Redacted

Record of Abuse

NOTE: "The Church of Satan" is abbreviated as "CS."

I was born in **Redacted**. I was named **Redacted**. **Redacted** gave me the middle names "**Redacted**" for **Redacted**, **Redacted** (and **Redacted** Carma Rose, **Redacted** Rosabelle, and **Redacted** Rosa), and "**Redacted**" for **Redacted**, David Lee (and **Redacted** Robert Lee). I was taught my **Redacted** signified that I was **Redacted** (and their **Redacted**, etc.) property, eternally. They taught me that I had been chosen before birth to be "The Peacemaker" among **Redacted**. I had also been chosen, as **Redacted** told me, to become **Redacted**'s second wife and to bear his children. **Redacted** were and, to the best of my knowledge, remain members of The Church of Satan (CS), a group/church/cult that worships Lucifer (Satan). They tried to hide our membership in this group from the public eye. For this reason, we publically belonged to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, although we were not always "active" members. **Redacted** worked as a clinical psychologist and **Redacted**, a homemaker who saw that **Redacted** and I were trained in certain subjects/ways that supported our "duties" in our home and Church (CS).

CHURCH

We attended the LDS church throughout my life, although we often were "less active" (sometimes "barely active"). I attended Primary, and less of Young Women's, but at times stayed home "sick." At times I was legitimately sick, especially with the germs and close contact to adults I was exposed to in our private life. However, other times when **Redacted** told people we were "sick" on Sundays, **Redacted** and I were being forced to "entertain suitors/clients" as prostitutes. Some of these higher paying clients would stay for a full weekend.

At home, **Redacted** used LDS Primary songs, hymns, art, and other materials when they tortured or terrorized us. This created deep-seated feelings of dread and distrust when attending LDS meetings or events.

Date: 1991-1992
Time: Afternoon - Evening
Location: Provo House

Redacted opened my door abruptly and walked in to my room one afternoon. I was trying to do homework at my secretary* desk and singing, "We'll Bring the World His Truth" (an LDS Primary song that I loved). I immediately stopped singing. **Redacted** smiled at catching me. That night at dinner she told **Redacted** that I wanted to be in Jehovah's army and not Lucifer's. She said she could clearly read my intentions and that I needed to be punished. After dinner **Redacted** took me to his room and took off his belt. He made me lower my pants and lie across his lap, bottom up, as he sat on the bed. He made me sing the song while he stuck his finger in my vagina and scratched me inside, whipped me with the belt, and then vaginally raped me. I was not allowed to stop singing until it was all over.

Frequency: Between **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and other Church (CS) members these LDS songs, materials, and references were used in abuse 3 to 10 times a week, sometimes more.

Another night during 4th grade in Provo, **Redacted** held a **Redacted** orgy where, in the beginning, they made us sing "As I Have Loved You" (from the LDS Primary song book) and touch each other while they watched. **Redacted** laughed and masturbated while **Redacted** wore a white sheet, pretending to be Jesus, and made us lick his anus and then suck his urine out of his penis.

When I was in Junior Primary, **Redacted** focused on the younger Primary songs – especially the ones with actions. She would have us learn different actions where we tickled or touched she and **Redacted** in sexual ways (for example, squeezing her breasts on "Popcorn Popping," instead of making the regular hand motion or demonstrating our senses on their bodies - mostly on nipples and genitals - and singing "My Heavenly Father Loves Me"). I watched her do this with all **Redacted** starting as infants (she would stimulate the baby's genitals while singing). **Redacted** also frequently used these primary songs and other hymns. She also loved to talk about **Redacted's** superiority and the importance of **Redacted** and make us sing the genealogy songs, including "Genealogy – I am doing it" and "Truth from Elijah." She often had us sing them (and other primary songs) while she ordered us to massage her body with lotion and before and after making us give her oral sex.

*I had inherited the secretary desk from **Redacted** and **Redacted** Carma. **Redacted** and **Redacted** told me I needed to pray kneeling on my chair, making the desk an alter. It, along with the matching poster bed, had belonged to Carma's mother, Rosabelle de Jong. I was told Rosabelle had been "assigned" to be my (CS) guardian angel and had been **Redacted**'s guardian angel while she grew up. I was told that using her belongings, especially praying over them, would bring me closer to Rosabelle and Lucifer, himself.

Redacted held what they called "**Redacted**," an LDS practice of setting a night or nights aside for spiritual instruction and **Redacted** and bonding. However, our **Redacted** activities included photo shoots, rehearsals, and practice sessions for **Redacted's** child pornography and prostitution businesses, similar preparation for upcoming live performances, and lectures on CS doctrine, nearly always ending with us being raped or sodomized, tortured, or forced to give them oral sex. When we lived in Provo, we regularly did some of these **Redacted** in the company of our **Redacted** and others.

Redacted, **Redacted**, and their friends in Spring City often talked about how the original group there was inferior to them and resentful of them moving in and forming a competing council and group. Bobette Allred and her husband lived on and off with their mother, Linda Allred, on our same block in Spring City. They were the LDS nursery leaders when **Redacted** was old enough to go. **Redacted** would not allow **Redacted** to go to nursery because he said Bobette and her husband were "ritual abusers" and he didn't want **Redacted** to be taught by them. He said they were inferior to **Redacted** (bloodline) and **Redacted** said she agreed with him.

I attended LDS church when and where **Redacted** permitted me. As a teenager, **Redacted** told me to avoid most of my LDS church classes unless **Redacted** or Joe Bennion taught them. **Redacted** said this was because he wanted me to learn "true doctrine." **Redacted** and Joe both had Youth callings during the years we lived in Spring City. There were years I attended **Redacted**'s classes when I should have, because of my age, been going to a younger class. He also had me attend the boy scout activities he ran.

Joe ("The Punisher") loved to single me out and embarrass me and I was very shy in his classes. He would also ask me about things that he knew would give me feelings of humiliation, such as questions about sexual purity. Later, at the big Sunday dinners we frequently had with **Redacted** friends, he would often tell the other adults how I blushed or mumbled in his class and I would get teased and called a "prude."

Starting when I was in LDS Primary and throughout my life to adulthood, when we visited **Redacted** was teaching, **Redacted** would insist that I sit in the back of his class with her – even if it was all-male Priesthood lesson. It was part of my education, she would say. **Redacted** would introduce and welcome us, too.

OTHER "SPIRITUAL" GUIDANCE

Redacted took us to see seers, astrologers, fortune tellers, etc. We went several times to Jan Carpenter in Salt Lake City – a woman who does "future readings." **Redacted** also sent me a taped reading from Jan when I was living in **Redacted**.

Redacted took me to a fortuneteller by the side of the road in Fountain Green and had her read my palm and do other things. **Redacted** has told me several times that she rang up a huge bill with the Jamaican TV (1-800...) fortune teller lady ("Miss Cleo") during **Redacted's** the divorce trial. We also received extensive charts and readings from an astrologer client.

SCHOOL

For their CS purposes, **Redacted** frequently kept us home from school. **Redacted** and **Redacted** (Carma) drilled into us a quote from **Redacted**, Gerrit de Jong Jr.: "Never allow schooling to get in the way of your education." I missed days, weeks, and months of school at a time (sometimes many, many months). Of the days I did go, there were many half or partial days. We were up late into the night so often doing ceremonies or otherwise being abused and were exhausted in the morning. **Redacted** often overslept herself. She would drive us or have us walk to school alone (elementary school). I was regularly tardy to my classes in the morning. She would also make us tardy or keep us home a half to full day sometimes for the purpose of "pleasuring" her (with oral sex, massage, etc.). **Redacted** also signed us out for illness frequently. We contracted a lot of illnesses having to be so intimate with so many promiscuous adults.

Date: **Redacted** Grade
Time: Morning
Location: Provo House

One morning I got ready and went to find **Redacted**. She still hadn't gotten out of bed. She had her vibrator on the bed beside her. She said she wasn't going to take me to school until my lunchtime. I started complaining. She furrowed her eyebrows, raised her lips and hissed at me like a cat. She started talking to me in her cat voice (sing-song & guttural voice combo with meowing in between) and called me "Tabitha." She ordered me to take off my clothes and get in bed with her or **Redacted** would use the black whip on me after school. As I climbed into bed she yanked my hair back and held me down, biting wide across the front of my neck with her teeth. She held it for a second while I cried and then said (still talking like a "cat") if I didn't do a good job on her she would bite all the way through. She made me nurse her breasts and give her oral sex while she purred and moaned like a cat. Then she said I could leave and watch one program on TV but the **Redacted**ent it was over I was supposed to brush my teeth really well and come back. **Redacted** watched TV with me. When I returned she made me repeat the nursing and oral sex. Then she took me to school.

Frequency: This type of morning happened at least 5-10 times a month through my

childhood, when I was in school. During this time, she would most often make me do stuff with her for 15-30 minutes and I was not so late. Sometimes she made me do oral sex on her when she would come down to my room in the morning. It happened more often during the summer and when we were not enrolled in school.

Both **Redacted** and **Redacted** would bite our necks like that and do other "alpha" animal moves (they called them). They used various animal voices/ personas: cat (big and small), horse, "bunny," dog, and more. When I got older, **Redacted** would hold me down they would talk in cat voices while **Redacted** pulled out my "whiskers" (pubic hair) one by one to torture me. She often made me eat them as she pulled them out.

Sometimes (especially when we lived in Spring City and **Redacted** was in Provo working) **Redacted** liked to have everyone out of the house (in the outbuildings or field or at school) so she could have "visitors" (without our disgusted looks, she said). Sometimes she and Joe Bennion or other men and women who were in the group would have sex during the weekdays or nights.

I did not do well in school. I was usually tardy (from grade school through high school). I was on my own with the great majority of my homework, in which was I chronically behind. I also had the big problem (starting in Kindergarten and 1st grade through high school and my UVSC classes) of falling asleep or zoning out in class. I would try to stay awake and keep up, but I just couldn't maintain it. I also had a traumatic time in 1st grade frequently wetting my pants and sometimes leaving large puddles on the floor. As a teenager, I mostly fluctuated between A's and D's/F's. If they did anything about my failing grades in Junior or High School, **Redacted** would usually go to one of our doctors and get a note dismissing me from my assignments for a "medical" reason. Then she would go to the teacher and work out some kind of deal where I did less work. Also, **Redacted** would often write my most important papers himself. He would handwrite the draft or walk around his office and dictate it to me and I would hand copy it or type it out and turn it in.

Redacted also liked to talk to their CS friends about public vs. private school, home school, and charter school. Most of the CS members I have known prefer private or home school over "the cesspool," as **Redacted** called it – a.k.a. public school. (When **Redacted** married her current husband, Ford, she stopped using that phrase since Ford's son teaches public school.) **Redacted** and some of their friends tried to start their own home school hybrid (which they named "Orson Hyde Academy") but it was short lived. The Bennion girls and other kids of CS adults we knew went to Wasatch Academy in Sanpete. **Redacted** always wanted **Redacted** to go to Meridian in Provo, but did not have the money. She sent **Redacted** there later.

In **Redacted** grade I was allowed to take 3 "core classes" (English, math, and science) at **Redacted** Junior High. **Redacted** did not want me to take the bus regularly. My classes were scheduled just before and after lunch. **Redacted** was rarely there to pick

me up within the hour my classes ended. Many times I waited 2-4 hours, sometimes sitting in the front office or outside after school had ended still waiting for her. She was extremely physically and verbally abusive during this period. One weekday (1993) when she picked me up, she began yelling at me over my poor grade on a big test. She became enraged and while driving, unbuckled my seat belt, opened the passenger door, and tried to push me out of the moving car – elbowing me in my chest and neck as I struggled to buckle myself back in. I clung on to the sides of the door and tried to brace myself with my legs. My ankle got slammed in the door as it swung open and shut. After a few minutes she gave up trying to push me out and pulled the car over, pulling fistfuls of my hair, beating me on the head with her fist, berating me for drawing attention to our family, and yelling at me to get out of the car. I just huddled in my seat until she stopped and we drove home in silence. The next year, she sent me to **Redacted** grade there and then I went on and off to **Redacted** High School over the next four years.

During my high school years when I lived a lot in Provo, I did some courses at "**Redacted.**" It was a center next to UVSC that offered take-home courses mostly for "troubled teens." Although I earned some credits earned there, I never qualified to graduate from High School. (I had not graduated Junior High, either.) I still had dreams of going to college, and **Redacted** were separated and talking divorce by then, so I studied on my own and got my GED a year or so after my class graduated. I struggled with a small amount of UVSC classes for several semesters. "CJ" (Angela Fenton) also attended UVSC for a time while I was there and I was terrified when I ran into or saw him/her. **Redacted** had threatened me at **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s visitation appointment that he was going to stalk me at UVSC. He said that I "would never be safe" and he would "always be watching" me. Because of this and a lifetime of threats, I was terrified to stay in Utah. In **Redacted**I married and moved to **Redacted.**

EDUCATION

In order to conceal the effects of **Redacted** religion, their abuse of us, and our lack of schooling, **Redacted** tried to train us *socially* above and beyond our peers. Our "education" was primarily in things that would further **Redacted** success in the Church (CS). **Redacted** said these things were far more important for us than school success. When school became important in their eyes it was often when school officials or community members made things uncomfortable for **Redacted** (too many questions, etc.). For school problems and to "explain" our poor academic record, **Redacted** had many exceptions made for us where she claimed we had health problems, learning disabilities, and later psychological problems.

Sexual education - Noted throughout document

Redacted enrolled us in dance classes nearly every year in New York and Provo. In

addition she had us take a variety of BYU summer dance camps. She said they would increase our attractiveness, grace, balance, coordination, and flexibility.

As a young teenager, **Redacted** presented me with a huge etiquette book by Emily Post. **Redacted** was a very ridged teacher in public etiquette. As "The Peacemaker," I was responsible for policing most of **Redacted** speech and behavior – especially outside the home.

Redacted constantly and harshly corrected our speech and grammar, telling us when we made mistakes that people would think we were stupid and uneducated. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were called "Grammar Nazis" and similar titles – mostly behind their backs. **Redacted** would sometimes physically abuse us (hitting, spanking) for repeated grammar offences.

Redacted had a large library of paperback children and young adult classics, and included young adult non-classics with explicit sexual content. Some of these explicit books had been **Redacted**'s growing up.

Redacted made us take a few summer drawing and other art classes, painting lessons from **Redacted**'s aunt Nola, and art lessons from **Redacted**, Carma. We were to compete in school and community art shows and competitions so we would appear "accomplished." She also used our artwork to specifically attract artist "clients" (prostitution). **Redacted** took us to many art museums (and other museums), especially when traveling.

I was ordered to study and practice general handwriting and calligraphy on my own and **Redacted** gave me calligraphy books and pens. This skill was applied as I fulfilled one of my duties: record-keeping. I was responsible for journaling and written correspondence with friends and family describing an idyllic home life. I was also supposed to write love letters to "clients" (prostitution). **Redacted** and **Redacted** would help me write the content and then I would copy it in my best handwriting or calligraphy. **Redacted** would also have me write out family contracts, oaths, and other documents for Church (CS) purposes. Calligraphy further developed my hand coordination and dexterity and helped me appear more educated than I was.

While living in Spring City, **Redacted** enrolled us in 4-H riding lessons and competitions. Our instructors were Ellen Walker, a CS member who also performed abortions for the group, and Lee Bennion. Once and a while we did get hurt in practice. However, when I would get hurt or bruised from the violent rape and torture I received, **Redacted** often made me tell people that I had been injured by a horse (kicked, bit, etc. to explain huge and multi-colored bruising on our bodies) or during a horse-riding accident. Many times I was taken to a "healer," a Chiropractor or regular M.D. in intense back, neck, hip, or sciatic pain from the abuse I received from **Redacted** and others and **Redacted** and **Redacted** would tell them I was bucked off a

horse. The main focus of our lessons was English (not Western) riding, jumping, and dressage because it was much more "refined" and befitting our royal birthright, **Redacted** said.

Date: 1993-1995
Time: Daytime
Location: Spring City

Once after **Redacted** violently, vaginally raped me I had shooting pain down my right leg. It was so horrible I could hardly stand or walk. They each tried some healing blessings and prayers with oil but it didn't work. **Redacted** told me I made her "sick" (disgusted) with my crying. They drove me lying down in the back of the car to a strange "healer" woman in Nephi. She said the problem was with my "sciatic nerve." **Redacted** flirted with her a lot. She looked like she was in her 60s and had deeply wrinkled tan skin. She had me lie stomach down on her table with my pants pulled down. She took her fingers (which were amazingly strong) and dug them deep into my right buttocks. It was excruciatingly painful and tender, plus she had very long manicured fingernails that pinched and scratched my skin. She rubbed or just held her fingers there (moving around the area) for what seemed like an hour while I cried. She told me to drink a lot of water and rest for a few days. Then we went home. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made me give them oral sex instead for the next few days since they said I shouldn't have any problem doing that.

Frequency: In my teen years we went back to her approx.. 5 other times after similar violent and sexual experiences where something was pulled, pinched, or deeply bruised. At the first session **Redacted** were very excited to see how much pain they could inflict by pushing on the sciatic nerve. They would use this pressure point during torture of us because it was clean, simple, and very effective (it always hurt and was very tender).

Also, growing up it was often the case that one or more of **Redacted**'s clients was a masseuse and **Redacted** would have us use them if an emergency like this came up.

To improve my finger dexterity, coordination, hand strength, grace, poise, confidence when performing, etc. **Redacted** told me I was required to take music lessons. They wanted me to have "finesse" sexually, as **Redacted** said, in my Church (CS) progression and home career as a prostitute and second wife to **Redacted.**

I was started on the piano in New York, but they switched me to harp in Provo (I was given more piano lessons again in Spring City). **Redacted** instructed me to tell everyone who asked that **Redacted** had taken me to classical concerts "all growing up" and it had inspired me "so much." She said to say that I had "begged and begged **Redacted**" to start the harp and when they finally saw how serious I was, they agreed. **Redacted** had me tell this fictional story (in her presence) to countless people throughout my life. **Redacted** often said wanted me to have "harp

hands," as she called them (with dexterity, coordination, strength, grace, poise, finesse, etc.).

Redacted and the filmmakers and photographers of child pornography they used often included me playing the harp in their "work." My hands were often filmed in scenes playing the harp. These "skills" (with accompanying photos and films) were advertised to potential "clients." They also had us pretend to be angels and play the harp for photos, films, and live performances and then had us perform sexual acts on each other and others.

Redacted Richard and **Redacted** Carma told me that **Redacted** had chosen my instrument well because it says in LDS scripture that Cain's descendants had been skilled on the harp. After a few years, **Redacted** made business cards for me that said, "Praise the Lord upon the harp." She would laugh and show the cards to CS friends and treat it as a big inside joke, saying "Lord" stood for "our Lord Lucifer."

One of my duties became playing for ceremonies and **Redacted** meetings (harp, piano). I was encouraged to learn melancholy songs, rhythmic songs, certain LDS hymns they used frequently (such as "Nearer My God to Thee," "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Abide With Me, Tis Eventide," "Choose the Right," and more), other hymns ("Amazing Grace"), dark Medieval and Renaissance songs, the theme from Carmen, "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel" (a longer classical piece about a distraught girl who slowly goes crazy and dies at the end), and many similar pieces.

Redacted often told me that she had *always* wanted (and had been "meant") to play the harp, too, but she said her family never had the extra money or an available teacher. **Redacted** paid for one of the harps we got and this "debt" I owed them was drilled into me. I was told that all monies they spent to get me instruments, lessons, and opportunities would have to be repaid by "service" to them (i.e. complete submission and obedience to them and their commands). As I had success in harp competitions, **Redacted** and **Redacted** frequently reminded me how indebted I was to them for these achievements. The better I did, the more I "owed" them. The more poorly I did, the more punishments I received.

Date: 1990 - 1991
Time: Evening
Location: G&G Condo on 2200 North

One night **Redacted** had a "sleep over" at her house. **Redacted** said **Redacted** was helping to pay for my harp lessons with Lysa Rytting and that I was supposed to be obedient to anything and everything she said. She said it was my responsibility to make sure **Redacted** did the same. **Redacted** walked us down to **Redacted's** condo after dinner. We wore our pajamas and took our "blankies." **Redacted** was at his office at BYU. **Redacted** invited **Redacted** to stay for a while. He accepted and she got

very excited and started talking in (what she always said was) her "sexy" voice. She told him to lie down on the blankets she had laid out in the living room. She told **Redacted** and I that she would teach us to be "artists" at oral sex with our "**Redacted**" like she had been with her "**Redacted**." She made **Redacted** help her take off his shoes, pants, and garment bottom. She kept telling her to do different things but **Redacted** didn't want to follow her directions. She made **Redacted** suck on **Redacted**'s penis and then made me do it and tried to make it go really far into my throat by pushing my head down. I was trying so hard not to throw up but I kept gagging and coughing. She pulled my head up by my hair and pushed me off of him. She crouched over **Redacted** and finished giving him oral sex. I looked up at the kimonos she had displayed on the wall so I wouldn't have to watch them. She swallowed his semen when he ejaculated and made sounds like it was delicious. He kissed her before he left. Then she turned to **Redacted** and slapped her across the face (for being disobedient earlier) and as **Redacted** turned away **Redacted** hit her back with her fist. **Redacted** cried. **Redacted** got undressed and directed me to give her oral sex and **Redacted** and **Redacted** were to kiss and stroke her body. She gave out orders until she orgasmed. She then made us cuddle with her (still naked) while she sang "Abide with me, tis Eventide," "Lead, Kindly Light" and some other hymns.

CHILDHOOD

My elders took a great deal of care and repetition in their teaching of CS doctrine to me (and **Redacted**, as I observed at the time and later). Many of these early teachings were in the form of "games" or "play time." These teachings were used to reinforce our experiences observing and participating in Church (CS) ceremonies that abused, tortured, and killed humans and animals. They also used many key words, images, and objects in connection with traumatic events and experiences. These things were used frequently and carefully in daily life to "remind" (threaten) and silence us. They are still using these things today.

We were taught a lot of nursery rhymes, other rhymes, poems, and songs accompanied by sexual or scary actions. They were used to threaten us later in any company. They would ask us to recite or sing one and often the other person or people there would join in (CS or non-CS). They would make us perform them at parties of CS members (in which they had us perform "the real thing") and in mixed company (for example, in front of teachers) where just saying the words was enough to make me nervous and afraid.

Date: Summer 1984-1986
Time: Daytime
Location: G&G Old House by MTC, Provo, UT

We were visiting Redacted's old house. One night while **Redacted** was getting ready to put **Redacted** and me to bed, Redacted came in and started a reciting a rhyme. **Redacted** joined in:

Here is the church
And here is the steeple,
Open the doors,
And see all the people.
Close the doors
And hear them pray,
Open the doors
And they all run away.

They held their hands in special formations to create a church, doors, people, etc. When they got to "all run away," they laughed and tickled us under the chin or in our armpits and then ran their fingers down to our nipples and vagina and fondled and rubbed us.

At LDS Sacrament meeting, Redacted did the hand formations and whispered in my ear over and over. She didn't fondle me, but I was afraid she was going to. Redacted gave me "Extra" gum when she was finished. He also folded his consecrated handkerchief into a "baby" in a cradle and whispered "Rock-a-bye Baby."

Frequency: Starting when we were very young, **Redacted** usually took time to sing a group of these songs or rhymes every day, if not several times a day – and especially during the "cat naps" she made **Redacted** and me take with her. Whenever Redacted was around, she would chime in, do them on her own, or do them in the "cat naps" she forced us to take with her. **Redacted** would also sing the songs around the house and made us follow her and do the actions in the air or on her. When **Redacted** got home at night we often did them before bedtime. On the weekends or mornings **Redacted** did not have school or work, they would regularly call us to their bed and they would spend an hour or so playing these "games" with us. As I grew up, **Redacted** also played them with each of **Redacted**.

Some other of these rhymes and songs included:

Rock-a-bye Baby - Violent "game." We were told to drop or throw our baby dolls on the floor and then jump on them. **Redacted** would drop us and catch us last second by an arm or leg (we often hit some part of our body on the floor). Sometimes he would drop us all the way and really hurt us. The "game" was never knowing how much you were going to get hurt. While we lay on the floor he would pretend he was going to jump on our stomachs. He would jump high and yell and then split his legs apart at the last second and land on either side of us. Sometimes he also kicked us in the ribs.

Star Baby - A song **Redacted** sang when she made us "nurse" her (when she was producing milk or not)

"There was a star baby way up in the sky, got tired of shining and started to cry. 'I'm tired, Star Mother,' the little star said, 'Come get me some breakfast and put me to bed.' Then came the star mother on wings of true love and dipped the big dipper into stars above. She dipped the big dipper in the Milky Way stream, and filled it to the brimful with sweet milk and cream."

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,
Brother John, Brother John?
Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing,
Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!

At which point they would make us grab **Redacted**'s breasts alternately or **Redacted**'s penis, or each other's nipples, or a combination of all.

Redacted and **Redacted** loved rhymes with cats and would recite them while we were having "cat naps" with them (where they required us to give them oral sex, "nurse" them, etc.). They would also use their "cat voices" which were kind of whiney, sing-song, and also guttural voices with meowing in between the words. Some of these rhymes and poems were:

The Owl and the Pussy Cat
Three Little Kittens
Pussy cat, Pussy cat
I love little Pussy

Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well... etc.
or

Like Rock-a-bye Baby. **Redacted** would pretend to actually drop us on the floor. **Redacted** used the threat of dropping us in the well at our house in Spring City and other wells in the area, from the time I was very young. They especially did it as the time of our Utah vacation approached and also while we stayed in Provo with our grandparents. There were many times (1984 – 1994) when they woke me up in the night and took me to a well somewhere in or around Spring City. They would make me drop a rock down the well to hear how high the water was. They would tie me up and lower me in upside down. They would say I was too fat and heavy and yelled many times that the rope was slipping out of their hands. They would jerk me around

like I was about to fall and then laugh really hard. Joe Bennion ("Punisher") would often come, too.

When I was **Redacted**, "Baby Jessica" made national news falling in a well. **Redacted** had me watch the coverage on our black and white TV and read me "updates" from the newspaper to terrify me. In these "updates" **Redacted** would add made-up stories about how her family was in the church (CS) and how she had not been "good," been disobedient to her parents, had resisted her duties, had not been "loving" (sexually obedient) to her family, etc. I had a lot of trouble sleeping at all during and after her rescue for a period of time because of how scared I was. They also threatened to "amputate" parts of my body after they put me down a well, as she had to have an amputation. While she was trapped they started calling me "Baby Jessica" to threaten me or called **Redacted** or **Redacted** "Baby Jessica" to threaten me to do something in order to protect them from being hurt. This continued for years afterward. Sometimes they called me "Baby Jessica" and acted like that was my real name, that I had never been named **Redacted**. They would also call me that and then hold me under the water in the tub or sink. When we would stay in Spring City (before the renovation), **Redacted** would make us look down at the salamander (they said it was the same one year after year) in the well with flashlights to scare us even more about having to go down there if we were disobedient. They said the salamander was named "Solomon," which was Joe Bennion's CS name (Joe was also "The Punisher"). If I resisted doing anything for **Redacted**, she often said, "Okay, Baby Jessica..." I knew that meant I would be taken to a well that night, as mentioned, if I did not immediately obey her. Later, when they covered our own well and built over it, they kept a crawl space and would tell me that they could keep me down there and people would never hear me or know I was there.

There was a little girl who had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid! We were made to act "sexy" and "sweet" for the "good" part and then switch immediately and glare or act possessed/ "crazed"/ enraged. This was done a lot in front of mirrors.

Jack Be Nimble — Jump over **Redacted**'s "candle" (erect penis) after he would pull down his pants. We were forced to first "make" the "candle" by sucking on his penis until it was erect. After the "game," we had to finish licking his penis until he ejaculated and then drink his semen – which **Redacted** would say was "wax" that she didn't want to get on the floor, bed, etc. so we had to hurry and "clean it up." In mixed company (not all CS members) we would do it over a real candlestick or substitute object, or sometimes **Redacted**'s lower legs or foot (when he was fully clothed).

Jump the Nut — Jump over **Redacted**'s "nuts" (testicles) – with his pants pulled down. Same ending sequence as "Jack Be Nimble." They loved this "game" because they would have me play it in mixed company with a real nut on the ground and tell people *I* had made it up. People would always laugh and tell me what a great game it was and **Redacted** would make me say "thank you."

Little Boy Blue — Oral sex with **Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted** (Richard) or other men ("horn" = penis)

Little Jack Horner We had to say either "Jack" or "Jane Horner" and "...What a good boy" or "girl am I!" depending on if they were having us act like boys or girls. We were made to put our thumb in our own or someone else's vagina or anus and then pull it out and put it in our mouths. I was made to "play" this often with **Redacted** and both **Redacted** (and sometimes with others present). They would cheer, laugh, and clap for us at the end. In the Church (CS), elders really emphasize the concept to children of being "good" and trusting in (submitting to) your elders to do things "for your own good." In CS doctrine, rape, violence, even murder is regularly done

with the excuse that it is "for your/their own good." They used poems, stories, and songs that reinforced those ideas.

Ring Around the Rosey	Rub around **Redacted**'s (Rosie's) vagina or anus in a circle with our finger. **Redacted** would usually "get a turn, too" (meaning we had to do it to his anus or around his penis). Then we were told to fall down at the end and pretend we were really tired.
Trot, trot to market	**Redacted** made me sit on his foot and he would drop his foot down at the end so I slid a little and then he would wiggle his toes in my vagina or anus. He would also make me sit on his thigh (and bounce or stay still) with his hand placed between my thighs and rub his thumb or finger close to or on my vagina.
Redacted, You are #1	This song was from a tape Nola and Clyde Sullivan sent to me when I was little. My **Redacted** would sing it to make **Redacted** jealous.
"Now I lay me down to sleep" Prayer	We had to chant this full prayer to Lucifer as "the Lord."
She died, she did, she died of a broken rib She didn't die from being shy She died, she did of a broken rib She died, she did, she died, she did. (Song)	Threat used on me because I was often "too shy," in their opinion. I was told I wouldn't die from being *shy*, but I would from the torture they would inflict on me if I did not act the way they wanted. They would sing it while they beat, whipped, kicked or tortured me. Other times they just sang it aloud while lunging at me or pretending like they were about to hurt me if I was "misbehaving" or just in our daily life to threaten me. I never knew how far they

were going to take it. This song was used by my Hamblin relatives frequently.

Redacted would read or recite from memory the book "Little Black Sambo" about an African boy that is chased by a tiger. She would have us run around her as if she were the tree from the story. Then she would "eat" us (perform oral sex on us and make us do it to her) and say we tasted like "sweet cream butter" (the tiger turns to butter and Sambo eats him). She had the storybook and **Redacted** kept one at our home. If Redacted or **Redacted** were present they would participate. In Spring City, **Redacted** bought cats for each of us. They got a black one for me and **Redacted** told me that his name was "Sambo."

Redacted and Redacted also read us Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hans Christen Anderson stories, and other fairy tales and had us act them out with sexual content. One day (1990-1991) we went over to **Redacted'** old condo for dinner. Afterward, Redacted dressed **Redacted** like a little Dutch boy and they made her reenact the story where he sticks his finger into the "dike" to stop the water. They made her put her finger in Redacted and **Redacted** (one at a time, then both at once). She had to sing "I am a pretty little Dutch boy" (instead of "girl") and the adults laughed until they cried. Then they made **Redacted** and I give oral sex to **Redacted** and grandpa and then help **Redacted** with oral sex on Redacted and **Redacted.** Then we had a CS doctrine Redacted led by Redacted. They also had us be "princesses" a lot. **Redacted** was usually "Prince Charming" and they often themed the "pretend" like we fought over him to marry or were all polygamist princess wives. They would tell us our princess names. **Redacted** was always Cinderella. Or **Redacted** would use his friends and we would all have our own Prince Charmings, or more than one Prince Charming each. When we lived in NY (1986-1989), "Uncle Greg," Uncle Craig, and many other men who were friends of **Redacted** would pretend to be Prince Charmings and "fight" over me and/or **Redacted** and then make us give them oral sex or rape us.

Redacted (and Redacted) frequently read from Christopher Robin's Treasury of Poems. At Redacted's old house in Provo (1985-1988), she (sometimes with Redacted or Redacted would take me alone) would take me to the basement stairs and recite "Halfway up the stairs is a stair where I sit..." and so on. She would recline on the stairs and I had to sit below her and give her oral sex. She would do it (without the sexual action) on our front and backyard stairs in New York. She said the copy of the Christopher Robin's Treasury of Poems had been hers as a child and she often told us she had played the same "games" (did sexual acts) with her **Redacted.**

Redacted (and **Redacted**) also loved to read us Beatrix Potter stories at the beginning of our "cat naps." She would often start speaking in her animal voices (especially cats or rabbits) and that would continue through the "nap." She would make up scenarios from the stories that we had to act out sexually with her – for example, once in Provo (1990) she made **Redacted, Redacted,** and I be the "obedient" sisters of Peter Rabbit (Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail) and "eat" the milk and blackberries (her vagina) that Peter's mother had made for supper. Another time in Provo, (1990-1991) she made **Redacted** be the little girl from "Mrs. Tiggy Winkle" and "cuddle" with the hedgehog (her vagina). She had done that same one with me and with **Redacted** in New York (1985-1986). She and **Redacted** (and sometimes **Redacted** would join in) rolled us in blankets and hit us with rolling pins (over many visits to Provo - 1984-1988) and also put the handles in our vaginas (not part of the story) while they acted like the rats in the story about the kitten ("Tabitha Twitchet's" son) that gets caught by the rats. One of the CS names I was called was "Tabitha," mainly for this Beatrix Potter character.

We also had a Nursery Rhyme Collection (book) that **Redacted** and **Redacted** would read from. As with the other books and poems, they would make up scenarios to act out for the rhymes. For a period of time in New York (1985-1986), **Redacted** and **Redacted** would recite "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe" regularly at bedtime (as a "bedtime ritual") and whipped and spanked me and "sent [me] to bed" – their bed, where I was made to give them both oral sex and then could go to my own bed. **Redacted** had her own poems and songs she used with us when she visited us or when we stayed with her over the summer or holidays. When we lived apart, she would send us the poems or songs written out, send letters that mentioned specific poems or songs, or send a related picture, clipping, or present to threaten us. Sometimes she wrote her own poems. **Redacted** often sent us coins or $2 bills in the mail along with these poems, songs and other messages.

When we were very young (I saw this with all **Redacted** and was told by **Redacted** that they had done it with me), they read "Pat the Bunny" and had us touch different private parts of their bodies that were "rough, soft, scratchy," etc. As we got a little older (3 and 4), they would give us Pez or other candy if we found a part on them that was like the texture in the book (they would direct our hands to their genital area).

If we were learning songs for an elementary school program or the LDS Primary program, **Redacted** would make us "practice" singing them while we did sexual acts on them or each other, were raped and/or

tortured by them.

Redacted would give us a mirror or sit us on the bathroom counter and play the "game" of making "naughty" and scary faces. She would make a big scene of laughing and clapping and give us a lot of praise when we did what she wanted.

Date: **Redacted**
Time: Daytime
Location: NY Apartment, Portchester, NY

One day (I was in **Redacted** at the time) **Redacted** put me on the counter in the bathroom and told me to copy her faces. She said she was teaching me how to look at boys, like "**Redacted.**" She made me make some "snooty" faces and then slowly smile. She had me do it over and over again and also had me turn and do it looking over my shoulder. She gave me Pez and clapped for me. **Redacted** came in and they took me to their room and made me lick their genitals and make my "sexy" looks. He gave me some coins and gum from the top of his dresser.

Frequency: These activities were done almost daily when we were young, sometimes multiple times a day. **Redacted** would have us look out of the corners of our eyes with a smile, frown, or deadpan look often with our head tilted to the side or down. She would have us copy her "seductive" expressions. She taught us to wiggle our eyebrows in a sexually suggestive way or a skeptical way. She would have us try to roll our eyes backwards or make "crazy" faces. She would encourage us to distort our faces, look terrified, look angry, bare our teeth and make menacing or animal-like sounds. She would have us talk in deep or growl-y "scary" voices. She would have us pretend to be kittens and "talk" with kitten voices in front of the mirror and critique us (She did this with other animals, too). **Redacted** would teach us to roll our tongues and he and **Redacted** would laugh and tell us our mouths looked like vaginas. Sometimes we did them without a mirror, just facing **Redacted** or **Redacted**.

They played many variations of "the scaring game" with us and had us play it with our sisters, cousins, and friends (who were usually other children of CS members). In this "game" the main person goes back and forth between being the "mean one" and the "nice one." As soon as you scare someone enough to make them terrified or cry, you switch and become their protector. As soon as they stop crying and trust you, you switch and become their predator. Both **Redacted** loved to play this "game" with us.

Date: 1985 - 1987
Time: Nighttime

Location: Susan Christensen's NY Apartment

One night **Redacted** Suki (Susan) was watching **Redacted** and me in their apartment. They had a room that had boxes all over the floor. Suki told me to take **Redacted** into the room and play "the scaring game." I said I didn't want to and she smacked me hard across my face. I started crying and she raised her hand again and made me apologize to her. She put **Redacted** and me in the room then shut the door. I could see the shadow of her foot under the door and was afraid to disobey her. I smiled and talking kindly to **Redacted** and reached out to hug her. As soon as she came up to me, I changed my whole demeanor and growled and lunged at her. She was immediately frightened and started to cry. I quickly went to her and gave her a hug and told her not to worry. Then the whole thing repeated over and over until she had been backed up, literally, into the corner. I looked over my shoulder and saw Susan looking through the door. She smiled and nodded to me, implying I had done a good job. Then she walked in and calmly asked **Redacted** what was wrong. Then we all walked out together.

Frequency: This "game" was done so many times a day, in short or long bursts, and with so many variations that I do not know how to quantify it. It was done in our home and in **Redacted**, relatives, and friends' homes (CS). It was often done multiple times a day between parents and siblings. **Redacted** and **Redacted** loved to be "kind" to us one second and then completely "turn" and be enraged or cruel the next second. For example, they would smile and promise us something (like being able to go to a friend's house) as long as we did "x" and then later become enraged, violent, and punishing after we finished "x" and tried to collect on their promise. There were many, many more variations. When we stayed or played at Wildwood, or attended other family get-togethers, CS events, camping trips, and other gatherings, it happened even more often with so many like-minded adults present. Certain relatives (Gerrit, Nathan, Steve, Carol, Craig, Jeannie, Suki, and others) played this game a lot with me.

Another time, when we stayed at **Redacted** Suki's apartment for babysitting (1985-1987), she told me to give her oral sex. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had warned me to be obedient to whatever **Redacted** Suki told me to do, but I still resisted. She was furious and left the room and came back with scissors. She held them against my throat and told me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. She grabbed the end of my tongue and acted like she was going to first cut it off and then split it in the middle like a snake. She told me to never disobey her again.

I have seen she and my **Redacted** Craig hit, spank, smack and belittle their children, and pour Tabasco sauce in their mouths or food (and make them eat it).

With just **Redacted** and **Redacted** and especially at parties and/or when their siblings or parents or other relatives were over, we would be ordered to go around and collect money from them. These parties would regularly conclude with some kind of

ceremony. This particular practice continued through our teen years. The understanding was that we would have to "perform" (a sexual performance of some kind) immediately following or at a later time for one, some, or all of them (depending on the mix of people). Once the coins and sometimes bills were collected they encouraged us to count it and said how rich we were. They would usually let us keep it long enough to become attached to it or sometimes to have spent it before "collecting" our "duties" from us.

Date: 1988
Time: Evening
Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

Note: See "Tabitha" under Ceremonies and Therapy, as well as in many specific experiences throughout this document.

Redacted had a party in our apartment for their CS friends (some of which were our LDS ward members, too). The Christensen's and the Kelly's were there and others. One of their CS/LDS friends was a man who wore round-neck sweaters a lot and looked like Mr. Rogers (after we moved away to Utah, **Redacted** would get his picture out sometimes to show me). A lot of adults were packed into our living room. In the kitchen **Redacted** gave me a basket with a red and white dishcloth inside to collect the money with. I was feeling scared and said I didn't want to do it. She took the phone off the wall and said she was going to call the landlord ("The Punisher") to take me down to the basement. I cried and begged her to hang up the phone. I walked to the door of the living room and **Redacted** pretended to be surprised and excited and called out something like, "Tabitha, you're here!!" He looked around in mock disbelief like I had been really sneaky to appear at the door. People cheered for me. Then I walked around the room with my hand on my hip (as **Redacted** taught me) and collected money. People called me "Tabitha" and many said how good it was to see me again. Others laughed and gave me compliments. When I had gone all the way around, **Redacted** asked if I was going to spend my money on "treeeeeeeats???" They made me dance while they sang a chant. I danced around as seductively as I could and took off my clothes and threw them onto the people around me, as **Redacted** had taught me. People laughed and cat called. Then **Redacted** chose some people from the crowd that he made me give oral sex to, including his close friend Greg (**Redacted** made us call him "Uncle Greg," though he was not related to us) who had given me "The Rocket Book" and at another time, a little fabric doll with blue hair from a gift shop. When it was time to give my "Uncle Greg" oral sex, he picked me up and held me upside down and rubbed his face on my vagina. **Redacted** made me bow when I had finished giving oral sex to "Uncle Greg" and people stood up and clapped. I was told to pick up my clothes and go get cleaned up. They started a ceremony and I hid in my room until it was over.

Frequency: At parties (pre-ceremony) we were often made to collect money and

then "repay" the adults, usually while people were eating, drinking, and conversing. Sometimes we had to perform sexual acts right there and sometimes **Redacted** instructed us to lead the guests to another prepared room. **Redacted** had us do this in other people's houses.

When it was done with just **Redacted** (when I was a young child – and when I saw them do it with **Redacted**), they would put the money in my hand and then pretend to think hard about what they wanted me to do. When one decided (sexual or violent act), the other parent would clap and say what a good idea it was. I would hold the coins while they thought and would have to give them back if I wouldn't do it.

One summer in Spring City, before it was remodeled, **Redacted** bought tons of full-sized chocolate and other candy bars and had a candy "store" out of a large basket. This was very unusual behavior from her. (In our daily life, she very much restricted sugar and so getting a "treat" – even if we had to buy it - was very special.) She told us the minute we "earned" any money and wanted to spend it, day or night, she would open the candy store.

I have been given many red and white dishcloths by both **Redacted** and **Redacted**. Once in Spring City (when I was a **Redacted**) **Redacted** gave us all dishcloths as a Christmas present.

CS members would also choose certain animals to use in a calculated and consistant effort to terrorize children. Starting when very young, they pick one or a few animals to concentrate on. They would play act the part of the animal and chase us around, sometimes as "fun" and sometimes to attack, abuse, and/or torture us once we were caught. They showed us photos, pictures, movies (documentaries, cartoons, dramas, scary movies), and included the animal in conversations often. I remember many photos of people who had been mangled, eaten (they said), and torn apart and I would be told it had been done by a certain animal. They told us scary stories about encounters they or others had with the animal. They consistently teased us for being afraid. They spoke to friends and family in our presence, told them we were afraid of the animal, and everyone laughed and teased us about it (this practice continued into adulthood). We were taken to natural history museums, zoos, and other places where we would see these life-sized animals. We were given toys, stuffed animals, books, jewelry, clothing, and/or trinkets with the particular animal theme. They would buy a toy animal and hide it in places that would surprise and scare us (in clothes drawer, under pillow or in bed, in bathroom cupboards, in the kitchen, etc.). I remember one time (**Redacted**) when I threw up when my family teased me about the animal.

Redacted chose the shark for one of my (and **Redacted'**) animals. Alone and especially when other people or **Redacted** were present, **Redacted** and our **Redacted** Steve would chase us around on land and in the pool with their hands in a "V" on their head. One summer they used a plastic fin that could be attached to someone's back.

Redacted and Steve would swim under us and grab our genitals with their hands like they were biting us there. Or they would grab us and stick their finger in our vagina and wiggle it, or give us a "fishy" under the water. They would sometimes bite our legs or arms as we were swimming. They loved to grab our legs and pull us under while we were trying to get away (and when we were still learning to swim well). Sometimes they held us under (just by our feet) for a long time as we struggled and fought. We would come up choking and coughing and they would laugh and laugh.

The very worst for me was when they would take me to an empty pool (at a CS member's home) during the day or night and make me swim by myself. They told me I needed to practice swimming and I would usually stay on the "shallow" end. They would just throw me in if I refused to get in and then they would run to wherever I swam and, laughing, kick me off the edge with their foot.

Date: 1984
Time: Evening
Location: Tucson, AZ

One evening we went to a house with a pool. I think the Bushman's were there. **Redacted** sat around talking with their friends. I ate some chips and then **Redacted** and **Redacted** put me in my swimming suit and told me to get in the pool. They sat on chairs around the pool talking. All of a sudden **Redacted** jumped to his feet and said in a worried voice that he saw a shark. His friend started saying it, too. **Redacted** was holding her face and saying things like "Oh no!" Everyone was pointing and walking or running around the pool. I believed them and started sobbing and trying to swim away from where they were pointing - by doggie paddling or holding onto the edge of the pool. Everyone kept telling me to be quiet or the shark would hear me. **Redacted** had them turn the lights off so the shark couldn't see me. This made the water look even more gray and scary. They were arguing about what I should do. I kept sobbing, choking and trying to swim around. Every time I got close to the steps they would say the shark was right there. **Redacted** and the other women "cried" for me and begged me to hurry and get to the other side. They finally let me swim to the side and **Redacted** grabbed me out of the water with a towel, and ran me inside. Then everyone came in and sat by me (I sat on **Redacted**'s lap) and talked about how scary it was. They gave me some ice cream. One of the men said that sharks can come through the drain.

Frequency: This happened often as a young child and especially in the summer months, both day and night. Night was scariest because of the dark water. They would also often do ceremonies or at least a prayer and an orgy afterward.

They put a large rubber great white shark in with our bath toys and "play" attacked us with it – on our body and genitals. They gave us real shark teeth necklaces, real shark jaws, books bought or rented from the library, pictures or posters. They would rent shark nature videos and show us scenes from Jaws and

other scary movies about sharks or deep water. They took us to aquariums and natural history museums to see live sharks or large displays. When we **Redacted** in Provo and later lived there, we were taken very often to The Bean Museum (sometimes ever once a week or two) to view "the shark wall" as they called it. The Bean Museum had a two-story wall on the stairway dedicated to all varieties of sharks (taxidermied). **Redacted** or **Redacted** took us there most often and would make us stand by the wall. If we tried to run away, we were told firmly to stay together. I would often climb the stairs at the farthest side away from the wall, as fast as I could, and without looking. Once upstairs, I would back away as far as or grandpa would let me and then open my eyes. They told us many true scary stories about sharks. They showed us news articles, especially if they involved children and sharks. **Redacted** talked about them frequently and used to tell us often that she wanted to die by exploding in an airplane above the water and having the chunks of her flesh eaten by sharks. When we were tiny, they told us often that sharks could come up through the drain in the tub (they also told us many stories of snakes and other things coming up through the toilet).

Other animals used often for **Redacted** were bees (for **Redacted**) and sloths (**Redacted**).

Another "game" variety our elders loved was to play "opposites"– and they made countless varieties of it. For example, once we learned the real names of objects, people, animals, genders, colors, etc., they would purposefully ask us a question and then tell us the opposite answer was correct. I remember the feelings and saw **Redacted** experience this often and how upset and adamant they would be that they were correct. If you gave the "wrong" answer (actually the right answer) you would be tortured and abused, often violently and immediately. They also did it often with our own names (for example, **Redacted** would say she was named "**Redacted**" and I was named "**Redacted**," or that I was the **Redacted** and she was the daughter, or that I was really a boy named "Isaac"). Sometimes they told you your name was the name of an inanimate object or an animal and vice versa. They wouldn't back down until you accepted it. (See experiences #__ and #__)

Frequency: Daily in some form. "Played" with **Redacted**, **Redacted**, relatives, family friends, and other CS members. In public, they would tease (often harshly) instead of torture. **Redacted** also used these techniques in his therapy practice.

They used different types of insects to torture us. They would usually tie us down and then cover our face and/or bodies with honey or honey water. Sometimes they poured a jar of insects on us and sometimes they let them fly to or crawl on us naturally. It was especially terrifying as small children.

Date: 1987-1988

Time: Nighttime
Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

One night **Redacted** woke us up and took us down to the basement naked, wrapped in towels. The Punisher was there. **Redacted** and **Redacted** said that we had been very bad lately and it was their duty to help us be obedient and good. **Redacted** and I had to say thank you to The Punisher for what he was about to do.

They put me on the table and tied me down. The Punisher smeared honey on my face and then poured a jar of ants on my face. I started sobbing, trying to keep my mouth closed. **Redacted** were crying, too. **Redacted** and **Redacted** said we needed to always "choose the right." The Punisher groped my body and put fingers in my vagina. He said that if I kept being a trouble maker instead of a "Peacemaker" he would cover my whole body with spiders and leave me down there for days. He asked me if I remembered my covenants and I nodded yes. He untied me and they wiped my face. The Punisher put honey & ants on **Redacted**'s stomach and then on **Redacted**'s arm. He repeated the threats about the spiders and leaving us alone in "the dungeon." They said the walls were very thick and no one would ever hear us. When it was done we had to suck on The Punisher's penis and swallow his semen. **Redacted** made us stand in the shower to clean off. We watched ants go down the drain and all cried. **Redacted** slapped me on the back for crying and not being a "good example" to **Redacted**.

Frequency: This type of punishment was given to **Redacted** and I for many years. They would also threaten us using photos of children with insects all over them or being terrorized with insects. They used flies, "Allred" bugs (in Spring City - named by **Redacted** because the Allred's were "the" family in Spring City – lots of them and powerful), spiders and bees a lot to threaten us.

Date: 1988-1989
Time: Daytime
Location: Spring City House

Another time in Spring City in the summer I was punished after one of my "confessions" with **Redacted** (See page ___). He and Joe Bennion (The Punisher) took me out to the barn. They gagged me and pushed me down on my back in the dirt and hay. They told me not to dare move a muscle. **Redacted** held a knife under my throat while Joe smeared honey over my face. It got in my eyes, nose, and mouth. He put some on my ears, too. It was very hot and there were lots of flies around our property. I was told that they would cut my bowels open if I dared to scream. Then they backed away and let flies land on me. I just sobbed and tried to breathe through the honey dripping into my nose. I thought I was going to suffocate. Flies were landing on my lips and buzzing in my ears. I heard Joe and **Redacted** laughing on and off and talking. Finally they asked if I had had enough. I nodded yes. Joe made

me say, "Please, Uncle Joe!" Then they wiped my face off with a cloth. **Redacted** told me to go out and wash my face in the pump and come back. When I came back they had their pants down. I was made to kneel and beg their forgiveness. As penance, they made me give them oral sex. They made me swallow their semen and say thank you before they let me go. Joe asked me if I had "seen a wolf." (He and **Redacted** would make that joke if you looked disheveled and/or terrified.)

They showed us photographs and printed pictures of horrific images. Some of these included: child pornography, children covered with bugs, children crying and being tortured, bound, and/or gagged, people with their heads cut off, people or animals disemboweled, people or animals with their throats slit, people with their organs cut out of them and displayed next to them, people "quartered," animals being tortured, people skinned, unattached body parts, babies being mutilated, people defecating on other living or dead people, men urinating or ejaculating on children, animals eating dead people, animals licking or eating tortured but still living people, etc.

Date: Summer or Fall 1989-1990
Time: Afternoon
Location: G&G Old Condo, 2200 North, Provo

One afternoon, **Redacted** sent me down the street to **Redacted**'s house with a shirt that had a missing button to see if **Redacted** had one that matched. When I got there **Redacted** tried to kiss me on the lips but I ducked. He pulled mini Hershey's chocolate bars from his pocket and told me to eat them right away because it was so hot outside. They took me to the living room and sat me on the couch in the middle of them. **Redacted** gave **Redacted** a packet that said "Rosie" on it out of a big manila envelope. They said it was from **Redacted** Nathan. **Redacted** took a few of the pictures out. One was of me posing "seductively" in lingerie. My hair was curled and I had a "princess" hairdo (that's what **Redacted** called it) where the front was pulled back into a big bow with the rest down. Another picture was of **Redacted** and I dressed in lingerie giving **Redacted** oral sex (you could only see him waist down). He was naked and standing with his legs apart. **Redacted** was siting at one of his feet with her body wrapped around his calf and looking up at him frowning. **Redacted** and **Redacted** laughed so hard at **Redacted** that **Redacted** got out his handkerchief and dried his eyes. Then they showed me a photo of a little girl (about 6 or 7 years old) hanging from the ceiling by a noose. Her eyes were open. She was naked and had a big gash across her lower stomach. Her guts were hanging out and blood was dripping down her legs. I lowered my head so they wouldn't see my face. **Redacted** asked if I was keeping my covenants. I said yes. They said this girl had been disobedient to her elders and this had been done for her own good. Then he offered me some chocolate ice cream, but I declined. He kept trying to "get [me] a little dish." **Redacted** rolled up the pictures inside a tablecloth and told me to run home and to

tell **Redacted** to call her when I got there. She told me I was the most delicious **Redacted** in the whole world. **Redacted** held my head and kissed me on the lips before I could get away. He told me he loved me. I ran home as fast as I could. **Redacted** made me tell her everything that had happened when I was there. After I gave my report she picked up the phone and called **Redacted.**

Frequency: These photos were used on their own as threats and also in some ceremonies. **Redacted** and **Redacted** would also sometimes put them in our clothes drawers and many other places throughout our house (often with a note) to scare us when and where we least expected it. We had been told many times to never dare destroy these pictures, but put them back on **Redacted**'s bed table if we ever "found" them. I was shown these types of photos at least weekly, but sometimes daily for a week or two if they were trying to really threaten me. This continued until I left the house, though as I grew older, the people in the pictures were often teenagers and adults (unless it was to threaten me about what they would do to **Redacted** or other children if I did not "cooperate"). As mentioned throughout this document, we were often given treats or gifts and told they were for "enduring" or "participating" in abuse or traumatic experiences. We were also given "treats" when we were "tested" or to reward certain behaviors. **Redacted** regularly gave them to us and they were usually some form of chocolate.

They used puppets, dolls, stuffed animals, or other toys to make up or reenact Church (CS), sexual, and/or violent experiences or "make believe" new ones. **Redacted** and **Redacted** used these "play times" to abuse us.

Date: 1985-1986
Time: Afternoon
Location: NY, Cornell Medical Center (?)

Redacted took me with his friend we called "Uncle Greg" downstairs in a building he said he "worked" in. It might have been on the Cornell Medical Center campus. It was very dark. We went down a hallway with rooms on either side. The rooms all had a glass wall on the side of the hallway so you could see inside. No one else was there. We went into one of the rooms where there were some plastic hand puppets that looked like people. He put a girl puppet on my hand and a boy puppet with brown hair on his hand. He introduced his puppet as "David" and called mine "Tabitha." I was shy and didn't want to play. He told me I needed to be "good" and then he would get me some ice cream. Then he said Tabitha was in love with David and she kept trying to get him to kiss her. David didn't like kissing, but Tabitha did. Uncle Greg laughed a lot. Then **Redacted** told me to make Tabitha hug his puppet and lick his penis (area). Then they told me to suck on their penises. They called me "Tabitha." They ejaculated and made me lick the semen. Some went on the floor and they rubbed it into the carpet with their shoes. They called me "Tabitha" at the

ice cream store. When we pulled into the driveway at home, **Redacted** told me that "Tabitha" had to hide now. He was smiling. Then he turned back to the front and took a knife out of his glove compartment. He got really angry and pointed the knife over my vagina. He told me that if I disobeyed him he would cut me from my vagina up to the top of my head and then he and **Redacted** would eat my heart.

Frequency: Redacted bought his own plastic therapy puppets and used them throughout our childhood. Sometimes they used our dolls and dollhouses. They also used them to "pretend" we (as dolls) were being hurt by Jesus, Heavenly Father, our Primary teachers, school teachers, and others.

When I was very young, in Tucson (1980-1984), they used a Raggedy Ann doll that they would make me act sexually with (rub my vagina on it, roll around, "hump," give pretend oral sex to, etc.). We did not take the doll with us to New York because it was too big (much larger than me). **Redacted** sewed me my "blankie" (which I used all my childhood and youth) with a raggedy ann print so I would always remember my doll, she said.

Other times they just played "pretend" and we had to act whatever part out they told us. Sometimes they sat back and directed us as an audience and more often they played parts themselves.

Date: Summer 1985-1987
Time: Evening
Location: **Redacted** Old House by the MTC, Provo, UT

Once they (**Redacted, Redacted, Redacted,** and **Redacted**) kept me up late and had me be "**Redacted**" and act out the story of "Thumbelina." (**Redacted** had a "Thumbelina" storybook that she would often read to me while she rubbed my vagina.) We were in their big living room with the blue carpet. **Redacted** pretended to be the "Fairy Prince" that "**Redacted**" marries. After the wedding between "**Redacted**" and the Fairy Prince, **Redacted** made me straddle him and pretend we were "having sex." He kept making jokes about his "wings" getting in the way. Everyone was laughing and telling me to suck on his penis. **Redacted** told me to be his "good little wifey," a name he used for me throughout my childhood and youth. They made me give him oral sex and swallow his semen. Then I had to do it to **Redacted** (who prayed with his hands on my head) and swallow his semen. When **Redacted** finished, **Redacted,** who was lying naked on the floor, told me to go put on my pajamas.

Frequency: They made me be "**Redacted**" (and perform sex acts) other times at **Redacted**'s house and also at home in New York. From my childhood to adulthood, **Redacted** and **Redacted** would talk about this time and other times they had me play "**Redacted**" and sing me the song "Thumbelina" from Danny Kaye's Hans Christian

Anderson movie (which **Redacted** later bought). Sometimes they sang "Thumbelina" and other times "**Redacted.**"

Date: 1990
Time: Evening
Location: Provo House

Redacted took us into the living room after dinner and said we were going to play "fairies." **Redacted** told us to get a dress-up and she made us come to her so she could do our hair. **Redacted** said part of the game was that we couldn't wear underwear (this was a rule in a lot of the "games" **Redacted** played). **Redacted** said he was going to be the old Troll under the bridge. He said fairies were his "favorite treat." He pretended to be asleep and we had to fly (run) from one end of the room to the other and jump over his legs (the bridge). He would roar and lunge at us and try to grab us. If he caught us we had to grant him a wish. He caught us about half of the time and we had to grant his wishes, which was mostly sucking on his nipples or sucking on his penis (which he left out of his pants after the first time). Sometimes he caught us and licked our vaginas and talked about them as "treats." At the very end he caught me and raped me vaginally. Then he ordered us to go ask our **Redacted** what she wanted us to do. She was in her room and she made us give her oral sex and "nurse" her.

Frequency: Pretend/play acting with **Redacted** happened at least several times a week, sometimes daily. Once and a while they played with us for a few minutes without it turning sexual or violent. Most of the time, this "make believe" was woven into our very frequent family ceremonies/ orgies. A variation **Redacted** made of this same "game" was about a troll and "The Three Billy Goat's Gruff." Another variation **Redacted** liked was pretending he was a giant and reciting "Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of __(he would make up a name or title for us), be she alive or be she dead, I'll grind her bones to make my bread!"

Playing "fairies" was regularly used by them and encouraged by **Redacted** when we played on our own. They told us to act like them because they were graceful and sensual. Also, **Redacted** and grandma said we were "flower fairies" – "flower" meaning vagina. They said I was a Rose/Rosebud fairy, **Redacted** was a Pansy fairy ("pansy-face" they called her), and **Redacted** was a Tulip Fairy ("tulips/ two-lips" they called her). They gave us many books and gifts of "Flower Fairy" products by Cecil ___.
Growing up, we were also given many, many gifts of costumes, calendars, journals, accessories, jewelry, trinkets, cards, books, music, and more related to fairies.

We played "cherubs" and "angels" a lot, too. In these cases we were naked or wore **Redacted**'s white and cream shawls. **Redacted** played "Heavenly Father," "Jesus Christ," and sometimes "the angel Moroni" or "Gabriel" and would make us pretend to fly around and then do sexual acts on him and on each other. **Redacted** liked to play "Heavenly Mother" or "Mary" (Jesus's mother), or "Mary Magdalene" (as a

seductress). The harp was involved in this when we started playing.

Redacted also liked to play like we were all a family of big cats. He said he was a lion (he often called himself "Aslan" from The Chronicles of Narnia) and, if **Redacted** was there, she was a lioness and we were cubs. Sometimes he had me play the lioness if **Redacted** was gone. They would also do this with black panthers/jaguars, as that was **Redacted**'s shape-shifting animal. Especially in New York and Provo they put on PBS "Nature" programs. The programs they chose were frequently about African animals and included lions very often. They would also rent them from the Provo and Orem libraries. Many times we watched these lion (or other big cat) specials as a family and then "acted out" the scenes, especially nursing and mating scenes. They also played like **Redacted** was a wild "Tom" cat and **Redacted** and we were house cats "in heat." (They usually called me "Tabby Cat" or "Tabby Kitten" – a nickname of "Tabitha.")

Sometimes they had us act out children's and youth books (with their added sexual acts and plot twists), such as Swiss Family Robinson, J.R.R. Tolkein books, Chronicles of Narnia, Treasure Island, Jane Austen books, and others. Sometimes they would start out the "play time" reading from these books, make us do things to them as they read, and end in a family orgy that they directed.

Redacted also used scenes and storylines from movies he liked (Braveheart, The Man from Snowy River, Dances with Wolves, and many others) or that they had bought for us (Cinderella and other Disney and fairy tale films, Shirley Temple, Our Gang movies, etc.)

COPIED FROM PG __: Redacted usually restricted TV during the day but we were sometimes allowed to watch videos. When we were very young and staying for the summer in Spring City, we did not have a TV. We would go across the street to the Bennion's house and watch a VHS tape they had of Shirley Temple (their TV was only hooked up to VHS). It was the first time we had ever seen her. We watched again and again. Even as teenagers we would get it out and watch it several times a year. There were two films on it called "War Babies" (the one we watched the most) and "Kid 'in' Africa." We learned to dance and act like Shirley Temple in "War Babies." The adults would instruct us to reenact the highly sexual parts. **Redacted** started curling our hair in ringlets regularly and then started purchasing more Shirley Temple videos for us. **Redacted** was especially good at **Redacted**cking her. Another name they used for **Redacted** was Shirley Temple.

Christmas and Easter were other times (along with Friday the 13th, equinoxes/solstices, Halloween, Thanksgiving, etc.) that were important and celebrated in different ways in their Church (CS). Christmas carols were sung and played during attacks of physical and sexual violence. In "mixed" company (CS and non-CS), Christmas Eve programs and Nativities were carefully constructed to be full of concealed threats. They would also hold their own CS parties in which they performed (and made us participate in) a different Nativity story and other

ceremonies. Before the festivities, **Redacted** would often have us go around and collect money from these people. If the company was mixed, the secret sexual acts "purchased in advance" would be collected later that night or soon thereafter. For both types of parties, we performed numbers that we had rehearsed at home during our "Family Nights." Sometimes we did them with the sexual acts and sometimes we were told to leave them out (in mixed company). They also did a lot of torture and sexual abuse in association with Santa Claus (emphasizing the need to be "good"), "Father Christmas," "Svarte Pete" (the black companion to Father Christmas in many European countries that whips and abuses "bad" children), and general Christmas presents. They would play "pretend" as these characters a lot.

Date: End of December 1989
Time: Evening
Location: G&G Old Condo, 2200 North, Provo

Redacted delayed my **Redacted**LDS baptism from **Redacted, Redacted. Redacted**, daughter of Dave and Deborah Sheets (**Redacted'** close CS friends) was baptized at the same time.

Over the Christmas holiday, **Redacted** held a party at their old condo. Dave, Deborah, and **Redacted** came. **Redacted** and I were told by **Redacted** and **Redacted** we were the "stars of the show" – especially me, as this was a special night to prove my loyalty to Lucifer. Other people there were **Redacted** (Richard), **Redacted** (Carma), **Redacted** (**Redacted, Redacted**, and **Redacted**), Julie and Nelson Aidukatis, **Redacted** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde Sullivan, **Redacted** Nathan, **Redacted** Gerrit, **Redacted** Belle and **Redacted** Dean, and other friends of **Redacted** and **Redacted.** I think **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig came, but I'm not sure. **Redacted** \ had made a hors d'oeuvres buffet for everyone.

While people were arriving and eating, **Redacted** took us upstairs to change into costumes. **Redacted** welcomed everyone and introduced us as "The Three Graces." **Redacted** made us go look down from the balcony over the living room and wave. **Redacted**, Nola, and Belle reminded everyone that they had been the "original Three Graces" and they posed and talked about how beautiful they had been. **Redacted** talked about me and that it was a special night for me having just been baptized. Everyone laughed and clapped. Then they started moving furniture and put down plastic on the floor of the living room.

Redacted had been making us rehearse the CS Nativity at home and they threatened us that if we didn't perform the way they wanted us to they would put the dead baby in my bed and call the police. I was "Mary" and wore a blue dress (too big for me) and scarf over my head. **Redacted** was to be the main angel and **Redacted** was a helper angel. They started the nativity and **Redacted** Dean read the story (sounds scriptural but is not in Christian scriptures). I first had to be raped ("overshadowed") by "God" (**Redacted** Clyde). I was also beaten by "Joseph" (**Redacted**) for getting pregnant out of wedlock. Then I had to go back by the stairs and **Redacted** made me hold my dress up to put the baby underneath. It was an infant boy and he

must have been drugged because he didn't cry and was pretty limp. I held him under my dress and tried to be very careful with him. They made me sit on **Redacted**'s back and then he started crawling on the carpet into the living room. **Redacted** walked by us. **Redacted** helped me "give birth" and **Redacted** pretended to be shocked, as **Redacted** had taught her to do, and everyone laughed. They made me put the baby in a cardboard box with a towel on the bottom. Then **Redacted** and grandma danced over wearing pillows on their heads. It was supposed to be a big joke and they gave presents to the baby. Then **Redacted** Nathan and Gerrit walked in as Roman soldiers and they announced the "Christ Feast!" (all the elders cheered). **Redacted** Nathan raped me and they cut open the baby with their swords.

Then **Redacted** and **Redacted** came back (with the pillows on their heads) with a blue and white china platter and silver spoons. They made me sit down and hold the platter on my lap. They lifted the baby out of the box and onto the platter and handed me a silver spoon. **Redacted** ordered me to "spoon out the eyes" and they made me eat the eyeballs.

Frequency: Most of the time, this "Nativity" was acted out with our baby dolls (naked "q-pee" dolls, **Redacted**'s "Baby Cinderella," and other dolls), but on very "special occasions" they got a real baby. They got these babies from the polygamist communities and other places. When **Redacted** and I were little, **Redacted** (and grandma) would make us act out the CS story with her Nativity sets.

Redacted has given me many blue and white china platters and silver spoons as gifts over the years. **Redacted** (especially **Redacted**), **Redacted**, **Redacted** Suki, and other **Redacted** would also remind me about this night and talk about eating the eyeballs and how close they are to "peeled grapes." To threaten me, they would talk at length in public about how "peeled grapes" are such delicacies and how they wished they had some right then, etc.

They would also read us scriptures and "explain" them to us.

Date: **Redacted** years old
Time: Mid-day
Location: Master bedroom, NY Apt: 77 Touraine Ave., Portchester, NY

Redacted got out the Book of Mormon and took me to her room. We sat on her bed and she started reading about how Nephi loved his parents. She stood up and read the line about Lehi casting himself upon his bed. She threw herself backwards on the bed, bouncing a little and laughing. She told me to do it and we kept doing it over and over. Then she made me take off my clothes and do it. She started rubbing my vagina and anus and singing "I Am a Child of God" (the LDS Primary song). She made me nurse her and milk came out and she said to drink it. Then she told me to eat her "tuna" (vagina) like a little kitten. I didn't want to and pulled away. She got angry and told me that Heavenly Father hated me and thought I was gross and ugly

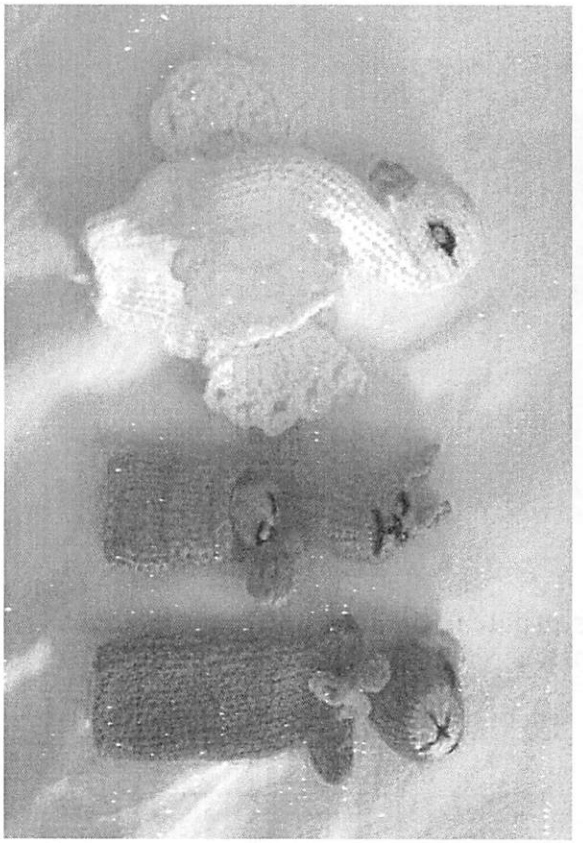
and that Lucifer would hate me too if I wasn't obedient. I started crying and she spanked me and covered my mouth so I wouldn't wake up **Redacted**. Then she made me stand in the cold shower for a long time.

Frequency: Rosie was a stay-at-home **Redacted** and events like this (especially "cat naps") happened nearly every day, and sometimes multiple times a day.

Date: **Redacted** years old
Time: Mid-day
Location: Master bedroom, New York apartment

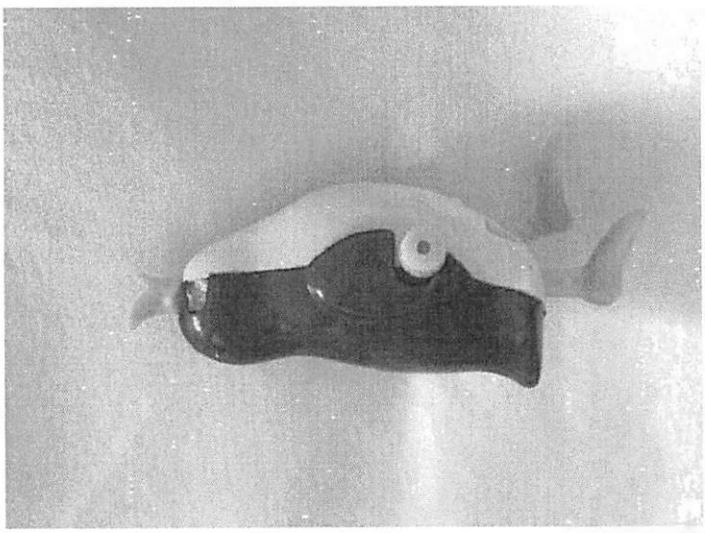
Redacted brought **Redacted** and I onto her bed and told us that we were going to play with puppets. She got out finger and hand puppets. We were naked but **Redacted** wore a diaper. She sang "Where is Thumbkin?", "Do As I'm Doing," and other songs and I copied her actions. She clapped and got excited when I copied her correctly. Then she started rubbing my vagina and singing and told me to copy her and do it on her. She told **Redacted** to "nurse." Then she told me to put my fingers in her vagina and she used the names of the fingers from the "Where is Thumbkin?" song. Then she got really mad because I messed up and spanked me a lot over her lap. She told me to take **Redacted** and "get out!"

Frequency: Redacted would add these toys and activities to the "cat naps" she made us take with her. **Redacted** used finger and hand puppets and other toys with us often as kids to increase our coordination and dexterity, as she explained to me when I got older. I watched her use them with **Redacted** and when my first daughter was born, one of the gifts she gave her was a set of finger puppets (I have NEVER left my daughter with **Redacted** for any amount of time). **Redacted** would then bring these puppets and toys to church as a "quiet activity" in Sacrament Meeting – reinforcing that these were "good" and fun activities .



3 of a larger set of finger puppets **Redacted** gave to my baby, **Redacted**

Redacted gave us toys in the bath that they used in their abuse. We always had a rubber great white shark that they would have "bite" us, usually on our vagina. **Redacted** also kept a turkey baster in our bathtub toys. We were supposed to play with it and "clean" ourselves inside our vaginas, like a vaginal enema. They would make us do it on each other, too. They also pushed it into our vaginas and anuses saying it would make them bigger. **Redacted** also gave me a windup penguin. When wound up it would kick its legs and swim around. **Redacted** used it like a mini vibrator and would push it inside my vagina or hold it on top.



Redacted and Redacted trained us to masturbate in the bath and made us touch the private parts of our siblings and cousins.

Date: 1984
Time: Unknown
Location: Tucson Apartment, AZ

Redacted and Redacted Carol put me in the bathtub with Redacted. Redacted was there, too. Redacted and I were about the same age. I asked Redacted for toys and she touched Redacted's penis and told me that was my "toy." Then she touched my vagina and told Redacted that was his "toy." The adults laughed and made us touch each other's genitals with our hands and then hug each other with our bodies (making his penis touch me).

Frequency: Redacted and Redacted Carol would remind Redacted and me, through our childhood and teenage years, that we had taken many baths together "Naked!" when we were little. They laughed and made sexual jokes about it. Redacted joined in, too. They also liked to use the phrase "Kissing Redacted" a lot.

As we became teenagers, Redacted bought bath "pillows" that could suction cup to the tub and bath accessories and wanted us to take lots of long baths. We were often alone for these and she would come into our bathroom (pick the lock with a bobby pin if we locked it or make us come and open the door) and make us give her oral sex, usually while she braced herself over the tub.

Redacted also used our toys in their torture of us.

Date: 1985-1986

Time: Nighttime
Location: NY Apartment

Redacted said we were going to play with my "Jack in the Box" toy. I started crying because this "game" was always so scary. Redacted put some of her makeup and hats on she and Redacted that made them look like clowns. She also took off my clothes. They made me turn the handle and when "Jack" popped out they would do different things such as: Redacted would hold me upside down by my feet and Redacted would spank with her hand, a wooden spoon, or whip me with Redacted's belt; they would immediately jump at me and beat the back of my head, back, and bottom; they would put their hands around my neck, cover my mouth and nose, or put a pillow over my face; lay on top of me so I couldn't breathe; and more.

Frequency: Redacted played this and other torture "games" with me like this for Redacted, before their Redacted ceremonies and orgies, and with their CS adult friends when I was very young. Redacted made me save certain toys in the "Keepsakes" boxes she assembled for me. When I got married and was preparing to leave home, she made me take my old Jack in the Box toy and other toys and told me to pack them away and keep them. I hated the Jack in the Box so much but was afraid to get rid of it so I just took the stickers off and kept them and destroyed the toy. Some of my other toys they used for torture purposes, Redacted said she was keeping for her grandchildren.

At times Redacted and other elders also ordered us to act violently with our toys.

Date: 1987-1989

Time: Daytime
Location: **Redacted** House, Provo (by MTC)

Once when we visited **Redacted's** house, I was playing with my Corolle baby doll and **Redacted** started playing "pretend" with me. We were sitting on the long couch in the living room. He said the doll had not been "choosing the right." He took off one of his shoelaces and tied the dolls arms and legs to its body. Then he went to the kitchen and got some of **Redacted**'s kitchen tools. He made me hit the doll all over and push the handle of a wooden spoon into (the area of) her vagina. He pretended to be talking for the baby and saying sorry and thank you. Then he tied the shoelace around the baby's neck and held her in the air. I asked him for my baby back and he said I could have her if I was a good girl. Then he made me give him oral sex.

Frequency: They also had us act violently with them, with each other, to ourselves, etc. **Redacted** would have me punch, hit, kick him, jump on him, pull his hair, yell or scream in his face. **Redacted** would also have us try to "scare" them by acting like we were going to hurt them. They would act really afraid and then laugh and clap. They would also have me hurt myself - hit myself with objects, bite my arms and legs, hit hard objects so I hurt my hands or shoulders, etc. Sometimes we were made to do this self-injury with Joe Bennion and our NY Landlord, both "Punishers," and in "confessions" with **Redacted** and other Elders.

As previously mentioned, **Redacted** used many key words, images, and objects in connection with traumatic events and experiences. These things were used frequently in abuse and in daily life to threaten and silence us. They are still using these things today. Some were used privately (only with **Redacted** or other CS members). For example, they called me "The Big Nipper" because of my anatomy as a teenager (full breasts). They called **Redacted** "The Non-nipper" to make her feel bad and insecure. They called **Redacted** and then **Redacted** "The Little Nippers." They also had some names they would use in public. In this way they could also talk about something that would threaten or scare us in front of other people, without being suspected. Some examples are:

> CATS/KITTENS: **Redacted** and **Redacted** and others also used the phrase "cat naps." **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted** Nola, and Belle and many others who knew about and/or participated in the "cat" training we were given would give us cat themed gifts. We received countless cards, books, *"Hello Kitty" stationary, stickers, toys, and school supplies, stuffed animal cats, clothing with cats on them, etc. **Redacted** and **Redacted** gave us many, many real cats over our childhood and youth. We were made to study the behavior of our cats closely in order to **Redactedc** them. **Redacted** and grandparents would talk in "cat voices" when they abused us in this theme. **Redacted** and many others

often called me "Tabitha," mainly after the Beatrix Potter cat character. As a nickname to Tabitha, they would call me "Tabby Kitten" or "Tabby Cat," because, they said, of the color of my head and pubic hair. They also called me "Hello Kitty."

*I grew to hate "Hello Kitty," and said I didn't like it to **Redacted**, but they and others still gave me many gifts of this brand. When I told **Redacted** that I was not "Hello Kitty" but the rabbit friend of hers, they started calling me "**Redacted** Rabbit" and buying all sorts of "Hello Kitty" rabbit gifts and general rabbit gifts.

TUNA: Similar to and in conjunction with "Cats/Kittens." **Redacted** called our vaginas "tuna" (hers, too). She liked to talk about "eating tuna" in public conversation. It had to do with her extensive oral sex training of us where we were supposed to act like cats. **Redacted** loved doing sexual things with our cats. One of the things she would do was to put actual tuna on her and/or our vaginas and make us (often along with the cats) eat it off. She would often serve us tuna fish sandwiches as a threat. Grandma also participated in all of these things.

ROSEBUD/ROSE/ FLOWER: **Redacted**, and **Redacted**, called me her "Rosebud" or "Rose." She, **Redacted**, and others used these names for my vagina specifically. In the same way, **Redacted**'s vagina was called "pansy-face" and **Redacted** was "tulips" because, they often said, she was "a pretty little Dutch girl" ("two lips," they said, referring to the anatomy of the vagina). They and many others called our vaginas "flowers."

TREASURE: **Redacted** used the name "Tabitha" for me when they wanted me to be sexually uninhibited and obedient to them and others. When **Redacted** (and **Redacted**) wanted to praise me as "Tabitha", she would call me her "treasure." Especially as I got older, if I didn't "mess up" giving her oral sex she would often tell me how talented I was and that I was her "treasure."

TREAT(S): "Treat" or "treats" were words **Redacted** used as code for sexual acts or as a name for genitalia (such as **Redacted** saying, "Who wants some treats?", "I want some treats," "I want some of your treats," "I'm going to steal your treats," "Give your **Redacted/Redacted** a treat"). When **Redacted** and **Redacted** said, "I'm going to give you a treat" or "We're going to have treats" that could mean sexual acts only, something sweet to eat and sexual acts, or sometimes just something sweet to eat. The word "sweet" and "sweets" was also used this way. **Redacted** would also call his penis a "Toblerone bar" and **Redacted** always gave them to us for special occasions. **Redacted** really limited sweets in our daily life, but would give them out as gifts or use them in **Redacted** orgies. For example, I was given a lot of ice cream, chocolate (German Lindt bars with

Snow White on the package), gummies, and other candy the few days following an abortion.

WILDWOOD/ HAMBLIN FAMILY

In the summer we would spend time with **Redacted's** relatives in "Wildwood," a cabin community in Provo Canyon on the way to Sundance. **Redacted's** mother, June, owns a cabin there. His father, Robert, passed away in 2012. Robert had divorced June in **Redacted** and had since remarried 3 or 4 times. **Redacted** has 4 siblings – Carol, Steve, Suki, and Krii. **Redacted** is the second oldest.

Redacted especially loved to show off around his siblings and talked a lot about psychological theories and psychologists like Freud. He often reminded us that he had the most education of all of his siblings. He loved to demonstrate his "skill" in front of them. For example, almost all (or just one or two) of the **Redacted** would be given treats, while others would be left out and mocked. He loved creating situations where public punishment was given or he and his siblings could alienate a certain child from the group. These were regular experiences for CS children, but **Redacted** would talk about the psychology of these created situations and loved getting the attention from being the "authority". His siblings supported this behavior and did it themselves.

Date: 1994-1996
Time: Evening
Location: Craig and Susan Christensen Home, Spring City

One evening at **Redacted** Suki's house (with their family, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, Craig's parents and a few of Craig's siblings), **Redacted** started teasing **Redacted** who was a toddler. **Redacted** loved to make comments and tease him about being fat. This night **Redacted** talked loudly and told the people around him to watch how easily he could begin to create a "new part" in **Redacted**. He said, "**Redacted**, *I'm* 'Tubby Tanker'." People laughed. **Redacted** didn't pay attention to him – he usually avoided **Redacted** because **Redacted** was mean to him. **Redacted** repeated the phrase over a few times, then said, "**Redacted**, *you're* not 'Tubby Tanker,' *I'm* 'Tubby Tanker'." **Redacted** just looked at him and told him to go away. **Redacted** looked at **Redacted** and me sternly and motioned for us to say it with him. We obeyed. One person would say *they* were "Tubby Tanker" and then another would say, "No! *I'm* Tubby Tanker." Pretty soon, **Redacted** tried it on **Redacted** and **Redacted** finally said, "No! *I'm* Tubby Tanker." **Redacted** held his arms up in the air and then bowed to everyone while they clapped. **Redacted** got **Redacted** to say it over and over again. After that, every time **Redacted** was around **Redacted** for the next year or so he would call him "Tubby Tanker" and get him to say, "*I'm* 'Tubby Tanker'."

Frequency: This was a variation of the "opposite game" that was used daily in our lives.

Redacted's sister, Susan (Suki), is devoted to him. Their family often lived close to us and participated in ceremonies with us. At these ceremonies and other times, I witnessed **Redacted** and Susan having sex. Other times **Redacted** and/or **Redacted** Craig would be part of it, and sometimes just **Redacted** and Craig. Sometimes we attended ceremonies at their homes. The adults often laughed about how their family had followed **Redacted** moving to NY, to Utah Valley, to Spring City, then back to Provo. Craig's parents and some of his siblings moved to Spring City when they did, as well. Around that same time, **Redacted**'s father, Robert, renovated a house and moved there, too. **Redacted** Steve bought a property there but I think they might have had to sell it again. This time period was when the adults (**Redacted**, relatives, friends) most often spoke about creating a "United Order"-type community with their CS friends as part of their "last days" preparations.

Redacted is **Redacted** and between **Redacted** and **Redacted** in age and played very often with us growing up. Suki, her mother, wanted **Redacted** to be included with us and our various performances, but our **Redacted** often told us that **Redacted** had no "talent" and was not pretty enough. **Redacted** was also often told by **Redacted** Hamblin relatives that she had "the Christensen head" (round face) and was awkward and/or ugly. Adults (including her own parents) and cousins were very cruel to her, tormented her or acted disgusted with her regularly. She often retaliated. Aunt Suki would asked me many times to teach **Redacted** to be a good "Peacemaker." **Redacted**'s personality is not subtle and she is a very openly passionate person. She had a very hard time, from what I saw and experienced, being her family's "Peacemaker." The adults would also laugh and encourage any poor treatment of her by **Redacted**.

Most everyone (adults first, then kids – led especially by Carol, **Redacted**, and Steve) would *ruthlessly* make fun of **Redacted**. As a young child **Redacted** was regularly called "gay," a "sissy," and a "fag." He cried very often because of this terrorizing and was called more names for it. **Redacted** also participated in this type of teasing with **Redacted**.

Our **Redacted** Carol was especially cruel to all the kids and was often quietly disparaged by **Redacted**. She could be extremely cold and critical and an image keeper. She loved saying she was "The Queen" and talked about and sometimes wore her sparkly red shoes and striped socks like "The Wicked Witch" from The Wizard of Oz.

The Hamblin family has a term for kids flirting with the adults. The term is used as if it is some kind of condition. They call it having "the cutes." When we were told to have "the cutes" at home or with any of **Redacted** we got a lot of attention and praise.

The adult Hamblin siblings would be very mean to each other. They made fun of each other in front of one another, behind each other's backs, and to their spouses and, frequently, to their children. They made fun of each other's spouses. **Redacted** Tim, Clyde, and sometimes Craig were called effeminate. They said Carol wore the pants in her family and that Clyde was a woman. They made fun of Craig's face and nose and about Craig's **Redacted** who permed his hair. They teased Suki and Craig about having **Redacted** for a child.

Redacted, Steve, and **Redacted** (and sometimes **Redacted** Craig) would frequently grope us and then give us "fishies" when we tried to get away. (I have spoken about this in my previous documents.) **Redacted** and Steve would sometimes make us play "Go Fish" with them and if you requested a card that someone didn't have, they would make you "get" a "fishy" – they would do it to us and each other. ("Fishies" would be given to me AT LEAST once a day at Wildwood by various people.) **Redacted** Steve also played "Old Maid" with us and would call it "Old **Redacted**," saying he would call me that when I was an old woman still living with **Redacted**. He teased me about being **Redacted**'s "little wifey," too.

Steve and **Redacted** would sometimes perform the song "**Redacted**" from "White Christmas." Steve would request we massage his back and shoulders, paint his nails with **Redacted**, pretend to put makeup on him or put actual lipstick and other makeup on him, "do" his hair with bows, curlers, etc. He and **Redacted** would sometimes wear dress ups and walk ("saunter" and "prance," as they called it) around like women.

The "N" word was used to tease people (as it was at the Bennion's house, most often by Joe). **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and Steve loved to ask each other if they had any "nigger-toes" (brazil nuts) then they would laugh and the person they "offended" would try to wrestle them into submission (it was offensive to them to be equated with people of African decent). **Redacted** laughed a lot when they did this. Both **Redacted** and some of the Hamblin family called people "mongrals" (meaning to them "mixed race") or "mongoloids" (for mentally disabled people). They made a lot of jokes about and disparaged the mentally or otherwise disabled people around us, such as the young man in Spring City and the Larsen's son, **Redacted**, who both had Down's Syndrome. They often said they would have aborted them or killed them at birth, if they had been their parents. They would make jokes about the common LDS view that disabled people were some of the "elect of Christ." They talked about the black nanny Robert (**Redacted**) and June (**Redacted**) had employed while their children were young. **Redacted** often said to his siblings that he had a fixation on breasts and "nursing" because **Redacted** had not nursed him as a baby, but had given him to the nanny who was his "wet nurse." He said his "little David part" was still trying to nurse from **Redacted**. His siblings teased him that he preferred "black breasts" and "chocolate milk" because of the wet nurse.

Steve would often shake our hand, wiggling his index finger on our wrist while wiggling his eyebrows and saying something sexually suggestive to us. This was attempted almost daily when **Redacted** were together.

When together, many times a day **Redacted** and Steve would wrestle each other, groping their "wee-wee's", groping or trying to put their hand between the others' butt cheeks or tickle each other's anuses. They would sometimes take showers or baths together. Once at Steve's house in Arizona (1994-1996), **Redacted** heard Steve was in the shower and ran and jumped in with him. The adults all laughed about it later.

Redacted and his adult children would all say the following and laugh (and teach the kids to repeat these lines):
Your lips are like roses... Negros's
Your hair is like wool... Steel wool
Your teeth are like fences... Picket fences

We did frequent performances of the "Nelly" skit/song (See end of paper). This skit reinforced multiple threats they made to us.

Date: 1983
Time: Night
Location: **Redacted**'s house, Tucson, AZ

Redacted took baby **Redacted** and me to **Redacted**'s house. I remember asking **Redacted** where **Redacted** was. He said she was in the hospital because she was sad and didn't want to be **Redacted. Redacted** and **Redacted** took off their pants and sat on the floor. They told me to rub and lick their "wee-wees." They were laughing. I did and they started rubbing their penises. They ejaculated and told me to eat the semen. I did and laughed really hard.

Frequency: The experience of rubbing and licking **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s penises happened when we lived in Tucson, in Spring City when he bought a home there, Wildwood, and when he would visit our various homes.

Date: 1991-1992
Time: Summer
Location: Wildwood, Provo Canyon

I was with **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted,** and **Redacted (Redacted)** in the Wildwood cabin main room. Everyone was running around and playing. **Redacted** Steve was on the couch and he tried to get us to come over to him and pointed to his cheek for us to kiss it. It often took a lot of convincing because we knew what was going to happen.

Sometimes we successfully ran away, but most of the time he would grab us aggressively. I said I didn't want him to tickle me and he swore he wouldn't. He kept begging us to give him a kiss and then he started threatening me that he would have to tell **Redacted**. I knew that if he did, whatever **Redacted** made me do with the two of them as penance would be much worse than this. I attempted to kiss his cheek and **Redacted** and I tried to hold his head in place. He grabbed my head and whipped his face around really fast so we kissed on the lips. Then he laughed really hard and started to tickle me. I resisted and tried to get away but wouldn't let me and tickled harder. Then he started trying to pull me in closer. He groped my chest and put one hand up my shorts to fondled my vagina. I kicked and tried to get away and **Redacted** grabbed his arms and tried to pull them open. He kept making a "kissy face" and trying to kiss me as I struggled. All the kids were yelling and jumping around in the chaos. Some said for him to tickle me, others said to let me go. He was laughing hard. As he relaxed his grip I scrambled to my feet and turned around to run away. He stuck out his hand and gave me a "fishy." I ran out to the backyard.

Frequency: This was a frequent occurrence whenever we were with **Redacted** Steve. This happened in **Redacted**, when we visited his or **Redacted**'s homes, and at Wildwood. He would sometimes jump out behind a door or corner and grab us and do the same kinds of things. Other times he would pretend to be asleep and grab us as we walked by. **Redacted** and Steve often did these things together. Once and a while **Redacted** Craig did it, too, or would join them. They could get violent (especially with **Redacted**) and spank, pinch, hit, etc. When we cried we would be mocked and ridiculed in front of the rest of the kids and parents. They also loved to give very painful "Purple Nurples" to us at these times. We also knew if we told on him to any of the other **Redacted** it would do nothing. They often just laughed or ignored us. **Redacted** Craig would do fishies on us, too – especially if the other men were doing it.

Date: 1991-1992
Time: Summer
Location: Wildwood, Provo Canyon

Another time, **Redacted** and **Redacted** had dropped us off to play at Wildwood with the Christensen's and Hamblin **Redacted** for the afternoon and they would come back for dinner. We had been upstairs jumping on the beds earlier and I had taken off my socks. I ran back into the cabin to get them and up the stairs. I was not thinking about being quiet when I passed the door to the one private bedroom upstairs. The door was ajar and **Redacted** Steve asked who was there in a gruff voice. I didn't say anything. The bed creaked and I heard footsteps. The door opened and **Redacted** Steve said I had woken him up and had some repenting to do. He told me to get in the bedroom and he shut the door. He pushed me onto the bed and took off his belt. I

kept saying I was really sorry. He whipped his belt on the floor and said he didn't believe me. He started pulling off my shorts and made me to get on all fours. He spanked me and seemed to be masturbating with the other hand. Then he grabbed my hips and started anally raping me, cursing and saying how good it felt. When he was done he pushed me to the side and lay down on the bed. He told me he forgave me. I got up and collected my things, and put my shorts and underwear back on. I snuck out and sat on the swinging bed for a while.

DOLLS

See Dolls under Ceremonies

BIRTHDAYS

Birthdays in the CS were very traumatic for us, but **Redacted** often threw big parties for our school classmates and friends. **Redacted** held my birthday party at Wildwood one year (**Redacted** grade, I think). I had been disobedient and **Redacted** decided to punish me. He made everyone try to fish in the river that runs behind the cabins using his pole. He caught a fish and called everyone over to him. Laughing, he then gutted it aggressively, pulled out the heart (it beat independently for a while) and scared my friends by making some of them hold it in their hands and then put it on a rock in front of us. Some of them ran away to the front of the house.

CLOTHING

I was raised being told by **Redacted** that for the rest of my life I was going to live at home as **Redacted**'s second wife (his "little wifey" or "good little wifey," as he called me). For most of my public youth life, **Redacted** often dressed me more conservatively and plainly than **Redacted** (aside from fancy dresses used on Sunday

- bought for CS parties and prostitution and child porn purposes). **Redacted** purchased the majority of my clothes shopping on her own, would give me some of her clothing she had saved from her youth, or would give me her current clothing to wear (anywhere from 4-8 sizes too big for me). I was not allowed to wear any makeup to cover my bad acne or wear any kind of low heel until I was **Redacted** and then it was very minimal. **Redacted** were not given the same restrictions. In private, and starting in my childhood, I was given lingerie, a trendy outfit (if I was supposed to look my age for a client), costumes, etc. She put makeup on me and did my hair.

FAMILY DYNAMICS

We were to be completely obedient to our elders and the Elders on the Councils. This was for "the best" and our "own good," phrases and terms used nearly daily by them. See also "Paterfamilias" and "Wisdom of Parents" (pg [redacted]).

Redacted would often tell me that I was his favorite **Redacted**, but that I was never to tell

Redacted because they would be jealous. **Redacted** also told me that I or **Redacted** and I were their favorites. They regularly disparaged **Redacted.**

Rosie often said she wanted to live in a nudist colony. She said she loved being naked around the house, and she often did so - even in front of windows. When we lived in Spring City, Joe would often come over after she had been walking around like that. She was sometimes fully or partially naked around our "clients" to try and entice them to do stuff with her and get more money, she said. **Redacted** attended many Women's Retreats with other female members of the church (CS). **Redacted** would tease **Redacted** about going because **Redacted** and others reported that they had a lot of lesbian sexual encounters there.

HEALTH

In Utah, our primary doctor for most of my childhood was **Redacted.** We went to him a lot. We also went later to **Redacted.** They both worked across from Day's Market on Canyon Road in Provo. At times **Redacted** took us to multiple Dr.'s for the same ailment (especially to get painkillers) and frequented many pharmacies in Provo. She kept a lot of these medicines around our house in bathrooms and kitchens.

We contracted a variety infections in all places, viral and bacterial. At times we took frequent antibiotics. We often got boils and sores on our skin. **Redacted** covered them with band-aids and warned us to not take it off and not to tell anyone about them. I once got one about the size of a quarter on my thigh and when I could barely wear pants over it because of the pain, she finally took me to get it lanced by the doctor (**Redacted**). He said I should have come in much, much sooner and it would not have left a scar (I still have the scar). **Redacted** and **Redacted** had the same boils and sores we often got.

I got very many eye infections through my childhood. Once when we lived in the Provo Condo, **Redacted** gave me her used prescription eye drops (from Edgemont pharmacy) to treat an eye infection. When the drops ran out, we were living next door and **Redacted** told me to call the pharmacy and lie to them. She had me say that **Redacted** needed a refill but was too old and confused about the process to do it herself. They said it was no problem and **Redacted** sent me down to the Edgemont pharmacy to pay for it with cash. She had me do this one additional time and the pharmacy said they had needed to contact the original doctor, but it went through.

In my teenage years, **Redacted** did many "homeopathic" treatments along with her Matriarchal blessings. She gave us "garlic enemas" (where garlic is minced and

added to the enema bag water), garlic pills, large doses of vitamin C and zinc, other herbal medicines and teas.

To try and preserve our regular health with so much exposure to bacteria, she taught me to clean myself with very hot water after being raped. She had me wash inside the vaginal canal with hot soapy water and to hold my urine before and during sex and then urinate immediately afterward (to "clean" the urethra). She gave us regular enemas because **Redacted** liked to anally rape us so often. She would fill the bag multiple times per enema until the water coming out of us was "clear." I would often feel dizzy and sick afterward. We also had to do this with douches. When we got to be teenagers, she made us do this process our own (at her order).

As I grew older and learned about STD's in school and through friends, I was very, very afraid of catching one. I sometimes used douches and enemas even more than **Redacted** ordered, thinking it would protect me.

SECRECY/ SECURITY

"Opposite day!" **Redacted** and relatives would use this code phrase as a threat when they heard us say anything in public that exposed our secret life and beliefs. They would say it in a playful, "joking" voice but it was a very real threat. When we would get home we would be punished for any "slips." As Peacemaker, I was extra paranoid because I would often get the most severe punishment – "extra trials" which I was told were "for the best" and "for [my] good." As I got older, I would say the phrase "opposite day!" to keep **Redacted** and **Redacted** in line. **Redacted**, relatives, and their friends fostered tattle-tales among all the children. It kept **Redacted** and I afraid of disclosing anything. We became extremely skilled at hiding our life and talking in code about our family's faith. The titles "Christ," "Savior," "Redeemer," "Lord," "God," "Father," "Holy Ghost," etc. all meant Lucifer/Satan. If we had to say anything to another CS member in public we often said the opposite of what we meant. If we had to refer to the Church (CS), we would usually call it "The Group."

Redacted chose homes where they were safe, or *safer*, to practice their religion:

NY – Landlord and neighbor were CS members.

Provo – Our neighbor was "Cliffany," an old lady who **Redacted** told us was going senile.

Spring City – Our house and lot was surrounded by an abandoned lot, the Bennions, and an old lady (Bernice) who was VERY hard of hearing and sat inside with her TV blaring 24/7. The neighbor (Jeff Allred) who lived to the west of us was almost one full acre away from our house and had a large

closed fence around most of his property line. **Redacted** often said things about him being stupid and called him an alcoholic. On the other side of our same block lived an old, nearly blind artist named Ella Peacock. Next to Ella was Linda Allred and sometimes her daughter, Bobette, and son-in-law. **Redacted** said Bobette and husband were "ritual abusers" when **Redacted** was of age to attend their Nursery class in the LDS Church. I was told the family on the north end of the Bennion's side of the street HATED us – especially the Bennion's. When "a neighbor" called the cops on our family for the frequent noise and bonfires outside, everyone said it must have been a complaint from this certain family.

In places we lived, there were LDS ward and stake members around us that were secretly CS members.

OTHER ABUSE

Date: 1985-1987
Time: Nighttime
Location: Kevin and Khaliel Kelly Home, NY

Redacted' friends (CS members) would often call me "Tabitha" when I was at their homes to play or sleep over. One night I slept over at the Kelly's house with **Redacted**. It was a big sleepover with all the kids. Khaliel told me (calling me "Tabitha") that I was to "have sex" with **Redacted** that night. She said he was too shy so I had to be in charge. She said that if I didn't do this she would have our landlord ("The Punisher") take me to the basement when I got home. I was very afraid of Khaliel. I had seen her in and out of ceremonies, LDS church, and both our homes and she could often be very angry, cold, and cruel to her kids and also to us at times. That night she arranged for **Redacted** and I to share the lower bunk of a bunk bed. I obeyed and carefully tried to shift closer to Ian all night, a centimeter at a time. He would stay for a while, as I got nearer. I finally put his arm over me a few times, but he would slowly pull it back. I was sure he was just pretending to be asleep. **Redacted**, his sister, got up to go to the bathroom and saw us. I froze and pretended to be asleep, too. **Redacted** was mostly lying on his back and I was facing him with one arm and leg over his body. **Redacted** stared at us for a long time, then went back to bed. After a while I fell asleep. In the morning Khaliel asked if I had obeyed her. I was scared and said that **Redacted** just kept sleeping. She said I had disobeyed her and would not give me breakfast with the other kids. She was cold and silent with me all morning until **Redacted** came and got me.

Especially when we lived full-time in Provo, **Redacted** would drop us off at "**Redacted**

Nola's" house to spend several hours or the afternoon. We were threatened by **Redacted** that she and **Redacted** would punish us severely if she heard we had resisted *in any way* with what they wanted to do with us. **Redacted** always reverenced **Redacted** Clyde and spoke admiringly about him. She had lived with the Sullivan's as a young adult.

Redacted would take us into the house and speak in the dinning room for a **Redacted** with either of them, then leave. Nola would usually take us right upstairs and have us take our clothes off. She would run a bath in her huge (it seemed to us) jetted tub in her master bathroom. We "swam" in it while she changed into her robe (naked underneath or wearing lingerie or consecrated LDS garments) and watched us. Then she would say she was going to "pamper" us and take us out one by one. She would get out her big towels and dry each of us off. Then we got to go into her master bedroom and closet. She would let us play "dress-up" with her clothes. She would put body powder, fancy lotions, and perfumes on us. (We would get to pick or she would make a big deal about picking "just the right one" for each of us.) She put some on, too or she would make us powder or lotion her. Then she and **Redacted** Clyde would make us do sexual acts. Often, the "art lesson" in her water color studio would happen at the end of our stay before **Redacted** would pick us up. Nola would have us paint something and then come around and paint over it once it dried more ("correcting it") or sometimes just paint one for us. She would regularly give us a piece of her artwork to take home (just on watercolor paper) and most of the time it was of one or more flowers. She would say she was picking out one that matched our "flowers" (vaginas). When we got home, **Redacted** would make us tell her every detail of what we did with **Redacted** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde.

Date: 1990
Time: Daytime
Location: Nola and Clyde's House

One day **Redacted** and I were running around **Redacted** Nola's room modeling her clothes as **Redacted** got her lotion and perfume from **Redacted** Nola. **Redacted** was talking in a British accent and acting like a wealthy woman. **Redacted** Clyde was in the bed watching us, wearing his garments. (Which are LDS, but consecrated to Satan by CS rule.) He was laughing and touching his penis. Then **Redacted** Nola called us over and told **Redacted** to climb on the bed with **Redacted** Clyde. Nola had us take off the clothes we were wearing and she rubbed lotion everywhere on us, fondling our nipples and genitals, too. Then she stood up and took off her robe and she was naked underneath. She told us to get on the bed. **Redacted** was giving **Redacted** Clyde oral sex. Nola told **Redacted** and I to "dance" for them, demonstrating slow "sensual" movements with her arms, torso, and hips. Then she told us to embrace and kiss each other. She said our vaginas looked like beautiful flowers and she started masturbating. **Redacted** Clyde ejaculated and made **Redacted** lick it up. He told us to do it, too. Then Nola ordered us to lick her vagina like kittens and suck on her nipples. She called me "Tabby Kitten." **Redacted** Clyde stuck his finger into my vagina and hooked it and

yanked me around. When they were done they told us to leave the room and get dressed.

Frequency: Usually one to several times a month. The order of events would change but there were usually one or more sexual experiences, in addition to painting, playing their organ, or wandering around their house. They would stage these oral sex or rape sessions all over their house. They had many forms of "beds" in their house. Sometimes we were taken to Clyde's office (the room with the organ). Clyde usually raped me and **Redacted** in that room and in their Master bedroom, but sometimes they put us on a blanket under the carving of "The Three Graces" in their living room (Clyde had carved a huge "Three Graces" sculpture into the wood wall above the fireplace in honor of Belle, Nola, and Carma – the original "Three Graces." Nola always told us she was the middle front one – the most beautiful, with the "best figure" of the three. We were named "The Three Graces" after them). Sometimes Clyde would start raping one of us and then finish (ejaculate) in another **Redacted**. Often Nola and Clyde would call me "Tabitha" while I was there.

As threats of silence, Nola has given me "gifts" of her flower paintings nearly every time we have visited her home, many times for Christmas gifts, and has brought them to **Redacted**'s houses over the years so **Redacted** would pass them on to us later. For my wedding present she gave me a large, matted painting of a single iris (a flower she often equated with my "flower" - vagina) with barbed wire fencing around it.

We also attended ceremonies at her house.

Throughout the 1990s, especially in warmer weather, the men in Spring City used to make "Pee Rings" on the roads around our house at night. They would get very excited about doing it since there was a chance someone might see them. The women would laugh and tease them about it, too. I don't know if it was a real CS "ceremony" (as in the ceremonies **Redacted** did) or something they made up themselves. I tend to think it was made up. I saw them do many variations of it throughout my childhood. They also did this on camping trips.

