

True Story

JESS PARKER  
Endorsed by Doris Warner

To  
Hell With  
Sarah  
A Conflict With Satan  
Jess Parker

All Bible scripture quotations not paraphrased are from the NIV Bible. Publisher: Zondervan, " New Ed edition (February 1, 1987) ISBN-10: 0310906520 ISBN-13: 978-0310906520

Out on a Limb - Publisher: Bantam Books (December 1983) ISBN-10: 0553761935 ISBN-13: 978-0553761931

Lucifer Dethroned - Publisher: Chick Publications (June 1993) ISBN-10: 0937958417 ISBN-13: 978-0937958414

Blumhardt's Battle: A Conflict With Satan ~ Translated by Frank S. Boshold. New York: Thomas E, Lowe Ltd., 1970.

Illustrations of Madness - Publisher: Routledge an imprint of Taylor & Francis Books Ltd (Dec 1988) ISBN-10: 0415006376 ISBN-13: 978-0415006378

Bourne Identity - ISBN: 0553260111 / Publisher: Bantam Books / Date: Feb 1984

Conspiracy Theory - Publisher: University of Minnesota Press (April 2001) ISBN-10: 081663243X ISBN-13: 978-0816632435

Manchurian Candidate ~ Quality Paperback Book Club: New York, New York, 2004 ISBN: 0-965-93154-4

Morals and Dogma: of The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry - Publisher: Kissinger Publishing; Facsimile Ed edition (March 1992) ISBN-10: 1564592758 ISBN-13: 978-1564592750

The names of all the characters in this book except for my wife Peggy and myself, have been changed to preserve their true identities.

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ISBN: 1-933899-96-4

Published by:

Holy Fire Publishing

Unit 116

1525-D Old Trolley Rd.

Summerville, SC 29485

[www.ChristianPublish.com](http://www.ChristianPublish.com)

Cover Design: Jay Cookingham

Printed in the United States of America and the United Kingdom

Dedication

To Peggy, my wife, whose great sacrifice has  
made  
Sarah's freedom and this book possible..

## Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the Lord Jesus Christ for defeating the demonic forces tormenting Sarah, and for sending an angel to guide and instruct me in how to assist Him in the fight.

Only Christ's complete victory over Sarah's enemies could have made this book possible.

When the battle was finally over, the angel said, "God says, 'Write the book'", my response was "I don't think I can, I don't even like to write." He assured me that just as God granted me the grace to see the battle won, He would give me sufficient grace and send others to inspire, encourage, and assist me in the task.

God is faithful. Those who have cheered me on are so numerous it is impossible to list them all. However, there are some whose assistance was so invaluable that I feel it is significant to acknowledge them.

The greatest help and assistance came from the lady whom this book is written about. I could have never completed this project without her. I am confident she has as many hours devoted to this book as I.

A special thanks to; Janna McKinley, Katie Jackson and Tina Parker for the many hours they spent editing and refining this manuscript.

Thank you my dear friends, Duke and Diana Sherwood, for lending me your ranch cabin where the majority of this book was written.

I would also like to thank Nancy Williams and Mary Tice for their professional assistance in the final editing and proofing.

The acknowledgments wouldn't be complete without HELL WITH SARAH saying thank you to my brother Don Parker and his son Brandon whose financial support helped make the A CONFLICT WITH SATAN publication of this book possible.

An expose' on Satanic-Ritual-Abuse m America today

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## Trigger Warning

If you believe you are a survivor of Mind Programming, Dissociative Identity Disorder, or Satanic Ritual Abuse please be aware this book contains words or events that may cause triggering.

## Preface

This book bares a name similar to one written in 1844 by Johann Chistoph Blumhardt, entitled Blumhardt's Battle, A Conflict with Satan. He was a minister of the Lutheran State Church in Mottlingen, Germany. Blumhardt fought the hordes of hell led by their ruler, a demon prince named Magic, from April 1842 until December 1843, to save the life of a parishioner, a young woman by the name of Gottlebein, who was being physically and mentally tormented by demons.

He witnessed every conceivable demonic attack on her body that hell could throw at her, such as watching blood gush from her body so profusely that the entire floor of the room was covered. Nails and other objects of metal left her body through her mouth, nose, eyes and skin. She vomited sand, pieces of glass, feathers, needles and a shoe buckle so large he could not understand how it could have passed through her throat.

He was forced to stand and watch as the demons used her own hands to rip and tear at her body in their attempts to kill her. On more than one occasion, he thought they had succeeded.

Over time, they crippled and deformed Gottlebein's body, causing one of her legs to shrink in length until it was shorter than the other. They attacked her vital organs resulting in a variety of severe physical ailments.

This demon prince Magic threatened, mocked, and defied Blumhardt at every turn. Without any former training or knowledge of the supernatural, he battled the forces of hell. With no moral support from his peers in the religious community or anything else with which to fight, he used his

Bible and his faith in Christ as the victor to defeat the demons of hell.

Again and again, when Magic taunted and mocked Blumhardt for his ignorance of spiritual realities, he confessed his weakness but re-affirmed his confidence in Christ as the victor over every demon spirit.

In the end, he witnessed that proud, insolent demon prince confess that he had defeated him through his faith in Christ, winning an unprecedented victory. Before the demon left he was forced to declare that Jesus is the Victor. He screamed it so loud the entire village of 535 residents all heard it.

Because the incidents taking place were so unbelievable, he insisted that several prominent town citizens be witness to these macabre events. Yet in spite of the witnesses, most of the Christian community still refused to believe him. However, even their unbelief could not stop a powerful move of God, a revival accompanied by miracles and characterized by sincere, deep repentance. In fact, people traveled from all over the world to receive healing there under the power of the Holy Spirit. Yet even after such a vivid demonstration of God's power, most of his contemporaries in the church of Germany still refused to believe the testimony of the witnesses.

I have subtitled this book, "A Conflict with Satan," in honor of Pastor Johann Blumhardt, a great hero of the faith, who inspired me with the courage to write it, knowing that many will still not believe. The main title is taken from a statement a demon made when I told him I was sending him to hell.

He responded,  
"You're right, I am going to hell, and I'm going to hell with Sarah."

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This is the story of a tormented young woman who came to me crying out for help, for deliverance. She claimed to have been raised by a family of devil worshipers known as the "Heathens/' Hers was a nearly unbelievable story of ritual abuse and torture that began at the age of three months and continued for over thirty years.

From time to time, I had read about satanic ritual abuse, but I had dismissed it as sensationalism by wannabe journalists trying to gain notoriety and fame. The wild stories of young girls being kidnapped and sacrificed in satanic rituals and woman held captive as breeders to supply Satanists with sacrificial infants sounded like something fabricated by tabloid newspapers.

The two years I spent working with this young woman opened my eyes to the truth. It was the most bizarre, unbelievable experience of my life. During that time, I observed many of the same things witnessed by Pastor Blumhardt.

The things I saw were so vile, so cruel and terrifying, it seemed impossible for a human to endure such abuse and not die or go insane. Even now my mind wants to blot out horrifying scenes and forget they ever happened. But they did happen, and I have a responsibility to expose them as the works of darkness and evil they are.

I have pondered whether the benefits gained will be worth the embarrassment of being ridiculed as a liar or a religious wacko. I have concluded that how others see me is not the issue here. It is essential that the truth be brought to the light, and if only one young girl or boy is spared the agony Sarah had to endure at the hands of her own family, the cost will be worth it.

I am certain Christ used me as his hands and his voice to battle both the humans and demons trying to stop Sarah

from gaining her freedom. I am just as certain He inspired me to write this book.

Satan would like nothing better than to bury his humiliating defeat by the Lord Jesus Christ in obscurity and continue to torture and murder innocent children in secret. But I will not stand by quietly and allow that to happen. I will shout it from the housetop that "Jesus is the Victor" over all the forces of hell.

It is a great sin to ask God to deliver us from the forces of hell and not give Him the praise He deserves after He has done so.

Many Christians will not believe this story simply because they have never been exposed to this kind of evil. To soothe their consciences, they will have to discount this eye-witness account as nothing but fantasy.

They will continue to live their lives oblivious to the evil happening all around them and possibly even next door. I know what I say is true, because I was once part of that very group.

However, this book is not written to those in that camp.

It is written to encourage those in the trenches fighting the forces of hell, to tell them not to give up though the battle is long. In reading this they will know that Jesus will always be victorious over every kind of attack hell throws against them.

This story is of both a hero and heroine. Jesus Christ is the hero who waded into the most vile, wicked, perverted depths of hell to rescue His daughter from Satan and his army of evil demons and wicked, depraved men and women.

Sarah is the heroine who waited in hope for her Redeemer, while being subjected to some of the most frightening and agonizing torture ever invented by hell and inflicted by demented men. I confess I could not have endured the pain, the horror, or the shame. I never cease to

marvel at her ability to endure through what must have seemed like endless torture and pain.

Those two long years were the hardest time of my life, but looking back, I would not trade them for the world.

It has shown me the reality of the torture and cruelty perpetrated every day against innocent victims by demon-possessed people who have sold their souls to Satan. It has also shown me the part we are asked to play in the battle that rages in the unseen world between the forces of heaven and hell. But the choice is ours.

This book has been in the making for the last five years, and during that time, I have felt hell attacking me in every conceivable way, from attacks on my health to distractions and diversions of every kind, all the while hearing God whisper in a still small voice, "Write the Book." I present it to the church as a testimony to the glorious power and authority of Sarah's great and triumphant King-- the Lord Jesus Christ.

Jesse A. Parker, Jr.

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## Prologue

By the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> century, A.D., Christianity had spread through most of the Roman Empire. Although still under persecution, which varied in intensity depending on who was emperor, Christians followed the command of Christ to spread the gospel. In around 313 A.D., the Emperor Constantine declared Christianity the official religion of the Roman Empire, opening the doors for Christian missionaries to go wherever they felt led.

Even before their newfound legal status, Christian missionaries had moved farther and farther into Europe, as far as Great Britain, Gaul (France) and Greece. As each region began to accept Christianity, it also became involved in spreading the message and sending its own missionaries. By the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> century, Christians had reached areas in Northeastern Germany where they first encountered the "Heathens."

The dictionary defines the word heathen as: "dweller of the heath." [Heath: 1: a low evergreen shrub 2: (British) a tract of level wasteland; uncultivated land.] This word can be found in common use in every Germanic language. In Icelandic it is: "heidern." In German: "hieden" and in Gothic: "haithno." It carries the connotation of being "wild" as opposed to being "domesticated" or "civilized."

The heathens boasted that they were free from the ordinary restraints imposed upon normal, civilized human beings living in a law-abiding society. Rather, they were fierce warriors who believed no one could tame them or change them by any means. They defied every attempt of the Christian missionaries to convert them and reveled in the names the ancient Christians bestowed upon them such as

heathen, pagan and barbarian, but the term they especially clung to was Heathens.

The Heathens worshiped the gods of their ancestors, Odin, Thor, and Freya (the goddess of witchcraft and fertility) along with a host of other minor gods. They had discovered that offering blood to their gods gave them power over their enemies as well as their followers, so their rituals involved gruesome torture and human sacrifice that rivaled the brutality of the Aztecs.

They also worshiped ancestral spirits, paying them homage in their festivals as members of the family who still lived in the spirit realm. At the close of the second century, Christian missionaries began to preach the gospel message to the Heathens. Finally reaching this people group with the gospel of salvation was a slow work spanning many centuries. Wave after wave of missionaries came from France, Scotland, England and Greece. However, in spite of diligent efforts, they were unable to establish a permanent work among the Heathens. As soon as the missionaries would leave, they resumed worship of the gods of their fathers. They had practiced their heathen religion for many centuries before Christian missionaries ever brought the gospel of Christ, and because they were so deeply ingrained, these beliefs were not easy to relinquish.

Charlemagne, the King of France (768-814 A.D.) and the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire (800-814 A.D.) is credited with completing the task of converting the Germanic tribes to Christianity, but for some heathen tribes it was not a true spiritual conversion. Water Baptism was the proof of conversion demanded by Charlemagne, and while many of the Heathen tribes chose to be baptized rather than face death, there was no true conversion of their hearts. They were Christian in name only and secretly practiced their age-old

religious customs. Most of the northeastern part of Germany, inhabited primarily by the Slavonic tribes, remained heathen. Those who refused to convert and continued practicing Heathenism, were labeled as "devil worshipers" by the medieval Christians, who viewed any religious activity outside of Christianity as devil worship. The Heathens were delighted to be called by any name that opposed Christianity and gladly accepted the title. They began to refer to themselves as devil worshipers as well as heathen. From that time until the 12<sup>th</sup> century, there were continual wars between the Heathen and Christian camps, during which time, the Heathens burned churches and murdered Christians, and the Christians sometimes retaliated in the same manner.

Early in the 12<sup>th</sup> century a breakthrough finally occurred when the missionaries began to preach the message of repentance. Under the conviction of the Holy Spirit, many of the Heathens truly repented and the evangelization of the Germanic tribes began in earnest. This continued into the thirteenth century when all but thirteen tribes converted to Christianity.

One of the thirteen tribes who continuously refused the gospel message was the Hecklers. The name heathen given to them by the Christians centuries before appealed to them, and they began claiming it for their own. Instead of repenting and embracing the higher morality of the Christian faith, in rebellion, they threw themselves into a debauched worship of the devil that involved human blood sacrifices and sexual depravity, including rampant bestiality.

The Hecklers eventually demoted the gods of their ancestors, Odin and Thor to a place with the lesser gods, choosing instead to worship the devil himself in the form of a goat, taking for their calling card the sign of the baphemat

(Goat head), in place of the thunderbolt of Odin and the Hammer of Thor.

Their total devotion and zealous worship of the devil won them favor with Satan, and he began to open to them secret mysteries of the kingdom of darkness, one of which was the power of mind-control and human programming.

In 1118 A.D. a Colonel Gunther Dietmar of the German Army of the principality of Hamburg, became acquainted with a soldier under his command by the name of Frank Albert Heckler. Frank was the ruler of the Heckler tribe and himself a devoted devil worshiper. Colonel Dietmar was intrigued and took special interest in the control Frank had over the minds of the members of the tribe. Fathers would torture and kill their own children when Heckler ordered them to do so; children would like-wise murder parents on command. From what the colonel could see, he and several other tribal leaders apparently had absolute power over their members.

When Colonel Dietmar inquired how this was possible, Heckler was only too happy to share the secrets of how the Heathens could program and control the minds of their followers and soon convinced the Colonel the German military could use this to their advantage in warfare.

In 1119 A.D. Colonel Dietmar commissioned Frank Albert Heckler to implement the practice of mind control in the ranks of the German Army. Heckler immediately enlisted the aid of his trusted tribal leaders to carry out his diabolical assignment. The tribe itself became the property of the German Principality of Hamburg and the absolute slaves of Frank Albert Heckler. The soldiers under Colonel Dietmar's command, along with their wives and children, as well as any of the locals he chose to victimize, were put at Heckler's disposal.

With the programming now sanctioned by the army of the principality of Hamburg, no one in the Northeast region of Germany was safe, because there were no restraints binding Heckler's actions. The government was now financing him and he had total freedom to pursue his evil. A reign of terror ensued as Heckler set about proving the value of mind control and establishing himself as its master. Until his commission, the Heckler tribe was no better than any of the other twelve Heathen tribes. However, with his elevation to the head of research in mind control, he now had the resources to advance his tribe and its influence above the other tribes. In time, other tribes Of devil worshipers were drafted for the studies in the programming of the mind as well.

He eventually established a recognized branch of research in the German military which has continued under the control of the Heckler family through the centuries until the present.

By the 13th century, the research in mind control was firmly entrenched in the military, but the German military leaders were not interested in the Heathens' devil worship. Their sole aim was to learn to program the minds of their soldiers for warfare. But by allowing the Heckler tribe to have control over the minds of their military members, the leaders had unwittingly given some military control to the Hecklers and their terrible personal agenda.

As Christianity spread throughout the European continent, the Heathen faith was forced to go underground along with witchcraft and other cultic religions though the study and use of mind control in the German military never ceased.

The Heckler clan, now with unlimited finances and victims on which to experiment, over the years continued to refine the art of torture and programming of the mind. Satan or the devil, as they called him, continued to teach them how the human mind functions. These ignorant, uneducated backwoodsmen soon became experts on the subject of the mind and its control.

They learned that the mind is divided into three parts. The conscious mind is that part we utilize to carry on everyday functions of life. It has the capability to know, to reason, to feel and sense things and to operate the motor skills of the body.

The subconscious is the file cabinet for the conscious mind. It stores everything we have ever witnessed, felt, experienced or imagined. The information in the subconscious may lie forgotten for many years, but it remains intact as long as the person lives. If there is any trauma or fear involved in the experience, the subconscious may sometimes intentionally bury it never to remember it again. The heathens learned how to bury triggers in the subconscious mind that, when activated, would bring up hidden memories against the person's will.

The unconscious mind is that part of the brain that lies dormant, unused and unnecessary for the function of the conscious mind; however, it has the same capabilities as the conscious mind. If the conscious mind disconnects or disassociates from its conscious surroundings due to pain, trauma or fear, the unconscious mind can be utilized to function in place of the conscious mind, with the necessary motor skills to function and interact with the world around it. The person may speak, walk and carry on all normal activities, and in fact, the emotions can also be operated by the unconscious mind. The person may cry, laugh or become

excited under its influence. Yet afterward, when the conscious mind reconnects, the person will have absolutely no recollection of what happened.

The Hecklers discovered the unconscious mind can be accessed by forcing the conscious mind to disconnect from its conscious surroundings through torture. The procedure is now referred to by the psychological community as dissociation.

In time the Hecklers also learned the art of demon trapping through conjuring and then imprisoning the demons in the victim's unconscious mind to act as triggers.

Then whenever the victim dissociates, the programmers could then control the victim's will and actions using the demons trapped in the person's unconscious mind.

With each passing century they further refined the art of programming and mind control. Their bond and allegiance to the devil grew stronger and stronger until they were, in fact one with him. The sign of the goat head, formed by making a fist with the index and little finger pointing up, now known as the horned hand, became a universal sign for the devil.

Over the next several hundred years the German Empire experienced political turmoil with the different principalities sometimes united under a strong ruler, only to be shattered again later through political or religious differences.

By the end of the fifteenth century, Germany consisted of a collection of sovereign ruling states under the 'control of the Hapsburg family of Austria. This political alliance was fraught with fissures due to the independent nature of the German people. The Hapsburg rule was fragile at best. \_

Using this constant political instability to their advantage the Hecklers extended their influence to several more of the German states and started programming camps in

what was then known as the regions of Lubock, Kiel and Denmark.

By the late 1700, many of the governments of Europe as well as the West were eager to acquire the German military knowledge in programming and mind control techniques.

Amazing as it may seem, certain German immigrants suddenly won a favored status from the U.S. Government, allowing them to enter the country by the thousands, even going so far as to assist them in forming communities in various U. S. locations.

Officially the reason given was that America would benefit from the superior intelligence the Germans had over other ethnic groups. However, this was nothing more than a clever guise by those in power to acquire the intelligence needed for their pursuit in the mastery of the secrets of mind control. They needed not only those with knowledge of the secrets of mind control but also the victims on which to experiment. They had learned from the Germans, that success in mind control increased exponentially through genetics. Certain groups of German people were subjected to programming for centuries and over time the ability to dissociate became a genetic trait, making these family groups the logical choice as mind-control subjects. Having discovered the value of studying mind control, the U.S. Government has continued the practice of utilizing such German technology at every opportunity.

Most of the public are aware of the famous nuclear rocket scientist, Wehrner Von Braun, who was virtually abducted and brought to the U.S. after World War II, to continue his experiments with nuclear power. But few are aware of an even more sinister figure, who escaped to Argentina to avoid being tried as a war criminal, for his cruel

experiments on prisoners in German concentration camps, only to later be secretly brought to the U.S. This was none other than the notorious Joseph Mengele, a.k.a. Dr Green, a.k.a. the Butcher of Auchwitz, of World War II fame.

In truth, he was secretly brought to the U.S. to continue his studies in mind programming. He worked undercover in a facility in the deserts of southern California on a project that was known as The Monarch Project.

In the early 1800s the U.S. Government brought an elite family of Hecklers to the U.S. and settled them in an isolated community in a small southern state.

Since that time a secret branch of the U.S. Government has worked together with this Heckler family they refer to as the Germans or the Heathens, to perfect mind control and programming.

By 1960, "The Family" included more than just the biological family. They drew their following from a particular trailer park, which included a group of about 200 men, woman and children.

Richard Heckler was the undisputed leader of the family. The family addressed him as "Father" He ruled with the iron fist of an absolute dictator and was assisted by his three brothers, Darrell Ray, Rolf, and Gerald.

As a way of life, all adult members were involved in the abuse of the children. They had been subjected to abuse by the previous generation and they in turn were subjecting their children to the exact same treatment. There were other very important people involved in the cult rituals including judges, police and doctors from the community. And just as they had done in Germany, the Heckler clan gained control over the local community through fear and by recruiting those already in power who craved even more and absolute power.

On July 11, 1966, Sarah Abbey Heckler opened her eyes for the first time to this world of pain, fear and unspeakable horror. Through no fault of her own she had been born into a family of devil worshipers who lived and breathed hatred and cruelty and death.

Sarah began her programming at the early age of three months in order to train her to lead when she reached adulthood. Already ordained as the chosen future queen, she was subjected to even more intense torture than the others in preparation for her future. role. Sarah took her first step in her long journey to freedom when she married at fourteen and escaped the daily ritual of pain, torture and programming that had characterized her first fourteen years of life.

However, she could not escape the programming of her mind that kept her a prisoner to the family. Whenever they wished to call her back for a ritual, they had but to activate a return program, and like a zombie she would obey, dropping whatever she was doing and return to that world of hate and cruelty and death from which she longed to be free.

Sarah spent the next twenty years looking for someone to help free her mind of the affects of the programming. She found that someone when she met Jesus Christ as her personal Savior in 1998. This is the story of how the Lord It-nus Christ set her free and healed her mind and body of the wounds her tormenters had inflicted.

The Letter  
Chapter One

December 23, 1999

Some have joked from time to time that working in pastoral ministry is both a blessing and a curse. It's very demanding and yet, extremely rewarding.

My name is Jess Parker and I was in my fifth year as an Associate Pastor at a church in Northern California. That year had been the toughest by far. The church had dealt with many crises, and my wife and I were ready for a much needed rest out of town with family during Christmas break.

It was two days before Christmas, and I was determined to leave the office on time when I stopped in the church mail room to pick up my mail before heading home. I quickly sorted through the cards, letters and memos; I was in a hurry to get out of town before the traffic rush began. My wife Peggy had called to say the car was packed and she was ready. Right now, I would deal with the urgent; everything else would have to wait until after the holidays.

I had just concluded that everything could wait when my gaze was suddenly riveted on a letter with a return address marked Possessor from Hell. I was stunned but intrigued. "Whew! Who would call themselves such a name?" I said to myself out loud.

I suppressed the overwhelming urge to read it on the spot and stuffed it in my briefcase as I ran out the door. I'll read it on vacation when I'm not so rushed, I thought as I headed for the car.

After a long drive and the pressure of holiday traffic, I completely forgot about the letter. Several days later, as I

relaxed and enjoyed time with family and friends; I suddenly remembered the letter and hurried to dig it from my briefcase. I wanted to discover the identity of Possessor from Hell.

I looked Mound for some private place where I would be undisturbed while reading this letter. I finally decided on a secluded spot in my brother's back yard.

I sat down and opened the envelope addressed Possessor from hell. The envelope contained a one page computer-generated letter and a small scrap of paper about the size of the palm of my hand. The edges were jagged indicating it had been torn from a larger sheet. There was a picture of a wolf-like creature, only the features were rougher and more primitive looking, almost prehistoric.

The moment I began reading the letter, I could feel his evil presence, causing the hair on the back of my neck to stand straight up. I felt my throat start to constrict as if his hands were around it. I could hear him hissing each word into my ear as I continued reading his letter. I fought through my fears that were screaming, Drop the letter and forget you ever saw it.' And I finished reading it.

I will not attempt to describe this letter. Instead, I will allow you, the reader, to examine for yourself some excerpts of what he wrote. I realize the language is vile and will be offensive to most, but I want the reader to experience the raw, violent nature of this evil sadistic demon I fought for the next ten grueling months.

Hollywood entertains the masses with its depiction of demons, but for the most part, I do not think they believe these evil creatures really exist. The Church, which should be the expert in this field, has also edited this from their thinking even though the Bible is filled with accounts of people being tormented by demon spirits.

I hope this demon's vocabulary shocks the reader into understanding that demons are real evil entities, not a fantasy of someones imagination or science fiction. The vile language in this letter became a familiar part of my world for the next two years.

I have chosen not to record such language in this book. However, these excerpts from the letter will allow the reader to understand why it had such a, chilling, unsettling effect on me. This demon was and is, still to this day, the strongest and most cunning demon I have ever battled.

"ABBEY WON'T LET ME SPEAK. ABBEY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO HER. YOUR MIND CAN'T CONCEIVE WHAT AWAITS HER. HOW FOOLISH OF YOU TO THROW A LAMB :) INTO THE VERY SLAUGHTERHOUSE I SAVED HER FROM. I WILL DEVOUR HER.

"THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING M----- F--~--! YOU WANT TO SEE AND HEAR WHAT PAIN FEELS LIKE! I WILL GIVE YOU THAT. YOU AND THAT F ---- -- SHEPHERD KING HAD BETTER BACK OFF! YOU TEND TO YOUR FLOCK AND I WILL TEND TO MINE!

I AM ABBEY'S FATHER, HER PROTECTOR, HER DELIVERER, AND HER TORMENTER. ABBEY IS MINE!"

"TAKE HEED TO MY WORDS -- I AM BEING POLITE THIS TIME  
YOU HEAR THE BEAT OF MY WINGS.  
FEEL  
THE TALONS IN YOUR BACK  
FEEL  
THEM TEAR INTO YOUR SOUL  
YOU WIMPER AND PRAY TO YOUR GOD  
PRAY  
BUT HE ISN'T LISTENING

SCREAM  
AS I LAUGH THE DEMON IS ALWAYS  
IN YOUR MIND.  
THE ONE YOU CAN NOT EXORCISE.  
YOU WON'T GET THEM ALL  
AND NEITHER WILL YOUR B--! YOU HAVE NOT THE  
PATIENCE!  
OH YES, "I AM FROM THE sEcoND HELL. ALONG sIDE MY  
FATHER! YOUR NIGHTMARE".  
"THIS KNIFE THE BLADE SO SHARP AND LOVELY, cuTs  
DEEPLY, CUTS DEEPLY INTO THE SKIN. THE RED BLOOD  
POURS, sTAINING THE PURE WHITE WITNESS OF  
INNocENcE. THE CUTS LENGTHEN, GROW MORE  
NUMEROUS. The PORCELAIN BEAUiy BECOMES  
PERMANENTLY MARKED. As THE RED RIVER FLOWS  
REFLECTIONS OF PAIN ARE CLEARLY sEEN. THE PALE  
GHOST OF PAST... TAKes THE VICTIM To THE RIVER OF  
DEATH ..... A LAST REsORT ..... ..A WAY TO TAKE  
HER WITH ME ;)."   
I AM THE POSSESSOR FROM HELL  
AN ANGEL FROM HELL  
I AM IN CHARGE

In my entire life, I had never read anything that had  
the same impact on me as this letter. I suddenly felt very cold  
and thought; I need to get into the sun shine. I got up and  
walked quickly toward the house. His words wouldn't leave  
me. I felt as if this evil creature was following me. I had to get  
back around the family.

Not knowing how I would deal with the letter and its  
author, I decided to try to put it out of my mind for the  
moment and shake off the unsettling effect it had on me. But

my efforts to take part in the conversation and festivities with my family were unsuccessful. From that moment on, I could think of nothing but the letter.

I tried to recall anyone I knew named Abbey, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not think of a single person by that name. So, I called my senior Pastor and asked him if he knew anyone in the church by that name.

He didn't remember anyone but said he would have our office manager check the attendance records. She checked and found a woman with the first name Abbey, but was known by her middle name, Sarah.

I recalled meeting a young lady named Sarah, just before Christmas break. She had wanted to discuss her friend who was dealing with a severe case of Multiple Personality Disorder.

I felt God speak to my heart. "Sarah is the writer of the letter." I knew I would need to proceed with extreme caution when approaching her. If the letter was any indication of the instability and fragility of the mind of this tormented young lady, the wrong approach could push her over the edge.

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Mystery Girl  
Chapter Two

January 2, 2000

I decided the wisest course of action was to meet with Sarah's husband Dean and get his reaction to the letter. When he came to the office the following day, I handed him the letter and asked him if he would mind reading it. I watched his face expecting him to be shocked, but he gave no indication of surprise.

He simply read the letter and handed it back without commenting. I was taken back by his response. This letter should have been able to elicit a response from a corpse.

"Do you think your wife could have written this letter?"

"Yes."

"Really? What makes you think that?"

"Sarah has been through a lot. She has some problems."

"Does she know she wrote this letter?"

"Probably: 'not.'"

"How could she have written this letter and not have known it? Is there something you're not telling me?"

"No."

"Would you like me to try and help Sarah? You do call her Sarah?"

"Yes, she is Sarah to me. Please help her if you can."

"Could I meet with you and Sarah without her knowing about the letters?"

He agreed and we set up a time.

January 7.2000

Sarah and her husband Dean knocked on my office door

-it straight up 9 a.m. I opened the door and invited them to

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take a seat. Sarah glanced nervously around the office with her eyes finally coming to rest on the wall to wall book case behind my desk. I walked over and sat down at my desk, studied her for just a moment and then thanked her for coming to see me.

Sarah was a shy, soft-spoken woman of thirty-three. She was curious as to why I wanted to see her again. I reminded her of her statement during our last meeting regarding different personalities speaking out of her friend, and her determination that she would never allow anything like that to happen to her.

"Why would you make a statement like that?" I asked. She replied, rather guardedly, "My friend and I have both experienced some of the same horrible abuse growing up, but I have left that behind. I'm going to live a normal life."

"Did you make the last appointment to talk to me about your friend or you yourself?"

"Well, both. I'm concerned about her. We are very close, but for the last several months I haven't been able to talk to her."

"What do you mean? Does she not answer the phone?"

Sarah looked at me for several moments and I could tell she was struggling, trying to decide whether or not she would open up to me. She finally made the decision and said "No, it's not that. Do you remember me telling you my friend has multiple personalities?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, every time I call her, a personality named Julia answers the phone and refuses to let me talk to her."

"Where did you learn about multiples?"

"My friend began to see a therapist who diagnosed her with Multiple Personality Disorder. She and I then started studying about them."

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"So why have you come to me? I'm a pastor. I would never have diagnosed your friend's problem as Multiple Personality Disorder. In fact, I think your friend's problems are spiritual in nature. I think she has some dem0r\S and needs help driving them out."

"I don't just think she has demons, I know she has demons."

"How do you know that?"

"My family is devil worshipers. I have lived with demons my whole life."

"I-lave you shared your experience with demons with your friend?"

"Yes extensively, and she has also shared with me some similar experiences as well."

"Then why did she go to a therapist?"

"She was experiencing some emotional and physical problems so strange that a medical center in the Bay area was studying her case. The therapist was part of the recommended treatment. She only agreed to go for fear of them refusing to treat her."

"What were they treating her for?"

"Her body swelled and her eyes and eyelids started to bleed. She experienced pain and bruising all through her body. And she was experiencing different personalities speaking through her."

"That sounds like the work of demons all right. Does she now believe they are demons?"

"That's why I came to see you. I am not sure where her state of mind is right now. I believe she just went along with the therapy in hopes that she could get help for her medical problems. But the therapist just made it worse. The demons are now so strong that the multiple or, I mean the demon Julia will not let me speak to her."

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"So Why have you come to me? Have multiples started speaking through you?"

No! she said defiantly. "I will never allow a demon to speak through me."

"So you don't believe in multiples? You know they're demons?"

"Yes, and like I said, they'll never speak through me/,"

"So Why did you seek me out?"

"I heard about your success in helping people come out of satanism and witchcraft I figure my problems are similar to theirs, since I was raised by devil worshipers. I was hoping you might help me as well."

"What kind of help?"

"To get demons I have out of me."

"What makes You Think you have demons? You said none had ever spoken through you."

"No they haven't and they won't, but I know they're there."

"Well, Sarah, the way I get demons out is to force them to surface and then cast them out."

"If you mean allowing them to speak through me, I told you that messed up my friend and I am not going to let that happen to me."

I explained to her that demons hide in the darkness of forgotten and suppressed memories and part of the process of casting them out is to first force them into the light by making em reveal their identity. But she wouldn't budge regarding her decision that she would never allow a demon to speak through her.

I Couldn't blame her. The experience with her friend had confused her. Sarah had watched the demons in her friend grow stronger and stronger as the therapist encouraged what she believed to be multiple personalities to express

themselves. The therapist's intention was to discover their identity and number and then merge them back into one personality via a technique known as integration. What she failed to understand was that she was dealing with evil spirits who wanted to take over Sarah's friend's will.

As her friend was encouraged to surrender her will during each session and allow the demons posing as multiples of her ' personality to express themselves, the demons gained more and greater strength. They eventually became strong enough to take control of her will as often and as long as they chose.

I tried to explain to Sarah that while the therapist encourages the multiples to surface again and again in an attempt to merge them back into a single healthy personality, I wanted them to come out of hiding only once so I could drive them out by the power and the authority of the name of Jesus.

She was not convinced. Her terrifying childhood experiences with demons were more persuasive than my explanation. I decided to wait and go slow. She was nervous and frightened. For now, I would learn all I could about her past.

