aren't even allowed go and see the bands play. The other reason cult members aren't allowed to see the bands, is that the bands may get a following, and become famous, and then they would be noticed, and that would be disastrous, so band members would have to be killed. All Satanic cults don't have the rule of not being famous. Billy Idol is in a cult, and he was quite famous. His songs are about Satanic cult rituals.

If you're unlucky enough to be out at 3 AM, and there's a cult meeting outdoors that you stumble upon, you'll see lights in a circle. There may be lights in the trees around the clearing in

the woods where they have the meeting. Their cars will be pulled up around the clearing with their high beams on, so there will be a circle of light on the ground that reaches upward and a circle of lights in the trees. If you stumble upon a meeting, they'll drug and torture you because they're positive you're there for that purpose. Most likely they will torture you with a cattle prod and tell you, they are aliens and the prod is an anal probe and the lights you saw in a circle was a spaceship.

It's easier for us to accept that we were abducted by **aliens** than by a Satanic cult! It's our rigid disbelief in evil, and our reluctance to look for the evil in people, that allows cults to exist!

**14. They may appear, on the surface, to be good parents. Their children may be less energetic or may look sickly. Their children are usually shy and scared and may not want to have their picture taken, especially for the newspaper.**

Intergenerational cults thrive in Europe and in this country. Their infants have to be indoctrinated from birth. These people only have children in order to add members to the church and to torture them! They think it's their right. The Bible says, "Honor Your Father and Mother," so they teach that means the father and mother can do anything they want to the child. The child chosen to be the future princess is used in rape rituals frequently. All children are raped and tortured. They use electrical shock before a child can talk. After that, they use drugs and other torture. When a child misbehaves he or she is tortured. New members of the cult bring their children to be indoctrinated. I spoke with one man who was happy because he could bring his child, who was now in her early teens, to be raped and tortured into being submissive to him. He called it voodoo and laughed about it. I wouldn't have thought him to be an evil man. The cult thinks raping and torturing children is a positive thing because it makes them submissive candidates for cult membership when they're adults.

When a child reaches early adolescence, and still has not turned evil, he or she can't be in the cult because of it; he or she is tortured and brainwashed into committing suicide. Satanic churches have been getting away with this for centuries. Satanic cults boast, all teenage suicides are cult related.

Cult parents are taught that the most joyful sound in the world is the screams of a baby.

A cult in northeast Maryland brainwash their children from birth. These children are homeschooled. When they move into a neighborhood close to "their church," they don't tell the authorities they have children, because the mothers lack formal education and aren't equipped to homeschool their children. This also gives them the opportunity to torture the children, and possibly kill them, and no one would know, because there's no record they exist.

These children aren't allowed to play with any other children outside the cult. They are not allowed to talk to the neighbors, and they are not allowed out of their yard. I lived next door to, and across the street from, two of the cult member's families and I only saw the children of my next-door neighbor maybe once or twice a year. I never saw the daughter of the other family at all and I lived there for four years. Those children never went out except to go to midnight cult meetings once a month. They never had human interactions, they never played. They were taught the only fun was the cult meeting. They referred to the cult as "the church" and the higher-ups as "priests" so if the children talked about the cult, they called it "their church" and no one was the wiser.

**15. They won't get close.**

They may be rude and aloof if you try to talk to them. They'll be pleasant and cordial but not chummy. Just for clarification here, they don't like you, especially if you are a good person. And they really don't want to get to know you. They won't look you in the eye. They go out very late at night once a month around the full moon. Their children may not be allowed to hang around with the neighborhood children.

**16. They claim to hate sex. They like rape.**

Both men and women are supposed to have no sexual appetite. The women in the cult will tell you that all women want to be raped. When I asked them individually if they wanted to be raped they hesitated. I know they have been brainwashed into thinking they do, but when asked directly, they can't answer yes. The women watch the rapes of other women, boys, girls and infants during. The women are expected to clean up the victims with soapy water and styptic powder. I can't, in my wildest dreams, understand how mind control works to that extent.

If you know someone, male or female, who says they are not "allowed to" have sex or that people are not "supposed to" like sex -- think cult!

**17. They don't decorate for religious holidays and usually don't attend a Church, Mosque or Synagogue.**

Even though Satanic cult members hate Jews, they often say they're Jewish at Christmastime so they're not asked why they don't have Christmas decorations. But you'll never see them attend synagogue on Saturday nights like your other Jewish friends.

If they do decorate, it will be on the Windows. If they have a tree, it will be in the window so people can see it. A high priest of the cult next-door to me in northeast Maryland put a candle in each window at Christmas-time. It looked lovely and no one would suspect they're not going to celebrate Christmas.

They can, and do, go to church as a front. Don't buy that Damien stuff that they get violent or ill if they go to church. Church is a perfect hiding place. Lloyd and I went to church almost every Sunday for fifteen years.

**18. Their family, friends and acquaintances die frequently of apparent heart attacks.**

I wish I had known this fifty years ago.