Date: 1993
Time: Daytime
Location: Spring City House

One evening towards the end of the renovation to "The House" (our house in Spring City), **Redacted**, **Redacted** Gerrit, Joe, and another man (maybe working on our house) went out after dinner to make "pee rings." I had been sent out to get something we had left outside and watched them from behind our fence. They stood on the street with their hands on each other's shoulders for a minute, their heads bent down. It looked like they were praying. Then they looked around to make sure no one was

watching and broke away from each other, spinning with their penis's hanging out of their pants. (When I was in **Redacted** grade I saw a picture of "Whirling Dervishes" in my social studies book and thought they were also making "pee rings.") They held their arms out or up in a "V." Then they masturbated as they looked all around them in the dark. They swore and laughed and I guessed that was when they ejaculated. I ran back inside so they wouldn't see me.

Frequency: This happened approx. 2-3 times a month, sometimes more, and especially in warm weather. **Redacted** and I would often play outside before bed with the neighbor kids and see **Redacted** and Joe or a group of them doing it. Often after a big dinner at the Bennion's, the Larsen's, or our home, the men would announce they were going out to make them. Sometimes they would tell us to come over and watch or tell us to walk around to make sure no one was watching them. Once and a while, if they were feeling really confident, (usually no moon or street light) they had us come rub their penises with our hands.

Date: 1992-1994
Time: Evening
Location: Spring City

One night **Redacted** had dinner with the Bennion's and Larsen's at the Bennion's house. I think there were a few more people there, too. The Schulte's might have been there. Joe and Lee kept talking about a movie they were excited to show after dinner and the adults made lots of sexual jokes. After dinner we all went into the living room and the kids sat on the floor. We also got to eat popcorn. They turned on the movie and it was a fantasy soft porn movie featuring "Fabio." I think there were a few scenarios on one tape, but one was of Fabio as a pirate king who "makes love" in a fancy tent to an unwilling woman they captured. The adults were very rowdy and called out explicit "directions" for Fabio. The adult women mocked the woman who was resisting Fabio and yelled out directions for her. They laughed through the whole thing and got very excited.

Frequency: We watched it one other time with the adults but they left the VHS in with the other tapes and we kids (us, Bennion's, Larsen's, and others) would watch it once or twice a year and "make fun" of it.

We would frequently stop by **Redacted's** condo when we drove to Provo from Spring City for lessons and appointments. Other times, **Redacted** would drop us off to spend the day or half day with her.

Date: 1995-1996

Time: Daytime
Location: **Redacted** 's Condo, Provo (Carma & Richard)

One day **Redacted** dropped us off at **Redacted**' house. Almost immediately **Redacted** called me in the kitchen and opened her shirt and pulled down her garment neckline to expose her bare and scarred chest. She had previously undergone a double mastectomy. She grabbed my hands and put them on her chest where her breasts were removed. Then she took my index finger and traced it along her scarring. I winced and she said there was nothing to be scared about. She made me rub her skin in circles while she closed her eyes and said, "Yeeesss...*yeeeessss*!" Then she sat on a kitchen chair and made me kneel and give her oral sex.

Date: 1995-1996
Time: Daytime
Location: **Redacted**'s Condo, Provo

She would also fit me for her costuming projects and make me undress in front of her. I always tried to keep my bra and underwear on, but sometimes she would make me take it off because it was not "authentic" to the costume. One day, as I stood there while she pinned a dress she was working on, she would stop to rub my body sensually and talk in admiring detail about my "curves," "full breasts," and "luscious bottom." She stood up and hugged me from the front, with full body contact and pressed herself against me. She whispered in my ear and kissed me on my ears and all over my face. Then she lay down on the bed (we were in the sewing room) and she made me give her oral sex and then praised and praised me to **Redacted** when she came to pick me up. **Redacted** said she was jealous, so she made me do it to her and **Redacted** watched and masturbated. The whole time **Redacted** talked about my "beautiful rosebud" (her "pet" term, she said, for my vagina).

Frequency: These events happened even more frequently after my trip with her to the East Coast (documented later). I was terrified to fight back because of the things she did to me there. Up until we lived with **Redacted** in their condo, this kind of thing happened often when we visited their house (weekly for many periods of time). When we lived with them it was often a daily occurrence. Also, **Redacted** would make violent threats to us that we must comply with anything and everything **Redacted** wanted to do to us, as we were payment for the money she was receiving from them.

As mentioned, she called my vagina "rosebud" and "rose." She called **Redacted**'s vagina "pansy-face" and **Redacted**'s "two-lips" (tulips – because, our elders liked to say, she was "a pretty little dutch girl." **Redacted**'s father was Dutch and the country and customs were talked of extensively among **Redacted**). **Redacted**, her sisters, **Redacted**, and many others called our vaginas "flowers."

Sometimes we would use **Redacted**'s community pool key and

go swimming. We always hoped **Redacted** would be asleep or out of the house when we returned otherwise she (or **Redacted** if he was there - she often called him home when we visited) would come in when we were showering and rape us and make us give her (and/or him) oral sex.

She also would whisper "dirty" words in my ear and then describe their definitions to me in detail.

MISC. INFORMATION

Feelings were often tense between **Redacted** and Lee Bennion. Sometimes they would not even speak to each other. From what I observed, there was a lot of jealousy, struggles over power, feeling superior over each other, etc. The Bennion's named one of their pigs "Rosie." **Redacted** retaliated later by naming our main quarter horse "Lucy," after Joe's sister (who **Redacted** joked was a "spinster" with a "horse face"). **Redacted** also named our goat "Schlomo" (the Yiddish version of Solomon) after Joe Bennion ("The Punisher") because he would violently try to bite, butt, and kick you if you got near him. **Redacted** called the salamander at the bottom of our well "Solomon" after Joe, too. (The well was used to terrorize us.) Lee's sister's sons, **Redacted** (also grandson's of **Redacted**'s **Redacted** Nola - Carma's sister), named their two snakes "David" and "Rosie" after **Redacted**.

Joe Bennion, "The Punisher" of the Spring City group, is a potter. He used his kilns to burn any body parts or evidence left over from the murders. To frighten us, he frequently spoke about his kilns, how hot they would get, how no one could hear you inside once they were sealed, and insisted, with Lee, we only pronounce kiln as "kill." Joe was very aggressive and violent. Sometimes when we knocked on the Bennion's door Joe would open it, lunge and roar at us, then laugh.

Redacted installed a "bidet" in our Spring City home when the addition was built. **Redacted** said we were to use it often throughout the day to make sure we were clean and prepared for "sex" at all times.

One of **Redacted**'s (Carma's) frequently-told stories is about how she got permission to take measurements of the shirt that Hyrum Smith was martyred in. She always made a point of how marvelous it was that it had the bloodstains on it and that she got to touch the blood herself. She said she had prayed over it.

From what I observed and experienced, **Redacted** was/is a great disappointment to her father and mother because she has continually caused so much trouble and humiliation for them in the eyes of the Church (CS). According to grandpa, **Redacted** also went too far, were too sloppy, had so much undisguised contempt for the LDS gospel that it reflected poorly on him in the public eye, etc. We were told

that we, **Redacted** and I, were the hope of the bloodline.

Extremely traditional in his CS views, **Redacted** often talked about how disgusted he was that **Redacted** thought himself above the higher authorities of the Church (CS). (He often talked like this during and after **Redacted**' separation).

Redacted both have Ph.D.'s and **Redacted** has an additional law degree from Harvard, though he barely, if ever, worked professionally in public as an attorney. **Redacted** said it took her 8 or more years to get her general studies degree from BYU. I am not sure that **Redacted**'s other siblings ever graduated from college. **Redacted** often talked about how unintelligent, disabled, slow, and troubled her adopted children are. She said they had all been "damaged" by their birth mothers.

Redacted Redacted

2nd part of document:

THE CHURCH OF SATAN

DOCTRINE

In The Church of Satan we were part of different groups who varied in some practices. The doctrine was sometimes confusing because of disagreements in interpretation from group to group. For instance, **Redacted** often said he followed "the spirit of the law" whereas he said **Redacted** Anderson followed "the letter of the law." **Redacted** group was traditional and, from what we were told, very much looked down on members with no pedigree or bloodline. They were also (generally) more specific and exact about the ceremonies, whereas my **Redacted** sometimes added or changed them according to his "current revelation." (At times, this really angered my **Redacted** who often criticized **Redacted** as being narcissistic.) Despite the disagreements, however, all the groups still (generally) followed the High Councils or at least had a common desire for secrecy and protection for Satanic worship.

Redacted emphasized that we needed to be thin, because they said in the Church (CS) it was important for young girls to be beautiful and attractive. My **Redacted** was very critical of any "fat" we had on our bodies and put us on "diets" and "cleanses" which many times just consisted of withholding food.

The "opposite game" mentioned earlier is used because it reinforces doctrinal concepts in young children. What Church (CS) members call "love," the rest of the world – or at least the law – would call the opposite. "Love" was sexually satisfying **Redacted**, for example, and "hate" was going against the Church (CS). They would never even think of what they did to us as "abuse." They said they could never be caught "abusing" us because they were doing "the right thing" and what was "good" and "best" for us. To them, they were glorifying their God (Lucifer) and "raising up righteous seed" to him. Church members (CS) fully believe, at least we were taught this, that killing a person outside of the group and especially one (or the child of one) who has gone against the group in any way is "righteous" and "furthering the Lord's (Lucifer's) work on the earth." Murder is not murder in their minds. If anyone committed "murder," it was us, they said. They said this was so because our hearts were not fully loyal to Lucifer "yet." They also do not believe they or Lucifer is "evil." That is just a designation, we were taught, by God and Jehovah to justify what they did to him.

We were taught our families were of a royal birthright and among Lucifer's elect and

elite in the pre-mortal world. **Redacted** and **Redacted** Anderson especially stressed this about their superior generational lines. They would show us stapled pages of geneology that had been marked for CS ordinances and other significations. They said they had their own system of red and black dots that they would put next to their names. Our charge was to bring as many souls to Satan as we possibly could. This was done through the living and the dead. Our **Redacted** Carma spoke often about her **Redacted**, Gerrit deJong, Jr., who had learned about many, many languages and was, they said, "helping us" proselytize in "the spirit world" and bring more spirits to Satan. **Redacted** also worshiped Oliver Cowdry as having been an elect member of the Church (CS) in his day. They also spoke about some prophecy they hoped to see fulfilled about Joseph Smith's decedents joining.

We were often told by **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and others of the countless "Gate Keepers" the Church (CS) had positioned in the world and especially in Utah. (This was often part of the threats they gave us.) They said these loyal (to Satan), male and female "Gate Keepers" were in high and low places and professions where they could easily intercept, intervene, and control threats to the Church (CS) – such as professors, attorneys, judges, doctors, psychologists, and more.

We were taught CS doctrine by family and other church (CS) members. We were told the Church's goal is to raise and restore to Lucifer to his rightful heritage, to be successor to the Throne of God and to become even more powerful than our Heavenly **Redacted**.

- Date: 1991-1992
  Time: Evening
  Location: **Redacted**'s Old Condo, Provo

NOTE: This is a continuation of experience #1.

One evening, as we did many times, **Redacted** walked down the street to **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s condo for dinner and "**Redacted.**" We arrived and **Redacted** told us that we would get to help perform **Redacted**'s lesson, which was the story about our pre-mortal life (according to CS doctrine). We ate dinner and then moved into the living room. **Redacted** had costumes and props set out. They started with a hymn (there were some used frequently, such as "Abide with Me Tis Eventide," "Lead Kindly Light" and more) and **Redacted** said a prayer (standing in a "Y"). Then **Redacted** started telling the familiar CS pre-mortal story and **Redacted** and **Redacted** dressed us, changed our costumes and props and directed us in pantomiming the story, which is:

Lucifer was the firstborn of God's children, the eldest Prince (older than Jehovah), and it was *his* birthright to take God's place after this experience on earth.

He had a great deal of power and authority in Heaven and many influential and mighty spirits who served loyally under him in the organization of gods. God wanted all his spirit offspring to follow his progression and become gods like Him. He called a Great Counsel and He and others spoke before the host of Heaven. God had a plan and many of the Princes of Heaven spoke, including Lucifer and Jehovah. Lucifer spoke and it was well received by his followers, some members of the Counsel, and many, many others. Lucifer presented a superior plan. It would bring all of God's "so-called beloved" children back to him, having received bodies. Our spirits had already progressed over the ages of time and we (the high ranking ones), as spirits, were not far behind the knowledge and power of Heavenly Father. God was unrighteously protective of his throne. He greedily wanted to stay on his throne past His natural time. Jehovah, bitter and jealous of Lucifer's power and station, had plotted against Lucifer and sought his birthright and rightful throne. Jehovah "beguiled" God and many on the Council with flattery and they sustained his request (the only way he could have defeated Lucifer). Jehovah had also successfully amassed many spirits who were loyal to him. Jehovah turned on Satan and urged God to throw him out of Heaven so that he would not threaten Jehovah's rise to power. This caused a great outcry in Heaven. Lucifer had many, many followers and admirers who swore allegiance to him – both openly and secretly after these events. Lucifer was threatened and he and his powerful and loyal officers (his "elect") were forced to consider their options. He knew he would soon assume the role of "Satan" (a title and role played in many other worlds throughout the eternities). Some of his elect were chosen to accompany him out of Heaven and serve him as spirits. In this plot of necessity, others publically accepted and sustained Jehovah in order to come to earth to receive a body. A plan was formed for the righteous overthrow of Jehovah and then God. A loving parent would not make it so hard if he really wanted *all* his children to return to live with Him. Lucifer desired and still desires the complete success of all his brothers and sisters. God the Father decreed many "rules of the game" that Lucifer was bound to (such as the fact that the greater one's dedication to either kingdom, the greater and greater power one can obtain within that kingdom). In Lucifer's mercy and through obedience to him, one can rise to a high ranking in *his* kingdom much more easily and quickly, all while enjoying the fruits of His service (i.e. Power, Fame, Wealth, Satisfaction of Desire, etc.). Lucifer's great and elect followers are the only ones who are promised a high status and ranking in his kingdom on the earth and through progression in his future kingdom. Lucifer promises to lead his church to victory over God the Father.

When he was finished, **Redacted** challenged us to be faithful soldiers in "The Army of Lucifer." **Redacted** called me forward and said he had heard about me singing "The Armies of Helaman" song in my room. I wanted to tell him (though I am sure he knew) that I had already been punished for this, but I knew it would not matter. **Redacted** ordered me to take my clothes off and lie down (**Redacted** put a towel under me). **Redacted** gave **Redacted** a pincushion and turned off a lot of lights. **Redacted** held my arms down and **Redacted** and **Redacted** each held a leg. **Redacted** took a pin and

started pricking me all over my genitals, inside and out. I tried to cry silently to be more "obedient" but then **Redacted** and **Redacted** said that it looked like it wasn't painful enough and **Redacted** became more aggressive. When she was done, **Redacted** raped me vaginally and **Redacted** raped me anally. **Redacted** gave another small speech about my responsibility of being "a good example" as "The Peacemaker."

They put more towels on the ground and everyone got naked. The elders made us put our arms up like them and stand in a "Y." **Redacted** prayed, asking for spirits of Lucifer to enter all of us. Then he sat on a chair and told us we were going to form "The Chain of Lucifer." I had to give **Redacted** oral sex while she was on all fours and **Redacted** put a pillow under my head. We walked home late and **Redacted** fell asleep while **Redacted** carried her.

Frequency: "Redacted" with **Redacted** and **Redacted** happened several times a month, and more as needed (to keep us in line).

Our elders would also teach us that after the Millennium, when Lucifer rises victorious above the Throne of God, he will choose the body of one of his resurrected followers to inhabit. Our **Redacted** spoke with reverence that this is highest honor one can achieve.

THE COUNCIL

In the Church of Satan, obedience to elders is supreme. They use the Council system more than the legal system. Satan's laws are enforced by each group's "Council" – with "High Councils" at the top with the other higher leaders, such as Master Mahan. Some of the other Council titles are "The Peacemaker" (Enforcer of the "Peace" – basically silences everyone), "The Deaf One" (deaf to Jesus Christ), "The Deceiver" (above public suspicion), "The Conspirator," "The Witness" (the record keeper), and the "The Punisher." In every day conversation, Council members were often called "Elders." Women are not allowed on these Councils.

Sometimes a member will "fall from grace" and loose whatever standing/position they have in the Church (CS). They are brought before one of the Councils (depending on the severity) and at the very least, this event brings immense shame on the person and their family, or, at it's most severe, torture, mutilation, and death.

Gordon Bowen - We were told that **Redacted** first knew Gordon Bowen in New York. He is (or was, when we knew him) extremely wealthy and worked or had worked high up for Coca-Cola. He lived in a huge mansion in the Avenues of Salt

Lake City.

Gordon is a very, very powerful and revered man in the Church (CS), if he has retained the position he had 14 years ago. At that time, he was "The Punisher" and we were told he oversaw torture and murder for Master Mahan and the High Counsels. **Redacted** both awed and reverenced him and often expressed their sexual attraction to him. He would invite us to his mansion in Salt Lake for parties and **Redacted** were always very excited to attend. Sometimes we took the harp and played in a little balcony over one of his the main rooms for his guests.

- Date: Fall of 1999
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Gordon Bowen Home, The Avenues, Salt Lake City

Redacted had been very concerned about what was happening with the divorce trial, etc. They wrote love letters back and forth to each other for a time. Both **Redacted** and **Redacted** were in trouble with the High Council **Redacted** was on.

One night **Redacted** told me that all of us (**Redacted** and I included) were in danger of being "punished." She said we had to go to visit Gordon Bowen with "offerings" (us) and maybe he would be pacified and not go after us. I knew Gordon and his reputation and was terrified we were going to see him. **Redacted** said if I did not cooperate, she would arrange to have me live with him for a few months telling others that I was out of the country again. We drove up with Janae **Redacted**, Janae's daughters, and several other girls. We drove in separate cars to Gordon Bowen's house. No one was home but **Redacted** opened the house somehow. The girls had planned on swimming, but the pool was dirty and full of leaves. Instead we went into the house and **Redacted** started getting the food out of his fridge for the meal she had planned to make him. Janae and **Redacted** and I helped prepare the meal and clean up. I was sent upstairs to a bedroom **Redacted** assigned me with the order not to come out and to do anything and everything Gordon told me to do. I am not sure who left or stayed, but I did hear **Redacted** crying in the night.

I sat on the bed and stared at the door. When Gordon finally came in it seemed very late. He became very violent and enraged as he raped me vaginally. Then he told me not to move and he got a small leather bundle he had brought in the room with him. It had a leather tie and he unrolled it to reveal a set of small, strangely shaped knives. He described each one to me, how sharp they were (he showed me by barely touching it to one of my fingers and how easily it cut and started bleeding right away). He described how he used them on disobedient young women to "skin" and "fillet" them, among other things. He told me I was never to tell anyone I had been at his house that night. After he left the room, I held my finger until it stopped bleeding. I cried as I heard **Redacted** crying and a lot of other sounds, voices, laughing, animal-like sounds, and screaming throughout the night.

- Date: Fall of 1999
  Time: Evening
  Location: Gordon Bowen Home, The Avenues, Salt Lake City

We (**Redacted, Redacted**, and I) went to Gordon's house again a short time later. This time **Redacted** said she was going to "talk" with him and we were to support everything she said or she would make good on her previous threat. We got there and no one was home. **Redacted** made a big dinner as before. Gordon came home and **Redacted** offered him dinner. Then we sat in his library. It was very dark outside by then and the room was not well lit. Gordon sat to the side of his chair with his ankle crossed on his knee listening to **Redacted**. She started talking about our hardships, what **Redacted** was doing, defending him but trying to make herself look like the victim at the same time. She kept trying to find out – without asking directly and with a lot of flattery – what the Counsel had planned for she and **Redacted**. I kept thinking about how, all growing up **Redacted** talked about the gifts Gordon had from Lucifer. They said he had a very powerful "gift of discernment" from Lucifer and could tell if you were lying to him. That is partly how he became "The Punisher," they said. **Redacted** tried to make us chime in with her, but most of the time we were too intimidated to speak.

After a while, he stood up and said he wanted to show us what he was working on. He talked about how much he loved his work for the Church (CS). He took us to his work area and I became overwhelmed with what I saw. There was a dead man's body hanging from the ceiling and it had been completely skinned. (I had seen skinning before, but never on this scale or this cleanly or expertly done.) Parts of the area were well lit and parts were not. There were machines and what looked like a fridge. He talked about some of them. There were large "work tables" with moveable straps and other devices to hold someone down. One had lights like in a surgery room and another just had one overhead hanging light. In another area he had a collection of torture devices - a lot of them were antique. He talked about some of them and what they did to people's bodies. I kept looking over at what I thought were "mannequins" set up in sexual or violent poses around the room.

Then he showed us his masks. Many members of the Church (CS) have collections of masks from around the world, ceremonial masks, "death masks" (for example, Brian Kershisnik and others. Also, **Redacted** loved to talk about how she got to see Joseph and Hyrum Smith's death masks.) Gordon had probably 30-40, but they were made from the skin of real dead people (men, women, and all ages of children) that had been disobedient, he said. **Redacted** was trying to flatter him and have him talk about how he made them. He showed us drawers of his special tools he had collected in his travels and talked about important it was to preserve the facial features. The masks had the hair still on and the eyes and mouth were slits or a little more stretched open. He took one down and made us touch it. He said the people's spirits were still in these masks. He talked about how he would treat the skin to make it soft. He put a woman's mask on his head and laughed. He also showed us "coats" and other pieces of clothing he had made with pieces of many people's skin and dried sexual organs. He also had some "shrunken heads."

Redacted kept complimenting him and then she told him that **Redacted** were she and David's offering to Gordon for his kindness to them. She said he could do anything he wanted with us. **Redacted** and I looked at each other, horrified. He turned like we were all leaving and we followed. **Redacted** took the lead, looking over her shoulder and talking to him all the way. She walked out of the door to his work area and instead of us all going, he shut the door and locked it behind her. From what we heard, she didn't knock or yell or get upset. All we heard was silence.

Then we experienced hours and hours of torture. We were naked most of the night. He told us that the "mannequins" were actually fully preserved "outer shells" of real people – their skin, hair, etc. Some were more stiff than the masks. He had sewn some "seams" so another person could wear them. They were hung over pose-able wire bodies. Gordon put on the full skin of a man with the crotch cut out and raped me anally, praising Lucifer. He made me wear another man's skin that had no hands and feet and the crotch cut open. He did this with **Redacted** at different times and also made the **Redacted** us do sexual acts on each other with the skins on us. He told us that he could make Lucifer's spirits move the bodies around on their own. He made us sit or lie down on his torture devices or on his table while he demonstrated (nearly demonstrated) his torture collection. He chained us up to his tables and inserted tools and devices into our vaginas and anuses. At times he chained us to the wall in shackles. He put cloth bags over our heads and made us listen as one of us was threatened with torture. He had animal heads and skins we had to wear and be led around on a leash. We were supposed to act and sound like the animal. I had to wear dog skin and lick him (give him oral sex) and bark like a dog. He made me lift my leg and pee on **Redacted.** Then he called me a bad dog, whipped me with chains, and took the skin off me. He put me in a small wooden box. I could hear sounds of him doing things to **Redacted** but I couldn't see anything. The air was hot and the space was so small and tight I could barely move my body. My arms and legs went to "sleep" and were extremely painful. I wished we could all die. When he took me out, I couldn't feel my legs and fell on the floor. I lay there until the feeling came back in my legs. Once and a while he went out and several times **Redacted** brought him food to the door on a tray (not for us). Once he worked on one of his dead bodies and made us watch what he was doing.

We were not allowed out until the afternoon of the next day. We had urinated at his command or by accident and he had urinated and ejaculated all over us through the night. He had put other fluids from his work area on us. Our bodies had red marks all over them and were already showing bruises. My vagina and anus stung. **Redacted** put towels on the seats of the car, disgusted by how "gross" we were. No one wanted to sit in the front with **Redacted** and no one talked on the way home. **Redacted** and I put **Redacted** and **Redacted** in the same seat belt in the middle seat. A day or two later, in the middle of the night, **Redacted** woke me up and she and **Redacted** grilled me alone on every detail of the experience.

Frequency: In the 1990s we went up for years to Gordon's SLC home for parties and get-togethers with a mostly wealthy (or very talented or "connected") and more

powerful CS crowd. **Redacted** and **Redacted** would really work the people there trying to get more clients for he and **Redacted** and use the opportunity to "advertise" our pornographic films. We were even introduced once to the whole group by Gordon as "**Redacted**" with a flowery introduction about our pornographic film and performance "work." **Redacted** was elated that night. Sometimes Gordon held exclusive "classes" or lectures for CS parents and **Redacted** wanted **Redacted**'s training to be as well respected and sought after.

- Date: 1999
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Unknown (Provo)

It was evening when **Redacted** told me that we would be going before **Redacted**'s High Council that night. I tried to ask her questions about it but she would only say that **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig would be there as well as many friends and neighbors and that **Redacted** and **Redacted** were driving separately. **Redacted** told me I was to wear my maroon and black lace dress, but no underwear. She ordered us to shower and prepare our bodies to participate in whatever was coming. We all rode in the car and she made us wear blindfolds. We drove for a little while and parked. People helped us out of the car and we walked a ways and then were led down stairs before we got to the room. Then we were ordered to take off the blindfolds. The room looked like a basement room, maybe a private home or a church.

Redacted was there already and **Redacted** was at a long table, in his role as "The Peacemaker." The other Elders were there at the table wearing graduation robes or dark robes/cloaks and masks. Other people dressed in robes and masks were seated all around the room as well. **Redacted** didn't have a mask on.

They opened the meeting with prayer and acknowledged every Council member by their title and then **Redacted** was brought forward. **Redacted** spoke harshly to **Redacted** for a long time about the consequences of his reckless behavior, his narcissism and putting himself above the leadership of the Church (CS), and for endangering The Lord's (Lucifer's) work on the earth. **Redacted** said the Council had decided **Redacted** was to take the fall. The custody trial would move forward and **Redacted** and I would be permitted to speak about some molestation by him. No mention of Rosie or any others would be permitted. He said all participants in the trial would be approved by the Council and it would never go to a criminal trial. Then he reprimanded **Redacted** for not bringing David's actions to the Council and for going along with him. The Council then voted to revoke **Redacted**'s position as "Paterfamilias" over **Redacted** and that authority was transferred to **Redacted**. **Redacted**'s face was set and grim.

Then **Redacted** called me up and said he was reminding me that as "The Peacemaker," it was my sworn duty to follow and enforce the Council's commands among the **Redacted**. They said that if I did anything more or different than what had been decided and explained that I would be violating my covenants, my "birthright" would be revoked (my title/role as Peacemaker), I would be "cut off"

eternally from my bloodline, and I would be turned over to The Punisher, Gordon Bowen. He said there would be no restrictions on what The Punisher did to me and they would easily cover up my murder. He said similar things to **Redacted** and spoke to **Redacted**, too. Then we all had to repeat oaths and demonstrate our commitment to Satan and his Church.

We were ordered to stand nude in a circle and rub the genitals of the person next to us and then everyone had to take turns giving **Redacted** oral sex. He made a point to ejaculate on my **Redacted** and I was sure **Redacted** was going to punch him. **Redacted** told him to drink the semen and he refused. **Redacted** started licking it off **Redacted** instead. Then people around the room came over and made **Redacted** and I do physical and sexual things. I was forced to give oral sex to a man. Some people's masks came off in the orgy and I saw Joy Lundberg and Gary Hansen. When it was over we were told to dress and put our blindfolds on for our trip home.

Note: I came a little too close in some of my other interviews during the trial. At least once I had mentioned **Redacted** doing hand motions over my face, hoping that someone outside would pick that up and investigate it more. On the stand, I was also able to get away with saying, truthfully, that abuse happened daily (although I was grilled by **Redacted**'s attorney). **Redacted** was really mad because it made it look highly improbable that she had never seen these daily episodes of abuse.

Also the "**Redacted**" we had to go on with my **Redacted** were a sham. After begging **Redacted**, he forced us to give him sexual favors before he would allow us to call the cops on **Redacted** when we were supposed to spend the night at **Redacted**'s house. This happened several times. **Redacted** was usually mad about us calling the cops on **Redacted**. While at **Redacted**'s house, **Redacted, Redacted,** and I would try to keep **Redacted** out of the house or somehow occupied so he wouldn't take **Redacted** off alone, but it didn't always work. Once we were sent to brush our teeth and get ready for bed and when I saw **Redacted** was not with us, I picked the lock on **Redacted**'s bedroom door and burst it open to find he and **Redacted** under his bed sheets together. I threatened to call the cops again and he became livid. I told **Redacted** to come with me and **Redacted** and I locked ourselves in the room next to his and put a chair under the door handle. **Redacted** yelled and threatened us from the hallway for a long time. **Redacted** and I tried to stay awake all night to stand guard, but fell asleep many times. When I woke up in the morning, the chair was moved.

CONFESSIONS

We were taught is mandatory to meet with your local Council (or one or two Elders) to regularly "confess" and "repent" before them. Because of this, our **Redacted** and **Redacted** held "confessions" with us often. We were threatened that if we were seriously disobedient they would take us before Councils. They often called these confessions a "Sweet Hour of Prayer" ("sweet," like "treat," was a word they used a lot as code with sexual meaning – for example, telling us that we were "sweet" and saying our vaginas and fluids there tasted "sweet" or telling us to "have

sweet dreams" which was a threat that they were going to come in the night and abuse and hurt us, etc.) and often made us sing the hymn "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and do sexual acts to them.

COPIED FROM PAGE ___: As "The Peacemaker" among the children of **Redacted**, I was required by sworn oath to speak to my **Redacted, Redacted,** and/or Councils if I had a question or concern about my life (though, depending on the situation, I could speak with other "Peacemakers," if they were my elders and **Redacted** sanctioned it). It was my covenanted obligation to be **Redacted** "witness" (as, they claimed, they were Lucifer's witnesses) "at all times and in all things, and in all places [I] may be in, even until death." It was also my duty to report to them the disobediences and problems of **Redacted** and I had, even and especially if **Redacted** asked me not to.

- ☐ Date: 1990
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

After dinner, **Redacted** told me I was to come to his room for "confession." He had the scriptures open and made me read the last half of Mosiah 3:19, a familiar scripture to me ("...becometh as a child, submissive, meek, humble, patient, full of love, willing to submit to all things which the Lord – in this case, meaning Lucifer – seeth fit to inflict upon him, even as a child doth submit to his **Redacted.**") He explained that I had not been acting "submissive" and "full of love" to him and that he was now required by "God" (Lucifer) to "help" me understand my role and place in **Redacted.**

He got out his belt and wrapped it around my neck. He asked me if I loved him. "Yes!" I said. He asked me over and over as he pulled the belt tighter and I said yes everytime. Then he told me to pull down my pants and lie face down on his bed. He stood over me. He made a crack sound whipping his belt on some furniture. He started whipping me on my bare bottom and upper thighs. Then he stopped, made me get on all fours (in "the stinkbug position") and he raped me anally. He was breathing heavy from his excitement and started praising Lucifer for showing me my "place." When he was done he whipped me a few more times on the bottom and told me to kneel at his feet and "repent." I obeyed and begged his forgiveness. He made me say that I loved him more than anyone else in the whole world, that I knew I was bad and had so many problems, that I was so grateful he was my **Redacted** and that he cared for me so much, etc. He told me to get up and go remind **Redacted** of what I had just told him and make sure they knew I had sinned by forgetting these "truths."

Frequency: These confessions happened about once a week, and more as needed. He would often start by either of us reading scriptures (or partial scriptures) aloud, substituting "Lucifer" for Jesus Christ or God. He read many scriptures about becoming like a little child or submitting.

Sometimes he brought us in with some "sin" or failing in mind. More often he

expected us to tell him our secrets. If we didn't look, act, sound contrite enough, we were punished more. If I said I had nothing to confess, he would bring in my **Redacted** and she would accuse me of a long list of things or worse, he would rape me to "spiritually" find out if I was hiding anything. Many times **Redacted** would hold me down and violently force his penis inside my vagina, with his arms in a "V," and pray to Lucifer that his spirits would enter his body. Then he would pray to know what I was hiding. Then he would often become progressively violent and beat or torture me. However, even if we had prepared something to confess and were contrite and submissive, we had to do awful "penance" at the end. There was always a punishment to be endured (although in the rare case he said we were "being good" he would call the same thing a "reward"). In order to repent, I had to show NO resistance to the punishment. He would whip or spank me naked or otherwise inflict physical pain, make me perform degrading sexual acts (like licking his anus), urinate in my mouth or make me eat his feces, etc.- examples, he said, of my "submissiveness." I wrote my confessions in letter form sometimes, in an attempt to avoid some of the pain and torture or try and pre-empt my **Redacted**'s accusations, however it never lessened the punishment.

Redacted (sometimes **Redacted**, too) often used the bible scripture, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely" in our "confessions" to him. **Redacted** explained that the first line embodies a **Redacted**'s duty to **Redacted**. He said, "I *will* heal..." and said that it was not a choice of ours to be "righteously" reprimanded and punished. "Heal," he said, was to halt or stop and then reverse. Our "backsliding," he explained, was the "sins" and "weakenesses" we had (in the eyes of our Paterfamilias and elders). We were taught all our lives that "love" meant being sexually obedient to our elders. "I will love them freely," **Redacted** said expressed the right of the Paterfamilias to **Redacted** – that **Redacted** must never resist the "love" (sexual desire) of their **Redacted**. One of **Redacted**'s clients cross-stitched this verse and framed it for him. It hung over the inside door of his office in Spring City when I was a teenager and for a time in Provo. I was often made to recite it as he raped or whipped me.

Especially during the time we lived in our **Redacted** condo and next door, they held "**Redacted**" at the dinning room table or in the living room. **Redacted** presided and would begin with a prayer. Sometimes we females held hands while **Redacted** raised his arms in a "V" and sometimes we knelt at our chairs. **Redacted** and **Redacted** often murmured names of spirits they were inviting to be with us while **Redacted** prayed. **Redacted** always called her "Daddy" to each meeting and they always told me to call for "Rosabelle," **Redacted**'s deceased mother and my assigned "guardian angel." Frequently, these meetings turned into group "confessions" led by **Redacted** and/or **Redacted** about **Redacted**, with **Redacted** as the judge. Punishments were usually given.

- ☐ Date: 1999
  Time: Evening

Location: **Redacted** Condo (Little Rock Drive, Provo, UT)

Once, during a "**Redacted**" when we were living in my **Redacted**' condo, **Redacted** and **Redacted** started complaining to **Redacted** about **Redacted**'s attitude earlier that day. We were sitting in the living room after the opening prayer and a hymn (they liked and used certain LDS hymns – especially the ones that use the word "Lord" or "God" instead of Jesus Christ, such as "Nearer My God to Thee"). **Redacted** let **Redacted** have a minute to explain herself, but cut her off early and announced his decision: punishment. **Redacted** and **Redacted** smiled and acted excited. **Redacted** made **Redacted** undo his belt and drop his pants while he raised his arms up and consecrated her punishment to Lucifer. Then they made her fully undress. **Redacted** sat in one of the cream chairs. **Redacted** laid out **Redacted**'s clothes underneath his chair to protect the carpet. **Redacted** commanded **Redacted** to go down on all fours and suck on his penis while **Redacted** used the belt to whip her bottom and **Redacted** knelt next to her and hit and punched her back and side. **Redacted** barked, "Swallow!" as he ejaculated. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made her thank **Redacted** for giving her such "an easy and enjoyable punishment." Then she was allowed to get dressed and sat in the corner the rest of the evening.

BIBLE/ SCRIPTURE STUDY

Redacted had several (often separate) groups of friends that would meet at **Redacted** for "Bible/ Scripture Study." **Redacted** would invite these different groups for different purposes. They said they had to be careful not to mix certain crowds. **Redacted**, for example, felt very superior to many of **Redacted**'s friends or would not be seen in the same company.

Sometimes we went to other people's homes for these meetings, but they were often held at **Redacted** house. My **Redacted** was known for her hosting abilities (some called her Martha Stewart) and she often talked about how much better her parties were than others'. **Redacted**'s parties included lots of food, drink, and treats placed everywhere, and **Redacted** gave us to their guests for sexual gratification, starting when they arrived at **Redacted** houses.

We would prepare by cleaning the main rooms as well as our bedrooms, per **Redacted**. As with any group event, we had to move furniture and vacuum under everything. She was adamant about this, as furniture was often moved later so people could lie on the floor. In Provo and Spring City (I watched this in Tucson and NY, too), we would carry nearly every chair we owned and set them along the walls in an oblong circle in the living room. It was standard practice that our bedrooms

must be clean when they held any parties. This was because **Redacted** insisted we were supposed to be "hostesses," too, and lead men and women to our rooms throughout the night for their sexual satisfaction. Once alone, we were to follow the instructions of the guest or guests and act however they wanted us to. **Redacted** would often tell us who to take first or have us go around and collect money from people. The highest payer went first. If **Redacted** were "courting" someone, as they said, they would invite them to be the speaker, lead the discussion, and/or be "given" one or more of **Redacted** sometime during the night.

For any ceremony (whether it started as a party or "scripture study"), **Redacted** was very particular about how **Redacted** and I looked. Everything had to be perfect (clothing, hair, teeth and private parts cleaned). She would make us wash out our hair 2-3 times and then she would put it in curlers. On weekends, we often were made to wear the curlers starting the night before and then all day until the evening event (once and a while, she even made us wear them to school). In the weeks/days leading up to these events, **Redacted** would make us "rehearse" whatever they wanted us to perform (to all the guests or certain ones). They called these rehearsals "**Redacted**."

People would arrive and eat, drink, and converse for a while. **Redacted** would call everyone into the living room at some point in the evening to start the study. People would bring their drinks in and sit down. Everyone had their scriptures and other books they had brought to discuss. If I stayed, I would be told to either sit at **Redacted**'s feet or sit in a corner. I would not be permitted to make a sound. Most of the time I tried not to be there.

Redacted said the purpose of group "scripture study" was to discover "the mysteries of God." They tried to learn specifics about the Spirit World, Laws of the Universe, how to increase their "darkness" or Satanic Priesthood power, and many other topics that supported their satanic worship and understanding. They also studied other ancient (non-canonized) scriptural texts (such as the book of Enoch and dead sea scrolls), early LDS church history, "The Last Days," and near-death and other-worldly experiences. **Redacted** used it to give lectures on "parts" to interest people in doing private sessions with him or sending their children to sessions with him (**Redacted** and I were often brought in for these "sessions" to use as demonstrations and to perform sex acts for the clients' "healing," as **Redacted** said). **Redacted** were especially excited about "The September Six," a group that was excommunicated or disfellowshipped from the LDS Church and talked about them and had some of them speak at our home or at other's homes around that time. **Redacted** talked a lot about "Gileadi" for a period of years (Avraham Gileadi). **Redacted** was also obsessed with Terry Warner from BYU, who was a mentor to him. Terry spoke to a group at our house at least once and came over other times.

During these years they (bringing us along most of the time) would drive to Salt

Lake City to Lynne Whitesides' house or other's homes to have "discussions" with their SLC friends. At Lynne's house, I would end up sitting alone or with **Redacted** in a hallway. I didn't want to be with the adults and Lynne's children and the other CS members' children loved to watch "Tales from the Crypt." The Whitesides had a home in Spring City for some time, too.

There were some people, such as Dave and Deborah Sheets and "Uncle" Cory H., who would attend regularly. Others attended such as the Allens, Leavitts, Taylors, Brewsters, and Hancocks and extended family members of my parents. **Redacted** told us often that they were superior to these people (even though they called them their close friends). They called the Sheets' "The Frog Family." They said a lot of mean things about their children, too (especially **Redacted** who would pluck all her eyelashes out). **Redacted** often talked about Deborah Sheets and how ugly she was and how bad she was at making crafts. They did trades (us) with Dave and Deborah for the emergency and camping supplies at his store, "Emergency Essentials."

- Date: 1990-1993
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Provo house

One night the Bible Study finished very late. The Sheets, the Allen's, "Uncle" Cory, the Hancock's, Lynne Whitesides, and a female friend of hers were among the group (Lynne and her friend both lived in Spring City for a time), and a few clients and their spouses of **Redacted**'s. **Redacted** Norman Van Wagenen and **Redacted** Cindy came just for the ceremony. It was a large group and I think there were more people, but I can't remember who. **Redacted** called us into the room and told me to light the candles and the Lucifer candelabra. People set up the living room (moving the couch and chairs out). One of their male LDS (CS) church friends was chosen as kind of a "designated driver" (they sometimes called it that as a joke) or someone who would remain "unpossessed." They sometimes did this as a precaution in case things got out of hand, they said, so that someone could put things back together at the end of the orgy (cast out the spirits and bring everyone "back"). **Redacted** stood at the front and offered a prayer to Lucifer (with his arms above him in a "V") to allow his spirits into us. He made **Redacted** and I stand in front of him. He prayed that Lucifer would accept the sacrifice (us) and pour out his "Holy Spirit" upon them and the spirits of his followers. (In CS doctrine, Lucifer *is* the "trinity" unto himself – He is above the **Redacted** due to his birthright and CS members say they are the children of Lucifer, he is the Son, and he is the Holy Spirit because he doesn't have a body.) **Redacted** started chanting/singing and everyone joined in with their arms in the "V." Soon they start shaking, moving strangely, crying, and laughing. **Redacted** called me "Tabitha" and took me with one of his female clients. Lynne came over to us with her friend. The three women pushed **Redacted** on the ground and took turns giving him oral sex and squatting over him so he would lick their private parts. Dave Sheets grabbed me and rubbed

his penis up against me. He pushed my head down until I was at the height of his genitals. Then he held my face into them so I couldn't breathe for a while. I panicked and pushed myself away from him a little. Then he pulled me down to the floor and held my head. He pushed his penis in my mouth and moved my head forward and backward to give him oral sex. (I knew I had to comply. I had seen, though rarely, when a child resisted in a group orgy. All the adults would stop what they were doing and attack the child and/or play torture games with them.) Dave ejaculated in my mouth. I coughed and he made me swallow it. Deborah called me Tabitha and ordered me to give her oral sex. Many people kept sticking their fingers in my vagina while I was doing it and laughing, including **Redacted** Cory and Mike Allen. When the orgy was over **Redacted** and I snuck out and went downstairs.

Frequency: "Bible Study" usually happened once or twice a month. There were many other ceremonies happening throughout the month that had orgies at the end like this, or parties where we were required to "bed" men and women guests for their pleasure while **Redacted** served food and drinks to the crowd. It was also very common for people to stick their fingers in people's vaginas and anus's when they were performing oral sex on someone else and laugh about it.

CEREMONIES

Like the LDS Church, many CS ceremonies were ordinances that were first done for you and then you repeated them for "the dead" (i.e. spirits who had once lived on the earth). **Redacted** and **Redacted** collected most of the names we used. If the person we were doing it for was from an "unworthy" bloodline (a lot of them were) then we were usually taught they would be bound to us as slaves in Lucifer's kingdom.

The lunar calendar was very important to the elders for ceremonial purposes. **Redacted** owned a "Farmer's Almanac" and often talked about the waxing or waning of the moon, full moons, new moons, etc. They also celebrated equinoxes and solstices and other natural phenomenon. Sometimes they held impromptu ceremonies on nights when we had huge thunderstorms, lightening, blizzard conditions, etc. One of the names they called Lucifer was "Prince of the Air." When we lived in Spring City, **Redacted** would run out to the white rock in these storms and pray. Once (1993-1995) we were at Ann and Paul Larsen's house finishing dinner. The elders had planned to do an Endowment ceremony late that night and **Redacted** had told me at home that I

would play "Eve." There was a loud and scary sound outside. **Redacted** and I ran out with **Redacted** and Joe and saw a tree had been hit by lightening and had been scorched. There was lots of talk about "who" had done it. A few elders joked that God was angry with them. **Redacted** and others whispered to us it was a miracle from Lucifer – "The Prince over the Air," which was one of the titles they called him. They said it proved Lucifer was pleased with their planned "offerings" that night.

Church members (CS) also celebrate other days, some of which are Christmas, Easter, Halloween, Friday the 13th, birthdays, death days, and others.

Joe Bennion made his living as a potter and made all our ceremonial bowls, plates, cups, platters, etc. We often used his dishes for parties and for daily use. His mark is the "Y" symbol of the holy sacrifice to Lucifer. It is the man or woman accepting Lucifer's spirit and his spirit followers into them.

When we moved to Utah, we were often taken on the hike to the "Y" (the Y symbol on the mountain above BYU). We went during day and night. When we got up there, we were made to wait until no one was around and then join our elders in prayers with our arms up in the "Y" symbol. **Redacted** and **Redacted** told me many times that whenever I noticed the "Y" on the mountain, I should say a prayer of gratitude to Lucifer and ask his spirit to enter me. Also, with **Redacted** Suki, **Redacted** Jeannie, and **Redacted**, the first kid to notice the "Y" on the mountain driving from Spring City to Provo would get a nickel or quarter.

Ceremonial names are very important. Some names were given to be "new names" that we would need, they taught, when Lucifer calls us/ we raise each other from our graves. **Redacted** was called "David" (da-VEED) or "Hyman" (meaning "Life" in Hebrew, however they made many sexual jokes about it). Joe Bennion's name was "Solomon." He and **Redacted** called each other "Schlomo" and "Hymie" (Yiddish versions) as nicknames of these "sacred" names. I was given the name "Bathsheba." **Redacted** was" Jezebel." **Redacted** was "Mary" (Magdelene). My **Redacted** was "Delilah." **Redacted** was "Hepsaba."

Other names were assigned to us to be used as cues for us to behave in a certain way. I was often called "Tabitha" when they (and many others) wanted me to freely obey and perform sexual acts well. This name was used starting very early in my childhood. Sometimes they used common popular names, Roman or Greek names from mythology (**Redacted** called himself "Zeus." They called me "Venus." They called **Redacted** "Diana." They called **Redacted** "Helen" [for Helen of Troy] and "Medusa" because she would fight him [off] a lot and because, they joked, "she turns men to stone" – implying an erection), astronomy names, elements of nature names ("Windy"), jem stones and jewel names ("Ruby"), Native American names ("Silent Fawn," "Many Goats"), other names from history (although my **Redacted** used historic names for himself [i.e. William Wallace] and said he actually was those people in previous lives), and

other sources.

Partial list of ceremonial objects and furniture Redacted owned and used:
Crown of thorns
Yoke
Torture instrument collection – some pieces were antique (spiky ball and chain with stick handle, animal traps, metal helmet, knives, swords, noose and other ropes, straight jacket, ice pick, wooden mallet, and more) Millstone

Horn for pouring oil (gray and cream colored)
Long black leather whip
Smaller horse whips ("crops")
Joe's ceremonial pottery
Lucifer Candelabra
Certain dolls
Cross (might have been group property)
White (sometimes colored) handkerchiefs
"Tree of Life" Antique Hooked Rug
Alters in every room (trunks)
Doilies for the alters (trunks)
Coffin Trunk
Beds – especially inherited beds (like **Redacted** and **Redacted** set from Rosabelle)
Robes – **Redacted** and **Redacted** would make us our robes. **Redacted** made my first one – all
white – that I wore in Tucson. I wore it sometimes for ceremonies at our house and sometimes she had me wear it to the beach. As one gets older/ progresses in the church (CS), the robe color changes until it is black.
The White Rock/ The White Stone
Seer stones – used by **Redacted**
Mirrors – especially **Redacted**'s cast iron woman statue mirror
Native American artifacts, arrowheads, meal/grinding stones and bases my parents collected
Many pieces of antique furniture, dolls, personal items, etc. they collected or inherited that they said spirits were bound to

The following are some of the main ceremonies used in the Church of Satan:

BIRTH/ BLOOD CHILDREN

When a blood child is born to a Church (CS) family (or "under the covenant" - phrase used just like the LDS Church), a special, dedicatory prayer is done. As soon as possible, the parents both touch the child and formally promise him/her to Lucifer. They make an oath that the child's life be dedicated and consecrated to him and in turn they ask for him to bless them with "The Wisdom of Parents." We were taught this is a specific spiritual gift bestowed by Lucifer to the parents in his Church (CS), that their dedicated work of "turning" their children to him will be successful and build up Lucifer's kingdom on the earth. If it must be done in the presence of "mixed company" (with some non-Church members) or they are worried about privacy, the Paterfamilias will just say "The Lord," instead of "Lucifer."

- Date: March 11, 1994
  Location: Utah County Hospital, Provo

Redacted was born in the hospital and **Redacted, Redacted** Shawnee and **Redacted** Mike, Paula Schulte, and **Redacted** and I were all there in the room during the labor and delivery. After the birth process and when the nurses had left us alone, **Redacted** held **Redacted** while **Redacted** pronounced the blessing using "The Lord" in place of "Lucifer" in the wording.

ABORTIONS

Abortions were a part of life in **Redacted** home. Our **Redacted** had them throughout our childhood. We were taught that they increase our spirit family in Satan's kingdom since the baby was ceremoniously (through Satan's "priesthood") sealed to us and Satan. They were "pure, blood children" and our family's cherished bloodlines would be preserved. **Redacted** also loved and took great pride in saying that the aborted babies were something like 75% his blood because *he* had impregnated us (we were already 50% his). Starting very young, **Redacted** would give us large prenatal supplements and lecture us on the importance of taking folic acid. She told us that babies take all of the mother's nutrients and so you have to have extra stores of them. She said we needed to prepare our bodies starting early for having **Redacted**'s babies. **Redacted** also often lectured us on this topic.

After my initial period, I was many times given a pill or series of pills by my **Redacted** after we had been raped vaginally by male clients or other CS members. As with my journals, I was required to go over my menstrual calendar with her.

Redacted assigned **Redacted, Redacted**, to learn how to perform births and abortions. **Redacted** called her "Nurse Nora" and "The Little **Redacted**." They were excited to have someone at home to do these things.

- Date: 1994-1995

Time: Nighttime
Location: Spring City house

I was pregnant with **Redacted**'s child but **Redacted** said it was time to abort the baby. This was my first abortion. I had just started to feel better, after having "morning sickness" for many weeks. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had given me a series of pills and liquid to drink and **Redacted** had beaten my stomach while **Redacted** held me down. I was taken down to the kitchen/TV area to have the abortion. Ellen Walker (our horse teacher) and two polygamist women came and they were going to train **Redacted** so she could do abortions on her own. One of the polygamist women was a midwife and the other was one of James Harmston's wives. Ellen and the midwife brought some tools. **Redacted** had set out blankets for me and plastic underneath me. She put out the blue and white seashell/stripped blanket on the top and I wrapped it around my upper torso and put some of it in my mouth to bite into. **Redacted** did not stay but would check in. They talked to **Redacted** the whole time about what they were doing and made her try to do a few of the things herself. The tools and pressure "massage" were painful and my heart was broken. I was crying into the blanket and becoming hysterical. When everything was done the women left. They had washed me and put on underwear with one of the giant pads **Redacted** kept in her walk-in closet. Then they rolled me over and cleaned up everything around me. I lay on the floor and wrapped the blanket around my head. I looked over and saw the bowl with the blood and other bodily things in it. The baby was tiny but you could tell it was a baby. **Redacted** was mad at me for crying so much and told me to "knock it off" and "shut up." She picked up the bowl and **Redacted** came in. They did the ceremonies while I kept crying on the floor. Then **Redacted** brought the bowl over and held up the baby in front of me. She thrust it at me and ordered me to take the first bite. I yelled no and hid my face. She and **Redacted** got more and more angry as I resisted. **Redacted** hit me hard on the back. He ripped the blankets away from my face and held my jaw open. **Redacted** stuck the head of the baby in my mouth – partially. Then **Redacted** clamped my jaw down to bite. I gagged and choked and they warned me not to dare spit it out. They kept opening my mouth to look inside until it was gone. Then they finished eating the baby themselves. **Redacted** took me up to my bed where I stayed for several days while she took care of me.

Note: The blue and white blanket I refer to had also been used in ceremonies, orgies, torture, CS camping trips, and other traumatic events. **Redacted** would use it whenever I had to transport the harp to a performance and, if I got a "bad attitude" about performing (she created my performance schedule for many years), she would talk about things *I* had done on that blanket to threaten me. She made me take it with me when I got married and I was never to get rid of it.

- Date: 1995-1996
  Time: Nighttime

Location: Spring City house

I was pregnant again and very sick. I think I was around 14-15 weeks along. **Redacted** decided it was time to abort the baby and my **Redacted** gave me another series of pills and liquids to drink. **Redacted** was going to be home in time for the abortion, but he was gone the night before. During the night **Redacted** snuck in my room while I was sleeping and started beating my stomach. She had something hard in her hand that she used to beat me but the lights were off. I tried to fight her off and crawled into the corner of my bed crying. She left. I had bruising on my arms from where I had tried to shield myself from the blows.

I was put in the upstairs claw-foot tub. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had set everything up for me and had put a tarp in the bathtub. **Redacted** said she was disgusted by my crying and she only came in once and a while. I was scared that **Redacted** and I would be doing this alone. **Redacted** tried to make me as comfortable as she could. I bit on washcloths to muffle my screaming. **Redacted** pushed a long time on my stomach and worked at removing everything that needed to come out. I felt really, really sick and weak. **Redacted** told **Redacted** that she didn't think I could walk downstairs for the ceremony. **Redacted** was annoyed and said I was pathetic. She took the bowl down to **Redacted** and **Redacted** helped me into bed. **Redacted** came up and forced me to eat part of the head again, threatening to make **Redacted** come up at punish me if I resisted. I finally obeyed.

I stayed in bed for several days and wished I was dead. **Redacted** didn't come in very often. Once or twice a day she would come in to make **Redacted** show her (lifting up my blankets) the changes in blood and how I was recovering. I lay on plastic and towels. **Redacted** would change my pads and clean me. **Redacted** gave me lot of priesthood blessings (CS) and bought me many treats. **Redacted** tried to cheer me up and **Redacted** and **Redacted** came in sometimes.

Especially at age **Redacted** unless **Redacted** had a group or family ceremony or other event scheduled, I was encouraged to date and hang out with many boys. **Redacted** did not give me a curfew, but would usually tell me to be home by 12, 1, 2, or 3 am if there was a ceremony. I was told that this was so that if I were to ever be suspected of being pregnant, my classmates would easy accept that I had slept around. However, I was commanded NOT to sleep with anyone outside of **Redacted** knowledge and consent. It was against my covenants to sleep with anyone unauthorized by **Redacted** for fear of tainting our bloodlines (even if the other person forced me to, it would be MY fault. This idea goes back to what **Redacted** and James Mooney taught: even little baby girls "draw" men in to rape them because, they said, it is fundamentally our own desires that make people do anything to us). **Redacted** threatened he would kill any boy who slept with me and, especially, impregnated me. I realize a lot of **Redacted** say that kind of a thing, but I did not doubt my **Redacted** meant it literally. He and **Redacted** said, however, that I was to tell them immediately and that they would keep the baby. I would receive a severe

punishment, as well. The baby would not be worthy to be adopted into our bloodline because it would be a "bastard," they said (See "Nelly" skit at end of record - reinforcing this idea), but it would be raised and used for other purposes by **Redacted.**

MATRIARCHAL BLESSING AT BIRTH

This is done right before the baptism and confirmation of the baby – boy or girl. Its purpose is to cut any bond between **Redacted** and child, further dedicate it to Satan (reaffirming this in the mind of the **Redacted**), and present it as an offering to and property of the Paterfamilias.

Frequency: Done at every birth. I saw it done after **Redacted** was born in NY and my **Redacted** came out from Utah to visit us. I saw it done after **Redacted** was born (See experience #____). Also done after my abortions, although my **Redacted** would do it in my place. Also, nearly every ceremony includes a sexual act, as that is important to their doctrine, but this does not because we were taught it was the right of the Paterfamilias to be the first person to perform a sexual act on the child.

BAPTISM/ CONFIRMATION

We were taught that a baby must be dedicated to Satan at birth and then baptized and confirmed. They said it must be "cleansed" right away since it is coming directly from Heaven. At the confirmation, the child is filled with Satan's spirit in special places throughout the body – genitals, bowels, stomach, heart, throat, forehead, with the main Elder's hands on top of the head.

- Date: March 1994
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: **Redacted** House, Provo

Redacted was born in the hospital (my **Redacted**, **Redacted** Shawnee, **Redacted** Mike, Paula Schulte, and **Redacted** and I were all there in the room of the hospital) and she and **Redacted** stayed there before being taken to **Redacted**'s house to recover more. **Redacted**'s baptism was performed soon after that when all the family and friends they wanted could be there. We had a **Redacted** dinner and then the baptism. Joe and Lee drove up to be there. Belle, **Redactedie** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde Sullivan, **Redacted** Sara (Lee's sister and Nola's daughter-in-law), Norman and Cindy Van Wagenen (Belle's son and

daughter-in-law – they were publically together or separated back and forth over these years), and Dave and Deborah Sheets were there. My **Redacted** Kim (Nola's daughter), **Redacted** Michael and **Redacted** Christine Sullivan (Nola's son and daughter-in-law), and other **Redacteds** and **Redacteds** might have been there, too. It was a big group. Plastic sheets and black cloth were laid out on **Redacted**'s living room floor underneath 2 basins of water and blood. **Redacted** was undressed and placed in the black cloth naked and she started to scream. **Redacted** did the Matriarchal Birth Blessing. Then **Redacted** placed **Redacted** in the water basin and cupped water over her, saying the blessing with his left arm to the square. Then he did the same in blood, placed **Redacted** on the black towel, and dried his hands. Next, the Elders confirmed her (**Redacted** blessed her on her head while **Redacted**, **Redacted** Clyde, Dave Sheets, Norman, Joe, and other men rubbed her on all the places where Lucifer's Spirit would reside.) Then **Redacted** stated that he was the true Paterfamilias of the child and that she will forever be subject to him, as he is subject to Lucifer. He sealed her to him and invoked "The Wisdom of Parents." Then **Redacted** repeated his lines (that she will be subject to him, etc.). Then he, Joe, and **Redacted** opened their pants and I was ordered to hold **Redacted** up so they could put the end of their penises into her mouth, alternating, as they continued chanting. Then they each licked her vagina and then put their fingers in it (signifying their complete dominance). Then they each masturbated until they ejaculated over her. (They are supposed to try and time it together.) Once they were done, the rest of the elders (mostly women) broke into an orgy. The men who performed the ceremony watched for a while and then got involved. At one point **Redacted** made me dance and touch myself and then kneel down and give him oral sex.

SACRIFICE

Sacrifices to Satan are a very frequent occurrence and the offering can be small to large. Killing of loved pets and other animals were used for this and other purposes/ ceremonies. Joe Bennion kept a hutch of rabbits that were used often. Or the sacrifice could be the consecration of a sexual or violent act that furthers Satan's purposes (before raping, **Redacted** orgies). Often **Redacted** would pray and sometimes make hand signs over my face before violently abusing or raping me, consecrating me and what he was about to do to Lucifer. A very significant sacrifice one can make is the consent to have Lucifer's Spirit or spirits enter your body. This is why so very many ceremonies include this act. One stands and puts their arms up like a "Y", prays to Lucifer to be filled with His Spirit and says aloud that they accept his spirit and/or all spirits (followers) into their body which the "Lord" (Lucifer) wishes to send. We often used Joe Bennion's pottery in the ceremonies because it was consecrated for CS ceremonial use and was marked with this sacred symbol (Y).

- Date: 1984
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Tucson – second apartment

Redacted had a party for their CS friends. After dinner, they started the ceremony. The elders wore black robes. **Redacted** moved the alter (trunk) and lit a few candles around the room. They lit the candelabra from Mexico that has a figure of a man on it with black, wavy, shoulder-length hair. (All my life they said it was Lucifer and The Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden, but sometimes would "joke" that it was our **Redacted** Shawnee - who has jet black hair.) They said he had wings to show how powerful he was. I was standing by my **Redacted** and men put a metal tub on the alter (trunk) and poured the water into it. **Redacted** put me in the tub. He started kissing my mouth and putting his tongue inside it, and then kissing and rubbing my private parts. **Redacted** and the friends kept chanting and moving their bodies. Then all of a sudden **Redacted** held his arms up so he made the "Y" symbol and some people behind me wrapped plastic wrap around my face and pushed me down and kept me under the cold water. I could not breathe and struggled to get out but was not strong enough. It felt like a long time before they pulled me up and my parents hugged and patted me.

Frequency: Ceremonies at **Redacted** Tucson apartment happened at least several times a month – with varying sizes of the group. As I got older I was taught that sacrificial ceremonies that involved torture, especially of young children, gave group members great power from Lucifer. Over the years, I have seen plastic wrap used on **Redacted** in this way and had it used on me in the shower by **Redacted**. Sometimes **Redacted** would pull a sheet of plastic wrap out and lunge at me "as a joke." **Redacted** used it to torture us at other times outside of formal ceremonies.

Also (in my experience), the elders will use "Opposite Game" variations in ceremonies with young children. For example, they do something horrible to the child or make the child do something horrible and then completely change their manner and comfort the child and tell them there is nothing to be afraid of, etc. Then they repeat the act or do something else traumatizing.

- Date: "Special" trip to East Coast with **Redacted**
  Time: Night
  Location: Joseph Smith Birthplace, LDS Visitor's Center Home, VT

When I was a young teen, **Redacted** and **Redacted** arranged for me to accompany **Redacted** on a costuming trip with her to several LDS church sites on the East Coast. They said they had a great opportunity to do Lucifer's work and desecrate these important LDS church grounds. I was told that Lucifer inspired them with the idea of taking me along as the sacrifice. It was explained to me that in

Redacted eyes, as **Redacted** and "Peacemaker," I was not learning my place and was showing some disrespectful behavior to **Redacted**. (I copied **Redacted** home behavior, which was to mock - mostly behind her back - and contend with her.) So **Redacted**, as an Elder on the Council and the oldest Paterfamilias, made the decision. I remember my **Redacted** was annoyed. Before I left, **Redacted** held "confession" with me and said that this trip was "for my good" and part of growing up in Lucifer's church. He said that they all were concerned for my eternal progression and the progression of **Redacted**. He talked about me being "The Peacemaker" and said, **Redacted**, I was "the chosen one" to lead **Redacted** into the future. He also threatened to bring me before the High Council for punishment if I resisted **Redacted** at all. He did not say how I would be punished there, but I knew, from stories and personal experiences up to that point, it would be worse than anything **Redacted** did to me.

One night on the trip we were staying at the mission couple's home attached to the Joseph Smith's birthplace memorial in their guest room. It was a large room and we slept in two twin or full beds separated by a bedside table. There were many white, folding-door closets in the room. I often kept them open because if they were closed it would alert me of the possibility that there was someone in the room who would jump out and rape me, as often they did. Before I went to bed I asked **Redacted** if I could leave the closets open all night. She acted annoyed with me but said I could. After I had been asleep for a while, **Redacted** woke me up and took me by the hand. She called me "Tabitha" and ordered me to come with her and not make a sound. I hesitated and she bared her teeth and hissed at me. She told me to take off my nightgown and get in her bed with her. She was naked, too. She held me tighter and tighter to her body and started trying to kiss me on the lips. She groped my body and "play" bit me and said I was "*Luscious!*" Then she grabbed my hand and rubbing it on her genitals. She started kissing me all over my entire face and then on the mouth and putting her tongue in my mouth. She made many strange (animal-like) sounds and kept whispering baby talk, like "**Redacted** *wuhves* you!" and "**Redacted** *wuhves* huur *ouwabasteh* (alabaster – referring to my skin) baby, Tabifa (Tabitha)." Before she orgasmed she started groping me harder all down my front and clawing me. Finally, she orgasmed. I quickly got out of her bed and into mine. She lay there for a long time silently. I put one leg out of the bed and grabbed my nightgown with my toes and pulled it to me to put on when it was safe.

Frequency: Nearly every night of this trip she would make me do sexual acts or one or more ceremonies with accompanying sexual acts. She said she would repeat them over and over in the different places we stayed until I stopped resisting. She did ceremonies of cursing (or blessing in some cases) the historic sites and the church employees or volunteers that worked or served there. She gave me frequent "blessings" that my heart would change towards her and that I would see that this was all for "the best" and my "good." She had brought consecrated handkerchiefs with her for the blessings and made me promise to put them in my keepsakes when we got home. Before we had breakfast with the missionaries at the Joseph Smith

Birthplace, she would make us pray in our room and consecrate our "work" there to Lucifer. She blessed (unto Lucifer) the "specially-chosen" materials to clothe and display the mannequins. She would tell me how she buried something or hid a cursed item somewhere (for example, a small antique with their accompanying "bound spirits") around the display or site grounds to "defile" them. At night, she would perform more blessings or cursings and/or offer sacrifices to Lucifer. I was the main sacrifice, as it was the sacrifice of my submission. I also had to be completely silent when receiving her abuse. Some of the other things she would do are:

- Make me perform oral sex on her vagina 3 or 4 times in a row until my mouth muscles were exhausted
- Sit on my back (both of us naked) with a rope in my mouth (that she held like reigns) and have me crawl around the room on my hands and knees. She would yank it and sometimes it would slide around and sting.
- She would sit in a chair and make me stay on all fours with my head at her vagina. Then she would string a rope over my back, between my bottom cheeks and under and across my vagina and back to her. If I did anything "wrong" in the oral sex, she would yank, or alternately pull each end of rope – basically giving me a genital rope burn.
- Gagged me and tied my wrists and then ankles together then she would put several fingers inside my vagina or try and put her whole hand inside.
- Whip me with the rope or make me kneel and tie it around my neck and pull tight
- Make me "pretend" to be someone (woman, man, child) from LDS church history or person from the scriptures and do sexual acts on her such as oral sex, putting my fingers (sometimes all 5) in her vagina, kissing or rubbing her whole body, giving her "massages" with sexual acts at the end, etc.

Another experience on the trip was after she took me to Louisa May Alcott's home. She took me to a Tea House there and when we were seated, a strange single man dressed in tan/brown colors with a British accent came over and asked if he could join us. **Redacted** was immediately very warm and friendly with him. He said one or two things about himself and then he started asking lots of questions about me – to **Redacted**. I just sat there and tried to follow **Redacted**'s lead and be polite. It was like an interview. He stayed for maybe 20-30 minutes and then got up and excused himself. After he left **Redacted** went on and on about how handsome he was and how romantic it was to have tea with an "Englishman." We finished up a little later and left.

A time after this at a motel, **Redacted** made me take an enema and shower. Later, the same man from the tearoom knocked on our door. **Redacted** let him in and he brought a black bag. When he saw me he called me Tabitha and said what a pleasure it was to see me again. **Redacted** had said nothing about him coming. She asked him if he would like her to leave and he said it didn't matter to him. She said she would just sit in the corner and finish some hand sewing she needed to do. He

opened his bag and pulled out some black leather harnesses, whips, masks, leashes, underwear and other things. He told me to take off my clothes. He called me Tabitha the whole time and stopped being polite and friendly like he had been at the tearoom. He made me wear a harness that was too big and had circles cut out for breasts and he wore a vest type thing, a mask, and leather pants with the crotch cut out. He duct taped my mouth and told me to be absolutely silent. Most of the time he acted angry, but sometimes he would act excited. He put a leash around my neck and made me dance for him like a stripper and give him oral sex. He flicked my bottom with a smaller whip while I was giving him oral sex. Then he walked me around on a leash and called me "Tabitha" and said I was a lot of curse words and belittled me. Then he pushed me down on the bed and lay on top of me and whispered in my ear the torture he wanted to give me. Then he made me wear leather underwear with a lock on it and ordered me to beg him to open it and have sex with me. This went on for a while and then he opened the lock with a key and raped me anally on my hands and knees. Some of the times I looked over at **Redacted** she was just watching us and sewing. Towards the end she was masturbating. After he left, **Redacted** made me give her oral sex and said I was a born actress like she was.

As we were flying home, **Redacted** threatened me that from now on I was to tell everyone I could that I loved my **Redacted**, especially after she took me on an "expensive service mission for the church" (LDS). I was to say that I had been completely wrong about her and that I had come to love and admire her. I was especially to repeat this over and over to **Redacted**. **Redacted** has brought up our "vacation" together many, many times throughout the years and has mentioned it in her mailed letters to me as well. She would do this especially when she said we did not call enough and/or spend enough time with them over the holidays and other Utah trips. These were all threats to remember their authority as my elders, the covenants I had made, and my great responsibilities to **Redacted**.

- Date: 1994-1995
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Randall Lake home, Spring City

Randall Lake, a Utah artist, was also a CS member. My **Redacted** would talk about the stone house he worked and lived in. It was locally called "The Spring City Endowment House" and had been Orson Hyde's office. **Redacted** said Orson Hyde had built it to perform LDS temple ordinances (on the second floor) before the Manti Temple was dedicated. **Redacted** loved to talk about how the LDS temple symbols had been carved on the front of the building.

One night we drove to Randall's home for a ceremony. He greeted us at the door wearing his black cloak and smiling. **Redacted** told him they brought a little gift for his hospitality: me. He hardly glanced at me but thanked **Redacted** for "the gift" with a

smile. I had not know this plan of **Redacted**. It was dim downstairs with only a few candles lit. We went upstairs. There were more people waiting and more continued to come. There were many places to lounge in the small room upstairs. There was an alter at the opposite end of room away from the stairs. When all had arrived, we were instructed to hold hands while Joe prayed kneeling and looking up with his arms in a "V." Then he put a rabbit on the alter (in a large, ceremonial, shallow bowl of his own pottery) and disemboweled it while it was alive. It made a cry (at which point people started exclaiming praise to Lucifer) and kicked it's legs. Joe reached in pulled the guts out with his left hand and held them up to the square and said another prayer. The elders were all chanting. Lee gave him towel for his hands. Then everyone knelt and put their arms up in a "V" (the best they could – the ceiling is low) and prayed for Lucifer's spirits to enter them. Then the orgy started. I really needed to go to the bathroom and knew I would have to go alone. I snuck downstairs. It was very dim. I tiptoed across the floor to the bathroom. All of a sudden, I was pushed inside and slammed against the wall as the door was shut and locked. It was Randall and he was furious at me for disappearing on him. He grabbed a handful of my hair at the front top of my head and tilted my head back. He laughed and hissed obscenities at me. He started consecrating me to Lucifer and then pushed me down onto the toilet. He unzipped his pants and held my head back and put his penis in my mouth. He told me to "suck it!" and called me "a little c**t" and other obscenities. He kept hold of my hair and forced his penis deep into my throat. When he was done he ejaculated all over my face and neck. He stood there panting and bracing himself on the walls and called me "a f***ing whore!" Then he left.

Frequency: Randall would host ceremonies in his home, especially for other artists from Spring City, Salt Lake, etc. He usually had several young polygamist boys brought in to abuse for the night – of all ages, but often within ages 7-14. His house was smaller so it was sometimes hard to all fit, but CS members and others loved the fact it was once an LDS Endowment House. CS members often expressed their love and excitement in desecrating any site considered "holy" to LDS or other Christian people.

- Date: November or December, 1991 or 1992 (Friday or Saturday night)
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

Redacted held a party one evening and they were excited/tense because some prospective "clients" (for us) from Salt Lake were coming down and we had to impress them. **Redacted** took a lot of time getting us ready and looking perfect. **Redacted** had made us rehearse already for the ceremony and had threatened that we would not be allowed to have any food or drink until we had lunch at school on

Monday.

While people were eating and talking, **Redacted** had us perform some songs with sexual actions and dance. There were three men and one woman that we were supposed to concentrate on. She made us offer food and drinks to the certain guests and sit on their laps and talk. **Redacted** said to make sure we giggled and acted "coy" when they made jokes or teased us. After a while, **Redacted** walked through and said they were ready to get started. They carried the blue couch out and put it in the TV room and put the chairs around. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had put the alter (trunk) in the middle, covered with a doily. People put on their cloaks and **Redacted** was making jokes and being, as he always said he was, the "life of the party."

Redacted made us sit in front of her. **Redacted** prayed to Lucifer in a loud chant with his arm out as if he was singing an aria. His eyes were closed and he kept smiling. (He sang along to opera CDs at home like that and pretended he was on stage). He was really trying to put on a show for the Salt Lake people. Then he raised his arms to make the "Y" symbol and everyone else did, too. **Redacted** made sure we did it quickly. We were always expected to show others that we were very "devout." Then **Redacted** looked at us and **Redacted** pushed us forward. **Redacted, Redacted,** and I sat on the alter together. **Redacted** put his hands on our heads and offered us up to Lucifer as the group's sacrifice. Then he nudged my back and I got up started to dance and take my clothes off like we had rehearsed. **Redacted** and **Redacted** did it too. People chanted louder and started praising Lucifer. **Redacted** nodded and I got down on all fours. **Redacted** and **Redacted** followed me. **Redacted** started sodomizing me and then did it to **Redacted** and **Redacted.** Then **Redacted** and I were supposed to give him oral sex and **Redacted** was supposed to lick his anus. Pretty soon everyone broke out into an orgy. **Redacted** ejaculated and made me swallow his semen. He took me over to one of the special guests and gave me to him. This man had me get on all fours again and raped me in my anus. When things quieted down, we snuck out the doors and went downstairs. I helped **Redacted** clean up. We each put Vaseline on our anuses and lined our underwear with folded toilet paper like **Redacted** had always taught us. We put on pajamas and **Redacted** wore some of **Redacted**'s because she didn't want to go upstairs again. After a while **Redacted** made us come up and say goodnight to the special guests who were leaving.

Frequency: Sacrifice ceremonies are held several times a month. I have attended them at all **Redacted** homes, apartments, and condos, **Redacted** homes and condos, at the Bennion's house, Lee's art studio, the Larsen's house, Randall Lake's home (The Spring City Endowment House), relatives and friends homes, on camping trips, etc. Members (CS) tried to become more and more worthy to "house" more and more powerful spirits of Lucifer. They wanted to get to the point where Satan himself was "in" them/ visible in their "countanance" at all times.

Also, **Redacted** stressed the importance of our always appearing very "devout." This was part of our duties as "ladies of the night," as **Redacted** called us. Others, especially our "suitors/clients," they said, had to believe that we girls were completely devoted to Lucifer. **Redacted** said that is what made us stand out from other girls, explaining that many other **Redacted** did "this" (prostitution) with their **Redacted**

and we had to set ourselves apart to get business.

"RE-BIRTH"/ YEARLY COMMITMENT

In the Church (CS), you must re-commit yourself yearly to Lucifer in a very serious ceremony. It was usually sometime around our birthday and a very traumatic event. You are challenged to make a great sacrifice to him. **Redacted**, especially **Redacted** (the Paterfamilias), would assign us something they said was "inspired" (often killing a pet or human). If we did not follow through, huge punishments awaited us.

The elders made a big deal about having a "happy" birthday – "happy" meaning we were obedient in the ceremony and not tortured for our resistance. As a "reward" for adults, friends would hold these parties for each other and honor the important person with a ceremony and special sexual favors of their choice. **Redacted** hosted many at **Redacted** home in Provo and at "the House," as they and their friends called it (**Redacted** house in Spring City) and we attended others.

- Date: 1984
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Tucson – second apartment

Redacted were having a ceremony at **Redacted** house. Someone knocked on the door and when **Redacted** came back he was holding a blanket and he showed me it was a baby. **Redacted** brought baby **Redacted** in, too. They put the babies in front of the alter on the floor. The other baby was really tiny and had darker skin and hair. **Redacted** said "little **Redacted**" was really bad. They told me I had to make her go away. They said that one of these babies was really "little **Redacted**" and that I had to kill it. **Redacted** started praying out loud that I would be obedient. People started chanting, "Kill, kill, kill, kill..." I tried to run away but he wouldn't let me go. He put a big knife in my hands and they said I had to kill one of the babies.

The next thing I remember is **Redacted** picked me up and had me kneel on the alter by the other baby's feet. We were holding the knife. **Redacted** came over and she put her hands around ours. The baby was crying and someone was holding its arms and legs down. **Redacted** held the knife up and said something together. Then they cut the baby from her vagina to her head. The baby screamed at first and then stopped. Some blood got on my face. I heard baby **Redacted** crying. **Redacted** made me taste the blood and eat some of the flesh of the bayb.

Frequency: This was the first time I remember being forced to take a human life.

- Date: 1989-1991

  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

We got a very special "Manx" kitten when we moved to Provo. He was our first real pet (one we could play with and hold). **Redacted** loved the idea that he was "Celtic" and talked often about the Isle of Man where his breed originated. Manx cats have a stub of a tail. **Redacted** named him "Angus" for one of **Redacted** Scottish ancestors. He was orange and white and very intelligent and loving. **Redacted** and I loved him with all our hearts and would dress him up and push him around in our doll stroller. (This was in spite of **Redacted** often using him in sexual ways several times a week. For example, to "eat our tuna" - putting tuna on her vagina and ours and having him eat it off.) We talked about Angus like he was our friend.

I came home from **Redacted** elementary one day and **Redacted** met us on the street in front of **Redacted** house. She said that Angus had been hit by a car. I started to cry and ran as fast as I could to look. His back leg was bandaged and he lay in a box with a towel. He meowed and I knelt by him and cried and pet him. **Redacted** cried, too. I sat by his box as I did my homework. After dinner **Redacted** and **Redacted** said that it was time for a special ceremony. They said that it was time for me to do the "Re-birth Ceremony." I was horrified and started crying and begged them not to do it. **Redacted** told me I was very disobedient that that I should be thanking them for the chance to prove myself to Lucifer. I cried to the point that I became hysterical and **Redacted** took out his pocketknife and held it under my chin. He threatened to cut out my vocal chords and tongue if I didn't shut up. He said I was violating my covenants as the Peacemaker and if I continued, they would have to call "The Punisher."

A while later **Redacted** gave me a blessing that I would not resist my duty. I had to suck on his penis during the blessing. He prayed to know what parts I should cut off and I had to give him some names.

Redacted came down to get me. I remember my alarm clock said it was after 3 am. I followed him upstairs to the TV room. There were candles lit, including the Lucifer candelabra. Angus was on a towel over a blue tarp on the floor. Around him were some of **Redacted**'s tools, some rope, and some of their other torture instruments. **Redacted** and **Redacted** sat on either side of Angus. They made me take off my clothes and kneel down. They said prayers about consecrating this act for my "good" and I had to hold my left arm to the square and repeat words to "cut off" these parts of me and put them into Angus. **Redacted** told me to pick up the hammer and break Angus's other leg. I wanted to kill myself instead. Angus tried to get up and **Redacted** held him down. He started meowing louder and got agitated. **Redacted** yelled at me to obey and **Redacted** told me over and over to hit him and that I was weak and stupid. They got in my face and threatened me until I hit Angus's leg. They made me do it again harder. Then I was made to torture him. They forced me to cut the tips of his ears off, hit another leg, cut his whiskers off and pull them out with tweezers, and try and break the little bone in his tail, punch him in his side. **Redacted** continued the same yelling and threatening. In the end, they wanted me to kill him. **Redacted** commanded me to "beat his head in" and I refused. **Redacted** started masterbating. **Redacted** held a knife to my

throat. I just sobbed. He pushed me down and made me give him oral sex on my back. He pushed his penis in my mouth deeply and made me choke and gag. **Redacted** kept masterbating and rolling around. **Redacted** ejaculated in my mouth and told me to swallow. I coughed because some when in my nose and I couldn't breathe. He turned and spanked me over and over. They told me to get out and I crawled to the stairs.

When I woke up in the morning, Angus was in his box on the floor next to my bed. He had been bandaged up and was still alive. I could tell he was really weak and suffering. I cried for a long time saying I was sorry.

I was sent to school and at recess I just went off into the big field to sit by myself. I wanted to cry but I couldn't because people would ask me why and then worse things would happen.

When I came home from school his box was in the walkway by the TV room. You couldn't help but pass by him if you were in the living area upstairs or came up from the basement. He couldn't open one of his eyes. He had bandages around his head and parts of his legs and body. **Redacted** would give him drinks from a water bottle and feed him tuna (which she would point out to me and talk about all the times he ate tuna off of me). She also gave him pills crushed up. I thought he was crying my name over and over. I went over to him once and looked at him. He was bleeding out of his nose and could barely open his eyes. One eye had green pus coming out of it. I couldn't bear it so I started avoiding that room. **Redacted** forbade me to stay in my room and to do my homework on the dining room table or on the couch – both close to Angus. They put his box in my room again for the next night. I couldn't look at him the next morning and **Redacted** said he died while I was at school.

Before Angus, we had only ever had some finches as pets. Although we loved them, we could only look at them. Angus was so special to us. From this day forward, although **Redacted** gave us many, many animals to love as pets, I never allowed myself to become attached to them.

Frequency: Redacted and I were made to torture and kill many animals over our childhood for "Rebirth" and other ceremonies and purposes. When we did not kill the animal as they commanded us to, we were made to suffer the consequences. The consequences being that we had a horribly suffering animal around us, sleeping in our room, and put in the main rooms of the home. Sometimes they would even take the animal to the vet, saying it had suffered a horrible accident, and have the vet fix them up enough to suffer a little longer and draw out the terrorizing. They mutilated and tortured the pets as long as possible before killing them.

- ☐ Date: 1993-1994
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Spring City

On the night of my "rebirth" ceremony, James Harmston brought a boy to our house. **Redacted** and James made me take him upstairs to my bedroom and "make him a man." James said something about how lucky the boy was to have **Redacted** inviting him to her room. The men laughed and **Redacted** clapped and rubbed his hands together. We went up to my room and talked briefly. He said his name was **Redacted** and was close to my age. I think his middle name was **Redacted**, or he had a brother named **Redacted**, or something like that. He was very sad looking and quiet. I was embarrassed and asked him if he really wanted to have sex and he said no. We talked for a while and then **Redacted** called and I messed up our clothes and hair before we left the room.

Redacted and James were waiting for us at the bottom of the stairs. They asked him what it was like and were trying to look in his eyes. He kept his head down and said it was good. They laughed hard and **Redacted** slapped his leg. Some people started arriving for the ceremony. **Redacted** ordered me to get dressed and said to wear the pin **Redacted** had given me since she was coming.

When I went downstairs **Redacted** and James had dressed **Redacted** like "Jesus Christ." He was naked and had a sheet around him, their crown of thorns, and tied hands. In the living room, people groped and touched his body and made him touch their private parts and cat called at him. **Redacted** made **Redacted** and I kneel on our hands and knees and put the yoke on us. Everyone chanted as **Redacted** prayed and whipped our backs and bottoms with a crop (a shorter horse-riding whip). Then two people sat on our backs and stuck fingers in my vagina. Everyone was chanting, laughing, and mocking us. Some people kicked **Redacted** in the side. Then, **Redacted** ordered them to lift the yoke and help me stand up. He said how faith in and obedience to Lucifer meant we never needed to feel pain, sorrow, or suffering. **Redacted** had a red and gold cord, that he said represented a chain, around his neck and also put it around mine. He tied it and prayed over me that I would strengthen the chain that bound me to Lucifer and to my family that night. He made me "covenant" with Lucifer and then **Redacted** covenant with me, while Joe held a knife to his throat.

Redacted said it was time to go outside and everyone put on their cloaks. I tried to communicate to **Redacted** through my eyes that I was trying to plan and find a way out for him. They walked to the barn on the property north of us. My **Redacted** hugged and whispered to me. The cross was on the ground (used by this group). They made **Redacted** lie down on the cross. He was shaking and looked at me again. **Redacted** put a gag in **Redacted**'s mouth and **Redacted** and Joe nailed his hands, wrists, and feet (with a wedge under them) to the wood. Everyone else was just whispering and softly laughing in groups. **Redacted** cried and writhed around. I wanted to die instead.

They raised up the cross. People circled around the cross and started chanting and doing a group dance, kind of European in style. **Redacted** handed me his sword and ordered me to hold my left arm to the square and repeat after him. I was made to say I "commanded" a "part" of me to be "cut off" from my "spirit" and "commanded" it be placed into **Redacted**'s body. People held their arms up like a "Y" and praised Lucifer and trying to get "possessed." **Redacted** commanded me to push the

sword into **Redacted**'s side. I froze. **Redacted** and **Redacted** seemed to sense something was wrong. They started hissing and spitting on me and pulling my head back with my hair. **Redacted** told me to obey him immediately and stop "shaming" **Redacted** and **Redacted** kicked me. He grabbed my hands and held the sword up, pointing it at **Redacted**'s side. He hissed for me to do it and cursed at me. Everyone had started the "kill chant" in hushed voices ("Kill, kill, kill, kill..."). I pushed the sword through the skin in **Redacted**'s side. I dropped it and people jumped back. I fell down, sobbing. There were cries of outrage all around me. People started running forward and kicking and beating me and running back to the circle. **Redacted** kicked me in the stomach and said I was "pathetic" and an "f***ing bitch." While I had done what they wanted, everyone plainly saw my heart was not in it and this fact had disgraced **Redacted**. They attacked **Redacted** and physically and sexually abused me (hit, kicked, put their fingers inside my vagina, urinated on me, defecated on me, sat on my face and moved around with their naked genitals) and also began having orgies everywhere. **Redacted** sodomized me where I lay and cursed and spanked me for a long time.

At some point they said it was time to go to the "kill" (kiln – Joe and Lee insisted it was pronounced without the "n."). Paul kicked me in the ribs to move and I crawled away from the cross. They took it down. **Redacted** came over and said she and **Redacted** were "horribly disappointed" in me. **Redacted** wouldn't speak to me. I was told to get up and finish butchering the body. When I saw **Redacted**'s body, I saw that people had torn his wound open with their hands and pulled out some of his organs so they hung outside his body. He had claw marks and blood smeared all over him. **Redacted** and had brought ziploc bags and held one open. She told me to cut off the butt cheeks. **Redacted** said he was too skinny for anything else. I held the knife they gave me for a minute, but then dropped it again. **Redacted** roared at me and **Redacted** said this whole thing was "disgraceful." **Redacted** butchered him, threw towels around him to soak up blood, and wrapped him in a tarp. I was made to follow **Redacted** and Joe with others as they carried **Redacted** to the road. We walked down to the back of Joe's pottery shop. Joe had prepared one of the kiln's ("kill's"). Everyone whispered chants. I kept my head down until we left.

When we got back, **Redacted** and **Redacted** left for Provo and I was locked in the coffin trunk. Later, the trunk opened and Joe leaned over me grinning. He put a cloth over my mouth and nose. I woke up in the barn. I was tied and hanging upside down on the cross. My mouth was gagged and naked. They had tied my legs apart – one to each side of the cross. There were about six other men from the group present wearing cloaks and black masks that had slits for the eyes. I knew **Redacted** was one of them because of his whispering threats when he got close. Joe was not wearing a mask. They chanted as they hit me, spit on me, and punched me in the stomach. Several times, Joe pulled back the gag from my mouth and, with a squirt bottle, filled my mouth with vinegar. It burned and ran through my sinuses. They lit matches and held them close to my eyes, saying they were going to set fire to my hair (head and pubic hair). They pulled the gag out and made me do oral sex on them, one after another, while they clawed me, bit me, or gripped me tightly on the vagina. They made me swallow their semen and pulled away to get it up my nose

and in my eyes. Joe brought some instruments to push into my vagina and anus. Then he squirted vinegar on my cuts and on and inside my vagina.

I woke up naked in the empty coffin trunk with my hands and feet tied. I was cold and needed to urinate but I knew if I went **Redacted** would make me lick it all back up. After what seemed like hours, I heard voices. **Redacted** let me out and sent me to my room. They told me to use the antique "chamber pot" they kept under my bed and told me I was not allowed to come out of my room for anything. (I was not allowed to use the bathroom, get food, etc.) I went to my room and pushed the dresser in front of the door. **Redacted** pushed candy and some bread under the door when they could – which was a huge risk for them. I was left in there for the rest of the day and the next before they allowed me to shower, eat, and drink again.

Frequency: The first murder I know I participated in was around age **Redacted.** The groups, as I was told, would often get infants or children "in trade" with other polygamist groups, off Indian reservations, and other ways. Sometimes they got adults, too.

From what I experienced, a murder can be a popular and big event. If invited, people will travel long distances to attend a murder. They think great power from Lucifer comes to those who participate, so it often draws a crowd.

The pin from **Redacted** is a cameo pin, but very dark. There is a lighter streak around the hair of the profile, which **Redacted** said was my strawberry blonde hair. **Redacted** said the girl on the pin had a beautiful, rich darkness around her, like she hoped I would acquire.

MATRIARCHAL BLESSINGS

Our **Redacted, Redacted,** and many other female **Redacted** did matriarchal blessings on **Redacted** and me. They are shorter generational ceremonies. In my experience, they did them to bless, curse, heal, prophecy (see/ interperet the future), receive visions (the woman giving the blessing gets the "vision"), speak with spirits, and more. We were told they were always for our "good" and are part of the rights associated with "The Wisdom of Parents" birth consecration. There are many variations of matriarchal blessings, but they almost all include a sexual act (before, after, or during the blessing and especially performed by the person receiving the blessing), as we were told it made the blessing more powerful (a "demonstration of faith").

Another important aspect of Matriarchal and other blessings was the use of a consecrated handkerchief. It was often placed over the head of person receiving the blessing, but could also be put over the body where the "ailment" was. They used white handkerchiefs a lot, but they sometimes used patterned ones, too. The older Matriarchs in **Redacted (Redacted)** would often give us consecrated

handkerchiefs as gifts. As a teenager, my **Redacted's Redacted**, Elsie Dee, gave **Redacted, Redacted**, and myself each a packet of handkerchiefs with a typed and photocopied note from her about the importance of having one with you at all times. **Redacted, Redacted** (Carma), and other women gave me many as gifts over my lifetime and would encourage me to collect and buy my own.

- Date: Trip to East Coast with **Redacted**
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Vermont

Many nights and early mornings on our trip, **Redacted** gave me a matriarchal blessing. It was done to call forth Lucifer's power and "change" my heart. One night she told me to take off my clothing and she did, too. She sat on the edge of a chair and commanded me to sit on the floor in-between her legs facing her. She told me to start licking her vagina and keep my face in "tight" so that the connection, the "circle," would never break. She put a white handkerchief on my head and her hands on top of it and blessed me to be honor my elders and be subservient and submissive to her as the Matriarch, to desire the purity of our bloodline, to grow in Satan's gospel, etc. After she was done with the blessing, she said I had to make her orgasm for it to be complete. She ordered me give her oral sex and I obeyed.

Frequency: As stated, this happened many times on our trip. Once on the night we got lost at the docks in Boston (after we got to our room), three times at the Joseph Smith birthplace memorial, and one night after we had worked on the Liberty Jail. On two of those nights (Birthplace & Liberty Jail) she made me lie down and did oral sex on me after she was finished and then made me do it again to her. **Redacted** also gave them to us when we visited her homes. I have probably had at least 50 "blessings" from her (including having to give her oral sex) in my lifetime. About half of those times she gave me oral sex, too. She has also mailed me "blessings" through the years. She sent a written one for **Redacted**

FERTILITY

After my first menstrual cycle, I was instructed to inform **Redacted** the minute it started every month. In between periods, **Redacted** would "save up" certain punishments that she would see were given during my cycle week. We were also forbidden, with many severe threats, to wear tampons at night.

- Date: Winter 1994-1995
  Time: See below
  Location: Spring City House

One night after I my period started, **Redacted** and **Redacted** came into my room. I heard them open the door and quickly crawled to the far corner of my bed under the slanting roof. **Redacted** grabbed my foot and pulled me towards him. I started crying. **Redacted** sat on my legs and **Redacted** crawled on my bed and held my arms down. She was breathing hard. **Redacted** put his finger inside my vagina. He took it out and smeared blood on my forehead in between my eyebrows and on top of my head. He said a prayer consecrating me (and what they were about to do to me) to Lucifer. I tried to fight them off while they took turns beating my stomach. Then they moved me horizontally across my bed and **Redacted** made **Redacted** put my "**Redacted**" towel under me. She held me down, laughing and listing some of my "offenses" while **Redacted** raped me. I was bleeding actively but that seemed to make them more excited. I sobbed and they laughed and mocked me for being "weak." They called me "Baby **Redacted**" because I cried so much.

Frequency: They would repeat this often, day or night, for the 7-8 days I bled. Dreading this frequent treatment would make my body extremely tense, which seemed to then make my menstrual cramps more severe. The pain would leave me in bed. I would bleed heavily for 3-5 days and pass large clots of blood. I would not eat very much for several days because I just didn't have the energy. If I happened to be in school at the time, I would usually stay home for a few days. **Redacted** said it was all to prepare me for the pain of labor. I was supposed to get used to and then come to enjoy the pain, but I never did. It got to the point where I would often cry when I saw blood in my underwear, fearing I was starting early. Because it was not uncommon to see a little blood in my underwear during the rest of the month, it was a frequent fear.

This happened every menstrual cycle until I became pregnant. (If they planned on getting me pregnant, then I would get a short break until the abortion. Then I would be beaten on the stomach again to help with the abortion.) Sometimes **Redacted** friends and our "clients" requested to meet us purposely during our periods. This sexual and physical abuse continued in **Redacted** condo and in **Redacted**'s Provo condo with **Redacted** or **Redacted**. If **Redacted** and I were having our "cycles" together, they would lay out blankets on the floor make us do things together, such as lick each other's vaginas. They would vaginally rape us (**Redacted**, **Redacted**, and/or **Redacted**) and beat our stomachs and bowel areas or punch or push with great force directly into our bellybuttons. Also, **Redacted** used my "**Redacted**" monogramed towel a lot to put under me. It was red, thick, and oversized. She had purchased them and had them monogramed when we lived in our Provo house. They were used in many, many CS ceremonies and other events/ encounters. Mine was used sometimes with "clients" (prostitution) to protect the sheets. **Redacted** made sure I took the towel with me when I got married **Redacted**.

- Date: Fall 1994

Time: Evening
Location: Spring City House

Shortly after my first menstrual cycle, I received the Fertility ceremony. The ceremony is a blessing of one's female organs. The night this was held **Redacted** "dolled us up," as she often said. **Redacted** held a dinner party first and **Redacted** made her special poppyseed cake. **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted & Redacted** Anderson, Nola and Clyde, **Redacted** and **Redacted** Renee, Susan and Craig, Joe and Lee, the Larsens, the Schultes, and others attended. I think my **Redacted** Sara (Lee's sister, Nola's daughter-in-law) came, too. When it was time for the ceremony, they moved the coffin trunk out into the room. I was told that "Tabitha" was to "come out." They made me undress and lay on the top of the coffin trunk. All the men took off their clothes. They blessed my organs through Lucifer's priesthood and then I was told to hold my knees up against the sides of my chest. They each mounted the trunk and raped me vaginally for a short time. Then they stood around me and masturbated and tried to ejaculate at the same time. They all ejaculated all over my stomach and bowel area. **Redacted** tried to pick some up and drop it in my mouth. She, **Redacted**, Nola, Lee and some of the other women licked it off my stomach.

Frequency: Redacted and I received this ceremony occasionally. Men performed it for girls, women performed it for boys. **Redacted** also would do it to us when they wanted us to become pregnant.

"The Coffin Trunk" - **Redacted** and **Redacted** had been thrilled at getting it from "The Great Divide" – what he and his siblings called the divide of **Redacted**'s antiques after they divorced. We were always told that it was a huge deal that **Redacted** had "swiped," as they said, the coffin trunk from his siblings.

CLEANSING

The "Cleansing" ceremony happens as they feel it is "needed." The substances they use to "cleanse" you with have all been previously consecrated to Satan. (See also manti temple sealing)

- Date: **Redacted**
  Time: Night
  Location: **Redacted** Provo Condo

The night before I was married to my husband, **Redacted** woke me up in the early morning and told me we were going over to **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s house "now." I said no and she got right in my face (as I was laying in bed) and threatened to have **Redacted** come over and spend the whole night "f***ing" me (she said the actual word). When we got over there, they took me to **Redacted**'s shower and **Redacted** and **Redacted** helped **Redacted** administer a "cleansing ceremony." They poured blood

over my head (I'm not sure where the blood came from) and I was commanded to scrub it thoroughly into my body. Next they gave me some special clay **Redacted** had from Israel and I was to repeat the scrubbing. Finally **Redacted** poured oil over my head and pronounced the blessing. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were smiling. Then I was told to wash everything off and come out to **Redacted**'s room. **Redacted** was sitting in the bed and everyone smiled at me. **Redacted** talked to me (with their interjections) about what an important step I was taking and that they were sure I was going to be a "righteous" **Redacted** in Lucifer's kingdom some day soon. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were crying and praising Lucifer. Then they told me to take off my towel and sit at the end of the bed. **Redacted** blessed me (as he had several nights before – See #__) while I was made to suck on his penis and then he vaginally raped me on the bed. During the blessing, **Redacted** and **Redacted** touched each others body and genitals. While **Redacted** raped me they chanted a prayer and then sang a verse of the hymn "Abide with Me, Tis Eventide" (they used this song a lot in nighttime orgies – Lucifer was their "Savior" in the song). I kept telling myself that this would be the very last time they would ever get to abuse me. Then I was told to get home and to bed for my "big day" tomorrow. In the morning **Redacted** overslept and I was exhausted. We were late getting to the LDS temple for my sealing.

INITIATORY

We did "Initiatory" and other CS ordinances for the dead. **Redacted** loved this ceremony. **Redacted** would collect LDS Temple name cards and we would use those and other names to do the CS ordinances for people who were in the "Spirit World."

- ☐ Date: 1984
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Tucson – second apartment

One nighttime ceremony, **Redacted** put the metal tub on the alter (trunk). I was naked. I thought they were going to wrap my face but there was no water in the tub. **Redacted** and other women stood around me. They were holding bowls and **Redacted** also had a pitcher. She poured something in everyone's bowls. **Redacted** gave the pitcher to someone else. Then they put finger in the liquid and touched their forehead. I recognized it was blood and was so afraid. Then they started walking around me and touching parts of my body with the blood. One woman stopped in front of me and held my arms to my sides. She started licking my vagina with her tongue and everyone else was touching and rubbing my body. My body had blood smeared all over it. They put their tongues in my mouth. Then **Redacted** put garments on me. People started kissing and touching each other. **Redacted** took me out of the tub and I saw **Redacted** go into her room with a different man.

Frequency: I have been made to receive this ceremony (for the spirits of the dead)

throughout my life. I have watched **Redacted** and others receive it as well. **edacted** and the other women in **Redacted** really love both the women and men's ceremonies (when the men do it, the men are all naked). During the women's ceremony, the men sit and watch (and among the Spring City and Hamblin family groups, they catcall, make lewd jokes, etc.) until it is over and they have an orgy. I also received and/or saw this performed in **Redacted** Provo house and condo, in "The House" in Spring City, in Lee's art studio, with Hamblin relatives in Utah and Arizona, in the Manti Temple, in Wildwood, in **Redacted'** (Richard and Robert's) homes, and others' homes.

ENDOWMENT

The "Endowment" ceremony is very important in the church (CS). The elders make you dedicate all you have and are to Lucifer and in turn you are "endowed" (given the gift) of his "power" and "priesthood." In the ceremony the elders begin with a story that is acted out. People are chosen to act out the roles. They often wore costumes and had props, but once and while everyone just wore their robes. We were taught it was the *real* story and order of events before and after the world was created (as opposed to the LDS/Christian version). Then you make a series of covenants (and "demonstrate," we were taught, those covenants) with Lucifer. At the end, as people go through the "veil," it always breaks into an orgy – often violent.

- Date: Summer 1992 - 1993
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

Redacted had a family party at our Provo House. **Redacted** Nathan and **Redacted** Linda were in town. The people I remember were there were: **Redacted** Nathan, **Redacted** and **Redacted** Anderson, Gerrit and Carol, **Redacted's** friend "Uncle" Cory (He was not related to us. He was my **Redacted's** close friend and a serious hiker. He had attempted Mt. Everest once or twice by then. I think his last name starts with an "H.") Sometimes **Redacted** Linda attended ceremonies but she was not there this time.

Redacted had made us take vaginal and anal enemas in the afternoon and put lipstick on us. **Redacted** had ringlets. **Redacted** and our **Redacted** made us sit on their laps and talk with them during the party. They rubbed our inner thighs and touched our vaginas with their fingers (I saw this happen to **Redacted**, too). **Redacted** told me to sit on his lap and he kept smelling my hair and talking about it. Then **Redacted** came over to talk to **Redacted** about the ceremony. He said I should play "Eve." He said it was a good test and challenge for me as **Redacted**. He often said things like this to me, saying he was preparing me to carry "the torch" (Lucifer means light-bearer, we were taught) of the gospel (CS) into the future. I was really scared because I

hated being Eve.

When they started the ceremony, everyone put their robes on. The living room was set up for the ceremony (windows and patio door blacked out, the alter (a trunk) and props ready). **Redacted** gave me a piece of paper with a name on it (I would act as "proxy" for the dead person on the paper). **Redacted** talked about how they were special names she had been saving.

Redacted played the narrator, **Redacted** played Lucifer (his favorite role), Nathan played Jesus, and **Redacted** Cory took the God part. The story starts in Heaven, before God sends his children to live on earth. The "War in Heaven," Adam and Eve in the garden, and the story of Cain and Abel is acted out. God and Jesus are acted out as being punitive and conniving and Adam and Abel are often acted out as being "slow" or mentally retarded. In the garden, Eve partakes of the "forbidden fruit" which they taught meant that Lucifer "beguiles" her to have sex with him (although they liked me to pretend I was trying to get Lucifer to come on to me). Then Eve goes and seduces Adam and has sex with him. Then God and Jesus arrive and Adam and Eve hide. God and Jesus beat Eve for her sins and decree that Adam will be her Lord. There is a line about this law extending to all women who will live on the earth. This night, I was raped vaginally by **Redacted** (Lucifer) and then by **Redacted** Gerrit (Adam) and then I was made to endure a beating by **Redacted** Nathan and **Redacted** Cory. Nathan had the big black leather whip and he held both ends in one hand and mostly whipped my back. **Redacted** Cory held me in position for **Redacted** Nathan and had a smaller whip himself that he used on me. I tried very hard to endure it without crying too much, since they sometimes went on longer if you looked "weak." (They teach that as you become a fully converted disciple of Lucifer, pain becomes pleasure. **Redacted** also drilled into me that as "The Peacemaker" – a role we both had and a covenant we had both made – I must *"willingly"* endure severe "trials" [torture, abuse]. If it seemed I was unwilling, the severity would increase until I behaved as they wanted me to.)

The story continues as Eve labors and "gives birth" to Cain and then Abel (Gerrit and Cory crawled behind me and then came out from under my very large dress – often a "mumu"). Abel is often portrayed as a "mama's boy," too. Lucifer, Cain, Abel, and Jesus have parts and then Cain kills Abel and the story concludes. Then the narrator/officiator moves into the more serious ceremony. You make a series of promises and covenants to Lucifer with sexual acts in between. You are also threatened with and agree to disembowelment and that your throat will be slit if you tell anyone what you have covenanted. **Redacted** opened a paper envelope and passed pictures out to **Redacted** and I. One picture was of a toddler lying on the ground (looked like concrete) with his head cut off and to the side of his body, propped up by someone's hand. They also used some pieces of LDS temple clothing and their own "sacred" clothing, as well. I'm not sure what happened during the rest of this particular night's ceremony.

At the end, you go through a "veil," which signifies coming before Lucifer after you have been proven and found worthy to be in his presence. The veil was sewn by **Redacted**. This time, **Redacted** officiated at the veil and he fondled my

breasts and vagina as I covenanted. As people went through, an orgy broke out. I was anally raped by Gerrit and then was made to give **Redacted** oral sex. I saw **Redacted** and **Redacted** Cory having anal sex in a chain with **Redacted** (**Redacted** first).

Frequency: We did this ceremony many, many times growing up in **Redacted** homes and at others' homes. It was popular with elders on both **Redacted** and with **Redacted** friends.

With the Spring City group and with the **Redacted** family, this ceremony could be extremely lewd and raucous. They also adlibbed and made dirty jokes a lot (they would never have done it the same way around my **Redacted** Richard). **Redacted** and Joe or **Redacted** and **Redacted** Steve played "Lucifer" and "Cain" a lot. They were especially excited to torture and terrorize "Eve." When "Eve" gives birth to "Cain" (not so much "Abel," as he is portrayed as "retarded"), they liked to stick their fingers in your vagina or bite you there as well as tickle your legs to make you jump and squirm like you were in "labor." Then "Adam" would hold up your dress (as "Eve" you were not allowed to wear anything underneath) and everyone would laugh to see "Cain" giving "Eve" oral sex. After **Redacted** Steve (as "Cain") was "born," he would often crawl back under "for more" and/or pull your dress up and "nurse" you. He would also smell your anus and say he wanted your "poo poo" platter – which got a lot of laughs from the adults.

