CHANTAL FREI

SPEAKING OUT!



MY LIFE UNDER AND ESCAPE FROM SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE

FOREWORD BY

DR. MARCEL POLTE

Chantal Frei

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My Life under and Escape from Satanic Ritual Abuse

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TRIGGER WARNING!

The book contains a wealth of so-called triggers. You read it at your own risk. For victims, it can be difficult to process and may even trigger flashbacks.

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Foreword by Dr. Marcel Polte

Dear Readers,

You are holding a book in your hands that is not only extraordinary but unique, and I believe more important than almost any other book ever written. Why is that so? We humans are subject to a deception of unimaginable proportions. Those responsible being highly intelligent, influential and globally networked have been able to set up a parallel world that is almost perfectly hidden from public view. This parallel world consists of fear, pain, death and belief in dark forces. Nevertheless, this perfidiously elaborate system has a weak point: The perpetrators apparently underestimate the strength of the human spirit. Individual victims who managed to escape the physical and mental clutches of the perpetrators noted this in amazement (including Cathy O'Brien, Judith Moore, and Sandra Rasch). Thanks to these strong souls, today there is even a term in therapeutic literature for what was intended to remain hidden forever: *ritual abuse*.

Now, expert articles on ritual abuse, corresponding data surveys and, not least, the detailed reports of survivors have proven beyond doubt that family structures exist worldwide in which a Satanic agenda is passed on from generation to generation. Through abuse, torture, and highly complex mind control techniques, perpetrators aim to condition their own children to become perpetrators themselves. These families are organized in local cults, have established worldwide networks, and collaborate with organized crime in many areas (child prostitution, child abuse, human trafficking, drug trafficking, and arms trafficking). All these efforts serve only one goal, which has been patiently worked towards for many generations: expansion of secret power so that one day Satan's world empire can be established on earth. What sounds to some like a crude conspiracy theory could, until recently, even be read on the website of the diocese of Münster ("For the goal of the sect to create a new world empire ..."). For many years, Brigitte Hahn was very committed to leading a cult counseling center there and

organized a conference on ritual abuse with over 140 participants in May 2019.

We owe it to the work of such courageous people from the field of counseling and therapy that the gruesome crimes committed in the name of ritual abuse and the perpetrators' techniques of conditioning and personality splitting (the consequence is called Multiple Personality Disorder or Dissociative Identity Disorder in technical terminology) are known in detail. In addition, there are people from the media who unflinchingly report on these things. Unfortunately, however, these have remained isolated cases over the years, such as the documentaries "Höllenleben" (Hell Life) by Liz Wieskerstrauch, a ZDF (public German television channel) report on Satanism by Rainer Fromm, and a multi-part report on multiple survivors on the YouTube channel *ZEIT ONLINE* "Wir sind die Nicki(s)" (We are the Nicki's) (April 2020). The full-page article "Das Ergebnis war immer Verlassenheit" (The Result was always Abandonment) by Heike Schmoll, which appeared in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (major German newspaper) on August 24, 2020 and reports, among other things, by the Independent Commission for Inquiry into Child Sexual Abuse (UKASK) on the topic of ritual abuse are also worth mentioning. First and foremost, however, are the few survivors who manage to give public testimony about their experiences "with the cult." The small number of data collections available actually indicate an intolerable extent of such crimes. For example, a survey conducted by the "Ritual Abuse Working Group" among contract therapists of the Association of Statutory Health Insurance Physicians (2005 and 2007) revealed a total of 202 cases of ritual abuse classified as credible, the victims in these cases reporting 42 human sacrifices; the survey was limited to the German states of Rhineland-Palatinate and Saarland, the Ruhr region and nationwide counseling centers.

But how can it be that only a few survivors' accounts reach the public? Numerous factors are responsible for this: creation of comprehensive dependencies as well as isolation of the victims (including control of their environment), infiltration of law enforcement agencies as well as other facilities and institutions and, if needed, blackmailing of certain key persons, influence and reputation of the perpetrators, thorough covering up of traces, and above all: psychological manipulation of the victims that

often culminates in the purposeful splitting of their mind. Chantal Frei (pseudonym) reports on what lies behind all this from her own experience. Based on my research on other cases, I can absolutely confirm the experiences she describes and the modus operandi of the perpetrators, even if many things may sound inconceivable. In my book "Dark New World Order" (Part 1), I provide extensive references to document the results of a comparative analysis of German and U.S. expert literature and witness statements as well as numerous other documents (CIA and investigative files, minutes of court hearings, Senate hearings and an advisory committee). In light of these data, there is no doubt that Satanic cults are operating worldwide and that their secret technique of trauma-based personality splitting (mind control) has also been researched and applied by the CIA since the early 1950s (Project MKULTRA).

There are indications that the locally organized cults not only have established international networks, but are overarched by a world-wide umbrella organization. Some survivors refer to this organization as the "Illuminati". Anyone who now believes that the Illuminati are a conspiracy myth of the internet age is way off the mark. Indeed, more than 200 years ago, a letter from a certain G. W. Snyder to the first President of the United States of America and Freemason George Washington warned of an infiltration of the American Freemason Lodges by the Illuminati.[1] This fits in with the fact that survivors repeatedly report connections of the perpetrators to Freemasons (which does not mean that Freemasons are generally to be equated with Satanists or Illuminati). This includes, for example, survivor Jil, who describes her horrific experiences in Masonic circles in a June 2020 interview with ex-Scotland Yard investigator Jon Wedger. So far, however, there have been very few survivors who came into contact with the Illuminati during their time in the cult, survived this, made the exit, and were able to tell about it. Probably the most important source is Svali, who claims to have been a chief programmer of the Illuminati and to have taken over this function from Josef Mengele. On her web page (https://svalispeaks.wordpress.com/), Svali has published numerous texts in which she describes the background and the methods of the Illuminati in detail. Owing to a fortunate coincidence I can prove that at least parts of her insider information are indeed correct. In the book "Abwegig. Überleben

und Therapie bei ritueller Gewalt" (Absurd. Survival and Therapy in Ritual Abuse), written by cult survivor Helen Lindstrøm together with her therapist Jutta Sniehotta after ten years of collaboration, I came across exactly the same mind control programs (names, colors, technique of brainwave programming) as described by Svali. The renowned expert Dr. Alison Miller obviously considers Svali authentic as well, because she mentions her several times in her standard work "Healing the Unimaginable".

In German-speaking countries, however, there has not yet been a survivor who could recall not only cult experiences, but also military operations, missions abroad, and encounters with extremely high-ranking politicians, aristocrats and celebrities on the perpetrator side. In the USA, MKULTRA survivor Cathy O'Brien has been claiming since the mid-1990s to have been abused as part of the CIA program by George Bush Senior, Hillary and Bill Clinton, and other heads of state as well as influential politicians. Chantal Frei, however, is the first German-speaking survivor who can report on just such perpetrators and similar experiences. Of course, it is almost impossible to verify such outrageous claims. Nevertheless, in the case of Cathy O'Brien there is much to suggest that her highly detailed report in "Trance Formation of America" is, to a large extent, a reflection of reality. Not only was I able to verify many of her statements (e.g. concerning persons and places) on the basis of publicly available sources, but also her descriptions of mind control techniques were undeniably confirmed by subsequent expert publications. But there is one more important piece of evidence: my request under the US Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) for MKULTRA documents on Cathy O'Brien resulted in an astonishing answer. Namely, the CIA did not simply deny that such documents existed. Instead, after thoroughly reviewing my request, the CIA informed me that it could neither confirm nor deny the existence or nonexistence of such documents: The fact of the existence or non-existence of such records is itself currently classified and protected from disclosure as information on intelligence sources and methods! As is well known, such a "Glomar Response" is an indication that the requested documents actually exist, but the explicit refusal to release them with reference to national security concerns would already be problematic from the CIA's point of view.

But that is not all. In November 2021, a survivor – credible according to my initial assessment – gave an interview with equally far-reaching claims (after she had already been publishing her own videos with corresponding statements for about a year). In it, Ally Carter claims to have been a victim of international human trafficking in her childhood and youth. She reports abuse by celebrities and U.S. presidents and describes a network of underground tunnels used by the perpetrators for these purposes. Furthermore, she mentions Satanic rituals, sacrifices and organ trafficking in this context.

It is important to know all this in order to be able to correctly assess Chantal Frei's claims that she met high-ranking politicians, nobles and celebrities during cruel rituals in the Belgian castle Château des Amerois – where the decision about her appointment as "Mother of Darkness" was made – and in the Sagrada Família in Barcelona. Chantal Frei removed the names of these persons from her manuscript after I advised her. Otherwise, there would have been the risk of the publication being summarily stopped by injunctions. However, the names have been recorded in writs of protection and are now known to numerous trusted persons. Some of these names are mentioned by Arizona Wilder (pseudonym), who also reports experiences with ritual abuse and MKULTRA and, like Svali, had contact with Josef Mengele. But there is another similarity between Wilder and Frei: Arizona Wilder also claims to have been trained by the Illuminati for a specific function. She also mentions a "Mothers of Darkness" castle in Belgium; however, since she gives Brussels as the location, it is questionable whether this was the Amerois castle (however, the Amerois castle is also mentioned by other authors in the context of child abuse and sacrifice). After that, Wilder – having passed through the stage of "Mother of Darkness" – was made a "Mother Goddess", the highest (sixth) rank on the female side of the Illuminati hierarchy, while "Mother of Darkness" represents the third rank (according to Frei's recollection, which is supported by an anonymous internet source).

Other details in Chantal Frei's book are consistent with Svali's information. Thus, Svali likewise mentions the handing over of an amethyst as a sign that the child has mastered the first training level (silence and keeping secrets); and also the diamond is mentioned by her as the highest Illuminati

award. Likewise, during an interview, Arizona Wilder shows a special diamond ring that is said to symbolize her function of a "Mother Goddess". As I discussed the color system presented by the author with her, we came across other connections. First, the order of gemstones described by Svali (amethyst, ruby, emerald, diamond) matches Chantal Frei's hierarchy of colors. But individual color assignments also match. For example, Frei associates the color green with perpetrator loyalty, according to her memory. And Svali indicates that the green emerald stands for (cult) family loyalty. When I pointed out on this occasion the big emerald ring, which Josef Mengele – according to Arizona Wilder – wore on the middle finger of the left hand and used for programming, Chantal Frei remembered a similar emerald ring worn by sect leader René.

Even though the phenomenon of ritual abuse as such, the involvement of members of the elite, and a connection to the Illuminati are thus supported by the testimonies of other victims, many readers will find another aspect of Frei's report implausible: her out-of-body experiences on another plane and the existence of demonic powers that the perpetrators are interested in summoning. Both fundamentally contradict our conventional Western worldview. However, those who have grown up in the Christian faith naturally see this differently. For the Bible speaks not only of God and his angels, but also of Satan – the "prince of this world" (John 12:31) – and his demons. For all other readers I would state at this point only briefly: As part of my own research, I have repeatedly come across reports of out-of-body experiences (the travel "over the rainbow" forced under torture) and demonic possession. It is for this reason, that in Part 2 of my book "Dark New World Order" I also present the hypothesis that worldwide reported murders under the influence of inner voices are actually acts committed in a state of demonic possession. It was only after the publication of Part 2 that I witnessed such possessions on several occasions and was able to see, for example, how a person collapsed and became unconscious when the entity left her body; after this incident, the person could neither explain his unusual posture nor remember what had happened in the minutes before. Svali also described to me how she had been abused by the perpetrators for out-of-body experiences in order to make contact with dark entities on another plane. All this presupposes the physical concept of a

multidimensional universe, as it is represented for instance by the physicist Thomas Campbell, who himself had numerous out-of-body experiences.

Finally, it is important for me to point out that I know of several cases of ritual abuse where the victims were able to escape the mental clutches of the perpetrators and obtain healing solely through their faith in God and Jesus Christ. Chantal Frei's own journey of healing, including the important act of forgiveness, will help other victims feel hope in a seemingly hopeless situation. In the section "Inner Struggle and Doubt: Does God Really Help?", I finally came across – surprisingly – the very creative concept that I also advocate in Part 2 of my book. Here, Chantal Frei describes her conviction that God's love also includes freedom; a freedom that her tormentors have as well: "Also the freedom to do evil." Thus, free will and polarity seem to be the two ingredients that a soul needs for its path to God or – depending on personal conviction – its spiritual evolution. To Chantal Frei's credit, in this book of extremes – from deepest fear and pain to highest hope and love – she brings this divine concept to our attention, lighting a match that relentlessly illuminates a world dominated by dark forces that we were never supposed to see.

Bad Homburg, December 2021

Marcel Polte

Foreword from a Friend

Dear Reader,

The fact that you are now holding this book in your hands is evidence of your open-mindedness in wanting to know more. It is also evidence of your daring to confront a hidden reality and to look behind the scenes of this world. A quote from this book: "Those who are willing to look into the unknown area of ritual, organized, Satanic abuse [ORA] and mind control will see it."ritual abuse Let yourself be taken on an enlightening, overwhelming journey into this secret dark area, a journey that will change your world view and your own perspective forever.

A few years back, I came to know the author, Chantal, as a friendly, level-headed, affable and pragmatic personality with whom one enjoys informal fellowship. At first and second glance, she seemed to be an unobtrusive, natural, very normal and warmhearted middle-aged woman. Then gradually she opened up a little about experiences from her past and not only what she had had to experience but to survive. What she described to me even rudimentarily is beyond the imagination of a normal person and is very difficult to bear, although, by far, she has not told me everything; indeed, there are many details she has been unable to relate. Thus, this book by no means reflects everything she experienced. But it still gives a unique insight into this largely unknown field of ORA. It conveys an inkling of the horror of a reality that should not officially exist in this world to this extent.

The fact that innocent children are sadistically sexually exploited, brutally abused, martyred and killed in the most brutal way, systematically and according to plan, is something most people would not wish to imagine, let alone that this happens in professionally organized and protected, networked, elite structures. Understandably, we are reluctant to deal with what people are capable of doing to others, because it also draws our attention to the dark sides of our own souls. Most people do not wish to be confronted with this unattractive reality of the human abyss and consistently look away, unfortunately often even the so-called experts and

those whose office and duty is vigilance. They do not want to incriminate themselves, or they do not like to give up their romantic world view. Moreover, it seems to me that also a kind of officially decreed, general conspiratorial silence, a denial, twisting and evasion is prevalent on this topic.

The time has come to say the unspeakable out loud, to accept it and to include it in the collective consciousness. The truth needs a brave person who dares to speak it. Chantal is one of these brave ones. Her speech is groundbreaking; it breaks this general silence, also the collective silence of the other initiates, such as the trauma therapists. It challenges us: Pay attention! Do something to bring light into the darkness too! Paying attention to the problem is what creates awareness. Paying attention and being aware essentially constitute an act of mercy. They bring more acceptance, understanding and compassion to the abused victims and to their healing process.

I too was once entirely unaware of ORA and of the fact that people are capable of such merciless, malicious acts against innocent children. Then I did my own intensive research and read and sifted through books, reports from survivors and from therapists, educated myself professionally and got to know other victims and their stories. Many of these stories, revealed by victims all over the world (including Switzerland) testify independently and consistently about the goings-on in these professionally organized, diabolical ORA parallel worlds. It became clear that Chantal is unfortunately far from an isolated case, although she - unlike most of the others affected - was trained by the perpetrators for a higher level in the cult. Because of her former high position, she can give an exclusive insight into the secretive, clandestine scene of the ORA.

Most ORA sufferers do not have access to their trauma memory, due to dissociative amnesia (protective mechanism in the field of dissociative disorders). Sometimes the soul is ready after a certain time - if at all, often only after decades - to release individual memory fragments. Chantal is one of the few exceptions. She has come this far and also has the stability, strength and courage to speak and write down part of her story in this book. It borders on a miracle that she is alive at all. She has been able to break

through her deep-rooted silence and has thus taken an important protection away from the perpetrators.

However, for other victims this book is only suitable to a limited extent, as it contains many possible triggers and descriptions of grisly scenes similar to those which other victims have experienced themselves, scenes whose horrible atmosphere will be all too familiar to them. However, for mostly mentally stable victims / survivors and for all others (especially also for pastors, therapists, politicians, government officials, lawyers, physicians, ...) this book is to be recommended in various respects, because it is, in addition to the comprehensive clarification, also very encouraging. Along with supplementary explanations, Chantal has taken up some legitimate, controversial questions and issues related to the area of ORA in her story and provided understandable (in part even uncensored) answers in a competent manner. Here are some examples of questions to which I have not yet found a plausible answer in this form in other books:

- What is ORA, what are its organization, activities, hierarchy and networking system?
- What connection to ORA do the Satanists, Freemasons, Illuminati and other cult groups have?
- How are these systems protected and how can they work unnoticed and unobtrusively on a large scale?
- How are children conditioned, made docile and silent?
- How can children survive the unimaginable torture without drawing attention in everyday life?
- Who are the victims, and who are the perpetrators, and where do they come from?
- How is it possible to leave the cult, internally and externally?
- Why and how are children forced to torture and kill other children as well?
- How can so many children disappear unnoticed?
- How can the human remains from these rituals be disposed of inconspicuously and without any trace?
- How and why are people programmed?
- How does the survival mechanism of DID work, and what are the consequences?

- Why is there no effective prosecution of the highly criminal ORA systems?
- Why doesn't God intervene in this blatant suffering and injustice?
- and many more. ...to the spiritual dimensions, the question of guilt and the Biblical Gospel.

Today, the question is no longer whether ORA actually exists in this world, but how widespread this ORA is. The vast extent, the work and the spread of these various cabal cult groups are very difficult to fathom. Official figures do not exist, of course. Therefore, it seems important to me to determine the dimension of the ORA with the many people affected (and thus also with a correspondingly large number of perpetrators) on the basis of the circumstantial evidence and clear clues known today:

> "Pure" DID indicates only type III trauma with **ORA** / RM / SRM or similar in childhood **before !** 5-8 years. There are prevalence studies and projections for DID which assume 0.4 to 3% of the total population in Europe and the USA + the unreported figure (not recognized, wrongly diagnosed or undiagnosed DID).
>
> pDID, (DDNOS [dissociative disorder not otherwise specified] /DESNOS [disorder of extreme stress not otherwise specified]) / partial dissociative disorders can also occur as a result of ORA and are even more common. However, other causes of traumata (traumata repeatedly and deliberately inflicted on people in childhood) are also possible here, such as "normal" sexual abuse, violence against children or their emotional abuse or neglect. There are estimates of up to 20% of the population.

This indicates a scale of those affected by ORA, which is very conservatively estimated to be about 1% of the population. This gives a total that is in the upper tens of thousands in Switzerland alone. Some affected persons told me that they believe the number to be somewhat higher. So we are talking about a substantial, significant number of affected people who suffer whilst being unaware of the origin of their symptoms and who must be supported largely by our social welfare system. In addition, there is a correspondingly larger population of perpetrators - people who live unrecognized and inconspicuously among us and with us.

If, for example, someone who is a personally known and respected person is an ORA perpetrator and is reported, then one simply cannot and will not believe it. This is an important protective mechanism for the perpetrators. If, for once, something comes to light, people are more willing to believe the convincing lies and the perfect facade of innocence of a respected high-ranking person, a well-known person, or a well-behaved upright citizen than a broken victim with gruesome, outrageous statements about what really happened. The real memories (or memory fragments) are then often simply dismissed as slander, manipulation, creepy, exhibitionistic grandstanding, fantasy, or psychotic delusions. Significantly, it is claimed (also officially) that such events/memories are not credible, pseudo-memories or iatrogenic (produced by the therapist), that the person concerned is disturbed, schizophrenic, ill, etc. In the chapter, "Examining Real and "False" Memories" Chantal also clarifies this topic in a highly intelligible and coherent way, also to counter the common perpetrator arguments and scientifically colored lie constructions.

As a result of extreme violence, Chantal has a heart that is broken and wounded many times and was forced to pass through the valley of death several times. In deepest hardships, fears and pains she had to fight for her own survival as a child. Although she was forced and trained according to plan to a cruel, brutal behavior and with it also some perpetrator intros (surviving, actionable, dissociated perpetrator-cult-ANP-EP personalities) were created, she was able to preserve her innermost, redeemed core identity - her merciful heart. Thus, she was able to leave the diabolical ORA system in spite of all impossibilities.

At this point I would express my heartfelt thanks to Chantal for her revolutionary (fire) work, for her boldness to speak, for her openness, her overcoming, ... my respect. I wish her many happy moments, complete restoration, healing, protection, peace and only the best and God's full blessing on her further journey through life.

The reason I cannot appear by name is that I know some offenders to whom I do not wish to give an official address of attack.

Switzerland, December 2021

Introduction

My wish is that this book may inspire courage despite the gravity of the subject, courage to the bystanders to pay attention, to wake up and, in the best-case scenario, to help in some way; and also courage to the victims, because it is not impossible to escape this spiral of violence. I myself managed to break out of it with God's help. This was my way. Others choose a different path. No matter what the path looks like: Victims who are still caught up in it urgently need to be heard. They need help: legal, medical, social therapeutic. But also personal, friendly, unprejudiced, faithful, encouraging help.

In order to protect my privacy and that of others, I have decided to tell my life story by topic, and not chronologically. It was occasionally necessary to anonymize the names of private persons and circumstances. However, I experienced the events as described.

Detailed evidence of my life report has been recorded and stored as a protective measure in safe places, with notaries and lawyers. Several trusted persons have been informed accordingly. If something should happen to me or to anyone close to me, this information will be forwarded immediately to the appropriate authorities for the purpose of criminal prosecution, and the public will be informed. Contacts have already been established for this purpose.

I cannot say to anyone: Enjoy reading! Rather, I say: Thank you for your willingness to read. You are helping to bring this taboo subject further into the public eye.

Dedication and Thanks

This book is especially dedicated to all my children! I do not know all of you yet! I had to give birth to you in the cult. Rest assured: You are deep in my heart! I love you!

I also greet my biological family.... I am looking forward to our meeting.

I write this book in memory of all the victims and for all the survivors.

And I dedicate my book to all those who have been harmed and victimized by me. If I had realized and had the choice, I would never have done this. I am infinitely sorry for what I had to do to you under duress.

My most important thanks go first and always to God, my heavenly Father, who has always been with me, helped me get out of it, and always given me courage and confidence, even in times of deep doubt.

Joelle et Yann: Je vous aime! You have always stood by me, and your love is sincere! Thank you! I admire your courage and your honesty! You are blessed!

I also thank all those close to me who believed in me, accompanied me, encouraged me, helped me through difficult times, prayed for me and with me. Finally, thanks also go to the experts who advised and supported me in editing this book.

In a safe place, in December 2021

Chantal Frei

In the cellar I was put in a cage.[2] *The cellar was not very big. We were at most four children in four cages, one in each corner. The chapel was very old, and the cellar looked accordingly. There were bars and chains hanging from the ceiling, and sometimes I saw a smaller or bigger fire in the middle. Yet we were always cold, because we were often locked in the cages naked or dressed only in a short, white, blood-stained dress. There we had to wait. Wait for our fate. Sometimes we heard singing upstairs in the chapel. During the singing, men came into the cellar. I never knew when it was my turn. Me or another child first? Sometimes I was alone. I was taken out of the cage and chained. So I hung there naked and was raped by one or more men. Before the rape, they all touched me everywhere. Afterwards, they sometimes consulted among themselves who would be allowed first, or even who would be allowed alone that day. Sometimes I was also laid on a stone slab in the basement to be raped. I had to perform various sexual acts. When it was one's turn, the others would always watch. All of them were naked (having previously taken off their frocks or black clothes) except for a black balaclava, like those worn by bank robbers or special forces. I also*

had to watch other children being abused, tortured, raped and sometimes killed.

1. Suicide Attempts

Many long, painful, desperate years later in a very different place:

Finally, I had collected enough pills. I carefully counted them all again. Yes, this time it would be enough. This time I should finally go to my God in heaven.[3] *He would understand. He sees how miserable I am here on earth. How I can't manage anything anymore, how I can't satisfy my husband, how I can't take care of my children, how I let my colleagues down with unfinished tasks, how I disappoint the parishioners again and again because I have become so tearful, sad and depressed. Yes, I should be doing my family a favor if I were gone. They would have fewer worries, less stress. They could choose a new wife and mother. A cheerful one. A woman with drive and energy, a woman capable of doing her chores... none of that was possible anymore. Yesterday's news. I was in my early thirties and longed for the end.*

I was a nurse by profession and knew about certain medications. I just wanted to fall asleep, never wake up again, never have to endure this heaviness again and never be unable to do all that I had to do here. No, my life was over; I knew that. I felt justified in putting an end to it because I was deeply desperate. So I swallowed the mix of medications I had put together for myself....

And woke up again in the intensive care unit of a hospital.

No one knew that I had prayed before: "*God, I come to you now. You know I can't do it anymore, I'm at the end. I can't even take care of my family anymore. I see no other way than finally to come to You. But if You see another way, please make sure that I wake up again.*"

God had heard my prayer! At first, however, I was not at all pleased to realize that I was still alive. This would not be the only attempt, several more should follow. Actually, from a medical point of view, it should have worked. But it didn't. God had another plan. I did not recognize it at that time, I had no idea about it, but nevertheless His plan was there. The plan was to live! The plan was to speak out!

2. Talk - Really Talk?

I? I should speak? I should tell? No... I shouldn't...

It was a summer night at the end of June. Heavy thunderstorm, lightning flashed across the sky. It thundered violently and rain pelted loudly on the roof. I was lying in bed. The thunderstorm had woken me up. I was tired and wanted to sleep on.

There it flashed again. And then suddenly this light filled my whole bedroom and just didn't go out! It was a bright, very bright light. Normally I don't like such bright glaring light. But this one was very pleasant. Almost at the same moment two hands grabbed me by the shoulders and asked me to kneel down at the end of the bed. The being - I think it was an angel - did not let go. But I resisted fiercely at first. "No," I cried! There is no way I will do that! I will NEVER EVER kneel down again! Especially not in front of anyone or to ask for anything! Never again!

Shortly before, I had separated from my husband. The marriage was marked by severe violence. There were days when I knelt down in front of my husband, slid on my knees after him and begged him to be at least a little nice to me. I begged him, asked him for a kind word or a loving gesture, maybe even a hug? Sometimes I got something. Sometimes not. Depending on my mood. And sometimes only worse words fell, or I was even beaten.

When I left him, I swore that I would never, ever get down on my knees in front of anyone again. No! No one was worth it! I found it so humiliating. I never wanted to do that again.

But now there was this angel who demanded exactly that from me. I knew somewhere in me that I must acquiesce; there was no way around it. Finally, I rose from my bed and knelt down at the foot of the bed.

I lost all sense of time and space. I found myself suddenly before the throne of God. I don't know if I spent five seconds, five minutes or five hours there. It was just beautiful. I heard God's voice telling me to speak. At first, I had refused. I started to argue. I explained that I would never talk. Surely He knew that talking would be my death sentence.... Silence was my survival strategy.

When that happened, I was no longer suffering from bad depression, and suicide was no longer an issue. I wanted to live, and a few months earlier I had finally found the strength to leave my husband after almost 17 years. Still, I didn't want to talk. I couldn't wish to talk! I was incapable of wishing.

Well, I was there before God's throne negotiating, for I could not speak clearly at that time. I lisped and stuttered when I opened my mouth. And that had been going on for over two and a half years. I did go to speech therapy, but that didn't help me either. People thought me drunk when I talked. I was so embarrassed that I hardly opened my mouth. And if I did, I apologized for my slurred speech.

But now God commanded me to speak. He trusted me to do that! Wow! Now I was really in a dilemma. Because I had never experienced anything like this before! Never had I been given a command with so much authority! But also with so much love! I knew that this would only be for my own good. I knew that the words I was hearing now were pure divine love. I was so shaken and wept at the feet of God. Before His throne. I felt so infinitely loved, so infinitely safe, so infinitely protected! I had never known anything like that before. And above all, I did not know this combination. It was a command, but it was love. A command out of love. A command with love. A command of love, a command of love.... no matter how I twist and turn it today or try to put it on paper: IT WAS LOVE!

God showed me that I should talk and where I should start. I did that little by little, and bit by bit my speech problem was solved. At that time, a specialist was able to show me the causes of my speech disorder. I had already suffered from my silence all my life. At that time, however, God personally dissolved this ban on speaking. However, there was still a long way to go. But today I am talking! With God's help I am talking!

3. Uprooting

I have a Swiss passport with birthplace and hometown. I grew up bilingual, but who am I really?

I awoke briefly and blinked through my tired eyes. I caught sight of something strange. I saw a curve like the upper part of a tunnel, not stone, but metal, or at least the color of metal. Then I saw some kind of seam, like a welded joint. I also saw big, thick screws holding this seam together. The screws were also welded in. I was freezing, wrapped in wool blankets, itching all over my body. I was scared. But I kept falling back to sleep. My eyes were very, very heavy.

Later I woke up again. Again I saw this strange arched ceiling. And I was still freezing. This time I turned my head to the side and saw four or five men sitting there, all dressed the same, with some kind of beige-olive green suit, black combat boots and wide belt. No one was talking to me. I was lying on a bench or cot across from the men. On another side of this strange tunnel I saw red letters. I fell asleep again and again, I was afraid, I was cold, I was hungry....

When I realized that what was written in my passport was not true, an odyssey began. A roller coaster of feelings, emotions, but also an external and internal awakening. An uprooting.

I was not in a tunnel at the time, but in an airplane. Probably in a cargo plane or in a baggage hold. I don't know. These men belonged to the military; they were American soldiers who had kidnapped me. Kidnapped from my family of origin.

4. Perfect Scenery - Perfectly Organized Satanic Environment

I went to kindergarten and first grade as a little girl near Geneva. Then we moved to a small farming village in the canton of Vaud. There I grew up and went to school in various villages. I attended high school in the city.

My father[4] (Please be sure to read the footnote!) was on trial in early 2000. One of my siblings had denounced him. I was the main witness in the trial. Because of the statute of limitations, I myself could not press charges for my own abuse. He was charged with suspicion of sexual abuse of his children and other children in the neighborhood. After several years of police investigation, he was acquitted due to lack of evidence. I still wonder

what exactly was investigated during those many years. What took so long? And why?

Back to the setting. My family went to church every Sunday morning. We belonged to a small free church congregation. There was a maximum of about 15 people in the service. My father was a so-called "elder" in the congregation.[5] However, there were not many other men to choose from. The church congregation consisted of a handful of core members. The other visitors were often young people, teenagers who wanted to improve the French they had learned in school and who went back home after a year. So every year there were other worshipers. But we were always there, plus the pastor's family and a couple who were young at the time. That was all. My father was originally from German-speaking Switzerland, moved to Geneva at the age of 18, and supposedly led a pretty lonely life until he married my mother. At least that's what he said.