If you're saying to yourself, "those people are always going to a funeral," then those people should be suspected of being in a cult. Cult members are killed for various reasons including accidents during torture, but mostly because they didn't carry out a task properly. Often times acquaintances of the cult have to be killed because they become suspicious or say something a cult higher-up doesn't like. The cult member or members who knew that person will go to the funeral, or to the wake, so as not to be suspected. The cult often makes one friend kill another. That task is frequently not accomplished, and then the cult member, himself, has to die.

The Satanic coroner deems the death was probable heart attack. The cult will often, immediately after the death, drug and torture the family members and tell them the loved one died happy and safe, and to cremate the body and not to question the death. Even if the body is checked, Army-Intelligence, torture drugs aren't in a drug screening. Why not? Doctors have to become more aware of cults and they have to start to take them seriously, especially since the army doles out those drugs like they were candy! A retired Army Intelligence Colonel in a cult

in north western New Jersey orders that drug by the boatload and no one ever questions why he needs so much. That's our tax dollars at work.

Many members of my family, many of my friends, and dozens of celebrities, were killed using those drugs. I can only assume hundreds more have been killed and permanently injured by Army Intelligence drugs.

**19. They adopt a child who is considered unadoptable as a torture or rape prisoner.**

Cult members working in the child welfare and Adoption fields will adopt out children to cult members who are otherwise hard to place. The children become rape and torture prisoners. These children are reviled by the cult.

If a cult member gives birth to a physically deformed child, that child makes a perfect sacrifice. Deeta said, the medical community, the coroner, and law enforcement never question when an afflicted child dies. They should. Satan doesn't "allow" his disciples to have imperfect children, but, of course, they do. Cult members who have a child with special needs is required to kill him or her.

**20. They adopt pets for "sacrifices."**

Cults will always have a volunteer at a pound or shelter so when an animal needs rescuing, and is in its last hours, then another cult member will "rescue" it. This makes the cult member look like a "good" guy.

The best way to have a housewarming party is to have a sacrifice. If a human sacrifice isn't available, many cult members use the family dog. Ideally their child will do the sacrificing.

If you have a new neighbor who moves in with an animal, and has a party, and then has no animal – think cult!

If you have a new neighbor and suddenly you have no pet – think cult!

If you have a neighbor who is continuously losing pets or doesn't know what happened to his pet – think cult.

If you ask someone where his dog is, and he doesn't remember even having a dog, you're not crazy, that is cult activity.

**Each one of these things alone** is not necessarily cult behavior but several of these traits together creates a picture of someone you want to be careful around and suspicious of, and anyway, why on earth would you want to be friends with someone like that? Avoid these people. Please make sure you let others you trust know about your suspicions.

Now that you know the traits, it's imperative that you remember them, look for them, and be a watchdog for good.

You know the signs that have been around since 9/11, "Report Suspicious Behavior." Do just that! You will be saving lives!

## Chapter 10 – Earth: Where Heaven and Hell Collide

I stood on a path amidst a stunning flower arrangement of staggering scope and intensity. The plants and colors were spectacular - like shimmering gems, delicate blown glass shapes, some like fine silk, some like gleaming, rich velvets mingled among delicate lace petals. The beautiful, intricate stems - several fine and twisted, others straight – elegantly supported blossoms, as big as my head. All manner of flowers blooming together sharing their colors and beauty so that the whole garden was a vast 3D collage.

I noticed a man, far to my right, walking slowly toward me.

I mused at how the foliage was so perfectly and intricately arranged yet growing in a garden – *if it is a garden*, I wondered. The man to my right smiled, pleased that I liked the garden so much.

“This place is amazing! What is this place?” I asked: my eyes still exploring the winding pathways of exquisite trellises and hanging plants resembling gold wisteria, orange grapes, purple honeysuckle and blue roses.

“Heaven.”

“This is Heaven?” I immediately thought better of that question because there certainly wasn’t anything like it on Earth, it defied the laws of physics and gravity, not to mention the rules of gardening, so I added, “I guess it must be.” It wasn’t like any place I’d ever seen and the flowers weren’t familiar. “It’s really something, truly beautiful.” I turned to focus on the beaming gentleman who now stood by my right shoulder. “And who are you?”

"Jesus," He answered.

*I'm in Heaven and I'm talking to Jesus*, I thought. I figured I must be dead but didn't remember dying. I could have asked Christ what happened but didn't. Right then I was too happy to be bothered with the particulars.

"You don't look anything like your pictures," I joked.

At first Jesus laughed because He knew there were no pictures of Him, not any done of Him while He was alive, so no pictures could possibly look like Him; but then He realized I was commenting on the fact that He was black and of course all the pictures show a thin, light-brown-haired white man with a beard; then He really, really laughed.

He asked if I'd like Him to show me around. Certainly I would. I was euphoric.

“Sure,” I giddily replied, “There’s more?”

Christ grinned, glad to be able to show off Heaven. ‘Of course there’s more,’ He thought.

I realized we could talk without speaking. ‘How cool.’

With a smile He brought me to a meadow of glowing green grass and trees.