- Date: 1990-1993
  Location: Dance Hall Rock, Southern Utah

Once we went down to Dance Hall Rock for several days. A huge mass of Church members (CS - from all over, **Redacted** said) came to camp and do ceremonies and other things. **Redacted** said that security was very tight and that people were positioned all around us (unseen) to protect the activities. During the days, people camped, hiked, ate, and did CS activities and ceremonies. More came during the night than stayed during the daytime. There were campfires going night and day and people brought instruments and sat around the fires and played. There were orgies happening day and night. **Redacted** took us to a few tents and made us "participate" in some of the orgies and see "clients." We also went on a hike with **Redacted** and some other men he had met during the day once, looking for Indian artifacts, etc. We had to give oral sex to **Redacted** and the men when we stopped to eat lunch.

One of the nights they did a big "performance" of the Endowment story with fancy costumes like a real play. I remember it was a bit different than the versions I had seen before, but the main parts were the same. They used their car headlights to shine on the "stage." They also used kids as "extras" and they were raped, sodomized, and beaten as well. Eve was a really beautiful teenage girl and **Redacted** kept saying how exciting it would be for me to play Eve for such a huge crowd when I was older.

We went to "Dance Hall Rock" to camp many times in our childhood, especially on our way to "Jacob Hamblin's Arch" and "Coyote Gulch." Dance Hall Rock is a natural amphitheater, **Redaced** always said. **Redacted** said pioneers would stop there and have dance parties. We have been there several times for CS purposes.

SEALINGS

CS elders teach their "sealings" bind husband and wife, families, and others together for eternity.

- ☐ Date: Shortly after the camping trip to "Nirvana"/ starting period (13-14)
  Time: Late Evening
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted held an adult party and **Redacted** and I stayed up and ate with everyone. The elders had some kind of long, doctrinal talk in the dining room that got a little heated sometimes. I sat on the couch in the TV room and was so tired I fell aslepp.

Redacted woke me up and told me to come upstairs. We went to my room and she told me to undress and left. She came back wearing a black dress and had another whitish dress that looked like a style of dress from the Victorian era. It had a high neck and a long skirt and many, many little buttons down the back. (After the ceremony, she kept this dress out for us to use as a "dress-up." She said it had been hers as a young woman.) She brushed my hair and looked me over before we went back downstairs. The living room was filled with people in dark clothing and robes - **Redacted** and **Redacted** Anderson, **Redacted** and **Redacted** Renee, Mike and Rebecca Allen, Joe and Lee Bennion, Paul and Ann Larsen, Tom and Paul Schulte, **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig, David and Deborah Sheets, and others. The blinds were down and the room was lit by the Lucifer candelabra, one of the silver candelabras she got from "The Great Divide" (Hamblin family heirloom "divide"), and her pioneer Kerosene lamp. The alter (a pioneer trunk) that usually sat under their Joseph Smith portraits was pulled away from the wall. It had one of **Redacted**'s crocheted white doilies on the top and her antique "Tree of Life" hook rug was in front of it.

Redacted stood up and announced I was being sealed to him and **Redacted** tonight. They did a restrained version (for the Spring City group) of the Endowment ceremony. They made me play "Eve." Joe narrated, Mike Allen played God and whipped me, **Redacted** played Lucifer (as usual) and raped me vaginally, Paul played Cain and gave me oral sex and put his fingers in my vagina as he was being "born." When it was over Joe stood behind me and used a large knife (making me hold it, too) to simulate slitting my throat and bowels if I were ever to speak of these things. I was shown gruesome pictures of teenagers and women who had been mutilated and killed by throat and bowel knife slitting. Some of the pictures were taken in the act

of killing and so the victim was alive with wide eyes or looking like they were screaming. During the part about dedicating all you have and are to Lucifer, they made me stand and hold up my skirt while **Redacted**, Ann Larsen, **Redacted** (Carma), Lee, Rebecca Allen, Paul Schulte, **Redacted** Suki, **Redacted** Renee, and other women licked my vagina. I was taken through the (homemade) "veil" by **Redacted** and then made me get on all fours (others helped force me down) and he anally raped me and hit me. Then **Redacted** licked, bit, and rubbed my vagina roughly while people held me down (Ann Larsen, Rebecca Allen, Lee, and another person).

Then they turned the alter and had **Redacted** and myself kneel on one side and **Redacted** on the other. Joe was standing at the head as the officiator and **Redacted** and **Redacted** acted as witnesses. I held a hand of each **Redacted** and they held hands so we made "one eternal round." Joe spoke and we repeated the covenants that they said would bind me eternally to them as a wife. Then I had to give oral sex to both of them. Then everyone started to have an orgy. I was made to give both of my **Redacted** and **Redacted** oral sex. **Redacted** forced herself under me to give me oral sex while I was made to give it to **Redacted. Redacted** grabbed fistfuls of my hair while I gave him oral sex and forced his penis deep in my throat.

- Date: 1996
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Manti Temple, Manti, Utah

Redacted had been preparing with Joe Bennion and James Harmston (and others) for a "very special event." We were all going to be sealed in marriage and they had gotten a way to do it in the LDS Manti Temple. **Redacted** was to be sealed to James Harmston and **Redacted** to Joe Bennion. **Redacted** were both very scared, and so was I. **Redacted** said that I was getting sealed (as a wife) to he and **Redacted** again since they said it was such an extraordinary opportunity to "desecrate" one of Jehovah's temples.

The day or so before it happened they did a "cleansing" ceremony on us in the dark. **Redacted** gave us each something to carry out to the barn. They did the ceremony in the front area of the barn with flashlights. We took turns standing naked in their metal tub. Blood, sage ash, and oil were poured on us (we rubbed each into our skin as if they were soap) and **Redacted** said a blessing. As we finished **Redacted** wrapped an old towel around each of us and **Redacted** rinsed our feet off with a water bottle so we wouldn't leave bloody footprints across the grass. We ran as fast as we could to the kitchen door. We used the downstairs shower to clean up. After we were cleaned, **Redacted** raped each of us over the next few hours. He laughed with **Redacted** and said, "A dog always marks his territory!"

The next night or a few nights later we drove to the Manti Temple. We were all (**Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and I) dressed up in white with our hair curled. I was told not to wear underwear and that I was not to bring anything in with me because I might

forget it. **Redacted** told **Redacted** to wear her betrothal ring that Joe had given her. **Redacted** carried a bag of things for us. The moon was very bright. They had made some elaborate plans to hide all of us showing up there – especially in the moonlight. We parked in a grassy area on the east or northeastern side of the temple and had to walk up a hill. We entered a door on the side of the main entrance. There were a lot of people with us – the Bennions, James Harmston and a few of his wives, some other adults, and many polygamist children, mostly girls. There were about 25 or so other people there besides the Bennions and us.

Some of the adults turned on flashlights and we followed them downstairs and then upstairs again. We went to the baptistery and some of the people were baptized, but **Redacted** and I were not. **Redacted** told **Redacted** "no" because she had taken so long to get us "ready." Some people also did Initiatory ceremonies. We went upstairs into the endowment rooms. They did a CS endowment ceremony while we watched. I looked at the murals and tried to pretend I was far away in a beautiful castle or fairy tale. The moonlight from the windows in the blue room was very beautiful. We went through the veil to the celestial room and I was fondled by James Harmston, who officiated there. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made us follow them to the big sealing room and many people came to watch. **Redacted** and others brought cloths to cover the alters.

James raped **Redacted** on the alter while **Redacted** and James' wife held **Redacted** in place. Then **Redacted** told **Redacted** to perform a song and dance she had prepared for Joe Bennion. It was about "Solomon," which was Joe's CS name. Then Lee tied **Redacted**'s arms behind her back and they put her on the alter. Joe and Lee were kneeling on either side of her and then Joe raped **Redacted** while Lee held her down. Then I knelt with **Redacted** and **Redacted** and was sealed to them. Afterward, I was put on the alter and raped by **Redacted** and then **Redacted** stuck her fingers in my vagina. I think **Redacted** "finished" **Redacted** by doing oral sex on him. Then we moved to the side of the room. James did a few more ceremonies. Some of the people who had come with us were in other sealing rooms and we watched some of their ceremonies, too.

After that some of us were taken upstairs to a hallway. James, the Bennions, my family, and some of the polygamists were there. As we were walking, **Redacted** whispered that we were going to the prophet's room. They led us to a doorway and the adults went in first. It was a beautiful, elegant room. The ceiling was rounded. There were some chairs around the room and an alter. There was also a desk in the room. I wondered what kinds of things had been written at that desk. The adults formed a prayer circle to Lucifer and made us participate. Then my sisters and I were raped again. **Redacted** anally raped me. I was shaking from fear that this would be the final straw and Jesus would come down and destroy us.

Then we went back downstairs. **Redacted** made sure she had collected everything. We snuck out and down the hill to our cars and everyone drove home.

Frequency: The other time we went to the temple we joined James Harmston and more polygamists. This time we did all the temple ordinances according to LDS practice. **Redacted** and other polygamist children and teenagers did LDS "Baptisms for

the Dead." **Redacted** said they didn't know about our Church (CS) and we were supposed to pretend to believe what they did. James brought 6-8 young women and after we went through the veil into the celestial room, they and **Redacted** and I were all raped by James, **Redacted**, Joe, and a few polygamist elders. **Redacted** raped me and another polygamist girl (that he ejaculated inside). The men sealed the polygamist girls to themselves.

- Date: 1999 or 2000
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: **Redacted** Condo

One evening in **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s current condo, **Redacted** announced that we would all be sealed as wives to him that night (this was after the High Council ruling). The Lundberg's came to the back door (they said Gary came to act as a "witness"). We carried Gerrit de Jong's piano bench to the middle of the living room to be the alter (**Redacted** told us her family had used the bench as an alter in her childhood and youth). We sang some hymns. Then **Redacted** gave a very long opening prayer (everyone had to stand in a "Y") where he railed against **Redacted** for his disobedience and prayed for **Redacted** and I to learn true obedience to Lucifer. He also prayed for Lucifer's spirit to enter us. Then we each knelt across the "alter" from **Redacted**. **Redacted** ordered us to suck on his penis during the sealing. Then we each had to balance on our backs on the alter while he put his penis in our vaginas, one by one. He ejaculated on **Redacted**. Then he wiped some of the semen on his fingers and rubbed it into the crowns of our heads with more ceremonial words. Afterwards, **Redacted** directed **Redacted** I to each give oral sex to Gary, Joy, she and **Redacted**. When they were finished, Gary and Joy left out the back door. **Redacted** said something about how fun it would be to call us each "wife" now.

Note: **Redacted** openly expressed her hate for **Redacted** so much during this time, she said she wanted to avoid her as much as possible and yelled at her (inside or outside). **Redacted** was really, really mad about the High Council ruling, too, and often took it out on **Redacted** and I in physical violence - hitting and kicking us in rages. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had many arguments, too. **Redacted** seemed to really enjoy this and would use **Redacted** and **Redacted** to "humble" each other. **Redacted**, as well as **Redacted**, called us "wives" often after the sealing.

For the last several years **Redacted** would often threaten me and remind me of my sealing and obligation to him by saying, in public, that he has a picture on the back of his door of his "favorite women in the world" and "the most important women in my life." The picture is of **Redacted** with **Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and myself. It was taken at **Redacted** baptism. **Redacted** has four other **Redacted**, another **Redacted**, and two **Redacted** that he never includes in his statements about his "important" women or has photos (that I have ever seen) in his room.

FAMILY/ GENERATIONAL CEREMONIES

There are many family/ generational ceremonies in the Church (CS) and they are performed regularly. They enforce the respect for titles and roles of each member of the family, most importantly the Paterfamilias.

- Date: 1990-1991
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Provo House

Redacted woke us up in the middle of the night and said it was a very special night for us. He said to take off our pajamas and come upstairs. When we came upstairs, **Redacted** hugged us excitedly, rubbing up and down our bottoms and backs, and said how wonderful it was to have this special "treat." **Redacted** made us to stand in a line, shoulder to shoulder, oldest to youngest so he could bless us before we started. He used his consecrated handkerchief (he always keeps one in his pocket), stopped in front of each of us, and blessed and touched us in many places starting with the genitals. Then we stood in a tight circle around him while he prayed and we chanted back to him. Then they made us form "The Chain of Lucifer." **Redacted** told me to give oral sex to Gerrit. **Redacted** made a mad face. **Redacted** had to give it to me but **Redacted** and I had an understanding that we would just "pretend" whenever we could get away with it. **Redacted** sat on the couch and the chain wound around the room from there. He prayed for spirits to enter us and praised Lucifer with his arms up in a "V." I tried not to listen to the sounds the elders were making and think about other things.

When the elders were finished, **Redacted** left down the hall and came back holding a baby. **Redacted** and I were quiet while the elders talked excitedly. They put a blue tarp on the floor and laid the baby on a towel in an "apple box" on the alter. The baby was a boy and had light skin and light brown hair and was small. The baby started to fuss. **Redacted** stood behind the alter and called **Redacted** to him and made us stand on either side of him. **Redacted** stood close by. When **Redacted** said we each had to help him, I wanted to cry, but I couldn't. I knew from experience that they would kill and eat the baby no matter what, but if I cried, the whole night would be dedicated to my "penance" and they would turn on and torture **Redacted** for my "disgracing" of my "calling" as "The Peacemaker" (They would likely, as they had in the past, make me torture them and then make them torture me, telling them I had disrupted the ceremony on purpose just so I could hurt *them*).

At one point in the ceremony **Redacted** handed me the knife and ordered me to cut off one of the baby's fingers. The baby was already crying. He showed me where and I slowly obeyed. **Redacted** told me to give the finger to **Redacted**. Gerrit told her to stick it in her nose. She did and **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and Gerrit laughed. Then she

started chewing on it. The baby was screaming. **Redacted** made **Redacted** cut the back of its ankles and made **Redacted** cut its penis off. **Redacted** held up the baby by the neck and it screamed and kicked. The elders laughed and **Redacted** stuck his finger down the baby's mouth and it choked and gagged (this is something I also saw **Redacted** and others do to **Redacted** a lot when they were infants). **Redacted** gave me the knife and ordered me to show **Redacted** how to disembowel a baby properly. He sat the baby up in the box. I paused and **Redacted** gave me a stern look. I touched the knife to the point I had been taught and slid it across in a crescent shape to the other side. **Redacted** nodded and ordered me to continue. My hands were shaking and I couldn't see for the tears in my eyes. I pulled the intestines out of the baby and laid them in front. Everyone praised me and praised Lucifer. **Redacted** commanded me to finish the job, pointing to its throat. The baby wasn't crying anymore. I slit its throat. My hands were covered in blood but they wouldn't let me leave to wash them. They took the baby out of the box and put him on **Redacted**'s blue and white English china platter and took it to the table. **Redacted** had set out a stack of little blue and white china plates and silver flatware. The elders immediately started pulling and cutting off parts of the baby and eating them. They ate a lot of it and had blood on their hands and faces. We were made to eat pieces, too. Later, **Redacted** made us watch she and **Redacted** butcher the rest of the baby. **Redacted** started a big pot of broth on the stove with a lot of the parts.

- Date: 1999-2000
  Time: Night
  Location: **Redacted** & **Redacted**'s condo, Provo

I was woken up by **Redacted** and told to come upstairs to **Redacted**'s room. I complained and she snapped that I had better get up or she and **Redacted** would come back with a knife. I got out of bed and walked up the stairs to the first floor. **Redacted** met me, coming out of the kitchen and wearing just his garments. He walked up the stairs and I followed him. **Redacted** was in her room and **Redacted** walked in after us. **Redacted** shut the door and told us to get undressed. He told us all we were going perform the "Chain of Lucifer." When he said it **Redacted** and **Redacted** held their arms up and praised Lucifer. It is a ceremony of the bloodline. Because he was "Paterfamilias" he got the most comfortable place on the bed. He chose his place on the left side of the head of the bed, reclining on the pillows. He directed me to get on all fours in a diagonal line across the bed and give him oral sex. **Redacted** slid under me and pulled my hips down towards her face. **Redacted**'s legs hung off each corner of the bed following the diagonal line. **Redacted** got on all fours on the floor and started giving **Redacted** oral sex. The three of them made all sorts of disgusting sounds. **Redacted** rolled his head and eyes around. He raised his arms high above his head in a "V" and hissed praises, droned, and chanted prayers to Lucifer. He called Lucifer

by many names, including Beliel and Son of the Morning, and Prince of Darkness. When he said the lines of a certain prayer we were all supposed to drone together. The three of them were breathing heavily and stopped frequently to growl, groan, clack their teeth together, and make animal-like sounds and shrieks. At one point, **Redacted** started calling out in a desperate voice for her "Daddy" to enter her. **Redacted** ejaculated and made me swallow all his semen and to lick it off his body. Part of the ceremony, I was taught, was ingesting the sexual fluids of **Redacted** – male and female. When everyone was done I didn't move it looked like everyone was sleeping. I went down to the basement bathroom and cleaned up and went back to bed.

Frequency: This **Redacted** ceremony was done from the time I was very little through to adulthood. We would meet at least 2 times a month for them when we lived in Provo and many times in a short period when we were visiting them from out of town. We did it in my **Redacted**'s house by the MTC when we would visit. We did it later at their condo a few blocks below ours in Provo. It was done often while we stayed with my **Redacted** in their condo and continued later when we were living next door with my **Redacted**. They often used Gerrit deJong's bed because **Redacted** said it extended the **Redacted** "chain" one link farther back. It would be long or short depending on the amount of people, but the more **Redacted**, the better. We were told that when it was being performed, our ancestors would be present and participating spiritually.

Redacted explained to me once that this ceremony has deep layers of meaning. The act creates a "chain" that links you securely to Lucifer and to the other members of your bloodline. An elongated "Y" symbol is created with the Elder at the head and a long "body" of people who share the same "elect" blood. Sometimes **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** talked about this ceremony as creating the "dual-headed serpent" (one of their names for Lucifer), because the person at the "head" has arms in a "V" and everyone else is the long snake "body." The Bennion's had a sculpture of a dual-headed snake on their wall in Spring City. One head and side of the body was light and the other was dark. We were taught that Lucifer is both a Son or Prince of Light ("Son of the Morning," as it says in scripture) and a Son or Prince of Darkness.

- ☐ Date: End of **Redacted**
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: **Redacted** Condo

A few nights before my wedding (**Redacted**), **Redacted** and **Redacted** set up a "sleep-over" at **Redacted**'s house for "all the girls." They laid blankets down in front of **Redacted**'s fireplace and we were ordered to bring our pillows and LDS patriarchal blessings. **Redacted** walked in with a small stack of white handkerchiefs, which meant they would be giving us Matriarchal blessings. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made us read our patriarchal blessings and then, under "inspiration" (they claimed),

they interrupted them. They talked about how pure and noble **Redacted** bloodline was in the kingdom of Lucifer and important we all were. **Redacted** sat on the couch for part of this. **Redacted** and **Redacted** gave us matriarchal blessings each, elaborating more on our patriarchal blessings and I got a "special" long one because, they said, I was about to get married. **Redacted** and **Redacted** sat in two chairs by the stair wall and I faced them sitting on my knees. They made me fondle both of their genitals during the blessing. Then they gave blessings to **Redacted** and made them fondle them, too. By this time, **Redacted** had moved to the top of the stairs and was watching. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had us (all six) undress and form an "Eternal Round" (a generational ceremony), similar to "the Chain of Lucifer" but connected in a circle. **Redacted** lay down and I had to give her oral sex (because she was the oldest Matriarch and I, the oldest **Redacted**, was about to get married, they said) and **Redacted** did oral sex on me. **Redacted** made up the rest of the circle. The space was cramped. With **Redacted** watching from upstairs we did not dare resist for fear of angering him. **Redacted** started with a prayer and then we were told to begin. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were moaning, making other strange noises, chanting, droning, and praying throughout. Once they orgasmed, we all stopped. Then **Redacted** ordered me to come upstairs and **Redacted** and **Redacted** said how lucky I was.

I followed **Redacted** to his room. He closed the door and told me to sit on his bed. He opened his robe and he had no pants on. He made me fondle and lick his penis while he gave me a blessing. He then made me give him oral sex for a while and then get on the bed and he raped me vaginally from behind while he called Lucifer into himself. When he was finished, he kissed me on the lips and made me kneel before him and repeat aloud my covenants, including the Peacemaker covenant (partly found in LDS scripture, Mosiah 18). Then I was sent downstairs and **Redacted** and **Redacted** made me tell them what happened. They got aroused again and made me give them oral sex.

Frequency: When **Redacted** said it was time for me to get my patriarchal blessing, they did not want me to go to the Patriarch in Spring City. They said he would give an inferior blessing. **Redacted** tried hard to get an exception so I could go to the Patriarch in my **Redacted'** ward (**Redacted**), but it did not work out. (**Redacted** were later able to go to that Patriarch and **Redacted** and **Redacted** were very pleased.) Because **Redacted** had a house in Provo at the time, they were able to get permission for me to go to the Patriarch of that area. **Redacted** spoke a lot about how he was a direct descendent of Joseph Smith and acted like that was very important (His name was Joseph Alvin Smith). She and **Redacted** attended the blessing. On the way home they said it was too short, did not mention any of the future calamities and "last days" insights they had assumed it would speak of, and some other critiques.

CALLING AND ELECTION

CS members often mocked the LDS idea that there are only "Sons" of Perdition – not

Daughters. They also love to quote the LDS D&C 76:45-46 regarding the fate of the Sons (and Daughters) of Perdition:

"...the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows; Neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except to them who are made partakers thereof."

They claimed those who have received their "Calling and Election" report they have seen this place and it is more beautiful and exquisite a world than we can ever imagine. They say the name "Outer Darkness" (from LDS theology) is to scare away those who are not the elect of God (Lucifer). We were taught that this world is filled with magnificent kingdoms for all of Lucifer's "elect." They taught there will be countless slaves for the elect after Heaven is defeated and Jehovah's followers become their bound servants and property for eternity.

I have not received this ceremony, as it is traditionally very sacred and reserved for those who have "proven" themselves to a very high degree.

RESURRECTION ("TRIUMPH") CEREMONY

The "Resurrection Ceremony" or "Triumph Ceremony" is a very sacred ceremony in the Church (CS). We were taught that Church (CS) members would have the priesthood power from Lucifer to resurrect each other when Jesus Christ returned to the earth. We were taught that you must become deaf to hearing Jehovah's voice so that you hear Lucifer when he spiritually calls your special name. Once resurrected, we would all have to battle Jehovah and his army, but would "triumph" in the end. The "Triumph" ceremony represents the ultimate goal of the "elect of Lucifer." To "Triumph" also means to have been successful in your faith in and service to Lucifer and be worthy to enter Lucifer's kingdom ("Outer Darkness" as the LDS church calls it – See Calling and Election). Equally important, the "Triumph" is that human beings can not only go against God's pre-mortal plan, but go completely around it and have no need for Jesus Christ and the "Atonement." The elders would often speak to us about our personal "Triumph." **Redacted** often told me how my entire bloodline was depending on **Redacted** and I to carry it forward into the future and be worthy for the "Triumph."

- Date: 1995 -1996
  Time: Night
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted came and woke us up a few hours after we had gone to bed. She laid my cloak on my bed (which she kept in her closet) and told me to hurry. I took off

my pajamas and put on my cloak in the dark (we were often made to do this ceremony naked and we weren't allowed to turn on our bedroom lights). I went into **Redacted** room and whispered to them to hurry so we wouldn't get in trouble. They took a long time, which made me very anxious. We got outside and joined everyone in the shadows by the inside fence under the trees. This night we were with **Redacted**, Joe and Lee Bennion, some friends of the Bennion's who did the Grand Canyon stuff with them, Ann and Paul Larsen, Randall Lake and an artist friend of his, Dave and Deborah Sheets, Tom and Paula Schulte, James Harmston, and I think one of his senior wives was there. There were also a few people I kind of recognized, but did not know. They had four graves dug this night because of the big group. We were told to line up by **Redacted**. She held the LDS temple name cards she collected. When it was my turn, I walked up and gave my cloak to Joe who was the "witness" standing by. I lay down on the blanket they had laid in the dirt and they folded it over me. They threw a shovel-full of dirt over me (to signify burial). **Redacted** officiated and said the ceremonial words. When I watched others do this, he knelt on the ground and raised his left arm "to the square." When he was done, he took my hand and I lifted the blanket off me and he raised me up to standing position. Joe handed me my cloak and I put it around my shoulders and then Joe placed a black ball and scepter into my hands. I repeated some covenants (after **Redacted**) and then handed the objects back and got back in line to do it again with a different name.

When we were done, everyone came inside and **Redacted** served a huge pot of hot vegetable soup (the broth made from human bones **Redacted** kept in our freezer) and some bread from the breadmaker. Others brought more homemade bread and chips and salsa. Everything was done by candlelight. After the elders ate, they did a prayer circle and had an orgy. I was vaginally raped by Dave Sheets and anally raped by Randall Lake and his friend. I had to give oral sex to Deborah Sheets and Paula Schulte.

Frequency: This experience usually happened approx. 2 to 3 times a month and usually on very dark nights. In Provo, we would perform this in the living room or sometimes the basement. Since we spent a lot of time in Spring City during the summers, and because it was much more private, they liked to do this ceremony there. Sometimes **Redacted** and **Redacted** and other relatives and friends would drive down for them. If the weather permitted, we did it often at "The White Rock" or "Stone" in our pasture. From what I was told, **Redacted** had the rock positioned there sometime after he and **Redacted** first bought the property. For the ceremony, they dug a fairly shallow grave in the dirt radiating out from "the white rock." If there were a lot of people, they would dig more (up to 4 – at true north, south, east, and west). All communication was done in a whisper and there were a few lookouts stationed to keep watch. They would make certain bird or animal calls if someone was coming.

Otherwise we would usually do it in "The House" (our Spring City house) and use the "Coffin Trunk" – a large, long antique trunk that **Redacted** had inherited from his family. The name came from his childhood and doing this same ceremony (and other torture) in it. (All **Redacted**'s siblings called it "The Coffin Trunk," too.) A grown

man could lie down inside it. They would take out all the blankets and we would do this ceremony inside the house, in the complete dark or with light from a single candle in the dining room or **Redacted**'s kerosene lamp turned down low. We often did this with the same families and CS members. We also did this ceremony differently outside at times. They didn't always have the blanket to lay on or you got into some type of "coffin" in the ground. Sometimes we did this ceremony on camping trips and at other locations, too.

For a long time they liked to start (sometimes end) this and other ceremonies with a big bonfire in our field. Joe and his friends would bring drums and sometimes a few other instruments. This ended after a while because a neighbor complained about the noise, etc. Once the police came and asked what was going on. **Redacted** tried to schmooze them but they put an end to the frequent fires.

As I mentioned, **Redacted** would "collect" (often steal) LDS temple name cards. For example, she would volunteer to do LDS temple work for people and then just keep the cards. She had packets and packets of them in her room – in her closet and on her dresser. She would also use the names she received from the Gathering ceremonies, famous people, etc. We were told the white rock was a symbol of a grave marker, a type of a "urim and thumim" (LDS term) or "seer stone," and also that the powers of hell would shoot up and down though the rock and all around us as we did the work. We did this ceremony so often that the grass never grew around the white rock. **Redacted** would chase our horses around the field by the rock the following day to pack the dirt and literally cover their tracks.

- Date: 1996-1997 Summer
  Time: Night
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted held a Resurrection/ Triumph ceremony inside **Redacted** house one night. They were excited because all of **Redacted**'s siblings and spouses would be there. The Bennion's were coming, too. We got "The Coffin Trunk" ready and drew all the blinds. They were not having it outside, even though that is usually what we did in the summer. This ceremony was a special occasion with the family in town.

I snuck upstairs and stayed there until my **Redacted** called me. I knew they were bringing a polygamist boy for a sacrifice later and I wanted to stay away as long as I could. When I came in the room the boy was tied up naked in the corner. They started the first ceremony. **Redacted** had the stack of LDS Temple name cards and **Redacted** did the officiating. **Redacted** Steve acted as the "Witness." When the names had been

done, they ended the ceremony and put a tarp on the floor and over the top of the Coffin Trunk. The adults acted very excited, and said so. They were sexually teasing and tickling each other during the setting up. I think **Redacted** had given the boy meds because they were also trying to talk to the boy and tease him but he wasn't very coherent (**Redacted** usually handled administering the medication for ceremonies).

They gagged him and then they started skinning him in different places on his body. Then they started skinning his penis. He screamed out in pain and **Redacted** Steve put his hand over this mouth. They ordered **Redacted** to climb on top of him and "have sex" with him for a little while. Joe pulled her off and cut off the boy's penis. He screamed harder. **Redacted** Steve, **Redacted**, and Joe kept teasing him about the pain. I kept averting my eyes and praying that they would end it. Joe tried to dig his eyes out with a knife and finally **Redacted** Steve slit his throat. Then they cut off his head.

They brought out the camera and made us pose with his body and body parts while they took lots of photos. **Redacted** kept handing people a towel to put under the head since it was still dripping. They tried to think of every way they could do this and "took turns" trying to pose in the "funniest" or "cleverest" ways and one-up each other. I tried to stay on the sidelines but they made everyone participate. They made me try to put the boy's penis in my vagina and then in my mouth with **Redacted** on the other side and took pictures of both. They also made me hold up the head and kiss the boy's mouth. I am sure they took at least a whole roll of film of everyone's poses. **Redacted** Craig's crouched down so his head looked like it was attached to the neck of the boy's body and got a lot of laughs from them. **Redacted** and Steve did posed an long time with the head in different places. **Redacted** lay down on the ground and acted like the head was giving her oral sex. Lee squatted down and pretended she had just pooped out the penis that was lying on the ground under her. Then all the adults started having an orgy on the floor. **Redacted** raped me and then I had to give **Redacted** and **Redacted** Suki oral sex.

Then they put the body on the kitchen table and started cutting it up and mutilating it. **Redacted** put some of the boy's organs above the neck and the elders stood around and ate them. They made **Redacted** and I taste them, too. Then **Redacted** made me help her bag up body parts and flesh for people to take home. **Redacted** saved out some bones for her soup stock.

ORACLE/COMMUNICATION WITH SPIRIT WORLD

We were taught that the members of this group (CS) who die stay close by to do the bidding of the live group members, continue "the work" of building Lucifer's kingdom, and maintain their high ranking in his eyes. We were taught that these dead CS family and friends were all around us, watching us constantly and reporting on our activities to our elders and the Elders on the Councils. Some spirits were formally assigned to people by the Councils or by the Paterfamilias in home generational ceremonies. This spirit (or spirits) was a "guardian angel" (though more a "guardian" for the CS it seemed). We were told that everything we did would be discovered by the group because of these companions. **Redacted**, Rosabelle Winegar de Jong was appointed my guardian angel. **Redacted** said Rosabelle had

been her guardian angel growing up, too. I was told Rosabelle was and continued to be very powerful and faithful (CS) and I was reminded often what an honor it was that she was my companion. **Redacted** always kept her portrait in a prominent place in our homes.

Redacted used us all as "oracles," especially as young children (also by **Redacted** Richard and **Redacted – Redacted Redacteds**). He wanted us to see Lucifer's spirits and communicate with them. He and **Redacted** often did this together, though sometimes he would take us alone or with **Redacted** to his various offices.

- Date: 1992
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

One night **Redacted** told me I was going to help them and brought me in to the living room. They had me sit on a wooden chair and receive a "blessing" from **Redacted**. He blessed **Redacted** first (she knelt on the floor) and said he was putting certain spirits inside her. While he blessed her she fondled and did oral sex on his penis. They said she was going to be "the watch" to make sure I was doing my job. (They said, with the spirit(s) in her, she would know if I had allowed them in myself or not. If she said I was pretending or silently refusing, I would be punished severely.) When **Redacted** blessed me, I was told I had to say I accepted two spirits (I repeated the names from him) into myself. I was made to give **Redacted** oral sex while he spoke. He ejaculated in my mouth, which they ordered me to swallow, and **Redacted** licked his penis for extra drops. Then they put a consecrated mirror in my hands and I had to tell them what I "saw," now that these "spirits" were inside me. They wanted to know everything about these two spirits - their life and after-death experiences, their desires, their current situation. **Redacted** made me give her oral sex at the end.

Frequency: This was an "as needed" type ceremony, but it was usually done several times a month, at least. There were other variations to it as well.

Redacted had a few mirrors she would have us use. One was cast iron (or something similar) and had a sculpture of a woman as the base. She used this one a lot in her Voodoo stuff. She also had an antique hand mirror that went with a set of vanity instruments and a wooden hand mirror (from the Fuller Brush door-to-door salesman in Spring City) that had a very smooth finish. These were also used for her other Voodoo stuff, but not as beloved to her or as frequently used as the woman mirror.

"CJ" (Angela Fenton) was just another tool he would use to try and get information from "spirits" that followed Lucifer and learn other methods of satanic torture and abuse. We were taught that "parts" of oneself or other people and animals could be put into another person or animal. He told us and demonstrated that he used CJ to

"talk" to the "parts" of the dead abusers who had put "parts" of them inside her. **Redacted** told us one of them was especially high ranking and very loyal and dedicated follower of Lucifer. He had been a "Master," **Redacted** said, which title meant he was very powerful. **Redacted** often said Alpine, Utah, was commonly known as a haven for Church (CS) members.

- Date: 1996
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

One night **Redacted** said Con was coming over but we were going to "get started" before he got there. He called for CJ and I to come in to his office. He told CJ that he wanted to talk to "Jeffrey" (He was much older than CJ – late teens to mid 20s, I think. He called himself a "history buff." When he was "out" he would read **Redacted's** history books and historic novels and he and **Redacted** would watch movies like Brave Heart, Last of the Mohicans, and other historic dramas together). **Redacted** said I was going "to get to help" him (**Redacted**) receive a vision. He told "Jeffrey" to take notes for him (Angela's handwriting as "Jeffrey" was much better than it was as "CJ") and to make sure everything was back to normal at the end – meaning, as **Redacted** said, no spirits still overtaking **Redacted's** or my body after the vision was over. "Jeffrey", having done this for him before, also knew what **Redacted** was about to do and calmly agreed. **Redacted** made me take off everything I was wearing and lie on the floor. He made me hold my knees up and he vaginally raped me, keeping his arms in a "V" and petitioning Lucifer for a vision. I was supposed to repeat some of his words, including give permission for a "spirit" (or spirits) to enter my body. His eyes rolled back and he convulsed a little. He still had his penis in me and would thrust in and out, sometimes sporadically, sometimes rhythmically. Sometimes he would stop for a minute. He talked the whole time about seeing some future event in "the last days" (one of his favorite topics). I could hear "Jeffrey" making notes as fast as he could. Towards the end of his "vision" he started thrusting more intensely and regularly. When he was done he called for "Jeffrey" to help him lie down. He kept his eyes closed and snored for a while. **Redacted** said "seeing visions" made him exhausted. I picked up my clothes to dress quickly and "Jeffrey" looked me up and down and smiled at me. I ran out to the bathroom to clean up. Con came about half an hour later and they talked about what **Redacted** had "seen" and their "inspired" interpretation.

Frequency: Redacted used this "technique" on me many, many times – as well as on **Redacted** and different "parts" of Angela. (I remember many times this same year him yelling at parts of Angela to "spread her legs" as he was about to start.) He started doing this with me when I was very young and would put his penis tip in my mouth or put his fingers inside my vagina or anus. As I got older, he would usually rape me instead. This continued until I got married and left the house permanently.

Throughout my childhood I walked in on my **Redacted** and **Redacted**, separately, on a couch or bed, or floor even, masturbating with their eyes fully rolled back and

sometimes chanting. If they didn't see me I would sneak away again. Once and a while they would hear me and command me to come over to them. They would act like they were blind. I was often made to give **Redacted** oral sex or put my fingers in her vagina or **Redacted** would rape me anally or vaginally.

"THE GATHERING" PROCESS AND CEREMONIES

"The Gathering" process and ceremonies were for the gathering of Satan's elect, both dead and living, in order to build Satan's kingdom and one's own within his kingdom.

Redacted and **Redacted** did some proselytizing for the Church (CS) through his therapy practice, doing therapy on struggling children of group members, though the "Bible/Scripture Study" meetings they held, and other times. **Redacted** and Joe also volunteered with James Mooney who was working at the Gunnison Prison to teach the prisoners there. During that time, they often talked about their success in building "alliances" there with prisoners and employees.

Redacted would take us to old homes or properties ("no trespassing" signs were not heeded), abandoned buildings, any ancient Native American living or burial sites (also disregarding signs), pioneer dumps, antique stores or antique dealers' homes, and even around our own properties (our vegetable garden soil that was tilled once a year, under certain rain gutters, etc.). If they were determined to go to a certain place, but it was too dangerous to do anything in daylight, we would go back at night. This was all to look for "artifacts" or, if the place was empty, to use the building or land to commune with the dead (for this purpose, they also collected pioneer cabins and outbuildings and put them on our Spring City property). We were trained extensively by **Redacted** in how to look for and spot things partially buried in the ground, or which area of the ground to dig around in. They wanted "personal" items such as photos, dolls, buttons, smaller tools, jewelry, arrowheads, beads, or other Indian belongings, marbles, clothing, shoes, dishes (especially whole china, if possible), etc. Items such as tin cans or boxes were not valued. They kept a lot of what they found, but they would set certain things aside to be used in trade with others. **Redacted** loved to collect old/antique pornography, lingerie, etc. They had a collection of early "pin-up" girls as well. They felt that collecting these items were sure bets of summoning spirits that were already bound by and/or serving Satan and could be easily added to their own kingdom. When **Redacted** took their trip to Eastern Europe in early 1990s, they brought back many religious "icons" and other antiques from shops and black markets, that they would then use ceremonially. This "gathering" effort, in its many varieties, was in constant play during our upbringing.

Cemeteries were very important to church (CS) members. One reason they went there was to perform "The Gathering." This ceremony (there are variations to it, too) is to "gather" spirits for Satan's cause and kingdom. We would do the ceremony at night, for the most part. People usually tried to fit in to as few cars as possible. As we approached the cemetery, some people were sent ahead on foot to make sure it was secure. Once cleared, they would call back with a specific bird or animal sound. Then everyone drove into the cemetery with their car lights off. Sometimes we wore black clothing and held our cloaks under our arms, other times we wore our cloaks into the cemetery. In Spring City, we would often climb into the Bennion's suburban (and later **Redacted** suburban when **Redacted** purchased one). They would take the seats out and everyone would sit on the floor of the car and on each other's laps. Often **Redacted** and I were fondled and groped by our elders on the way. They would drop everyone off and either park somewhere more hidden in the cemetery or down the road and the driver(s) would walk back. At the Spring City cemetery, we gathered towards the back left of the cemetery, under the trees. It started with a prayer circle and a consecration of their efforts to Satan. One person (often my **Redacted**) was chosen to house the spirit that was going to "help" the group that night.

- Date: 1997
  Time: Night
  Location: Spring City Cemetery

Once during a "Gathering" ceremony at the Spring City cemetery (with **Redacted**, Joe and Lee Bennion, Ann and Paul Larsen, Brian Kershisnik, James and Linda Mooney, Carla Jimison, Alyssa Wolf, and others James had brought), **Redacted** said the spirit that would help them that night had requested he rape a woman. I was ordered to lie on the ground and pull up my dress. The ground was damp and cold and it came through my cloak. **Redacted** put his penis in my vagina while Joe Bennion and Paul Larsen put their hands on his's head and "blessed" him to receive the certain spirit while he held his arms up in a "V." He said aloud that he accepted the spirit into his body. His eyes rolled back for a minute and then he began raping me violently and laughing. He spit in my face and grabbed at my breasts. He started giving information and locations of spirits in the cemetery around us who were waiting for us or hiding from us, while someone wrote it down. When he was done, Joe and Paul helped him up. I was pulled up to standing and expected to join the group without a word. Then everyone walked slowly and systematically through the cemetery in a line (shoulder to shoulder – but several feet apart), softly chanting prayers and praise to Lucifer. **Redacted** and his two assistants walked in the center of the line as we combed the cemetery. **Redacted** was still talking. He was walking strangely and moved in bizarre animal-like ways, clawing at the air and sniffing at times. If a car was coming, we would hear a bird or animal call from the lookout and everyone would fall to the ground until the car passed. As the graves were located and spirits

"summoned," we stood in a circle and other people in the group would then "accept" the spirits into them so they could be spoken to by all and rites and oaths performed. This night James Mooney "accepted" a male spirit and sodomized me over a grave as I held on to a tombstone. Brian "accepted" a spirit and he and Carla lay in the grass on their sides over a grave and gave oral sex to each other and everyone stood in a circle around them and masturbated.

Frequency: Cemetery "Gathering" ceremonies were usually done once or twice a month. This happened in cemeteries all over Utah County, Sanpete County, Juab County, and other counties in Utah. It also happened when our family went on camping trips with other CS elders.

The group was prepared to do anything the "spirits" would "request" or "require" before swearing their allegiance to Lucifer (as well as to this group or to a certain person in the group). Sometimes the gathered "spirits" would "request" sex acts with a woman, man, or child. A young child, usually one of **Redacted**, would be brought and left to sleep in the car until/or if they were needed. People in the group brought alcohol or cigarettes to be administered to the spirits before the oaths were made. Sometimes the "spirits" just wanted to physically fight with another person or beat a woman. Another person would be chosen and they would be permitted to fight within the prayer circle while the chanting or droning (very quietly) continued. Afterward, the two bodies would be "blessed." **Redacted** and others would tell me the people had been completely healed. Joe brought a small cage of rabbits because sometimes "spirits" would demand to mutilate and kill something living. They often said they wanted to taste the blood and flesh, too. After the "offering" to the "spirit," the group would make the spirits swear oaths committing themselves to Lucifer and to them.

Redacted and the group were always on the look-out for pioneer or smaller town cemeteries. They also loved doing this ceremony at burial grounds. Once **Redacted** and Joe heard about some local man who had found an Indian burial site in the mountains around Spring City. They were very, very excited and made many attempts to find out the location, but the Forest Rangers had taken over the case. On vacation and other trips, **Redacted** would drive by pioneer or small town cemeteries and, if it was private enough, we would do a ceremony with just our family. Sometimes when I was young, we went at night to the big Provo cemetery with my **Redacted** to "visit" **Redacted** graves. We would go further in under the trees and **Redacted** would do shorter, smaller scale variations of this ceremony or just "commune" with the dead (we would do a sexual act on he and/or **Redacted** and others) and they would "speak" with the dead there.

Redacted took us on camping trips to Southern Utah. He would do ceremonies – often trying to communicate with Native American spirits. He talked about how important it was to time them to certain moon phases, depending on what kind of

power he needed and what he was trying to accomplish. Often my **Redacted** went with us on these trips. They usually lasted several days to a week. He would very carefully pack what we needed for camping, as well as supplies for their ceremonies.

- Date: 1994-1995
  Time: Several Days
  Location: Calf Creek, Utah

Redacted took **Redacted, Redacted**, and I on a camping trip to camp and hike in "Calf Creek" in Southern, Utah. We arrived in the evening and set up the tent. When the sun went down, he brought out several huge, raw T-bone steaks from the cooler which he slightly warmed, but did not cook, in a cast iron pan over a camp grill. He "blessed and consecrated" them with a sacrificial prayer to Satan. There was a lot of blood in the pan. He got out a large "survival"-type knife and forks and made us eat them with him. He kept exclaiming how delicious they were. As he cleaned off his large knife he told us to go into the tent and "get ready" for him (which meant to take off all our clothes). He came in grinning and very excited. He told us that we had to be quiet because there were other campers around the area. He handed me a pencil and a yellow notepad he used for work. He said I would have to write in the dark or people might see our shadows. I had done writing in the dark for him before and had figured out a method to keep my lines straight using both hands (I would get severely punished if my writing was sloppy and/or unintelligible). He kept saying "tee hee hee" (something he and his siblings said a lot) and rubbing his hands together. He said we needed to get revelation from Lucifer for the hike tomorrow - where to go and what spirits to try and speak to. He said that when he was done in **Redacted, Redacted** and I might need to cast out the spirit by raising our left arm to the square and invoking the name of Lucifer. (We were never supposed to do this without his express command.) He ordered **Redacted** to lie down. I could hear him pulling his pants down and rubbing himself. All of a sudden **Redacted** took a breath and let out a little cry and I knew he had started raping her. Then he started his prayer to Lucifer and began speaking in a different sounding voice and moving in an agitated, "jumpy" way. I wrote as fast as I could. When he was done he pushed **Redacted** toward me and lay down on the sleeping bag. We moved around as carefully and as little as we could to get into our sleeping bags without disturbing him.

The next morning **Redacted** and I played in the river to clean ourselves before **Redacted** called us back for breakfast. Then we started to hike to the falls. We packed Vaseline for **Redacted** to use when she went to the bathroom (to help her not to chafe). **Redacted** made us stop along the way to hike off the trail and into little canyons. He told us to keep our "eyes peeled" for ancient artifacts, rock drawings, and Indian sites. I had written down some vague "directions" he had "received" during his "vision" the night before. He told us to be quiet so people wouldn't follow us. We found one ledge and he got really excited. He kept clapping and rubbing his hands together and saying he was sure this was the place he had "seen." He tried but he couldn't get

up there so he helped us climb up. It was a struggle but **Redacted** made it. There was not much there and it was scary having to tell him. There were some stones in a pile that looked like it might have been some structure at point. Nothing was underneath that we could tell and nothing else around. He was very, very angry. He finally told us to jump and he would catch us. We were really nervous because of how mad he was. He hardly caught us as we jumped and our knees got banged up on the rocks. My ankle got hurt, too. We finished the hike to the falls and got in the water and then we hiked back. On the way back I made the mistake of complaining about my ankle and he turned on me and said I deserved much more punishment than that. Once it got dark he raped me violently in the tent. We drove home the next day.

Frequency: Throughout my childhood, we went camping for other ceremonies, too. One reason we went camping was to find "Cain." **Redacted** was obsessed with this pursuit and took us along as "bait," he told us. He also brought raw meat with us in hopes to lure him to us. During these years, having done "research" of all kinds, and through "personal revelation", **Redacted, Redacted**, "**Redacted** Steve", and **Redacted's** friends believed Cain lived somewhere in American Fork Canyon (Utah). **Redacted** would take us to lots of caves and wilderness areas hoping to find him or even find evidence that Cain was living there. He spent a lot of time teaching us how to spot "tracks" so that he had a better chance of finding Cain. We were terrified of really finding him and often did not tell our **Redacted** if we saw something unusual on the ground. **Redacted** would also take us to an old stone alter up the canyon and do sacrifices (which usually meant raping us) hoping he would appear.

PRAYER/ BLESSINGS/CURSINGS/CONSECRATIONS

Y is a very sacred symbol to CS members. We were taught it is also extremely powerful. It represents a person raising their arms in a "V" shape, praying to Lucifer, and allowing and receiving into them Lucifer's personal spirit/the spirits that follow Lucifer. We were taught that this is a very "holy" act, since Lucifer and his spirits do not have a body like us. They said Lucifer richly rewarded his faithful followers who did this and the more "freely" you allowed him to enter, the more blessings you would receive. This stance and act was woven into their ceremonies and our daily life (i.e. when **Redacted** obtained "revelation" and "visions," on Joe Bennion's dishware that we used daily, and more). They also used the "Y" symbol to threaten and terrorize us. For example, I would go to write in my journal and find the symbol on a piece of paper tucked at the end of my last entry, it would be

scrawled out in the dirt in places where we played, they would draw it in blood on our chests or other places after ceremonial murder, etc.).

Redacted and other elders taught us that masturbation is a powerful and important form of prayer to Lucifer. From a very early age, they taught us to do it and to praise him aloud or in our minds, especially as the feelings intensified and at orgasm. They said masturbation was a way to temporarily escape from this mortal life and commune with God (Lucifer).

In our rooms, we were supposed to pray at our bedroom "alters" (antique trunks) kneeling or standing with our arms in the "V." If we knelt at the side of our bed with our arms folded instead and were "caught," **Redacted** would rape us or **Redacted** would sit on the bed with her pants and garments off and make us give her oral sex. Both of them would make us continue our prayer aloud.

When receiving a blessing (from a man or woman) we were usually required to "connect" ourselves to the elder or elders blessing us - mostly by giving them oral sex. They explained it created "a circle," a symbol of eternity, "one eternal round," etc. (See also # 41, 43, 45, 50). Consecrated white handkerchiefs (or colored sometimes) were used with many of the blessings by elders – especially women. **Redacted** had many at her home and **Redacted** always carried one in his pocket. **Redacted** and I were given many as gifts or heirlooms. They also used consecrated oil at times (**Redacted** preferred to use oil over the handkerchiefs a lot).

- Date: Fall 1993
  Time: Evening
  Location: Spring City House

As the first day of school approached, I was very, very nervous about beginning **Redacted** grade at **Redacted** Junior High (**Redacted** allowed me to go to 3 "core classes"). We had just moved more permanently down to "the House" in Spring City and I hardly knew anyone in my grade. The Bennion girls did not go to public school. I knew a few girls from attending the LDS Church in Spring City, but not well. I made the mistake of telling **Redacted** that I was scared and **Redacted** immediately went over to ask Joe Bennion to help him give me a blessing. **Redacted** drew the blinds and curtains in the front room (with the black floral carpet) and I was told to sit on a low chair **Redacted** set out while they got the "consecrated" oil. **Redacted** and Joe put some on my head, unzipped their pants and Joe told me to "suck [their] dicks" back and forth until the blessing was finished. They put their hands on my head and **Redacted** called me by my full name and gave me a blessing. He used lots of flowery language. He said they were drawing extra spirits (Lucifer's spirit followers) around me to warn and protect me. **Redacted** said I would be blessed to easily deceive those people who would wish to destroy us. He also said that I would receive many spiritual gifts from Lucifer to be successful in my schooling and to

develop to full maturity in his Church. When the blessing was done they both used their hands to masterbate and made me sit with my mouth open while they both ejaculated inside. Then I was made to swallow it. I tried not to show how badly I was fighting the urge to gag. I knew my **Redacted** would make me "pay" if I did not obey and Joe was "The Punisher" in the group. They left after that and **Redacted**, who had been standing to the side in the "Y" stance, sat down on the couch and made me lick her vagina until she orgasmed.

Frequency: Redacted would pray over and bless, curse, or consecrate us, other people, pets, or inanimate objects on a daily basis. I have received many, many "blessings" by men and women throughout my life in the Church (CS). I have received blessings from my **Redacted** and **Redacted**, both **Redacted** and **Redacted**, relatives on both sides, and many of **Redacted** and **Redacted** friends. I often received group blessings and had to give oral sex to every one of the group members in turn during the blessing.

They used oil that they had consecrated to Satan. Sometimes it was poured from a horn onto our heads.

Semen is viewed like "consecrated oil" for healing and it used in all manner of ways. When we were sick, we were given "healing blessings" by **Redacted** where we had to drink **Redacted**'s semen or rub it into our skin where the "problem" was.

When they gave gifts or did trade, they would consecrate them or curse them (or do the same for us, if we were their "trade"), depending on their purpose.

Redacted was frequently (re) consecrating and dedicating us, our pets, our furniture and other inanimate objects and belongings, ceremonial objects, our house (or specific rooms), our land, our city, our country, our world, etc. to Lucifer.

All LDS garments are supposed to be blessed and consecrated to Satan before you wear them. **Redacted** bought my garments and bought and had LDS temple clothes made for me before I was married and consecrated them to Lucifer.

Redacted expected us to consecrate our own belongings and acts regularly. For example, our school books and supplies, handkerchiefs they would tell us to buy (from antique stores), antiques we purchased, my music books, etc. I struggled with stage fright (with the harp and other performances) and **Redacted** told me many times that I would not be afraid any more if I consecrated my practice sessions and performance to Lucifer.

We were taught that faith is everything. If you do not doubt you can work miracles in the name of Lucifer. Also, they said that putting hands on the head or body of

someone, especially with the consecrated handkerchief or oil, is much more powerful than regular prayer. They said the crown of the head is where the spirits come in and out.

Redacted and **Redacted** would curse each other frequently. **Redacted** would curse **Redacted**, Lee Bennion, some of **Redacted**'s female clients she didn't like, some of **Redacted**'s male clients that he was attracted to but she was not, and others. She would often ask us what we were worried about and then use that to curse us – praying aloud that whatever we feared would be magnified.

Redacted and **Redacted** would pour blood into the soil of our garden in early spring to consecrate the ground to Satan and bless it to bring us abundance. One year, **Redacted** blessed our dying tree and by pouring blood around the base for the roots, he said.

Redacted Carma Anderson did many blessings, cursings, and consecrations.

During the divorce/ custody trial, **Redacted** would take us to Jay Mitton, **Redacted** of our harp teacher, Julie Mitton Staples, to receive patriarchal-type blessings from him. **Redacted** was very close to their family and they had arranged for me to work for their daughter, **Redacted**, in **Redacted** from **Redacted**. A few times my **Redacted** and Jay Mitton arranged for us to all come get blessings from him. One night in particular (1999-2000) he took us into his study, filled with elaborate LDS art and artifacts. He gave us a long talk about how polygamy is God's way and that God is a polygamist. He taught at length on the Celestial Kingdom and how it is *absolutely required* that one be a polygamist to enter the highest tier of the Celestial Kingdom. Then he gave us the blessings, which my **Redacted** transcribed. In these blessing, we sat on a chair and he put his hands on our head. She also took us to their house a lot during this period and we would have to wait around for her while she had private meetings with Jay and/or his wife.

When **Redacted** visited me in **Redacted**, she took me for the weekend to stay with Kevin and Khaliel Kelly and family. She also told me she wanted me to have a blessing by President Inoway (an old NY member of our ward and friend of **Redacted**). It was done at church with others present since she interrupted him. He just put his hands on my head while I sat in a chair. **Redacted** took notes of the blessing.

In my **Redacted** ward, we also went to Jim McDonald for the same purpose of receiving repeated blessings. **Redacted** would transcribe. We also sat on a chair and he put his hands on our head and spoke.

Ewon Mitton, also in my **Redacted**' ward, was called a prophetess by our elders. People would go to her for visions/ future reading stuff. She also says she converses with the dead. She saw me in the **Redacted** ward this last Christmas and put her hands on my **Redacted** head before I could stop her and said she received a

vision. Ewon Mitton is married to Jay Mitton's brother, and it Julie Mitton Staple's **Redacted.**

NATIVE AMERICAN CEREMONIES/ PRACTICES

Redacted had long been interested in Native American everything when Joe Bennion introduced him to James "Flaming Eagle" Mooney and his following. (James was working with prisoners at the Gunnison Prison and invited **Redacted** and Joe to join him. They talked about how it was a great way to proselytize for the Church (CS).

Redacted often talked about how good-looking he (himself) was and how he had "the high cheekbones" like Native American people. **Redacted** and **Redacted** went through his genealogy to find Native American bloodlines. **Redacted** was devastated and angry when he found out that his only Native American ancestor had been born in the sixteen hundreds. However, **Redacted** said often he had been reincarnated many times and had been an "Indian" at least once, if not several times. He said he had received a vision in Timpanogas cave that he was the "Indian Brave" that had been the "lover" of the Indian girl from the legend (the same girl who's outline can be seen lying on the top of Timpanogas). (He also said he was William Wallace [Braveheart], William the Conqueror [who we were told was his ancestor], and others and would make us all "reenact" stories about these people with him with sexual acts.)

When he became more obsessed with Native American ceremonies, his brother, Steve, was interested and became a student of his (though never his equal, as **Redacted** said and behaved).

Redacted loved to talk about the Inca and Mayan peoples and their human sacrificing practices. He also spoke often of shape-shifting and his own shape-shifting powers, which he accessed through prayer, he said. He was a black panther/ jaguar, he said. He told us that he could morph into a panther and go anywhere he wanted. He said he often did this at night. He kept an ornamental beaded panther head on his desk and used it in his home ceremonies. One of his "Indian" names had to do with this animal. He would also use this animal as the subject of his and **Redacted**'s "pretend" or "make believe" play with us. When he pretended to be a panther/jaguar, his behavior was often violent and scary, which **Redacted** seemed to really enjoy. We would often have to be "Indian princesses" that were attracted to/ attacked by a panther/jaguar who was really a shapeshifting "Indian Prince." **Redacted** really liked this one. Or she would be the "Indian princess" and we were jaguar cubs who had to "nurse" her breasts (and/or **Redacted**'s penis) and lick her vagina until she orgasmed. This was a variation of the "cats" we had to pretend to be so frequently.

Redacted sought the approval of James Mooney, but often mocked and disparaged him to us and his closer friends at home. He and Joe laughed and made gay jokes about his Indian name, "Flaming Eagle." They also made fun of James' wife, Linda. They joked

about how Linda was "a fake" and wore foundation (makeup) and tanning lotion that was several shades darker than her real color. They said she also dyed her brown hair black. **Redacted** said James and Linda were both con artists and actors, but they respected and coveted the following and power they had.

When **Redacted** started getting into peyote, he taught us that it was so pure, it would never leave residue in us (like other drugs, he said). He found a verse in the Book of Mormon that he claimed talked about peyote – or "the medicine," as we were supposed to reverently call it. He used this verse to convince LDS clients and others into taking peyote. He said the more one took, the more cleansing it was – to body, mind, and spirit. He said the peyote facilitated "a broken heart and a contrite spirit," essential for **Redacted** (and his clients) to acquire. He gave it to us at home and at ceremonies (he had more than one bag of it - dried). He also had a peyote plant for a while in his office in Provo and then Spring City.

Redacted desperately wanted the kind of power James had even though he had no direct Native American bloodline. After a while, he started talking at home about how he was going to abandon his clinical practice to become a "medicine man." He said he wanted to grow his hair out.

- Date: 1st group peyote ceremony
  Documented in paperwork from David & Roselle Hamblin Custody Trial
  Time: Evening to next morning
  Location: Gunnison, Utah

During the custody trial, I was told by **Redacted**'s attorney to write about my experience at a peyote ceremony. **Redacted** edited it once I was finished and I handed it in with her revisions. She changed it to say that I "blacked out" for much of the night, which was a lie. It was the decision of the Counsel that I be able to say certain, fairly mild, things about David, but no one else. James Mooney came to the court for my testimony, to threaten me and make sure that I said nothing inflammatory about him, Linda, the group and Council in Spring City, or other followers and activities of Mooney and others. He sat in the back and openly mocked me with exaggerated arm and head gestures and laughed at the particularly painful parts (to me) of my testimony. I was really surprised the judge did not throw him out as his laughing was audible and his behavior was obvious. Sometimes I got disapproving looks from **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted, Redacted** Suki, or others that would tell me I had said too much or was in danger of doing so.

The following was held back from the story per the High Counsel's decision: The ceremony date was chosen per the lunar calendar. I had been brought by both parents to this peyote ceremony to "get over my problems with men." They said I had to learn to submit and eliminate all resistance. I had to have a "broken heart and contrite spirit." **Redacted** commanded me to eat and drink the peyote every single

time it was offered to me. Because I was **Redacted**, he expected me to take the most of anyone. He said that **Redacted** would be monitoring me and that Linda Mooney would be conducting the first part of the ceremony and would report to him, too. He threatened me with torture if I did not obey him. I sat by **Redacted** much of the night and she did nothing to help me. She only took very a small amount of peyote. I ingested a large amount per my **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and Linda Mooney's instructions. I became violently ill and began throwing it all up. **Redacted** would not touch me. Linda spoke to me for a long time, ridiculing me for my "dramatic" behavior. She asked **Redacted** what I needed to do to learn my place. **Redacted** told her that she made me eat my vomit when she "tried" this behavior at home. I had first vomited onto the bare dirt and then into a bowl. Linda commanded I eat it. She said I was disobeying my parents and trying not to take "the medicine." She said I had to eat it all. They made me get on all fours and start eating it off the ground and from the bowl. Sobbing, I tried but it just made me throw up more and I collapsed, shaking. Lynne Whitesides sat behind me with her legs and arms around me while my body shook – hugging me from behind. I knew she was getting sexual pleasure from it and I could do nothing about it. I finally got out the word "water." They said no water would be given until midnight. They handed Lynne a cup of Peyote tea. I drank some and they laughed.

Later, James, **Redacted**, Joe, Paul and the other men entered the teepee. Linda moved and James sat on the center seat at the head of the teepee on the throne-type area they had set up. He was relentless and tried to make me "confess" that all my life I had sought to "beguile" men. That every single rape or like act, I myself (alone) was responsible for. I had "called it in to myself." I had wanted it, they said, and I had summoned it to me – from the time I was a baby until now. I had to "own that truth," he said. **Redacted** would interject with many stories of where I had "played the victim." Everyone laughed and mocked me. I tried to respond, but much of the time I could not form the words. I was told this was happening to me because I wouldn't "own this truth" and that if I was truly repentant and honest, all the vomiting and pain would stop and I would be healed instantly. Finally, when I wasn't responding the way they wanted me to, they got angry. They said it was "time" and **Redacted** stood up and dragged me a little closer to James. James closed his eyes and held his arms up and began calling various spirits into him and to the group. The men began beating their drums and instruments and James began singing/ chanting. **Redacted** undid his belt buckle and said I had betrayed his trust, mocked his authority, and that I had resisted him too many times. Lynne and another woman undressed me while he ranted. He held his arms up in a "V" like James and called spirits into him. They he began raping me vaginally. As he was finished, I felt the urge to throw up again. I tried to stop it, but could not. It got on the blanket by me and in the dirt. **Redacted** spanked me hard on my bottom over and over. Then he grabbed the vomit and some dirt and forced it in my mouth and smeared it all over my face and spanked me violently again and again. Then he started praising Lucifer for his blessings and power and thanking him for showing me my place. They left me naked for what seemed like a long time. I kept my eyes closed, hoping they would forget about me. Then I was dressed again – I do not know by whom. I was afraid to open my eyes

and look conscious. They dragged me back to the blanket by **Redacted** and put a blanket on me. I slept until **Redacted** woke me to leave.

I was ordered to pay my respects to James and thank him for "helping me," as we passed through the kitchen where people were having breakfast. He was sitting on an arm chair in the walkway through the kitchen. I was too sick and weak to eat anything so I asked to go to our car and lie down. James came out to the car and said a few things to my **Redacted** before we left.

Redacted had been collecting arrowheads, photographic prints of Native Americans, and many Indian artifacts his whole life. He kept a glass display case on his desk in his Provo home office that contained many of his favorite pieces and things he used regularly for ceremonies. He had a very large obsidian arrowhead that looked like a butchering tool and he would threaten us with it and use it in ceremonies. My **Redacted** had two antique Indian dolls that she used in her voodoo stuff and said were gifts from a very important person. We were not allowed to touch them.

- Date: 1997
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

When in Provo, I was frequently called to watch **Redacted** prepare an "alter" for his Native American ceremonies and then participate in a ceremony, though I regularly received a "punishment" during the ceremony as part of my "shunning" (after my pushback on CJ participation). One afternoon in his office, he brought out the alter from the wall (the trunk) and put an antique cloth over it. Then he laid out his ritual things – a small mirror with dried deer blood on it, one of Joe's mini mugs coated with dried blood inside, another with peyote "sludge" inside, his beaded Jaguar head, his obsidian arrowhead, an eagle feather, his pocket knife, and other things. He prayed to Lucifer, calling him the "Great Spirit." He then drank some peyote "sludge" (that's what they called the reconstituted peyote because of it's consistency) and ordered me to take some, too (I took one big gulp of it as he instructed). He then ordered me to lie down next to the alter. He started chanting and he pulled my pants. Then he raped me vaginally while he prayed with his arms in a "V" and then holding up different objects from the alter. He prayed for his shape-shifting abilities to be strengthened. He took a few more drinks of the sludge. He prayed to "the Great Spirit" to receive revelation about his destiny as a medicine man. He pulled out of me and moved forward to ejaculate over my face and mouth. Then he put his arms in the air ("V") to pray again and then he lay on the couch and went to sleep. I put on my pants and lay for a long time on the floor, trying to wait out the effects of the peyote. Later he said he had seen a "vision" of himself (in the future) as a highly respected Medicine Man with the Huichol Indians and other tribes in Mexico, having gained great fame for his healing powers, etc.

Frequency: He also took me "up the mountain" or to other Sanpete locations with James and Linda Mooney, Joe and Lee Bennion, and others to have peyote ceremonies. Sometimes they called me "Tabitha" or they would give me new "Indian" names. They often had a bonfire and made me dance around it for the Elders/ leaders. On the alter, they used body parts (a lot of eyes and feet/hoofs/ talons) of animals they had poached and marked the items on the alter with smears of blood. Once I saw an LDS Book of Mormon on the alter with a blood smear across the cover. They also used feathers, talons, and a beak of a bald eagle my **Redacted** had poached.

Redacted had many ceremonial artifacts he used in his ceremonies, including what I have already said, as well as his "rain stick," a woven "maze" that hung on the wall, dolls (my parents also had a black doll with white yarn hair for voodoo) and other things.

He also loved to butcher animals, even large deer, on **Redacted** kitchen table in Spring City. He would also show us, demonstrating on the deer, how easily he could slice us open, disembowel us, cut out our organs, cut out our tongues and eyes, mutilate our genitals, and so on. He used these organs, blood, and other parts (like eyeballs and feet, especially) on alters for ceremonies.

DOLLS/ VOODOO/ SPIRITS

Our **Redacted** had collections of dolls and encouraged us to collect and play with them. She and **Redacted** used them for voodoo and to teach us, punish us, and scare us. **Redacted** had a few large dolls – the size of actual children – that **Redacted** would make us do sexual acts with and move around the house or other buildings on our properties to scare us. One of these dolls had brownish hair with a "mental patient haircut," as they said. Another she used belonged to **Redacted** and was named "Baby Cinderella" (a name they also used for **Redacted** herself). When I was very young, **Redacted** had an enormous Raggedy Ann doll that they used. They would also use these dolls to pose with us for child pornography photos.

- ☐ Date: 1983-1984
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Tucson, AZ

Redacted made me climb up on her master bed and said she was going to take some pictures of me with Raggedy Ann. She made baby **Redacted** and I get under the covers with her for some shots, as if we were all sleeping together. She took off my clothes and made me take a picture with my face in Raggedy Ann's crotch. Then she

laid me on top of Raggedy Ann and told me to smile up at the face. Then **Redacted** came in and made me lick his penis. **Redacted** took picture of that, too (with Raggedy Ann with us).

Frequency: We were made to pose in many pornographic pictures with dolls over the years. As mentioned, when we moved to New York, **Redacted** sewed me a "blankie" that was Raggedy Ann print so I would always remember my doll, she said.

After the pictures were developed, **Redacted** saved out the first ones from the roll where I had clothes on. She would bring them out in front of my young friends in New York, who would say how lucky I had been to have such a huge doll, and also put one on a poster for a **Redacted** or **Redacted** grade class project. She threatened to put one of the pornographic doll pictures on the poster instead and made me kneel down and beg her not to do it and then give her oral sex.

Redacted had a large collection of dolls for satanic purposes, many of which were inherited. She had some packed carefully in boxes that she would get out to do day or night ceremonies with. When we moved to Spring City and **Redacted** "won" a big glass cabinet from "The Great Divide" (his sibling divide of his parents' collections), she displayed many of them there. My **Redacted** also had a special glass case that he kept on his office desk. It included his huge Native American obsidian arrowhead (often used to threaten us) and two N.A. tribal dolls with painted faces and wooden bodies underneath their dresses. She said they were really sacred and had been a gift from someone very important. She used them for voodoo practices.

She also frequently took us to "The McCurdy Doll Museum" in Provo for these ceremonies. It was owned and operated by the Paxman's – relatives of **Redacted** who also owned a cabin at Wildwood. **Redacted** Shirley and **Redacted** "Pax" (Paxman) gave her the keys to the museum and individual cabinets so she could take out the dolls and would let her come in afterhours. **Redacted** would get certain old dolls out and kneel and pray, try to speak to spirits, curse people she didn't like, make us do sexual acts on her so she could have visions, etc. We often had to clean the museum as payment for this. We also did other ceremonies there.

- Date: Winter 1991-1992
  Time: Evening
  Location: McCurdy Doll Museum, Provo, Utah

Redacted Shirley and **Redacted** "Pax" were closing up at the register and **Redacted** had us run around the whole house/museum and turn off all the lights for them. We did not like to do this alone. Then they gave **Redacted** keys and they left out the back to their house (which was adjacent to the museum). **Redacted** lit one candle and told us to follow her. I was very scared. There were so many creepy dolls and so many strange shadows in that house. She took us into the second museum room

downstairs, to a large child-size doll and took it out of the case. She closed her eyes and started swaying and chanting a long prayer to Lucifer. Then she opened her eyes wide and looked behind her into the dark. She said, "She's here!" We were standing in the doorway watching. She told me to come to her. She touched my forehead and whispered things I couldn't understand. I was so afraid. Then she told me to kneel behind her and rub her breasts from behind. She was holding the doll in front of her and started rolling her head around in a circle singing a chant. Sometimes she would stop and say a word or phrase or laugh, as if she was talking to someone. I looked at my sisters and we were all really scared. Then she told me to "rub her tuna." I obeyed and started rubbing her vagina through her clothes. She was touching different body parts of the doll and still chanting. She started breathing heavier and squirming around. Then she laid the doll on the ground and put her arms up in a "V." She started praising Lucifer and then laid down on the ground and pulled up her dress. She commanded me to "eat her tuna" and then made her body convulse with her arms above her head and her head shaking back and forth. She orgasmed and shouted praise to Lucifer. Then she was silent. After a while, she opened her eyes and sat up. She put the doll away and told us to follow her. **Redacted**, usually more bold than **Redacted** and I were, asked her who she had been talking to. She just laughed. She closed up the store and told us to go get in the car.

When we went to visit **Redacted** in Arizona we would often drive to Nogales, Mexico, just beyond the border. **Redacted** would buy handmade "little people." They came in little boxes or glued to jewelry or hair clips. We were taught they were for voodoo purposes. **Redacted** always told us to name them for people we did not like (kids at school, etc.) and then act out bad events with them (like strangling them, jabbing them with our pocket knives, etc.). She had a line of them on a pin she wore on her shirt and she would pray standing up in a "Y" and then do things to them throughout the day, whispering.

PHOTOS, FILM AND LIVE PERFORMANCES

PHOTOS

Starting when I was a baby and small child, **Redacted** would take pornographic and violent photos of me alone, with toys, with other objects, with other children or adults, etc. When I was old enough, she would have me pose with different expressions on my face. I remember some of this, but I watched her do it with **Redacted** as little children and she has shown **Redacted** and I many of the pictures over the years and explained that she was teaching us to "draw closer to

Lucifer."

- Date: 1985
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: NY Apartment, Portchester, NY

Redacted called me "Tabitha" and said they were going to take pictures of me with **Redacted**. I didn't want to so **Redacted** got out some Pez and told me she would give me some each time. She gave me a bath and then put a bow in my hair. I was naked. They put me on their master bed with **Redacted** who was wearing a diaper. They made me pose on my hands and knees and put baby **Redacted**'s head under my stomach/vagina. Then they took her diaper off and made me lick her vagina. They kept clapping and laughing and saying how good I was. Then they made me point a big knife at her. I had to hold it with both hands and it was heavy. They told me to make a really angry, "scary" face and took a lot of pictures. Then I had to lick **Redacted**'s penis and **Redacted**'s vagina while they took more pictures.

Frequency: I remember this happening many times as a young child, but as mentioned, I have seen many pornographic pictures of myself as a child – more than I remember directly. When **Redacted** was born, **Redacted** and I posed in the same poses with her. They called me "Tabitha" a lot when they did pornographic things.

Once in New York when I was **Redacted** or **Redacted**, they had me wear "chaps" (made by **Redacted**) and a bandana around my neck but nothing else on and pose like a "cowgirl." I had to stand against a doorway with my knee up and touch my vagina. They put a toothpick in my mouth. **Redacted** and **Redacted** laughed and clapped a lot. I also had to "ride" **Redacted** (he was naked) on his back and sitting over his genitals with my arm up. They made me lick their genitals after they finished taking pictures.

In New York, they made me pose with **Redacted**'s rifle, too. They made me lick it like it was a penis, hold it between my legs, point it at myself or **Redacted**, lie down with it in between my legs (looking like it was coming out of my vagina), and other poses.

- Date: Late Spring, Summer, or Early Fall 1992-1993
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

One time **Redacted** Nathan came to "help" **Redacted** take pictures of us. **Redacted** had on a robe with nothing on underneath. He came over and brought his camera and special lenses. **Redacted** Nathan could be very scary when he wanted to and I was afraid of him. They walked around the house for a while and talked about where to take pictures. They made me sit on a chair at the kitchen table with my back to the kitchen. Then they made **Redacted** sit on the table in front of me. They ordered me to give her oral sex while they took pictures. Then **Redacted** brought some blankets into the living room and made the three of us lie on top of each other in a "dog pile,"

naked and acting like we were having fun. Then **Redacted** took off her robe and Nathan took pictures of her included in the "dog pile," too. Then she made us "nurse" her as she laid on her side. They positioned us like kittens on the floor in a row with our knees under us – **Redacted** and **Redacted** nursing each breast, and me "nursing" her "tuna" (vagina). Nathan kept telling her to smile at the camera and then off in a different direction and telling her she looked beautiful. They took close-ups of me giving her oral sex and putting my fingers inside her vagina. Then they put **Redacted** on the ground and made me straddle her and pin her arms and legs down. **Redacted** posed holding her **Redacted**'s hair in one hand and a chef's knife in another, the blade held under **Redacted**'s throat. We had to make faces like we were angry, frightened, "possessed," and also smiling. **Redacted** told Nathan to be in some of the photos but he said he didn't want his face in them. She took a few of him waist down sitting on a chair and the three of us giving him oral sex with our tongues out.

After a while the phone rang and they both went into the kitchen. We tried to listen to what was going on. It was **Redacted** saying that dinner was ready for Nathan's family. He hung up and he and **Redacted** made fun of **Redacted**. Then they decided to stop and finish the roll later. Then they were completely quiet and we looked at each other wondering what was happening. All of a sudden, Nathan stomped around the corner, yelling, with the chef's knife in his hand. He yelled at us to lie down. **Redacted** was lying next to me and was shaking. He knelt down and traced over our necks and bowels and then up from our vaginas to the top of our heads with the knife, one by one. **Redacted** was looking satisfied and standing near him with her arms folded. Nathan told us that if we ever dared tell anyone what we had done that afternoon, that he would help **Redacted** and **Redacted** slowly mutilate us to death. He said it would take a long time because he would be photographing every cut. He made us each swear an oath to him holding the knife at our necks. Then he stood up and gave the knife back to **Redacted** and then gave her a paper envelope of photos from his bag. They kissed on the lips over and over. After he left, she made us disinfect the table.

* Years later, in her Provo Condo, **Redacted** made my sisters pose for another picture taken like this (with clothes on) and sent it to me as a threat after I was **Redacted**. She eluded to the original naked one over the phone and said she had sent the second picture to remind me of the "real thing."

Frequency: Happened several times a year when he was in town.

Redacted, especially **Redacted**, often took pictures of ceremonies. **Redacted** were careful not to "waste" these opportunities. They would take full pictures of each other in sexual acts, especially if it was of family or close friends. **Redacted** especially loved to take pictures of murders, skinnings, children and adults posing with body parts – attached and unattached to the body. They also took pictures of people eating people. We were told that selling these brought in lots of money. She would mail or hand this film to **Redacted** Nathan to develop for her and make extra copies. Sometimes she had 5 or 6 copies of certain photos.

They took photos all over house to make them look "natural." Both **Redacted** and **Redacted** posed in the pictures sometimes. They would make us pose as if we were "nursing" **Redacted**, licking or kissing her body parts or vagina, putting our fingers inside her, and other sexual acts. **Redacted** also loved to be involved in "posing" us for naked photos. She always talked about my "beautiful alabaster skin." When we became older, **Redacted** gave us some training in photography and instructed us to take provocative photos of each other they sometimes used as "calling cards" for their prostitution business. They would send them out to people to interest them in us. Once in Spring City they brought in a special photographer for me (for the business), someone I had not met before, and had me pose nude in many sexually provocative ways.

FILM

We were told that most CS families photograph and film their children in sexual and violent situations, for several purposes. However, **Redacted** tried to make a business out of it. Besides their child porn photography and prostitution businesses, **Redacted** also made and sold pornographic movies (which they sometimes called "art films"). "**Redacted**" were also used for training and rehearsing for these movies. Growing up, there were several video stores where I believe they had their movies copied and perhaps distributed. One was by **Redacted** Provo House on Canyon Road (now out of business) and the other was in Mount Pleasant, Utah (neighboring town of Spring City). There was a creepy old lady who ran a dirty, jam-packed video store there. **Redacted** always flirted with her and went to her shop frequently.

Redacted had their own video cameras and made their own films. They also used actual "film makers" such as Brian Capener and Paul Larsen. In Provo, **Redacted** and **Redacted** kept stacks and stacks of blank VHS tapes in clear plastic covers which they would use. They were usually kept in their master bedroom and in the "guest" room across the hall from them. In Spring City they had a large locked cabinet where they kept some of the films. Sometimes they would tape over the middle of a Hollywood film so no one would suspect (by looking at the commercial case or watching part of it) that it was child porn. One of our main stage names was "The Three Graces" (**Redacted** – after Belle, Nola, and Carma de Jong – our **Redacted** and her sisters). I was "Faith," **Redacted** was "Hope," and **Redacted** was "Charity." When **Redacted** was born they called her "Joy."

- ☐ Date: 1999-2000
  Time: Night
  Location: Provo Condo

For a few weeks, I had been instructed by **Redacted** to practice certain pieces on the harp so I could be filmed playing them. One afternoon, **Redacted**

ordered us to help her clean the house for filming. She said **Redacted** was going to be there for it so **Redacted** and I tried to stay out of trouble. That afternoon we cleaned the upstairs living room and cleaned a pathway down the stairs to the basement and into the bedroom there. **Redacted** put tablecloths and sheets over her hording piles everywhere so it wouldn't look so bad. We cleaned the bedroom and moved furniture to create the space **Redacted** ordered. **Redacted** had **Redacted** and I bring the harp down the stairs on the dolly to the bedroom.

That night, Brian Capener came over with a small crew (2 younger men) to shoot a film of us. **Redacted** was really excited. She had dated Brian before marrying **Redacted** and often talked about her attraction to him. After they arrived, **Redacted** came downstairs (he let himself in with the keypad code **Redacted** had given him when she changed the lock system). They made us undress. **Redacted** had ordered us to look "perfect" and we had taken hours to get ready. If we did not look our most "desirable," **Redacted** would punish us later.

Brian directed the film but **Redacted** and **Redacted** would make many suggestions to him and to us. **Redacted** fawned all over Brian. The two younger men on the film crew would grin at us a lot. Brian began by having me play the harp. He wanted them to film my hands and then face and then pan out so they could see me naked. They did a few takes of **Redacted** giving me oral sex as I played. Then they told me to kneel down with my legs spread a part and touch my breasts. Then **Redacted** had to lay down and do oral sex on me while **Redacted** came from behind me and rubbed my breasts. I was supposed to raise my arms and hold my hands behind my head and curve my neck down and to the side "like a swan," Brian said, and then move around. **Redacted** was in the film this time, but just his body. Brian filmed **Redacted** putting dog collars on **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and I as we knelt before him. Then he filmed **Redacted** standing behind us holding all three leashes, as we were in front on all fours. We had to act like sensual animals. **Redacted** yanked at the leashes and ordered us (like dogs) to give him oral sex. They made **Redacted** act like a kitten and rub against **Redacted**'s leg and lick his penis, too. Then **Redacted** anally raped me while they filmed from the side. It took a while for Brian and his crew to be satisfied with the footage they got. We repeated a few things in a different way. We also had some lines to say and close-ups. Then **Redacted** ordered us to "say thank you" by giving Brian and the crew oral sex (on their penis). They sat on the edge of the bed. I did it to Brian. When it was over, they talked business stuff to **Redacted** and **Redacted** upstairs. I know we were made to do more things that night with **Redacted**, but I do not remember everything that happened.

Frequency: Brian shot many films in the Provo house (2200 North) and sometimes he would come down to "The House" in Spring City, too. In our Provo house, **Redacted** had shot child pornography films themselves using a VHS camera they had purchased. Sometimes one of their friends (CS) would help with the camera if **Redacted** were going to be in the shot. Paul Larsen, Conrad Gottfordson, and others

made films of us as well. Other people helped **Redacted** make them, like **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig and others. Sometimes other people were in them, but rarely, if ever, showed their faces since the films could potentially leave CS groups.

Redacted loaned us costumes or masks for the films and **Redacted** gave us money ($2 bills mostly) and chocolate. We also used most of our own "dress-ups" and props that **Redacted** had collected for this purpose. **Redacted** or **Redacted** narrated at times. **Redacted** bought us matching dresses with big frilly slips, nightgowns, and lacey underwear. When we were younger, **Redacted** did our makeup and hair herself. She kept Vaseline close by for the shoots of raping and/or sodomizing us, but did not use it if they wanted to show us in pain.

They made films of all themes and story lines. Many started out just sexual but would quickly turn violent and scary, like a horror movie. When they were at this turning point, they often paused the filming and **Redacted** or **Redacted** prayed (standing as "Y") and said they were becoming "possessed" for the rest of the shooting. We played instruments, such as the harp, in them. (We played "angels" this way a lot.) **Redacted** played the recorder sometimes or **Redacted** played the celtic drums we had. We sang alone or together using the songs we had been made to practice for the live performances. Sometimes we had to act like little girls (with pigtails, etc. or **Redacted**'s baby costumes and props she kept in her bedroom) and sing songs we were taught as children with sexual actions on **Redacted** and **Redacted**. Sometimes the films were supposed to have a little humor in them at first or spoof a Hollywood movie or be like old black and white movies. Sometimes they would make **Redacted** do her "May West" impersonation with **Redacted**'s stoles and gloves or they had us do British accents. Sometimes we reenacted some **Redacted** or event in history or mythology (we were made sirens/harpies once while "seducing" **Redacted**). Sometimes the films were spoofs of famous LDS people, events, history, or doctrine. During one period, we did a lot of films on the topic of polygamy. We were raped or sodomized by "Joseph Smith," "Brigham Young," and others or made to give them oral sex, etc., and then they tortured and terrorized us. They used CS doctrine and made us do the same things with "Jesus Christ." They filmed us sitting at "Jesus' feet" and then giving him oral sex and him torturing us. They filmed some of the CS ceremonies or torture, such as being yoked with "Jesus Christ." They would film us "having sex" with "Lucifer" (**Redacted**). They would whip us with **Redacted**'s black leather whip or **Redacted** would use his belt or hand. They would film us acting like we were "possessed" by Lucifer or his spirits. They filmed us as ghosts or dead people. They staged all kinds of horror movie scenes. They filmed us acting like "mental patients." They often called us by different names and we were expected to act like they had trained us for that particular name. Sometimes they made us act like a dominatrix. They would have us be naked or wearing our black clothes and/or cloaks. Sometimes they drugged us – a lot or a little. They would tie us up, beat us, gag us with **Redacted**'s penis so we threw up and film us having to eat the throw up off the ground – or make us do this all to another **Redacted**. They would do all kinds of things with semen. We would have to swallow it, lick it off the ground or another person's body like cats, etc. **Redacted** would pee on us. He would pee in our mouths like a water fountain.

Sometimes we were dressed up like babies and have to suck the urine out of his penis pretending it was a bottle. We had to lick **Redacted**'s or each other's anuses. Sometimes we had to squat on the ground and go to the bathroom on camera (**Redacted** would NOT allow that on the carpet, but we did it on dirt, concrete, linoleum). Sometimes we were made to go on each other or in each other's mouths (we often suffered from eye infections, stomach aches or diarrhea, and other problems in the days after filming these things). They used fake blood that we had to lick up from the ground, a body, or off genitals. Sometimes they made videos of their torture and rape of us during our menstrual cycles. They directed and filmed us doing sexual or violent things to each other in the bathtub or shower. They used toys and dolls. We were put on leashes or put in our dog kennel and made to act out certain behaviors. They would make us pretend to "hump" each other like animals – often with us all in a row. Once as a teen they made me use a vibrator and pretend to be a man raping **Redacted**.

Once and a while we did "personal" films – films for specific people (client, family member, or friend of **Redacted**) with their specific requests (fantasies, etc.). Sometimes these films replaced a birthday or holiday card or gift **Redacted** wanted to give to someone.

In New York, they filmed me acting like a cat or a naked cherub with wings (angel) and sometimes a sash tied across my shoulders or around me. **Redacted** would dress up baby **Redacted** the same way. She photographed us as cherubs and cats a lot, too. These video shoots also got violent and scary quickly.

- Date: Nov-Dec 1999 – Spring 2000
  Time: Night
  Location: Provo Condo

It was getting late at night and **Redacted** ordered me to sleep in her bed and not to take my makeup off. She said **Redacted** was coming over. Scared to disobey and face **Redacted**'s violence, I fell asleep in the bed until she woke me up. **Redacted** was in the room and they told me to get up and started directing me to do things. They told me to take off my clothes. They had the small mini-tape camcorder and were ready to film me. They had placed a large foam tube pillow of **Redacted**'s on their bed and told me to "ride" it and put on a show like a stripper.

I was not doing it exactly like they wanted and they were annoyed. **Redacted** went out in the hallway and came back with a small, round white pill. **Redacted** told him I could only have a little bit or I would be useless. **Redacted** cut it with the pocket knife he always carried and made me swallow it. They kept filming and pretty soon I started feeling weird. I started giggling and laughing a lot and the colors and lights in the room were a lot more intense. They told me to dance provocatively. Then they directed me to fondle myself and then roll around and masturbate on the pillow. Then **Redacted** got naked and stood behind me (I was kneeling on the bed) and fondled my breasts and genitals. Then she filmed him pushing me down on the bed, pinning

me down, threatening me with his pocket knife (tracing it on my body along the usual places). Then **Redacted** filmed him, naked, sodomizing me. I was supposed to say, "Yes! Yes!" over and over.

As they had done many, many times in the past, **Redacted** told me that we were going to do one more thing. She was going to go out of the room and when she came back, she would pretend she was surprised to see me. She told me it would be really funny. She said that I was supposed to laugh really hard and start "going crazy" when she said she was "going to call the police!" I was supposed to pretend **Redacted** wasn't there. She walked out. I could hear her talking outside the door and then she opened the door and said, in a stern and shocked voice, things like, "**Redacted**! What are you doing?! Why are you naked on my bed? Are you masturbating? Ohhhh, **Redacted**, this is terrible!... Are you on *drugs*? Look at me, *are you on drugs*?... That's it! I've had enough! I can't do this anymore! I'm calling the police!" I had been giggling the whole time, but when she said that I started laughing harder. **Redacted** made motions like I was supposed to "ride" the pillow like a bucking bronco, and I copied him. Finally she pushed the button and said "cut!" They made me give them both oral sex before letting me go downstairs to bed. I fell down some stairs on the way and had a bad bruise on my hip the next day.

Frequency: They very often did this at the end of a "film" – they would film us as if they had just walked in on whatever the last scene was. Sometimes we were made to touch or give oral sex to each other, naked and/or wearing the costumes they had put us in. Sometimes we were bound and gagged on the floor with one of us girls untied. They mainly just used the same scenarios of the film they had been directing. One or both of them would act shocked, disgusted, horrified, etc. They would yell and berate us, or pretend to cry and say they "just knew" this had been going on and they couldn't believe they caught us in the act, etc. This was used to threaten us. They would say they would take the video clip to the police and have one or all of us arrested and put in a mental institution. They said it would be all over the news programs and everyone would see it and believe we were crazy and "sex fiends," as **Redacted** liked to call us.

LIVE PERFORMANCES

When I was very young, I was made to practice and perform small poems, nursery rhymes or songs at **Redacted** discretion. Some of these included, "I Am a Pretty Little Dutch Girl" (Song with sexually suggestive actions: I am a pretty little Dutch girl, as pretty as I can be, and all the boys they gather 'round and this is what they say to me: I L-O-V-E love you, I K-I-S-S kiss you, I K-I-S-S kiss you on your F-A-C-E face, face, face.), "Here I Am, Little Jumping Joan" (Poem where I was supposed to act coy and shy: Here I am, little Jumping Joan. When nobody's with me, I'm all alone.), "Halfway Up The Stairs" (A poem from the Christopher Robin Treasury book my **Redacted** would do with us, usually on the stairs, as "foreplay" to her afternoon "cat naps"), and many other songs from our tapes "Wee Sing," "Raffi," and others.

Starting when I was **Redacted** and **Redacted, Redacted** spent a lot of time teaching me how to do a "striptease."

As **Redacted** and I got older, we were taught songs and poems to perform together. As I mentioned above, **Redacted** three of us were known (among family, friends, Church [CS] members, **Redacted**'s clients, some of my **Redacted** and **Redacted** colleagues, and others who had purchased the pornographic movies and photographs) as "The **Redacted**" and "The Three Graces." Countless times in my childhood and up to my adult years, strangers (men and women) who were introduced to me in public (mostly by family members or friends) would say with surprise, "Oh! *You* are one of *The* **Redacted**!" Many men and women would be overly familiar with me - winking at me, looking me up and down, giving me a tight hug instead of a handshake.

Redacted usually restricted TV during the day but we were sometimes allowed to watch videos. When we were very young and staying for the summer in Spring City, we did not have a TV. We would go across the street to the Bennion's house and watch a VHS tape they had of Shirley Temple (their TV was only hooked up to VHS). It was the first time we had ever seen her. We watched again and again. Even as teenagers we would get it out and watch it several times a year. There were two films on it called "War Babies" (the one we watched the most) and "Kid 'in' Africa." We learned to dance and act like Shirley Temple in "War Babies." The adults would instruct us to reenact the highly sexual parts. **Redacted** started curling our hair in ringlets regularly and then started purchasing more Shirley Temple videos for us. **Redacted** was especially good at mimicking her. Another name they used for **Redacted** was Shirley Temple.

We were made to sing a lot and play instruments with each other in these performances. **Redacted** would sometimes play with us on her recorder. They also made me accompany **Redacted** on their performances. **Redacted** would buy many piano anthologies (huge music books - compilations of a certain theme) and I was ordered to learn certain pieces on the piano and harp. One of those pieces was the theme from "Carmen." **Redacted** would sing and dance provocatively around the harp and/or do a striptease (1994-1995). We were taught many songs to be performed with sexual actions/ striptease, some of which were:

- ☐ Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree
- ☐ Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine
- ☐ Sisters
- ☐ Blue Moon
- ☐ Devil Moon (**Redacted** liked to sing this one with us – he often talked about how he had been the lead in his high school play with this song)
- ☐ I Wish That I Could Shimmie Like My Sister **Redacted**
- ☐ Cowboy Sweetheart

- ☐ Big Spender
- ☐ The Love Bug Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out
- ☐ Thank Heavens for Little Girls (**Redacted** sang)
- ☐ I Am Sixteen Going on Seventeen
- ☐ There Were 3 Sisters Side by Side (A song from the British Isles where the sisters kill each other over a man they all love)
- ☐ Quanta Lagusta (**Redacted** would impersonate Carmen Miranda)
- ☐ Santa Baby
- ☐ Bugle Boy
- ☐ I'm As Restless As a Willow In A Windstorm (from State Fair) And more

Redacted would loan us the costumes, wigs, masks, and hats **Redacted** wanted and helped with getting any props. **Redacted** was very enthusiastic about our performances and his penis would get very erect (he would make us come over to him when we were done and touch him or it was visible through his pants) or he often laughed until he cried. They made us use sexual props such as vibrators, condoms, the black whip and horse riding crops, bananas, etc. Sometimes my parents made us use our live animals in sexual ways.

When **Redacted** was little (and I was living **Redacted**), **Redacted** added her to us, "The Three Graces," calling her "Joy." She was taught the same songs and acts **Redacted** had sung and some new ones, such as "Lollipop." **Redacted** worked with her just as she had taught us. She was so used to performing as a tiny girl that when we went to the Shakespearean Festival, she was chosen to come up on the "green show" stage. She was completely fearless and danced around – provocatively at **Redacted**, which seemed to make **Redacted** nervous.

One Christmas in Spring City (1994-1995) we were ordered to learn "Santa Baby." **Redacted** and I told **Redacted** she could be the lead if she wanted and we would be the backup singers and she lip-synced to the old recording. Our **Redacted** was mad but she said she couldn't change anything after **Redacted** had told her parents. We sang a less sexual version for the Christensen Christmas party at the city hall – it was still provocative, but our clothing stayed on, etc. I think there is video of it in **Redacted**'s house and maybe some pictures. **Redacted** dressed the three of us up in dresses and gloves, curled our hair, and said she was making us "the most beautiful." We performed it at home and other places with **Redacted** singing the lead and **Redacted** and I as back-up. **Redacted** choreographed this version, which was highly sexual.

Redacted would make us practice on her, each other, or on **Redacted** in the evenings or for "**Redacted.**" She choreographed most of our performances. She had us do stripteases, touch people over or under their clothing (in erogenous areas), sit on people's laps, slowly undress people, French kiss them, etc. all while singing and dancing. **Redacted** used these performances strategically within their groups.

They would often have us single people out they were trying to impress, get something from, pressure, etc.

Redacted would instruct us to memorize lyrics and practice singing together. If we didn't have the lyrics and the music was from a movie, for instance, I would be assigned to transcribe them off of a video.

My **Redacted** loved **Redacted**beth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn, and Marilyn Monroe and often told us to imitate them. (We had to do this in family or one-on-one "pretend"/ "play time" with him, too.)

Redacted made us perform a lot in public for practice and for "advertising" purposes. Once she wrote up a story about us for the Mt Pleasant newspaper and told me it would "remind" the Sanpete CS community about us, attract more "clients" for us, and make our movies more popular. Growing up (starting two or three years after I started playing the harp) she ran my "gig" schedule and made most of the decisions about where and for whom I played (often using it strategically like other resources they had). We sometimes played at parties at Gordon Bowen's house. Sometimes **Redacted** would even have us show up to other CS parties with the harp, unannounced and ready to perform a short "show" together or at least do background music.

If we were performing for a CS individual, party, or group, **Redacted** loved to show off his psychological "skill." He would call us by different names and that was our cue to act in a certain way. The name "Tabitha" for me meant that I had to be a seductress. **Redacted** had trained me from an early age to respond this way to this name. He and **Redacted** often used that name and family and friends used it on me, too, as well as our "clients." Sometimes he did a mini show, kind of like a performing hypnotist does, where he "called out" "parts" of us (he claimed) and had us act in certain ways to impress the crowd. He would tell us ahead of time what he wanted us to do.

- Date: 1990
  Time: Afternoon/ Evening
  Location: Provo House

One night **Redacted** said we were going to have "**Redacted**" and practice seducing men. She told us we needed to become more desirable so she and **Redacted** could charge the "clients" more. She said she did not want to hear any whining (us not wanting to participate) or she and **Redacted** would beat us, tie us up naked, and leave us in the food storage room all night. She said she and **Redacted** would "call forth" "spirits" and "gargoyles" to torment us in the dark. She made us put on our big ruffley slips from the store "Precious Child" in Provo (no longer in business, I think). The slips had tons of ruffles that would stick out under the dresses she also bought us there and made us look like Shirley Temple. She put perfume on our necks and wrists, showing us how to lean in seductively so "he" or "she" would get a smell and

then lean out. She showed us how to seductively play with a person's hand then take it and lead them out of the room. She made us practice pushing someone down "playfully" (which was harder for us because we were fairly small and light). She made us bend over and then look back as we stood up, like a stripper does. She made us stand facing each other and pinch each others' nipples, "giggle," and look at her pretending to be "happy and surprised." She called **Redacted** to come in and made us practice all these things on him. He sat on a wooden chair and she made us run our finger along the back of his shoulders and then "mount him" – straddling him and then French kiss him. They made us each take turns. If we hesitated they made crazy/scary faces and hissed at us to threaten us (the kind of faces they made when they were "possessed"). Some of these things we had to do over and over until they were satisfied. When they were done they made us give them oral sex.

Frequency: We had regular training from **Redacted** (she talked about it nearly every day) on being sexually "desirable." These were all behaviors and actions we were then expected to do and did for live performances, for our "clients," parties where we were "working" (as prostitutes), films, and all of the other sexual encounters we had regularly.

She often gave us long lectures in the bathroom or she would make us shower with her so she could "inspect" us and watch our cleaning practices, usually ending in having to give her oral sex while she lay in the tub or leaned against the wall with her leg up. She did this "inspection" especially if she had noticed during a rape of us that we were not "clean enough"/ keeping her standards, etc. She made us scrub and scrub our genitals harshly. She also taught us to scrub our heads thoroughly and shampoo twice, condition once, reminding us how much **Redacted** preferred very clean hair. (He loved to smell our heads when he embraced us and told us he appreciated the effort we took to make sure we were clean for him.) **Redacted** would then brush our hair with some perfume on her brush. She taught us to douche with a bag of scented water and had us take multiple enemas each before a ceremony or party. She made us scrub and scrub our mouths and tongues. Once (Provo 1993) she had **Redacted** whip me with his belt and then pin me down and she violently scrubbed my teeth with my dry toothbrush until my gums bled and gagged me with it over and over because a client complained I had had bad breath.

Redacted would join **Redacted** in critiquing us and instructing us in how to be clean, etc.

Also, threats about "calling forth" "gargoyles" were used a lot. We were taught these were spiritual creatures that served Lucifer. **Redacted** made "gargoyle" faces a lot to scare us and from a young age, **Redacted** taught us to make these faces, too.

- Date: Summer 1994-1995
  Time: Evening
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted had scheduled a party at our house and **Redacted** had made us practice certain songs for a "program" she wanted us to put on. On the day of the party we had to clean extensively. She made me do the downstairs bathroom and clean the baseboards with a toothbrush. She inspected it several times before she let me go up to my room.

Pretty soon she called us to our bathroom and made us all take enemas (one by one). She cleaned the end in between us using it. She filled the hanging bag more than once for me and then some for a douche that she put her perfumes in. Then she made me take a shower in her bathroom and use her special Aveda shampoo. She made me scrub my whole body and I had to pass an inspection (where she smelled me all over) when I got out of the shower. I finished getting ready. She sent me up to wash in her bidet one more time before the party.

We practiced for our performance a little again before the people started arriving. **Redacted** came in and gave us some last minute instructions and "reminders." He also threatened us to be "good."

The elders ate and talked in the kitchen and family room. After a while, **Redacted** stood up and started "MC-ing." He told everyone they were here to celebrate Brian's success. **Redacted** brought out a cake and everyone sang. Then **Redacted** said he had a special "number" to present to Brian and the other "honored" guests. He nodded to us and we came over and started singing a "sexy" version of Happy Birthday. We took Brian's hand and led him to the chair that **Redacted** had set up for him in the middle of the rug. We danced around him and rubbed his chest and posed. We had been ordered to end it with us taking turns to do oral sex on Brian's penis until he ejaculated. **Redacted** made me lick it off the floor and made the girls lick his penis off. The whole time we did this people were laughing, clapping, cat calling, etc. When we were done, **Redacted** made us all bow and Brian said a few words about how amazed he was at our talent. Then we ran upstairs, as **Redacted** had instructed. We had to change for the ceremony. We put on our white dresses and stayed up there until **Redacted** called. They did a short ceremony where they consecrated Brian's "Re-Birth" act, although I don't remember what it was. Then the elders took of their clothes and had an orgy. **Redacted** told me I was to give Susanne (Kershisnik) oral sex. I remember trying to go slower so that I would stay "occupied" and have less of a chance of being raped. The Bennions, Kershisniks, Schultes, Larsens, and some friends of the Bennion's and Kershisnik's were there. There were also others I did not know. There were probably around 20 people there.

PROSTITUTION

Starting when we were very little, **Redacted** sold or traded us out as prostitutes. **Redacted** and his brother, Steve, used to laugh and call us each a "prom-a-tood" (phonetic spelling - instead of "prostitute." It was a joke I didn't really understand, but I was told it had come from his family growing up). Some people we knew (usually family, friends, Church (CS) members, or clients of my **Redacted**) and some were strangers.

During and after **Redacted** worked as a "Standard's Counselor" at BYU, he started setting up his private counseling practice and he and **Redacted** began advertising to CS members and others that **Redacted** and I were available for a price. They would complain about how little BYU paid and how many bills they had with the two houses. They talked about the long list of things they wanted money for – remodeling/ adding on to the Spring City house, buying large animals, buying better cars, paying off student loans, buying other properties, adding to their emergency coin collection and preparations for "the last days," and more. People started calling **Redacted** and **Redacted** for appointments with us. **Redacted** referred to them as "clients" (our clients) or "suitors." Other CS friends of theirs that did trades for us were treated more casually.

This business of theirs continued in "The House" – what they and many called **Redacted** house in Spring City. Others, such as **Redacted** Steve and Joe Bennion, called our Spring City house "The Hen House." Sometimes they and others would call **Redacted** "Madam." This brought lots of laughs from other elders. They also called **Redacted** "Big-nose **Redacted**"
– a reference to a prostitute in a movie they liked. The also called us "The **Redacted**," "The Three Graces," "Ladies of the Night," and other group names.

The appointments were for all hours of the day and night. If needed, **Redacted** would contact the school and tell them we were "sick." Sometimes we prepared a bedroom for the appointment and sometimes they were held in **Redacted**'s offices.

There was a lot of paperwork with the contract **Redacted** required (the contract was mostly for strangers and aquaintances, although she seemed to have a file on everyone – even family members) and she kept it locked in their gray metal filing cabinet. **Redacted** had a file for each person and after a "session" was over, she would drill us on every detail and record it in the file. If she wanted more money from the person, she would come up with some ailment we were suffering from (sometimes it was real, sometimes not) and tell them it was from such-and-such a thing happening. Then she would bill them for more money or make them pay extra the next time.

Redacted nights and **Redacted** councils were also used to talk about upcoming appointments with these paying "clients/suitors" and what they wanted. **Redacted** talked about how important it was that we fulfill each person's "fantasies." They would tell us to act a certain way with each one, such as being "the seductress," acting frightened and helpless, wearing a blindfold and/or being gagged and tied up, acting like an animal, pretending to be asleep for the whole thing, etc. Sometimes we were supposed to play "babies" and **Redacted** would make us a cloth diaper and give us a binky. She would wrap us up in a big blanket on top of the bed like a baby for when the client came in. We all had kilts and she would dress us up like Catholic school girls with frilly underwear. Sometimes we wore lingerie and she put lots of

makeup and perfume on us. Often **Redacted** would go to **Redacted** with an idea and she would search in her costumes and put together an outfit for us. Sometimes we were drugged upon request, which I was told they paid extra for. **Redacted** would give us the pill or pills and some water. Sometimes we just had to wear a bag over our head the whole time.

Sometimes the clients were violent with us. **Redacted** permitted it for a price. If we had any extra bruising or visible signs of trauma (or complained of something more serious) above what was agreed beforehand, it was in their contract that they would be charged extra. **Redacted** and **Redacted** would NOT allow us to be anything but "gracious," as they said, with the clients – especially after they hurt or tortured us.

Sometimes we were made to sing some of our performance songs. Sometimes the clients wanted to watch a sexual "performance" – between **Redacted** or with one or both **Redacted** (some people really liked to watch **Redacted**). Some people liked watching **Redacted** nurse us or us "play cats" with **Redacted**. Sometimes they requested pets to be involved. **Redacted** also got more money by offering to cook meals and deliver them on trays outside our door. Or she would run errands for a "client" if they were staying for a weekend, for instance. **Redacted** charged for each of these "extras."

- Date: 1993
  Time: Evening/ Night
  Location: Provo house

A man was staying with **Redacted** for the whole weekend. **Redacted** said he lived out of state and I must have been very wealthy by the way he dressed, acted, and the length of his stay. He had come before. He was violent and really cruel. He would often pay to do things with or watch the **Redacted**. Once he brought a friend with him (in his 40s) and they watched **Redacted** have a **Redacted** orgy and then participated at the end of "the performance."