A second letter had already arrived and it would only be a matter of time until she discovered them or I would eventually be forced to reveal their existence.

I asked her to tell me about her family. She said they were all cruel, perverted monsters.

"My mother has sold me as a child prostitute for as long as I can remember. I spent most of my childhood in a filthy cellar waiting for the next pervert to come down to defile me any way he chose. At times there would be more than one.

My mother would punish me if there were any complaints."

Sarah described being raped as a way of life. From early childhood until her deliverance, she was used sexually by both male and female family members.

Aside from the abuse she was subjected to by her mother, she said she had been sexually and physically tortured by her uncle to program her mind.

I asked her to describe some of the details of programming and torture. She said she didn't want to talk about it because it caused her to re-live it, and she had only survived by learning to forget.

By now, I had already learned a lot. I was certain she would eventually let clown her guard and tell me what I needed to know to help her gain her freedom. We ended the session and agreed to meet again each week.

I now understood what the demon called Possessor from Hell meant when he said he had finally discovered a way to talk to me. Because she would not allow the demon to speak through her voice, he would wait until she was on the computer in a relaxed and unguarded frame of mind. He would then take control of her mind, write and mail the letters, and then return her to her desk. At that very moment he would release his hold on her mind allowing her to come to herself, totally unaware of what had just transpired.

I wondered how long he could fool her. I decided to wait and see what happened. I didn't have long to wait. Seven more letters would come, one every four to six days, before she discovered their existence.

In each letter the demon made claims of owning her and threats of what he would do to me if I didn't back off. Yet, there was something strangely unique about each of them. Each time I read one, the atmosphere around me become eerie and twisted. I was not as apprehensive as I was with the first

one, but I could still feel that same evil presence in the room and hear him hissing in my ear.

By the time I received the third letter I had learned to master my fear, and the detective side of me took over. I began to scrutinize the letters more closely. I discovered there was a second demon helping in writing the letters. The first thing that caught my attention was that when the font and color of the type changed, the tenor would also change. The vile language and viciousness would all but disappear. This second one appeared to be sympathetic to Sarah, although still sullen and antagonistic toward me. This one used no threats, but would warn me to back off.

"You don't know what you're doing. You will only end up hurting her. I am here to help Sarah just as I always have, since she was a little girl."

This second demon eventually took the initiative and wrote the seventh letter without the assistance of Possessor. I have printed the letter here just as it came to me.

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My name is Justice I have close to a full life memory. I have vertuaolly no emotions at all. I am the primary internal helper I help her thats all you need to know. I am going to be punished for whats about to do, I am sure you will see the damage l will be helping you through out the - treatment. You want to know why? I can't tell you. I have made a way for you to hear the children, it will help.

We aree theeee unshed tear: we have been forced to hide, and are captives to the father, the cult, and almighty God. we have been stored in the kingdom within. for the first timee in our existance there ls a placee of safty for us. we want to come out. it we could speak we would say.....

l. for our survival, we have had to hide for many years. we feel shy in the world out side of us. We await punishment for allowing our selves to be. we havee anger that dodges us. why did they all do that stuff? because God wanted him to..how can we get mad at God? we have anger that is stored as pain.

we wish abbey wasn't to ashamed of us she would let us out. we wish she would let us

express her pain. we can't go away by ourselves she got let us go. we won't force our selves out. We harbor pain and secrets for many years. the crying will take a long ttime but not for ever. alter the pain there is room for joy. we have cleansing within us the filth can be washed away by slowing us out. we aree testomony to the horror that survived, we are proof of her abuse, her ritual torture, her sacrificed children. as we leave we will remind her of her strength.

why did they hate me so much? why was i treated as les than a zero a slut? full of sin the satan child. If you cry it means that god can never love yon. I forrgot the order the chants. sometimes my eyes would get full but they never spilled out. only whenn I was alone. only alter he had made me bleed the cry of silence the kind that pulls you apart. if he hears he will not stop intil you can't move. why couldn't i have been better? why did i let the devil adopt me? why don'tt I fight? Why dou't i say no more? why are they in my head? why didn't i die like the others? why was I traded forr them? i was dirty and suductive and made them want me. why didn't l scream when i was raped In oakland? why ls blood dripping from the walls? why don't any one see? if i tell they will kill me iff I ever telii am programmed to kill myself. if I tell god will rape me. If i tell they will kill the ones i love.

I am justice I will answer your questions, what do i have to lose i have no emotions. this iss our chanoe to be set free and hope the body stays alive intil than "hurry!

[This Letter is the writing of not only justice but other alter demons in Sarah as well. I have deleted Sarah's real name from the letter.]

A Thing Called Justice  
Chapter Three

The first week of January, I cast out what seemed like a legion of demons, while still scrutinizing the letters that continued to come for clues as to the identity of this second demon.

Sarah had said she would never allow the demons to speak through her, but in fact, each time she came to my office, she would lose consciousness as soon as I began to pray and the demons would speak. When she regained consciousness she had no recollection of even having been unconscious.

When she lost consciousness she rarely collapsed or even slumped in the chair, because a demon would immediately take over. Sarah's countenance would change depending on what demon had surfaced. She might cry if a demon of hurt and pain surfaced or take on a child like demeanor if a demon/alter from her childhood surfaced. Other demons would threaten or even become hostile. However, in the first month of Sarah's sessions none of the demons attacked.

I was a little surprised that Possessor from Hell had not physically attacked me yet. I could tell the moment he came in the room because the hair would stand up on the back of my neck in the same way as when I read the letter. Sarah would gasp and recoil in fear but when I asked her what had frightened her, she would say nothing. I wanted to tell her I knew it was the Possessor from Hell but I could not because this would mean me disclosing the letters he and justice were writing.

On January 7, 2000, I finally encountered the demon I would come to know as justice. I know God orchestrated the whole ordeal to expose this demon in a way I could bring it to Sarah's attention without letting her know about the letters. We had just started to pray and Sarah lost consciousness but this was one of those rare occasions when no demon surfaced. We prayed for about fifteen minutes when Sarah roused momentarily from her unconscious state and instructed us how to force a ruler demon to leave. We assumed that Sarah had somehow received guidance from God and roused herself to tell us what she had learned. We were elated; finally a breakthrough. After we cast that demon out and she regained consciousness, I asked her how she had known how to get him to surface. The confused look on her face told me she didn't have a clue what I was talking about. I recounted the experience and again asked her if she could remember identifying the demon.

She said no, she still could not remember, but I noticed she got very quiet. I became suspicious and asked her if there was something she was not telling me. She assured me there was nothing, but I wasn't convinced. Something or someone had spoken and instructed me on how to cast out that demon. I intended to find out who it was.

I decided not to pressure her. She was fragile and still trying to decide if she could trust me completely. I was concerned that she might snap if I pushed her too far too fast. I felt the best way to learn what I wanted to know was to wait until she lost consciousness during the next session and then command the voice that had spoken to me in the last session to identify itself.

I was struggling with the nagging question. If it wasn't Sarah who spoke, then it must have been a demon. But why would a demon want to help Sarah? I thought all demons

were out to steal, kill and destroy. John 10:10 says, The thief does not come except to steal, kill and destroy.

I began to ponder this seeming contradiction to scripture. The Holy Spirit brought a second passage of scripture to my mind.

1 Corinthians 11:14-15 says: "Satan himself transforms himself into an angel of light; therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also transform themselves into ministers of righteousness."

Could this be what the Bible calls an angel of light?

Could this be a deceiving spirit? I couldn't wait until the next session to talk to this demon.

In the next session I started by leading Sarah in a prayer asking Christ to heal her of emotional wounds and set her free of every tormentor.

She lost consciousness before she finished the prayer, and a demon immediately surfaced and started to speak. I didn't even attempt to discover who this demon was. I bound him and commanded him to get out of my way. No other demon was going to interfere with me finding out the identity of the demon who had ratted out his friend in the last session.

"All right demon, I'm speaking to the one who instructed me how to cast out that demon in the last session. You know who I'm talking to. I command you in the name of Jesus, tell me your name."

A demon spoke up immediately.

"I am not a demon. Don't ever call me that again. I am Justice and I am part of Sarah. That's all you need to know. "

"That's where you are wrong, demon. There's a lot more I need to know and you're going to tell me everything, and I will call you exactly what you are, a filthy demon. Now the first thing I want to know is why you turned against your

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buddy and ratted on him? You know your master Satan is not going to appreciate that. Start talking demon."

"I told you my name is Justice. Stop calling me a demon."

"All right, I know you're a demon, but if you like the name Justice, fine. I'll go along with you for now, but start talking. Why did you expose your friend?"

"He's not my friend. He was one of Sarah's tormentors, while I am her friend and protector. I saw the opportunity to get rid of him and I took it."

"Satan will not like what you did."

"I am a part of Sarah. I think only of what is best for her. I will help you rid her of all the tormentors but you will never drive me out because Sarah and I are one. Because she needs me, she will never allow you to separate us."

"You listen to me you filthy, lying vermin. You're a demon and I'll drive you out just like all the others."

"I told you I am part of Sarah. I have helped her throughout her whole life. I will help you get rid of the demons in Sarah. You need me. We will work together. I will identify Sarah's tormentors and you will deal with them. You know we both love Sarah and want to see her whole. "

I had nothing further to say to this demon so I shook Sarah to bring her back to consciousness. At that point, she asked me what had happened while she was unconscious. I sensed God prompting me not to reveal my conversation with the demon who claimed to be her friend. I told her nothing much had happened but I needed to end the session for that day. She accepted my response and left.

I needed to think this through. I knew this demon was not lying when he said "Sarah needs me. She will never let you separate us." This demon had somehow gained Sarah's

confidence. I was going to have to be careful how I approached her regarding the demon called justice. I met with her every three or four days during the month of January, and we dealt with an odd assortment of demons in each session. Most of them had something to do with the sexual abuse to which Sarah had been subjected. Among them were the demons of rape, abuse, molestation, lust and seduction.

I never attempted to speak to Justice. Because he presently had Sarah on his side, it was useless to try to force him out. I chose to ignore his interruptions and concentrate on dealing with whatever surfaced. Justice would surface, at some point, during each session and attempt to speak, but I would tell him to shut up and get out of Sarah. He would repeat his earlier assertion that he was part of Sarah and she wanted him there. Each time he also reminded me he was not a demon and he was a female. I was biding my time, planning to give him just enough rope to hang himself.

On February 7, 2000, Justice wrote me a letter. Then two days later, Sarah called to say she needed to see me right away. She had a scheduled appointment for that day so I told her to go ahead and come in early.

I could tell she was nervous when she and her husband entered my office. They had barely sat down when she held up a letter and said abruptly, "Have there been other letters?" I said, "Yes, that one in your hand is the eighth. May I read it?"

She handed me the letter and asked if she could read the others. I handed them to her and we started to read these strange demonic letters.

I finished reading the eighth letter and then watched Sarah as she read each one. I could almost tell what part of the letter she was reading by the expression on her face. She

would blush when she read the vile language and glance in my direction with an almost pleading look in her eye, as if to say "Please don't think I am this person." Then her expression would turn to one of anger, and I could pretty well guess Possessor from Hell was claiming her as his own property. I thought to myself how bizarre this scene would look to others. Here is a woman, getting furious as she reads the letters that had been written by her own hand. She read all seven of them without saying a word and then handed them back to me with a desperate look of fear and apprehension in her eyes and said, "I'm worse than I thought. Can I ask you a question?"

"Yes, what is it, Sarah?"

"Have demons been speaking through me during sessions?"

"Yes, they have, Sarah. As soon as you lose consciousness, they start to speak. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to deceive you. but I couldn't stop them from talking. I knew you would eventually find out about the letters and then you would know they had found a way to communicate with me to try to stop you from being set free. You don't have to worry about them taking control of you. It's okay. God is going to protect you."

I was relieved that Sarah finally knew about the letters and wasn't furious with me for allowing the demons to speak. I could now ask her questions regarding knowledge I had gleaned from the demons, to determine whether it was truth or lies.

The following day, Sarah came in for another session. I had pondered through the night how to deal with the issue of Justice. As I set there studying Sarah's face, I made my decision.

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"Sarah, I know about justice and we need to talk about it."

"How do you know about Justice?"

"Do you recall me asking you a couple of sessions ago how you knew the demon to get rid of?"

"Yes."

"It was obvious to me that you didn't know what I was talking about. But I found out who it was who spoke. The demon identified itself as Justice. It also identified itself as a woman."

"justice is not a demon. She's my friend"

"Why would you say that about a demon?"

"I told you, Justice is not a demon."

"Okay, Sarah. Why don't you tell me about this friend of yours? first, how long have you known about her?"

I decided that for the present, I would address justice in the female gender to avoid offending Sarah. After further consideration into the matter of demon gender, I decided to address the other demons by the gender in which they identified themselves as well to avoid needless confusion. I feel I should explain the reason I chose to do so.

The first time justice corrected me for addressing it in the masculine gender, I told it to "shut up," that I would call it what ever I wanted. Until that time, I had never really given any thought to the gender of a demon. The Bible gives no explanation on the origin or gender of demons. Like most Bible students, I had just assumed they were the fallen angels who rebelled with Satan, but when I looked into the matter, I discovered that this is not clearly stated in scripture.

The Bible does refer to angels as sons of God in Job 16, 2:1, and 3:8 and they appear as men in Daniel 9:21 where the prophet Daniel refers to the angel as the man Gabriel. In Luke 24:4, two angels appear as men at the tomb of Jesus, and in

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Acts 1:10, the two angels who appear to the disciples at Jesus' resurrection are described as two men dressed in white. From a logical standpoint, if the fact that these angels appearing as men is proof that all the angels are male, the same case could be made regarding demons who appear to my clients as female as often as they do as male.

I mention this not to build a case for or against the gender of demons, but simply to say that I eventually came to address justice and the other demons in the gender with which they identified themselves, simply to avoid wasting precious time arguing over an issue that is impossible to prove one way or the other.

I could tell by the way Sarah was fidgeting that she did not like discussing Justice. Nevertheless, I proceeded to ask Sarah when she met Justice.

"I first heard her voice when I was four."

"How can you remember exactly how old you were?"

"That was the year my dad, Howard, left me."

"Tell me about your dad."

"He was always good to us kids and I always felt safe with him. We would dance, sing and laugh together."

"Did he ever hurt you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did he ever molest you?"

She lowered her gaze and answered "yes" in a barely audible voice.

"How long did that go on before he left?"

"Maybe a year."

"How many times did he molest you?"

"I'm not sure, maybe five or six times." I knew she was protecting him. I was to later learn it was a continuous thing until he left.

"But you still loved him?"

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"Oh, yes - very much."

"So what happened when he left?"

"I was devastated. I couldn't believe he ran away and left us to be hurt by the Family."

"So what did you do?"

"Something happened in me that day. Suddenly, I felt older. I had never had a normal childhood of just playing and having fun. But that day I realized, now that he was gone, there would be no one to protect us except for me. My mother never protected us."

"And that day your father left was the day Justice entered?"

"That was the first day I heard her voice."

"Was it a clear audible voice?"

"Yes."

"Did it frighten you?"

"No, because I knew she was there to help me."

"You didn't see her?"

"No. Not that day."

"So when did you first see her?"

"I saw her three days later when I over heard my uncle say, 'my dad was gone forever.'"

"Could you describe what Justice looked like the first time you saw her?"

"She was in her mid-thirties, with long, wavy blonde hair, and a slim, defined, heart-shaped face. She dressed business-like."

"What does she look like now?"

"The same. She's never changed."

"Sarah, Justice is a demon."

"No, she's not."

"Who do you think justice is?"

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"I'm not really sure. Either she is my guardian angel or my spirit mother. That's it! She's my spirit mother. She is the only one who ever cared about me, and I don't want you hurting her. I have plenty of these damn demons for you to cast out, but not justice. Leave her alone!"

I wasn't shocked at Sarah's response. I expected it. She really believed the injustice inflicted on her and her siblings when she was four had caused a spirit mother to come to her aid.

I said, "Sarah you're wrong. This is a demon."

"But how could she be a demon? All demons have ever done is torture me."

"Sarah, this is a demon. She's smarter than the others, but she's still a demon."

"Would you please get these damn demons out of me who are raping me and trying to kill me and leave justice alone? She is the only one who ever cared about me."

By then, Sarah was so upset she was yelling, and I felt I had better end the session.

The meeting on February 9" left me pondering where to go from there. I knew justice was a demon, but I also knew as long as Sarah wanted her, I would not be able to cast her out. I set up a time to meet with Sarah again on February 11"`. I was curious to see how much Satan was willing to pay to convince me justice was really Sarah's friend.

It was clear that I would have to beat this demon at her own game of deception. I would use Justice to help me cast out as many demons as I could until I could weaken her influence and expose her for what she was - just another demon like the rest of them--a little smarter, but a demon just the same.

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I decided not to argue with Sarah or try to change her mind. I would just back off and give this demon a chance to hang herself.

I had discovered that all demons will hang themselves if given enough time, because demons love to boast. Pride is their Achilles' heel. Let them shoot off their mouths long enough, and eventually, they will tell you how to defeat them. It happens every time. So why not use justice in the meantime?

One thing I had on my side was the fact that the demons were so strong in Sarah that she had no recollection of the conversations that took place between them and me. Because of this unconscious state, I could drill the demon called justice mercilessly during the deliverance sessions and Sarah would not be aware of it.

On February 11", Sarah came back in for a prayer session. She was wearing a heavy, long sleeved shirt and she kept her head bowed, looking down toward the floor. I walked across the office to welcome her and ask her what was wrong.

Her face was cut, crisscrossed with bizarre demonic symbols, including a pentagram etched into her forehead. The fine, thin cuts were obviously made by a razor blade. I asked her how it had happened, and she said in the same way as usual; she woke and found herself tightly wrapped in a bloody sheet with a razor blade in her hand.

I told her to sit down. I was furious now, determined to find out who was doing this to her.

I decided it was time to take justice up on her offer to help. I asked God to fill the room with His presence and Sarah immediately lost consciousness. I commanded justice to come up. She was ever so smug.

"See, you need me more than you know."

"Just shut up and answer my questions. Why did they do this to her?"

"Because she's telling you things she shouldn't be revealing. She is being punished by the family's programs for telling family secrets."

"Who did it? Who is cutting her?" I was so upset I was shaking.

"She did it."

"Why would she do that to herself?"

"They programmed her to do it. You sure are a stupid bastard!"

"I'm the stupid one? You're the one going to hell. Be careful demon, or I will cast you out of her right now"

"I told you I'm not a demon, so stop calling me that. Sarah and I are one. She has two programs that make her cut herself. One is mutilation and the other is punishment."

"Which one did they use?"

"Both. The program of self-mutilation is triggered automatically if she disobeys. She can't stop herself. But the family has also triggered the punishment program to punish her."

"Why do they need both programs if self-mutilation will make her cut herself?"

"The pain is more intense by using both."

"Are you talking about the pain from the cuts?"

"No, the pain is in her soul. She hurts in her emotions. The more programs involved, the more demons there are attacking her emotions. The mutilation actually stops the pain."

"What do you mean it stops the pain? You think those cuts aren't painful?"

"Yes, but not nearly as much as the pain in her emotions."

"How do I stop this mutilation?"

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"Start with the three-headed monster."

"Who is that?"

"They are three demons that work together. Sarah has seen them before. She sees them as a three-headed monster. Their names are Richard, Listut, and Black Soul."

"How did they get their names?"

"Richard is the 'Father' demon. He is in control."

"Her father? I thought she said her father's name is Howard."

"No, Richard is the 'Father' of the whole family."

I remembered the list of names Sarah had given me of her abusers and her Uncle Richard's name was first on the list.

I asked, "Why does his demon live in Sarah?"

"She belongs to him through rituals he performed over her on her sixth birthday. His demon lives in her. He is the leader of the three-headed monster."

"All right. Who are the other two?"

"Listut and Black Soul."

"Who is Listut?"

"Listut is a vampire. He likes the taste of blood. He is the meanest of the three. He sacrifices her blood. He mainly takes his orders from Richard. He came in at the same time as Richard during the ceremony in the cave on her sixth birthday."

"When did Black Soul enter?"

"Her uncle Darrell Ray put Black Soul in her. He hates her. He always tells her she is black through and through. Black Soul came in as she watched him perform an abortion on his fourteen-year-old daughter. Sarah was eight-years-old at the time.

"Black Soul kills. He cuts and torments her. He holds the souls. He's there to remind Sarah that she is dirty. He never lets her forget she has a black soul."

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"Why are they called a three-headed monster if they didn't enter together?"

"They like working together."

I had heard enough. I wanted only to get my hands on these monsters. I told Justice to disappear. I would continue to use her for more information, but for now I knew what I needed to know.

I had been convinced from the very first that her Uncle Richard's demon was there and might just be the strongman using Possessor from Hell as a decoy. I had tried to force him to surface, but each time I tried, other demons came up to shield him. Finally he had been exposed.

Many demons had been exposed and cast out during the first six weeks with Sarah. But those battles seemed easy compared to the ones that were still to come. I knew that we had our work cut out for us, but nothing had prepared us for what would come next.

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Uncle Richard  
Chapter Four

justice had told me to start with a demon named Richard. This is what I knew about him. He was placed in Sarah by her uncle Richard on her sixth birthday. He was the ruler of a trio of demons known as the three-headed monster that had raped and tortured her since that time. I knew Possessor from Hell was the strongman in Sarah's life, but I still wasn't convinced at this point that the Possessor and Richard weren't one and the same. If they were two different demons, both sounded to me like an exact replica of her uncle Richard.

Sarah had told me a lot about him. He was a big man standing six-feet-two and weighing well over three-hundred pounds. He had been the undisputed leader of this cult called the "German Heathens" for over thirty-five years.

A murdering, raping, depraved monster, who killed for sport and for power, he had initiated Sarah into the coven on her sixth birthday, taking her as his queen.

Richard dominated Sarah more than any other person in her life. He was grooming her to assume her role as the "Father's" queen. From the age of six until thirteen, she lived with him seven months out of the year as his constant companion. The two were inseparable; she accompanied him wherever he went, including his job, cult rituals and even the secret meetings held by the twelve male rulers of the family known as the "Gathering of the Troth."

Richard ruled over every member of the family as well as the 200 + people in the clan's trailer park. Everyone addressed him as "Father," and he decided their fate. He

was feared and respected amongst the local police and judges, as were his predecessors since the early 1800s. Albert Pike, a famous leader of freemasonry, who authored Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, was mentored in the arts of programming and mind control by the "Father" of this cult in the mid 1800s. Richard inherited the aura of authority that had been refined through the centuries by the previous Heathen Fathers.

He tolerated no insubordination; retribution was swift. If he detected the slightest resistance from even his own sons, he would break their fingers in an instant. Under his reign, the clan had prospered and reached its zenith in political influence and demonic power.

His position and power created the perception of him as indestructible, but he was soon to discover this was not so. In fact, he was found dead in his home during a heathen holiday. Unfortunately, his demons did not leave Sarah upon his death. They remained to torture, torment and abuse her. I started each session with Sarah in the same way. first, binding Possessor from Hell and commanding him to go and then commanding Richard to leave her. As I said, I wasn't sure if I was dealing with one demon or two so I addressed them both just to cover all the bases. Never once had I detected the slightest response when I said the name "Richard." This hadn't surprise me because I knew he was a ruler and had plenty of underlings I would have to wade through first. But, I had been doing this long enough to know that when justice confirmed he was there, something happened in the spirit realm. Spoken truth throws light into the darkness, even if the truth is spoken by a lying demon. Now that his presence had been discovered, the demon called Richard could no longer stay in hiding.

I had high hopes that today I would finally see him surface. I guess I had been conditioned from previous sessions to see Sarah start yawning or coughing, so I was completely caught off guard for what happened next.

No sooner had I spoken his name than he lunged out of the chair and body slammed me so fast I didn't know what hit me. I hit the floor so hard that it knocked the wind out of me, and I became disoriented for a few seconds as I gasped for air. I could hear him thrashing about, screaming every kind of threat and vile obscenity, but he wasn't physically attacking me.

Suddenly I remembered my assistant Lisa, and my blood froze as I realized what this monster might be doing to her. Lisa is a slender Japanese gal that doesn't weigh a hundred pounds soaking wet.

I scrambled to my knees and glanced around. There she was lying on her side by my desk, trying to protect herself from the demon that was on top of her. He was pulling out handfuls of her long hair and biting her on the shoulder all at the same time.

I lunged at him, grabbing his head from behind and pulling him backwards on to the floor in an attempt to pin his arms.

For those of you who question my use of the pronoun him when referring to a young woman name Sarah, all I can say is we were fighting a powerful demon named Richard, who was using the body of an exceptionally strong young woman (Sarah) who wasn't actively present at the time. One thing I have discovered while working with people tormented by demons, is that the demon's give them supernatural strength. However, the size and strength of the person is a relevant factor. I have seen ninety-five-pound women who were so demonized it took three strong men to

hold them down. If we had been dealing with a 250 pound man, it would have taken a dozen men to restrain him. I once had a demon swear in frustration and say, "If this woman were only bigger and stronger, I would kill you." Not so with this one, however. This demon named Richard was so strong that he overpowered me in about one second. I yelled for Lisa to use the intercom to call for help. She couldn't get past him so she used her body weight to hold one arm, while I scrambled to my knees and grabbed the other flailing arm before he could turn to bite her again. As soon as I pinned the other arm, Sarah's body went completely limp.

Lisa and I looked at each other and she said. "I think he went down." We both relaxed our grip very slowly and tried to catch our breath. We were both exhausted and sweating so profusely that our clothes were soaked.

Suddenly, he lunged toward my desk and began cramming Sarah's head under it. He was scraping her ear and the side of her face trying to force her head under the desk. We grabbed Sarah's legs and pulled her head away from the desk, while he grabbed the desk with both hands. After we finally got Sarah out of harm's way, we pinned him using the strength of our combined body weight.

He tried the same ploy again allowing Sarah's body to go completely limp, but this time it didn't work. We had learned our lesson. We relaxed our grip slightly but kept our hold on him. When he saw we would not be fooled, he started fighting us again. He tried biting, first one of us and then the other. He bit my hands several times but compared to what he had done to Lisa, I considered myself fortunate. I had never before fought a demon this strong or this cunning.

Up until this time, he had never opened his eyes or spoken. I was using my body weight to pin him down to keep

him from hurting one of us, so I was only inches away from Sarah's face when suddenly he opened his eyes and began to speak. I was so startled I nearly lost my grip as I jerked my head backwards. I know God helped me hang on because when I regained my composure and looked again, I was staring into a pair of eyes that burned with hatred. Truthfully, I felt like I was staring into the face of hell itself. He growled, "I will kill all three of you before I let you overpower me. I am Sarah's Father. I own her body, soul and spirit."

"What's your name?" I said with more bravado than I felt.

"I'm Richard, her "Father". You know that already, you bastard."

He suddenly lunged toward me snarling and trying to bite me. Lisa was lying on Sarah's other arm with her full body weight so he was stopped before he reached me. He closed his eyes and the battle started all over again. I was so breathless I could hardly speak, but I forced myself to keep repeating the phrase, "Go in Jesus name, go in Jesus name." This continued for over an hour and a half.

By this time. Lisa and I were so far beyond exhausted that we could scarcely move. I was sweating from every pore in my body, and my arms had started to cramp from holding the demon down. I was exhausted and knew I couldn't hold out much longer. Lisa was lying on top of Sarah's other arm because she didn't have the strength in her arms to restrain the demon. She wasn't saying anything and I knew she didn't have anything more to give.

The demon had laughed and mocked us throughout the whole ordeal and told us we would never make him leave because he owned Sarah. He would kick and bite and try to knee us or head-butt us for ten to fifteen minutes and then

allow Sarah's body to go limp for a few minutes. After each round, we would cautiously relax in hopes he would stop fighting, when suddenly he would launch another intense attack, trying to break free from our grip, always keeping us off-guard. We had rebuked him in Jesus name, quoted every scripture we knew on faith, prayed, praised and worshiped God and then started all over again. The battle seemed endless.

Finally, in desperation I said, "God, please help us or we are going to have to release this demon and try to get out of here without further injury."

Suddenly the demon said "No, get away from me! I said 'get away from me.' Leave me alone!" and started kicking at something at his feet. Then he turned and looked straight at me and said. "Tell them to get away from me and I'll go."

I was curious. Something was going on that I couldn't see.

"Why are you ready to go now?"

"Tell the angel to stay away, and I'll go without a fight."

I was elated and excited, thinking, Imagine, the angels are really here in this room with us. I was relishing the victory. I said, "No, I don't think so. You waited too long. You missed your chance."

No sooner had I spoken than he suddenly broke out in a hideous laugh. My heart sank. I thought, Was this all I7 trick, n shew? There were no angels? It was just his sick joke? But I still hoped. I mustered up the courage to ask him the question but I disguised it so he could not sense my disappointment. I said, "Did you get a reprieve? Did they leave?"

"No, they didn't leave. But they're afraid to touch me. My master is here, and they know he won't let them take me."

He thought he was giving me bad news, but I was jazzed. There really were angels here, and in that instant God opened my eyes to a spiritual reality and I knew exactly what to do. I said, "You're wrong Richard, we just haven't fought you long enough. The angels just need a little more fire power.

We know how this works. We just haven't wrestled you quite long enough. I'll tell you what we're going to do, Richard. We're just going to pray for a while longer and then we are going to call for the angels again, and they will take you this time, because your master won't be able to save you. But before you go, you are going to say Jesus is Lord."

He blurted out a whole string of profanities, assuring me that he would never say the words Jesus is Lord. I said confidently, "Yes you will." We debated that for a few minutes and then I said, "We'll see," and I started to pray. Lisa followed my lead. We prayed for about fifteen or twenty minutes.

He snarled and lunged for me and then for Lisa, going back and forth at us with a fresh fury. We hung on for all we were worth, all the while commanding him to go in Jesus' name. I then called for the angels to take him away. I could tell the angels had responded to my request because he flinched and said "Ok, I'll leave. just send them away." I ignored his request and continued to call for the angels to take him away.

He said "I'll go. Please, just don't make me go with them. Let me go back to my state and I'll leave Sarah." It did my heart good to see this proud insolent demon who had threatened to kill all three of us just an hour ago and had almost accomplished it, now pleading for his life.

"No Richard. You will never lay eyes on home again.

I use the authority of Psalm 149 that says:

"Witt: the high praises of God in our mouth and n two-edged sword in our hand, we execute the judgment on the enemies of God. "

"I execute judgment on you, and call for the angels to take you straight to hell."

I waited for his response, but he said nothing. "Go with the angels. I command it in Jesus' name."

Again, there was a long pause, and then he said "I can't."

"Why not?"

"You know." He said, with a strange mixture of hatred and desperation in his eyes and voice.

I suddenly remembered I had told him he was going to have to say the words Jesus is Lord.

"Oh yeah, I forgot. Say it, demon, say Jesus is Lord."

"I don't want to, but if you will release me from the angels, I will say it."

"No deal, Richard. Get down on your knees and say Jesus is Lord and then go with the angels."

He whispered in a barely audible voice, "Jesus is Lord."

"That won't do, Richard. Say it louder, so all of your buddies can hear it." There was silence for about thirty seconds and then he hissed with obvious hatred and loathing in his voice, "Jesus is Lord!"

There was an intense scuffle with unseen forces for several moments and then Sarah opened her eyes and said, "He's gone."

I was sure he was gone but she said it with such finality my curiosity was amused.

"How do you know that for sure?"

"I watched the angels chain him and drag him away."

Lisa limped over to a small refrigerator in the corner of my office and got each of us a bottle of orange juice. She was so weak her legs were wobbling.

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I was so exhausted I could barely get up from the floor and sit down in the chair. My clothes were soaking wet. My socks were sloshing with water like I had waded through a river. Lisa was in about the same shape.

We both looked over towards Sarah. She didn't look like she had just been through ninety minutes of intense wrestling. Just then, I noticed that the cuts on her face had almost completely disappeared. I would come to understand why later, but I was too exhausted that day to even ask her. All I could say was, "Are You Okay?"

"I'm fine."

Lisa and I glanced at each other in utter amazement. We were exhausted while she actually seemed refreshed. We were to see this repeated over and over again.

"Is that it? Is it over?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know, Sarah. I hope so."

Little did we know that this was only the first in a long series of seemingly endless battles. Many of them would prove to be as intense as this one, but this would always stand out in my memory as a unique event in Sarah's long journey to freedom.

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The End of Justice  
Chapter Five

February 12, 2000

The experience of seeing that once-proud insolent demon, Richard, kicking at the angels and pleading with me to make them get away from him, was both exciting and rewarding. Then, when Sarah said she watched the angels chain him and drag him off, I was absolutely elated, knowing angels were actually in that room with us. The very thought was awe-inspiring. I didn't know at the time, how involved the angels were in the process of deliverance, but I had no doubts about this one.

I had seen demons kick at unseen forces once before, but it had left no lasting impression the way this one had. For one thing, no demon had physically challenged and overcome us the way Richard had until he was bound. The most incredible thing was the timing. When we were desperate and implored God for help, the angels were there the instant we prayed.

The next day, Sarah called and said she had seen a vision later on the previous evening. She was on a mountain and the Lord was there with an angel. The angel came and told her there would be a mighty revival coming to this area in the future.

Now, I'm all for revival, but this vision raised a red flag. I was presently trying to get her to see Justice for the demon she was, while Sarah still believed that this fraud was the Holy Spirit or her spiritual mother. I wasn't ready to endorse another angel as from God but neither did I want to discourage her.

I said, "Sarah, I just want to give you the same word of caution I give to everyone who has struggled with demonic deception. Don't believe any words or visions until you're completely free. It's just a safe guideline to follow. Okay?"