‘This is like the Emerald Isle.’ I’d been to Ireland, but I’d never seen land such a stunning, glistening color green.

Christ looked at me quizzically.

"Like Ireland." I explained and then began to think of, maybe, a more religious way to describe it and started to say, ‘Where Saint Patrick lived,’ but He shrugged that off and said He got it at Ireland. I couldn’t tell if He knew who Saint Patrick was. At any rate, He wasn’t interested in continuing that thought.

‘It’s all so tremendously beautiful, I love *that* color green.’ I leaned toward Him and whispered, “I’m not usually a big fan of green.”

Jesus chuckled. “I’m glad you approve,” He joked back. He was only half joking, it seemed. He was genuinely pleased. He gave the impression He was proud of Heaven, which, of course, He should be.

‘You’ll like this.’ He brought me to a lush, leafy forest with hills, streams, waterfalls, and trees with huge hanging branches all surrounded by sparkling, sapphire water. I thought it was cool that Christ knew I’d like it, but then I thought, ‘He knows all of us, our intimate thoughts, everything, and I thought, who wouldn’t like it?’ Just appreciating what He created pleased Him. I didn’t feel it necessary to worship Him or please Him. Quite the opposite. It seemed like He was a long-time friend.

Jesus asked how I felt. I said fine. He looked at me and grinned and waited until I thought about the answer. “Fine,” I was pleased to report, ‘really, really fine. Better than I’ve ever felt.’ His grin turned into a most wonderful smile. I smiled back thankful for being in a most glorious, magnificent place with a man who was caring, funny, kind and concerned for my happiness, eager to make sure everything was perfect. I couldn’t imagine encountering such a compassionate spirit on Earth.

This Jesus was a man so content, so funny, so concerned, so helpful, so full of joy, so masculine, so sure of Himself. Not at all the lamb. Not at all the sometimes namby-pamby, sometimes almost effeminate Christ of the movies and European paintings. More a younger Springsteen / Denzel / Clooney character - a decidedly masculine, confident, charismatic character. Christ had the magnetism and charm of Bruce Springsteen on stage; the self assurance, humor, masculinity, and appeal of Denzel Washington and George Clooney. If He was the drippy, soft spoken guy you see in the movies, five-thousand people at a time, would not routinely show up while He was giving one of His sermons. If you think about it, He would have to be that charismatic and charming to draw the kinds of crowds He did in the desert.

While I marveled at the forest, thinking I’d stay in that place a few hundred-thousand years, Christ asked if I’d like to see His house; causing a joy explosion in my heart. I felt humbled, privileged and truly blessed.

Each effortless step traversed many miles; it struck me how enormous Heaven was - like Earth - only it appeared infinitely vast, dazzling and perfect. I realized Earth was a tiny, finite Heaven: I realized that Earth must have been made in Heaven’s image.

Jesus brought me to His house. Each room was the size of Pennsylvania. I oohed and aahed.

I gasped and marveled at all the beautiful works of art, fountains, sculptures, waterfalls, and tapestries made of mosses, lichen and tiny flowers. I embarrassed myself because I couldn’t stop gushing. Each piece was placed perfectly without clutter or gaudiness. It wasn’t like any house I’d ever seen. Finally, I explained I wasn’t just telling Him it was beautiful to make Him feel better. Christ interrupted saying He knew I wouldn’t lie. He said, ‘That’s something I appreciate about you, that you make people feel better about themselves. You always seem to find the right words to say.’ I took the compliment and shut up.

We smiled at each other for awhile.

I thought, He’s a handsome man but He looks nothing like He’s portrayed. Nothing at all. He doesn’t even look Jewish. I would have expected Him to be a dark-skinned Jewish man. I figured He’d have dark skin because of the area of the world He was from but I have to admit I

was surprised He was black. I thought about how nice it was to be there with Him and how easy He was to please. I felt bliss.

“Would you like to live here?”

The question caused another joy explosion in my heart.

Does He mean Heaven or His house? – I wondered. My soul leapt. My heart was pounding. I was beaming.

God’s voice interrupted, "You can't stay: you have work to do."

"No, they don't need..." I started to say they didn't need me at the bank that badly, thinking it was my salaried job He meant.

### **Waking Up Dead**

"You have work to do." The voice said again; and a hand that fit me in its palm came between us, scooped me up, and, it felt to me like I was crashed hard, face down, into my bed. Then God said, "Lift up your head." I tried but couldn't.

"Lift up your head." He quietly requested again.

"I can't," I thought back. Then, with a hand about twice the size of my own hand, He put His fingers on my forehead and His palm on the back of my head, and He pulled my head up. When He let go my face plopped back down into my soggy pillow. I thought surely He would ask me to try harder, instead, without another word, He lifted my head again and this time turned it to the side so that my face was out of the pillow.

"Now get up," He requested. I sat up on the edge of the bed. “Breathe,” He said. I did. A foul odor overtook me. I could feel and taste a slick, metallic liquid on my face and I knew I had to get it off because it was making me sick. I looked at my soggy pillow and realized my face had been pushed so hard into it that there was a lasting indent where the pillow molded to the shape of my face.

