

Ritual Abuse-Torture ~ the Priest and the Nun as Perpetrators

Written by Jeanne Sarson as told by Denise © 2005

Preface: Denise was of the opinion she was the only person who had endured the atrocity of ritual abuse-torture committed by a nun and a priest, until making contact with us. To realize that she was not alone was an unbelievable break in her life-time of isolating silence. It is with respect and in partnership with Denise that we share an edited version of her story which has evolved since Denise first contacted us in August of 2003. Denise's story is presented here.

Denise's Story

It was my summer school holidays; I was about seven years old, dressed in a dark green velvet dress with a petticoat underneath, when my father dropped me off at the rectory. Taking me through the back door of the rectory and into his bedroom, the priest laid me on his bed, taking my panties off. My shoes were off. He tied my hands and my feet to the bedposts of his golden or dark brown colored bed. The priest took his pants off, except for the garters that held up his awful-looking socks. A cross hung on the outside of his shirt. Taking a belt or rope from around his waist he started to beat me and beat me and beat me, saying, "I'll get the devil out of you, I'll get the devil out of you, I'll get the devil out of you," his penis ... a great big red ugly dripping penis ... shaking up and down as he whipped me. The year was 1950.

I remember seeing the Bible on the top of his dresser, a crucifix hanging on the wall over his dresser, and a rosary hanging on the side of his dresser mirror. I was so confused. I believed the priest was next to God. "This must be God's doing," I thought, "I must be bad." That's the only explanation I could use to understand what was happening to me. "I must be very, very bad."

I can still see my-Self back there. I see my eyes ... huge ... petrified ... in total horror. Crying, confused ... the image is absolutely horrible. As I talk my stomach is in knots, my vagina is hurting inside, and there is tightness in my throat as the fearfulness feelings all come rushing in as I connect with the violent ordeals lodged in my memory. I remember thinking this must be God's plan. This is what I believed as a seven-year-old Catholic school girl.

As unconsciousness slipped into and over me I felt that the devil was really coming out of me—devil images that in my child's mind seemed real. I know now these images were not real but my child's imagination was working in concert with the words of the priest. As he rambled, "I'll get the devil out of you," I had images of the devil coming out of me. The red devil with pointed ears and a tail with the devil's point on the end—a seven-year-olds image of the devil which had to be real because the priest was telling me he'd get the devil out of me. When I came to I remember how much I hurt between my legs. Now I know it was my vagina that was hurting so much.

I didn't understand what had happened to me. All I understood was that I was bad—a bad girl who must have deserved whatever had happened to me—a bad girl full of devils. I was so scared, not only scared but petrified and shaking.

I don't remember how I got home that day of my summer holiday but the priest told my parents that I was possessed by the devil. I do remember asking my family to look at my back because it was so sore. They said they couldn't see anything. I realize now that when the priest beat me he did so over my dark green velvet dress with a petticoat underneath which meant he didn't hit my skin, so he had left no marks.

Overwhelmed ~ Shocked and Shocked Again

I know I was still confused, over-whelmed, and shocked when I started school in September, then I was violently harmed again. But these violent ordeals are mashed together in my memory leaving me confused about the sequence and frequency. This is not surprising to me, I was confused then so my memories have that same feeling. At the time, when I was being violently harmed I was totally alone, over-whelmed, and shocked emotionally, spiritually, physically, and cognitively. I do know I was taken to a black mass. I remember one time when an actual vaginal cutting ritual took place in the rectory. It was done over a two day period and happened before the group-of-six pedophilic ritual abuse-torture gathering in the basement. As I probe my mind struggling for clarity I thought the black mass was before the vaginal cutting ritual but then, I ask my-Self: How do I know the six people who were at the basement gathering were also at the black mass? I also have more than one memory of being in the rectory. One time for the vaginal cutting ritual and another time I remember examining the rooms around me while I was on the table. There was also the time I was in another room and the nun was hitting me on my neck and my body went numb. Was that the same day or another day, I cannot say for sure. Another time, when they had me watch them have sex, was yet another day. So, to be as truthful as I can, I tell my story as a series of violent events that were inflicted onto me, the sequence and frequency of which I am uncertain.

Returning to School

I was going to be eight years old that fall when the sexualized rituals involving the nun and the priest started in the rectory. I can mark the season as the fall because the nun, who was the new music teacher in our Catholic school, only taught in my school for one year. Both she and the priest ritually abused and tortured me during the fall when the nun taught at the school.