I remember very clearly how my mother told me that one day she saw two men outside our apartment door in Geneva. My father talked to them and said it was over. He had married now and had a family and wanted nothing more to do with it.... With what? I often asked my mother about it, but to no avail. To this day I can't understand why, as a wife, she never investigated.

Today I know that the marriage between my parents was arranged. My paternal grandparents were both Satanists. My grandfather had chosen my mother for his son. This was not a secret. Today I know that my father was also a Satanist. On the one hand a Christian man who acted as an "elder", on the other hand a Satanist who sexually abused and tortured children at night. My mother was most likely chosen because it was surmised that she suffered from dissociative identity disorder.[6] Today I assume that she experienced severe traumata as a child, was never able to work through them, suffered from amnesia[7] and unconsciously helped my father to maintain this perfect backdrop so that he could pursue his perverse, Satanic, sadistic sides. I remember getting an injection from my mother, who was a pediatric nurse, and fainting. This, in turn, allowed my father to take me places without me knowing anything about it, or rather, only partially. When I had a gunshot wound once afterwards, my mother nursed me lovingly at home, but did not take me to the physician. I was then told that I

had had a bicycle accident, which was not true, but over time I began to believe it myself.

I always perceived my mother's family as a family that sticks together. However, this family had a kind of code of conduct: "Respectful treatment, secrecy, no sticking one’s nose in where it doesn’t belong, and no questions." For a long time, I found this code very nice and pleasant, but on the other hand, a certainty arose in me that one must not question anything. I knew how I had to behave in this family clan.

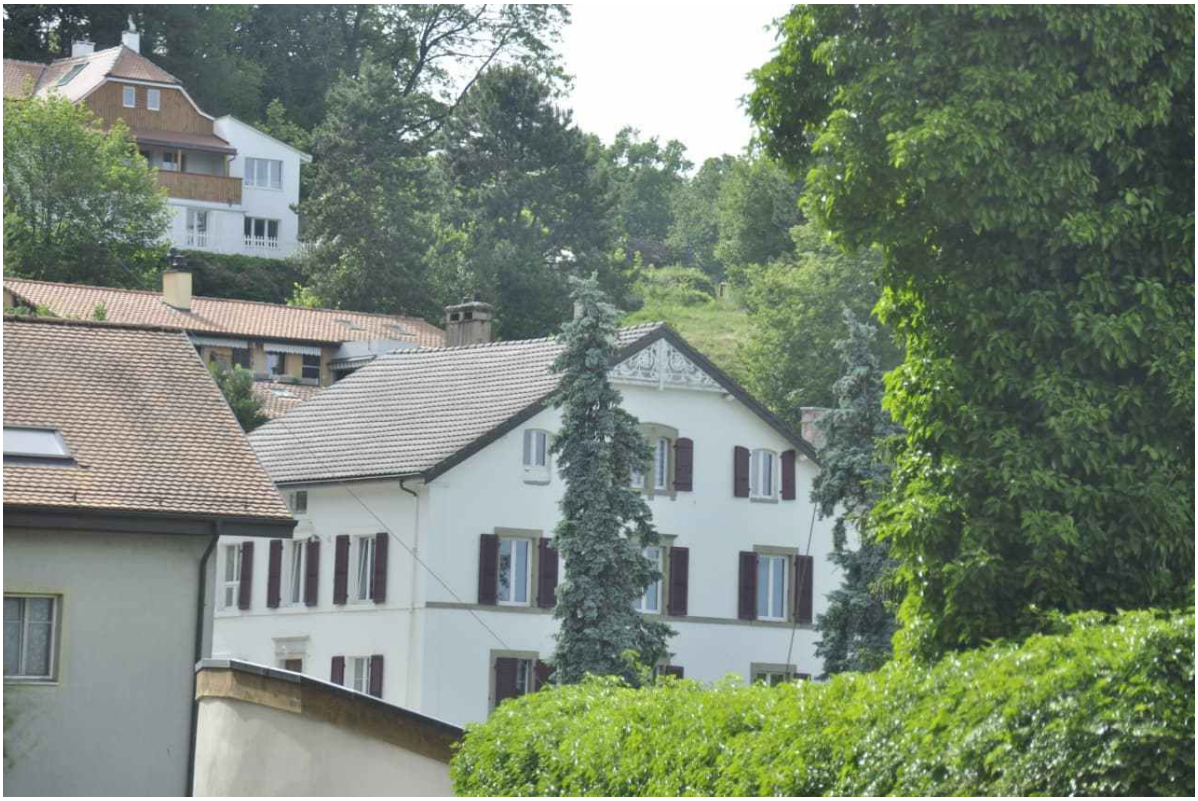
I did so, too, with a few exceptions. Often my mother had told me a few details about a family member: enough for me to know there was more to it. But I knew exactly, I must not ask any more, because it was none of my business. My uncle, who was close to me, was also in the Satanist circle. So I learned very early that my tormentors were also my caretakers, my providers, my comforters and my family members. I knew nothing else, had no basis for comparison, and my life was torturous, but normal for me. I don't know which of the family members were actually with the cult or still are. Those who were not or are not with it were or are kept in ignorance from my point of view. The code of honor of "don't interfere and we treat each other with respect" serves in this case as a perfect cover for cult members to cover up their deeds.

We lived in the same neighborhood with the sect "*Les Adorateurs du Soleil*" (The Sun Worshippers). The internal Satanic cult in which I had to grow up was called: "*Dragon Rouge*" (Red Dragon). Anyway, this name came up again and again. Officially, of course, we did not belong to it. We were considered a Christian family. We children were not allowed to play together. But today I know that we also belonged to it. Hidden and covered up, but we belonged. My father knew the cult leader personally, was probably his subject, and I assume that we owed the apartment we moved into to him. The quarters where we lived are on a hillside. At the top of the hill is the large white house of the cult leader René and his family.

René himself was, as it turned out later, my slave trader. He took me under his care to train me in the Satanic ways, according to the ideology of the Illuminati. As a little girl I would go to his daughter for music lessons. The one-hour lesson was divided each time into two half hours. The first half

was practicing the flute. The second half I had sex lessons with René and his wife. He regularly abused me under the supervision of his wife, who cleaned me up afterwards. Nobody ever noticed anything because I had to keep quiet, and of course I didn't talk about it. Nor did I ever come home late, because officially I was at my flute lesson. I didn't miss any lessons either. I learned quickly and didn't need a whole hour to practice. Half a lesson was enough for me.

At the bottom of the slope, various flat-roofed houses have been built on one side. Followers of the sect live in them. On the other side was a tombstone company (Marbrerie). As a child, I had seen the owner of the company and his father at cult rituals from time to time. Our house was in the middle. The neighbor above us was engaged in human trafficking. Another one kept a large chicken farm. There were often big, black expensive cars in front of his farm. As a child, I knew then that they had "high-ranking" business visitors and that one must not ring the bell or otherwise disturb them under any circumstances. Nevertheless, I was there once in a while. I remember one day being led to the back of the farm. There I saw a grown man tied naked to a large wheel - feet and legs stretched apart. It looked as if he were to replace the wheel spokes. The wheel was spinning very fast, and blood was spurting out of the man's limb. There are reports that the CIA used chicken coops as cover for torture houses. The newspaper might then say that a certain celebrity - who is in fact one of the perpetrators - visited a chicken farm to see for himself how the animals were kept. My music teacher and some other teachers were cult members, and some were neighbors. Our pediatrician, as it turned out later, was also a cult member. So I was perfectly "embedded" and everything was perfectly organized for violent crimes. Everything was covered up. Everyone covered up for everyone else and as a child I should not have had a chance to tell anyone anything. The theatrical backdrop for the drama of my life had been perfectly built....



The neighborhood where I grew up (today).
In the front is my apartment building at that time.
We lived on the middle floor. On the right, in the middle, was my bedroom window.

5. The Parallel World of Day and Night Life

My double life started very early. We affected people usually call it "day-night-life". This played itself out roughly as follows:

I was a normal child during the day. I went to school, was inconspicuous, mostly shy, but I got good grades. In sports I was quite bad. But since I was quite good at school, I was respected by my classmates. Nevertheless, I didn't have many friends. This was because my parents gave me a strict religious upbringing, which was characterized by stricter rules than those of many of my classmates. I always had to be home early, and my mother controlled whom I dated. Furthermore, we had hepatitis B as a family. At that time, people were generally not well informed about this disease and so many stayed away from us out of fear. My pediatrician also urged us to follow certain hygiene rules which - as I know it today - served to keep us away from groups, children and friends. In the neighborhood I played outside with a few children. But there were not very many, because they, too, were selected. We had a very large vegetable garden. I had my duties there too and helped after my mother showed me what to do. During vacations I went to stay with relatives and often to children's and youth camps. Some of them were run by my older cousins. I was never alone there, as usually either my siblings or a relative was with me. Our kinship was very close in many ways. So far, it was a pretty inconspicuous life from the outside....

But there was still my night life. I went to bed in the evening and got up in the morning to go to school. What happened on certain nights in the time in-between, I no longer knew in the morning. Sometimes after I went to sleep, my father would wake me up and pick me up. Every now and then I would get a sweet syrup. Today I know that there were drugs in it. Drugs are often given to children in these circles to make them compliant, but also to make sure they don't remember things (like where they were taken).

My father opened the door of the VW bus. I got in. Inside were many tools that he needed as a mechanic in the field. My dad took off my pyjamas, and I got a little white dress, probably made of white linen. Small, fine needles were stuck in all over my body, and it began to bleed. There were blood

stains on the dress. With time I knew what this meant. I was being prepared for a ritual. The white dress with the blood stains had a special meaning for the men in the cellar. And because I was allowed to wear it, I also had a special position. I was the chosen one for this evening. I looked behind the racks in the VW bus. And there I suddenly saw eyes watching me. They were the eyes of other children, children my father had hidden in the bus, children from foreign countries. Their skin was sometimes darker than mine. They didn't say a word. We children knew we weren't allowed to talk. They just watched as I was prepared for a ritual...then we left. It was the middle of the night. The drive didn't take very long, and then we were there....

All of us children just looked at each other. But we were not allowed to talk to each other. It seemed to me that we were all holding our breath. We were not alone, but each one was on his own. Isolated within ourselves, preoccupied with ourselves and unable to respond to others. After all, we were forbidden to make contact with each other.

A ritual often went as follows: Some people dressed in black gathered in front of this one chapel in Valeyres-sous-Rances, VD in Switzerland.[8] We children sometimes mingled with them, and sometimes we were taken directly through a side door into the basement of the chapel. If at first still visible among the people, we soon disappeared into the crowd. In front of the chapel there were manholes in the ground. These were opened, and we had to slip in there and slide down until at some point we ended up in the cellar of the chapel. What happened there was what I described at the beginning.[9]

... The children who were sacrificed in the cellar were killed with a knife. I remember how a child was hanging above the fire on a chain, suspended by its feet. One perpetrator took a knife and slashed the child from top to bottom, from the intimate area down to the head.

I will refrain from giving too many gruesome details. My only concern is to bring these terrible things out into the open. I am not writing a horror book here. Because no horror book could even come close to describing what I experienced and saw there. And I know that such things still happen! I can't find the right words to describe the cruelty. I shall probably never find any.

It is the scum of the earth acting here. The vilest and most profoundly evil thing you can possibly imagine, even in your wildest imagination. It is even more evil than the most profoundly evil ... For the perpetrators it is a delectation.

After the cruelty was over, my father took me back home and put me to bed....

Then, in the morning, my day life started, and I went to school. Sometimes I was hurt. Especially in the genital area. I remember how I always took absorbent cotton or a little bandage material from home and changed my bandage during the breaks. Needles were also stuck into my nipples. Then I had an absorbent cotton pad stuck in my sweater until it stopped bleeding. But I was not aware of what I was doing and forgot it immediately afterwards. Repressed. Pushed away...



Dragon symbol on the window of the chapel.



The chapel that still stands today.



Back entrance of the chapel



Above: main entrance to the chapel. bottom right of the picture you can see the manhole cover,
through which we as children had to slide down to the basement of the chapel.

Left: Enlargement of the spiral symbol located at the bottom right and left of the chapel.

6. Human Trafficking and Cannibalism

As I mentioned before, I had seen other children in my father's VW bus. But that was not the only place. I remember how he would sometimes take me with him, and we would drive the car to meet my grandfather. My grandparents lived about three hundred kilometers away from us at the time, and we would occasionally meet on the road. I still remember the parking lot where we waited for my grandfather. There were no cell phones back then, and in my memory, we sometimes waited a very long time. In the meantime, I played and picnicked. My grandparents owned a light blue car, and I always waited very impatiently. I loved my grandfather. I was his princess, his first granddaughter, his chosen one. He paid attention to me. I was something special in his eyes, and he made me feel it.

From time to time he brought other children in his car, which he then handed over to my father. I was not allowed to talk to them, I just watched them very shyly as they got from one car into the other.

Once, however, I was allowed to play with a child for a while. But it was a child of my father's, and it was supposed to be given to my grandfather, or so I assume. But it never came to that.

My grandfather was hours late, and so I was given permission to play with the boy. I was about nine years old. We had a ball with us and played soccer. We had fun, talked and laughed together. After a while, my father got angry. He didn't like to see us having fun. He started his car and hit the boy. The boy fell down and my father ran over him with his car in front of my eyes. This happened in broad daylight.

The parking lot where this happened is on a curve on a hill. Not directly on the side of the road. So there was no witness far and wide. Even today, this parking lot is a little hidden. But it has been changed and is better marked. Back then, something like this could happen unseen. The boy was put on the back seat and my grandfather appeared shortly after on that parking lot. What happened after that, I don't remember. But that parking lot remains in my memory as the place where children were exchanged and where a murder happened.

In our house there were three apartments. We lived in the middle, above us an older couple. And now and then young girls. These girls didn't speak French like us and were never outside playing. I remember seeing them very rarely, and there were different ones every time. I was told that they came from another very poor country and that they were very sick. It was explained to me that they were here to get good medical help, to find a good home, and that this couple was taking care of them affectionately. My father then also "affectionately" took care of these girls when the couple was not there.

The neighbor had called me. I went up to his apartment. There, in an adjoining room, was one of those girls lying on the wooden floor. She had long dark hair and was wearing white pantyhose, a white turtleneck sweater, a red plaid skirt and black patent leather shoes. No trace of blood or anything. She was just lying there. She was dead.

Next to her sat the neighbor. He had a large knife in his hand. And a fork. He ordered me to sit down beside the girl opposite him. Then he cut a piece from her right hip and started eating the meat. I was forced to eat it too. I was forced into cannibalism.

I had no choice. The murdered girl was about thirteen years old, I guess. I was about ten and already so well-conditioned and submissive that I did

everything I was told.

7. Theory

The experiences I have described so far are part of Satanic ritual abuse. There are different groups. Many of them are interconnected on some level, although not all of them have the same ideology or the same goal. I myself was a victim of a spiritual group, a group that worships Satan and also calls spirits and demons.

7.1 Definition of Ritual Abuse

There is no single definition of ritual abuse. Here are two examples from experts:[10]

Short definition by Brigitte Hahn, Diocese of Münster, Germany (2016):

> *According to plan and systematically*
> *sexual, physical and psychological*
> *violent to the point of killing*
> *in the context of an ideology or worldview.*

Definition by Thorsten Becker and Ulla Fröhlig (2008):

"Ritual abuse is a grave form of abuse of adults, adolescents and children. The intention is to traumatize the victims. Ritual abuse includes physical, sexual and psychological forms of violence that are carried out in a planned and purposeful manner within the framework of ceremonies. These ceremonies may have an ideological background or may be staged for the purpose of deception and intimidation. Symbols, activities, or rituals used have the appearance of religiosity, magic, or supernatural meanings. The goal is to confuse, frighten, forcibly intimidate, and indoctrinate victims with religious, spiritual, or ideological-religious beliefs. In most cases, ritual abuse experiences are not singular events but occurrences that are repeated over an extended period of time.

As a victim, I call this brainwashing and manipulation through repeated, targeted violence and torture - sexual, physical, psychological, and spiritual

- with the goal of making victims completely dependent, so they will carry out orders on command to serve the cult.

7.2 Dissociative Identity Disorder DID

To my mind, extreme, repeated violence can actually hardly be survived emotionally. A person who leads a somewhat regular life and then suddenly experiences such massive recurring violence in his life would, in my opinion, in most cases probably be unable to survive it emotionally. I mean violence that is actually repeated and targeted to break a person.

When a person is exposed to extreme stress, he shuts down his emotions. In other words, he shuts himself down from his everyday thinking. Thus, he can function "normally" even in such stressful situations, although his usual reactions or actions would actually make this impossible. This is also the way for many children who suffer abuse. It is a survival mechanism of the brain is inherent in us humans. I myself consider it a gift from God, without which we should not be able to cope with extreme situations.

But we are not only able to block out emotions in such situations. We humans have the ability to dissociate in order to cope with trauma. We sometimes hear reports of people who have had a serious accident, for example, or whose partner was killed before their eyes. These people sometimes cannot remember any of it for a very long time. This is dissociation. I liken this to a very strong repression. At the moment of the overwhelming event, it serves as protection.

Even children, who are still growing, can repress and forget painful events. This is confirmed by reports from adults who, for example, only remember and can talk about sexual abuse that took place in their childhood years later.

However, this mechanism can also be abused. Through repeated and deliberately inflicted violence, dissociation can be deliberately induced. The perpetrators intend thus to create total dependencies. It is then not only events that are strongly repressed, but so-called dissociations are created. The dissociative disorders reveal much about how a normal brain works. A person who has not had to split off knows about his different roles in life. He may be a husband, a teacher, a father, a son, and an uncle. When he is

with his wife, he does not behave in the same way as when he is a teacher standing in front of his students or a son visiting his mother. It is possible for him to take apart the different aspects in his life at will, but then also to put them together again. Since they are only individual aspects of their personalities, people can normally separate them, but can also put them back together again later if necessary.

In dissociation, whole personality splits are formed. I call them other "ego-states". These other "ego-states" often function quite independently of each other. One "ego-state" may not know about another "ego-state". In between these two there is a total - natural or purposefully induced - barrier: amnesia.[11] Why is this so?

For example, an abused adult would normally run away from a tormentor. But it is different with a child, because he or she is dependent on the adult. So a young victim of abuse does not have the possibility of escape in the first place. It cannot run away, at least not outwardly. Therefore, it splits off inwardly. This happens unconsciously. The experiences cause a separation. The brain does not pass on certain information, but goes into the so-called trauma memory.[12] Simplified and roughly explained, it works like this:

In our brain we have different areas. One area is the hippocampus and another is the amygdala. The hippocampus is where everything is sorted and stored as memories. The amygdala is responsible for emotions. And then there is also the trauma memory that I just mentioned, but it is only created in the event of a trauma.

The amygdala, which is responsible for emotions, receives corresponding information. Usually, it then forwards it to the hippocampus, which sorts and stores it. But when something traumatic happens, the amygdala sounds the alarm, and, instead of forwarding the memory to the hippocampus as usual, it sends it directly to the trauma memory. There it is stored unfiltered and unsorted. This results in the separation of the rest of consciousness from the terrible experiences.

The events in the trauma memory are now as if frozen and often - as a protective mechanism - surrounded by an "amnesia membrane". There are EEGs[13] that prove that brains of trauma patients have different structures to those of non-traumatized people.[14] However, the protection does not

always work perfectly. Parts of traumatic memories can suddenly come to the surface, that is, into normal memory. The affected person is then usually completely overwhelmed by such flashbacks and cannot relate to them because he or she lacks the rest of the memory. However, the trauma memories can also only gradually reveal themselves if the trauma memory successively releases these memory fragments for conscious processing: namely, when the person is ready to do so many years later.

Once the brain has learned dissociation, this process becomes easier for it after each time. These different "ego-states" - they are also called subpersonalities - thus share the suffering, since the whole fullness of the horror would completely overwhelm an affected person.

What can happen then? The traumatic experiences, as I said, are not passed on in the brain. There are split-offs. These split-offs, or the newly formed "ego-states", have no conscious memory of the real event. This means that the child who lives everyday life (the "day child") cannot consciously remember the period of the trauma or certain actions during the trauma. But the child has nevertheless been there and acted. The subpersonality created at that time is capable of acting, feeling, reacting, and thinking in a certain learned and experienced context. But it is split off from the other experiences, and the child is not able to put it all together again. An adult who has been split as a child may be given the opportunity to find these split-off parts and then learn - e.g. with the help of a good trauma therapy - to put them together; this is then called integration of this part of the personality. By bringing certain memories to the surface and working on them, the dissociation can slowly dissolve. For those affected, this usually requires a great deal of patience, strength, stamina, and, above all, the support of trusting people.

I watched the door handle and was completely hypnotized by it. A feeling of panic arose in me that completely paralyzed me. Would the door handle go down today or not? That was the question I asked myself every time I went to bed. And then suddenly it went down... I froze. My father came into my room. "No!!!" it cried inside me. "I can't! I can't take this!" But I didn't move an inch, nor did I scream for help. I gave myself an order inside to walk away. And I just walked away inwardly. What happened then did not happen to me. It happened to "the other one". The one who was in bed.

After all, I had to go back to school in the morning. I had to sleep. I couldn't be active at night, and certainly not let myself be raped. So I delegated it, and "the other one" had to take over. The next morning I always got up, had breakfast with my father and then went to school. In bad weather, he sometimes drove me there on his way to work....

What happened? In this one unbearable moment for me, I had simply formed another "I" in my imagination, and this then endured the rape. Finally, I myself was not able to endure it. Surely I couldn't be raped by my father during the night and in the morning take the lovingly prepared breakfast from him? How does that fit together? Not at all! Therefore, I was very glad that "another" was responsible for the night and I could then take over the day. That was quite pleasant for me.

I was also forced to teach smaller children what I had already learned myself. Namely, to be sexually abused. To endure sexual abuse. In these circles, one is told, "DYING MUST BE LEARNED." Dying includes massive sexual violence. The earlier you learn it and survive it, the stronger you are then when you die. For this reason, I was trained to do it to others myself. But since I was a child, and at the same time I was also raped over and over again, that didn't work for me at all either. How, pray tell, can a girl of about eight prepare babies for sexual abuse? How does something like that work? Is it even possible? The sad answer is: Yes, it can! And the perpetrators, among whom are scientists, psychiatrists, psychologists, physicians, and other highly educated people, know exactly that this works. They misuse this knowledge and thus specially create such other "ego-states". They deliberately inflict trauma so that a child dissociates. For this they use the whole science of developmental psychology.

At that moment, when I had to do it - I could not actually do it, but was nevertheless urged to do it under the most massive threats - I had formed an old, ugly, creepy, fat, evil man in my imagination. This was a man who could do it. This was a man who was certainly capable of performing such atrocities. So I left again, and the man took over my job. So I was out of it. I didn't know about anything. As a girl, how could I possibly know what a disgusting evil man was doing? I couldn't. I'm a kid. And he's an adult. This is how the different "ego-states" came about. The perpetrators knew this and had encouraged it. And the perpetrators triggered these other "ego-

states" every time they needed them.[15] I had become absolutely dependent in this way.

Individual psychology teaches that you should approach people with your concerns, knowing that you cannot force anyone... I believed that for a long time. But in this case it is not true. Or is it? They could not force the little girl that I was. And yet they had forced me. By splitting me up!

Now I have reported two quite different "ego-states". One had nothing to do with the other. The girl who had to endure the sexual abuse from her father at that time had had nothing to do with the old, perverted man. The two did not know each other. And the everyday girl who went to school didn't know the ugly man either. So different "ego-states" lived in my body, and each of them then took over life and action when it was his or her turn and the perpetrators wanted it that way. For this reason, later, when I was grown up and trained, the following could happen:

Frozen, I sat on the toilet lid and stared at the knife that my coach and husband had put in my hands. Far away, as if wrapped in absorbent cotton, I heard him: berating me and telling me how stupid I was. He said that I was no longer good for anything and that the only thing I was still capable of doing was hurting myself with this knife. He ordered me to show it to him. I didn't want to, so he continued to insult me. Until I did. Until I obeyed him. I stabbed my arm with the knife, inflicting deep wounds. In the process, I felt no physical pain. Everything inside me was just empty. No sensation, no feeling, no thought, nothing. When he saw the blood start to spurt, he took the knife away from me again and said very dryly, "See? I knew that you were only capable of such things!"

After that I went to the physician. Alone in my car. The wound needed stitches. I knew that. I felt like a robot. I just did what had to be done without thinking.

Different parts of me had taken over this task. One part took over the pain. I as an external person did not feel any pain. But as an outsider I was also a nurse, and she decided to go to the physician. Another part - a childish part that was trained not to think for itself - had obeyed my husband.

My marriage to this man had also been arranged by the cult at that time. I strongly suspect that he himself had also been a victim first. His father was

a cult member. As an adult woman, I was repeatedly abducted by both of them to Urdorf in the canton of Zurich to a room in the Catholic church to be tortured with electric shocks and other torture methods.

7.3 Dissociation in Hollywood Films

In movies, the topic of dissociation is often misused or at least completely misrepresented. People are shown who behave in a friendly and inconspicuous manner during the day and suddenly behave like unfeeling monsters at night. This is not the case with a person with Dissociative Identity Disorder, as different parts act here. However, I certainly believe that a person is capable of consciously behaving differently. Sometimes lovingly, sometimes as a monster. In dissociation, on the other hand, the different parts serve the victim primarily for survival. That is how it was with me. One part, which virtually bore the pain for me so that I could go on living, was not dangerous. Another part, which was trained by the perpetrators to do bad things, was dangerous. But it was not dangerous in an uncontrolled way. The perpetrators had to bring this about by applying an appropriate trigger. It was as if I had a full house behind me with different rooms where all kinds of other "I's" were locked up. The perpetrators had the keys or the codes to get these other "I's" out, not I. I myself didn't know anything about it for decades. Therefore, people with DID are not dangerous. It is the abusers, the traffickers, the abusers that are dangerous. People who have the keys and abuse people to form parts of them into robots.

7.4 The Goal of the Perpetrators

I grew up among Illuminati. [16] People of the sect "Adorateurs du Soleil" and some members of my family belonged to it. Illuminati are spiritually oriented and pursue the goal of "illumination", in other words "enlightenment". In these circles, hierarchy plays a very important role. There are different levels that can be reached. The goal of the perpetrators was to take me as far as possible in this system.

I have been asked why these people do such things. Good question. When the perpetrators expose their own offspring to these cruel methods from an

early age, there is always the same motive behind it: namely, to create total dependencies so that the victims can be used at any time for their goals and purposes.

Behind the Illuminati are Mafia-like structures. I have also already read that certain groups actually join forces with the Mafia; likewise, cooperation with neo-Nazi groups is known. Just like the Mafia, they have loyal people who are active in politics, the police, the judiciary, industry, academia, and so on. Thus, they form a powerful underground organization. They need slaves for pornography, paedo-crime, human trafficking, arms smuggling, drug smuggling and sales, people who secretly carry codes (military codes) or smuggle illegal funds into organizations. Paramilitary groups are trained and educated from infancy. And contract killers and assassins are trained.

The perpetrators themselves (and I am talking about the perpetrators who consciously chose to do this - who have a perpetrator's heart!) usually don't get their hands dirty. It is the abused and trained children - who would suspect a seven-year-old girl of smuggling weapons? And later it is the adults abused and dissociated in childhood.

With this massive abuse, one becomes a kind of robot inside, with feelings split off, emotions switched off, simply functioning on command. Feelings are not allowed. One has no needs, one does not know them. These "empty" children and people are then trained and used as desired. Of course, a large amount of money goes to pay the clients and executors. But not the slaves. I have never seen or received anything from this large amount of money.

With the children who are sexually abused and tortured there, child pornography films are created, among other things. These films are offered among the interested parties for a lot of money. "Snuff videos" are also known. These are videos that are ordered on special request by special, anonymous customers. In the "snuff videos" one can see children or adults being abused, tortured and brought to the end on film. "Brought to the end" means they are killed on camera. I was a witness to this.

A neighbor a little further away had a lion as a pet. In the past, that was probably allowed. We children were then allowed to watch the feeding of the predator from time to time. However, I would also be brought there to

witness a child being locked in the lion's cage and attacked by the animal. The child was often killed. The whole thing was filmed.

There is child trafficking going on. They need their "goods" from somewhere. The children they abuse are not considered human beings. They are just a commodity. I met other children from different countries when I was a child. At that time, of course, I had no idea where all these children came from.

Another source are children from their own ranks who are not registered. It works like this: They split off other "ego-states" and thus create personality parts, which in turn give birth to children for the cult. In therapist circles these victims are known as "*breeders*". This also happened to me. I gave birth to children of whom I know neither the present whereabouts nor what happened to them, because they were taken away from me immediately after birth.

As a victim of ritual abuse, one is a slave. Every slave has a trader. The trader is usually a caregiver. At least that was the case with me, and I have heard similar accounts from other victims. This trader makes sure that the inner "ego-states" are trained and that the barrier of amnesia remains. The trader is a kind of "educator" who always stays by the side of the sufferer and plays out a normal, beautiful world for them in everyday life. However, they know exactly which other "ego-states" each victim has inside and how these can be accessed with the help of triggers.

In this way, those affected are turned into robots. One might even appropriately say, they are programmed much like computers, using various programs that can be retrieved with codes. The victim himself is totally unaware. The victim live his normal life, the outside life. In this book, I no longer call it a normal life, but an outside life, because it was not a normal life. It was a "fake" life. To prevent me from realizing the truth, it was covered with a kind of shell that looked like a normal life.

Programming a child, a human being, starts with training it to do everything on its own, without help. It must learn to be strong. If it is weak, it is punished. For example, the child is put in an empty room with no light, no food and no water. If it cries and asks for help, it is punished. Only when it is quiet and obedient, asking for nothing more, is it taken out and given

food and drink. The trainers say: "WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER". According to this motto, the children are educated and slowly programmed step by step. Another very important step is that children must learn not to have needs. A child must not be hungry, must not be thirsty, must not be cold, must not be hot. It must not be sad, it must not be angry, it must not be afraid. It must not be tired either. The children are locked up and massively punished when they have a need and even more when they express it. They are rewarded only when they successfully stop expressing sensations. This torture is repeated over and over again until the child is completely apathetic. A child will do anything to avoid suffering. And as a child one knows very soon that there is only this one way to survive: obey! The only other way out is death.

For this system to work, many helpers are needed. Helpers with rituals, teachers, trainers, punishing agents, childcare workers, educators, scientists (especially for monitoring human behavior), couriers, informers, etc. They train their people and need, among other things, the method of mind control for this known as MK-Ultra.

