

THIS IS MY STORY

I am a Satanic Ritual Abuse Survivor, who has experienced both the darkness of evil and the amazing Grace and Power of My Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I am here today to tell you about the way God rescued me from the evil that surrounded me as a child, and the amazing way in which he changed my life.

I grew up in a dysfunctional and abusive family. I lived with my little brother and parents. Mother was an addict, who spent most of her time getting high and sleeping her life away. She didn't care much for her children, especially if we were in her way. As for my father, well, he was a different story. He was educated, charming and always impeccably dressed to perfection, but underneath it all he was an evil and cruel man, who enjoyed hurting me physically, sexually and emotionally. He would have his way with me, then burn me with cigarettes until he thought I had had enough.

I was a prisoner in my own home, so I learned, at an early age, how to shut off my emotions and not cry. My life only seemed to get worse. Because it wasn't enough for him to hurt me himself, he also found pleasure in seeing others hurt me as well, so at the age of five my father sold me to a satanic cult. I can't even begin to find the correct words to describe this horrible place, other than to say it was hell on earth. I was tortured, beaten, and raped repeatedly.

There were other children there besides myself. We went from being tortured to being forced to participate in all kinds of rituals, like being tied up to altars as cult members chanted over us while cutting us. We were beaten, burned, put naked inside open graves and later hung on trees for hours. Some of these rituals were and are still being performed today on specific calendar days, such as Birthdays, Easter and Halloween. For my initiation, which was on my sixth birthday, they killed my only friend, my German Shepherd and afterwards locked me in a room with his corpse for hours. This was their sick way of teaching me the meaning of death and how easily they could do the same to me.

These Satanists did everything possible to try and distort the image of God. They tried to make us hate God and love Satan. One of the things they did was while taking turns raping us they would say the words "In the name of The Father, The Son, and Holy Spirit." They kept telling us they were our family the only ones who really loved and cared for us. They tried to make us believe that Satan was more powerful than God and that nobody loved us or would ever help us escape because Christ had given us to them, of course that was a lie. But as a little girl scared and all alone, I believed them.

It has taken me many years of therapy, struggling with the twisted lies they fed me, to undo all the damage they had done; but the moment I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior my life completely began to change. I began reading the bible, learning about God, his power and his unconditional love for me (**regardless of my past**).

Through his Grace and my choice to not only believe his words but also try and live by them, I can now say with all certainty, that I am not Satan's victim, he has no power over any more !!!!.

Like I once read somewhere, "the only power Satan has is going to be through our belief in his lies, and when that's eradicated, he is so powerless it's pitiful. Now don't take me wrong, I do take his power seriously, as the spiritual being that he is, **but I take even more seriously God's power, and I exercise that. That defeats the power of Satan!**"

I know some of you might be asking yourselves how can such a powerful, loving and compassionate God let all those awful things happen to me. But the truth is, He gave people the free will to make their own choices and some choose to do evil things regardless of the consequences it might

bring to others. And my parents chose to harm their children instead of protecting them like god commands. Unfortunately some of us have to suffer the consequences of other people's actions. So instead of pointing my finger at God, I realized that I survived because of him. He surrounded me with people who loved and supported me during my worst times, (expecting nothing in return.) and as far as I'm concerned that's a big blessing that can only come from him. He placed these wonderful people in my life in order for me to heal.

Even in the middle of the hell I was living, God found a way to let me know He was there. For some strange reason, my mother left me with a sweet little old lady, whom my father hated, to babysit me while she went out. During the short time I stayed there she would always sing me songs of Jesus and after she saw some of my bruises and how withdrawn I was, she would read me this Bible verse, found in Jeremiah 15: 20,21:

"I will make you a wall to this people, a fortified wall of bronze; they will fight against you but will not overcome you, for I am with you to rescue and save you." Declares the Lord. "I will save you from the hands of the wicked and redeem you from the grasp of the cruel."

I was six years old at the time and that verse stayed engraved in my mind. Her words and presence gave me comfort. I believe with all my heart that God put that little old lady in my life at a time when I needed to feel loved and to counteract all the horrible things that I was being told.

I know God is real and is not only able to hear our deepest wounds but also able to comfort us during our hardest times. Although the memories remain and the scars are deep, now, through his incredible grace, I can look at my past with sadness instead of fear and hatred. I think of myself as someone who has survived a horrendous ordeal and with God's help can now turn it all around and use it to help others heal. **Now, I just have scars on my body and I have memories, but when I look at my scars, I don't feel shame anymore, like the Satanists wanted me to feel, instead I see them as a testimony of the loving and saving power of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.**

My God bless you all!
With Love, Mercy