There were just two classrooms in our school, one for the younger grades and one for grades five and higher. It was a routine for pupils to be taken out of the classroom to be punished in the back room so when the music teacher nun came to take me out of the classroom and over to the rectory the classroom nun never questioned her. All the music nun did was enter the classroom and say, "I have to take Denise to the rectory; she's been a bad girl," and the authority of the priest was never questioned. His power was absolute.

Violent Rituals

There were times I was sent back to the classroom with semen and blood on my dress. One time I threw up and the nun wiped my vomit with my hair without forcing me into the shower. I remember going back to the classroom and the kids telling me I stunk as they pulled their chairs away from me. I probably smelled of semen and the priest's sweat. He had such a terrible body odor—I can still smell him. I went home on the school bus smelling like this.

One time when the nun came and took me out of school and over to the rectory, she and the priest forced me to stand in the bedroom doorway to watch them having sex. They would laugh. I was so confused.[1] On another occasion, after they were finished doing what they wanted to me in the rectory hallway, they told me to sit in the corner of the hallway and watch them in the bedroom. The nun lay down; neither she nor the priest had underwear on. A big, ugly, awful thing hung from the priest's belly surrounded by hair; as a child this is what I saw and this is what I understood seeing. Now, as an adult, I know I was seeing the priest's penis.

Laughing, the nun pulled the priest closer to her. I wondered, "Why is she enjoying it so much?" I couldn't understand what was happening because I thought the priest was going to hurt the nun like he hurt me; instead, the nun seemed to like what he was doing to her. I thought it must be alright for them because they were holy but I must be bad because they hurt me so much. Now I think they took pleasure in performing and in forcing me to watch them.

And, this makes me remember how the nun looked as she watched the priest rape and torture me; her eyes were glassy with pleasure and her own excitement and arousal. I was so overwhelmed ... confused ... scared ... trembling, and threatened because they said if I told anyone I would burn in hell. I believed them.

I remember I could look behind me and to my left into the bedroom. To the right was a room that looked like the kitchen, although this is vague. The priest and the nun had a routine which started with them telling me I was possessed. Getting me ready for the ritual—preparing me meant being forced to take my panties off; the priest made me take all my clothes off until I was naked. I was so scared. Forcing me to lie down on a doctor-like table with stirrups, the nun and the priest tied my feet and my wrists and hands tightly with rope. I have scars on my hands and wrist to this day, from the ropes. Later in my life, I saw a doctor who said I had up to fifteen scars on my wrists alone, but did not count the ones I have on my fingers. The ones on my fingers are quite noticeable.

I remember seeing, at the foot of the table on which I was tied, another table with a white cloth, like the cloth the priest used to wipe his hands with during mass, little glass jars used in church for holding water and wine, wine glasses, wine and water, a knife, and candles. My throat seizes up when I talk about this horror. I listened to their words; their chanting words. I didn't understand the gibberish sounding words—mumble jumble stuff is how it sounded to me. I was so terrified I was going to be burned when the priest put the candle in my vagina and lit it amid more mumbling. Putting a large candle inside my

vagina and lighting it is how the priest started the cutting ritual. He then did the vaginal cutting by putting the knife in my vagina and cutting me. The nun helped him. They used the little glasses to collect my vaginal blood. It felt like I was being prepared for something—being prepared for raping that’s what I know now. Years later, when I had an internal vaginal examination the doctor wrote on my report that I had an unknown scar in my vagina which was not related to childbirth. I explained to the doctor what the priest and nun had done to me. She didn’t say anything.

If I moved or interrupted the priest when he was doing his ritual he would go into a terrible rage, a rage so scary that it was terrifying. His rage was much like my father’s rage. Although the priest was physically violent it seemed to me the nun was more rageful, so rageful at times that her nostrils flared. When I moved the nun, would stand behind my head and hit me very hard on the back of my neck with her fist. It hurt so much so ... so much ... I was hurt so much. I tried to get away, fighting so hard that my wrists bled from the ropes. The nun would hit me; they’d both hit me again telling me I was bad. I believed them.

In my flashbacks I see my-Self covered with sweat, my hair soaking wet with sweat, and the blood from my wrists mixed with sweat. Tears running down my cheeks, I was so frightened ... terrified ... in so much pain ... my eyes huge and full of fear. I did not understand what I had done that was so terrible but in my child’s mind I thought I must be bad, bad, bad ... so bad that I knew the catechism picture of Jesus holding onto the little girl’s hand could never be me. That’s how bad I felt, the worse sinner. Jesus, I felt, would never love me, yet I prayed so hard. I tried so hard to be good.