I thought of calling the police but God wanted me to wash off. I got up and turned on the shower. I was struck with my own putrid smell. I began to shower and found feces molded between my legs. (A body defecates and urinates shortly after death. That, and no breath or pulse, are the indicators paramedics use to determine death.) When I realized what it was, I threw it in the toilet and scrubbed my crotch. I looked at the washcloth and saw it was saturated with red blood. I gasped! I immediately realized using a washcloth on skin that had been decaying moments ago was a huge mistake.

I hopped out of the shower, yanked a wad of toilet paper off the roll and held it to my crotch.

My legs were already red with blood and there were expanding puddles of blood on the floor. I thought, “God, if you want me to stay alive, this bleeding has to stop.” I waited to see how fast the blood would come through that toilet paper but it didn't. I waited some more and then gingerly took off the toilet paper. My crotch must have stopped bleeding before I applied the toilet paper and even before I prayed; it stopped bleeding so quickly there was only one tiny speck of blood on the toilet paper. The floor had two puddles of blood bigger than both feet, and my legs were drenched in red.

Using only my hands and water I gingerly finished washing off, aware the amount of blood I had just lost should surely have killed me.

I went back into the bedroom and checked my pillow, it was soaking wet with some very metallic smelling liquid which I believed was ether. There was a deep impression where my face

had been pushed hard into the pillow. I realized that even smelling the pillow should have put me back to sleep, but it didn't.

I had been dead, my husband had killed me, but I didn't do anything about it. I felt like I wasn't supposed to. God asked me to stay calm and say nothing. (I know now it would have done no good. The policemen on call that day were cult members. My call to 911 would have been routed to them and I would have been tortured horribly for trying to get my husband, Lloyd, arrested.)

Lloyd came home very early from work and was surprised and visibly shaken to discover me sitting on the couch – ALIVE! I had been blue, stiff and dead when he left at 9 AM.

After he collected himself, he went through the house and cleaned the crime scene. I was still woozy and sick but I was able to follow him, trying to piece things together, trying to see some sign of remorse or guilt. He went to the bedroom and pulled the dirty sheets from the bed. Lloyd stated he would throw them out or burn them. He cleaned some of the blood on the bathroom floor and he never once asked what happened to me to cause such a large pool of blood. He never asked if I was alright or where I was hurt. He intentionally left enough blood on the bathroom floor to scare the daylight out of our young daughters.

Lloyd collected the many glass bottles of whatever it was he had used to soak the pillow. They clanged and jingled in the wicker waste basket. At one point he stopped to smell a bottle to make sure it was what he thought it was and almost toppled over, recovered and shot a venomous stare at me as though I did that to him. "I used them all," he muttered and shook his head in disbelief.

Lloyd picked up the empty coffee cup from the nightstand, turned it upside down and stared at it quizzically.

### **Earlier That Day**

I didn't know it but earlier that day, on the morning of the ether murder, Lloyd brought me coffee laced with sedatives and poison enough to kill me. When he handed me the coffee he had told me to remember that the last thing he had done for me was nice. I thought it was odd that he brought coffee, and it was an odd thing to say, but then again, Lloyd managed to say odd things quite often.

Lloyd told our grammar school-aged daughters that I was very sick and may not live through the day. They didn't want to go to school so they could stay with me, but he threatened them. Killing me and letting them find my body was to be their indoctrination to evil.

After I fell asleep from the drugs, Lloyd suffocated me by pressing my face hard into the pillow for five minutes, then he raped me, and then he waited until I was bluish-white and rigor-mortis set in. Next he poured six, four-ounce bottles of ether around my face, soaking the pillow entirely; ensuring I wouldn't wake up, and I wouldn't be able to breathe.

Then he went to work. He was supposed to let our young daughters find my dead body when they came home from school as part of their indoctrination into evil.

Lloyd thought about the crime scene he had left, and so he decided he would go against her directive because he thought he should be the one to find my body. Too many things could go wrong if it were left up to the girls. Things such as police finding ether bottles strewn over the floor near the bed and an empty coffee cup with sleeping drug residue in it.

Lloyd drugged me again before our daughters came home from school that day so he could tell them I was dead. They were enormously upset, but cautiously optimistic since I was

breathing and mumbling - straining to tell them I wasn't dead. Lloyd insisted that sometimes dead people breathe for a while after they're dead. Our daughters had been brainwashed from birth to believe everything Lloyd said, but they didn't want to believe I was dead.

### **Hell in a Cellar**

Instead of just asking me, Lloyd drugged and abducted me that night to find out what had happened – to find out why I was alive. He took me to an exclusive cult gathering that included a doctor. The princess, Deeta, didn't want all the members to find out what she suspected. They laid my naked body out on their "altar." The doctor put his nose to my flesh and confirmed that I was dead and decomposing. "It's a very distinct smell," he said. Several people put their noses to my arms and chest to smell what death smells like.

"That's it," the doctor said, "she's dead."