"Okay, thanks, I know I need to be careful."

I could tell she still believed the vision was from God, but I left it at that.

Justice surfaced again when Sarah returned four days later for the next session on February 15, 2000. She was gloating over the fact that I couldn't do this without her help. What this demon didn't know, was that, I was simply biding my time, literally giving her enough rope to hang herself. She laughed and dared me to try to convince Sarah to turn against her. Then she began to describe the next ruling demon I was to go after. It was actually justice who encouraged me to send them to hell but I'm sure she didn't anticipate me sending her there as well.

Justice was right when she said I would never be able to turn Sarah against her because she was both a mother and a god to her, but what she didn't know was that she wasn't fighting me. She was, in fact, challenging Almighty God for first place in Sarah's life, and she didn't stand a chance of winning that contest. Of this I was absolutely sure. With this in mind, I continued to allow her to expose the others, knowing it was only a matter of time until the trap would spring on her.

We continued in this bizarre truce, confronting and defeating many strong spirits until the 29th of February, when the attacks began to intensify as demons and secrets from Sarah's life were exposed. The family was outraged and began triggering programs as well as sending family demons to stop the deliverance process.

On one occasion, Sarah was working the night shift in a convalescent home when a demon attacked her leg, causing her to fall. It then jumped on her chest, and started strangling her.

If God had not sent an elderly Christian lady down the hall who saw her and started to pray, the demon might have killed her right then; however, the demon wasn't deterred that easily. It followed her home and attacked her again. She called me and we prayed together until we sent it to hell. Sarah came in for a session the following day. When I questioned Justice regarding the demon who attacked her, she was strangely quiet. I immediately knew something was wrong.

"justice, tell me who attacked her yesterday."

"Her uncle Darrell Ray sent it to punish her."

"For what?"

"For getting rid of the tarantulas."

"Why would he care if she got rid of some filthy tarantulas?"

"They're the family's eyes."

"They're what!" I said half laughing.

"He uses them like the third eye. He watches Sarah through them."

I had seen so many bizarre things by then that I didn't bat an eye, but something prompted me to pursue the conversation further.

"Justice, did you have anything to do with this?" No answer.

"justice, I asked you if you had anything to do with this."

After a slight hesitation, she answered, "I called and told him."

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"You did what? I thought you were supposed to be Sarah's protector."

"I am protecting her—trying to keep her from doing things she shouldn't do!"

"You better listen well to me, demon. Don't ever do that again! Do you hear me?"

I knew God's trap was closing on Justice. She was getting nervous and trying to ease Sarah out of deliverance. I roused Sarah out of her semi-conscious state.

"Do you know who is responsible for that beating? Your good friend, justice. She called your uncle» Darrell Ray and turned you in for getting rid of the spiders."

Sarah was quiet, but I could tell it had its effect. This false god was losing its influence over her.

justice called Darrell Ray again on March 7th. Dean recognized the number on the caller I.D. and called me. When Sarah came in for a session the following day, I confronted Justice again regarding why she called Darrell Ray. She sullenly acknowledged she had called, mumbling she was trying to protect Sarah from me. I roused Sarah and informed her Justice had called her family again.

She left the office hurt and confused. And though I knew that knowledge had really crushed her, justice had to be exposed as the demon she was.

I was concerned about Sarah's state of mind and scheduled her next session for two days later. As soon as she sat down, justice took control of her mind. This had never happened before. I knew justice was desperate. She was losing her grip on Sarah.

"You're not talking to Sarah anymore!"

"Justice, Sarah is losing faith in you. You're losing your grip on her."

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"It's your fault. You weakened her spirit by allowing her to read those letters. I warned you that you were messing with something you didn't know anything about. I won't release her mind, and I'll never let her come back here again." It was then that I started praying and reading Psalms 18 until Sarah regained consciousness. I could tell she didn't have the heart to confront her lifelong comforter, so I suggested she take a few days and rest. She was actually in mourning, as if she were losing her mother in death. I knew justice was growing weaker. I wasn't afraid of her threat that she would never allow Sarah to return again. justice wasn't fighting me; she was fighting God, and she was in a losing battle.

I needed one more nail to shut this demon's coffin for good, and God provided me with the nail. I know when God inspires me with a thought because it's smarter than I am. Sarah came back to the office on Saturday, March, 21\*` and I could tell she was still wrestling with the thought of life without her spirit mother.

As soon as Sarah sat down, she lost consciousness and justice took control.

I said, " justice, is it justice for Sarah to go to heaven or hell?"

I suspect an angel was there with his foot on that demon's head saying, "Tell the truth, sucker," because Justice was too clever to be trapped that easily.

"justice demands she goes to hell - she deserves it," she snarled with a look of pure hatred on her face.

The reason I believe God orchestrated the whole thing is because though I had had many conversations with Justice, Sarah had never been aware of what was said. But this time. Sarah heard her say it and instantly regained consciousness.

She yelled, "I'm not going to hell, but you are, you filthy demon!"

She immediately lost consciousness as justice came up to fight us. She immediately reiterated.

"She's upset but I've seen her upset before. She'll get over it. She knows she needs me, I've protected her her whole life and I'll protect her and the little ones from you."

"Who are the little ones?"

"They are the children who spoke to you in the letter. You can't separate me from the children."

"Are they alters?"

"They are Sarah's memories. Go and read the letter."

"I don't need to read the letter. Sarah told you she wants you in hell and you're going."

"I told you you can't separate me from Sarah or the children! I am their voice!"

"Lisa spoke up, less, I know what to do. Use the Blood of Jesus to separate justice from the children."

I nodded for Lisa to take the lead.

"I take the Blood of Jesus and separate justice from the children."

justice went berserk and began trying to break free from our grip.

"I am leaving and taking Sarah with me and you will never see her again."

We wrestled Justice back into the chair as Lisa continued raising the Blood line and commanding justice to go.

The belligerence began to diminish as Lisa said over and over again "You're destroyed by the Blood of Jesus."

The battle lasted about forty-five minutes, and I'll admit I got a little revenge taunting her with the tact that I was sending her to hell, while Sarah was going to heaven. She was

much more violent than I expected for a demon who claimed she was completely devoid of emotion. She sure seemed ticked off to me.

Even though Sarah had heard justice say she deserved to go to hell and had responded in anger, informing justice who was going to heaven and who was going to hell, she still resented me for casting her out. I could understand her struggle. In spite of what justice had said regarding Sarah deserving to go to hell, she had been the closest thing Sarah had had to a mother for thirty-three years. I believe Sarah experienced the same type of grief one does when they lose someone close to them in death.

Sarah was upset with me for several days, and I dared not talk about Justice, but secretly I was gloating over the fact that that demon was in hell.

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The Angel  
Chapter Six

Sarah made great progress from February through April. We cast out the spirit guide Justice on March 21, 2000, then Richard's two partners, Blacksoul on April 4, and the vampire Listut on April 11th.

Those experiences were similar to the earlier ordeal we had with Richard. first, there was a violent battle lasting hours and then the angels showed up and the demon begged us to release him to go home to the family.

Because the battle with Listut the vampire was extremely intense, we were exhausted when it was over. We just sat there on the floor for a few minutes catching our breath.

Sarah spoke almost in a whisper, "The same angel who talked with me in the vision is here. He said he wants me to go with him to a waterfall to be strengthened and refreshed." I had been patient with Sarah regarding justice because she was her lifelong companion, but I wasn't about to put up with this.

"You listen to me, you piece of trash. You're not an angel. You're a demon, and I'll cast you out just like all the others. I bind you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and I command you to go in Jesus name."

I was surprised when Sarah sat there calmly. In the previous sessions, as soon as I would speak to a demon, she would lose consciousness and the demon would take control of her immediately.

"Sarah, what's happening? Did he leave?"

"No"

"Can you still see him?"

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"Yes."

Her one word responses were irritating. I was trying to get her to tell me what was going on and she seemed to be playing some kind of guessing game with me. I

"Well, what's he doing?" I asked, rather impatiently.

"He's sitting there smiling. He said to tell you your caution is commendable and don't change."

I started to rebuke him again. "Obey me, demon, I command you to go in Jesus name."

Sarah spoke "He said to tell you I've been weakened, and he would like me to go with him to a waterfall where I can be refreshed but only if you grant me permission."

I know how deceptive demons are. They are such great cons; they will say Jesus is Lord if they think it will convince you they are an angel. However, I had discovered they cannot keep up the charade if you make them say it over and over again. They just can't keep a straight face. They break into an evil grin or start cursing Jesus.

I intended to drill this demon until he broke. I had no intention of letting him deceive Sarah after what she had been through.

I said, "Hey demon, say "Jesus is Lord!"

Sarah translated his exact words:

"He is the blessed Shepherd Redeemer, Mighty Son and supreme. He is all wise and powerful and Jesus is His name. The glory of the angels is the same as darkness compared to the glory of Jesus. You mortals don't honor Him as you should."

I was so caught off guard by his answer that I was at a loss for words. I finally blurted out lamely, "I don't know who you are but you're not getting my permission to take her anywhere."

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"All right. Your caution is commendable." Was all he said, and with that he disappeared from Sarah's sight. I sat there for a few minutes, his words echoing through my mind, Blessed Shepherd Redeemer; Mighty Son and supreme. They were descriptions of Christ but not part of my vocabulary. I had never heard the word shepherd and redeemer used as one title. It had a calming effect on me. I sat there basking in the majesty of Christ as the Shepherd Redeemer. I was suddenly conscious of Sarah and Dean watching me and my customary cautious self came into play and I said, "Sarah, I don't want you to talk to him under any circumstance unless I'm present, okay?" She agreed and we finished the session. I reminded myself I had a responsibility to protect this naive young woman who had already been deceived by Justice. I couldn't afford to be reckless. If I erred, at least it would be on the side of caution.

As Sarah grew stronger, she began to take a more active role in the deliverance sessions. Her eyes had been opened to the power of the spirit world when she was initiated into the coven as a six-year-old. However, she had been so traumatized by the torture used in programming that any time she was frightened, she dissociated and found a safe place to hide in the deep recesses of her subconscious self. (I will elaborate on programming and dissociation in a later chapter.) With each victory over the enemy, however, she grew more bold and confident. She started to take a more active role in the fight, at times describing her enemy. I asked her from time to time if she ever saw that spirit that had tried to take her to a waterfall. She said, "Yes, I have witnessed him fighting sometimes, but I haven't spoke to him."

On June 30, 2000, we had just finished a tough session when she said, "When I lost consciousness during the session

I went to a waterfall. I washed in it and it felt like I was standing in the presence of the Lord." She paused for a moment then asked, "Are you mad at me?"

"Did he take you there?"

"Yes. Are you mad at me?"

"My mind was flooded with mixed emotions. I studied Sarah for a moment. She did appear stronger than she had in previous grueling sessions.

I answered, "No I'm not mad, just concerned. I just want you to be careful."

I had spent much time reflecting on my earlier conversation with that spirit. Reason told me, no demon would or could have described Jesus in those words, but as I mentioned earlier, I had already dealt with so many deceiving spirits that I was determined to err on the side of caution. Even if it was an angel, I had chosen to obey the Word of God on Sarah's behalf.

1 john 4:1 says: Do not believe every spirit, but try the spirits, to see whether they are from Cod.

I couldn't afford to be careless. Sarah's life depended on it. I asked God to please show me whether this was truly an angel or just another demon of deception. I knew He would answer my prayer. During the entire period, Sarah had been and was still being attacked and sexually violated at least once a week by demons. It was so frustrating to see her gaining her freedom in so many areas but not in this. We prayed and bound every demon we could name and she would think it was over and then when she least expected it, one of them would attack her again.

Early in July, she was raped so viciously she had to see a doctor. When he examined her and realized how much damage had been done to her ovary, he ordered x-rays and some other tests.

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The spirit appeared to her the following day and told her not to go back to the doctor because God had healed her. She called me and asked me what I thought.

"Well, how do you feel?"

"I feel fine."

"Well, wait and see. If you still feel good in a couple of days, you'll know."

It had been several months since the spirit first appeared and now he tells her God has healed her. Up until this time I had decided to refer to him as a spirit rather than an angel because I still wasn't sure what he was.

This would be a good way to test him. If she got worse and had to go back to the doctor, we would know he was a demon, regardless of how impressive his description of Christ.

As it turned out, Sarah was fine and never returned to the doctor for this problem.

I was beginning to think this truly was an angel. I prayed and pondered it over and over, and it just didn't sound like a demon. I would start to believe and then I would get a little nervous and remind myself that the nature of deception is that you cease to be able to discern the truth from a lie.

On August 17, 2000, Sarah came in for a session. We began to pray and she lost consciousness as she had in previous sessions. A demon surfaced immediately and started to fight. We wrestled him until we pinned him and then he spoke.

"Where is she?"

"What do you mean, where is she?"

"She's not here. When she gets back, I'll rip her to pieces."

I knew she had left with the spirit. As I reflected again on the possible meaning of his involvement in Sarah's

deliverance, my mind went back to January 1, 2000, when I had a vision during the New Year's Eve church service. I saw a runner, resembling a frontiersman dressed in buckskin breeches and shirt, running toward me and our church. He carried what looked like a scroll in a courier's pouch tucked under his arm in the same way a quarterback carries a football.

Hordes of demons were mobbing him. Some were hanging on to his legs trying to trip him and knock him off his feet while others were trying to rip the pouch from under his arm. They were coming at him from every direction.

He was kicking free of those hanging onto his legs and straight-arming those coming at him from in front, while he carefully guarded the scroll in the pouch. I watched as he worked his way toward us and suddenly the vision ended.

I shared what I saw with the pastor and he had me share it with the congregation. As I reflected on the vision and the spirit who was now helping Sarah during her deliverance sessions, I asked myself if there was a connection. Could this be the messenger I saw in the vision?

I was roused from my thoughts by the demon trying to break free from my grasp. I tightened my hold and again started commanding him to leave.

He was even more of a braggart than most. He kept mouthing off how Sarah had run away to avoid facing him but that she had to return eventually and when she did, he would rip her to pieces to teach her a lesson.

This went on for about an hour, until Dean and I became tired of listening to his ridiculous threats. We reminded him that he was trapped - that his future wasn't looking so bright. We told him we were calling for the angels to chain him and take him to hell.

He laughed and said, "Let them try it. They're all around me. They can't touch me. My master won't let them." It couldn't have been more than two or three minutes later when he asked, "What's he doing here? I know him."

"Who?"

"That angel."

"What do you mean that angel? You just said there were angels all around you and you weren't afraid of them."

"He's different. He's not like these other angels. What's he doing here with her?"

I was to hear this reaction from the demons over and over again. They would mock and ridicule the angels around them until "he" showed up and then they would cower and whimper like a frightened dog and plead with me to release them so they could run. Sometimes they would describe him as a light so bright they couldn't look upon him and others would say, just as this one had, "I know him. Don't let him touch me. Keep him away from me."

I knew from the scriptures that angels hold different ranks and the reactions of the demons told me he was of a higher order than those already on the scene, but I never asked.

I said, "Oh! She's with him, is she?"

"Yes, but I don't want him near me. I've got to get out of here."

"You're getting out all right, but you're going with the angels. They're taking you to hell and you won't be coming back."

There was a brief scuffle with forces we couldn't see and then Sarah regained consciousness. Again, she told me she had been to the waterfall with the angel.

I didn't reply. She asked as she had before, "Are you mad at me?"

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"No Sarah. I'm not mad at you. just be careful."

I now believed that this was truly an angel. I wondered if he was the one who had come to our rescue when we were exhausted, and who had so terrified the demon Richard.

However, something inside me would not let me admit this to Sarah. I think maybe I was fearful of giving her too much confidence after she'd been deceived by Justice. It was safe for me to believe him because my cautious nature would always insist that he first tell me again who the Lord Jesus Christ was to him.

I knew from that day on God had sent an angel to help me. I followed his leading when he spoke. I still insisted he prove he was the angel and not a deceiving spirit each time he appeared. Each time he lauded Christ as the blessed redeemer and commended me for my caution.

There were times when we were fighting and rebuking a demon and commanding him to go, when he would tell Sarah to tell me, "The demon has submitted and we have him bound, but Sarah is very weak. Worship and praise God for thirty minutes, and God will refresh her with His strength." At other times he would instruct us to offer praises to God, so the angels fighting the battle might have their strength restored.

On one occasion, he told us there were hordes of demons being sent from other regions to help defend the demon we were casting out of Sarah, and we should petition God to send the angelic host.

I responded by calling for Michael the Archangel to lead the angels. He told me that it was presumptuous on my part to think I should tell God whom He should send. "God makes those decisions - not men, not angels." He was very gracious but I knew it was a rebuke. His statement that God is supreme

and reserves some decisions apart from angels and men only strengthened my belief that he was truly an angel from the Lord.

The sessions fell into a more predictable pattern as he guided us in the fights. Before we might have taken an hour just to make the demons identify themselves. Now that there was clear revelation from God through His angel, deliverance from each demon was much quicker. They were still very violent but now they were unable to escape by sending weaker demons up to act as shields while they slipped away. As soon as they tried, he would tell us and we would bind them to the shield making escape impossible. I know the perfect timing of the angel's appearance was of God because we were entering into the most complicated part of Sarah's journey to freedom.

Over the next several months, we saw many phenomenal miracles that would not have been possible had it not been for his guidance and assistance.

On Jan. 4, 2001, we had just finished a deliverance session. The angel had guided us in how to evict the demon and we were winding up as usual. I asked Sarah if everything was okay or if anything else was trying to surface. She said she was fine and she could still see the angel. The thought came to me to ask him some questions about which I had always wondered. Gabriel answered questions for Daniel. Why not? I had nothing to lose. The worst he could do was say no.

I said to Sarah, "Ask him if he can answer some questions."

Sarah was quiet for about thirty seconds and then said, "He said, 'Perhaps, what are the questions?'"

"Is the spirit of each human being already in existence, waiting in heaven for a body to be created for it on earth or is the spirit created simultaneously?"

(I was referring to a book that had been published several years earlier by a woman who claimed to have been taken to heaven, where she learned that the spirit of every human being had already been created and was waiting in heaven for a body to inhabit. From what the author said, the spirit goes to earth to inhabit the body the instant it is conceived in the womb.)

I waited several seconds for a response and when none came, I said "Sarah, is he going to answer me?"

"He wants to know what your second question is."

"Oh! Okay. Well, where do demons come from? Are they the fallen angels who rebelled with Satan, or are they another race of beings?"

Sarah said, "He says wait, he'll seek permission to answer them."

I waited for possibly two more minutes, and then Sarah spoke. "He said he was granted permission to answer the one regarding when the spirit is created but not the other.

"You asked the question, 'Is the spirit already in existence in heaven before the body is conceived in the womb?' The answer is no, the spirit is the breath of God that is breathed into every person the same way He breathed the breath of life into Adam. This is recorded in Genesis 2:7: "The Lord God formed the man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and the man became a living being. There is no conscious life until the body is conceived in the womb. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes, very clear." He had not revealed anything I did not already understand but it strengthened my Confidence in him and in what I believed about man's spirit. It would be

several months before I ventured to ask him any more questions.

As hard as this whole ordeal was, still there were events that offered moments of humor. One of these created a bit of mystery at first, but when we discovered what was happening, we got a good laugh out of it. \_

This is how it came about. When I first started praying deliverance with Sarah, Lisa helped in the sessions. Then after several months she assumed responsibility for a children's Outreach program which prevented her from being involved as much.

For the next couple of months, my wife Peggy and I began praying over Sarah at our home and in my office Bl the church. Up until this point, Sarah's husband, Dean, was rarely involved at all, because neither he nor Sarah were comfortable with him seeing her when the demons surfaced and spoke. However, as the battle became more intense and We moved into more difficult phases, more of the sessions Were emergencies and took place at Sarah's home at night. Dean was inevitably drawn into the prayer times, working with me on his wife's behalf. Night after night, I received phone calls from him pleading with me to come.

On more than one occasion, the phone rang and the caller I.D. identified Sarah as the caller, but when I picked it up, no one was there. I called back but no one answered, so I concluded Sarah was in serious trouble. I called Dean at work and told him something was wrong With her and I would meet him at his home.

Each time this happened, we would find Sarah, cut to pieces and totally delirious or in a fetal position, unconscious and near death. After praying for her for hours, the pallor of death would finally leave her and she would regain

consciousness. When we asked her how she was able to place the phone call, she had no recollection of making it. I knew the demon certainly wouldn't make it, so I concluded Sarah was simply so out of it that she just didn't remember. However, after it had happened several times, I became suspicious. I waited until after a prayer session was over and then said to Sarah. "Is the angel still with you?" "Yes."

"Ask the angel who is calling me from your phone."  
Without hesitation she replied, "He said he made the calls."

That was it; he didn't elaborate or explain himself. He just said he was the one who had called.

Somehow it struck me as funny to think of an angel who travels to and from heaven and earth in a split second using a human device such as a telephone. I started to laugh and it became contagious. Pretty soon Sarah and Dean and I were nearly rolling on the floor laughing. I'm not sure how the angel took it. He left while we were laughing and I never brought it up again.

Each time something like this happened I would reflect on it after I was removed from the event itself so I could be more objective. I would hold it up against the scriptures to test it and immediately I thought of the account in Acts 12:7 when the angel opened the prison door and nudged the apostle Peter to wake him up and told him to follow him out of the prison. I reasoned if angels sometimes choose to open the doors of a prison, rather than just walk through them, they could certainly make a phone call. But it still seemed funny to me.

Toward the end of January 2001, I was pondering once again the possible implications of the angel's involvement in Sarah's fight for freedom. Up until this time, I had not asked

him his name or why he was helping us. I was familiar enough with the scriptures to know each time an angel appeared and the person asked his name the angel had rebuked them for even asking.

But now I was seriously thinking about this, and I felt a nod from the Lord to ask some questions.

After the prayer time was over and the demon was out, I asked Sarah if the angel was still there. She affirmed he was.

"I want to ask him some questions. Is that all right?"

"He said go ahead."

"I know from the scriptures you're not going to tell me your name but why are you here? I pray for hundreds of people and you don't assist in their prayer times. Are you Sarah's guardian angel?"

"No, I'm not. I've watched over her during her entire life, but I am not her guardian angel."

"That makes no sense to me. Isn't that what a guardian angel does?"

"Yes, but my mission involves more than her. She is a part of it, but there is much more."

"What is the rest of it?"

"To fight for revival and the harvest of souls."

"Are you the messenger I saw in the vision?"

"Yes."

"What is the message you were carrying?"

"That God is calling the church to pray for the coming revival and a great harvest in the Northwest. There is not yet enough prayer ascending to God for revival to come. The saints must pray more faithfully than they ever have before for the demon prince over this area to be defeated. The angelic host is here but they cannot fight unless the saints pray."

"So you were not just sent to this local church but to all the churches?"

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"That's right."

"But what does Sarah's freedom have to do with your mission of stirring the churches to pray?"

"I have other assignments from God. There are children being subjected to the same satanic ritual abuse as Sarah. God has called you to write a book about her life to expose this evil being perpetrated against these innocent children.

"It is not only happening in her family but in many other places as well. He will use the book to open the eyes and hearts of His people to pray against this hidden evil."

"I think God chose the wrong person. I'm not a good writer. In fact, I've never written a book."

"But you have witnessed the tragic results of the horror and pain of Sarah's tortured childhood, and you can communicate it in a way that will expose this evil. Just write the book and God will get it into the hands of those who are in a position to expose the wickedness happening in this nation."

"That could take a long time. I don't even like writing. It's very difficult for me."

"God's thumbprint is on this book, and He will help you write it, but there is a window of opportunity He has given you to complete it. If you neglect it and miss His timing, the opportunity will be lost. Start writing the book now."

"Why is it that Sarah can see you and I can't?"

"Sarah's eyes were opened to the spirit world while she was just a child by wicked spirits who had evil plans for her. They did it for evil purposes, but now it allows her to see me because she knows the spirit realm is real. She doesn't have to fight through doubts because she sees the spirit world as clearly as the material world."

"So doubt is keeping me from seeing you?"

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"Yes, demons use your doubts to keep you from seeing me."

"Will I ever be able to see you?"

"I hope so, but I can't say for certain because I don't know the future. Only God does, but I suggest you spend quiet times alone with Him to increase your spiritual perception. Psalms 46:10 says, "Be still and know that I am God."

"Wait in His presence and ask Him to open your eyes as Elisha prayed in 2 Kings 6:17 for Him to open the eyes of his servant to see the warring angels on the hills around them."

I was disappointed with his answer. I had hoped the answer would be much simpler. Since that time I have come to appreciate his instructions regarding waiting silently on the Lord. Up until this time my method of prayer had been more vocal in petitioning God and praising Him. I have now embraced the practice of waiting quietly in the presence of God for Him to speak to me and have been blessed by the experience. Throughout the remaining months of Sarah's journey to freedom I was never able to see him or the spirit realm but I have not given up asking God to open my eyes to see all that He wants me to see.

In the following chapters, I will describe how intricately involved the angel was in Sarah's deliverance and how crucial was his role in achieving her freedom.

The Mutilations  
Chapter Seven

September 9, 2000

Peggy and I were drinking coffee and discussing the day's schedule when the doorbell rang. I opened the door and there stood Sarah bleeding from cuts all over her body. She had the head of a goat carved into her forehead and a pentagram on each cheek. There were other strange-looking marks and symbols covering her face and arms. She was wearing a thin blouse and you could see there were more of the same on her chest where each cut had bled through.

"Would you mind if I took a shower?" she said in a barely audible whisper. We hurried her inside, and Peggy got her a towel and showed her where to shower. Then we sat down to wait.

She wasn't long and when she came back into the living room, the cuts had all but disappeared. You could only see a faint red line where each vivid cut had been only minutes before.

This had been occurring several times a week for nine months, but I was still shocked each time it happened. She would wake up many mornings to find herself wrapped tightly in a bloody sheet with the same satanic symbols carved all over her body. She started tying herself up before she went to sleep to try to stop the abuse. Sometimes it worked but not always.

Over time, there was an increase in the viciousness of the attacks and the severity of her wounds. Sometimes the demons would take a pair of scissors and make deep gouges on her arms and legs or claw at her eyes with her fingernails.

To minimize potential injury, I had encouraged her to cut her fingernails short.

Now, nine months later, we still seemed no closer to the end. In fact, it was getting worse. She was humiliated by the fact that they had taken control as she drove her car in town. This had never happened before. Because we could tell she was feeling overwhelmed with hopelessness, we did our best to encourage her, telling her it would end soon. Peggy reminded her how far she had come in learning to trust God and breaking the fear of rejection, mistrust and suspicion of others.

I said, "Sarah, do you know the name of the demon who overpowered you while you were driving?"

"No, the last thing I remember was the light turning green and starting to pull away. When I came to, I was parked at the curb with cuts all over me — even under my clothes. I hope no one saw them raise my blouse. She sighed with hopeless resignation.

"What am I going to do? I can't even control them when I'm awake."

"It's okay, Sarah. He's just a stronger demon than the ones we've dealt with before. We'll just make him tell us his name and get him out. Maybe he's the ruler. Don't give up hope. Trust God. He will help us."

I spoke to the demon. "I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to tell me your name." Sarah immediately lost consciousness as the demon surfaced and for the next two hours we cast out what seemed like a legion of very violent spirits. They tried at first to bite Peggy and then myself and then Sarah, always keeping us off balance, as we tried to protect ourselves, until we were extremely exhausted. They kept saying they were going to kill her and that we would never see her alive again. It required all of our

strength to keep them from hauling her out the door. It took an hour just to make the ruling demon tell us his name. I kept hoping the angel would show up and tell Sarah W110 the demon was but for some reason he didn't that day.

I just kept repeating, "I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to tell me your name."

At last he finally answered, "Viper."

So this was the famous Viper. Because I was already familiar with this demon, I could now understand why his resistance had been so vicious. I had learned a lot about him three weeks before during a conversation with a demon named Accuser.

On September 7, 2000, Sarah had called to say she thought she was going insane. Peggy and I got together with her to pray. One thing we were sure of was that a demon was involved. From previous experience, we had learned all we needed to do was hammer a demon over and over until he identified himself. By the time he finally obeyed that command, he had already lost half his strength. At that point, we would begin all over again, only this time commanding him to leave.

The length of the battle is determined by their rank and how many demons are under their authority.

"What is your name, demon?"

He answered immediately, "Either she will obey or I will drive her insane."

"Are you insanity?"

"I'm an accuser."

"Are you a spirit of insanity?"

"Are you deaf? I told you I'm a spirit of accusation."

"How old was she when you entered?"

"Just a little girl. Why don't you go after Viper?"

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"Who is Viper, and Why do you want me to cast him out?"

"He interferes with me."

"What is your assignment?"

"I'm part of the return system."

"What is the return system?"

"It makes things happen to her to make her return to the Family."

"And what's your part?"

"If She doesn't Obey, it's my job to drive her insane."

"Who is Viper?"

"Will you get rid of him if I tell you?"

"Another time. From his name I gather he's a snake but what's his assignment?" I

"He's not a snake, he's a spider. A black widow spider and he has a web."

"So what's his web?"

"It's a program and he's the ruler over it."

"What kind of a program?"

"He allows things to happen to her."

"What kind of things? What does he do to her?"

He's a protector over other spirits. He fights you to keep you from casting out demons."

"Did he fight for Richard?"

"Yes, I told you he fought for all of them."

d I had found out all I wanted to know from this lemon. It was a strategy I had employed over and over throughout Sarah's ordeal. Get the demon you are casting out to give you the name of his ruler and any others he knows are there.

"Thanks for the tip but I'm not fighting Viper right now, I m fighting you - but not for long. I'm sending you to chamber. You know what chamber is, don't you?"

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"I know about chamber, but I'm not leaving because of you. I'm leaving because Viper won't let them fight for me."

"I thought Viper fights for all you demons. So you're the first one he won't fight for?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's rough when you're down and out and your friends won't help you."

"He's not my friend, but I'm leaving with dignity."

The very concept of a demon with dignity struck me as strange. "Exactly how does a demon leave with dignity?"

"I'll leave without a fight."

"That doesn't seem too dignified to me. In fact, it seems a little wimpy. But whatever. Go in Jesus name!"

He left without saying another word or even a struggle.

Sarah regained consciousness and confirmed it. "The angels dragged him away. I saw them."

I had learned what I needed to know about Viper. He was a ruler over a mind control program called The Web but he also took part in fighting on behalf of the other demons I had driven out of Sarah so far. This also explained why the spirits had been able to take control of Sarah while she was driving. The demon Accuser had said Viper made her do things. In this instance, he had obviously overpowered her so the spirits of mutilation could cut her while she was awake. No wonder the battle had been so long and hard. We weren't just fighting spirits of abuse or mutilation. We were fighting Viper and his army under him. Peggy and I fought for several more hours, casting out an incredible number of demons.

Viper was the last one to leave that day, and by the end we were dripping with sweat. We could only thank God they were gone. We hoped this would be the end of the mutilation.

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Unfortunately, it was not, but Sarah was never again overpowered and mutilated while out in public. Nevertheless, the demons got bolder and more creative in hiding razor blades with which to attack us during deliverance sessions. Sarah was coming to my office about twice a week for her regular scheduled sessions, and we knew at some point during the session we would have to wrestle the demon for a razor blade.

It never ceased to amaze me how creative they were in hiding them. They hid them in her shoes, her hair, the waist band of her slacks, or in her mouth. On many occasions I asked Sarah to open her mouth and let me see if she had a razor blade before the demon took her over. Yet sometime during the session I would see a flash of silver, and we would still have to force her mouth open and extract a razor blade. I always wondered if they made her swallow them before I searched her mouth, but I never saw her mouth bleed. Her husband and I were cut numerous times while removing them from her mouth or wrestling them from her hand.

Interestingly enough, Sarah had absolutely no memory of buying razor blades. The demons would take control, buy them and hide them in her house, her car, and in her clothes. By the time it was all over, I had taken approximately fifty razor blades from the demons in Sarah.

In fact, the most terrifying experience of those two years involved a razor blade. By that time, I had gotten quite used to seeing Sarah with razor blades in her mouth. I finally concluded God would not allow the demons to make her swallow one. This caused me to become careless, and in this instance, it almost cost Sarah her life.

One night Dean called saying he had seen something shiny in her mouth, and that she was struggling with a demon trying to take control of her mind.

"I'm sitting here watching the struggle, and I can tell the minute he surfaces because he puts a scowl on Sarah's face and glares at me in silence."

"Don't let him take her out the door. I'm on my way."

I drove over to their house and the moment I walked in, the demon jumped up and bolted for the door.

We both caught him and wrestled him onto the couch. I saw the flash of silver and commanded the demon to spit it out, just as I had on previous occasions. To my horror, he caused her to swallow it and then started laughing the most hideous, diabolical laugh I had ever heard. I felt sick inside. With an authority I did not feel, I commanded him again to spit out the blade.

"Too late. She's already swallowed it."

"You're a liar! I said spit it out."

"Go ahead and look, she swallowed it, and it's cutting her guts out right now." With that he opened her mouth wide. I had seen them hide razor blades in her mouth so cleverly that they were invisible to the human eye, but I was determined to find this one if it was in her mouth.

I was just a tad bit nervous about putting my fingers in her mouth. I knew this demon could bite them off if I gave him the chance, but I had no choice. Sarah might be bleeding to death even now. I threw caution to the wind and stuck my finger first into one side of her mouth and then the other, prying her jaws open to get a good look, but saw nothing. I looked under her tongue, but nothing was there. Then I stuck the fingers of one hand on her top teeth and the others on her bottom and stretched her mouth open to look as far down her throat as I could. The demon made no attempt to bite me; he was gloating over my anguish and wanted to savor it to the last drop. The razor blade was not in her mouth.