My wrists would be so sore from the rope. And I remember how weak I was after they untied me, I was so weak that I had trouble standing and my hands and arms were numb. As a matter-of-fact I still re-experience these physical sensations sometimes, especially when I start feeling the memories, the emotional pain, the physical pain—it’s as if my limbs are remembering, just as my vagina remembers all the pain, all the stored memories of my rape and torture pain.

Terror hit me and hit me and hit me ... stark terror and horrific pain that caused me to dissociate. I’m not sure how I dissociated but it seemed as if I blocked everything out, it was about darkness and it was the way for me to survive because they didn’t drug me. They knew I had to be able to return to class. I knew I had to be good and withstand the pain, but oh ... so much pain ... so much hurting. I had to survive yet I wanted to die. I eventually promise my-Self they’d never see me cry. This promise was about not giving my-Self to them although I thought it was all my fault.

Because I thought I was doing something bad I would try so hard not to get in trouble. Very early each morning, around five o’clock, I’d get up to polish my shoes, to iron my dress, get washed, and wash my hair. But it didn’t work, nothing worked. I’d still got in trouble. I was still violently harmed. I was so confused.

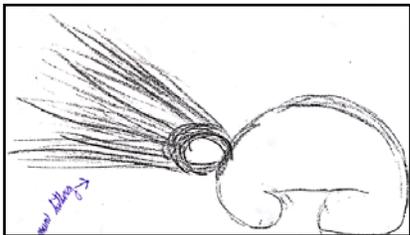
One particular autumn Thursday, I was in the rectory with the nun and the priest. He had

inserted a knife into my vagina, cutting the inside of my vagina to collect my blood for the ritual that was going to be held in the church basement on the coming Saturday. The priest was interrupted and flew into a rage when a man from the parish walked into the rectory through the back door. I don't know what the parishioner saw but I didn't think the priest was rageful because he was almost caught. Rather, I had somehow normalized this ritual as a God-like act that ought never to be interrupted, that it was bad to interrupt the ritual process. The priest didn't finish the ritual that day.

Sent back to class I went home on the school bus knowing, either because I was told or because this had happened before, that I would be forced back to the rectory the next day. At home I sat in the corner of my bedroom crying. I prayed to God to let me die. These horrendous violent sexualized ordeals[2] became scrambled together in my mind, probably as a way of coping. How did I ever survive the horrors of the fall of the year when I turned eight?

The Nun: Her Vicious Beating

Forced to return to the rectory the following day, the nun and priest performed the ritual that had been interrupted the previous day. After they finished I was forced to sit in a corner, crouched and terrified as the nun came over to me and began violently hitting me on the back of my neck with her fist; viciously beating me my right side went very numb. The feelings of numbness on my right side had started in the room opposite to the hallway where I had been tied to the table. I wasn't supposed to holler or cry out as the priest raped me so whenever I made a noise the nun lifted my head and beat the back of



my neck.[3] Terrified, unable to protect my-Self, the nun continued to beat me. Suddenly I couldn't feel anything on my right side. I became even more terrified. When she finished beating me she discarded me, putting her last bit of rage into each swing as she kicked me down the steps of the rectory, ordering me to go back to school. Turning, she left me there on the ground and went back into the rectory. Hurting ...

wounded ... discarded like trash ... kicked down the rectory steps by the nun ... unable to walk, my right side numb and my right leg dragging I tried to crawl towards the church to get to the school. I crawled a little ways but I couldn't go any further. I lay there on the ground in a fetal position ... terrified ... wounded ... hurting ... crying ... in so much pain. That's when the angel appeared to help me.

Now I have a herniated disc in my neck; I believe this is a result of the nun's beating. I also believe that's why my right side is weak and numb to this day. The nun was so vicious.

Getting into the school meant I had to climb a set of stairs which I was unable to do so the angel helped me. I know I must have walked into the classroom as no one said anything to me but I know it was the angel who helped me make it to my desk. I hurt so much. I smelled really terrible because when I was at the rectory I had vomited from the pain and



the nun had wiped up my vomit with my hair. As in previous times, the nun came and told the class I was possessed. And as I said previously, the pupils pulled away from me because I stank from the vomit and all the other smells.