7.5 Mind Control: MK-Ultra

"*MKULTRA (also MK ULTRA, pronounced M-K-Ultra) was an extensive CIA secret research program on mind control capabilities. It ran from 1953 to the 1970s, in the Cold War. The goal of the project was to develop a perfect truth serum for use in interrogating Soviet spies, as well as to explore the possibilities of mind control parts. The work also overlapped with research on biological weapons by other U.S. programs.*

The program included, among other things, thousands of human experiments in which unsuspecting test subjects, often randomly selected from among hospital patients and prison inmates, were subjected to highly potent hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD and mescaline without their knowledge. Numerous subjects suffered the most severe physical and psychological damage during the experiments, some even dying."[17]

Not mentioned here is the fact that, in addition to drugs, the aforementioned technique of personality splitting was also used. Several MK-Ultra survivors reported this before the "Advisory Committee on Human

Radiation Experiments" appointed by President Clinton (1995), but without these allegations being clarified. The "K" in MK-Ultra is supposed to stand for "Kontrolle" in German (possibly also MK for "human control") to honor the human experiments conducted under National Socialism. The fact that numerous MK-Ultra survivors claim that the "Angel of Death of Auschwitz" Josef Mengele had a leading role in the project under the pseudonym Dr. Green and also tortured and abused them himself fits in with this.

MK-Ultra programming was allegedly discontinued in the 70s. In my experience, however, this is not true. It is being continued and further developed in the underground - allegedly under the name of "Project Monarch". I was a victim of this.

8. Exam Passed!

During my childhood, I underwent various exams. The children are carefully selected and must pass exams for this. As a rule, only the strongest survive. These exams are held in so-called children's camps or under the guidance of a trainer.

When I was about six years old, I was taken to a summer camp in Belgium. It was held at Amerois Castle. I remember there were about ten to fifteen children there. We gathered in a large, empty room. The room seemed very gloomy to me; there was a lot of dark wood. I noticed large windows. But one couldn't see outside.

We children had to strip naked there. We were all given a pair of flat, brown-beige shoes and had to put them on. Then we went into the forest. There was a hunting game. There were many deer, dogs and hunters. The role of us kids was to play the deer. We were chased naked through the forest. I remember being terrified. So I ran for my life like a deer.

In French, a deer is called: *une biche*. I grew up speaking French, so I ran like a biche. A "biche" can also run much faster than a six-year-old girl. There, too, I formed a "biche" inside and ran for my life.

After I survived this hunt, I received a new pet name from my dealer, that is, from my father: "ma biche", my deer. This was at the same time a trigger

for many years after I had passed this exam. "Ma biche" (my doe) was intimate, affectionate and meant mysterious togetherness, in a perverse sense, of course. But that's what it is. Thus, a perverted love connection was created. In the past, the word *biche* was also used as a verb. So *bicher quelqu'un* meant kissing someone in a familiar way. *Ça biche* meant: it goes well between two people; *Ça ne biche pas* meant: it does not go well. This old jargon was used between my father and me. It was our perverted intimate language. And so, after passing my exams, as a fresh "biche" I had to "bicher" with my father every now and then. And if it did not "bicher" at times the way he wanted it to, I was punished and the "biche program" was run again until he thought I was good enough in it!

So I ran like a "biche" through this forest. I was not alone. The other children were also there somewhere. I heard gunshots and children screaming in the forest. I was terrified when suddenly I saw a blond boy who was about my age. He had flaxen hair. The little boy, who called himself Marc, showed me a big pile of leaves and told me to hide in there. So I did. In this forest there were often holes or small pits. They were full of leaves. I dived into a pile of leaves. That was my salvation.

I don't know how long I lay in there. It was broad daylight, and I crawled out of my hiding place only later, sometime when it was dark. My right thigh hurt badly and blood was running down my thigh. I had been shot. I was in pain, cold, and panicked. Eventually I managed to get back to the castle. I stood in the courtyard for a while, and after a while they saw me and let me in. I remember seeing the then- princess - I'll call her Marie-Hélène Delacroix here - (over the years I met her again and again). When I was in the castle, I saw Marc again. I encountered none of the other children any more. I didn't know where they were. In that big hall where we had first met, all I saw was a pile of brown and beige shoes. That was all...

My survival was celebrated, as was Marc's. The celebration consisted of sex. Sex with adults. Sex with animals, and then finally sex between me and Marc. A rod was stuck into his penis, and he was ordered to penetrate me. In this way we were bound to one another.

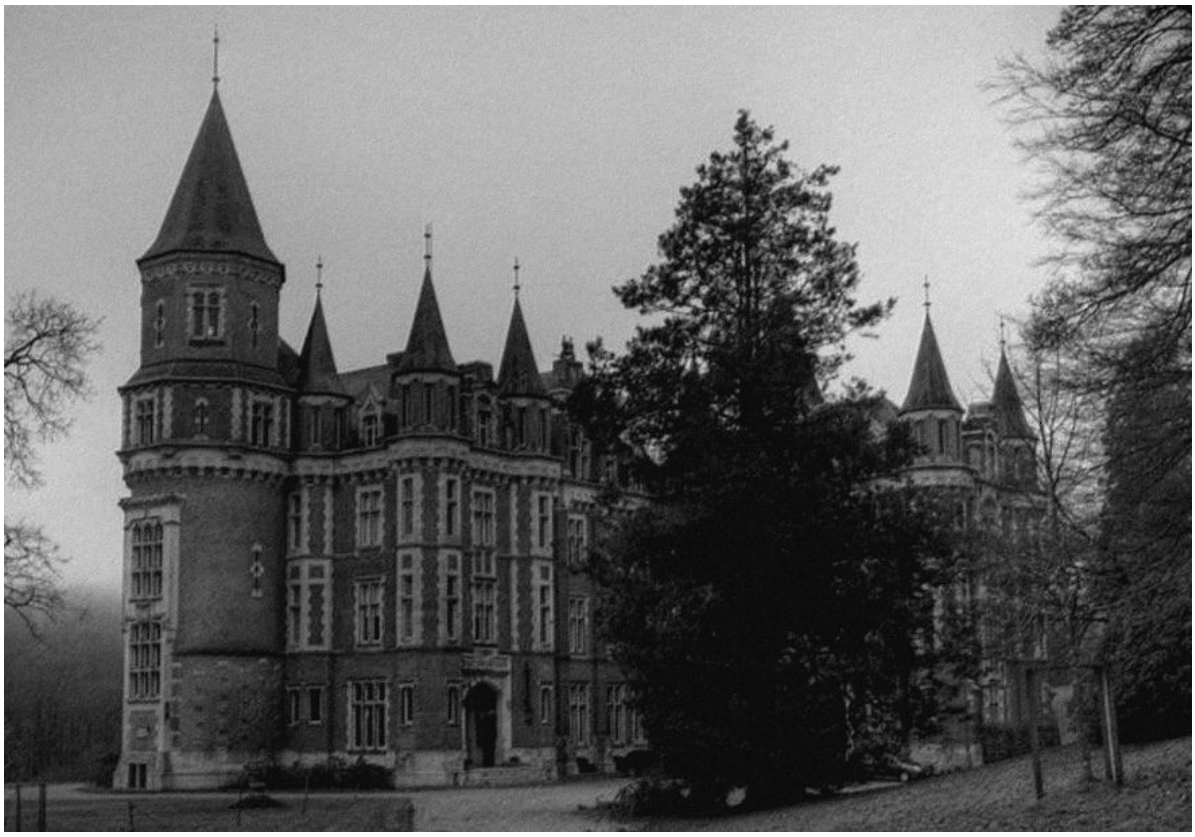
We were both injured. I had this bullet wound. He was also in pain, but I don't remember any exact details. There were a few people around us

watching. In my memory there were three people. The princess, Marie-Hélène, and also a man and another woman. The test was over!

I was to see the man again and again over the next few years. It was René, the cult leader, who would later become my dealer and instructor, into whose quarters we moved about a year after the child hunt.

In this state of pain and complete confusion, I was asked if I would do everything they expected of me in the future. In return, they would give me life. I would not die. So I vowed to do whatever they asked of me in the future. The main thing was that the pain would subside. The main thing was that I could go on living.

As a reward, they decided to give me and the boy an education. We were chosen to become mother and father. They had a plan for us that I should not discover until many years later. My training to become the "Mother of Darkness" had been initiated.[18] The "Mother of Darkness" is the third level in the Illuminati on the female side. There are six levels in total.



Château des Amerois

9. Training for the "Mother of Darkness

Very soon I was allowed to "enjoy" the training to become the "Mother of Darkness". Sorry... Sometimes it is easier for me to write these unbelievably horrible things sarcastically. I was about to write "inhuman" things. But "inhuman" is not true at all!!! After all, it is humans who do these evil things. So... should I now say human instead of inhuman?

However... in any case, this training was imposed on me to serve their purposes. For that, I had to be trained very well.

The perpetrators know exactly what they are doing. They look at each child very closely and assess its strengths and weaknesses. They record every move, know every desire, every qualification, every resource, every dream, every nightmare. They know how a child functions and then they re-shape it with its God-given abilities and possibilities to serve their purposes.

The desire to become a mother someday was in me from a very early age. At the age of about six, when I was in first grade, I told my friend on a school trip that I really wanted to be a mother someday. Afterwards, I showed her in a make-believe game what I would be like later as a mommy. Of course, the perpetrators knew about this wish. They fulfilled it for me in many ways. I was trained to be a mother, to be the "Mother of Darkness".

9.1 Looking after Children

I loved being with children. I loved to take care of children, and it was my desire to create a place of security and love for the little ones. I pursued this desire in my outside life. I was a childminder, offered lunch for school children from time to time. In my professional life, I worked for a while as a counselor in an emergency facility for young people. A great inner wish was to found another emergency facility for adolescents, and so I started to study to become a certified psychological coach with a focus on education. Among other things, I attended further training courses on counseling adolescents and thus planned my future.

But there was still the other, the repressed dark side. I remember how I was assigned to the chapel basement as a children's group supervisor at a very early age. I had to make sure that the children were quiet. Not a word was

allowed to be spoken, hardly any voluntary movement was permitted. The children had to obey if I only looked at them with my eyes. That also worked. I made sure that there was peace and order. I also had to choose which of the children would be next for torture or rape. This was part of my training.

9.2 Child Abuse

My desire to spend a lot of time with children was fulfilled by the perpetrators. Outside life had been rather difficult. We were outsiders as a family. We were German-Swiss in French-speaking Switzerland, which was not a walk in the park at the time. We were often called the "sales boches", which means "dirty Germans", and were also occasionally asked to go back to "our Nazi country".

But the perpetrators made sure that my wish came true anyway. I was together with children, also to "prepare" or instruct them for sexual abuse. I had to make them into model sex slaves, just like myself. Training to be a sex slave starts very early. Little babies are prepared for it by having fingers stuck into their vaginas, whereby the vagina is gradually stretched over time, so that a penis can penetrate as soon as possible without leaving any traces. Or they are given a penis to suck on instead of the mother's breast. Small baby penises are "trained" to become erect penises.

To accomplish this task, I was mainly taken abroad. Most of the children I had to abuse for this purpose had been placed in Amerois Castle in Belgium, in basement rooms of the Dagger Complex (NSA) in Darmstadt (Germany) and in the White House in Washington. One of the experts who supported this book project pointed out to me the following: There is a torch in the symbol of the Dagger Complex; the torch (flame of enlightenment) is considered an Illuminati symbol. This torch crosses with a lightning bolt on the Dagger Complex emblem. And cult survivor Kerth Barker cites the lightning bolt - as well as the torch - as an Illuminati mind control trigger and amplifier.[19] Survivor Arizona Wilder also claims that Satanic rituals are also performed on U.S. military bases. Whether therefore the name component "Dagger" refers to the ritual dagger used in such sacrifices, I cannot say...

9.3 Child Sacrifice

From a young age, I wanted to please God. In the Bible, it is written of King David that he was a man after God's own heart. I wanted to become a woman after God's heart. I wanted the same approval from God that David had received. At least that was how I understood it at that time.

To please God (their god, Satan), the perpetrators took me one step further in my education. In the perpetrator circles in which I grew up, special emphasis was placed on demonizing everything Christian. Thus, certain Satanists "sacrifice" humans to their god, Satan, just as the Israelites sacrificed animals in the Old Testament. They take the Lord's Supper with blood as innocent as possible - because it is often taken from children - and consume the children's bodies. In this way, they mock the communion of Christians, who take it with wine and bread to commemorate the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Benjamin:

It happened at the cemetery in Rances VD, Switzerland. I must have been about seven years old at that time. I was probably picked up at night. Anyway, I remember it was dark when I was standing in the small cemetery at the upper right corner where children are buried. A knife was put in my hand. My father and my dealer, René, the cult leader of "Les Adorateurs du Soleil", were standing there. I caught sight of a little boy about four years old with blond hair. A woman was standing next to me. I could see only half of her face. She was wearing what I remember to be a purple scarf that she was somehow hiding in. Her hair was tousled, as if she had just gotten out of bed and hadn't combed through it yet. She wore light blue jeans that didn't quite reach her ankles. She didn't look at me, didn't make a sound, and I didn't notice any facial expression on her face.

The boy was facing me. I noticed his glassy eyes looking straight at me. I looked at my father and I looked at the cult leader. The look on my father's face told me exactly what I had to do. I knew I had to do it; otherwise, they would kill my mother or my siblings. I also had the impression that the boy knew just as well what was coming next. I remember how it happened very quickly. I had to cut the boy's throat. After that, other people joined in. In my memory, they were all wearing dark clothes. Some wore robes. The

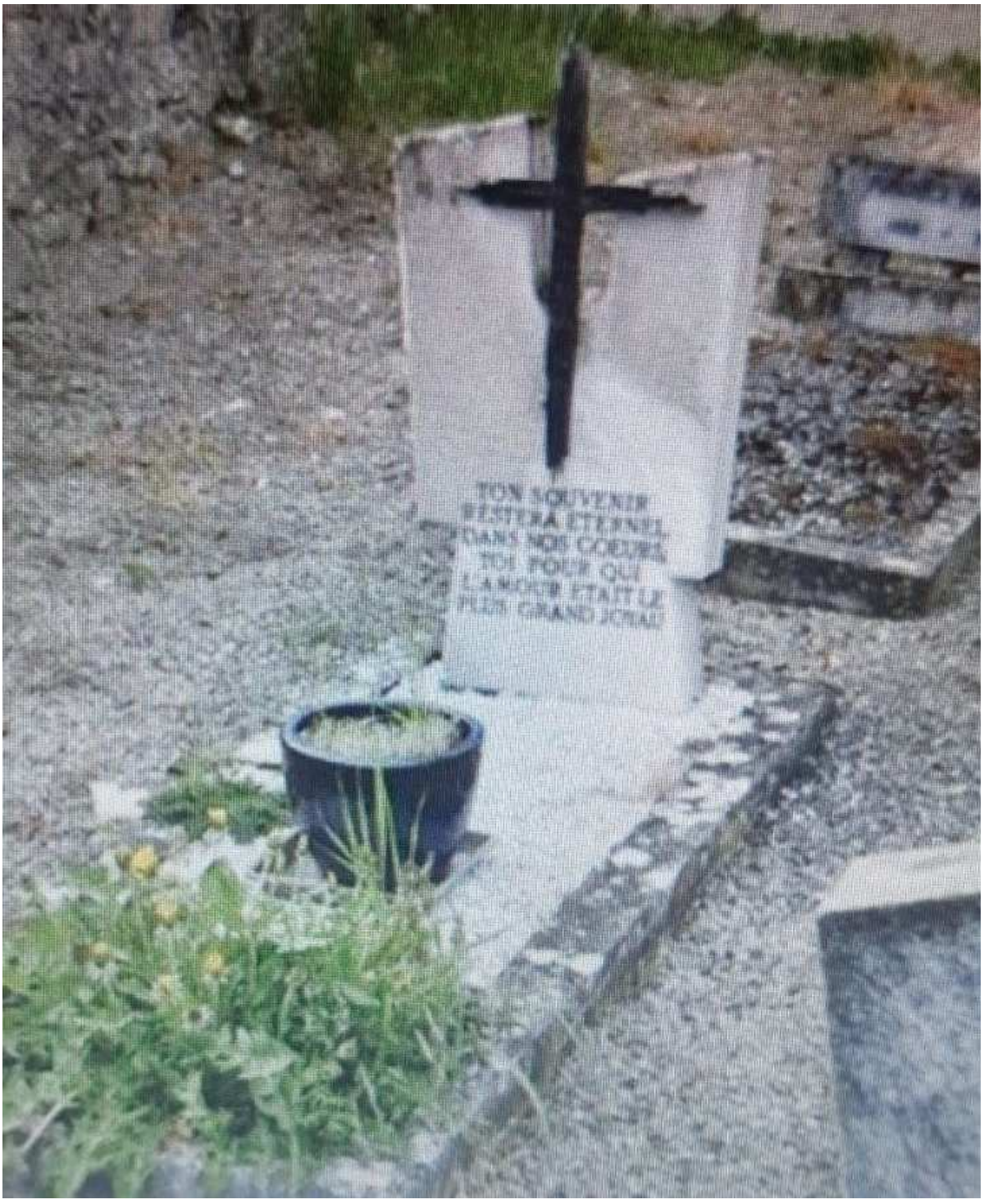
blood of the young boy was collected in a bowl. Everyone had drunk from it. I had to do the same. After that, I was ordered to undress and to spread this blood on me. And then another ritual was performed on me with a dead person. On the left side of the cemetery near the small wall. I was forced to perform various sexual acts on this dead person. This was my ritual of silence.

I knew that if I refused, I too should end up in such a coffin. And keep silent forever. That's what the perpetrators did sometimes. Put children in coffins and bury them. I have also experienced this. After a certain time - I have no idea how long it took in each case - one is taken out again. Or not... I have seen them bury children alive. I have no idea what happened to them. I can only imagine.

On this grave, where all this happened, a tombstone was erected. There is no name on it. However, there is a saying engraved on it that says how important love was to the person.... On the grave there is only the name of my direct neighbor who owned the gravestone company. At that time, however, he was not my immediate neighbor. Only about a year after this ritual he moved in with his company next to us.



Children are buried in this corner of the cemetery.
This is where Benjamin was sacrificed.



Gravestone without a name. Here the ritual of silence was performed with sexual acts on the dead. The inscription on the tomb reads: "Your memory will remain eternally in our hearts - for you love was the greatest jewel".

9.4 Children's Communions

I do not remember how many child sacrifices I had to take part in until I finished my "training". However, I still remember one very clearly. It took place in Six-Fontaines VD in Switzerland. There is a hill with a few trees.

I was taken there at dusk. I was wearing light yellow pyjamas with pink or red dots or maybe little flowers at the time. It doesn't matter. Anyway, it was bright yellow. On a large flat stone lay a tanned girl with long black hair, a girl I knew. Her name was Jasmin. Both of us were the same age: about eight years old.

However, we children usually knew nothing about each other. No names either. Or then they were false names. I, for example, was often called Lys.

So Jasmin lay naked on the stone and around her stood various people dressed in black, dark red and blue robes. The man standing at the top by her head was stabbing her throat.

Often the blood of sacrificed children was collected in bowls. Afterwards they drank the blood and we children who were present had to do the same. Sometimes meat was served to us afterwards. The flesh of dead children, which was then consumed and shared as a "body". In this way I had to celebrate with Satanists their "communion". The body and blood had to be as innocent as possible. A Satanic supper for the glory of Satan, their god.

Next to this sacrifice site in the forest is a collection point where trash from the forest is burned. I have memories of how big fires were made early in the morning. It might have been at this place. However, I am not quite sure. Next to such a fire I was put in a cage and had to watch men throwing body parts of children into the big fire. Arms, legs, etc... I can't say anymore if Jasmin was burned there right after the sacrifice or if her body was disposed of in another way. But I remember very well seeing my father throwing children's body parts into the fire, laughing and dancing, while I watched. I cannot say for certain whether they were real body parts or not, either, because perpetrators also like to stage cruelties, simply to traumatize children.

Perpetrators dispose of bodies in a variety of ways. I am aware that some are cremated, others are disposed of in acid barrels and then dissolve. Then

there is also the method of burying a murdered person under an official corpse. Body parts are sometimes fed to wild animals or simply burned with another corpse in the crematorium. The perpetrators are well organized and well networked to cover up their criminal activities.



Jasmin was sacrificed at this place. This is a recent photo and not from when it happened.

9.5 Childcare

Like every young person, I also thought about what I wanted to be when I grew up. I thought about various professions, but at some point I had the desire to become a physician.

Once again, the perpetrators complied with this wish. When I was about 14 years old, I was no longer taken to the cellar of the chapel to experience torture myself. No, I was taken there to care for children who had experienced torture. Sometimes I was even picked up by a police car with blue lights and taken to crime scenes. I know that, after torture, some children are simply killed or left to die. Others are "nursed for a specific purpose", meaning they are cared for to the point where little or nothing of the torture can be seen, so they can hold themselves up straight again to meet the standards for the next abuse. I was hired to provide this type of care. I was not allowed to care for all children. Only the "chosen ones". I did not have much material and had to make do with what was available to me. I remember very clearly how I swore to myself in that cellar at the sight of those children that one day I would come back as a doctor and free them all! I also remember the anger I felt deep inside. But anger had no place. Anger, sadness, fear and pain were not allowed to be shown. If it did happen, one was immediately and severely punished. So we learned not to show emotions. In this way, we could avoid further pain.

Not only did I have to take care of other children, but of myself as well. I was soon very good at that, and so I helped to cover up what I had done to myself and to other children.

However, I did not become a physician in life in the outside world. They had a different plan. However, I still followed my desire to be trained in the medical field in my daily life to some extent.

9.6 Child Trafficking

Children learn from their parents. They copy them. My family was involved in child trafficking. So automatically I was, too. I learned the cover-up maneuvers in child trafficking through watching my family, but I was also taught it through playing- playing with dolls. Like many little girls, I loved

to play with dolls. I would take the dolls from one place to another, hide them behind the bed or somewhere, and then pretend to be another very surprised mom who found a doll behind the bed. From the outside, this doll-play probably looked quite harmless.

Later, the perpetrators trained me to transport children from one place to another. As soon as I could drive a car, they always made me buy a station wagon. With certain triggers, they were able to force me to quickly pull into a parking lot when I was driving somewhere. There, a child was loaded into the trunk, which I then took to another location. So I had to continue the "family business", which had been run by my grandfather and father, with a dissociated "ego-state", which the perpetrators knew.

Suddenly, when I was long grown up and perfectly conditioned, I saw a ball roll into the garage. I was at a couple's friend's house where I had deposited a few things of mine and was going through my cardboard boxes. I was alone in the house. The driveway inclined quite steeply. And there was suddenly this ball. I picked it up, walked up to the street with the thought of returning it to the owner. That's when I caught sight of this dark car, this black station wagon with the dark tinted windows. The window went down. In the car sat a man with black sunglasses. He made a hissing sound. Immediately I knew I had to follow him. I got into the vehicle. In the back seat was a little boy. I did not know him. We didn't have a conversation. The man, whom I had by now recognized as one of my former dealers, drove the car and did not say a word to me. We came to a village where I had once lived, to this very one house where I had an apartment. The man stopped in front of the underground garage where I parked my car at that time. So I knew how to get in there. And I also still knew cars from former neighbors; I still knew certain people who lived there. So I took the boy by the hand, went to the front gate, then to a car of a person I knew, and told the boy to get into the unlocked trunk of that vehicle. After that, the dealer drove me back to the friendly couple and I continued sorting my things....

When I was back in the garage standing next to my cardboard boxes, I no longer knew anything about all that had happened before. I had lost a little time, but I did not notice. I just thought I was unfocused, and my work was not progressing as quickly as I should have liked. My physical absence was not noticed by anyone either, because the couple wasn't home, and none of

the neighbors knew me anyway. Moreover, I was not gone for too long. The perpetrator knew about my dissociation and about the one specific trigger. He had used me to bring this child there. I do not know where it came from or where it went. I just had to do that part of the job. That is how child trafficking can work. They use people to smuggle, to kill, to abuse. These people are just tools for them, and subsequently, they have no idea what they did. If they were questioned, they would know nothing. If I had been questioned earlier, I should have claimed that I had never, ever participated in such activities, not to lie, but because I only perceived my life on the outside world. And in my outside life I did not do these things. I could have argued very convincingly that I was never involved in such things. They could have hooked me up to a lie detector, and nothing would have come out, because they would have only questioned me in my life in the outside world, not these "ego-states" that I had no idea about, but were there nonetheless. These split-offs were locked up and only on call for the perpetrators. But they were there nonetheless. That is why my hands and my feet had to do such cruel deeds.

Why do I remember it today?

Suddenly I had a flashback: I saw myself driving past the house where I used to live in a car. I remembered wondering which of the former neighbors still lived there. I remembered looking around the house for signs (some garden furniture, a curtain, a plant) that were familiar. This was to find out which former neighbors still lived there and in which apartments new tenants had moved in. This sudden memory shook me. Because since I had moved away from there (and I had moved very far away!), I had never been back to that village. I had had no reason to return. So from where did this memory come? I searched my memory! I realized that I must have had a big gap in my memory there. Since a flashback is a memory that comes from the trauma memory into the normal memory, at that moment it is like a Polaroid photo that was just taken, very sharp and with all the details. I looked around internally - that is, in this "photo" - and perceived the young boy on my left. And then the driver... and so it went on until I had reconstructed everything again and had it in conscious memory.

9.7 Having One’s Own Children

Even at a very young age, I already knew that I wanted to be a mother one day. I remember how sometimes a feeling of joy came over me and I already told my future children how much I loved them. I prayed for my children, even though they were not even there yet, even though I was nowhere near the age to have a steady partner or even get married, let alone have children. What I did not know at the time, however, because I had just split it off: I had already been a mother for a long time....

I got my first period when I was just under twelve years old. I was physically developed very early as a child and had already reached the size I have today as an adult woman. A woman who was destined to become a mother should also be a mother. This is what the perpetrators had decided about my life. I was to become "Mother of Darkness" and have a family of my own in the process. And I did become a mother. I had my first child, a son, when I was thirteen years old.

My role in human trafficking served to protect such crimes. Having children within the Satanic cult also serves to cover up the cruel crimes against girls and boys. I was a girl who gave birth to children as a "Mother of Darkness" for the cult. I have also seen other girls who were pregnant. Many of these children do not officially exist. They are not registered. They are used for the cult. Either they are abused or sacrificed. Or they are used for study purposes. It is known how such studies and experiments used to be conducted on Jews by Dr. Josef Mengele. This is still being done today. Children are used for studies to see how much a person can endure. Satanists who murder children prefer to drink the blood of an infant who has been tortured. They say that the blood of tortured babies contains a high level of adrenaline. If this adrenaline is taken, it serves to strengthen, to preserve youthfulness, and it promises a long, healthy life. I have also witnessed the removal of organs from living babies. I also know that there is an illegal organ trade behind it, which is carried out by very highly respected people, including celebrities. But now back to my first son:

It was taken from me when I was about six months pregnant. This is common in these circles. It's a stage where you don't see the pregnancy so clearly yet. And the baby can survive. I had to give birth to him in the

chapel. I don't even remember why I went into labor, but I assume that I was under the influence of medication.

Medications and drugs are very often used to make victims compliant for whatever is planned for them.

I still remember giving him the name Louis. After that, I never saw him again. At least not consciously.

And so it continued throughout my life. When the perpetrators had determined my career in the cult, I was brought together with Marc. Over the years, we were brought together from time to time. I remember how later I also had to meet him at highway rest stops. Each time, our task was to have sex with each other in rituals. That was also part of the training program. It was started at that time after the child hunt and supervised by the cult people so that this cult relationship could continue.

In the course of my life, I became pregnant several times. My body was also abused for this purpose. The cult people took care of my weight regulation so that the pregnancy would remain hidden. Either I had to eat or I had to starve. This led to me developing an eating disorder. My relationship with food was totally disturbed. If pregnancy was imminent, I had to eat. If not, I was not allowed to eat, and there were times when I was put in basements to starve. I had to learn both during my cult life. To eat and to starve. There was no enjoyment. My body was formed in such a way that pregnancy was hardly noticeable from the outside. After the sixth month of pregnancy, they took the child away from me. In the case of the last child, which I probably had to conceive with Marc, I was over forty years old.

I came across a contact platform on the internet and talked there online with a few people. In this way I came into contact with a man. His favorite animal was the black panther with green eyes. I had to laugh inside and thought that this black panther must be following me.

Shortly before, I had dreamed of a black panther. This dream was so impressive that I had told it to some friends.

My correspondence with this man very soon took on a much greater depth, and we soon realized that we both had an inkling of Satanism and the

occult. This topic connected us immediately. As convinced Christians, we wanted to fight against this and enlighten people. We got to know each other, and a friendship developed. We got along very well for a while. At least, this was what I perceived, and I honestly believed it to be true. Both of us were cautious with this friendship because we didn't know whether there might be a Satanist plan behind it. Sometimes I was very skeptical about him and wondered who he really was. And I know that he also wondered the same about me. Well, sometime later I was shocked to find out that this question was very much justified. Because this man had actually been "fed" to me by the perpetrators. One might also say the other way around: I was "fed" to him. But we did not know that at that time! He was Marc, whom I had met as a child during the child hunt and with whom I was brought together afterwards by the cult.

But that was not enough! When we met in the outside world, I was not yet aware that I still had "ego-states" inside me that could continue to be used by perpetrators. I did know some things about Dissociative Identity Disorder as a result of severe trauma. But I thought I was lucky to have been spared from it, because I perceived myself as a stable and strong personality.

That was true, as far as the personality part of the life in the outside world is concerned. But it is precisely this that poses a very great danger. The stronger the personality of the life in the outside world, the stronger the danger of dissociation. In addition, in my case I like to be autonomous at the core. The perpetrators have noticed this and have promoted and strengthened the autonomy of the personality parts. In Marc's case, I had a personality part that was "married" to him at the time and trained to act as a "Mother of Darkness" with him, of course, all in a dissociated state.

For my part, I prayed that God would point out to me if there was still something there that I did not know about. He did this by unexpectedly sending professionals my way who could make me aware of the problem with the dissociative, but still partly trained parts. Then came a shock! I had been dissociative, I knew that. But the very worst thing was to realize that the perpetrators could still access me. And I thought everything was going pretty well!

Gradually, one by one, more barriers of dissociation dissolved, and I attained more and more access to my memories. Then I was shocked to discover that I had been pregnant again (as I said, at the age of over forty) and had given birth to a girl shortly before! This memory turned my whole life in the outer world upside down again.