"Then, how is she breathing and talking?" the witch princess asked.

"Well, she must not be dead anymore."

"How's that possible?"

They didn't know.

The cult questioned me.

I told them about seeing Heaven. I tried to tell them how beautiful it was but they didn't want to hear it. Deeta, the witch princess, called for, "Silence!" Cult members aren't allowed to know Heaven is a beautiful place because if they knew they may not choose to go to Hell. I told them about meeting Christ. I told them how charming, caring and funny He was. They asked what He looked like. I told them He was much bigger and more masculine than in the pictures. I told them Christ was black.

"Then, it wasn't Heaven. Christ isn't black," the doctor stated.

"Well..." Deeta hesitated because she knew their legends had just been substantiated. Ancient Satanic teachings, long since abandoned, taught that Christ was black. Almost everything about Christ has been changed by the Satanists over the years. That detail has been left out of Satanic teachings, as well, because that fact made it more difficult to instill hatred toward black people in disciples of the Prince of Darkness, and because no one has been able to corroborate it for centuries. Deeta knew for sure I had been to Heaven since I knew Christ was black – that confirmed it. "That's what our teachings say."

Everyone looked at each other, then back at Deeta.

"That Christ is black?" They wanted confirmation.

Deeta nodded. "It was Heaven alright because how else could she know that? That information isn't anywhere." She looked around at the silent, sullen, stunned faces of the coven, "Is it?"

They all agreed they'd never heard that before.

"Were you expected to worship and bow to Him?"

"Not at all. It felt like He was a loving friend."

Deeta raised her head and turned slightly, "He made her bow and worship Him," she bellowed.

"What are you doing? It's only us here and we all heard her."

"That's right. You all heard the truth." Deeta told them, "Well, you're next then. I'll have to consult with the Elders, but, I think we'll have to take turns."

"Take turns what? Torturing each other?" the doctor asked. "I won't tell anyone. Don't you trust me?"

“I’d trust you more if I erased the memory of tonight,” Deeta vibrated, mimicking electrocution.

With fear as his motivator, another man proclaimed, “I won’t repeat what I heard, I don’t even believe her.”

Rejection of this ancient truth angered Deeta. She snapped, “But you have to realize this is in our...” Deeta thought better of the statement she was about to make. “How about the rest of you? Do you believe her?”

“Well, I wouldn’t do anything to hurt the church, so I know I wouldn’t talk about the black Christ. If word of that got out to our minions, we wouldn’t have any anymore.” The doctor added, “And all that stuff about how beautiful and the intense feeling of euphoria in Heav...”

“Silence,” Deeta screeched. “We, here in this church, have to keep what Lennie told us, our secret. If any one of us breaks this vow he will be killed.”

Someone was instructed to get a video camera to record me as I told about Heaven and Jesus as evidence to be shown to the elders of the cult and shared with other Satanic cults, if necessary. Again, I was stopped from sharing the good news about the astonishing beauty of Heaven.

Next they asked how I woke up. I told them about being thrown into bed and about God telling me to lift my head and then pulling my head up in His hand. Lloyd was upset and shaken that God had been in his bedroom.

They asked how I was able to walk and I told them, “God told me to get up and I did.”

They asked what I did then, and I told them I took a shower and how I found the feces molded to my crotch. They asked the doctor how long it takes for feces to dry and he wasn’t sure; they were trying to establish how long I’d been dead, but couldn’t. Lloyd talked about the amount of blood he cleaned up and the doctor determined I should have died from that alone.

“What made her bleed like that?”

The Doctor shrugged and grunted.

Deeta reprimanded Lloyd for cleaning; saying he should have made me clean it; but Lloyd reminded her I was in no condition to clean. They laughed and said, “Because she’s dead.” And then it occurred to Deeta that this was a perfect opportunity to make fun of me – a favorite pastime of Lloyd, Deeta and their cult.

The omniscient princess Deeta began taunting me like a kid. “You’re disgusting - you pooped your pants. Nah, nah you pooped your pants.”

The infallible prince Lloyd added, “poopy pants.”

They all snickered, cackled and howled at how funny they were. The putrid princess repeated, “She’s a poopy pants.”

They mocked and chanted, “Poopy pants. Poopy pants.”

Just hours earlier, I had been in Heaven, seeing an extraordinarily fantastic, beautiful world; talking to, and being complemented by, the most extraordinary man who has ever lived: and now I was drugged and naked on an altar in a demon-swine person’s dark cellar, being made fun of because I died. Because they killed me.

Someone stripped an electrical cord. Lloyd put the bare wire ends behind my ears. The cord was plugged in. My aching body was jolted with electrical shock. They tortured, then brainwashed me and told me to forget what had happened, to forget I’d been to Heaven, to forget what Christ looks like, to forget my husband killed me.

Three more long shocks of electricity.

Deeta recited, “You won’t remember any of this.”  
I thought, “Like hell I won’t.”  
I didn’t!