I sat down on the couch and looked at Dean. He could see I was frightened. We had been through a lot together, but he had never seen me this visibly shaken. After what seemed like an eternity, I said, "Well Dean, she's your wife. You make the call. Do you want to take her to emergency room or trust God?" He wouldn't answer me. He was scared spitless. This could not have come at a worse time. Just the previous week a demon of suicide had taken her over and made her swallow over 100 codeine pills. When she regained consciousness and realized what they had done she called me and asked me what to do. I called the poison hotline and they said that she had only moments before her kidneys would shut down. I told her she'd better go to the hospital. She checked into emergency and told them what had happened.

The emergency staff pumped her stomach and immediately called the police who then escorted her to a mental health facility for an evaluation. She persuaded the doctor on duty that she had not tried to commit suicide, and they released her after several hours. I knew if she showed up at the hospital again, having swallowed a razor blade, they would institutionalize her.

It was the most terrifying decision I have ever had to make. If she died we would never be able to explain to the police why we had not taken her to the hospital when we knew she had swallowed a razor blade. We could be arrested for manslaughter. My mind was racing; only three possible scenarios existed. She would either be healed or institutionalized or she would die from internal bleeding and we would go to prison for failure to give aid. Like I said, it was the most terrifying day of my life. I made the decision.

"Come on, Dean, let's pray. This demon is going to make her vomit that blade."

The demon snorted and cackled "I'm not helping you."

"It's not a matter of helping me but obeying me."

"She's dead. Don't bother."

I ignored him and said to Dean, "just start praying with me. He's going to obey me." We prayed for about twenty minutes, and I have never prayed more desperately in my life. Suddenly, Sarah started to retch and we saw the familiar flash of silver in her mouth. The demon tried to stop us from removing the blade. We pried her mouth open and extracted the blade and then started praying, asking God to heal any damage done to her mouth, throat and stomach. I was amazed that she wasn't bleeding to death. I was never more grateful to God than I was that night.

In spite of all our efforts, Sarah continued to experience mutilation by demons because of the programs her family had put in place when she was a child. As we came to a better understanding of how the programs worked, we realized we were not only fighting the demons programmed into Sarah but also those the family was currently sending after her. I realized we were fighting a battle we could not win because the programs were like revolving doors allowing more demons to enter as fast as we were casting them out.

I concluded, we had to destroy the programs or Sarah would never truly be free. The truth was that I knew nothing about mind programming and would have to depend on God every step of the way.

God's intention was for me to use His power, rather than human knowledge to destroy the programs in Sarah. However, He also allowed me to experience a deliverance session where He revealed a decoding process for destroying programs.

It was February 18, 2001, and it was to be the goriest mutilation scene I had ever witnessed in the entire two years of Sarah's ordeal. A friend called to say she'd been with Sarah that day and she wasn't doing well. She asked if she and her husband might accompany me to visit her. I agreed, and we decided to meet at Sarah's at seven that evening.

We knocked on the door, but there was no response. I tried the door and it was unlocked, so I pushed it open and we walked in, calling Sarah's name.

An indescribably overwhelming presence of evil was there in that house. I could feel the demons all around me. I looked at Linda and Troy to see if they were feeling them as well. Their looks confirmed they were.

It was deadly quiet as we walked down the hallway toward Sarah's bedroom. I glanced inside the bedroom to my left and froze in my tracks. The walls were covered with every kind of satanic symbol and writing from pentagrams to goat heads, all written in blood. Blood was also smeared on the bed, furniture and floors. It looked like the scene of a massacre.

The bedroom was empty. We resumed our walk down the hall. When we found that Sarah's bedroom was also empty, we turned around and retraced our steps to the bloody second bedroom. We went in, and for some reason I opened the closet and there lay Sarah on the floor, wrapped tightly in a blanket.

She was literally petrified with fear and fought us when we tried to un-wrap the blanket from around her. We picked her up and laid her on the bed, still wrapped in the blanket. I tried to get her to tell me what happened but she wouldn't speak, so I said to Linda and Troy, "Let's pray until this oppression lifts." We started praying, asking God to help her and to show us what to do.

After a few minutes Sarah spoke.

"The angel is here with me and he said there are alters in me that were programmed into me with codes. You cannot cast them out unless you first decode the program. He will tell you what to say to break the code and you must speak it to the demon." It sounded like something out of spy thriller, but by now, I knew this was serious, in fact Sarah's life might well depend on it.

"Ok, I'm listening. Go ahead."

Over the next three hours, he proceeded to lead me in decoding eleven programs, beginning with the access program, which was decoded by spelling the last name Heckler backwards.

Sarah's complete freedom was still eleven months away, but her faith was greatly strengthened when she saw God supernaturally destroy this diabolical infrastructure that she had been programmed to believe was invincible.

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Possessor from Hell  
Chapter Eight

September30,2000

Today is a glorious day. Today is the day I have dreamed of for ten months. Today I had the pleasure of casting Possessor from Hell out of Sarah. This demon has mocked, taunted and frightened me almost every day since the first time he introduced himself in his first letter, dated December 20, 1999.

Forgive me for subjecting you a second time to his vile language but I want you to understand why I feel such extreme satisfaction. I feel the best way to do this is to show you again through his own words the bizarre and demented mind of this monster who had tormented Sarah throughout her life. I marvel that Sarah was able to live her whole life under his reign of terror and not end up in a mental institution.

"ABBEY WON'T LET ME SPEAK. ABBEY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO HER. YOUR MIND CAN'T CONCEIVE WHAT AWAITS HER. HOW FOOLISH OF YOU TO THROW A LAMB :) INTO THE VERY SLAUGHTERHOUSE I SAVED HER FROM. I WILL DEVOUR HER. THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING M~~~ F ---- -! YOU WANT TO SEE AND HEAR WHAT PAIN FEELS LIKE! I WILL GIVE YOU THAT. YOU AND THAT F ~~~~ --SHEPHERD KING HAD BETTER BACK OFF! YOU TEND TO YOUR FLOCK AND I WILL TEND TO MINE!  
I AM ABBEY'S FATHER, HER PROTECTOR, HER DELIVERER, AND HER TORMENTER. ABBEY IS MINE!"  
"TAKE HEED TO MY WORDS -- I AM BEING POLITE THIS TIME.

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YOU HEAR THE BEAT OF MY WINGS.  
FEEL  
THE TALONS IN YOUR BACK.  
PEEL  
THEM TEAR INTO YOUR SOUL  
YOU WIMPER AND PRAY TO YOUR GOD.  
PRAY  
BUT HE ISN'T LISTENING.  
SCREAM  
As I LAUGH THE DEMON IS ALWAYS  
IN YOUR MIND.  
THE ONE YOU CAN NOT EXORCISE.  
YOU WON'T GET THEM ALL M~---F~---  
AND NEITHER WILL YOUR B»--!  
YOU HAVE NOT THE PATIENCE!  
OH YES, I AM FROM THE SECOND HELL. ALONG SIDE MY  
FATHER! YOUR NIGHTMARE".  
"THE KNIFE THE BLADE SO SHARP AND LOVELY, CUTS  
DEEPLY CUTS DEEPLY INTO THE SKIN. THE RED BLOOD  
POURS, STAINING THE PURE WHITE WITNESS OF  
INOCENCE. THE CUTS LENGTHEN AND GROW MORE  
NUMERIOUS. THE PORCELAIN BEAUTY BECOMES  
PERMANETLY MARKED. AS THE RED RIVER FLOWS  
REFLECTIONS OF PAIN ARE CLEARLY SEEN THE PALE  
GHOST OF PAST... TAKES THE VICTIM TO THE RIVER OF  
DEATH ..... ..A LAST RESORT ..... ..A WAY TO TAKE  
HER WITH ME ;)."  
I AM THE POSSESSOR FROM HELL  
AN ANGEL FROM HELL  
I AM IN CHARGE  
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I had been in a spiritual battle with this demon, fighting for my life as well as Sarah's from the day he introduced himself. It never let up. He even followed me home at night threatening to rape and kill both Peggy and myself.

I had been threatened on many occasions by demons, but I knew his threats were real because I had witnessed his attacks on Sarah, and I could actually feel his breath on the back of my neck as he whispered those same threats in my car.

I actually learned more about him after he left than while I was fighting him because the other demons were so terrified of him that while he was still present, I could not persuade them to even speak his name. As I had mentioned earlier I had discovered soon after starting to cast out demons they are normally weakened when their identity is discovered. So my normal mode of operation was to interrogate a demon until he told me his name and the name of his ruler before I cast him out. In this way the ruler was weakened before I even challenged him. But my strategy did not work with Possessor's demons; they would not talk about him no matter how much I threatened them.

But although they wouldn't talk about him, he certainly wasn't afraid to talk or write about himself. He was so proud that he reeked of arrogance and had absolutely no fear of me. In fact he held me in such complete disdain that he made a game of dropping clues in his letters to see if I could solve the riddle of his identity. When I tried to question him as to his assignment, he would reply, "Listen you stupid bastard, go read my letters. I gave you all the clues you need to figure it out."

Eventually I was able to fit the pieces of the puzzle together, partly from his bragging and partly from memories that surfaced from Sarah's childhood.

He held the rank of a prince in the armies of hell and had ruled over the entire Heckler clan ever since they had become devil worshipers in Germany many centuries earlier. He had Satan's ear - that much was abundantly clear. I had listened to ruler demons plead for Satan to come help them on dozens of occasions, addressing him as "dark Father," "unholy Father," or "Natas," (Satan spelled backward), and I had only witnessed him respond to one demon's cry. Yet every time I started rebuking Possessor, Sarah's hand would suddenly form a fist with the index and little finger extended straight out in the shape of the goat's head. This was the Heathen's sign known as the horned hand and was used to pay homage to Satan the goat.

We would eventually discover that when her hand formed the horned hand sign, it indicated Satan was present, and Sarah would start to writhe and moan with pain. We would quote scripture and command him to release her until we drove him off, but not before he had left his marks on Sarah. Her eyes would bleed and claw marks would appear all over her body in much the same way as Possessor, only worse.

I always wondered whether the sign of the horned hand was Possessor calling for Satan or a sign of worship at his entrance. This was a bit confusing because of Possessor's seeming total lack of fear toward us. If he was in fact weakening and calling for Satan's help, he certainly was a good actor, because he continued to exude confidence and total disdain toward us.

Possessor had entered Sarah during a ten-day ritual celebration that started on the day she turned six-years-old. This three-part ritual involved her being forced to take part in the ritual sacrifice, drinking blood from a special silver goblet, and rape on the sacred altar in the cave.

Using her words, as written in her own book, I share her memories of Possessor from Hell entering her at the culmination of that celebration.

"Wake up, Abbey, today is a special day for you, sweetheart. Your uncle will be here soon to take you to a very special birthday party. Hurry, we must get you ready. You wouldn't want to disappoint him now, would you?"

"No, Mother. Mother, whose birthday is it?"

"It's your birthday. You're six years old today. Your uncle has been waiting for this day for a long time."

"Why, Mother? Why is it a special birthday?"

"Today you will be initiated as Queen to the "Father," (your uncle), and dedicated to Satan. Your uncle will be proud to present his Queen to Satan. Today you will become a Satan child and your uncle will become your Father. Be proud and make your uncle proud. It is a great honor to be the Queen of the Father. Now do as you're told. Come on, your bath is waiting."

"How do you like the birthday dress your uncle bought for you?"

"It's pretty, Mother. "

"Yes, it is. White represents innocence. That is why he chose a white dress for you. Abbey, today your innocence will be handed over to Satan. Your soul will be given to him, as it was planned, even before your conception."

"Okay, Mother. "

"Hello, Uncle, mother said it is my birthday. I like my dress. "

"Come here and let me love on my birthday girl. Arr you thrilled about your party?"

"Yes, Uncle. Is the family coming, too?"

"No dear, only a select few. But don't fret! There will be plenty of excitement and surprises for you. "

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"Hello, Grandpa, Uncle said to get into the truck. He will be right here. He's talking with mother. Do you know it's my birthday?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you like my dress?"

"It's perfect. Now get in. We must get going."

"Abbey."

"Yes, Uncle."

"We are having your party in the cave, where only special people can go."

"That's right, dear. From now on the cave will become a part of you. There will be no more restrictions. You will be free to roam the cave. Just as the special ones do."

The cave referred to here was a secret meeting place where the Heathens conducted their gruesome rituals, meetings, and programming. The only ones who took part in the bloody scene in the cave that day were Uncle Richard, Sarah, and the twelve men known as "The Gathering of the Troth."

Again I quote from Sarah's writings, her memories of the first clay she saw Possessor in the cave.

"Father then lifted me up toward the alcove. (The alcove was a shelf carved into the stone wall above the altar where they stored ritual tools.)

"Abbey, look in the alcove and don't turn away until you're told."

"Yes, Father. "

I stared into the alcove as it opened up into hell. I could see the demons that were attached to the tools in the alcove. Father was commanding me to accept their power. I knew what to do as I had done it many times during the training and rituals I relaxed and focused on

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the demons as they took their place in me. As the demons attached to the tools entered me, I could feel their power and the pain they had previously inflicted on me.

As the view of the chamber disappeared, a different demon appeared. He was the most frightening demon I had ever seen. He appeared as a large wolf, as big and vicious as a dinosaur. Father said, "It is not time for him to enter you. There are things that have to be done first. Abbey, look away from the demon." I did as he said. Father then picked me up and laid me back on the altar."

This demon that her Uncle Richard had her look at for a moment before looking away was Possessor from Hell. This first glance was to prepare her for the time when this demon was to enter her ten days later, on the last day of the ritual celebration.

Again I quote from Sarah's recollections.

"Abbey?"

"Yes, Father?"

"Remember the demon in the alcove and when I told you it was not yet time for him to enter you?"

"Yes."

"It is time. You are to receive him. Understand?"

"Yes, Father."

I remember looking into the eyes of that demon. It terrified me. He was different and more vicious than any that I had experienced. He was enormous and evil. Even Justice shivered at the sight of him. Father laid me back onto the altar and he began to chant and caress me. As he did this, I could feel and see the demon entering me through the Father. I could also see and hear "Little One" telling me not to worry because she had my innocence safely hidden away.

(Little One was a spirit guide that appeared to Sarah the first day of the ritual, promising to preserve her innocence.)

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When he was finished, Father said, "Now I am you and you are me. We have become one. The seed is complete. "

From that day forward, Possessor from Hell, Uncle Richard and Sarah were united as one. This is why I thought the demon Uncle Richard and Possessor from Hell was one in the same, when I first started praying for her. They both claimed that Sarah was their daughter and their seed. It was only after I cast Uncle Richard out that I realized they were two different demons.

The honor of being the Father's Queen meant from that day forward she would be recognized as her Uncle Richard's possession and called "Queen of the Father."

Though it sounds like a contradiction in terms, Possessor from Hell was her lifelong protector as well as her tormenter. She could feel his presence even if he chose not to appear to her. He would appear in many different forms and entities, but his true self was the humpbacked wolf she saw the first day she was introduced to him in the cave. At times, he would appear as a tiny figurine on the mantle. At other times he would appear as one of the instruments of torture from the cave.

As Sarah grew to adulthood he began to appear more frequently as a strikingly handsome young man and she would be captivated by his charms and desire his affections. During those encounters he would show her tenderness and affection. Other times he would show up as the ravenous wolf, leaving claw marks all over her face, back, chest and thighs. The marks would almost always be in the shape of the goat head or a pentagram. He would sometimes violate her so brutally she would bleed all over the bed and onto the floor. There were times when he would take her blood and draw the same satanic symbols on the walls and floor that he had continuously drawn on her body.

He warned her constantly never to talk about the secrets of the family, or he would hurt those she loved. This threat came to include myself, Peggy and Lisa- His attacks on Sarah became more frequent and violent when she began the deliverance process. From then on he attacked her viciously every few days. He would hit her in the face with his fist or slam her head against the wall blacking her eyes and leaving her face red and swollen. On some occasions he would force her to stare at him causing her eyelids to bleed and her eyes to become so horribly bloodshot that you couldn't see the whites of her eyes.

When I saw the edges of her eyelids bleeding for the first time, I almost went into shock. I had never seen this medical condition before.

Each time I saw him hurt Sarah, it strengthened my resolve to fight through my fears and cast him out and send him to hell, no matter how long it took.

Sarah related to me times in her childhood when she had witnessed Possessor preside over rituals of torture so terrifying that it shocks a normal person's senses to hear it described. She described one occasion where a six-year-old boy and his four-year-old sister were brought in to watch their mother and father tortured to death. First they were stretched out side-by-side on two machines called stretch machines. These machines were the same as the ones used during the time of The Inquisition during the middle Ages known as the rack.

After being tortured for about thirty minutes, they were then taken off the racks and beaten, all the while, being ridiculed and mocked and made to appear weak. This was an important procedure used to program fear and loyalty into the children. The last impression to be left in the minds of the

children was that their parents were weak and unable to protect them.

The man and his wife were then suspended inches off of the floor on meat hooks and their torsos were cut open from throat to pelvis. The children were forced to watch in horror as all the organs and intestines fell out of their parents' chest cavities and hung to the floor. To this day what haunts Sarah the most was the look on the faces of the parents as they stared into the eyes of their children, and the terror and fear on the faces of the children as they watched their parents slowly die.

Now this same demon that had proven his destructive power was on a quest to destroy me and was following me home at night. I knew instantly when Possessor entered my house. I would sense his now-familiar evil presence, and he would then whisper in a raspy voice what he was planning to do.

There have been many nights when he stood at the foot of my bed and threatened me while shaking the bed hour after hour to intimidate me and stress me out. It worked! And when I was stressed, my only defense was to call on the name of Jesus. Over and over again, I would repeat, "I rebuke you in the name of Jesus," until he finally left.

Two emotions occupied most of my waking hours.

Either I was thinking about how much I hated Possessor and how determined I was to send him to hell, or I was fighting my fears of what he would do to me if I made one mistake. I made it a point of hiding my fears and exuding confidence because I knew if Sarah ever discovered I was afraid of him, she would have lost faith in ever being free from this monster.

Some may feel my hatred for this demon was not Christ like. However, I felt the same feelings David had when he stated in Psalms 139:22: "I hate the enemies of God with a perfect

hatred." I hated this demon with that same perfect hatred, and I have no doubt that the feeling was mutual. He hated me as much as I hated him. I set my heart on destroying him in spite of my fears.

God knew what I needed to build my faith and fight my fears. First He allowed me to see strong demons such as Richard and Justice pleading with me not to let the angels take them to hell. Then He gave me a revelation of a passage of scripture that assured me He had given me authority over all the demons in Sarah, including Possessor from Hell. He took me to Psalms 149:6-9 where it says, "With the high praises of God in our mouth and a two-edged sword in our hand, we execute vengeance on the nations and punishments on the peoples; To bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of bronze and iron; to execute on them the written judgment—this honor have all the saints. "

God spoke to me, "Son, I give you this scripture as your authority to execute judgment on the ruling demons in Sarah, including Possessor from Hell. Fight your fears and continue to rebuke him; bind him and execute judgment on him every time you sense his presence. He may appear to be invincible but just keep doing what you know to do. You are weakening him each time you cast out one of his underlings. You will witness this proud, insolent demon fall if you will not give into your fears, but continue to destroy his kingdom."

He revealed to me that while I was executing judgment on the ruling demons and sending them to chamber (in I-1011), He was executing judgment on the family rulers and their "Chamber of Torture" where children were still [being] tortured as Sarah had been.

I realize I am going against the tide of popular opinion as most involved in the deliverance ministry teach that we

have been given no authority in scripture over demons other than to cast them out. I could present a compelling case in the scriptures to refute that opinion but this is not the appropriate time or place.

Suffice it to say that a man with an experience is never at the mercy of a man with a theory.

I have sent so many strong ruling demons to eternal judgment or chamber as they choose to call it that the issue is not something I would even bother arguing.

The demons themselves admit we have that authority and while they are all notorious liars like their father the devil, I have often seen them beg and try to bargain for the right to just leave rather than go to chamber.

On most occasions where I have executed judgment, there is a scuffle in the spirit realm that is very obvious to the observer. The demon will kick at unseen warring angels, pleading for me to get them away from him. At other times I have had demons tell me if I will send the angels away they will leave voluntarily. When they ask this, I make a point of praying for God to strengthen the angels in the battle. The demons always react to my prayers with a stream of obscenity as they are dragged away, and within a few seconds the person confirms they have been set free.

Not all of the clients I pray deliverance over are permitted to see the angel's chain and remove the demons, in fact, it happens only occasionally. But because of Sarah's life time of torture, she was always allowed to see each one of them taken to hell.

When I first mentioned Possessor from Hell, I made the statement that he was more cunning and powerful than any demon I had ever battled.

The truth is, there were things about him that set him apart from the rest. One thing is that I could bind him if Sarah

called me while she was under attack, but I could not bind him to drive him out of my office during a deliverance session.

I concluded that when he was on guard, he was simply too smart to be bound.

It was several years later before the angel explained to me how the word bind can have different meanings in regard to spiritual warfare.

There are laws that God has set in place that govern warfare in the spirit world just as there are in the material world. There is a law that allows one to set up a defense to protect oneself from attack called binding the aggressor. The same law that allowed me to bind Possessor when he was the aggressor attacking Sarah allowed him to bind me when I was the aggressor attacking him.

When I challenged him, I became the aggressor, trying to destroy his kingdom, giving him the legal right to protect himself. That's why I couldn't drive him out of the room. What I came to realize was that when I commanded Possessor to leave, a fight did ensue between the angels and his followers. What was so confusing was that he continued to exude confidence, though his kingdom was being demolished all around him. The truth was his charade of invincibility was nothing more than a bluff to intimidate and discourage me and at first it did.

Sarah really helped me because she could see into the spirit realm and witnessed his vast kingdom being torn apart. I would learn that it would take many battles over the next ten months before we would dismantle Possessor from Hell's army and finally destroy him.

His kingdom was not only complex but vast and included the internal structure they had programmed into Sarah's mind as well as the curses and demons of death sent

from the Heckler tribe at home and from the main headquarters in Germany.

In early September, 2000 we began to see indications that his kingdom was crumbling. The first indication was Sarah's ability to discuss family secrets about which she had been conditioned never to speak. Always before when she had attempted to reveal these dark secrets, the punishment programs would be triggered causing her tongue to swell so badly she was unable to speak, or Possessor would appear and frighten her, or the mutilations would start to appear on her body before our very eyes.

Now her tongue was not affected at all, and the mutilations from the programming were becoming less intense, so Possessor had to step up his personal attacks on her, which he did with such viciousness that his desperation was obvious.

Another glaring indicator revealing the internal programming in Sarah was in disarray was that nothing was working as it should, which caused the demons to become confused and act independently of the programs. Alters, such as Amy, after whom we have named the following chapter, started surfacing unexpectedly.

The most obvious indication that things were crumbling was that the Hecklers were coming to California to get personally involved in the fight. Up until this time they had depended on the programming and curses released through performing rituals. It always puzzled me that they had not resorted to physical violence when the stakes were so high until I finally understood that their pride in the programming prevented them from resorting to physical violence. To stoop to becoming physically involved was equivalent to them admitting that God was defeating their programs.

I knew they were desperate when they finally resorted to coming in person to try to kidnap Sarah. They broke into her house by ripping off the sliding glass door, but she was able to escape to a neighbor's house across the street where she called the police. The police chased the intruders through town but were unsuccessful in apprehending them. Days later the family made a second attempt. Sarah was walking toward her car when they fired a shot at her, but the bullet missed her, hitting the side mirror of her van.

When their murder attempts failed, they reverted back to the curses, intensifying their efforts. On one occasion they sent a package containing a sealed plastic bag filled with blood with chunks of flesh floating in it.

Dean intercepted the package from the mailbox and brought it straight to my office where we opened it and examined its disgusting contents. I called the sheriff and he suggested I destroy the contents to avoid being drawn into a possible homicide investigation. I followed his advice and destroyed it without even showing it to Sarah. Dean and I made her aware of the package but never allowed her to see it for fear it was a trigger to release a program in her. Because Sarah had no contact with it, she seemed unaffected by any curses it held. All the same, these ongoing attempts to curse Sarah and stop the deliverance process kept us constantly alert and on guard.

The spiritual battle grew more and more intense as the Heathens continued to send demons of death to attack her with sickness that caused her, on one occasion to, break out with horrible boils on her body. On several occasions she became comatose; her lips turned blue and her skin turned black as the demons of death from the family's curses attacked her.

The months of September and October were the most intense time of the whole two-year ordeal. Getting Possessor and his remaining army out took an entire two months of intense spiritual warfare. Even when Possessor had lost most of his armed forces, he remained a terrorizing enemy. By mid-September, Possessor or one of his demons was attacking Sarah every day physically, mentally and emotionally. Besides the brutal rapes, mutilations and beatings, he was causing tormenting illusions and hallucinations. There were times when she would look into the mirror and she would see her face distorted and sliced and her eyes swollen and draining, but no one else could see it. It was so real to her that no amount of persuasion could convince her otherwise. He would make threats that he was going to harm Lisa or Sarah's loved ones and Peg and me. All the while, he caused her to have hallucinations, showing her visions of his threats actually being carried out. Sarah would see him hurting and raping Lisa or killing me as well as devouring our senior pastor. Possessor had always gained power over Sarah's mind by hurting her youngest sister Helen, and the illusions of him torturing and tormenting Helen proved to be one of his most successful tactics during this time. Strangely, it was this last desperate weapon that came close to halting us in our tracks. As horrifying as Sarah's life had been, the driving force that kept her going was her desire to protect her siblings. By creating these false scenarios in Sarah's mind, Possessor was setting the stage so that in the final battle, I appeared to be the enemy she had to fight through in order to save her sister from Possessor. You will see this event unfold a little further in the chapter as I take you through the final battle. I didn't know how or when this demon was going to be sent to hell. All I knew is that it was destined to happen. We

had come too far and witnessed too much to not have faith that God was in full control and knew what He was doing. Possessor was an authoritative demon, who had the hordes of hell on his side, but even with all his supremacy, God was revealing Himself to us and building our faith in an exceptionally miraculous manner. Kingdoms of demons were being destroyed and sent to hell on a daily basis. Alters and programs in Sarah were being exposed and dismantled, enabling us to cast out vast hordes of demons in a single session. These battles with alters and internal programmers were some of the hardest and required absolute faith in God for direction and discernment. At times I felt like asking, "What could be taking Him so long?" but I never doubted He would faithfully show up just as He had always done in the past.

The day of destiny for Possessor from Hell finally arrived on Saturday, September 30, 2000. It was a work day at our church. And because I had prayed with Sarah every day that week, I wasn't surprised when she called that morning to say he was attacking her again. I bound Possessor, calling forth the angelic host to set up a perimeter of defense to protect Sarah and told her to go to my office at the Chul'C1'\ and wait for me there.

I called Lisa and asked her to come and help me pray for Sarah. Lisa and I arrived at the office about the same time. When we entered, the demons in the room were so thick that it was hard to breathe. I looked over at Lisa and I could see she felt it, too. Sarah was sitting in the chair still bleeding from the mutilation and clearly very discouraged.

I, too, had to fight feelings of discouragement after the long and seemingly endless battle for deliverance. But seeing her sitting there caused a renewed sense of hatred and determination to rise up in me against this demon.

I think Possessor could sense this was his final hour. I wanted to give Sarah the opportunity to wash some of the blood off of her face and arms before the battle began, but Possessor had other ideas.

He said, "If you come any closer, I'll bite her tongue off." Although many of the demons had used this ploy, he never had. Maybe he thought it was beneath him, I'm not sure. But when he said it, I sensed his back was against the wall and that this was no idle threat. Lisa and I both lunged for Sarah to pin her in the chair so we could stuff something in the side of her mouth to protect her tongue. I could already see blood starting to flow from her mouth.

I frantically glanced around for something to put between her teeth. Previously under this same threat, I had attempted to use a writing pen, when a ruling demon named Platinum had attempted to bite her tongue off, but he bit the pen in half and tried to make her swallow it. So having decided I'd better find something more durable, I grabbed a cassette tape and worked it in between her teeth. Possessor roared and began thrashing her head back and forth trying to dislodge the cassette. Lisa used her body to pin Sarah's arm while holding her head in both hands, against the wall, but it was no use; he was too strong.

We knew we could never hold him unless we could get Sarah to the floor where we could use our combined body weight to restrain him. Lisa and I had worked together for so long that we had developed a system of signals. She glanced over at me with a look in her eyes that said: I really can't hold out against him much longer. I nodded, and simultaneously, we jerked Possessor to the floor. The instant Lisa released Sarah's head, Possessor spit the cassette from her mouth, but I grabbed the cassette off the floor and had it between her teeth before Possessor knew what happened.

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As soon as he realized we were not going to allow him to bite off her tongue, he changed his strategy and began working Sarah's body toward my desk. We had learned that one of his favorite strategies was to force Sarah's head under the sharp edges of the desk to lacerate her face. He had such tremendous power and determination that it took all our strength to stop him. Sarah was lying on her back with Lisa and I lying on her shoulders so Possessor used her legs, first, drawing her knees up and then digging her heels into the carpet in order to push the three of us toward the desk. At this point Lisa and I were so exhausted we just let him work her toward the desk until he got her fairly close, and then we jumped quickly to our feet, dragging Sarah back to the other side of the room. This struggle continued for what seemed like hours but was actually around thirty minutes. Suddenly, Sarah's body went limp and we knew we had won a major battle. She began to gag and wretch for a good fifteen minutes, which was a sure indicator that demons were leaving.

We desperately hoped it was Possessor. I roused Sarah because I knew the only way that we would know for sure was to ask her. As stated earlier, God had promised her that He would allow her to witness the angels as they took each of her oppressors away.

I called Sarah's name several times before she regained consciousness.

"Sarah, did you see Possessor?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did the angels take him away?"

"No, but I could tell he's feeling very challenged, and much of his army has left me."

My heart sank. I looked at Lisa and saw the same disappointment in her face.

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I said, "Sarah, before you leave here today that demon is going to be in hell. Do you need to rest before we challenge him again?"

"Yes, let's rest and get a drink. Could I get a towel to clean some of this blood off of me?"

We rested while Sarah washed up and then she said,

"I'm ready. Let's get this over with."

Because we always ended up having to wrestle this demon to the floor, I asked Sarah if she just would lie down on the floor and let Lisa and I pin her arms before she lost consciousness.

She agreed and Lisa and I each took hold of one arm and started commanding Possessor to leave. He surfaced so suddenly that we almost lost our hold.

He turned his head toward me and when I saw his eyes staring through hers, it sent cold chills up my spine. I was looking into the eyes of hell itself. It was as if I was looking through the flames of the pit and seeing generation after generation of souls over whom he had held power. As I stared into his eyes he spoke.

"You think that Shepherd King can save her? She's my daughter! She's my seed! I possess her! You have no idea who I am and all that I stand for! I would kill her before I would let Him have her!"

As he continued to speak, his voice roared. The last thing he said was: "Now you're dead, you pathetic bastard!" His hands were on my throat before I even realized he had wrenched himself free from our grip. His hands felt like claws as he tried to rip out my throat. In the few seconds it took the both of us to pry his hands off, he had gouged deep scratches on my neck and nearly crushed my windpipe. The seemingly endless fight that day was the most terrifying of the whole ordeal.

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At that point, he contorted Sarah's body into a writhing, twisting serpent that thrashed in every direction. By this time we were sweating from the fight, finding it difficult to hold onto Sarah. Through it all he had one goal and it wasn't to break free; it was clear he was trying to kill us. One of his favorite tricks was to take Sarah's leg and knee me in the back so hard it knocked the wind out of me. He would do this over and over again until all of my attention was on protecting myself, causing me to relax my grip on Sarah's arm. He would then suddenly break free and go straight for my eyes. This phase of the battle lasted nearly two hours, and by then Lisa and I were utterly exhausted, pleading for God's help. Suddenly, Sarah's body went limp and she began to cough and gag as she had before.

We collapsed, thanking God for the opportunity to catch our breath. Hope doesn't accurately describe our state of mind as we waited for the demons to leave Sarah so we could ask her if the monster called Possessor from Hell had left. When Sarah finally stopped coughing and regained her composure. I asked, "Sarah, is he gone?"

She looked at me apologetically and said, "No, it wasn't Possessor who left but more of his army."

"I tried hiding my disappointment by responding quickly, "Hey, he's getting weak. Next time he'll go." Then I stopped and said to Sarah: "Are you up to this?"

She said, "Yes, I want him gone." I didn't know how much more fight we had left in us, but I didn't want to disappoint her by giving up now.

As I mentioned earlier, one of Possessor's favorite tactics that had nearly stopped the deliverance was the use of powerful hallucinations that prevented Sarah from discerning fantasy from reality. In a last ditch effort to stop us, he would use this tactic again.

We asked Sarah to lie on the floor as we had done before, while Lisa and I each held her arms and I commanded Possessor to leave her. At that point, an intense struggle ensued that was different from the earlier ones. In the previous battles the focus was Possessor trying to hurt us. In this battle it became obvious he was trying to break free from our grasp. I said, "Possessor, I told you Sarah is not leaving this room until you are in hell." The reply startled me because I realized it was Sarah talking.

She said, "Let go of me! I've got to stop him! He's raping Lisa!"

"Sarah, no he isn't. I can see her. She's right here and she's fine."

"I said...Let go of me! He's raping Lisa, and I need to stop him!"

Sarah became hysterical, fighting to get free of our restraining arms.

Lisa said, "It's no use. What she is seeing is real to her. We had better pray for God to destroy this because now we're not only fighting Possessor but Sarah as well. She's not going to just stand by and let him rape me."