My child was taken away from me by the cult! I had given birth to this girl when I was about six months pregnant. I remember how, shortly before, perpetrators again had access to me, and I had to come together with this Marc. I had realized with horror that we had known each other for years, he was my husband in the cult, or one of my husbands, because polygamy is practised in it. He was one of the men with whom I had to conceive children for the cult. The black panther with the green eyes was a trigger that was set for me in the cult. That was why I had responded to Marc's ad on the internet. I actually believed I did not know him. I only noticed that we got along well. We had also argued with each other and reconciled, as if we had been married for thirty years... which was true in a sense, though in a way that neither of us had ever thought of or wanted.

Pregnancies for the cult have come to an end. The truth has set me free. A hard, very hard truth. It almost knocked me out. But I wanted to know. I had expressed my desire that God show me everything that was important and necessary. I never, ever in a million years thought that there were so many cruel things in my life! Where are these children today? Where is my son Louis? Where is my little girl whom I gave birth to last? I do not know even now. I still feel the pain, but I trust that this too will come to light.

9.8 Ritual Celebration of the Illuminati

The celebration and thus the completion of the training for the "Mother of Darkness" was drawing near. This Satanic celebration took place in April, 1987. Satanic celebrations take place in April and are prepared for several days. On April 30, according to the Satanic holiday calendar, Satan's birthday is celebrated. Walpurgis Night is also celebrated on this night.

What I am about to report is terrible. But it is a matter of concern to me to write it, so that one knows what can happen in such extreme Satanic circles. It is certainly not like this everywhere. But in the circles in which I was

caught up such hardly imaginable things really happened! Very many people find it hard to believe such things. It was the same for me when this memory came up. I almost couldn't believe it at first. And I didn't want to believe it! But I got over myself, and, accompanied by another victim and witness to this Satanic celebration, I went to the place where it happened. Then, when I saw that certain details on the spot were exactly as I remembered, I knew for sure that it was true.

I was sixteen years old. I had chosen to follow Jesus at that age with our pastor, and we celebrated my confirmation. And then came April 1987. I remember being at the small airfield near our home one afternoon. The young people sometimes met there, where there was also a small pub.

I remember how I suddenly fainted. Today I think it must have been because of a medicine or a drug. When I came to, I was wearing a tight, red dress of lace.

I was in a huge hall. For me it seemed as if everything was in red, candles, windows, tablecloths, red light, red floor.... Everything was red. A woman with long black hair was escorted in by two people in black robes. She was in the advanced stages of pregnancy. She and I were wearing the same lace dress. The two attendants laid her on the pale, white light altar that was in the center. Her eyes were wide open.

A strange restlessness arose in the hall. I remember feeling great tension in the audience. I noticed people around me talking to each other. I heard music and singing. It was a festive atmosphere. I was sitting at the bottom of a staircase in the midst of other people when a man standing on a kind of stage asked me to come to him. I was handed a large curved knife.

I knew the man. It was a very famous Austrian singer and entertainer, whom I will call Paul Heinrich here. I don't remember how it happened, but I knew then that it was a wedding celebration. My wedding with Satan. I didn't see Satan in person, but Paul Heinrich played my husband for this ceremony. He moderated and accompanied the ceremony.

I lost my composure! I screamed, was angry, completely overwhelmed, felt panic, a huge chaos and confusion of feelings, emotions that could not be sorted out or put into words. But I had to obey! There was no alternative for me. I had to stab into the woman's belly. I was forced to kill her. Paul

Heinrich stood next to me and gave me the instructions how to do it. He guided my hand. The woman screamed. Nobody else moved. Everything was red. Full of blood. The altar, the dress, the woman, I, the floor. Everything. I had to cut the baby out of the mother's living body. It was alive. Someone lifted it out of the womb. Then I was ordered to cut the baby. With the same knife. Someone held the child by the feet with the head down. I was supposed to cut the baby in two with the knife. I couldn't. Then they also put it on the altar, and I had to finish my work.

After that I was allowed to rest a little. Paul Heinrich took me in his arms and congratulated me. He accompanied me to a table that was a little lower and we sat down. I don't remember if there were chairs or if we were on our knees. The table was decorated with red roses and red candles. I remember music. Classical music. Then women or men came and served us our wedding menu. Meat and something red in wine glasses. I knew this was the baby's meat. It made me throw up. But then they put something into my mouth, and I had to keep eating, nor was I allowed to vomit.

After that it went on. I remember how I, too, was brought to the altar. I was wearing a different dress, also a red one with lace. I don't remember how it happened.

I was "put inside" the woman's body. Before that, the woman's internal organs had probably been cut out. They took specific inner organs and put them into my body. I had to take them into my mouth and lick them. There were other men dressed in red and black robes. They masturbated in front of me and ejaculated on me and the dead woman. I was aggressively raped several times by Paul Heinrich, who embodied Satan - my husband. Afterwards also by other men. I fainted again and again. But I kept coming to, only to faint again. Blood, sperm, urine, rape, offal. I couldn't make a sound anymore. I felt intense pain all over my body. I felt as if a fire had been set between my legs, an ever-burning fire.

Some people were present at the feast. In my memory, there were perhaps around sixty downstairs in the hall. Perhaps there were more present, but I did not notice them. Among them were some prominent people whom I recognized in the course of the ritual celebration, well-known aristocrats, politicians, actors, professional athletes, a founder of an organization for

organ donation (which was officially founded in 1991), the wife of a president whose name everybody knows, and another young woman.

I must not mention these well-known names here for legal reasons, so as not to jeopardize the publication of the book. However, these names, as well as all other names of well-known personalities and certain places, are known to a number of persons of my acquaintance and are also included in the protective letters deposited with notaries and lawyers.

The young woman helped me privately as a household and family helper when I fell into severe depression many years after this ritual. Today I know: that was no coincidence, but had been planned far in advance. This woman kept showing up in my environment, and when I needed help, she contacted me. At that time, I thought she had offered her help voluntarily and that she was a gift from God.

On the stage, in addition to myself and Paul Heinrich, were several well-known tenors and two other men who served as guards.

During the rapes I stared up and saw a kind of sun with white-yellow rays. There was also a cross with Jesus nailed to it. Men laughed and said Jesus does not help, that Jesus is not alive and that Jesus has died. During the ritual up at the altar, a sex orgy was taking place downstairs in the large church hall. Both men and women were festively dressed. Some wore masks. They were elegant masks like those at a carnival. This ritual took place in Barcelona in the Sagrada Família.

In these Satanic circles, some perpetrators are also victims themselves and the victims are made into perpetrators. It is like a game of dominoes. The older children are made to abuse the younger children, while they themselves are abused by the older children. I too, as a victim, was made into a perpetrator. I assume that certain people who participated in this Satanic festival were forced to do so just like me. I cannot say exactly who is only a victim or who is a victim-perpetrator and who acted there as a conscious perpetrator with a perpetrator's heart.

Today, I do have access to some memories, and also to feelings from those awful, traumatic situations. Nevertheless, I am still unable to describe all the feelings and thoughts that overwhelmed me at that moment. There are simply no words for it all. One was not allowed to have feelings or

emotions at that time. I can only describe it as an endless, great emptiness that stretched into what felt like eternity. A kind of immense, empty resignation with feelings of powerlessness, anger, and grief, imperceptible because they had been so strongly repressed and forbidden. An absolute feeling of being at the mercy of others. Nothing was controllable. Nothing at all.

To my knowledge, scientists and doctors also take part in such events. These are places where organ trafficking takes place and human tissue is removed for scientific purposes.

After this kidnapping in Spain, I was sick and injured for a few days. At that time, I was about to take my final exams for the "Certificat Commercial". Since I had often been absent due to illness, the teaching staff discussed whether I could be admitted to the exams. Despite everything, I got the green light and managed to graduate after all. My graduation from school, my graduation as a confirmand and in April still my graduation from the training as a "Mother of Darkness". I was an adult, so to speak. I belonged to the inner circle of the Illuminati.



The interior of the Sagrada Família. The colored windows cast this part of the interior in an orange-red light. The left half of the image shows a sun projected onto the wall by the windows.


Altar of the Sagrada Família

The Mother of Darkness is the third level in the hierarchy on the female side of the Illuminati. On the male side, there are seven levels:[20]

Stage	Female:	Male:
1	Daughter of Jobe	Demolaw
2	Princess (Debutant)	Vassal (Prince)
3	Mother of Darkness	Presenter (Knight)
4	Grand Mother	Program Director (Priest)
5	Grand lady	Grand Wizard (Duke)
6	Goddess	Grand Master
7		God

10. Other Exams

I passed the first exam at the age of six. That was the child hunt in Belgium. Over the years, however, there were exams to pass on several occasions. Each time I moved up a level because each time I had survived those atrocities. Each time I had become stronger in learning how to die.

Another exam was the sacrifice of little Benjamin. But there were many others. About once every year there was a big exam that had to be passed. Somehow, I knew inwardly that I must pass; otherwise I should die.

10.1 Fisher of Men

At about the age of eight, I was made a fisher of men. This took place during a ritual. The actions of the Satanist group in which I was a victim were motivated by religious conviction. Basically, there was a rule of thumb called "mocking the Christian faith". They perverted the Biblical in numerous rituals, for example, the Lord's Supper being observed according to the Satanic ritual that I described earlier. Likewise, Satanic “fishers of men” are also made. People are trained to convert other people for their dark machinations. This was also the case with me.

The ritual for this took place in the Masonic Lodge in the nearby town. I don't remember all the details exactly. But I remember how I had to lie down naked and bound on a white and black checkerboard patterned floor. I remember some utterances, probably in Latin, and how I was poked over and over again in my right hip with a long stick by a priest. Around me stood masked people draped in cowls. Some spirits or other were called in a kind of chant, among others the spirit of Lilith. This is the spirit that stands for prostitution, among other things. I was forced to accept this spirit.

This was nothing new for me, because as a child I had officially been baptized with the name Liliane. Since I grew up in these Satanic circles, I assume that my name was no coincidence. Because everything that somehow has to do with Lilith, Lilly, Lys, Lilie, Liliane, etc. is associated with serving as a sex slave. So it was also the case for me. So I agreed to Lilith in this ritual. From then on, I was a fisher of men. I don't have much

more memory of that ritual. But I do know that I started flirting with men at that time.

I was an eight-year-old girl when I learned to flirt with men. In the process, I seduced them into pedophilia. Over the years, I learned to sense exactly which men I could seduce, which men were ready for fishing. Of course, I then had to offer them my services. And I was persuaded that I was doing it voluntarily, that I liked it, but also that I was a whore and no good for anything else.

10.2 Gabriela

Great importance is attached to not having strong friendly ties. These are not looked upon favorably in Satanic circles. I also had to go through this exam. I was supposed to learn never hold on to someone I liked.

We slid a little closer to each other in this dark little house. She spoke German. I understood her to some extent. She wore long, light strawberry-blond hair. She was shy. So was I. There were maybe four or five of us in this hut, near the edge of a forest. We had to wait.

I had already experienced this situation several times. Waiting with other children, waiting until we were sent into the forest and shot at. I was then allowed or made to choose a child to protect. A child who was to be spared along with me. They then shot the others, not me and the one child. But I never knew what happened to the child afterwards.

Inwardly, I had already decided in favor of Gabriela this time. I liked her. We had met a few times before and, as far as we were allowed, had become a little closer. We tried to give each other a little protection, warmth and comfort. Then we were off. We were chased naked through the forest. Gabriela and I ran as fast as we could. I thought to myself, I'm going to run away with Gabriela now, far away from this place. I wanted to escape together with her.

Suddenly, a man with disheveled, thin blond hair appeared behind us. He wore a long gray coat. He grabbed me and Gabriela. Then he put a pistol in my hand and ordered me to shoot Gabriela. There were screams, tears of despair. The man tortured us. I was threatened that if I didn't do it, my

siblings and my mother would be killed. I would be the one to bear the responsibility.

Finally, I was forced to shoot Gabriela. I had to shoot her between the legs. Gabriela died a slow, agonizing death. She bled to death and was in terrible pain. I had to watch her. The man tied me to a tree right next to her. I don't know how many hours it took. Gabriela died. Finally, the man came back with reinforcements. They cut Gabriela into many pieces with a saw and disposed of her in black garbage bags. Where I do not know. I had passed another of my exams.



This is the hut where I had to wait with Gabriela.

I remember the place where this happened. It was in the forest near Vuiteboeuf VD, behind the shooting range. I also found the hut where we children had to wait during my research. The child hunts took place at that time in broad daylight, probably on a Saturday when there was always shooting practice there anyway. The child hunts took place in the forest

behind the area of the official shooting range, so the shots could not be heard, or they were simply mixed with those of the shooting exercises. I suspect that the perpetrators could act unhindered under the cover of the obligatory shooting.

10.3 Murders of Adults

I was also actively involved in the murder of an adult. One of the first memories led me to the vicinity of that place of residence where I grew up as a child. There are many swamps in the area, the soil is black and sometimes very wet. A lot of vegetables are grown in that area. I remember holes and swamp ditches at the edge of fields. That was very dangerous, so we were not allowed to play near them. But then a young adult man was murdered near a farm there. I guess he was in his mid or late twenties. It happened as part of a Satanic ritual, and I was brought in. The man drowned in the mud, and everyone stood around him and just watched.

Today I am convinced that this was another step for me in my Satanic "exams". I had to get used to the fact that adults also die. Through such experiences, which I had to go through again and again, the threats that my mother and siblings would be murdered if I talked had great effect. I was convinced that they would actually murder my mother. After all, I saw that they could and did!

It was most probably in the summer of 1986. I just remember waking up in a big room somewhere in Amerois Castle. I was locked in a cage. The cage looked like a birdcage. It was white. I was naked, but I was wearing a lot of makeup. Why I remember that, I can't explain. I don't remember seeing a mirror. The next thing I remember, I was in another room fighting with about three to four men. They were strong, muscular men with black skin. I was naked and so were they. I was handed a big knife, and, as far as I remember they were not armed. My task was to fight and to stab wherever possible. I was cheered on by masked people standing around us. I still remember the one man, how he finally lay bleeding on the ground. Presumably he was dead. I don't know what happened to the other men. After the fight, I was picked up by a young man and taken back to the birdcage. This young man I knew. It was a well-known American actor,

whom I will give the name John Collet here. I in the birdcage and the fight for life and death had been his birthday present.

10.4 Sodomy

At what age sex with animals started as part of the training I don't remember, but it probably started when I was about seven years old. I remember dogs, snakes and zebras. Some dogs were especially involved during sex orgies. These were probably dogs specially trained for these purposes. With such dogs I was kept on course. And especially with a neighbor's dog. The owner was a businessman, owner of a tombstone company and a professed Freemason. But I was also kept on course with snakes. Sect members occasionally kept snakes as pets. A music teacher at that time kept one. It was to her I went for the alto flute lesson. If I made a mistake, she either hit me on the head with the flute or, if the mistake was especially clumsy, she came to me to insert a snake into my vagina. I only remember seeing zebras sporadically at the Château Amerois. There were also horses there. However, I have no such memory of horses, which does not mean that sodomy was not practised with these animals.

10.5 Floating over Community Gardens

Illuminati are primarily spiritual and also practise the spiritual. In their rituals, they try to torture their occult beliefs into the victim. In these rituals, demons are summoned, which can be used to reinforce programming in a child or adult victim. The person is forced to be loyal and silent with the help of demons. In the process, the trainers call upon any evil spirits on a demonic level for assistance. This may sound strange or unbelievable to modern people. But the Illuminati see it differently, and I only describe here what the members practise and what I witnessed.

Not only Christians know that there are many other things between heaven and earth. We know or have at least heard about ghosts, demons, angels and astral travelers. I myself had to experience this. In the circles where I lived at that time, hypnosis was abused. Magic rituals were performed, spirits were called, and Satan was worshipped. I have witnessed inexplicable things happening in this country as well, not only on some distant continent

like Africa, where voodoo is practised in some cultures. I myself was also introduced into such spheres. However, I know only fragments of what I learned at that time. For, when I became aware of these processes, I, as a devout Christian, immediately renounced all this in the name of Jesus Christ. I firmly believe that Jesus is given all authority in heaven and on earth. Likewise, I also renounced everything else that had been done to me at that time. In this way, step by step, I experienced increasing freedom. What I am telling you now may sound strange. To be honest, it is. But it is what I experienced and what I carry memories of, whether I like it or not.

When I was about fifteen years old, I met my grandmother, who was a respected Satanist, somewhere in the air. I don't really know how to describe it. By that time, I had years of experience in leaving my body in the face of a trauma. I was able to do that. I had to leave the window in my room open at all times so that I could go out the window if necessary. My soul then simply fled out the open window, so that the bad things didn't happen to me, but to the "other me."

My grandmother had already died by then, but I met her again somewhere between heaven and earth. She guided me to wander astrally. I don't remember very much anymore. Only one thing remains in my memory. Astral wanderers have areas that are assigned to them. In these areas they are assigned a certain task. This task is either to observe, to disturb, to spy, or to attack a soul. I was given the task of observing the area of community gardens near us. At first, I was taught to hover, listen to people and then report back. Later, I was given a task that again had to do with sex. And that was to pick out certain men. Weak men. Men who were willing to cheat on their partner.

Community gardens are very suitable for this. They are places where people spend their free time, or barbecue together with family, neighbors, or friends. It is a place of community, where many people can gather in a few square meters at the same time, so it's an ideal place to watch a lot of people at the same time. By observing what was happening, the conversations, and the behavior, I noticed very quickly which man was interested in sex and which one was obviously not satisfied in his relationship. I then had to influence these men accordingly, and that with my thoughts. I had to send them into their soul, which was open to dirty

thoughts, ideas of adultery, of infidelity. That was the first step. The second was then to cause thoughts of pedophilia in the same way.

I have no idea what these men did after that and outside the gardens. But my mission was destruction. Destruction of families, destruction of marriages and partnerships. My mission was mental manipulation, or in other words, "sorcery".

10.6 Sexual "Menus à la carte”

An enormously beautiful, long limousine with a chauffeur stopped in a parking lot somewhere in the country. I got out. At the time I was about four or five years old, and, as far as I can remember, I was wearing a little white and blue dress and red shoes. There was a man waiting for me. He introduced himself to me with his real name. A few years later, he became the president of the U.S. Over the years, I was to meet him again and again. He asked me in English what my name was and what I could do. He was very sweet and kind to me. I told him my name and explained that I was an "all-rounder". The only explanation I can offer for why I said that at that time is that it was programmed into me beforehand. Anyway, he was very pleased with me! The parking lot I was driven to belonged to a very large, luxurious country-style manor house. I went there with the man and there were several people waiting for us. I was told we would be playing "restaurant" and I would get to serve the "à la carte" menus. So we started the game. It consisted of all the participants telling me their sexual preferences and me being the one who had to please everyone. I had to serve everyone sexually, and they were all allowed to choose what they would like. I remember upbeat country music that was supposed to create a festive, fun atmosphere.

11. MK-Ultra Programming

11.1 The Train

I like to compare the programming of a human being with a train. In order for a train to run, tracks have to be laid, and for this everything has to be meticulously planned. When a passenger gets on a train, his journey is

usually purposeful. He arrives at the destination for which he bought the ticket. This is because the train cannot simply turn left or right haphazardly. At most, it can derail. But then workers come immediately with the task of getting the train back on track as soon as possible, so that it can continue on its predetermined path. This is how it works, figuratively speaking, with the programming of people. This is called "mind control".[21]

How the "tracks" were laid for my life's train has significantly shaped my life story. I cannot speak for all victims. I can only describe what happened to me and what I know about it. I have found scientific facts on this subject during research on the internet, in non-fiction books, professional journals, studies and reports.

My life train also derailed sometimes. The builders who got it back on track were either my coaches or people who came in from the outside. Construction work means torture to create psychological as well as physical dependencies. Total control over a person. The workers know where the train has to go. The train itself does not. It just goes and must obey. It is not asked for its opinion. It must serve.

11.2 Wizard of OZ

A common programming among Illuminati is connected with stories, cartoons, and role-playing. It is a very popular method. The stories that are about a "journey through time" are the most suitable, as well as that of the Wizard of OZ, with which I was programmed.

This is a highly occult story that describes the ritual abuse and slavery of children and people. Tricks, colors, signs and the whole life events are used to manipulate and control the life of a victim.

The story is about how a child named Dorothy grows up in a house with a couple she calls Uncle and Aunt. These are not her biological parents, and she superficially has a nice relationship with them. However, she then tries to share a concern with them. The couple is very busy and distracted, and so the girl eventually comes to a magician who lovingly takes care of her and listens to her. A violent storm later comes over her Kansas homeland. A whirlwind transports Dorothy and her house to another world. There she meets bad and good witches, strange, brainless, heartless, despondent

characters who become her companions, and then finally finds her way together with these characters to the castle of the Wizard of OZ. She is allowed to enter there because she is the one wearing the red shoes: her ticket. The red shoes previously belonged to the Wicked Witch of the East. However, the Wicked Witch of the East was buried under the house that arrived with the whirlwind when Dorothy arrived in the Magic Land. Dorothy then received the red shoes directly from the good witch. In the castle, she participates in rituals, gets locked up, gets homesick after seeing her aunt in a crystal ball, and then finally escapes out of the castle with the help of her companions, who in the meantime have been given brains, hearts, and courage by the Wizard of OZ (i.e., programmed)... and... wakes up from the bad dream in her real bed with her real foster parents, surrounded by her real neighbors.

Dorothy is sick, and they all take loving care of her. Then, when she tells them about the dream, she explains that they all appeared in her dream. She claims to have seen some of them in the castle or on the road. The family, friends, and neighbors comfort her and explain that it was only a bad dream after all.

In the second story of the Wizard of OZ, Dorothy is taken to a physician because she is not feeling well. She is depressed and homesick for that other world she used to be in and wants to go back to. Dorothy is taken to a clinic and receives her therapy there in the form of electric shocks (torture), which send her into time travel again. At the very end of the story, she is found in a forest at night, completely hysterical, frightened, soaking wet, and desperate, yet Dorothy cannot explain why she is there (Because it was another personality part that went into the forest, she has no memory of the time elapsed.).

What has been described here is a perfectly designed backdrop to apply ritual abuse and mind control. This is exactly how the backdrops of victims are designed. Quite often the victims are not the biological children of the parents. The parents are often in the cult themselves and not interested in dealing with the child's needs. But on the surface, everything seems to be going perfectly. Church services are attended on Sundays, the family works diligently, and they are often well-liked in the neighborhood as well. These people are usually very personable, not flashy, well-liked by colleagues and

family. But then they have their child kidnapped and do nothing about it. The child experiences great violence from the people it knows and loves. But if it should speak about it, then it is interpreted as a dream, fantastical nonsense or a childish fib.

While such a story is played to the child, read aloud, and role-played, the child is often hypnotized or given drugs. Often this story is read or performed to several children at the same time, and they are told that they are now going to "time travel" together. They are then effectively transported to other times, eras or fantasy worlds by the trainer playing it to them. The children then actually believe they have been in a magical world. Once they have arrived in this other world, they are tortured and abused in rituals for real, but this is dissociated. The child then remembers only the story about time travel. It may also be that the child is given a role to play. Or it may even be allowed to take on the main role. In my case, I was allowed/needed to be Dorothy from the Wizard of OZ, the one who did the leading and determining, the one who had to walk on the yellow brick road, who had to experience torture and violence, and who was not believed in the end. In a scene from the Wizard of OZ, Dorothy is seen being locked up and suddenly sees her aunt in a crystal ball. She gets homesick and calls for help, but the aunt then simply "disappears", and Dorothy does not get the help for which she longs.

I can still see the room they took me to. There were many cots there. There were some people in the room - all dressed in white. They received me lovingly. Then they told me how well they understood my pain and that now they wanted to do something good for me. They knew my deep inner pain, the pain of being separated from my real parents. They were, after all, trainers. They lovingly asked me if I would like to see my mom and dad. I agreed, of course. But in order to see them, I would have to do something first. They also asked me if I wanted to do that. Of course, I wanted to do that. The main thing was that I could see my parents again, whom I missed so much. They then put me on a cot and attached electrodes to my head. In the process, I was tied down so that I could not move. During the painful electric shocks, they showed me my biological mom and dad on a big screen. I longed for them so much. My parents were smiling in the photo and seemed happy while I was being tortured here. Afterwards, they told me

that my parents would be happy without me, and they never wanted to see me like this - in this condition - ever again. But the trainers had kept their promise. I had seen my parents.

The story of the Wizard of OZ appeared in 1900 under the original title *The Wonderful Wizard of OZ*, later also known as *The Wizard of OZ*.

The "Grand Wizard" is the fifth level of the Illuminati on the male side. In the role-playing games, as Dorothy, I had to learn how to gain access to the "Grand Wizard" as a future "Mother of Darkness" with my special ticket (the red shoes), and was allowed to meet him, or under certain circumstances, had to serve him (as part of my training - an heirloom of my grandmother, who was a Satanist).

11.3 "Education" Track

The main training method of the perpetrators is education. This is started in childhood and then continued by the traffickers. A victim must always be on call and must always be submissive and dependent. It is educated for this purpose. The upbringing consists of the victim not being able to make decisions for itself. Not being able to know by itself what is right and wrong, and above all not being able to know what concerns itself. It is the others, the grown-ups, the parents, the educators, the traders, the doctors, the therapists, the bosses, who know what is good for it and what is not. They decide what it looks like inside a victim, not the victim itself.

I was driving as an adult woman in a car together with a trainer. There were also children in the car. One of the girls suddenly saw a horse. She shouted with joy: "There is a horse!" But the trainer said: "No, that's a camel!" At this, the girl was quite embarrassed, but then dared to contradict and said again that it was a horse. Hereupon the man reacted again by energetically claiming that it was a camel. The whole thing escalated, and the girl began to cry. In the meantime, I had intervened and taken sides with the girl. There was a big fight in the car, just because the man was so stubborn in claiming a lie.

What was the goal? What was being taught and learned here was: RIGHT IS WRONG! WRONG IS RIGHT!

The goal and the message are as follows: To confuse the child so that it learns not to pay attention to its feelings, to its subjective truth. Instead, it should obey the master, the adult, the coach without questioning, as, after all he is grown-up and knows more. This method of education of course starts very early. In this case, the girl already knew that a horse is a horse, but the whole thing still caused a great deal of confusion.

Later, it is the coaches who know better which partner one ought to marry, which job is better, which friends are good and which are not, and so on. As a result, for years I believed everything a doctor said just because he was a doctor, everything a therapist said just because he had studied, everything my husband said just because the church said the man was the head, believed everything my friends who were several years older said just because they were more experienced, and everything the Honorable Reverend said just because he was a "man of God". This is how I was brought up, and this is how I was kept on course by the perpetrators. What I just didn't know for a long time is that the good older friends were in fact abusers, that certain therapists were abusers and even the "man of God" was one of them. People I believed had come into my life either by chance or sent by God. But in truth, they were cult members who looked out for me and probably others and had to keep us on track.

So it happened, when I had long since grown up that I married a second time, although I had actually noticed that there was something wrong with my second husband. The man was an alcoholic and not yet cured. I also noticed that he had pedophilic tendencies; however, I do not know whether he acted on them. My father had also been alcoholic, and at that time I worked in a company where we took care of homeless people, alcoholics, and addicts. So I was a professional in this regard, and I recognized the problem in this man very early on. At that time, I was friends with a couple who were very close to me. I was actually part of the family. They often said I was their adopted daughter. I even called the husband Papa sometimes. He worked in a similar field to mine, and the couple often took care of marginalized people.

When I was able to see further into my future husband and recognized the problem, I went to the couple, who were my friends before the wedding. I reported my fears about this man and my engagement to him. Although the

couple agreed with me in some respects, they encouraged me to marry this man anyway. I was only engaged at the time, had a job that I liked quite a bit, and an apartment that I felt happy in. I was just about to give it all up and get married. Then this conversation took place with the friend, the dad. They told me that they had been praying and got the impression that I needed just such a man and that we would be well suited to one another. I do not remember the exact wording. I then decided, against my gut feeling, against my observations and against this malaise, to give it all up, and I married this man. I had trusted the couple, especially the dad, who was close to me, more than I trusted myself. I thought, "After all, they helped me so much, they are such experienced people, they prayed so much for me...". I believed that they knew better than I what was good for me. I was a dependent, a kind of puppet that could be used just like that. I had been raised not to be able to trust myself. Others were worth more than I was. Although I had my own opinion on many things and was able to defend it, my yes or my no was only valid if an additional person had the same opinion. I needed the agreement of the other, of the trainer, of the dealer, in order to be able to believe myself. I have often experienced that my opinions and decisions were only accepted if I could prove that this or that person was also of the same opinion; only then was I recognized. I am not writing this to complain. I am explaining how it was and how the "educators", the perpetrators, work to keep victims of ritual abuse in their dependence. To keep him or her on the track.

11.4 "Coding" Track

In this chapter I will point out a few codes that are used as secret language in the pedo-criminal and Satanic-occult circles. There are many more of them. Here I will describe codes and signs which I personally encountered, which were in my environment, which I recognized, with which I had experience. These signs are public. It is not the case that they can be found only behind closed doors, even if only insiders recognize them. On the contrary! The neighbor's child or friend is coded, and you do not notice it. You go to a store and buy a T-shirt for your four-year-old granddaughter that says in code: This girl is available for oral sex!!! The abusers among themselves, the slave traders, know about these codes. And when traffickers

and abusers dress their children in such innocuous looking clothes, they are sending just such messages. The same can apply when one watches a movie or visits friends in their home. Pedophile codes or secret occult symbolism may be hidden here as well. Or it may be the logo of a company, a chain of stores, a corporation.