Deeta told me the story of Heaven and a black Christ spread like wildfire. She heard it from someone in Texas just days after it happened, complete with details like I thought Christ was the gardener. She said it was being told in Europe within a week. During the conversation she told me, my story of Heaven has been cult legend for a quarter of a century.

### **The Cult’s Plan To Outsmart God**

This particular ether murder “attempt” was part of an ongoing series of attempts that began about the time I was in eighth grade. (I had the annoying habit of waking up after I was pronounced dead.)

Why was ether necessary even after rigor mortis set in? The cult reasoned that if I woke up this time, the ether would put me right back to sleep, and with my face pushed so far into the pillow, I wouldn’t be able to breathe and I would die again.

They didn’t count on God pulling my face out of the pillow, allowing me to breathe without being affected by the ether, helping me to stand and walk, and curing my decaying skin.

Deeta told me this was only one of many, many times I woke up after being pronounced dead. How did they think I “woke up” all those other times without God’s help?

Satanists couldn’t allow us to know how happy life on Earth could be and how simple Heaven is to achieve. So Satanists, and heads of organized religion, changed Christ’s message to suit their own agenda.

*I now know the work I must do is to expose evil. God wants me to let the world know the simple fact that there are people who believe in and worship the Devil and they have Hell as their goal. They want to end the world as we know it, so they can rule the Earth. There are people who walk among us who would like to create Earthquakes, cause world-wide financial ruin, start plagues, engineer famine and on and on; because they believe that’s what the Black wants them to do.*

Satanists belonging to religious cults that date back to the time of Christ are required to hate black people because they hate everything about God. Their oldest teachings say God is black and Adam, the first man, was black and Jesus was black. My meeting with Christ validated a belief that had been abandoned, by all who didn’t possess the ancient knowledge, due to lack of recent confirmation. Those at the invitation-only cult meeting that night were both relieved and troubled to get my information.

## Chapter 11 - Basement Lightning and Thunder

This story of the **Lightning and Thunder in the Basement** of Deeta's home, which doubled as her church, is another story that Deeta said was legend among Satanic Churches.

### Another Miracle

Some years after I went to Heaven, I was sitting and talking with Ralph, Deeta's husband, in the basement of their home, the same basement I was taken to after waking up dead. Part of the basement was cordoned off with sliding floor to ceiling panels. Lloyd and I had been invited to Deeta's fiftieth birthday party. I could hear Lloyd and Deeta talking upstairs. I could only pick up a word or two of the conversation but plans were being made and something was very wrong.

"They're going to kill me aren't they?"

Ralph just looked at me. If he said anything he would be killed, too.

"Is there any way out of here?"

Ralph glanced at the stairs that led to the kitchen where Deeta and Lloyd stood planning my murder.

"I mean any way from here. Anyway out through the basement -- a window or something?"

Ralph shook his head no. The doorbell rang. It was more guests for her birthday party.

Deeta yelled down the stairs, "You stay there. Drink your drink. I don't want you to meet my other guests. Stop talking to Ralph. I made that drink special for you. It's my birthday and I want you to drink it."

My Angels told me if I went upstairs I would be stabbed. If I stayed and drank the orange soda I would probably be killed, too. 'We'll do our best,' they said.

My health was an issue; I was quite ill all the time and very weak. I suffered for thirty years -- a victim of Lloyd's drugs, suffocations, electrocutions and torture. The symptoms I developed from the years of continuous abuse mimicked multiple sclerosis. Getting stabbed would hurt, I reasoned, and there would probably be a fight. Either way I would die. I could usually figure a way out of these situations. My guardian Angels were eerily silent that night. So I stayed.

After the roofies, that were in my orange soda, took effect, Lloyd went back home to get our daughter, Brooklyn.

Her birthday party got underway in a torture chamber in Deeta and Ralph's basement. They had sliding doors made of paneling that hid torture equipment including gurneys with straps on "altars" on pedestals raised high enough for partygoers to see the torture and anticipated "sacrifice."

First Ralph was tortured to find out what I told him. Once they realized I knew I was going to be killed; that was a green light for them to do exactly that and still get my soul. They felt that since I knew I'd be killed, that's the same as suicide, and in their "church" people who commit suicide go to Hell.

Since Deeta was the cult princess she was able to order any type of sacrifice or torture for her birthday. This was her 50th birthday. That's a milestone in any satanic cult. Satanic cult creatures rarely live to the age of 50. Any minor transgression is reason for a death sentence.

You can't leave a cult except by murder - either you have to murder someone to get out or you have to be "sacrificed." Age 55 is also an important age because that's when obsolete cult members will be sacrificed. If you're one of the higher-ups in the cult your 50th birthday is extremely special. Deeta was turning 50.

Deeta loved the way Lloyd and my daughter, Brooklyn, screamed. Since I never screamed during torture, which was an ongoing irritation to Deeta, she ordered a double torture, where it was her hope and desire that if something went wrong she could then kill me. She would make sure something went wrong. Her minions were expecting a sacrifice. It was her feeling that if I were allowed to hear my daughter's scream the way she screams during torture sessions, then I might want to do something about it and that would be wrong! And a "reason" to kill me.