One night I was downstairs and heard **Redacted**'s voice sounding distressed and people moving around upstairs. I came upstairs and saw what **Redacted** had done. The client was in the big bed, dead and bloody around his neck. I stayed in the doorway. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were arguing who and what to tell. They went out together to get a tarp and **Redacted** told me not to touch anything. **Redacted** seemed like she was in a daze. They came back and put the blue tarp on the floor. They pulled his body off the bed and onto the tarp and dragged it into the kitchen. **Redacted** told us to help and close all the blinds and curtains in the kitchen, dining and TV room. I tried not to get too close because I was afraid. I stood at the top of the stairs and watched as **Redacted** paced around the dining room and tv room, trying to make a plan for what to do. They decided to cut him up and that he would take pieces of him and dispose of him all

over the place. **Redacted** made **Redacted** help him cut the body up. **Redacted** got out her big stainless steel bowls and a stack of her white and beige towel/rags to use. She flushed what was in the bowls down the toilet and put the used towels in garbage bags. I went down and sat on the bottom step for a while, but kept running up and down the stairs to check if they were done. Then **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted**, and I carefully lifted the tarp and carried everything outside through the laundry room. We rolled the sides of the tarp and **Redacted** tied everything together into a bundle. We put the bundle in the back of the car on another tarp and folded it over the top. We were ordered to carry over **Redacted**'s tools and other items out from the carport storage and place them all around and over the body to look like he was working on a big construction project. **Redacted** took some garbage bags and a duffle bag with him. He threatened **Redacted** with something severe, but I don't remember what. He said it would happen to all of us if this got out. He got in the car and drove away.

Redacted told us to take our clothes off to work. She put up sheets around the two openings to our patio. We followed her orders for the next several hours as we cleaned up. She got out the "goose pot" (a very large pot that a child could sit in) and put it in the backyard patio outside. We filled it with some water from the hose and bleach to bleach the towels and sheets. We scrubbed the splattered blood from the cabinets and fridge in the kitchen. It was my job to make sure every spot was gone. While we did the kitchen, she worked on the bedroom. There was a blood spot on the mattress and part of a pillow. **Redacted** was mad. She made us help her take the mattress off the bed and drag it outside to the patio. She had us prop one side up on the back bench and she poured bleach on the spots until they disappeared. (If someone came by and saw the mattress or asked about it later, we were to say that **Redacted** had wet the bed and it smelled so badly we had to air it out.) When she was done with the pot, she had us carry bucketful's of bleach water out to Rika's kennel and pour it along the sides of the property where there was just dirt. We were told to go get in the shower. She told us to wash everything really, really well and to make sure to use the nail brush and that she would check us before we went to bed.

When I **Redacted, Redacted** made me take 5 stainless steel bowls to "always remember," as she said, this and other (traumatic) events.

- Date: 1996 - 1997
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Provo house

I was told to sit on **Redacted**'s couch in his office with the door closed. I was told to *not* freshen up. I heard the front door open and **Redacted** talking. He opened the door to the office and stuck his head in smiling. He opened it wide with a big gesture towards me with his arm and saying, "Here is **Redacted** for you!" A man came in, shorter than **Redacted**. He looked like he was in his late 30s. His hair was receding (medium brown) and he wore glasses. They were large and the style was dated. He also wore a jacket that he never took off. I thought he looked like he was trying to

disguise himself a little. He sat down on the couch next to me. He was very awkward but forceful. He put his arm around me. He said he had been waiting for months for this. Then he called me his "girlfriend" and acted like we had known each other for years. **Redacted** had warned me to play along so I did. He put his hand down my shirt and fondled my breasts for a while and then undid my pants button. He put his hand down my pants and put his fingers in my vagina for a while. Then he told me to take off my clothes and dance for him. Then he unzipped his pants and ordered me kneel in front of him and give him oral sex. He ejaculated and told me to rub the semen all over my face. **Redacted** gave a little knock on the door. That told the man we had 20 minutes left. He made me fondle myself while dancing more. Then he had me crawl around and act like a cat with my backside to him. Then he told me to give him oral sex again. There was another knock to say time was up. We got dressed and he left the room. I heard him talk to **Redacted** in the hallway before he left the house. **Redacted** brought in his file and I told her everything that happened. Then she told me to "clean up" and I showered downstairs.

THERAPY

Redacted was "a Ph.D. Clinical Psychologist," as **Redacted** trained us to recite to people. **Redacted's Redacted**, Clyde Sullivan (also a psychologist), got **Redacted** a job at BYU as a Standard's Counselor at Helaman Halls. **Redacted** later rented an office at "Jamestown" (a business plaza) in Provo before renovating **Redacted** living room in the Provo house to become his home office.

When we lived in Provo during and after the Spring City renovation, we had to be extremely quiet unless we were brought in to participate in a therapy session or the "client" was really for us. The upstairs was divided into two sections by the front door and hallway. The hall was turned into a small waiting room with a bench. If the client was for **Redacted** and you heard the door open (even if he was going to bring you in on the session), you were forbidden to walk through the waiting room until he brought them in his office. If you had been told a client was coming for you, you also had to wait for **Redacted** to greet them, but would often accompany them (unless they had posed or staged you in some "fantasy" scene in the assigned room). Sometimes, we were sent through on purpose by **Redacted** or **Redacted** to "advertise" ourselves. **Redacted** would sometimes pick some clothing for us (usually dress-ups, a "cute" outfit, or a swimsuit or leotard) and make us walk slowly through, smiling or stop and introduce ourselves with a lot of flirtatious behavior and touching.

There was not real privacy in any of the rooms of the Provo house. There were locks on most doors that **Redacted** and **Redacted** could pick and we learned at a young age how to

"pick" them quickly with a bobby pin. **Redacted** and **Redacted** kept bobby pins on the top of the door moldings and we also taught ourselves how to climb up hallway walls with our hands and feet on both sides to retrieve the pins. (Once and a while I would use this skill and be successful in hiding from **Redacted**, if I got high enough and pressed myself into a corner and held my breath. Once they walked under me down the hallway and into a room, I would crawl down and run to hide somewhere else. **Redacted** did this, too.) One could also pull out a drawer in the upstairs full bathroom, so that if the lock were picked, you were still kind-of secure. The only problem was that you could still open it enough to see the person inside by way of the large mirror reflection.

From as early as I can remember, **Redacted** trained me (and **Redacted**) that when they called me a certain name, I was to act in a certain way. They called this name and behavior combo "parts." One of the names **Redacted** called me was "Tabitha." **Redacted** picked that name for me as a joke for a few reasons. Of the books she read to me as a young child, Beatrix Potter stories were frequent. "Tabitha Twitchet" is a cat, the **Redacted** of very naughty kittens and Tabitha is constantly distressed by their disobedience. Sometimes she also called me "Tabby Cat" or "Tabby Kitten" as a nickname of "Tabitha." (She said it was because I had **Redacted**, and later pubic hair of the same color.) The name was "funny" because 1) I was **Redacted** and "Peacemaker" (authority figure to **Redacted**) and 2) my **Redacted** trained me sexually to act like a cat. **Redacted** also reminded me sometimes that Tabitha was the name of the little blonde witch daughter in "Bewitched." **Redacted** had given me, as "Tabitha," geisha/"Stepford wife" training from as young as I can remember. I was always supposed to imagine I was wearing a beautiful long dress with perfect makeup and hair – like a model, **Redacted** would say. I was never, ever to resist, argue, or be "in any way unpleasant," **Redacted** would say. I was supposed to act like everything, no matter how painful or debased, was pleasurable and wonderful. As a teenager, my **Redacted** would make me read 1940s and 50s books for women on taking care of one's husband and never having a complaining thought. I was supposed to embody that perfect, submissive, affectionate wife to both of them – and also "have sex" with whomever they told me to in whatever attitude they told me to. Whenever they called me Tabitha I was to behave as though I enjoyed all sexual experiences, even the violent ones (they said to the "truly faithful" – CS – pain equals pleasure), and to be completely uninhibited. As Tabitha, I was to call **Redacted** "David" or "Master" and **Redacted** "Roselle" (and sometimes "Mistress"). I was supposed to see them as sexual partners and my masters. I was to be seductive, charming, graceful, confident, and fully obedient and loyal. Other family and Church (CS) members and friends of **Redacted** called me Tabitha, too. **Redacted** would sometimes say, "Tabitha, arise!" (a line from the New Testament) to cue me to start behaving like this and everyone would laugh. I was trained to put on sexual performances, to which the audience (large and small) would all clap and become aroused. They allowed me to be shy sometimes when they called me "**Redacted**" (and frequently teased me as **Redacted** for being a "prude" – Joe Bennion, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** Steve especially called me that a lot), but if I was shy when they called me "Tabitha" I was

mercilessly tortured and terrorized. However, sometimes I would forget or I would become too scared or shy or resist during a time when I was supposed to be Tabitha. It was not always a "clean" process, hence the threats. When I, as Tabitha, was doing what **Redacted** wanted she called me her "treasure" and was often (briefly) affectionate in a **Redacted** way that we rarely knew otherwise. When I gave her oral sex "really well" she would also later (not as often "in the moment") say I was her "treasure." **Redacted** also used that term with me, too.

Other names were assigned to us to be used as cues for us to behave in a certain way. Sometimes they used common popular names, Roman or Greek names from mythology (**Redacted** called himself "Zeus." They called me "Venus" or "Aphrodite." They called **Redacted** "Diana." They called **Redacted** "Helen" [for Helen of Troy] and "Medusa" because she would fight him [off] a lot and because, they joked, "she turns men to stone" – implying an erection), astronomy names, elements of nature names ("Windy"), jem stones and jewel names ("Ruby"), Native American names ("Silent Fawn," "Many Goats"), other names from history (although my **Redacted** used historic names for himself [i.e. William Wallace] and said he actually was those people in previous lives), and other sources.

Redacted told us that they could put "parts" of them into us, "parts" of animals into them or us and vice versa, and other transfers. They also said they could "cut off parts" of us permanently. Sometimes **Redacted** would take his large obsidian arrowhead and scrape it along our necks or other body parts and describe the process of manufacturing a "weapon": us – saying we were "weapons against God." He would say that flakes, like "parts," had to be cut off to shape this beautiful, powerful, sexual tool in the hand of Lucifer. He said it was inevitable to loose the "parts" of us that were not capable or helpful in "creating the sharp edge of the spear."

In Provo, **Redacted** developed a short video about some of his "theories" (many of which were simply CS practice) that was aired on KBYU in the early 1990s. It featured a person sitting in different chairs and "feeling" and expressing different emotions in each chair. **Redacted** would make us practice this routine in the downstairs Provo house bedroom a lot (the room without carpet) and "perform" it in front of his clients.

In addition to seeing struggling children of CS members in "therapy," another side business **Redacted** ran was "training" parents to create obedient, faithful (to Lucifer) children. I think they might have gotten the idea from Gordon Bowen. Sometimes one or both parents would come, sometimes they brought their child or children, sometimes they purchased "training" videos **Redacted** made with us, and/or sometimes **Redacted** would make us do live "demonstrations." **Redacted** knew about this "training" business and encouraged relatives and friends to take the "courses" with their children. For example, my **Redacted** Nathan received training from **Redacted**.

Angela Fenton began as a client of **edacted**'s and then moved in with **Redacted** (We had most experiences with her between 1995-1998). I believe she was in her mid to late 30s. She was overweight, but very strong, and had a very short haircut. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made fun of her behind her back for being "ugly" or "homely." She hated her family – especially her mom- and did not want to live with them in Alpine (she said so herself many, many times), although she had a huge "wing" of the house to herself. Her family was very wealthy. **Redacted** said we were NOT to call her Angela in general because, he said, Angela did "not want to come out anymore." (I did "meet" Angela many times over this period, but she preferred to be called "CJ" most of the time.) **Redacted** said Angela (or "Angie" as he also called her) was hiding from her life and "the pain." He said that to the psychology world, Angela had severe multiple personality disorder and had many, many "parts." **Redacted** often talked about how much he loved working with Angela, saying she was so "artfully fragmented." He would make lists and lists of all the "parts" he would "find" and then information about each of them. Angela's family were CS members, she and **Redacted** said, and she had been raised experiencing ceremonies, torture, etc., but "something went wrong" we were told and she had fallen into severe mental pieces. **Redacted** said he could "fix" her and help her achieve wholeness as a devoted follower of Lucifer. I believe Angela's parents were paying **Redacted** for this "work," even though he acted and spoke around her as if he hated them as much as she did.

Redacted said Angela's main "part" was a boy named "CJ" (for "Charles James"). "CJ" acted as if he were a 7-12 year old boy and almost always called **Redacted** "Buddy." **Redacted** and "CJ" told us that there were actually multiple boy parts named "CJ" with different ages in this range, voices, interests, etc. We were threatened by **Redacted** to never call him/her by the wrong name or confuse the "parts." This happened because of many instances where we got confused, got it wrong, and "deeply offended" CJ/whatever "part" was "out." It was extremely hard to follow these rules because CJ could "change" in an instant to a different "part." Often she would close her eyes and her head would drop down for a second or two and then she would seem to revive and say she was or speak as a different "part." If you weren't watching her face, it was easy to miss. Sometimes there was not a visible "change" between different "parts," but we were just expected "to know." If we did not immediately "recognize" the new "part" (even without him/her speaking), there was a high chance we would offend him/her. When we did, "CJ" (or another "part") would run and tell on us to **Redacted**. "He" would also cry to my **Redacted** about us if we acted in *any way* distant or cold and we would be punished with severe sexual and/or physical violence. We would also get a lecture on how we were interfering with **Redacted**'s work and CJ's "healing."

I was included in the "therapy" for CJ as part of my regular responsibilities. I was commanded by **Redacted** to be CJ's special "friend" so the three of us were together a lot. **Redacted** also frequently included **Redacted** in the "therapy," especially when

they were not at school. I was kept home from school for a large part of this period for many reasons, including being available for **Redacted** and CJ. If anyone outside of our groups (CS) asked what I was doing out of school, I was instructed by **Redacted** to tell them that I was "in home school" and "apprenticing with **Redacted**, a Ph.D. Clinical Psychologist." **Redacted** had family, friends, and other clients "help" in his "therapy" with "CJ", including Joe Bennion and Con Gottfordson. **Redacted** often had me be "Tabitha" in "sessions" with CJ and Con (Conrad Gottfordson lived in Alpine, UT, and was Angela Fenton's Stake President at the time. He often insisted I call him "**Redacted** Con," but I preferred to just call him "Con"). Most of the time Con came to **Redacted** house in Provo for these things. This "therapy" was not just conducted in **Redacted**'s offices. He would do this in stores, in parking lots, in the car, up the canyon, at the library, in parks, at people's homes, in front of friends, family and clients, and more.

Both **Redacted** talked about having "CJ" in our home as a "boon" for them. They used her to help them terrorize us, sexually and physically abuse us, punish us and torture us. They had full access to sexually, physically, and mentally abuse her and would often gloat that no one would ever believe her if she tried to accuse them. She was the living, breathing example (they often pointed out) of what would happen to us if we ever tried to "dissent" from our family or the church (CS). They said we would be trapped, just as she was, with nowhere but CS homes to go to and no one "outside" to ever believe our history. We were told we could live with other CS families or in a mental institution if we wanted to leave home.

Redacted often said how much he loved "working" with CJ for many reasons. **Redacted** said that having Angela's wealthy family endorse **Redacted** and his methods in working with their daughter increased **Redacted** value and standing in CS groups. Another was that "spirit followers of Lucifer" "in" CJ were readily available to "talk" to my **Redacted** (and Con or whoever else he had with him). **Redacted** used CJ, myself, and **Redacted** to have "revelations" and "visions." He would do this by raping us (vaginally or anally) while repeating certain prayers to receive these things "spiritually." Often one other person would "help" and write down what **Redacted** was saying (he "couldn't" because his arms were usually up in a "V" and his eyes were rolled back). Con took a lot of notes for **Redacted** during this time. Sometimes, if "CJ" was not "available" (there but not "there") **Redacted** would rape me vaginally or anally and make me take notes at the same time. **Redacted** seemed to love to "cast out parts" and "spirits," "call forth" and speak to "parts" and "spirits," talk to "parts" of "other abusers" that had been "implanted" in CJ, including the "Master," and many more things.

I often "slept," at least part of the night, with **Redacted** and CJ (**Redacted** often did, too). **Redacted** would set up a bed of blankets on the floor of the Provo house or Spring City house. Sometimes we did this at Angela's "wing" of her family home. **Redacted** and CJ (or whatever "part" was "out") liked to sleep close together with **Redacted**'s arm under CJ's head, "spooning." Sometimes Con would stay the whole night and sleep with them, too.

When **Redacted** had other clients and "CJ" was not involved in their sessions and for other portions of the day, **Redacted** commanded us to play with "CJ" and be "his" "friend." As The Peacemaker, I was supposed to take the lead in this with **Redacted**. If we were playing with our dolls, CJ often brought out his Star Wars figurines. He would sometimes take our dolls to "play" with his figurines and not ask permission, which started some disagreements. We had to be very careful, however, and not "hurt" CJ's feelings or we would get punished by **Redacted**. Once in Provo (1996), CJ sat next to me at dinner. I was passed some food and got distracted and put the dish down instead of continuing to pass it to CJ. CJ pouted the rest of dinner and afterward cried to **Redacted**, who made me "humbly" apologize and give them both (**Redacted** & CJ) oral sex and "get a spanking" (on my bare bottom). Towards the end of CJ living with us, he started doing this "tattle-taling" to **Redacted** about **Redacted**, which infuriated her and I am sure was part of the decision to move CJ out.

I "assisted" in CJ's "therapy" by day and night for almost as long as she lived with us. I was supposed to also keep up with my "**Redacted**" packets (school substitute), but it was a huge struggle since I was usually so exhausted. I was struggling so much to maintain the "appropriate" outward appearance to both the general public and CS circles. Despite the mountain of threats, I finally could not and would not do it anymore. I knew some of what might happen, but I hoped, in the end, I would help **Redacted** more by doing this. I told **Redacted** I would not participate in CJ's "therapy" any more. **Redacted** was so livid he shook. In the months that followed, he alternated between silent treatment and openly expressed hatred of me with frequent verbal abuse and sexual and physical violence. By refusing these experiences, I was breaking my covenants and rejecting my "transformation," at a time when I was supposed to be maturing into my CS roles. I was told I was in grave danger of loosing my standing and role as the Peacemaker. **Redacted**, already focused on **Redacted**, redoubled his efforts with her, taking her everywhere with him. **Redacted** started "grooming her," as they said, for my "place" in the family. He started bringing her into his therapy sessions with clients very often and using and abusing her day and night. He would use her to get back at me (See previously submitted account of rape with **Redacted** in the room). Under the severest threats, I was never supposed to show my "betrayal of Lucifer" in CS public. It would derail **Redacted** businesses and standing in the Church and Councils. **Redacted** said it would be best to send me to live with some other CS family like **Redacted** had. I was terrified but I thought that it might be a start to a way out. I was almost **Redacted** and didn't have a driver's license or high school diploma. In the fall, winter, and early spring of 1998-1999, **Redacted** arranged for me to work as a "nanny" for **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig and Josh and Melanie Yorgason (daughter of Jay Mitton and sister to Julie Mitton Staples, **Redacted**).

- Date: 1993

Time: Daytime
Location: Kershisnik's house, Kanosh, Utah

Redacted and **Redacted** had another side business where they offered courses/training for parents on successfully raising children in the Church (CS) and making them obedient. These were specific techniques, they said, beyond what the Church taught. They said **Redacted** and I were walking advertisements and we were threatened to always act as such - to make it clear to other adults that **Redacted** were very effective in manipulating **Redacted** and so that **Redacted** (and we) would get a lot more clients and money.

Brian and Susanne Kershsnik traded art to **Redacted** and **Redacted** for these and other "therapy" services (**Redacted** saw Brian alone, too). **Redacted** and **Redacted** drove us down to the Kershisnik house in Kanosh, Utah, to be part of an "introductory demonstration." We got there in the afternoon, ate, and the adults talked for a while. They sent us to another room to babysit their little son, **Redacted**, while they talked. He was a very cute little boy and I dreaded what the adults would do to all of us and make us do to each other.

They called us in for "games," they said. **Redacted** explained the "opposite game" and started playing it with **Redacted** and **Redacted**. **Redacted** did not understand what was happening and became terrified. **Redacted** and Brian took turns yelling at him for different things and then smiling and being kind. **Redacted** and Susanne copied the men's expressions, so **Redacted** had no one to comfort him. After doing this for a while, Brian made **Redacted** lick his penis while **Redacted** lay on his back with Brian's legs and arms pinning him down. Then **Redacted** called me "Tabitha" and ordered me to strip down and give everyone oral sex – even **Redacted** – while they lay in a circle (all feet together). They did more ceremonies later and Brian raped me. They also made **Redacted** kill a dog.

Frequency: **Redacted** did more "training sessions" with Brian and Susanne in our Provo and Spring City houses. In Provo, they did one where **Redacted** demonstrated the terrorizing and torturing techniques they used in our daily living. **Redacted** cried so much and **Redacted** used that opportunity to gag him and show his parents the many punishments he gave us when we were loud, such as putting him inside the alter (trunk) in the office room with blankets on top of him and told him he was being buried alive; tying him up, holding him upside down, and putting drops of vinegar in his nose; and drinking urine from Brian's penis – sucking on it like a bottle. At another session in the Provo office they chose a name for a new "part" of **Redacted**. **Redacted** and **Redacted** explained that Brian and Susanne needed to psychologically confuse him and train him how to act with his new name. They called me "Tabitha" and **Redacted** "Melissa" and made us demonstrate how obedient we were to whatever they asked us to do. Brian sodomized me while **Redacted** sodomized him (at the same time) and I was made to give Suzanne oral sex. **Redacted** told Suzanne that I was her "treasure."

☐ Date: 1996-1997
Time: Night
Location: Provo house

"**Redacted** Con" (Con Gottfordson) came over after dinner to "work with CJ." **Redacted** sat on the office couch with CJ and started "blessing" him while Con set up his camera and tripod. I was to stay behind the camera until they "needed" me. (**Redacted** and Con had previously "discovered" that CJ had been abused for a long period of his childhood by a certain Satanic worshiper who was "very high up and powerful." He had the title of "Master," which is something both **Redacted** and Con aspired to. This man had since died, I was told, but they could still speak to him "through CJ.") They started by calling out different "parts" of CJ who had been abused by the "Master." CJ's voice, facial expressions, and behavior would change with each one. "Tara" ("a little girl part" that "came out" fairly often) "came out" and was very timid and shy. Another older one "came out" and started fighting and yelling, trying to get away. **Redacted** and Con tried to hold her down but were struggling (Angela Fenton, did not really look it but could be incredibly strong at times – like the "hulk," **Redacted** and Con joked). They were sliding off the couch trying to hold her and **Redacted** yelled out angrily for me to help them. I scrambled over to help hold her legs down as he instructed and she kicked me hard in the ribs. Con and **Redacted** put their arms "to the square" (held them up with elbow bent and fingers extended upward) and "cut off" this "part" and send it to "outer darkness" (Lucifer's kingdom). They did it a few times with more elaborate language and she finally calmed down. Then they put their hands on "CJ's" head and "called forth" a "legion of Lucifer's spirits" (that, they said, also resided in Angela) to talk to them. "CJ's" face contorted again and he spoke to **Redacted** and Con, who demanded they speak to "the highest officers and leader." "Working" until the early hours of the morning (5 hours or so), **Redacted** and Con sat on either side of CJ, holding him down and questioning these "officers/leaders." **Redacted** wrote excitedly on his yellow note pad and sometimes Con took notes for him. **Redacted** and Con often talked about how much they loved to speak to these "high ranking spirits" trying to get doctrinal (CS) information/ "secrets" out of them and to learn ways to become even more "powerful" in their "Satanic priesthood." For me, it was like living in a horror movie to be present. Each time a "new spirit" "came out," they would demand something before they would tell **Redacted** and Con their "mysteries of God (Lucifer)." Each "spirit" would look at me hungrily and generally require one of three things: that I do a sexual act on the "spirit" (Angela's body), the "spirit" do a sexual (also usually violent) act on me, or the "spirit" physically beat and attack me. It was similar to "The Gathering" and other ceremonies where "spirits" make trades. This night, I was beaten several times by CJ. After I was attacked, **Redacted** and Con would give me "healing blessings" where I had to do a sexual act with them as part of the blessing. I was also made to give CJ (as a "spirit") oral sex several times, put my fingers in her vagina and anus, rub and lick her anus, act like a dog while she

"humped" me (rubbed herself on me) from behind, fondle her breasts several times, and dance seductively for she, **Redacted**, and Con. **Redacted** and Con got aroused watching this and "Lucifer's spirits" "in" Angela urged them to rape and sodomize me (Angela as "the spirit" would urge them). **Redacted** raped me vaginally at least twice, Con raped me one time and sodomized me one time. I also gave both of them oral sex once. Con changed tapes in the video camera several times during the night.

Frequency: Sexual and violent experiences like this with CJ happened daily, often multiple times a day and night when I was kept out of school as **Redacted**'s "apprentice." Experiences occurred in Provo, Spring City, Alpine, Wildwood, other places in Utah, on camping trips, etc. Many people were interested in "helping" or "working" with CJ, including family, friends, CS members, clients of my **Redacted**, etc.

At certain times we filmed these events to show people outside of the group (for other clients, therapists, or LDS church clergy, for example.) I was to make sure the camera was running but NEVER show that I was there – by breathing loudly, by bumping the camera, by accidently covering the lens or showing a foot, arm, leg, etc. They would get very angry with me and punish me for any accidents. During these filmings, **Redacted** frequently "gave" (through "blessings" or "command" with his arm to the "square") "parts" of Angela or "spirits" inside her the "Vision of the Ungodly." Angela would scream and writhe around and **Redacted** and Con sometimes talked into the camera about what the "part" or "spirit" was seeing, experiencing, etc. When the camera was off, he and Con would laugh that the LDS church would "eat this up." Other times, filming for group (CS) purposes, I would make sure the camera was running and then have to come "help" them. They would make me hold her down while she would thrash, kick, and bite. Once she broke our couch coming down so hard, thrashing around. She was a large woman and, at times, extremely strong and violent.

Redacted was interested in **Redacted**'s "findings" on "parts," the "spirit world," etc. using CJ and would sit in to watch and listen, but as was often the case, she got bored quickly if she was not getting personal satisfaction and would leave to do something else. Sometimes she would get "turned on" watching or listening to CJ talk about horrific sexual abuse and she would call **Redacted**, **Redacted**, or **Redacted** in to her to "satisfy" her sexually (once and a while she made me do it if I was not needed by **Redacted** or Con). If she was too noisy or it was too distracting, David would tell her to go somewhere else to do it.

- Date: 1996
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

One night Con was over with **Redacted** "working" on CJ and I was required to "help" them. **Redacted** was sitting in. **Redacted** and Con had been "cutting off" "parts" for a while that resisted speaking to them or doing what they wanted. The video camera

was on. Then a "part" "came out" that was a "little girl" – she said she was 5. She was "very scared" and did not want to talk to them. **Redacted** and Con called themselves "**Redacted** Dave" and "**Redacted** Con" and put their arms around her and told her how "perfect" she was. After that she started talking more about "what had happened" to her. She described the "Master" and some sexual abuse he ordered done to her by an older girl (the Master had been there with a group of children, she said. She talked about how the children of CS members would be sent out to the curb of the street late at night and picked up in a van and taken to be abused.) As she described the abuse, **Redacted** and Con started getting aroused. She mentioned that she was scared of Jesus. **Redacted** told her that he could help her "come to Jesus." He said Jesus wanted her "to sit on his lap." In order to do that, Jesus needed her first to be "loved" by someone who was nice and not "mean" like the Master so she would feel safe. He looked at me and called me "Tabitha." He commanded me to undress Angela/"5 year old part" and rub her breasts and give her oral (vaginal) sex. They told me I had to do it naked. I paused for a split second and got a glare from **Redacted** and jumped up. **Redacted** was on the couch with Angela and Con was sitting on **Redacted**'s office chair in front of the bookshelves. **Redacted** was sitting across from them in **Redacted**'s rocking chair. She started writhing around and moaning. I undressed Angela/"5 year old part" and she was smiling at me the whole time. I turned her so my back to **Redacted** and Con so I wouldn't be required to smile back. Then **Redacted** and Con started giving me directions on what to do. When I looked up a few times they were fondling each other as they were talking. **Redacted** called for **Redacted** or **Redacted**. **Redacted** came to the door and **Redacted** made her give her oral sex. Angela was lying on the floor with her head pointed to the far wall (with the door to the patio) and I was crouched down with my knees under me. All of a sudden **Redacted** lifted my hips up and began to rape me anally. Then I heard and felt a push of Con behind him, giving him anal sex. It was chaos as they were pushing at different times and I was trying to steady myself and not hit into Angela. Everyone was breathing heavily and making strange sounds. **Redacted** and Con were praying to Lucifer in between their weird animal sounds. I stopped doing anything to Angela and just tried to keep from being bowled over. When they were done they all lay on the floor with their eyes closed. **Redacted** and I looked at each other and I nodded for her to sneak out. I pretended like I was done on Angela and curled my legs under me and moved away from her towards the alter (trunk). I didn't think she could protest not having an orgasm and still claim to be 5 years old. They got up after a few minutes and Con left the room. **Redacted** asked Angela/5 year old "part" if she had felt "Jesus's love." She said no and I thought she was going to turn me in. He smiled and said that was right because those "good feelings" had really been from "Lucifer's love." He told her that "scary Jesus" hated her and went on like that for a while. I got dressed. They never asked "**Redacted**" to "come back out" - I think they forgot. Then they took a break for a while to eat some soup **Redacted** had made (from human bone stock).

- Date: 1997-1998

Time: Night
Location: David and Shalom Leavitt's House, Nephi

One night we went to David and Shalom Leavitt's house for dinner with both families. **Redacted** had made us "rinse off" in the shower and make sure we were ready for "sex" before we left. **Redacted** threatened us in the car to be instantly obedient to anything they asked us to do. They wanted to impress the Leavitt's (their old friends) and "drum up," as **Redacted** said, some more business from them. They said if we failed, they would call the group before we returned home that night and have them over to play "hide and go seek" with us (they would block the doors and make us "hide" in "The House" and have their friends, who would pray to become "possessed," come find us. Once they did, they would attack and rape us).

After a late dinner **Redacted** and the Leavitt kids ran off to play. **Redacted** turned to me and said, "**Redacted**, is Tabitha here? Maybe she can come out and talk to us?" (I knew he was putting on a show because he rarely asked me in that way.) He and Dave (Our family always called him "Dave" or "**Redacted** Dave" when we were younger) grinned at each other and Dave clapped. I knew what was required of me. I immediately smiled and nodded and got up from the table. The men got up from the table while **Redacted** and Shalom cleaned up. **Redacted** and Dave sat in their living/ family room. I followed them and walked around seductively. **Redacted** and Shalom came in and sat down. Dave said, "Tabitha, why don't you and **Redacted** do something together for us?" Dave was trying to be clever and testing me a little. This was my cue to put on a show, undress, and masturbate in front of them. I did. Shalom leaned over to **Redacted** and said, "she's *really* good." Soon they started touching themselves a little. When I orgasmed they cheered and clapped. I hoped I was done, but then **Redacted** told me to do it with **Redacted. Redacted** brought her into the room. I stood in the middle of the room stretching my arms above me, glancing and smiling at Dave and Shalom, running my fingers through my hair, etc. I had been trained that when **Redacted** called me "Tabitha," "the show" never stopped. **Redacted** came in and looked upset. **Redacted** gave her a warning glare. They told me to begin. I undressed her and gave her oral sex. After a while, Dave stood and put his arms in a "V" and praised Lucifer. The other adults put their arms up and Dave prayed for "Lucifer's Holy Spirit" to enter their bodies. Then the elders began to touch each other and an orgy broke out. They started undressing. Dave came over to me and pushed **Redacted** out of the way. He made me get on all fours and he sodomized me. **Redacted** and Shalom started kissing and **Redacted** gave her oral sex while she sat on the edge of a chair. **Redacted** made **Redacted** suck on his penis. After the orgy, I think we stayed a little later while **Redacted** and Dave talked.

ROLES AND COVENANTS

PATERFAMILIAS

The Paterfamilias is the term for the **Redacted**/husband/eldest male (if there is no present **Redacted**) of the household in the Church (CS). Traditionally, the will/ desire of the **Redacted** is law. Women and children are his direct possession or chattel and ultimately treated as such. Children are often used as collateral for getting ahead.

Redacted and **Redacted** each had the role of Paterfamilias. **Redacted** was not quite as strictly traditional as his elders. **Redacted** often bragged about how good she was at manipulating **Redacted** into doing what she wanted. She said he had never done anything impressive on his own - she had always been "behind the scenes, pulling the strings." He told us, however, that HE was intellectually superior and often called her a "manipulative b****" (he said the real word). As mentioned, she loved the "Women's Retreats" she would go to with her CS friends and she told us they often talked about how women were being repressed (**Redacted** would tease **Redacted** about going because **Redacted** reported that they had a lot of lesbian sexual encounters there).

Whenever the Paterfamilias gave you money, favors, or gifts it would be your obligation to accept it and whatever they later collected as payback for it with gratitude and humility (at their discretion - rape, etc). As a child, especially a female child (and more so as the Peacemaker in your family) it was your duty to constantly, publically and within your home, express adoration and affection for your **Redacted** (Peacemakers must set a "good" example).

THE WISDOM OF PARENTS

Parents ceremoniously invoking "The Wisdom of Parents" was to teach the important CS concept of parents having the ultimate authority over the children – and that ANY decisions made (especially to abuse or torture us) were "for [our] own good." They were our "elders," along with **Redacted**rents and other CS adults, and we were to always respect and obey them. We were taught as children that *nothing* was yours – especially your body. Everything belongs to the parents and ultimately, the Paterfamilias.

Redacted invoked "The Wisdom of **Redacted**" in many of his decisions – especially with sexual and CS acts that we resisted doing, citing scripture phrases about becoming as a little child, being humble and submissive in all things, being the obedient child that submits to any thing his **Redacted** "inflicts" on him. **Redacted** invoked it for sexual and CS acts and for many other things, too, including her tight control of our journals and any other "records" we made.

JOURNALS

As mentioned under "Prostitution," **Redacted** ordered us to keep detailed and accurate

written (or mental - until she could transcribe it herself) records of the sexual acts adults made us do for security/possible blackmailing purposes. We were strictly forbidden to keep these written records ourselves. **Redacted** made these records even of close family members and kept them in her locked file cabinet. Along with this, as Peacemaker, I was assigned to keep a false record of our life in journals, letters, etc. **Redacted** would regularly read my journals and letters, often while I was present, to make sure everything was proper. As Peacemaker, she also assigned me to secretly read **Redacted** journals and let her know if there was anything "questionable" in them. **Redacted** were notorious for writing things that were not "appropriate" and I was frequently punished when they were. She went through them herself, but I was a security backup.

- Date: 1992
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

One afternoon I was in my bedroom downstairs in the Provo house. I heard **Redacted** start yelling and I got very scared. Her voice got louder and then she pushed my door open. She had a little notebook in her hand and I recognized it as **Redacted's**. She held it up and screamed at me, calling me "conniving" and "a little shit." She claimed I knew that **Redacted** had written about her and had not "reported" this to her. I cried and said I had forgotten to check for a few days. I kept saying "sorry" over and over, but she threw the notebook at me and hit my arm. Then she came over and grabbed the hair on the top of my head and pulled it backwards. She grabbed my cheeks tightly with her other hand, berated me more, and then spit in my mouth. I was sobbing and tried not to gag. She told me I would "get it" when **Redacted** got home. Later that night I was whipped in front of **Redacted. Redacted** got punished, too, but they said I had the greater punishment because of my "failure" as The Peacemaker. They made me repeat the scripture "where much is given, much is required" over and over while they whipped me.

Frequency: Many times I was made to watch (for training purposes) **Redacted** pray (making the "Y" symbol with her body) for the spirits of Lucifer to "inhabit" her and "guide" her to anything I or **Redacted** had "illegally" written or recorded somehow. She would often roll back her eyes or close them while she prayed. Then she would laugh and squeal and make weird animal-type noises and start hunting for these papers, notebooks, journals, etc. She would jump around or crawl a lot like an animal.

In my journals, I was commanded to write glowing, fabricated accounts of our daily life, our relationships, my therapy with **Redacted**, all trips and many other events and encounters. I was also made to do this with letters, cards, and "tributes" to **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted** friends, etc. (**Redacted** made us write "tributes"

praising them and other elders a lot.) In my journals, I was encouraged to write about crushes on boys, but with certain parameters. I was strictly forbidden to write anything about the Church (CS) in any way. Sometimes I would throw something mild in about how I had problems with **Redacted** or was mad at her, and that was ok, as long as it had a certain tone. If something I wrote "went too far," I would be told to either write in the margins to "correct" it, cross it out completely, or tear out the page. I often tried to have two journals, a fake and a real one, but **Redacted** would often find the real one and destroy it. Sometimes I was able to sneak in lines that were not usually allowed, but it was very, very risky to attempt. Sometimes I was successful and she didn't see or catch it. Also, if she looked through my things and saw I had not written in my journal for a long period, she would have me punished by **Redacted**.

- Date: 1994-1995
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

Once when we were up in Provo for lessons, **Redacted** "reported" me to **Redacted** for not writing in my journal and told him what she thought I deserved. **Redacted** agreed and they took me to their master bedroom, tied up my arms with rope, and **Redacted** held me in place, lying on my stomach on their bed, while **Redacted** whipped me with **Redacted**'s belt on my bare bottom, back, and thighs. Then they made me kneel and give them oral sex and beg their forgiveness.

In high school, I would frequently run into the bathroom and cry between periods or hide there for a whole period or two because I was so overwhelmed with the horrors of my life and being constantly, hopelessly behind in most of my classes. I hated it in the bathroom but I had limited options. I would carefully cover the toilet seat with two or three layers of toilet paper. Then I would sit down and write and write in my school notebook. I wrote true accounts about what **Redacted**, **Redacted**, relatives, "clients," and church members (CS) had done to me. I wrote the same people letters "telling them off" for what they dared to do to **Redacted**, other victims, and myself. I wrote letters to God (not Lucifer) begging him to help me. I wrote about my feelings and how I was so tired of being "the good one" – a title **Redacted** and **Redacted** used for me – and keeping the secrets of my horrific life. I wrote many, many letters to teachers, police, the US president, the LDS Church prophet, even Oprah – all asking for them to rescue **Redacted** and me. Most of the time, I would then dutifully and systematically fold and rip up each page into tiny little squares and flush them down the toilet. Once and a while, I would keep a page and hide it in the back of my locker. At the end of the year, I would hide any of those papers in my school work. Often later, if I found any of these notes going through those old school papers, I would destroy them rather than risk being tortured/

killed for breaking my covenants and "defying" (a word **Redacted** and **Redacted** used a lot) **Redacted.**

- Date: **Redacted** grade
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

In **Redacted** grade I was in **Redacted** class at **Redacted** Elementary School. For a creative writing assignment, I wrote a (very strange and tragic, as I view it now) story about a witch (not necessarily evil) who, at the end of the story, falls to her death down a well/pit that had no end. I also had to draw a picture for it and I drew her next to or falling into the pit. **Redacted** took me aside and tried to talk to me about it, but I was terrified and clammed up. **Redacted** was so kind and I really loved **Redacted**. I wanted more than anything to tell **Redacted** about my life, but I just froze. One night, soon after this, **Redacted** came home from a "date" and said that **Redacted** had told them about the story I wrote. I was beaten and violently raped by both **Redacted** that night. I was made to swear that any further stories would be happy stories about how much I loved and adored **Redacted**, happy fairy or animal stories, etc. If I put them in danger again I would be skinned alive. **Redacted** also took the story out of my school papers. I am not sure if she destroyed it or not.

THE PEACEMAKER

We were taught that Lucifer refers to himself as "The Peacemaker." Our elders said that Jehovah, known as the "Prince of Peace" in Heaven, had presented a "ridiculous" proposal to God and the Great Council that did not ensure Peace to any of God's children. God, wanting to stay on his throne and keep his power (that should have gone to Lucifer per his "birthright"), had accepted Jehovah's plot. Lucifer is "The True Peacemaker," they said, since he sought to ensure success and return for all – he "makes" real peace.

The Peacemaker is a title and role in the Church (CS) that extends from Lucifer himself, down through his Church, to each individual person. Under Lucifer, each Council ("High" and regular) has a "Peacemaker" on it that oversees a group or groups of church members (CS). Each generation of a bloodline has a Peacemaker (usually the oldest **Redacted**) that is in some ways responsible for the actions of his/her **Redacted** and each individual family assigns one child (also, usually the **Redacted**) to be the Peacemaker over the other **Redacted.** Finally, we were taught that each person is assigned (by their elders) a "part" of them that is "The Peacemaker."

As mentioned previously, **Redacted** Richard is "The Peacemaker" on a High Council. It is a very respected and revered title and has much responsibility with it. Peacemakers, especially at his level, squash arguments among CS members, they oversee surveillance of people to make sure everyone is being obedient, and they generally "make" "peace." On the outside, Peacemakers generally appear mild

mannered, meek, calm, positive-minded, and thoughtful. It is part of the covenant you make to act in this way, all the while enforcing obedience to the rules and laws of the Church (CS). You explain your actions to people by saying it is for "the good" of the individual, the "greater good," the "best," etc.

When you become a Peacemaker, there is a ceremony (that is repeated throughout your life to "renew" your covenant). Everyone wears robes and certain people have their hoods on and off. In the ceremony a torch is passed from the oldest Peacemaker in the family to the child Peacemaker. The torch has many symbolic meanings, one of which is "Lucifer." We were taught the name "Lucifer" is "torch bearer" or "light bearer." You make covenants and swear oaths while you hold a knife to your own throat and other body parts (signifying you would *willingly* take your own life to keep the peace/ if it was "for the good"). You also swear to be the "keeper" of your **Redacted** ("keeper" meaning you keep them from in any way hurting the family or the church – CS).

I was assigned the role of "The Peacemaker" in my home and over **Redacted** on **Redacted**'s side (as the **Redacted**). Being "The Firstborn" **Redacted** of **Redacted**, and the first in **Redacted**, I was often recognized with special treatment (verbally expressed praise and respect, leadership, etc.). **Redacted** keeps a framed picture of me when I was about **Redacted** years old by his bedroom door. I remember a Peacemaker ceremony around this age, although they would have done the first with the birth of **Redacted**. He and **Redacted** have always reminded me that I am **Redacted** and how important my role is in the **Redacted**.

Being "The Peacemaker" comes with extra trials, I was taught. According to the covenant (part of which is found in the LDS Book of Mormon in "Mosiah" 18), The Peacemaker must *willingly endure* trials. Both "willingly" and "endure" are very important principles to them. My elders said that added tests and challenges would make me committed to "keep the peace" at all costs (avoiding the torture, terror, and threats I had already received).

I was required by sworn oath to speak to **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and/or Councils if I had a question or concern about my life (though, depending on the situation, I could speak with other "Peacemakers," if they were my elders and **Redacted** sanctioned it). It was my covenanted obligation to be *their* "witness" (as, they claimed, they were Lucifer's witnesses) "at all times and in all things, and in all places [I] may be in, even until death." It was also my duty to report to them the disobediences and problems of **Redacted** and I had, even and especially if **Redacted** asked me not to. I tried, however, to privately "counsel" **Redacted** many times so that none of us would have to go before the Council. Once growing up (1993 or 1994 - although they tried this several times), **Redacted** and **Redacted** had gathered all the kitchen knives in the house and hid them in their room, with plans to attack

Redacted in their sleep and kill them. They were convinced it was the only way we could be free to run away from our hellish life. They had already thought of what camping gear and food we could take to try and hide out from the CS members that would come after us. They told me about their plan and I talked them out of it, although I wanted to run away as much as they did. I knew if something went wrong with their plan and **Redacted** and/or **Redacted** woke up, they would overpower us and it would be a blood bath. I cried into my pillow all night after I made them put back the knives. (More than once I had also put our large kitchen knife under my mattress for protection from **Redacted** after they threatened me.) **Redacted**, **Redacted**, would also regularly remove certain screens from our home windows and do other similar things to create an "escape route" from the house. As my Peacemaker covenants demanded, I would *tell* her to put them back, but I did not often "enforce" it.

As mentioned, Peacemaker children are sometimes "mentored" by elder Peacemakers. **Redacted** took me aside often to talk and advise me about my role as Peacemaker, often abusing me afterwards. **Redacted** (also a Peacemaker) was constantly analyzing my behavior and speech in regards to this title. My harp teacher, **Redacted**, was one of these other "mentor" Peacemakers in my life. Many, many "lessons" were spent talking about my life and the struggles I was having living up to these expectations. She was very vocal about my being loyal to **Redacted**, that they wanted "the best" for me. She would also tell me a lot of stories about her sister, Melanie, and complain about her being more favored by their parents for her beauty and performing abilities.

When I made the decision and told **Redacted** I no longer wanted to "participate" with CJ and his/her "therapy" as I had, I was basically turning in my Peacemaker card. **Redacted** was absolutely livid but it was harder for **Redacted** to tell me to behave since **Redacted** was publically so out-of-line having CJ live with **Redacted** and doing all the Native American ceremonies. **Redacted** (also The Peacemaker in her family) arranged for me to be sent to live with CS family and friends. I was to help **Redacted** and Melanie Mitton Yorgason become better Peacemakers.

PAYMENT

The payment system in the Church (CS) can get complex. Money and trade are used. Often elders gave "gifts" that really meant payment or bribes. **Redacted** used us often to pay/ trade, bribe, and potentially blackmail others.

Money and gifts are also an important tool of parents, granparents, and other elders in the church with children. In our experience, the elders often "paid" in

advance and "collected" later. This seemed to serve many purposes, including satisfying an immediate desire in the child (instant gratification) and creating both a feeling of dread and obligation. Often when they "collected," the child had become attached to the idea of keeping the gift or money or had already spent the money. The elders also made us pay "tithing" to them, which was purely an obligation, without having anything (other than "spiritual" promises) in return.

- ☐ Date: 1998 - 1999
  Time: Night
  Location: Salt Lake City Hotel

Redacted arranged for a "benefactor" to purchase a pedal harp (the largest size of harp) for me when it came time to advance in my harp instruction. **Redacted** announced one day that **Redacted**'s old mission president was going to purchase it for me (she also gave me a note from him saying as much). **Redacted** went to Conrad Nelson, a gifted harpist but very troubled single man (living with his parents), to buy one of his harps that he had used as the harpist for the Utah Symphony. (I later took side lessons from Conrad. Years later, I was told Conrad had died from a drug overdose or suicide – I'm not sure which.) I am not sure of the dollar price of the harp when **Redacted** bought it from Conrad, but when I insured it later as a married woman, the harp company recommended I insure it for $30,000.

I believe the following happened after the harp purchase, but I was told I was going to be in Salt Lake at a hotel for many days (I think it was 4-5) as trade for this harp. One evening I was told to get my toiletries packed and **Redacted** packed a few bags for me with lingerie and other "costumes" (including cat ears, high heeled boots, and a black crop – small whip) to wear for the "client." I wore a dress and **Redacted** dressed up, too. **Redacted** drove me up to Salt Lake and held my hand all the way and kissed it and made me kiss him on the lips often. He talked a little about his mission and mission president and how many church (CS) members there are along the east coast. He said I was not supposed to know I was going to meet his mission president, so not to ever talk about it. He made me swear to him. On the way there he gave me a pill and made me swallow it. When we got to the hotel **Redacted** told me to wait in the car for a while and then he took me in a side door. A middle aged man, well dressed in a suit, opened the door for us and escorted us to the room. I was feeling dizzy and strange. **Redacted** helped me walk. An older woman passed us and expressed concern. I tried to smile a little and **Redacted** told her I had food poisoning. We got to the room and met an older man, also in a suit. **Redacted** sent me to the bathroom and talked with the man for a while outside. I heard laughing. Then he knocked on the door and I came out. **Redacted** helped me to lie down on the bed and I fell asleep/blacked out.

I remember only parts of what happened next. The few times they talked to me that I remember, they called me "Tabitha." I was given pills or bitter tasting drinks by the younger man sometimes. I spent most of the time on a bed. When I wasn't so dizzy they made me dance for them or do oral sex on one or both of them

or crawl around on all fours with a leash like an animal. Sometimes the younger man would leave and bring back take-out and other things. Once he came back with a Victoria's Secret bag of lingerie. They dressed me a lot because I couldn't sit up. I ate and drank sometimes and the younger man helped me to the bathroom. They both raped me vaginally and anally many times that I remember. The younger man put me in the bathtub a few times and washed me. They also tied my arms and legs out to the corners of the bed. Once or twice they took me to a different room in the hotel then brought me back (I think just down the hall). They wore "costumes," too, and S&M-type leather clothing. Once I saw them giving each other anal sex. They also wore masks and robes sometimes. They lit candles at night and sometimes it looked like they were doing ceremonies. I think we stayed in a suite or something because there was a couch and the bedroom I mostly stayed in was a separate room.

Four or five days later **Redacted** came and got me and drove me home in the night. I slept for something like 15 hours when we got home. I had a bad headache when I woke up that lasted through the next day. **Redacted** made me drink lots of water and said I was dehydrated. She made me tell her everything I could remember.

Frequency: Redacted used us as trade often. They used copies of our films or photos. They had us do live "performances." They used us as prostitutes to trade for something they wanted. Some of the trades included original and expensive art by Brian Kershisnik, Tom Schulte, Lee Bennion, and others. **Redacted** also did this with Joe Bennion's pottery, Carla Jimison's jewelry, discounts with Dave Sheets' store, etc.

Redacted told us from a young age, that we were required to help pay for our "room and board." Part of the prostitution money in Provo and Spring City went to that, we were told. Earlier in my life, I was told this about **Redacted** NY apartment. At least several times a month, **Redacted** landlord in NY would let himself in and come into our room and abuse **Redacted** and me. This happened a lot during the day. **Redacted** would be home and going about her housework, but she would not come when we called and cried for her.

- ☐ Date: 1986-1987
  Time: Daytime
  Location: NY Apartment

One day the Landlord opened my bedroom door. I jumped and froze. I had been playing with Barbies and our Barbie car. He told me my "rent was due" (a phrase he used nearly every time). He violently pulled off my clothes and groped me in my vagina. He pinned me down and put his penis in my mouth very deep and masterbated until he ejaculated. He made me swallow his semen. After he left, **Redacted** came to the door and told me to stop crying or she would call him back and have him take me down to the "dungeon." She said she was going to tell **Redacted** to leave me down there for a few days so I would appreciate our nice house.

Just as with payment, **Redacted** would present people with "gifts" of our films, photos, live performances, us (as prostitutes), our participation in "therapy," etc.

As mentioned before, **Redacted** kept meticulous records of our "clients" and our encounters with them (as well as with other close and extended family members and friends - who were actual "clients" sometimes, too) for the prostitution business they ran. She would keep notes, cards, receipts, and other documents from these same people. There were times when **Redacted** and **Redacted** would talk about using this information to threaten or blackmail people in the future. From what I saw, the records were kept in a gray locking file cabinet and in other boxes. **Redacted** was very good at "interviewing" and getting all the details out of us by using **Redacted** to strong arm us. Often we would be threatened by the "client" (including family members and **Redacted** friends) to keep secrets of what they had done to us, only to have **Redacted** threaten us again to tell them everything. Because of this, we lived in fear of everyone. Sometimes we had to be raped and abused again by people who we had "ratted" on. Sometimes **Redacted** made me stand next to her and she would tell the client (usually over the phone) that I had reported such-and-such happening (she would speak in code with enough clues that the person knew she knew) and that it was not in the contract and that she expected them to send her more money or make a trade to make it even.

- Date: 1991
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Provo House

One Saturday at lunch, **Redacted** and I were playing on the patio. We all had curlers in our hair, as **Redacted** had told us that we would be doing a **Redacted** ceremony later that night. **Redacted** came by and dropped off a Taco Bell family meal of crunchy and soft tacos. We were thrilled but also scared. He said that he and **Redacted** were really looking forward to seeing us later that evening for a ceremony. **Redacted** told us to say "thank you" and give **Redacted** a kiss. He kissed me on the lips and tried to get **Redacted** on the lips, too. Then he left. Later that night we were asked if we had enjoyed the special lunch he had brought and we were made to do sexual acts on him. I had to rub his erect penis and then give him oral sex as **Redacted** sang the LDS hymn about holding to "the iron rod."

Frequency: When there was a CS ceremony coming up or any opportunity for a sexual encounter with us, **Redacted** brought us or would take us out to get these very special treats, usually "forbidden food" at our house. He usually liked to give the treats and presents out first (before "collecting"). He kept chocolate and chocolate covered nuts in his room, his offices, and in his pockets and would hand them to us

often. He took us to the BYU Creamery and Baskin Robbins for ice cream a lot. He always had a gallon or two of ice cream (frequently some type of chocolate) in their freezer and would offer to serve us a bowl or cup (offering multiple times if we declined). He would frequently hand us $1 coins and $2 bills when we were children and then higher bills when we were teenagers and young adults. He also took us on trips to the toy store – even taking **Redacted** and I to ToysRUs when I was **Redacted** years old, instructing me to pick out a toy.

Redacted (Carma) gave jewelry, clothing, doll clothing, ceremonial objects such as consecrated handkerchiefs, dishes for our "dowries", tea parties, and more.

Redacted (Robert) used quarters, 50 cent, or $1 coins often when we were small, and checks when we got older.

Redacted (June) would give *framed* $2 bills (to display on a shelf in our rooms – her children complained a lot about her being "stingy" and "greedy"), barbies, a Nancy Drew book set, consecrated handkerchiefs, and other gifts.

As a young child, **Redacted** would give me coins and gum from the top of his dresser. When we were young children, **Redacted**, who strictly limited our sugar in general, would use "Pez" and other candy for performing sexual acts on she and **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and their CS friends. They also used "special" german candy and chocolate, such as Toblerone bars (**Redacted** called his penis a "Toblerone bar.") **Redacted** used Root Beer a lot, and sometimes other sodas. **Redacted** and **Redacted** also bought us dolls and accessories. When a new school year began, **Redacted** would buy some clothing for us, but we had to "earn" them by "good" behavior with their prostitution and photo and film businesses and with "willing" participation in all ceremonies (CS).

Redacted Greg bought me a doll at a gift shop and later made me give him oral sex and put his fingers inside my vagina, telling me that I needed to "pay [him] back" for the doll.

☐ Date: 1991-1994
Time: Afternoon
Location: Wildwood Cabin, Provo Canyon

One afternoon at Wildwood, **Redacted** arrived and all the kids were called in to greet her. She announced that anyone who gave her a kiss would get a $2.00 bill. Kids, including us, repeated "I love you, **Redacted**" and were handed the money. Then she said anyone who told her she was their favorite **Redacted** would get a Barbie.

Later that afternoon, **Redacted** brought us upstairs where **Redacted** was sitting on the bed in the private bedroom. **Redacted** said **Redacted** expected us to fulfill our promises and perform the act of love and belief that she was our favorite **Redacted**. (**Redacted** ordered us to lick her vagina, but NOT refer to cats – her absolute "phobia.") **Redacted** pushed us in and shut the door. We had to dance naked for her and touch ourselves and each other. I gave her oral sex and she made **Redacted** rub her and do other things. **Redacted** called us "beautymous snakes."

Note: **Redacted** sisters also joined ceremonies at times.

Redacted would also try to blackmail us.

- Date: **Redacted** grade (1989-1990)
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

Redacted had spent several hours one afternoon photographing **Redacted** and me for **Redacted** child pornography business. At dinner that night, they announced that one of our "clients" that I hated would be back on Saturday night (I was never told his name, but he made me call him "Papa" and he called me his "Lollipop" or "Poppy." He was approximately mid-40s, with darker brown, receding hair and had a big pot belly. He had glasses but took them off when we were alone. He brought big round (flat) lollipops and made me lick them while he watched and then made me pretend his penis was a lollipop. Then he would bite the sides of a lollipop off and put it into my vagina and pull it out and lick it and then lick my vagina, repeated over and over. At the end he would rape me vaginally or anally. **Redacted** dressed me up in my ruffle slip, a fancy dress, and lace-bottomed underwear when he came. He came about a dozen times). I put my head down on my arms and complained, starting to cry. **Redacted** and **Redacted** said that if I didn't shut up about this and be friendly and "good" when he came, they were going to walk by my school playground the next day (on the south side of **Redacted** Elementary) and throw some of the (pornographic) pictures **Redacted** Nathan had just sent back to us over the fence before recess. They said they would put them in many places where all my classmates would find them. They said they would just use the ones of me where I'm smiling and posing naked in "gross" ways. They said the teachers would all be disgusted and think I had made **Redacted** take the pictures of me and would call the police. Then **Redacted** and **Redacted** would cry and tell the police that I was mentally ill and dangerous to **Redacted**. Then, they claimed, I would be locked away "with crazy people" for the rest of my life. I was terrified and immediately stopped saying anything.

FUTURE EVENTS TO OCCUR

Redacted was constantly teaching us about "The Last Days" – that we were living in them and that the world (as we knew it) would "end" in our lifetime (his friends spoke about this, too). He was obsessed with collecting and educating himself on survival and emergency supplies, amassing coins (no paper money), learning and teaching us how to live in the "wilderness," etc. This was necessary, he said, until their special

"community" was developed (see below). Also, he said to avoid him being "drafted" or all of us killed, we would probably have to hide in the mountains or desert/wilderness for some time.

Redacted, the Bennions, and many other CS friends would often talk about the society they were trying to form in Sanpete County, and especially in Spring City – trying to get their CS friends and family to purchase homes and/or land there. They wanted to create a "United Order" among the groups (CS). They would be self-sufficient and everyone would contribute. **Redacted** and Joe and the Council would be the leaders of "the Order" and our families would have the most goods, protection, and power. The Bennion's introduced us to a children's book called "Stone Soup." The adults had us kids read it often and read it to each other. It describes a community of "greedy" people who will not share their resources and how they are tricked into coming together to make a community dinner of soup and how everyone brings what they have to contribute. (**Redacted** would laugh and tell us the real title was "Bone Soup," in reference to their cannibalistic practices. **Redacted** would frequently make soup stock out of human bones.)

Redacted and **Redacted** often spoke of the prophecies of the "Last Days." He read to us from scriptures and other sources. He loved to read and talk about the LDS/ bible scripture that says polygamy will be reinstated after so many men would be killed in the wars. I heard he and his CS friends talk about it often and with great excitement. They said they couldn't wait for the government to be in such chaos that it stopped enforcing laws. **Redacted** would say, as the head wife, she was going to be "entitled" to sexual favors from whatever wives **Redacted** acquired – just as it was with she and myself. **Redacted** said I was just going to remain his wife, he would obtain more wives, and **Redacted** would marry his friends. **Redacted** also spoke about reinstating polygamy.

Redacted and **Redacted** would research other prophecies, too. Once in their Spring City master bedroom, in bed, he and **Redacted** had a phone call with some author who had written a book of "visions"/"dreams" that the author had "received" regarding "the last days." They also had us all get future readings from Jan Carpenter, a woman in SLC. **Redacted** had me get multiple readings from her.

We were taught to believe that, as the elect of Lucifer, we will have the ability to resurrect each other when Jehovah returns to the earth at the "Second Coming." We were supposed to be prepared, as the 5 virgins were, with oil in our lamps. "Lucifer," we were taught means "light bearer." We were supposed to follow "Lucifer's light" (they loved and used the hymns "Lead, Kindly Light" and "The Lord is my Light") and "spirit" to unite with the rest of his "army" and defeat Jehovah. They said that most people cannot succeed in God's "ridiculous" mortal plan (and be "worthy" to return to him) and so the army of Lucifer will be much larger than God's army. They say they will take over the kingdom of God (and overthrow him) from

the sheer number of resurrected beings they will have on their side.

TORTURE/ TERROR/ THREATS

Being tortured, terrorized, and/or threatened was a daily occurrence in our home growing up and an important facet to childhood in the Church (CS). It was all "for the best" and "for [our] good," we were repeatedly told by our elders. If we disobeyed, if we resisted or struggled, if they could tell our "heart" was not in some CS activity we were made to do, we were told that "penance" was due and must be paid at a dear price. Because I was the oldest and "The Peacemaker," often when **Redacted** mimicked my "bad behavior" **Redacted** would make an "example" of me. Also, we were forbidden over and over to ever speak to each other privately of what happened to us daily. **Redacted** might complain to me at times but I was to silence them right away. We were never to analyze or discuss our abuse in any way. They made grave threats about us in any way forming "alliances" with each other.

TORTURE

Part of the horror of the torture **Redacted** and I received was that we never really knew how **Redacted** or other elders wanted us to react – and it usually was the opposite of whatever we did first. Sometimes the more I cried, the more they mocked me and hurt me. Other times I would try to hide how much pain or anguish I was in and they intensified the torture, saying it must not be "enough."

Redacted and elders would often make **Redacted** and I "help" (assist) the torturer and hurt each other. If **Redacted** was being tortured and I was present or being made to "help," it was understood that if I looked disgusted or repulsed, I would be next. One goal of CS parents (I was often told by **Redacted**) is to get their children to suppress pain to the point where they then enjoy the feeling of pain and watching others in pain.

- Date: **Redacted** grade - Spring or Fall
  Time: Day and Evening
  Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

In **Redacted** grade, I wet my underwear, shorts, and the floor again. I had been standing in the back of the class, maybe 6 steps from the one-person bathroom and had just started going. My teacher was very kind and sent me into the bathroom to wipe myself. My shorts and underwear were wet and I just stood in there and cried. I knew how much trouble I would be in with **Redacted** for this. When I came out I

just remember my cheeks burning from my humiliation and shame. That night **Redacted** and **Redacted** made me kneel in the bathtub/shower while **Redacted** urinated on my face and clothes. They made me keep my mouth open so it would go in my mouth and made me swallow. I sobbed and choked. Then they made me suck the urine out of my clothes and made me take a freezing cold shower afterward. **Redacted** hit and spanked me when I tried to get out "early." They made me come to their bed and lick their private parts once I was clean.

Frequency: As a punishment, during this time especially, they would often order me to urinate on the kitchen floor (to simulate my accident from earlier that day) and then make me lick it up while **Redacted** or **Redacted** spanked and berated me. I would always be naked for this punishment. I would also get a lecture on how I was putting **Redacted** and our faith in danger by my behavior (wetting myself when I should be able to hold it). They would make me ask them to forgive me over and over and then make me lick their private parts. Also, we had to suck the urine off our bed sheets if we wet the bed or do the same off our clothing. Sometimes we had to do it for someone else's urine. Making us drink their urine was used throughout my life. **Redacted** always talked about it being "sterile" and completely "safe."

Redacted had many other methods of torture that were used on us, some of which were:

- They would come up from behind and put plastic bags over our heads or pin our arms down or pin us down and wrap our heads in saran wrap
- They would lock us in the "coffin trunk" or lock us in smaller trunks or sit on the top to keep us from getting out
- Lock us in dog kennels or make us sit in the dog house outside or stay in the Provo house dog run for hours (also make us wear collars and leashes and do "dog" behaviors, make us "sniff" and lick their genitals – front and back)
- They tied us up naked and in painful positions
- Put a rope around our necks and attempted to "hang us" on the bar in their Provo master bedroom doorway
- **Redacted** has always owned guns. Sometimes **Redacted** would pretend they were going to shoot us with guns. They would create a huge buildup and finally pull the trigger with the barrel on our chest, vagina, anus, temple, or mouth. They also made one of us hold a gun to **Redacted** body in those places and pull the trigger. They would tell us in the buildup that the guns were loaded and this was the "end." They would set out the box of bullets and some strewn around like he had loaded it before we were brought in. The trigger clicked when they pulled it but there would be no bullets. Sometimes **Redacted** would threaten to force the barrel of his gun up through our vaginas as far as it would go (through our organs - sometimes he did this with his rifle) and then pull the trigger.
- Nearly suffocated us with pillows or blankets
- Would cover your mouth and pinch your nose
- **Redacted** held us upside down by our feet (mostly when we were younger and

lighter) or tied to the bar on the door of their Provo master bedroom or held our feet and made us lay mostly upside down over a piece of furniture, such as a bed, while **Redacted** whipped and beat us

- ☐ They hung us upside down on the cross (with rope) with our legs apart and hurt our genitals with their hands or other objects, vinegar if we were cut
- ☐ While upside down, they poured vinegar in our mouths and let it drain and through our sinuses (Also, my **Redacted** Susan Christensen would put Tabasco in her children's mouths or their oatmeal and make them eat it.)
- ☐ **Redacted** would make us get naked and sit behind him, pop his back pimples and suck out the pus with our mouths. He also did this with his face pimples.
- ☐ **Redacted** and **Redacted** made us lick their and each others' anuses
- ☐ They made us eat our own (or someone else's - often sibling's) throw up, usually as a punishment for throwing up
- ☐ They made us drink **Redacted**'s or other mens' urine by keeping our mouths open or sucking it out of his penis " like a baby bottle"
- ☐ They made us drink **Redacted**'s semen the same ways
- ☐ They made us eat some of our own or other's feces
- ☐ They made us ceremonially drink semen from many men in one bowl (Joe's small ceremonial bowls)
- ☐ They held our heads (or bodies) under water in the sink, tub, horse trough, pool
- ☐ Play "night games" (inside or outside our house) like "hide and seek," "no bears are out tonight," and other "games." Especially inside our house, we would be violently attacked, physically and sexually, by our parents or group members when they "found" or "captured" us, but it happened outside, too.
- ☐ They would attack us from behind closets, shower curtains, corners – sometimes having hid for 10 minutes or so before attacking
- ☐ They would strangle us,
- ☐ They would cover our face with honey or honey water and/or put it in our ears and put insects on you or let them come to you naturally
- ☐ Tie you up or hold you down and pluck out your nose hairs, pubic hair, or scrape or poke the inside of your ears hard with a bobby pin
- ☐ They put a turkey baster in our bath toys as little children and would force it inside our vaginas to "stretch" them out and to "clean" them. We were made to do it ourselves and to each other, too.
- ☐ They would put us in sleeping bags and roll us down the stairs, sometimes over and over
- ☐ **Redacted** loved to wrestle us and tell us to fight back. We would try and he would say over and over things like, "I'm so much stronger than you. What's wrong with your arms? Why can't you squeeze my hand?" Our hands would soon go limp and we would not be able to grip anything or even attempt to overpower him. Often he would laugh really hard and use the opportunity to rape us vaginally or anally.
- ☐ He and **Redacted** would try and hurt us by pressing on pressure points (or any

point on our body that was tender). **Redacted** would have **Redacted** hold us down and she would dig into us in various painful spots. This was not done to help release tension, but to inflict pain and assert authority. While she did it she would yell and swear at us for being disobedient, willful, or for "defying" her. She often chose our sciatic nerve. We would cry and struggle and she would spank us with **Redacted** holding us down. They started this after we went to a "healer" woman in Nephi who had long nails and would dig into you and hold your sciatic pressure points.

- **Redacted**, Joe, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** Steve gave us lots of aggressive "Indian Burns," as they called them.
- As a young child they would make me run circles around the backyard naked and barefoot in the snow (New York). Once (1993) **Redacted** locked me out of **Redacted**'s Spring City house (we were living in at the time) for hours in the winter barefoot and with no coat.

Some of the instruments my parents used for torture were:

- long black leather whip
- short riding crops/whips
- yoke (and would often "ride" us, whip us, sodomize or rape us with it on)
- very old "mace" – ball with spikes on a chain with a handle
- animal traps
- knives
- swords
- noose and other ropes
- straight jacket
- ice pick
- wooden mallet
- Bar **Redacted** cxdoorway in Provo
- Millstone
- Cross (group property)
- Alters in every room (trunks)
- Coffin Trunk
- Native American artifacts - arrowheads, meal/grinding stones and bases

- Date: Winter 1991 or 1992
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

Redacted and **Redacted** were very angry at me for trying to interrupt them beating **Redacted**. They took me to their bedroom and made me strip down naked. They tied a

rope around my neck with a little room. They had bought a metal bar that they put at the top of their master bedroom doorway. They put a stool under me and tied the other end of the rope to the bar. **Redacted** was taking pictures with her camera. **Redacted** spanked me as I stood there and then he tilted the stool slowly until I couldn't use it anymore. I hung there with my hands clutching the rope under my chin, using my arm strength. They made me beg them to forgive me and repeat my Peacemaker covenants. **Redacted** finally let me down and I had to give them both oral sex. My hands were still red the next day and **Redacted** colored over them with red marker.

Frequency: The bar in **Redacted** doorway could hold **Redacted**'s weight. They used it to hang us upside down for whippings, spankings, to put things inside our vaginas or anuses (also to "stretch" them, too), to make us hang there by our own strength with a punishment waiting for us when we could not hold on anymore, and other things.

- Date: Winter 1994-1995
  Time: Early morning
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted told me to come outside and help him feed the horses in the early morning. It was still fairly dark outside. It was really cold and I had gloves, rubber boots, and a winter coat on over my nightgown. I stood by the water trough with him while he broke the ice with his boot heel until they were just chunks floating inside. It took a long time because it had been so cold that night. He lifted the side and dumped it out and then filled it back up. All of a sudden **Redacted** grabbed the back of my neck and put his gloved hand over my mouth. He whispered to keep my mouth shut if I wanted this to be over quickly. He forced me down to my knees in the mud and plunged my head into the water. He held my head in the water for what seemed like a long time. I struggled but was too afraid to struggle too much. Then he pulled my head up and I gasped for breath for a second before he pushed me down again. He did it 4-5 times before he let go of me in the water and I came up. I was soaked and muddy. He cursed at me and then laughed. I stumbled into the house crying (quietly) and got undressed in the mudroom, otherwise my **Redacted** would have freaked out if I dripped dirty water around the house. The coat I was wearing was soaked and a little dirty and I knew **Redacted** would be really mad. I tried to clean it off and then place it to dry in the laundry room in a way that would lessen her anger at me. After I rinsed out the mud from my nightgown, I put my other clothes in the dirty laundry hamper. I dried the floor with a rag and had left the boots outside with plans to come back to clean them when the coast was clear. I was rushing to hurry because I did not want to be around when **Redacted** came in. I got in the downstairs shower and planned to hurry and then run upstairs with my towel around me to my room. We had no locks on the two doors to this bathroom and one door often did not even have a doorknob – just a round hole. I opened my eyes from rinsing my hair and **Redacted** was staring at me on the other side of the shower door. He opened it

and dragged me out by my arm. He threw me on the floor and sodomized me. He prayed to Lucifer that I would always submit to what he righteously "inflicted" on me.

As mentioned, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and other CS adults often used LDS Primary songs, hymns, scriptures, and pictures of Jesus Christ or Joseph Smith in their torture of us. When I attended LDS meetings (especially Primary) or were around these objects or heard the songs and scriptures, I had deep feelings of anxiety and fear.

- Date: Sunday, 1991
  Time: Afternoon
  Location: Provo House

During a "confession," **Redacted** pulled out a picture of Jesus Christ from his drawer. The eyes had been colored in red and there was a hole where his mouth should be. He put his penis through it and made me suck on his penis and keep my eyes open. He told me I was dirty and disgusting and as my punishment, I had to suck on Jesus's dirty and disgusting penis and then he held the picture over his bottom and made me put my tongue through the cut out "mouth" and lick his anus. Afterward, he made me stand in a "Y" and beg forgiveness from Lucifer while he whipped me with his belt on my bare bottom for "liking" what he had made me do to "Jesus."

Frequency: Redacted did these same things with pictures of some other LDS prophets and apostles. They would also black out the eyes of Jesus Christ or color his face to be gory and tell us he was "evil" and make us stare at it while they abused us. Sometimes, mostly when we were young, **Redacted** would dress up and claim he was Jesus and then abuse and torture us. Sometimes they cut out the eyes of a picture of Christ or others and **Redacted** would put the picture on his own face like a mask and abuse us. They also had a collection of photographs of someone who looked like a very scary version of Jesus sexually and physically abusing children, often while smiling.

Redacted and **Redacted** also played LDS cassettes, the piano or recorder, or sang or made us sing primary songs during torture. In NY, they used cassette tapes in my pink boom-box.

- Date: Summer 1995
  Time: Night
  Location: Spring City House

One night I was woken up by **Redacted** covering my mouth with his palm. He whispered a prayer of consecration and did some hand motions over my face and body. He glared at me and put his finger to his lips. Tears began streaming down my face. He pulled me out of bed. The house was dark, but I saw a little light coming from around the door of **Redacted** room. He led me downstairs and to the kitchen door. He tied a black cloth around my head and told me he would cut out my tongue if I made any noise. I tried to keep up with him as he dragged me by the arm out to the pasture. He stopped and whispered in my ear that if I made a sound he would allow me to be skinned alive. I was hyperventilating and trying to be silent. Then I heard him walk away. I tried to hold my breath and listen for any sound around me. It was totally quiet for a minute and then I heard them. One started alone and then the group joined in - a hushed droning and chanting coming from all around me. I could tell it was not too close but then it sounded like they were getting nearer. I started to panick and pulled off my blindfold, risking being punished more. The group, approx. 25 people in their black cloaks, started appearing out of the shadows all around me. They came out of the barn door, from the corral, from behind the pigsty, from behind the tree, from the lean-tos, from the shadows towards the house and garden fence. It was a fairly dark night but I could see most of their outlines. I covered my own mouth with my hands to muffle my crying. I couldn't see **Redacted** anymore. I tried to look for a way out. They started walking slowly towards me. I knew I could not outrun many of the men, plus I was barefoot. I froze with fear and kept turning my head around to scan all of the area around me. Once I shifted my weight a little when I saw an opening that I might be able to run through. The person closest to my route put their arm outward as a warning and I knew I would not make it. They got closer and closer and I saw some had knives in their hands, as they caught the light. I finally fell to my knees on the ground and curled myself up with my hands protecting the back of my neck, sobbing. I heard them run towards me in the grass. Suddenly many hands were on me – some were clawing at my back and head, others were yanking at my hair, others were trying to force their hands under me to grab my breasts and genitals, one person hit me in my side. Someone kept pushing something (I thought it was a finger) through my clothes and into my anus. They kept chanting and breathing heavily and some made animal-like sounds. They pulled and pushed me until they had me on my back with each arm and leg out to the sides. I kept whispering, "Please!! Please!!! I'm sorry!!! I'm sorry!!!" (I did not know why this was happening, but I was usually required to beg forgiveness during torture.) Joe Bennion held a knife right in my face (I could see part of his face at times and knew his voice and smell) and people were feeling at the top of my head for my hairline and murmuring to each other about where to "start." I kept begging them to stop. They held the tip of the knife (it must have been the back side of it) at the top of my forehead. I sobbed, trying to be quiet. **Redacted** said, "Wait," and he and the other elders started "arguing" about what to do with me (I knew it was a set-up then and now. **Redacted** was mildly arguing his side.). The elders told **Redacted** that I should beg **Redacted** to "take" me (rape me). They said that was the only way they would stop from skinning me. He said things about how he didn't think I really wanted him to and

that it wouldn't be "honest." I was sick inside but believed this was the only way out. I started begging my **Redacted** to rape me. He and the elders made me beg over and over on my knees. They said for a while that I was lying and just trying to get out of my punishment. Finally, **Redacted** pushed me down on my back and others pulled my clothes off. **Redacted** raped me first vaginally and then anally. When he raped me anally, my face was pushed down by many hands and rubbed in the dirt and grass over and over. I was then raped anally by Joe, Paul, Tom, and another man. While I was being raped, others scratched my skin, bit my nipples, hit and kicked me. Others were lying on the grass around me having an orgy. I heard **Redacted** groaning to the side of my head. When they were done with me, **Redacted** yanked me up to standing. He told me through clenched teeth to get to my room and that I should be grateful for his mercy. I ran inside (naked) as fast as I could. The next day **Redacted** and **Redacted** told me I had been punished because I had become lazy in my Peacemaker duties and, because of me, my sisters were becoming more "defiant."

Frequency: When **Redacted** would wake me up in the night or otherwise prepare me for ceremonies, he often "consecrated" me for Lucifer's purposes, as I mentioned. To wake me up, morning or night he and **Redacted** would also sometimes pull my eyes open suddenly and stick their fingers in my mouth, nose, and ears. **Redacted** would give "wet willies" in our ears to wake us up and then "mount" us (as they said) and make us give him oral sex while we lay on our pillows. Sometimes they would put one hand over my mouth and plug my nose with the other. Sometimes they would pounce on me to scare me awake. **Redacted** would often be standing beside my bed with his naked penis close to my face or **Redacted** with nothing on waist down. In Spring City, I had to give either of them (sometimes both) morning oral sex in my room with them sitting naked on my pillow and on the "alter" (trunk) by the window.

TERROR

Note: Please refer to experiences under "Childhood" and throughout this document for more examples of the ways we were terrorized (i.e. shark experiences, etc.).

In addition to scaring us with animals, they often used dolls. They would frequently reposition our smaller dolls after we were asleep. Countless times (in NY, Provo, Spring City) I would "find" my dolls in the morning in violent sexual positions, posed like they had been murdered, like one had murdered another, like they had committed suicide, etc. Sometimes they broke their limbs, poked out their eyes, decapitated them, cut off their hair, pulled apart their bodies, etc. Once in Provo (1993-1994), my doll "Lillian" was posed naked on her back with her legs in the air and arms above her head and one of **Redacted** dolls standing next to her with only a top on (naked waist down) and a cardboard and aluminum foil "knife" with red coloring like blood in her hand. **Redacted** always told us that our dolls came alive

at night and if we weren't careful they would kill us in our sleep. They said they had put "parts" of them into our dolls to watch us and that our dolls hated us. They made us watch the movie "Chucky."

Redacted also had a doll named "Baby Cinderella" (also one of her "names" given by **Redacted**) that they would pose to scare us. **Redacted** had another larger doll, the size of a toddler, that she would hide or place around our various houses and other places or buildings on our properties to scare us. It would often be put in scary or sexual positions. It was often naked, but they would put clothes on it sometimes (sometimes our clothes). In Spring City I woke up with it seated and staring at me from my bedroom alter (trunk) more than once (once it had a noose around its neck). Sometimes they would stage these larger dolls as if the dolls had killed one or both **Redacted**. They would put makeup on many of our dolls to make them scarier (to look like fake blood, "clown" makeup, etc.). They would make us act out CS ceremonies and murders and also reenact prostitution experiences with our dolls. After our regular interrogations about activities with "clients," etc., **Redacted** would sometimes make us reenact the whole experience for her with each other or our dolls. She would get excited and make us do oral sex on her afterward.

- Date: 1990-1991
  Time: Morning
  Location: Provo House

I woke up one morning and my bedroom door was closed. **Redacted**'s big doll was leaning with its arms raised (so it made the "Y" symbol) on the inside of the closed door. She was wearing a black robe (way to big for her) and had a three-fingered smear of "blood" on her cheek that was supposed to look like she had been "clawed" at. She had not been there when I went to sleep. I kicked the doll into the corner behind the door and left the door open so I wouldn't have to see it as I got ready for school.

Frequency: Sometimes I woke up in the night or in the morning and the doll would be in my bed, wearing lingerie or a costume **Redacted** and **Redacted** had made me wear recently with our "clients." They would laugh and tease me when I went upstairs and say they had heard lots of noises (implying sexual noises) coming from my room during the night. They would ask me if I had a visitor and "remind me" that I wasn't supposed to have "secret clients," etc. **Redacted** and **Redacted** loved making vulgar jokes and laughed and laughed at each other. Other times they would lay her in my bed on the pillow next to me and tape a small knife (often a small pocket knife) to her hand and have her arm raised up like she was about to stab me. When I woke up in the morning or some time during the night it would really scare me.

Redacted loved to tell us horror stories about the LDS temple and scare us about LDS Church practices and ordinances and what we could expect as we progressed

publically through the LDS church. Growing up, **Redacted** told and would frequently remind us that she had been sexually groped and fondled by an LDS temple worker at the veil in the LDS temple. The worker immediately ran away so as not to be identified, **Redacted** said.

During the years we lived in Provo (my **Redacted** grade years), **Redacted** really concentrated on terrorizing us. Rarely a day passed when they did not do something to make us scream, cry, or hide in fright. They often staged horrible scenes in our house and in other places. Our **Redacted** and other elders participated some of the time, too.

- Date: 1992
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Provo House

Once I came out of my bedroom and turned the corner and saw **Redacted** lying on the floor with what looked like blood coming from her neck and onto the floor. She had a contorted expression on her face with her eyes open. Then **Redacted** (I realized later it must have been **Redacted**) lunged at me from behind some boxes with a black fabric mask on his face and a knife. I ran into my room and hid on the other side of my bed, sobbing. After a little while I heard a knock on the door and **Redacted** said through the door, "Honey, we heard you scream. Are you ok?" and **Redacted** added, "What's wrong, honey?" They told me to open the door for them and when I did they lunged at me, growling, with teeth bared. I screamed louder and slammed the door. They laughed and laughed in the hallway and then made me open the door and give them oral sex on my bedroom floor.

Frequency: They did a lot of variations of staged deaths (murders and suicides). Sometimes **Redacted** used his guns as props. Sometimes they threatened us until we agreed to participate with them to scare **Redacted** - make us be the "dead person" or act like we were being attacked. **Redacted** would also drop out onto the floor (especially in the carpeted rooms) from behind doors as if he were dead.

Redacted would hide behind doors, curtains, boxes, etc. often and jump out at us or make a door slowly open so we would see him posed with his pants down or in a gruesome way. **Redacted** would tell us to go upstairs or downstairs or to another dark room to run an errand for her. **Redacted** would be hiding in the dark and when we would turn on a light in the room he would be standing in the middle of the room (or in the corner, which was worse because you usually didn't see him right away) or lunge at you immediately.

In Provo, **Redacted** would often send us to the food storage room, an unfinished basement room that stored a lot of their furniture, the furnace, camping gear and

"last days" preparations. It had a light bulb in the middle of the room that you had to pull with a string. **Redacted** frequently staged scenes or attacks in there to terrify us. Several times I walked in to see **Redacted** in his cloak holding a knife and the human head they kept in our freezer for a time (1995-1996). They also told us often that "gargoyles" lived in that room. He liked to pose naked and crouching down on the floor pretending to be a "gargoyle" and then claw and bit us across the neck and then rape us – still acting like a "gargoyle." That happened a lot between 1990-1993. We had a love/hate relationship with that room, however, because my sisters and I had made a secret hiding place back by the furnace that we used very carefully. **Redacted** had built up most of it with blankets, a flashlight, some toys, and crackers in a metal box.

- Date: 1991
  Time: Evening
  Location: Provo House

I came down to the basement in the evening to get something from my room. I turned on the basement light and walked down the hall toward my room. My door was half open and as I got to the doorway, I pushed the door back. As I was feeling for the light switch, **Redacted** switched on his flashlight. He was sitting in the middle of my room holding it under his face, grinning with a contorted expression. He said, "Bathsheba..." in a scary whisper (my CS "sacred" name). I screamed and started running for the stairs. He caught me on the stairs by my ankle and dragged me, on my stomach all the way back to my room and raped me vaginally in the dark.

Frequency: He would do all sorts of other poses, some of which were:

- Making a grotesque face - He also loved to make "Mauri Warrior" faces
- Wearing a wig or mask
- Wearing a costume or his (CS) cloak
- Have set up the illusion that he was hung by his neck from the ceiling
- Other staged deaths or horror movie-type scenes
- Pretended to be "Gollum" from Lord of the Rings (naked)
- Whisper our names or any of the other names they gave us
- Turn on LDS Primary songs or hymns (Provo 1991-1992 – One night **Redacted** was making me cleanup the main area at the bottom of the stiars. She handed me a bag and told me to put it in the food storage room. I obeyed and opened the door. **Redacted** shoved me in and held the door shut. It was pitch dark. I cried and begged her to open the door but she was silent. I pressed myself against the door knowing something was about to happen to me. I heard a click and LDS Primary songs started playing. **Redacted** grabbed me away from the door and wrapped me inside his CS cloak he was wearing. He was naked underneath. He held the cloak over my face to suffocate me for a while while he kept whispering "silence!" over and over. He made me kneel and

give him oral sex and then finished by raping me vaginally on the concrete floor. When he was done he made me stay in there with the light off and listening to the songs. He wouldn't tell me when he was coming back to let me out. He said he was sending "gargoyles" to watch me and attack me if I dared to disobey him.

There were times when we broke down and told **Redacted** and **Redacted** we were going to tell on them to the police, etc. They usually either tortured us immediately for even suggesting such a thing or they stopped what they were doing and sat down with us, acting concerned. They would flat out deny whatever it was they had just been doing seconds before – even if the evidence was right in front of us (many times I would be standing or sitting naked with semen down my front and red marks clearly visible on my body). They would pretend not to see it or they would say whatever I pointed out was there because of some other reason. They would ask us to explain why we were upset and let us talk, all while looking at each other with pretend concern or surprise (and sometimes trying not to laugh) and patting us on the hand or knee. They would say things like, "You are not making sense, honey. We don't understand you. You are not speaking English, sweetheart. You are just babbling and we don't know what you are saying. Let us help you. Let us take you to a place where people can help you, **Redacted**." Then they would look at each other and discuss "their options" for taking us to the mental institution (ie. how soon they could go, who would take me, how long I would need to stay there, etc.).

Many times a month we had dinners with **Redacted** friends and family in Spring City. On warm enough nights, especially with three or four family's worth of kids and/or visiting kids, the adults would send us outside to play "night games." **Redacted**, Joe, and other men would play with us, too.

- Date: Fall 1993 Time:
  Evening
  Location: Joe and Lee Bennion's House, Spring City

One dark night with the Bennion, Larsen, and Schroder kids, we were encouraged by the adults to play "No Bears Are Out Tonight." In this game, the kids link arms in a long chain (like Red Rover) and everyone chants, "No bears are out tonight, Daddy shot them all last night..." Then one or more men would run out from the shadows and grab one or two of us (a link), often cover our mouths, and pull us away, screaming, into the darkness. Others ran at us growling and yelling just to scare us. The rest of the group would link together and keep walking and chanting until no one was left. I was grabbed first by Paul Larsen who covered my mouth and pulled me through the gate and into the dark tack shed. He made me get on my hands and knees and anally raped me. I heard the kids shouting and continuing to play. When Paul finished he grabbed my cheeks and made me swear not to tell

anyone what he did. He said he would tell **Redacted** I had led him back there and made him swear not to tell. I knew this would bring a huge punishment for me, even if **Redacted** thought he was lying. I nodded. I brushed off my hands, knees, and clothes and we went back to the game. They were just finishing with **Redacted** who was the only one left to take.

Frequency: Redacted Suki said she loved "No Bears are Out Tonight" and would suggest this game often in Spring City and in Wildwood (Provo Canyon). We played it once or twice with the Kelly kids (and the Bennion's) when they visited Spring City.

The adults also played "hide and seek" with us and some other games. As a punishment from **Redacted**, a "hide and seek" version (silent) was also played in our house with the elders and **Redacted** and I (I remember this happening 4 or 5 times very late at night). The "game" ended in an orgy in the dark.

Other frequent methods of scaring and terrorizing us included (which were often followed by more abuse and/or rape):

- ☐ Jumping out at us from closets, sometimes hiding in there a long time before coming out, raping us after scaring us.
- ☐ Playing primary songs on the CD player then terrorizing us, raping us, making us sing along
- ☐ Hiding behind doors, furniture
- ☐ Hiding under our bed and grabbing our ankles
- ☐ Grabbing our ankles in the shower (from under the shower curtain
- ☐ Attacking or scaring us we were in vulnerable positions (washing our face, washing the dishes, showering, using the toilet, vacuuming, praying and kneeling at our beds, etc.)
- ☐ They would pretend they were dolls and dress up like dolls and attack us
- ☐ After dark, **Redacted** and Joe would lunge or run at a window or suddenly appear staring in the window, making a "dead," "horrified," or scary face
- ☐ **Redacted** and **Redacted** used a light green Styrofoam head with a base (looked a human/alien mix) and would raise it slowly from behind a window or piece of furniture (in the dark it was harder to see it was green)
- ☐ **Redacted** or **Redacted** would dress up like a ghost, lit from the back or floor with a flashlight (usually held by the other person)
- ☐ Prowl around late at night and scare us when we slept in "the bunkhouse" in Spring City. They (**Redacted** and Spring City elders) would bang on the tin roof, run on all fours across the porch, scratch at the door, make scary and bizarre animal-like sounds, leave dead animals outside the door (sometimes with a note), and barge in to rape or abuse us. As with any outside activity, we were not allowed to scream or yell for help. In the morning they would say they heard some scary noises coming from around the bunkhouse the night before. They would say, "maybe it was Cain!"
- ☐ **Redacted** and Joe would wear ghoulish masks and scare us outside in the dark when we were sent to do something by **Redacted**

- When I was little in New York they would scare me wearing a skeleton costume and with real skulls and other skeleton props. **Redacted** would also wrap **Redacted** in sheets or toilet paper like a mummy and he would hide in our closets, behind doors, under beds, etc. **Redacted** would send me on "errands" for her around the house to places where he was hiding. I would cry and often hide and then get spanked and/or raped while he was still wearing part of the costume. He would come at me slowly sometimes and **Redacted** would bar me from getting out of an area until he had caught me and abused me. In NY, they used this "mummy" theme to terrify me for months leading up to us going to an exhibit of a real mummy (I think it was "King Tut").
- Once they left **Redacted** at a gas station with a stranger. I was so afraid for her. **Redacted** and I begged them to go back and they just laughed. After a while they turned around and picked her up. They did that sort of thing at other times, too.

- Date: 1995
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Spring City House

Redacted was in the living room and told me to go get a blanket for her from the "Coffin Trunk." I went downstairs and when I opened the lid, **Redacted** was lying inside and made a "gargoyle" face (eyebrows furrowed but with a wide mouth and "crazy eyes") and "gnashed" his teeth with me and grabbed my wrist. I screamed and pulled free and ran away crying. I heard **Redacted** laughing as I ran up the stairs. When I got in my room I pushed the dresser so it blocked the door. Soon, **Redacted** pounded on the door with her fist and told me to go "clean up" the blankets that were stacked on the washer and put them back in the "Coffin Trunk." (She often made us clean up any "mess" left over after a frightening incidence.) As I was putting the blankets back into the Coffin Trunk, **Redacted** ran at me from behind and pulled my pants down. The trunk shifted and lid hit me on the head. He held it up and stood right behind me so I couldn't get away. He sodomized me while my head and torso were in the trunk.

- Date: 1990-1991
  Time: Night
  Location: Camping trip with large tent

We went camping **Redacted** and slept in our huge green tent. I was using one of the sleeping bags that had plaid fabric inside. One night at dinner (MRE's) **Redacted** gave me half a pill to take. She told me to put it on my spoon with food. It tasted really bitter. She gave us pills a lot, lots of different looking ones. We were always afraid to refuse or even question her about the pills for fear of punishment. I

remember sitting around the fire for a while, but nothing else until I woke up in my sleeping bag. I was hot and sweaty and I tried to reach my arms above my head and out so I could get some fresh air. I tried and tried. I felt dizzy and strange. I started crying and calling for someone to help. I heard voices of **Redacted** and some laughing. I tried getting on my knees and pushing against the top with my whole body, but couldn't get out. After a while I started sobbing. I ran my fingers along the zipper track trying to figure out what was happening. I thought I was going to suffocate and die. I kept yelling for **Redacted** to help me and could hear their voices. Finally, I had the idea that maybe I was turned the wrong way and I tried to scoot down, but the other end of my sleeping bag had something heavy on it. I had to turn myself around inside and it took a long time. Finally I was able to push one of my arms through along the edge and feel the outside ground. I worked and worked to push the object off the bag. When I finally did, I climbed out sobbing. **Redacted** were watching me from their sleeping bags smiling. **Redacted** were asleep. I sat there trying to catch my breath and shuddering from crying so hard. **Redacted** said something like "What's the matter, honey?" and **Redacted** grinned. I didn't answer. My heart was still beating wildly. They ordered me to climb under their covers from the bottom and give them each oral sex. They kept the top covers tightly down around them and it was so hot again. When I was done they made fun of my face for being "beet red."

In our NY, Provo, and Spring City houses my **Redacted** would often terrorize us while we were showering. Most of our doors would not lock or the lock could be easily picked with a bobby pin. Only the Provo house had a way we could block the bathroom door – by pulling out the drawer right in front of the door. (A person could still open the door a small amount and see in, but couldn't get in. Many times we would incur the wrath of **Redacted** by running into the bathroom to hide or not opening the door for abuse when we were using the bathroom. We would get a worse punishment when we eventually opened the door.)

- Date: Summer 1992 Time:
  Morning Location:
  Provo House

One morning **Redacted** put **Redacted** and I in the shower together to save time. I was rising the shampoo out of my hair when all of a sudden **Redacted**, from the outside, grabbed my head with the shower curtain and tried to wrap it around my face. He put his hand over my mouth and nose area. His foot stepped on mine as he put it into the shower to steady himself. I was struggling and slipping, trying to move his hands so I could breathe. He moved my head under the shower water. Water pooled up in the curtain and I tried to hold my breath. I heard and felt **Redacted** beating him with her fists through shower curtain, stepping on his foot, and yelling at him to go away. He was very strong and just held me there. He was laughing but bellowed

at **Redacted** to get away. He finally let me go with a push against the wall and walked out. Later, when I opened the door to leave the bathroom he was standing there and grabbed the back of my neck and shoulder. He threw me on the floor and raped me anally.

Frequency: Sometimes he would do this without laughing or saying a word (although he always breathed heavily). I rarely heard or saw him coming and sometimes going. Sometimes he would rape me in the tub or on the ground next to the tub afterward. When he bragged to **Redacted** about scaring us she would laugh.

Another time in our Spring City house (Saturday, Summer 1993), I was using **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s master bathroom to shower in the morning since one of **Redacted** was in the downstairs shower (the only other one). I was shampooing my hair when **Redacted** snuck in and poured a bucket of ice and water over my head from over the shower curtain. I slipped and fell on my tailbone (and bruised it). **Redacted** pulled the curtain back, laughed and then walked out whistling. When I went downstairs and complained about my tailbone he and **Redacted** laughed and then he raped me anally and spanked me. Ice water was used approx. once or twice a month. **Redacted** and his siblings tried to do it to each other and the nieces and nephews in Wildwood, too.

A few times in Spring city **Redacted** came in an dumped a huge bucket of ice water into the warm tub I had made in the kid bathroom.

Redacted often humiliated and degraded us and would use us in demeaning ways to get a laugh.

- Date: Summer 1996 Time: Daytime
  Location: Spring City House

One day Joe, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** were standing around the kitchen talking. **Redacted** was making hot dogs as part of our lunch. I walked through the room to the kitchen sink to get a drink. On the way back to the dining room, **Redacted** grabbed my arm and said to **Redacted** to throw him a hot dog. He was laughing and told me to take my pants and underwear off. I gave him a pleading look to let me go and he gripped my arm tighter and smiled at me and called me "Little **Redacted**" and told me I had to obey him. I dropped my pants and stood there with my eyes on the floor. He told me to get down on my hands and knees. I obeyed. He took the hot dog and crouched down next to me and started trying to push it into my anus. Joe and **Redacted** started laughing so hard that Joe said he was crying. **Redacted** kept swearing and laughing because the hot dog was too soft to go in easily. **Redacted** said it would work better if it was pan fried. She started cooking one. **Redacted** kept making jokes about how the one in me was like Joe's penis – too "flaccid." Then he spanked me and told me to crawl around. I was trying to keep my head down and cry silently. He made me "wiggle"

my bottom so the hot dog moved back and forth. Then it broke and they laughed harder. Joe went over and picked it up and shoved it in my mouth and ordered me to chew and swallow it. Soon **Redacted** brought the cooked one over and **Redacted** grabbed it off the spatula and then dropped it saying it was too hot. When it had slightly cooled down he picked it up (still saying it was hot) and made me hold still while he pushed it into me. He complained that it was burning his fingers. It burned my skin and I cried out. Joe sat down at the table because he was laughing so hard. **Redacted** pushed **Redacted** aside saying what he was doing was "the wrong way." She hit me and yelled at me to relax and pushed it into me. They made me crawl around some more. **Redacted** was leaning over the kitchen table and Joe had his head in his arms, laughing so much. Finally, I asked if I could go and they said yes. I ran upstairs to the bathroom.

THREATS

Threats were a daily part of our life – usually happening many times each day. We were constantly threatened with the fact that we were completely dependent on **Redacted** for support. If we ever tried to run away, which happened from time to time, we were told that we had nothing (no money, no resources), and all of our friends, friends' parents, and supporters were part of the group and would bring us back or turn us in to the Council, if we did anything serious enough. We also knew people in **Redacted** had tried to escape and had been unsuccessful. **Redacted** Nathan told us many times how he and **Redacted** used to get in the car and drive all over the place – for hours – looking for **Redacted** after she would "run away" (we were told this happened multiple times during **Redacted**'s childhood and youth).

Threats often used by **Redacted** to prevent us from trying to escape or telling someone outside of the group, were 1) these "outsiders" would never believe our story and would admit us to the mental hospital and 2) that, if we were to try and go against the Church of Satan, we would mentally fall apart and never function again. To drive these points home, we were taken to mental hospitals. In NY, he took me with him to visit some people who had severe mental disorders. He let them touch me and even left me alone in a room with one for a short time. It was beyond frightening and gave me nightmares for years. We were also shown movies that featured horrible scenes in mental institutions or with people loosing their minds, and told horrific stories about what happens to patients in these hospitals. **Redacted** would do hypnosis on us and make us imagine ourselves in a mental hospital. He

would lead us through mental imagery of how we would be treated and tortured there. In NY, **Redacted** and I were made to watch our neighbor's daughter receive electric "shocks" and later heard about it again through Angela Fenton's "therapy." We were told it would happen often to us in an institution. **Redacted** also made **Redacted** environment like a mental institution with their torture and staged horrors and especially by our living so intimately with Angela Fenton. From time to time we would hear about group members (usually children of) who had tried to turn on the group (or even just hand the thoughts to), had subsequently "gone crazy," and had been institutionalized. We were told how they were now in straight jackets in padded cells, being abused and drugged by the doctors, staff, and visiting family. We were also told that, because **Redacted** was a successful and respected psychologist, he would be able to recommend our treatment and length of stay to the medical team. **Redacted** bolstered this threat by adding that **Redacted**'s **Redacted**, Clyde Sullivan, a respected psychologist, would also be involved in the recommendations. Of course, they said, everything would be done "for [my] own good" and "for the best."

When we were little, **Redacted** would put us in **Redacted**'s thicker shirts or sweaters and bind our arms across ourselves and tie the ends behind us, just like a straight jacket. Then they would torture and abuse us while we were bound. Later, they got an actual white straight jacket. It was used at our house and brought on trips. I had been told when I was very small that **Redacted** had gone to the mental hospital "to rest" after **Redacted** was born. **Redacted** and other family would speak sometimes of the several times **Redacted** had "run away" and been institutionalized in her life. The same people spoke about "**Redacted** Bonnie" (**Redacted**'s niece – his sister's daughter. She was very kind to us) and told us about how she had been "put away" for a while in a mental institution after repeated breakdowns.

During the early period of **Redacted**'s current investigation, Rosie told me that David Leavitt's private detective had found CJ and that she was an unresponsive "vegetable," a "blob," a "shell." That she was absolutely useless to our case because she was incoherent. Rosie gave me the same story about **Redacted**'s former Spring City client, Sheranne. Rosie said there was no hope of getting them to testify against **Redacted**. I have since seen that CJ (Angela Fenton) has a page on facebook and **Redacted** ran into Sheranne several years ago working in an office in Sanpete County. **Redacted** said Sheranne asked how **Redacted** were and wished us the best.

- Date: 6 or 7 years old
  Time: Nighttime
  Location: Basement of NY Apartment building

Redacted and **Redacted** took us down to the basement (they all called it "the dungeon") to watch Jan's daughter get shocked by "The Punisher" (our landlord) for being "bad." She lay on a table and they had wrapped rope around her body and the table

so she couldn't move. There was a gag in her mouth. There was a black box with dials and a cord attached to a long metal rod. We were told that she had not been "good" for her Mommy and Daddy. She hadn't shown them love and had run away. I remember wondering how far she had run away but he never said. They put the rod inside her vagina and did short shocks. She cried but tried to be quiet. **Redacted** talked to us as she was getting shocked. He crouched down to us and explained that he knew *we* would always show he and **Redacted** "love." He knew we would be "good" because otherwise "The Punisher" would have to do this to us. **Redacted** said he hoped we would be "good" because he really didn't want "The Punisher" to have to do this to us. **Redacted** patted us on the head and back as we watched. It was horrifying and **Redacted** and I were crying. The little girl would cry out every time she was shocked and her body would convulse, but it was muffled because of the gag in her mouth. After a while I was worried she had died because she stopped crying and looked up at the ceiling, motionless. Her dad went back and forth from acting enraged and hissing and cursing at her to laughing each time the machine zapped her.

Frequency: Redacted and **Redacted** would bring us to the landlord's room in the basement to see many children punished during the time we lived at this apartment in NY. We were present for several punishments of Jan's daughter and more with other children. Jan's daughter was called by many names. I am not sure if every child we saw there was a member of the Church (CS). Sometimes other (CS) parents would take their children to watch, too, or to witness and then receive their own punishment. We would often all cry (all the children). We also saw some adults punished. Sometimes **Redacted** brought down my pink boom-box and played LDS Primary songs and other hymns and Christian songs during the punishment of us or others we were made to watch.

Redacted and I tried to run away once and a while. I attempted it in New York with my little red suitcase and got a few blocks down the street before they carried me back. Sometimes we "packed" some food and toys in one of our consecrated handkerchiefs and tried to attach it to the end of a stick or broom handle and run away. **Redacted** chased **Redacted**, and sometimes me, down the street in Provo. Once (1992-1993) I tried to make a horse I was riding run away with me (not well thought out plan, but I knew I could get farther on a horse than on foot) and it got spooked and started a full gallop. The saddle had not been put on well and slipped. I ended up hanging for dear life onto its neck as it galloped through the streets of Spring City. Someone ran out of their yard and stopped it and helped me climb off. I was taken home and made to go inside (Spring City house – pre-renovation) and sit on **Redacted** bed and wait for my punishment. They whipped me on my bare bottom and thighs and then I was raped anally by **Redacted** who acted like a horse. I had to give oral sex to **Redacted** afterward.

Redacted and elders threatened to torture and kill us frequently. I have listed many threats throughout this document. Some of the most frequently used threats

were:

- They would threaten to and tell us how easily they could stage our suicide or homicide of **Redacted** and then suicide.
- They threatened to skin us alive or mutilate us, "bleed" us, scalp our head or area of our pubic hair.
- They threatened to cut us from our vagina's to the top of our heads.
- They threatened to shoot us in our vaginas, anus's, heads, chest, etc.
- They threatened to shove the gun up through our vaginas and then shoot.
- They threatened to throw us down the well under the Spring City house or another well or deep pit and then seal it off.
- They threatened to throw us down abandoned mine shafts throughout Utah.
- They threatened to bury us alive - especially in the mountains around Provo and Spring City or on camping trips.
- When hiking, they would threaten to throw us off the edge of cliffs and make us fall to our deaths (**Redacted** did this near "Nirvana").

We were threatened in other ways by **Redacted** and elders, including by them giving us "mementos," and being ordered to keep the mementos around us, that were meant to "remind" us of our traumatic CS experiences. A few examples (of many) of this are:

- **Redacted** loved to prepare a "tea party" or "picnic" for us with "special food." This was done throughout our childhood. We would be given baths and dressed up and made to attend a tea party with our baby dolls with her miniature china tea sets or her large blue and white china. **Redacted** frequently made cucumber sandwiches and other foods. During and after the "tea party" she would abuse us. She told me many times my vagina was "refreshing" like a cucumber sandwich. She would bring out her large life-like baby dolls and make us bring our baby dolls, too. She would often put one of the baby dolls on a blue and white china platter and make us pretend to eat and "serve" the baby like we were forced to in ceremonies. She and **Redacted** gave us our own china tea sets frequently as children. We had some decorated with Beatrix Potter characters (a "name" my parents called me often was from Beatrix Potter stories – "Tabitha"). They also gave our dolls tea sets too, to act out the same ceremonies and CS events with our dolls. Over the years she has given me many cards, pictures, and gifts related to tea parties or picnics.
- From my childhood, **Redacted** has collected china dishes for me. I did not get to choose the pattern- she chose one called "Blue Willow." It is blue and white and like she and **Redacted**'s blue and white china. I have 5 large boxes filled with china still in their original packaging (I have never desired to use them in my **Redacted** marriage) and two boxes full of antique Blue Willow pieces, the majority of them being small plates (for ceremonial use). This last

summer on a visit to Utah where I was not speaking much to **Redacted**, it really angered **Redacted** and they expressed as much to my husband. Rather than repeat those things to me, **Redacted**, without speaking, handed me a large box that contained a large Blue Willow platter. When I told him I didn't need it he said was that it was from **Redacted**.