Lisa was right; at that point, Sarah was totally out of touch with reality, and there was absolutely no reasoning with her.

We began to pray. After a few minutes I said, "Sarah, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Are you okay?"

"I think so."

"Do you remember what just happened?" "Yes."

"Yes. Is Lisa all right? I saw him raping her."

Lisa answered, "I'm fine Sarah. He didn't touch me. He created that illusion in your mind. Are you okay?"

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"Yes, I'm okay."

"Sarah, Possessor is creating these hallucinations to keep us from casting him out. Don't believe him. Listen for our voices."

"Okay, I'll try."

"Sarah, we agreed that Possessor is going to hell today. Are you still up to the battle?"

"Yes, I am."

"Okay. Listen to what Lisa said. He may try the same ploy again."

I spoke to Possessor. "Nice try, demon, but it didn't work. Now listen to me, Maggot. We all know your army has been decimated and you're finished. We're going to send you to hell today! Now come out of her in the name of Jesus!"

Sarah immediately began hallucinating and commanding us to release her as she drug us toward the door.

"Sarah, what are you seeing?"

"Possessor is ripping Jess's eyes out."

"No Sarah, Possessor isn't hurting me. I'm right here talking to you." But it was no use trying to convince her. The horrid vision was too real. Even our voices could not break the power of this hallucination.

She screamed hysterically, "I said, let me go! I've got to stop him! He's ripping Jess's throat open."

Lisa and I both knew what we had to do. We began to pray and petition God to destroy the hallucination. After several minutes Sarah's body went limp and we knew he had retreated again.

Sarah said, "Jess, are you okay?"

"Yes"

"Was that another hallucination? It was so real!"

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"Yes, it was, Sarah, but that hallucination didn't last nearly as long as the last one. He's losing. Let's just keep praying."

I didn't intend to be short with Sarah, but Lisa and I were so weary after four long battles lasting hours and hours that I was fearful that if we stopped to rest we would lose our drive to continue.

"Possessor, you're dead! Do you hear me? You're dead! You think your battle is with Lisa and me, but you're wrong, demon. That Shepherd Redeemer you said would never take her from you has come to claim the one He died for. His name is Jesus Christ and He is trampling you beneath His feet. Before this day is out you will be in hell."

Sarah's eyes opened, and once again I was looking into the steely eyes of hell.

"I told you I would never let her go. Her seed belongs to me, and I will show you power you never knew existed."

Suddenly Sarah's fist formed the sign of the horned hand, and I knew Possessor was desperate. He was calling for the hordes of hell to come and join this final battle. At that instant, the room was permeated with the very essence of evil; I knew Satan was in the room. I began to pray.

"Lord Jesus, this is your daughter. You died for her. Come and rescue her. The last rational word Sarah spoke for the next hour and a half was: "The angels are here," and then she began to have more hallucinations.

She started screaming. "You'd better let me go! He's torturing her!"

Assuming she was referring to Lisa, I said, "Sarah, Lisa is right here."

"It's not Lisa, its Helen! "

Lisa answered, 'Sarah it's another illusion. Possessor can't get to Helen."

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"Yes, he can! He's tortured her her whole life, and the only way I can stop it is to do what he says. Now, both of you let me go right now! This isn't a demon - it' s me! Let me go!" Sarah was now suffering from a condition known as the Stockholm syndrome. This is a condition that often characterizes kidnap victims who come to view their rescuers as the real threat to their safety. We were now the enemy, the obstacle between her and her sister Helen's safety. We attempted to reason with her.

"Sarah, stop fighting us! We're trying to help you!"

"I am only going to say this once more! Let me go right now! I will kill anyone who tries to stop me from saving my sister. I am not a demon, and this is the last time I am telling you to let me go!"

When we refused, she started to kick and fight us like a mad woman. You could see the desperation in her face and hear it in her voice as she screamed over and over again: "I'm coming, Helen. You'll be okay!" This continued for so long we began to think it would never end.

I could literally hear Possessor laughing in the background. This was his finest work. After ten months of fighting him to protect Sarah, he had now made us her enemies.

I said, "God is this really how it's going to end? After all this work, is he really going to succeed? We're fighting Sarah. How do we stop this?"

Suddenly, He reminded me of something Sarah had said - there were angels in the room. I wondered if Ho was telling me to tell Sarah to go to the waterfall with the angel. I said, "Sarah, I want you to go to the waterfall with the angel." She continued to fight.

I said it again, and shortly her body relaxed and I km-w she was no longer there.

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Suddenly her fists made the horned hand again. I knew Satan was in the room. I said, 'Possessor, I don't care if Satan is here or not. Sarah is with the angel, and you're finished here.'

Lisa and I each took her hands and held her fists closed while we commanded Possessor from Hell to leave. (Demons are empowered through crossing the person's hands and feet as a sign of submission or forming demonic signs such as the horned hand.) He spoke in a tone different than I had ever heard him speak.

"You can't take her from me! I am her "Father". She belongs to me. I have legal rights."

Gone was the swaggering arrogance of his former self. It was almost as if he was pleading with me now. At this point I knew that this battle was nearly won. Because God had promised her that she would always witness her oppressors as the angels took them to hell, I spoke to Possessor.

"Possessor, you've tormented and terrified Sarah her whole life and I want her to see you broken."

I started calling Sarah's name. "Sarah, come back and trample your tormentor beneath your feet." After I had repeated it several times, Sarah spoke "I'm here, and the angel is with me."

"Sarah, this demon has terrorized and tortured you your whole life. Are you ready to join us in the fight?" There was a moment of silence.

"Sarah, can you see him?"

"Yes."

"You're still afraid of him, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I know I have to fight him."

I spoke to Possessor. "You heard what she said. She doesn't want you here. She's ready to drive you out."

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He must have conjured all of the strength he had left for his final attempt to resist, because her body suddenly began to writhe and twist as it had several hours earlier.

This lasted about one minute, and then the battle was over. Sarah's body went limp and she started to cough and gag and wretch like I had never witnessed before. Lisa and I released her and sat back cautiously. We were fairly certain it was Possessor leaving her, but we had been disappointed too many times to underestimate this demon. We watched Sarah for the next thirty minutes as she continued with such gut wrenching coughs that it seemed as if it would tear her apart. We were dying with anticipation but we allowed Sarah to rest for a few minutes after she stopped gagging and coughing, before asking her if it was Possessor that had left. "Yes, I watched the angels shackle his broken and mangled body and take him away along with the rest of his army."

I sat there stunned. Could it really be true? Was Sarah truly free from this monster? Had we really defeated this demon prince who had ruled over the German Heathens for so many centuries?

It took several days for the reality of his absence to really sink in. Every time Sarah called over the next few days, the first thing I asked was, "Are you okay?" And she would laugh and say, "I know what you're asking. Is he really gone? The answer is yes. He's gone. I saw the angels take him away."

Every time I thought of how he had mocked and tormented me for those ten long months, I chuckled and said: "You're in hell, demon, while that Shepherd King you mocked has reclaimed His daughter, giving mo the last laugh."

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The Implants  
Chapter Nine

On October 24, 2000, I was sitting in my office reflecting on the bizarre events of the last ten months and how remarkable God was in bringing us through every challenge. I remember thinking, "Man, you've seen everything: demons writing letters and people watching others through the eyes of spiders and birds and dogs surrounding her house and even materializing inside her house. What else could happen?" Little did I realize that the most incredible event of this whole ordeal was still ahead.

That day, my wife, Peggy had joined me at 9:00 a.m. for Sarah's next appointment. I was concerned for her because the demons were violent, and I didn't want her to be hurt. I was more than a little relieved when Dean showed up with Sarah. We all sat down and I asked Sarah if there was anything she wanted to talk about before we started to pray. She complained of a rash on her forehead so Peggy and I both leaned forward at the same time to look at it.

"That is weird. It looks like a star. Dean, did you see this?"

"Yes, I saw it before we came in but I wanted to make sure my mind wasn't playing tricks on me."

"If your mind is playing tricks on you then so is mine. That is definitely a star," Peggy quipped, and then said, "Sarah, do you know what's causing that?"

"I don't know."

"It looks like there's something under your skin."

"That's what I thought when I saw it this morning."

Peggy glanced over at me indicating she thought I should ask the questions.

"Sarah do you think your family is capable of performing surgeries to put something under the skin?"

"Oh, sure, they can perform surgeries. I once watched my uncle Richard perform a surgery on my mother's knee, and besides, there were several doctors involved in my family's devil worship. There was actually a part of the cave that was equipped with medical equipment. It almost looked like an operating room."

"Have you ever witnessed your family surgically placing objects in people?"

"No."

"Do you have any idea what the purpose would be?"

"Everything they did was part of the programming a person undergoes. Whatever this is under my skin would give the programmer control over me. Maybe it's a door that allows demons to travel back and forth between me and the family. They program triggers into people."

"What's a trigger?"

"Well, it could be a certain number of rings on the phone or a code word or a color or a sound or a hand sign, or a smell. Anything you can smell, taste, see, feel or hear."

"Do you have any idea what that is making that red star appear?"

"No, but if there is something there, I'm absolutely sure my family put it there."

"Okay, well, we'll make the demon tell us what it is."

I put some anointing oil on my fingers; and touched her forehead and said, "I don't know what you call yourself, demon, so until I find out, I'll just call you 'Star/'

The demon jerked Sarah's head away from my fingertips and said, "Don't touch me with that damned stuff."

I pressed my fingers back onto Sarah's forehead and the fight was on. He called us every kind of vile name he could

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think of and then some. At that moment, he lunged toward Peggy, so Dean and I both grabbed him, forcing him back down into the chair.

I kept repeating again and again, "I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to tell me your name." As we soon learned, he was an amazingly strong demon. He finally broke free and came up out of the chair, heading for the door, literally dragging the three of us behind him. By the time we got him wrestled to the floor, we were sweating and gasping for breath and pleading for God to send angels to help us.

Suddenly, his attention was diverted away from us and he began to claw frantically at Sarah's stomach through her blouse. We looked at each other wondering what was going on. After a few seconds I said to Dean, "While Peggy and I try to keep him pinned, lift her blouse up just enough to let us see what this demon is so lathered up about." He agreed and then reached over and lifted Sarah's blouse to about mid-waist. Star went berserk trying to pull her blouse back down so we couldn't see what was happening.

The three of us used our combined body weight to pin him down, all the while never taking our eyes off of what he was so desperately trying to keep hidden. There on her stomach about three inches to the right of her navel was a spot about the size of a silver dollar turning ever-deepening shades of red.

Then we watched in amazement as her skin started to bubble and something started coming up out of it. It's hard to explain exactly what happened because the skin did not separate to let it out. It was more like watching something coming up out of water. You could see it below the skin before it had completely surfaced, and as it got closer to the

surface, the skin started to recede around the edges the way water does.

The three of us were mesmerized as we stared at this supernatural occurrence. Only after it had completely surfaced could I force myself to even glance momentarily at Peggy to say, "Am I imagining this?"

She never even glanced my way. Without taking her eyes off of the sight, she slowly whispered, "Shh. . .You're not imagining it" and continued to gaze at what was now a perfectly round whitish translucent membrane about the thickness of construction paper and an inch and 3 half in diameter.

"Dean, are you seeing this?"

"I'm seeing it," was all he said.

When it had fully surfaced, it rested on top of her skin, bubbling like a pancake on a griddle. After about thirty Seconds, one. of the edges flipped up and creased about one quarter inch in and rolled back over on itself.

Star stopped fighting as soon as the object was completely uncovered, and Sarah's body suddenly went limp. I said, "Star, you lost this battle and you're leaving, but first want some answers. Are there more of these inside her."

He laughed. "More than you can even imagine, and I didn't lose this battle. I rule over all the implants and I'll never leave." I

"Oh, so you call this an implant?"

. That's right." I wanted to ask more questions but with that he disappeared.

BY then, Sarah was starting to regain consciousness, but she was very groggy.

Meanwhile, Peggy and Dean had never taken their eyes off the implant but neither had either of them touched it.

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I reached down with my thumb and index finger and peeled it off her abdomen. It was covered with a sticky substance resembling the glue used in children's craft projects. We passed it around; fascinated by it, then I looked around in a futile search for some kind of container or plastic bag. I finally folded it into a tissue and put it on my desk. Sarah was now fully awake so I asked if she was aware of what had just taken place. She had no recollection of the events.

We showed her the implant and the sticky spot on her stomach where it had surfaced and exited. Other than the adhesive, there was no trace of a scar or other evidence it had ever been there. I reminded her that God was doing some incredible things in her life that would one day help others like herself.

"What happened to the red spot on my forehead? Did it come out, too?"

We looked closely at her forehead and discovered the red had completely faded. There was no longer any sign of the star.

Sarah sat there with a confused and discouraged look on her face.

I could understand her confusion; we all felt that way.

"So what about the object in my forehead?"

"I'm not sure, but I know one thing. God forced this one out, and He will do it again if there's still one in your forehead." I knew it sounded lame, but I didn't know what else to say.

Peg, Dean and I prayed for her and ended the session. She called the next day to say the star was coming out of her forehead. I asked her to come in immediately. I wanted to document its departure with photographs and video footage.

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When she got to the office, I discovered it was not the star but something was exiting from both sides of her forehead. There were brown crusty scabs on both temples. One had already broken apart in the center and started to recede, revealing a canoe-shaped object one-half inch wide and one-inch long.

I hoped she couldn't sense my nervousness. In spite of the fact that God was doing some incredible things for her, I still felt I was in over my head. Casting out demons was one thing, but demonic implants coming out of her face and stomach? This took Sarah's deliverance experience to a whole new level, and I hadn't a clue how to deal with it.

My insecurity was clearly based on fear of losing control and wounding my pride. After all, I had assured Sarah that if she would trust me and do what I said, I could help her. But how was I to know at the time that she had implants in her body?

There have been times in my life when I was overwhelmed with gratitude that Jesus was in charge and knew exactly what He was doing, and this was definitely one of them. I prayed, "Lord, I only agreed to help Sarah because I felt you wanted me to. You said you would show me what to do, so I'm waiting on you. I need you to show me now." Sarah had no sooner sat down when she said, "The angel wants to talk to you."

As always, my guard went up, and I said to him, "first I want you to tell me again who Jesus is to you."

"He is the blessed Shepherd Redeemer, Mighty Son and supreme. He is all wise and powerful and Jesus is His name. Your caution is commendable, but now you must pay close attention and do what I tell you.

"Sarah went through a ceremony when she was three-years old that gave Satan legal rights to her. She was sewn

inside the carcass of a cow and extracted through the birth canal in a ritual known as 'The Rebirth.'

"Satan is here in the room right now, and he's furious because what we are going to do here today has never been attempted before. Sarah's body, soul and spirit will experience this horror with the same conscious awareness she would if it were an actual physical experience. She could die from fright, so I want you to pray for her while I coach her through this horrible ordeal she must endure. Start renouncing legal rights and breaking curses as we draw Sarah back through the birth canal of the cow."

He then spoke to Sarah, "Sarah, this is going to require you to be strong and have courage. It will be dark and stifling hot and hard to breathe and very frightening, but it will only last a few minutes, and you'll be all right because God will be with you."

Sarah moaned and screamed and gasped for breath throughout the whole thing. She pleaded over and over for God to help her. I knew He was, but the horror was so real to her that she was nearly delirious. The ordeal lasted two to three minutes and when it was over. Sarah lay gasping while Dean and I prayed for the peace of God to fill her again. After about ten minutes she had regained her composure, and she spoke, "The angel needs to leave and he wants to know if you have any questions."

"Yes. Did the rebirth procedure she just went through have something to do with the implants that are coming from her temples?"

"Yes, Sarah has many implants in her body, and the procedure she just endured has stripped away the legal claims Satan had on her body as his property. Now the implants will leave, as you cast the demons out. Are there any other questions?"

"None for now."

Then I asked Sarah, "Did he leave?" She nodded yes.

I took a closer look at the sores on Sarah's temples.

They were pretty serious looking scabs. One had already split in the center and started to recede to the edges of the canoe-shaped implant, and the other one wasn't far behind.

My fears regarding what to do with the implants had vanished. The angel had given me the instructions I needed.

Cast out the demons and God will drive out the implants.

I said with complete confidence, "Sarah, I'm going to remove the one that is almost out and leave the other one to come out on its own." She agreed, and I worked a little more of the scab away from the edge of the implant and peeled it off. It was composed of the same substance as the one that came out of her stomach. I put it in a plastic bag and told Sarah to call me as soon as the other one came out. She called the following day to let me know it had come out.

Multiple canoe-shaped, translucent implants exited her body over the next couple of months, but there were so many of them that we stopped documenting and keeping them. She would find them on her clothes, in her hair, and in her bed when she woke up. At this point, she didn't even bother to come in to show me when they made their exit.

However, I was curious to discover their chemical composition. A friend who was an agricultural chemist had offered to analyze one when he had the opportunity, but it never worked out. It wasn't until much later that I learned it was actually skin from others that had been soaked in formaldehyde and allowed to dry.

The one and a half inch circle that left first was comprised of one layer of skin from Miranda, the queen before Sarah, and one from her uncle Richard. The canoe that

came out of the left temple was from the infant that was sacrificed at her initiation ceremony on her sixth birthday. The one that left her right temple was from her own child that was cut out of her and sacrificed in a ritual when she was nine-years-old. The others were from different family members and others in the cult. It was a common practice to take skin, bone, veins, ligaments and body fluids from one person and implant them in another.

The objective was to create bonds in the spirit realm that give ownership and legal rights to those in authority over their followers and to bind the followers together as well. During that sixth month period, other types of implants started leaving as well. On November 5, 2000, Sarah was rubbing a sore spot on her left wrist when something pricked her finger. She winced in pain and then looked to see what had caused it. A stainless steel wire was protruding out of the inside of her forearm about two inches from the wrist. She came to my office accompanied by Dean. Nothing surprised me anymore, but I was intrigued by something that appeared to be about seven inches long, evidenced by the length of the inflamed skin along the length of the wire. I commanded the demon controlling the implant to tell me his name.

"I am the gatekeeper over this implant."

"How was this implant put in?"

There was no response. I commanded again. "How was this implant put in?" Still, no response. I repeated myself a half-dozen times, but it was obvious he had escaped.

I turned my attention to the wire. It started coming out until there was about two inches protruding, but then it receded back in. From that day on, other wires started exiting her arms, legs and torso, ranging in length from one-half to

nine-inches long. They came out even when we weren't in deliverance sessions. I preserved them all in plastic bags with the date they left. The first one to surface in her left forearm continued to play a game of cat-and-mouse with us for several months and was the last one to leave.

Sarah called one day to say the tip of an implant was protruding from the center of her chest. When she came in that afternoon she informed Peggy and me that she had taken a pair of pliers and pulled it out. She said it caused her excruciating pain and when she lifted her blouse to show us her stomach, there was a black and blue bruise around her navel about the size of softball.

I suspected what had caused the bruising was they had wrapped the wire around her umbilical cord and when she pulled it out it damaged the cord. "Sarah, that had to have been painful. Why did you pull it out?"

"I was afraid it would go back in like the one in my arm."

"I just looked at her in amazement and laughed, thinking, this gal has guts.

On December. 3", Sarah came into my office complaining of severe stomach cramps and a silvery substance discharging from her womb.

"When did it start?"

"After the session, where I had the vision of my grandfather, Arch, with me sitting in his lap."

She was referring to the prayer session we had three days previously. She was sitting in his lap but she was in a very disoriented state and uncertain of her age. She asked repeatedly, "How old am I? Am I a child or an adult?"

I knew immediately it was her grandfather Arch's demon we were confronting. Sarah had shared some things about him;

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he was a cold-blooded, murdering devil worshiper and a racist who would kill at the slightest provocation. Sarah recalled one instance that had occurred when she was around eight years old. She had accompanied him to a cotton gin where he had business to attend to. She waited under a tree while he went up to the second story, where a black man was working right above a cotton trailer parked beside the gin.

Arch walked up to him and said, "That's the last little white girl you'll ever look at," as he cut his throat from ear to ear with one swift slice of his knife. The man landed face down in the half-filled cotton trailer, while Arch walked away without a backward glance, leaving Sarah horrified.

Arch was famous for his knife. Although Uncle Richard was "Father" to the family and the cult, everyone knew Arch was never to be challenged. Sarah had seen him use his knife on many occasions to punish family members who got out of line. He would sometimes barely puncture the skin beneath the jawbone as a warning. On other occasions he would instantly slash them if he found reason.

When God opened Sarah's eyes in the spirit during that prayer session and allowed her to see Arch, we knew who we were fighting. The rest of the session was easy. We cast out the demon Arch who was over the family pendant. The angel informed us that it had been placed in her womb when she was eight.

The procedure for placing it was different than the one used for wires. As hard as it is to believe, the family performed magic rituals that changed it from solid to liquid. It was then put in her food and after she had eaten it, they performed more rituals to move it into her womb and transform the pendant back into its original solid form.

I had read about this ritual being performed on a young German woman named Gottliebien in the book written by Pastor Johann Christoph Blumhardt in Mottlingen, Germany in 1844, entitled, Blumhardt's Battle, A Conflict with Satan.

After the demon left, we started praying and she discharged from her womb about one-half tablespoon of what I knew was mercury. I know this sounds preposterous, but it was definitely mercury; I know mercury when I see it. I spent four years aboard a U.S. Naval carrier and one of my responsibilities was cleaning up mercury spills. I know exactly what it looks like when it's been spilled on the floor. It shatters into hundreds of tiny beads and rolls in every direction.

"Sarah, do you know where this mercury came from?"

"I believe it could be from the pendant."

She had mentioned a pendant before. It was the crescent of the family, made of pure silver with a plastic vial encased within that was filled with mercury with which to poison the victim should the need arise. It had razor sharp edges used to open the veins during rituals and ceremonies. The adult family members all owned their own pendant in which they used to open their veins, when the ritual called for blood letting. One of these pendants had been implanted in Sarah's womb.

God had reversed their ritual, turning the silver, mercury and plastic back into the liquid form that allowed her to pass it harmlessly out of the womb. I never cease to be amazed at God's personal presence and the infinite power He employed to defeat the powerful forces that had tormented and controlled Sarah for so many years.

She came back on December 5th for another session. We started by thanking God for helping Sarah and asked Him to personally direct the session in the way He wanted.

I used this strategy anytime I was uncertain about the direction to go, and God never once failed to show up for Sarah. This time was no different.

A demon immediately surfaced and started struggling to break free of our grip.

"What is your name?" He mumbled something I couldn't understand.

"What is your name?"

"My name is womb. Why did they make me come before you?"

"Who made you surface?"

"They say it is better that I come because you can't get out all the implants I hold."

"How many implants do you hold?"

"Sixty-six."

"You hold sixty-six? What kind are they?"

"They're wires."

"Did they put all these implants in at the same time?"

"No."

"On how many occasions?"

"Many - they put them in with bamboo." (He was referring to a slender bamboo reed that was slit on the end to insert razor blades for torture or, in this case, to implant wire in the womb. They inserted it into the vagina and pushed it up into the womb, jamming the wires into the walls.)

"How long are the wires?"

"As long as your pinky."

"Did Richard put them all in?"

"Yes."

"Are there other spirits in her womb?"

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"I can't answer that."

"I command you to answer."

"I can't. That's not my territory."

"Okay demon, it's time for you to leave."

"They said I wouldn't have to leave until the implants were out."

"They suckered you. You're gone, demon."

"Then I don't want to stay here. Let me go."

"Too late - you're leaving. You're going to hell."

I was surprised. He didn't put up much of a struggle at all. As he left, he said the sixty-six wires that he commanded would now leave.

After he left, the angel spoke to Sarah and told her to tell me, "What the demon said is true. God is going to cause the wires in her womb to travel down into the vagina, and you will need a medical professional to extract them."

I praised God that he had sent an angel to help us. Just those kinds of instructions were invaluable to our task.

I first called a woman in the church who was a registered nurse and familiar with these types of cases but she was reluctant to try it without the proper facility. I then called Dr. Bertrand Vanpoole, a well-respected physician who attended the church.

He agreed to be on call whenever I needed him. Sarah called two days later complaining of intense pain in her abdomen. I called Dr. Bert and he said to bring her over. We rushed her to his office and I waited outside while he ushered her and Dean into one of his examination rooms.

He came out about ten minutes later with a plastic bag with sixty-seven wires ranging in length from three-eighths to two-inches long and handed it to me.

"There you go and here's a bonus," he said and laid a wire about seven inches long in my hand.

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"Where did that come from, Bert?"

"I noticed it coming out of her left forearm while I was working on her, so I just helped it along."

This was the original wire that had previously played cat-and-mouse, refusing to exit.

Two days later, Sarah called saying she had started hurting again, so I called Dr. Bert and asked if we could bring her in.

"I think we ought to wait until after five o'clock and let my office staff go home. That made them a little nervous the other day."

"Okay, Bert. See you after five." He removed thirteen more wires from her uterus that day.

Most of the wire inserts had come out by the end of January 2001, so we turned our attention to other bondages in Sarah.

Then in late February Sarah called to say an implant was coming out of her left leg near the hip.

"Is it out?"

"It's almost out, so I'm going to pull it out." A moment later, she said, "It's a clear rhinestone."

"How big is it?"

"About the size of a pencil eraser."

She brought it in and showed it to me later that afternoon. We never knew whether we had cast out a demon that controlled it and it had automatically followed or if God had simultaneously driven out the demon and his implant. God was doing awesome things that caused us to say each time, "This is unbelievable. This is God."

On March 2, 2001, two more implants came out of her chest, one on each side about two inches above her breast. They were dark blue and about the size of a plump grain of rice.

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The last four left near the end of March. There were two green emeralds and two clear ones, about the same size as the dark blue ones that had left her chest.

Several days later, she felt a bump start to rise over each eye, just inside the hairline of her eyebrow. It took them a couple of days to completely surface. She wanted to cut them out but I encouraged her to allow them to come out on their own.

"But what if they recede like the star on my forehead? It disappeared, and we may never get it to come out."

She was referring to the first one that surfaced causing the red star to appear on her forehead. She was right. It and the demon called Star had disappeared along with the rash.

I reminded her if God had not forced them out, she would never have known they were there.

"Let's just trust Him. He knows what He's doing.

We've never had a clue what we were doing and still He's accomplished so much using us. God knows exactly where Star is, so don't worry."

It was easy for me to preach to her. I just wondered if I could have handled what she had endured. She agreed to let them come out by themselves, and they did a day or so later.

On April 2, 2001, Sarah called saying she felt like something was strangling her. She asked me to pray for her and to please hurry.

"It feels like hands are around my throat. Please get them off."

I began petitioning God to send the angels to body slam that demon. I kept commanding the demon to release her throat, all the while; Sarah's fear was escalating to near hysteria.

I wanted to drive over to her house immediately, but was afraid to hang up the phone. I tried to calm her down;

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reassuring her that God would not do all He had for her and then let them strangle her. She said between each gasp for air, "God help me. Only you can help me."

Suddenly, she said in a calm voice, "The angels have him. They're chaining him and taking him to hell."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Sarah, are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine now. I told you I saw them take him away."

She may have been fine, but I was unnerved. I said,

"Are you sure you're ok?"

"Yes"

"Ok. Call me if you need me."

She called back about ten minutes later. I grabbed the phone and said, "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I just wanted you to know as soon as they took that demon away, my neck started to bum really bad. I reached up to rub it and a thin copper wire was protruding out of the side of my neck. I barely had enough of it to wrap around my finger, but I started to pull on it. And though it felt like I was cutting my head off, I finally got it out."

I had to see this. I drove over to her house to look at it.

It was as fine as a piece of thread. I stretched it back around her neck right where the skin was discolored from her removing it and the two ends met perfectly.

I thought, this is ridiculous. This was put in her while she was just a child, but it's still a perfect fit. However, I knew we were dealing with Satan, who knew the mysteries of God before he sinned and was cast out of heaven. It was probably an easy thing for him to make the copper wire grow right along with her. However I thought I would ask Sarah to confirm my suspicions.

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"Sarah, this seems unbelievable. Was that copper wire implanted into your body as a child? Because if it was, it has stretched as you grew."

"No. I think it might have been put in when I was thirteen."

"What makes you think that?"

"When I was thirteen I was sent to Indiana. There I spent a lot of time in an underground hospital. I suspect some of them could have been put in while I was there."

I just shook my head in utter astonishment. She spoke of these things as if it was something as minor as having her tonsils removed.

On April 5, 2001, Sarah called to say two more implants had come out.

"What are they?"

"I'm not sure, but they're some kind of metal. They look like coins but there's no writing on them except some demonic inscriptions that my family scratched on."

She brought them to my office the following day, and they turned out to be metal slugs like those in a common electrical panel. They were each the size of a quarter. One had been implanted at the top of her spine, where it meets the skull and the other at the very bottom of her spine, near her tailbone.

There was nothing spectacular about the way they left; in fact there was not even a conscious awareness on our part of a battle. I'm sure something took place in the spirit realm because Satan doesn't give up anything without a fight, but compared to the intense physical battles we usually fought to get implants out, our role in this battle still remains a mystery. It was as if God had just said, "Time to go," and they left. When Sarah noticed them, one was completely out, hanging only by a scab. The other was half way out, but she

wasn't taking any chances. She didn't even call me for fear I would tell her to wait and let it come out on its own. All she needed was a sharp razor blade, and it was gone forever.

On April 10, 2001, Sarah walked into my office with a brown scab on her forehead

"When did it start coming out, Sarah?"

"Early this morning. first, it turned red and then it got weepy, and then it got crusty, and then it started splitting apart and I could see the implant. I was surprised it all happened so fast."

I moved closer to get a good look at it, and a voice that definitely was not Sarah's growled at me. I pulled my head away just in case he had something in mind.

"Well, hello, Star. Are you as happy to see me as I am to see you?"

He began to scream, "You've destroyed my kingdom, you dirty ---." (He called me every vile, filthy name he could think of). "I hope you're satisfied."

"Not yet Star, I won't be satisfied until you're in hell where you belong. I'm going to send you to the deepest, darkest part of hell. You'll be buried so deep, you won't see daylight again until they bring you out to sentence you to the flames forever. And guess what. I'm going to enjoy doing it."

He started screaming and cursing me again. Then he said "Oh yeah, I have a message for you from my master. He said to tell you 'he is going to repay you for the damage you've done to his daughter."

"His daughter? Are you referring to Sarah? Well, when you get to hell, you tell your master Sarah is the daughter of the Lord Jesus Christ. He redeemed her with His blood and He is her Father. Tell your master Sarah has renounced her allegiance to him and despises him."

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He came up out of the chair toward me, but Dean was on him so quickly, he hadn't taken half a step before he slammed him down again. It took both of us to keep him in the chair.

I knew it was going to be a fight because when he first surfaced back in October, it took three of us to keep him restrained. Dean and I wrestled and rebuked him for about an hour, while the pain in Sarah's ears and eyes became so intense she regained consciousness crying. She continued to slip in and out of consciousness from the pain, and every time she lost consciousness, Star surfaced and resumed thrashing around.

The implant continued to come out during the session, and each time Star surfaced, we laughed and reminded him it was almost out. The last time he surfaced, I reached up and peeled the implant off of her forehead and said, "You lose, Star. Have a good trip to hell, because it's your last." He looked shocked and then Sarah's body relaxed and she regained consciousness.

She said, "They have him chained and they're taking him away."

This was the end of an era in Sarah's journey to freedom. The implants along with the demons that guarded them were all out. The three of us sat there in a daze for a long time, trying to fathom what had just happened. And then we all three began to praise and worship Jesus for being the Mighty Warrior and Victor over all the forces of hell. In the coming weeks we moved on to the next phase, which was destroying the programs.

I have learned some things about implants that I think would be helpful to those working with victims of Satanic Ritual Abuse as well as to the victims themselves.

The implants in Sarah were placed in five different ways.

1. Physical Force. The programmer uses direct pressure to force the wire under the skin.

Most of the stainless steel wire was implanted in Sarah by this method.

2. Surgery. Surgeries are performed, as in the case of the metal slugs placed at both ends of Sarah's spine.

3. Bamboo. The programmer inserts a long slender bamboo reed into the womb. The bamboo has tiny slits on the end that can hold razor blades if it is for the purpose of producing pain to cause dissociation or as in Sarah's case to implant wires. The wire remains in the womb as long as the demon is there to keep it in place.

4. Rituals. Rituals are performed using magical potions and incantations that cause the implant to enter the victim supernaturally. This was the case with the fine copper wire around Sarah's neck, as well as the formaldehyde-treated skin from other members of the clan.

5. Transmutations. This is a process of converting one element into another. The clan performed magic rituals to liquefy a miniature version of the family pendant and then mixed it in Sarah's food. As soon as she had ingested it, more magic rituals were performed to move it from the stomach to the womb and convert it back into its original state as a solid.

As I mentioned in the preface, Pastor Iohann Christoph Blumhardt dealt with this same phenomena in his battle against a demon prince named Magic from 1842 - 1843. He states in his book that he witnessed large objects such as shoe buckles and large nails leave the

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mouth of a young German girl named Gottlebein in the town of Mottlingen, Germany. He knew she could not have possibly swallowed them but was at a loss to know how they got inside her. God eventually revealed to him the process of transmutation through performing magic rituals.

The implants also served different purposes:

1. The layers of skin were for power. There is power when blood is shed and sacrifice is offered, as in the two implanted in Sarah's temples. One tied her to the power released when the infant was sacrificed during her initiation into the cult when she was six-years-old. The other tied her to the power released when her own child was cut out of her and sacrificed when she was nine.