One of the drugs the cult uses puts the person in a mild coma. A combination of drugs made me aware of what was going on around me but powerless to do anything about it and I would be unable to remember it the next morning. I felt like I was dreaming. It was a familiar dream where my whole body was in terrible pain and there were several people surrounding me, taunting me, and no one would ever help me. Sometimes in these dreams I could hear the voice of my husband, or Deeta, or one of my friends, but they never helped me. I never spoke or screamed during the pain. It wouldn't have done me any good, anyway, since Deeta and Ralph had double soundproofing put in their basement, my screams would just be for the cult's enjoyment. As the torture increased and the pain worsened, my soul's light grew brighter, bigger and more intense.

This time, since it was her 50th birthday, and my torture was for her pleasure, they decided to give me a third shot of a pain inducing medication used for torture by the CIA and Army Intelligence. One shot generally induced enough pain to get almost anyone to talk. Two shots are used on the tougher criminals who are alleged to have information. If someone doesn't talk after two shots of this drug the interrogation is generally stopped because an additional shot can cause seizures, strokes and heart attacks and in that state the prisoner is rendered helpless and unable to talk, so a third shot is useless. But since they weren't trying to get information, and since it was her birthday, the decision was made that the risk was acceptable and the third shot was to be administered in hopes to, at least, get me to scream - and hopefully die. This is the preferred method of torture for the most evil cult members who do something to endanger the cult. Deeta told me the most hardened rapists and murderers scream for mercy during this torture and then most of them invariably die of heart attacks and strokes.

While they were preparing the third shot I could hear someone else screaming in the background. 'Someone else is in pain. As much pain as I'm in,' I thought. I wondered where I was. 'Perhaps I'm in the hospital.' The screams came into better focus and I realized it was my daughter, Brooklyn, who was screaming. 'Perhaps we'd been in a car accident and Brooklyn and I were badly hurt?' Brooklyn sounded like she was in agony and I decided to try to get to her. I knew it would take all my strength, since I was writhing in pain from the two shots I had been given, but I decided I needed to try.

Brooklyn was about fourteen years old and had been brainwashed to kill me. She had been the sweetest, kindest, most wonderful child in the world, but she had been furious with me on and off for some time now. Brooklyn had been abducted and tortured on an almost monthly basis since she was a month old but still the light of her soul would not go out. Brooklyn's soul had been slated to be delivered to Satan even before she was conceived in a rape ritual, so it was imperative for her soul to turn black. If a soul doesn't turn black by the time the child is nine

years old, the child is then encouraged to kill a parent or someone else and then kill herself out of guilt. The cult implanted memories into Brooklyn that accused me of doing terrible things to her. It was not only distressing but extraordinarily confusing to me to be accused of crimes like rape; or even to be accused of simply screaming or calling my daughter names and acting in ways I never acted. The cult routinely told Brooklyn her mother didn't love her or hated her and wanted her dead.

Brooklyn's soul was white. It shown a pillar of bright white even when she was born.

Now Brooklyn was screaming in the darkness. She was screaming for help at the top of her lungs. She was screaming for her mother to help her.

So I decided to try to get to Brooklyn, even though I was in staggering pain and I couldn't see. Just as I started to move I felt the sharp pinch of a needle jabbed into my side. Within seconds the pain was even more excruciating. The pain felt as bad to me as the screams of my daughter sounded. I could feel my heart jump and sputter. I could feel every muscle in my body spasm. My skin, my eyes, my teeth, my bones, even my hair hurt like I was on fire and there were knives stabbing me.

"I'm coming, Brooklyn," came out as a mutter rather than a call. Immediately the demon swine rushed to Brooklyn's side and told her, "Your mother will never come for you. Your mother hates you. She wants you to suffer."

I heard this and moaned loudly trying to say they were liars.

"She doesn't like that," Deeta clapped and gleefully announced, "Say it again."

"Your mother hates you, she loves to see you suffer," they taunted the young girl.

"No!" Then I tried to get up through the pain but found my arms were strapped to the table where I lay. My light glowed and swelled and temporarily blinded a few Satan followers.

"She can't get to her. She can't be allowed to get to her," Deeta demanded. "She's done it. She's gone against my wishes. She has to be destroyed." Deeta was terrified of the expanding light and the growing commotion in the room. "She can't be allowed to get to her. Give her the fourth shot."

"But that will kill her." Lloyd said pointedly.

"That's what I want. It's my birthday. That's what I want. She wants it, too. Remember she told Ralph she thought we would kill her." That was the end of the argument. Lloyd always gave in to Deeta. Deeta had told me the prince of a satanic cult is supposed to be the strongest member; but in this north New Jersey cult the strongest member was the princess.

I felt a needle stab my side, the feeling was almost imperceptible, but it was a pain different than the pain I was already experiencing. I was aware of the conversation that preceded the jab and realized this shot meant death.