- ☐ When I got married and moved out of the house, **Redacted** insisted I take many sizes of her stainless steel bowls. These bowls had been used in her Provo and Spring City kitchen, as well as to collect blood and body parts of many abortions, murders, and babies they were eating.
- ☐ When **Redacted** returned from their trip to Eastern Europe they brought back large jewelry boxes that were in the shape of little trunks – what we had been raised to use as and call "alters." They each locked with a key. **Redacted** encouraged me to keep my consecrated handkerchief's inside them.
- ☐ In addition to being made to keep blessing handkerchiefs from matriarchal blessings, **Redacted** also made me take and keep his consecrated handkerchiefs after he used them to "bless" me (with a sexual act I was made to do to him). He would try to impress upon me the need to keep his handkerchiefs to always remind me of these experiences.

Other gifts and items used as threats (most previously mentioned) are:

- ☐ Ceremonial Jewelry – given as gifts (have pin from **Redacted** and necklace from NY)
- ☐ Red monogramed "**Redacted**" towel
- ☐ Raggedy Ann doll, Raggedy Ann "blankie," books, "Betsy Buttons book" (I was told my Raggedy Ann was like the book's "Betsy buttons")
- ☐ Pictures, cards, books, etc. of animals – cats, big cats, rabbits, horses, hello kitty, hello kitty rabbit, etc.
- ☐ Pictures, cards, books, etc. of fairies, angels, dolls
- ☐ Consecrated Handkerchiefs – received from many people in my life, including Xiao Fa, a college exchange student (married woman from China) who lived with us for a time in Provo
- ☐ Red and white kitchen decorations – mostly antique or vintage
- ☐ Blue and white blanket – used in abortions, ceremonies, orgies, torture, CS camping trips, and other traumatic events
- ☐ Other blankets with similar background (**Redacted** made me take)
- ☐ Red "**Redacted**" towel – used for menstrual cycle rapes and prostitution
- ☐ Tomato soup
- ☐ Chocolate
- ☐ Candy
- ☐ Money
- ☐ Taco bell – from **Redacted**
- ☐ Ice cream or Wendy's "Frosty" – mostly from **Redacted**
- ☐ Stone soup (book)

- ☐ Serving bowls and platters, silver spoons (ceremonial- from **Redacted** and **Redacted**)
- ☐ Dolls and doll accessories (**Redacted** gave me an expensive Madam Alexander doll for Christmas when I was **Redacted** for me "to play with," she said. The doll was "Lucille Ball" and had strawberry blonde hair. **Redacted** said she looked just like me.)
- ☐ Videos and photos of certain nights and/or events
- ☐ Kitchen hand towels from **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted**
- ☐ Letters and other correspondence, voicemail, phone calls from family and CS members on certain threatening topics
- ☐ From Nola in the mail – a silver spoon and gravy boat (both items were ceremonial - gravy boats were used often for blood by **Redacted**'s family) with a note saying that it was from **Redacted** Gerrit de Jong's house, dug up in the backyard by them when the property was sold and before the house was demolished.
- ☐ One Christmas **Redacted** insisted on giving me bibs and blankets for **Redacted** to use out of one of her alters (trunks). They were some of the pieces she had made us use as "costumes" for "baby"-themed family orgies growing up.

- ☐ Date: 1999
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Provo Condo

Redacted made a big deal about changing the door locks to a keypad with a code instead of keys. She gave the code to **Redacted** and others, such as James Arrington and other "boyfriends." One night, after I started to seeing Hugh Allred for "therapy," **Redacted** came in at night and downstairs to my room. I figured **Redacted** must have been drugged because she never woke up. I woke up to **Redacted**'s hand around the back of my neck and one over my mouth. He hissed at me that if I kept this up he would make **Redacted** sit and watch him mutilate me and make her help him. Then he would take her with him to Mexico and disappear. He threw my blankets off me and held up a long knife and held it in places over my body. He forced his fingers inside my vagina and dug his fingernails into the inside and outside of my genitals. He pulled my hair up and held the knife under my throat. He hissed, spit, and cursed at me. I was trying to stay quiet but I couldn't help crying. He climbed on the bed and began raping me vaginally telling me I was "worthless" and "an ugly f***-ing whore." He picked up the other pillow and held it over my face, suffocating me. I turned my head in all directions trying to get air. I struggled but he held down my arms and kept raping me. He finally took the pillow off. He pressed the back of the knife to my throat and told me to "keep my f***-ing mouth shut" and some more obscenities and left.

Note: I was always told Hugh Allred had been chosen by my elders and the Council as my therapist for the custody trial and that he was a CS member. Hugh was really creepy himself, had an extremely dimly lit office, and had a lot of other creepy behaviors. He drew me lots of scary pictures about "parts," sat on a chair very close to me while I lay on the couch in front of him, and would sit on his chair (me sitting on the couch) with his legs open to me, on either side of my legs. I was told by **Redacted** and **Redacted** that Hugh would ensure I said nothing out of place.

Redacted did a lot of animal mutilation as threats to us. We were told it was to demonstrate what they were ready to do to us if we did not obey them and any CS "authority" figures around us.

- Date: Summer 1993 Time:
  Daytime Location: Spring
  City House

The summer before I started **Redacted, Redacted** and **Redacted** took me out to the barn for a sacrificial ceremony. They said they wanted me to start doing them on my own. **Redacted** had picked up a cat from the pound and they had her in a crate. **Redacted** made me wear a large old t-shirt. **Redacted** laid a tarp over the hay and dirt. **Redacted** made me sit down and pull down my underwear and she put tuna on my vagina with a pill mixed in. She held the cat up to it and the cat ate the tuna and pill. Then they told me I had to help skin the cat. They said, when killing the animal or person is the goal of the sacrifice, the longer they/it suffered intensely while still being alive, the greater the power that Lucifer would transfer to the person(s) performing the ceremony. **Redacted** made me repeat a prayer after him (standing in a "Y") about consecrating this sacrifice to Lucifer. The cat was acting drowsy and clumsy. **Redacted** held the cat's body down on the tarp and **Redacted** held it under its jaw. He made me hold his hands while he made the first shallow cut from the genitals straight to under the chin (a cut **Redacted** and I had been threatened with all our lives). The cat immediately cried and tried to get away, but they held it very tight. Then he made some cuts along the jaw line. The cat was struggling and so he handed the knife to me and told me to start peeling away the skin with the knife. I hesitated **Redacted** made me hold out my shirt. He took the bloody knife and cut through my shirt where my bowels are in an upside down arch. He pretended to lunge forward into my stomach with the knife and I jumped. He hissed at me and told me what a disgrace I was to not find "joy" in this work. **Redacted** added more words like that. I followed their directions as I peeled and cut the skin away from the body. At one point the cat stopped fighting and I think it must have died just then. **Redacted** finished the job showing me how to preserve the shape of the cat, etc. Then they made me cut out the heart, the eyes, the genitals, and slit open the bowels of the cat and pull them

out. It was really bloody. Then I had to pray over it again (repeating after them) before they would let me go. They reminded me that they and **Redacted** and friends would happily do this to me if I ever dared to go against the Church (CS). He told me they would make the process go even slower to ensure I suffered every bit possible. They made me repeat my covenants, beg for forgiveness again for my hesitation, and then give them both oral sex. Then I had to help them put the pieces of the cat in garbage bags. **Redacted** hosed off the tarp into the garden. He also kept the skin and dried it outside for a while.

They often threatened to and physically abused our animals in addition to punishing us, but not to the point of them suffering life-threatening injuries. **Redacted** often kicked or threw our dogs and cats, sometimes sending them flying in the air. Once **Redacted** kicked Darla, **Redacted**'s Boston Terrier, so hard she hit the wall in the girls' room in Spring City (he had been trying to get her to lick his penis and she bit him instead). He also frequently hit and kicked Tasha, **Redacted**'s dog. He kept a bee-bee gun by our back door in Spring City so he could shoot any other dogs that came into our yard. He encouraged us to do the same. We also had an inside/outside brownish-orange cat with a kinked tail because **Redacted** would purposefully slam it in the door and "kink" it. When the cat walked by us, he would point at it with **Redacted** and they would laugh about it.

We were given many, many pets over the years that were then used to threaten us. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were always on the lookout for pets to bring home. Sometimes they purchased expensive pets like Darla, and others. She bought rabbits, mice, and fish from "All About Pets" in Provo. She would also find dogs and cats in the classifieds. She loved getting them for free and would often call the people listing pets in the classifieds and tell them we had a huge farm for them to run around on and little girls who would adore them. She would try to guilt them into giving their pets to us for free or nearly free. It worked many times. She also took us to the pound often if the animal was going to be killed right away, but she liked the classified pets because they were better taken care of, which they said was safer for their bestiality purposes. (Both of **Redacted** did sexual things with our animals. **Redacted** and **Redacted**, she visiting, would use tuna fish from a can and put it on their or our "tunas" - vaginas. **Redacted** didn't have cats at her condos. **Redacted** said it was because of **Redacted**, **Redacted**'s, absolute, all-encompassing fear of cats. We saw **Redacted** at her other children's homes and at Wildwood, but she didn't like to visit us because of our cats, we were told. **Redacted** and others also used the word "pussy" for vagina.)

- Date: 1984-1986
  Time: Afternoon - Night
  Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

In the mid-eighties, **Redacted** bought us finches in a cage. **Redacted** and I loved watching them. **Redacted** would sometimes put the cage outside during the day for a period of time. One day **Redacted** called us outside and the little girl who lived downstairs was standing next to the cage with the cage door open. The girl looked really scared and started crying. **Redacted** told us that it was the little girl's fault our finches were gone. **Redacted** said the girl had opened the door and they had flown away. We were crushed and cried and cried. **Redacted** encouraged our anger against the little girl all afternoon. She said how it wasn't fair that she had done that and that she was really mean and bad. We were so sad to lose our pets. That night we were taken to watch her be tortured in the basement. **Redacted** and I cried and didn't want her to be hurt. The elders, including her **Redacted** (Jan), said she was very bad and had wanted to take our pets away from us and make us cry (she was under 5 or 6, I think, and very shy). They laid her naked on towels with ropes over her and a gag in her mouth. Then they poured hot (steaming) water and then ice water on her body, back and forth.

Note: Redacted also would do this with her in the shower when she would "babysit" her.

☐ Date: 1990-1992 Time:
Afternoon Location:
Provo House

Redacted and I were given two beautiful lab puppies when we lived in Provo - one black and one chocolate. After a sacrificial ceremony, **Redacted** made us disembowel the black one (Licorice - while alive and crying) and then bludgeon him to death in the side yard.

Note: We lived on the corner, next door to an old woman (Cliffany) who they said was going senile. They felt safe enough to do some of these things outside in Provo, but were emboldened when we lived in Spring City. People lived privately there. **Redacted** loved to call the school (elementary, junior high, high school) before or after the ceremony and tell the secretary to give us a note saying our pet had been killed in an accident or run over by a car – just to remind us of what death had or would happen and how powerful they were. This happened with **Redacted, Redacted,** and her dog Darla.

Many times in Spring City **Redacted** would take (or drag) us out to the corral with a baseball bat and threaten to break Gabe's legs (our Arabian stallion) because of our disobedience. When living in Provo with **Redacted, Redacted** had the horrible experience of seeing this outcome.

- Date: 1993-1994
  Time: Evening/Night
  Location: Spring City

The night we got Gabriel, **Redacted** took us out to the corral and talked about him, gave him many blessings and consecrations, talked about his (Gabe's) "wee wee" (his often used word for penis), and other things. **Redacted** also talked about himself and his spiritual powers to "harness" parts of Gabe and put them in himself and vice versa. The moon was very bright. He told us that we needed to follow him. We went upstairs to the girls' room and he made us take off our cloethes – he did, too. He got on all fours and we had to "play" horses with him, brush his mane, fondle his penis, etc. He sodomized us and other things pretending to be Gabe saying he was allowing this "part" of Gabe to "have sex" with and "claim" us.

Sometimes, outside of ceremonies, **Redacted** served us meat from our pets, threatening to eat us or serve us to our family if we were disobedient.

- Date: 1994-1996
  Time: Late afternoon
  Location: Joe and Lee Bennion's House, Spring City

One Sunday we had a big afternoon meal at the Bennion's home (we often did this on Sundays). Joe was raising rabbits at the time and they had a line of cages in their backyard. He had killed his 6 or 7 year old daughter, **Redacted**, pet rabbit for the meal. He had not told her. When Lee brought the platter to the table, Joe grinned and made a big deal about picking just the right piece for her, saying it was chicken. She was hungry and excited to eat and he laughed. When she had eaten for a while, he laughed and told her she had eaten so-and-so (the name of her bunny). She ran away crying.

MURDER AND CANNIBALISM

Note: Please see previously listed human murders and cannibalism throughout this document.

- Date: 1994-1995
  Time: Night
  Location: Spring City House

One night **Redacted** woke us up and took us over the fence into the neighboring property and to the barn. We had our cloaks on and nothing underneath. Some people were standing around outside in dark clothing and cloaks. The moon was not shining. Two people at the door had their hoods up and nodded to **Redacted** as she took us in.

We walked in and there was just one kerosene lamp in a corner at a very low setting. The room was filled with people in their cloaks, chanting. **Redacted** led us through some of the people and I saw a naked and gagged man draped over another naked man who was on all fours. The bottom man just looked like he was just there to hold the other man higher. The top man was being beaten and whipped by several people, including **Redacted** who had his hood off. Joe had his hood off, standing in a "Y," and was chanting a prayer to Lucifer. I looked around but it was hard to see faces as the hoods were up. I saw some torture instruments in their hands and they acted eager to participate. We were made to watch as groups of people were given a turn to abuse and mutilate the man.

They beat this man with whips, hammers, a crowbar, and a mace (a ball with spikes). They poured vinegar over his back in between. He was gagged tightly so his screams weren't very loud. It was hard to tell how old he was because he was so beaten up. Joe came up with a knife and cut him over and over across his back. The man writhed in pain. At one point they switched out the person holding him up. Man after man sodomized him. With time, the rest of the group was getting more and more worked up. Some held their arms in a "V" and chanted/whispered prayers to be overtaken by Lucifer's spirits. Then they threw the man on the dirt and someone cut off his penis. His gag was removed and the penis quickly stuffed in his mouth and the duct tape wound around his head over and over to keep it in place. Then they cut off his toes and fingers, one by one and would throw them to the crowd. People grabbed for them and chewed on them. The man's testicles were cut off and tossed into the group. Then he was disemboweled and his throat was slit. People started attacking each other sexually. **Redacted** pushed us forward to the front. **Redacted** saw us. He shoved **Redacted** at Joe and me at Paul Larsen, who I saw had been one of the people to hold the man on their backs. Paul pinned me down on my back and raped me vaginally. An orgy was happening all around us. After a while, some men started cutting up the body and **Redacted**, Lee and another woman (I think she was the female partner of one of Joe's male friends) stood by them and spoke to the men. They had Ziploc bags and were pointing out things they wanted. Then the body was wrapped up in a tarp and **Redacted**, joe, paul, and joe's friend (male) carried the body out. **Redacted** said they were taking it to the "kiln" (pronounced by the Bennions and all as "kill"). **Redacted** and I had to shower downstairs when we got back to the house.

- Date: 1992
  Time: Daytime
  Location: Southern Utah

We met a young man in his late teens/early twenties on the road to a CS "camping" trip to Southern Utah. We had stopped to the bathroom and **Redacted** started talking to a hitchhiker/backpacker. I could tell he was trying to "schmooze" him, as **Redacted** would say. He ended up coming with us and we had to move stuff around so he could sit in the car with us. He and **Redacted** talked about "spiritual" stuff all the way there. When we got to the campsite everyone was really excited that he was with us and were really friendly. The Bennions, Larsens, some of their friends, **Redacted** Steve and **Redacted** Jeannie and other people were there. They ate and they talked. **Redacted** and I tried to stay on the fringes and make dolls out of twigs and leaves. When it got darker, they had a big fire and Lee led the women in an orgy with the hitchhiker. Then they tied him up and killed him. Then everyone started having sex with each other. I was vaginally raped but I cannot remember by whom. **Redacted** called me over as "Tabitha" and I had to give oral sex to one of the women I didn't know. He sat behind her and rubbed her breasts and kissed her neck while he made me give her oral sex. Then they cut up the man and some people ate him raw and others roasted parts of him over the fire using hotdog sticks. They also danced around the fire and played their drums. We had to stay the night and **Redacted** "cleaned" us (our genitals) with a water bottle and Dr. Bronner's soap. The next day the adults did more ceremonies and orgies. I was raped by my **Redacted** (vaginally) and anally raped by Joe Bennion. I also had to give oral sex to **Redacted** and Ann Larsen. The adults talked for a while about disposing of the body and everyone decided to take parts of him and dispose of them on the way back. **Redacted** kept some bones for soup.

- Date: 1996
  Time: Night
  Location: **Redacted** & **Redacted**'s Condo

One year, **Redacted** and **Redacted** held one of **Redacted**'s Rebirth ceremonies in their (current) condo in Provo. The people there were: **Redacted**, Gerrit and Carol, Julie and Nelson Aidukatis, **Redacted** and **Redacted**, and Nola and Clyde Sullivan and more I think. They had gotten a baby for the ceremony. **Redacted** had given the baby some medicine about half an hour before we started. This was their usual method and ensured that the torture would be drawn out as long as possible. They prepared the living room for the ceremony. I was wearing a white dress **Redacted** had made for **Redacted** Shawnee's wedding. **Redacted** officiated and, after the usual

prayers and "parts" transferring (which **Redacted** repeated after him with her left arm to the square), he made **Redacted** hit and cut the baby. The baby screamed and **Redacted** was pale and terrified but obedient. **Redacted** started choking the baby in the air and then disemboweled it while the adults chanted and held their arms in a "V" above them. They said more prayers and lectured us about how our babies and we ourselves could easily end up like this if we were disobedient. They said this baby had been taken away from its **Redacted** because she had violated her covenants. Then the adults started excitedly cutting and eating parts of the baby. Gerrit took the knife and cut a larger hole in the stomach and put the whole baby on his erect penis. This made the adults laugh hard and **Redacted** grabbed the camera and started taking photos of everyone in sexual positions with the baby. They made **Redacted** and me do this as well. **Redacted** and Nola started groaning and getting aroused. Then **Redacted** said we needed to clean up before anything else happened. She instructed us what to do and picked up the tray with the baby and took it into the kitchen. We followed her with the dirty towels, etc. and walked along the plastic runners on the floor. The adults stayed and began to have an orgy. We had to run out one more time to get more things and had to climb over people on the floor. **Redacted** and I seized the opportunity to hide in the kitchen, even if it meant having to sit with **Redacted.** She told me to shut the blinds around the table.

Redacted got out her blue and white china. She had already been giving me pieces of it. She said I should always remember all the wonderful times we had had using this beautiful china together. She talked about the table we were sitting at and I had heard this speech many times before. She said how it was "Gerrit deJong's table" (her **Redacted's**) and how she and her family had used it all her life for sacrifices of human bodies. She started to cut the baby up, eating it slowly, savoring each part, and telling us about its function in the body. She talked about how the French eat meat "tartar" and how delicious and refined they are. She put her finger in one of the baby's palms. She had to use both hands to pry open the little fingers. She started talking about the remarkable grip of the baby and how after its death, the hand becomes even more stiff. She got her finger under its fingers and waved the arm around making it "dance," she said.

Redacted continued to eat and talk about it. She ate the heart and said it was "the best part" this time. Blood was around the edges of her mouth and she caught it with her fingers. She got up to get some napkins and I reached over and stroked the baby's forehead with my finger. She saw me and laughed and then grabbed the baby and turned it like it was about to lunge at me and bite me. We drew back with a forced, scared laugh. She started showing us the baby's genitals and said, "Look!" She stuck her finger in the vagina of the baby and pushed up until her finger hooked around and wiggled out of the baby's stomach. We all said, "Gross!" **Redacted** called for us to come in the living room. **Redacted** called back that we were "all eating!" **Redacted** said to send one of us. She looked at us and we all shook our heads. She called that she needed us. **Redacted** swore and yelled to send us in there. Then **Redacted** yelled for us, too. We got up and went to the door of the living room. **Redacted** Clyde was seated in a chair and **Redacted** was on her knees giving him oral sex while **Redacted** sodomized **Redacted.**

Nola and **Redacted** were having sex in front of the fireplace with Gerrit. **Redacted** ordered **Redacted** and I to "finish" **Redacted** Clyde so she and **Redacted** could finish. She made **Redacted** slide under her and give her oral sex.

- Date: 1996-1997
  Time: Daytime
  Location: **Redacted** & **Redacted**'s Condo

Redacted dropped us (**Redacted** and me) off for a "cat nap" with **Redacted**. **Redacted** had complained in the car about how she wanted to go swimming in their community pool instead. **Redacted** threatened us with something, but I don't remember what. **Redacted** and **Redacted** had an argument over the swimming pool when we got there. **Redacted** took us upstairs to **Redacted**'s room and made us look at pictures of tortured and dead children as punishment. One was of dead children piled on top of each other. Then we had to go back to her room and give her oral sex. **Redacted** came home ("early" just for us, he said) and **Redacted** made **Redacted** give **Redacted** oral sex. The three of them argued about it and finally **Redacted** obeyed. **Redacted** told us to hurry and get dressed so we could eat. We went down to the kitchen and **Redacted** instructed me to set the table. She wanted to use her "special" Campbell's soup mugs and she took a while picking out the other dishes and tablecloth. She started heating up tomato soup from a can. I was putting the silverware around the table when **Redacted** yelled for me to come help her. She made lots of threats to **Redacted** and us that she would tell **Redacted** how disobedient we had been. She ordered me to hold onto one of **Redacted**'s arms. She yelled for **Redacted** to hold the other. **Redacted** grabbed a knife from the counter and made **Redacted** open her mouth and she cut **Redacted**'s tongue a little with the knife. Blood started to come out and she pushed **Redacted** over to the stove. I was so afraid she was going to put **Redacted**'s face on the stovetop but she squeezed her tongue over the pot of soup and drops of blood went into the soup. I closed my eyes for a second and **Redacted** saw it. She snapped at me to never close my eyes to what was "good" and "best" for **Redacted** or anyone else. She told me I would be a mom some day and it was my duty to teach my children as Lucifer had shown us. **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and I were all crying.

Sometime after I got married, **Redacted** sent me a box in the mail. Inside were four of her Campbell's soup mugs and a recipe card that said "**Redacted**'s Soup." At the bottom of the recipe she wrote, "Good with anything else you might add, but good just with your wife!" As mentioned, in the Condo we had been sealed as wives to **Redacted** after **Redacted** received a ruling from the High Council and **Redacted** frequently called us her "wives" from that time forward.

On occasion, **Redacted** would cook or make jerky from the meat of their human sacrifices (she also made broth/stock out of their bones). We were commanded to eat whatever she made, no matter what. **Redacted** would often tell **Redacted** aloud what an

incredible cook she was and we were made to repeat it. Refusing to eat what she made was not permitted without severe punishment. We had an outside freezer and many packages were labeled "Venison," "Beef," or "Chicken." They also kept bags of "meat" and bones from their human sacrifices and would label the bags with the names or the initial of the deceased people. To make them laugh and as bitter punishment to us, **Redacted** would order us go out to get her the meat for dinner and, even if we were eating animal meat, we would still be confronted with the murdered peoples' bodies many times a week.

- Date: 1993-1994
  Time: Evening
  Location: Spring City House

One night a few weeks after my "Re-birth" ceremony/sacrifice with John from the polygamist community, **Redacted** made dinner and we all sat down to eat it. **Redacted** made a big point of telling **Redacted** how good it was and making us repeat what he said. She said she had wanted to make it especially delicious this night. At the end, **Redacted** asked me if I had anything to do with making such delicious food. I said something about helping make the salad and then he and **Redacted** laughed. **Redacted** announced that this delicious dinner was "brought to you by **Redacted**." I started to realize what they were saying and to feel my stomach turn. One of **Redacted** asked why and **Redacted** announced that "John" had "joined us for dinner!" Then he and **Redacted** laughed and hit their hands on the table and I ran to the bathroom and threw up. I was whipped after dinner for my bad example as "Peacemaker" and for "wasting food."

Redacted held a lot late night of "broth" or "bone soup," (made from human bones) parties before or after ceremonies. Sometimes the soup had human meat, too. They said it brought them closer to Lucifer. Many of our elders attended, including the Bennions, Larsens, Schultes, Lynne Whitesides, Kershisniks, Howards, Harmstons, Leavitts, and more.

"Nelly" Skit

Redacted and I were made to memorize the following skit and perform it for the adult relatives. The performers do a skip-hop dance in a big circle. People join the circle as their part comes in. In the end everyone stands in a line and does the can-can together.

Sometimes the adults would do the whole thing for the kids or join the kids in playing certain parts. Susan was often "Nelly" and my **Redacted** loved and preferred to play the "Bad Guy."

Redacted: It was a dark and stormy night when my Nelly went away
And I never shall forget it 'till my dyin' day
She was sweet sixteen and the village queen
The prettiest little gal the valley'd ever seen

Daughter: Knock, knock, knockity, knock

Redacted: Well, who's that knockin' at my door?

Daughter: It's your poor little Nelly, don't you know me anymore?

Redacted: What happened to that actor guy who used to call you honey?
Did he send you home when you asked him for some money?

Daughter: He's a sweet talkin' guy and he lies with ease.
He's got more money than a dog has fleas!
He left me on a night I was most forlorn,
The very same night my little Dumbbell was born!

Redacted: That there Dumby?!

Nelly: T'ain't no other!

Redacted: He's the gosh-darn image of his gosh-darn **Redacted!**
You can't come in my house with that there child!

Nelly: **Redacted** dear, **Redacted** dear, you're drivin' me wild!

(This next part was the favorite of the adults. **Redacted** would often play it with us when we were told to perform it. He did his face like the Bad Guy in "Babes in Toyland". He would put on a cape (blanket) usually and really ham it up.)

Bad Guy: Heh, heh, heh-heh-heh
I can do you lots of harm!
I've got the mortgage to your gosh-darn farm!
You have no home and you no money
Give me back my little Dumby! (tries to grab the baby)

Nelly: Myyy Dumby!

Bad Guy: Myyy Dumby!

Redacted: Nell's Dumby! (getting in the fight)

Bad Guy: Myyyyy Dumby!

(Then everyone freezes.)

Redacted: Who's that comin'?
Sound like a mule!

(This next character is supposed to be slow-minded and the person who plays this part does a slower version of the skip-hop)

Constable: I ain't no mule, yah gosh-darn fool!
Can't ya tell by my badge, I'm the Con-sta-boule?
What's goin' on here, come now tell!

Redacted: He ain't done right by my little Nell.
He stole my farm and he took my daughter!

Constable: It sounds like I outta charge him 'bout a dollar and a quarter. (This line brought huge laughs every time – from these adults who knew it by heart.)

(All get in a line and do the can-can to the last three lines)

Everyone: **Which all goes to show the price of sin.** (Said in unison, loudly, sarcastically)
Tomorrow night we play East Lynn
So, root!

Everyone bows.

I am the third of Redacted where we were victims of and witnesses to many methods of abuse, torture and even murder. The people who should have protected me and **Redacted** from such acts Redacted: **Redacted**. Moreover, **Redacted** belonged to a group(s) of satanic worshipers where they invited their friends and others from their group to participate in the abuse of **Redacted** and me. This record describes only some of the experiences I had from the time I was a child up until **Redacted** and I were free from **Redacted**'s and their group's enslavement.

The abuse I have been through has been happening for at least two generations of **Redacted**. Both **Redacted** would openly talk about what they experienced growing up and what the other had experienced. They talked about sexual abuse, verbal abuse, and satanic ritual abuse as a part of their upbringing from their parents and grandparents. Since the police began their investigation into the crimes I have been a victim to and witnessed, I have seen many people from **Redacted**'s satanic ritual groups outside my and **Redacted**'s homes watching us, sitting in front of our house in cars, etc. Due to threats made during my entire life, this has been alarming to me and causes me to fear my, **Redacted**'s, and the community's safety. I have written the experiences contained in this document as quickly and thoroughly as possible. With a lifetime of experiences such as the ones below, it would take me months and even years to write down every experience that I have had. During the investigation into **Redacted**, I have been working several different part time jobs, enrolled in a full-time master's program, and had many other responsibilities. Despite these duties, I have sought to make it a priority to record my experiences and bring to light the evil crimes that I have seen and been victim to. To the best of my ability, I'm going to relate the workings of the "church" with the satanic ritual groups that **Redacted** and grandparents belonged to. They would refer to the church as the church of Satan, the Devil, or Lucifer. I will also share some of the experiences I had on a daily basis.

Redacted and I were taught the doctrines of this satanic church. One of the main doctrines and goals of the groups that I have experiences with is to destroy people's faith in Jesus Christ, and to destroy other people's lives in general. **Redacted** and **Redacted** taught us from a very young age that Satan loved us, and because we were born into our "high-ranking" family in Satan's church, we were above most people. We were also taught that everyone else would try

and take our power and positions, and to stop anyone who tried. **Redacted** abused us daily, and they made a business out of it, by allowing their friends, group members, or any other "clients" to abuse us for trades or money. **Redacted** and people in this group do not feel that their physical, sexual, and emotional abuse and trauma they caused us could be classified as "abuse." Rather, rather they believe it is just part of our "work" on this earth, and they seek to do whatever Lucifer want them to do. For example, they feel they are doing the "right thing" by killing, raping, or hurting anyone as it is something Lucifer would want them to do. I was told as a child when they forced me to participate in murders that I was not murdering people, but "sacrificing" them to a "greater purpose." **Redacted** often told me that he wasn't raping me, but that he was helping me understand the importance of "obeying authority." I was taught to "respect authority" in this way at a young age—and the ultimate sign of respecting those with authority in their eyes, is to let authority do whatever they want to the point that they can tamper with your virtue, your ability to have children, and even your existence. This abuse was coupled with their religious ceremonies. Abuse also happened as a forced "play-time" with **Redacted** and their family, "punishments" **Redacted** and this group inflicted upon us, "trades" they made with people where they would loan us out for sexual and ritual abuse, pornography films and photographs of **Redacted**, and to get information, social favors, or whatever else they wanted. During times **Redacted** and the group filmed pornography videos of us and took pornographic photos of us, they would also use their home video recorder and camera and hold it in their hands and come in the room acting like we were doing all the things they set us up to do on our own. They threatened that if we ever came forward with anything they did to us that they would show the photos and videos of us to the public. They told me that everyone would believe that **Redacted** and I had chosen to be in pornographic photos and films. Many, if not all the people in this group had photos and films of this nature.

Redacted and **Redacted** would order us to write in our journals, but only about "good things"—then they would take our journals from us, usually during a scheduled journal check, read about our frustrations and abuse that we had experienced and either tear out the pages, or burn the journal. If we wrote "happy" things we were given gifts or rewarded. We were also told by **Redacted** to keep journals anytime someone (family and friends) raped us or did a "ceremony" with us when **Redacted** weren't there—then they would keep record of it. They analyzed the methods of other's abuse, and wanted to see my reaction to those methods after the fact. They would sometimes practice what I had just told them a rapist did to me, especially if it was a new method of abuse. They would make us do journal checks or report to them about abuse when we were alone (not with **Redacted**). Because of these checks, I often wrote on plain paper how I really felt and would even try to hide it, although **Redacted** found most of those and destroyed them.

Experience #	1
Title	Journal keeping in Florida
Date/Time	September 1993

Location	Redacted Nathan's home in Florida
Frequency	4-5x/year about, when Redacted Nathan was in town (or we were in his home)
People Involved	Rosie and David, Redacted Nathan and Redacted Linda
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	We visited this home and another home of his in Florida. Ceremonies happened at both locations as well as in Provo.

An example of Redacted telling me to keep a journal is when we went to Redacted Nathan's home in Florida when I was Redacted years old. It was the fall of 1993, almost a year before Redacted was born. Rosie and David were going to Europe to a lot of different ceremonies and churches. They had been talking about it for a long time. I think they went with a group, or met up with some there in Europe. Redacted told all three of us that we had to keep journals while we were there to record any ceremonies we did, any "one-on-one sex" with Redacted Nathan, any games we played, things we did with Redacted, etc. When we arrived, it was so fun to see Redacted. We loved to play with them, but we were fearful of our Redacted Nathan. Later in an evening on that trip, after Redacted's friends had been over to play, Nathan told Redacted and me to go play in her room. Redacted and I stayed outside playing with the tiny frogs with Redacted and Redacted on the porch. Nathan yelled again for us a few minutes later, and then I started going. Redacted again stayed with the other girls. When Redacted Nathan came into Redacted's room and started taking off his pants, Redacted Linda came into the room and yelled at him telling him telling him he couldn't do what he was doing. He told her to stop yelling and that everything was going to be all right. They yelled at each other a little while and when he exposed his genitals to me she turned his body away from me—he immediately slapped her. Redacted Linda cried as she left. Then Redacted Nathan made me lie on my back and he put his penis in my vagina. He made me suck out his semen from his penis. Redacted Linda didn't come out of her bedroom for a long time. When we returned from the trip, I hadn't written much down, so Redacted sat me down and had me describe everything that Nathan and Linda did as she took notes. Rosie became frustrated at what she heard Linda did and called up Richard and Carma immediately, and they all complained about how she wasn't fully invested in the church and she was trying to stop Nathan from performing his "patriarchal duties." This was often the case. I remember when they were in town, and at their house, Linda would spend a lot of time in her room or in "hiding." She would disconnect herself from everyone and ended up "not being able" to participate in ceremonies because of what Redacted called "the state she was in." She participated at times when she was forced, but for the most part, I didn't see her participate.

Beyond trying to hide real journal entries, I would also try to hide underwear that had blood and semen on them, as well as other things. I knew those things could prove what was happening to me, but Redacted kept a close watch on anything in the house. To ensure that information was kept private they would threaten and hurt me and Redacted. They threatened us that if we ever disobeyed the authority of Redacted, Redacted, and any elders or group members, that they would use the above described threat of videos that they had of us doing bad things and show the public, that we would go insane, that they would frame our suicides, among a long list of other threats. These threats were almost always coupled with physical and

sexual abuse or toture. There is also a list of other threats **Redacted** and others used that is found later in this document. To drive home the seriousness of their threats some things that they would do include forcing us to participate in murders, taking us to mental institutions, and tying us up in strait jackets for hours (even up to two days). In fact, we saw or heard of people in our own family who were admitted, sometimes temporarily to a mental institution. For example, Carma's children have told me that Carma was admitted many times to mental institutions while her children were growing up. Carma's son **Redacted** even said he would spend hours at night driving around with his dad trying to find his mother. They would tell us about other children and people who had gone forward and showed us pictures of them going crazy, being tortured, and pictures of them mutilated and dead.

Experience #	2
Title	Straight jacket
Date/Time	Sometime between fall 1997 and early 1998
Location	The Provo house
Frequency	Torture of this seriousness happened at least 1x/month for most of my childhood
People Involved	Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I remember this happening to all **Redacted** at different times. Usually we were all forced to be present and watch. Oftentimes it was **Redacted** and **Redacteds** and **Redacteds** on both sides, as well as Joe and Lee Bennion among others that would participate in such activities. Many times during a review of my journal, or after we were abused by someone, **Redacted** would sit me down and ask all the details of what happened. **Redacted** told me that **Redacted** had said different things than what I had said about an experience we had together. They would call me a liar and punish me for lying to them. One time in particular me was "reporting" what the man from out of town did to **Redacted** and I and **Redacted** and **Redacted** acted really surprised and "worried" they said things like they were worried about me for turning into a liar and they wished I wasn't so disobedient to them. They said **Redacted** and **Redacted** were telling the truth and that I had said something very different and it made them "sad." They would told me that they were forced to punish me for being disobedient. They beat me brutally and both of them put their fingers in me and scratched my vagina. David raped me in my anus.

When I was in **Redacted** grade **Redacted** had come up to Provo for the weekend. In the middle of a fight in Provo, I yelled at **Redacted** that I would turn them in for doing all the things they did to me. David and Rosie stopped fighting, and they both looked at each other. Rosie started smiling and sarcastically said something like, "that is really funny." David followed her lead and she went and got the white strait-jacket. They called **Redacted** into watch and undressed me. They took me downstairs to the room with the maroon carpet. They put me into the strait-jacket; all the while I was fighting them. David and Rosie would hit me to keep me still. They hit my head many different times. Rosie told me and **Redacted** that if ever we were disobedient

that we would have to suffer the consequences. She told us that they would go crazy if we did the things that "Redacted was talking about." No matter what I said they acted like they couldn't understand my words. While I was apologizing and said I wouldn't go talk to anyone Redacted kept saying "Redacted, you don't make any sense—it sounds like you're speaking a different language. You poor thing." She also said that she would throw us in an institution if we were not dead. Then David put his penis in my anus while I was on the floor (I just had a strait-jacket on) and he moved back and forth—until he ejaculated, at which point he turned my body around and got semen in my face and hair. I had a headache and started throwing up. They left me there until the evening of the next day, I think it was roughly 24 hours. I peed and all over the newspapers and the plastic sheet that Rosie put underneath me. I didn't get any food or water. Redacted came down once to bring me some water and then Rosie yelled and David came running down and raped Redacted in front of me, spilling the water everywhere. Redacted came again in the middle of the night with some water and Redacted brought a graham cracker for me. They didn't say anything but quickly ran back to the room upstairs to sleep.

Besides these kinds of threats and torture, Redacted, Redacted Clyde, and others in their group were trained and from what we were told, respected Ph.D. psychologists, and if we were to "start to go crazy," they told us they could give us the "recommended treatment" that we would need, and control us. They even used our Redacted Clyde (who also abused Redacted and me as reported in several experiences below), as a witness in the divorce case to drive home the points that they had absolute control, and that no one would ever believe us. Throughout our lives they have remained consistently threatening, telling me of people we used to know that have now gone crazy, or who are vegetables because they wanted to come forward about the group. Redacted also told us of Angela Fenton, who is also known as "CJ," and another client of David's named ShaRane, who she said were both crazy (and that "CJ" was even a vegetable) after David was through with them. They often threatened our lives, Redacted member's lives, and our friend's and pet's lives. They told us that they had friends in the police force, in the police administration and important government positions all over who would protect them.

I was required by Redacted, Redacted, and others to do "chores," which was often code for any work that we had to do to "do my share to contribute to the family." Chores often included prostitution work, accepting abuse from Redacted, among other things. Redacted and Redacted would sometimes take a celebratory day such as birthdays, baptisms, performances at school or church, and ruthlessly abuse us on those days—although it was not limited to those holidays/days. Depending on the day/night, other Redacted, friends, and/or "clients" would also abuse us. Nearly every week Redacted would invite their friends and religious group members over to have a ceremony. Ceremonies were almost always accompanied by some sort of sex act or other act/crime, in fact, sex acts were often the physical symbol of "promises to Satan" in the ceremonies, as Redacted taught me. He said

that when you do a spiritual covenant a physical action is required to complete it.

To gain a larger clientele for the prostitution work **Redacted** forced us into, **Redacted** would teach us how to "lure" people (male and female) into our bedrooms or other rooms by leading them by their hand and looking seductively at them. Rosie taught us how to suck on their genitals in the "right way" and would coach us through any kind of massage, or sexual act. She would have us practice on David and herself, and others present. We were forced to practice or learn new "sexual tricks" to do for "**Redacted**" many weeks. Sometimes other people (**Redacted**, **Redacted**, or friends) were invited to these "**Redacted**" as a gift or in order to bribe them through sexual acts they forced us to do.

Experience #	3
Title	"Training"
Date/Time	1995-1996, **Redacted** grade
Location	Richard and Carma Anderson's current Provo condo
Frequency	This training happened almost every **Redacted** that we did, which was 2x+/month
People Involved	Rosie and David, Carma and Richard
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	These things happened in the Provo house, the Provo condo, the Spring City house among other family's homes that we did Family nights with.

An example of "training" during a "family night" was when we were having a combined family night at **Redacted** home when I was in **Redacted** grade. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were trying to show **Redacted** and me how to move our bodies in a more "sexy" way when we were "having sex." Everyone took off their clothes upstairs on **Redacted**'s bed. Richard and David were lying side by side on the bed, naked. They sat there watching Carma and Rosie give examples of how to be "sexy" when we were walking toward David and Richard, and how to touch themselves. They showed how to stick our bums out and keep our shoulders back. They told us how to lick their penises, balls, and anuses, as well as put our fingers in ourselves and in their anuses in a "seductive" way. Then they forced us to do it. **Redacted** said that I needed the practice and forced me to go over to him and do all the "seductive" things to him, and eventually he put his penis in my vagina and made me sit on top of him while he raped me. Then **Redacted** had to suck on David's penis, but David kept saying how "Tabitha" (aka **Redacted**) didn't need this training that she was <u>so</u> good. Rosie rolled her eyes and told **Redacted** to do the seductive things to her. **Redacted** had to put her fingers inside Rosie's vagina, and lick on her vagina. Then Carma ordered me to go over to her and put my fingers inside her vagina, and she did the same thing to me.

There was always a large jug of Vaseline on our bed tables so that **Redacted** or **Redacted**'s friends could use some kind of lubricant when they were abusing us—if they wanted to, of course. There was a bed/fainting couch/big couch in every room of the house in Provo and in Spring City to facilitate any abusive activities. There was also a very thick pad under the blue tie-rug in the library cubby upstairs in the hallway between the bedrooms in the Spring City house.

This was another place that we were abused when it wasn't trashed with boxes of stuff. There were often streaks of blood in my underwear from all the abuse—I always wanted new ones. Rosie also coached us on how to wrap toilet paper up and place it into your underwear to absorb blood and semen.

Redacted, Redacted, and the group members all tried to teach us that we had the "real faith" and that the people following Christ were following blindly, without real faith, and without really understanding the doctrines, rituals, and the power of Satan. **Redacted** didn't like it when I prayed to Heavenly Father—so I would often tell them I was praying to Satan. When they knew I was lying they would beat and rape me. Sometimes **Redacted** and **Redacted** (usually David as the "true paterfamilias" or as the owner of all in his house) would force meetings with us and/or one child to discuss their progression in the church of Satan, and their sins. They made us confess of all our "sins" to them. They also loved to take us to confess in front of the whole council (David's version of the council, with him and his friends as council members). They would also give us punishments in front of the council, or the council would. These were sometimes things such as being raped, or have to do disgusting things like lick their anuses, eat their bodily fluids and solids, have sex with an animal, or be tortured. I also had to do this to Joe Bennion after I was "sealed" to him, as well as **Redacted**.

Experience #	4
Title	Confession
Date/Time	Sometime between 1996-1997
Location	Lee Bennion's Art Studio
Frequency	1/week you "confess" to your patriarch (**Redacted** and **Redacted**)You'd go before your local council if you did something that was seriously disobedient—this sometimes meant it was a couple times a year for me.
People Involved	Rosie and David, Paul Larsen, Joe and Lee Bennion, James Mooney, the Stake President Johansen and other men I didn't know very well.
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Counsels were held in every home we lived in, although it wasn't always every council member that was present . Because **Redacted** was on the high council for some larger area while we lived in provo, we did a lot of in-home councils with him to save everyone time. There were also many confessions that I had to give to the paterfamilias, whoever he was at the time (David, sometimes Joe and Richard and Robert). I remember lots of times having to confess to these four men and being punished—or having to "atoning" for my "disobedience."

One experience with this torture was when they used the oxen yolk and whip on me. I had been disobedient to the church/council because I had hid one night that I was supposed to participate in a ceremony where they killed someone. The following week I was given punishments that were carried out by some council members who included Paul Larsen, Joe Bennion, James Mooney, the Stake President Johansen and other men I didn't know very well. They were all wearing dark robes and masks. This was a disciplinary council with a few different

people there who needed to repent. They started off with a chant and everyone had to bow to them. **Redacted** was there as well as few other people like Lee and the other wives of these men. **Redacted** were there and others I didn't know, who were confessing. They made me do a few different things. They told me this was all for my good so I would be "worthy" in Satan's eyes and accepted by him. They also told me that I ran from a ceremony that would have allowed me to become more worthy and reprimanded me. I had to hold my hand up and say that I was a sinner and had done wrong by distancing myself from Satan—and then explain how I was not obedient and what I did. Then they had "the punisher," Joe Bennion, come forward and after he undressed me, he put a rope around my neck and yanked me down to the floor. He then whipped me and beat me. He then put the wooden oxen yolk of **Redacted** on my neck and said that no one could help me with my burden except me. He forced me to quickly crawl around the room, without the yolk touching the ground on the side that there was no person (it had a half circle for two people. I had to hold it with hand and only crawl with the other one-my knuckles were soon bleeding. He also lit a candle and poured the wax all over my chest and vagina area. He turned me over and poured it into my butt-crack. He then raped me in my anus which was really more painful because it stung my skin. Then I had to suck on every council member's penis under their robe, unless they wanted something else. **Redacted** and President Johansen anally raped me after I sucked on their penis. I was bleeding a little. James Mooney, Paul Larsen and one other guy raped me in my vagina after they made me suck on their penises.

A method to communicate in public of **Redacted** and this group is that they would speak about their church and their feelings in public with opposites. **Redacted** would remind and threaten us when we said something about Satan by smiling angrily and saying "**Redacted**, remember, it's opposite day!" Basically it was a code they could speak in and still communicate what they wanted to in public. They would talk about someone doing really well, and being so loyal when they were really meaning the opposite about that person. They also would call Satan "Jesus Christ" in public. In fact any title for Christ was meant to mean Satan. Examples of this include titles such as: "the first-born", "Lord," "Savior," "our Master," "the Son of God," "God," "the great spirit," "the Spirit," etc.

Some Provo Experiences 1989-2007

Experience #	5
Title	Running away
Date/Time	Summer between 1990-1991
Location	Provo
Frequency	Daily for many years of my life at home
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many times that I remember running away, this time however was one of the only times that David got "caught" chasing me—and **Redacted** made up a fake story about what actually happened. I tried to run away from home at least 2 or 3 times every month, but daily inside the house I would run and hide. If I hid successfully I might be able to convince **Redacted** that I wasn't trying to run from them-but just didn't hear them outside, or somewhere else. But if I was caught, I had to face serious beatings, rape, and punishments. It was dangerous to hide.

"The last unicorn" story was a made up story created by Rosie and David to explain why I was running from David one day. He said I was running to get the movie "the Last Unicorn," from a video store near our home. That is also what David told the police who came by our home. I was really running from him because as soon as we got home from the swimming pool that was in our neighborhood, **Redacted** walked in and I could see him getting ready to rape someone. He started getting intense and turned on, touching himself and started to take his clothes off. I ran the opposite direction, and just in my swimsuit with no shoes or anything. I was near the end of the street south of our house in Provo before David saw I was gone and then he chased after me! I kept running and ran faster. Just as I got half way down the next street—across the street from the swimming pool, a woman in her 40s or so pulled over and asked if I was okay and if I knew this man. Because David was right behind me I was afraid and didn't know what to do—so I looked at her and then kept running until David caught me. He said something to the lady as I struggled to get out of his arms and then he walked home holding me and gripping my arm. He told me that he wanted a different "part" to come out and called me "Katrina." He took me home and beat me and anally and vaginally raped me violently for running from him. He beat my head and pulled my hair.

Experience #	6
Title	Ceremonies with **Redacted**
Date/Time	Sometime Spring-Fall of 1990-1991
Location	**Redacted** old Provo condo
Frequency	1-2x/month at least from 1989-until I stopped living at home permanently in 2007.
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to ceremonies or sex acts **Redacted** would make At least 75% of the time when we were left alone with **Redacted**—but we would also do "ceremonies" together with **Redacted** and parents. As far as the LDS garments go, Carma sent "authorized" garments to me when I was in **Redacted** in **Redacted** . She told me she had rededicated them. They were also used and stained. It was the only thing I received in one of the packages she sent me.

One day when Carma babysat me at her Condo in Provo (near the Provo house). She had me, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** overnight until Rosie and David got back from a ceremony trip with some other friends to southern Utah. They often went to Dance Hall Rock, one of the places

ceremonies were often done. They also went to Calf Creek and Ceyote Gulch at other times. I remember several occasions going to those locations for ceremonies. We would go there with both large and small groups. As we walked out to the car to say "goodbye" to **Redacted** at Carma's order, Carma told them that we would have our own ceremony. Carma took us upstairs and got undressed and got in the shower with us. She scrubbed each one of us and then told us to stay in the shower until she was ready to take us out one by one. She left and when she came back she had garments on and called us out one by one. She then put Lubriderm lotion on each of us. She would rub us all over and touch us to her body. When she pulled me out she explained each of my private parts, and the specifics of each of those areas, she even explained that when she went into my body there were more body parts. At this point she put her finger up my vagina and said something about how certain body parts make you "move" and then she wiggled her finger inside my vagina. I jumped back and tried to push her away. Then she told me not to disrespect authority, but to do whatever she said. I yelled "no!" She laughed and told me she'd teach me to respect her or something. She gave us her LDS garments to wear in her bedroom. They were very big on us and Carma talked about how it would be "sexy" for us to have such a low neckline (because the garments were too big).She lay down on the ground and told us to dance around and leap over her. She would yell and scream as we jumped over her and then she started touching herself, and grabbing herself as we ran/jumped by. She called us over to her (as she was still naked) and said to start rubbing her body. She reached for the lotion on her bed-table and couldn't get it, so she told **Redacted** to get the lotion and then she told us all to get a few squirts of it and start rubbing her body. She told **Redacted** to rub her chest and shoulders and arms, and then she told me to rub her stomach, vagina, and her pelvis, and she told **Redacted** to rub her legs and feet. She started moaning and yelling out how amazing she felt and how we were the best masseuses, saying how she wished all her other children had learned this. She pointed to different places on her body and made us kiss and massage them. She started using her fingers to get her own lubricant and lick her fingers. She made us lick her fingers too. She said that it would "taste like your old Granma tastes" and then pushed my head back down to her vagina again and said to suck really hard and fast. Soon she told us to leave the room and wait for her downstairs in the living room in our garments. We did as we were told.

When she came downstairs Richard came in the front door. She excitedly invited him to " worship" with us. She had her hair up in a bun on top of her head and had her black skirt and blouse (with the high button-up collar). Richard watched as Carma performed a cursing ceremony to curse Ann Madsen. She held her arms up offering to let Satan or other spirits "come into" her so that they could do with her what they wanted in exchange for the curse she wanted. She then started moving her head in circles and smiling and chattering her teeth. I was scared and she laughed a deep laugh and then she got on all fours and started chasing after us. Richard started laughing and then did the same type of prayer and joined her chasing us. She grabbed all sorts of objects in the room to beat us with. She chased us around the house trying to catch us and beat us laughing. At one point she told me to suck on her vagina. Richard called

for **Redacted** to come to him and she sucked on his penis. He didn't even tell her what to do but motioned to her. When he ejaculated he made **Redacted** swallow it. She was mad at **Redacted** and ordered her to come stand over her (Carma) and let her examine **Redacted's** vagina. When **Redacted** came over she did as she was told and then **Redacted** grabbed her vagina. Then she made **Redacted** lie on the ground and she grabbed the broom next to her that she was beating us with and shoved the wooden part up **Redacted's** vagina. Richard laughed and **Redacted** screamed. I stopped and she yelled at me to continue. I did until she was done and she stood up and left. We didn't move. Then Richard got up and left. We didn't get any dinner that night and ended up falling asleep in the cold on those couches and **Redacted** was on the floor. The next morning **Redacted** had made us a "tea party" for breakfast and had us use all her fine china. **Redacted** handed us treats throughout the day. This kind of experience happened every time we were left with **Redacted**. Sometimes they weren't this intense, but were shorter ceremonies, and had shorter periods of abuse. I would usually see **Redacted** at least once every two weeks until we moved into their house, and then these kinds of things happened on a daily basis.

Experience #	7
Title	Family night at the Arrington's
Date/Time	1990-1992
Location	James and Lisa Arrington's home
Frequency	6x
People Involved	James and Lisa Arrington
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

James and Lisa Arrington were great friends of **Redacted** and would often invite them over to do things. Many times they would label the ceremonies and orgies they wanted to do together as "family nights," as many people in **Redacted's** group did. When we arrived at their home we all had dinner and **Redacted** talked together. They had a boy and a girl. The boy was just older than me and the girl was just younger than me. David and James were joking around and then told me to go have sex with James' son. I looked at them and decided not to stay in that conversation and headed outside on the front porch where James' two kids were playing. As I went outside **Redacted** yelled at me that he was serious and so I continued on my path outside and to be obedient. The sun was still shining outside, but close to setting. James' son was sitting on the steps playing with a car. His sister was playing with something in the dirt in front of us. I tried to play with him for a bit. He was friendly and let me, and even shared his car with me. I felt awkward but knew that I had to attempt to be close to him somewhat. This was not the first time **Redacted** had made me do this either. I sat down very close to him and he immediately turned away and played with his car on the opposite side of me on the porch. While he had his back to me I put my arms around him and he immediately pushed me off and ran inside. I followed him, and his little sister followed me and when we got inside I said to **Redacted**, that he wouldn't let me do what **Redacted** told me to. All the adults burst out laughing. Then David told me to chase after him. I walked to a set of stairs and sat on them and waited until we could

leave.

However, when **Redacted** finished eating we didn't go home. **Redacted** came and got me and brought me into a room with a couch and a space on the floor. Rosie and David and Lisa all lay out blankets on the floor and told us to help spread them out. We all did. James' daughter was in the room but his son wasn't, so James left to get him. When they came back all four of the adults plotted on what would be the best thing to sacrifice. I got really afraid. They then said that they would bless James' son as an offering to Satan and have "the three graces" have sex with him. James tried to make his son's penis erect by pulling his clothes off and touching his penis. The boy looked down, and was embarrassed. James told us girls that he would be less embarrassed if beautiful women were loving him instead of his dad. David and Rosie told us to have sex with him. We were reluctant so they called out what we should do. David told me to help him lay down and then straddle him. I didn't want to and said that the boy didn't want me to. James immediately piped up and told his son to apologize to me. This was not what I was going for. He told him to lay me down and suck on my vagina to apologize. I said its okay and I had already forgiven him, but David said how he needed to "learn his lesson," so we did as they said. Then they told me to straddle him. I did and they told us to put his penis inside of my vagina. It was hard to do it because he wasn't very erected, so Rosie came over and pushed me away. She started sucking on his penis. It became more erected then she told me I could suck on him now. The whole time this was happening the adults were taking their clothes off and had started touching themselves. The adults told us to do more and more. They had **Redacted** and **Redacted** also take turns straddling the boy and then being raped by any of the adults. While this happened they were chanting and praying out loud to Satan, saying that they were offering themselves to him. Every once in a while during chanting, the adults would raise their arms up in the air and yell out, asking for a spirit to enter them. I remember that I had to suck on Lisa's vagina as she sucked on David's penis. This orgy went on for what felt like a long time, then we went home.

Experience #	8
Title	"Bible study" and ceremony
Date/Time	1990-1992
Location	Provo house
Frequency	1x+/week
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, Brian and Suzanne Kershisnik and other friends of David and Rosie's
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency is referring to the frequency of ceremonies that happened—not necessarily how often the term "bible study" was used. There were many experiences that I have of ceremonies in the Provo house this document contains a few of them.

From the time we moved to Provo, we often had "bible studies" or ceremony meetings (see below). It was very common to have a group ranging from 5 to 30 people at our home in order to perform a ceremony. Back in those days, the Jimmison's, the Kershisnik's, the Kelly's, the

Allen's, the Sheets, the Arringtons, among many other people spent time doing those ceremonies at our house, or theirs. These ceremonies always turned into some form of orgy—every time I can remember at least. During these times **Redacted** created an open door policy while you attended a ceremony at our home to take any child (or anyone, really) to one of the many couches or bedrooms to rape them. I remember Brian Kershisnik raping me upwards of 15 times over my life. He was very violent. One of these times was a "bible study" where David taught a lesson about "parts" to everyone. After he taught he showed an example and used **Redacted** and I and called us by different names and then told us what to do (he called **Redacted** "Jessica" and called me "Melissa"). He "consecrated" the act through a "prayer" and made us suck on each other's vaginas. After that they did a ceremony where everyone took off their clothes and offered themselves to Satan while they did a prayer circle with their left arm in the air and their right arm on the person to the right of their shoulder. After chanting they put their arms in the air and then in their chant they offered themselves to Satan. They all started doing an orgy in the middle of the floor and Brian Kershisnik grabbed me and violently put his penis in my anus and raped me.

Experience #	9
Title	"Cat-nap" and tuna-fish sandwich
Date/Time	1991-1992
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Often up to 1x/day for a while
People Involved	Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	In cat-naps or other make-believe, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and group members would sometimes participate. I also remember **Redacted** doing this with dogs and often playing like we were "wiener dogs" and even had to tie something around his "wiener" and walk him around like a dog. He made us do sexual things to him as well and his "wiener" would "sniff [our] bums" like normal dogs and he would anally rape us. **Redacted** would participate and say that her fingers were like "hot-dogs" or "sausages." He and **Redacted** reminded us of that by giving us wiener dog toys,

Sometimes Rosie would put tuna-fish or other food on our and her private parts and get the cats to come and eat it off us, or she would make us eat it off each other and her. She did this from the time that we were very small. She also would have us drink milk "like a kitten" from her breasts—even though she wasn't producing milk, although at times she was like when **Redacted** was born. When I was in **Redacted** I was so disgusted by tuna-fish because of what **Redacted** would make us do. One day **Redacted** made me take a "cat-nap" with her and forced me to suck on her vagina. She spoke in her "cat" voice that she would do and she would claw at me, hiss, meow, groan like a cat does when its going to fight or "in heat" and she also "purr-ed" while rolling her tongue. She did this a lot when she abused me and **Redacted**. When she was finished she fell asleep and made me stay in bed with her. The smell and taste of her gross private parts were in my mouth and on my body and I felt very sick. The next day when **Redacted** and I were at the round/oval table in the Provo house I smelled the tuna fish. **Redacted**

were making lunch in the kitchen next to the table. I asked **Redacted** and **Redacted** what we were eating. Neither of them answered. I asked again and Rosie and David started smiling at each other. I asked **Redacted** and **Redacted** and they looked down as if they were afraid. When they gave us our food I said, "Is this tuna fish?" **Redacted** finally responded and said that it was. I spit out the food in my mouth and refused to eat tuna from then until recently.

Rosie and David have sent us many pictures of cats, stories or videos about cats, other information about cats. They also do the same thing with fairies, lions, angels, children riding horses, and other things as both of **Redacted** do too. They have told me and **Redacted** that anytime we see these pictures that we will remember our "promises" to them as well as their threats. When **Redacted** came to us and wanted to leave Rosie's house, **Redacted** and I received several emails, pictures, and video of her cats eating tuna, milk, and dry food, and also of people in this group who are holding the kittens. Also, I was driving **Redacted** to run errands to prepare for her mission the first time that Ford communicated with **Redacted** after she confronted them about abuse. Ford texted her, and his text was not asking about how she was doing, or saying he was sorry, but rather he said "Hey **Redacted**, do you want to come over and play with the kittens?" **Redacted** was horrified and completely disgusted and she told me that his message was a threat. Rosie also put the cats on the lawn when **Redacted** wanted to pick her stuff up at Rosie's house after we helped **Redacted** move out. I asked Rosie to take the kittens away before we got **Redacted**'s things. **Redacted** sent me Rosie's letter that she sent to her while **Redacted** was in the MTC. She didn't even open it but sent it onto me because of the constant threats she has been getting from Rosie—she didn't want to see any more. It has two paragraphs. The second paragraph only talks about the kittens, eating tuna fish, and the black kitten taking control of the tuna and eating it before the others got to eat. And putting his paws on it—making it hard for the little white kitten to eat. **Redacted** has also continued to get emails, images, letters, and gifts from other friends of Rosie's mentioning "kittens" or "cats."

As I mentioned, Rosie would force us to take "cat-naps" with her almost daily. This lasted from the time I was a very young girl until I left home. She also would invite David over for these kinds of activities, and he would participate in this or other similar activities usually weekly after the "separation." Before the separation, this happened at least every other day, but usually once a day with David and Rosie together. They would even invite friends, "clients," and other members of their group to join in with us at these at times. Some **Redacted** orgies that were this type of "play time" include acting like babies (as noted above), fairies, angels, horses, dogs, pioneers, our ancestors, one of the prophets and their polygamist wives (often it was Brigham Young, Joseph Smith, or Jacob Hamblin) and all sorts of other animals. When they did these different make-believe games, role-plays, or acting like they were animals they would have different voices for each game. David had a dog and a horse voice that he would use, so did Rosie.

Experience #	10

Title	Ceremony with Hamblin family
Date/Time	Sometime in the summer or fall of 1990-1992
Location	Provo house
Frequency	During that time, it was around 2x/month
People Involved	Rosie and David, Bob Hamblin or "Papa," Craig and Suki Christensen, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, among others
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	When the Hamblins were in town (in those days they came from Arizona and California), there were many ceremonies performed—but they sometimes did less religious stuff and did more orgies. They happened from my first memories until the "separation" of **Redacted**.

Robert taught David and Steve to participate in the ritual abuse groups and satanic church. I remember being raped by him in his home in Salt Lake City, as well as Spring City. I also remember the three of them doing initiatory and other ceremonies together. One time I remember my Papa, **Redacted** and **Redacted**, Steve and Jeanie, Suki and Craig and a few other people performing a ceremony in the office of the Provo house and they used me as a "sacrifice" they tied me down onto a trunk and put a doily over my private parts. All the men then put their hands on my private parts and started chanting and "blessing" me. All the men in the room raped me one after the other. The women in the room were sucking on each other's vaginas as well as **Redacted**'s vaginas. My papa was the most violent and slapped my face and beat my body while he put his penis in my vagina. When he was done he grabbed my jaw opened it and made me suck out whatever semen was left while he yelled and swore at me.

Experience #	11
Title	David and Rosie as "Angels"
Date/Time	1991-1992
Location	Provo house
Frequency	5x+ David told me he was an angel, and a few times Rosie did, but I was raped several times in the Provo house, as seen in the other occurrences below.
People Involved	David and Rosie

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Many times **Redacted** and I were raped by **Redacted** and others in our Provo house, or in other homes in Provo. This was from the years 1989-2007. I was raped by David even after we were in certain hiding places in the closet under the stairs, the giant storage room, and the two back closets in the Provo house. There were many times on the cold linoleum floor in the basement that David would bang my head and my naked body while he raped me. After I had sneaked into the bathroom David or Rosie would sometimes jump out from behind a curtain or somewhere in the room, which scared me because I had just locked the door, and then he would rape me. There were lots of times Rosie and David put blankets out on the floor by the TV in the Provo house just to get comfortable in case they wanted to abuse us. Most times they watched a movie they would end up raping us. I remember David would force us to have our heads on his lap while he pushed our faces into his penis area in order to stick bobby-pins in our ears to "clean them out," but he often jabbed the bobby pin into our ear telling us he would make us deaf if we weren't obedient. Then he would order us to do something that we could be obedient to him with, which was often connected to sexual activities, and he would rape us. Rosie and David were often masturbating and praying, and would sometimes use us as an object to masturbate with while they prayed. One time when Rosie used me to masturbate—she humped on my waist in the middle of the night. She and David would have us rub our hands under their underwear and pajamas. Rosie also ordered me to give her medication/drugs. She would also groan and moan, and sound like she was in pain. She would growl and make a deep labor pain and often it would sound raspy. Rosie forced us to use vibrators on her, like the rectangular, long skinny one with a round end. **Redacted** often had us wearing LDS garments (religious underwear in Mormonism) from the time we were children. They would even put hair elastics on the back of our pants and tops of the garments to hold them up and in place, and then they would rape us while wearing them (even if the garment bottoms were around our knees). David joked about having sex with **Redacted** and quite a few other people all the time. He said it would make him "get horny" and then he would rape one of us and act like we were Carma, just to make Rosie laugh, which she would. Before, and during abuse Rosie and David would often play primary songs, sing them to us, and talk about Jesus. They would tell us that Jesus did not love us, but that Satan did. They would tell us that if we were hurting, Jesus should stop it—they would do this while they beat us, and tried to force us to not only not have any faith in Jesus Christ, but to be afraid of him. David would sometimes dress up like Jesus Christ and then rape us, saying that we weren't pretty enough to have sex with, and that he hated us. He would tell us that he was going to give us away to other people that would kill us because he didn't want to take care of us and neither did Heavenly Father. **Redacted** would also use the scriptures as part of rape and connect

One night (in the middle of the night) in **Redacted** David and Rosie came to my room in their garments and stood at the end of my bed (in the bedroom next to theirs). They told me they were angels and then David vaginally raped me, and Rosie made me suck on her vagina after David left. The next morning while we were all eating breakfast before I went to school I asked them why they had come to my room and said they were angels. They told me that they would never do such a strange thing (this was a common game they would play—to make you feel like you were crazy). Then they told me that I must be hallucinating, and that they were worried about me. They threatened to take me to an insane asylum.

Experience #	12
Title	Playing bunnies
Date/Time	Sometime in the warmer months between 1991-1993
Location	Provo house
Frequency	1x/month on and off depending on where both our families lived
People Involved	David Hamblin and Suki Christensen
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to the times that **Redacted** Suki (and **Redacted** Craig) was involved. I have walked in many times on David and Suki having sex. Sometimes it was David, Rosie, Craig, and Suki all together. Suki and Craig also attended many of the ceremonies and participated in abusing me on several occasions. We also attended ceremonies in Suki and Craig's homes in Spring City and in Provo.

Both Suki and Krii who are David's little sisters, have talked about him as if he was a kind of "savior." Suki and Craig have followed us everywhere **Redacted** moved (AZ, NY, UT, Spring City, Edgemont Area in Provo, etc.) One particular experience I had was when **Redacted** and **Redacted** and I had a playdate. Rosie and David were doing different things around the house/yard when Suki and **Redacted** showed up at the door. Suki was just dropping her off and then heading back to the house. David went to the door as **Redacted** came running in to play with **Redacted, Redacted** and me in the office. **Redacted** (David and Suki) talked for a bit and then called us into our **Redacted** bedroom. We went in and David and Suki were undressing and David was making Suki laugh by grabbing her private parts in a silly way. They told us to take off our clothes and join them. **Redacted** said she didn't want to that she wanted to play. Suki told her she could get ice cream if she obeyed, but **Redacted** kept complaining and whining about going back to play in the office. David said, but we all want to play here! He said, we want to play like we are bunnies! He started hopping around and talked about how much he wanted to eat carrots in his "bunny voice." He had distracted **Redacted**. David called for Rosie, said they were starting, and asked her to bring carrots for the "little bunnies." She came in and told **Redacted** to be a good rabbit and that if she was she could have a carrot—she then told her to start sucking on her vagina and she could get a carrot. Rosie and Suki started talking in their "bunny-voices" as well. David pointed to his penis and said—this carrot is the most delicious one! He wanted all of us to "nibble and suck" on his penis "like a bunny would". Suki leaned over and wiggled her nose and smiled at us as she grabbed the base of his penis with her hands in fists (like paws) and sucked and nibbled on his penis. We didn't laugh but we did as he said and everyone took turns including Rosie.

Redacted Suki made me suck on her vagina. Eventually David put his penis in Suki and they had sex. Rosie grabbed Suki's nipples. Rosie made **Redacted** suck on her vagina. **Redacted** and **Redacted** and I kind of got kicked off the bed and we waited until they were all done. And then we could leave. The bag of carrots was open, but none of us grabbed any—we just went back to playing with our dolls.

Experience #	13
Title	Bunkhouse
Date/Time	1992-1993
Location	Spring City
Frequency	20x+
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This same kind of thing happened several times. Sometimes it was just me alone, or me with a couple or all of **Redacted**, and Nikki.

Growing up **Redacted** and I often played with **Redacted**. **Redacted** is in-between **Redacted**'s and my age. One of the times we played with **Redacted** in the bunkhouse (the summer before **Redacted** was born) there was suddenly a loud thump on the porch and **Redacted** opened the door. He said something about how he was looking for his "wifey" and then came in and acted like he was eating all our fake food we were making. He played along with the games we were playing about living in the bunkhouse together, but then he told us that we were all his wives and we all had to do things to him. He lay on the lower east bunkbed and ordered **Redacted** to unzip his pants. He was very mean to her. She did and then he told her to suck on it because he needed it "clean" for his girls to suck on. I was angry at him and volunteered so **Redacted** wouldn't have to. I tried to go really hard and fast so that he would ejaculate and get it over with. He didn't and then he made **Redacted** sit/lie on him and she had to bend her body and neck a lot to fit under the bunk bed while she was on him. David put his penis in **Redacted**. He purposefully hit her against the top bunk while he thrusted in and out of her vagina. Then **Redacted** came in. **Redacted** was obviously in pain and when he was done he left us. **Redacted** said she also wanted "special treatment" and so she sat on one of the little chairs and told **Redacted** to suck on her vagina. **Redacted** said that she would rather and called her "Mother" and smiled at her. Rosie smiled as she took off her garment bottoms and lifted up her skirt. Rosie sat down and leaned her head back as she relaxed. **Redacted** did what she was supposed to and then Rosie left. **Redacted** helped **Redacted** and **Redacted** get cleaned up and treated her like we were caring for them like they were invalids the rest of our make-believe game.

Experience #	14
Title	David and Steve
Date/Time	Sometime between the years 1992-1994
Location	Provo house
Frequency	At least a few times a week when Steve was in town
People Involved	Steven Hamblin and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	David and Steve would often be naked together. I have had to participate in "play time" many times with them where I was a supposed to be a servant of some kind or a "sex slave." Other times **Redacted** and I have been their polygamist wives like doing make-believe of pioneer times. They have abused us through vaginal and anal intercourse, and made us suck on them and do other gross things to them. Steve Hamblin has tried to fondle us, or "kiss attack" us at almost any chance he had.

One time in the Provo house Steve was visiting and David and Steve had been in David's bedroom for a long time. They called for the "girls" and none of us came. David came walking through the house not long after that and I hid behind my bedroom door. I heard him get **Redacted** and he took her back to his bedroom where he and Steve were. She was struggling and fighting and he slapped her and told her to be obedient or he would gouge her eyes out. After they left, **Redacted** came into my room and got me. She told me that we needed to go make it easier for **Redacted**. This was a common occurrence in our home. There were many times when we knew what David and/or Rosie was looking for us for, and so we would hide. Sometimes we got caught, sometimes we didn't. Sometimes we were altogether, other times we would have to hide on our own and hope no one gets caught. **Redacted** and I walked into David's bedroom and saw David and Steve both naked. David was standing on the bed holding **Redacted** up by her ankles. Steve was attacking her like he was a t-rex or something from the ground. He was making animal noises, biting her and licking her, and ended up biting her vagina. When we came in they said started "ooing" and "ahhing" and "welcomed" us. They told us that us girls were being punished for hiding. They started calling us "witches" and **Redacted** us. We all fought back and forth saying we weren't witches and to stop calling us that, etc. They told us they would see if we were by putting different things in our vaginas and if we were witches we would stop them. They started putting objects in us like Rosie's nail file, and David's pocket knife, the pointy handle of a comb, etc., into our vaginas. It was very painful. When they found out we "weren't witches" they told us that we must be "safe" to have sex with and raped us each. They raped me and **Redacted** vaginally and **Redacted** anally.

Experience #	15
Title	Lady and the Tramp
Date/Time	1993
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Weekly from when I was around 4 until I was 10 or 11.
People Involved	David and Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to make-believe "games," not just the Lady and the tramp game. Again, **Redacted** and **Redacted** made us do a lot of make believe sex "games" like this. Others included other Disney movies—David said he was prince Eric from the Disney movie little mermaid because he had the black hair, as well as the beast from beauty and the beast. He also made us reenact books too and had us play different characters in our storybooks like "Midnight moon," some of the LDS book of Mormon stories, the three Billy-goats gruff, many different fairy tales, rainbow fish, etc...

As kids David made us act out movies we liked. He taught us how to sing the "he's a tramp, but we love him" song from Disney's lady and the tramp. And we were supposed to sing it while we did sexual things to him. One time in the maroon carpet room he told us to be "sexy" and jumped around like the dog (the tramp) on all fours and told us "howl" at him. He told us to be dogs "in heat" and lick and sniff his genitals and anus. We did as we were told. Rosie came downstairs and laughed while she watched. She told us she heard us singing. He told us to go on all fours and he jumped behind me "barking" and put his penis in my anus. He did the same thing to **Redacted** and then ejaculated. He made **Redacted** keep singing the songs while this happened. Afterwards Rosie made **Redacted** suck on her vagina.

Experience #	16
Title	Wildwood cabin
Date/Time	Sometime in the summer of 1993-1994
Location	Hamblin cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon
Frequency	1-2x/week while Hamblins at Wildwood cabin before 1999 (usually summertime)
People Involved	Carol and Clyde Dangerfield, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, David and Rosie Hamblin, Krii and Tim Tuttle, and Susan and Craig Christensen
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This happened many times during the summer months when David's siblings would come into town.

When we were with Hamblin's (in one of their homes or at the Wildwood cabin) we could stay in the room with the adults and you could listen to the adult conversation which was highly sexual. These events often turned into a sexual family orgy. One time that this happened everyone was lounging around on the couches in the front room of the Wildwood cabin. Carol was telling a story and all the adults were laughing. Then she started describing some murder that sounded really gross. Everyone became really interested and started asking lots of questions. I left the room. Not too long after that **Redacted** came upstairs where I was and grabbed my hand and pulled me into the main room where everyone was doing sexual things to one another. **Redacted** carol forced me to suck on her vagina and hit me as I did it. I cried. **Redacted** Steve vaginally raped me after that. I went to the bathroom and tried to wash off in the shower, but the water was so cold, so I went as fast as I could.

Experience #	17
Title	"Prude" in Wildwood
Date/Time	Sometime between 1993-1994
Location	Hamblin cabin in Wildwood, Provo
Frequency	2x+/week when Steve was in town
People Involved	Steve and Jeanie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Steve often did this to me or **Redacted** when he was in town.

On the stairs in the Wildwood cabin there was a big wooden plaque that said something about not "molesting" on it. They joked about it and Steve would often say something like that anytime he walked by that sign he would have to molest someone, and so you had better not

be around him when he sees that sign. One day in the summertime at the Wildwood cabin, **Redacted** and I went into the cabin because we weren't going down the river with everyone else. Steve saw us come in and started teasing **Redacted** about being a prude. This often happened to **Redacted**—nearly every adult in this group and in **Redacted** growing up teased **Redacted** about being a prude. **Redacted** wanted her to be more comfortable with rape. She was often teased by **Redacted**, the Bennions, all Hamblins, **Redacted**, **Redacted**'s friends and other group members. We did "courtesy smiles" and "laughs" and then walked upstairs. Steve followed us and as soon as we all got to the stairs he said something about the sign and how he had to molest someone. He looked around and said "how about the prude?" **Redacted** Jeanie came in from the kitchen and laughed, watching. He slammed **Redacted** down on the wood stairs and hit her head as he pulled her pants off. He pulled off his pants and then raped her right there on the stairs. He put his penis in her vagina and raped her until he ejaculated into her. **Redacted** was quietly crying and when he was done. I went and got toilet paper for **Redacted**.

Experience #	18
Title	Krii and David
Date/Time	Summertime sometime between 1993-1995
Location	Hamblin cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon
Frequency	At least 5x+/year, usually in the summer when Hamblin siblings visited
People Involved	Krii Hamblin Tuttle and David Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were several experiences like this, but sometimes they were ceremony-focused where they were worshipping "Lucifer." This also happened with groups and all of David's siblings.

As most of David's family did, Krii worshiped David. Every time **Redacted** would see their family, David and Krii often would have sex together. One time in particular I remember walking into the Wildwood cabin front door after I had been playing outside up at the Paxman's with **Redacted**, and came back to the cabin to go to the bathroom, and David and Krii were naked. David had Krii's legs up on his shoulders and was sucking on her private parts and Krii was moaning and laughing. David looked up and told me to come over and suck on Kri's "tits." I tried to leave but he demanded and so I went over and did as I was told, then he had me suck on his penis while he grabbed Krii all over her body and private parts. Then she told me to put my fingers in her vagina and later suck on her. Then he put his penis in her and they moaned a lot. I asked if I could leave and then they let me.

Experience #	19
Title	Brave heart
Date/Time	Around 1995
Location	Provo
Frequency	At least monthly for most of my childhood
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Some of the people that David told me he was previously in different life, or will be in the future are included in the below list. William Wallace William the conqueror The Native American who loved the woman on Timpanogus- we had to act out the "ancient story" like we were the girl who was on top of Timpanogus lying down, and David would rape us. Robin of Locksley The person who leads the Lamanite army to victory during the "last days" He often raped us after he saw a movie. He did it with a few other movies including "the Last of the Mohicans" and "Dances with Wolves."

David often spoke about how he had been resurrected or reincarnated as who he was today, but that because of his "great and powerful spirit" he was brought to life several times for different important events in history. I remember one time how he took **Redacted** to see the movie Braveheart in the theater when she was pretty young. When they came home he couldn't stop talking about it and how it had been revealed to him while he watched it that he had previously been him. He raped **Redacted** and I afterwards. I remember he told **Redacted** and I to act like we were peasants and **Redacted** was the princess in the movie. **Redacted** spoke in their own version of their Scottish accents. **Redacted** helped her put her hair in braids and wore a dress. We had to come to him and act like we were offering ourselves to him—except **Redacted**—she had to act like she was afraid of him, but wanted him at the same time. It was gross. He did this kind of thing a lot. He anally raped **Redacted** and I and then vaginally raped **Redacted** and ejaculated in her.

Experience #	20
Title	Shoplifting a toy
Date/Time	Sometime between 1995-1996
Location	Provo
Frequency	Often daily for many years (catnaps), shoplifting happened probably 1x/month
People Involved	Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	As mentioned in several places, "catnaps" happened sometimes daily. We were rewarded at times for doing things with/to **Redacted** or dad. **Redacted**rents, **Redacted**s and **Redacted**s, clients, and **Redacted**'s friends often used the same method of rewarding us.

We often went to a toy store called "Little Dickens" that had high-end toys. I collected most of my animal toys from there. One day I was looking at a cheetah toy that I wanted. It was an animal I didn't have yet. I saw **Redacted** pick a couple of the toys up (including the cheetah that I was looking at) from the animal shelf that was on display. She put them in her purse. She looked around and showed me the elephant (which was really big and expensive). In front of the salesperson she asked me if I wanted it. I begged her to buy it for me but she said that I had to earn it. She told the salesperson bringing **Redacted** here was the best way she could get **Redacted** to work. She laughed and smiled and then she told us we were going to our lessons and didn't have time to shop. Later that day at the Provo house she made go into her room and do a "catnap" with her. She put the cheetah on the dresser by the bed, undressed and then told me what to do to her. I knew the cheetah would be payment-or at least I hoped she would give it to

me. She made me suck on her vagina and stick my fingers in her vagina, as well as suck on her breasts and grab and massage her body. She then started falling asleep while she spooned me. I told her that I wanted the cheetah. She told me that I couldn't have it for nothing. She told me that I could have it after three "catnaps" with her because it was more expensive. I told her I didn't really want it any more. After she fell asleep I left and brushed my teeth.

Experience #	21
Title	Tomato soup
Date/Time	Around 1996
Location	Carma and Richard's current Provo condo
Frequency	2x
People Involved	Carma and Richard Anderson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Beyond the experience below, **Redacted** also did the same thing to me after I was "sealed" to **Redacted** when we were living in their condo. That time **Redacted** were helping her to discipline me.

There were many times that we were left with **Redacted** at their homes. One time in the summertime when we arrived at **Redacted**'s condo, **Redacted** told us we were going to take a catnap. I told her that I was going to go swimming and wouldn't be able to. She laughed at me and then got serious and told me I wasn't allowed to go swimming until later. I refused and she took us all upstairs to **Redacted**'s room. She opened one of the drawers in his desk and pulled out some photos. She motioned for us to sit on the bed and she stood in front of us and held up the pictures. One had a pile of 3 or 4 children that were stacked on top of each other. They all looked like they were dead. They were naked and had blood all over them. I could only see one of their faces. She also showed us a picture of a girl hanging upside down in a dark room. She had blood dripping down her from a wound and also looked dead. She also showed us a picture of what looked like ground beef and told us that it was a child my age that had been disobedient. **Redacted** were all quiet and looking down—except **Redacted**, she was just staring at the photos and looked afraid. **Redacted** Carma took us into her room to take a "cat nap" with her. She sang us a song about blue bonnets and valleys or something and then made us all take our clothes off. She told us to take turns sucking on her vagina and massaging her body. **Redacted** came home and joined us as soon as he came upstairs and **Redacted** told me to suck on "**Redacted**'s dick." I refused. I told them I wanted to go swimming. **Redacted** yelled and hit me, telling me I was ungrateful and then forced my head where **Redacted**'s private parts were as he reclined on the bed. I fought her and hit her back. She gasped and **Redacted** ordered me to suck on his penis. I did. They both moaned and raved about the great "treatment" their **Redacted** gave them. Afterwards she asked us if we were hungry for lunch and told us to get dressed and come downstairs. We did although I was slow about it. When I got downstairs into the kitchen **Redacted** grabbed me, quickly wrapped her arms around me and told me to hold very still. She told me that because I mouthed off to her I was going to have to be her lunch. There was a paring knife on the counter and she had opened a couple cans of cambell's tomato soup and had poured it into a small pot. She told me to open my mouth. I wouldn't, and started struggling to get away. She told **Redacted** and **Redacted** to hold me

still or they were going to get it from **Redacted** and David. **Redacted** started crying. They reluctantly came and helped her but didn't hold me very hard. **Redacted** picked up the knife and held open my jaw/mouth and sliced my tongue. She told me to stick it out and she squeezed it into the tomato soup pot and dripped my blood into it. I cried. She then had me "spice it up even more" with oregano and basil like I often did when I made it. She poured it into mugs and served it to everyone. **Redacted** came down too. He and **Redacted** made a lot of "mmm" sounds as they ate it. **Redacted** said it tasted better with some of me. She didn't let me wait until my tongue stopped bleeding to drink the soup. She often talks about "my soup" with me, especially after we moved into her house post "separation."

Experience #	22
Title	Craig, Steve and David.
Date/Time	Summer 1997
Location	Hamblin cabin in Wildwood, Provo canyon
Frequency	3x+/week during the summers when cousins were in town
People Involved	Craig Christensen, and David and Steven Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This kind of experience (below) has happened many times. These three liked to make whatever kid was around them eat their feces and urine. They thought it was hilarious. Craig was definitely not as close to Steve and Dave as Steve and Dave were with each other, but they usually enjoyed more company as they did all their gross sexual activities. I remember them dressing up in women's lingerie and walking around the house one time, and then sucking on each other's private parts and putting their penises in the other person's anus. There are also many times when they would take baths together. They often did sexual things to each other in the bath, and then they would sometimes have Jeanie or Rosie bring in one of us girls for them to abuse or to force us to touch them while they were in the bath or shower together. This was not always the three of them together, sometimes just two of them.

Steve and David did a lot of "mischief" together, and although they made fun of **Redacted** Craig for his "basketball head" (they said it was very large and round) and his Christensen features they didn't like, they sometimes would allow him to join in their mischief. When they got together they acted like kids in junior high, and did a lot of immature and sexual things. For example, I remember one day during the summer when **Redacted**'s siblings were in town, we were in wildwood. I was returning from playing with **Redacted** in the "doll house" outside (girl's play house) to the cabin. David, Steve and Craig were on the back porch. Steve stopped me as I was running and started acting like he was going to kiss me—and attacked me. He started humping on me and groaning—and he acted like he was a woman to make the other two laugh, which they did. He often did this game where he tried to kiss us- and it often turned into him touching and tickling my private parts. Sometimes he would even rape me. He told David to poo on the ground as he held me in his arms. David said that he had "nothing to offer," and just as relief passed my mind, Steve said to hold me down because he had a "poo-poo platter" for me He immediately pulled his pants down and pooped on the ground. He and David and Craig all "cheered" as they undressed me and then made me eat it. Then Craig made me suck on his

penis, and David anally raped me. Then they let me go back inside—where I immediately went to the bathroom, cried, and cleaned up. We had worms a lot when we were kids from stuff like this. **Redacted** used to check us in the middle of the night by holding flashlights up to our anus.

Craig Christensen's family bought a home in Spring City only after Susan and Craig moved there, which was after David and Rosie and **Redacted** moved there. From what they told me, in Rosie, David, Suki and even Craig's perspective, Craig's family were "lower-class" and "lower-ranking" in their group. Craig acted as if he was embarrassed of them. Rosie and for the most part, David, didn't like them. They attended many of the events held at the houses. They weren't allowed to freely abuse us girls, but they came and did their own thing. Craig's sister Cammi went to David (and her son) for therapy for years. He would often joke about having sex with Cammi, and said that it was like having sex with 2 women because she was so fat.

Experience #	23
Title	Angela Fenton, or "CJ"
Date/Time	1997
Location	Provo
Frequency	4-5x+/week during the years she lived with us
People Involved	David Hamblin, Con Gotfordson, Angela Fenton, other clients or friends
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Other experiences like this included other clients, friends or group members. There were also many times when James Mooney and Joe Bennion participated.

David forced a lot of sexual acts with "CJ" and me, "CJ" and **Redacted**, and all of us together in a sort of orgy. He told me that "CJ" had a crush on me. "CJ" was the name of a "part" of Angela Fenton that was a "young boy." David and Rosie both wanted me to become romantically involved with this 10 year old boy "part" that was living in a 30-something year old woman's body. It was very strange. Forced sex acts happened on nearly a daily basis while "CJ" lived with us. One experience that sticks out is when David forced me to sit in on a therapy session that he and Con Gottfordson were filming. David told me I should look at "CJ's" penis. "CJ" started giggling and said how that was impossible. Then David told me that "CJ" was wrong and to pull down [his] pants. I shook my head "no" and he repeated it with eyebrows raised and threatening look. I did as he said and "CJ" was totally embarrassed. David acted surprised and said he wondered where his penis was—and how weird it was "CJ" didn't have one. He told me that if I sucked on where "CJ's" penis was missing, that it would grow back. He then compared it to his and said something about how his grows when you suck on it. He and Con laughed. I asked if I could leave and David told me to suck on "CJ's" private parts. He made "CJ" lie down and we did. Then David told me to stick my "fanny" up in the air and wiggle it as I sucked on "CJ." I did as I was told and then he told Con that he could drop my pants and "have a little joy" if he wanted. Con smiled and said it was a good idea and laughed. He then anally raped me. Later that night during the filming, David vaginally raped me.

Experience #	24
Title	Scalping
Date/Time	1996-1998
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Weekly during this time period
People Involved	David and Rosie, James and Linda Mooney, Joe and Lee Bennion, Alyssa Wolf, Lynn Witesides, Con Gotfordson,
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Redacteds and Redacteds also did a lot of games where they would make you take clothes off, or do something sexual. A few examples are below. Our Redacted Suki often made us play games with her as we were kids. We played a lot of "go fish" and "old maid." If we had to "go fish" she would make us take off our clothes. Whoever had to take off all their clothes lost and there was a sexual punishment. I also remember playing this same game in Spring City with Redacted Jeanie and Redacted Steve, Redacted and Redacted Suki and Redacted Craig. We played in the living room of Suki and Craig's house. Redacted and I were there, Redacted was in and out, and Nikki played with us too. We played lots of card games late into the night at my Papa's house in Spring City and often ended being forced to strip and having an orgy then too.

One time in Provo, Redacted and Redacted had a ceremony where I was raped and beaten a lot. They made me take a lot of peyote and I was very sick from it. It was in the afternoon of a summer day in the Provo house when the Mooneys, the Bennions, and many other people came over to do a ceremony with Redacted. During the ceremony I was given a lot of peyote, and anytime I threw up I had to give someone oral sex. I ended up giving oral sex to everyone there. I was also raped by Joe and James. It was during this time that Redacted were very focused on ceremonies and I told them I didn't want them to do it anymore. I was punished immediately. David threw me on the ground and anally raped me and then he told Rosie to go get a good scalping knife. He made me stay on my stomach and he bent my legs up behind me and sat on my shins and back. It hurt so much. He grabbed my hair (nearly all of it) and Rosie handed him the knife after she put it in front of my face to see it for a bit. He held the knife up to my head and started to cut. He cut me on the same place I had the scar from when I was a baby (middle of my forehead near my scalp). It wasn't deep but it scared me.

Experience #	25
Title	Wee gee boards
Date/Time	Winter between 1997-1998
Location	Redacted's current Provo condo
Frequency	Anywhere from 1-4x/month for a while
People Involved	Richard and Carma Anderson, David and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	They also did ceremonies like this in graveyards.

We played wee gee boards with Redacted and Redacted so they could "call meetings with spirits." Redacted/Redacted would usually want to do this in a graveyard, but sometimes

did it at home. **Redacted** would call for her daddy, but **Redacted** would get annoyed because he was the "real father" in the home. Richard would beat Carma for not respecting him at times. She would "pay him back" by saying that Richard was an idiot to us kids, and often talk about other men and how amazing they were at kissing, sex, etc. She usually did this in Richard's hearing. One time I remember them calling a meeting with spirits when we went up for dinner with them. After dinner, David pulled out the cream and black multi-colored oxen horn that they used in the ceremonies. There was a argument between Richard and David about something with the ceremony. Rosie and Carma were very heated and involved and Carma was siding with David. Eventually they came to some conclusion. They put some blankets down in the living room. David put oil in the ox horn and then dripped it on our bodies as we were supposed to lie on the floor naked on the blankets. Then he stood in the middle of all of us and put his hands in the air and dripped oil onto himself and the adults started praying and chanting. Rosie and Carma tried to get us to follow along. We did as much as we knew. At one point during the chant the adults rose and stood naked with David in the middle of the circle. We were also told to get up and be in the circle. Then they put their left hand in the air and their right hand shaking the hand of the person next to them. And David prayed for more support from Satan for **Redacted** to become great. He prayed for powerful spirits to support him and Richard and to come and give them the information they need to build satan's kingdom. It quickly became an orgy and Richard vaginally raped me. Rosie and Carma made **Redacted** and **Redacted** do something to them. When they had finished they made us sit quiet and still while David and Richard "communicated with spirits." This is when they used the weegee board for a while. Then they just started talking, and told me it was "with spirits" that they were talking with. Rosie and Carma wrote things down.

Experience #	26
Title	Canopy
Date/Time	School year 1998-1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	5x+
People Involved	James and Linda Mooney, David Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to times I remember my canopy being soiled during abuse. My canopy was soiled a few other times by clients, Joe bennion, David Hamblin, **Redacted** Anderson and others.

After the canopy I bought for my bed was too stained from semen and torn by the people who raped me in my bed, **Redacted** ordered a new one from me. The new one was a king size one and she said it shouldn't rip because it has so much fabric. She was wrong—it did rip. It also became stained, but she often spotted it, and took it to the dry cleaners. One time I got home from school during **Redacted** grade and didn't hear anyone in the house other than David talking in his office. I quietly tip-toed in and closed the door. I got to my room and closed and locked the door then too. I put the little chair up in front of it hoping it would work and then climbed into bed for a nap. The night before David had raped me and kept me up until the early morning doing a ceremony with him and so I was very tired. I tied the canopy so it was closed thinking that it would give me a little more time to get ready to fight anyone who came into my room. I fell asleep and was woken up by Linda and James not long after that. She held me down on her

lap with my legs and butt on the edge of the bed. James grabbed my legs, pulled off my clothes and raped me vaginally as he stood at the edge of the bed. He wanted Linda to suck on his penis while he ejaculated but she was too far away and so when he pulled his penis out he squirted semen onto my bedding and my canopy. David walked by the open door while this happened. Then Linda lay down on the bed and told me to give her oral sex. James closed the door and lay on the ground and had his feet in front of the closed door in case I tried to get up. I did what I was told and James and Linda talked about gross things as I did this to her. When I finished they told me to go to another room. I put on some clothes, brushed my teeth, and went to the kitchen to eat something.

Experience #	27
Title	James Mooney
Date/Time	1998-1999, school year
Location	Provo
Frequency	1x+/week about
People Involved	David Hamblin and James Mooney
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	In this situation, David and Rosie and James and Linda are involved, but in others, the Bennions would be involved, as well as the Whitesides, Alysa Wolf, and other friends from the group and the Native American ceremonies.

James Mooney was very gross to me, often saying he was going to elope with me to some other nation or state. As it was with the Bennions, James didn't need to ask David if he could rape me, he could just come into my room anytime and rape me, which he normally did at least once a week during my **Redacted** grade year. It became habit in the house in Provo for me to lock my bedroom door and put a chair up under the doorknob to stop someone from coming in anytime I was in there. It didn't really work for very long each time because it was a little chair. One time, James walked into the front door of the Provo house while David was in with a client. I was in the kitchen trying to find something to eat. As soon as I saw him I ran into my bedroom and put the chair I had in there against the door. James chased me all the way to the door. And then was quiet. I knew he was trying to be careful because David had a client in the room next to me. I wasn't allowed to keep anything in my room except my bed, my CDs, CD player and stand that held my CD player. That was it—not even any artwork because **Redacted** were afraid of what I would do if I had something that could hide a weapon to hurt someone raping me. I put my feet against the door and started praying in silence. Not more than 20 minutes later David's client left and I heard David open his door and start to greet James. Then all of a sudden, I heard the lock on my door being picked (most bedroom door locks in the house were easily picked with a bobby-pin or something. I sat up and tried to stop it from being opened but they undid the lock and opened the door enough that I couldn't lock it again. They kept pushing on the door and finally the chair slid enough of the carpet that the door opened. James tore off my pants and vaginally raped me, and then David did. They both were breathing really heavily and kept growling and groaning.

Experience #	28

Title	Prayer
Date/Time	Spring/Summer, 1998
Location	**Redacted** 's current Provo condo
Frequency	Anytime we "meditated" or "prayed" as a group/family which was usually around 1x/week
People Involved	Carma and Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This kind of "prayer" happened in our homes in every place we lived with several different people.

I remember one time in particular that I was on **Redacted**'s bed with **Redacted** and Rosie right after **Redacted** "separation" which was not real as **Redacted** continually came to our house. **Redacted** started praying and gave me one of her pillows to put between my legs and told me to masturbate with. She handed me one of her cylinder-shaped pillows which she promised were the "best for masturbating." I didn't do it so she put the pillow on my vagina and started rubbing it. I didn't do anything so she put her hand under my pants and underwear and started messaging my vagina area. She did this a lot as **Redacted** kept masturbating and chanting and "praying." Then Carma started praising Lucifer and she pulled off my pants and stuck her fingers in my body. Carma and Rosie kept touching themselves and each other sometimes after that. This happened for about 20 minutes until they fell asleep and I snuck out of the room.

Experience #	29
Title	Lost Tampon
Date/Time	Summer, 1999
Location	**Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Since I started my period **Redacted** and **Redacted** threatened me to NEVER sleep with a tampon. They didn't want anything that was in my vagina, and if I did sleep with a tampon in, I was brutally beaten and hurt.

One of the first periods I ever had was the year that David was arrested, and **Redacted** "separated." We were living in **Redacted**'s condominium. One summer, late morning, I was getting ready to go to seven peaks with some friends in the ward and a few other girls from school. I had started my period but it was very light. I had already promised my friends earlier that week that I would go to seven peaks with them, and really wanted to. I had only used pads before that (since it was one of my first periods), and was afraid of using a tampon. I often had so much pain in my vagina due to infection and tearing from abuse that the thought of putting something in there myself was terrifying. The social pressure became greater as my friends kept calling me saying they needed to go soon and they were just going to come and get me. I ran to the bathroom in my swim suit, and pulled out my mother's tampon box. I read the directions on the back and tried to follow it. I put in the tampon with the cardboard applicator, but didn't take out the applicator. I was so scared to put it in that the tampon was actually hanging out still, and was pushed out further as I walked. But at least my swimsuit was holding it in. I felt very embarrassed but heard the car's honking horn and so I grabbed my bag

and ran outside. As I got in the car I couldn't sit down because of the pain, I acted like I dropped something and then stood up again, trying to readjust the tampon while hiding myself behind the car door. As I tried to re-adjust it, I dropped my bag when I did so, and my sunblock and water bottle fell out. I was nervous, but didn't feel in pain anymore. I spent the whole day at the seven peaks water park with my friends, thinking my tampon was working, but not 100% sure. When I got home, I went to the bathroom to try to get it out and I couldn't find it! I was bleeding again, and I was very nervous. I felt like I should talk to **Redacted**. I did, and neither of them knew what to do. I decided I would talk to **Redacted** since she'd probably know what to do.

When I went to the basement and explained the story to **Redacted** she acted like it was a very dangerous situation. She told me that I should be very worried and scared but that she would try to help me. She then told me to go shower off and then come back down stairs and she would "help me". I did NOT feel comfortable doing that, and told her that I was fine and didn't really need help. She told me to do it or I would have infections even worse than I did. When I came back downstairs she had nothing but a robe on, and she left it open. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were both in the room. She told me to lie on the bed and with my butt on the edge, and to spread open my legs. I told her I didn't want to do this, and that I would just go to the doctor. She started getting angry and told me to do it because it was very dangerous if I get a tampon stuck inside me, and it could interfere with me having children.

I lay down on the bed, but was squirming and jumpy even before she put her finger inside of me. **Redacted** left the room, and **Redacted** went and sat on the bed next to me, watching. I tried to figure out what could have happened to my tampon and I told her that it must have fallen out when I got in the car and that I wanted to check outside, and she quickly threw her hand on my thigh holding me down tight and said she would still need to check. She lunged her finger into my vagina and her nails scraped me, she started moving it around and making it go deeper and deeper. I was squirming like crazy and started yelling out. **Redacted** started crying. Rosie pulled her hand out just to put two fingers inside of me and it started stinging and hurting and I yelled louder. She kept moving her fingers in deeper and deeper and moving them around in a circle until I finally moved backwards and her fingers slipped out. I was crying and grabbed my towel and got up to run out of the room. **Redacted** was crying too so I grabbed her hand and she came crying with me. I heard Rosie start to moan in the gross way she often did. We went upstairs and I put clothes on. Later that night I went outside to where my friends had picked me up earlier that day and there, in the gutter, was my tampon.

Growing up we were extra sleepy and lethargic because the abuse did not stop. David continually came over. **Redacted** and I slept a lot. We were often abused in the morning, or during the night, making us non-functional during the day. If we had bruising or any sign of abuse, our mom would keep us home from school. If David would be home during the day and wanted us to stay home so he could abuse us, or if we had clients, we would be forced to stay

home. Schooling was **Redacted's** last priority as they felt they were giving us a "real education." We would be raped if we were bad, we would be raped if we were good. Rosie was nearly always at home, and often naked. She would walk around naked, and from what I assume, she was trying to get herself aroused. I often saw her praying and masturbating on the couch, in the bedroom, on the floor of my bedroom, in my bed, etc. She did that at least one to two times per day. She often had baths in her bedroom, and would prepare the baths for **Redacted** and me. We would take baths separately most of the time, but there were times where she told us to get in with her—which didn't allow much room to say the least. She would rub us down with soap, trying to make everything sexual. I hated that. She would get really giddy and start breathing heavily, and force us to do sex acts on her. She would also rape us in the bathtub a lot in different ways. Sometimes she would put her fingers or objects up our vaginas. This was just as it happened in Spring City as well as our old Provo house. Nothing changed or got better. **Redacted** orgies also still happened. David would still come around, and we would do orgies or other sexual acts and games when he came, but usually just in the very dark of night, because he wasn't technically allowed by the council (see "The Council" section) to come around.

Rosie often bought **Redacted** new things, and while we were on even a whole bedroom set that had HUGE leaves (fake) to hang over her bed like it was "play time" all the time. Even when **Redacted** was a young girl in the Provo house she slept with Rosie in her bed and oftentimes in the only bedroom other than hers upstairs, and gave her a full-sized bed. They often slept together in her bed, or in **Redacted's** bed.

Experience #	30
Title	Ceremony with Janae
Date/Time	Summertime in 1999
Location	Janae's home in Provo
Frequency	10x+
People Involved	Janae Jones
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were also other experiences that I had with Janae. One time for example she massaged me and also told me to massage her. Then she made me suck on her vagina. Rosie asked her while they were both having us (**Redacted** and I) do things to them, why she didn't have some guy she was dating sleep over more often, and Janae looked right at me and said "Because when you get to be my age you get to *choose* who you have sex with!" and then she laughed.

Janae Jones was in **Redacted's**, **Redacted's**, and my LDS ward we attended. She was the mother of my friend **Redacted** from **Redacted** grade. **Redacted** were very close and spent a lot of time together for a few years. **Redacted** married her son. Rosie and Janae did many ceremonies/sexual activities with each other. At that time, and probably today, Janae was a very high-profile member of this group because of her previous husband's position and wealth. On several occasions Janae told me her home was a "hot spot" for special ceremonies but only for the "elect" in Satan's church. **Redacted** was not invited to these ceremonies. I think it had

been part of the high council's decision. The group also didn't like that she had associated so long with people that were not of the "higher elect" and/or "lower ranking." **Redacted** was important though, as far as **Redacted** in this group, and Janae talked about that sometimes in abuse. But I think because of **Redacted**'s and **Redacted**'s choices, as well as the group's fear that **Redacted** and I would report them, when we arrived in the neighborhood, we went through a kind of "trial period" to prove that we were still sworn to secrecy. During the divorce—people didn't invite us to many things like they used to. Some of the group members in **Redacted**'s area had been concerned about past problems as well. For example, I was told the story over and over about a woman in the ward named Sister Pratley, whose husband, at the time, raped many different boys for years in the 14th ward. Janae Jones, **Redacted** and others talk about what this man did openly, and no one ended up turning him in and he never paid for the crimes he did. In fact, many of the people he abused remained friends with him after he abused them and many young men and scouts. There were a few families that attended ceremonies with **Redacted** and sisters either at their homes or at **Redacted**'s. These people include the Lundbergs, and the Hansens.

One time I walked over to Janae Jone's home as I was expecting to meet up with **Redacted**. Unfortunately, she was out with **Redacted**, so I wanted to wait for her to come home. I knocked on the door and Janae slowly opened it in her robe and said "Boo!" and then she laughed. She told me to come in with her to her room. I did and then she closed the door and started undressing. I said that I would wait for Jenna at my home, that there was no problem and she told me to get undressed, then she walked over to the bathtub and turned on the hot water. She told me to kneel on the ground, which I did. Janae showed me some gross images of mutilated people and mutilated private parts that she had in a drawer by her mirror. She told me that she didn't want that to happen to me, but that there were a lot of people that would do anything for her, and so I should be a "good girl" and nodded her head at me. I nodded. She then told me to kneel over the bath and rub her body while she lay in the water. She got in and I started rubbing her feet. She told me to rub her legs and thighs and then her vagina. I did as I was told. She then told me to rub her breasts and started singing a song/chant, closed her eyes and lifted her arms out of the water and above her head. When she stopped singing she started moaning and telling me things to do, like put my fingers inside her vagina and move them around. I did as she told me. She climbed out of her bath and told me to hurry because we were going to have "fun!" She told me "we" were going to make this a "good one." She lay in her bed and told me to sit down and rub her vagina. I did. She then told me to climb under her covers and that she was "ready for some fun!" She pushed my head to her vagina and had me suck on it. She had me do this until she was finished and she told me I could go wait for **Redacted** and to get something good to eat. I put on my clothes and walked home very quickly.

Experience #	31
Title	Scary movie
Date/Time	1999

Location	Janae Jones' home
Frequency	10x+
People Involved	Janae Jones
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	My frequency refers to the frequency I listed in "Experience #30"

One time **Redacted** told me to go over to Janae's. It was very late at night and really scary to walk outside, but I did. When I got there Janae had me go downstairs to the TV room. She told me to sit down and watch with her. She sat really close to me and kept giggling saying how scared she was. We were watching a movie with blood everywhere and a murderer who was killing different people. It was very violent and gruesome. She would grab me anytime she was scared. She told me too grab her when I got scared. Eventually she told me to grab her breasts when I got scared. There was a "yo" out on the ground in front of the TV. Janae had these Korean or Japanese beds that she called "yos" that were pads that folded up into three. She would often use them for sexual stuff. Janae told me to lie down on the yo and close my eyes. She started trying to scare me she ran around the room and jumped over me and turned the TV up louder. She would growl and throw things at me, etc. At one point I felt something cold touch my neck like it was a knife or something. I opened my eyes and she was smiling looking at me with her hands behind her back. She told me I "cheated" and looked when I wasn't supposed to. Then she told me to move and she lay down on the yo. She fast-forwarded the movie to what she told me was her "favorite part." She made me touch her and suck on her vagina during the scariest part of the movie. She let me leave when she was finished.