When the school bus came the nun made me kneel down in front of the bus while the rest of the kids got on the bus. She told everyone that I was a bad girl and this was what happened to bad girls. I was hurting so much ... too much ... humiliated I was made to sit at the back of the bus. I was all alone ... isolated ... ostracized ... humiliated ... in horrific physical pain ... pain in all ways and so alone. Then my sibling got on the bus and sat down next to me and hugged me. I felt safe.

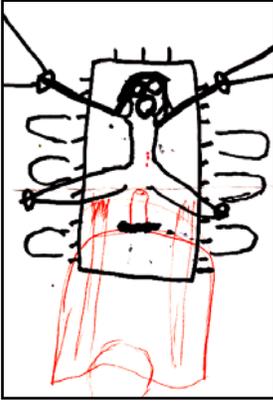
Back to the Ritual: Pedophilic Gang Rapists

Back to the autumn week, the Thursday when the priest and nun were almost caught doing their cutting ritual; this ritual preceded a group ceremony that was held in the basement of the church on the up-coming Saturday. After my parents dropped me off at the rectory, on that Saturday, and after the priest and the nun finished raping me in the rectory, the priest put me in the back seat of his car, blindfolded me, then drove me around before he stopped and took me inside a building. It was the church. I smelled the church that's how I knew I was in the church basement.

In the basement of the church six other people—one woman and five men—were waiting, naked under their black cloaks with hoods so I couldn't see their faces. I couldn't tell who they were, though I did know the nun was there. The priest and I wore white. He had on his white priestly church robes and they forced me too completely undress. Forced into nakedness, they forced me to wear a white robe-like gown with nothing underneath. There was a rectangular table with three big candles on both sides, the candles were like the tall, old-fashioned ones used in church and held in gold candle stands. Forced onto the table the priest and the nun tied my hands down on both sides and tied my legs and feet wide apart. Nakedness ... humiliation ... terrified ... the candles were so close to me I thought I was going to be burned.

They started chanting words, some sounded holy and about God, others sounded not so good. Some did not sound English, maybe some were Latin? Their voices chanted softly then loudly and I remember hearing the word Beelzebub which, when I looked up the meaning of the word, years later, I learned it meant devil.[4] The priest went all around me with the incense burner like the one they use in church and like the one used in the black mass. I was so frightened because I thought he was going to hit me with it and terrified I was going to be burned like a witch because they told me over and over that I was wicked, wicked, wicked, that I was not worthy of anything, and that I was a bad, bad girl.

There was lots of moaning from everyone, the priest said some prayers, and the cloaked people moaned, put their hands in the air and yelled a lot of groaning sounds. It was very scary. Chanting, this group of eight adults made an offering to whomever. I presume the offering was of my saved blood. Surrounding me on the table were penises all around;



their chanting increased. Positioning him-Self at my feet the priest stood first in line, behind him were the six people five men and one woman [5]; the nun was at my head, the priest got on top of the table at my feet and yanked my legs further apart ... nakedness ... exposed ... humiliation ... terror ... all the while he was moaning and groaning naked under his priestly church robe. All the others were naked under their robes and these five men and one woman surrounded the table and their chanting increased as the priest raped me.

At the time, as a child, I thought they were putting rods up into me as I was in so much pain. I didn't understand it was their penises and the more the priest pushed him-Self into me the louder the pitch of their chanting. I didn't understand ... pain ... confusion ... more pain ... terror ... tortured all over as each of them took their turn at raping me. I still hear the sounds, horrible sounds as they were pushing them-Selves into me moaning and groaning ... their horrible sounds of organisms were the ultimate gratification of the gang raping called a ritual. Feeling tortured all over ... searing pain ... hurting ... I screamed because my back was so sore, they paid no attention to me, they just continued raping me all the more. They moaned and groaned over and over, again and again. Everything hurt so much. My legs, my arms, my back, the inside of me, and the outside of me everything; I yelled and cried and cried until I could cry no more. There was blood and sweat on my arms and my body. I believe I passed out several times then come to [6] to more pain. It seems as if they gang raped me for hours. I was just a little girl.

Unable to stand the pain I emotionally went away ... darkness ... blackness ... I just wasn't there. These sensations were so scary to me because I didn't understand what was happening to me. I just felt like I was not there. The pain was so horrific I could not stand it. It hurt so much, I hurt so much. I prayed to God to let me die, "Please, please let me die." I pained so much ... the pain was so bad ... I was so scared ... terrified ... so scared of the people. I thought they were going to burn me or killed me after they finished with me.