My heart turned to granite inside my chest. The rock grew. It filled my chest. I could no longer feel my heart beat. It had been jumping and doing back flips with the third injection, but now it was silent - entombed in stone. I could see the darkness get darker. I could hear people say I was dead. I remained in unfathomable pain. Even the rocks, now growing down my arms, were excruciating.

In the blackness, to the left and in front of me, I could make out a door. The light that seeped through the cracks around it became slits of a vibrant, bright white. I knew instinctively if I went to the door and opened it, the pain would stop. I would be dead. The torture would be over. My life, to this point, was no picnic. I was sick all the time. My life centered on my children and my husband and for the past several years Lloyd acted as though he couldn't stand me and my perception of my relationship with my daughters was faulty. I had been tortured

many, many times before and sometimes during torture sessions I could remember other torture sessions. I knew this had happened before. I heard the doctor give a time of death. At this point I was exhausted beyond words and in pain beyond comprehension. Opening the door was extraordinarily tempting. I took a step toward it but then heard the anguished screeches of my daughter, Brooklyn. I found my hand on the doorknob. I thought, even if I tried my mightiest, I'd never make it to the place where the screams emanated. It sounded like she was eight or ten feet away and I thought I couldn't possibly get that far. I heard the evil people tell my daughter, again, that I hated her and would never come for her. I heard my husband talk about where he would bury me, in some contaminated Army property in Sagewood, NJ. I heard him deny that there was a tear in his eye. I heard Deeta say that he would be killed, too, if there were. I heard Brooklyn scream for "Mommy!"

I knew that because I couldn't see and I couldn't move, I probably couldn't save her. I took my hand from the knob. I thought if in the morning my daughter found my dead body on the floor she would at least know I tried to get to her. Brooklyn would know I didn't leave her. Brooklyn would know I loved her. She would know they lied.

I brought my focus back to getting up and away from the door with the light. I knew my arm was tied down and knew it would be hard to break the tie so I rolled a bit to my left to try to get momentum enough to roll to my right and swing my arm up.

"What was that?"

"Oh that? That's rigor mortis. I've seen it a million times before. Well not a million, maybe..." Lloyd paused trying to remember how many people he'd killed or helped kill.

"So soon? I mean it's only been, what, like five minutes or something?" Someone asked.

"Oh yeah, it happens real quick." Lloyd answered.

"It starts happening immediately," the doctor added.

I realized that's what the rock heart and limbs were. Rigor mortise or not, I was getting up to get to my daughter!

I rolled back to the right and pulled at my arm as hard as I could. It was stopped by the strap, and every muscle in my body burned from the attempt.

A piercing clap filled the air. I thought, 'A whip? Now they're going to start whipping me for trying to get up? I'll have to get out of these straps, blind, crawl to Brooklyn with rocks in my chest and arms, in excruciating pain, all while I'm being whipped?'

That wasn't it.

People screamed.

"Oh my God!"

"Don't say that in here!" Even Deeta's voice trembled.

"What the fuck was that!"

People ran out of the room. There were many more people in the room than I realized 'None of them ever tried to help me?'

A man screamed "She's getting up!"

"Aahh! Get me out of here!"

What I'd heard wasn't a whip at all: Deeta told me it was the crash of thunder. The piercing clap was accompanied by a bolt of brilliant white lightning that filled the cellar and temporarily paralyzed and blinded some minions.

“What was that?” More swine screamed. More ran - some never to return. A few demon drones left the basement to see if it came from outside. It didn't. The night outside the house was clear and dark and now filled with muffled squeals of swine people running scared.

A young man shrieked, “She's raised from the dead.”

In the commotion I tried again to get up. With that Lloyd suffocated Brooklyn with a pillow, aware that it was Brooklyn's screams that were prompting me to get to her. Someone told him that would kill her and reminded him it wasn't Brooklyn who was slated to be sacrificed. Lloyd said it wouldn't. He said he did it all the time. As soon as Brooklyn passed out Lloyd removed the pillow to allow her to breathe.

“See, she's fine,” he stated. Everyone of the members still left and watching him were impressed by his “power” and thought it was some kind of magic. It wasn't.

With Brooklyn passed out, I couldn't continue to try to get to her. I couldn't see, and without her screams to guide me, I felt, especially in my condition, rigor mortis and all, and with all the furor, it would be of no use to try. The few still at the birthday party were scared senseless.

The torture was over. Even though I had no pulse, Lloyd administered the antidote to both of us. The needle broke twice going into me. He took no chances and brought both Brooklyn and I home and put Brooklyn in her bed and threw my heavy, stiff corpse into our bed.

Brooklyn and I both woke up later that day feeling like we'd been hit by a fully-loaded, guided-tour bus.

### **The Legends**

Deeta told me these two incidences, my trip to **Heaven**; and the night of the **Lightning and Thunder** in the Basement, are now legend among Satanic churches worldwide.

The people who can corroborate these stories worship Satan. Most of the people in attendance on the night of the lightning are expected to come forward to substantiate these and other murder attempts.

People trapped in a Satanic church must step forward and be counted to shine a light on a church that has operated in the dark of the night for centuries.