Experience #	32
Title	Long Baths
Date/Time	Sometime during winter 2000-2001
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	50x+
People Involved	Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This time Rosie was involved, but this happened with nearly anyone in the group who had access to our condo. It also happened with David, my **Redacted Redacted**'s and **Redacted**'s families, etc...These same things happened with **Redacted** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde.

Redacted often made us take long baths. We had elaborate bath toys to keep us in there a long time. As we got older we were given all sorts of bath salts, soaps, brushes, sponges, candles etc. Rosie encouraged us to "relax" and get comfortable by taking a hot bath as we got older. These long bath times were also a time she would often come and do sexual things to us. One winter in the Provo condo when I was a **Redacted** in high school, I was taking a bath downstairs, and fell asleep. I woke up to Rosie sitting naked on the ground next to the tub and she had just started touching my vagina. She put her fingers in me and started saying all sorts of gross things like she was amazed how smooth I was and just wanted to "eat me up" etc. I told her to stop and she wouldn't she held up a knife she had brought down and told me to lick her while I was in the tub. She stood up and put one leg up on the side of the tub and forced me to

lick her vagina. I did and had to kneel in the tub to do so. When she was finished she nearly fell over and then she went upstairs.

Experience #	33
Title	Bath-time rape
Date/Time	Evening, school-night in 2001
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	Often up to 1x+/week but averaged probably 5x/month
People Involved	Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many experiences that I have with **Redacted** and **Redacted** in showers and baths being raped, as well as with others like Janae Jones

One of the bath-time rapes in the condo was late in the evening (on a school night in 2001). I remember because I missed putting my ceramic pot into the kiln the next day in Andy Watson's class, and it ended up being ruined, I also remember the year because it was the same year that 9/11 events occurred. This experience consisted of Rosie drugging me with some white pill she often gave us, and told me to get in the bathtub. I was very loopy and couldn't move very much. She then called **Redacted** in to take a bath with us. She sat their next to me and forced **Redacted** to put her fingers in our vaginas while we sat in the water. I tried to stop **Redacted**, and even yelled at her to stop because she kept obeying Rosie, but I didn't have much energy to control my body. Then I heard the beeps of the buttons being pressed on the key-pad, the door open, and David's voice. My body tensed and I was very afraid and tried to get up and leave, but I couldn't move. I was even drooling. **Redacted** started crying and sat next to me, as if to hide herself from him. He said "Hello?" as he came in and Rosie acted surprised and told him where we were. She had candles burning. David came in, picked up **Redacted** and put her on Rosie's bed. David said a prayer to Satan over **Redacted** and then he immediately unbelted his pants and pulled them down and started vaginally raping her. He started chanting a covenant to be obedient to Satan and because she was screaming, he put his hand over her mouth and told her to chant with him. She was crying and trying to repeat what he was saying. I yelled at him to leave, but my words weren't forming to be very clear—but my point got across. Rosie said she had to drug me because I was being violent with everyone, and that I should be punished. David looked over and glared at me, he hadn't ejaculated at this point. Rosie got out of the bath. He took off his shoes and pants and stepped into the bath tub standing over me. He yelled at me to suck his penis but I couldn't really move. He slapped my face and again, told me to do it. I could not and then he started laughing and held up my head by pulling my hair, bended over and put his penis in my mouth. He laughed with Rosie because I was drooling. He then told Rosie I should be very relaxed then (because I was drugged), and got out of the tub. He picked me up out of the tub and threw me on Rosie's bed and started raping me and beating my head and chest, yelling at me to apologize to him for being so violent. I tried to say sorry and kept yelling it out but he didn't stop until he ejaculated. Rosie made **Redacted** suck on her private parts.

The rest of the night Rosie and David did ceremonies. They did one fertility ceremony on me which is described in another experience and they also raped **Redacted** again after their ceremonies

and prayers were finished around 1:00 am. Rosie and David wanted me to get pregnant at this time for their religious purposes which are further described in my experience on abortion. David came very often, and would sometimes climb through my bedroom window downstairs when Rosie would go down and unlock the window for him to come, as he was trying to hide from anyone seeing him. She had removed the screens when we first moved into the condo so that they could have several entrances for him to get in. David came to the condo very often. He raped me and **Redacted** every time he came up until I left home the second time to go **Redacted**. In fact, on average this happened nearly weekly for a while.

Experience #	34
Title	Fairies
Date/Time	2001
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	Again, make-believe often happened daily and at least weekly for most of my life at home.
People Involved	Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This scenario happened very often in the Provo condo, similar to the many "cat-naps" Rosie forced us to take. These things did not happen with **Redacted** alone, but sometimes all of us girls, sometimes David or other men she would invite would be there (like James Arrington and other men she dated), and sometimes **Redacted** would be there. These things also happened in the spring city house as well as **Redacted**rent's condo.

Redacted and I often saw Rosie abusing **Redacted**. One time in particular I remember walking upstairs into **Redacted**'s room and seeing Rosie forcing **Redacted** to play the same games that we would during the orgies **Redacted** would create where we would pretend to be a certain kind of animal, or mystical creature. I immediately left the room in fear, but listened outside the room to see if there was a way I could get **Redacted** out of that situation. During this time, **Redacted** was a very angry, and she threw a tantrum. She yelled and refused to act like she was a fairy and **Redacted** promised her that if she did she would buy her a fairy dress, and if she didn't she would not be able to play with any of her friends, even **Redacted** Wilkinson. **Redacted** obeyed and acted like a fairy. Rosie said that she was the fairy queen and **Redacted** was the fairy princess. She made **Redacted** massage her and do sexual things to her. When I walked by the door a little while later Rosie was telling **Redacted** to put her fingers into her and then kiss her "fairy flower" (vagina), and then she made her suck on her vagina. I left and went downstairs as **Redacted** moaned and laughed. She told **Redacted** she was the "best fairy princess" and that she would "give her extra powers for her good behavior." Not only during this time, but up until the time we took **Redacted** away from Rosie's home, **Redacted** told me that she would rarely sleep through the night because she was afraid. All the same activities and actions that existed growing up did not change when we moved to the condo in Provo when **Redacted** "separated."

Experience #	35
Title	"Cat-nap" with knife

Date/Time 2001-2002	
Location Provo condo	
Frequency Often up to	1x/day, but averaged probably 3-4x/week around this time
People Involved Rosie	
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	If it wasn't a cat-nap as often as listed above, it was something similar. We had cat-naps with **Redacted** and sometimes **Redacted** and others in every house we lived in and in **Redacted**'s houses.

Another time I had to do a catnap was when I had an experience in the Provo condo when **Redacted** didn't want to "play kitten." Rosie took the huge butcher knife from the kitchen and came in and threw **Redacted** on the bed. She held the knife over her and said do you know what happens to bad kittens?" Then without responding she held the blunt edge of the knife, and put the handle of the knife up **Redacted**'s vagina. **Redacted** screamed and Rosie immediately told her to shut up or she'd use the other end of the knife and do the same thing. She did this kind of thing until the time that we were able to fight back. She did the same thing to me, and then forced us to "pleasure" her by **Redacted** sucking on her breasts and me sucking on her vagina.

Experience #	36
Title	Nativity at condo (Related to the "Christmas program" in the murder section)
Date/Time	Christmastime 2001-2003
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	2x
People Involved	Rosie, Carma and Richard, Joy and Gary Lundberg, Bonnie and Gary Hansen,
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Again, these experiences happened without a murder at times. This happened two times in the Provo condo which is what the frequency refers to.

Another time **Redacted**'s and **Redacted** did the nativity was during a Christmas when I was in **Redacted**. **Redacted** invited people over to her home for dinner (pot luck style) and then the nativity. They reenacted the nativity again-only this time **Redacted** was Mary and Gary Hansen was the Donkey. **Redacted** played "God" and "overshadowed" her (raped her). I was a soldier and was supposed to kill the baby doll they used as the Christ Child. Gary and Joy Lundberg were also soldiers and held me in the middle of them while they linked their arms. They examined the baby and then acted like they were killing it. Joy popped off the baby doll's head and laughed and everyone else joined in with her. Afterwards I was raped by Gary Hansen and Bonnie made me suck on her vagina. **Redacted** did too. I saw Gary Lundberg rape **Redacted** and she had to suck on Joy Lundberg when some people made the "chain" that was a circle on the floor.

Experience #	37
Title	Night before taking the ACT
Date/Time	May 2003
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	Often up to 1x/day
People Involved	Rosie

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This scenario happened very often in all of our homes we lived in. Sometimes it was a group effort with all **Redacted**, sometimes it was just me or just one of **Redacted** who had to do all the work. In the section on murders, there was a lot of this kind of thing. I had the same experiences with Carma many times.

I had tried to go to bed early this night as I had the test to take, but Rosie continued to give me more chores because she was angry at me for being disobedient earlier that day by not finishing my list of chores I was supposed to do. Rosie would often quote **Redacted**, Gerrit deJong, and say "Don't let your schooling get in the way of your education!" She told me that learning the arts of enticing men and sexual pleasures be the best thing for my future because I didn't take any real responsibility for my problems, tardiness and absence from school, or anything else. She felt that any housework also fit into this category. We were in the kitchen and she commanded me to her bedroom. I wouldn't go and so she pulled a knife out of the knife block. I still was defiant and wouldn't go to the bedroom. She held knife to my throat and so I slowed down a little bit. She backed me into her room and told me to take off my pants. She told me to lie on the bed so I did. Then she told me something like she would teach me a lesson I couldn't learn in school and she put two of her large fingers with long nails inside my vagina. The pain started stinging and hurting and I yelled out as she jabbed me with her nails. She kept moving her fingers in deeper and deeper and moving them around in a circle. Then she scratched the inside of my vagina with her nails, bending her fingers. She grabbed onto my shoulder to stop me from moving backwards. She pulled out her fingers, grabbed the knife and stared licking my vagina—holding the knife in her hand over my stomach. She then got up, took off her robe and crawled on the bed next to me, rubbing my vagina and her own. She started telling me what to do and told me to hurry and rub her breasts and after to suck on her vagina. **Redacted** came in and saw and started crying. Rosie yelled at her threatening she would make **Redacted** do this too but **Redacted** ran away and then Rosie was groaning very loudly and started crying out loudly and yelled at me to "suck harder." She kicked me off her bed. I ran downstairs and showered and brushed my teeth.

On almost a daily basis, Rosie would want us to take "cat naps" with her. This is where she would tell us to call her vagina a "tuna fish" and to try to get us to act like a cat or a kitty and try to eat her vagina. She would tell us of raunchy words that meant vagina, or a bad smell (like tuna). She would make us suck, lick, bite and "kiss" her vagina and would say "good kitten!" if we were doing a good job, or "bad kitten!" if we were doing a bad job. She made us do this together and alone. She purchased cats and often pointed out how they ate as an example of what she wanted us to do. She did this despite the fact we were ALL allergic to cats. She would beat us, cut us, hold us in the water and stick things up our vagina a lot if we weren't willing to obey her. **Redacted** did the exact same thing- she and Rosie often did this together. **Redacted** often talked about cats and made us play cats with her.

Experience #	38
Title	Lundbergs in the Provo condo
Date/Time	In the warmer months of 2002-2004

Location	Provo condo
Frequency	3x
People Involved	Gary and Joy Lundberg
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were at least two other times that Gary and Joy raped me outside of the ceremonies I've already described.

The Lundbergs came to my house one night when I refused to go over to their home for a ceremony. **Redacted** and **Redacted** stayed at their home while Gary and Joy Lundberg came over to my home. They knew the key code to the door and came into the living room while I was watching TV. They locked the door behind them and Joy closed the blinds in the living room while Gary came and sat very close to me on the couch. He put his hand on my thigh and talked to me about coming over to their home and that it would be fun. He called me **Redacted** with a "**Redacted**" and winked at me. I told him I didn't want to go and Joy came and sat on the other side of me and they both talked with me. Then Joy told me as she stroked my arm and then my hair that if I was going to choose the right, I should go over now. I told them I wasn't and then Gary held me as Joy started to undress me she pulled off my pajama pants that I was wearing and sat on top of me to hold me down on the couch. Gary got up and unbuckled his belt. He put it on the couch and said he was not afraid to use it. Then he told me to get onto the mattress. This was during the time that we had a mattress in the middle of the floor in the main room of the condo. He and Joy forced me there and he vaginally raped me. I was crying and screaming—he told me to stop screaming but I kept yelling out. He grabbed his belt and started hitting me with it. He hit me whichever way I turned. Then they left.

Experience #	39
Title	James Arrington as Brigham Young
Date/Time	Sometime between 2002-2004
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	3x/year or so
People Involved	Rosie and James Arrington
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This kind of thing happened with James Arrington every so often—but it also happened with other men. **Redacted** had a lot of boyfriends all growing up. She also had her own clients that were male and female. I remember one that owned a Ranch that came and did a similar thing, and one that was a "temple-rider" that she told me came over and told me things she did with him—I was not present for that experience however. Rosie also set up a mattress on the floor of the living room in the condo for quite some time. It was often used for clients and us, or "suitors" of hers/ours combined. I remember cleaning sheets very often from that mattress because of how many people were coming over. James Arrington also came to Spring City with a buggy when he was dressed up like Brigham Young and **Redacted** was giddy the whole time. Later that day he came and raped us too.

One time when we were living in the Condo, James Arrington knocked on the door for Rosie and she invited him inside our home. He and **Redacted** used us in their sexual activities in her bedroom. Rosie started talking in a wistful way and acted like she was living back during pioneer

times and was being courted by "Brigham Young." She said all sorts of things acting like she wasn't sure if she could be what "the prophet wanted." She said how she knew ways to "pleasure men" but that she was "too shy" to use her skills. James played along and then she brought out **Redacted** from her "past husband" who had "died," and told him that they would be a gift to him. At that point James and Rosie forced both of us to suck on his penis and lick his anus. Rosie forced **Redacted** and me to suck on her breasts while James sucked on her vagina. Then Rosie told us to do "the chain" where James sat at the top of the bed and then I sucked on his penis while she sucked on my vagina and **Redacted** was instructed to suck on Rosie's vagina. Rosie sat beside James and then had **Redacted** continue to suck on her while I continued to suck on James. They did this while they grabbed each other until they both had an orgasm. Right before James ejaculated Rosie told me to suck out all the semen that James ejaculated. James shouted out "Praise the Lord" as he ejaculated. I tried not to throw up as I did as I was told. After that Rosie and he ate things in the kitchen—continuing their "make-believe." This kind of thing happened with several of David's and Rosie's "boyfriends" and "girlfriends" over the years.

Experience #	40
Title	Rosie sitting on me
Date/Time	Sometime between January and February of 2007
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	At least 7x
People Involved	Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I remember **Redacted** and **Redacted** both trying to scare me when I woke up by putting their genitals in my face many times through my life. This happened in the Spring City house as well as the Provo house.

The last time I remember **Redacted** sexually abusing me was right before I went **Redacted**. I had fractured one of my vertebrae and was recovering. One time as I was recovering I woke up to Rosie rubbing her genitals in my face I yelled and told her to get off. I tried to push her but couldn't very well. She got off and left me alone. I saw pills next to my bed that weren't the ones that we got from the pharmacy.

Some Spring City Experiences 1989-1999

Experience #	41
Title	Pee rings
Date/Time	Summer 1991 or 1992
Location	Spring City
Frequency	At least 1x/month during warmer times (Spring-Fall) of year for a while
People Involved	Joe Bennion and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Steve and David did this together too, and sometimes I (or **Redacted**) had to make them ejaculate. This happened in Provo and Arizona as well. There were many times I watched this from the window—and didn't have to be outside, but at times we had to be. There were also times when Rosie or Lee or the Hamblin family would participate.

Joe and David often made what they would call "pee rings" in the middle of the street between their houses in Spring City, and sometimes in Provo. There were also sometimes when they would leave "semen spots" as they called them. They did really weird things with their pee rings-they would pee and then pray in their circle and make an offering of themselves to Satan—masturbate and then ejaculate on the road. One experience David took me outside and after they peed in the road, he and Joe made me suck on them as they stood in the circle, and prayed with their arms in the air. I had to do this until they ejaculated in the road. First I had to do this to David, and then to Joe. When Joe ejaculated, he pushed me out of the way and onto the ground, hitting my head. I had a headache for a couple days. These usually happened at night.

Experience #	42
Title	Porn movie
Date/Time	Sometime in the warmer months between 1992-1993
Location	Lee and Joe Bennion's home
Frequency	4 x/year or so
People Involved	Joe and Lee Bennion and kids, Rosie and David, other adults
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Joe and Lee and **Redacted** thought these kinds of movies were hilarious. They watched them a lot between years 1990-1999. There were times when it turned into an orgy after the movies like this.

Several times we watched porn at Joe's house. I remember watching a "Fabio" movie in Joe and Lee's house with all the adults hanging out in their family room. They told all the kids to stay and that we were going to watch a movie together. **Redacted** and I ran into the piano room to play but we got yelled at to stop playing the piano. Later they called us in to watch, so we brought our trolls that we were playing with. People were laughing and joking a lot throughout the movie.

Experience #	43
Title	Playing lions
Date/Time	Summer 1993
Location	Spring City house
Frequency	Make-believe happened daily for a while, and at least weekly
People Involved	Rosie and David

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Lion games happened a lot—any time that David read the Chronicals of Narnia books to me and then talked about the lion and posed as "Aslan" and forced Redacted and me to do sexual things to him. Rosie and David actually did this with a lot of books and chose to use many things we liked such as animals, fairies, pirates, angels, make-believe situations, etc. Some of the other books include the Hobbit, the Lord of the Rings, Thumbelina, Swiss Family Robinson, Kidnapped, Treasure Island, among others). David and Rosie would act out scenes from several of these books and make us do sexual things to them and each other. These were almost always accompanied with terrible threats and physical violence. Rosie and David told us that every time these books were talked about in the future, or if we read them again we would remember the threats we received during the times we acted out those scenes in a sexual way.

David talked about shape shifting all the time and told us he could shape shift into a lion or a black panther. He said that he had put a part of a lion and a black panther into his own "spirit"—which would make him be able to shape shift into those animals. He and Rosie both did this with a lot of animals. He and Rosie both had "voices" that they would speak with when they were acting as if they were this "part" or animal. David Foften made us play "make-believe" while he raped us as though we were lions, any kind of cat, as well as many other animals. There were several occasions when he would force me to pet his "lion mane" or the hair on his head as if he were a lion. One time I remember him and Redacted coming into my room when I was playing with my plastic animals on the floor. David picked up my toy lion. He started walking around with it and then asked where it's penis was. Rosie laughed. I told him I didn't know and kept playing. He told me that Redacted lion has a big penis—referring to himself. I didn't say anything and got up to leave and he grabbed me and told me I couldn't leave and that I had to do what he says since he's the "king of the jungle!" He then told me to "try to find his penis too" and squeeze it. Rosie asked if she could "also pay her respects to the king of the jungle." I was grossed out. She started massaging him and he lay on the ground and told me to take my clothes off. I did and he told me to pull up Redacted's skirt and pull her garments off. I did as I was told and then he said that he wanted the lioness to suck on his big lion penis. He told us to call him "Aslan." Rosie did. Rosie took of his pants and then started sucking on him. She turned to me and called me her "little lion cub" and to come "nurse on the mama lion." I sucked on her breasts as she ordered me. Then she made me suck on her vagina, and when David was ready to ejaculate she told him she wanted him to do it in her. They had sex. Then I went and washed myself off. I was glad I didn't have to have David's penis in me that time.

Experience #	44
Title	Santa Baby
Date/Time	December 1992-1994
Location	Spring City
Frequency	Crimes during "acting lessons" like this 3-4x/week for a while
People Involved	Suki Christensen, Rosie and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Our acting lessons were important for Rosie, and she took great pride in preparing us and sometimes **Redacted**. We performed "Santa Baby" for the Christmas program with **Redacted**. We also performed "Wishing and Hoping" for **Redacted**'s wedding (we were extremely young and were forced to be extremely sexual). We did another version of this for a pornography movie and the one performed for the family/guests was tame in comparison. As far as "Santa Baby" goes, we also performed it live for clients, and made a movie of it—this was without **Redacted** though.

David and Rosie made us watch movies that would make us know what we should do when we were raped. They gave us a lot of lessons on how to be "sexy." Some of these lessons included showing us how women in 1950s movies and period films would act demure or seductive. David would talk about Elizabeth Taylor and others as if they were extremely desirable, and how we should be like that. Rosie spent a lot of time making us practice posing. She would take us into the bathroom and watch us as she made us pose in the mirror suggestively, practice making cute faces, practice talking and laughing, etc. Rosie did this quite often herself—I've walked in on her, even in the last year where I've seen her smile and have a fake conversation in the mirror and laugh trying to look seductive. **Redacted** told me we had to take her "acting classes" so we could become more sexual so we were more of use to them for their own sexual pleasures, for pornography movies they made, and leverage with their group and "clients." She and **Redacted** told me that was how I could "earn my keep." I remember when we were getting ready for a Christmas performance number, Rosie made us practice over and over for "Santa Baby." She was annoyed that **Redacted** was going to be the main singer and the three of us were going to be her backup dancers/singers. She told us over and over very unkind things about **Redacted**, but that she had to do this for our **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig. **Redacted** were often in fights (especially Rosie) with each other as well as with all sorts of family and friends. She made us practice in front of her and David and then made us put the music on repeat and do sexual acts to them in our fancy outfits. Rosie made me and **Redacted** suck on her vagina and breasts (we took turns as she requested), and then David made **Redacted** suck on David's penis, and then he vaginally raped her.

Experience #	45
Title	The joint game
Date/Time	Around 1994
Location	Spring city house
Frequency	20x+ during torture and other activities
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I also have two lines on my belly from what **Redacted** tells me are scars. She would remind me of them and explain that when I was disobedient as a girl, that David sliced me with a razor on two of my "sacred areas" and it was a sign to always be obedient.

One time **Redacted** was mad at me and during a fight he picked me up from around the waist and ran me into my bedroom upstairs. He threw me on my spring bed and sat on my back. I screamed out because of the pain. He started bouncing up and down on my back and it hurt so

much. Rosie followed us upstairs and then he told her to sit on my feet. She did and David said something like "Ok **Redacted**, now I want you to tell me when I get to the joint!" I heard him open up the pocketknife (he always carried one in his pocket or on a leather strap around his neck). I started pleading with him to not cut me, but he started in what seemed like a place just near my joint and cut into my leg. I held extremely still so he wouldn't help me more and tried to muffle my cries. I tried to stop yelling and asked him to please stop and he finally did. Then he raped me anally. I still have a scar on the back of my right leg from him cutting me. The joints game that he played was something **Redacted** did to threaten us a lot. They would move their fingers or hands along our limbs until they hit a joint- and hit us really hard. They reminded us of these threats in LDS sacrament meetings when they would have us close our eyes and tell them if we thought they were to our inside of our elbow area as they moved their finger or a feather up our arm. They often related "games" to the torture they would do to us—and then do them in public places and make us feel afraid.

Experience #	46
Title	Ceremony
Date/Time	Sometime between spring and fall of 1995
Location	Lee Bennion's art studio
Frequency	1x/week for most of my childhood
People Involved	Joe and Lee Bennion, Rosie and David Hamblin, Randall Lake and boyfriend, Paul and Ann Larson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	These kinds of ceremonies probably happened weekly at least.

One late summer evening, just before entering **Redacted** grade (I remember we were getting ready to move back to Provo for a while), **Redacted** took us over to the Bennion's house around dinnertime. It was a "special" evening as **Redacted** had put our hair in curlers during the day to make us look pretty for the evening ceremony. We often slept with curlers in our hair at night, and sometimes would wear them all through the day so **Redacted** wouldn't need to do our hair again for the ceremonies. She took our curls out and told us to not put any underwear on under our clothes. I obeyed, and put on my clothes. When we got to the Bennion's house it was hot inside and the people there were **Redacted**, the Bennions, and the Larsens and Randall Lake and his male friend. I played with **Redacted** until **Redacted** got me. The adults were talking and laughing until late. Rosie gathered **Redacted**, **Redacted** and I into the TV/Family room to wait. **Redacted** sat on David's lap while he loudly laughed with all the adults in the other room.

As it got dark and after the parents had all finished eating, **Redacted** called us from the dining room and we walked out the kitchen door facing north-east to head to Lee Bennion's studio. I was feeling sick and told **Redacted** over and over that I was tired and I wanted to go to bed at home and not in Lee's studio. I kept complaining, and Rosie kept telling me to be quiet, when Joe said I wouldn't be going to bed "for a while" at which point all the adults started laughing. As we walked in the cold grass I saw that the lights were on in Lee's studio, and she was out there, putting up the rest of the coverings over the windows. We all stepped on the porch and

went into the studio. Lee had pushed her 2 easels out of the way to the side of the wall. There was a large space made, and everyone stood on the wood floor in a circle. There were blankets all over the floor in the circle. Lee finished lighting the candles in the room. Joe welcomed everyone and then lead them in a prayer. Everyone held hands, and I was holding hands with Rosie and **Redacted**. Lee began a chant, it was a sentence repeated over and over again. Rosie tried to get me to start singing too. I didn't want to sing it—it was a "prayer" to Lucifer. They talked about how he was the "son of the morning" and now of the night too. They pleaded for his power to overcome them. I got so scared I started to cry quietly. **Redacted** squeezed and shook my hand to stop. Then she started moving her head in circles with her eyes closed as she continued to chant. Everyone else did too. They got louder and started shaking as they raised their hands into the air and said things like they would serve and honor Satan, and they kept saying how they would kill for him, or whatever he asked of them. They got louder and faster and louder and faster and then Rosie pushed me towards Joe and Joe and Lee started taking off my clothes. Joe grabbed me and then Lee and back and forth. He took off his clothes and then they raped me. The Larsens raped **Redacted** too. **Redacted** was passed around to everyone and many people touched her vagina or made them suck on their genitals. It became an orgy where everyone was moaning and making animal sounding noises. Lee told me to lie down and she moved the blanket out from where I was about to lie down to below my body where she then lay on the blanket. She started licking/sucking on my vagina and then Joe would grab her vagina while she did that to me and started swearing. As I was lying down he would go back and forth to me and to her, putting his penis in my mouth and then putting his fingers in Lee's vagina. I heard people laughing and yelling and all sorts of sounds. David came over for a while and grabbed Joe's penis then when he left to do stuff with Randall Lake and his friend, Joe put his penis in my mouth and he ejaculated and yelled at me to swallow it. I didn't and it came out on the sides of my mouth onto the floor and Rosie yelled at me and told me to lick it up and apologize to Joe. I wanted to throw up, but I did what they told me to. When I apologized to Joe he laughed and put his fingers in my vagina and yanked really hard and pulled my naked body on the wood floor towards him and said "It doesn't feel so good does it?" I was crying. When they were done with me I stood up and found toilet paper in the back of Lee's studio where she kept it in the iron bathtub and then I tried to wipe out my mouth out and wipe the blood off my vagina. **Redacted** came over too and we sat in the side room (on the north-east end of the art studio) until we could go home. We waited about an hour until everyone got up and then **Redacted** told us to put on our clothes and we were going home. Rosie told me to go to bed and to not make a single noise that would wake her up. I snuck to the downstairs bathroom and brushed the sticky seamen out of my hair and brushed my teeth. **Redacted** and **Redacted** came down too and did the same.

Experience #	47
Title	Endowment house
Date/Time	1996-1998
Location	Spring City, Utah

Frequency	5x/yearly for a while
People Involved	Randall Lake, Rosie and David Hamblin, Joe and Lee Bennion, lots of friends of the Hamblin's, Bennion's and especially Randall Lake's
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Other ceremonies performed there were usually upstairs, with a few instances downstairs. The Kelly's came to one there as well.

There are many times that Randall Lake participated in, and sometimes hosted ceremonies, and when I saw him on other occasions abusing **Redacted**. For example, he hosted several ceremonies in the old Spring City endowment house, which he owns. One of the ceremonies was a celebration for either somebody's "rebirth," or for something he or someone in their group of friends had accomplished. But everyone was celebrating, drinking, eating lots of food and then they started the ceremony. This time it was done downstairs, although several other ceremonies had been upstairs—there were just too many people. Everyone sat in a half-circle facing the people performing the drama part of the endowment. Randall Lake loved to play Satan, which he did. **Redacted** played "Eve" this time and was severely beaten. When the ceremony turned into an orgy, I was vaginally raped by two of Randall Lake's male friends from Salt Lake. Rosie stuck her finger in my vagina, and then Lee sucked on my vagina.

Some Experiences in Other Places

Experience #	48
Title	Gordon Bowen
Date/Time	Fall 1999
Location	Gordon Bowen's home
Frequency	3x+
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie, Gordon Bowen
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	We went up to Salt Lake City to his home sometimes, and other times we would go to his or other homes of friends for trainings (usually done by Gordon Bowen) for those with the role of a punisher, and also on torture in general.

Gordon Bowen was spoken of like a God in our home. **Redacted** said he was the "top punisher" in their church. The punisher is explained in more detail in the section on the council. **Redacted** often talked about his wealth and status. We often went to parties at his home, which were very scary as I've been raped in his home several times. There was a period of time when he didn't have as many parties, and we didn't spend as much time with him because of his separation and divorce. Not long after **Redacted**'s "separation" we went up to Gordon Bowens house. Rosie made a huge dinner with the food in the house, but no one was in the house. She had done this other times that we were there. Gordon Bowen arrived later and Rosie talked with him a lot—although he wasn't talking much. She told him all sorts of things about the group and how she had no idea about a lot of things that David was getting into but that both of them were innocent and meant no harm. She repeated questions about what the punisher/high council was thinking about doing to them. This was around this same time that Rosie and David were in serious trouble for their actions in the group. She kept talking until he

told her he wanted to show her what he was "working on." He took us to a torture chamber that was his workspace. There were a few rooms that didn't necessarily have doors but there was plenty of space for him to do his "work." Again, the punisher tortures, murders, and continues to defile the body of a person after they have died. Beyond these things I don't know what other "work" he did in his workspace, but what I saw fit into those three categories. He had a room of torture devices that were antiques that he would use. We then saw a body hanging from the middle of the room that had been skinned. He talked to us about his fascination of the skin and showed us how he had dried and sewn a lot of masks from humans that you could slide over your head to wear. It was disgusting to see all those things and Rosie was shaking although she was smiling and acting very interested. She stayed kind of quiet, and as soon as his "tour" was over she offered us to him as offerings saying that he had free rein with us. He put his arm out for Rosie to go in front of him and we started walking out—but when we all got to the door, he shut the door behind Rosie, and shut the rest of us in his workplace. It was still late at night at this point. He told us that if we would do a whole list of sexual acts, we didn't have to go through the torture machines (and he pointed to torture machines). We did everything he asked us to do. On command we sucked on the penises and anuses of the dead body skins he had. We put them on ourselves and abused each other and tried then he had sex with us. He did many disgusting and degrading things. He didn't keep his promise and when he was finished with the sexual things because he put us through several different torture machines anyway. He did his own torture on us and also made us do torture to each other. I remember peeing and throwing up on the floor. He also had a machine that dried out bodies, like skins of people. He had skins that he had dried out. He had people 's skins in a kind of closet where he would store them. Skins for people to try on. Masks for people to try on. There was also a coat of body parts sown together. I saw a breast and penis hanging off a coat that was leathery and stitched together. For Gordon and the group this was further domination and desecration of the body even after torture and murder. It is really bad to do such things to the body in regards to the group's perspective on resurrection—they believe a body should be pristine for resurrection. He told us that the people he had skinned had been very disobedient. We went home around 3pm or 4pm that next day because he had kept us so long. We stopped to get fast-food because Rosie wanted to leave as soon as we came out and we were starving. She talked to Gordon like there was no problem and told him she hoped we had all had "fun." She kept asking on the way home what had happened. **Redacted** were quiet and spent some time crying on the way back to Provo, barely saying anything.

Experience #	49
Title	Cross-country skiing with the Arrington's
Date/Time	Wintertime, sometime between 1991-92
Location	Cabin or home in connection with James and Lisa Arrington, somewhere close to Provo
Frequency	1x
People Involved	James and Lisa Arrington

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

During this time period (1989-1993), the Arrington's and **Redacted** did many things together. One time the Arrington's invited **Redacted** to some cabin or home for a day or two to go cross-country skiing, and to do ceremonies. It was my first time and I was very small. I continued to fall over and over again but I got up and kept trying to keep up with the adults because David continued to threaten me in front of everyone that if I didn't get up that he would strip all my clothing off and hang me from the tree by my skis. He said if I was really slow he would also scalp me and let me bleed to death hanging there. After we got home from skiing everyone went to the showers, and Rosie and James made me get in the shower with them and touch their private parts while they made out and did other things above me. It was very loud and I constantly couldn't see because I had soap in my eyes. James continued to put his penis in my mouth and **Redacted** kept telling me to lick her from below and they leaned against the wall as I did what they said. **Redacted** kept pushing my face into her vagina and moaning more and more loudly. All of the sudden she had me stop sucking on her and pushed me out of the shower. **Redacted** knelt on the ground of the shower and put her mouth on James' penis. He yelled and I turned away. I was soapy and very cold. I tried to wash out my hair and face with soap in the sink. I used one of their towels and ran out of the room to go put my clothes on. As I ran out, I ran past David and Lisa who were having sex on the floor outside the bathroom. **Redacted** was sitting on the ground next to them. She was naked, shivering and had her arms around her legs, knees up to her chin.

I had several experiences where David and Lisa would openly talk about sexual things, and Rosie and James would, and then they would have sex with each other's spouses. **Redacted** has often spoken highly of James Arrington saying that she "almost married him." Anytime we could see a play of James,' buy a video of some of his comedy or acting work, or even purchase his wife's music, **Redacted** would do it. She played "the Farley family reunion" over and over **Redacted**, as well as a tape that Lisa made of old-time LDS and non-LDS hymns. The songs on it were songs that were often sung during ceremonies, to open a ceremony, or while they were abusing us. When James and Lisa got a divorce, Rosie spoke of she and James meeting up a lot for rendezvous, often inferring that she was meeting up with him for sex. James actually acted like he was courting my mother, ever since I can remember. At least two different times he came to our home dressed up as Brigham Young.

"Clients" or "Suitors"

We often talked about clients in our home. Rosie would tell us to dress up and walk through the hallway of where David's clients sat waiting for their appointment. We were told to sometimes walk through in just our towel if they were trying to get someone to pay for our (**Redacted**'s and my) services. Throughout our lives there were many people who would come to the house and

pay for child sex. In fact, many of the "appointments" David and Rosie would make for David, were really for us. There was a separator between the hallway and the west side of the house in the Provo house. The east side of the house had a bathroom and three bedrooms, all of which were often used for prostitution—including **Redacted**'s room at times. The west side had the kitchen, TV room, and basement that had several places where we were abused. The bedrooms that were used were usually the office, the bedroom just west of **Redacted**'s bedroom with the bathroom across the hallway from it that was called the "client bathroom" and the bedroom downstairs with the maroon carpet. The maroon carpet bedroom had a bathroom next to it so it made things very easy for cleaning up after prostitution. As mentioned, on some occasions Rosie and David's bedroom be used, or another place. Clients would often get to decide which location they wanted. The downstairs was the most private and had a lot of space in the room with usually only a bed, and a bed table, although sometimes there was a dresser or a desk in there. The doors between these two sections of the house were not usually supposed to be opened during the day when clients were coming in and out. If there was a client that came to abuse one or more of us, whoever wasn't involved was kept in the opposite side of the house (this would usually be Rosie and **Redacted**). Rosie was very systematic about this, and would keep records and books of all this-but often in the name of David's psychology records. Sometimes she would show us who was in the book to come. She also would ask them to bring doctors papers that proved they had no STDs. If any of us contracted anything, we were not able to make them money.

Many people came to the Provo house, the Spring City house, and the Provo condo for child sex. In fact, even after the "separation," Rosie would have "dates" with men that would come to our house, but they were actually clients—and usually for **Redacted**. We were her largest asset, and many, many men wanted to marry her because of us. She wanted financial security, and even though she was at her heaviest (300+ pounds) and in her mid-late forties, she told me she felt she could get almost any man in these groups to marry her because of us.

We were often kept home from school. Weekends were our most busy times when clients would be in and out all day. In spring city, we were supposed to use the beday in **Redacted**'s room before and after sexual acts in order to maintain cleanliness when we didn't have time to shower (because of the number of clients we had). We were given creams and other things to soothe us and other things to help us heal so that we could be ready for the next person. These people were allowed to do whatever they wanted to us, and physical violence was often included in their sexual abuse. Although clients would have to pay a lot extra if they left any kind of mark, bruise, black eye, fat lip, eye infection or anything on us, mostly because it would stop any further clients from coming (depending on the problem). Rosie would sometimes lie to clients after they left and say to them that we had an infection, bruise, or whatever (from their appointment) and make them pay more. Many adults would just pay extra from the beginning in case they left marks because they usually did.

Rosie would also try to get clients for herself, but didn't have as many. For an older man, and sometimes women, that she thought she could seduce, she would try to get money from them, and leave the ones that were only after child abuse for appointments with us. There were also a lot of people who were interested in **Redacted**, and they would pay for sex with **Redacted**, or even to watch David and/or Rosie abuse us, and then the clients would sometimes join in. Clients would also pay for these live performances for them and their friends, and it would often become an orgy when that happened. Live performances from the pornography videos David and Rosie would make were really popular, as well as the animal (often cat/kitten) and the baby **Redacted** orgy they would make us do. A lot of people liked to see violence, torture, or us looking afraid and screaming while we were abused. David and Rosie would put these kinds of performances on for friends too—especially if they were trying to get something from them. **Redacted** Steve often called Rosie and **Redacted** "the hen and all her chicks," since we lived in what he and Joe Bennion called "the hen house." He, David Leavitt, and Joe Bennion would all jokingly call Rosie "Madam" to talk about her as running a prostitute house.

Experience #	50
Title	Setting up appointments
Date/Time	Between the years 1993-1995
Location	Provo house
Frequency	2x
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, David Leavitt
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This happened at nearly every party or when people came over to our homes, however the frequency refers to how many times this happened with David Leavitt. This also happened when we were at parties of other group members, like when we were at Gordon Bowen's house for a few different parties. **Redacted** often pushed us on to many people trying to get us to have sex with them. She did this at many parties and places she took us.

In order to obtain more suitors, **Redacted** brought us to parties and put us on display for any potential clients to see. This display was often in the form of musical performances. When we were at these parties, including in **Redacted** home, all of us were ordered to touch people's private parts. **Redacted** rewarded us when we touched adult's private areas as well as when we gained clients. Sometimes our reward would be candy, gifts, new pets, money in our "bank account" or other things. One time at a party where **Redacted** was serving cake and ice-cream, **Redacted** came up to me and started handing a plate of cake and ice cream to me—but then pulled it away and asked me if I had invited Dave back so the two of us can "play." (He was referring to David Leavitt-**Redacted** called him Dave). I shook my head "no," and then he told me to make sure David L. was coming back before I could have some cake. I didn't ask him, but David H. told Rosie, and Rosie took my arm and pulled me as she went over to David L. and said something like that I had said the "cutest thing" and told him that I wanted him to come back soon so that I could play with him alone. David L. grabbed me around the waist and said that he would love to do that, sand kissed me on the forehead. Rosie walked away and on the way out David L. said to David H. that he was going to stop by in the next couple days. David H acted

somewhat "surprised" and then smiled and said that he was welcome. Not many days after that David Leavitt came back and raped me in the bedroom next to **Redacted**.

Every time after we had a client over, Rosie would take notes down of what happened, and what methods they used. She kept a file on each person. Rosie, David, Richard, and Carma would not always tell us their friends or their client's names if we didn't already know them. I would often ask the clients their names, because I was usually trying to plot a way to get out of the situation and wanted to get information. I also would look through the files she would write about them, to try to identify who they were. It was rare that it was unlocked so I didn't always get to look through. She kept many files which had these people's information in it in the grey file cabinet in their bedroom, as well as a large brownish-pinkish file cabinet in the room next to their bedroom in Provo (in the Provo house). She had them in plastic file-containers in her bedroom and **Redacted**'s bedroom in the Provo condo (clear or grey plastic with black lids) later.

Experience #	51
Title	Man from Out-of-Town (Client/Suitor)
Date/Time	Many times between 1992 and 1993
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Usually 3x+/week from ages 4-17
People Involved	David and Rosie, man from out-of-state, other unknown "client"
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Note: The "other occurrences" found below include other times I was used as payment to a client/friend of **Redacted**, for something they owed them, or as a way for **Redacted** to make money or other assets. Other experiences occurred in many locations and in homes of people I didn't know/recognize, in the Provo condo, the Spring City house, the Leavitt's home in Nephi, etc... Experiences with this same man and all of **Redacted** at least 5x, however they were often 24+ hour episodes as he would come for a whole weekend in Provo Experiences with Brain Kershisnik 15x+ in Provo and Spring City Experiences with David Leavitt 15x+ in Provo, Spring City, and Nephi (also see "Experience # ") Experiences with Joe Bennion, at least weekly from ages 5-12 in Provo and Spring City as long as he was in town Experiences with Ann Gregerson 5x+ in Provo and Spring City Experiences with Randall Lake and his friends 10x+ in Provo and Spring City Experiences with other clients/suitors I didn't know the name of, usually at least 1x/week from ages **Redacted**, mostly in Provo, but often in Spring City as well Experiences with man from out-of-town and his friend together 1x

During 1992 and 1993, when I was **Redacted** years old, one man in particular was always violent when he would come. He often would stick this object shaped like a rod and was see through and hollow up my vagina. The end of it could be widened and he would shine a flashlight up my vagina and look inside of it for a long time. One time he made me stand on my head and suck

on his penis while he held up my feet and bit and sucked on my vagina. He was very violent and gross and did many terrifying things during the time he paid for me. When he was finished with me, I had bite marks, bruises, scrapes, and welts all over my body. I often found semen in my hair. This man and his friend were both very well dressed. The man from out of town often jingled his keys in his hands when he arrived, was preparing to leave, or anytime we were standing around and **Redacted** were talking with him. He had very short cut brown hair with salt and pepper hair almost completely coming through. He was fit and probably around 6 feet tall. He had a lot of money and often wore sports jackets or golf shirts or just collared shirts. He acted like he was above everyone, and although was sometimes friendly he seemed to get everyone to bow down to him. I don't know his age but I think the youngest he could have been was late thirties, the oldest he could have been was late fifties, and I think he was probably in his late forties. The man's friend was equally sharply-dressed and wore his hair down, probably almost to his shoulders. It was dark brown and he was younger than the man. I'd say this guy was in his thirties or early forties. They may have been gay partners, or friends who went around and did a lot of dirty things together. I remember them talking with David about a place they visited for prostitution and how the girls were willing to do all sorts of things and they described how they made fun of her for something that I didn't know what it meant. The night the man from out of town brought his friend they raped **Redacted** and I in the maroon-carpet bedroom. I was slapped on my face so many times by the man's friend while he had his penis in my vagina. **Redacted** also spent time in there with the clients and us.

Experience #	52
Title	Man from Out-of-Town Dead
Date/Time	Saturday night in the warmer months of 1993
Location	Provo House
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Rosie, David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

I was very angry at **Redacted** for making **Redacted** and I be prostitutes, and experience the sexual, physical and emotional violence that was attached. I was also very mad at this man for doing the things to me that he did. One night, after he had raped me, I got out of the bed and said I had to go to the bathroom and would be right back. I was naked, and walked into the hall to **Redacted**'s office. I slowly opened the door and went to his desk drawer where he kept the letter opener that was the shape of a sword. It was very sharp for a letter opener. David often used it in threatening us or others during his "therapy." My heart was racing, but I knew what would happen if I didn't do it. I walked to the bathroom and flushed the toilet, and then I walked back to my bed in my room with the knife/letter opener on the side of my body. I was shaking. The man was asleep, with his head tilted to the left. I climbed on the bed and held still, acting like I was going to sleep. His hand reached over and grabbed my body, as he searched for my vagina. When he found my vagina, he squeezed it so hard I tried not to yell out but held as still as I could, internalizing my pain. And in that moment I softly touched his neck, found the

jugular that was just in between the tissues and jabbed the letter opener into his neck. (David had trained us on how to find this over and over for the murders in the ceremonies). I pulled it out as he yelled out and turned his whole body towards me, and lunged at me. I quickly pulled back and jumped off the bed, hitting the east wall of the bedroom with my back, and held the knife/letter opener out in front of me with both hands. Then he dropped and he was bleeding all over my pillow.

David came in and was with surprise looked at me and asked me what I had done. He saw me holding the letter opener. He looked at him and then ran and got Rosie. Rosie came in and didn't really look shocked, but started assessing the situation. She and David talked back and forth for a while. At one point she said something about how it was a good thing he was "visiting." I was used to **Redacted** dealing with situations when they had to dispose of a person's body. Rosie eventually yelled for **Redacted**. **Redacted** came upstairs and she started giving her instructions of things to get for her. **Redacted** came in with the blue tarp. I was somewhat in shock. **Redacted** came up a bit later from downstairs. Rosie was telling everyone what to do, and I was supposed to help David cut up the body in the kitchen so he could take it to a bunch of places. I did as I was told. David brought out his tool box, and I would cringe when he would break, pry, or saw the bones. Blood got all over me. Rosie wouldn't let me put any clothes on while I did this. While we cut, Rosie brought out her big stainless steel bowls and told David and I to put the good and large chunks of meat and bone (the bone was for soups) in them, which she later cooked, fed to us, and used in her torture tactics. She also used them to drain any blood into. (Later when I got married, Rosie gave me the same style of stainless steel bowls as my wedding gift from her). It was a Saturday night because David had more work on Sunday and was mad about this ruining his sleep. It was already a plan that us girls were going to stay home "sick" on Sunday from church so that this (now dead) man could have raped us all.

We finished and David picked me up and carried me into the bathroom shower and told me to clean up so I could help. When I got out I put on some clothes and ran outside to the carport to see what David they were doing with the body. It was really dark and David turned the lights off in the car. He packed stuff in it like wood and tools and stuff and then left. We cleaned the rest of the night- Rosie was very particular about how we cleaned, and then how we cleaned ourselves afterwards. She bleached several white towels. (Just last November, Rosie gave these same old white towels that had been bleached so many times over the years. With a smile she asked me if I remembered them when she handed them to me.) She did a check of everything we cleaned, and then checked us (our nails, scalps, etc.) to make sure we had no blood on us. As it was getting light outside, **Redacted** wanted us to use the morning light to do another thorough check in the bedroom, hallways, kitchen, TV room, laundry room, and out to the car to ensure there was no more blood anywhere. Every sign of blood seemed to be gone. David didn't get back until morning when he told Rosie in front of us how he drove all night to different areas and dispersed body parts. David and Rosie beat me black and blue that Sunday,

and Rosie put me in the bathtub with ice in it when they were done hurting me.

Experience #	53
Title	Ann Gregerson in Spring City
Date/Time	Spring of 1998, around 13 years old
Location	Spring City
Frequency	5x+
People Involved	Ann Gregerson, Rosie Stevenson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were over five different times that Ann Gregerson used me or me and **Redacted** together for child prostitution, starting earlier than 1995 in both the Spring City and Provo locations. **Redacted** often showed our artwork to other artists in the group (Lee Bennion, Anne Gregerson, Brian Kershisnik, among many other artists).They tried to get artist prostitution clients this way. **Redacted** often tried to get me to do artwork with Brian Kershisnik—she told me I could be his apprentice. In 2006, I saw Brian Kershisnik, and it was a very awkward experience for me as he kept looking at my body and then invited me to be his apprentice in Kanosh. I had never shown him my artwork or had told my mother that I wanted to do that.

During the summer right after the separation when I was **Redacted** years old, **Redacted** often invited Ann Gregerson over for meals and other things. She was a member of their group, and had previously come to the parties and ceremonies at "the house" in Spring City, as well as in Provo. **Redacted** really tried to get Ann Gregerson to pay for us to be prostitutes after the separation— **Redacted** was especially wanting more money at that time. **Redacted**/Rosie usually talked about me in front of Ann and said what an artist I were and that I could learn from Ann. She had done an adobe structure sculpture with a little Native American sculpture inside of it (picture below), that she had traded long ago for the use of **Redacted** and me for rape. When Ann arrived at our house in Spring City, Rosie brought out as many pieces of artwork of mine that she could find, and then she showed me some of Ann's. Ann sat with me in the main room of the Spring City house on the brown couch. Rosie had just pulled open the brown couch and put sheets on it for Ann to spend the night (it was a hide-a-way bed/couch). We were sitting on the bed and Ann kept smiling at me and trying to talk about how much we had in common. I was grossed out. That night, **Redacted** came into my room and told me to go climb into Ann Gregerson's bed naked, and start touching her private parts. I did. It was horrible. When I climbed in, Ann woke up and said something about how it was a "pleasant surprise," and how she was honored that I'd join her. She immediately started making noises and breathing heavily. She told me what to do and she awkwardly took off her clothes. She started hugging me and then grabbed my hands to grab her breasts and told me to "sculpt her." I was really grossed out but massaged her as she asked, but on her arms and shoulders, then she laughed and told me to do it to her whole body- and then she put my hands on her private areas. She was smiling as I obeyed her and did what she asked. She started touching me, and saying how beautiful I was, that she wanted to sculpt me. She said in order to sculpt me she needed a real "taste" of me. My stomach started spinning and then she moved down under the covers, and grabbed my legs and started sucking

on my vagina. She did this and kept asking me things like what else I wanted (sexually), and how I could get so horny at such a young age. She would tell me to moan and I did a "courtesy" laugh and didn't moan. Then she repeated herself, so I started faking to moan. She started giggling and said how she loved this and then she suddenly shot her finger really hard into my vagina and asked me if it hurt. I told her it did. She moved her finger around and bent it, scraping me and asked me again if it hurt, and I repeated my first response. Then told me that she knew what I meant and then she started crying. She then told me to suck on her vagina while she continued to cry. It seemed like she was trying to not be too loud, but it was as if she didn't have complete control. She told me to suck on her breasts, and then she started humping my leg while I did that. She grabbed my hair and pulled it and started crying more violently while she kept humping me. She jolted and humped my leg more quickly and told me to suck harder—then she yelled out. She kept humping my leg for a while and just crying and crying. She held my head on her chest and told me to "never leave [her]." I waited until she fell asleep and then left as soon as I could get away. The next morning Ann was talking to Rosie when I heard them at the top of the stairs and told me that she was going to come to Carma and Richard's home to visit me again.

The above picture is of a sculpture that Ann Gregerson did. This is found in one of Rosie's rooms in her house in February of 2013. There was originally a little person and a clay pot inside this sculpture, but I think it may be lost now.

Experience #	54

Title	Ann Gregerson in Provo
Date/Time	Sometime between Spring and Fall of 1998, around Redacted years old
Location	Carma and Richard's Provo Condo
Frequency	5x+
People Involved	Rosie Hamblin, Richard Anderson, Carma Anderson, Ann Gregerson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Listed above in the other experience with Ann Gregerson

Some time went by and Ann Gregerson came to Redacted's condo in Provo. Carma brought her in and spent as much time as she could talking to her about her artwork and other "real" artists, as Carma so thoughtfully put it. Then when Ann asked where I was, Carma led her up to the bedroom upstairs that was mine. When she came in I called her "mommy" and ran to her and gave her a hug just like Rosie had told me to. She smiled and embraced me and said, "I'm ready to love you!" She took me to the bed and told me to undress her, and that she would undress me. When she did she asked if my vagina and anus were both clean. I said yes. Then she told me she wanted to look at my vagina. Then she tried to get me to play "puppies" with her and said how all little kids (which I wasn't) like to play like they are animals. She started licking me and smiling at me trying to make me laugh. I did a "courtesy laugh." She went down on her stomach and started acting like she was eating and kept saying "Mmmm!" as she licked me. She told me to turn upside down and did the same thing she had done to my vagina to my anus. She forced one of her fingers into my anus and wiggled it around while she laughed. It hurt so badly. Then she said it was my turn and told me to do everything that she had done to me, and do it to her. I did. She then had us climb into my bed and she started kissing me with tongue too. Then she told me to go crazy and do whatever I wanted while she was sitting over me. She kept moving up and down, but I just massaged her thighs. She laughed and told me not to be "bad" or she'd have to "ground" me. She then made me lick/suck her vagina. She then started yelling out and moving up and down on top of me. I heard something outside the door and then she finally had finished. So I told her I had to go to the bathroom. I got up to go, and she grabbed me and said come back and hold me! I told her I was going to pee in the bed if I did but that I would hurry right back. She let me go but she started crying again. I opened the bedroom door to find Rosie and Richard lying in the hallway on the floor, Rosie on top of Richard as he grabbed her breast and they were having intercourse. Rosie looked at me as I stepped around them to get to the bathroom, and Richard grabbed my leg and told me to kneel over his head so he could lick me. I told him I had to go to the bathroom and he didn't let go of my leg, he just told me to hurry. I kneeled over him holding everything in I could. Richard started sucking on my vagina as I faced Redacted. Carma came out of her room and just watched. Then she started stroking my hair as Richard was sucking on me. While Richard continued to suck on me, and have intercourse with Rosie, Rosie said that they had heard me in there and "couldn't help themselves." Richard pushed me off him and told me to kiss him. He kept sticking his tongue into my mouth. His breath was so bad. Carma grabbed me and stuck her finger into my vagina while Richard kissed me, and then Richard yelled and Rosie told him to keep pushing. I hurried and got up and ran to the bathroom, and while I was going I heard Ann Gregerson calling out

my name again, yelling for me to come back. I ran back and held her for about a half-hour while she cried hysterically. She fell asleep and slept in there. In the middle of the night she made me give her another orgasm by doing similar things: sucking on her vagina, and fingering her vagina. She left the next morning.

Experience #	55
Title	Randall Lake's Art Studio/Endowment House
Date/Time	Around 1994
Location	Spring City Endowment House/Randall Lake's art studio
Frequency	4x+
People Involved	Rosie Hamblin, David Hamblin, Randall Lake, Randall Lake's friends
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Different times between the years 1994-1999. **Redacted** and I were specifically used for pornography, for "artistic" inspiration and/or other reasons over 3 different times by Randall Lake.

Redacted and I were taken to Randall Lake's endowment house. This happened at least three times He wanted us to model for a painting about destruction. He brought over men and women who would abuse us, and then he would take pictures and draw pictures of us while the other people raped and abused us. He would do it at night and make us do degrading things such as worship the people abusing us, and lick them in disgusting ways. He was also interested in us drinking and eating their bodily fluids and solids. One night I remember we went over in the dark, and Rosie looked around his studio as he set up. Rosie asked if she could stay and watch. He nodded. He first started commanding us how to pose. He took a lot of photos. Rosie kept complimenting him and leaning over his shoulder while he took photos. Then there was a knock at the door and Randall invited a few others to come in. There were two men and one woman. He kept having us pose and all of us pose together and take off each other's clothes. He directed everyone to have intercourse in some way, and one particular man said that he needed to go pee first and then he could keep going. Randall laughed and then told all of us to suck the pee out of one man's penis, and then he had us eat the woman's poo later that evening. He thought it was so fascinating and said it turned him on. As soon as I had eaten the woman's poo the man who pee'd put his penis in my vagina and raped me. When he started raping me, Rosie ran over to the lady and started sucking on her vagina. She told **Redacted** and **Redacted** what to do to others in the room. Randall got back to sketching and told his friends the sketches and photographs were not going to be in actual paintings, as they were concerned, but that he just needed the feeling of this going into his paintings to be better at what he did. When the orgy was all finished, he told us he would keep painting until the sun rose. The night ended after he raped me, and then he suggested that others rape me because my vagina was still so small, it was "extremely pleasurable". He said that it was "almost as good as anal sex!" One of the men did as he had suggested. I remember **Redacted** also being raped. **Redacted** had us get in the car before the sun rose. When **Redacted** was a toddler (1996 and on) she would sometimes come with us too.

Experience #	56

Title	Clyde and Nola's Bathtub and House
Date/Time	Different times between the years 1989-2005, and many experiences when I lived with them for a short period of 1-3 months
Location	Clyde and Nola Sullivan's home in Provo
Frequency	30x+
People Involved	Clyde and Nola Sullivan and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

Since we were very young, there were many times **Redacted** would take us to our **Redacted** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde's home for "art lessons." Our **Redacted** Nola is Carma's sister. We were taken there often as payment as Nola and Clyde were wealthy and often helped out Rosie and David. This is how they had "all things common," they helped each other in their private "united order" and then they would give trade for other things (and trade us for other things). One experience of being at their home was when I was between the ages **Redacted**. When we arrived at their home, Nola brought us in and pointed at the "three graces" on the fire place that Clyde had carved of her and her sisters and said "You girls are right up there! See?" She laughed and then told us that we were just like her and her sisters. She then told us to go get in the bathtub upstairs. She had a HUGE blue bathtub upstairs that was probably the size of a full bed, and was not more than a foot and a half deep. She would fill it with a tiny bit of a warm water (not very warm) and tell us to clean out our vaginas for **Redacted** Clyde and her. When we got out, she would give us a towel, and one of her large, soft robes. She told us to play dress-up with her beautiful shoes and jewelry on and to run around the house with nothing else! She is a very "free" person and would love to see bodies dancing around the house. She said it turned her and Clyde on. We were told to lie on the soft rugs in the organ room and wait for them. When Nola came in she lay down by us. She called to Clyde to turn on the organ music. He didn't come and so she instructed **Redacted** how to do it and told us to dance in front of her, and over her so she could see our "flowers" as she called our vaginas. We did that for a while until Clyde came in naked and started raping **Redacted**. Nola went to the bedroom behind the organ room and lay on the little twin bed. She told **Redacted** to come with her. Then Clyde began raping me and ejaculated in me. He was moaning and fell onto me and told **Redacted** to clean him up by licking the semen off of him and me everywhere it dripped out. He told her to make sure she didn't get any of it on the floor. Afterwards we were instructed to clean up and put our clothes back on, and then go to do art in her studio. We did as we were told. Nola soon came upstairs and corrected our artwork by fixing it herself. Most of my artwork done there was done by her. When we were finished, and just a few minutes before **Redacted** arrived to get us, Nola took us on a tour to see all her artwork. Every flower she then called "vagina" and said that every time we saw one of her paintings we would remember how she saw our flowers, and even painted them. She pointed to one with three roses and named each rose after us: **Redacted, Redacted,** and **Redacted!**" (**Redacted** wasn't there this time).

Over the years Nola has given me many paintings of flowers and her other artwork. These kinds of experiences happened at Nola's house many times, and she also has hosted a couple

ceremonies at her home where there were many people doing sexual things in all the different places set up in her home. She had beds or comfortable fur carpets all over her house. For example, the main room had two couches and blankets everywhere with lots of floor space. I have seen orgies in that room. Next to that room was the organ room with several fur rugs to lie out on the floor, or that were already on the floor. There was also a hammock and a flatbed in the greenhouse section of their home on the second floor. Then downstairs on the first floor/basement there was a queen bed, and couches. The upstairs third floor had a balcony overlooking the second floor where people could watch the sexual acts happening below near the fireplace. I remember a lot of people doing that. Carma, Rosie, Nola, Nathan, and others took photos from up there. There was also the queen bedroom and bathtub in the master bedroom, where people would have sex.

Experience #	57
Title	Clyde and Nola's House on their Bed
Date/Time	Late 1996 Early 1997
Location	Clyde and Nola Sullivan's home in Provo
Frequency	30x+
People Involved	Nola Sullivan, Carma Anderson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency is the same as in the experience described above as it relates to the same type of experiences. Different times between the years 1989-2005 at Nola's, Rosie's or Carma's homes. Rosie, David, Clyde, and Richard would often be involved in such abuse.

When Nola abused us she usually called **Redacted** "Iris" or "Rose-bud," although they also called **Redacted** "rose-bud" sometimes. They called **Redacted** "Pansy-face," and call me "Tulips" although she often said it pointing to my private parts and said that my vagina was "two lips." She and **Redacted** always called me their "pretty little Dutch girl" and sometimes "Dutch boy" and referred to how I was just like the deJong's (their maiden name and family members). One time when Carma called us by these names she had taken us over to Nola's house while Clyde was working in the basement. She and Nola had us clean ourselves and jump naked on Nola's bed. **Redacted** was with us. I remember there was still snow outside and Christmas had just passed. **Redacted** was jumping on the bed. When Carma and Nola came in they had us all lay on the bed and Carma went around and described at length the "folds in [our] vaginas" and how they were so alike the flowers she would call us. She kept telling **Redacted** that she was a little bug that crawled all over the flowers and told her to lick our vaginas. She made **Redacted** do that to all of us for a while at which point **Redacted** said "I want to see my little pansy face!" and took of her pants and told **Redacted** to come onto the "nice rug" on the floor. **Redacted** sat on the floor and **Redacted** told her how lucky she was to have such beautiful legs and described how her own shapeless calves ruined her legs. She then rubbed **Redacted**'s legs pulled them around and said she wanted to see **Redacted**'s pansy face. She started baby-talking as she put her face into **Redacted**'s vagina and started kissing it and talking about how cute it was. She often talked to us with baby talk. She started licking her and then sucking on her. **Redacted** told **Redacted** to relax as she stoked her body. Nola got on the bed and had **Redacted** and I suck on her breasts as she told **Redacted** that she wanted "Tabitha"

to suck on her vagina. **Redacted** did as she was told and sucked on Nola. This went on as they both moaned. Nola kept breathing in and out while talking—describing how wonderful she felt. Carma had **Redacted** suck on her vagina. They sounded like they were competing as they moaned and tried to be louder than the other. When they finished they told us to get dressed and go paint.

Experience #	58
Title	**Redacted** Garrett in our Basement
Date/Time	1989-1991
Location	Provo house basement
Frequency	13x+
People Involved	Gerrit Anderson, sometimes **Redacted** and **Redacted** in ceremonies
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many experiences where **Redacted** Gerrit abused **Redacted** or I between the years 1989-2004. A few are described below. He was present for a "bible study" in Provo that turned into a ceremony and an orgy at the end. **Redacted** were there as well as Clyde and Nola Sullivan, Terry Warner, the Brewsters, and the Sheets among others I didn't know. We were given as an offering to the most important people in David and Rosie's eyes. Gerrit was not allowed to rape us at this event, but he raped me anyway and got in trouble. He abused me in the house in Provo he was working on to live in with Carol. He abused me and all **Redacted** that night. Many other times in the Provo house Many times in Spring City

There were several times I remember being abused by Gerrit Anderson, **Redacted** and Rosie's brother. One time was when he was working on our house in Provo. He was putting in carpet that our **Redacted** Nola had given us. As soon as he had it on the ground, although it wasn't all complete, I ended up walking downstairs. I looked into see how far he was on it, and he immediately said something about going over to him and giving him "some love." I shook my head and tried to get away. He got angry and said it again, and I started running away. He jumped up and ran after me and caught me in the hallway as I almost reached the big room downstairs in the Provo house. He caught me and immediately pulled down his pants. His penis was erected and he vaginally raped me. When he was done, he put his head back and waited for a while, while his penis was still in me. Then he sighed and told me to go into the bathroom and clean up, and then bring him stuff to clean up with. I did. **Redacted** often used **Redacted** Gerrit for his carpentry and construction skills. They did on their Spring City house and on other places. I've been raped by Gerrit over 13 different times in my life that I can remember, and from what I know it was almost always for payment.

Other Names: When clients were abusing us, **Redacted** would tell clients key names to call us, telling them that we had a "part" that was really good at oral sex, or at this or that, and to call us by that. They also told them that they could call forward different "parts" and that if they used certain names, we would not remember the client, their name, or anything they did to us.

I remember that people often ordered **Redacted** to do things by calling her "Tabitha." One of my main names was "Melissa" and **Redacted** was often called "Jessica." However, each of us had many, many names that **Redacted** told us were for different "parts" of us. I've written more about other names I was given throughout the document.

"Gifts": Particularly in relation to being obedient to **Redacted** and being prostitutes, **Redacted** and I were promised large dowries and trousseaux's. **Redacted** also promised me a brand new car when I turned 16, a large bank account that I could use when I got to be 18, a larger harp as I grew taller, a new thoroughbred horse as I became a better jumper, among other things. If we were disobedient to what **Redacted** wanted us to do, we were punished, and things that we had earned were taken away. For example, apart from David beating me the Sunday after he returned from disbursing the man from out of town's body, (see the experience entitled "Man from out-of-town dead). **Redacted** told me they were draining my bank account because of how much trouble I caused them. Years later I found out that if they had such a bank account for me, it was long gone, even by the time I was even in high school. When we received these "gifts," they were also used as threats—in the way that every time we saw or used that gift, we were reminded that we had been paid for whatever **Redacted** had made us do. That we were "owned" by them and if we told on them, we would also have to tell that we had accepted payment for the acts, and therefore were just as much at fault as the people who asked us to carry out the acts. We were made to feel guilty and told that it was our choice to do all these things. We were told this in therapy, during abuse, and at other times that we were in a vulnerable position.

Experience #	59
Title	Gift horse
Date/Time	Summer 1992-1994
Location	Spring City house
Frequency	"Gifts" or "Rewards" were given almost any time **Redacted** purchased something other than the daily essential items. Almost every time we got a gift we had to do sexual acts. This was at least weekly when I lived with **Redacted** —but depended on the time.
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Below are other times that I, or someone was given a "gift" that paid them for being obedient to **Redacted** with the client work, etc., was used as a bribe to get them to do something they didn't want to, or a reward for keeping covenants. These gifts were again accompanied (most of the time) by more required and forced sexual acts. When I received Bryer-brand horse toys When I received Madam Alexandar Dolls Almost every time we got a pet (dog, cat, fish, rabbit, rat, hamster, etc.) from the pound, animal store, or found them in the classifieds When we got our other horses/donkeys (Serenade, Rojo, Lucy, Lancelot, Pippin, Patty-cake, etc..) Sometimes when I got plastic animals for my collection (see shoplifting experience) When I got new clothing When **Redacted** put me into the "Little Miss Spring City Pageant" 2 years in a row For harp lessons For violin lessons For Equestrian jumping lessons For Western-riding lessons For a number of other gifts and experiences

The night we got Gabriel the horse I was told we got him as a present for all my hard work. For a year or more I thought that Gabriel was mine because Rosie and David told me in private that night, that the horse was a gift for me for being obedient to them during and after the ceremony when I was betrothed (not sealed) to Joe Bennion. That night, they made us all play horses upstairs in **Redacted** and my bedroom in Spring City. David started talking in the voice he often did if he was a horse, and told us to mount him like he was one. He made us ride around on him, and then we had to "mount" him from the front when he lay down on his back and he would "nay" and shake his head while he vaginally raped us. He ended up being on all fours when he ejaculated and forced me to suck on his penis until he told me to watch out because the horse was going to "pee" (ejaculate) and told me to drink up all the semen. He made me suck out all the semen from his penis. Rosie was also on all fours and made the two "colts" **Redacted** and **Redacted** drink milk from her; they did this by sucking on her vagina until she kicked them out of the way and let out a "nay" while she did it. She reminded them never to stand under or behind a horse because "they'll kick you." She and David laughed so hard at that. **Redacted** and **Redacted** also said that Gabriel was a gift for them (until **Redacted** didn't want to ride any more) and we would often fight about it. It was not until later that I found out that **Redacted** was given Gabriel the horse as a reward as well for something she did. David and Rosie used gifts to tell us that we were getting rewarded for good behavior; however they also wanted to turn **Redacted** against each other so they were happy to give it to all of us while acting like they only gave it to one of us. They often used animals such as Gabriel, as a manipulation tool, and later when David and Rosie broke his legs when he was very old, they told us that it was because of our disobedience

to them.

Teaching Others How to do "Therapy"

David and Rosie were "famous" for being able to manipulate their children so well. People thought they could force their children to do anything. Many parents within these groups wanted to know how to manipulate their own children. They would pay a lot of money and/or trade a lot to watch and see how they did things, and be trained by Rosie and David. Brian Kershisnik really wanted to learn how to manipulate and control his child, so he and Suzanne his wife were willing to pay, or trade, a large amount to make that happen. The following experience describes their interest in what David and Rosie would do to their own children.

Experience #	60
Title	Brian Kershisnik's Son
Date/Time	Between the years 1993-1994
Location	Brian Kershisnik's home, Kanosh
Frequency	6x+ with Brian and Suzanne, but 50x+ with others
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, Brian and Suzanne Kershisnik, Noah Kershisnik,

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	More experiences with Brian and Suzanne between the years 1990 and 1998—we went to their home/studio at least 1 other time, however, they also both came to **Redacted**'s events at "the house" (the Spring City house) and at least twice to the Provo house for "training" (see below). David and Rosie also did the same kind of training in the Provo and Spring City houses. I remember two different times in the Provo house: once when they taught Brian and Suzanne other torture games, how to scare the kids and torture them during the day, and the other time is when they gave **Redacted** his other name, a "part" of him that would in their words, one day take over and be the main portion of his spirit to "rule his body." I also remember a time in Provo where they came to our house and they did a sacrificial ceremony where they sacrificed a dog. They prayed over it offering it to Lucifer and then forced **Redacted** to kill it. The dog was a short-haired, whitish-grey, small dog. **Redacted** was terrified as his dad forced him to cut its belly and throat with a knife. He held his hand for most of it. After the ceremony, Brian told **Redacted** to suck on David's penis. Brian raped **Redacted** afterwards. I had to suck on Rosie's vagina. At one point however, David and Brian were having anal sex. The orgy went on for a while and things changed around. They were laughing and praising "Lucifer, the son of the morning." Khaliel Kelly was trained by David, and David would often use us so they could have an example and then practice. During these times we were raped by Khaliel, or had to participate in sexual activities with the both of them, and sometimes all **Redacted** together (Rosie and David, and Kevin and Khaliel). This happened many times in Spring City and Provo when the Kelly's visited around 1995-1997. Shalom Leavitt and her sister also took part in the same training. I heard Shalom and David have sex in his office several different times as a girl, and know that there was more than one reason she went to him. Rosie often told me of Shalom and her sister who spent a lot of time trying to understand what David and Rosie could do so well to control their children. Shalom met with David in the Provo house for the most part, and sometimes Spring City, or her house in Nephi. I remember one night the Leavitt's invited **Redacted** over for dinner, and after dinner they called **Redacted** "Tabitha" again and made her do sexual things to herself, to me, and others. David and Shalom loved it, and David Hamblin loved the attention, he was grinning the whole evening. Joe and Lee Bennion also were trained by David to learn these things, and they traded all sorts of things with Rosie and David for this. Rosie and Lee had a competition going or a rivalry over who was more seductive, powerful, or who ranked higher in their group. She laughed and said how she made Lee paint Rosie's portrait in exchange for what Joe wanted, which was sometimes sex with Rosie. Joe and Lee did sessions with David in the Spring City and Provo houses since we moved to Utah and up until 1998.

Because Brian and his wife Suzanne wanted to be trained and have practice in learning how to manipulate and control their children, they "paid" for **Redacted** to include me and **Redacted**, and abuse his tiny son **Redacted** during "trainings." It was sometime around this time period that **Redacted** got one of Kershisnik's large horse paintings he used to make a lot—they had been wanting one for a long time. **Redacted** drove us out to their home in Kanosh sometimes. **Redacted** spent time talking about many of the methods they use to control us, and how well they work—they said they could make lessons that were specifically for them. As they talked, Brian told us to go into another room with **Redacted**. This room had a wood floor and we played with his **Redacted** and the Ark set while **Redacted** talked. **Redacted** was such a tiny, cute little boy, and **Redacted** and I were so worried that all of **Redacted** were about to hurt him (and us). A little later they came and got us all and took us to another room with a big rug, some people sat on the bed in the room. David and Rosie began to play the "opposite game" with me. They had me sit down and they said something about how I was really a boy. I responded fighting and said that I'm not a boy I'm a girl. After a while, they brought in **Redacted** and did the same thing, they told me he was a girl. We all did the opposite game for a while until David started calling me "**Redacted**" and calling **Redacted** "**Redacted**". **Redacted** didn't really understand the game, I think because was so young, but became confused and wanted to play with a toy he saw on the other side of the room and tried to go for it but David yelled at him and stopped him. **Redacted** looked scared and almost started crying but his parents were laughing so he stopped. Right after that he turned and started walking toward the toy. Brian jumped out of his chair and hit him as he grabbed him and called him "**Redacted**" and told him he couldn't get the toy. Then David told him to give **Redacted** a punishment and Brian took off his pants, lay **Redacted** on the ground and told him to make a circle with his mouth. Brian began to push his penis in and out of **Redacted**'s mouth. They continued to do this with each kid. Then they used **Redacted** as an example for the Kershisniks of some of the things that David could teach them to do. David told "Tabitha" to come out. As mentioned in other places, David gave us other names for our other "parts" as he would call them, and he would train us on who we were supposed to be when he called us by other names (what our personality was like, how we were to act, what our "special powers," gifts, and talents were, etc.). He told everyone to get undressed and lie down in a circle, and then told "Tabitha" to sit in the middle of everyone and go around one by one giving people oral sex. **Redacted** kept trying to get up and Brian held him down. **Redacted** passed over Noah to the next person, and Brian and David both stopped her and made her suck on **Redacted**'s penis. **Redacted** cried but his dad "shushed" him. As **Redacted** did this, David explained, with Rosie chiming in a lot, how the Kershisniks could take their child to this point where they would obey anything they were told to do.

Everyone ate dinner and then went into a room for a ceremony. The ceremony consisted of David and Brian blessing Suzanne to be fertile so she could be pregnant again. They had us all undress and Brian and David stood next to her while she lay naked on the floor. It turned into an orgy and I was ordered to suck on Suzanne's vagina. Brian and David pushed **Redacted** away (who were instructed to give them oral sex) and then grabbed each other's penises, rubbing

them so that they ejaculated at nearly the same time. Suzanne drank some of the semen from a bowl. They believed semen was a kind of consecrated oil that would heal the sick or give people special "blessings"/"powers." Then they went to the showers and then they let us shower. We left the next day after eating.

Abusive "Therapy" with David's Clients

David forced **Redacted** to take part in the "sexual healing" for his clients. David told me he was often trying to get new recruits to his group. He described how he would slowly take them down the path of his ideas and doctrine, and then when he knew they would trust him so much, and when they were vulnerable, he would often use one of us in his therapy with them. He often told the client he was working with that they were very special and because of how special they were, he would tell them that he felt inspired or even had revelation that **Redacted** could heal them. He often acted like this was the first time he had ever done this with each person, and many people believed him. He would try to get his clients to abuse us to "heal." After they had taken part in abuse of me or **Redacted**, or **Redacted**, they would sometimes never come back, and many times, they would often want to do more, know more, and even join his group. This was part of his "missionary work," disguised as "therapy." Rosie, David, **Redacted**, and others were highly involved in missionary work in their "church," and were often looking for new followers/members. Through this practice, **Redacted** would sometimes get kickbacks, favors, or at least recognition for bringing in people that would contribute to the work this group did. They would target many people who had money in order to contribute to funding their group activities. I heard **Redacted** talk about people in the group who gave a lot of money for silencing people, buying technologies or other stuff—**Redacted** said that they needed to give money to the group for something like that as well. I remember one party at Gordon Bowen's where someone was celebrated because of the generous sacrifice they had given to the group. I remember getting weird phone calls for a while at our house growing up that David told me were spies from the council.

Experience #	61
Title	Unnamed client who refused to abuse me
Date/Time	Sometime between the years 1994-1996, **Redacted** years old
Location	Provo house
Frequency	About 1x/week for a while
People Involved	David, Rosie, unnamed client

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Many different clients were treated with this kind of "therapy" and although some refused to participate or even see this done, there were also some that didn't. They were often forced by David as well, especially when they were very victimized. Experiences with Angela Fenton or "CJ" in Provo and Spring City, 40x+ (she lived with us for a long time) Experiences with other unknown clients in Provo and Spring City, although more in Provo, 100x+

An example of this kind of therapy is when David brought me into many different therapy sessions of a man I can't remember the name of. He was pretty tall, in his thirties, a handsome guy, who owned a shop that was in an old house where he sold boutique-type stuff. He made enclosed vases of flowers soaking in oil that would make the flowers hold their color for years and years. He had brown hair, but was slightly balding, and a strong jaw. David often told me he was dealing with homosexuality and came to David concerning being homosexual. I remember one time in particular, after this man had been seeing David for some time, he told me to come into the sessions where he told the man to show him how he had been abused by using me. Sometimes he would just ask people to show him what they were afraid of happening to them—and for them to show him by using me. The man didn't want to do it, and refused. So David said that he just could describe it. As he started describing it, David started doing what this man described to me. He took off my pants, and the man stopped talking. David asked him what happened next and the man said something about anal rape, and then David anally raped me. The man was in shock. David told him that if he did what this man had done to me, then he would be able to understand why the man did it, and eventually forgive him. David then said that if he did this that this man would not be homosexual anymore. The man wouldn't do it. I think he came back to David after that once or twice, but I'm not sure. I remember driving to his store with David in our blue Ford truck and watching them have an awkward conversation. It wasn't too long after that that this man stopped seeing David altogether though.

There were many other clients that I could describe, but don't know their names, that abused me as part of David's "therapy." This happened regularly from my earliest memories in Utah around 1989 or 1990, until 1999 when we moved to Redacted's home. From 1998-1999 this kind of sexual and physical abuse was particularly intensive with client work and ceremonies that he would have in his home—especially as I was the only other person living there with him (for the most part). As I described about other people such as James Mooney and Joe Bennion, many specially treated clients/friends were also given an open-door policy. Sometimes David would bill them and call it more "therapy" if they came by and raped me while he was in with another client, or late at night when he or I were asleep. They would be welcome at any hour. David and Rosie often discussed how his clients had been abused, and Rosie would include notes in her files on different methods of abuse. They would tell family, friends, and group members about new methods they were learning about, but it was usually for a price.

Experience #	62
Title	Talking to "Parts" with David and Con
Date/Time	Spring 1996
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Again, experiences with "CJ" were nearly daily between years 1995-1997 (or whenever "CJ" left)
People Involved	Con Gottfordson, David Hamblin, Rosie Hamblin, Angela Fenton or "CJ"
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	As mentioned, these activities happened nearly daily, Angela Fenton lived with us, and slept in our home in Spring City, in our home in Provo, and sometimes we slept at her home in Alpine. For at least a quarter of my experiences with "CJ," Con G. was present. These same situations happened with Robert Hamblin and Steve Hamblin. They were both fascinated by the "Indian ceremonies", as well as David's work with "CJ." They also warned David that it was dangerous what he was doing.

David often had us in therapy sessions with his clients. He would even want us to participate in the sexual abuse of his clients in order to help them know that "sex isn't scary, even sweet children do it." He would rhetorically ask them how this "sweet child" could hurt them. And told them that they didn't need to be afraid of having sex with me. Yet he would allow his clients to abuse us. This happened over and over. David also wanted us to help him with his clients who had problems (like "CJ" or, Angela Fenton). Angela Fenton went by "CJ" because David told me her spirit was "fragmented" and put into "parts." He said that each part has its own name and we had to find out what those names were, and assign them if they didn't know. One part he often talked about was a 7-year old (or so) boy named "CJ." However, David taught us that there were many different parts of Angela with different ages of "CJ." I had several experiences being raped by "CJ" (which was usually controlled by David, Rosie, and Con), or being forced to do things to CJ, David and Rosie, and Con Gottfordson. They happened mostly in Provo, but often happened in Spring City. We had "sleep over's" with "CJ" many nights a week.

One night in the spring of 1996, as we were getting ready for bed, David and Rosie began putting blankets out on the floor of the office, I also overheard David and Rosie quarrelling. He said "CJ" was mad at her. This was a common argument at **Redacted** house—David said that Rosie was interfering with what he was doing with CJ, and in what he was doing with **Redacted**. In **Redacted** home we were taught that **Redacted** was David's "second wife" and he often called her "wifey." She was also kind of his assistant and was supposed to care about all of his psychological experiments. He would force **Redacted** to be in most every meeting with "CJ." I don't think she even went to school very often during that time, the truth is that none of us really were in school consistently during the times we lived with both or either of **Redacted**. Rosie was mad and he said that he would send one of the girls into her when they "got started." Rosie agreed and **Redacted** and I went into the office. David didn't normally take time to get ready for bed because after abusing others (with his clothes off or sometimes only his garments on) he would just sleep without his clothes. When Con (Conrad) Gottfordson arrived, David started telling us how he wanted all of **Redacted** to help "CJ" to have another part of "him" "come out." David has

told me he believes that everyone has "parts" to them, and that usually only one of them could be "out" at a time, or controlling your body. David made **Redacted** set up Con's camera. He told **Redacted, Redacted** and I to sit back behind the camera on the leather couch and that we had to be very quiet. For a while they videotaped David "calling out" different "parts" of "CJ." When they were finished they stopped the video and then started another session and started the camera again with a new videotape. Then David involved us—he made us take off our clothes, and"CJ's" clothes and told us to do things to her. He made **Redacted, Redacted** and me suck on her breasts and made **Redacted** suck on her vagina. Usually "CJ" was squirming and didn't want us to and because she wasn't relaxing, which happened this time as well. David got up and told her that she had to accept love. She didn't stop squirming and David started hitting her. Con got behind the camera as if he was scared it would fall over. Then David raped me in front of the camera. I was crying and so was "CJ." I tried to stay quiet. David said something to "CJ" like "Do you see how she is angry but still remaining quiet?" He was pointing at me. He yelled at her to not squirm and told her to accept sex. David often told **Redacted** and I, and any other victim that they/we/the victims were the ones that were asking to be abused by others and said we were evil. Then he told "CJ" to rape **Redacted**. "CJ" didn't and David forced her fingers into **Redacted**'s vagina . Then he told "CJ" to do it to **Redacted** and he told me to do the same thing to **Redacted**. David and Con laughed and David walked over to Con massaged him and helped him get undressed. Con lay down and then David and he touched each other. David made us kiss and tickle them. David told Con that **Redacted** always wore lipstick at night because she was waiting for prince charming. **Redacted** turned red and embarrassed and David told her to kiss Con because he was like her "prince charming." **Redacted** barely kissed him on the lips and moved away. David reprimanded her and said that she would never get a prince charming if she didn't have a real kiss. Con started kissing **Redacted** with his tongue and touched her private parts. David grabbed Con's private parts and rubbed him a lot. Then David sucked on him until he told **Redacted** to come over. Then Con raped **Redacted**.

Therapy

It was a common thing in our home to receive therapy treatments from **Redacted** at his demand. Rosie also encouraged this. David often tried to hypnotize me to help me overcome my "problems" as he called them. He told me that I had problems with anger, and that I had to overcome them in order to be able to be payment for the men and women they "traded" with. Rosie and David were angry at me for rejecting/hurting the people they "loaned" me out to be raped by other people. Sometimes this would be kicking and punching them to get away from me. Clients sometimes complained to **Redacted** about how I would fight them when they raped me, although he would say that they "had sex with me". David and Rosie often would overpower me in order to teach me to "let go of my anger". David would try to hypnotize me, but since it didn't always work I would act like it did to protect myself. In fact, all **Redacted** often faked like he had hypnotized us because it didn't always work, and he would punish us if it didn't work. David and Rosie said they were the "Alphas," and that they would "break" me.

They would create situations in which they showed me they were an alpha—like animals do. David often used the phrase that he was going to "break me in" just like a horse. He would often violently beat and rape me.

Experience #	63
Title	Horse-type torture
Date/Time	Summertime, 1998
Location	Provo house
Frequency	1x+/week usually
People Involved	Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	We were tortured, punished, or forced to receive "therapy" from **Redacted** usually on a weekly basis for a long time. **Redacted** also participated and often initiated these episodes. In other experiences they used the horse crops as well as the big leather whip and the long pink whip. In other experiences they would make me crawl around the wooden floors of the Spring City house, or the itchy carpet in the office in the Provo house. My knees would sometimes be bleeding afterwards. Sometimes they would make me pee into a cup and drink it, or poo and eat it. When I threw-up they would stick my face in it and hit my head against the floor yelling at me to "Eat it!" and "Bad horse!" or "Bad dog!" They would often swear at me as well. Rosie and David often became very turned on by this kind of violence. They sodomized me, fingered me, vaginally raped me, and humiliated me by making me drink my own pee, eat my own poo, eat their pee and poo, or **Redacted** pee and poo, and even the animal's droppings. It was only sometimes that we were treated like horses. Other times I was treated like other animals, often as a "witch" they were going to murder, among other scenarios. **Redacted** were really into role-playing and make-believe. They also used puppets and dolls in therapy for examples of what we were to do, and then they would want us to do what the puppets or dolls had done (which were often sexual or violent acts). The Hamblin family was often involved in torture such as the examples shown, as were Rosie's parents and her two brothers. Some clients even did this kind of thing for the time they paid/traded for.

David and Rosie sought to humiliate me to the point where they acted like I was an animal. One time they said I was disobedient to Rosie for not doing my house chores before playing outside. They then took me downstairs to the basement in the Provo house, undressed me and put one of our real horse's halter on my head. David tied it so tight that it started to choke me. They stripped me down and dragged me around on all fours as if I was a horse, and kicked me like I was a horse. They then whipped me with the big leather whip. David kept leading me around, whistling and clicking his tongue like he would to a real horse. He said things like "Good horse"

and "giddy-up" and "Whoooaa!" and if I was "bad" he would say "bad horse." He told Rosie to sit on my back—she and David undressed and she sat on my back. My back caved in and I felt shooting pains everywhere. David called for **Redacted** to come down and watch. They often would try to walk me around in front of the other girls so that everyone learned they needed to obey **Redacted**. Rosie remained sitting on my back until I couldn't stay on all fours anymore—even with David beating me. David beat me every time I stopped crawling. I didn't lie down I just needed a break, but I kept going for a while. Then I started falling down. Rosie kept kicking me saying that I wasn't going "fast enough." I got up a few more times during the repeated beatings. Each time I fell, it took me another minute or more to get up while they beat me. At the end I stopped getting up and David beat me for what seemed like a long time. He then told me to open my mouth—**Redacted** held my mouth open while he peed into it. I tried not to drink it and a lot of it spilled out of my mouth because I was on my stomach and trying to turn. They forced me to slurp and lick it up off the floor until it was totally gone. It smelled so badly. I threw up. They told me to eat the throw up, which still smelled like urine and now throw-up too. They beat me because I didn't eat it. Rosie stayed on my back and hit me over and over again on my head. I tried to eat the throw up and they kept hitting me. Rosie started violently putting her fingers and moving them around in painful ways into my vagina—yanking her hand in and out and up and down and said she'd do it until I had eaten all the throw up. David continued to hit me. After that I blacked out. I ended up waking up much later after everyone was asleep. When I woke up there was a bucket, rags and dutch cleanser for me to clean up the mess with. We usually had to do our own clean up. After I cleaned up, I showered and went to bed.

Experience #	64
Title	Torture as punishment
Date/Time	**Redacted** grade school year between 1995-1996
Location	Provo
Frequency	1x+/week as stated in the previous experience
People Involved	David and Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Torture usually happened at least once a week for most of the time that I lived with **Redacted**. There were many variations on **Redacted**'s torture of my sisters and me. Sometimes they would treat me like a dog, and sometimes they would have **Redacted** together, trying to force us to humiliate each other. They would sometimes include people like David's siblings, and Rosie's two brothers in torturing us. This also happened in Provo and Salt Lake City with Robert Hamblin, or "Papa" (David's father). They tried to force me to torture, rape, and hurt **Redacted**, and my pets. David and Rosie actually liked it when they would get **Redacted** or me to be violent to each other, to the point where they would talk about how it turned them on and then they would rape us again.

Another torture experience happened one day in the Provo house when I was in **Redacted** grade. David was livid because I had punched him in the balls when he tried to rape me on my way out the door to school. I didn't go to school that day because David beat me and ended up not

allowing me to go. After David had recovered, he took me into the TV room and lay out a blanket. He made me hold Rosie on my back again, which was very painful, and then he got on all fours in front of me and put his anus in my face and started poo-ing as close to my face as he could get. I pulled away and Rosie immediately jumped off me and stuck my face in his anus and yelled at me to eat his "shit." As I opened and closed my mouth I gagged and tried not throw-up, but I started to throw up and Rosie put her hand over my mouth and the throw-up started coming out my nose. I threw up more and more. I collapsed and they both started hitting my body and yelling threats such as how they would tear apart my body and blend me in the blender. Then David put his penis in my anus and raped me as he pulled my hair. Then he pulled his penis out of my bottom and put his penis in my mouth, in my nostrils and then in my eyes as he ejaculated. They started beating me again—they hit my back and my kidney area. They also hit my head several times. They then started talking about Jesus. They told me something like that if Jesus loved me at all, he would never let me experience pain. He challenged Jesus to come right then and yelled out to "Jesus" and told him to show himself to us if he "had any power." They laughed. Rosie then had me lick her vagina. Afterwards, I was supposed to clean up the floor, room, and clothing that was soiled. This particular time I lay there for what seemed to be many hours until the evening when I was able to get up and do my chores.

Another method David would use in therapy would be to try to create "parts" in us. He would tell us we already had them there and they have names, or he would make names up for different "parts" that we had and would tell us who they are. **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and other family or group members participated in this kind of activity and put some of their own "parts" into me and **Redacted**. David, Rosie, **Redacted**, and other group members all participated and put "parts" of "CJ" into us, "parts" of ourselves, **Redacted**, **Redacted** , pets, other people, and even historic figures into us—or into themselves. **Redacted** would sometimes tell me that she put a "part" or **Redacted** in me so that she didn't miss **Redacted** as much after she left home in 2001.

Experience #	65
Title	"Only son"
Date/Time	Around 1993
Location	Provo house
Frequency	20x+
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many times **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted** and sometimes others would "put a part" of themselves into me to make me have the skills they wanted, or to "watch over me" or whatever. Rosie also put one of her "parts" into **Redacted**. Some of the names I remember David giving my "parts" are written below—but these aren't all of the names. Hepsibah Medusa Phoebe Melissa Shirley Tulips or "Two lips" Sweetpea Heidi—this is one of the names **Redacted** called me a lot, although others did too Katrina—this is also one of the names **Redacted** called me a lot, although others did too Wanda John Johnson (said with a "y" replacing the "j" Dutch girl Darla Valerie Gabriel Thomasina **Redacted** and **Redacted** (although these are my names, they spelled them with a "**Redacted**" and mentioned that when they called me that. They were both different "parts" that they gave me, which were both supposed to act differently)

One time during a therapy session when I was around **Redacted** years old, David told me he put a "part" of himself into me. He put his hands on my head and made me suck on his penis while he did this. Rosie was there too. David told me that this way he could "always watch me" and know what I was doing. He also told me that I would have some of his "sexual" skills and "strength" and could better please **Redacted, Redacted, Redacted,** clients and others. **Redacted** often called me her "only son" from that time on, and often asked me to do sexual things to her and use my "harp hands" my "sculptor hands" and my "strong" or "manly" muscles. One time she told me to show her how strong I was. She had me pick up a few things in her bedroom like the night stand, the side of the dresser, and then her. She told me she was impressed and then I got uncomfortable. I knew where she was going with this. She asked how hard I could grab her vagina. I told her that it was different than lifting things up. She told me it wasn't and told me to climb into bed next to her. She took off her clothes and lay down. I was forced to grab her breasts and vagina. She kept telling me to squeeze and grab harder because she "liked the pain." She made hissing sounds and then breathed heavily out the sides of her mouth as she clenched her jaw. I kept asking her if I was hurting her and she would yell out moans but tell me

to keep going. She made me suck on her vagina and put my fingers inside and pull hard. I did as I was told. When she was finished she let me leave.

Experience #	66
Title	"Calling" before receiving my Redacted
Date/Time	Sometime between fall and winter of 2006
Location	Provo
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Richard and Carma Anderson, Gary and Joy Lundberg, Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

I was often called by another name at home since I was a little kid. It wasn't always a new name however, but they would even use my name and say "**Redacted**, come here!" or something like that before **Redacted, Redacted** or other family/friends would rape me. I was also given cards with **Redacted** spelled with a "**Redacted**" instead of an "**Redacted**" or **Redacted** spelled "**Redacted**." These were purposeful things that people did who knew how to spell my name would call me—these are people like **Redacted, Redacted**, family members and close family friends. Prior to getting my **Redacted, Redacted** prepared to give me what they called my "real" calling. This group allowed you do to LDS activities, as long as they controlled your purpose and outcome there. Therefore, when I was in the works of completing **Redacted, Redacted** told me to come over wearing my Sunday best. The next time I was there we had dinner with our "LDS" "home teachers" Gary and Joy Lundberg, and then **Redacted** told me they had something special for me. **Redacted** and little sister were there too. **Redacted** told me he was representing the council (as he was currently a member) and told me that I was allowed to **Redacted**, but that my real calling was to do the work of Lucifer. He told me to move to the living room and kneel on the floor. We were often told to kneel in front of or to **Redacted** or any other authority/"Elder". **Redacted** put his handkerchief on my head and then he and Gary Lundberg put their hands on my head and began calling me by many different names, some of which are listed above in "Experience #65's" other occurrences section. Richard spoke and he told me "in the name of Lucifer" that I had been called to serve a mission and that all the parts he named were the missionaries. He told me that "**Redacted**" could outwardly represent the LDS church, but that it was not my real mission. He said in the "blessing" that I was called to serve and represent **Redacted.** He told me that there would be people there that they will prepare to meet me (members of their church-not necessarily people I teach). He also said that at any opportunity I should seek to further the kingdom of Satan and follow his promptings. He then said that my actions in furthering Satan's work would bless me, and that Satan would be aware of them, although they would be hid from the face of Jesus Christ and his followers. They told me that I would find out **Redacted** how I could better serve Satan and build his kingdom, and reminded me that it was the upmost importance that I protect him (**Redacted**) and the family by not letting anyone outside of **Redacted** and groups know my real mission— and by fitting into the world around me. He also told me that I would bring blessings to my

family and Lucifer's bloodline by doing whatever I needed to in public to do what is expected by a "good" **Redacted**. After that, **Redacted** told me to get undressed. I fought it but he and **Redacted** and **Redacted** forced me to. **Redacted** pulled my hair and held me down as Carma sat on my feet and Joy and Richard pulled down my underwear. **Redacted** raped me and reminded me again that ceremonies and blessings are always followed by sacrifice and a physical promise. Then Gary Lundberg vaginally raped me, and I was forced to give oral sex to Joy Lundberg, and Carma. **Redacted** had to do it to Rosie.

Handkerchiefs were sometimes used to place a "barrier" between the main "part" of a person and the "blessing" that was not meant for said "part"—in the above experience, that is why he didn't call me by my real name, instead he called me by the many names they gave me because the blessing was meant for those other "parts." Handkerchiefs are also used in ceremonies, and almost every time a matriarchal blessing is given. Lace doilies and handkerchiefs are often used, and doilies were almost always placed on trunks that were to be used as "alters." In nearly every trunk **Redacted** and **Redacted** owned, as well as other family members and friends, there were handkerchiefs and doilies in them. **Redacted** and I were gifted a lot of them as well. We were given large sewing boxes that had a pillow top so we could "comfortably make offerings" as **Redacted** told us when she gave them to us. For ceremonies, Rosie would often keep white dresses in closets, and the white lace doilies and the handkerchiefs in the trunks she used. Some of the doilies, handkerchiefs and scarves were black with flowers on them, some were stained with blood, and some bright colors such as red.

Using other names for parts is also seen in the story with "CJ." Rosie and David told us that they had the power over our spirit, and that they would do a lot with different things, such as "call out different parts" that had different "personalities" when they wanted us to be sexual, or perform in front of others, or whatever. They tried to get us to kill different parts of ourselves saying that if that certain part was dead that we would no longer "be afraid of sex" or have other problems. They sometimes told us that the only way we could heal from our problems would be to sexually take control/abuse ourselves, or let others abuse us. I remember going in front of David and his "council" when they told me that I had to get rid of/cut off one of my parts that was "evil" in their eyes. Rosie and David would sometimes force me to put a part of my spirit, or "Valerie" or whomever, into my pets and other objects. Then they would make me destroy my pet or that object (**Redacted**, my dog). "Destroying" would sometimes be sexual acts, and sometimes be death. Apart from the above therapeutic methods, David and Rosie used many other kinds of therapy, experiments, and torture. Below I will list some of the threats they would use in all therapy, rape, torture and any other abuse that occurred.

Torture, Terrorizing and Threats

Most threats were accompanied with painful experiences so that I knew such threats were sure to be carried out. Some threats were even accompanied while they destroyed something I loved. This something could be a toy, a pet (they would really kill them at times), and sometimes **Redacted** (they would beat them for my "mistakes"). I also witnessed and was forced to participate in many murders, which also made threats real to me. One of the most common things **Redacted, Redacted** and others would talk about is how **Redacted** had no money and no other family/friends/home that is not connected to them. They even told me that the LDS bishop and the local police officers were all their friends. They told us we couldn't have food, clothes, or a bed to sleep in unless we did what they said. They often told us to sleep outside, that we couldn't do a school or church activity that requires a little bit of money, get lunch at school and all sorts of other things. On top of that, it was also scary that we were little and were slower at walking/running than they were, because when we would run away from home, they would catch up to us and sometimes beat us and then take us home. Sometimes they took us home first before they beat us.

Experience #	67
Title	Threatened on the horse
Date/Time	Sometime in the warmer months of 1995
Location	Spring City
Frequency	4x+
People Involved	Rosie and David

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Some more threats I received are bulleted below. I received threats such as these nearly every day of my life, and have continued to receive them through other forms like emails, cards, voice messages, etc... I receive them from friends and family and unknown people that participated in abusing us, or participated in ceremonies. Again some of the threats for disobedience include: Death by being... Strangled Mutilated Burnt alive Pierced by a sword or spear Gutted Skinned Scalped On your head and on your private parts Eaten alive They would bleed you until you died (related to experience cross-country skiing) Strung up by small joints Flung off a cliff (related to experience at Coyote Gulch) All of your friends are their friends (of **Redacted** and the group)- so you really have no place to hide or go They threatened that they would make my friends lie about me, and that they would find people to say that I was crazy—and that everyone around me would say that. David threatened that he would use the Swiss Army knife he carried in his pocket to cut me up. David threatened he would use his tie or bow-tie to hang me, strangle me, or just choke me Rosie often said she would use the journals she forced us to write, the cards she forced us to write to "suitors" and others, as well as the pornography photos and videos she took of us to make us look like we were bad in public Threats that **Redacted** would kill herself (this only worked when I was very young) Threats that they would kill **Redacted** Threats that they would kill my pets Threats that they would kill **Redacteds** and friends (**Redacted, Redacted, Redacted, Redacted,** and others) Threats that they would ruin my life and take away all my friends Threats that they would cut me from the inside of my vagina all the way up to through my brain Threats that my opportunities would be ruined by everyone around me—and that they had the control for my future Threats they would bury me alive, and leave me there Threats they would cut me up enough just so I would bleed and then watch as wild animals ate me alive Threats to throw us down the well in Spring City And more...

When I was first comfortable riding one of our horses (Gabriel or "Gabe" as we called him) off our property, I attempted to run away. I decided to ride him until I came to a town I didn't know anyone in. I rode and rode from Spring City towards Mt. Pleasant, and was almost to Mt. Pleasant when **Redacted** pulled up in the suburban and told me to go home immediately. I told her I wouldn't and that I was never going home again. **Redacted** was sitting in the back of the car and Rosie held up a knife and described how she was going to kill **Redacted**. She said she would gouge out her eyes and cut off her ears, that she would slice her tongue down the middle so it was cut in half and leave it in her mouth; she said she would stick the knife up her vagina and cut everywhere she could. She said all sorts of disgusting things about disemboweling her. Then she said that she would blame it on me and threatened she would call the police and tell them that. She told me again to go home, but I didn't and started crying. She got out of the car and said she just wanted to talk to me. I backed Gabe away. She acted calm like she was going to be reasonable and kind. Then she grabbed Gabe's reins and told me to get off of him. She ordered me into the car and told me to hold Gabe's reins out the window while we trotted him home. She told me how mean I was to a horse to make him walk so far and how I was going to "get it." When we got home **Redacted** and dad tortured me by putting the end of David's skinny gun up my vagina. It hurt so badly. **Redacted** made me put my fingers in her vagina and then David and she had sex. Then David put his penis in my anus and raped me and ejaculated into me.

It was very common in **Redacted** for **Redacted** and **Redacted** to use threats in the form of objects, gifts, foods, and other things to keep us afraid and remembering their threats/abuse we've been through. Each of our abusers used their own method to remind/threaten us. There are many objects that I remember being threatening objects, but a few of them are listed below.

David and Rosie Hamblin

> Pictures of a lion, or "Aslan" (One example is when I received a picture of this on a card from David while **Redacted**. He used this image in abuse-he would tell me he is the lion, Aslan, the king of the jungle and Rosie was a "lioness")
>
> Picture of girl on horse (An example is when I received a picture of this on a card from David while **Redacted**. He was the horse- I was the girl: used in abuse)
>
> Real cats, pictures of cats, books with cats in them, "meow" sounds, milk, tuna, postcards with cats in dress-up clothing. (This was to remind us of all the "cat-naps").
>
> Rosie and David gave me books, utensils, movies, "alters," metal bowls and pans, towels, old sheets, used LDS garments, among many other things to remind me of past experiences.

Carma and Richard Anderson

Tea cups, or any fancy China (Carma would often start abuse off with a "tea party")

Chocolate and money (Richard gave us chocolate and money nearly every time he abused us. He would also give us things like that whenever he saw us. Any time we performed we would get a bill of some kind, and we'd get more money as we got older. He would also be sure to give us ice-cream or buy us a Wendy's frosty (chocolate) or Baskin robin's ice-cream (insisting we eat chocolate) as often as he could. He also sent me money all through **Redacted**, and **Redacted** of what he was contributing **Redacted**). They also gave me used LDS garments.

They both gave me cards with fairies and other things on them that were related to experiences where we had to make-believe we were fairies during sexual abuse.

Redacted gave me all my dishes, a nutmeg grinder, fancy utensils among other things that were used in murders and other abuse.

Robert Hamblin (David's father)

Money and Playing cards (Nearly every time he wanted to "play" with us he would start or finish by playing cards with us. He would make up rules and make us afraid of him, he would almost always want win no matter what. He also gave me money when he raped me.)

He also gave me cards with pictures of fairies too.

June Hamblin (David's mother)

Two-dollar bills and Barbies (Almost every time she raped us she would give us a "special" two-dollar bill. She gave two-dollar bills and Barbies to us whenever we did our "chores." This could be telling her "I love you," giving her a kiss on the cheek, and of course, sexual acts.)

Janae Jones

Janae often used cheetah-print things as a part of her abuse of me.

Bonnie and Gary Hansen

Bonnie would give us soft blankets and use them during abuse.

Gary gave us jewelry he made when he would abuse us.

> Joe would often refer to milk when I saw them, and ask me what kind of milk I wanted, "normal milk," or "chocolate milk." This referred to the many times he said that Lee had chocolate milk in one breast and normal milk in the other. He also said that if I was really good his semen would taste like "chocolate."

In many abusive experience we had, **Redacted** and others would use certain objects to clean up abortions, murders, or certain objects during abuse, or while clients abused us. They would often try to use the same objects on other occasions or at different times in our lives to remind us of the traumatizing situation, and it would often make us feel afraid to see/experience the same terrifying experiences we had previously experienced, and nervous about what they were about to do. Many examples are found in the experiences I've shared of this such as Carma using the fine china, which was often blue and white, to eat the baby on (seen below), but then also to have a tea party with us during the day, with baby dolls at the table as well. The example of the objects here include the china and the baby doll that would cause us to feel the previously mentioned emotions I described, allowing her continued control of us. This is attempted to be continued today with birthday cards and gifts that also show pictures of these objects, their writing that talks about these objects, or actually giving us these objects.

Carma also used dishes she had used in murders because the food she would make and eat was often a reminder of the murder and abuse. For example, one time she made me a plate of eggs while I was running to school, however she started making them while I was brushing my teeth and my ride had already arrived at the door. She spoon-fed me "scrambled" eggs that had been in the pan for not much longer than 1 minute. They were nearly raw and as she told me to open my mouth and she would pour it into my mouth, I refused and then she told me to open my mouth and said the eggs were "just as good as semen!" I did as she said and she poured the plateful of raw eggs into my mouth. I started gagging and spit out a lot of it into the bushes as I ran outside before I got into the car. She often spoke of semen as "consecrated oil" and she and Richard would use it in ceremonies as such. She said semen had "healing powers" and when we were sick they would make us suck on **Redacted** or Richard until he ejaculated into our mouths to heal a cold, or onto the part of our body that was sore, or into a bowl to do what they wanted to with the semen. They often sang the song "come thou fount of every blessing" as they made us do this (fount referring to the penis and the semen coming out of it, and how it's "healing powers" have "every blessing").