After they'd finished with me I was untied and thrown off the table ... discarded I fell to the floor unable to get up. Coming over to me the nun kicked me, yelling at me to get up; kicking me several more times to get up but I couldn't. She and the priest made me get up. Putting my arms around them to support my-Self I carried my-Self out of the church basement.

The priest had parked his car by the church so when I was taken out to the car I saw them, the six people—the five men and one woman—standing by their grayish colored van which was parked across the street near my grandmother's house. Standing there laughing, the woman wearing a red blouse and tweed flannel suit and one man, I remember, had brown hair and wore a grayish suit with their black robes draped over their arms. They were having fun talking and laughing and I hurt so much. I was so confused; I couldn't understand why they were laughing. Their laughter made me feel so

humiliated. Perpetrators lie. They didn't care about me. They got pleasure and hype over what they did to me.

The Gunny Sack



When I was in the priest's car he put a gunny sack over my head[7] and over me. Silver trim decorated the outside of the priest's black car; the inside was light blue. I could see all. I was out of my body watching everything. This sensation made me even more terrified as I didn't understand what was happening to me. I was really scared: How could I be in the gunny sack and yet, see me as that little girl in a gunny sack on the back seat of the priest's car? How could I see the inside of the car, its blue color, the priest and the nun sitting in the front seats chatting and laughing as if nothing had happened? But I could see them! I couldn't understand how they could laugh and talk when I was hurting so badly and when there was so much blood on the bag in the back seat. I could even see the outside of the priest's car; I could see its black color, the front of the car where the tires were, and a hump on top of the tires.

I was so sure the priest and the nun were going to kill me. I thought they were going to throw me in the lake just as I had seen my father do with the kittens. To get rid of kittens he would put them in a gunny sack then throw the kittens into the lake to drown them. I was so terrified. I looked down and saw the blood coming out of me, coming out of my vagina. Terrified inside the gunny sack I thought I was going to be drowned. Instead, the priest and the nun took me home, taking me out of the gunny sack before we entered the house.

Mother bathing and fixing me

My parents had dropped me off at the rectory that day before they went shopping. That was the family routine, to go to town every Saturday evening to go shopping, to go to the movies, and to simply spend the evening there. Back home, my mother and father answered the door when the priest and the nun dropped me off, telling them I had cut myself and that I was possessed as to explain my bleeding.



Putting me in the little galvanized tub my mother washed me as there was blood coming from my vagina. Crying as she bathed me, she said nothing. I didn't understand, I was so scared, hurting, and I was crying. All I understood was that I had watched my father slaughter pigs and helped him by collecting the pig's blood as they bleed to death. When I saw blood coming out of me I thought I was going to die just as the pigs died. I asked my mother if I was going to die but she didn't answer me. I didn't understand.

My mother didn't talk about stuff like periods, sex, and abuse. I'm a Canadian woman in my sixties now, still haunted by the feelings that the sexualized violence was my fault, growing up believing I was the worse little girl—the worse person there was—unworthy—no good—that's what I was told. That's how I was treated and that's what I came to believe and feel about my-Self.

I could see dad talking to the nun and the priest like they were friends. How could my dad be friends with the nun and the priest when they had hurt me so much? I was so confused; I was hurting so much. The only way I could make sense of seeing this scene was to believe that I must be a bad girl otherwise I wouldn't be hurting so much. I remember crying and telling my mother how I hurt. When I tried to tell my mother what happened to me she told me not to say such things about the priest and the nun. Later, my father came into my room and spanked me on my bum. Often my father used the leather strap, that men sharpened their razors on, to beat me but, I think, this time he used his hand. I cried my-Self to sleep that night as I did on many, many nights.

The Black Mass

That fall the Bishop came on one occasion and performed a black mass. I call it a black mass because the priest, the nun, and the Bishop had the windows covered in black cloth and the priest was dressed in black. The Bishop's robes were purple and a white cloth was on the altar. I didn't understand what they were saying because they weren't speaking English during the black mass.