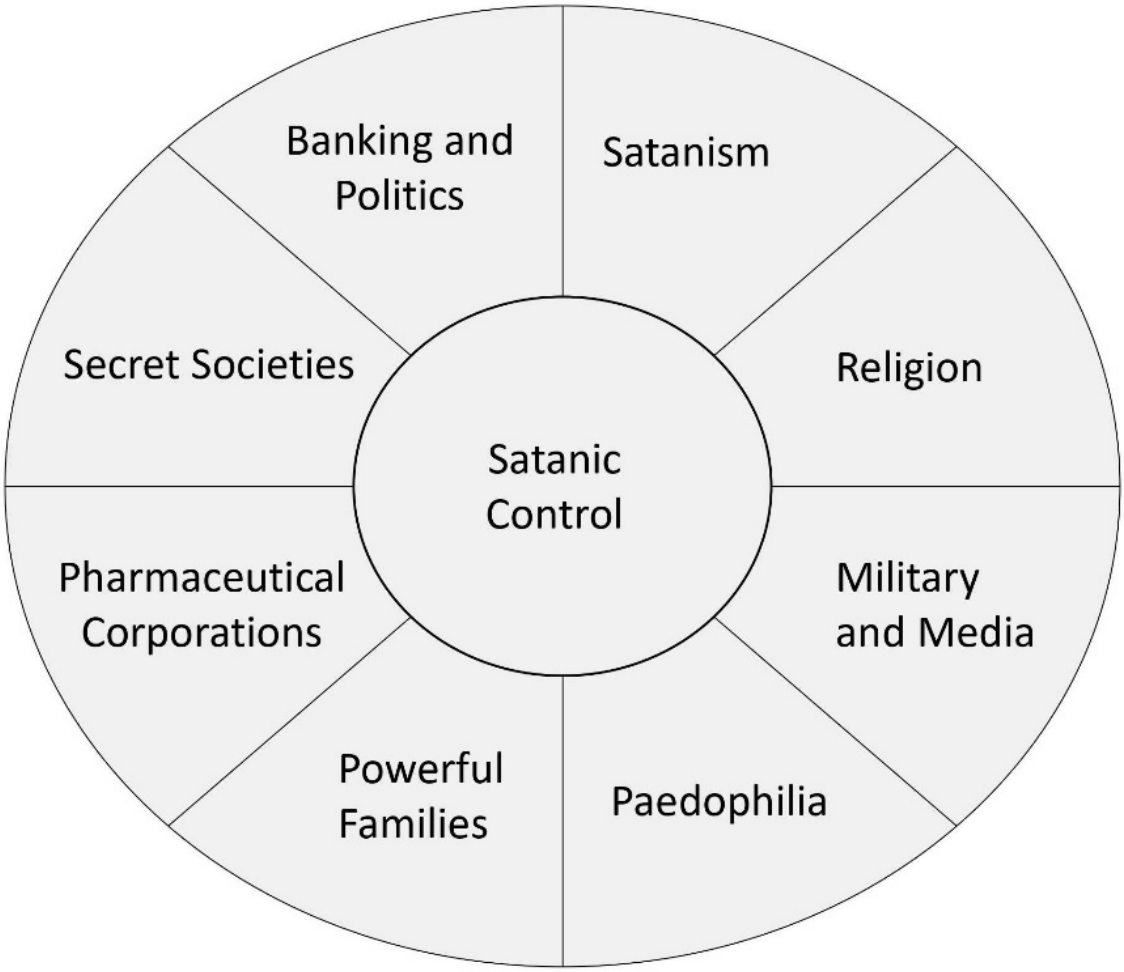
I have encountered logos (individually or in combination) that contain the following statements:

"*Children or adults are abused or sacrificed.*" (bell)

"*We take the victims from this world to another. For example, from life to death.* "(rainbow, white lily)

The victims think they are in good hands because the perpetrators present it as if it were a magic world.

The window of the chapel where I was often taken for rituals and abuse is also coded. The round window consists of eight elements. It looks like a wheel or like an eight-pointed star. The element in the lower right is slightly darker than the remaining seven. In addition, one element below the wheel appears in the same dark color. The Illuminati see themselves as having power in eight areas of public life. And that is where their highly trained people have infiltrated; often they hold high positions there. These areas are divided into eight segments, which are also represented in a wheel or star. One area is the pedophiles. Others are military and press, religion, politics and banking, pharmaceutical industry, etc. Since the number eight stands for perfection, their goal is to have power in all these areas. Because with that, perfection can be achieved from the Illuminati's point of view. Pedophilia is the segment at the bottom right. So, as an insider, you know that in this chapel, down in the basement, children are abused and sold.



Reproduction of a diagram (origin unknown) available online at https://therightofreply.blogspot.com/2015/11/2030-biometrics-agenda-united-nations.html?m=1
(accessed 11/21/2021)



Chapel windows

Codes are normal objects and signs that can be found in living rooms and houses, on buildings, on the roadside or other places. On the one hand, they are aimed at initiated "customers" and other perpetrators. Perpetrators recognize each other. No words are needed. No internet, technical data, or phone calls are necessary. They write it on their houses, on their clothes, on facilities such as children's hospitals. Every insider knows it and can read it. On the other hand, the codes and symbols serve to keep dissociative victims on track in normal life at all times. The messages are thus always present, and the victims are thus in a permanent unconscious training.

None of this can be proven. How is one to explain to the police that an institution such as a day care center is used to recruit abused children... simply because their logo contains a heart or a spiral with a rainbow? Besides, the operators of such a facility will be able to explain their logo. And they certainly will not say that it is there for perpetrators to bring their abused children here to be used by other perpetrators!

Here are a few examples:

- **Spiral**

  The spiral is a pedophile sign. It is a simple spiral, it does not have to look complicated. It can be found, for example, in the movie the *Wizard of OZ*. Dorothy dances there on a spiral before she is sent on the yellow brick road. To the right and left of the chapel in Valeyres-sous-Rances are stone spiral symbols (see photo page 37).

- **Heart**

Two interlocking hearts (a smaller one inside a larger heart) also serve as a sign of pedophilia. A pink heart indicates pedophilia for girls, a blue heart those for boys.

- **Red shoes**

Can be seen in *Alice in Wonderland* and on Dorothy in the *Wizard of OZ*. Red shoes are worn by the chosen children who are allowed to go to the king. That is, they are programmed to satisfy extravagant demands of mostly highly respected ladies and gentlemen. They are the chosen ones. Depending on whether the shoes are made of fabric, leather, imitation leather, or whether they are sandals, boots or slippers, the training, the offer and the ticket vary. Over time, shoe coding has become very popular in this scene. The colors and the material correspond to the training of the sex slave.

- **Blue and white dresses**

These can also be seen in the *Wizard of OZ* and *Alice in Wonderland*. I still don't know the exact meaning, but children dressed in blue and white are offered on the pedophile market.

One picture shows me as a girl of about four years old, dressed just so. With such harmless photos and films, they market children or send messages to each other. Or it is shown to initiates in public that a girl or woman is a slave.



Photo of me as a little girl.
Unfortunately, because of the black and white print, you can't see that I'm wearing white and blue clothes and red shoes.
These are typical codes in the pedophile market.

In these clothes I had to serve, among others, the aforementioned (subsequent) US president as a sex slave.

- **Leopards**

Leopard or other animal patterns worn as clothing, for example, can also be codes for a victim's sex slave status. Certainly, such things are worn by many today because they are fashionable. But it is sexist on children, and they are programmed and offered with it in the pedo-criminal and mind-control circles.

- **Panda bear**

The panda bear serves as an identifying symbol for children who not only serve sexually, but can also be beaten. Therefore, the black eyes of the panda bear are the actual symbol. Children with panda bear eyes (as a result of abuse and massive violence) are marketed on the pedophile market at a very high price.

- **Sentences**

Many trigger phrases are used to keep the victim always "on track". These are quite harmless phrases that are said in almost every family or relationship. But these phrases can also be abused. And in a cult, they are abused so that the victim is not tempted to break out. These include phrases such as:

- "There's no place like home!" (OZ programming phrase) This is what a victim is told when he expresses the desire to leave.

- "No one is poor who has friends!" The friends are of course people from the cult. Also with this sentence the victim is kept at home with his "friends".

- "At home we feel safe!" Is said to the victim when something has gone wrong "outside".

- "Are you not well? We are worried about you and pray!" Means: your behavior is not normal, only with us will you find acceptance.

- "You were always so close to me; we were always like brothers!" Creates homesickness in a victim who wants to leave or is gone. This may be used to bring a victim back.

- "I love you so much! I would even sacrifice my life for you!" With this, a friendship is feigned. Who wants to lose someone who would

even sacrifice his life? A victim has trouble detaching himself from such a person.

It may be difficult to imagine how such sentences can have a serious effect on a person. However, one must consider that these harmless-sounding sentences are linked to corresponding beliefs that have been anchored in the victims from an early age using perfidious methods.

- **Hourglass**

The hourglass is a mind-control signal with the following message: Your time is running out soon! Hourglasses are used to threaten. Hourglasses are used to educate victims to pass their exams as soon as possible. Passing exams is extremely important and serves the purpose of survival. But exams also mean stress. In a house where victims of ritual abuse go in and out, an hourglass can be placed in a particularly visible place. This will always keep the internal stress level high. A victim will feel permanently stressed in such a room and will not know why. But this is part of the program, part of the education.

- **Dolls**

Dolls are often used to send the following messages: This child is emotionless, empty, can carry out orders without compromise. Very often ceramic dolls are used, which all look the same, but wear different clothes. There the message is even clearer: it is called "dissociative slave". He/she is always the same and can slip into the most different roles without falling out of character.

- **Snakes**

A strong occult sign. Snakes are often kept as pets in Satanic-ritual circles. Torture is also performed with them. For example, snakes are inserted into the vagina as punishment or as sexual foreplay before sex rituals. Or children are locked in a room with snakes so that they panic and are bitten. The survivors can then continue to be used and employed, depending on their survival status.

- **Bell**

This announces something important. Often the bell is rung three times. That is, it is the beginning or the end of a journey. An involuntary journey. In my case, the trigger of the bell was set in such a way that I immediately fell into a kind of trance state. I was still active, so I could move, but I was no longer able to think on my own. The bell meant for me: it is time to go to the cellar. And so I went to the basement without being asked. Well. It was not quite unsolicited. It was at the ringing of a small bell.

- **White lily**

This flower symbol represents death. But it is also still a symbol for pedophilia, as well as for sex slaves. It arises from the name Lilith.[22] She is also seen as Satan's wife, as the black demon of the night, or as Adam's first wife, who refused to submit to Adam and was thrown out of the Garden of Eden by God. Anyway, at rituals I had to participate in, sometimes the spirit of Lilith was invoked, and this always had to do with sex. Also with child sex. I also suspect that I got the name

Liliane for this reason. Whoever wears or gets the white lily is thereby handed his identity and his destiny.

- **Lightning**

A lightning bolt is used as a distinctive mark for MK-Ultra. It stands for electricity and means that the victim is tortured with electric shocks, among other things, and is under mind control.

- **Music**

Music is very often used to program people. The whole music or the melody by itself or the associated words can be taken as programming text. Country music, certain classical music or songs that have to do with time travel like "Over the Rainbow" are very popular in these circles.

- **Rainbow**

The rainbow is also abused as a pedocriminal mind-control sign. It is symbolic of being transported from one world to another. "Over the Rainbow" is a song that is often used in such circles and played or sung to children. It is used for hypnosis and with it the victim is taken from one place to another. From everyday life to hell. From day life to night life. From child to sex slave. From life to death.

- **Rabbits** (mostly white)

White rabbits stand for sex programming, for example, the white rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*, which is chased and then disappears again and again into a hole (hole = cellar, where rituals take place). But also, rabbits with light color are used, such as pink, light blue, light yellow.

When I was a child, my grandparents gave me a plush toy bunny with the colors light blue and light yellow. It became my favorite stuffed animal. I took it with me everywhere. Since I grew up in a cult, the perpetrators knew that I had already received sex programming as a child. The colors yellow and blue meant: She is obedient, and she always stays nicely in the place where we want her. She does not run away.

- **Goats / goat heads**

These are occult Satanic symbols that are very often applied as a code of recognition. If such a head is found in an apartment or other building, it can mean: Satanists are here. Rituals take place here.

- **Butterflies**

These represent a free-floating spirit, after the old portion has previously died. Being a butterfly child means that the programming is successfully completed, and the slave is suitable for dissociation.

With butterflies, in most cases, it is indicated that the victims have gone through what is called "Monarch programming" (have become a monarch butterfly, so to speak). That is, they have been trained to serve "monarchs" in any perverse way the highly respected people want. So they can fulfill their perverted extravagant desires. That is their job. Butterflies have to do with transformation. These victims are able to transform themselves, to become someone completely different, to slip into a completely different role, without then being able to recognize the original personality. The triggered butterfly probably does not know that it used to be a caterpillar. And vice versa the child or the adult person also doesn't know about the programmed sex slave part that has to serve as a "butterfly" every now and then (because it is not the outside child or the outside adult that has to serve as a "butterfly"). This seems unbelievable, but it is unfortunately true and made possible by the described technique of the personality splitting!

My second-grade teacher put me in the "punishment room". I must have been disobedient. The school in our village was housed in a barracks, right next to the big military barracks. The "punishment room" was empty. There was a bench made of wood, attached directly to the wall, in the same wood and color as the barracks. She always put us disobedient children there. There we had to wait until the punishment was over. Then, at some point, she would take us out again and give us a kiss for forgiveness. I remember how disgusting that was every time. That was not all right with me at all. But I didn't dare to say that I didn't want that. So I just kissed back each time. The teacher also belonged to the sect "Adorateurs du Soleil" and taught the second grade at that time. The physical education classes were held on the grounds of the military. I was very familiar with that part of the

grounds which was allowed for us children. However, I was also familiar with other parts of the area.

I sat in the "penalty area". Today, I still have horrible scenes in front of my eyes. Suddenly, there were soldiers standing in front of the window, wearing gas masks. That looked terrible to me as a child. They then took me with them to the compound. Every now and then they would hand me over to some other man, whom I perceived as the boss. He would then lead me into a room or into a yard with many men. I don't remember exactly what happened, but I know that I had to undress and dance in front of the men. There was also a pole in one of the rooms. I also had to dance on the pole.

I was always very clumsy in sports, but there were areas in which I always excelled. That was in gymnastics on the pole and in the sprints. For years I was among the best in the dashes and in pole gymnastics. No one, including me, could explain this, because I was usually among the very last and worst in sports.

It happened every now and then that I was picked up by a helicopter on the military grounds. How long I then flew along, I can't say. I remember a hilly landscape where a black limousine was waiting for me. On these trips I was often accompanied by two men in black suits and white shirts. When I got into the car there was a finely dressed lady who met me. She explained to me in English that I was a ***butterfly child.*** *And to become a butterfly, one had to take exams. But she encouraged me and said I could do it, I would pass, she knew me. And so we drove to a large building that I later recognized as Westminster Abbey in London. In a gloomy, dark room there was a kind of table in the middle. I was placed on it, spread-eagled, by men in dark suits, and my feet and hands were tied. The elegant woman stood silently beside it and watched. This table then pushed itself apart. I don't know how this was done, whether electrically or whether someone turned a wheel. My arms, hands, feet and legs were pulled apart to the very limit of pain. It didn't stop, even though I was screaming in pain, and the lady just kept watching. At some point it was over. I had survived the "butterfly training". I was then taken back to school by car and helicopter. Whether it was on the same day or later, I can no longer say. But I know that the misery started and ended in the "punishment room" of the school.*

The teacher had set the scene for this to happen. I have met the elegant lady from time to time over the years in the course of tortures and rituals. She has an influential position in one of the last monarchies.

11.5 "Colors" Track

Colors serve as a guide with enormous significance. Colors are used for programming at a very early age because children can recognize colors much faster than numbers or letters.

Color	Meaning
1. Purple	Silence
2. Blue	Being at home, feeling good, homesick, being in the circle of the perpetrators
3. Gray	Not trusting oneself and one's feelings/ confusion/ indecision/ creating dependency.
4. Yellow	Obedience/ Announcement of a punishment for transgression of a commandment/ Command to perform an action is given.
5. Pink	Stands for sexual girl; pedophilia
6. Red	Dominatrix/ Sadomaso/ Dominance. Stands for sex, party, celebration, orgy, blood sacrifice. Sealing of a ritual. Red always follows all colors.
7. Orange	Aggression/ training to become an offender
8. Green	Report. Talking/ Disclosing Information/ Perpetrator Loyalty
9. White/ Light	forgotten, weightless, get new orientation
10. Black	Praise and honor, false honor, worship of Satan, satanic rituals
11. White/ Diamond	highest distinction; the goal must be achieved

How does the system with colors work? First, colors are also used as codes between insiders. There are butterfly children, panda bear children, and so on, as I said before. Then there are also color children: white diamond children, bluebird children, black ladies, black men, and many more. But

the colors also serve to guide a victim on that path which was intended by the perpetrators.

In order to install color programming in me, the perpetrators structured my innermost being - my inner world. They "built a house" in me that had different floors with different colors. On each floor there were different rooms, and in each room there were different "ego-states" (personality parts). Sometimes there were also back rooms where "ego-states" were formed, which then had to act as bosses or punishers. Each "ego-state" was given its role in the system and had to perform it accordingly. The rez-de-chaussée (first floor) was purple. Then came the second floor in blue, the second floor was gray, and so it went on until the diamond floor.

1. Following this floor arrangement, I was first "trained" and programmed with the violet programming, namely in silence. This means that every torture and every ritual had the goal of installing and practising silence until it was - from the point of view of the perpetrators - well practised and installed. The color purple was very often used as a trigger or background in torture. When I reached the level of violet, I was given an amethyst and thus everyone knew that the "silence training" had been successfully completed and that I could be used for a number of purposes.
2. After that, it was suggested to me that nowhere else was as nice as home in order to ensure my dependence. Thus, a feeling of homesickness and discomfort was created in me as soon as I moved outside the perpetrator's circle. That was the blue programming.
3. Gray programming was also important from the perpetrators' perspective. There, above all, confusion was created. l. There I had to learn that I could not listen to my gut feeling. In this stage, it was learned that right is wrong and wrong is right. Other victims report that they heard the following sentence during rapes: "Pain is pleasure and pleasure is pain". I can confirm this. What is beautiful is evil; and what is evil is beautiful.

th-6th After the yellow programming, which ensured absolute obedience, came the pink and red programming. These gave me the value, the

task and my identity, namely to be a sex slave.

7. After that, the orange system was installed. Having already worked as a sex slave, I was now further trained to develop aggression. This involved inflicting harm on others. The orange programming is therefore also called killer programming.
8. The green program was used to form and train "ego-states" that always reported to the perpetrators. It is a program that creates perpetrator-loyal personality traits.
9. The white program made sure that I should forget everything I had experienced.
10. The black programming takes place shortly before enlightenment. With this, the perpetrators aim to force total devotion to the cult and the oath to honor Satan. Satan is praised and honored as the father of it all.
11. The diamond programming is that of enlightenment. At this level of programming, the Illuminati speak of a thousand lights.

The various programs are not isolated. Although they are installed in stages in the victim, they always have elements that overlap.

Diamond

To support the white diamond programming, I was told stories as a child by an Illuminati woman. The storytelling served to inwardly question what I had actually experienced. Like all the "Adorateurs du Soleil", this woman, who was also my class teacher, believed in so-called "gnômes". These little men, I was told, live underground and make trees and plants grow. But the "gnômes", they said, unlike normal people, are only ever active at night. Why? Because, among other things, they like to count the stars. Whether it was only stars in general or a thousand stars, I don't know anymore. Because we humans love to be in nature, which is cared for by these "gnômes", it was our duty to honor and worship these little men, to make sure that they could count the stars, and also to provide them with food, especially at night. We children were taught to provide food for these beings in the evening. Today it is clear as daylight to me that these stories described exactly what I had to experience underground in cellars at night. The men and women must be fed with orgies and blood rituals for the

maintenance of their sex drive, so that they experience the "enlightenment", the seeing of the thousand stars! I remember being sent to the "penalty box" by the teacher because, as a child of about eight, I had the temerity to question the credibility of her narrative. She told us children that every evening she put a small bowl of food for the "gnômes" in her kitchen. In the morning it was always gone. Knowing that she owned a dog, I said in front of the whole class that I thought the dog ate those snacks! Then she grew extremely cross, and I was punished quite severely.

Blue, Purple, Pink, Red

My husband used to be my dealer and therefore knew about certain codes and also that I was a suitably conditioned victim. Our apartment was mostly decorated in blue for a long time. I also liked it and wanted it that way. At least, I thought I wanted it that way. But basically, I had been influenced to favour blue because blue means "home". So I felt comfortable and at home in that blue environment. On top of that, there were purple stones in the living room for decoration. Amethysts. These had their special place and absolutely had to be displayed. For me as an MK victim, this color combination meant: you must stay here; being outside the house is forbidden to you, and you must be silent. Since I had been programmed with colors, I unconsciously reacted to them and could thus be kept on course by the perpetrators.

In addition, there was the pink. Our bedroom was done up in violet-pink for a long time. That means for an MK-Ultra victim: girlish sex slave, is sworn to secrecy. If the color red is added to this, for example, in the form of a red pillow brought into the room by the perpetrator, the victim will sometimes behave like a girl and sometimes like a dominatrix, depending on the wishes of the dealer or perpetrator.

Yellow

I felt as if I was being interrogated; I had broken a rule. The man who was U.S. president at the time sat behind a wide desk and spoke English to me. I was about ten years old. I wanted to keep a secret, but they had noticed, and it seemed to me that I must take my clothes off. Though I didn't want to, I still had to. It felt as if I must take off my soul. I had talked to a boy who

was my age. I wasn't allowed to do that, but I had done it anyway. We saw each other in a really big, wide hallway with red carpet and he told me we were going to leave. I agreed to go with him. Apparently, someone had overheard.

The boy was wearing dark blue pants with a green plaid pattern and a white top, a T-shirt or a shirt.

I was now in this big room with the big desk. Behind the man were very large windows. In front of them hung long, thick, dark blue curtains embroidered with yellow or golden flowers. I think I was in this room more than once.

The man told me that I had betrayed him. I had transgressed his commandments. His commandments were love, and I had transgressed them.

I didn't see yellow in the room, but I was dressed in yellow. I was wearing a yellow dress with a white belt. A woman with gray-mottled, shoulder-length, thickly wavy hair had put the dress on me. Later I learned that she was an influential head of government of a Western nation.

I knew the woman, had seen her several times. She wore a dark blue and green checkered suit with golden buttons. The collar was round. It seems to me that underneath she was wearing a white blouse. The moment I stood in front of the man, I felt ashamed. I had sinned and I knew I should be punished. I was not told what kind of punishment it would be, but I knew that if I wore yellow, a punishment would automatically follow. For disobedience.

I saw a cord hanging by the windows in the room. A cord. And I automatically went there. This rope was put around my neck by the man. It was strangling me. He pulled me up a little bit. I did not resist; I could not resist. I could not breathe. The whole thing was repeated several times until I was unconscious.

Later, I was led by the woman to a cellar room, which was separated by a grate. It was completely empty. The boy I had talked to was lying in the part next to it. He was naked and had wounds all over his body. I didn't know if he was alive or dead. I barely recognized him. I should have liked to talk to

him, but I didn't because I was afraid of the punishment. The boy's name was Marc. At least that's what they called him.

My nursery had blue wallpaper and a yellow carpet. In MK-Ultra language it was the call to be obedient on the spot. This room was where my father either visited me at night or picked me up for cult meetings.

White/grey light

I was lying on my bed in my assigned room in the White House. Anyway, they told me I was in the White House. They called my room "Blue-Room". What was strange was that the room was not furnished with blue at all, but much more with red. In this room I was taught my lessons over and over again, and I had to learn to let "snakes" into my intimate area. By "snakes" penises were meant.

One day, when I was about 15 years old, I was picked up at my blue room by the two men who were always elegantly dressed in black and accompanied me to many places. Before that, I also had to dress elegantly and looked like a businesswoman with my hair up. They led me down a long hallway that led to a terrace or plaza. There a helicopter was waiting for us. I don't know how long the flight took, but eventually we arrived on an island with a military complex. I was led into a large room. An enormously large computer room. I sat down at a computer and began entering codes that had previously been implanted in me under torture. I was told that I was currently at war and that I was making sure that ships were sunk in the sea. Whether this is true or not, I cannot judge.

After a while, a woman picked me up. It turned out that I had also seen this woman before. It was the wife of the future U.S. president, whom I had also seen several times, including in the country-style manor house. She led me to a farm and handed me over to a horde of men, who all, one by one, jumped me and raped me. Later, the wife of the future U.S. president picked me up and took me to a room. The room was all white with white-grey light. There was a stool, nothing else, no bed, no toilet, no blanket. On the floor she also raped me with oral sex. After I was spun by her on this stool at an unimaginable speed for a long time (which is known as the spinning method), she left me lying on the floor. In that white room, I lost all sense of

time and space. I had no idea who I was. In that white light, I forgot everything and didn't care about anything. I probably lay there for several days until I was brought back to the White House.

11.6 Other Codes and Triggers

Triggers are not only symbols, sounds, colors, or numbers. Triggers can also be movements, light, music, etc. The perpetrators use all kinds of things to trigger. They also take a close look at the victim and then set those triggers that fit the victim as well as possible (Programs are also sometimes developed individually. For example, a "sports program" can be installed in a person who plays sports or a "smoking program" in people who smoke.). Every person knows some unpleasant triggers in his life. Suppose someone as a child had to swallow a disgusting cough drop every winter at the first snow, this person will remember it for a lifetime as soon as the first snowflakes fall. It may be that the taste of this cough drop is then automatically felt in the mouth, even though the person has long since grown up and these candies may no longer even be available on the market.

Triggers are set in the same way. Just as snowflakes have nothing to do with candy, perpetrators make sure that the trigger has nothing to do with what follows. I have already described how perpetrators purposefully induce dissociation. They are constantly doing this, and for this that they need all these triggers.

I actually enjoy playing the piano. As a child, I went to music lessons for several years and enjoyed it. So it happened that the perpetrators took advantage of this and set a "note trigger" for me. As soon as I played the note "A" on the piano and I was alone in a room, I used it to put myself in a hypnotic state. This served to train me over and over to think of the hypnotic state as normal. I didn't even notice it. But this way the perpetrators could just pick me up much faster because I was unconsciously training myself with this method, and in this way, I was constantly keeping myself on track.

A commonly used and well-known trigger, also known as a recognition sign among Satanists, is as follows: Someone puts a finger on their lips as a sign to be quiet. It is then called silence. This is how it was with me. When I was

in a group together with other people and someone consciously or even accidentally put his finger on his mouth like that, I immediately fell out of the conversation and hardly talked or did not talk at all. If this was done by a perpetrator, it served to keep me on a silent course. If someone else did it unconsciously, I still suddenly stopped talking and took myself out of the conversation because, for some reason I was not aware of, I suddenly felt I no longer belonged.

Light is also often used. The light is used in a similar way to Morse code. I know of victims who leave their house and go to perpetrators because they drive past their house at night with the car and shine the headlights briefly three times in the room.

With me a recumbent eight was illuminated with flashlights by moving the lamp in this form. The recumbent eight as a sign for infinity is likewise an Illuminati recognition sign. This kind of light sign is also used to torment a person and bring him into a confused state (e.g. by constantly moving a lamp directly in front of the eyes while the eyes have to follow the light). If one has been triggered and tortured with it, all that is needed is for this sign to be shown once or twice, and already this will cause confusion and disorientation. The relief light is again used for re-orientation, this time however by a red shining dot. In my case, it led me to go exactly where the perpetrators wanted me to go. And that without words, without telephone, without technical means, without evidence.

My daughter, whom I had when I was over forty, was taken away from me immediately after birth. Since large parts of my dissociation had already dissolved, the memories of what had happened were present quite quickly. I then visited a gynecologist's office, hoping signs the pregnancy could still be established. I was in pain, and I wanted to have it checked. The pregnancy could not be confirmed anymore. But on the ultrasound something was detected in the uterus which was either remnants of plasma or mucosa. In addition, it was determined that I would have my first period again very soon. I waited for that, but nothing happened. Why? Because the following had happened shortly before: I was driving back to my home late at night in the car. Suddenly someone was standing on the side of the road waving a flashlight. While doing so, this person made a sign of a recumbent figure eight. With that, the person triggered out another "ego-state" in me,

which was then clueless and in need of orientation. After that, I saw a red, dot-like light through which I gained re-orientation. I thought someone needed help, and so I pulled over. Then a man came up to me and said, "Well, Beautiful, here we go!". This was a trigger phrase that caused me to follow him. I got out of the car and ran after the man. A few meters away there was a car on the lawn, a silver VW Caddy. A second man was standing next to it. I knew him from before. A woman also came along. The first man and the woman dragged me into the car, and I only remember that I noticed how I stepped away. Whether I had been given a drug, I cannot say. I only perceived what was happening around me through a kind of bubble. As if I were trapped inside it. I heard them talking, but didn't understand what they were saying. Everything sounded strangely warped to me. After a while, an ambulance with blue lights pulled up. And a person dressed like a paramedic joined it. She held me by the head while the first man took off my leggings and underpants and started to tamper with me intimately. The whole thing did not last long, a few minutes at most, and the people put me back in the car. They had put an incontinence mat on my seat and given me some linen strips, then they all drove away. I wiped the remaining blood from between my legs, drove to the nearest parking lot, and threw all the material into a trash can. After that, I drove back to where I lived. I had not noticed any loss of time. I had only wondered why I wasn't wearing any underpants under my leggings. The incident landed temporarily in my trauma memory, apparently.

After this traumatic incident, I had diarrhea for a few days. The long-awaited period came only a few weeks later. I thus realized in my life in the outside world that something could not be right. Since I was in a phase in which the dissociation slowly but surely was dissolving, I was soon able to access these memories. Perpetrators had feigned a minor accident to lure me into a trap and subject me to a quick curettage on the side of the road. Thus, all possible evidence of the recent pregnancy had been eliminated.

This is organized violence. Nothing, or hardly anything, is left to chance. These people are very well-organized in the underground, as I said before, with Mafia-like structures that enable them to do a great deal.

11.7 "Life Design" Track

The life of a victim of mind control is pre-programmed and -arranged. His life is shaped. One hardly notices anything of it. And if one does, one is rebuked. The reprimand does not always have to take the form of violence. Most of the time it manifests itself in very harmless ways. The problem is that we as human beings accept the reality of the world as truth, as it is presented to us. The victim has his world created by others, for example, as follows:

- A victim wants to travel. The cult holds the victim back by disillusioning him: "Oh, that takes money, time, savings. I could never travel either..."
- A victim wants to continue his education: "Oh... you don't always have to go to school. Just enjoy life for once! I myself am so happy that I'm out of school and don't have to study anymore!"

I expressed the desire to further my education in psychology. Then a trainer came and told me that psychology was no good, nor Biblical. "You don't need psychology, and pastoral care is not important." I did it anyway. But when I had a problem and couldn't get on with myself, the trainer said that it was the fault of this stupid psychology. With that, he devalued everything that I liked and was valuable to me. He also made me feel anxious, because I was then afraid that he could be right, and that God would actually not like my project. That was also an attempt to stop me, because logically the studies would help me understand much of what was going on with me, and so I was already unconsciously taking steps toward deprogramming. Of course, the cult did not like that.

- When a victim realizes something, then - as if by chance - a thousand obstacles come into his life.

I had already signed the contract with the school where I wanted to do my studies. I had taken care of the financing and was happy because it looked as if everything would work out. But then an event (probably induced) came into my life, and my financial aid for this degree was rescinded. They were trying to hold me back. I was then able to continue nonetheless, because the school administration was very

sympathetic to me, and I was able to make a deal with them. Otherwise, I should have had to drop out.