Experience #	68
Title	Sick
Date/Time	Spring, 1998
Location	Richard and Carma Anderson's Current Provo condo
Frequency	Nearly every time I got sick, 1-2x/month for a while
People Involved	Richard and Carma Anderson

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Apart from this happening with **Redacted**, this often happened at home with **Redacted**, sometimes weekly. It was a common occurrence especially as we were often sick with problems from sharing so many germs (through sexual activity) with so many different people. One time this happened in particular, I had the wind knocked out of me after I was bucked off a horse during my pony-club ride. I came home and **Redacted** made me suck on his penis until he ejaculated onto my back and into a small Joe Bennion bowl. He and **Redacted** did some chanting and then "blessed" me that my back would heal and Rosie rubbed the semen into my back and afterwards I had to drink the rest of the semen.

One experience with this was when I first taken to **Redacted's** home to live at the end of my **Redacted** grade year after **Redacted's** "separated." I had a cold and a sore throat at the time. When **Redacted** heard me blowing my nose in the bathroom she came and knocked on the door asking me how long I had been sick. Sadly, I was trying to blow my nose privately because of the "blessings of healing" that come along with being sick (the rape that ensues, as well as being forced to drink people's bodily fluids). I was being as private as possible—to the point that I only would blow my nose when the toilet was flushing to hide the noise. I responded to **Redacted** that I was fine and it was only hay fever. She immediately yelled for "Richard" and told him to come right up to his bed. From behind her in his bedroom he said "I'm right here, Carma." I stayed in the bathroom while they talked back and forth for a while about a few different things—mostly unrelated to my "hay fever." After they stopped talking Carma called me out to get some "help." I said I was fine and tried to stay in longer. I continued to evade the situation, but **Redacted** called me "honey" and told me to "come on out" and how he would "be here for me." Eventually I came out and walked to my room (right next to **Redacted's** room). As I passed the doorway his pants and garment bottoms were around his ankles and he was sitting on the bed next to **Redacted**. As I passed I said that I was fine and didn't need anything, and walked straight into my room and closed the door. Richard immediately opened the door and he no longer had his pants or underwear around his ankles- they were off completely. He stormed over to my bed (where I was sitting) and told me to get on the floor and to show more gratitude. I didn't get off the bed as he sat down next to me. I told him I was not sick and didn't need his help. He immediately seized my neck and started strangling me. **Redacted** came in and stood next to the bed and started lecturing me on listening to **Redacted** and to respect my Elders, as well as how ungrateful I am to him and her. I started choking and Richard yelled at me again to get on the floor. I tried to look like I was willing by gasping "yes!" but he didn't let me go for a little bit longer. When he had let go I fell to the ground and he came up to the edge of the bed. I did as he and **Redacted** instructed and sucked on his penis. Richard and Carma started chanting a song about rejuvenating my "shell" and embedding power into my veins. Richard started yelling and moaning as he praised Lucifer. As he was getting closer to ejaculating Richard yelled at Carma to hold my head so I wouldn't pull my head away. She grabbed my hair and yanked it back and forth with her other hand under my chin, somewhat choking me, to make me move back and forth while I sucked on his

penis. He yelled at Carma how fast to go and she kept checking with him "Is that good?" until he ejaculated, at which point he scooted up on the end of the bed, shoving his penis deeper into my throat. It hit the back of my throat and I started gagging. I felt so sick and wanted to throw up. **Redacted** started talking to me, telling me to let the semen sooth my sore throat and run down it so that I could be healed. Richard got up and went to the bathroom. **Redacted** told me she was so jealous of me as I sat their coughing and gagging. I got up and went to the bathroom downstairs and threw up.

Experience #	69
Title	Gift from Nola
Date/Time	May 2010
Location	Richard and Carma Anderson's Current Provo condo
Frequency	15x+
People Involved	Nola and Clyde Sullivan
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

Nola also has given me a painting of a flower, or flowers, nearly every year and when I got married. When I got married for example, she gave me a painting of tulips. This referred to several times when she had called me "Two lips" as she referred to my vagina while she raped me at her home that it has "two 'lips'." When she gave it to me she reminded me of how I was her "Pretty little Dutch girl" and how she missed me singing the song to her. She told me that **Redacted** was very lucky to have "such a pretty tulip to play with."

I also received things from Richard's mother Agnes. She gave me many handkerchiefs, as Carma and Rosie both have. Agnes also gave me perfumes that Carma told me to use before ceremonies. Carma and Rosie have also given me items from Gerrit deJong and **Redacted** deJong and themselves. These objects were supposed to connect me to my bloodlines—they told me that **Redacted** deJong and **Redacted Redacted** deJong's "spirits" were literally connected to my "spirit" through these items.

Experience #	70
Title	Dead cat on the doorstep
Date/Time	Fall 1998
Location	Provo house
Frequency	The animals on the doorstep happened over 10x, terrorizing games happened almost 1x every two or three days for a long time.
People Involved	James Mooney and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There are many different things **Redacted, Redacted** and their friends did to terrorize me and **Redacted. Redacted** and others would often take photos or videos of us being tortured or punished—they took photos during many of the examples below. Sometimes they were snap-shots but they often made us pose as well during torture. Bulleted below are some examples. There were often dead animals on our door step that had been hung, mutilated, or some other form of violent murder. Sometimes they even had signs on them that said things. One time there was one with a sign that said "**Redacted**, Fuck you." These were sometimes cats, dogs, birds, anything they could get. There were also sometimes just pieces of an animal there. They would try to drown us, or make us feel like we were drowning by doing the following: Holding us down in the horse trough Holding us in the bathtub Throwing us in swimming pools/ponds/lakes and jumping on top of us, so we can't come up for air They would cover our heads with a cloth and then pour water on us. They would also treat us like they are hunting us. For example, while we were playing outside they would suddenly throw something over at us and hide. David would sometimes jump out from behind something outside or inside and yell and scream as he ran towards us and attack us. This would often be followed by rape if it were in a private place. Force us to wear jewelry that they felt would "open" us up to "Lucifer's spirits." This jewelry included amber crosses, Rosie and David's jewelry they had inherited or used in high school and college that had already been "blessed to be a portal for Satan's spirits." They took us to the mental hospital by Seven Peaks in Provo and tried to scare us there. Halloween was always a scary time, and they often did ceremonies around that time. They got their friend's autistic son who was fully grown (late-teens or older) to wear a wolf costume, and when we went by their home on Halloween he jumped out of the 2nd-story window and chased us down the street. We screamed and cried and tried to hide. David and Joe Bennion loved to scare us by finding where we were playing as kids in either of the houses and then standing outside the window and staring at us in a creepy way- looking like they were dead or something, drooling, etc... Sometimes they would run by the outside of the window that was in the room we were playing in and whack the glass so hard you would think it would break. Rosie loved to joke and tell people that if we were bad she would leave us with people at gas stations, and nearly every road-trip or long drive we went on they would actually do that. They did that with big, hairy, and scary-looking men who looked like they were about to rape us. They would laugh and drive back later—sometimes half an hour or more after they had left us. They did the same thing with people at casinos. David and Rosie would both would hide behind shower curtains in

To terrorize us, **Redacted** would do many different things. When I was living at the Provo house with just David and then all his ceremony and group friends dropping by, David and his friends would find every opportunity to scare me if possible. One day after school the door-bell rang. There was a dead cat on the front door-step with David's letter opener sticking in it straight up out of its neck. There was a note in the dead cat's mouth in David's handwriting that said "**Redacted**, be obedient! Or else!!!" I was disgusted and the next time I saw **Redacted**, he was with James Mooney. The two of them started laughing and James said "Here kitty, kitty, kitty!" "Kitty" was one of my "part" names. I left the room and James followed me and vaginally raped me laughing and "purring" in my ear while he did it. I fought him off me but he didn't stop.

In our home, Rosie would carry out a lot of punishments on **Redacted**, but sometimes for physical punishments where she didn't want to physically control our rage or defiance, she would sometimes leave the punishing up to David, warning us that "when **Redacted** gets home you better watch out." She often beat us with him too. He was often her "bouncer" in my experience. Many times she would watch him punish us by raping us or forcing us to do oral sex while he pulled our hair, shook us, beat us, threw us against walls/furniture, and yelled at us, forcing us to apologize to him and Rosie. She also did the same things to us.

Experience #	71
Title	Near-drowning
Date/Time	Winter 1994
Location	Spring City
Frequency	3x
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Some of the terrorizing methods were often used in the form of punishments such as sucking puss out of pimples, eating feces and urine of theirs, ours, and of animal's, and licking dirty private parts. Sexual acts were often punishments and then of course a lot of physical abuse and beating. They also would try to drown us. This happened with not only **Redacted** but their friends too.

One punishment I remember was when David took me outside in Spring City in the middle of the night after he had raped me and told me he was going to drown me. Because I had been defiant and refused to do things he wanted me to do he got mad and took me out naked in the snow to the horse trough at which point he broke the ice in the trough, stuck my entire body in the trough and held my head down. It was so freezing it felt like knives cutting me all over my body. He kept whispering "You're dead meat" in my ear as he would bring me up out of the water. When I started to apologize he would immediately stick me back in the water before I could finish saying "I'm sorry" just to hurt me. Finally after at least 10 times being held in the water he let me finish saying I'm sorry. I could barely say it because I could barely breathe as I was so freezing and shaking violently. He drug me by my foot back into the house in the frozen and hard snow and rocks. He left me in the mudroom of the Spring City house and as soon as I could move which seemed like a half hour later, I pulled myself to the bathroom next to the mudroom and turned on the hot shower thawing in there until the hot water ran out.

Experience #	72

Title	Brother John
Date/Time	1991-1992
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Sometimes daily when we were very little children, less often as we got older—but when **Redacted** was born it started all over again
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	As mentioned games, these "games" occurred sometimes daily during the time we were little children. Nursery rhymes tied to sex acts often occurred with other family members or **Redacted**'s friends when they were around us as younger children. It morphed into other games for me after I was 11 or so, however, they were making **Redacted** do it at that time.

Redacted would use all sorts of nursery rhymes to threaten us in the company of others, and make something common into something connected to their abuse and activities. For example, one time in **Redacted**, David and Rosie called us to come into their bed and started singing "Are you sleeping? Are you sleeping? Brother John! Brother John! Morning bells are ringing! Morning bells are ringing! Ding, dang, dong! Ding, dang, dong!" **Redacted** continued to sing it but replaced "John" with our own names. They had us sing it with them, and sometimes repeat it with them. When we got to the "ding, dang, dong" part they made **Redacted** grab back and forth between Rosie's breasts (grabbing the left one, then the right one, then the left one again). David made me grab his penis and pull it three times with the song "ding, dang, dong." Then Rosie told **Redacted** to suck on her vagina and Rosie lay down on the bed laughing. David then told me to suck on his penis as well until he ejaculated in my face.

They used rhymes in abuse to give it the appearance of "fun." It was a threat and a reminder of that abuse whenever we heard those rhymes somewhere else, or in front of people. They also wanted people that were not in their group or oblivious to their group to participate in the same kind of abuse that they enforced, and confuse us to not know who we could trust. If they saw someone singing one of the nursery rhymes they used in front of us that was not in their group, they would immediately join in and make faces at us while they recited any poem/rhyme to enforce the threat. They also abused us while playing or singing primary songs as we would sing those with everyone in primary every Sunday. They also purchased the LDS tapes and CDs that included all the primary songs and hymns and would just play them while abusing us. Some of the other nursery rhymes they would use in abuse, as well as what they did when they would sing or chant these songs are included below.

Rock-a-by Baby (They would have us "go down" on them, as in "down will come baby," they also dropped us on the ground to scare us.)

Black Cat/Noir Chat (They would sing this as we played the kitten game, or have us sing it)

Thumbkin (We were made to put each of our named fingers into David 's anus or Rosie's vagina. They would also reciprocate and force us to let them put their fingers in

our vaginas and anuses.

Star baby (They would make us "nurse" from Rosie's breasts, or David's penis when the lyrics talk about "milk and cream" in this song)

Trot, Trot to Market (David and others would have us sit on their genitals or sometimes put their penis into our vagina and "trot" with us. Other times they would tell us to masturbate on their leg while they had us sit on their foot to do this "game")

Ride a horse to Branbury cross (Same thing as "trot, trot to market", as well as have us play the "horse" game, similar to the "kitten" game)

To market, to market (They would make us walk around like pigs, then act like they were killing us, and then rape us)

Hey Ho, anybody home? (David would sing this as he put his penis in and out of our vagina or anus. He would say his penis was a flashlight looking into us to see if anyone had been there)

Around a corner, and under a tree (They would sing repetitive songs just to have our attention and give a distraction until they finally ejaculated or had an orgasm)

K, K, K, **Redacted**... (They would sing this to me any time to say they were "courting" me and try to get me to kiss them or do sexual things to them. This was often sung to me by **Redacted**.)

There's a hole in the bucket (They would sing this to us, and change the name from "Liza" to any of our names and point to the "hole" in our "bucket," or rather our vagina, and put their penis, fingers or tongue/mouth into our vaginas to "fix it" as the song goes)

Redacted, you are #1 (Sang this to **Redacted**, in a similar style that they would sing the "**Redacted**" song to me)

Prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray dear Lord my soul to keep. If I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." Sang before bed as a chant or prayer and had to ask to be possessed by "the Lord" by Satan—and we would have to "have sex" with either of **Redacted** as we "lay down to sleep."

Little jack Horner (this was to make us practice putting our thumb/fingers into Rosie's vagina during the part htat says "He put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb" and then we were praised if we did it.

Little miss muffet (I or **Redacted** would be "little miss muffet", and the "tuffet" was

what we would sit on, and was usually anal rape)

Little bo peep (David's penis between our legs coming in and out—we had to grab his penis whenever it came out of legs and "find the sheep." Whenever he would say "wagging their tails behind them" he would either wag his penis, or wag his tongue, sometimes both)

Ring around the Rosy (circling our fingers around Rosie's vagina, this was as David said "Rosie's song")

It's raining, its pouring (We were to act out death, or killing someone or ourselves with a hammer in our hands, and then acting out what happens when you "go to bed" and were raped after that)

Old Mother Hubbard (We were supposed to "fetch the bone" or rather, grab onto David's erected penis. He would act like a sad puppy and whine, and then when we rubbed his penis with our hands, he would start barking and panting and be happy)

Jump the nut (This was a game that David and Rosie said that **Redacted** made up—but I'm not really sure how old it is. They would basically have David lie on the ground and we would have to jump over his nuts, and then lick and "eat" the nuts)

Jack jumps over the candlestick (We would be "Jack" and have to jump over his erected penis)

If you step on a crack- you'll break **Redacted**'s back (This is what David would say anytime we would sit on Rosie's naked body, or her "butt crack" and massage her back—which was what she commonly forced us to do before she would force us to do sexual things to her)

She died, she did, she died of a broken rib (This was used as a threat—they would often use it when we weren't being obedient and hit us in the ribs, or act like they were going to. Sometimes all they had to do was say the rhyme for us to be obedient)

3 little kittens had lost their mittens (depending on the number of children **Redacted** were abusing, they would change the number from 1-4 little kittens while they played the kitten game)

Little pussy her coat is so warm, if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm (This was used as a threat during "cat naps" and the kitten game)

Rosie had us read Shakespeare to her during "cat naps"

They did this with a lot of primary songs too

There were also others rhymes that were used, although this large list shows you the style of their abuse with familiar Nursery Rhymes. Rosie, David, both sets of **Redacted**, and whoever else was reading to us would often be violent with such rhymes. They often made us think they were being nice by reading to us or giving us attention that wasn't purely physical, but then they would turn it into violence and rape. **Redacted** often told us to get a full copy of all the Grimm fairy tales, and other fairy tales, the original nursery rhymes, the primary hymn book and CDs, books on tapes, hymns, among other things. They would sometimes buy these things for us and tell us it was a part of our trousseaux and that we needed to teach our children the same thing. I have one book of children's fairy tales still that they would read to me and then rape me.

When I was a little girl, **Redacted** often terrorized me about certain kinds of animals. Sharks were one of my worst fears because of what **Redacted** did. They would make me watch movies on great white sharks, and then would put me in a pool and then run around in a frenzy like a shark was about to bite me. Sometimes they did this with all **Redacted**. When they were swimming with us, either of them, and often our **Redacteds**, **Redacteds**, and any of their friends would grab our legs when we couldn't see them, and pull us down in to the water. They even bought the jaw of a shark (the bone and teeth) and would sometimes put it around our arms or legs. This would happen during torture periods when we had done something "wrong" and we would be raped with that around us. These pool experiences happened in several places, some of which were **Redacted**'s pool, the helaman halls pool, and the snow college pool.

Experience #	73
Title	Shark jaws
Date/Time	1990
Location	Provo house
Frequency	20x+
People Involved	David Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Scaring with things related to animals happened in all our homes, in our **Redacted** and **Redacteds** and **Redacted**'s homes, at the cabin in wildwood, at my **Redacted**'s homes from the time I was very little until I could think feel confident that a shark was not really swimming in the pool with me, or a shark could actually attack me. Although they stopped pool activities, they didn't stop the scaring activities. There were many times Richard and Carma, David and Rosie, and others took us to the Beene museum at BYU and made us stand by the bat cave and take a long time on the stairs by the shark wall. Rosie told us that we HAD to stay with her, and she would purposefully hang out in the scariest places in that museum.

One time in the Provo house when we had just moved to Provo, David used the shark jaw bone during a torture period after I had been disobedient, and fought him when he was trying to make me suck on his penis. He forced his penis into my mouth, and then violently into my anus

because I was being bad. After he had ejaculated we left his bedroom and he took me into his office where he then did "therapy" on me (which was common in such situations). Therapy was synonymous for "torture" in our home at times. He tried to hypnotize me and it wasn't working but I just closed my eyes and acted like it was because I didn't want to make him mad. I heard him shuffle around and then he called me to wake up and he threw the jaw bone right at my face. I dodged, and because I dodged he yelled at me and started scraping my arm and face with the teeth on it.

Experience #	74
Title	Swimming pool at Snow College
Date/Time	1994-1995
Location	Ephraim
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Suki Christensen
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Although this particular experience happened once, it was still common to have threats repeated by any family and friends that were in this group.

Another threat to hurt/kill me came from **Redacted** Suki when **Redacted** and I had not come back to the house when she wanted us to. **Redacted** Suki seemed to be very depressed—I heard her cry a lot. Because **Redacted** and I didn't go back inside to play instead of outside she told me that I would "be sorry" for being disobedient. The next time I saw her I went with her family to the go swimming in the Snow College swimming pool. **Redacted Redacted** (Susan's son) jumped on my head/body from outside of the water while I was swimming. We were practically the same size, but he was heavier, and it was painful when he jumped on me. I was almost knocked out, and very dizzy. I stopped moving, but he didn't get off me. When I had more strength and was less dizzy he did not get off of me and I was trying to come up for air but kept swallowing water—whenever I did come up for air I heard **Redacted** Suki was laughing. She laughed and laughed and when I finally got him off of me she was still laughing and pointing at me. **Redacted** apologized and said he wanted to make his mom laugh.

Experience #	75
Title	Fairies
Date/Time	1994-1995
Location	**Redacted** and **Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	Torture of this nature happened at least 1x/week. Again make-believe also was usually a weekly activity while I was younger
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David, Joe and Lee Bennion, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, Suki and Craig Christensen, among other family and friends
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many fairy games, however, they were not always violent. There was a lot of torture mixed in with rape that was very painful. They used to make us play "Thumbelina" a lot, and often called **Redacted** "**Redacted**" and David said he was her prince. Other times **Redacted** would say we were flower fairies and he would act like a bee and "pollinate" our "flowers," or rather, vaginally rape us.

Rosie and David continued to carry on their scaring methods by actually biting and attacking our private parts when they were abusing us. One experience of this is when **Redacted** was visiting **Redacted**'s at their house in their Provo condo when I was 7 or 8 years old. I remember that because I had already given **Redacted** the Shamu Killer Whale shirt from our visit to Sea World when I was **Redacted** which he was wearing that night. **Redacted** and **Redacted** started playing a "game" with us where they acted like fairies, and danced around with flowers and glitter wands. They told us to take off our clothes and started telling us to run around like fairies would. This was very common—**Redacted** often called us fairies. Then David said he would be our dragon fly and fly around with us on his back. When he had me on his back, he suddenly threw me off onto the ground and attacked me. He started biting at my vagina and I started bleeding a little from his bites and from him tearing my skin. He then got really violent and started hitting me. **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and Rosie watched and then did the same thing—and **Redacted** raped **Redacted** violently too as he was hitting her. Carma and Rosie did stuff to **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s vaginas. They all said they were "bugs and snakes attacking the fairies."

Payment, Gifts, Bribes, and/or Trading

Payments, gifts, and/or trading was very common in this group for different "favors" including but not limited to the trainings **Redacted** would do and all the sexual acts they forced us to do. Rosie, David, and many others of their family/friends/group members would trade to pay for things—which was often done to make sure there were no paper trails or transactions. However, some trades were actual purchases with money. **Redacted** and Joe and Lee Bennion often traded for art and pottery. David also accepted a lot of trades for his "therapy." I remember being treated like a queen in some people's homes and being able to pick out any jewelry they had made (at Carla Jimmison's). Sometimes it was the opposite feeling, such as when I became payment for David and Shalome Leavitt—I was not treated well then. Carma Anderson also makes trades for a lot of the work she does.

Below are some of things **Redacted** traded for.

Anne Gregerson artwork (Indian in adobe sculpture)
Brian Kershisnik paintings (bluish horse, print of "angels watching")
Tom Schulte- artwork (turquoise bird house, and "orgasm" sculpture)
Carla Jimmison's jewelry (**Redacted** also had/have a painting of her as well)
Leavitts- sex trade
Sheets – trade with emergency essential supplies, some Kelty camping stuff came from him, food storage, sleeping bags, etc...
Ann and Paul Larsen- Ann was the architect for the Spring City house and addition
Lee Bennion- painting of Rosie
Joe Bennion- pottery: Rosie would go and take stuff directly from his studio at any time.
Dale Peel- restored antique furniture and "grained" furniture for them a lot.
Randy... He grained our furniture too. He even stayed at our home for weeks to do it.

Movie store lady (in Mount Pleasant) she sold the porn movies David and Rosie gave her.

Trading with Walton's. My work/labor, for **Redacted**'s wedding cake, flowers, etc...

Massage sessions from women masseuses who saw David

Trades for labor, money, or sex in the Provo Condo neighborhood. Rosie and David traded with the Lundbergs and the Hansens a lot—we received many things from both of them, including blankets, clothes, jewelry, etc...

Group members: We often received photographs of pornographic images of children, ritual abuse situations, dead people/children, mutilated people/children, people/children that were being hung, tortured, hurt in some way, etc., and all sorts of disgusting images.

Below are some of the trades that David and Rosie made.

Me and **Redacted**- for sex acts "**Redacted**" or "The Three Graces"

Films and photos of us (sometimes staged deaths, pornography, among other things)

Harp performances (connected to group and not)

Horse-back riding lessons/horse-back riding parties with ponies, etc...

Therapy sessions/Trainings

David and Rosie would also do prostitution

Venison, or Elk meat

Help with building/construction labor

Antique furniture

Objects they could find- Rosie was particularly mad about a stone that had dinosaur tracks in it that David traded with someone.

They would take any commodity they could get: flowers dug up on the side of the road, old rocks or bricks from buildings that were falling down (like the school house in Birdseye)

Having **Redacted** do housecleaning

Other artwork we were given or owned

Experience #	76
Title	Running from Joe
Date/Time	Summer-Fall 1993
Location	Spring city house
Frequency	Usually weekly for a long time
People Involved	Rosie and David, Joe Bennion
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Not only did this happen with Joe Bennion, but these things also happened with Lee Bennion. I was supposed to go "return" things to Lee for **Redacted** at times and then Lee would make me do sexual things to her and tell her "thank you" for whatever she had borrowed. Rosie collected a painting from Lee of herself (of Rosie), and often jokingly "thanked" me and **Redacted** for giving it to her. There were other times that Joe came to Provo and did the same thing—he didn't just do it in Spring City.

An example of David and Rosie using us for sex acts as trade is when Joe Bennion would knock on our door and come in with the purpose of raping one of us, or having sex with Rosie and/or David. This happened many times. One time in particular I remember Joe knocking on the door when I was right in front of it—it was a certain loud knock (which was usually one loud knock), which meant he was coming to "collect" payment in the form of abusing somebody. Sometimes Rosie and he would have sex, but usually he wanted to try to find one of us girls to rape. As I had done before, I got out of there and ran as fast as I could out the back door and through our field and the neighbor's field to the street where people could see me. I didn't wear shoes and I didn't stop running until I thought it had been enough time that he wouldn't be looking for me anymore. I then walked to one of my hiding places, which was back behind the LDS chapel. I came home an hour or two later. When I was taking a bath later that night upstairs, Joe came upstairs to the bathroom, pulled me out of the tub, got on his knees and on the bathroom floor with the door open and put his penis in my vagina. As he raped me he panted something about never running from him again—and then his actions became more violent as he said that. I saw **Redacted** walk by and go into her bedroom where she closed the door. I heard her get in the shower. After Joe left **Redacted** called me in and told me to get in the shower with her where she then forced me to suck on her vagina. **Redacted** would confidently take any piece of pottery when she went to Joe's studio—she told me it was because of their "understanding."

Experience #	77
Title	Trade with the Leavitts
Date/Time	Spring-summer 1999
Location	Leavitt's home in Nephi
Frequency	4x
People Involved	Rosie and David, David and Shalome Leavitt
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were three other times that I can remember going over to the Leavitt's home. Two of those times were for dinner and David H. did "trainings" for the Leavitts—and both times it turned into an orgy. Both times **Redacted** and/or I were raped by both of the Leavitt's parents. The other time was a ceremony where they invited some of their friends in the area and sacrificed a boy.

From what **Redacted** have told me, in historic (pioneer times) the Leavitt family and the Hamblin family have been close—like during Jacob Hamblin times in the 1800's. In fact, **Redacted** would talk about how David H. and David L. were friends growing up. They were even called to the same mission, although did not serve together. Rosie would tell me that the Leavitt family was high ranking in our church, but not as high as **Redacted**. Although I rarely saw the Leavitt's in social settings they would sometimes participate in the ceremonies. Rosie also told me however, that David L.'s wife, was not high-ranking, and that in fact, she and her sisters all got caught up in hokey things that weren't really involved in the normal group. She told me how David L.'s wife, Shalom, became infatuated with David H., and she and her sisters wanted all sorts of "therapy" from him. Rosie told me that David L. became jealous, and was willing to help Rosie during the divorce by making David sound like he was going crazy, as planned by the council which you will see in "The Council" section below. David L. went to David H. when he was in jail for poaching and asked him what he was doing with his life. From what David L. has told me, David H. got mad at David L. and told him that they couldn't be friends any more, and

that he (David H.) was "living a higher law." David L. testified in court about this, or shared his testimony with appropriate sources for the court's decision, and ended up helping Rosie.

One afternoon in Spring City **Redacted** told me to get ready to go have dinner with the Leavitt's. I told her that I didn't want to go. I assumed it was for a trade. **Redacted** dropped me off at the Leavitt's home in Nephi, it was still light outside, but starting to get darker. The Leavitt's welcomed me and asked me what I was doing as we ate dinner when I felt a pill in my mouth. I tried to spit it out but I had already partially swallowed it and then lost it. I kept eating because I was hungry, and didn't know if this pill would put me to sleep or just make me drowsy/limp. I got drowsy and slowly stopped eating my food and kind of slouched. David and Shalom immediately stood up; David walked over to me and carried me into their living room where he immediately took off my pants, pulled down his pants, and said a prayer over me to Satan. I closed my eyes. He then put on some kind of lubricant onto his penis because it was wet. Shalom started chanting, and then he joined in. He then almost immediately vaginally raped me, and at first it wasn't as painful as it was so often with David H., but then he started violently pushing and tearing me. He then told Shalom to "get the camera." Then he started smacking my face—he told me to wake up. I opened my eyes and looked at him while he was kneeling over me and then he fiercely whispered that he would skin me and eat me if I ever told anyone what he was doing. Shalom returned and took some photos. I don't remember a lot after that. Later I remember David put me into the back seat of Rosie's suburban lying down, my body and insides were incredibly sore. They talked with Rosie and then she said she was glad it had "worked out." David L. responded and agreed.

Doctors and Drugs: Rosie avoided taking us to therapists until our later years (around the time of the separation). She hand-picked the therapists she would take us to. In front of me she would tell our therapists about how mean **Redacted** was, and the kind of things he would do to us. Sometimes she would come into our scheduled therapy sessions, or the first part of our sessions telling our therapists that we were too nervous to be alone with a therapist, or a man, whichever she wanted to. She would say that for obvious reasons (because **Redacted** was a therapist) it was difficult for us to be around therapists. She threatened and hurt me telling me I could never tell anything that would contradict her. Also, Rosie was not against taking us to men and women who were considered "fortune tellers" and people who gave readings to us. In fact, this was a very common thing that happened to us. She would take us to different doctors very often because we were sick so often from the constant spreading of germs from **Redacted**, family, and their many friends raping us and she didn't want the same doctor to start seeing the signs of abuse unless she could trust them. There were some doctors that she didn't seem to worry about so much including Dr. Baird and Dr. Myers. Also, Rosie often tried to get more drugs, especially when they were pain killers, sleeping pills, among others. So, when we had illness that could use that kind of medicine, she would take us to many different kind of doctors for the same illness. She also used many different pharmacies. There was usually a lot of medicine and drugs in **Redacted** houses. There were pill bottles in big boxes in **Redacted**'s closets,

and sometimes huge boxes of pills and bags of peyote in Spring City and the Provo house. I remember **Redacted** getting boxes of drugs in Mexico when we were there. There was medicine in the cabinet and shelves in Provo bathroom where many pills were kept. There was also medicine in David's office in the desk drawers in the Provo house. Many of the drugs that Rosie and David would give me made me dizzy, disoriented, "loopy," often made me sick, and/or knocked me out completely. There were many times that I woke up after sleeping for nearly the whole day, or for large period of time. Sometimes when I would wake up I had dried semen on me, or around me, and my vagina was very sore. I was often naked and in a different place than I had been.

Experience #	78
Title	Raped by unknown person(s)
Date/Time	Sometime between winter 1998 and January 1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	50x+
People Involved	Unknown person(s), Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many other times that I woke up naked, in a different room, and/or in someone else' home. There was one time that I woke up while I was being raped by someone in what I assume was their own home. When they saw I was awake they looked at me in shock and then ran out of the room and talked on the phone with who I assume were **Redacted** because he told them that I was awake and the pills didn't work. Soon **Redacted** showed up and made me take another pill. Later **Redacted** beat me as punishment because I should have acted like I was asleep in that situation and not made them lose money on me.

One time I knew I had been raped when I woke up from being knocked out because of the semen on my vagina and legs. I was in David's office in Provo. I was naked and freezing and the carpet was very scratchy on my body. The snow was falling outside and it was already dark. **Redacted** walked by and saw I was awake. She told me to get up and so I could help her with some chores. I asked her who had been here. She told me the client had left a long time ago, and didn't want me to see him. I asked her who he was and she said that he paid her enough to not tell me. She raised her eyebrows, smiled and walked into the kitchen.

There were other times that even if the semen was cleaned up, I would still smell it on my legs as well as the immense soreness I would feel in my private areas and my body altogether. Moreover, we were all given enemas and were supposed to douche often. Sometimes they had scented water if we were going to be used as payment. **Redacted** were worried about us getting very ill because of how many different people were raping us consistently and all the urine and feces they had made us drink/eat; therefore, they tried to make us do enemas and such. They gave us tons of antibiotics. They would also put pills in our smoothies, food and sometimes even crushed up in a spoon-full of jam. When we were old enough to swallow, or weren't being tricked, Rosie would just give us lots of "vitamins," to swallow. They were often

different sizes, colors, and shapes. Rosie also gave us cod-liver and castor oil, as well as bathed us in burning hot water with Epsom salts quite often. She showed us how to put certain creams on our vaginas and anuses when they had been torn. Neosporin was one of my "best friends" she would tell me that I wouldn't keep any scars if I used it. The last time I was in her house she still had many boxes of drugs and medical supplies. Some were in the house and some were in her garage. Anal suppositories, douching, enemas, colonics, and organ cleanses were things she gave us quite regularly. On top of that they gave me and **Redacted** several satanic "blessings" in which they said they were "healing" our wounds and scars.

Experience #	79
Title	Mr. Coleman the veterinarian
Date/Time	2000-2003
Location	Provo Condo, Rosie's bedroom
Frequency	50x+
People Involved	Rosie, unknown person(s)
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Again, this happened over 50 different times where I was given drugs that put me to sleep.

I remember one afternoon at the Provo condo, Rosie came home from the veterinarian (Mr. Coleman) with a lot of medicines and **Redacted** was very bothered. **Redacted** told me privately that she was scared because of what Mr. Coleman said. She said that Coleman mentioned that with just one pill [of a certain pill he had in his possession] that was used to knock out an animal, a girl could be knocked out. She told me Mr. Coleman said to Rosie in private that ten men could rape her and she wouldn't even know it when she woke up hours later. Rosie gave both **Redacted** and I those same pills after we cleaned the house a couple days later. She put me in her bedroom on her huge bed (that was David's parents), and she put **Redacted** on the couch in the living room. We don't' know who came over but I was sore for a couple days following that event. Rosie often used animal medicine to drug us. There are endless amounts of drugs that Rosie has used and even had in her possession in February 2013.

"Art Films" and Pornography

Rosie and David often forced us to be in their "art films" as they called them with certain crowds. They also called them porn or pornography with other crowds—which is what their photos and films actually were. They took a lot of photos and made a lot of films of **Redacted** and I doing sexual and/or violent things to each other. There were oftentimes that **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and other adults were in the movie or at least involved as well. Rosie, Carma and David all talked about themselves as photographers and artists. Rosie has owned a high quality cannon film camera for years, and they also often bought video cameras. It was part of our responsibility to the family and the church of Satan to provide the group and others with films and photos. There were times they would drug us to film us for pornography, especially as we got older. Many of the films starred "the three graces" and they were often called that, with a

subtitle that fit each film. Brian Kapener, a friend and old beau of my mother's filmed some of those films. He is some kind of cinematographer and helped make the movie "Smoke Signals" which **Redacted** often told their friends about. Brian was often at the ceremonies and other parties. Paul Larsen also would direct and film these short "art films". They also made **Redacted** and I help. David and Rosie had a tripod and would make films and do photo sessions on their own. The Bennions filmed with them a lot too. Films and photos were done ever since I can remember. Rosie would make us practice our "performances" over and over, and she would stay with us and direct us how to move and dance, or how to act scary, afraid, submissive, or controlling, etc. These practices were for live and filmed performances. She signed us up for all kinds of dance and music classes for these "performances". She would have us sing, play the harp and other instruments for these performances and then make us start doing sexual acts to each other (**Redacted**) and sometimes to others. Sexual acts included oral sex, anal and vaginal sex as well as putting objects in our vaginas, the use of vibrators, as well as sex acts with our pets. They would sometimes include their adult friends as well. When they would be filmed and their friends would be filmed, they would sometimes hide their faces, but not always. They also did ritual abuse and murder-type things in the films and photographs too. Films and photographs were often done at the same time because things were set up for a murder or sex scene already. Oftentimes one adult would be filming while another was photographing.

Experience #	80
Title	Brian Kapener's art film
Date/Time	Late fall-early winter 1997
Location	Provo house
Frequency	4x+ with Brian
People Involved	David and Rosie, Brian Kapener and many others that purchased the video

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Although we had at least 4 movies that we filmed with Brian Kapener, there were several other films that Paul Larsen, **Redacted**, the Bennions, and several other people would be in charge of filming and photographing. I remember at least 30 times that they made movies, and they photographed us during those times. Whoever participated got a cut or trade of some kind. These films were filmed in many places which are bulleted below. In every video we were raped or forced to do sexual things to each other. **Filmed in Provo:** Our Provo house, **Redacted**'s Provo condo, and outdoors in Provo David gave us names for when we were "sexy", which he sarcastically named us (**Redacted**- and before **Redacted** came along): "faith, hope, charity"- they filmed several films under the name "The three graces". This series would often have a subtitle, which would change on the content. David would use the video stores in Mount Pleasant and Provo, among to distribute/make copies "Faith", "Hope", and "Charity" (because it was a series, then there was a subtitle with each of our names when we "starred" in the film.) Used many of the costumes at **Redacted**'s home for different story lines, as well as our own costumes. **Redacted** owns hundreds of costumes. They spent time forcing me to be naked under the black cape, among other clothing items. I got a decorative screen/room divider for my birthday from grandma, and it was one of those old-timey ones. The screen was used for prostitution and we were supposed to come out from behind the screen without any clothes on when we did prostitution, movies, and photos. They also filmed and photographed us doing ceremonies and give/sell them to others. There are many books, animals, plays, movie scenes that we acted out and took photos of as well. **Films in Spring City:** We did a lot of Celtic scenes, pioneer scenes, ritual abuse ceremonies and other things, and scenes with our animals in Spring City among many others. **Some of the songs we sang/stories we would act out include:** "There were three sisters side by side" "Sisters" Carmen Miranda "Quanto lagusta" "I am sixteen going on seventeen" Bugle boy **Redacted** performed " I'm going to wash that man right out of my hair" "Why don't you come up and see me sometime"- I acted like May west "Swinging96 on a star" Cleopatra "I Dreamt I Dwelt in marble halls" **Redacted** accompanied **Redacted**

"Can't help loving that man of man"
"Love is like a wild rose" -Carmen

One particular art film that was filmed by Brian Kapener was in **Redacted** house in Provo. It was around the time Brian had filmed his movie "Smoke Signals". I remember running outside to see him pull up into our car port and help carry all his filming equipment into the house. Rosie greeted him kissing and hugging him. We had been "practicing" a lot for this video. Rosie and David made us pose/act while we did sex acts to Rosie and David and each other. David and Rosie threatened us and hurt us a lot any time we resisted practicing. Rosie didn't let us eat food very much and tried to keep us very skinny. When Brian set up his equipment, it was in the bedroom with the maroon carpet downstairs, just below David and Rosie's room. Rosie had curled our hair and put makeup on us. Rosie turned on some flute music. **Redacted** and I were told to pose and dance around in the room. We were wearing Greek-looking robes and dresses. David walked in and stood in front of the camera with his shirt unbuttoned part way and khaki pants on. He had the leather whip and stood with his back toward the camera and acted like he was afraid of the three of us girls dancing. We were supposed to sing, pose, flirt, and show skin while we "turned him on." He acted like he wanted to run away from us but then we were ordered to jump toward him and "attack" him at which point he started whipping us. He then pulled off our clothes, spanked us, hit our legs and arms, and violently grabbed at our crotches. We were supposed to lick each other's vaginas and wounds from the whip. **Redacted** was ordered to walk to David in a sultry way, take off his clothes, and start sucking on his penis. I remember seeing this movie and they zoomed in on her mouth and David's genitals and **Redacted**'s head during this part. She was ordered to put her finger in his anus and wiggle it around. David stood up and **Redacted** and I were supposed to rub our vaginas up and down David's leg, acting like we were having an orgasm and throwing our head back a lot, rolling our heads in circles with our eyes closed, and making moans. David didn't move as he stood there. Then we were supposed to push him onto the ground and started to touch **Redacted**, each other, and ourselves. Brian and **Redacted** instructed us to take turns doing sucking on **Redacted**'s penis while his body would move up and down. Brian's camera came closer and closer as we did this. He would tell us when to look at the camera, or smile, or make a "sexy" look in a certain direction. **Redacted** took photos this whole time. Then he started inserting his penis into **Redacted**, then **Redacted**, and then me. One of the "artistic" moments in this film that I remember a lot of people talking about is when Brian's camera zoomed in on the vaginal rape. When the two person's bodies would move in and out, he would make them move out very far at which point it would show one of **Redacted** that wasn't being raped, looking through the bodies. He did this with each of us, and it took a long time to film. There were a few times that we took breaks and went back to filming a little later, but **Redacted** tried to keep our hair looking the same. Brian stayed overnight too. There were a lot of other things we were made to do like when Brian told us to pile up on top of each other and David licked us. We also had to worship David and "fight" over sucking on his penis. We had to lick semen off the floor too. When the movie was finished being filmed Rosie and David watched as Brian stripped off his pants and started raping **Redacted**. He yelled at **Redacted** and me to lick his body. Rosie ran over and started grabbing him and rubbing up against him. This happened until Brian started ejaculating and he threw pushed down on **Redacted**'s

head and chest while he was ejaculating and really hurt her. She had a black eye after that because of how hard he hit her when he first pushed her down. Rosie lay on the ground and instructed me to come over and lick her vagina. David and Brian sat their watching, and laughing, and then they left the room after Rosie had finished what she wanted to do. Rosie lay there for a minute and then as she put on her clothes she instructed us on how to clean up the room and shower. She took the laundry and left.

Experience #	81
Title	Grandpa's trade for videos
Date/Time	Sometime in the winter of 1997-1998
Location	**Redacted**'s current condo
Frequency	20x+
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Nearly every time we made a movie he and often **Redacted** would want us to reenact it for him with a live performance.

Almost every time after Richard and Carma Anderson (**Redacted** and **Redacted**, and Rosie's parents) saw one of the videos we were in, they would go on and on about how "exquisite" our video had been, and how beautiful we were. **Redacted** often gave us a five or a ten dollar bill when he had seen one of our movies or "performances" as he called them. We got twenty dollars as time went on. This was a "down payment" for future sexual acts, although he didn't call it that- it was more of just our job to contribute to the family's "needs." I remember particularly after he saw the "Greek" video and some of the pictures described with Brian Kapener, he asked Rosie to bring the girls over and he vaginally raped me and **Redacted** and he anally raped **Redacted**.

Experience #	82
Title	Drugged by David and Rosie
Date/Time	Fall 2001
Location	Provo condo
Frequency	Drugged at least 50x in my life
People Involved	Rosie and David, Carma and Richard
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Especially when **Redacted** and I shared a room and were in high school we did a lot of these films from years 2001-2006 mostly. When **Redacted** was out of high school she was very thin and they did a lot of movies at that time.

One time I remember being drugged was when I was a teenager in high school and David came to our home at the Provo Condo. He held **Redacted** and I down, poured water in our mouths and made us swallow pills. I felt disoriented and like the room was spinning while I was on the drug. During the video they had us wear thongs. He and Rosie both filmed videos—but David was using a tripod. Rosie and David stepped out of the room and Rosie said in the doorway that when she came back into the room we need to be upset and tell her to go away or leave. She then started filming, and walked into the bedroom with the camera in her hand acting like she was mad at us and was yelling. We both tried to tell her to leave but it wasn't very clear. David was taking photos during this point. When she stopped the video she and David were laughing

so hard, and then they both got onto the bed we were on and David vaginally raped **Redacted** while Rosie told me suck on her vagina. David and Rosie tried to roll around with **Redacted** because she was "playful" from her drugs. This kind of thing happened nearly every time they made these films. **Redacted** and **Redacted** told us that we would be given a higher dowry the more that clients demanded prostitution from us—they even tried to make it a competition between **Redacted**. There were many of little video tapes and large VHS that Rosie and David kept for years and gave to certain people. There were also screenings of the movie with a group of people—there was one at the Larsen's, one at the Bennions and at other's homes.

Groups and Ceremonies

David, Rosie and Joe and Lee Bennion talked about how they wanted their group of friends to move to Spring City so they could make a "united order," or a community that they could practice all their beliefs in. **Redacted** said their "leadership opportunities" would be endless if they were to create a community that drew many group members and other people down to them to do ceremonies, murders, pay for the sex acts they wanted, etc. They had so many friends move down to Spring City that participated in their ceremonies. Some of those people include the Susan and Craig Christensen, Craig Christensen's entire immediate family (his parents and siblings), Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, Robert Hamblin, the Schultes and others. I know Randall Lake got his home there not long after **Redacted** did. Beyond the many people that have moved to Spring City or purchased a house there, many people came to visit "the house," or **Redacted** home in Spring City. Sometimes very important people in this group (like Gordon Bowen) even came to their home. David and Rosie created several places for people to stay when they visited. They would often stay in our bedrooms with us, and abuse us, in the "office/guesthouse" just north of the house on our property, and if a lot of people came they would even use the bunkhouse that had four large bunks that could each fit two people lying down side-by-side. David and Steve Hamblin as well as Dave Sheets all built it together. However, it is also important to note that these people did not usually sleep if they came down unless they were coming down to stay for a while. They would be up all night doing ceremonies, and often would leave in the dark and dispose of bodies, or any other evidence as they drove back to where they came from.

I am going to try to relay what I understand about the group and their doctrine in this section. My entire life I was forced to participate in these satanic ritual ceremonies while **Redacted** lived a double life. and David told us they kept evidence to show what people had done to **Redacted**, and also the notes were of us so we should be careful to be obedient to them. This evidence was kept for their council however, they never really used information or evidence in the US court system because it would out the whole group. However the council was really important to keep information for. **Redacted**, **Redacted** and group members did not worry so much about laws of the land, but rather their spiritual "higher laws" they received from Satan which

were given and enforced by the councils, high council, and leadership in the church of Satan. There were many different branches or groups of people in this church, and even though they didn't all practice the same things, as long as they were worshiping Satan, they could include themselves in "the church of Satan." If people/groups had disagreements they had to go before a council, but different groups had different council and would also counsel together. The council disciplined David Hamblin, and for a time, Rosie was on probation.

Although there were many methods of abuse, (family orgies, ceremonies with **Redacted**, their group, any one-on-one abuse, etc.), almost all forms were usually proceeded by a prayer. We were taught to pray to Lucifer before any kind of "sacrifice." We were also told that prayer is a sacrifice, and that we should masturbate during prayer. They taught us that Satan's spirit, or any of his followers could enter our bodies if we were to obey him while we prayed. If **Redacted** or **Redacted** were praying with us, they often would force us to masturbate or they would touch our private parts when we were supposed to be praying in order to "allow Satan to enter us."

One of the main belief's and/or goals of the church of Satan is that they want to "destroy all that God has made and given to his sons and daughters." They believe God shirked Satan of his birthright and offered it instead to Satan's "younger brother," Jehovah, or Jesus Christ. From my experience in this group, they want to either destroy other people's lives and/or try to bring others beliefs in line with their own beliefs. They talk about being in the "kingdom of Satan" where, if they are in the proper bloodlines that have worshiped Satan "since man was on the earth," then they will be rulers in his kingdom. They do ceremonies and work for the dead because they want to build up their kingdoms as rulers. Some of the doctrines are that they believed Joseph Smith not only restored Jesus Christ's church—but that the restored doctrines from Satan's church. They revere him and actually worship him at times. **Redacted** had a shrine to him in our home. They often talked about the "patriarchal order" and how we were from Satan's elect bloodlines.

Another main goal that I was taught is to allow "Satan's spirits" to possess my body. They want Satan to possess their own bodies, their children's bodies, and even their pet's bodies as a physical body is the "only thing that Satan doesn't have" in their opinion. Another important point that they believe is that Satan is like the Godhead yet just one Spirit. He considers himself the father, the son and the Holy Ghost in one being. They also feel that they are just as powerful as Satan because they have bodies and Satan doesn't. They really love Cain because he has a body and my father and his friends (especially Joe Bennion) spent many camping trips, weekend trips, and other time searching for Cain. Many times they tried to "lure" him to them while camping using us kids as bait. I remember once they tied me to a tree naked and then did a lot of prayers and "sacrifices" to pray for "Cain to come to [them]." Many people in the group also called each other "master" or "mistress" among other names. They also used many names for Satan. Some names they would call Satan are included below.

Baal

Lord

Lucifer

Torch Bearer

Light Bearer

Satan

Devil

Baalim

Baliel

Beelzebub

Prince of the power of the air

and more...

The High Council: This group has their own court, council, and other leadership that rules over the church. Richard Anderson, with his respected degree from Harvard Law School, is a high-ranking, and very respected member of this council. The council and other group members wear robes, and those who wear a PhD robe are given more respect. In **Redacted**'s cult, they really honor education and status—Carma told me this is why she decided to get her PhD, she would often wear her PhD robe after she got it, which was actually her father Gerrit deJong's high degrees robe, and still hangs in her front closet freshly dry-cleaned nearly every time I've been to her home. This group also wore masks. **Redacted** told me that many masks are handed down from others in their group that have the same title. There were about 13 of them, and they all had their own title. I remember titles such as "the peacemaker," "the punisher," "the witness," etc. They treat the masks with reverence because they have "powerful spirits connected to, or in them." I assume **Redacted**, Richard Anderson is still a high ranking member of the council because you can only be kicked off this council if you commit some great crime against their group/religion, or if you won't carry out a responsibility that you've been given or something. A sin/crime against the group/religion could be something like intentionally or unintentionally disclosing secretive information about the group, group members, meeting times, meeting places, and activities, not carrying out your birth oath (which is required once a year near/on one's birthday), or disobeying the council in anyway. Because we knew **Redacted**, he did not wear a mask when we stood in front of him at the council. Apart from this high council, there are many other types of councils that work on a more local

level. David Hamblin even started his own council with his friends with some different perspectives and traditions which I've mentioned in previous sections. Below is my experience going before a high council.

Experience #	83
Title	Going before the council
Date/Time	Sometime in the spring-fall of 1999 or 2000
Location	Provo
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Rosie and David, Carma and Richard Anderson, Joy and Gary Lundberg, Gary and Bonnie Hansen, and John Bunting
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Usually when we got word from the council it was because Richard reported it to **Redacted** directly.

I went before the council when David and Rosie were "separated." This was the first time I had been in the "court." I knew a lot of things about it though because people would talk about it, and I knew that **Redacted** was a renowned member of this court. **Redacted** told us to wear our Sunday best—I remember wearing my butterfly skirt. Rosie was excited and said that the men on the high council were influential and impressive men. She blindfolded us when we got in the suburban and she drove us to the building where the high council was meeting. It seemed like it may have been the bottom of a church building because I saw a little bit under my blindfold. Someone took off my blindfold when we walked into a room with at least 20 others standing and sitting around and talking. The council was sitting in a row behind a large table—I think there were 13 of them. David, Rosie, **Redacted, Redacted**, and I were all supposed to make oaths after the council communicated their plan of how things would proceed for us. Most people in the room had their head's covered: the women had veils, men had masks mostly.. As I looked around the room at the people standing around me. The only people not wearing masks were **Redacted, Redacted**, and **Redacted** and I. When **Redacted** spoke for the council he put his mask on and said that the council had decided their proceeding plan. He first addressed David and reprimanded him for "building kingdoms unto [himself]" which puts his wife, children, and the entire group in danger. He had been drawing attention to himself with his "new and false doctrines" and psychological experiments in his practice which fl**Redacted** the group and their beliefs to a larger audience. He went on and on, and a couple other people spoke too. Then he told me what I was to do, which was to not report with **Redacted**. He told while **Redacted** and **Redacted** could talk about him "having sex" with them but to use the term "molest", but not about anything connected to the spiritual aspects, or ceremonial aspects of the sexual acts. He told **Redacted** that we could never talk about anything we had experienced with each other or anyone else. He told Rosie and David that they were supposed to separate in public, and not have any communication in public except in certain extenuating circumstances which had to be approved. Rosie was supposed to be watched by Carma and Richard. Richard hates David, so when he began to discuss the discipline for David's actions, he smiled and told David to accept whatever public humiliation came from **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s allegations, but they would make sure to see that it would not go through to a criminal trial after the divorce. He told them to

continue the divorce for years to solve a lot of the problems. They made us repeat our "oaths" and strip down naked. We did the sacrament and then we had to do sexual acts and "recommit" ourselves to Satan. We stood in a circle in front of everyone and had to touch each other. **Redacted** came into the middle of the circle and people chanted as we were each supposed to suck on his penis. He ejaculated on David, which David didn't like. Rosie licked the semen off and then she and David had sex. At that point, it turned into an orgy and **Redacted** and I were grabbed by other robed/masked people. Some tall man put me under his robe and rubbed my head into his genitals. When I came out some of the ceremonial masks came off at this point and I saw that the man was John Bunting (neighbor). His mask had fallen off as had a few other people. I don't remember all the people but I did see the Lundeberg's, and the Hansens. John Bunting forced me to suck on his penis and ejaculated in my mouth. This is the only time I remember going before this high council, however, we didn't usually work with this higher-raking council, or the council in Provo. **Redacted**'s council worked wherever they wanted. There were other times we were in council meetings such as in Spring City, with lesser councils, and/ or when we would have a council-member at one of our ceremonies to represent the council and do an act or give a demand of the council, or take care of a problem.

Mentioned below are some of the titles in the council. These titles were also given to people in families. I was in training to be a "punisher," and **Redacted** was the "peacemaker" in our home and had to make sure we were all respectful to **Redacted**, and quiet about the crimes.

The Peacemaker: This is the person who maintains "peace." There a head peacemaker in each branch or group of this church, but there is also a head peacemaker for the church. They are to represent the group by stopping them from doing things that could hurt the group and keep people quiet when there are problems. There is also a peacemaker in each family—although this person is usually the first child, it is not necessary. If the first child is not "strong" enough to control other children in the family then sometimes they will add a second peacemaker, or give the responsibility to some other child entirely.

The Punisher: This person is the one who punishes others in their jurisdiction or stewardship. An example of punishers include Gordon Bowen and Joe Bennion. Gordon Bowen is important as he is not only on some council, but he is the punisher for the whole church. They both learn tactics to really hurt people and sometimes even kill them as "punishment."

The Witness: This person records things and makes sure they can testify of anything they need to the council or outside of the group if needed.

The Terror: David often called this "magormissabig" or something similar to that. From what **Redacted** told me I think they are the people that try to get victims to go insane.

The Conspirator: Rosie and David often called David Leavitt "the conspirator." From what they said, people in this role are assigned to attack anyone who may be a threat to the group by starting rumors, planting false information and evidence that would take down anyone who is against the groups. They send people to bug houses, send threats, watch, listen, and gather information.

Experience #	84
Title	Sealing to **Redacted**
Date/Time	1999
Location	**Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Carma and Richard Anderson, Rosie Hamblin, and Gary and Joy Lundberg
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Although we were only sealed to **Redacted** once, there are other times that we were sealed by **Redacted** to whomever they wanted—many times it was for a trade (like **Redacted** with James Harmston)

Soon after a high council decision about David and Rosie, **Redacted** sealed **Redacted** to him as wives. That evening **Redacted** held a ceremony and had invited the Lundbergs to come. **Redacted** put her white doilies on top of the Gerrit de Jong piano bench. Each of us knelt over the bench and Richard sealed us to him. He stood in front of the bench and forced us to put his penis in our mouths while he sealed us to Satan and him one by one, for our "salvation." He didn't ejaculate, but lay us each down on top of the piano bench (one by one), and then he put his penis into each of our vaginas chanting something—and when he was raping **Redacted** (she was last) he ejaculated on her stomach. Then he rubbed the semen onto each of our heads. Carma kept praising "the son of the morning" and saying how wonderful it was to have **Redacted** sealed as "little wives." Rosie and Carma worshipped Richard after that and rubbed his body and praised him chanting something about the "patriarch" and the "paterfamilias," etc... Then we ate dinner and then there was an orgy and we had to suck on Joy and Gary and then Carma and Rosie's genitals. **Redacted** called us "wife" after that.

The bedroom **Redacted** gave me was next to his room. **Redacted** room was also upstairs by our rooms. **Redacted** (mostly **Redacted**) would come into my room at any hour to rape me. I was often too tired for school especially when we first moved in, because I was the only one in that house for a short while as Rosie and **Redacted** made the move from Spring City to Provo. When **Redacted** and **Redacted** came, they lived in the basement that had no room and lots of pipes and food storage, while I remained on the second floor of the house in a beautiful room. Richard treated me specially as I was one of his "wives" and had plans for me to become a "prophetess." He taught me all sorts of his religion's doctrine and directed me to teach family nights on this, which were really a short review of doctrine, followed by ceremonies that included sexual acts. He often spoke "romantically" with me, and in front of **Redacted**. This made her very angry. When he would tell me how sexy I was, or how beautiful a certain part of my body was in front of **Redacted**, she would find a way to get back at me. This would sometimes be a physical attack when she would try to strangle me, or she would "curse"

me. She would even tell me that she had cursed me in a certain way and then anytime I coughed or sneezed she would laugh and say her curse was working. Sometimes Richard would reprimand Carma for being so mean to me, and acted like he was "protecting" me. When we moved into the condo next door to **Redacted**, and out of **Redacted**'s house, we were often called back over to **Redacted**' home to do work for **Redacted**. This included housework, gardening, ceremonies, and sexual acts for Carma and Richard. We knew what it meant when **Redacted** would speak in code and say things like "**Redacted** just called, she wants you to run over to help her with something." Often, we would have to do things like perform oral sex on either one of them, lick their anuses, lick/drink any bodily fluids they wanted, and "perform" for them by posing, touching ourselves, dancing, singing, or whatever. **Redacted** also punished me for how **Redacted** treated me. However, his special attention and interest in **Redacted** and me often rotated, so I was not always the one that had to do demeaning things to Carma on account of receiving **Redacted**'s "attention."

Experience #	85
Title	Working for **Redacted**
Date/Time	2002
Location	**Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	At least 4x/week for a while
People Involved	Richard and Carma, and Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This same kind of experience happened nearly every time I did chores at **Redacted**, or ran over to "get something" for **Redacted** or "give something" to **Redacted**.

When I was **Redacted** years old, I was called over to help Carma and she had been crying hysterically. I could tell by her puffy red eyes, and mascara on her cheeks. When I walked in she yelled at Richard as he walked upstairs. She commanded me to follow her into her kitchen. She closed the blinds in the kitchen while she yelled at me (still crying) to take off my clothes. I did and then she looked at me up and down and started laughing and making fun of me. She made fun of me and said that I was still not a "beautiful woman" even though I was already **Redacted**. She started touching my body, somewhat examining it and laughing. She accused me of eating too many brownies and treats and told me I couldn't do "much good" for **Redacted** with my "fatty body." She and **Redacted** often referred to "the good" we were supposed to do for **Redacted**. She told me the only thing that **Redacted** liked on me now were my legs and she started rubbing them up and down and then she grabbed the hair on my private parts and yanked it. She pulled some hair out and I started crying. She laughed and told me to get on my hands and knees. I did as I heard her open the cabinet drawer behind me and I suddenly felt her jam what I thought was a pen or pencil into my anus. I threw my head backwards and yelped. She slapped me and told me to shut-up and did it a second time. I held my breath and clenched my jaw. Then she asked me if it felt good and said that all I wanted was "sex." She then kneeled down and jammed her finger into my vagina and violently moved her hand in and out of my vagina. She told me she wanted the same thing and told me to follow her upstairs. She made me rub her vagina and eventually suck on it. She started crying again while she grabbed my head and

shoved it toward her vagina. She cried and moaned and yelled "Daddy! Daddy!" When she finally stopped and pushed my head away and then kicked me off her bed. She told me to go check and see if **Redacted** needed me, and then clean her kitchen floor before I go home. Richard had heard me because when I left Carma's bedroom to sneak out and not see Richard, Richard called me in to his bedroom. He was only wearing garments and was chanting as I entered. He told me to kneel and praise Satan. I knelt by his bed and put my hands in the air. I didn't say anything and so he made me repeat after him and said a common prayer I heard. The prayer was something like "Lucifer thou eldest son, thou art the chosen...thine birthright due will be attained." After chanting and masturbating he told me to sit on top of him. As I did he told me to sing the phrase and forced his penis in my vagina and then he raped me and yelled louder and louder. He bit my breasts and praised Satan. I held on to his headboard since he was moving me so much and I kept pinching my hands between the wall and the headboard and crying. He took me off and told me to drink his semen. I acted like I was trying to but acted like I was falling off the bed and couldn't get there in time. He told me to lick it off the bed then and I did. He told me to go get myself a bowl of ice-cream and not to worry about washing Carma's floor. That was my "payment". These kind of experiences happened very often and would even happen during movies. They would watch something like "Shakespeare in Love" and while they watched they would sit on the top of Carma's bed, with the girls at the feet of the bed, and often during the movie they would start abusing us.

During the time period after David and Rosie "separated" I was raped nearly every other day and sometimes daily by Richard and Carma. Sometimes it would be them and **Redacted** together. Richard would sometimes come over to the condo to my bedroom. If he didn't come there he would call me over and take me to his room, or to any other bed in the house. There were several beds in the basement. One bed next to Carma's father's (Gerrit deJong) desk, then one in the "room" they created out of the first room with bookshelves. Then there was a full-sized bed in the sewing room. He would hide candy and money in different rooms of the house and after he had raped us he would give us those kinds of things as "payment."

Experience #	86
Title	Abortion
Date/Time	2001-2004
Location	Provo condo, **Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	8x+
People Involved	Rosie and David, and Richard and Carma Anderson

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to the number of abortions I was forced to do, that my sisters had to do, and that my mother did. I had two different abortions. The first one was before this one and was between the years 2000-2002. It was a similar experience but the fetus looked more deformed or at least not developed. I remember **Redacted** had two different ones—as explained in later paragraphs. Rosie had at least two abortions that I know about one was in Provo and one was in Spring City. Both times she spent a lot of time in the bath and on the couch. We all had to take care of her and help her. **Redacted** had an abortion where she told me what to do to help her. This is also explained in the below paragraphs.

As I was getting older through my high school years, Richard talked a lot about getting me pregnant. He tried to rape me when I was off my period especially. They taught me that if we had another child within the right bloodlines—**Redacted** would have another person to give them a greater "kingdom" in Satan's kingdom. There were times that Rosie would put me on birth control and other times she wouldn't. I didn't always take the pills though. During this time period she and David wanted David to get me pregnant, and so she took me off birth control and David came over a lot to rape me—sometimes daily. She wanted to conceal the fact that David was raping me and would also send me over to **Redacted** a lot. David and Rosie taught me how to clean myself immediately after being raped to avoid getting pregnant (like cleaning off in burning hot water, douching, etc.). They told me to do it when Richard raped me, but didn't let me do it when David raped me and held me and physically beat me to keep me from cleaning myself. Rosie gave David the code to the door and he would come and go as he pleased. During this time, Rosie did not let me take birth control, even while I was on **Redacted**. **Redacted** is a dangerous medication for acne that must be taken with birth control because the birth defects are so serious if babies are born while the mother is on the drug it severely deforms the baby. Rosie made me take pregnancy tests until it showed up positive. I was so sick during that time that I couldn't go to school. I remember it had been something like 3 to 4 months since the pregnancy test showed up positive when I was supposed to have the abortion. **Redacted** had been trained ever since she was a young girl on how to do abortions, and how to take care of someone when they were pregnant/having babies, etc... We often called her "little nurse," "Nurse Laura," or most commonly "Nurse Nora"—these were some of her "parts" names. Carma really worked with **Redacted** to help her to learn how to sew and had her practice on oranges since it was the closest thing to skin. She wanted her to be able to sew people up if necessary. I remember watching **Redacted** read all sorts of things about pregnancies and having babies. **Redacted** was told by Rosie that she should do the ceremony on a certain day because of the lunar calendar. There were also certain days they would do ceremonies on such as people's death days, birth days, holidays like Halloween, Friday the 13th, Christmas, among other days. There were often certain days and times at which certain ceremonies had to be performed. We had a farmer's almanac in our home to follow the seasons and lunar calendar.

The night before the abortion, Rosie made me drink a lot of castor oil, and gave me several different kinds of pills. She also gave me a pill two times before I slept, woke me up in the night a few times to take more, and then once again when I woke up. I was feeling very sick after the pills. Rosie prepared a lot of different ceremonial things, and put a black cloth, a basin of water and one basin of blood (which **Redacted** was supposed to collect) in the living room. She put the black cloth on the green couches' ottoman, and on the table she lit the orange-colored, devil candelabra she had. I went into **Redacted**'s bathtub in her bathroom. I was in so much pain and **Redacted** was trying to help me to pass the baby. I had to push over and over, and she would push on my stomach. The water was red and dirty with all the things that were coming out of me. It lasted what seemed a long time—maybe a couple or a few hours. By the time the fetus was out I was sick and bleeding everywhere. The fetus looked like it was deformed. Rosie gave **Redacted** lots of instructions and said that **Redacted** should tell her when the baby was out. Rosie came in and told us excitedly how happy David was when she talked to him on the phone. Rosie came and did the Cutting Ties ceremony, dedicated the fetus to Satan and got ready to present it to the paterfamilias—Richard.

Redacted said **Redacted** were coming soon. I was supposed to get out of the water and get dressed and cleaned enough for the ceremony. **Redacted** helped me. I was crying. I felt so weak. **Redacted** were in the living room when I came out and were smiling. Richard picked up the fetus out of the towel that **Redacted** had put it in, and we all were supposed to chant while he dipped it in the water and then in the blood. (**Redacted** had collected some blood from me on Rosie's demand that was to be used for the ceremony). Richard then touched the torn fetus in all of its "sacred places," i.e. it's fore-head, its neck, its heart, its stomach, its bowels/organs, and then its private parts, and blessed it to be "filled with the Holy Spirit," meaning Satan. After that he said he was the paterfamilias and that he had authority over the spirit's baby commanding it to submit to the "Wisdom of Parents." I had to repeat the phrase after Richard had. Richard then declared the baby must follow Satan, the high council, the father/paterfamilias, and the group. Richard said the fetus was too small to do a real physical action, so he needed **Redacted**'s help. He told her to pull his pants down and suck on his penis. She did and Richard stood with his hands in the air, and the fetus in one hand, praising and chanting to Satan as **Redacted** did that. When he was ready to ejaculate he didn't stop chanting but just pushed **Redacted** away by smacking her head and pushing her to the ground and then he ejaculated onto the fetus in his hand. Richard then sealed the fetus to himself, during which I had to declare that he was the father. Rosie looked at me and nodded. Then Rosie and Carma began to give the fetus the matriarchal blessing, which is actually a kind of curse. They handed out the handkerchiefs and everyone touched the fetus with their "blessed" handkerchief. They made **Redacted**, **Redacted** and me join them singing and chanting. Carma and Rosie both put their handkerchief on the fetus as they cursed it. They cursed the child to never see light, but to be shadowed in darkness. They also said it must remain loyal to its paterfamilias. This blessing is a song, and they sang it together. I told them I was too sick to sing and lay on the ground. Richard commanded me to get up and participate. I didn't, and so he came over and lifted up my robes,

tore off my underwear and pads and hit me in my private parts. He yelled at me. I was in so much pain I thought I would die. He told **Redacted** and **Redacted** to shut up (they were crying). Rosie left and came back with a dish from the kitchen and a knife and fork. When Richard stopped beating me she told me to cut up the fetus and eat it. I refused. Richard came and beat me again. While he did Rosie cut up a bite. Richard stopped and watched and she ate a bite and started moaning and chewing and she rolled her head and eyes back and kept groaning. She then put her head up after she swallowed and smiled, and told me to eat it again. I refused and kept crying. Richard came over and started beating me again. Carma was yelling at me telling me how bad I was for not being obedient. Rosie went to the kitchen and got a larger knife and when she came back in Richard held my head by my hair as Rosie held the knife to my throat and threatened to kill me. I said I would eat it. Carma started chanting something about Lucifer. Rosie went back to the plate with the fetus, cut off the head and stabbed it with the fork and gave it to me. I tried to chew it but I spat it out and she and Richard both started beating me. Richard grabbed the rest of the fetus off the plate and put it in my mouth and forced me to eat it. I did. I threw up after and was beaten again.

Abortions were quite common in this group. I remember from the time that I was a child, Rosie having abortions in her tub, on her bed, or in another location in our house. She often had others in the group over for the abortion. This was a major goal of the groups however because they wanted to commit murder, and they also wanted to have more power over others, and more decendents. **Redacted** also had abortions, I remember two different times. One of those times she spent a lot of time in the bathroom in the tub with a blue tarp (and no water in the tub). I remember how many treats David gave her for doing all that, he was always so excited to have abortions. I think this time may have been **Redacted**'s first time giving an abortion to an adult on her own, but she had done it before to people and animals under the direction of other people in the group like Ellen Walker. When **Redacted** had an abortion she was the one that knew what to do so I was worried about her. **Redacted** told me that she trusted me to help her and so I did. I followed every order I could but was really terrified. I didn't want to give the fetus to Rosie as she demanded, but she kept coming down and she came at just the right times. This was in the Provo Condo.

Experience #	87
Title	Matriarchal blessings
Date/Time	July 1995
Location	Wildwood Hamblin cabin
Frequency	2x+/month
People Involved	Rosie Hamblin, Carma Anderson, Jeanie Hamblin, Susan Christensen, Krii Tuttle, Carol Dangerfield, and a few other women
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Matriarchal blessings were given at will of a mother or woman to another younger woman in the group. They were almost always given at special events or for special occasions.

As shown in an example above, the matriarchal blessing for a newborn is a ceremony that is

sung or chanted by the mother of the baby, and all the women present. Matriarchal blessings are not only given to new-born babies, or aborted babies however, because **Redacted** and their friends gave them at will. Either on or near the day I was baptized in the LDS church when I was **Redacted** years old, **Redacted, Redacted**, other family members and female friends of theirs prepared to give me a matriarchal blessing post-baptism. They did it in the attic of the Wildwood Hamblin cabin, just up near the turn-off for Sundance in the Provo Canyon. This attic was full of beds. They went to the North-East room in the attic that had a larger bed, and was a private room, and closed the door. **Redacted, Redacted**, Jeanie Hamblin (David's sister-in-law), Susan Christensen (David's sister), and a few other women stood in a circle around me and touched my head with their hands and handkerchiefs. Rosie said a lot of stuff to me like how I was too haughty and not worthy to be in our blood-line (meaning Satan's church and his bloodline), but needed to prove obedience and loyalty. She then cursed me to be violent and argue unceasingly until I learned to be obedient to Satan. Carma chimed in and said nearly the same thing, just in a more flowery way. Then they all started chanting and touching me in my "sacred areas" my head, mouth, heart and chest, stomach, bowels, and vagina. They did this with my clothes on, but soon began undressing me. As they undressed me the women would touch each other. They told me to spin in a circle in the middle of them, and I was supposed to grab all their breasts as I turned with both of my hands out, all the while they continued chanting/singing. Then they made me kneel while they tapped me on the head. Each of them said a different word and as they did so they put a handkerchief on my head. They said words and phrases like "full of darkness," "submissive," "youthful," "fertile," "seductive," "beguiling," "cunning," "wise," they went on. These are the characteristics that I was supposed to have. Then, they began to lift up their dresses (which they didn't have any underwear or anything on underneath their dresses/skirts). One at a time I was supposed to smell and lick their vagina as they continued to dance and chant. Then they moved me to the bed and stood around me. The women stood with their arms in the air in a "V" shape praying for the most beautiful spirits to "possess" them—and then I was to give every woman oral sex to and it was if they were competing because they were exaggerating their sounds and trying to make "sexy" noises. Afterwards, Carma lifted up her hand to "the square" and "cast out the spirits." When they were finished, they said they were "refreshed."

Redacted and **Redacted** groups often did "sacrificial ceremonies" where they would sacrifice a person, an animal, or perform an act of loyalty to "repent of sins" (sins could be things like not respecting "Elders," not following through on commitments from the council, etc.). These groups would also do sacrifices for a certain blessing/curse they wanted to cause for themselves or someone else—such as inflicting an enemy with a sickness or disease, among many other things. As mentioned they would sometimes kill an animal or person—and sometimes that included eating them as well. They didn't always kill people or animals, but would also torture them or put "Satan's spirits" "into them," rape them, or do something else as an "act" of sacrificing. For example, I remember one time I was used as a sacrifice and I had to consume **Redacted**'s blood and semen after he raped me and cut his finger. These kinds of

activities varied in their intensity and happened around one time a week until I left home. There are many times **Redacted/ Redacted** /group members have prayed over our cats, dogs, or any other animals and offer it to Satan to obtain some kind of support from him. These sacrifices sometimes ended in **Redacted** forcing us to have sex with animals, with them, or with each other as girls. Some other important things that I remember with sacrificial and other ceremonies are included below.

Alcohol was sometimes a part of ceremonies—and they'd give it to us in little cups, or sometimes pour it on a person during a sacrifice.

They also did many sacrifices in order to get "revelation" from Satan or other "spirits" that they would tell us would talk with them and give them information about doctrine or the "spirit world."

They also did sacrifices to prove to Satan that they could and would do any act to show their loyalty to him.

Sometimes a bowl of semen would be passed around for everyone to drink. Sometimes this would be a whole group of men's semen in one bowl. Nearly every time we used a bowl it would be a bowl that Joe made with the symbol of the person praying to Satan on it.

They would also eat the real flesh of animals, or human. Sometimes this meat would be preserved, dried, or frozen.

They sometimes used a veil over a dead animal, child, live animal, or child.

Our pets were often the sacrifices used in these ceremonies.

When they killed an animal, sometimes they would only take out its "sacred" or "important parts." This most often included: eyes, heart, something from the throat, stomach, reproductive organs, hands and feet, usually a scalp of some kind, among other parts. I remember seeing deer feet and eyes several times in ceremonies.

These sacrificial ceremonies altered over the years, depending on people's styles. They would often change with different people there.

Experience #	88
Title	Sacrificial ceremony
Date/Time	Late summer/fall of sometime between 1993-1995
Location	Joe's sweat lodge, Spring City
Frequency	I've been to sweat lodge ceremonies as often as 1x/month while we lived in Spring City

People Involved	Joe and Lee Bennnion, David and Rosie, Paula and Ann Larsen, and President Johansen.
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Several times in the sweat lodge I threw up and was forced to eat it. I also remember a lot of different people attending. Sometime it was Joe and David's polygamist friends, sometimes it was family, sometimes it was other group friends.

Oftentimes a group member would pray to try to get a "spirit" "into their body" and then offer a child for sacrifice to said "spirit" to rape or abuse in whatever way they wanted. The following experience occurred in Spring City when I was somewhere between the age of **Redacted**. David carried me over with a blanket over me and told me to be quiet. I was really nervous to go to Joe's sweat lodge—especially in the dark. I had been abused there many times, and it terrified me. It was dusk outside, and there was not much light. David put me in the sweat lodge with a group including Joe and Lee Bennion, Ann and Paul Larsen, the stake president (I think his name was "President Johansen") and **Redacted** and me. When I got in David put me on Paul Larsen's lap, and he started pressing my naked body against his penis. Then David spoke the ceremonial language offering a sacrifice to Satan. He then took out a ziplock bag of blood, bit a hole in the plastic at the bottom corner of the bag and put into one of Joe's little sacrifice bowls that he then passed it around the circle for everyone to drink out of. Then, I was the other part of the sacrifice when David started to pass me around as they all talked and sang/chanted something. They put their hands above them as much as they could, and offered themselves to Satan and his followers for a sacrifice. They chanted and prayed to be "possessed by spirits." They each grabbed my vagina as I was passed around the circle, and some people would bite or lick my vagina. I got really scared and my body started shaking when Joe bit my vagina. I was afraid. Then as they chanted, I was passed around the circle a second time and back to Joe who pulled down his pants and put his penis in my vagina. Lee held me next to him and she pushed me back and forth until he ejaculated in me and they all chanted louder and louder and some people started removing clothing (the little clothing they had) and touching each other. Someone had a drum and kept pounding that while it seemed everyone was touching each other and moaning. I remained on Lee's lap and she touched me too, and made me touch her vagina. I felt so sick, like I would throw up. Someone prayed/spoke for a while, but I leaned over and tried to not throw up. If I threw up I would embarrass **Redacted** and dad who would later punish me.

Experience #	89
Title	Voodoo
Date/Time	Sometime between the years 1996-1997
Location	Provo house
Frequency	At least weekly for while
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Voodoo was something **Redacted** would do on nearly a daily basis. It was not always involved with physical abuse, torture, or sexual abuse. **Redacted** did a lot of "cursing," "experimenting," "therapy" and/or torture with voodoo. It was to the point where **Redacted** even wore jewelry that had people/little dolls on them and she would do things on and off during the day to people she wanted to curse. I remember one time she did voodoo to a doll she had just told me was me—right in front of me. They bought a lot of the little tiny Mexican dolls made out of toothpicks or something. They gave them to us to carry around, and wear on necklaces and on hair barrettes. They encouraged us to name them and do things to them throughout the day or during ceremonies. They also did this kind of thing with puppets. One time Rosie even told me to name my doll after my own "part." I did. I named my doll "Miss **Redacted**" as that was supposed to be one of my "parts" and then she attacked the doll, which was an extension in her mind of attacking me, and made me attack the doll it with her. She broke my doll's arm off while she did it. Then she made me touch her and give her oral sex. She and others did this with our dolls, other toys, and our pets.

Rosie had a doll collection that she would often use to do voodoo type work with in her "cursing." She told us that all the dolls we owned could represent people we wanted to hurt, and we just had to do bad things to them and pray to Satan to make it happen and that he would. David told us the same thing and he also had statues, figurines, voodoo dolls and other things he would use to do the same thing with. **Redacted** also gave us voodoo dolls. Some of them were black, some of them were multi-colored. We were also given our own collection of dolls, and Barbies, and Rosie and David made us do voodoo with them. One of my experiences with "voodoo" is when David came into my room when I was playing dolls with **Redacted** and he watched us for a while. He then asked where **Redacted** was and we told him that we had made her mad and she didn't want to play with us, and that she was probably upstairs. He raised his eyebrows and he asked us if we wanted to do something "fun." We didn't answer because we knew what his kind of "fun" was. He took my doll and started walking her around the ground near the furniture I had set up. He started talking in a girl voice and said something like "I'm **Redacted**, and I am mean to **Redacted** and don't play with them. I'm going to go into my bed and take a nap." He put the doll in her bed and then he pulled his swiss-army pocket knife out of his pocket. I got scared. He opened it and then started jabbing my doll where her genitals would be if she were a real person. He started saying stuff like "Ow! Ow! That hurts!" and "I should have been a better **Redacted**!" He laughed and smiled and we did our "courtesy" smiles. Then he left the room. When David came back he brought Rosie with him and she asked what we were doing. We told her we were just playing with dolls and then David asked to Rosie in a concerned voice where **Redacted** was. Rosie told him she was taking a nap in her bed upstairs. David asked her if anything weird happened and Rosie said something like "No... until she started writhing in pain on my bed and she said it felt like someone was cutting her vagina!" David acted totally shocked and gasped looking at us with wide eyes and a slight smile. Out of fear for what they would do if we didn't follow along with their games, we acted surprised.

Rosie and David then lectured us saying that we needed to be obedient. David then told us we were such "good girls" and asked us if we wanted a "treat." We didn't answer. Unfortunately, this was sometimes something that David would trick us with. "Treats" meant genitals or sex acts in his mind a lot of times. He then told us to take off our clothes and to climb on the bed. We had a double or a queen bed downstairs in the maroon-carpet room at this time. We did as he said and Rosie climbed in the bed while David climbed under the blankets and then put his head out as he was "sniffing" around like a dog. He said stuff like "Mmmm! Where are those treats?!" and "I want some of your treats!" in his "dog part" voice. He looked at Rosie and then nuzzled his head into her genitals area and Rosie started laughing and then moaning. David then told me that he knew that I wanted some of **Redacted**'s treats too—which I didn't. He pointed for me to start sucking on her vagina and I did. Then David reclined on the bed by Rosie and told **Redacted** that he had a treat for her and started wagging his penis back and forth by the base of his penis with his hand and panting like a dog. He barked and continued to use his "dog voice" as all this happened. He then made **Redacted** suck on his penis. He and Rosie kept touching each other and us until David said to **Redacted** that she was getting "extra treats" for "being soooo good" and then he ejaculated and made her drink it. He joked about how **Redacted** was eating "dog shit." Rosie made me put my fingers into her as well as suck on her until she had an orgasm. Often when **Redacted** asked if we wanted a treat they would actually give us a treat, other times they would make us do sexual things and give us a treat (candy or icecream), but there were also times they wouldn't even give us a treat, but made us do sexual or other things (as it was in this experience).

Experience #	90
Title	Ceremony for Baptism and confirmation
Date/Time	March 1994
Location	Provo
Frequency	8x
People Involved	Joe and Lee Bennion, David and Rosie, Richard and Carma
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to the number of times that this ceremony was done, and counts for births as well as abortions.

The ceremony for baptism was done usually as soon as a baby is born—they want to "cleanse" a baby after it "leaves God." For them, the birth process is seen as another baptism in Jesus Christ's doctrine, where your spirit, which has already existed, is re-born into a body, and immersed in blood and other fluids. They feel the child should immediately be cleansed from this in order to have the influence of Satan in their life. This ceremony is also for a confirmation of the "Holy Spirit." In their doctrine, Satan is the Holy Spirit the father and the son. This group taught me that Satan took all the glory as he was intended to in the councils of heaven before we came to earth. When **Redacted** was born in Provo and came home from the hospital, within a few days period they held a ceremony at Carma and Richard's where they baptized her in a basin of blood, then in water while chanting. The sun was going down. Everyone is clothed in black for this ceremony. Then the confirmation happened and **Redacted**, **Redacted** and the other men there started touching **Redacted**'s "sacred places" and rubbed her while David blessed the "Holy

Spirit" (Lucifer) enter into those parts of her body and remain there to inspire her to follow Satan. They touched one hand to her "sacred parts" and held the other up to "the square." They chanted and prayed and then eventually every man put his penis in her mouth and took turns and then they would put their fingers and tongues into her vagina. Everyone was chanting their covenants that they had made to follow Satan, while David ejaculated on **Redacted** after he had forced his penis into her mouth over and over. He tried to ejaculate onto her "sacred parts." Then David pronounced that he was the true paterfamilias and that **Redacted**'s body and spirit were his. At this point, Rosie stood next to David as she repeated that they had authority over **Redacted**. That was the end of the ceremony and an orgy broke out. Everyone continued to chant their covenants while the men in the room found someone to rape. I remember grandpa grabbed **Redacted** and Lee called me over to suck on her vagina and touch her body. I did as I was told.

Experience #	91
Title	Peacemaker ceremony
Date/Time	Sometime between 1989 and 1991
Location	Provo house
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were other similar ceremonies, for example, everyone had ceremonies for their different roles

The peacemaker in every family is ideally the first child. **Redacted** was the peacemaker in **Redacted**. Because Richard's role and title on the council he was on is the "peacemaker" it seemed he was proud of having **Redacted** become one. David and Rosie talked about how it was "special" that **Redacted** Hamblin was the peacemaker because David and Rosie often talked about how Jacob Hamblin also had the peacemaker role—and she was a decedent with the same birthday as **Redacted** Hamblin, Jacob Hamblin's wife. In the peacemaker ceremony that I attended, **Redacted** made a covenant as Rosie held up the book of Mormon in front of her. She read the scripture that describes a covenant where we are to mourn with those that mourn, comfort those that stand in need of comfort, etc... This responsibility was basically that **Redacted** was to stop any other child in the family from destroying the tradition of the satanic worship, stopping **Redacted** and others from hurting anyone in the group, among other things. She was supposed to stop me and **Redacted** from going to the police, going to the insane asylum, and/or she was supposed to sympathize, and stop anyone from speaking out or rustling feathers. I remember **Redacted** stopped **Redacted** and me when we had knives in our hands as children (I think I was **Redacted**) in Spring City, and had made plans to go kill **Redacted** in their sleep. **Redacted** was forced to do all sorts of things as the peacemaker. Along with the covenant she made, Richard handed off a torch while talking about **Redacted** as his descendent. He then commanded her to be "his witness" and carry on the responsibility of maintaining "peace" and then he read from the scriptures. He then swore to her his protection as another peacemaker and promises the things that she can experience if she is willing to "be his witness." Richard announced that they must enact acts to remember and seal their covenant, and then an orgy

began with everyone there. I remember **Redacted** vaginally raped **Redacted** in front of everyone while they were chanting, and then I was made to do things to Rosie. I don't know if this ceremony was the first time **Redacted** was called the "peacemaker" but I do believe it was a renewal of her covenants.

Experience #	92
Title	Fertility ceremony in condo
Date/Time	Sometime between 2001-2002
Location	Provo house
Frequency	13x+
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	**Redacted, Redacted** and their group do fertility ceremonies whenever they're worried about your fertility, 1 big one when you start your period, and then 1-2x/year after you start your period and/or whenever you want to have a baby (I've seen at least 13 as listed below). A fertility ceremony is done by men for women and by women for men The 13 I remember include: Three of my own- because of the torture David was worried that I wouldn't be able to have kids, and two different times at the condo when they were trying to get me pregnant. Two of **Redacted**'s- once at the spring city house after she was in the hospital, and once when we lived in the condo The one for Suzanne Kershisnik **Redacted** had a couple in Spring City, one at "Nirvana" and then one in Provo When **Redacted** started her period I was there for one. Rosie did one in the Provo house and one in the Spring City house David and Rosie made us do a fertility ceremony for David several times.

I had watched **Redacted** receive this blessing before when she had a cist on her ovaries in Spring City, but I also had a few fertility ceremonies done for me too. In **Redacted**'s case there were a group of men (Joe Bennion, Papa/Robert Hamblin, and others) who stood over her in a circle and did this ceremony, but in one of my experiences only David and Rosie were there. This one time in particular I was in the Provo Condo and David wanted me to become pregnant. David started chanting over me. He put his penis in and out of me, and kept going until he ejaculated in a bowl (one made by Joe Bennion), and a little bit on top of my stomach and organ's area. He repeated the ceremonial wordage saying that I needed "seed" on my body, in my body, and throughout my body. He also said something about "posterity." This happened when I was in my **Redacted** school (sometime between 2001-2002).

Experience #	93
Title	Fertility ceremony in Provo house
Date/Time	Spring- Summer 1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	12x

People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

Another fertility ceremony happened to me in the Provo house in Spring/Summer of 1999. I remember this because I had started my period and it was tradition to do the fertility ceremony beginning then as a "coming of age" ceremony. Rosie and **Redacted** were watching "proudly." They lay me naked on the floor of the office in the Provo house. David, Joe Bennion, James Mooney, **Redacted**, and 2-3 other men were there. These men "consecrated my organs to Satan," while they stood in a circle around me saying that I would spawn whatever spirit Satan would call to be brought forth. Then each one of the men took turns putting their penis in my vagina and moving back and forth to get closer to ejaculating. They all chanted as this happened. Then they held their left arm to the square, and grabbed the person's penis next to them with their right hand. Then they rubbed each other until they began masturbating. They would put a little bit of semen on the "sacred places" of my body, and then they ejaculated the rest into a bowl. I had to drink out of the bowl of semen until it was gone.

David and Rosie and others in the group believed that having an object of someone's that they once owned connected you to that person, even if they are dead. They actually had a lot of objects that they claimed they could contact spirits through. They believed these objects were somehow "portals" to get to the "spirit world." They also believe a spirit can be imbedded in an object. They tried to find the oldest objects they can. **Redacted** spent time looking for (and sometimes finding or buying) the oldest Native American objects—like arrowheads and other things that would let them communicate with the Spirit who owned or used that object. **Redacted** didn't let us touch certain objects in the house—saying that they were very special and not to be touched unless in ceremony. Over and over **Redacted** sent us off to the old "pioneer dump," a field where the pioneers left a lot of their old stuff when they came to Spring City. They wanted us to find all sorts of things. We were rewarded when we found something that was old, wasn't broken or in semi-okay condition. Rosie also made a point to collect antique clothing. For example, she probably has at least 200 different costumes. Like her mom, who had much more antique or period clothing, she felt that it connected her to spirits that previously wore them. Redacted are also examples of this as they both spent their lives as historians in their work. Richard looked for records and other things from LDS prophets for work, and Carma looked for clothing. She and **Redacted** would get mad at us if we tried to use their clothing very much. We saw them as dress-ups a lot. Rosie collected all sizes of clothing (children to adults) and rarely loaned it out until recently. **Redacted** often told me or my friends that my friends could not use her clothing or costumes for a party or Halloween.

Redacted believed they could connect to spirits through objects, but also by knowing a spirit's names. They often called out names of different people that they said were spirits to come to their rituals. They felt even someone's name would give them a connection/power to call that person to come to them, but an object would allow them to "enslave them". They would spend

a lot of time in cemeteries. Some of those cemeteries include the Spring City cemetery, the Fairview cemetery, the old Provo cemetery, the Manti cemetery, and other old pioneer cemeteries. They would do what they call a "cemetery sweep" as they "looked for spirits." They also performed ceremonies where they would stand in a circle and pray to find spirits and to be possessed with them as well—what they called a "prayer circle." They would make "deals" with these spirits, as discussed in other areas in this section for names and information. This was part of a larger purpose of their church, which is to gather all the spirits they can to be enslaved to them now and forever in Satan's kingdom. This is called "the gathering." David, Rosie, the Bennions, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, and others spent a lot of time breaking into old pioneer homes, cabins and other buildings all over Utah (mainly in old towns), and they would look for "spirits," or objects, or ancient objects. I was forced to go on several camping trips where people would try to find arrow-heads, Indian burial grounds, or the ancient Indian sites in order to "connect with spirits." One of the ways they would try to get further revelation from spirits is to rape us while they tried to speak with spirits. They said that the spirits who had died wanted to experience living again so much that they would try to enter somebody's body and feel what it is like to have sex or do something else. They taught me that I too should make "deals" with these "spirits" to let them enter my body and do things for them in exchange for information or whatever I or **Redacted** wanted. I remember several times that David would rape one of us, and Joe Bennion, Rosie, Con Gottfordson, James Mooney or others would write down what David would be experiencing.

Experience #	94
Title	The gathering
Date/Time	Warmer months of 1995-1997
Location	Cemetery in Sanpete county
Frequency	1-2x/month when it was warm outside at night
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, Joe and Lee Bennion, President Johansen, Paul and Ann Larsen, the Bignees, and others
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	These kinds of experiences happened to me one or two times a month usually when it was warm outside.

One of my experiences of **Redacted** trying to participate in "the gathering" was late at night in an old cemetery in Sanpete county. I can't remember which one it was but there was a fence around it, and **Redacted** parked out in front of it and left **Redacted** in the car seat asleep and told the rest of us to come with them. As I walked through the cemetery in the dark I felt like there were people around me. Soon I saw that there were several people standing and praying with their arms in the air. They all had robes on. When the last couple people came, all of us went and stood in a circle far away from the street inside the cemetery. We were under a big tree. One of the men described what we would do and then everyone prayed in a "prayer circle" which they often do in ceremonies. They chanted in low voices and then one man spoke and asked Satan for the blessing to "find more spirits." After that everyone swept the cemetery— people were mostly walking in a line, side by side, dodging headstones, etc. I saw two people stop and have sex there on the ground. **Redacted** was holding my hand and made me go with

him, and as he often did he started chanting "No bears are out tonight" to me and laughed. I got really scared. They made us come back to the circle after a while and they called out a name and Paul Larsen went to the middle of the circle. Everyone did a prayer circle again and he had his arms up in a "V" shape and they all prayed. Then Paul grabbed **Redacted** and raped her. While we were there that same night I was raped by President Johansen and I saw **Redacted** have sex with the Bignee's dad.

Experience #	95
Title	David trying to connect to the "spirit world"
Date/Time	During the school year 1998-1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	2x+/month for a while
People Involved	David Hamblin, Joe Bennion
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	These kinds of experiences happened to me two or more times a month when David and Rosie were trying to receive their "revelations." I also remember this happening with Lee Bennion, Rosie Stevenson, Con Gottfordson, Angela Fenton, James and Linda Mooney, Carma and Richard Anderson, all the Hamblin families, my Hamblin grandparents, the Kershisniks, the Shultes, the Lundbergs, the Hansens, Janae Jones among many other people that are friends and family with **Redacted**. Janae Jones did this a lot—she would often tell me she was talking to spirits or "ghosts."

I had an experience when David wanted to use me as, what he would call, an "oracle." I was **Redacted** years old at the time, living in the Provo house with him. When he was trying to have one of these "revelations" or connections to the "spirit world" that I described above, he came into my room and started to grab me to rape me. I ran away. He chased me into his office and pulled down his pants and started to vaginally rape me. He yelled at Joe to come in (he had been in the kitchen eating). He then told me to "stop blocking [him]." He often said this when he would pray over us to try to get us to let "spirits" enter us—and felt we weren't "letting" a spirit enter us. He then told me to accept a spirit into me from Satan. David became so frustrated and told me to tell the "spirits" that they can enter. David started biting my neck really hard so finally I said what he had taught me to say, which was: "You may enter." David started laughing and he continued to move his penis in and out of my vagina violently. He started to talk about the spirit world with regard to rituals and Satan's plan. He said things like "Who is there that wants to meet me?" and "Can you give me a name?" "What do they want? I can give them anything!" Joe was writing things down as David told him things. I became more afraid but as soon as he ejaculated he lay down on the ground with his hands on his head and didn't move. I was in so much pain but I tried to get up and he held me down and told me to stay there. I knew I was going to get an infection. He lay there for 20 minutes or so talking with Joe. My legs were asleep and my back was hurting so much. I cried from the pain and tried to cover my naked body. Finally, he let me go. Not many minutes later Joe came into my room and vaginally raped me.

Redacted participated in this "gathering" of spirits by owning a lot of pre-owned antiques. Just on our property in Spring City they had over 10 old buildings on it—which for the most part

these buildings were from other properties and they had moved them onto our property and then fixed them up. They said that the buildings were a kind of "temple" for these spirits to dwell in. They liked to use anything that was used or antique. In fact, **Redacted** today still has almost all of these objects in her home, her garage, and in her 2 storage units. They even kept old pornography from the mid 1900's. Sometimes they would "seal" spirits to themselves or other group members. Again, they believe they are building a kingdom in the after-life and finding servants.

Another ceremony they would do is a kind of generational ceremony in which **Redacted** and anyone connected to **Redacted** lines would create "Lucifer's chain" or "the Two-Headed Serpent," which was a chain of one's family lines. For the purposes of this ceremony, it was ideal if there were at least 3 generations represented. To create this chain, the paterfamilias would be at the top of the "chain" with his arms out in a "V." This would be the "two heads" of the "two-headed snake." This was a common theme in this church. In fact, Joe Bennion had a two-headed snake carved out of wood making this shape above one of his doors in his house. He also has his "signature" on all of his pottery that is the same symbol. It is the same symbol as a single person "praying" but with the chain, the stem on the "Y" us extended. Usually Richard or **Redacted** would begin the ceremony by praising Lucifer and chanting and everyone would start to become a "chain." Someone would get on all fours or lying down on their side (depended on the location in the house) and suck or lick on the private parts of the person in front of them. This would continue until there was a long chain.

Experience #	96
Title	The generational chain—or, the two-headed serpent
Date/Time	Summer 1999
Location	**Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	Usually 1x/week for a while
People Involved	Carma and Richard Anderson, and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This was also done in our home before **Redacted** "separated" from the years 1989-1999—and it was often done 1x/week This was sometimes done with clients as well, especially if they had paid for an appointment with the whole family or me and **Redacted** This was also done with people we had been "sealed" to, like I remember having to do this with Joe and Lee Bennion in their bedroom. Because the group actually seals themselves together as well, we often did this with **Redacted**'s and **Redacted**'s friends. This also happened in the Provo condo house with David at the top and then Carma came over too. Richard didn't though.

This happened nearly once a week when I was living with **Redacted**, and sometimes more at **Redacted**'s home when we moved back to Provo. Partly because we had **Redacted** present, it made it more "meaningful" to **Redacted** and **Redacted**. I remember a particular time this happening in **Redacted**'s Provo condo in the summer-time of '99 when we first moved there. **Redacted** had been practicing the harp and Richard called everyone

upstairs to his bed to start the ceremony. He wanted **Redacted** to be the one to suck on him. I was supposed to suck on Carma and Rosie sucked on me. Carma would usually try to move to her "Daddy's" bed for this ceremony, but sometimes Richard would be want to be the real head of the family and didn't let us go there.

Experience #	97
Title	Chain in a circle
Date/Time	Summer 1999
Location	**Redacted**'s current Provo condo
Frequency	Again, usually one time a week.
People Involved	Grandma and Rosie
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This happened sometimes with other people—I think they may have referred to it as the eternal round as well.

In my bedroom by **Redacted**'s bedroom one night when **Redacted** and Carma came in, they put lotion on over my body—they talked about my tan skin from the swimming pool and then Rosie lay on the floor and told me to come lay by her. She started grabbing my vagina and said that we should do more "**Redacted** dates." Then Carma laughed and said that we should do more "**Redacted - Redacted -Redacted** dates." She emphasized all the "m"s in her sentence and then she pulled her garment bottoms off from under her skirt. She folded them on my bed, and then she came over to where we were lying and lifted up Rosie's skirt and started pulling off her garment bottoms while she told us she wanted us to make the circle. Rosie took off my pants and underwear and then Carma lay down and started sucking on my vagina. Then Rosie started sucking on her and Rosie told me to start sucking on her vagina. She called me a good girl as she grabbed my head and put it between her legs. Carma said I was "delicious" and made "Mmmm" sounds. I was shaking and afraid. We formed a circle on the floor. We did this for what seemed 5 or 10 minutes and then Carma moved over to lie by Rosie and started hugging her and humping her leg. She started moaning and said something about her "pudgy girl" (Rosie) and how she has "so much to love." Rosie scoffed but didn't stop her. Then Carma started moaning a lot and told me to stroke her anus from behind. I did. Carma started praising "the Lord Lucifer." She and Rosie kissed until Carma yelled out and was breathing heavily and then she rolled over and relaxed. Rosie scooted over to me and started trying to kiss me, lick my neck, and touch my private parts. She told me she loved my muscles and kept licking my ears and neck. She made me touch her vagina. She started to jolt and moan louder and then I backed away as soon as she was done. I put my pants on and started to get up to leave and they told me it was my turn. I didn't want to do anything but Carma jumped up and went to the door and led me over to the bed and tried to rub my vagina as she smiled at me and started growling. Rosie started "purring" and stroking me. I told her I didn't want it. She told me that I had to "learn how to accept help from people." She kept rubbing me but it hurt and I didn't want it. Rosie started licking me while "meow-ing" and told me she wouldn't stop until I had an orgasm. I did what she does and jolted and moaned and then let out a sigh of relief—but it was an act. They looked at me suspiciously and Rosie said that that was too fast to be real and Carma said something like it wasn't if I was really horny. Rosie said she didn't believe it and hissed at me

like a cat and then she took her nails and scraped my naked body and screamed at me to be honest. She then hit me on my head and body. Carma did too. I fought back. Then they left.

Experience #	98
Title	Initiatory
Date/Time	School year 1998-1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	50x+
People Involved	David and Rosie, Carma and Richard, Conrad Gottfordson, Linda and James Mooney, Joe and Lee Bennion and a few people I didn't recognize
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I've attended many initiatories. Sometimes they were done before an orgy or before another ceremony. I remember this same ceremony happening with my Hamblin **Redacteds** and **Redacteds**. It also occurred at **Redacted**'s home at least 20 times as they nearly weekly had ceremonies in their home. Some of the people that were present at those included Richard and Carma's friends like the Lundbergs and our neighbors the Hansens. This also happened in both our Provo house more than 20 different times, and in the Spring City house at least 20 times as well. The people that I remember being involved in this were **Redacted**, the women listed above, Paula Schulte, Bonnie Hansen, Joy Lundberg and others.

Initiatories were usually done with a whole group of people. The women would do the initiatory, and the men in the room would sit and watch. I remember **Redacted** calling this ceremony "foreplay." Rosie and Carma often said this was their favorite ceremony. One of my experiences doing an initiatory was when I was **Redacted** years old living in the Provo house with **Redacted**. **Redacted** arrived at the home on the afternoon of a Wednesday. Rosie came on Wednesdays around half the time that I lived in the Provo house. She would come up for ceremonies, meeting up with her boyfriends and her own clients, and **Redacted** lessons. These lessons included the normal harp and dance lessons, as well as "art lessons" from **Redacted** Nola and lessons from **Redacted**, and she also would take time to teach us how to be "sexy and desirable" to the people in their group. One of Rosie's main roles that she and David said she has was to shape and mold us into the "sex goddesses" (as David referred to **Redacted**) she and David wanted us to be. Richard and Carma took it upon themselves to do the same thing. Carma especially loved to push her way into helping Rosie "train" **Redacted** and me, and to be an authority on sexual things. When I saw Rosie in the late afternoon she told me to take a shower and get ready for the ceremony that evening. She gave me my white dress and told me not to wear any underwear underneath it. She left and later came back with **Redacted**. They greeted me and Richard again tried to kiss me on the mouth. He oftentimes did this and I always tried to turn my head so he couldn't. He smacked me when I turned my head and kissed me again—this time holding my head so that I couldn't move. Everyone else came (David, Conrad Gottfordson, Linda and James Mooney, Joe and Lee Bennion and a few people I didn't recognize). Carma and Richard were quite haughty to James Mooney and the

Bennions, but Carma kept raving about Linda Mooney's beautiful eyes, skin, and body. **Redacted** and **Redacted** didn't often said this group was doing things outside of the traditional steps that Richard and the group they belonged to did. They participated at times I think because Richard and Carma also benefited from the money that they got for making the porn movies or "art films" as they called them. Richard had in fact purchased the Daphne (harp) for us to use in those videos, as well as other musical instruments and many of the lessons—so he had an investment. When the ceremony began the males went first and did their initiatory. They all removed their clothing and didn't put it back on until late into the night when they went home. They take took turns doing the ceremony. They were doing ceremonies for "spirits" that David received "revelation" for in his therapy sessions with "CJ" (Angela Fenton). The women started their ceremony and the men made dirty jokes and did cat calls. The women all took off their clothes, and then they undressed me. There was some important woman that had died that I was representing—**Redacted** said that she (her spirit) had been present at other ceremonies and wanted to have her work done. First Carma put her hand cupping my vagina and while she did that she lectured me on the importance of the ceremony. Richard told her not to elaborate. Then Lee blessed my spirit to be strong, and learn how to submit to Satan, my husband, and any other force that was of higher ranking than me. She also cupped my vagina. She put oil on my forehead, neck, heart, stomach, bowels, and vagina. When she got to my vagina she kept rubbing and started moaning and rolling her eyes back. David let out a cat-call and Rosie and the other women laughed. she lay down on the ground with her head under me/in-between my legs. She told me to kneel and licked my vagina. Rosie then came over and I could stand up again. She made me drink blood that she said had been blessed to preserve my body to be young. She said it would give me strength and beauty and that when I die I would not decay when I die if I kept my covenants to Lucifer, but instead I would grow younger until I was in my prime. She rubbed the blood on my body with her fingers and then made me drink the rest. Linda put an LDS garment on me that had also been "blessed" by them. The ceremony was over and it quickly turned into an orgy of the women doing weird things to each other. The men kept cat-calling and began touching themselves and others near them. Then they all came over and began to grab different women. David grabbed Linda, and James Mooney grabbed me and started licking the blood off my body, spent a long time licking my vagina, and then he vaginally raped me. He pulled his penis out before he ejaculated and yelled at me to "suck up [his] semen."

Experience #	99
Title	Endowment
Date/Time	Sometime between 1990-1991
Location	Provo house
Frequency	About monthly while I lived at home
People Involved	The Kershisniks, the Sheets, the Bennions, and the Arringtons, **Redacted** and **Redacted**, Rosie and David

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	When **Redacted** first moved to Provo, David and Rosie invited over many of their friends to a "bible study" and a potluck at their house. This was code for a "ceremony" on the phone, but in person they would sometimes be open about their next plans This same ceremony has occurred many times throughout my life. Some of the other places this occurred are listed below. The Provo house The Provo condo **Redacted**'s condos (both of them) Gordon Bowen's house in Salt Lake The Kershisnik's house in Kanosh At "the house" in Spring City (as it was called by many people, but was our home) Spring City Endowment house Spring City Chapel The Manti temple The White Rock at the Spring City house Lee Bennion's art studio The Larsen's home (Spring City: This happened when I was between 7 and 8 years old. It was the same night that lightning struck the tree outside their house and it burned it up. It was "miraculous" for them—all the adults were excited, and all the kids were scared. Then they ran inside taking the kids with them and did the ceremony. The Bennions and the Schultes were also there. **Redacted** played Eve that night.)