The large round one that left her abdomen was skin from the former queen, Miranda, who was killed to make way for Sarah to become the next queen. It tied Sarah forever to the power released from Miranda's blood.

2. The stainless steel wires were for portals. These become entry points to allow demons to enter and leave the body freely without having to pass through the soul which requires the person to first create a door through negative emotions.

3. The metal slugs were for programming. They act as conductors allowing the programmers more control when using electrical shock during programming. They also were used as portals for demons to enter and leave whenever they wished.

4. The copper wire around her neck was for controlling the victim. The programmer could murder the victim as in the case with Sarah, when the demon attempted to choke her to death.

5. The plastic star belonged to Possessor from Hell and represented the family ties to her ancestors. When we cast Possessor from Hell out, Star took control.

6 The pendant was the most important artifact. It tied Sarah to her ancestral family line, including those in Germany. Now that the implants were gone, the programs were in disarray, and Sarah's alters (demons) were running rampant. We will talk more on the subject of programming in a later chapter, but for now let's meet Amy the Alter.

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November. 9, 2000

I sat in the sheriff's patrol car with my son, Jacob. This was my last chance to do a ride along on the night shift, before he transferred to the day shift. We had just pulled over a suspected drug dealer when my cell phone rang. He got out of the car as I picked up my phone to see who was calling. The caller I.D. said it was Sarah. My nerves were on edge from being tied to the phone twenty-four hours a day for the past nine months. In fact, I was tempted to let it go unanswered, but Sarah had been dissociating frequently and the demons always cut her or tried to kill her when they were in control.

I answered the phone just as the suspect disappeared over the edge of the ravine with Jacob in hot pursuit.

"Hi, Sarah. Are you all right?"

"Hi, I wrote a poem. Would you like to hear it?" The voice on the other end was not Sarah's.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Haunt me everyday. At night is when they come to play.

They keep me awake. Throwing bad memories in my face.

They're the ones bringing sadness and disgrace.

They remind me of the wounds I left to heal.

They come in hopes of my strength to steal.

They bring the nightmares I dream.

This is what you deserve, is what they scream.

They taint my vision so all is bad.

Whenever I am happy they make me sad.

Some demons I have learned to fight.

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But there are many who haunt me out of sight. "  
There was a long pause and then the voice resumed speaking.

"Fear-As your eyes shifted toward my body.

Control- As you grabbed and threw me down.

Power- As you forced yourself upon me.

Silence- As my dreams were drowned out.

Pain- As you grabbed my wrists tighter and tighter and your knees dig into my thighs.

Panic- As everything grew black and my body went numb.

Peace- As I close my eyes and let go. "

"That's a nice poem."

"You don't like it?"

"Yes, I like it. May I pray for you?" (The litmus test for determining whether you are speaking to the person or a demon is to ask if you can pray for them.)

"Why do you want to do that?"

"What is your name?"

"Amy."

"How old are you?"

"I quit growing at fourteen."

"How old were you when you came to Sarah?"

"Three."

I wanted to ask Amy more questions but Iacob was coming toward the car with the suspect in handcuffs, so I said, "Goodbye Amy, I'll see you tomorrow."

"I can't wait to talk to you again. Do you want me to bring my poems?"

"Sure, bring the poems." And with that, I hung up.

Amy would have been diagnosed as an alter personality by a professional therapist.

They would describe Sarah as having Multiple Personality Disorder. This term was first used by the

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psychotherapy community in the early 1970's. It is explained as a mental condition usually resulting from trauma. The mind is said to have splintered, resulting in the creation of two or more distinct personalities. And while experts are correct in their first assumption--that it usually results from trauma, they are in error when they conclude that the personality has split into two separate and distinct entities. In reality, it has not split, but has compartmentalized. There are not two persons residing in one body, but rather, there is one person whose mind has been divided into compartments and a demon/alters has taken up residence in the second, new compartment. This compartmentalization of the mind can be repeated over and over again allowing other demon/alters to enter and form other new identities in the victim.

Amy was nothing more than a demon that had entered Sarah when she dissociated while being molested by her father at three years of age. Amy lived in a compartment partitioned off in Sarah's unconscious mind, ready to surface when Sarah sensed any threat of sexual attack and dissociated.

The shock of the molestation was all part of Sarah's training for her future role as Queen. Her stepfather, Howard, was instructed by Richard, to first win her trust and then betray her. The lesson she was to learn was she must never trust anyone, ever. The experience so traumatized her that her conscious mind could not endure the horror, and disengaged itself from reality as a defense mechanism.

Medical professionals refer to this phenomenon as dissociation. It describes a mental state in which the conscious mind disconnects from conscious surroundings and focuses on other things, in Sarah's case the pretty birds in the yard or fishing in the stream that ran through their property.

This forces the unconscious mind, which is normally employed only during the dreaming state, to function in place of the conscious mind. The entire experience is then stored in the unconscious part of the brain, which means the conscious mind, and therefore the victim, will have no recollection of the experience because it is not stored in that part of the subconscious mind where memories reside.

This was also part of Sarah's training. The family was well versed in the art of forcing dissociation. And though this phenomenon is a fairly recent discovery by the medical profession, the Heckler family has, for centuries, been refining the art of dissociation, by subjecting their victims to pain, fear, and trauma.

The object is to force the conscious mind to disengage, at which time a demon/alter is commanded to enter, complete with name, personality, job description and trigger. The trigger may be a color, sound, smell or emotional reaction to being frightened or rejected.

Amy was the first of many demons to enter Sarah as an alter, with the exception of a generational alter named Rebecca who entered her while she was still in the womb. Amy had had the exclusive privilege of choosing her own name, because, at the time, Sarah's stepfather, Howard, was so concerned with his own pleasure that he neglected to complete the goal of the abuse which was to program and name the alter.

When he began molesting her, coming to her room as soon as the lights were out, Sarah's conscious mind had already disconnected. Because she could sense when he was going to come, she would dissociate before he got there and escape to her safe refuge.

Her step father abandoned Sarah and her siblings one year later. Uncle Richard assumed the task of programming her.

During this time, Amy hated Sarah and resented being called by Sarah's name. On one occasion when Sarah was being violated, the demon said, "My name isn't Sarah, it's Amy." Uncle Richard liked the name and called her Amy during the molestations from then on.

In the beginning, when Amy first entered Sarah, she only surfaced when Sarah dissociated. Each time she did this, Amy gained more strength until eventually she was able to overpower Sarah under certain circumstances.

Amy had the personality of a sensual fourteen year-old girl with years of experience manipulating men with her supernatural powers of seduction.

Amy's defining characteristic was her ravenous sexual appetite cloaked in what seemed to be charming childlike innocence. She had ample opportunity to satisfy it in spite of the fact that Sarah's training as her Uncle Richard's Queen actually called for her to live a sheltered life.

Sarah was isolated from the other children in her family except during satanic holidays, ceremonies and rituals. Her sexual abuse was an ongoing part of her programming.

From the time her stepfather left when she was four until she was sent to live with him again at thirteen, she spent seven months each year with Uncle Richard and five months with her mother.

The time with Uncle Richard involved continual molestation by him and the men to whom he gave her. Even this was part of a systematic plan designed to program her mind.

The time spent with her mother was actually as bad as that spent with Uncle Richard, because her mother was cruel

and vindictive. Sarah spent most of her time in a dark and filthy cellar waiting for the next pervert to whom her mother sold her. Often the men would come in groups and if they complained that her performance was less than ideal, she was punished, often locked in a nearby slaughterhouse with the hanging animal carcasses waiting to be butchered.

Amy, the alter, had already had a full slate of sexual experiences to satisfy her ravenous sensual appetites when Sarah married Dean at the age of fourteen.

In fact, Amy was unprepared for someone like him. He truly loved Sarah and was determined to marry her and rescue her from the cruelty of her sadistic family.

As soon as Sarah married and settled into a normal routine, free from the fear of continuous torture and molestations, Amy slowly lost her ability to overpower Sarah's will, which is why she quit growing at age fourteen. An equally important factor that limited Amy's power to define Sarah's character and personality was the entrance of the spirit guide called Justice.

Justice entered Sarah one year after Amy had, at the time her stepfather left. With each passing year Justice gained more and more influence over Sarah's life. Over time, she even came to control most of the alters, including Amy, and knew how to manipulate those who refused to obey her.

Amy's assessment of Justice: "Justice is not interested in sex. She only lets me surface once a week. I hate her."

I counted more than thirty alters in Sarah, complete with name, identity and job description plus numerous others who were programmed in as groups. Their life spans ranged from mere days to years, just as with Amy. There were even more who left without our knowledge. They entered her in four different ways, but one factor remained constant; dissociation was always the first step.

Four means of entry for alters.

1. Generational alters may enter the child while still in the womb through utero traumatization.

2. Alters enter through trauma induced dissociation.

3. Mind programmers plant demons after forced dissociation for the purpose of mind control.

4. self induced dissociation may create doors for alters.

I will give examples of each of these.

1. Generational alters who enter the victim while in the womb.

Rebecca was a generational alter who entered Sarah while she was still in the womb.

Rebecca had been in the family line since 1119 A.D. She was actually a familiar spirit by definition, knowing every detail of the family history. However, she entered the queen as an alter, who surfaced only when the victim dissociated. The first woman she inhabited was a young girl named Beth from one of the heathen clans near Hamburg, Germany. Beth was taken as a wife by a cult programmer by the name of Damien, who was from the Heckler clan. He renamed her Rebecca and programmed an alter into her who would manifest in every cult Queen of the Heckler clan from then on. The queen before Sarah was named Miranda. She was Arch's queen, who was then head of the clan.

Rebecca suspecting some family disloyalty in Miranda aroused vengeance in Arch's wife, who had her secretly taken to a slaughterhouse and her throat slit. Rebecca then entered Sarah through utero traumatization who was soon to be born. Rebecca's defining characteristic was a fierce loyalty to the family. This was not a personal loyalty to any particular

member of the family but to the clan as a whole. Her responsibilities were to report any of Sarah's actions that threatened the secrecy of the clan. She surfaced when Sarah started going through deliverance and began revealing the family secrets. She used every form of punishment from sending wolf demons to torment her, to pushing her head into the toilet bowl to drown her.

Sarah came to my office on August 14, 2000, with a horrible black eye. As soon as I saw her, I thought to myself, I'm going to thoroughly enjoy sending this demon to hell.

I said, "Sarah, who was it who blacked your eye?"

"No one is going to talk to you today."

"Yes you are, Maggot; now tell me--who hit her?"

"Who always blacks her eyes?"

"Who hit her?"

"It was an accident."

"Sure. Now, who blacked her eye?"

"If I answer you, can we talk about something else?"

"Who hit her? Talk or I'll just send you to hell and find out from the next one."

"It happened when we were pushing her head into the toilet. I can't tell you who it was, but it wasn't a demon."

"Are you telling me an alter did this?"

"Yes, it was Rebecca, but don't call her up, or I'll get in trouble."

At that point, I commanded Rebecca to leave her, and all hell broke loose. Rebecca went crazy. The lights mysteriously went out, and she came up out of the chair, knocking pictures off the wall, throwing Dean, myself and furniture all over the room. She scratched, bit, and tried to jam her thumbs into our throat and eyes. She attempted to spit and vomit on us.

She informed us she was there to protect the family seed and she had more reinforcements than we could call angels to

defeat. We wrestled her for about an hour and then the angels took her away. We could always tell when they showed up. The demon would stop fighting us and begin to wrestle with unseen forces all the while yelling, "Tell them to back off, and I'll leave!"

Our response was always the same. "Too late. No deals." She finally left, leaving the family with one less devoted soldier.

2. Alters who enter through trauma.

The demon/alter called Amy, after whom this chapter is named, entered through sexual trauma. Many other demon/alters in Sarah entered through other forms of trauma. Windy entered Sarah when she was seven, after her mother locked her in the cellar during a fierce wind storm. Sarah dissociated and Windy entered and endured the fear of the storm. Wendy's trigger was sudden fear.

She was a seven-year-old whore alter who performed while totally consumed with fear. She failed to grow, remaining the age of seven until we cast her out. I was never able to discover why some grew and others didn't. But in the end, Windy left with no resistance except to tell me she was afraid to go.

Carla was another alter, who entered Sarah at age eleven, from trauma resulting when women in the coven mistreated her while giving her a ceremonial blood bath in preparation for upcoming rituals. As a result, Sarah had a fear of women and would dissociate when threatened by a woman, which would trigger Carla to surface.

Carla took on the personality needed to meet the threat by being rude, harsh and threatening. She first surfaced during a session, while Sarah was reliving the memory of

mistreatment. Carla demanded to know who I was and how I got into the preparation room.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Carla. Get out."

"How old are you?"

"Who told you to come in here? Get out."

"How old are you?"

"Eleven. Now get out."

"What do you do for Sarah?"

"I help her when she's afraid of woman. Now get out of here before they catch you. They'll kill you if they find you here. No man ever comes in here."

There was nothing to be gained by continuing the conversation, so I commanded Carla to leave, and she left after a brief but violent struggle.

3. Alters who enter through programming.

The programmer uses torture and fear to force the victim to dissociate.

During dissociation, demons are commanded to enter without the victim's knowledge. They are given a name and a job description along with a trigger that calls them up. The ritual performed determines the kind of alter that will be programmed in.

Sarah became pregnant the first time when she was eight-years-old. It is a medical fact that when a child is continually molested the body will respond and mature in accordance to the abusive action, as was in the case of Sarah. She had had her first abortions by the age of nine. Her Uncle Richard and his sister Lydia performed the first abortion under a local bridge. The pain and fear caused her to dissociate, at which time, they programmed a demon of murder into her and named it Bridget after the bridge.

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Bridget's trigger was any threat to the clan, and her M.O. was murder. When I started casting demons out of Sarah, Bridget surfaced and informed me she was going to kill me. I asked her how she intended to pull that off.

"I've already bought a gun."

"So where is it?"

"I'll pick it up as soon as I give them an I.D."

"No, what you're going to do is come out of Sarah and go with the angels. I'm sending you to judgment, and you won't be killing anyone." The next day Sarah and her husband went to the store to try to get the deposit back, but the clerk would neither deny nor confirm the attempted purchase for reasons of confidentiality.

Rose was another alter who had been programmed into Sarah to perform during sexual rituals. There were many of these types of spirits in Sarah, but Rose was one of the core alters who ruled over the others. Her trigger was five colored roses.

The family became alarmed when Sarah failed to return for her final ritual called "The Bride of Satan," which was to take place on July 11, 2000, her 34th birthday. This was the first time she had been able to refuse their command and resist the programming.

On August 28, 2000, Sarah received a letter from her mother. Inside was a half sheet of paper with a scribbled note saying she loved and missed her. The bottom of the page was stamped with five pink roses, each about the size of a postage stamp. This was a trigger to call up Rose to bring Sarah back to the family for the Fall Equinox, a festival Satanists observe every September 23rd. Sarah's clan referred to it as "The Feast"

When Sarah opened the letter and saw the roses, she collapsed on the floor. Her husband found her that evening

when he arrived home from work and immediately called me. I drove over, and together we prayed until we roused her and got her to stay awake.

I took the letter and made Sarah promise not to communicate with her family by letter or phone until she was free of all the programming. She agreed, but what I didn't realize was that I wasn't speaking to Sarah. Rose had already taken control and started making plans for the trip back home to the family.

A friend called Sarah the next evening and noticed something different about her. She wasn't quite herself. She called Dean, and he immediately called me.

Rose was, by far, the hardest alter I have ever cast out. She was not as violent as Rebecca or Bridget; nevertheless, she was more intelligent and clever and had many more whore demons that we had to fight our way through in order to get to her. The reason she had so many spirits working for her was because she was part of a return program and a major player during the sexual rituals.

We fought her for two hours until Sarah was totally exhausted, and still we hadn't cast out all those under her command. We stopped for the day and sent Sarah home to sleep, making sure Dean protected and secured her through the night to keep Rose from surfacing and returning her to the family.

We started again the next day, and we could tell Rose was much weaker. She had changed her defense strategy from defiance to reasoning and pleading. Before she had mocked our attempts to make her leave, she now insisted she was part of Sarah's mind and that we could not separate them.

Every time she said that, I just called her a liar and kept commanding her to leave. Her famous last words as she

grabbed my wrists in a final desperate attempt to hang on were, "Tell these angels to turn loose of me!" SO much for the splinter-personality theory.

Sarah had too many alters to try to list them all. One in particular who stands out in my memory as humorous, in the midst of all of Sarah's pain and tragedy, was an alter by the name of Bob.

He surfaced during one of the sessions and asked me why I was upset with him.

"What's your name?"

"Bob."

"Well Bob, its time for you to go."

"Why? I don't hurt her and I worked hard for you today. Didn't you like the cassette tapes?"

I was amused. Sarah had asked me after the morning session if she could stay at the church and work for awhile. I noticed she seemed unusually nervous so I had her duplicate some teaching cassettes.

"What is your trigger, Bob?"

"Rejection. When she feels rejected I surface, and I work hard until she returns."

Dean spoke up, "I knew something was up. I came home from work yesterday and Sarah had moved a heavy bed from one side of the bedroom to the other. That bed is too heavy for one person to lift. It took me and a friend to move it in. You better be careful-this demon is strong."

Dean and I had been through many battles with mean demons who would body slam you and gouge your eyes before you even knew you were in trouble.

We quickly braced ourselves for any sudden moves.

"Okay, Bob, we know you're strong, but we need to know-are you violent?"

"No, I told you I just work hard."

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"Well, it's time for you to find somewhere else to work. Go in Jesus name."

"Please, don't make me go. I told you I don't hurt her."

"Bob, I'm not sending you to hell like the rest of them, but you'd better not resist or I may change my mind. Now just go."

Sarah coughed a few times and he was gone.

4. Alters who enter when the victim dissociates by choice.

When a victim is subjected to repeated abuse, dissociation becomes a way of life, allowing them to avoid the memory and the pain of unpleasant experiences. The problem is that dissociation weakens the human will and strengthens the demon just as it had in Sarah's friend when she followed the therapist's instructions. This allowed the alter to surface repeatedly as the therapist tried to merge them back into her original personality.

Over many years, Sarah's sexual abuse continued and intensified. It came from three sources. first and foremost was her Uncle Richard's abuse. Then there was the abuse from her mother, prostituting her in the cellar, allowing a constant flow of abuse demons of every kind to enter her.

Third, she was exposed to clan members for sexual, emotional, and verbal abuse.

Sarah dissociated and ran away each time she was abused, but sometimes the alter called Amy, also ran away. She did not always want to endure Sarah's torture and pain. When this occurred, the unconscious dreaming part of the mind that functioned during the abuse was left without an occupant, creating an opportunity for another demon to take over and act as if it was Sarah.

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This is how the demon/alter named "Daddy's Girl" gained entrance. This demon sought an identity and heard Uncle Richard calling Sarah "daddy's girl" during the molestation and so it became "Daddy's Girl."

No two demons are alike. In fact, each one has its own distinct personality. When it assumes the role of an alter, its personality is a combination of the personalities of both the demon and the victim. Amy was shy and innocent in her seductions because she entered Sarah when she was three and stopped growing when Sarah married at fourteen. Daddy's Girl was bold and arrogant and boisterous. This was in part because she entered Sarah when she was older and continued to mature.

Other whore alters entered Sarah over the years and developed distinct personalities as well.

They sometimes played a game among themselves to torment Sarah called "switching." It is actually part of the programming designed to keep the victim off balance and confused about who she is, but in Sarah's case, the alters simply did it for amusement. One would surface and perform for awhile and then another would come up and take her place. This was a favorite game of Amy and Daddy's Girl. Those familiar with victims of programming and alters can recognize a sure sign of switching in a flickering of the eye. It is impossible for 'switching' to occur without it. Because I was able to recognize switching when it occurred, I was able to cast out Daddy's Girl along with many other alters who had entered Sarah during rapes and rituals over the years.

I dealt with Sarah's alters for over a year, and as tough as it was, it was also a real learning experience. Amy was the first to enter Sarah and by far the most interesting, which is

why I chose to name this chapter after her. I had two more encounters with her before I cast her out. I received a phone call the day after she read me the tragic poem you read earlier. She refused to identify herself, though I already knew her identity. I picked up the phone and looked at the caller I.D. It was Sarah's number. "Hello Sarah, are you all right?" "I'm not Sarah. They're hurting me. Make them stop." "What's your name?" "Make them stop hurting me." "Tell me your name, and I'll make them stop." "I'm the one you talked to the other day. Make them stop." "Tell me your name, and I'll make them stop hurting you." "No, you'll cast me out too. Make them stop." "Tell me the program they're using to hurt Sarah's body, and I'll cast them out." "No program, just demons. Their coming! Don't let them come in. They will cut me." "Lord Jesus, I place a bloodline around Sarah's body to stop any demons from entering, and I bind every spirit who is hurting her." Sarah usually regained consciousness after I prayed and the pain eased. "Sarah? Sarah? Is the pain easing?" There was no answer. "You're not Sarah, are you?" "No, but the pain is easing up. I'm going to go lie down now. Good-bye." At the time, I suspected it was Amy, and that was confirmed the following day. One of the shocking truths I learned through the deliverance process is that demons torture each other. Over

and over again, I heard the alters say, "She ran away while I took her pain," or "I was tortured and raped while she was resting," and often I heard complaints like, "It's not fair, I'm the part of her that had to stay and suffer."

At first I didn't see the significance of their comments until I recalled a statement Amy made in one of her letters. She said, "Sometimes I got tired of taking the rap for Sarah, so I just left, too."

When Sarah first dissociated and Amy entered, she used the faculties of Sarah's unconscious mind to operate her motor skills, functioning just as if Sarah was still there. During that time, Amy actually experienced the pain and suffered the abuse to which Sarah was being subjected. Eventually Amy grew tired of taking the torture for Sarah and refused to surface when she dissociated during abuse.

This gave opportunity for yet another demon to replicate the process. I cast out many alters by the name Sarah. Each one was a demon who had taken Sarah's place at some time in her life when she had dissociated.

When Amy called and asked me to make them stop hurting her, it clicked, and I realized, this is a demon being tortured by another demon. It allowed me to see the depth of Satan's depravity in that he makes some of his followers, timid creatures like Amy, to be tortured by other demons of rape and abuse.

My ordeal with Amy covered a span of three days. The first was the call at night when she read me her tragic poem- The next day she called to ask me to make the demons of rape and abuse stop hurting her.

The following evening Dean called to say a demon was carving ritual signs all over Sarah's face and chest. We agreed to meet at the church immediately. I was angry when I saw

how he had cut her face and body. I knew who this demon was; he called himself the Destroyer.

As soon as I started commanding him to leave, Amy surfaced.

"Amy, I know you're a demon but I'm not after you. I'm after this piece of slime that's cutting her, so disappear right now. Obey me, Amy. Go down."

"I'm not a demon, and you said you wanted me to bring my poem and you would talk to me."

"I'll talk to you later, but right now I want you to disappear until I send Destroyer to hell where he belongs."

"If you won't talk to me, then I'll talk to Dean. Dean, did you tell him not to like me? You like me, Dean, you really like me."

"Amy, if you don't disappear right now, I'm going to cast you out."

"You can't cast me out. I'm part of Sarah."

I realized there was no getting rid of her so I might as well deal with her now and get it over with.

"How many more are there like you, Amy?"

"I'm an original. Ask Dean, he knows."

"Amy, look at me and answer my questions."

"Not unless you talk nice to me. Dean, tell him to talk nice to me. You talk nice to me."

"Amy, tell me the names of the other alters in Sarah."

"What are alters?"

"Okay, Amy, what do you call yourself, if you're not a demon?"

"I'm an internal self-helper. I was the original and then she married him, and Justice took over."

I had wondered why Amy quit growing at fourteen if she was still surfacing when Sarah was thirty-three. I now had my answer. Something had taken affect in the spirit realm that

gave Justice the ability to stop Amy from growing. It occurred when Sarah's sexual life was restructured to include only one man. Justice so restricted Amy's opportunities to surface that her personality stopped growing at fourteen when Sarah married.

"Amy, you are not a self-helper. You're a demon."

"Please don't call me a demon. I hate demons. They always rape me and they torment me and make fun of me. I'm glad you cast them out of Sarah."

"Amy, whether you believe it or not, you are a demon."

"No I'm not. I would know if I was a demon, wouldn't I? Dean, tell him he's wrong. I'm not a demon."

"Amy, I'm sorry, but you chose the side you wanted to be on a long time ago. It's not my fault your evil master has deceived you into thinking you're not a demon. Don't you have any memory of your life before you came to live in Sarah when she was three?"

"No."

"I'm really sorry your master blotted out your memory and made you believe all this time that you aren't a demon, but you have to go just the same."

"But where do I go?"

"Go anywhere you want."

Amy reached out and took Dean's hand, pleading,

"Dean, don't let him do this to me. You like me. Remember all the fun times we had making love when we first married? Remember?"

I looked over at Dean and could see he was struggling.

His eyes were starting to get glassy. I didn't blame him. It was so sad. I felt sorry for this poor demon. I wished I could speak her out of existence.

"Dean, you love me. You don't want me to go. Do you?"

This was getting out of hand; I had to do something.

"This man wants his wife. He doesn't want you or need you. Now leave."

"I don't know how."

I started commanding her to go in Jesus name and Sarah started to cough. Amy left in the same way the demons of rape and abuse did.

There are many Christian counselors who believe an alter is simply a splintered fragment of the mind resulting from trauma and that the solution is to reunite these fragments with the original personality. The procedure is called integrating selves. Others, myself included, are firmly convinced the alter-personality is nothing more than a demon who has been assigned a role to play in the whole elaborate scheme of deception and bondage.

The experience and knowledge I gained from dealing with Amy convinced me of this truth beyond any doubt. Had I not known Sarah's family was renowned for their expertise in the art of forcing dissociation for the express purpose of programming demon/alters into their victims, I also might have concluded from my encounter with Amy that she was truly a part of Sarah.

One of the questions I often hear is that if alters are really demons, how then could they deceive so many experienced counselors who know demons to be liars and master deceivers?

There may be other reasons but I have listed the two primary ones below.

1. Our Biblical worldview of demons is that they are evil, diabolical, hideous creatures.

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Therefore, we do not expect to encounter any other kind. We refuse to even consider the possibility that a demon can transform himself into any type of appealing personality he chooses. We believe this despite the fact the scriptures make it clear they do exactly that. II Corinthians 11:14-15 says: "Even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light. SO it is not strange if his ministers also disguise themselves as ministers of righteousness. "

As a result of this misunderstanding, we are unprepared for the emotional experience of destroying (casting out) a personality that is appealing, good-looking, loving, timed, kind or affectionate. Our compassionate nature makes us vulnerable to their claims and their pleas for mercy, at the same time deceiving us.

2. Alters are convincing because they believe it themselves. Demons who have been assigned the role of an alter are very convincing because they themselves do not know they are demons. Their past existence has been blotted from their mind. The only existence they know is the present one as a part of their victim's mind.

Amy did not call herself an alter. In fact, when I used that term she asked me what it meant. I asked her what she called herself. She said she was an intemal self-helper, a part of Sarah.

I'm sure this sounds preposterous, yet it is true. Demons of lower rank are kept in the dark about most things in the same way new initiates in cults and secret societies such as the Masons are kept in the dark about the truth regarding secret rites, mysteries and the goals of the group.

In most cases a demon cannot even tell you who the strongman is in the person he inhabits. He can usually only

tell you who he works with and who is directly in charge of him.

I learned many things about dissociation and alters in the twenty-four months I worked with Sarah. I was able to identify certain characteristics of alters which I have summarized here.

#### Summary of Alters

1. Generational alters can enter the unborn in the mother's womb.
2. All other alters enter when the person dissociates.
3. The victim must dissociate for them to surface and take control. Although dissociation must take place, there are different types of dissociation which I will discuss shortly. Some types of dissociation allow the victim to be aware that the alter has surfaced.
4. The host may or may not have knowledge or awareness of an alter's presence.
5. Only one alter may surface at a time.
6. Each alter has its own unique personality and mannerisms. These may include being serious, humorous, adventurous, timid, seductive, prudish, strong-willed, passive, angry, fearful, mischievous, curious, vindictive or violent.
7. Alters may have their own wardrobe, mannerisms, vocabulary and accent.
8. Each alter has a defining character trait to carry out his assignment. These may include being a murderer, seductress, hard worker, loyal informer, drunkard, innocent child, prostitute, clown, or a liar.
9. Alters may have disabilities such as being mute, lame, blind, disabled, having a lisp.
10. Each has a level of intelligence and a vocabulary.

11. Some have special talents and gifts including being bilingual, musical, artistic, or poetic.

12. Alters do not change with time (i.e. from murderer to drunkard).

13. Though alters sometimes work together, at other times they compete with one another.

An important truth I learned regarding dissociation is that not all persons dissociate in the same manner. There are actually four ways people dissociate.

#### 1. Out of Body Dissociation

This victim is outside the body observing the events taking place in the physical world as a spectator. They feel none of the emotional or physical pain the body may be subjected to, but will remember the experience afterward. If an alter surfaces, it will experience any pain to which the victim is subjected. But when the victim reconnects they will experience the aftermath of physical pain from any abuse inflicted on the body.

This mode of dissociation is sometime referred to as astral projection due to the fact that those involved in occult or New Age activity dissociate to travel and explore the astral plane. In this case the body is left in a safe place and lies in a comatose state. Actress Shirley McClain shared her experience in her book, *Out on u Limb*, published in 1983.

#### 2. Mental Dissociation.

In this type of dissociation, the conscious mind mentally separates itself from the body and travels to another place. It is completely unaware of what the body is experiencing. This type of dissociation is what victims of abuse usually experience. The conscious self has been traumatized and seeks a safe place to hide or a place of comfort. It may even sloop.

### 3. Programmed Dissociation

The conscious self is forced to dissociate from fear, pain or both but is still controlled by the programmer even after it dissociates. The programmer may also torture the conscious self or imprison it in hell, a coffin, torture chamber, chains, a cave, a file cabinet, etc.

### 4. Triggered Dissociation

This may result from a traumatic experience from the past or previous programming by others. If it results from a previous trauma, the trigger will usually be a sight, sound, smell or feeling connected to that traumatic memory. The victim will normally experience the same type of dissociation they experienced during the original incident.

They may lapse into coma, with a demon/alter taking control, with no noticeable change in behavior.

If the victim dissociates after a programmed trigger, the conscious self will either be imprisoned by the programmer or escape to another place to hide but does not stay to observe.

The trigger is what the programmer chooses it to be and can be a word, color, sight, smell, sound or hand signal.

It may be something as innocent as a kind greeting. This was a trigger in Sarah. Any gesture of kindness, whether a nod or a "hello" from a man triggered sexual demons in Sarah.

In all of the above types of dissociation, if an alter takes control of the physical body, it will experience the physical, mental and emotional pain the victim is subjected to.

I have elaborated extensively on the subject of alters after I sensed God speaking to me to write in more detail on this subject, because Satan has deceived the church regarding the nature of demon/alters. There are many victims of programming and mind control seeking help from Christian

counselors who are on a perpetual treadmill of worthless therapy that will never bring them into freedom. If this chapter opens the eyes of one victim with demon/alters, it will have been worth the effort.

The fight to free Sarah's mind and restore her identity to wholeness was more complex than just freeing her from the alters in her internal structure. The whole diabolical system of programming also had to be dismantled and destroyed.

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The Programs  
Chapter Eleven

For me, the deprogramming of Sarah's mind was the most dreaded phase in her long journey to freedom. I dreaded it, simply because I knew so little about it. Admittedly, each phase had its own challenges. I vividly recall my fears in those early days each time I was confronted with something entirely new.

In spite of our fears, we faced the unknown each step of the way, past all the demons we discovered and cast out of her. (E.g. Richard, Black Soul, Listut the Vampire, Justice the Spirit Guide, Viper the Black Widow, Unappeased the Rapist, and finally Possessor from Hell.) We faced the shock of seeing the implants come out of every part of her body and witnessed every demon controlling them cast into hell. We dealt with the horror of seeing the demons mutilate and rape her as we cast them out one by one, until the mutilations and rapes stopped.

Regardless of which phase we were going through, there were several weeks of uncertainty before the sessions settled into a routine and became fairly predictable. There was always a ruling demon to battle in each deliverance session. I knew that as soon as I commanded him to leave, he would surface and try to hurt me and whoever else was in the room. He would utilize Sarah's body to physically assault us, biting, clawing, punching and kicking until we pinned him in a chair or on the floor.

We would then begin the same verbal wrestling match we had used since the very first session, commanding him over and over again to identify himself, while he threatened to kill us and our families. Eventually we would wear down

his will and make him tell us his name and any other information we were seeking. Then the verbal wrestling match would start all over again, only this time we would command him repeatedly to come out of her, until he finally relented and agreed to go. The angels would then come and take him to hell, while he pleaded and screamed for us to release him and let him go back to the family.

The sessions were physically exhausting and often painful, with our greatest challenge simply to protect ourselves from injury until we got him out.

The deprogramming of her mind was a whole different story. As I said before, I dreaded it because I knew I didn't understand it. My sense of dread began within the first couple of weeks of meeting Sarah, when she started talking about the programs.

The words program and mind control are self-explanatory in a general sense, so the first time she used the terms, I had a vague mental picture of both a procedure and its intended objective. However, when she started describing the precise details of how each program was implanted in the victim's mind, I knew this was more than a pack of sadistic monsters getting their thrills out of raping and torturing little girls and boys. This was a defined science, a study of how to commit the most heinous crime of all-the crime of robbing a human being of his mind and will.