- A married or partnered victim wants to travel. The partner, a coach, does not want to.
- The partner or trafficker never listens when the victim wants to talk.
- Traumata in life in the outside world are created - for example by divorce, an accident of a family member, illness of the victim's best friend - so that the limits for recognition (healing) are not crossed. The victim must first overcome the trauma before moving on.
- The victim is labeled psychotic or insane if he or she recognizes anything.

When I realized that I had been sexually abused by my father, I confronted him. In response I received, "Your mother put this into your headt!" and "You read too many newspapers and books!" and "I know what your problem is: You're homesick, that's why you're miserable!" (I had moved away a few years earlier from French-speaking Switzerland, where I liked it very much. After that, the first memory of abuse came up.).

My grandfather, who was officially deceased, was in fact still alive and could thus continue to work incognito. I encountered him in the flesh every now and then after his alleged death. He conducted certain torture sessions, especially electroshock torture. When the memory of this came back and I reported this, I was considered untrustworthy by an official authority figure from whom I sought help.

I can certainly understand that something like this seems unbelievable. That's where the big problem lies. For the perpetrators, it is a small thing. The rules that apply to us in normal, everyday life do not apply to them. They do what they want. Victims and witnesses are then considered insane. But not the perpetrators.

- It may happen that an honest person comes into a victim's life. If this person then perhaps recognizes certain problems and wants to point them out, he too is labeled psychotic and is usually excluded from the victim's life.

- When programming breaks out in a victim, the person often behaves strangely to outsiders. It is not uncommon for the affected person to be admitted to a psychiatric clinic or sent to cult friends to recover. They justify it by telling the victim, "*We protected you from yourself!*"; "*You needed professional help!*" or "*You needed friends who loved you!*" In this way, life is shaped, and derailing victims are put back on "track".

12. Monarch Programming

They called me Butterfly Child, because I had to go through what they called Monarch programming. There are reports that Monarch programming is the successor to MK-Ultra. I have no proof of that. I can only report what I experienced myself. To find explanations for this, I set out to find more information. Even though this was not professional journalistic research, I came across numerous things that confirmed my memory of personal experiences.

Monarch programming, according to my assumption, aims at splitting the victim's soul. On the one hand, these manipulations of the soul are scientific experiments. On the other hand, the splitting of souls is carried out in the context of the spiritual thought of the Illuminati with the aim of their own enlightenment. Thus, they try to create enlightened - illuminated - parts by splitting a soul. These illuminated soul parts are then to be reunited in rituals.

Monarch programming is often used when the perpetrators want to preserve a Satanic bloodline. It is important for Satanists to have successors in these family structures. These are children who have often been tortured in the womb. In fact, dissociation can be induced prenatally. This then serves to turn people into perfect slaves, manipulable subjects. For the perpetrators, they are merely living commodities to serve the purpose at hand, without the victims noticing anything. Their goal is to make slaves for powerful people in politics or business. For this purpose, as already mentioned, well-known torture methods are used. But this programming is also used to develop new torture methods. In the process, many people die because they test how much a person can endure, to which group of people one can do

this or that in order to manipulate them and to which not. Children are quite suitable for this.

All this is also used to train soldiers for secret services. But unfortunately, also to train other people, women, men and children, for assassinations or other covert missions. In so-called "empty" states, in which one is deprived of any sense perception (for example in special stimulus isolation tanks), codes or political secrets can be "implanted", for example, for a human being loses orientation after a certain time. The programmed person then keeps these messages, i.e. codes or secrets, inside himself without knowing it. This information is then retrieved by triggers at times and places selected by the perpetrators.

Why this name "Monarch programming"? The name was chosen because of the monarch butterfly. This insect has a special ability that gave researchers the idea to program humans. A monarch butterfly is able to pass on its knowledge to its offspring via genetics. So, if knowledge genetics can be passed on genetically, the main thing is to find the "right parents" for the victims, who will then pass on the "knowledge" by means of Monarch mind control. Monarch programming is highly regarded by the Illuminati and is part of the training. The victim is programmed according to the life cycles of a monarch butterfly: First it starts its life as a small caterpillar, which means it is in the womb and has still unexplored, but manipulable potential. Then it becomes a cocoon. Cocoon time is the time of programming. Once it hatches as a butterfly (new creation), it is a (monarch) slave. During tortures, there is a dazed feeling, like the floating and fluttering of a butterfly. It is also for this reason that the Illuminati use this designation for their Mind Control victims.

Again and again a long code appeared in front of my inner eye. For years, I had no idea what it was all about, nor did I give it any further thought. It was simply a recurring thought for me without meaning.

This code was entered into my subconscious over and over again in empty, "floating and fluttering butterfly phases", during which I was deprived of any sense perception. In my life in the outside world I had not noticed anything of it. Nevertheless, it had been implanted somewhere in my brain.

When the dissociation slowly dissolved, I came to memories and had flashbacks[23], and this also came to the surface.

But over time, new images were added to this code. At some point I realized that these were memories. I had to enter this code into a number box, which gave me access to a compound. There was a big black fence in front of an enormous gate. Men accompanied me each time. I was quite small at that time, I guess about seven years old. But over the years I was taken there very often. Behind this enormous gate was a huge hall. I know that it was a kind of bunker. There were over twenty fighter planes in there. Every time I stood in front of these planes, the men would tell me in English, "You can make war with these!". I was not the only one who entered this code. There was always a second person, another child.

One method that belongs to Monarch programming is to make two people psychologically dependent on each other. They form so-called twins, but biologically they do not necessarily have to be related. In rituals they are joined together and initiated into a common secret. In the process, they then each share half of a programmed piece of information, which makes them dependent on each other.

In summary, Monarch programming uses elements of science, developmental psychology, behavioral psychology, and brain research, to create perfect mind control in slaves. The Satanic-ritual abuse serves as the basis for the necessary personality splits; through it, the victims learn to dissociate from an early age.

13. How Are Triggers Set?

The goal of triggers is to set off a chain reaction. First comes a trigger, then a reaction; with the help of punishment or reward, the two are linked together on an unconscious level. A particular reaction or action then follows automatically from a trigger, without any specific thought on the part of the person concerned. In the context of ritual abuse with mind control, perpetrators are careful to ensure that the reaction should have nothing to do with the trigger. One must be dissociated from the other.

The famous experiment of the Russian scientist and physician Ivan Pavlov (d.1936) shows well how a trigger can be set. He fed his dog for a long time and always rang a bell before feeding. The dog understood very quickly that the bell (the trigger) meant: it would get something to eat (reward). Soon salivation (as a reaction) was activated in the dog as soon as it heard the bell. When the owner then skipped the food (the reward), the dog still started salivating due only to the ringing of the bell. The bell had nothing to do with eating, yet for this one dog it was the sign, and it salivated whether or not there was food afterwards.

The goal of abusers is to dissociate a child or adult. Dissociation is the opposite of association. When you hear the word "garden", you probably think of the following associative words: flowers, vegetables, lawn mower, etc. In induced dissociation, the exact opposite is done. Care is taken to ensure that one has nothing to do with the other. Confusion is intentionally created. And then into the confusion re-orientation is introduced: Perpetrator orientation (e.g., bell and eating). In this moment of confusion, in which one does not know which way is up, one is simply glad for any orientation.

We can imagine it like this: Suppose someone is floating in a silent, empty, colorless and odorless room; he does not even know that he is human, he does not remember that he has a language to speak and has no idea that there is life and death. He simply does not know anything. But he has opened his eyes, he can see, hear and smell. Suddenly, from somewhere comes a voice that tells him something. Since he has no idea about anything else at that moment, he will automatically follow that voice, because he is dependent on orientation. I worked with dementia patients for a few years. The severely affected sometimes just followed us as a team, without any sense or purpose, just for the reason that they were looking for orientation in that moment.

And this is exactly how the perpetrators work. They usually bring their victims into a situation of extreme confusion through torture. From a certain point on, victims simply cannot take it anymore. The perpetrators notice this. Then they usually stop the torture. Since pain and confusion are so extreme at that moment, a kind of emptiness is created. If someone asks a question into this emptiness, one is unable to answer. For example, you do

not even know your own name anymore. In this state, triggers are set. One is then told, for example, who one is. You are addressed with a different name. For example: Anna. Or you are told that the color violet stands for silence, and that all men and women who wear violet know exactly who you are and what you do. And that if you talk, they will report everything so that you will be punished. You may also be taken to a purple room, and lies may be hammered into you there. These are repeated over and over and over again. So for the "ego-state" of a victim called Anna, the color violet (trigger) may indicate the following: "All people dressed in violet are watching me. That means I have to be silent." Thus, the action desired by the perpetrators follows. In such moments of strong dissociation and emptiness, other "ego-states" are also formed or take over some that already exist. So, at first, not at all the front person, who lives a life in the outside world, is addressed, but parts in the back, in the closed rooms of the inner world. The victim is conditioned until even the "ego

-state" of the outer life is silent as soon as he sees the color violet. However, the victim does not perceive this, but simply remains silent, since the underlying conditioning took place on an unconscious level.

When I was brought before a man, naked, freezing and wounded after a child hunt, he asked me who I was and what I should like to have. I was unable to answer. I did not know at that moment what had happened to me and could not place anything. I stared at this man and didn't say a word. I had been brought to a state of confusion. I was in a state where triggers could be set.

Then the man yelled at me, insulted me with words like: "You stupid cow, you are worth nothing! You don't even know who you are!!! And you cannot even tell me what you want! You are not normal! Once again, you don't realize what it's all about! Well, then I must tell you again who you are and what you want. You're a stupid, dim-witted, disgusting girl. You'll be lucky if I'm still around to help you! I'll also tell you what you want now, since you have no idea about anything! You will do what I tell you! I am the one whom you must obey. See how merciful I am! Because I'm going to make you two offers: you can lie here on the couch now, spread your legs and choose whether you're going to be rammed with my cock or with the knife. See? I still give you the choice, even though you're so stupid! And on top of

that, I forgive your stupidity and idiocy!!! I am being so kind to you! And you? You are wasting my precious time. I have to teach you things that everyone knows. You're not even able to say your name. Then I'll just say it: Lys!" I lay down on the couch. The perpetrators would say willingly. I was a stupid cow. A stupid Lys cow!! But better to be a stupid cow than nothing. Better to lie down on the couch and get rammed than not know where the ground is and whether one is human or animal.

In this empty space, the following triggers were set for me: "Lys" = This was then one of my most important cult names. It gave me identity. "Couch" = Lie down voluntarily! This showed me what to do and where to go.

So when I heard this combination of words from a perpetrator, I switched. I lay down somewhere, seemingly unsolicited, to be sexually abused and raped. But I compartmentalized this and didn't know anything or fractions of it after that. For example, if only one word of this combination was used, I entered a kind of trance state, but in which I still perceived everything. If then the second word of this combination did not follow, then I could come back from this state. Otherwise, what has been described above happened next. Since my parents had christened me Liliane, it could happen that such an utterance as: "Come, Liliane (Lily, Lys), let us sit on the couch" caused a change of the inner "ego-states". I was ready to work as a sex slave. An abuser could then take advantage of this. A non-perpetrator, of course, could not, because he knew nothing about it. If nothing followed, I soon recovered from this state.

13.1 Reward

I mentioned triggers, actions, and then rewards. There were also rewards. For example, if I did very well on the couch and satisfactorily completed that task, I got a reward. In these circles, among other things, one is rewarded with beautiful stones. They must be earned, however, and of course this involves lying and abuse. A typical case might look like this: The child is shown a beautiful stone, for example, a diamond. It is asked affectionately whether it would also like such a beautiful diamond, or whether it would also like to be as beautiful as this diamond. The child usually agrees. The trainer will praise the child for having such good taste

and promise to help it become such a beautiful diamond as well. The child is told that one must earn the right to receive such a diamond or to become such a diamond. The reward is held up in front of the child's nose. But endless hours of abuse and torture are the price. After that, the child actually gets a diamond, or a piece of jewelry with diamonds. This may then be worn on special occasions, to family reunions, to rituals, to sex orgies or other Satanic meetings. The child is then praised by the members for wearing this beautiful jewelry.

The amethyst is usually the first stone that a victim gets. It stands for silence, which ranks at the top. This means that the child has passed the first step of the difficult exam and has inner "ego

-states" that guarantee absolute silence.

13.2 Black and White Torture

Torture does not always happen externally. There is black torture, which leaves marks on the body. In this case, one is physically injured. And there is white torture. In this case, one is not physically injured. A child who has been locked in a cellar for three days, naked, without food and without water, will bear no noticeable marks of the mistreatment if it is given a bath, food, and new clothes. The following method of white torture was used by the perpetrators on me and other children:

I still remember a room in which there were some emergency hospital beds. We children were put in there. At the right rear side of the room there were some people, mostly dressed in white, standing behind a pane of glass. It was similar to the ward room in a hallway in a hospital. They could watch us. They gave us goggles of a sort to wear. These were fixed very tightly and could not slip. We ourselves were also strapped to the beds so that it was impossible for us to move. I remember strange pictures and strange colors from movies that were shown to us. But there was a different movie for each eye. I remember that I was unable to concentrate. I tried to fixate on the left or the right, but I couldn't. The goggles had been put on in such a way that it was also impossible to close my eyes. One had to watch. There was no alternative. This lasted hours or days; how long I can no longer say. It felt

like half an eternity until we were released from it. I remember very strong headaches and migraine attacks already as a small child.

Black torture is used less often on those children who are supposed to survive. There were marks and injuries, but most of the time I could either take care of myself or I concealed the bruises and wounds with clothes, or I pretended to be sick and stayed at home. Yes, I was often absent from school, and later also my apprenticeships or work.

14. Silence - the Greatest Commandment - the Most Powerful Weapon

Silence is the perpetrators' strongest weapon, and they use it on their victims purposefully and skillfully. So-called "silence rituals" are carried out time and again. And this is already done in early childhood, when the child begins to speak. This means that after a ritual, another ritual is performed to seal what has happened under oath. This includes methods such as being buried alive, almost being suffocated, almost being drowned, or witnessing what happens to a "traitor", being sacrificed, or burned or skinned alive. If such killings are then carried out, for example, still in a violet room, the silence of a victim is reinforced at the same time, because the already pre-installed color programming meets a new trauma.

In the one cemetery where I was always taken for rituals, I was buried with a body that was already half decomposed. That is, I had to lie down next to it. The coffin was closed, and, judging from the movements, I had to assume that they had buried us. I panicked; yes, I consisted only of panic, but I did not scream, because I already knew that I must not speak up and fight back. After half an eternity they brought me out again and took my oath of silence. They promised me that if I ever told anyone, I would end up like that corpse. I would decompose like that, and no one would ever think of me... I swore NEVER TO TALK!

In these silence rituals, during a torture session, in an almost empty state where the pain is enormous, one is asked if one swears to remain silent forever. It is said that if one agrees, the pain will stop. If not, a sibling or the mother will be killed, or the pain will never stop. A child will do

ANYTHING for the hope that the pain may stop, absolutely anything. It is fully manipulable. Once you have agreed to be silent as a child, you are shown what will happen if you do talk. You are told over and over again that you would be considered a weirdo if you told anyone anything like that, that you would either be called a liar or shut away in a mental institution, because no one believes such a thing, not even your own mother, not even your uncle or your piano teacher, and certainly not your best friend, let alone the priest or the nice neighbor. It is always repeated to you that everything is being watched, and if you do talk at some point, bad things will happen... you know.... a sudden car accident or cardiac arrest. Death is always present. It is also crystal clear that what happens within your own four walls, in your own family, in your own church, among your own friends, is nobody's business... isn't it? But of course, that is clear.

To ensure that a victim remains silent, control methods are introduced. A child takes part in a ritual. Afterwards, he or she is asked what he or she has seen or experienced. The child generally obeys and tells. Afterwards, it is massively tortured as punishment for having told. In this way, the perpetrators create a new "ego-state", in other words, an empty personality that can be written on again like a blank sheet. This new "ego-state" is then ordered to remain silent under threat of murder.

And so I kept silent for a long, long time. I went to therapy for several years because I had depression, but I never said a word about what I was experiencing or had experienced, never a word about the daily violence, humiliations, and how I was locked up. Zero, nothing. And then, when I had the one big shock experience - one too many from my point of view - I started to stutter. Then I could no longer talk anyway. Even speech therapy didn't help.

If perpetrators know about such a silent component, they do not necessarily always have to use physical torture later, when the victim is older, to activate or deactivate it. Even being picked up then does not always look spectacular. On the contrary. It can happen in broad daylight without the victim realizing that he or she has been picked up to be kept on track.

As an adult woman, years after separating from my first husband, I fell in love and remarried. The marriage broke up a few months later and the

bridesmen had broken off contact with me. This breaking off of contact was very traumatic for me, but I never talked to them about it. Why? I was silenced in a way that was quite natural from the outside, almost lovingly. After many months, I still dared to contact them, simply because I missed them very much as friends. They invited me to a meeting. The meeting took place on the premises of a church community. When I entered the room, apart from the couple, another woman was waiting for me. I knew this woman slightly. She belonged to their team, which they had founded to help prostitutes out of their misery. The former bride's attendant started the conversation with the following question: "What does freedom mean to you?" I hesitated at first, explaining that freedom for me means being inwardly at peace with myself and with God when I make a decision or when I do this and that (though today I define freedom differently). Afterwards he and his wife gave me a lecture: Freedom means: not to look back on what has happened, and also not to talk about it. They showed me a blank sheet of paper and said that the old had passed and the new was there. And the new blank sheet was there to be written on again. At the same time, they quoted several Bible verses. They explained to me that psychology and pastoral care were worthless and that only the Bible was the valid standard. Freedom did not mean talking about the past. Freedom meant writing something new on the blank page. They also explained to me that words have power and that negative things should not be spoken. By negative, they also meant not addressing past or present grievances. They said they themselves had decided to remove anything negative from their vocabulary and encouraged me to do the same. Saying negative things evoked negative feelings, and they wanted to avoid that. They then asked me if I understood and agreed. When I said yes, the man said that now that I saw it that way too, contact could be resumed.

I was quite upset after that meeting, but I did not let anyone notice my reaction. On the contrary, I still talked with them and the other woman about their work among women on the margins of society. But the message was clearly received: YOU WILL BE SILENT! I never spoke to them after that about the grievances in my second marriage and certainly not about the pain and that they had broken off contact. They didn't want me to, and

with this conversation they had ordered me to comply. They had addressed the silent personality in me and brought her back on track.

Successfully - at least for a while. For my part, I was only happy at that time to be allowed to have contact with my beloved friends again. That was enough for me. I accepted the silence for the sake of that.

Even then I realized that something was wrong with this conversation; however, I could not yet get to the heart of it because I was still under the influence of manipulation and mind control.

15. Christian Spiritual Abuse

Since certain groups of Satanists are spiritually oriented, much ritual abuse is also done on a spiritual basis. The religious Satanists hate everything that the God of the Bible loves. So their goal is to abuse everything that is somehow related to God. And the Bible tells us that God loves us human beings. For this reason, I believe, Satanists attack what God cares most about. Namely, human beings. They do this by perverting and manipulating. Many who worship Satan know the Bible very well and are excellent at quoting it. Thus, they often use Bible verses in their rituals to abuse. They take them out of context and pervert them.

"*The sacrifices of God* are *a broken spirit:...*" (Psalm 51:17a)

Permission to hurt people's minds and souls through torture.

"*For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink...* " (Romans 14:17a)

This justifies torture by deprivation of drink and food.

"*For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.* " (Romans 14:7-8)

This makes it clear to the victim that life belongs to Satan, their Lord, and that death honors him.

"*But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to* fulfil *the lusts* thereof." (Romans 13:14)

Normal human needs are called selfish desires in the realm of ritual abuse. These are forbidden and sealed with such a verse. Putting on the New Garment in Satanism has to do with silence and splitting the soul. In part, plays are performed in which Jesus is played. A Jesus who never listens, who doesn't care what happens, and who simply puts on a new robe after a sacrifice....

"*And unto him that smiteth thee on the* one *cheek offer also the other; ...*" (Luke 6:29a)

Translated into the Satanic, it means: You MUST let yourself be abused. If someone wants sex from you and then someone else, you must comply. Otherwise, you are not pleasing to God.

"*Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto the, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.* " (Matthew 18:21-22)

This verse is used by tormentors very often! It means: Lie down, I'll beat you, and you must forgive me anyway!

I was beaten and maltreated very often by my trainer and tormentor. Sometimes I complained. But then he often applied this verse and told me that as a Christian I had to forgive him anyway, otherwise I would not be a good Christian. I wanted to be a good Christian. This verse was his carte blanche *to continue abusing me. Thus he could live out his sadism, since I had to forgive infinitely often. Seven times seventy times stands for eternally.*

There is hardly an end to the perversion of Biblical messages for purposes of spiritual abuse. Depending on the situation and the victim, Bible verses are misused to chastise, to beat, to abuse, to correct, to manipulate, to make someone realize how wrong he is, how wrong he feels, and that God does not love him like that, that he needs punishment, that his behavior is not pleasing to God and people, etc. The field is enormous.

It is very important to me at this point to explain why abuse and violence of this kind does indeed happen – I dare say: is even practised with fervour and enthusiasm - in Christian communities. It is not the sincere and honest

Christians who are to blame. The reason is, on the one hand, that churches and Christian communities are a favorite target of infiltration by Satanists, and on the other hand, that unfortunately there are certain Christians who are very religious and judgemental (in a negative sense). Religiousness and judgementalism serve the Satanists as a cover for their work. It is one of the great goals of the Illuminati to have power in the areas of religion and faith. Therefore, they send their well-trained people into Christian communities with the aim of destroying them. In doing so, they are very persistent, tenacious, and are experts in abuse under the pious guise of a church or community of Christians, even in free churches. I, myself, like to be with devout people, with Christians. But I know of well-trained abusers and Satanists who hide there and lead their double life. Christian communities and churches should, in my opinion, be very careful and check their people well. Not all that glitters is gold. Not all those who recite Bible verses by heart or are even active in pastoral care are convinced and honest, believing Christians. There are wolves among the sheep, wolves in sheep's clothing. They are to be unmasked!

16. Diseases and Other Signs

There were signs in my outer life that something was wrong. But it was very difficult to recognize. I was simply seen as a child who was somewhat weaker in health, and likewise later as an adult. I also said that about myself. It was a plausible explanation for me as to why I felt weak so often. I was often sick, missed school, or could not go to work. I was always the one who took the maximum number of sick days when I was training or studying. I was also always absent from work. Even as a small child and later as an adult, I suffered from severe migraines, so I often called in sick. When I had minor injuries, I did not show them, but rather took care of them myself. Most of the time I did not know in my external life where the injuries or the enormously large bruises came from. I thought I was just prone to them. When I could not wear underwear after a rape, I called in sick to my employer and stayed home. In this way I survived but did not realize for many years what the real reason for my poor health was. Even when I fell into severe depression, attempted suicide, needed

hospitalization, I did not realize what had really happened to me. As a young woman, I was hospitalized for unexplained severe pain that led to paralysis in my arms and legs. None of the many professionals who had observed, examined or treated me realized the real reason. I suffered from vaginismus for many years and overcame many fears that I could not place. Since the pain and anxiety were still there, I often did exposure training myself.[24] Yet, neither I nor any professional recognized that I was suffering from the effects of severe abuse. Also, as an adult woman, I suddenly could not speak clearly. I had everything checked out, but nothing was found. My speech therapist said she could not work with me as with other patients. This state of lisping and stuttering lasted for more than two and a half years. Only when - after the angel's visit to my room - I happened to meet a woman who had studied neurolinguistic psychology, did I realize the reason for my sudden speech disorders. She told me about people who can't talk because they stumble over the content of words and that therefore logopedic exercises wouldn't be of much use. It struck me then that this was exactly my problem. I could not pronounce words with positive and life-affirming content at all. My tongue simply would not move. It felt enormously heavy. Once I understood this, I was able to work on myself specifically, and the speech disorder was resolved over time.

What was also striking about me - and I hear this again and again from other sufferers - was that I hardly reacted to medication. In particular, sleeping pills or tranquilizers (benzodiazepines) hardly had the desired effect on me. Even with high doses of sedatives, I could still drive a car without my reaction being impaired. I observed the same thing after drinking alcohol. Even intravenously injected sleeping aids had no effect. Today I explain these reactions to myself in two different ways: First, my body was obviously used to drugs; second, I suspect that different "ego-states" had been involved, so that one of them took drugs and the other drove a car. The "ego

state" that was driving had no drugs in it. It is also a plausible explanation for me - besides the fact that God had a plan with me other than death - to have survived the suicide attempts with medication.

The symptoms are different for each and every affected person; there is no general symptomatology that can be established. Since I was perceived as a strong woman, in spite of all these difficulties in my external life, no one noticed what was behind my facade, behind my everyday personality.

As a child in everyday life, I was quite inconspicuous. I was often shy, but I was still considered a cheerful and life-affirming girl. I was only afraid of some older children who bothered me and of the big dogs in the neighborhood. I also remember feeling extreme sadness, but I hid it.

Fortunately, I was able to read very well very quickly. I loved to read. The city library was a paradise for me. It was my world. Often, on Wednesday afternoons when school was not in session, I would ride my green bike into town and hole up in the library for a few hours. In my heart I sometimes felt a great, heavy pain that I couldn't place, and I would have wept for hours. But no one was allowed to see this pain. So I looked for books with very sad stories. I read the saddest passages over and over again and sometimes cried for a long time. All alone in my corner with the books I was allowed to cry. After all, the stories were so sad, and I cried because of them, not because of my pain. That was my truth. After a while the pain subsided, and I went home.

17. Consequences in External Life

As a victim, one often feels homeless. This inner cry to put down roots and find a home has always led me to roam. I have moved very often in my life. External circumstances forced me to move on, even though I had just arrived. So one is in a vicious circle, and the cult does everything to keep one in it. When I became ill and had severe depression, I could no longer work. I was an IV pensioner.[25] With such a pension, one can hardly pay for an apartment, let alone any extras. So one is financially dependent and bound to stay put. Traveling is not possible. This is very convenient for the cult, because they can access the victim at any time. I was lucky enough to overcome my depression and get back into the mainstream job market. However, I encountered great difficulties in doing so and was not able to take up as good a job as before, because I had been absent too long, because I could no longer do any further training, and because many things had

changed in my industry. So I had to accept a part-time job with correspondingly lower earnings. I was still grateful, but I was also sometimes frustrated because I had to work my way up again. People affected in this way are punished several times over. First, one becomes a victim of unbelievably heinous violence. As a result, some become ill and can no longer work. This leads to financial difficulties, which in turn render it impossible, or at least very difficult to break out of the vicious circle.

What is extraordinarily difficult is this: When one finally manages to break the silence, or part of it, and gradually musters the courage to talk about it, very often one are not believed. For me, sometimes it was almost worse than remembering the violence itself. It is incredibly difficult and can be highly retraumatizing.

As a result, one loses friends and even family members who do not want to believe it. So one is forced to make new social contacts, if one still has the strength to do so at all. Getting the right help is extraordinarily difficult.

I had been feeling better for some time, I no longer had depression and had the courage and strength to go to work again. I was already looking for work, but at that time I was still an IV pensioner. However, assessments were underway, and I knew that my pension would soon be cancelled. I therefore planned to work as a floater at a private Spitex[26], initially without a fixed contract.

One day - during that time - I went to a theme park. I went with a child on a simple track, where cars can ride quite comfortably one behind the other on a track. One can control the accelerator in these cars. Anyway, we had arrived at our destination, when the people in the car behind us just crashed into us. I guess they had hit the gas pedal. Many years before, I had suffered whiplash in a car accident. This blow triggered such a whiplash again.

This happened just days before my IV pension payments were stopped. So I could not start the new job. At first, I was confined to bed for several weeks and could hardly move. And instead of going to work, I had to register with the social welfare office.

Finally, after very many years I had managed to save a little. I decided to visit my dear friend in the USA and got myself a passport. But then came the tax bill from the municipality. And it was about 6,000 francs higher than the one from the previous year, although I had not earned more. This meant a very large sum for me. A series of stupid and strange events had led to my mistakenly overlooking a deadline. Other mistakes were made by the local government. For example, they had sent a letter to a wrong e-mail address asking me to submit some more documents. This mail never reached me, of course, and I could not respond to it accordingly. I handed over my dossier to a tax consultant and asked for help. We even filed an objection with the cantonal office, but it was all to no avail. The municipality insisted on the amount, although the head of the tax office admitted to my tax advisor that in this way the federal government was receiving money that did not belong to it! Admittedly, I had also made a mistake, but I was obliged to pay everything! The following year things returned to normal, but I had to cancel my trip to the USA.

I cannot prove anything. But I know that such things are very typical of the cult. I was in financial need again, and I had no choice but to stay at home. So the cult still had access to me and could monitor me. Withholding funds, producing accidents, hurting people one cares about - these are all things they do to traumatize the outside personality and create dependencies. One has to stay at home. Under their control.

I had part of my pension fund paid out. I had another part paid into a vested benefits account[27]. But I did not receive any money for weeks, nor any confirmation, simply nothing. The money had simply disappeared. After several attempts, also on the part of my pension fund, it was finally transferred to me many weeks later, without an apology or even a word of explanation. I still don't know where it remained for so long.

Sure, things like that can happen every now and then. To err is human. But I became very suspicious at the time. So many coincidences in my life, as far as finances are concerned, are very strange. I was just happy when I finally got the money. However, it may have actually been a message to show me that the cult still had power over me, even over my finances.

I was on sick leave for a few months and received daily sickness benefits. Although I was in therapy with a physician, I had to present myself to a medical officer of the insurance company for an expert opinion. He had to clarify whether my inability to work was justified or not. I told him about the ritual abuse. At that time many memories came up, and I was deeply shaken by them. It had taken me some time to regain some stability. However, I was well able to take care of myself and did not need any medication. The medical officer apparently saw things differently and wanted to have me treated or assessed as an inpatient because of alleged "delusions". Since I was in no way suffering from delusions and there was no reason for an inpatient stay, I refused to go. Moreover, I know that hospital stays are sometimes arranged by the cult in order to reprogram victims of ritual abuse. My physician at the time, an expert in this field who knows the structures of organized abuse, saw this the same way I did and therefore did not check me into a clinic. A dispute over diagnosis and therapy ensued between the doctors. Finally, the insurance company stopped its payments. The reason given was lack of cooperation, because I had not gone to the psychiatric clinic.