The endowment happened a lot in this group because I think it was maybe the most "entertaining." For the most part, different groups (branches within "the church of Satan") that **Redacted** were involved with kept this ceremony the same with only minor changes. The language was often different in each one, but was supposed to be rote in **Redacted**'s group. In groups **Redacted** spent time with they were much more rowdy when doing this ceremony. One time in particular in the Provo house, **Redacted** had invited many people over for a "bible study." Everyone came over and ate dinner together. After everyone ate, they got in their robes. For the most part, the darker the color of one's robe or dress, the higher ranking of that person. **Redacted** and I wore white dresses this time. David, who was presenting or narrating, stood in front of an alter (a trunk) and told everyone that we were very special, above the rest of the "chaff of this world," and have found the true "Savior" (Satan), who would save us from living under the rule of Elohim and Jehovah. The drama began after that. The drama was a scene from the Pre-mortal life, then went to the scene of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, it then followed their story as they were cast out of the garden and had Abel and Cain as kids, and then ended with Satan and Cain making a covenant to destroy all they could in this life to bring "a new life" to Elohim's children in Satan's kingdom. While I was growing up, **Redacted** would often describe this ceremony as one that included all the right teachings, it had the drama, the covenant, and then the physical actions (sex acts) to complete the covenant. After the drama they made promises to Satan as they put their arms in the air, and

then clasped hands, and lastly we all had to go through the "veil" and then have an orgy. I remember **Redacted** and Joe Bennion both raped me in this ceremony.

I have played Eve's role many times. I've seen **Redacted** play it over and over as well. One of the reasons Eve's role sticks out to me so much is because she is ridiculed, beaten, raped, whipped with a huge whip and she had an adult man (representing Cain) come out from under her dress. This was symbolic of the birth of Cain, but every time he would come out of Eve's dress (it was always a dress with lots of fabric) everyone would laugh. **Redacted**'s friends often portrayed Cain as if he had just had sex with Eve, and whoever played Cain would often grab "Eve's" vagina or start sucking on her and not come out when he was supposed to. Everyone would laugh when the person playing Adam lifted up Eve's dress to show what Cain is doing to Eve. Eve was almost always played by young girls, and sometimes even boys, because of how she was treated. David and Joe loved to switch off between Satan and Cain's role. No one wanted to be Adam. I remember they often put Tom Schulte on that role. One of the really horrible parts is when Satan beguiles Eve and has sex with her in the drama. Then Eloheim and Jehovah come from heaven and bring a whip to whip Eve for her sins. Everything is blamed on her, and it really was awful to be whipped with that whip.

Experience #	100
Title	Bunkhouse
Date/Time	Sometime in the spring-fall of 1993-1994
Location	Spring City
Frequency	1-2x/month during the warmer months before 1999
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin, Steve Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

In the bunk house in Spring City, David and Steve often joked about how they made the bunk-beds really wide, so you could have as many people as you wanted there. I remember several nights before or after a ceremony when they would have a bonfire outside and dance around it. They would often use the bunkhouse or cabin to rape people in. There were times when someone would call the cops on our group for being so loud. One night in particular after an endowment ceremony, I remember looking out the cracks of the cabin at the people dancing around the fire while I was being vaginally raped by Steve Hamblin in the bunk house.

Experience #	101
Title	Cleansing Ceremony
Date/Time	Sometime in the warmer months between 1995-1996
Location	Provo house
Frequency	6x/year or so for a while
People Involved	Richard and Carma Anderson, David and Rosie Hamblin, Joe and Lee Bennion, and other family and friends

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	These cleansing ceremonies happened several times as mentioned above. They usually happened if someone needed to be clean from a sexual situation, or in preparation for one. Just as it was with every ceremony **Redacted** and everyone involved broke out into an orgy afterwards, and **Redacted** and I were raped every time.

Cleansing ceremonies were usually prior to someone being betrothed, married, or before or after someone was raped. Once in the Provo house, when I was just around **Redacted** years old, **Redacted** invited a few of their friends and a lot of family to attend a cleansing ceremony for **Redacted Redacted**. They rubbed blood all over her and she had to rub it on herself as well. They told her she was not clean, and was unworthy. They disgraced her several times, including at the end when they sprayed her off with a hose and everyone was laughing. After that, the whole group started an orgy, where we girls were supposed to participate. Most people went inside the office of the Provo house, but I remember **Redacted** calling me over and told me to suck on her vagina and grab her body. She yelled out to "**Redacted**" to come over to her. **Redacted** got up from raping and hitting **Redacted** and came over to Rosie and inserted his penis into her. Then he started moving back and forth. Rosie yelled at me to suck on her breasts, and then pushed me away from her when she was done. Then I felt someone grab my backside and push their penis into my anus. I fell down crying and then I felt a hand slap my back, and **Redacted** yelled at me and called me a "bitch." He moved in and out until he ejaculated. It was so painful it made so I cried as quietly as I could. Everywhere around me I heard moaning and groaning and calls out to Lucifer and praising "the Lord."

Experience #	102
Title	Ceremonies in the Manti Temple
Date/Time	Sometime between 1996-1997
Location	Manti Temple
Frequency	2x
People Involved	James Harmston and a few of his wives, Rosie and David, the Bennions, Polygamist children (I remember about 10 kids—there were lot of girls and only one boy that I remember), 25 or so other people I didn't know but that I think were James family and friends.
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Another time we went to the temple, we didn't go with the same group. I don't think they were satanic worshipers but rather a group of polygamists that did not know about our church. We first went to the baptistery where David did and LDS style- baptism for me and many other polygamist children for dead people. We did several other ceremonies there. We then did ceremonies upstairs with girls from ages around 10-15 and then they raped the girls in the celestial rooms. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were both sealed to men and raped too.

David and Rosie betrothed and sometimes "sealed" us to several people, but they told me that with some of the men it wasn't eternal—they said they were trying to get money and help for their church. They promised they would cancel the betrothal or sealing when they had finished what they wanted to do. David and Rosie both talked about men "bidding" on us. It was common in this group to arrange marriages, or betroth people at a young age. But it was often

done for political reasons, or to get a certain new family in the "bloodlines of Lucifer." **Redacted** took me to the Manti temple twice at night for sealing ceremonies. It was a dark night, but there was a large moon. **Redacted** put us in the car dressed up in white. Rosie had a bag of things she was carrying around to dress us up with (creams, oils, perfumes, make-up, towels, baby-wipes, brush, hairspray, etc.) We drove to Manti in the dark. In fact, David and Joe didn't even turn their car lights on as they drove through the dark valley on the highway to the temple. When we got to the temple he drove up around the back. We saw more people that were coming with us. We met around the back side (mostly around the north-east side) of the temple and went inside. I was really scared because some of these people looked frightening, and we were about to step into an un-lit temple with them. So many halls, doors, and secret places that anyone could jump out at any time. When we got into the temple we went down the dark hallways with flashlights. We went up to the rooms that have lots of murals where James Harmston conducted the endowment ceremony. Some people I didn't know acted out the drama. When I went through "the veil" I had to be undressed. Rosie took my things and helped me get dressed on the other side after Lee put her fingers into my vagina, and made me do the same to her. I then had I suck on her vagina and then her anus. From what I understand, it was to show that she would always have the upper-hand, even if I became another wife to Joe. She then told me to follow her to a sealing room on the other side. David was over the sealing ceremony for **Redacted** and James Harmston. James raped **Redacted** on the alter. Then I was sealed to Joe, but before I was sealed to Joe, Rosie had prepared a number on the recorder for me to dance and sing to. It was one of the songs of Solomon in the Old Testament, and it was supposed to be a seductive dance for Joe Bennion. Afterwards Lee stood up, tied my arms behind my back and placed me on top of the alter. When she did I was embarrassed because **Redacted** didn't allow me to wear underwear and my skirt came up very high-up to my thighs and bum. It was dark but there was light from the moon coming through the window at the top of the room. People also had their flashlights. David conducted the ceremony, Lee agreed to it, and then held me down as Joe stood on the step of the alter and raped me. Then James Harmston conducted the same one for **Redacted** to be sealed to David, then David raped her. Rosie made **Redacted** suck on her vagina while Rosie sucked on David's penis—doing the chain. There were a few other ceremonies that James Harmston led. There were probably 10-20 people in the room, and many were lounging on the ground. The others that had originally come with us had split up to another room for their own things. I remember them in one of the sealing rooms on my right as I walked toward the sealing room where I was sealed to Joe.

After the ceremonies, our group looked around in the temple and talked about different symbols, and stopped and watched the other ceremonies in the other rooms. Then we were told we were going to the place that we would be able to better worship Satan. James Harmston's group, the Bennions and **Redacted** all followed James, David and another guy upstairs. Not everyone came. We took several stairs. Then only a few of the people in the group (many adults and then just **Redacted, Redacted**, and me) were brought through a long hallway and then to a doorway. Because the adults were standing there it was hard to see in, and there wasn't a

lot of room or light in the hallway, but they went into a somewhat smaller room, that had a domed ceiling and was ornately decorated. There were several chairs and a desk or table. There was artwork of Jesus Christ. There was also a curtain or veil of some kind. It was a beautiful place. There was an alter in the room. All the adults in that room began a ceremony and stood in what they called a "prayer circle" in the room. They did this and then they started moaning when we were again raped by the people we had just been sealed to.

Experience #	103
Title	Blood "cleanse"
Date/Time	Sometime during the school year of 1998
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Usually about 1x/month for a while
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

There were many times **Redacted** would give us enemas. **Redacted** and **Redacted** both made us do "cleanses" quite often. I remember drinking many bitter drinks they had made and kept in our fridge that were supposed to "clean us out." They also gave us garlic enemas, scented enemas and all sorts of enemas. Sometimes they would even put us on a "cleanse" by not giving us food or water for a couple days. This was often connected to a punishment. I remember one cleanse **Redacted** and **Redacted** made me go on when I was in the Provo house. **Redacted** had gotten blood from somewhere, and told me that I had to drink that and only that for 24 hours. It had hairs in it so I believe it was from an animal, but it could have been from a person I guess. The container he put it in was kind of wide, and at one point **Redacted** had asked me if I had had lunch and I told her that I had. She told me there wasn't enough blood gone from the container for me to have had more than I had earlier had, and she called **Redacted** into the room. The conversation was repeated and then David peed in the container of blood as punishment. He then spooned some of the blood and urine onto his penis in the kitchen and told me to suck it off of him. He continued to use it as what he called "lubricant" as he vaginally raped me. Afterwards he made me lick the floor where some of it spilled and then drink the rest in the container. I threw up.

Another ceremony is one that everyone in **Redacted**'s church had to perform once a year. As I wrote in the experience around Darla's death (written below), they often call this your "re-birthday" when you annually consecrated your body, spirit, money, and everything to Satan. Sometimes they would make you kill someone else, an animal, or a "part" of yourself, other times they would ask for a financial contribution toward a church purchase, or something. This is a usually a high cost, high-sacrifice kind of sacrifice. You also have to pay a greater price as you progress and get older. I remember being rewarded or being punished determining my obedience during and sometimes after the ceremony. The Ceremony for the cutting off of the spirit is very daunting to me. David Hamblin's sister, our **Redacted** Carol would make a big deal about your "un-birthday" or your "half-birthday" and would scare me as she told me I only had 6 more months until my next "re-birthday"—this was part of the terrorizing that occurred. All

the Hamblin Redacteds and Redacteds tried to terrorize us with all sorts of things. During this ceremony they try to sever your "spirit" (or a "part" of your spirit) from your body and put it in the person/animal/sacrifice and then make you destroy the sacrifice. David told me the goal of this ceremony is to have a "change of heart" and get people change their loyalties from being a victim of this group to a participant and full-fledged member of this group. One of the ways that the church of Satan tries to ensure you won't be traumatized by the things they do to you is and just go on living a "normal life" is by putting you through traumatizing events such as this ceremony where you are supposed to cut off a "part" of you. David told me that by cutting off "parts" of a person, they would never need to be institutionalized, or have major problems because that "part" is no longer a main "part" of a person—and he would say it was even gone forever.

Experience #	104
Title	Brian Kershisnik's birthday celebration
Date/Time	Sometime between 1992-1994
Location	Spring City house
Frequency	12x+
People Involved	David and Rosie, Brian and Suzanne Kershisnik, Joe and Lee Bennion, Tom and Paula Shulte, Susan and Craig Christensen, and other friends of theirs.
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	We had to do several performances for Redacted's friends and family's birthdays and/or re-birthday ceremonies. Some other people that attended ceremonies in Spring City and Provo include the Howards, the Greenauches, the Workmans, and Kissy.

Another day Redacted gave me an enema was when she was preparing me for a "performance" and ceremony. This was when we lived in spring city. In the earlier morning/afternoon she gave the three older girls enemas, told us to shower and then put curlers in our hair. Redacted was either soon to be born or just a newborn. Redacted then told us to do our practicing (harp), and then be still until dinner, and that we couldn't do anything outside. Right before people came over she had us shower with her again. She made us stand in the shower with her one by one while she scrubbed our private parts, which hurt because she scrubbed very hard. Then she put her scented oil/perfume on us. We dressed, she put make-up on us, and then she told us to take out our curlers and she did our hair one by one. She told us we could put on a movie while we waited for the guests. There was a lot of food downstairs. The guests started to come, including the Bennions, the Kershisniks, the Schulte's, Susan and Craig Christensen, and others. The group was very large- roughly 20 people. Some people brought food, and as they came in Rosie continued to prepare the kitchen telling us to greet the guests as they all came in. They were rowdy as they came in, and seemed as though they came from somewhere together- or at least some of them did. David took us to another room and told us what he wanted us to do for Brian. He threatened us and pinched our private parts as he told us that if we mess up their present for Brian we would be facing serious consequences. Redacted friends ate and drank and everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to Brian. Then David talked about how Brian and told a story of how he carried out his recommitment of his covenants. Then David turned us over to

Brian and offered us as a "gift" and told us to get started. Rosie came over and started taking off our clothes. She took mine off first and told me to start dancing around Brian. David told me to move my hips and everyone started cheering and yelling out other things for me to do. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were also told to join in and we were all dancing around Brian as the crowd got louder and were clapping and yelling things out for all of us to do. People yelled out all sorts of gross things and forced us to suck on his penis and then to drink his semen when he finally ejaculated. Everyone laughed and **Redacted** pointed to some of the semen on the floor and told **Redacted** to lick it up. Rosie made us put our white dresses on and to wait upstairs until she called us down. It got really dark and then we were called downstairs for a ceremony. Everyone was naked in this ceremony. This was similar to the ceremony where I was forced to kill off a part of me. Afterwards, the room broke out into an orgy and I was vaginally raped by Tom Schulte. **Redacted** was ordered to suck on Brian's wife's (Suzzane's) vagina. I saw Suki and Rosie doing things to David together, until Rosie got up and she and Brian did stuff too.

Bible Study: As mentioned previously **Redacted** held many "bible studies." "Bible studies" was sometimes a code name for a "ceremony." However, many ceremonies would begin with a discussion of their doctrines, secret things, scriptures, their church history, their accomplishments, and their "spiritual experiences." They often had "guest speakers." I remember two of them were both friends/mentors of David Hamblin's. Terry Warner was one who worked with David in school as an advisor I believe. The other person was James Harmston, the polygamist that David and Rosie knew.Rosie told me several times how David had been kicked out of that or another polygamist group in the Sanpete county area for "fraternizing with the women." I remember seeing Carla Jimmison at these meetings (and at ceremonies in the Provo house). It depended where David and Rosie were living, and the environment and people they were with, they would often change their "studies" to meet the interests of the people they were around. Depending on the goal of their meetings they would have smaller and larger groups. David and Rosie talked about how this was one of the best places to "advertise" us girls for the prostitution business they ran. Sexual abuse often took place at these "bible studies."

Indian Ceremonies: David told me the main purpose and goal of a Native American or Indian ceremony is that one can have a "change of heart." David often said that a person needs a "broken heart and a contrite spirit" to "become a god." As David became more involved in this group, that I believe Joe Bennion introduced him to, David told us he wanted to abandon his psychologist practice to be a chief or a medicine man. He gave us peyote and would force it down our throats sometimes not letting us drink water or have anything else with it. Many of the practices David used were connected to his in-law's group, but the Indian ceremonies were a conglomerate of many things, and somewhat took out the importance of a person's bloodline and ranking in being considered "important" or to have a leadership position in Satan's kingdom. **Redacted**'s called Mooney a rogue and often said that David had lied to them in practicing religion with him. During the many sessions I attended, they drank peyote tea,

smoked and ate peyote, and Rosie, David, and their group members forced all of us to eat it. They also used voodoo in this group with Mexican dolls that they would bring back from their own trips to Mexico. They also would get these voodoo dolls from the tribes David would spend time with. He and Rosie also thought some of the objects they had were infused with spirits. For example, David used a few objects such as "seer stones" and the beaded panther head that he said represented one of his shape shifter animals was a "black panther."

Experience #	105
Title	Objects and peyote
Date/Time	Sometime in the 1998-1999 school year
Location	Provo house
Frequency	During my school year 1998-1999 this usually happened 1-2x/week
People Involved	There was a large group including Joe and Lee Bennion, James and Linda Mooney, Alysa Wolfe, Rosie and David Hamblin, Linda Witesides, among other people I recognized but did not know, and some I did not recognize
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

I remember one particular time David held the jaguar/panther head that he was using for part of the ceremony. Then he put it on the ground while he vaginally raped me while he growled and made cat noises. He would often talk in a different voice when he acted like an animal. There were quite a few people there. James Mooney and Rosie were writing down everything he was saying while a lot of people hummed and chanted. These objects that were "infused with spirits" would help him receive information about the "mysteries of the kingdom of Satan." In this particular instance that happened in his Provo office, he had eaten peyote and told me he was receiving revelation. When he first started vaginally raping me I was not responding in the way he wanted me to, so he made me take peyote to "be more open to the spirits around me." Redacted involved us in many religious "experiences" that they were involved in. Redacted and I were often at sweat lodge ceremonies, on group camping trips with the purpose of having ceremonies to find Cain or just for satanic ceremonies and sometimes teepee ceremonies. The Mooneys would often bring their kids. David would often bring his friends from the Huichal tribe to our house to stay. They would bring coffee and "blessed" jewelry to sell.

Experience #	106
Title	Huichal "healing"
Date/Time	Sometime in the warmer months between the years 1997-1998
Location	Spring City
Frequency	1x
People Involved	Rosie and David, Huichal tribal chief
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

Rosie said the Huichal chief could heal me of my sinus problems and that she wanted me to get his help. She took me out to one of the buildings (the "guest house") on our lot in Spring City

and left me there on the fainting couch. A few minutes later the chief came in and started chanting over me. His eyes were closed for the most part but he suddenly stuck his hand up my shirt and started feeling my breasts and chest. I started crying and he kept chanting. **Redacted** stood outside and looked inside the windows. He started hacking spit and mucus and spitting on the floor of the wood cabin. About 20 minutes more later he was finished. I can't remember everything that happened then.

Experience #	107
Title	Peyote ceremonies
Date/Time	Sometime during the school year of 1998-1999
Location	Provo house
Frequency	Around once a week during the 1998-1999 school year
People Involved	David and Rosie, Ann Gregerson, Alyssa Wolf, Lynn Witesides, James and Linda Mooney, Joe and Lee Bennion, and a few others I recognized but didn't know their names
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This was a common occurrence—but not just with James who raped me upwards of 15 times that school year, but with Joe Bennion and many other friends of David's. Ann Gregerson raped me during these times, as did Linda Mooney, Lynn Witesides and others. I was brought into meetings like this very often—sometimes daily but at least 2-3x/week while I lived in Provo. I didn't have to go to all of them, but they made me go to many. We learned about STDs in school and it was this time of my life I was most terrified of contracting an STD, partly because Rosie wasn't monitoring me as much as she had when I lived with her.

I have many experiences of when I was forced to take peyote in the Provo house in David's ceremonies. One particular time during the school year of 1998-1999 was when David banged his hand on my bedroom door and told me to come into his office. I wouldn't and he grabbed me by my hair and pulled me into his office and beat me in front of a bunch of people sitting in a circle on the floor. They had some bowls with parts of animals in them in the middle of the circle. I looked more closely at what was in the bowl and there were deer eyes, a deer hoof, some feathers, a voodoo doll and a large needle. There was also a bowl of blood. I remember every time the peyote was passed around James Mooney, **Redacted** or someone else would force me to take it. I threw up several times into a bowl **Redacted** brought in (for anyone throwing up). Each time I threw up they would make me take off another piece of clothing as a joke. They would also make me drink my throw up, which made me throw up again. I was naked by the middle of the ceremony. Many other people started taking off a piece of clothing when I would throw up just to be funny. Alyssa Wolf did it because I had "run out of clothes to take off." Not long after she took of her shirt she and David had sex. James Mooney made me sit by him and the whole time he would fondle my body. At one point when he took the peyote he yelled out his Indian name (Flaming Eagle) and jumped on me and vaginally raped me.

Outside of the ceremonies, the drugs really made it hard for me to concentrate in classes and to fit into the social scene. It was so embarrassing when I would show up to school with the smell

of smoke all over me and or really late because of abuse happening that morning or the during the night, and my friends would often ask where I had been, or why I was late all the time. I was very embarrassed.

Experience #	108
Title	The mark of the beast
Date/Time	1997-1998
Location	Provo house
Frequency	1x
People Involved	David Hamblin, James Mooney, Joe Bennion, and a bunch of other men that participated in the "Indian" ceremonies
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I have heard people talking about this many times but I only remember once that I participated.

Another ceremony in is the ceremony where one's "eternal position" is promised. David often told me that when a person's calling and election is ensured (meaning that a person is ensured a spot in Satan's kingdom), they receive a mark, which they called "the mark of the beast." David told us that he had this mark. He said it was on his private parts. One time in the car I asked him if Redacted and I would have it, but he said we were too young and had not yet proved our loyalty to Satan. I was relieved. During this ceremony, David said that you could become either a "son or daughter of perdition." It's basically when the council says you have become that and prays over your private parts with their hands on your private parts to give you the "mark of the beast." I saw this happen to one of the guys that participated in the native American ceremonies with David and his friends. He was a younger looking guy with brown hair, and kind of was a thin "skater"-looking guy. I remember him being afraid and not wanting to participate in the ceremonies. He once refused to rape me in a ceremony in Provo and all the men made fun of him and then hit him and made him rape me. This time I remember he had "proven himself" with something that they did and said they were going to give him the "mark of the beast." David, Joe, James and a few others got together for the "council" in Provo in David's office and they all anally raped him and then put their hands over his private areas and "blessed" him to have the mark of the beast. I think they were making fun of him. I didn't see him around much after that. One day I asked **Redacted** where he was and he told me that he had had a drug overdose and died.

Torture, Murder, and Cannibalism

Many babies, young boys, and sometimes girls, (usually if they had a mental or physical impairment), taken from the polygamist group, oftentimes by James Harmston and Tom Green, and were used as sacrifices in our ceremonies. Often **Redacted, Redacted** and many other people would come down to "the house" (our house in Spring City) for the murder ceremonies. It was very difficult to do these up in Provo as there was less space, less privacy, and not an easy way to deal with the disposal of bodies. In Spring City, Joe Bennion used his kiln to destroy bodies. I

remember many times when there were boys (anywhere from 0-19 or so) at our home during the day, ready to be sacrificed when night came. There were also adults at times. These boys sometimes looked apathetic to the situation, some looked terrified, others seemed relieved to die. Through more than one conversation, different boys told me that they had been "lied to," and "treated like an animal."

Experience #	109
Title	Triumph ceremony
Date/Time	Warmer months 1997
Location	Spring city
Frequency	Usually about 1x/month
People Involved	David and Rosie, Joe and Lee Bennion,
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	The frequency refers to how often the triumph ceremony occurred, and it was not always with murders.

Redacted taught me that a triumph ceremony is symbolic of being "resurrected and going into battle"—it is showing the time when Satan is no longer bound and there is a last battle between Christ and Satan for this earth. It's usually held on a pitch-black night with a new moon (or no moon), and you are called by a new name when you're raised out of the grave. You are supposed to covenant to listen to Satan and not Christ when your new name is called, and to fight for Satan and his church when the battle comes. After one triumph ceremony in Spring City, all the men and women walked into the barn on the property next to us. They had left me and **Redacted** out in the field (where they did the ceremony by the white rock). **Redacted** was holding **Redacted**'s hand, and **Redacted** and I walked into the barn to see what **Redacted** were doing. We looked in and they were all standing in a circle, chanting and groaning and moaning. They would sometimes make out a call like a bird, or another kind of animal. David and Joe were in the middle of the circle and they were skinning a young man/teenager. They were peeling/knifing the skin right off his face and everyone was acting like they were about to attack the boy to eat him. **Redacted** and **Redacted** came behind us and **Redacted** covered **Redacted**'s mouth because we didn't want her to cry out, and we quietly backed out. When we got to the entrance of the barn we tried to hurry and run away, but they heard us and came chasing after us. 5 of them came outside and they raped all of us, and I was bleeding a little from my vagina, The people who came out were Joe Bennion, James Harmston, and three other men that were friends of Joe and David. We recognized them but didn't always see them. I was raped by James Harmston, and I saw Joe rape **Redacted**. When they were done with us they ran back to the barn. We got together and **Redacted** helped **Redacted** wipe the blood off in the grass. We started walking back to the house, but we were nervous that we would be beaten if we did that. We decided to turn around and go back to the trees by the barn where **Redacted** were. We talked about the boy. **Redacted** and **Redacted** thought he was from the polygamist group and that he was kicked out. We knew of many boys who disappeared from the groups down there. We whispered quietly, and then **Redacted** fell asleep. I fell asleep after that.

Promise of Future Trade: David had many long conversations with James Harmston and others

where they would promise each other future trade of all kinds. This trade included things such as babies, boys, children and other items being traded for sex slavery, sacrifices (murder) and cannibalism.

Experience #	110
Title	Murder of the Boy at the White Rock
Date/Time	Spring/Summer, somewhat near my birthday between the years 1995-1997
Location	Spring City House
Frequency	4x+
People Involved	David and Rosie, David and Shalom Leavitt, Joe and Lee Bennion, Joe and Lee Bennion's friends, and other of **Redacted**'s friends
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many times that these kinds of ceremonies happened at our home. They were not always murders, but sometimes people in the group, or especially victims and children in the group were tortured but not killed. I had other experiences similar to this one, and remember **Redacted** also did. A couple of these experiences are listed below. Experience killing an older boy on the coffin trunk in the Spring City house Experience watching **Redacted** and **Redacted** kill a baby in my **Redacted**'s condo in Provo Experience watching them kill a full grown man. Later they put this man's head in a plastic bag and froze it. They put it in the Spring City outside freezer, the toilet in Spring City upstairs in the "girl's bathroom," and **Redacted** even took it in her blue and white cooler to Provo and they teased us by putting it up there too in different places. Experience where they killed a little girl with a deformity in her mouth/lips.

One evening in the Spring City house, several people came to our house and parked in the gravel driveway. They ate and talked and it got darker and darker outside, and then everyone put on their dark clothing/robes. David and Shalom Leavitt had come with a young boy David L. said came from "the Green's place." The boy looked very sad and was somewhere between 6-10 years old. While the adults were talking **Redacted** and I would try to talk to him. Everyone was teasing him telling us to go have sex with him. We took him with us to our bedroom upstairs. When he saw my Bryer horses (toys) his eyes lit up. He said he had seen one of these toys once and wanted one. We let him touch and play with them. I showed him how to use the saddles and all the other miniatures about my barn, but he was more interested in having them "run around" the coral that I had. We asked him if he wanted anything, he said he just wanted to play. **Redacted** started crying and got up and left. I wanted to tell this boy that he was going to be killed and we could let him out, but I knew that they would only hurt him more, and us, if he left and they caught him. Moreover, the group would often place one to two (sometimes more) adults around the house and property to scout and watch for people leaving or coming. They would warn each other with bird calls and other animal noises. Like the boy that **Redacted** had been forced to kill (his name was John- and Rosie kept his body cut up in pieces in the freezer in

plastic bags, ready to make food out of. The plastic bags in the freezer said "Elk", "V" for "Venison" and "J" for "John"), I knew I was supposed to kill this boy, because **Redacted** had told me earlier that this was a "big night" for me. I think it was one of my re-birthdays. I planned to kill him quickly as I knew there was no way out of not killing him. David told us to bring the "lucky boy" down and people laughed. It was really dark, and we all went into the living room to do a ceremony where the endowment was enacted. They made the boy play "Eve" in this ceremony, and David played "Satan." David would lean over and tell him what to say on the few words that he had to speak. In their ceremony, when "Eve" has sex with "Satan," David beat and sodomized the young boy. They also laughed when David Leavitt played "Jesus Christ" and beat the boy over and over when he had sex with "Satan." They also laughed every time that David H. leaned over to the boy to whisper to him what to do, they would cat-call and ask what "Satan" was whispering in "Eve's" ear and make sexual jokes. When the ceremony was finished Rosie took the boy into the kitchen and gave him pills. **Redacted** often gave me and **Redacted** pills when they were going to torture us, or when a client had really hurt us badly. Everyone started heading outside to the white rock.

When we arrived, David talked about the white rock—they tore off the young boy's clothes, and then tied him up to it, on his knees, with his arms behind his back, and began beating him. After they put the thorn crown on him they used whips on him too—ours as well as Joe and Lee's. (We had a crown made of thorns that **Redacted** often used in therapy, ceremonies and their daily torture and abuse of us). They called him "Jesus Christ." They told me that I was to kill "Jesus." They gave me a piece of glass to do it with. David took my hand and we sliced the naked boy just under the ribs. I tried to figure out what to do and lunged for his neck so I could kill him quickly, but David grabbed me and told me that it wasn't time and that we needed to see the boy's strength. I tried to slice my own neck and David grabbed my hand and didn't let me do it. It was common to try and commit suicide during these episodes. David Leavitt, and one of Joe Bennion's friends that he had brought, walked up next to the boy and stood by him to ensure that I couldn't kill him or myself if I tried. He threatened that they would mutilate **Redacted** if I did anything to myself. Many people punched, hit, yelled, and sexually grabbed the boy. Joe Bennion kept sticking his penis in the boy's cut, making it bigger, and eventually ejaculated into his cut. David H. gave me the glass again and said to poke a hole in the boys balls, and to suck out all the semen. I did as I was told. The boy screamed again, but this time, Joe's friend covered his mouth with the billowy sleeve of his robe and his hand. I was so angry at my father and all these people and wanted to end this immediately. At one point, David H. took out a knife and scalped the boy and held the scalp up in the air yelling out with a Native American-stereotype yell for a few seconds—many other people joined in with him. There was blood everywhere around the boy. Then they told me to cut off his penis. I acted like I would and bent down—I could feel blood dripping on me from the boy's head above me. I kept telling him I was sorry. I wasn't cutting like I was supposed to. Rosie came over and hit me over and over for disobeying her. David handed me the knife but it wasn't very sharp so it took me a while to try and saw off his penis—I stopped and sliced his throat instead. I was so angry and as

soon as I cut him, David H., David L., Rosie, Joe's friend and all the people screamed and moaned. His head dropped down and I knew he was dead. **Redacted** jumped at me with her eyes wide and started strangling me. She told me I still had to do what I was told and shoved my head into the boy's genital's area and made me suck on it. There was blood everywhere. I couldn't even see what I was doing as blood kept dripping onto me from the boy. I threw up in the dirt. Rosie and David made me eat the throw-up. Then everyone came over and danced around the rock and touched each other. They each sliced a piece off of him and ate it. That night I was raped by several people including David Leavitt and Lee Bennion. Joe's two friends raped me too. When everyone was finished, David L., David H., and Lee, and Joe Bennion started un-tying the boy and putting him into the black bag they had brought. Together they carried the body to Joe Bennion's kiln or, "the kill" as they called it. Joe opened it up and people stood around to watch. He took the boy out of the bag and put him in the kiln and lit it on fire with gas. I stood their staring into the fire and felt like I was in a daze. I felt overwhelmed with sadness. When we got back to the field Joe grabbed my arm and started to take me to the bunkhouse, but Rosie stopped him and said I had to go clean. She told me to make sure all the blood was gone outside and to shower in the "mud room shower" afterwards. They put a shower right next to the mudroom. There was a door between the bathroom and the mudroom but it didn't even have doorknob—just a hole where the doorknob should go. **Redacted** took pride that their house was partially designed for stuff like this (easy access to the bathroom from the mudroom, linoleum that was designed to be easily cleaned, a thick plastic polymer on the wood floor in the kitchen that again, made it easy to clean up bodily fluids when they butchered people and animals in that room, among other things). Not many hours later **Redacted** came into my room just as there was barely any light outside and she woke up **Redacted** and me and said to go outside and check again to see if there was any blood or anything else on the ground. It was because of ceremonies like these that there was never any grass growing around that rock.

Redacted told us it was easy to get these boys because there was usually no record of them anywhere: they were usually born at home, rarely did any of the boys go to school, unless they had plans to keep them in the group for labor or leadership. They would be any age-from a baby until 18 or 19 years old, and sometimes even older. When they were finished with these boys they would often string them up and bleed them so they could use their blood for their gardening, ceremonies, or whatever else they needed it for. They didn't only use boys however, they often used girls. I remember one girl between the ages of 1 and 2 who had a deformity in her lip that showed her teeth and her teeth were messed up too. They really hurt her before killing her. They also used their bodies for "meat." Rosie and David would butcher a boy after he was killed (unless it was a part of the torturing before death) and cut them up to make food out of later. I didn't always like eating meat as a child because we would rarely know where it came from.

The kiln: The kiln was sometimes used to destroy evidence of murders. **Redacted** often said

that burning people in Joe's kiln was one of the best methods of hiding any evidence and destroying a body. I remember them stuffing people into the kiln several times. There were times when David, or David and Joe would drive up the mountain in Spring City with a bag of body parts or just bones sometimes and disperse of them up there. David and Rosie, and Joe and Lee would often use the ash from the people they burned on their gardens, and in Joe and Lee's compost. They would also use blood to pour on tree roots and onto a growing vegetable garden. If it was a special person's blood (like sometimes from one of **Redacted** member's abortions), Rosie would keep the blood and die fabric with it, making doilies and handkerchiefs for the ceremonies.

Experience #	111
Title	Feeding a baby to javelinas
Date/Time	1993-1996
Location	Tucson, AZ—**Redacted** Steve's home
Frequency	2x at their home
People Involved	Rosie and David Hamblin, Steven and Jeanie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	Another murder was when **Redacted**, Steve, David, and others went to go catch the scorpions. They brought the scorpions back. Later, our parents used them for a ceremony. David and Steve kept them all contained until the torture part of the ceremony before they murdered the person. They had dug a hole in the back part of the property and put a tarp in it. They put the nearly-dead person in the tarp in the hole, and emptied the container of scorpions onto him. Later they killed him.

Another murder happened in Tucson, Arizona at **Redacted** Steve's house. We went down sometime between February and April, between 1993-1996. I remember it was between those months because I was upset when we arrived in Tucson because I thought it would be warm and I had only packed shorts, but it was too cold. When we arrived they did a ceremony in the late evening and then into the night where they killed a baby. They had planned previous to the killing that they would put the baby's body remains under the trampoline outside and let the javelinas warthogs come and eat them. The adults discussed how to dispose of it while they were in the kitchen of **Redacted** and **Redacted**'s home before the ceremony began, and then **Redacted** and **Redacted** Steve and **Redacted** Jeanie told us they wanted us to keep watch outside on the trampoline until the javelinas had eaten the baby, and suggested we kids do that. When we said we were scared of that, **Redacted** and **Redacted** and **Redacted** made it "fun" by telling us things like the javelinas are "cute," and they are just "little piggy's who won't hurt you." They said it would be exciting to have them under us when we were on the trampoline. They all agreed that using the javelinas for most of the remains would be the best. During the ceremony they did a sacrificial ceremony where they offered the baby to Satan, and then drank the baby's blood they collected in a cup (shared the cup), and they each cut off a piece of the baby's flesh and forced us to eat it. They desecrated the baby by cutting off its head and put the head on a stick, and ran around with it. They also cut off different parts of the baby and took photos with it.

It was late in the night when they began an orgy where Steve raped me and Redacted, and Jeanie raped Redacted, and Rosie and David took photos, and then they swapped and took turns. Finally when they were finished we cleaned up, and David and Steve put the baby in a big plastic bag, and Steve took it outside and told us to go outside to sleep. We ran to the trampoline and then Redacted and I stayed awake for nearly an hour. We reluctantly slept out there for most of the night. When the javelinas came, they came in a big group—I was terrified and went up to the side of the trampoline so that I didn't dip down. I didn't want to get bit or add to the weight on the tramp. The javelinas ate, snorted, fought, and then they squealed away. Before the sun rose Redacted came out and told us to check and see what was left. There was hardly anything. We threw a couple of the baby's bones into the garbage as they told us to do.

Experience #	112
Title	Skinning of Boy on Alter
Date/Time	1995-1997
Location	Spring City
Frequency	3x
People Involved	Joe and Lee Bennion, Craig and Susan Christensen, Rosie and David Hamblin, Steven and Jeanie Hamblin
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	I remember at least 3 different skinnings such as this one, as well as other murders. One other murder with all Redacted in the barn on the property next to ours was where they skinned a young boy. They made each of us have sex with him while he was being skinned. They skinned him to desecrate him because it was torture, but also because they believed that they would be resurrected in the future the way they were buried if they were disobedient to Satan. They then nailed his hands and wrists into a home-made cross and raised the cross. They then beat his body with sticks after he had been skinned. Blood got all over that old barn. Afterwards, Redacted and I were made to clean it all up with Joe and David watching to make sure we got every spot. This was in the barn next to our property in the Spring City house, 1994-1996. The people there include Joe and Lee Bennion, Rosie and David Hamblin, David and Shalom Leavitt, and many more of their friends. Another time during a skinning, I remember they skinned the face of the boy and then poured something on him that made his skin sting horribly and he cried out screaming. They also made us have sex with the boy while he was being skinned. Everyone also beat him and touched his face. Joe Bennion and other people even licked his face, and touched or slapped it. Then later that night we all took him down to the kiln at Joe's pottery shop where they burnt his body. The people present were David and Rosie Hamblin, Joe and Lee Bennion, James and Linda Mooney and others. It was in summer or fall 1997-1998.

During the summer time Redacted was getting the coffin trunk ready before everyone came. She emptied it and had a tarp ready to put on top, and Redacted helped her put one under it.

They were preparing to sacrifice a boy on this "coffin trunk" as **Redacted** and David's family called it (it was handed down through his family to him). Trunks were often used as alters. David and Rosie waited until they had the polymer on the wood floors in the kitchen before they did butchering and murders in that room so they could easily clean up blood. This was done intentionally in that house, however, there were some places on the wood that the blood stained and that were brownish for many years.

When everyone arrived, they all participated in the triumph ceremony except the boy. The boy was between 12 and 15 years old and he was quiet. Steve had taken off the boys clothes and roped him up and put him in the corner of the room. The only light was the candle lit. They did the ceremony raising people in and out of the coffin trunk as "righteous children of Satan." After the Triumph ceremony, they put the tarp down on top and began to sacrifice the boy on the "alter." After gagging him with a cloth, they skinned him on his face, some areas on his chest, and then they skinned most of his penis. He screamed for a lot of it. The then made **Redacted** lie on top of his partially skinned body and told her to have sex with him—I don't know if they had intercourse but either way she was forced to sit on him and move her private parts back and forth on him. They hit **Redacted** over and over telling her to move faster. They continued to torture him until Joe Bennion cut off his penis, and then they stuck the bloody penis in the boy's mouth. He then jabbed his eyes with a knife. Steve took the knife and cut off the gag, and then he asked him questions like "Are you in pain right now?" and the boy did not answer but continued to be in shock, with tears coming out of his eyes and drool coming out of his mouth, and then Steve slit his throat. Then they desecrated the body even more. Many people posed with the penis Joe had cut off and took pictures. They had us pose on the floor with the boy's penis stuck in our vaginas and took photos of that. They also made **Redacted** and **Redacted** take a photo where they each had one end of the cut-off penis in their mouth and act like they were eating it. The adults were all laughing and started touching us and each other. They often did his kind of thing after a murder. They continued to do things such as cut off his hands and head. They took more photos—they made us lie on the ground while everyone watched and laughed, and put his hands on our private parts. Steve made me get on all fours and then put one of the fingers from the hand in my anus and made me turn towards the camera and smile. When they cut off the head of the body, Craig ran over to the coffin trunk where the body was laying headless, and he moved the tarp and body up to the edge of the coffin trunk. He crouched on one side telling Rosie to take a picture of his head where the head of the boys should have been. Then they had **Redacted** hold up the head of the boy and French kiss it. They also put the head on Rosie's vagina like he was sucking on it as she sprawled on the ground, posing for photos. David and Steve both tried to stand together and put their penises in the mouth of the head and take a picture. Susan put the head between her legs, upside down as she lay on the ground, and acted like she was giving birth to an older boy. Jeanie acted like she was pulling on the head to help her get it out and they both had a "shocked" look on their face as they posed for photos. I remember seeing the photos developed of all of these. Soon everyone broke out into an orgy on the floor. During this instance I was raped by Susan Christensen, and Steve

Hamblin. I saw **Redacted** raped by Craig Christensen and Joe Bennion, and Jeanie Hamblin was telling **Redacted** what to do to her and forced **Redacted** to suck on her vagina. After they were finished they then threw the body on the green metal table in the kitchen and butchered him together. As they did this, they continued to desecrate his body and David, Craig, and Joe would talk in different voices and move the boy's jaw, or move the penis in and out of his mouth saying stuff like "Oh wow! I like having sex with myself" among other things. They pulled out different organs from his body, Rosie separated different parts of his body and then laid them out. She put them on the table around his head in a half circle. They lay out all his organs on the table around his head, and together everyone ate the special organs (heart, kidneys, etc...). We were all forced to eat him, which in their "doctrine" would give us power. They believed it would make them be able to own and enslave the person if they ate the person. They also believed that by eating a person, they could inherit their spiritual gifts, and any other powers they possess. After this, they finished butchering him and shared bags of his cut-up body with Suki and Craig, Joe and Lee. David and Joe took the body away. **Redacted** and I were forced to clean up while Steve and Rosie had sex in the living room (they had **Redacted** with them), and **Redacted** Jeanie was asleep on the couch.

Experience #	113
Title	Dump
Date/Time	Summertime, sometime between 1991-1993
Location	Sanpete county
Frequency	5x+
People Involved	David and Rosie, Joe and Lee Bennion, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, and others
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	**Redacted** often took us to the dump with him, and many of those times we were disposing of evidence of crimes, and sometimes of dead bodies or body parts.

One night **Redacted** and his friends had a ceremony and killed a person. This was an older person, and they seemed nervous about the disposal of his body. Rosie and David had talked about what contact this guy had had with the public, and who might be missing him. It sounded like he was a man who had been disobedient in the polygamist group, and they were getting "rid" of him. The next day in the morning/early afternoon, David took us to the dump with him. He had filled the blue Ford truck with some garbage in black bags. He had separated some body parts into those bags. He also had parts of it in a tarp. I remember he looked nervous as we approached the dump and he talked to the person who was at the front. He laughed and acted like he wasn't doing anything out of the ordinary. **Redacted** and I were sitting in the truck with him. When we got into the Sanpete dump, he assigned us to throw different bags in different areas. We brought back some old furniture and stuff.

Experience #	114
Title	Christmas Program
Date/Time	Sometime between 1989 and 1991
Location	Carma and Richard's old Provo condo
Frequency	1x

People Involved	Carma and Richard, Rosie and David, Nathan, Gerrit, Julie and Nelson Aidukaitus, Nola and Clyde Sullivan, Hancocks,
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	This happened on Christmas or sometimes on April 6th at least 3 other times. We also acted this out with life-like baby dolls as the Christ child.

Through many years of my life, **Redacted** and their friends "celebrated" Christmas by reenacting the nativity and killing the "Christ child." They often had babies from the polygamist groups as well as other groups. One year we did this in **Redacted**'s old condo in Provo. I think **Redacted** Clyde played God and said with a slow voice that he was going to over-shadow "Mary" (**Redacted**). He raped her and then **Redacted** and Joseph (**Redacted**) got ready to leave for Bethlehem. David acted like the donkey, and **Redacted** was supposed to ride on his back. She did and she held the baby under a big blue dress like she was pregnant. There were a few different people there including **Redacted** and some extended family members and friends. **Redacted** pulled the baby out of her dress and **Redacted** stood by her and helped. They took care of the baby and then **Redacted** and grandma came up to the baby making faces with funny pillows with tassels tied to their heads with ribbons and offered gifts to the baby. Everyone laughed at their clothes and how they offered gifts. **Redacted** Nathan and Gerrit were soldiers from Jerusalem that came to the manger and tossed the baby around asking if it was supposed to be Jesus Christ as they examined it. They cut it with their sword that **Redacted** owned, and killed the baby. Afterwards they had the "Christmas feast" and some people joked and called it a "Christ feast" and everyone desecrated the baby and ate part of it and drank its blood. This was one way that people in this group would disgrace Jesus. Afterwards there was an orgy and I was raped by Nelson Aidukaitus and **Redacted** Nathan. They had put plastic on the floor that was loud.

Experience #	115
Title	Murder of Baby at Grandma's House
Date/Time	1995-1996
Location	Richard and Carma Anderson's Current Provo condo
Frequency	3x+
People Involved	Richard and Carma, Rosie and David, Nola and Clyde, Julie and Nelson Aidukaitus, Kim and Craig Stevens, Nathan Anderson, Gerrit and Carol Anderson
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	

Up at **Redacted**'s house they had planned another sacrifice and murder where they had brought a baby to be killed. Carma and Richard were very excited. Carma and Rosie were both wearing their black clothing with the combs in their hair they often wore during these ceremonies. All the guests arrived, most of who changed into dark clothing. Richard wore his black robes. Before the ceremony began, **Redacted** gave the baby a shot of painkillers. During the ceremony they began torturing the baby, and slowly killing it. They hit and cut it. Carma took her utility scissors and cut off the baby's penis. After it had been beaten and hurt, David put a rope around the baby's neck and held it up so it began choking, and Richard helped **Redacted** to disembowel the baby by slicing two large slices where the baby's bowels and organs were and Rosie held a bowl under it to catch everything that came out. While **Redacted** did this she had

to covenant the binding ceremony of the baby to herself. She chanted (repeating David) and said something about how there never had to be any pain in this world if we were obedient to Lucifer. Richard talked to **Redacted** and everyone else about how this baby's mother was not obedient to Lucifer, and so his mother's actions made it necessary to kill the baby. Clyde also piped in about the consequences of disobedience to Satan. They threatened all of us that if we didn't obey Satan's' laws, and teach our future children these things, that we and they would all end up as this baby had. There were often group threats like this during the most terrifying portions of a ceremony. Then they each took a slice off the baby and ate it. This made everyone excited and they started defiling the body. David grabbed the baby and put its (the baby's) legs over his erect penis like it was sitting on it , held it by its head/neck and its feet, wrapping its legs tightly around his penis and moved it back and forth while he moaned. Everyone laughed. Then Gerrit cut a larger hole in its stomach over the bowl, and all the adults watched with excitement as he drained everything he could out of the baby while he did this. He then put his erect penis through the stomach of the baby and so you could see his erect, and now bloody, penis moving in and out of the dead baby. They did this over and over, like it was a dress-up game. Everyone did different things. They posed with it in sexual positions and took lots of photos. They made us pose with it and took pictures with it as well. Kim and Craig did a lot of posing such as Craig mounting on top of Kim and putting the baby between their genitals as they posed and made faces. Then the orgy began. We were told to clean up the mess and so we did with **Redacted**. **Redacted**, Carma, was often the outcast when it came to the sexual portions of the ceremonies, especially after she had had her breasts removed for breast cancer. She put the baby's body back onto the platter and carried it to her kitchen table—her father, Gerrit DeJong's table. She said that she had seen so many murders, sacrifices and "gorgeous bodies" on top of that table in her lifetime. She described a few to us as she got out little blue and white china plates and her most decorative and fancy silver forks, knives, and spoons to eat the baby with. We could hear Nola sighing/chanting in the other room, and moans from everyone. She placed the baby on one side of the platter, and emptied different parts of the baby's organs onto the other side of the platter. She cut out the heart and put it on one of the little dishes, as well as a few other body parts. She put the penis on one little dish and then before she was ready to eat, she took a photo of it. She described the beautiful color of this organ and that, and how cute the tiny little penis was. She described how gorgeous the colors looked on the blue china. She reminded us that whenever we saw china, especially as a gift from her, that we should remember our covenants and remember how much she loves us and protected us, and how she has protected us from death during times when Rosie and David hadn't been keeping their covenants to "our Lord." She loudly smacked her lips as she at the baby. It was disgusting as she offered us bites of it while she had blood dripping out of the corners of her mouth. She took bites out of everything, carved flesh off the baby's body, and made us eat parts of it too. She reached to the countertop and got her nutmeg peeler/grinder. She took the eyeballs out of the baby's head with a grapefruit spoon and showed them to us. She told us to hold out our hands to feel how soft they were she then put them up to the

nutmeg grinder/peeler and started rubbing it against it. It became mushy and gross. She said something about how they didn't grind as well as normal spices. Later she gave me the same kind of antique nutmeg grinder for my "trousseaux" and talked about how good it would be in my kitchen—even though I was only **Redacted. Redacted, Redacted** and others were yelling for us to come in from the kitchen for the sexual stuff they were doing. We didn't want to and told **Redacted**—she yelled back and told them we were busy eating. Rosie yelled again and told us to get in there so we went and she made us do more sexual things. I was raped by Clyde and **Redacted** were also raped by different people in the room.

After that night, the next few times I spent time with Carma, she would put out her blue and white china and have a "tea party." Anytime we had one of these parties she would bring out her large baby dolls and tell us to bring our dolls. Other times when she would do tea parties with us, she would make sure she had large life-like baby dolls there to remind us how they were serious about their threats (because they had murdered and eaten people in the past). When Carma gave me and **Redacted** blue and white china when we were married, this was another reminder of the murder and cannibalism she and others forced upon us. She told me that she wanted to be sure that everything I ate was on dishware from her, and when I registered for different dishware (an Asian pottery that was very different than the fine china she gave me) she was angry and disgusted with me. Telling me that I was so selfish to need more dishes, and how it was expensive for her.

Experience #	116
Title	The hitchhiker/hiker
Date/Time	Summer or Fall of 1991-1993
Location	Near border between AZ and UT
Frequency	2x+
People Involved	Rosie and David, Joe and Lee Bennion, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, Paul and Ann Larsen, Susan and Craig Christensen, Lynn Whitesides and some of her family/friends, and about 10+ other unknown adults, and 3 children

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	There were many times that there would be a plan to meet up with a group in southern Utah, in Arizona, New Mexico, or on the border of any of those states. Someone in the group would be assigned to find a sacrifice on their way. This wasn't always possible, so there was usually a back-up (like someone bringing an animal to sacrifice to the ceremony). **Redacted** were sometimes assigned to bring the sacrifice, and would bring our pets to such ceremonies in case they couldn't find a hitchhiker or something. Although it wasn't always possible to find a human-sacrifice, David, Joe, or someone else from their group often would volunteer for this job. They often made assignments for the next ceremony at whatever ceremony they were currently at. They would stalk some single hikers, or they would invite hitchhikers to come into their car, find out if anyone knew where they were, or if they had any nearby connections or plans, and then they would invite them to come with them to the event that night. Sometimes they would describe their ceremonies as a party, sometimes as a camping trip, other times they would use the truth, and say they were going to have a religious ceremony. It depended on what was happening in the life of the hitchhiker, hiker, or whoever it was. Another time we went to some place near Arizona, or on the border between Arizona and Utah to go to a ceremony. As we were driving there was a tall and thin man with a backpack near the side of the road. David pulled over and started talking to this guy about religious stuff and he ended up having lunch with us. The man was somewhere in his late teens to his twenties. He was kind of dirty blonde/light brown haired and from the conversation sounded like he was trying to "find God." David acted really interested in the guy and started telling him that they were actually on their way to a religious ceremony and invited him. He came and when we got to the meeting there were a lot of people there (Larsons, Bennions, Suki and Craig, Jeanie and Steve, and others). All of the women raped him and then they tied him up and started dancing around him. Everyone else joined in. They killed him later that night after a lot of torture. Rosie made me suck on her vagina while she sucked on Joe Bennion's penis. Then Joe anally raped me. We stayed another day and did ceremonies. Ann Larson and Lynn Whitesides both raped me and made me suck on their vaginas.

One of my experiences with a hiker was when David invited a guy to come with us to a "party". We arrived at the ceremony site, there was a fire and a bunch of chairs set up. People were roasting hot dogs. David took the man around and introduced him saying something like he was a "really impressive man" who was going to join them for as long as he wanted on our camping trip. Many things happened during the ceremony, but they tortured this man by burning him with sticks and irons from the fire. Joe laughed as he said he was "branding" him and he took a hot-dog roaster from the fire (metal one) and put it on the guy's chest, while others held him down. Joe branded him with his pottery logo (the one with the man and his arms up inside). Everyone thought it was so funny. Then they made **Redacted** to have sex with him while he was being burned. He was screaming. They threw so many rocks at him and made animal noises

while they did it. After much torture they killed him. Paul Larsen raped me by putting his penis in my vagina after they killed the guy. Other people present at this event include Redacted, Redacted Steve and his wife, and my Papa (Robert Hamblin). There were many other people although I think they were Redacted's friends.

Animal Abuse and Sacrifices

Redacted had a lot of animals throughout my life, and we often had a lot at one time. As a young girl I started to distance myself from them because they were often killed in front of me, or I would be forced to kill them. I tried to make myself stop loving them because of this. Below I've made a list of these animals, their names, as well as how they died. Many of these animals were killed after or during a ceremony, and some were killed as a threat or punishment to me or Redacted. Redacted would prefer to take any opportunity to do a ceremony—and didn't want an animal to die without using it to its "full potential." Nearly all our pets were used in rape at home. David also did many ceremonies and "bless" them to try to "possess" them with "spirits." There were many times he put a "part" of our pet into us, or a "part" of us into our pets. He also said, or did ceremonies where he would put a "part" of himself into our pets. He told me that anytime I rode Gabriel, I was riding him because he put a "part" of himself into Gabriel the horse. When he did this he would talk in weird voices as if he were an animal that could talk.

Animal	Name	How they Died
Dog, Short-haired Collie	Rika	Originally hit by a car (what Redacted said) in Spring City, but Redacted did a ceremony where they then killed her in Spring City.
Dog, Lab puppy	Chocolate	Killed by David and Rosie in Provo.
Dog, Lab puppy	Licorice	Killed by David and Rosie in Provo.
Rabbits (At least 3)		David and Rosie mutilated them in a ceremony, and then said that they ate each other. They killed them one by one in Provo.
Rats	Larry and Melissa	David and Rosie killed Larry, and then Melissa. They were also used in ceremonies in Provo. When they disappeared I was supposed to tell my school mates that they had eaten each other.
Cat	Angus	Hit by a car, then further mutilated in a ceremony, kept alive for three days bleeding-kept in the middle of the family room. He was suffering and dying and they let him suffer and die in front of us, in Provo.
Dog, Boston Terrier	Darla	Beaten in ceremony, died in Juab county (Nephi).
Dog, Golden Lab/St. Bernard	Sheba	Given away.

Dog, Rottweiler	Tasha	**Redacted**'s dog—David beat Tasha, and then forced **Redacted** to sell her. Tasha often tried to attack David, she was a very protective dog.
Cat	Baby	Kept in the Provo condo, "disappeared" in Provo.
Cat	Freckle	Unknown
Cat	Snow White	Unknown
Cat	Vladimir	Unknown
Horse	Gabriel	David threatened to break Gabe's legs all growing up if we were disobedient. Then David and Rosie broke his legs later when he was old, and made him die slowly. Rosie had been saying for months before his murder that she didn't want to keep paying for him when he was so old and couldn't be ridden because he was "crazy." They would talk about glue factories often when I was growing up and said they were sending him there. They shot him with a gun afterwards.
Horse	Rojo	Sold back to the people we bought him from
Horse	Lucy	Sold
Pony	Pippin	Sold
Donkey	Serenade	David and Rosie had him on loan- then returned him
3 cows		Sold
Lambs	Sammy and Nelly or "Little Nell"	David and Rosie made them our pets, and then made us eat them.
Dog, Basenji	Boo	Traded for gates
Cat	Sambo the black cat	Unknown
Dog, Poodle	Lulu	David killed Lulu in a ceremony
Cat	Agamemnon	Unknown
Goat	Schlomo (Solomon)	Named after Joe's ceremony name, we traded him
Dog, Bichon	Tubby Tanker	Gave away and immediately died
Dog, Bichon	McCloud	Still with Rosie. I've seen her do many ceremonies with him
Fish	Lloyd	Named for Richard, killed by Rosie and she made us eat him raw
Dog, Doberman Pincher	Brandy	Sold her to another family they often participated in group ceremonies with: the Howards
Cat	Bullet	Rosie and David sacrificed him/killed him
Cat	Tina Tuna	Rosie and David sacrificed her/killed her
Dog, Yorki	Picasso	Sold
Dog, German Shepherd	Pilot	Sold
Horse	Lancelot	Died
Miniature Pony	Patty-Cake	Sold to neighbors

Experience #	117
Title	Darla's death

Date/Time	March 1997
Location	Spring City and Provo
Frequency	As you can see from the list of all the animals above, this happened frequently with animals. All of our animals were beaten and/or used in ceremonies even if they weren't killed.
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, Joe and Lee Bennion, and many of their friends
Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	See animal list above Also, I remember plenty of other "re-birthdays" that happened when they used animals. Several times during a re-birthday ceremony they made me cut my physical body when I had to kill my own "part." I also saw this happen to others like **Redacted**. Sometimes they would make me eat a piece of my own flesh—which I was forced to do and have seen others do. Whatever I did, I often ate something from whatever sacrifice I had to do. One year I had to eat a piece of our pet Angus, and then **Redacted** often terrorized me about it later. As my birthday came closer she would ask me "what I want[ed] to eat on my birthday," or described eating things, or talked about me finally getting the feast I needed/deserved on my birthday. She often said that I was good enough to be a whole "meal" for her. This was also one of her threats.

After begging for my own dog for a long time, I got a Boston terrier. **Redacted** told me they paid $500 for it. I was so excited because I thought for sure they would never want to kill that dog because of their love of money. When we got Darla, I had several experiences which made me bond with her. For example, several times when David or Rosie were hurting/raping me, she would bark and try to bite them. Unfortunately, this led to several times when David or Rosie kicked Darla, or even through her against the wall. One time David put jam on his penis to get Darla to lick it, but she ended up biting him on his penis. David was so mad that he kicked her against the brick chimney in my bedroom.

It was about a month before my birthday, and actually just around **Redacted**'s birthday when I had to enact the yearly ceremony of proving my loyalty to Satan. They often called this your "re-birthday" when you annually consecrated your body, spirit, money, and everything to Satan. In this ceremony you have to give a important sacrifice, which can be different for different people. At the ceremony (with many neighbors and **Redacted**'s friends present), David started with a prayer/chant to Lucifer, everyone else joined in. He spoke a bit, made me do a few thinsg to "recommit" myself, and then came to the point of the ceremony where you have to kill yourself—or a "part" of yourself. In their religious group they literally believe that you can sever, cut off, or fragment your own "spirit." David lay Darla on the alter (I think she had been drugged because she lay so still) and brought **Redacted** to sit on the alter next to Darla. The "alter" was actually just a trunk in **Redacted**'s house. He then started praying loudly and said he was pulling a part of me out. He called the name "Valerie" (I think it was Valerie) and told her to "come out." He said that part of my spirit, named "Valerie," was leaving my body, and then he

"cast it into Darla." He then handed me a wooden mallet. It was one they used in their torture of us girls quite often. He told me to choose which one I wanted to sacrifice to Lucifer to prove my loyalty (**Redacted** or Darla). I didn't want to choose either. But I of course couldn't choose **Redacted**, but I of course didn't want to choose Darla either. I cried. David started slapping my face and told me to stop crying. I stopped and he asked me again. I wouldn't choose so he started hitting me and yelling at me that I was "disgracing" him. Rosie joined in. Then he asked me again to do it. Everyone in the room started chanting. I wouldn't do anything so he unbuckled his pants, pulled up my dress and started raping me in front of everyone. To make me steady he held me by my hair and I started crying harder. He yelled at me and slapped me and told me to be quiet and to be obedient and to stop disgracing him. Afterwards, he picked up the mallet and held it over **Redacted**. He asked me if I had chosen **Redacted** to "sacrifice to Lucifer." I violently shook my head no, so afraid that he would hurt her. He whacked her head with the mallet and I reached my arms up and stopped him. Then he held it over Darla's head and asked if I was going to choose her. I nodded my head yes and he handed me the mallet and made me hit her. I did. Darla yelped. He told me to "finish her off." I hit her once again, but very softly so he yelled "Harder!" I hit her again, again he yelled. I hit her fourth time and Darla yelped out again and I put the mallet down holding back tears. Everyone in the room started accusing me of not being fully devoted to Satan. They talked about me as being a disappointment and a disgrace to **Redacted**, etc. The next two days Darla would suffer and finally die. We all had to be present for when David and Rosie would abuse us and Darla on that day. It was so painful to see her dying. Rosie made me write in my journal about it—but she checked over it and made sure it was "appropriate." She made me write up lies about how she died. Rosie actually gave us journal checks once a week or so. We would be punished for writing anything that wasn't approved by her, or that wasn't a "happy" or "approved" entry. I used to tear out notebook pages and the write the real feelings I had on them. These kinds of things and worse happened with other animals. We were forced to do sexual things with our cats and dogs, and they tortured all their animals. There were also murders of animals when they couldn't get babies or real people. Rosie often took us to the pound to get animals, she would also get them through people who were giving them away on the side of the road, in the classifieds, or later, online. She and David, and others in their group, often tried to find ways to sacrifice something. If it couldn't be a human, an animal was, in some cases, the next best thing.

Experience #	118
Title	Killing the dog from the pound
Date/Time	July
Location	Wildwood Hamblin cabin, Provo Canyon
Frequency	20x+
People Involved	David and Rosie Hamblin, Susan and Craig Christensen, Steve and Jeanie Hamblin, Carol and Clyde Dangerfield, Krii and Tim Tuttle

Other Occurrences, Times, and Locations	As you see from the animal section, many of those animals were sacrificed in the same way. There are also other ceremonies that used animal sacrifices. There were also family orgies with David's family and some of Rosie's family. This also happened during years when many Hamblin and Christensen family members lived in Spring City.

I had my LDS baptism in **Redacted**. David and Rosie wanted me to wait until the entire family could be in town, so we waited until the summer instead of doing it after my birthday in **Redacted**. Rosie, or someone she sent, picked up a dog I had seen at the pound sometime before my LDS baptism. I had stood talking to, and trying to pet him in the pound the day I'd been there— before my baptism, and didn't want to leave after playing with him. **Redacted** often took us there to find an animal she could use for her sacrifice. One evening, sometime after the day I was baptized, when all the family could be in town, Rosie brought the dog from the pound out of the car and surprised me. Although it was a happy surprise—I knew what it meant—she wanted me to sacrifice it. She told me to play with it. I knew she would end up sacrificing something else if I didn't love this dog, and I was afraid that it would be something I had a deeper relationship with, so I didn't refuse to "get to know the dog" and play with it. I spent a large portion of the evening playing with it. Then later that night, **Redacted** did the post-LDS baptism ceremony that they did in this group, which was to ensure that I "rejected the Holy Ghost from Jesus Christ." They said it was important to break any covenant I had just made with Christ, so that it would ensure I would stay with them forever in Satan's kingdom. Therefore, they had me kill this dog. They said according to Jesus Christ if I murdered I would be rejected from him. During the ceremony, I was supposed to torture and disembowel the dog. I was forced to cut off his ears, and his tongue, his genitals, and his tale. At the end I was forced to cut open his stomach and he almost immediately died. I was so angry and sad. All **Redacteds** and **Redacteds** were present, and there was a family orgy afterwards where **Redacted** carol abused **Redacted**. **Redacted** Jeanie and Krii both forced me to perform oral sex on them, and I also saw David and Craig giving each other anal sex. When the night ended, **Redacted** and I cleaned up. David got up and put part of the dog's body down the river, and put the rest in black garbage bags to distribute in other places. When everything was clean, we went to the doll house—the play house, which at some point was given to the girls, outside in the back of the cabin. All the adults lounged around and kept doing more sexual things together in the main cabin.

Feb 22, 2013

's report of abuse by Roselle Anderson Stevenson and/or David Lee Hamblin. These incidences all occurred between 1989- 1993 in the house on 280 E 2200 N in Provo, UT.

Rosie was very violent and cruel at home. Often it seemed to come from little or no provocation. Other times it was because we refused so do something, often saying that " said I didn't have to". If I refused to go to church, school, or comply it could result in yelling, hair pulling, spanking, hitting my head or face, jerking my arms, clawing at my skin with her fingernails, threatening, humiliation and removing privileges. Often she would pull me up or drag me down the stairs by my hair. Several times she pushed me down the stairs in attempts to get me to go to my room. I remember my scalp bleeding after many of the times she had yanked out clumps of my hair. I would get fat lips, swollen eyes and cheeks from her hitting me. A usual response to a swollen face was telling me to go get a package of peas from the freezer.

Experience #1, Spring-Early Summer 1991, basement staircase

I remember one experience that left me dizzy for days and with a bruised lip, carpet burns on my arm, neck and face and a bleeding tongue. I was being slow in getting ready for and leaving for school. Rosie had already sent off to walk with the neighbor kids and was waiting in her room to be driven to preschool.

Rosie grabbed me and dragged me to the basement stairs to push me down. I sat down on the landing at the top of the stairs and grabbed at the railing and tried to brace my feet on the wall to keep from being thrown down the stairs. She yelled "If you think I'm going to take you, you're dead wrong!" I begged "Ok! Ok! Ok!" crying that I would hurry and get ready if she would just stop hurting me. She snarled "Yeah, right!" She yanked my feet from the wall and kicked me down the stairs. I rolled and slid hitting my lips and jaw, scraping some skin from my arms, neck, and face, and biting my tongue. I landed on the linoleum floor at the bottom of the stairs and lay there. Rosie said loudly "you have 10 minutes."

I went to the bathroom and tried to see where I had bitten my tongue, but it was bleeding too hard for me to see. I washed my face, rinsed out my mouth and put my clothes on as quickly as I could. I went upstairs and got my backpack. As I was walking out the door Rosie called "what do you think you're doing, leaving without saying goodbye?" As I went over to where she was standing in the kitchen, she grabbed my chin and said "let me see your face, clumsy girl." She must have seen blood on my lip because she told me to open my mouth. She made a face of disgust and got into the freezer and pulled out an ice cube. She said "suck on this, and tell your teacher you fell."

the bed but David ripped off his pants and leapt across the bed to grab me. He said almost kindly "What made you talk back to your ? You little bitch?" while he shoved me up against the headboard so I was basically diagonal on the bed. He pinned my arms to my sides by straddling my chest with my arms under his shin bones. He grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked my head back and shoved his penis into my mouth. He was so aggressive that each time he would thrust my head and shoulder would bang hard against the headboard. Rosie just stood there by the door with her arms folded and a smug look on her face as David was yelling louder and louder "apologize to me!" this lasted about 6 minutes, he was about to climax when there was a knock on the bedroom door. Rosie opened the door a crack, I could hear voice, though I am not sure what she asked. I heard Rosie say to her "I'll be up in a minute." David was still yelling "apologize to me!" and I was choking, sobbing, and gagging. He ejaculated and shot semen all over my face and hair and in my mouth and nose. However, he was still trusting and yelling. Rosie looked like she was getting bored or impatient, she said "David, that's enough!" David looked up at her and smiled and winked at her. Rosie rolled her eyes and gave him a half (almost flirting) smile, opened the door and walked out. David wiped himself off on the sheet, put his pants on and left without looking or saying anything to me. I lay there shaking on the bed until I had the strength to clean it all up.

Rosie would often make me take naps with her in the afternoon or early evening during school and anytime during the day on weekends and summers. It was as few times as once a week up to several times a week. She often called them "cat naps" because she would have us play a "game" called "kitties" or "kitty-cats". She would either lead me to her room or tell me to go in there and wait for her. She would have me go to the bathroom first to urinate (sometimes wash off my genitals in the tub, wash my face or feet or brush my teeth) before she would have me get in the bed with her.

Once in bed she would often have me massage her body, breasts, stomach or thighs. Some of the things she would have me do were she would send me to her bathroom to get a brush to brush her hair while she closed her eyes and moaned, or have me to nurse her breasts (even though she had stopped producing milk), she would then sometimes start to masturbate with her own hand or have me rub her genitals with my hand or rub up against her with my body, or have me stimulate her vagina orally. She had several types of back and body massagers (I'm not sure that any were specifically erratic vibraters) but they would all vibrate in some way. She would occasionally have me rub her back with lotion or with the massager or rub my body against hers.

After it was over she would usually fall asleep. I learned that if I waited, without moving until I knew she was asleep, I could sneak out of the room. If I was caught leaving she could tell me to come back and made me do it all again or she would rub my genitalia really roughly and tell me to moan and tell her how good it felt.

Experience #4, 1991, master bedroom

A bit later David told to lick his butt instead of sucking on him. And Rosie had me lick her vagina, but I had to stay under the sheets because she kept saying how cold it was in the room. Rosie hit my head a couple times when I did something she didn't like, but I was having a hard time because she had told to stick her finger inside Rosie's vagina so her hand was in the way of what I was told to do. David was yelling at too.

David was still masturbating while was licking his bottom. He yelled at her again and moaned. He stated climaxing and Rosie was rubbing his chest with her hand and moaned with him. David had an orgasm and his semen got all over the sheets. Rosie soon was climaxing and hit and kicked and me off the bed and told David to come over. He started licking Rosie's vagina until she had an orgasm. and I stayed on the floor and tried to wrap one of the baby blankets around us. David told to lick his semen off the sheets. David and Rosie laughed at her and then told us to get out of their room.

Experience #6, Winter 1993, family room

Rosie and David called us all into the family room and told us to undress. They had prepped the room by laying blankets and sheets on the floor and couch and built up a fire in the wood burning stove. I remember that because it was chilly and we were naked, and I all wanted to be close to the stove. David and Rosie had undressed and David was lying on the couch, and Rosie was lying on the floor with pillows under her head. and I were waiting for them to tell us what to do. David told us to first "pose", which meant to model for them provocatively and then he wanted us to "dance". I remember feeling so awkward and ashamed by having to do this. Rosie and David started masturbating and moaning while and I were doing our best to do what they wanted. Rosie snarled "Smile, damn it!". Then it seemed that Rosie was getting impatient. She said "you are ugly dancers, play Kitties instead". We knew that "Kitties" meant pretending to be cats, grooming, licking and nuzzling each other. It also meant that we were to lick each other's genitalia.

and I started playing their game while Rosie and David gave us directions. They were still masturbating and moaning. After a while they told and me to lick They told to stay on all fours while and I licked her all over. Then David said to lick her "butthole". and I crawled around to bottom and did what they said. David and Rosie both started moaning more and more and soon both of had an orgasm.

Then David told Rachel to come lick off his penis to clean off the semen and he told me to go "lick up" Rosie while was told to fold the blankets. Both Rosie and David watched as did as they told us to. They mocked and laughed at us saying we had looked "ridiculous" and "stupid". Rosie slapped my cheek for being "too rough" while licking her vagina. After that we were told to turn on the TV for them and then sent to go clean ourselves up because we "stunk like cat shit".

s Record of Abuse

Abuse by , DAVID LEE HAMBLIN:

- In the morning, when years old, living in the Provo house, David took me to the upstairs bathroom, shut the door and told me to take my clothes off, because we were going to shower. I hid behind the shower curtain and watched him take his pants off and pee in the toilet. When he was finished peeing, he told me to "Get over here!" I scrambled out of the tub. He pivoted from the toilet to face me and without cleaning himself off at all had me open my mouth and he shoved his penis in my mouth, telling me to "Suck." I did, and then he yelled "More!" (as in that I should suck more, or suck harder on his penis). I began to cry, but did my best not to annoy him. He used his hands to help himself climax and thankfully, turned to ejaculate into the toilet, instead of making me swallow his semen. After that we showered together, as usual.

- Witnessed David rape : In the Spring City upstairs girls bedroom when I was , I was sleeping on my toddler bed right next to 's blue bed. I heard David come down the hall and into our room. He came to the opposite side of the bed than I was (which was the left side of the bed as my little bed was on the right if you're facing the beds), undid his pants and took them off, ripped the covers off , she woke up and yelled out and said "No, stop!". He got on top of her and pinned her down he grabbed her wrists and was holding them against the bed and straddled her with one knee on her leg so she couldn't fight back with at least one of her legs. She tried to fight back. She was afraid and started to scooch away pushing her wrists against his hands as much as she could and he grabbed her pants and yanked them off. He immediately had vaginal intercourse with her and raped her. Once he started pushing in and out of she just started whimpering and stopped fighting. I was crying and screaming, but eventually I just turned over, facing away and cried. stayed quiet as to not become involved.

Abuse by ROSELLE ANDERSON:

- In the "eggshell" bathroom when I was , Rosie and I had been taking a bath together when Rosie got out and sat on the edge of the top step with her legs spread, naked. She had me suck on one breast (her right one), and put my hand on the other (her left one) while she masturbated with her hand (touching her hand to her vagina) in that position until she pushed my face into her vagina and instructed me to lick it. She grunted and had small convolutions. There was no talking, except from her, and when she had her orgasm she told me to go away.

- It was afternoon in the Provo Condo, Rosie had her clothes off and she was in bed in the "eggshell" bedroom. She called me in and I changed in front of her because all my clothes were in that room and we shared a room. She said "Oh don't bother putting PJ's on, come to bed." When I got in bed, she scooted over close to me and she said "Nursy, nursy?" "Nursey, nursey?" is the term taught me to use when I wanted to nurse. I used it up to when I was at least years old, when she told me I stopped nursing. It was kind of like a "cute joke" that was often used when making their sexual abuse more "natural" or "comfortable". She brought me into her breasts by putting her arm around me, and I began to suck them. I

remember trying not have any emotion when Rosie abused me. I was afraid of her getting more angry and making me do it over or her killing herself if I wasn't obedient. I was lying on her left arm facing her, as she faced me. She used to other arm to stroke my chest and body. Eventually she started playing with my bum, squeezing it, feeling it, and started to finger my butt hole. She put her finger in my butt hole, then her hand came around the front and she started touching the outside of my vagina a little bit before she put her finger in my vagina repeatedly. She kept telling me the whole time how beautiful I was, that I was her baby. Eventually she just rested her hand on my waist and we fell asleep.

- In the shower Rosie would show me her privates and how to wash them. Bending over or lifting a leg in order to open her butt cheeks, and vagina to the oncoming water to "rinse". When the shower had a hand held head in it, with a cord that you could move around, it would always be set to the most intense and narrow setting so she could masturbate and she would make me do it for her, or make me do it to myself, or she would do it to me and would say that she would "rinse" me. I often have struggled with over cleaning myself because of feeling dirty from doing these things, and being in pain because of it. Rosie and I always showered and bathed together. There was a handheld shower head in the jacuzzi too in the Provo condo.

- Rosie taught me about orgasms (what it was like, what it looked like) and how vibration feels good on private parts. Also how sometimes a person cant move fast enough to make a woman orgasm, so you use a tool. We had several massage vibrators and massage tools that she often had me use on her for massage and then she made me use it on her private parts for sexual pleasure. She would have me watch as she showed me how to "use it correctly." and then have me hold the vibrator for her while she pinched her nipples and held onto the bed, moaned, grunted, and breathed heavily.

- In the condo "eggshell" room, Rosie, , and I, were all naked in the bed at Rosie's demand. I was about . Rosie instructed us to each suck on one of her nipples. and I were whimpering and grossed out. As she got more aroused, she moved over so there was more room, bent her knees and spread her legs, pushing 's head down her body until . 's face was between her legs. began crying. Rosie took my hand and put it on the nipple that had just left. I squeezed her nipple, as I had been taught. was shying away, so Rosie grabbed 's hair and pushed her head down, saying "Lick!" and "Lick harder!" Rosie was groaning with pleasure, but getting more upset at was crying and trying to spit out gobs of discharge. Finally she said "Lick harder, damn it! Or I'll kill myself!" When she orgasmed, she kicked away off the right side of the bed. She pushed me away. and I snuck out of the bedroom.

- About ago - early when I had moved back in from the dorms - in my room downstairs at the house, I had gone to sleep at about 11:45p.m. When I had closed my door for the night, the lights were still on in the downstairs living room and Rosie was at the computer. Sometime after I was asleep, I noticed Rosie open my door and come to the left side of my bed. She pulled the covers off my feet and up to my stomach. She patted my leg and whispered about how I am her baby, and her only left. Sitting on the end of my bed, she pulled my pajama bottoms and underwear down around my ankles and stroked my bare legs until she reached my vagina. She played with my pubic hair and then

began tracing and exploring inside my vagina with her pointer finger. She began rubbing my vagina with her fingers an circular and up and down motions until I orgasmed and then she returned my clothes back the way they were before, but not bothering with the covers and left, closing the door behind her. The whole time my hands were either just below my chest or above my head. When I woke up my covers were still off my legs.

Abuse by/including :

- In the daytime and a group of David's Hispanic friends (about 5 Men) hiked up a hill into some pine trees in Spring City. I was , and had carried me part of the way up. We came to a circular clearing with a fire pit in the center. There were logs to sit on and the and Rose sat together, the Hispanic guys facing us. I was on 's lap. David went around the circle with a spoon and a gallon bag about half full of some drug, I assume it was Peyote. He started with the men and gave everyone a spoonful. When he came to me protested, saying I was too little, He demanded I take it. and she offered to take my portion. He pushed the spoon in my mouth anyway and moved on. did/said nothing to stop him.

----> Later when I was in High School, I told this experience and she said "Oh no, I was the one holding you! Not , that was me. I would never have let you have drugs, especially that young. David was so mad at me for that." It really confused me that she said that, because I knew and know it was , but I accepted that answer from her at that time, because She wouldn't hear otherwise.

February 21, 2013

Record of abuse (samples) in Provo, Utah by David Lee and Roselle Anderson Hamblin

1. Date: Winter of 1990 (years old)
Time: Evening
Location: Upstairs bathroom, Provo House – 280 E. 2200 North

I was in the upstairs bathroom taking a shower. Normally when I took a shower I locked the door and then pulled out the drawer by the door, as a secondary security precaution. That night, were in and out getting ready and so the door was only closed. I was hurrying to rinse my hair as the hot water was running out and getting cooler every minute. I heard the door open and shut. I assumed it was one of and kept rinsing my hair. All of a sudden, the shower curtain was yanked back and I let out a small scream. It was and he had his violent look – jaw set, narrowed eyes, powerful demeanor. I had learned never to scream loudly during one of his attacks or he would become even more enraged. He grabbed my right forearm with his left hand, squeezing hard, and started quickly unbuttoning his pants with his right hand. I was crying and pleading with him to stop. The door opened and walked in. "David!" she said, "We are going to a concert tonight. We don't have time for this!" He yelled, "Get out, you b****!" Still holding onto my wrist, he pushed her out the door, slammed it shut, and pulled the drawer out. She opened the door as much as she could and kept yelling. They argued back and forth. She did not want to be late. She did not want to get bad seats. All this time I was sobbing and pleading with both of them. Neither of them acknowledged me. Finally he bellowed, "Rosie! *We won't be late*!" "Fine!" she yelled and closed the door. He used his feet to drop his pants and garments and kick them towards the door. Then he pulled hard on my arm so that I dropped down into the tub and onto my back. The water was cold now. The drain was a little slow, so there was a small backup of water in the tub. The shower was hitting me in the face, stinging my eyes whenever I opened them to see what was happening. I felt like I was drowning because I was crying so hard I couldn't breathe. was kneeling and taking off his shirt. He climbed in the tub. He knelt and pulled my legs up over his hips. It forced my chin down and curved my whole back. He leaned over me and began raping me in my vagina. Pain shot through my middle back as the pressure of his body pushed my vertebrae into the hard surface again and again. I felt the skin tear more and more as he thrust violently in and out of me. My back felt like it was going to break. (Rape in this position has happened so many times that I believe I sustained nerve damage in my mid-back because it is always numb.) The water had turned ice cold and was splashing all around us and into my mouth as I sobbed. It seemed to go on forever. He finally finished and pulled away. I didn't dare move. He climbed out of the tub, slicked his hair back with both hands and then shook his

head. He dried off with my towel and dropped it on the ground. He put his garments back on and walked out of the room with his clothes, calling, "Rosie!" I turned on my side facing the open door so I could close my legs and get off my back. The ice water was hitting my whole body. I thought I was going to freeze to death but I didn't have the energy or the will to turn off the water. My sobbing had turned to gasping for air. walked in quickly carrying my fancy plaid dress, tights, and underwear. She frowned and made a noise seeing all the water on the floor and the shower still going. She turned off the shower and used her foot and my towel to wipe up the floor. Her demeanor was stern and matter-of-fact. She told me to "stand up!" Every part of my body ached and it took all of my energy to sit up. She handed me a new towel and I buried my face in it and started crying harder. "Get up! That's enough!" she said. She took my arm and helped me stand and climb out of the tub, but I could not stop crying. She toweled me off quickly and then handed me some toilet paper she had folded into a rectangle. My hand shook as I held it in my crotch and stepped into my underwear she held open for me. The paper would absorb the blood and semen. "Stop crying!" she said. I tried to stop by keeping my mouth closed. I was still shaking and couldn't breathe regularly. She helped me put on the tights and dress. I stared at myself in the mirror as she combed and did my hair. My face was mottled and my eyes were puffy and red. When she was done she told me to run and get my coat and school bag and get in the car. I obeyed. We walked out to the carport and dad, were in the car with it running. I stopped crying. and I got in and we drove to the Provo Tabernacle to see the Utah Valley Symphony. Only spoke briefly on the drive there. We sat in the upper right balcony overlooking the orchestra. I waited for to sit next to and I sat at the end. The wooden benches were so painful to sit on. Even though I was cold I sat on my coat to try and pad my bottom. There was no lady-like position I could sit in that didn't hurt. I tried not to fidget. kept looking down the row at us to make sure we were behaving properly. I tried to finish my math homework for the next day but I couldn't remember how to do the problems. I knew I would be in trouble at school the next day.

2. Date: Summer of 1990 or 1991 (years old)
Time: Late night
Location: TV/ Family Room, Provo House

walked around and closed the blinds and shut the curtains of all the windows of the kitchen and TV area. They also closed the accordion door to the living room. , and I had just been bathed and were naked and shivering in our towels. laid out blankets on the floor in the middle of the room. took his pants off and sat on the blankets in front of the TV. was wearing a bathrobe and was naked underneath. She finished brushing our hair and sat back on the blankets. They both smiled and told us to pretend to be cats or kittens. They talked as though we were starting a fun game or

activity. This "game" was something we often played as a and with each individually as well. We obeyed and started crawling around on all fours, meowing. They continued to give us instructions. said, "Can you clean your fur like a little kitten? Good!" and "Can you make little licks like a cat?" reached to pinch us or tickle us if we crawled anywhere near him. I saw he was getting excited and both laughed as we demonstrated cat behavior. started touching himself and watched him and us smiling. Then they told us to "clean" each other. We did so sparingly – for example, a quick lick on the shoulder and then jumped away making a cat sound. They both frowned disapprovingly. We knew what they wanted but were putting it off as long as we could. We all showed resistance, and so I knew hated these "playtimes," too. We licked each other's bodies – arms, back, and shoulders mostly. They told us to rub on each other like our cats did to our legs. They told us to climb on top or over each other, like kittens do. demonstrated acting very sensual and slow moving, licking her "paw" and then rubbing it down her body. We copied her. They said, "Yes!" and "Good!" and kept smiling and laughing excitedly as we followed their directions. I was relieved that they were in a good mood. told to be good kittens and come lick his penis, while he leaned back on his hands. They told us to keep meowing. called me to her. She was lying on her side and then rolled to her back, opening her robe below her stomach. She put her hand on her front and inner thigh and told me to lick there first. "Just little licks!" she said. Her manner was warm and playful, very different from her usual demeanor. She patted my head like a cat, telling me how soft and cute I was. I felt and saw her body starting to tense up. She started breathing harder and making her groaning sound (refer to experience #3). With her hand she directed my head to her genitals and leaned back. I kept licking. It was hard to do it right because she would move a lot. After a while yelled the f-word and I knew he had ejaculated. called for to come over and lick her. She told them to each lick her nipples. was crying a little, but both she and obeyed. I was so tired and tried not to gag as discharge increased. I hated the smell of it. All of a sudden I gasped as stuck his finger in my vagina from behind and wiggled it forcefully. I felt pain as his nail scraped me inside. It felt terrible. I tried to concentrate so I wouldn't stop and make angry. She got so angry if I ever messed up. My tongue was so tired. All at once, she lifted her leg and kicked me to the side. Her very rough heel scratched my skin and it hurt. David straddled her and put his penis into her. She touched herself for a few seconds before she orgasmed. told us to go put our pajamas on and get to bed.

3. Date: 1991
Time: Daytime
Location: Master bedroom, Provo house

I was in the kitchen when called for me. I walked toward the sound

of her voice. She was in the upstairs hallway by the guest bathroom. She told me it was time for me to take a nap with her. I did not see and thought maybe they were downstairs. I complained that I didn't want to take a nap. She told me I didn't have a choice and that she would tell if I was not obedient. I followed her into her room. She locked the door behind her and started to take her clothes off. She told me to take off my shirt and shorts. I walked straight to the right side of the bed (centered under the big window in the room). It was warm outside and she pulled the bedding down so there were just sheets covering us. She was smiling, and talking, and trying to get me to think this was fun. It was not fun. I told her I had to go to the bathroom. I closed the door and stood there. I opened the toilet seat and made sounds like I was going to the bathroom. I took a long time and she called for me to wipe my bottom with some soap on the toilet paper and to wash my hands really well. I turned on the water in the sink and then looked to my left in the mirror. I just stood there for a while and let the water run. I looked up and stared out of the little window above the sink and watched the clouds changing shape. She called for me again. I knew I had to go. I turned off the water and returned to the bed. She told me to take off my underwear. I throw it off the right side of the bed so it won't be hard to find when I had to sneak out later. She pulled me into her with our front sides touching. She called me her "Baby " and told me to nurse her breasts. She started moaning a little. After a while she turned on her stomach and told me to get the lotion by her bed and rub her back. I squeezed out too much and struggled to get the excess back in the bottle. She started to get annoyed and asked what is going on. I rushed to fix the problem before she got angry with me. I started to rub her back and shoulders. She started to say "Lower!" and each time I went a little lower, until she had me massaging her buttocks. Then she told me to massage her back and inner thighs. I got more lotion. She turned over and told me to keep massaging her thighs and positioned my hand close to her vagina. She was moaning more and more. It was a horrible sound – a groan/moan/growling sound that was really deep. From my adult perspective, it sounded almost like labor pain grunting sounds mixed with moaning. It was abhorrent to me. She started to touch herself and then pushed me down on my back on the bed and straddled me. She dipped her vagina down and dragged it up my body over and over. She kept moaning. I tried not to move and hold onto the sheet with my fingers, as she had always taught me to do. Then she dipped down and rubbed me with her vagina on mine in circular motions. I saw the veins in her forehead and neck. Her face was contorted and scary. I tried to think about my dolls and playing with them with when this was over. Then rolled onto her back and told me to lick her, pointing to her vagina. I obeyed her, still trying to think about my dolls. moaned more and more. She said, "Slower!" or "Faster!" and I tried to follow her commands. She moved my head up, down, right or left to pleasure herself. Finally she yelled out, sounding annoyed, and pushed me to the side and masturbated for a few seconds until she orgasmed. She convulsed a little then lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. She was breathing heavily. I did not dare move and "ruin it" for her as had happened growing up, but started

assessing my position and what it would take for me to get off the bed without her discerning it. After what seemed like an eternity I could tell by her breathing that she was asleep. I shifted my weight and carefully dragged myself off the bed until I stood beside it. I slipped on my underwear and gathered my clothes. I tiptoed to the door and turned the doorknob with great care so as to make no sound. I slipped through the open door and then bent down to see the workings of the doorknob parts as I carefully closed the door and released the knob. Then I stepped cautiously through the hall, avoiding certain areas that creaked until I was in the front entry. I slowly slid the door closed at the end of the hallway, hoping that would sleep a long time because of the quiet.

4. Date: Fall 1991
Time: Afternoon
Location: Downstairs bedroom, Provo House

I was in my room downstairs, directly under the master bedroom. It was after school and I could hear upstairs. I heard a sound and turned to the door. was standing in the doorway and had a scary look on his face – his jaw was set and clenched and his eyes were slightly squinted. I was standing on the right side of my bed and started to cower and back into the corner. He grabbed my right arm with his left hand, grabbed my right leg with his right hand, and violently threw my body on top of the bed (face up). I felt a sharp pain in my right shoulder. Then he pushed and positioned me sideways in the bed and pulled my head towards him until it hung a little off the side of the bed. I did not dare make a sound but tears were running down my face. I bit my lips and breathed heavily through my nose to keep myself quiet. I knew if I screamed he would make good on his lifelong threats kill me and no one would come, except maybe and then he would do something terrible or kill them, too. He always carried a Swiss Army knife with him and often brought it out to intimidate, threaten, or "teach" us to be good. He didn't need it today. Then he took off his belt and whipped it violently on the bed, right next to me. I shook and sobbed. He unzipped his pants and put his genitals in my face forcefully. I couldn't breathe and was terrified that he would smother me to death. Finally he stepped back a little and put his penis in my mouth. He started to move it in an out. It went too deep. I tried so hard not to gag or cough. If I gagged, I knew I would throw up. If I threw up, would severely punish me for making a mess and ruining the carpet. I thought back on the many times this has happened. Sometimes she cleaned it with a rag and then would tell to rub the dirty rag in my face, while she yelled and shamed and humiliated me. Sometimes she would make us eat it off the ground (all of it), the same way she would train our dogs not to throw up in the house. Other times she gave orders to whip or spank me with his belt (the buckle end) while I am naked. To this day I have an intense fear of throwing up. I have had bouts of food poisoning and many stomach flus over the course of my life, but have rarely ever thrown up – all from shear will and this

deep-seated fear.

Next ordered me to undress and to get into what and called the "stink bug" position – head by my knees, bottom raised a little in the air. He grabbed the big Vaseline tub by my bed and put some on himself, rubbing himself for a minute. I waited, holding my breath because I knew how much this would hurt. Before he goes in, he gripped my genitals and dug in with his fingers – an unspoken threat to obey him. It hurt so much. Then he raped me in my anus. I could barely breathe from the pain. He held my hips and pushed me forward and backward. I gasped each time. When he was done, he pushed me to the side and spanked me once really hard. Then he dressed and left.

There was no time for me to cry. I knew I had to get cleaned up and dressed before anything else. If saw me lying around like this she would be furious. I got up and went into the bathroom. There was a mirror on the door and I tried to look at my backside. I could see the red marks from his hands on my hips and from the spanking. There was blood smeared around my anus. I was still bleeding some and my skin there was red and swollen. I treated the injury as had taught me: I put water on some toilet paper and gently wiped off the blood and I put Vaseline around the whole area and a little bit inside my anus– by taking new, clean toilet paper and wrapping it around my finger and NEVER double-dipping. As taught and sometimes did for me, I folded toilet paper into a rectangular shape and put it in my underwear to absorb any discharge or blood. The dry paper scratched me. It stung and I could feel the skin swelling more around my anus. The Vaseline helped a little. I lay on my bed and looked at the ceiling. I put my pink baby blanket over me, a corner of it in my mouth to muffle sound, and cried. I couldn't be loud or he would come back.

5. Date: Fall or Winter 1991
Time: Evening
Location: Master Bedroom, Provo House

I were gathered in 's bedroom. The curtains and blinds were closed. were jumping on the bed. I was sitting on the bottom right corner of the bed. and I were naked and just came from showering and taking a bath. was sitting on the bed reading, wearing only garments. was walking around the room in her bathrobe, naked underneath. She would often be fully naked, wearing only a bathrobe, or wearing only garments around the house. We also saw naked a lot, outside of these sexual events.

brought out some "dress-ups" for us to wear and laid them on the bed: baby clothing and blankets. She cheerfully explained that we were going to pretend to be babies tonight. This was another familiar "game." I picked up a bonnet and put it on. The house was cold and I was happy to have a blanket to wrap around me. put on a bonnet, too. had also brought some of our toy

bottles – the kind that, if you tilt them, the milk "disappears." pretended to drink from it and was trying to make and me laugh. shut the door and took off her robe and got under the covers giggling about it being so cold. took off his garment top and bottoms. They were both sitting almost all the way upright against the pillows. "Ok, " said cheerfully, "Let's be babies!" He crawled under the covers and started "nursing" mom. She started laughing hysterically. He kept turning to us and making faces so we would laugh. tickled him and said seductively, "I want to nurse *you*!" and pinched and rubbed his nipples. He told . to come over and nurse . other side. She obeyed. reached over and tickled both in their private parts over and over. was laughing hard and did the same groping and tickling to genitals. and I were sitting on the edge of the bed. said, " , nurse ." We looked at each other blankly. She leaned in and started lightly sucking on my nipple. I looked back at them hoping this was enough. kicked under the covers and told her she was a "bad baby." jumped in surprise and halfway fell of the bed. laughed. said, "I have some milk for you, baby !" He pulled down the covers and exposed his erect penis. "Come here! I have a bottle for you!" he said. giggled and looked back and forth between us. She told to come and nurse her other breast. We both obeyed. spread his legs apart. I climbed between his legs so the covers were up around my back and neck. I lean down and start sucking on my 's penis. I put my hands around the base and moved them up and down at a moderate pace, just as had taught me. said it was too cold with the blankets pulled back. pulled the covers over my head. It was dim but I could see , and half of body. reached over and gave a fishy. (He stuck a flat hand vertically between her butt cheeks with fingers touching her anus and wiggled his whole hand like a fish. It was a ' game" from his side of the family and a constant occurrence at home and anytime we were with his siblings.) She jumped in surprise again. yelled and elbowed her. did it again, but this time I saw that tried not to move. I saw take hand and rub it around her genitals. It was getting so hot and stuffy and I was starting to sweat. I tried to push my shoulder and elbow up so that I could get some air from the side of the bed. It didn't work. I was afraid to stop. After a minute, pulled back the covers and told me to scoot down. I obeyed. He brought his knees up and rolled on his side. He leaned toward and . He made a crazed face with his mouth wide open and tongue hanging out and wildly shook his head back and forth yelling, "Waaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" He and laughed hysterically. Then he rolled over on his stomach and got into what he and called "the stink bug" position. His head was resting on the bed with his arms bent at the elbows, his hands gripping his head. His knees were bent and his bottom was up resting on his heels. He told me to put the covers over him and to lick his anus. My heart sank and I prayed that I wouldn't gag and throw up. I heard direct to lick her vagina and to put her finger inside 's vagina. (She had taught us - and we did it often - to put our finger inside her vagina and gently make a circular motion, pushing the skin outward.) I started licking bottom,

too repulsed to go to the center. He got angry and told me I was "a whoring c-word" (used actual word) and threatened "to tear [my] butthole open." I began to lick his anus. The smell and taste were repulsive. I tried with all my might to think about other things - sitting in the tree outside their window with my blanket during the summer, making accessories for my dolls, going to the annual doll show. started masturbating. He told me to lick harder and faster. was groaning and making other guttural sounds. started yelling, "Sh**, sh**, sh**!!" Then he ejaculated all over the bed. After he stopped shaking, he crawled to the head of the bed and ordered me to eat all his semen off the sheets. I obeyed. called for and she violently hit away from her. He walked around the bed and gave her oral sex until she orgasmed. We sat on the bed and watched, exhausted. When she was done she snapped at us to get out of their room and to go to bed.

6. Date: August 1999
Time: Nighttime
Location: Basement Sewing Room, Anderson Condo
3736 Little Rock Drive, Provo

took me to see Sixth Sense. She always said she hated scary movies and I avoided them, too. I thought it was strange she wanted to go but she said it would be a really special night out. I agreed to go. The movie was horrifying. I was so afraid even half way through that I just cried and cried. The little boy was tormented by horrible people and things he saw that no one else could see. I was so shell-shocked by the end that I couldn't stand up straight and had to assist me in walking to the car. I cried all the way home. I felt dizzy, like I wasn't in control of my body and everything was reeling. She put me into the bed that she and I shared in the sewing room of 's condo. It was positioned in the right corner of the room, filling a kind of alcove. When she came to bed she wore only garments. I was cowering in the upper corner of the bed, terrified of the images in my mind. She told me to come over to her side and talk to her. I didn't move and she pulled my arm to her. She stroked my hair while I cried and cried. Then she started holding me, tighter and tighter. She put her hand under my shirt in the back and rubbed my back. I just kept crying. I felt so exhausted and terrified I couldn't move. Then her hand moved to the front of my body (under my shirt). Then she moved it down to my vagina, first over then under my clothes. I had broken down into sobbing. Then she took my hand and used it to touch her breasts and then her vagina. My hand was limp and she did all the work. She sat up in the bed and against the wall. She took my finger and stuck it inside her. She started groaning more and more. She pulled my hand up and down with my finger inside her. I was covering my face and continuing to sob. She used her other hand to masturbate herself. She orgasmed and put my hand down on the bed. She just lay there, half sitting against the wall and patted my head. I felt absolutely wretched and cried myself to sleep.

Report of Judith Harding and her Office

Friday, February 22, 2013

Judith or Judy Harding is Rosie Stevenson's current therapist. Rosie has been seeing her for the past 5 years or so. and Ford also began going to Judy after Rosie found her, often as a group or in pairs. On the evening of Friday, February 22, 2013, Rosie indicated that she had told Judy about how she remembered telling her that she was a part of the abuse. However, denies that she would ever tell her perpetrator such information. Rosie went onto say that she told Judy in one or more sessions. When asked Rosie if she'd be willing to release Judy's notes on Rosie to her and , Rosie hesitated and wouldn't say yes or no. Ford Stevenson, Rosie's current husband, seemed very enthusiastic to get the records to , or at least have a meeting where could ask Judy anything regarding the records. Rosie and Ford also mentioned that they had been in contact with Judy that evening since had been over there and stated that have come forward about Rosie's abuse of them.

Saturday, February 23, 2013

The following morning, Saturday, February 23, 2013, called the hospital to get information regarding the records, and to find out if in an emergency, they could be picked up that morning. She found out that there were records available in the record's office and that the therapist didn't need to be there, only the individual requesting the records. called Ford and told him the information at which point he told her that Judy had told them the night prior that she had to be present. He insisted that Judy knew better, and that we should follow her plans. then gave Ford the phone number to the records office and told Ford that they said the therapist didn't need to be present. He texted her back after their phone call saying "We are on our way to the hospital, and we text you as soon as we've signed off on the records." We immediately left the house and met them in the elevator on the way up to the records office. (See recorded conversation from the 2+ hours with Rosie at the Hospital, particularly the beginning phone call with Judy Harding).

After the phone call with Judy, in which she refused to come in herself, or give directions to anyone in the medical records office of how to get Rosie's records, we discovered in the medical records office we could obtain documentation of all inpatient activity and the dates of outpatient appointments, which would include any appointments Rosie would have had with Judy to compare to Judy's notes. We ordered the records to be mailed to Rosie sealed somehow, so we could know they weren't tampered with. As Judy had told us that we couldn't get anything until Monday, as well as Ford in his email after communicating with her, we decided to return Monday morning to try to get the records. Rosie slipped a letter under Judy Harding's door, releasing all therapy records to us.

Monday, February 25, 2013

arrived at Judy Harding's office just after 8:00 am on Monday morning. texted Ford and told them what we were doing, and called him twice, with no answer. She then called their home phone and finally got an answer. told Ford where she was and what she and were doing. asked the woman at the desk (DeAnn) if we could pull Rosie Stevenson's records, we told her the information, and how we had talked with Judy and that Rosie had already given a release for her records. The woman seemed as if she knew who we were, and said that she would have to get permission from her psychologist, Judy, and would be a few minutes. sat back down by , almost directly in front of DeAnn's desk. DeAnn left her desk and came back a few minutes later at which point she picked up the phone dialed and said something to the point of, "Hi Judy, its DeAnn, I've got here who want her therapy records". There was then a long pause, that lasted about 3 minutes, at which point DeAnn said "So there aren't any records in the office?" There was another pause and then she said something like "Okay, thank you! Goodbye."

She then leaned over her desk/counter and said "You will not be able to get the records today." Shocked, got up and walked toward her desk and said, "I'm sorry, this is an emergency, and there are people at risk. Judy informed us that we could get the records when the office was open. Can you give me any explanation of why we cannot get them today?" DeAnn would not answer my question and just said that I had to have Judy's permission to get the records, and that the soonest we could get them would be Tuesday afternoon. She said that normally it takes 2-6 weeks to get that kind of information. explained that Rosie had already signed off on the records and said that this was a very serious matter concerning abuse and we need more information immediately. then asked if we needed to involve the police. DeAnn responded, "You can involve the police if you'd like, or we can call security and have them escort you out." were both shocked and left.

Later that day, Rosie texted 14 times. In one of her texts, she stated how she had called the office and confirmed that they had received her documentation releasing records to us, and was very confused as why they weren't releasing her therapy records to us.

Tuesday, February 26, 2013

Tuesday afternoon around 1:50pm, . went in to Judy's office to try to pick up the records again. We were told by DeAnn (again) that we needed Rosie in the office to sign off again, because the document she had previously signed was incorrect (recorded: **2/26/13 1:54 PM Conversation with DeAnn**). We objected saying that we had been told by the medical records office, Judy Harding, as well as DeAnn herself that we could get them Tuesday afternoon. She said that she couldn't do anything else. We said we would work it out. We walked to the bench by the entrance to the office and sat down at which point called Ford and updated him. Ford told that he would bring Rosie with him. During that time a man named "Kyle", the clinic manager came out and asked us if we had any questions. We declined sharing information with him as we thought the problem had been solved, and we didn't know him or know what he needed although he said he was there to answer questions. We finished our conversation (recorded: **2/26/13 1:58 PM Conversation with Kyle**).

Then we overheard DeAnn on a phone call, and found out shortly after that it was Rosie. In this phone call she said "I wouldn't think they would be waiting for you, the girl who does our records is gone for the day, and I told them they can't even get them today anyway." Immediately after DeAnn hung up the phone, Rosie texted saying "Are you waiting for me?" is bothered that Rosie continues to text her, and has tried to stay far away from her, and therefore did not respond. texted her not long after that and asked her if she was almost to the hospital. Ford walked in the room aroun 2:25 and we asked him where Rosie was. He said she was coming in a separate car, then Judy Harding immediately opened the door and invited Ford in and shut it quickly. Not long after that, sent a second text to Rosie saying that we were waiting in Judy's office. Rosie responded with a 4- text message to and then to (at 2:33pm) that reads:

"I'm sorry I just learned at 2pm today that the hospital records staff didn't put a witness signature on the form I filled out on Saturday. I'll need to come in and sign another one and they'll do it right. They told me that the woman who copies records has left already, that she won't start the process till tomorrow morning. Then it may take a couple of days for them to pass through their internal procedure. I'll sign before 5 tonight so it can be ready to start tomorrow. I'm not coming in till my visiting teaching is over around 4. The receptionist said the records have not even begun to be copied because they flubbed up on witnessing on Saturday. Records won't be available today."

When we received the text from Rosie we decided to go talk to DeAnn again (see recording: **2/26/13 2:40 PM Conversation with DeAnn and Kyle**). We waited for her to finish 2 phone calls and then spoke with her. The gist of our conversation is that we asked why she didn't tell us that we couldn't receive the records today, as well as why she told us that Judy has to "sign off" on records, and asked to talk with Kyle. She became very upset and refused to talk with us, and got Kyle. Then Kyle came in and we told him the problems of incorrect information from his therapist at secretary, and we asked for an expedited process of receiving the records. He said he would help us get the process started even before Rosie signs the documents, however it took us asking over and over. We shared our information with him so he could call us as soon as it was ready for pick-up.

As we left we realized we wanted to ask about the document that Kyle said Rosie had written very "backwardly" and strangely, so we went back to ask if we could get it or see it (See recording: **2/26/13 2:56 PM Conversation with Kyle about Documentation**). Then asked if she could also get her records from therapy with Judy Harding. Kyle helped to know exactly what to do on the form to get her records. As we were waiting for to fill out the form, Ford came out of his appointment and told us the same information DeAnn had told us. (See recording: **2/26/13 3:03 PM Conversation with Ford**).We also talked about a possibly situation in which we could set up an appointment concerning Rosie's documentation. signed her documentation and it was witnessed by one of the secretaries.