I had never doubted the reality of programming, nor its effectiveness in controlling a person's mind because of the letters Possessor from Hell, was able to write without Sarah's knowledge. And after several times watching programs triggered during the sessions, any doubts I might have entertained were shattered. One minute I was speaking to a thirty three year old woman and suddenly I would hear the terrified voice of a four-year-old girl pleading with her abuser

to quit hurting her, or a seven year old girl telling me she was evil and could never be good because she was Satan's daughter.

Yet, for some reason, Sarah felt it was important for me to immediately understand all the intricacies of programming. I attributed it to her fears that I didn't really believe her and her desire to convince me that programming was real. I couldn't fault her for that, because she had sought help from others, and they had absolutely not believed her on this subject.

About the third time she tried to explain programming and noticed my polite but weaned stare, she stopped and lowered her head with a hurt look in her eyes. I felt bad that I had hurt her feelings, so to reaffirm her, I said, "Sarah, its okay. Relax. It's not necessary for me to understand everything about programming. I know it's real. I can see its horrible affects on you. God will show me how to destroy it whether I understand it or not."

I had said that for my benefit as well as hers. Though she thought of me as the professional who had all the answers, I knew it wasn't true. I also knew it wouldn't help her for me to say so. What I told her was my way of stalling for time. In fact, I wanted desperately to understand programming but just from the few procedures she had described, I knew it was far too complex for me to try to grasp from a few minutes' discussion, especially when, at that moment, a myriad of demons were manifesting and trying to kill her, as well as the rest of us in the room. There were too many other priorities to worry about to sort out the issue of programming right then.

I was totally convinced God wanted Sarah free more than I did and He would either teach me what I needed to know or use me to destroy the programs without

understanding everything about them, and in fact, He did both. I was destroying programs before I even realized what they were.

Over the next two years God washed all traces of the programming from Sarah's mind. Some might think-Hey, zif He's God, what took him so long?

That's a good point. The truth is, God could have totally healed and delivered her in a fraction of a second without my help, had He chosen to do so. But His plans were much more far-reaching than that. He wanted me to learn first-hand about programming, so I could pass on my knowledge and experience to others, breaking the silence that has so long protected the terrible truth from all but the deepest inner circles of the secret societies using them. This was God's timing to blow the whistle, and He knew I was incapable of understanding it enough to teach others unless I experienced it first-hand. In fact, He sent His angel to lead me step-by-step through the quagmire of the demonic maze known as programming.

Even knowing what I did, I dreaded the day I would have to deal with programming, never realizing I was in fact destroying programs, session by session, each time I prayed over Sarah.

This chapter on programming is the real purpose of this book. It is to expose to the public the reality of this terrible evil being perpetrated on the most vulnerable segment of our society, our innocent children. God has also impressed upon me the need to share with others those things I learned about programming, so they may also help survivors of this atrocity. When Sarah described the cave with the small metal cages where her family housed the "brats," the term meaning the children being tortured and programmed and the indescribable horror to which they were subjected, it made

my blood boil. How could this have gone on, year after year, without ever being exposed?

The knowledge of this horrible atrocity prompted me to investigate what had been written on the subject.

I discovered that the first book-length case study in British psychiatric history dealing with programming was called *Illustrations of Madness* and was written by John Haslem and published in London in 1810.

Haslem was an Apothecary for the Royal Bethlem-Bedlam Hospital in London. He chronicled the ordeal of James Tilley Matthews; a tea merchant from London who claimed to have been tortured and programmed by a group of five people he called "The Heirloom Gang." He said they tortured and programmed him on a machine they called an heirloom set up near the grounds of Royal Bethlem-Bedlam Hospital by London Wall. Matthews was declared mentally insane and institutionalized in Bedlam.

Reprints of *Illustrations of Madness* have been published periodically over the last 200 years, the latest publication being released by Bantam Press in 2003. It is required reading for first year medical students in many American Universities. Yet in spite of its continuous publication over two centuries, it is so rare that when I went on the Internet to buy a used copy, all I could find was a partial copy with a price tag of \$300. I know others who have seen copies listed for as much as \$400. This is no accident. The College of Physicians of Philadelphia has pushed to keep it out of the public's hands. I wonder why?

Other more contemporary writers have dealt with the subject in recent years. Richard Condon authored the book, *The Manchurian Candidate*, an account of the government's involvement in programming and mind control. It was

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published in 1959 and the movie was released in 1962, and then remade in 2004.

Brian Helgeland wrote the book Conspiracy Theory dealing with political assassins. It was published in 1997 and the movie was released that same year.

Robert Ludlum authored a book entitled The Bourne Identity dealing with the same issue in 1980. The movie was released in 2002.

Although the subjects of programming and mind control seem to have been one of Hollywood's most popular themes in recent years, these have focused on the activities of government agencies that use programming for covert political assignments. However, it has not dealt with the issue of the vast numbers of helpless children who are being kidnapped for the purpose of programming and mind control. I have yet to find a movie released dealing with this tragic issue.

I have written this book for the express purpose of exposing this atrocity. The truth is, infants and young children are the most sought-after for the purpose of programming. They are also the most vulnerable members of society, simply because they have no voice to speak out for themselves.

The few survivors who have attempted to expose this evil practice have been written off as liars, frauds and opportunists, which is exactly what the programs are designed to accomplish should a survivor try to expose the group's activities.

When a survivor tries to reveal the activities of the group, they trigger the very program the programmer implanted in the survivor's mind, causing the survivor to become confused, and distorting their sense of reality. This in turn, causes them to begin to contradict themselves, so that

their credibility is destroyed. Another factor assuring their failure is a society that refuses to believe this atrocity takes place. Because America prides itself on championing the plight of the helpless and downtrodden, we refuse to believe this atrocity could be happening under our very noses without our knowledge.

Even when hundreds of children disappear every year, we still cannot connect the dots. This book is an attempt to expose the unspeakable plight of these victims.

It is difficult to know where to begin the process of unraveling the complex system known by various names (e.g. programming, mind control, thought reform, indoctrination, satanic ritual abuse or sadistic ritual abuse).

For one thing, programming has evolved over the centuries. It has been employed by different organizations for different purposes with little or no communication between them. After all, secrecy is a crucial factor for its continued existence. If exposure of the purported torture of terrorists and murderers caused worldwide indignation, what would happen if the torture of honest citizens, soldiers, and especially children, for the purpose of mind control, was ever exposed?

Organizations with agendas ranging from political to criminal have historically relied on coercive interrogation and brainwashing of various types to force submission and the gleaning of information from enemies and victims and to indoctrinate and increase cooperation from its members and captives.

In modern times, these techniques are used by a wide range of groups including political, military, espionage organizations, racial and ethnic hate-groups, religious cults, and criminal groups (e.g., child pornographers and sex rings,

and international traffickers of women, children, guns, and drugs).

Methods of "thought reform" used by such groups include intimidation, threats against victims or their loved ones, social isolation, religious indoctrination, torture, torture of co-captives, and brainwashing through social influence, rituals and deprivation of basic needs, such as sleep, food and water.

The techniques and tools used in programming is determined primarily by two factors; the character of the group and the agenda of the group. If the programmers are dedicated to an agenda they believe is just, (e.g., the government attempting to protect its citizens by programming individuals to assassinate enemies of the state), their methods will be limited to what is essential to accomplish that objective. They will most likely utilize drugs, virtual reality, and deprivation of basic needs such as food and water and extended periods of isolation, to achieve the programming, rather than physical torture, if the one being programmed is not an enemy.

If this is their agenda, programming is not their primary objective, but is simply a means to an end. If they must program their subject to accomplish the objective, they will do so.

However, if the group is dedicated to an agenda of perpetrating evil, (e.g. Satanists, sadists, black witches and warlocks, political terrorists, or criminals), they will use no such restraint.

Instead, the depraved character of the group may very well incite them to resort to even more cruel and barbaric forms of torture, not to enhance the effectiveness of the programming, but merely to satisfy their desire to see the victim suffer. These groups may have no objective greater

than to exercise control over the helpless victim for the rest of their life. Such was the goal of the Heckler family. They lived to see their victims suffer and live out their lives under total control.

The following is a list of the types of programming I have identified, starting with the least destructive to the inner psyche (which could be described as simple brainwashing) and proceeding to the most complex where the will and the emotions are totally destroyed and the complete control of the mind is transferred to the programmer.

1. Terrified Submission:

Outward compliance is achieved through threats of harm and intimidation to the victim or their relatives, but the victim's own beliefs and identity are preserved.

2. Willful Compliance:

A disturbed or abused child, adolescent or adult is given drugs, affection, acceptance and freedom from normal social restraints (e.g. sexual freedom) and chooses the abuser, including their agenda and social circle, over their current life situation.

3. The Stockholm Syndrome:

The victim is abducted and isolated from peers and support group and subjected to violence or threats of harm to themselves or their family while being told their family has abandoned them. The victim begins to sympathize with and become emotionally attached to the abuser.

A well-known example of the Stockholm Syndrome, is the case of Patricia Hearst, the granddaughter of newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst. She was kidnapped in February, 1974, by the

Symbionese Liberation Army, led by terrorist and bank robber, Donald Defreeze. She eventually joined the terrorist group, taking the name Tania, after which she actually took part in bank robberies until she was arrested and deprogrammed in September, 1975.

#### 4. Religious Indoctrination:

A psychologically weak or dependent person submits to a charismatic leader who claims to be god or his chosen one, promising salvation to devotees and eternal damnation to non-followers.

In 1954, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, a cult leader in Korea started a movement that today claims a worldwide membership of three million followers. He began to attract followers in the United States in 1976. His primary target was college-aged young people who were disillusioned with society and ready to try anything new. Thousands have been converted through indoctrination and brainwashing, which includes extended periods of isolation and the deprivation of food and water. They gave Moon all their possessions and became street beggars for the cult, selling flowers on the streets and door to door. He held absolute say over every aspect of the disciple's life, including whom they will marry.

#### 5. Brainwashing through Social Influence:

An individual is placed among successful "converts" of the abuser or cult, who profess the belief system of the group, while isolated from their family and previous support group. The leaders of the sect known as Scientology have been accused of employing these tactics.

6. Brainwashing through Deprivation of Basic Needs:

The victim is deprived of sleep, food, water and companionship while subjected to chanting or repetitious sounds designed to disorient the mind and weaken the will until the victim chooses to join the group.

7. Brainwashing through Guilt:

The programmer forces the victim to participate in illegal activities, often including murder, then causes them to feel culpable and therefore irreversibly trapped as part of the group.

The Hecklers forced Sarah and many of the other children to take part in heinous crimes, and then reinforced the guilt by programming them to believe they were evil and could never change.

8. Psychic conditioning:

Taped messages are played non-stop for hours while the person is in an altered state of consciousness induced by drugs, electro-shock, isolation, mental or physical torture and deprivation of food, water, sleep and oxygen.

9. Somatic Directives Programming:

This type of programming utilizes many of the same torture techniques as Trauma Based Coercive Mind Control (see 12) but it differs in its objective. The latter uses systematic torture to block the victim's capacity for conscious thought processing and allows the programmer to force the victim to follow directives and execute acts in clear violation of the victim's moral principles, spiritual convictions and volition. Somatic Directives Programming uses the same systematic torture to inflict

wounds but then commands the memories to remain in the cells of the body where the wound was inflicted. Should the victim ever choose to disobey the programmed commands or reveal the cult's activities, these memories in the body are triggered, causing it to experience the original injuries inflicted during the programming.

The two most common commands are: "Remember to forget" the abuse, and "Don't tell" about the abuse. The victim will experience the original injuries such as bruising, swelling, burns, and bleeding wounds, though not usually to the degree of the original injury, and will relieve the pain of the original torture as well.

You may recall, on Sarah's first visit she shared how her friend was driven to seek medical help when she began to experience the physical symptoms of bruising and bleeding eyes. Sarah would also experience these same symptoms of bruising on different parts of her body and bleeding of the eyes and eyelids over and over during her two year journey to freedom.

#### 10. Demonic Programming:

Satanists, warlocks and witches seek to attach claims, curses, hexes and vexes, through rituals, blood sacrifices and covenants which give legal rights to demons to control the victim throughout their entire life.

Sarah's main antagonist, the demon who called himself 'Possessor from Hell' claimed the rights given to him to possess her before she was even born. These rights had been given to him by her biological father when she was conceived and again on her sixth birthday when she went through the ritual known as "The Father's Queen."

The pact was sealed in both her and her Father's blood

which was taken from their veins and then drank creating a double-binding covenant.

Some programs will have demons who communicate with the programmer to carry out their wishes and report any disobedience on the part of the victim or host, as they are sometimes referred to. Some demons will torment the victim mentally, emotionally or sexually.

Others will define the victim's personality and social behavior, often causing them to become socially isolated, sexually enslaved and sometimes institutionalized as murderers or mentally insane.

11. Machiavellian Manipulation: This term originated from a political philosophy espoused by Nicolo di Bernardo Machiavelli, 1469-1527, a Florentine statesman and philosopher who wrote a treatise he called The Prince published in 1513 A.D.

In it he laid out instructions on how a government may control the masses through deception, duplicity, betrayal, manipulation and violence. In fact, Machiavelli's name has become synonymous with corrupt governments who employ sadistic methods to rule their citizens.

Machiavellian programming also uses these means to destroy the inner psychological world of a child.

Satanic cults that employ this type of programming do so to create a child who doesn't fantasize, but rather looks to adults for permission regarding every aspect of their life, including what to think.

To achieve this objective they must destroy the safe places the child has created in the inner world of their imagination. Safe places are imaginary creations that provide them with a place to escape to when they dissociate from the pain and torture to which they are

subjected during programming. Once these safe places have been destroyed, the child accepts as fact that the cult owns every part of them, including their mind.

This type of programming is also used to create young demon/alters in the child who will report to the cult programmer any secret safe places, or covert wishes against the cult, in that child or the other alters.

This in turn compartmentalizes the mind to create an infrastructure built upon a foundation of mistrust, betrayal, hostility and divisiveness which the cult will manipulate throughout the person's life in order to control the victim.

One example of this is the program "To Not Wish."

The child is placed in a room with favorite toys or other objects of interest. An adult feigning kindness and friendship comes into the room and engages the child in play. This adult may be a friend, aunt, parent, or trainer. The child and adult will engage in fantasy play about the child's secret wishes, dreams, or wants. This will occur on several occasions, and over time, the adult earns the child's trust.

The child is later severely punished for some secret wish or fantasy shared with the adult, including the destruction of the toys involved.

This has now exposed and shattered that secret safe place of intimacy the child believed they shared only with their friend, leaving them feeling vulnerable and afraid. This step is repeated, with variations, many times over the ensuing years. Occasionally, the child's siblings, parents, or friends will be used to reveal inner fantasies the child has revealed during unguarded moments.

The child's imagination will eventually shut down and absolutely refuse to fantasize or entertain any dangerous thoughts.

#### 12. Trauma-based Coercive Mind Control:

Trauma-based mind control programming can be defined as systematic torture that blocks the victim's capacity for conscious processing (through pain, terror, drugs, illusion, sensory deprivation, sensory over-stimulation, oxygen deprivation, cold, heat, spinning, brain stimulation, and near-death experiences such as suffocation or drowning.

While in this traumatized state of consciousness, the victim is subjected to the power of suggestion to implant thoughts, directives, and perceptions in the unconscious mind, often in newly-formed trauma-induced dissociated identities, (demon/alters) that force the victim to think, feel, perceive and behave in a manner suited for the purposes of the programmer.

The success of this type of programming depends on forcing the victim to dissociate, which permits the creation of newly walled-off personalities to "hold" and "hide" programming, preventing the victim from having a conscious recollection of what was hidden in the subconscious mind, able to be triggered whenever the programmer wishes.

Programmers have discovered that children born into generational families of Heathens, Satanists, black witchcraft etc., dissociate more readily than others. A common practice is to keep women they refer to as "breeders," pregnant for the sole purpose of harvesting their children, referred to as "brats," for programming. Another secret programmers have discovered is that if they start programming early enough in young children

and put demon/alters in them, the child can usually be made to dissociate fairly easily when subjected to trauma-based programming. This is the reason there are so many newborns being kidnapped in today's society.

The effectiveness of the programming of the children in any of these groups will depend on how well group leaders understand programming. Some cult leaders know very little and experiment rather than program, usually ending in the death of the child.

As we have seen earlier, the Hecklers are the experts in this field. They have been refining the art of programming for many centuries and specialize in the four most intense types of programming, which are;

1. Psychic Programming that forces an altered state of consciousness (Dissociation) allowing them to bury programs in the unconscious mind, hidden from the victim's conscious awareness.

2. Demonic Programming which places demons in the programs to assist the programmer in controlling the victim.

3. Machiavellian Manipulation which destroys the child's trust in others and exposes and destroys the safe places the child has created in their mind to hide from the horrors to which they are being subjected. This programs them to shun even thinking a rebellious or negative thought for fear of being discovered.

4. Trauma-Based Coercive Mind Control, which is systematic torture that blocks the victim's capacity for conscious processing and allows the programmer to force the victim to follow directives

and execute acts in clear violation of the victim's moral principles, spiritual convictions and volition. Of these four, the trauma-based mind control programming is the Heckler programmer's favorite because it feeds their insatiable and fiendish appetite for inflicting pain and watching their victims suffer.

The Heckler's programming is significantly more complex and technological in its methods of installation than others, utilizing the individual's dissociated identities (demon/alters) to compartmentalize the mind and create multiple levels in the inner psychological world of the victim. This allows the demons programmed into each level of their inner psychological world to take control of the body in response to particular cues (hand signals, sounds, smells, colors, emotions, etc.) and then force them to follow commands, with complete amnesia for the victim after the event occurs.

The demons themselves are programmed to become flooded with anxiety or feel acutely suicidal if they defy program directives. Demons are often programmed to believe that explosives have been surgically implanted in the victim's body and will detonate if the individual violates orders or begins to recall the programming, the torture used to install it, or the identities of the programmers.

In highly sophisticated mind control, the individual is programmed to perceive inanimate structures in the unconscious inner landscape. In layman's terms, they see in their mind's eye what they have been told was put there. These "structures" are mental representations of objects, e.g., buildings, grids, devices of torture, and other containers, that "hold" programmed commands, messages, information, and demons.

In many cases, walls are also installed that serve as barriers to hide deeper levels of programming and structures. Demons programmed to be alternate personalities (alters) perceive themselves trapped within, or attached to, these structures, both visually through programmed internal imagery, and physically, through the use of pain, suffocation, electroshock, etc.

Structures are installed in early childhood, generally between nine months and five years of age. Torture and drugs are used to take them beyond the threshold of pain which the demons already implanted can endure, which usually requires that the child be taken near death. The object is to bury all memory of the event deeply in the unconscious mind, below the level of consciousness of all involved personalities (demons).

When all conscious processing of information is blocked, the child cannot mentally resist or reject any of the programmers input as "not me" or as untrue. The input is instead "taken in whole," into the unconscious mind, with no conscious memory, and therefore no ability to process or reject it later. The child is tortured on a specific device e.g., cross, rack (stretching machine), bed of nails, meat hook, coffin, body of water etc. until they dissociate. When the unconscious mind rejects the trauma by dissociating, a demon is then commanded to enter as an alternate personality and endure the pain, claiming the experience as its own. The demon then perceives itself trapped in or on these devices. The demon's fear of future punishment assures its allegiance to the programmer rather than to the victim.

Another method employed in building internal structures in the victim's subconscious mind is to project an image of an object on the child's body or a screen, or through virtual reality screens or goggles, or they may be shown a

physical model of the object while being subjected to intense pain.

The programmer then tells the child that this device or object is now within them. Because the mind of the small child does not easily discern between reality and fantasy, (this process relies on the pre-school child's use of magical thinking), the child now perceives the object as a structure within. A code is then installed for the programmer to gain future access to the structure to erase or give new information. Immediately after the structure is installed, the programmer will command traumatized demons to go to places in the structures, e.g. The programmer will often install the perception of wires, bombs, and re-set buttons, to prevent removal of the structure.

The child is usually shown something to make them perceive these as real, e.g., a button on the belly-button. Programmed "triggers," or "cues," and "access codes," are installed, which allow the programmer easy access to programmed demons and program structures. The programmer can then install or change commands, messages, and information, and retrieve information, all outside of the victim's conscious awareness.

The demons trapped in (or on) these internal structures must obey program commands unless freed from the structures by the programmer or through deliverance. Programmed functions are usually performed unconsciously by the victim, or with only a limited awareness of a compulsion to do or not do something.

Demons are often programmed to awaken in the early morning hours to make a telephone call (toll-free numbers result in no record of calls) to obtain or provide information to abuser groups.

If the victim pursues therapy, programmed "reporter" demons will report whether the therapy is approaching the hidden programming. The host usually has no knowledge of making these calls, or may occasionally find themselves holding a telephone in the middle of the night, yet not know why.

Programming overrides the victim's free will.

Programmed individuals have specific demons programmed into them who follow commands and perform actions that are in clear violation of their free will, moral principles, and spiritual convictions, generally without their conscious awareness.

This kind of complex programming will continue to control the person's thoughts and actions for decades, usually with no conscious awareness of the programming or of the demons under its control.

Survivors of early ritual abuse who are no longer under such abuse will usually only begin to recover memories of the abuse between the ages of thirty and fifty years. It is only many years later, if ever; that a survivor becomes fully aware of the extent the mind control programming has had and is presently having on their behavior. This is due in part first to the massive doses of hallucinatory drugs forced on them and second, to the altered state of consciousness induced through torture.

Even after a survivor learns of the abuse, their free will, determination and deep spiritual faith alone are not always enough to uncover and release the demons buried and locked away in the carefully hidden programmed structures of torture located in the unconscious mind.

Finding these sometimes requires expertise in helping survivors access and release these programs to avoid permanent emotional damage. Sarah was an unusually

intelligent and determined young woman with a deep faith in God's goodness, and yet after years of determined effort to break free and live a normal Christian life, she was still tormented by the programming to which she was subjected as a child.

The programmers design the internal system to "set off" an alarm program calling for physical, mental or emotional self-destruction should the therapist attempt to disable or remove one of the programs.

Any therapist attempting to find, disable, and remove programs will discover it is a near impossibility to skillfully sidestep these negative consequences. I relied on the wisdom of God to guide me through this minefield, yet, I still set off some of the alarm programs.

What the secular world would have labeled attempted suicide and denial was in reality the work of a demon of self-destruction responding to an alarm program I had triggered without realizing it.

On several occasions I "tripped" an alarm, setting off a program of mental and emotional self-destruction, causing Sarah to withdraw into a deep depression from which we could not release her until we cast out some demons.

Even if the survivor, such as Sarah, is knowledgeable of the programs implanted inside of them and is still determined to defy all such consequences to gain their freedom, concealed demons trapped in these complex programs often perceive themselves as unable to defy programmed negative consequences.

When the survivor violates the directives in the program in which that particular demon resides, it triggers the program, causing the victim to dissociate and the demon to surface and obey the directives in that program.

Each time Sarah revealed the activities of her family, demons were triggered. Some were programmed to torture and kill her. (One hung her but God caused the rope to break). Others were programmed to cause her to return to the family. As I mentioned earlier, on July 11, 2000, which was her 34th birthday, we had to physically restrain her from returning for the final ritual where she was to become the bride of Satan.

Therapists attempting to deprogram survivors will sometimes uncover a specific program but then trigger it while trying to dismantle it, causing the survivor to dissociate and the demon to take control. Without even realizing it they find themselves dealing with the very demon the programmer placed there to protect the program. At this point, the therapist, not realizing they are speaking to the triggered demon, may mistakenly assume the survivor has changed their mind and are now resisting the therapist's help. The object is to discourage, confuse or frustrate the therapist, causing them to discontinue the therapy, which is exactly what the programmers intended.

Unless the therapist understands these triggered responses are a normal protective function of the programming, they will never get past this first diversion to help the survivor obtain deliverance.

Another even more important issue is that unless the therapist recognizes the role demons play in the programming, they will never be able to free the survivor. The therapist who worked with Sarah's friend did not believe in demons. She believed she was dealing only with the parts or splinters as they are sometimes referred to, of her patient's mind. Therefore, her therapy was to try to integrate the splintered parts back into one personality.

If Sarah's friend had been subjected to the same type of programming and abuse as Sarah, and the symptoms indicate that she had, the therapist was fighting a whole army of demons implanted by a professional programmer that she didn't know existed.

If a therapist is ever to bring complete restoration and wholeness to a victim such as Sarah's friend, they must recognize they are dealing with a complex system devised by professional programmers and maintained by a pack of demons. Otherwise, they will never stand a chance against these professionals.

I was well aware of my inability to outwit these professionals at their own game. The very notion that I could learn overnight what had taken these murderers' centuries to discover and perfect was ludicrous, but I knew I couldn't reveal these things to Sarah, because she was emotionally fragile and was trusting in my experience and expertise. I decided that since the programming was too complicated for me to beat these monsters at their own game, I wasn't going to try.

I don't mean to imply that I didn't try to learn anything about programming; just the opposite is true. I paid close attention to everything the demons said about the programs and took meticulous notes. But I did it because I wanted to learn for future reference, not because I believed I could outsmart these pros at their own game. And while I was counting on God to intervene in a supernatural way to destroy these incredibly complex structures in Sarah's mind, He had already begun the process, though I didn't know it at the time.

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Deprogramming Sarah  
Chapter Twelve

The first time I destroyed a program with the knowledge of what I was doing, occurred on October 2, 2000. We were fighting a very violent demon that had severely sliced up Sarah's face and arms. Sarah was unconscious and the demon was putting up quite a fight, throwing us around like matchsticks. I was trying to hold Sarah's arms while Dean tried to get the razor blade out of her back pants pocket (where the demon had hidden it), without getting cut. After we took the razor blade, he settled down and got real quiet.

I said "I command you in the name of Jesus, to tell me your name."

"I'm the gatekeeper over this program. That's all you will ever know. The program is buried so deep you will never destroy it because you will never find it."

Before I could even finish saying, "You will tell me the name of the program," Sarah's body went limp and I knew the gatekeeper had disappeared, back into the program from where he had come.

I sat there for a moment thinking "Well, you've been dreading this day and now its here. What are you going to do with the programs?"

God spoke to me through a still small voice. "Use the blood of Jesus."

I said "Lord, I've been using the blood of Jesus for the last six months. In fact, ever since I fought that spirit guide who called herself Justice, but I've been dreading these programs because I thought I needed to understand them so I would know how to dismantle them."

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He replied in the same still, small voice, "You will understand them as you reflect on the battles. With each passing day, your knowledge will grow with your experience, but there is no more powerful weapon than the blood of My Son. You have been destroying the programs for the last sixth months without even knowing it and the blood of My Son has been your weapon in every battle." He was absolutely right on every point; as if He could ever be wrong.

That day I discovered that the programs, regardless of how elaborate they were, were no match for the power of the blood of Jesus.

My faith soared as I spoke;

"Gatekeeper, I call for the blood of Jesus to flow down into your program. Wash over every wall, every barrier, and every obstruction." Nothing happened at first, in fact, nothing happened for about twenty minutes. I just kept speaking in faith because I know when I hear God's voice, and because I had clearly heard it, I just kept calling for the blood. Eventually gatekeeper spoke, mocking me. "Hey Stupid, don't you think you've said that long enough? You're getting monotonous. It isn't going to happen. I told you, you can't touch this program."

I just ignored him and kept calling for the blood to wash over the walls and demolish his program and the demons hiding there. After about another five minutes, he started screaming for me to stop. I just laughed at him and said, "What's the problem? I thought you said I couldn't touch you."

"It's burning me. Stop. I'll leave."

"What's the name of the program?"

"I don't know. Let me leave."

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"You're lying. You know the name of the program. You've already told me you're the gatekeeper. Now tell me the name of the program."

"If I tell you the name, will you let me go back to the family?" he asked between tortured howls.

"No deal, you and all your buds are going to hell."

He managed to get out the words, "Then I won't tell you," and started shrieking again.

"Yes, you will, because I'm going to hold you right there under the blood until you tell me."

"All right my program is the 2nd floor of the Stairwell."

"How many floors are there in it?"

"Six."

"What happened to the first one? Have we already destroyed it?"

"You're here, aren't you?"

Even when demons are on the mat, they can't resist the temptation to be sarcastic. I had nothing more to say to this murderer than, "It's time for you to go to judgment."

I then called for the angels to take him away. There was a momentary scuffle and Sarah regained consciousness which was always the sure sign the ruling demon had finally left.

In less than an hour I went from dread about how to destroy the programs to complete confidence that there was not a single part of the programming I couldn't destroy with the blood of Jesus.

Sarah was still fifteen months away from gaining her freedom and there were still programs to destroy, but my fear of them was a thing of the past because I had at my fingertips the power of the blood of Jesus.

Over the next twelve months, Sarah was to go through the most difficult phase of her deliverance. By difficult, I do

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not mean more violent, although there was plenty of that, but these new deliverances were much more complicated.

It now involved far more than simply casting out demons. It meant destroying a world that had been created by the minds of evil and depraved men and demons. This evil, created world included a complex system of caves and dungeons and castles and stairways and even hell itself. It was inhabited by spiders and monsters and guards and gatekeepers and commanders and internal programmers. It was a world of confusion and torment in which Sarah was imprisoned, and it had to be destroyed.

This bizarre internal structure they created in Sarah's mind could only be described as a six-tiered matrix, a type of complex jigsaw puzzle. Each tier or level contained programs that were petitioned off from the one below with demons called gate-keepers and internal programmers standing guard to maintain order. There is no way to fully describe the complexity of how they had compartmentalized and layered these programs, systems, and triggers in her mind.

When I first started praying over Sarah, I had only a vague idea of mind programming. So you can understand why I dreaded this phase of her deliverance and how relieved I was when God told me I didn't have to understand it all, but instructed me to use the blood of Jesus. Over and over again I heard the demons scream as the blood came crashing down on their complex systems.

However, on one occasion the angel did lead me step-by-step to dismantle the programs using the original codes the family had employed to install them. I have never felt it was because the blood of Jesus was insufficient to demolish those programs, but rather, I believe God wanted me to experience how programs are encrypted and how it is possible to reverse the process and decode them, so that I

might share with others who may, at some point, be confronted with this challenge.

This took place on February 18, 2001. I previously described the gory setting in the chapter on mutilation, mentioning only that He led me each step of the way in destroying eleven programs that were inside Sarah. I will now describe the actual process through which He led me.

The first program the angel called the access program and instructed me to decode it by spelling Abbey Heckler backwards. I wasn't sure why, but he added the prefix bx in front of Abba which was Sarah's middle name. He instructed me to speak firmly to the demon.

I got a piece of paper and wrote it down to make sure I said it right. I spoke slowly, "Commander of the Access Program, listen up, BXABBA RELKCEH."

Sarah started retching for a few minutes and then coughed up something into a Kleenex. I was getting into the swing of this. "One down," I said to Dean.

Sarah spoke again. "He says the next program is the return program. They programmed it with my birthday. My birthday is 7-11-66. He says you need to say it backwards three times."

"Okay, Commander of the Return Program, listen up, 66-11-7, 66-11-7, 66-11-7." He started calling me and Dean every vile name he could think of and threatened us with what he was going to tell the family when he got back to home.

"Sorry, pal, you won't be seeing home again. What you are going to see is the deepest part of hell. Have a painful trip." I called for the angels to take him to hell, and after one last parting scuffle, he was gone.

One of the programs was called the military program.

The code instilled in Sarah was loyalty 311113. The angel

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instructed me to spell loyalty backwards followed by speaking 311113. He instructed me to speak it six times. Another program was the reminder re-enforcement program. This was to continually remind the victim of their vows they made to the coven. The angel instructed me to bind the wolves and violators together with the beast and call for the Blood of Jesus to flood the program.

The last program I feel might be helpful to mention is the reporting program. This program kept the family updated on the victim's daily life. The trigger was every date on the family's calendar of festivals and ceremonies or any time the family called the victim back. The angel instructed us to destroy this program by decoding the name "Child of Satan" by saying "Satan Child" and commanding the gate to close. We destroyed eleven programs that night following the angel's instructions. For some of them, it was encrypted codes similar to the first two, for others it demanded that we merely bind different groups of demons to their ruler and command them to renounce their claims to Sarah. He never attempted to explain why the change in tactics, and I didn't ask.

As I said earlier, I believe God allowed me this experience to see how the programs can be decoded by reversing the process with which they'd been programmed. Interestingly enough, the angel never again instructed me to decode programs in this manner. Rather, for the remainder of 2001, we continued to destroy the remaining programs by calling for the blood of Jesus as I had done from the beginning.

Finally, in late October 2001, the last program was destroyed, and Sarah was free of them. A mammoth system that had at first seemed invincible now lay in ruins at the feet of Jesus, destroyed by His blood.

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The Power of Blood  
Chapter Thirteen

I have learned many things about the power of blood in the five years since I prayed with Sarah, in fact, more than I had learned in my previous thirty years as a Christian. I knew the power of Jesus' blood was far beyond the ability of human understanding. There is simply no way for the finite human mind to comprehend how His blood has the power to wash away the sins of all mankind.

What I did not realize was that all blood has a life force inherent in it that can be harnessed for numerous purposes, whether good or evil.

I knew from reading the Bible that there were some mysteries surrounding the power of blood, but I had never understood the full implications. Like the statement found in Leviticus 17:13-14 and repeated in Deuteronomy 12:23, it says, "Whatever man of the children of Israel, who hunts and catches any animal or bird that may be eaten, he shall pour out its blood and cover it with dust; for it is the life of all flesh. Its blood sustains its life"

What does it mean--"The life of the flesh is in the blood." And why must it be buried? Why not just let it seep into the ground where it fell, and become fertilizer? Could it be that God gave this command to stop the life force remaining in that blood, even after it was poured out on the ground, from being harnessed by the forces of wickedness to perpetrate evil?