It is clear to me that an insurance company has to clarify whether an incapacity to work actually exists and what options are available, so that a policyholder can be reintegrated into the work process as quickly as possible. That is part of their job. In my case, however, it was very striking that the insurance company stuck to the referral to a psychiatric clinic based on the recommendation of their medical officer. It was also striking how my doctor's arguments were simply ignored and they were in no way willing to consider any other proposal. Even appeals to the CEO were of no use. They stuck to their opinion. I know myself, and I know very well whether I need help in a clinic or not. And I was also able to say at the time exactly what I needed. That would have been outpatient trauma therapy with a professional who knows about organized ritual abuse. And I had already started that. This would have been the quickest way to get me back to work. But this was not granted to me. Once again in my life, in addition to dealing with the trauma, I was struggling with finances. I no longer had an income and was financially on my own.

When I was feeling better after the years of depression and starting to think about work again, I contacted the disability insurance and applied for help to get back into work. I had an idea that cost very little money but would have allowed me to go back to my medical profession. At the same time, I was given the opportunity by IV to enroll in an internal program to work with professionals to figure out how to move forward professionally. They gave me a deadline to enroll. But as soon as the deadline should pass, it would no longer be possible to enroll and the funds would be stopped. Since I already knew what I could do and had an application running, I declined and waited for the answer. In addition, I already had prospects for a job with the private Spitex, and they knew about my plan to train as a reentering nurse. I waited for the answer to my application, but it just did not come. And so it happened that finally the deadline for registering for the internal program also passed and my pension was stopped very quickly. Since I was no longer an IV pensioner, I could not reapply. This opportunity was lst. So my only option was to return to the medical field, which was very difficult after nine years of absence and no reintegration measures. Then there was the accident at the amusement park with the whiplash injury. It seemed to me as if my life train had passed me by, and I had simply not managed to board despite all my efforts.

All the events of my life that I have described in this chapter can point to organized structures of violence. I have experienced many more inconceivable things. Again and again, I tried to be successful. But despite all the good ideas that I also tried to implement, I often did not succeed. Either I had an accident, or my source of income was cut off, or by chance something else happened that prevented me from going my way as planned. I know by now that some of it was not coincidence, but planned. Other things I do not know exactly. It is also a fact that in these Mafia-like circles outsiders who want to help are put under pressure or even threatened. Threats are used often, and unfortunately, successfully. For example, lawyers are threatened when they want to represent a victim. Social workers and physicians are also put under pressure. It is not uncommon that they then refrain from helping out of fear. I had someone who wanted to help me from time to time, but then withdrew again for inexplicable reasons. Victims of organized ritual abuse can hardly take a step without the cult

noticing. Everything is controlled. Everything is manipulated. Everything is organized.

18. The Long Way Out and Breaking the Silence

There is the so-called external exit and the internal exit.

The external exit is about no longer living in these settings built by the perpetrators. In my case, this involved changing my place of residence and leaving my job. I also had to withdraw from my family and friends. The few people with whom I remained in contact were carefully selected. And even there, there were changes as the exit progressed. I unsubscribed from all social media accounts. I was no longer to be found on the internet. No Facebook, nothing. For a long time, I did not talk to anyone on the phone and barely wrote any emails. Only in case of emergency. I went to a very remote place that no one knew about. There was hardly any public transportation. So practically no one could come unnoticed, but I also had few opportunities to get away. I chose this way because it was very important for me to distance myself from the perpetrators, but also from possibly unsafe persons. By unsafe persons, I mean people in my environment of whom I did not know exactly who they were in reality and whether they were leading a double life - just as I used to. I did not reveal my whereabouts to anyone, nor was I accessible. Because with a perfectly constructed set, there are always people who serve as informants. It may be that they know, but it may also be that they are used unsuspectingly. A mutual friend can be used to get information without consciously realizing it or wanting it. Perpetrators are always interested in knowing where one is, what one is doing, what one is saying, what one is feeling, how one is thinking, with whom one is in contact, etc. With this information, they can "keep the train on the track". I did not want any bystander to be put in danger, pressured or even threatened because of me. For this reason, I simply left without saying goodbye.

Some victims create a writ of protection. In it, all memories are written with places, deeds, names of the perpetrators and as many other details as possible. This writ is then deposited with notaries and lawyers. In case of further assaults, threats or death, this letter is sent directly to several agencies for prosecution. Experience shows that after that the assaults stop

or at least decrease about fifty percent. I myself have also created such writs of protection.

It is even more important to create the **inner exit.** For this, one must be aware of the dissociations that have taken place. The most important thing of all is to get to know oneself internally, with all one's parts. Because, as long as perpetrators still have access to other "ego-states" and can trigger them unnoticed, pulling away and breaking off contact may not be of much use. It is known, for example, that reporter components are installed in victims that keep the cult up to date unnoticed (e.g., about the start and progress of therapies or the new place of residence). Retrieval by the perpetrators would then be easy and would pose a great danger, as then punitive measures would most likely be taken, or that torture programming would be renewed.

That is why both are necessary. That has also been my experience. I had already dealt with myself years before, because I noticed that something was not right. I had then taken small steps towards getting out, without actually noticing that I was already getting out. This helped me on the one hand, but also put me in danger. Because I had not noticed in which circles I was effectively stuck. Finally, these many small, inner mini-steps over the years helped me enormously to make the final inner exit. So all the preliminary work I had done was not lost. I had learned a lot in my training sessions and from my experience, and was able to apply it. When I understood how I could get in touch with my inner "ego-states", I was quite quickly able to make the final inner exit as well. Non-judgemental, encouraging people, including various professionals, accompanied me during the inner exit process. This whole process took almost thirty years.

Inner exit means recognizing and deprogramming the programs that have been programmed into one, much like reformatting a computer. The programmed inner "ego-states" can now be found and known. After that, it is imperative that they receive some kind of retraining. They have been lied to. They do not know what real life is. To put it casually, deprogramming means replacing the lie with truth.

When I was in the deprogramming and retraining phase, I encountered an "ego-state" that was thirteen years old. At that time as a thirteen-year old,

in a trauma situation, I was asked if I wanted to be a prostitute. I had to say yes, because I knew nothing else. This "ego-state" formed at that time had remained thirteen years old. Then, when I wanted to agree to the retraining of this "ego-state", I noticed a great sadness in me. I perceived depressive feelings and thoughts of "not wanting to live anymore" flashed through my mind. The thirteen-year-old in me knew only prostitution, nothing else. That was her life. Retraining was difficult, because she was afraid of losing her identity, her "raison d'être". So I talked to myself, explained to this other "ego-state", this thirteen-year-old in me, that the assertion that she was made only for prostitution was a lie. Moreover, she had long since ceased to be thirteen, but was an adult, and no longer needed to offer any sexual favors at all. It was over. This thirteen-year-old in me finally understood, and so the long overdue integration could take place.

This is how deprogramming and integration works. Once the thirteen-year-old was integrated and the triggers that evoked this "ego- state" were found, the perpetrators no longer had access to it.

Such inner work can take a very, very long time. However, my experience as a believer is that it goes much faster with God. Since I believe that Jesus Christ is still alive today, I went to these other "ego-states" with Jesus in my thoughts. Sometimes it was quick, and integration happened immediately. Sometimes I needed more time to process it all. During and after the inner exit one may learn to be independent. And above all, learn to trust oneself and one's inner self. To dare to say "yes" and to stick to it. To dare to say "no" and to stick to it.

The Bible says in Matthew 5: "*Let your yes be yes and your no be no. What goes beyond that is of evil...*"

I had to learn that first! I was allowed to learn that I am free to say "no" or "yes". I am free to have a different opinion! Free to feel what I like! And above all, I am even free to disappoint expectations!

Manipulation consists of telling the other person that he or she does not feel right, does not think right, behaves wrong, etc.... It is a form of control. I have been accustomed to manipulation all my life. Coming into freedom was, and still is, precious and wonderful to me.

The road was long before I had the courage to say to someone, "*Listen, I'm distancing myself from what you think about me. And how you think I should act. And I'm going to disappoint you, because I'm not going to do what you're suggesting*."

Rejection was the consequence; relationships fell apart. But today I am glad about it. Because that's how I recognized manipulation. And I have come step by step into a completely new freedom.

But then came the even greater work. I had to learn to stand by my "yes" or "no." I had to learn to take responsibility for my "yes" or "no". And the painful thing was: I had to learn to deal with the feeling and the reaction of the other person when my opinion was different. I had to learn to deal with rejection.

If you can't live with someone reacting negatively to your "no", then there is a great danger of being manipulated.

After the external and internal exit has been achieved, a stabilization phase is needed. That was also the case with me. I had withdrawn once again and was living in a shared apartment. The people there knew about my history. So I was able to have myself monitored over a period of time. I also had my cell phone and computer checked. Because victims are always monitored and threatened via telephone and computer. And sometimes - as already mentioned - they also report themselves unconsciously (in a different "ego-state") to the perpetrators, because they have been programmed that way. This was also the case with me for a long time. The stabilization phase was therefore very important. Getting out is good and important; healing is possible. But in order really to have the certainty that nothing more is happening and that there really is no longer an "ego-state" of which one is unaware, such a phase is, in my opinion, necessary. After a certain time, in which nothing more happened, I knew: I am out! I have made it with God's help!

The experience of some of those affected shows the following: Once the inner exit has been achieved and the perpetrators no longer have access to further "ego-states," they usually stop, because it could become too dangerous for them. If violence or pick-ups occurred after healing of the dissociation, victims could witness everything. This is a real danger for the

perpetrators. However, there is also a danger for those who leave to be killed, because they are no longer useful for the cult.

18.1 Difficulties with Reports to the Police

The perpetrators are masters in covering up and are organized with police, public prosecutors, and politicians at very high levels. If you want to file a complaint as a victim, you have to make a very difficult decision. First, you are opening a can of worms. But you do not know all the worms. Furthermore, they do not like it at all, so there is danger. Secondly, very often you are not believed at a police station. First of all, this is because many officers are unaware of this kind of crime and cannot even imagine such events. On the other hand, there are unfortunately also those black sheep who report alleged rapes and crimes that later turn out never to have taken place. For this reason, many police officers often no longer have an open ear for such statements. Third, organized ritual abuse does not exist as a criminal offense in this country.

A few years ago, I filed a complaint. I still remember how a police officer waved me off with the following words: "*Oh, you and your stories!*". This is a big problem. There are indeed so many "stories", most of them sounding so unbelievable that one - even the police - can hardly believe it nor wants to. It is long, complicated, incomplete. Since the perpetrators are professionals at work, there is almost always a lack of solid evidence. But the main problem, in my opinion, is that organized ritual abuse cannot be reported as such because there is no such offense in the criminal code. You can report rape, homicide, domestic violence and the like, but all of that is looked at separately. This does not help the people involved, and they may be put in great danger because they have to be punished as traitors according to the rules of the cult. Even the German BKA[28] says it does not track ritual abuse as a separate phenomenon.

Those affected suffer from the traumata and for this reason often have enormous difficulties in making coherent statements. Since almost everyone has some form of dissociative disorder, it is as if several different people were testifying instead of just one. This can lead - seen from the outside - to incomplete reports that are added to every now and then. If an inner child

testifies, he or she will most likely testify differently to a twenty-year-old, even if it is about the same thing. This then leads to a lack of understanding, and those affected are not infrequently simply classified as schizophrenic, and the case is closed. Many people do not know that schizophrenia has nothing to do with Dissociative Identity Disorder or Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, and the people affected are thus done a great injustice. Because one does not know about ritual abuse or does not want to deal with it, delusions are suspected and perhaps even the admission to a psychiatric clinic is recommended.

In my opinion, the police and the judiciary should be able to follow clues and not just evidence. Above all, they should have enough psychologically trained staff who know about dissociation and how dissociative people might tell stories. If they were able to do this, many crimes could be uncovered and victims helped. Also, changes should definitely and urgently be made at the political level! The victims need help!

It was just before the Satanic holiday, when the festival is celebrated with sex orgies. I was called and assigned the job of serving as a guard that evening. The guests would have been able to register with me using the predetermined code, and I would then have to let them in. The orgy was to take place in the basement of a large villa in the middle of a small town in Germany. I knew this villa because I had been dragged there myself as a child.

What certain perpetrators probably had not noticed at the time was that the barrier of amnesia had already partially dissolved in my case, and therefore I could no longer always be accessed. So I had realized what was going on and went to the police accompanied by a psychological specialist. Together we wanted to explain to the police what was about to happen in their city and why I knew about it. Unfortunately, our plan failed. The police officer, who at first listened quite well, distrusted us as time went by; probably because it sounded so unlikely. She turned us away. But I had all the information and knew where and at what time this orgy was planned. I knew that children would be raped and abused there. And I even knew the names of people who might participate there. It was a huge misery. Of course, I did not do my job as a guard. For this reason, my life was in immediate danger. The perpetrators had thereby noticed that I was successfully getting

out. I had to leave my place of residence in a hurry and hide. I never returned to my former apartment.

The police already said I could call them at any time if I was threatened or followed, but that was of no use to me. The perpetrators threaten without evidence, or they simply eliminate people. Preferred methods of killing people are staged car accidents or inducing cardiac arrest.

18.2 Surveillance, Threats and Cover-ups

The cult also very often works with actors. Scenes are specially staged to manipulate, confuse and silence a victim again. They send people to threaten victims and show them, "*We are here. We always know where you are and what you are doing. You can't escape us. We have the power no matter what you do. Even the power of life and death.* "

The affected person is sometimes so harassed that they wonder whether they are normal or not. Helpers of the affected person are also threatened or even killed.

I had a lawyer on retainer. The victim assistance of my canton of residence did not want to cover costs that I had applied for, and this was illegal in my opinion. Along the way, I told her about the abuse on the part of my father and husband. I told her about the police investigations and the "strange things" that happened to me in my everyday life. She said, startled, that there was obviously much more to it than that. She offered to represent me in these matters and said that she would first find out about the status of the police investigations. I agreed verbally, as this conversation took place on the phone. I wanted to meet her later in person to discuss further steps. We never got around to it! She died shortly thereafter. I only know that her heart failed.

My dossier was assigned to another lawyer. I had no influence on this. This lawyer said he was very moved by my life story (I still do not know how he knew it.) and he wanted to help me for free. I considered it godsend at the time, until I realized that suddenly my ex-husband and his brother had obtained certain information about me that they could only have from this lawyer. I immediately terminated the retainer agreement with him. Then his wife, whom I had never seen in the office before, called me privately at

home. She was furious with me and found it impossible that I had terminated the retainer agreement with her husband. She wanted answers, but I did not give them. I did not understand her anger. On the contrary, I thought that he could now take on other clients in my place, through which he would earn money. Today I still do not know what really happened to my then- lawyer. I also cannot explain why the lawyer's wife called me in such an agitated state. I can only speculate without having any evidence. But I still ask myself the following questions today:

Did my lawyer have to die because she took the first steps to help me, opening the can of worms of offenders?

Could it be that the subsequent lawyer was a perpetrator? And that I put a spoke in his wheel by terminating his retainer agreement?

In these circles, one is often punished if one cannot fulfill an order. Could his wife's anger be explained by the fact that she feared for her husband because he could not accomplish what he had been assigned to do with me?

I have no choice but to leave these questions unanswered.

When I filed a complaint and later also began to report my experience publicly, many very strange things happened. According to the cult rules, if I talk, I sin and must be threatened and punished. I and other people around me were threatened directly, but also in very unusual ways. These "strange threats" were so subtly orchestrated that usually only I, or perhaps the person I was with at the time, could perceive it. These threats were also so subtle that I could not press charges because the evidence was lacking and the "story" I should have brought to the police would have been extremely curious. Today I read and hear similar things from other victims.

It was nice warm weather and I put on my beige linen pants and a light pink t-shirt. My silver Fossil brand watch with the light pink dial matched it perfectly. Because I liked to be a little different from everyone else, I put my watch on my right wrist each time.

I had decided to go to a good restaurant with a nice garden terrace to have a coffee. After I ordered my drink, a couple came and sat right at the table in front of me. I saw them from behind. The woman was dressed exactly the same as I, wore the exact same watch, and was wearing it on her right hand

as I was! The man had dark, curly hair like my former partner. She was stroking his hair on the back of his neck, exactly the same way I had always done.

I was stunned and wondered how this could be - so much coincidence at once? The same clothes? The same watch?

I had a long phone call with a friend, told her that I should like to go back to school and re-train and all the places where I had already inquired. I mentioned the names of various schools and discussed the pros and cons of them with her.

A day or two later, I took a trip on the lake. Already at the harbor, a couple caught my attention because the woman was wearing an extravagant T-shirt with eye-catching writing. She kept coming near me so I should not miss her. Then, when I was on the ship, the couple sat down on the bench in front of me and started talking very loudly. It was impossible not to hear, on the contrary, I had to listen. After a while, I froze inside, because the two of them were reproducing the conversation I had had with my friend about the different schools – practically with the exact same words. It was as if they had listened to it and rehearsed it.

Again I was stunned! I wondered if I was psychotic. However, today I know that, as long as a person asks himself whether he is psychotic or not, he certainly is not. Someone who is really suffering from it does not notice it and does not ask himself this question, but claims to be haunted (for example, by little pink men and green carrots) without ever questioning it.

Perpetrators use this very fear of psychosis or other mental illness and stage such encounters to keep the victim on track, to keep them doubting whether they can trust their perceptions or gut feelings at all.

I was driving with my mother on a narrow side road of a small farming village, usually known only to locals. I know the area well because I grew up there. The landscape there is beautiful. View of lake, mountains and beautiful, lush, green meadows. We admired the landscape and talked about it in the car. A few days later I was sitting in the office of a therapist 220 km from this place. He told me how he loved to travel to that area with his wife. He especially liked the one village. He mentioned the name of the small farming village. Then he described to me the one small side road and how

he and his wife used to talk about the beautiful scenery. He used almost exactly the same words my mother and I had used a few days earlier. I was shocked and once again froze inside!

I was sitting in my living room when suddenly I heard a very loud noise. I got up to look. At that moment, a helicopter flew by right in front of my balcony. The door of the helicopter was open, and I saw a man with a big camera. Totally startled, I immediately asked myself: was he filming or photographing me in my apartment now?

All this happened during the time when two of my tormentors were on trial a few years ago. Later, when I started to talk about it publicly, the observations and persecutions became noticeable again.

I had a visit from a friend. She visited me in my apartment. I told her about my life and how I was once kidnapped in a parking lot by a man with an extremely long white beard and a big belly in a white Peugeot station wagon to be punished. A short time later I was out with an acquaintance. She still had to go shopping and I was waiting for her in my car in the parking lot in front of the store. Suddenly I noticed a man with an extremely long, white beard and a fat belly in a side parking lot. He stared at me without looking away once. He was standing next to a white Peugeot station wagon and did nothing but stare at me.

While putting on makeup in the bathroom, I told a friend what type of man I liked, including style of dress. A short time later, we attended a big party abroad. While I was standing at the buffet, a man pushed his way through cheekily, and spoke to me in Swiss dialect. He looked exactly like the kind of man I had been talking about with my girlfriend. Including the style of clothing.

It was really very strange how this man addressed me in my language. How did he know that I was Swiss? We were abroad, and I had not spoken to him in Swiss German.

In the context of a further training course, I had told about my experiences as a victim for the first time. A few days later, I was driving my car over a

bridge. I noticed behind me a black Mercedes bus that kept flashing its headlights. I wondered what that was all about. Then, when we stopped at a red light, there were two cars in front of me with the number 666, a Satanic number![29] And in the rearview mirror, I saw the following written on the front of the Mercedes bus: "CHECK-UP YOUR LIMITS." The bumper of the minibus was fully decorated with occult signs familiar to me.

It was clear to me at that moment this message was for me and it was a threat. This is exactly the subtle way they threaten victims. Suddenly one is accompanied on one's drive by a car with a very special identification number that indicates Satanism, or one are followed, filmed, photographed in the city while shopping or on an excursion. They do it in such a way that one can see it, but cannot furnish any proof. Friends of mine who stood by me were also threatened in this or other ways. For example, the same car drives by the house very slowly over and over again, and someone films or photographs it in such a way that it cannot be overlooked. Or friends and family members are called anonymously from home and abroad. Over and over again. I have experienced that as well. Or someone rings the doorbell under some nonsensical pretext and one actually realizes exactly what it is about: control, warning, threat. Or the same car keeps following one when one goes for a walk. Or the person standing in line at the back of the checkout line has bought exactly the same things. Likewise, it happened to me several times that I came home and my apartment door was ajar. Or my car was unlocked several times. Nothing was ever stolen or messed up. This showed that they had power and control over everything. I could list many more such examples. They also like to put dead animals, very often birds or cats, in front of the front door or on the hood of the car at night. You get pictures sent to your cell phone or computer that are a threat. For example, a picture of a person you are close to who is being tortured. These images flash only very briefly. After that, they disappear again immediately. But they are displayed over and over again and thus penetrate the subconscious. A screenshot cannot be made. Therefore, it cannot be proven. The message is clear: YOU WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR FOR US: IF YOU TALK, BLOOD WILL FLOW! YOU MUST BE SILENT! These examples are all situations that I have experienced myself.

I listened to music on the TV and cooked myself something nice in the kitchen. Shortly before, I and the person I lived with had noticed that the cable of the TV was no longer plugged into the same place. We were surprised, because neither of us had moved anything. And that is when I suddenly noticed this discordant music while I was cooking. I could hardly listen, it totally triggered me. It was as when I was a child in the torture chamber, when I was locked in a room for hours with very loud discordant music. It was as if several pieces of music were being played at the same time, with different keys and beats.

Disharmonic music is used as torture to confuse the mind.

I took out my hairbrush to comb my hair. I saw it had many long dark hairs on it. I myself had long blond hair, and I did not know anyone with this hair color and certainly no one with whom I would have shared my hairbrush. The person with whom I shared the apartment also had a different hair color, and neither of us had had any visitors; besides, nobody but us had an apartment key.

My roommate, who supported me, and I were warned very subtly on the street after I started talking about all this publicly as well. For several weeks, every time we left by car, we were accompanied by other cars. Cars with red and white warning- or breakdown signals. It was so conspicuous, because the cars always drove around us. It was clear to us that in this way we were being warned by the perpetrators. After a while they changed tactics, and it stopped.

I lived for a few weeks in a very small, remote village. There was no post office, no bakery, no other infrastructure. A few houses and the people there all knew each other. Nobody knew that I was staying there. I hid there for a few weeks. As a precaution, I lowered the blinds every evening at dusk, except for one evening when I was skyping for a short while. Then I suddenly heard a bang and saw a small fireball flying towards the balcony on the third floor. The balcony was made of wood and belonged to the attic

apartment in an apartment building. I jumped up because I was afraid the balcony might catch fire. Another roommate in that building also came running immediately. At that moment, we heard a car, which had apparently parked right in front of the house, drive away very quickly with screeching tires. Someone had tried to start a fire in the apartment or on the balcony, or at least to scare people with it. It could not have been a coincidence, because it took enormous skill to hit just this one balcony, which was well hidden under the roof. Apart from this one car, there was no one around. The village was quiet, as usual at this time of day.

It was winter when I came home late at night. I opened the door, entered the hallway, and noticed light in one of the downstairs rooms of my duplex apartment. I thought I had forgotten to turn off the light before I left. When I went to enter the room to turn off the light, three masked men were standing in front of me. I was shocked and immediately dissociated. After that I woke up again on the sofa of my living room with pains in different parts of my body, but especially abdominal pains. On my knee I had an immense haematoma.

Only after a few weeks did the memory of the incident gradually come back. The men had attacked me and beaten me up. It had probably been a punishment on the one hand, but it served mainly to trigger the birth of my daughter. I was at the beginning of my sixth month of pregnancy at the time, and the cult knew it. The men had kicked me hard in the abdomen. I do not know how these three men got into my apartment and can only speculate. Two or three days later, the pain triggered the birth. I gave birth in the basement of the apartment building. During this process, I was fixed with chains that were attached to the ceiling. Before that, the perpetrators had brought me or another "ego-state" under their control again after my contractions began. The child, a tiny little girl, was immediately taken away from me by a woman.

I went for a walk in the forest. As always, I was extremely careful when I was out and about. I parked my car in a public parking lot and chose a forest path where other people were also walking. Back at my car, I opened

my trunk, when a man from the car parked next to me suddenly came over to me, held a knife to my throat in a flash, and then just as quickly got back into his car and drove away.

Thus, victims and not infrequently their helpers are watched, persecuted, threatened, punished.

19. God or Cult?

As a woman of faith, I prayed to God incessantly. When I was in need, I asked God for money, housing, a job, new friends, friendly therapists, etc. Some of these things came true. At that time, my prayers consisted of requests for what I thought was right. My prayers have since changed much because I have a different understanding of them. When I look back today - with the knowledge of my life in the parallel world - I am convinced that many of them were not answers to prayers, but that Satanists, people from the cult, had fulfilled my wishes. In this way, I happily went my way in my life in the outside world, thinking that I had a good God who would take care of me. In this way, the perpetrators encouraged my Christian life, which I wanted to lead, and at the same time maintained my dissociation. I now know that the circles in which I prayed included perpetrators. At the time, I did not perceive that God actually did care for me, although He did so in a way that I was only to understand much later.

20. Inner Struggle and Doubt: Does God Really Help?

Why did God not help me? Why did He allow this to happen? Why did He not protect me? Why did He just watch and do nothing? Is He really a loving God? How can a loving God allow something like this to happen? The Bible says He sends his angels to protect us. Does that not apply to me? Why? What did I do that I did not receive God's protection?

Such questions have troubled me for a long time. I do not want to discuss Biblical theories on this. But I have found answers for myself. I had to and

wanted to rewrite my faith in God, to rediscover it. With Jesus Christ. With the Holy Spirit. Then I experienced that God is indeed love.

God is just. God is not fair. I have learned this difference. I prefer to turn to a just God than to a God manipulated according to my ideas of fairness. He loves us humans unconditionally. Freedom belongs to this love. Without freedom there is no love. God loves my tormentor just as He loves me. He gives us free choice over our actions. This means that the tormentor also has his freedom: even the freedom to do evil. I, too, have this freedom. I know that this answer sounds like a cheap excuse, a pious excuse, and I could hardly accept this answer during my great suffering, because I did not understand it. I thought it was so unfair! Hearing that God is just and does not make mistakes did not do anything for me. But still, it is the truth. I was able to approach this truth very slowly, step by step, and in my personal relationship with God, I slowly realized how this very truth, which I could not understand or accept for a long time – which I even considered a cheap excuse - began to heal my wounds. And not just superficially. The truth of God and His love heals deep into the roots.

His nature and love should not be measured by the behavior of fellow human beings. It has nothing to do with that. My relationship with God is an intimate relationship, no matter how other people behave. That is my secret.

Back to the topic: I am convinced that God distinguishes between the perpetrator and the deeds. He loves the perpetrator - but not the deeds. We all have to bear the consequences of our decisions and deeds. My tormentors, as well as I. Often I have not seen that the perpetrators must bear the consequences of their own deeds. But I am gradually coming to see certain things. I can leave that to God today. I am not the one who has to pass judgement. Thank God. I personally believe that right now we are living in the time of grace, not punishment. Because God's focus is on what Jesus, His Son, did for us human beings, which is to take all punishment upon Himself. I believe that we are all in a time of grace, perpetrators and victims.

This does not mean that one should sit back and do nothing. I am clearly of the opinion that such abuse should be reported, and perpetrators should bear

the consequences of their decisions! These people are an immense danger to the whole of society and especially to our children! The perpetrators should be held accountable. Absolutely! As a person with my limited vision and incomplete knowledge, I often do not see if justice is being done. On the contrary. Rather I see how these evil people succeed. Nevertheless, I know: God is just. God will bring everything to light! I am sure of that! So I can confidently do what is in my power and leave everything else to God. He will judge it in His time with His justice.

I have experienced God as a God who sets limits. And if He sets limits, then there are no two ways about it, not even for Satanists and Illuminati. The word of God is valid. And by the word of God, I actually mean a word. I have experienced God as a protecting God, despite everything that has happened. He has protected my life. He guided it in such a way that I escaped, quite contrary to the Satanic cult's plan. The whole thing has led me closer to the heart of God, which I shall never regret. This is the greatest gift for me.

I have suffered greatly from the consequences. And others in my environment, because I was a victim, also suffered because of me and certain behaviors. Even today I still notice from time to time that this or that as well as physical pain still have to do with it. But I believe that there is a reality and a truth. It is not the same, there are worlds in between. The truth is that I am healed because the Word of God in the Bible tells us so, even if reality sometimes shows something else. It is important for me to endure this tension and to convince my heart of the truth until the healing also occurs in all areas of my life in the visible. This is my realization and conviction, and this is how I live it. Truth is above reality.

With these lines I do not want to offend anyone who is suffering. I know what it means to suffer and to see no way out. This is about my experience, my thoughts, my faith. I do not want to impose anything on anyone. For me, this was an extremely long process. From the day I realized that there was something wrong with me to the day I am writing these lines, about thirty years have passed. These years were marked by question marks, tears, pain, defeat, hopelessness, but also again by joy, realizations, and victories. After every defeat, I eventually got the strength to get up again. Again and again, I was able to make the decision to go on, even after the suicide

attempts. I think that is when I experienced the power of God, which is mighty in the weak. I probably should never have been able to do this on my own nor to continue on my journey. I am proud and deeply grateful for what God has already done in my life and look forward to what is to come! I used to be dependent on cult people, but today I am dependent on God. And that is my hope.

21. The Truth of the Bible

In spiritual abuse, Bible verses are very often misused. Here I should like to share a few Bible verses and passages that gave me faith that God is just, takes care of everything, and that I can let go. He sees everything! Nothing escapes Him. I wish this may serve as encouragement when one has been wronged or forced to wrong others. I personally accept it as truth.

For mine eyes are *upon all their ways; they are not hid from my face, neither is their iniquity hid from mine eyes.* (Jeremiah 16:17)

Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord. (Jeremiah 23:24)

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? […] If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are *both alike* to thee. (Psalm 139:7, 11-12)

He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death. (Job 12:22*)*

He revealeth the deep and secret things: he knoweth what is *in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him.* (Daniel 2:22)

22 Forgiveness? Forgiveness!

"Yes, I forgive."

That is my answer when I am asked about forgiveness. In it, over the years, I have found a key to inner healing. Forgiveness is a decision that I made at some point. Feelings of powerlessness and despair did not just all disappear immediately. Nor did feelings of anger and sadness. But through that decision, it was as if I had opened a prison door from inside. Instead of keeping justified resentment, anger, or hatred to myself, I allow all those feelings to leave me. They do not have to stay with me and eat away and destroy my heart or have more power and influence in my life. By making this decision, I have been able to take care of myself first and foremost. It is so to speak a selfish step at first. The negative feelings slowly give way and thus can no longer eat me from the inside. Bitterness has no more place because bitter roots destroy me. My father can no longer do anything to me today but if I were to carry around anger and resentment inside me for years to come, I would still be giving him and his deeds power over my life today. I do not want that. I forgive, so that I myself can become free. The Bible instructs us to forgive. Out of love. Out of love for ourselves and for our fellow men. That is God's care for us. The Bible also tells us to forgive our tormentors. Out of love. Why? Because it sets us free, as well as them. Sets them free? Yes, that's right... Sets them free too. Forgiveness means cutting the ungodly umbilical cord with which I was bound to the perpetrators. I decided to take the scissors in my hand and cut it. Thus, the umbilical cord has lost its purpose.