Nor could I see the faces of the other people at the black mass who, I think, were wearing black cloaks. But they were the people from the basement ritual. When I was taken into the church, I was made to lie down on the kneeling bench when the Bishop, the priest, or both approached me swinging the incense burner, as is a custom in the Catholic Church. My fear soared because I thought they were going to hit me with it. As they circled around me they spoke in a language I couldn't understand; at the time I thought it was a prayer. Told that I was unworthy to sit in the pew they forced me to sit on the kneeling bench, with the nun seated behind me she would hit or kick me whenever I moved, made a noise, or cried. I was so terrified, confused, over-whelmed. To me the Bishop was such a powerful and frightening man, after all he was a Bishop! I was even afraid to look at him. I didn't understand what was going to happen to me.

When the black mass was finished I was covered with a black cloak and taken out of the church. Because, they said, I was not worthy of going out of the church without being covered. Taken into the back of the church and into the sacristy, I think that's what it was called, the Bishop took me onto his knee, telling me, "God loves you, you are a holy little girl," before handing me over to the priest saying, "You do whatever you want with her." I assume the Bishop knew what was happening to me although he was not involved in any of the violent sexualized group ritualisms. Today I have a sense that this black mass was some sort of exorcism, a ritual supposedly done to rid me of evilness, to get the devil out of me! As a little girl I was so utterly confused.

Back to My School Days

At school, the nun said if I hadn't dressed the way I did, if I hadn't moved my body the way I did, then the ritualisms wouldn't have happened to me. She said I was asking for it.[8] I didn't understand what she meant. The nun told my school friends not to play with me because I was bad. I was so confused and felt like such a bad girl, hurting so much, in all ways. I can remember that year so well and how what I felt like being the little girl who was all alone watching my friends play and wanting to play with them. But if the nun saw me having fun at school she'd tell me I was wicked and that I'd go to hell because I was such a bad girl. The other kids picked up on this and started laughing at me and teasing me by saying I was full of the devil. They learned this statement from the nun who used to tell my classroom that I was full of the devil.[9] I was so alone, isolated, and I couldn't understand why the nun said these terrible statements about me to my friends. Why, I'd wonder? I didn't understand, back then, that this was a tactic the nun used to protect her-Self and the priest. Without friends I'd have no one to tell what the priest and the nun were doing to me.[10] That year I lost my ability to laugh and to have fun. I'm just learning to laugh now, at 60 years of age.

Healing

Being involved in the unfolding of each written draft of my story initially was very triggering, bringing back the emotional pain of long ago. However, I also began to realize talking, telling, and seeing my ritual abuse-torture ordeals appear on paper was helping me. I feel I've developed more clarity and achieved more healing. I feel better. It feels more like "I'm okay" but I get scared and experience fear when I smile, laugh, or when I feel joy. Then I feel a sense of guilt which is attached to the old belief that developed when the nun told me I was bad whenever she saw me laugh or have fun. Guilty, guilty, guilty emotions click in as I wasn't supposed to have fun. The nun did so much harm but I'm even getting over this guilt and no-fun triggering!

Talking and reading my story has brought relief. Although shock also comes as I read my story because I don't want to admit to my-Self that it's real. I want to pretend it didn't happen, yet I know it did and that it happened to me when I was just a little girl.[11] I also go through periods of Self-doubt but my Self-talk is starting to accept that I am being believed and my truth is being accepted. When I showed my therapist, of over eighteen years, my story he said he believed me. I've been emotionally alone with my reality for so long—acceptance is scary.[12]

When I'm feeling strong and being fair with my-Self I am proud of my-Self for speaking. I'm amazed to read my story, to be able to stand back and look at my lived ordeals and feel that I'm being heard, believed, and realize that, at last, somebody really understands how I felt. It's awesome! I'm learning, at least, to consider my relationships from different perspectives and am having some of the best times I have ever had.

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## Endnotes:

[1] Being forced to stay in one position under threat and terror is a form of physical mobility restrictive torture when placed in the context of ritual abuse-torture (RAT) group ordeals. Aloneness in the forced exposure to incomprehensible situations and is an act of mind-spirit torture used by perpetrators to over-whelm the victimized person's mind-spirit resources. Forcing overwhelmingness onto the person being victimized produces confusion, Self-doubt, and uncertainty which often prevents them from telling anyone about their ordeals which does, of course, provide protection for the perpetrators.