Some of the things I have discovered about blood are astounding. One is that the blood of a person or an animal has a life force that releases supernatural power when it is shed,

and Satan, demons, and anyone involved in magic or the occult may utilize this power to further their evil purposes. Blood also has natural healing properties that function outside the body as well as inside.

When I first met Sarah, I was shocked at how quickly she healed from her wounds. I mentioned in an earlier chapter that Peggy and I saw her bleeding from cuts all over her body when she knocked on our door one day and asked if she might take a shower. When she came out of the shower ten minutes later, you could hardly see a sign of those cuts. When I asked how she had healed so quickly, she said it was from taking blood baths as a child. Talk about smoking my gears, that one did it. Since that time, I have talked to others involved in Satanism and they all say blood baths slow the aging process and cause wounds to heal more quickly. I did some investigating and discovered it has been scientifically proven that, as the Bible says, blood has a resident energy or life force.

Doctor Oji, a scientist heading up a team in a Blood Research Laboratory in Kyoto, Japan, has discovered it is possible to harness energy generated from the oxidized electrons in blood glucose. According to him, "Whenever blood glucose is oxidized, electrons are generated and can be harnessed." He estimates a person's blood could theoretically generate 100 watts of electricity on a continual basis. In the future we may very well see modern technology stripping human blood glucose of its electrons to generate power.

Dr. Oji, along with his staff, has already invented a generator as well as robots that use the oxidized electrons of blood glucose as their power source.

Unfortunately, what mankind is just now learning about these things, demons have known all along. In fact,

demons often bite or scratch the host or the one praying during an exorcism in an attempt to spill blood in order to strengthen themselves.

My first experience with a demon using blood for power took place in 1998. A young man came seeking my help to break free of the effects of his past involvement in witchcraft. He was being tormented at night by a demon named Rituals.

I had asked the young man to sit down and had just started to pray when Rituals surfaced and attacked us, which is pretty normal for occult demons. After a pretty desperate fight lasting about ten minutes, with that demon doing everything he could to bite us, we got him pinned down and he finally stopped fighting. For over an hour, we commanded him to leave, but each time he laughed and said he wasn't going anywhere. He claimed the man had given him legal rights to stay. We continued to hammer him until his voice lost its defiant edge, which is always a sign they are losing their strength. We kept up the pressure until he became docile and finally agreed to go.

We eased our grip on the man's arms as we felt the demon relax, thinking he was coming out. Suddenly he broke free of our grip and before we could restrain him again he bit the man's wrist, causing it to bleed.

He then started laughing and fighting again, saying we would never get him out now because his strength had been restored from the shed blood. He continued to fight us for more than an hour before we finally drove him out. I have had this same experience of demons drawing blood for strength, a dozen times or more.

In Sarah's case, they had usually cut her with razor blades before she came to the prayer times, and they still tried to bite or cut one of us during our sessions.

On one occasion, a demon of death who called himself Set, told me the life force of shed blood continues to generate power for fifteen to thirty minutes. During that time, the spiritual power or life force that is released can be harnessed for any purpose a demon wants. He can use its substance to give him physical form, spiritual power or to empower curses he can send against someone else. He informed me that some powerful demons can only be conjured by offering blood. This could be accomplished by blood-letting or blood sacrifice. He then added rather sarcastically, "My master Satan takes ninety-percent of the spiritual power, and we get the ten-percent that's left."

As disgusting as it sounds, blood can sustain life in human beings. Those who have turned to vampirism will verify that this is true. In his book *Lucifer Dethroned*, William Schnoebelen explains (on pages 264-268) his experiences as a vampire and how he lost his desire for any other food and instead craved increasing amounts of blood. During that same time he started to lose the pigment in his skin and his eyes became weak, making it difficult to go out in daylight. On November 5, 2006, the History Channel aired a documentary on "Vampirism," validating with scientific proof that this is true. It turns out that what we believed were simply Hollywood myths regarding vampires looking anemic almost to the point of death and being allergic to the light of the sun is true.

It may be that blood could be a source of food without any of the bad side affects just mentioned, were it not for the fact that in His Word, God has absolutely forbidden the eating of blood. (Leviticus 17:13-14, Deuteronomy 12:23) Therefore the effects of the curse of disobedience would be on those who drink it, regardless of whether it would otherwise sustain life.

Some ancient cultures practiced the drinking of blood, e.g., the Aztec tribe in Mexico, and devotees of Kali, the goddess of death of India. And even some of the more primitive tribes in recent times, such as the Masaai tribe, of Eastern Africa experience a supernatural power that brings a euphoric feeling of exhilaration in drinking blood. In light of the supernatural power I have witnessed released when demons gain strength from drawing blood during exorcisms, I know this to be true.

It may be that what some Bible scholars have believed was spiritual hyperbole in Revelation 17:3,6 where it says, "And I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet beast... drunk with the blood of the saints, " was meant to be taken literally after all. I have said all this about blood to make a point. If human or animal blood has a life force that can sustain life, generate electricity, renew and heal flesh, cause a euphoric feeling similar to intoxication, and empower demons to materialize in physical form, just imagine the power resident in the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

The book of Hebrews actually draws a contrast between the superiority of Christ's Blood over any other type of blood. It specifically mentions the blood of bulls and goats, because those were two of the animals used in the Jewish sacrifices, but in this instance, these represent all blood other than the Blood of Christ. He culminates His remarks in Hebrews 10:4 when he says: For it is impossible for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin.

But Jesus' Blood can wash away the deepest sins. If you are a practicing Satanist or witch or are involved in the occult and think you have gone too far and cannot be saved from your sins, please know that no sin is too dark, that the Blood of Jesus cannot wash it away. (Isaiah 1: 18)

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Ask Sarah; she had the most grueling intense programming to which they could subject her, and yet none of their plans or their programming was powerful enough to withstand the power of the Blood of Jesus.

If you are a survivor of Satanic Ritual Abuse or Sadistic Ritual Abuse and you believe you were subjected to programming, you can be healed and freed from the power of programming and the mind control to which you were subjected. There is hope for you if you will trust in the power of the shed Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son.

Pray this simple prayer in sincerity and the Blood of Christ will cleanse you from every sin and start you on your journey to freedom.

Lord Jesus, I believe You are the Son of God and that You came to earth to die for my sins. I believe Your Blood has the power to wash away every sin I have ever committed, regardless of how vile or ugly. I'm sorry that my sins cost You Your life, and I'm thankful you were willing to die that I might receive forgiveness of sin and have eternal life with You. I accept You as my Savior and receive forgiveness of my sin through Your shed Blood. I ask You to free me of every bondage with which Satan has imprisoned me, and I ask You to heal me of every wound in my soul.

If you prayed this prayer with a sincere heart, regardless of whether you are a survivor of ritual abuse and programming or not, you have started on a journey with Christ that will change your life forever, and ultimately bless you with eternal life in heaven with Him.

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The Father  
Chapter Fourteen

Sarah's story would be incomplete without describing her main antagonist during the two-year ordeal on her journey to freedom. His title was "The Father" and he was the undisputed ruler over the family and cult known as the Heathens. Referring to him by that title always seemed repulsive to me because he epitomized every thing a father should not be. Because I felt so strongly on the subject, I referred to him by the name with which many satanic cults address their leader which is "high priest."

In the Family, the office of the "Father" was for life and was normally passed down from father to son if the son outlived the other family members of his generation who had aspirations of assuming the position. In turn, each "Father" stepped aside and passed the mantle to his heir when he grew too old to control his gang of murderers and rapists who could be ruled only by fear and intimidation.

He was protected by the demon known as Possessor from Hell who had ruled over the family for nine centuries and answered only to Satan whom the Heathens worshiped as the "Goat." If the "Father" failed in his responsibilities, Satan could withdraw the Possessor's protection and the "Father" would be sentenced to death. This was such a rarity that Sarah had no knowledge of it ever having happened, yet it happened twice in the two years I worked with her in her journey toward freedom.

As mentioned earlier, this Heathen community had a council of twelve men known as "Gathering of the Troth," who assisted the Father in his responsibilities. The original clan in Hamburg, Germany who was also the original

"Gathering of the Troth," determined the fate of any Father discarded by Satan. They decreed how he should die and who would carry out the sentence. Sometimes he was killed by demons, while at other times, members of the local Troth carried out the sentence. The Troth in Germany would then choose the next Father for that group of Heathens. The qualifications and responsibilities of The Father had evolved through the centuries and were actually quite loosely defined. One was that he has a queen who was his biological daughter by his sister. The man who held the office when Sarah was born was Richard. He had planned for his reign his entire life observing everything his Father, Arch had done, and when the time neared, he met the qualification for his queen by impregnating his sister who gave birth to a daughter and named her Sarah Abbey Heckler, born in 1966. Richard's own thirty-five-year reign of terror ended abruptly when he died under mysterious circumstances three years before I met Sarah. It occurred at the end of a ritual celebration Sarah went through on her thirtieth birthday. The final ritual, known as the "Bride of Satan" was planned to take place on her thirty-third birthday and would complete her initiation as the Bride of Satan. It might seem contradictory for me to say she broke free from the family's control when she married at fourteen and then detail how she continued to go through the initiation rituals every three years until she was thirty. But keep in mind that she was programmed to return whenever they triggered her to do so. In their mind Sarah was never free. True, she was free to live in another state but only because they allowed it. They knew anytime they wanted her to return, she would have no choice but to obey.

She had never failed to return when the time came for the next festival or ritual celebration.

When I met Sarah in December, 1999, Richard's brother Darrell Ray had unofficially reined as the Father for the three years since Richard's death. He was by far the most powerful member of the family and was therefore chosen by the "Troth" in Germany to be the next Father.

In regards to his love of evil and desire to torture his victims, he was undoubtedly Richard's equal, hands down. To say he was an animal not only insults the species but also fails to actually describe his true character. The word monster would better describe this man who drowned one of his infant daughters at three-months of age, performed abortions on all three of his daughters and beat one of his infant sons until he was retarded and crippled.

He kept two black panthers in the woods behind his house. They obeyed instantly when he summoned them, using a scream that sounded identical to theirs. He used them to program fear into his victims, and, in fact, he would set Sarah in a chair and station the panthers in front of her. If she so much as twitched a muscle, they would scream and lunge toward her. If it had not been for her ability to dissociate, she would probably have become permanently catatonic. For some, the panthers were the most dreaded instrument of torture the family possessed.

Darrell Ray was notorious for his absolute control over those demonized panthers. Any time he performed an abortion, he fed them the fetus.

When Sarah was ten years old, he made her assist him in performing an abortion on his daughter, Priscilla, who was fifteen and pregnant at the time. He removed the baby and commanded Sarah to lie down on the floor. He then laid the dead baby on her chest and called for the panthers. They

ripped the baby apart and devoured it with Sarah's face only inches away from their sharp fangs. Because she couldn't deal with the fear, she dissociated, and subsequently has no recollection of seeing them eat the fetus. The last thing she remembers is them standing over her with their fangs bared, growling in anticipation.

It was on that day that Darrell Ray told Sarah that she "had a black soul just like a nigger". The entire clan was very prejudiced against blacks and often used the derogatory term "nigger" to belittle their victims. At his command, a demon he called Black Soul entered Sarah that same day.

Black Soul was part of the three-headed monster I cast out of her early in her journey to freedom. Even though she dissociated when the panthers stood over her, she was still so traumatized by the incident that she was nearly catatonic for several days afterward.

Not surprisingly, Darrell Ray had demonic control over other animals as well.

When Sarah decided to ask me to help her break free from the family's control, she got rid of her two Chinese water dragons and six tarantulas.

Darrell Ray knew the instant she destroyed them and was furious because she had deprived him of his ability to watch her through the tarantulas' eyes. He called and demanded she get them back but when she refused and obeyed me instead, I became his enemy.

He wrote letters and made telephone calls to Sarah informing me of the agonizing death I would suffer if I didn't stop counseling her.

The letters and calls often triggered fear in Sarah, causing her to lose consciousness for hours or go into a catatonic state that took several hours of prayer to bring her back. I told Sarah to stop answering all phone calls from her

family and to give me the letters unopened, which she readily agreed to do.

He then began sending messages by demons that would cause Sarah to lose consciousness and then deliver the death threat to me through her. It infuriated him that I would not let the demons return to him with my response. When I cast them out of Sarah, I sent them directly to hell.

One of the messages each demon brought was that I could not stop Sarah from returning in July for her final ritual when she would become the bride of Satan.

As the time drew closer, the attacks became more frequent and more intense. The demons reiterated Darrell Ray's threats over and over and his promise that Sarah would return to him and either go through the final ritual or be sacrificed to Satan at six p.m. on July 11, 2000.

Sarah did not return on that day, though it took several of us to restrain her.

Darrell Ray died on the evening of July 11, 2000, the very night he had promised he would offer Sarah as a human sacrifice to Satan.

There is rarely a public funeral when any member of the Heckler clan dies. They just disappeared forever and no one ever talked about what might have happened to them.

Odd as it may seem to us, when the family lost mates or children, there were no questions asked. Sarah recalled when she was around ten years old, Richard's wife and daughter disappeared one day, but no one ever mentioned their name again, and it was as if they had never even existed.

Darrell Ray's body was burned and his bones were buried beneath the altar in the cave where all the previous Fathers and queens were buried, along with all the family members who were considered purebreds. The bodies of

family members were burned either in the furnace at the rock quarry nearby or in the incinerator in the cave itself. I had asked Sarah to discontinue all communication with the family; however, she still talked to her two sisters who had distanced themselves from the family as well. One of them called her the night Darrell Ray died, saying their grandmother had phoned, screaming hysterically that Sarah had killed her son, and she would kill her if it was the last thing she ever did.

It was abundantly clear that Darrell Ray's unexpected death threw the family and the Heathens into a state of confusion and chaos. Not only did it undermine their power, but two unexpected deaths in three years had pretty well depleted them of their pool of experienced leaders.

There were plenty of Sarah's cousins wanting the office but none had sufficiently distinguished himself above his peers to command the fear and respect needed to rule the clan.

The Heathen leaders in Germany decided to hold off conferring the title Father to anyone and left the rule in the hands of the local "Gathering of The Troth." They chose instead to focus their efforts on killing the traitor who was causing the trouble and started offering blood sacrifices and doing rituals to conjure up strong demons of death to kill Sarah.

One of these murdering demons grabbed the steering wheel out of her hands and tried to wreck her car in the busiest intersection in town. Another forced her to dissociate and then hung her, but because God had decreed she would not die, the rope that was strong enough to hold ten times her weight, broke and she regained consciousness lying on her porch with the noose still around her neck.

On another occasion she regained consciousness lying beside a small manmade lake with a deadly Indian oriental tarantula crawling on her chest. How she came to and why that spider hadn't bit her can only be explained through God's miraculous intervention.

Many times they sent curses and demons of death to shut down her body systems though disease and sickness. Her husband called me on several occasions to say she was turning black and he thought she was dying. We prayed for her each time and the color came back into her body and God healed her.

This went on for the next six months until December 28, 2001, when a strong spirit of disease attacked her and her body systems began to shut down. During that time, she took on the familiar jaundiced pallor with which we had become so familiar.

We prayed for several minutes and then I commanded the spirit to tell me its name.

"My name is death."

"I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus to release her and come out."

"If you cast me out you will kill a man."

"What's the man's name?"

"Rolf."

Rolf was Richard and Darrell Ray's brother. He was the one the family called "the preacher." He actually had a small church a few miles away from the town where the family lived where he conducted services for a handful of followers. His responsibilities included teaching the family its heathen roots. He was an expert in heathenism, devil worship and interestingly enough, the Word of God. He studied the Word for the purpose of twisting and perverting it to give the family a distorted perception of God. He would read them the

Bible and then molest them, creating confusion and causing them to fear and mistrust God.

When Darrel Ray died unexpectedly, Rolf was the next in line to lead the family. However, he was not emotionally or mentally equipped for the job. In truth, he had very little knowledge of programming and was not ruthless enough to intimidate a gang of murderers. Nevertheless, he was given the assignment of killing Sarah. He was told if he failed he would pay with his own life.

"Who said they would kill him (Rolf)?"

"The Family."

I did not realize at the time that this demon was referring not to the immediate family but the one in Germany. They had lost patience because the programming system itself was suffering. They sent an ultimatum to Rolf. "Fix the problem, or suffer the consequences."

The demon repeated: "You will be responsible for his death if you cast me out."

"Listen. you Maggot. You're trying to kill Sarah, and you think you can make me feel bad, that the murderer who sent you will die, if you fail. I'm sending you to hell, and if that means they kill Rolf, his death is his problem. He made his choice years ago when he decided to follow Satan."

We cast out the demon after about fifteen more minutes, and the angels took him to hell, after which time, the color slowly began to return to Sarah's face.

On January 1, 2001, we learned that Rolf had burned to death in his bed. They found his charred body in his bed, yet neither the bed nor anything in his house was burned. This same thing had reportedly happened to a witch who was opposing a revival in Resistencia, Argentina in the early 1970's. Her body was found burned to a crisp, while the

blankets on her bed were not even scorched. A revival broke out in the town immediately afterward.

From the day Rolf died, the focus of the attack from the family came from Sarah's cousin, Daniel. He was one of Richard's sons, and therefore her brother, though she was unaware of the fact at the time.

As was their custom, all the adolescent males in the family tortured the girls every chance they got, but Daniel went out of his way to brutally torment Sarah, continually reminding her she was unfit to be queen.

Daniel resented that his father, Richard, had never considered him a contender for the office of Father for the next generation. He knew that the only two of his generation that had never been programmed (and were therefore the only contenders) were his older brother, Richard Jr. and one of Darrell Ray's sons. This knowledge produced deep resentment and hatred in Daniel toward his father to the point that he spoke of someday killing him.

Even the slightest hint of rebellion in the children was dealt with harshly, but it was against the family law to kill a purebred. This is why Darrell Ray could beat his infant son until he was mentally retarded and yet let him live. Though Richard would not kill Daniel for defying him, he had other ways to handle his rebellion; he cut off one of his legs just below the knee when he was eight-years-old. The official story was that he had lost it in a lawnmower accident, but Sarah witnessed the ceremony where the leg was removed and sacrificed in a ritual.

The first time I heard Daniel's name was in October 2000, when demons started showing up in Sarah. When I asked who sent them, they said Daniel. I had wondered who was in charge after Darrell Ray died but had never heard the

demons mention any names except Rolf until the appearance of the demon who called himself Daniel.

I then asked Sarah about Daniel and she said he was a cousin who had a deep hatred for her and tormented her more than any of the other males with whom she was raised. Daniel's demon showed up in Sarah on October 25, 2000 and gave me some insight into the man I would contend with for the next nine months.

"What is your name?"

"Are you Jess Parker?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I've come to observe you."

"Where did you come from, demon?"

No answer.

"Did you come from Rolf?"

"Daniel sent me. Why is it important for you to know?"

"Why did you come?"

"I am just observing you at this point."

"Is that your name--Observer?"

"NO, I answer to Daniel. I'm destruction. How can she escape? She is the daughter of Satan. This has never happened in our covenant. No queen has ever escaped. Her seed is different. What wall is protecting her?"

"The wall is called Jesus Christ."

"She is a Satan child. Christ wouldn't choose to help her. He wouldn't even look at her."

"You're trying my patience demon. Tell me what your name is or this conversation is over and I'm sending you to hell."

"I answer to Daniel, and that's my name. You have screwed up her destiny."

"Why do you care? Daniel hates this woman."

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"He wants her now. He was always drawn to her because she was untouchable to him, being his father's queen. He is intrigued with her now."

The demon was referring to a formal relationship rather than sexual as Daniel had always been her enemy antagonist.

"Did he send any other demons with you?"

"Yes, they will be hurting her. He said not to kill her."

"You're a liar. You can't kill her."

"I can kill anyone I want to. I have never failed."

"How many people have you killed for Daniel?"

"I don't count."

"It doesn't matter. When did you enter her?"

"A few hours ago."

"I'm curious-how did you get in? "

"That field was plowed a long time ago."

"What field?"

"I can come in any time he scares her."

"Are you talking about how Daniel scared her when they were children?"

"Yes, that's my door. If I fail, which I won't, he will come himself. Do you understand the rewards Daniel will win if he brings her back? The Troth in Hamburg will know he is the true "Father" and give him the permanent title, and I will be rewarded right along with him."

After I had heard all I wanted to know from this demon, I fought him for another twenty minutes until he finally submitted. Then I called for the angels to escort him to hell.

It was apparent to me from our conversation that Daniel had had a love-hate relationship with Sarah from their earliest days. He knew even then that he was not Richard's choice for the next "Father", and therefore Sarah would never

belong to him, so because he was unable to exact revenge on his father, he took it out on her.

But now that Richard and Darrell Ray were dead, he had a chance. He believed Uncle Rolf's demon would fail to bring her home, so Rolf was as good as dead. Even if Rolf succeeded in killing her, everyone knew he was incapable of leading the clan, and Richard Ir. had shown no interest in the position, so Daniel was making his bid for the job. He believed if he was the one to kill me and bring Sarah home, he would be rewarded by Satan with the office and with Sarah. To that end, Daniel sent so many demons over the next few months that I didn't bother to keep count. Sarah could not go more than two days without a new round of demons sent by Daniel.

Daniel's demon had told me a lot about his master. He said the whole clan was intrigued and confused with where I got my power, but Daniel was incensed. The Clan had had brushes with Christians over the years but had never taken them seriously because they had no spiritual power. So when they started sending their most powerful demons to kill Sarah or force her to come home and never heard from them again, they became alarmed. The demons themselves informed me part of their mission was to find out where I got my power and report back to the family. But because I would never allow one to get away and return to the family, they could never learn the fate of their demons nor determine the source of my power.

Daniel had sworn he would come to California and kill me himself if he had to and bring Sarah home. So because the family had lost many of their strong demons, he kept his promise and in the fall of 2001, he came to California to see for himself where I got my power over his demons and to kill me.

He first astral projected into my office and watched me pray over not only Sarah but many other hurting people as well. He witnessed powerful family death demons who had never before failed in their missions, defeated, and made to say Jesus is Lord and then sent to chamber.

I used the spiritual weapons described in Revelations 12:11, 2 Corinthians 10:3-5 and Ephesians 6:13-18. They are the name of Jesus, the Blood of Jesus and the Word of God. Daniel also saw something else he had never experienced. For the first time in his life he witnessed a world he never even knew existed; a world motivated by love, the love of Christ changing human hearts and healing broken, hurting people. The following day he came to the church in person and waited until I left. He walked through the front door and down the hallway to my office and went inside. Though he had the perfect chance to plant a bomb or a grenade or a poison snake or spider, he did none of these things. He simply stood in my office for a few minutes and then walked out the door.

What happened next was one of the strangest twists in this whole story. Weeks later we got some startling news. Daniel had done the unthinkable. He had returned to the family and informed them that he had accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and wanted nothing more to do with the family's worship of the goat (Satan) or their evil practices. We got the news days afterward that he was executed by the family.

Sarah struggled initially with anger and resentment that someone who had perpetrated so much evil could be forgiven. This was understandable. In fact, I myself was shocked and struggled for a day or two to accept it, but as we discussed it, we realized it was the ultimate victory of Christ over Satan in saving this man who had seemed so far beyond

hope. Daniel, as it turned out, paid the ultimate price. They tortured him for a long time trying to get him to renounce Christ, and when he refused, they crucified him.

I did not learn of the details of how it came about until after he was dead, piecing it together from the details that filtered back to us from family members and demons. As I said before, I struggled with believing it, and so I asked the angel to confirm or refute it. He confirmed what we had heard, verifying even the torture and crucifixion.

Daniel's defection and conversion to Christianity created a crisis in the Heathen cult both at home and in Germany. This would be the final death blow in a battle that began with Sarah's conversion two years earlier. Until that time the Hecklers were recognized as one of the most successful programming centers in the country and possibly the world. They had trained such famous men as Albert Pike, the renowned leader of nineteenth century freemasonry, who wrote *Morals and Dogma: Of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry*. Now The Troth in Germany was concerned the Hecklers were not even capable of convening a Troth much less producing another "Father". At that point, they decided to send one of their own from Germany.

They chose a man named Edgar Heckler and sent him to first bring order to the Hecklers, and then go to California and kill Sarah. During this time many of the demons we cast out spoke to us in German. They had names like Thunor, Mynd (memory) Bedes (witchcraft) Wanaham (sex), Wyrd (kindred) and Gotenham (anger, rage). I even received a letter from one of them written in German. I didn't even bother to find someone to translate it for me. The only English words were the last sentence that said, "Your God will not win the war."

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The "Heathens" in Hamburg, Germany were soon to learn that the problem was not that the "Father" or the Gathering of the Troth over the Heckler clan had lost their ability to lead. The Germans were no more effective in stopping what God was doing in Sarah's life than the Heathens back home.

Their man Edgar didn't even fare as well as Daniel who had at least made it to my office. Edgar Heckler died in a car wreck in Barstow, California.

It was to be their first and last attempt to kill Sarah and restore order to the Heathen clan. God Himself had decreed Abbey Sarah Heckler would be set free and He wasn't going to take no for an answer.

On the night of December 3rd, 2001, Dean called to say a demon had attacked Sarah while she slept and she was doubled over in pain and very nauseated. I drove over to their house and went in to find Sarah hurting so badly she told me she wanted to dissociate. She had resisted dissociating for many months to break their control of her so I knew she must be in excruciating pain. I told her to go ahead and then spoke to the demon.

"What's your name?"

"I'll torture her."

"I said tell me your name, demon?"

"Flame!"

"Who sent you?"

"I came from the barrel. You can't stop me from torturing her. just because she's not here doesn't mean she's not being tortured."

"Who sent you?"

"They all did. Max is in charge of torturing her."

I had never heard of Max before. "What did they do to conjure you?"

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"They've been there since midnight."

"Who is in charge?"

"Edgar."

We started praying and binding Flame to keep him from hurting her. Then I started calling for the blood of Jesus to put out the flame.

Flame started laughing. "You can't put me out. I've been burning in that barrel for fifty years."

"You may have been in that barrel fifty years, but you haven't been in Sarah."

"She's burning and there is nothing you can do about it."

I thought of Rolf being found in his bed, charred to a cinder, and realized they had conjured this demon to do the same thing to Sarah, and it made me a little nervous. I told Dean to start petitioning God to send angels to come and bind this demon and then I started calling for the blood of Jesus once again.

The demon was quiet for about five minutes and I felt relieved because they're loudmouths whenever they think they're winning but when they feel themselves losing their strength, they get quiet.

Now I was feeling more confident "Hey Flame, you're pretty quiet in there. What's wrong? I thought you said we couldn't stop you from burning her."

"I'll just go back."

"Whoa, you sure give up quick, Flame, what's the matter, did the angels scare you?"

"No. It's His Blood. I can't do anything against His Blood."

"Who's blood? Oh, you mean Jesus' Blood. You can't overcome the blood of Jesus. Is that what you mean, Flame?"

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I couldn't resist mocking and humiliating, this murdering demon.

"Are you the one they conjured up to kill Rolf?"

He didn't answer. I knew he was same one.

Dean couldn't resist taunting him either. "What's wrong, Flame? Cat got your tongue?"

No answer.

"Hey, I'm talking to you, demon. You answer me!"

I sat there looking at Dean in amazement. He had been through so much with Sarah and yet he could still smile and poke fun at this demon. I wondered if I could have endured what he had been through, seeing his wife mutilated and tortured by demons and her murdering family and still be able to laugh. I was glad to let him have his jabs at this demon. He deserved it.

After a few more minutes, I said "It's time for you to go, Flame."

"I told you I'll go back. Let me out!"

"No, that's not what I had in mind. You won't ever see them again. You're going to hell."

"No! I said let me out, and I'll go back."

"You don't get it, demon. I said no."

"You're lucky the others didn't get through. You couldn't have defeated me if I had the help they promised."

Dean spoke up, "Who stopped them?"

"The angels." He started screaming in a shrill voice that sounded like he was feeling pain. "Let me go! I'll go back and never return. Let me go! I am the least of the dark ones. You don't need me."

Sarah started to cough and shortly regained consciousness which was the sure sign the battle was over and the angels were escorting Flame to hell.

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We waited for a few minutes to let her regain her strength and then I asked her if she saw them take Flame away. She nodded that she had.

"What else did you see?"

"I opened my eyes and saw you and Dean praying with me and then everything became fuzzy, and I felt my spirit was being pulled out. I closed my eyes and I could see my family standing around the burning barrel in the pit where many of the rituals were performed. I could see they were burning someone's entrails. Suddenly, I realized my mother could see me. I ask her why she was punishing me. I reminded her that I had never disobeyed her, even once. She had no response, except to stare at me.

Then I heard you calling my name and telling me to renounce the spirits of clairvoyance and divination that were drawing me back to the family. I renounced them and told them to go, and then I regained consciousness, but I didn't say anything to you or Dean.

I was lying on the bed trying very hard not to disassociate. The pain was intense and the visions overwhelming.

All of a sudden I heard a voice. It was like thunder, yet it was without anger or vengeance. The authority in the voice was very evident when it said, 'That's enough!' Everything was very still for about two minutes and then I started to cough and choke for about five minutes as the demons left me.

The angel then took me to the waterfall and told me the curses of my family would never fall on me again. He said I was no longer a part of them and they no longer had access to me. We talked for awhile and I asked him some questions and then he left and I heard your voice calling my name before I regained consciousness.

I don't know if the battle is all over for me or not, but I do know there will be no more rapes, mutilation, (\`l|l\`.~w.-l, or unwanted disassociation. What more could I hope for? I never thought I would have a life without these things. Now I know God has a wonderful plan for my life with Him."

While Sarah's account of hearing God's voice saying, "That's enough," was thrilling, we had experienced many encouraging victories over the last two years when we thought the battle was finally over, only to discover it wasn't. We had become gun-shy of predicting the end.

We would wait and see what "That's enough" really meant. It wasn't until the next day that we learned Edgar had been killed in a car accident in California as he headed to his assignment to kill Sarah.

That was good news, but still we waited. We waited one day, then two, then three and still there were no more demons. Though it was hard to believe, it truly was finished. The voice Sarah heard was in truth, God's voice.

Nothing short of God Himself decreeing "That's enough," could have stopped that evil organization known as the Heathens from hounding Sarah to the ends of the earth, until she either returned to them or they killed her. But when God said, "That's enough," her family heard it, too. The Heathens in Germany and the demons in hell also heard it. In fact, it has been nearly five years, and her family has never tried to contact her. She has never been attacked by demons sent from them, nor has she ever heard again from the Heathens in Germany.

Psalms 68:1 says, "Let God arise and His enemies be scattered. "

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## Epilogue

Today is November 22, 2006 and I'm sitting here pondering how this book should end. It has taken me nearly five years to complete it and the thought that has plagued me more and more as the book nears completion is how it will affect Sarah and her family. She has more than once felt the pain of rejection when friends have learned of her past and the upcoming book and have suddenly become uncomfortable around her. They were polite but clearly more distant.

When she first came to me for help, she said all she wanted to do was leave her past behind and live a normal life where people love and are kind to each other.

The bizarre events of Sarah's life detailed here may preclude the possibility that she and her husband will ever live that normal life after the book's publication. I have discussed all this with Sarah and she has weighed the pain she may endure against the pain of so many helpless children, who are being subjected to the same Satanic Ritual Abuse she was. She has decided their rescue, this book may help to bring about, is worth the price.

It saddens me that she must deal with the distrust of those who may question or fear what they don't understand.

One of the most incredible and fundamental truths taught in the Church is that Christ transforms each of us and makes us a new person. 2 Corinthians 5:17 says: Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.

If you ask the average Christian if they believe this they will probably say yes, and they will as long as it stays in the

realm of theory. But if they meet someone like Sarah, they often look at her differently.

My goal in this epilogue is to convince the reader that Christ has accomplished in Sarah's life the same thing He accomplished in theirs; He has totally changed her. If anyone be qualified to evaluate the work of grace Christ has accomplished in Sarah's life, it is I.

During Sarah's two year journey to freedom a father daughter relationship was formed and continues to this day. Over the last five years, we have worked closely together, writing and editing the teaching material for the ministry. Dean and Sarah have spent many hours traveling to conferences and speaking engagements with Peggy and me, so I have been able to observe her, and I have never met anyone who is more Christ like in serving others than Sarah and Dean. I realize that regardless of what I say, some may still be suspicious of her, and there is little anyone can do to change that.

Sarah and her husband still attend the same church where her deliverance and healing occurred. She has dedicated her life to helping those tormented by demons and feels a special call to survivors of abuse, especially Satanic Ritual Abuse. Her home is always open to those needing freedom from demonic harassment. Hardly a week passes that she doesn't receive a phone call from someone seeking her help. She also travels, teaching Christians how to help those seeking freedom.

Her vision is to open a recovery home for survivors of Satanic Ritual Abuse. She is presently writing an autobiography of her life to finance that dream.

We have been thrilled and gratified to learn that some of her family members have come to Christ. Both of her sisters and her brother are now Christians and one of their sons is

presently enrolled in a Christian Bible college She also had the of praying with her grandmother to receive Christ only days before her death. Ironically this was the same grandmother who accused Sarah of killing her son and swore she would kill her if it was the last thing she ever did.

Hebrews 7:25 makes this statement concerning Christ:  
"He is able to save completely those who come to God through Him because He always lives to intercede for them. "

This is certainly true of Sarah Abbey Heckler. The Lord Jesus Christ triumphed Over Satan and all the powers of hell, redeeming her from the life of bondage and fear the had planned for her, even before birth, and restoring her to a life of freedom and peace fulfilling the true destiny God had always intended for her.

To God be the glory both now and forever more. "World without end?"

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