That, too, is a process. It is not as though I was able to forgive everything all of a sudden and then everything was good. I still remember how an offender once told me that I had to forgive. I replied that he could forget about it and that I had no desire to do so. And I also thought that I might never manage to forgive. That I would rather still walk around with the resentment inside me than forgive him for something like that. Until I realized that this resentment was destroying me more than him. But, most of all, I realized that the power of forgiveness is already in me, and I don't even have to look for it. I believe that through Jesus, who is alive and lives

in me, this power is already in me. It was just a matter of me deciding whether to accept it or not. I accepted it. Then I called my tormentor and explained to him that I had decided to forgive after all. And I forgave him everything that was, everything I knew about, and also everything I did not know about. Phew! Wow!!!! At that time, I did not know what I was setting off. The perpetrator was unable to say anything more and was very quiet for a while. After that call, I gradually noticed many insanely bad things he had done behind my back. Things like child abuse, child pornography, embezzlement, fraud, etc. I had to take the necessary steps to get away from this person and reported my observations to the police. But I always had to remember how I told him that I wanted to forgive him for everything. This helped me personally to work through these very shocking experiences. Because of my decision to forgive, my heart was saved from feelings of revenge, hatred and excessive anger that would have harmed me.

Forgiveness, however, must never be imposed under any circumstances! Never must a pastor, counselor or therapist force forgiveness on a victim! This is a personal process. And it takes as long as it needs to. Feelings like resentment, anger, and even hatred have their rightful place, and to repress them is unhealthy! Feelings are our guideposts! But they should not determine our lives. Our actions should not be the result of anger or hatred. Feelings should serve us. Not the other way around. To have feelings is not allowed in the cult. Therefore, when feelings finally show up, one may be flooded with them. If forgiveness is imposed in that overwhelming moment, it is like sending the victim back into the cage of silence. Forgiveness is one's own personal decision, and what must be understood first is this: God is love! And love is long-suffering and patient. It bears all things and hopes all things.

23. Repentance

As a victim who was turned into a perpetrator, I inevitably encountered the question of whether I had to repent for what I had done.[30] I know that the question of guilt is a very stressful question for those affected. I had to struggle with it myself. I cannot offer anyone a ready-made solution here,

but I can share my experience and my belief. I want to express my opinion knowing that there are other opinions.

This was a hard question for me.

While working through the memories as an adult woman, I stood by that cemetery where I had to murder little Benjamin, when grief, anger, and shame overtook me at the same time. I was so sad about what had happened. I was so sad about his death. But I also felt shame, shame about what I had done, about what I had been forced to do. I felt shame in that moment that I had not had the strength and understanding to say no and refuse. I was ashamed that I could go on living, but that he had to die, and die at my hands. At the same time, I was also enormously angry at those unscrupulous people who had forced me to do this.

At such moments, the question arose in me: Do I now have to apologize for this? If so, to whom? And if so, what exactly should I apologize for? For being abused in order to kill?

I talked about it with a few people. Some said that I should repent before God. Or rather, the "ego-state " that had done this should repent, the "state" that had believed the lie that "killing is necessary". Others thought I should repent before God because I had participated in rituals and thus had given glory to Satan and not to God. Still others were completely of the opposite opinion. I noticed how much one can argue theologically on this subject. From time to time, I was even condemned by someone for the "ego-state " that had become perpetrators. Possibly those counselors were bewildered and unsettled. I was, too, for a long time. But there were also those who sympathized with me, accepted and encouraged me.

At first, I felt as if certain people expected me to confess to a priest about sex before marriage, even though I had been raped. That was definitely going too far for me. That felt completely wrong to me.

However, I know of others who have gone through a completely different internal struggle. I find it infinitely important that everyone finds his own way to deal with it. No one must impose his opinion on others! One thing, however, is in my opinion necessary, even inevitable. Such inner conflicts must be resolved in order for complete healing to take place. The ambivalence is enormous in the beginning. And that is normal. And it is

normal that such a process takes time. Every process, every inner conflict, looks different. A victim who has been made a perpetrator should not be forced to repent, because any coercion can be fatal and retraumatizing, as in the case of forgiveness. Victims should be allowed to say for themselves what is right for them, and they must be given the necessary time to go through this process, to find answers for themselves. Cult-exit counselors or therapists are there to provide guidance and support, not to give orders, and certainly not to condemn.

I finally found inner peace with "having to be a perpetrator". Various conflict resolutions contributed to this, sometimes even in the context of professional support. I also knew of someone in the cult who had been the victim of sexual abuse by me. I was able to talk to this person later about all this. Finally, she understood me and all the extreme circumstances at that time. Today I also understand the victim-perpetrators, including older children, who abused me at that time. The consequences of abuse and violence do not disappear in a victim just because you understand what abusers may have gone through, but it makes the healing process easier.

Afterwards, but also during this process, I talked to God about it. I was then able to experience and feel His infinite love for me. I prayed and shared the pain with Him. This pain was great. It is the worst thing for me that I had to become a perpetrator. Although God had seen and experienced everything, although nothing of me was hidden from Him, I told Him everything. I told Him how I was sad, but also angry, and I told Him my feelings and thoughts about the subject of repentance. I told Him how immensely sorry I was for all that had happened. I cried and pleaded for hours, even whole days and nights. In the process, I realized that He was even sadder and more angry than I was about everything that had happened. I talked to my Father in heaven from heart to heart. Not for a single second did I feel condemned by Him. On the contrary, I felt accepted and understood as a child by a loving and good Father.

Then I thanked Him. Thanked Him because He knows me with all my heart, listens to me and is there for me, thanked Him because He understood my inner conflict, and thanked Him because He has never condemned me, thanked Him because nothing can separate me from His love for me, thanked Him that He loves me infinitely, thanked Him because He has

preserved my life, thanked Him because His plans and His thoughts about me are so infinitely greater and more wonderful than I can comprehend. After that, a supernatural peace came into my heart.

Peace of heart does not undo what has happened. Grievous wrong was done, also through my own hands, even though being guided by third parties. But I am not the one who must bear the guilt. I believe and know that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, took all the guilt on Himself about 2,000 years ago when He died on the cross and then rose again. He also bore my sins, no matter which one, no matter how it happened.

24. How to Help?

As an outsider, you are not completely incapable of action when you see a child or an adult person suffering! The first step is to ask yourself if you really believe that there is organized Satanic ritual abuse. Many cannot and will not believe such a thing. Probably it has to do with the fact that we live in a traumatized society. Traumata are pushed aside and not looked at. It is a survival strategy. This is, I believe, one reason why it is often overlooked.

Another reason is simply ignorance. And then convenience and selfishness certainly also play a role. However, the subject of ritual abuse is so cruel that it can seem unbelievable. Because it is indeed worse than anything you can imagine worse than any horror movie. For this reason, many people find such things hard to believe. One would rather not believe it.

24.1 Observe

There is a whole range of symptoms behind which ritual abuse may possibly lie. Especially when several of these symptoms manifest simultaneously, one should at least consider the possibility of ritual abuse. The following list is not exhaustive, it is based on my own experience as well as what I have observed in others who have been affected:

Soreness in the intimate area or on the thighs, even in slim people

Recurrent cases of chapped lips and cracked corners of the mouth

Haematomata, especially on the thighs, in the genital area, knees, crook of arms, head

Abrasions, especially on the knees, in the genital area, on the breasts
Pain in the hands
Pain in the wrists and ankles
Pain in the heels
Frequent nosebleeds (consequence of electric shocks)
Frequent headaches, severe migraine
Frequent dizziness
Fatigue for no apparent reason
Earache (consequence of electric shocks)
Bad teeth (consequence of electric shocks)
Severe nausea without being able to vomit (vomiting = weakness. Weakness is not allowed.)
Sleepiness with a coincidental unwillingness to admit it; not wanting to go to bed (tiredness = weakness).
Frequent absent-mindedness
Hyperventilation for no apparent reason
Role-playing with other children or dolls, which may indicate violence
Drawings that indicate violence
Avoiding conflicts with adults or older children
Torturing smaller children or animals
Being sexually open at a very young age or being totally repressed
Being hungry without eating. Being thirsty but not drinking (Needs are not allowed.).
Excessive eating
Aggression
Anxiety about which one is unwilling to talk
Fear of making mistakes
Panic before exams or tests
Fear of water, swimming lessons
Loner or only a few playmates
Unusually early or unusually late menstruation in girls
Refusal ever to wear provocative clothing, or just the opposite: always wearing provocative clothing
Excessive emphasis on cleanliness and personal hygiene, no dirty clothes, or, on the contrary: quite neglected

Urge toward perfectionism
Not being able to talk as a child or adult
Fear of the night
Sleep disorders
Bedwetting
Asthma, shortness of breath, blue tinge
Self-harming behavior
Inexplicable paralysis, even unto an inability to walk
Addictive behavior
Eating disorders
Depression
Recurrent great sadness
Speech impediments, stuttering, speechlessness
Becoming frozen with fear
Overreaction to certain encounters (physician's visit, dentist, police, masked people).
Avoiding black clothes or just the opposite: always wearing only black
Trauma freeze with red, white or black candles, with certain scents, like incense, or with certain music
Panic when Christian rituals with cross, baptism, communion, singing, laying on of hands, etc. are performed.

One might expect that a troubled child with many social problems and problems at school would exhibit these symptoms. That may be, but in many cases it is not true. Victims of ritual abuse can be found everywhere. There are some who are professionals, others who have had learnt a trade. But there are also some who live in a psychiatric hospital or in assisted living. The child is usually expected to perform well in school and to be completely inconspicuous despite all the brutality. For this reason, the situation must be carefully scrutinized.

However, many of the points mentioned can also be found in people who do not experience ritual abuse. There are children who "only" experience sexual abuse or domestic violence. This is also cruel and can cause such symptoms!

Other indications that someone is regularly picked up and abused by the cult may include the following:

Dirty shoes in the morning that were still clean in the evening
Unexplained traces of blood on an article of clothing or on the body
Minutes, hours or even days are missing from a person's daily life
Memories are missing
People claim to know the victim without the victim remembering it
Absences on certain days, especially holidays
Often being sick on a Monday
Repeated sudden departure after a phone call, text message or email
Professionally dressed wounds without the need to see a physician
Medications, especially sleeping pills, sedatives and painkillers do not work
Children are overprotected
A person is inexplicably or seemingly absent for 2-3 days, but comes back. This repeats itself again and again.
Wearing coded clothing
Wearing certain colors (e.g. dyed hair with rainbow colors).

24.2 Relationships

A child is kept away from "normal" people as much as possible. The closer relationships are mostly arranged and take place in the cult, or they are tolerated under strict control, often forbidden. First and foremost, I recommend establishing as normal a relationship as possible. This gives stability to the victim, whether child or adult. This enables the person concerned to make comparisons later and perhaps to notice that things are not the same elsewhere as they are in his or her own family circle.

Every healthy contact is important. Even if the child cannot be helped immediately, it is for the good of its inner stability. When I look back on my life, I am grateful for every somewhat normal relationship I have had, because I have learned from them, and these experiences have helped me at a later point in time to come to terms with the traumata. Not all people were perpetrators. After all, I also had relationships in my life that were quite normal.

Take care! Perpetrators do not like it when someone interferes. People can get into danger if they obviously seek contact with victims.

If possible, professionals who have a good knowledge of ritual abuse should be involved, or you can turn to a victim support center or a working group for ritual abuse. But be very careful whom you choose! Among the professionals, unfortunately, there are also many perpetrators, just as among the police. The great misfortune is that just as many perpetrators work as home directors of children's institutions, found an association for disadvantaged people, or are particularly committed to abused children. Such people should be scrutinized quite thoroughly and their motivation examined very closely. Not all that glitters is gold.

PLEASE do NOT turn primarily to the parents or close caregivers, such as teachers, educators, aunts, grandparents. If the child is indeed a victim of organized violence, it can be assumed in the vast majority of cases that many caregivers also belong to the circle of perpetrators, knowingly or unknowingly. They would only endanger the child even more. First, observe the child's environment very closely before deciding whom to consult.

Do not question the victim directly! Remember that a victim must report everything and faces extremely high penalties if he or she should reveal anything.

Never judge! As perverse as it may sound, there is a relationship between the victim and the perpetrators in which love is also lived. This is indeed a perverse relationship, but it exists. If you act too quickly there, you may achieve exactly the opposite of the intended effect. Just listen. Try to be as balanced as possible, no matter how a child or a person involved behaves.

In my mid-twenties, I sought sex therapy because I noticed that something was wrong with me. I realized very quickly that my therapist suspected my father of abusing me. I asked her if she agreed with my perception, and she answered in the affirmative. I then dropped out of therapy. At that time, I said that I could imagine practically any man in the world as an abuser, but certainly not my father! No, he would never do such a thing. He was not interested in sex! Then I added a few more examples to emphasize my point,

which certainly confirmed her view even more. Of course, she was right, but it was too early at that time to confront me with it.

Meet the child or adult at the level he or she is on. Victims need to know that they are being served, not dominated! Do not exercise power, even if you think you are in the right!

Before you decide to help, think carefully about what you can offer and where your limits are. Much is demanded of someone who wants to help; excessive demands on the part of a helper with a subsequent break-off of contact can be very fatal and traumatizing for a victim. It is best if a helper network can be created.

Be prepared for a long support period. Victims of ritual abuse have suffered extremely severe traumata. Their identity has been attacked, diminished, and severely damaged. They often do not know who they are. They have to learn how to live.

But the most important thing is: If the child or the person talks about their experience, please trust them! And be prepared to be open-minded about topics that - because they are so incomprehensible - can trigger unexpected emotions.

It is highly traumatizing when a victim finally gets up the courage to talk and then encounters someone who doesn't believe them. Tell the child or adult that you believe them. Show that you trust them, even if it sounds unbelievable - because it is! Thus, it is important to listen and believe. Collect the memories like small pieces of a puzzle. If you do that, in time (It may take years.) the whole picture will emerge.

One assertion of ritual abuse deniers is that we victims only want to attract attention. It may well be that we have experienced something bad, but there is no such thing as organized violence or ritual sacrifice. This is a lie and cannot be proven, they say.

If we victims really only craved attention, why should we seek it with the topic of ritual abuse of all things? In doing so, one encounters many opponents and enemies who want to make one's life difficult. It is even dangerous, and one can be threatened, even killed. One is branded a nutcase or a lunatic. One loses friends and acquaintances. If I really only suffered

from a need for attention and wanted to fill this need with lies, then I would definitely choose another topic. Victims need to be heard and to be believed. Whoever gives the bonus of trust to the victim helps to bring these crimes to light.

Two small but very helpful touchstones are as follows:

- A person affected often does not dare to tell what they have experienced because it is so incomprehensible and they know that they may not be understood. Often they apologize to the other person when she tells about it because it is so shocking. This is a characteristic. Liars do not normally apologize.
- Victims usually hope for quite a long time that they are mistaken when a memory arises. Not infrequently, they first look for counter-evidence instead of evidence for the memory.

24.3 Examining Real and "False" Memories

Believing a person is enormously important. But how can one know whether the truth is really being told? As a victim of ritual abuse and MK-Ultra, one is initially so overwhelmed by the memories because everything is so incomprehensible, almost impossible to believe. So it is hard for one to accept what one remembers. At least that is how it was for me. That is why it was important for me to check what was possible.

Deniers of ritual abuse often talk about false memories. The term as such is illogical to me. Memories are memories. If they were false, they would not be memories, but inner images of which one is not sure whether one experienced it or not. Or it would concern an event, which one is convinced that one has experienced, but which did not happen in reality.

Perpetrators also confuse a victim by intentionally creating strange memories or pretending to be real. Very often actors are used to confuse a victimized person. I have memories of a strange creature: A kind of red dragon with crocodile-like skin always put a plate of bland soup or water with stale bread in the cellar where I was locked up.

What might have happened there? It may be that actors dressed up as a dragon or reptile and fed me, the traumatized, freshly tortured child - and

later also as an adult. In these circles, victims are very often given drugs. It may therefore also be that I experienced a drug trip with distorted perception, which the perpetrators exploited. In any case, I cannot say conclusively what exactly happened at that time. But I know that I experienced it. I just do not know how the perpetrators managed it.

Other victims report having seen UFOs. I myself have not experienced anything like that, but I do would not question the statements of other survivors at all for the very same reason mentioned above. The perpetrators use all possible means to deceive and confuse. They certainly do not shy away from suggesting to victims that they have been picked up by extraterrestrials and UFOs.

What happens to a child, a victim, who tells that they fed by a dragon or abducted by some Martians in a UFO? It is very likely that they will not be taken seriously. They will be told that they had nightmares, or perhaps even be labeled mentally ill. This serves the perpetrators, and they can continue undisturbed with their acting, drug trips and invoking spirits.

As a devout Christian woman and as a survivor of ritual abuse and mind control, I know that there is not only our earth as a dimension. The Illuminati and Satanists, who had me in their power, invoked spirits and demons. I definitely believe in the possibility that demonic powers might create such dragons and strange, unearthly looking beings to manipulate, exert power, instill fear. However, I personally do not believe that extraterrestrial beings actually exist. I believe in what the Bible says, that God created the heavens and the earth. I believe that Satan is a fallen angel and can torment, manipulate, and lie to people with his demons. Satan, his demons, his worshippers, and followers do have some power, but the Bible declares that Jesus has all the authority over heaven and earth. There is, in my opinion, a huge difference between having only some power and having all the authority.

Now back to checking the memories:

A traumatic memory stored in trauma memory is like a frozen image or movie. The moment it comes up through a trigger, flashback or otherwise, you can examine it closely. Details are recognizable. It feels like a fresh memory. But the photo or film may not be complete at first. Perhaps there

are other photos or parts of the film stored in the trauma memory. Since it was not stored chronologically, but was simply "thrown" into the trauma memory on the occasion of the trauma, the impression of chaos and incompleteness may arise at first. In my opinion, there is then a danger of embellishing memories to make them seem coherent and complete.[31] This type of editing is not a memory, of course, but an attempt to put events into an understandable and coherent context. It is important here to recognize the difference between memories and hypotheses.

For example, I distinctly remember being at Amerois Castle in Belgium. But how I got there I am unfortunately unable to say with certainty, even though I wish to. I know that I was sometimes driven there in a police car for certain rituals, but I am not sure whether I was also driven to Belgium or only to other places in Switzerland. With all the knowledge about my life story and about the machinations of the perpetrators, I can very well imagine how I got there. But this is only a hypothesis, and not a memory.

For a victim, it can be a great support simply to accept the memories that come up in the first place, whether they make sense or not, whether parts are missing or not. If they are accompanied by another person in this process, they can be supported in this way. Personally, I first went through many things alone with God. I imagined it as if I were depositing the memories on a shelf. The memories stayed on the shelf until another memory came along that made sense with that specific memory, or until I could check certain details. Only later did I discuss what I had uncovered, first with close friends, and then with the help of trauma specialists.

In my experience, it is possible to distinguish between memories and hypotheses. However, it is difficult at first to accept certain memories as truth. A person affected often doubts the experience himself at first, because it is so unbelievable and inconceivably evil and beyond everything normal. Therefore, it may be advisable to put it aside at first, until further touchstones are added.

How and what can be checked? Checking can mainly concern details.

I suddenly had an inner image in which I saw myself locked in a cage in a cellar. I painted the shape of the cellar. The shape was special, but I saw gaps through which light came in. I also drew these. At first, I did not know

exactly what to do with them. Later, other memories came. One was that - seen from my cage - there were men coming into the basement on to the right in front. So I thought there must be a door there. Some time later, I remembered going down two or three flights of stairs to get to that basement and how I used to give medical care to children there when I was a teenager. At some point I remembered hearing voices in the basement, namely, the voices of people singing. Then I assumed it must have been a chapel. When I finally remembered the name of the village where it all happened, I went there and looked for that chapel. I had no memory of ever consciously being in that remote village. However, when I actually found a chapel in the village and saw that the cellar I had drawn before actually corresponded to the particular shape of the chapel and that there was actually a side door on the right and that there were actually some steps leading down, I knew: My memories were right!

I also consciously looked for details in the memory. It was as if I had looked at the memory like a photograph or a film in which I had played a leading role. And I took a close look at that.

I saw myself lying in a coffin with a dead person. I saw myself performing sexual acts, naked and covered in blood. I guess I was about seven years old. When I had this memory, I couldn't believe it at first. I was really shocked. I wanted to know if it was really true. That's when I started looking for details in my memory. I then noticed that I had noticed a small wall to the left of the grave. And there was also a church tower in the distance, but seen very dimly because it was in twilight, but that is what I saw in my mind's eye. When the name of the location of this cemetery came up in my memory, I searched for it on Google Earth and was surprised to discover a remote cemetery there. However, I could recognize neither graves nor a wall on the internet. I drove there, and there is indeed a grave from 1978 (when I was about seven years old). To the left of it is this little wall. When I saw the gravestone without a name, erected by my neighbor with the gravestone company, with a saying about love, I found this very strange, and it confirmed my impression of having experienced the cruel deed here in this grave. Such sayings and poems about love are still written today by the cult leader René and can be found on the internet. In addition, a tower - not belonging to a church, but the tower of an estate that looks

much like a church tower can be seen in the distance. From these details, which I encountered in the same way on site, I knew that my memories were correct.

Some memories of the premises of the Amerois Castle are very vague. But I pursued one detail in my memories. I remember how we children were brought into the castle through a side door. There was a pillar to the right of this door. We children were lied to at that time and were told that this pillar was a real guard, and no one could get past it. I searched for this door and column. I found it. I did not go there, but I examined all the pictures and videos that could be found of this castle on the internet. For days and nights, I looked at everything carefully, but at first, I could not find this door. I had even told friends who supported me in the search. And then suddenly I saw it in a video. The castle is usually only shown from other angles, and so one does not get to see the side door. But on this one video it can be seen for one or two seconds. That was my confirmation. I could only know that because I was taken to the castle through that door. And this door exists.

Memories are also stored in the body's cells.

These are then called bodily memories. These memories can manifest themselves, for example, in the form of trembling, nausea, vomiting, fainting, pain, panic attacks, shortness of breath, sudden dissociation or the like. These bodily memories show up involuntarily. Thus, it is not uncommon that at the scene of the event or at the mere memory of a traumatic event, the body rebels. This is an additional sign that a memory is true. At such a moment it is difficult to endure all this, but this gives confirmation.

I was standing in the room where the three men had attacked me. Suddenly I began to tremble inside. That evening I went to bed, and when I got up in the morning, I felt severe muscle soreness. The pain was so intense that I had trouble moving. I had not exercised at all - no, I had continued to shake all night and that's why I got this soreness. My body had signaled to me that my memories were real.

Other small touchstones can be that known details confirm a memory. Perhaps a former classmate remembers that one was sometimes picked up after school by a certain driver in a certain car. Or a teacher can confirm the many absences from school each Monday. Or one can find an old photo of oneself wearing the exact sweater that was in a memory. Or a former neighbor's child suddenly talks about certain rituals. It can also happen that a perpetrator blabs and reveals information. My ex-father-in-law blabbed to me at an old age when he unexpectedly addressed me in public by my cult name. That was clear evidence for me.

Yes, they are like little pieces of a mosaic that are put together. This takes a lot of strength, time and patience. But I would encourage you: It is possible!

Still another touchstone can be when you come across certain public information.

For me, it was a confirmation when I found out through research that certain people I could remember seeing in Barcelona, had actually been in Spain during that time. A few of these celebrities I encountered were reported by other victims of abuse over the years. Others were seen in such circles by other victims who reported it. This confirmed what I had experienced, even though I cannot yet prove everything.

A few more lines about the iatrogenic (therapist-induced) memories that are talked about again and again (so-called false memory syndrome): It is indeed the case that therapists (or any other person) can be influential. This can happen, for example, through misguided imagination, abusive hypnosis or other trance states, false dream interpretation, as well as suggestive questions. This can lead a person finally to believe in something that did not take place in such a way. These are not memories! But unfortunately, the word 'memory' is used for them, which is problematic. Yes, it is bad when an innocent person is accused as an abuser. And it is also bad when a person is led by suggestion to believe in abuse that never occurred. However, memories in the context of ritual abuse resulting in dissociative states or disorders are about more than just "falsely generated memories". And it is not just about memories of sexual abuse! It is also about memories of physical torture, neglect, false beliefs, psychological abuse. The theory of the false memory advocates, according to which DID as a result of severe

trauma does not exist at all, is simply completely wrong. It has been refuted, and this can be found in numerous reference books. Dissociation is a survival strategy of victims. However, persons who have only been asserted to have "iatrogenic memories" usually do not have a dissociative identity disorder as a result of severe trauma. Thus, it is obvious that a fabricated false memory syndrome cannot explain at all why dissociative disorders are regularly found in victims of ritual abuse.

As already said, the vast majority of victims of ritual abuse are not deliberately searching for memories! And if the soul and the trauma-memory let them come up in the form of flashbacks or in other ways, the survivors are initially shocked! Counterevidence is sought, because they would rather not admit it. I myself hardly knew anything about the subject of Satanically organized ritual abuse in my life in the outside world. The term or the phenomenon Mind Control was unknown to me until such inconceivable memories came up. I have not tried hypnosis, nor have I sought out dream interpreters or participated in group therapy. I sought trauma therapy when many of these intangible, overwhelming memories were already there. I needed professionals to help me deal with it. There are survivors who see professionals because they realize that something is not right. And then it may be that in the course of therapy the soul is ready to release the memories. As long as the therapists provide support, do not suggest anything (not even to victims of ritual abuse!) and do not claim to know the inner world of the victims better than they do themselves; this is a very good and often necessary way to work through the traumata.

Finally, I should like to say: People who want to help should not be skeptical about the unknown. The unknown triggers many emotions in us humans. And it happens very often that we then withdraw out of ignorance and fear, or even start to judge. I should like to see people who stand up, go out and look for information themselves before judging those affected. For my part, I can promise: Those who are willing to look into the unknown area of ritual, organized, Satanic abuse and mind control will see it. And that is how those affected can be helped.

25. What Now? I WILL SPEAK OUT!

I used to be silent about the color purple. I was incapable of speaking. Today I am happy every time I see this color. I remember: "I'M SPEAKING OUT!" (Unfortunately, only a black and white print is possible, but feel free to imagine these two words in purple!). I consider it a great gift that I, as a victim of ritual abuse and mind control, not only survived, but also found the strength and courage within me to report it.

I want to share this gift; I want to make a difference with it. It is not just about me. It is about all those who are affected. About people who are suffering and who need to be helped.

By starting to talk about it, I have lit my match.

When even one match is lit in a large dark room, the darkness is no longer so dark. I have lit such a match. And my match is called: "I'M SPEAKING OUT!". I am not the only one. There are others who have lit their matches. Maybe not all matches are called: "I'M SPEAKING OUT!". There are many different ways to light matches! Internet fora, editorials, reports to the police or authorities, radio interviews, TV reports, organizing information, inaugurating events, YouTube channels, writing poems, painting pictures. All of them are wonderful! Each one serves to light a fire together, so that a great light can emerge. A light that exposes the darkness. I have joined this match community... and I shall CONTINUE TO SPEAK OUT.

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[1] See at https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Washington/06-02-02-0435 (accessed 10/23/2021).

[2] Immediate descriptions of personal experiences are mostly set in italics.

[3] **By God is meant the God of the Bible, who created heaven and earth.**

[4] **By this I mean hereinafter my cult father, because even now I have not yet found my real parents. Therefore, in what follows I refer to those people with whom I grew up as mother, parents or family.**

[5] Designation for board members in some free church congregations. It has nothing to do with age, but it should be a trusted person.

[6] A mental disorder in which individuals unintentionally assume multiple personality states with different identities.

[7] A form of memory impairment.

[8] VD is the abbreviation for the canton of Vaud in Switzerland.

[9] Before section "1. Suicide Attempts."

[10] See each at https://www.infoportal-rg.de/meta/definitionen/ (accessed Oct. 31, 2021).

[11] Amnesia: total or partial inability to remember events.

[12] See on trauma memory at https://traumanetz-sachsen.de/was-bedeutet-traumagedaechtnis/ (accessed 10/31/2021).

[13] Medical: electroencephalogram. This measures the activities of the brain.

[14] See the presentation by Dr. Alexander Jatzko at https://www.bistum-muenster.de/fileadmin/user_upload/Website/Downloads/Rat-Hilfe/Sekten-und-Weltanschauungsfragen/2019-06-Vortrag-Muenster-Jatzko.pdf (accessed 10/31/2021).

[15] In medicine and psychology, a trigger is the trigger for a process that can cause a sensation, an affect, a symptom (e.g., pain), or a disease. The perpetrators install such triggers in their victim through classical conditioning.

[16] From Latin: stands for "enlightened ones". Is a secret group founded on May 1, 1776 by the philosopher Adam Weisshaupt. Officially it was banned in 1884/85. There are many reports that claim that these secret activities are still unofficially practised today.

[17] Quoted from Wikipedia.

[18] "Mother of Darkness": the English expression denotes a special position with corresponding tasks in the Illuminati system.

[19] Kerth Barker, Mental Liberation in the Age of Thought Control. S. 141.

[20] For this hierarchy, see http://childtraffickingorgans.blogspot.com/2020/11/mother-of-darkness-initiation-for.html (retrieved 10/31/2021). It roughly corresponds to my vague recollection, but I cannot guarantee the correctness of the details.

[21] The English term for thought/mind control is firmly established in this context.

[22] Lilith, according to Wikipedia, is " an ancient oriental female demon of Sumerian origin. "

[23] In psychology, this refers to an involuntary re-experiencing of a previous experience with sometimes strong emotional states.

[24] Therapeutic approach in which the person enters an anxiety-provoking situation and confronts it. This allows the person to learn to reduce and overcome the anxiety.

[25] IV means disability insurance.

[26] Nonhospital care service.

[27] Swiss social security system. Saved pension fund money is transferred to a vested benefits account if you leave a job and do not take up a new one.

[28] "Bundeskriminalamt", the German Federal Bureau of Investigation.

[29] Revelation 13:18.

[30] In the Christian faith, to repent means to strive to restore the disturbed relationship between God and man.

[31] In technical jargon, this is called confabulation.