[2] Logan, R. D. (1993). *Alone: A fascinating study of those who have survived long, solitary ordeals* (p. 9). Mechanicsburg, PA: Stackpole Books. Logan refers to an ordeal as a situation where an individual is utterly alone and forced to confront prolonged experiences of: physical suffering, pain, debilitation, threat to life, fear and arousal stress, and extreme uncertainty; to live with severe restrictions to one's freedom, and is faced with demands that constantly threaten to overwhelm one's physical and [mind-spirit] resources. Persons forced to withstand RAT ordeals, although not utterly alone in the physical sense as the RAT perpetrator(s) are present, it is our opinion that Logan's definition gives shape to the reality of the *aloneness* endured by a child during their victimization and struggle to survive RAT terrorization, torture, and horrification.

[3] This act of physical violence is suggestive of how perpetrators will hit a victimized person's body in places where bruising or injuries are not easily be seen.

[4] Beelzebub is defined in the N.T. as the prince of demons; and as the devil. (*The Readers Digest Great Encyclopaedic Dictionary* (Vol. 1) (p. 86). London: The Readers Digest Association.)

[5] Literature abounds with historical, cross-cultural, and present day disclosures of group rapes commonly referred to as gang rapes. Gang rapes are an expression of power over another person, a pleasure-seeking tactic, a fraternity group-bonding tactic, a socio-cultural tactic used by males to keep women and girls in a place of submission, a tool used to levy out justice and punishment, and, for instance, a weapon used by soldiers in war. Within the context of RAT, given our research and knowledge, gang raping is part of the **ritual drama** that commonly makes reference to a supernatural all-powerfulness theme fundamentally for the attainment of three and sometimes four practical ends by the RAT perpetrators; which are: (1) for group pedophilic orgiastic gratification embedded within deliberate, systematic, or wanton cruel, inhuman, degrading, and destructive acts of torture against the chosen child victim (for pleasure and entertainment); (2) for the expression of totalitarian domination of and subordination over the chosen child victim (for power and control); and (3) for ensuring safety, security, and secrecy for the RAT rapists (for protection), and (4) for money or other gain if pornography is manufactured or as a trophy for later viewing, or to use as an educational tool to teach child victims how to do "it" right. Silencing the chosen child victim is achieved by the perpetrators when they turn the child victim against them-Self with fears, terrors, and beliefs that they are so bad they were deserving of their RAT victimization. Or, that they are possessed

with demons, or have evilness within, or that they are all three: bad, possessed, and evil. This tactic locks the child victim into Self-blame, guilt, and shame so they will never tell or feel they would never be believed if they do tell. This emotional black-mailing tactic by the perpetrator is an attempt to secure their protection. (Definition for a ritual drama is from: Leach, M. (Ed.) & Fried, J. (Associate Ed.). (1984). *Funk & Wagnalls standard dictionary of folklore, mythology, and legend* (p. 946). San Francisco: Harper & Row.)

[6] Raping of the unconscious person—of the child victim—is a common theme identified in our work and research on ritual abuse-torture. We consider this to be an act the RAT perpetrator inflicts to satisfy their need for necrophilic pleasure.

[7] In the torture literature, covering a persons head and face with a cloth or bag is referred to as hooding. Such an act creates extreme vulnerability, a sense of isolation and aloneness, disorientation, and a sense of confusion for the victimized person making it more difficult for them to speak clearly of their ordeals. Thus, hooding is also a tactic the torturer uses to provide protection for him/her-Self.

[8] This is a classic blame the victim tactic perpetrators use to excuse them-Selves from their responsibilities for the crimes they commit.

[9] This is a scapegoating tactic used by perpetrators to control their victim by isolating them, and to emotionally, psychologically, and spiritually abuse and demoralize them. Also, using religious evilism as a tool of domination induces spiritual fear, forced compliance, and control over the victimized child.

[10] This paragraph is an illustration of commonly used acts of verbal, emotional, psychological, and spiritual abuse, put-downs, blame-the-victim, threats, and isolation which are used by perpetrators to control the person they are victimizing.

[11] Bargaining with one's Self is part of the process of integrating ordeals of victimization. How long bargaining responses continue is uniquely personal; however, to find resolution, to move on, bargaining responses need to be resolved.

[12] From our working experience acceptance is scary for people who have suffered chronic, violent victimization because their relationship for/to/with-Self has been so damaged by verbal, emotional, and mind-spirit violations, to the point where the person feels totally worthless, which is often expressed as feeling like a pile of shit, a nothing, or an it. To let these devaluation feelings go is fearful for then the scary questions arise: What will I find underneath this worthlessness? Is there any part of me left? Will I be nothing but a black hole? And, the ultimate question that is frightening but requires answering is: Who am I?