

**Torture and ritual abuse-torture:**  
**Perpetrators who are “religious” men and/or women**

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**Preamble:** Hope was a participant in our “kitchen table” research project who reported she was born into a ritual abuse-torture family with christian-luciferin themes. “The Black-cloaked Man, a minister, my trainer” is an excerpt taken from her story as she told it to us.



**The Black-cloaked Man, a minister, my trainer**

... Hope

The reasons for sharing my story are many. Being part of the research project has contributed greatly to my healing process. Talking and being listened to, sharing my knowledge and experiences about what it means to be born into “the family” who abused and tortured me from the time I was an infant, who terrorized and horrified me through my childhood and as a youth, then, in adulthood accessed me and used my captive state in various ways, may offer insights to society to find ways to save infants, toddlers, children, youth and adults so they are not alone, misunderstood, and neither cared for nor cared about.

To the outside community our family probably looked like a good family, poor but good, as my mother focussed on keeping a good public face. I probably looked like a normal kid, going to Brownies, then to Girl Guides, reading Nancy Drew books as a ten year old,

with a pet rabbit of my own ... but, nobody knew my father killed it. I tried never to miss Sunday school, the family went to church with the outsiders ... and, how lucky could a little girl like me be ... I even spent summer holiday time on a farm with my grandparents, my mother's parents.

Being a child of the family meant that in reality I was overwhelmed in every way possible – overwhelmed by the day to day abuses and by my ordeals of organized group horrors. Thinking back on my childhood I wish I had been abandoned at birth because my ritual abuse and torture started then. My terror and horror grew. When my degradation was so profound I didn't even feel human; I felt like an animal, I felt like a pile of shit.

Being orally raped started, I believe, when I was just a wee one – just like the babies I witnessed having their eyes taped shut before they were forced to suckle the man's penis. When I was still in my crib I have images of my grandfather, my mother's father, the man who I spent summer holidays with, poking his penis through the slats of my crib forcing me to suckle. Sucking a penis, or another part of someone's body was normal ... but as a kid I wasn't supposed to suck my thumb ... I imagine this deprivation served their purposes also!

When I was just little pictures were taken of me that looked like ordinary photos to an outsider but there is a grave difference between pictures that celebrate children versus pictures taken of my little body's nakedness – nakedness that gave pornographic pleasure. Ordinary pictures were taken of me naked on the beach, naked at my trainer's summer cottage. These pornographic sessions were planned and organized by family members and, as I just mentioned, were ordinary looking beach and cottage scenes taken during the ideal season of summer when I wasn't in school ... when I could “disappear”. My disappearance was explained as vacations at the beach and to the cottage – no suspicions were aroused if I was gone for days.

Pornographic sessions went far beyond innocent-looking nakedness pictures. The Black-cloaked Man, a minister, was my trainer. Responsible for my programming, my mind-control readiness, and for drugging me whenever he prepared me for the most horrific acts of child pornography involving groups and animals – dogs. These ordeals were overwhelmingly painful, terrifying, and mind-spirit twisting.

By the time I was eight years old Roger had devised a mind-spirit twisting programming technique, “black air” to prepare me for the horrors of child pornography sessions. Maybe this name black air came from the fact I knew Roger as the Black Man in his black robes. I guess this name suited his dress ... maybe he felt comfortable in his minister’s robes!

The programming ritual for “black air”, as best that I can or am able to tell, started with me being picked up by a member of the family. I got to know exactly what I was to do. Firstly, I knew to climb into the trunk of the car. When I was let out I was faced into the blinding lights of another vehicle and told I’d see three markers or tombstones. The blinding lights were so brilliant I believe it distorted the images I was being told were present. I was taken into a cottage, given a clear drink, and told to lie on the cot that was right inside the cottage. How much time passed before I was taken to the bath room is unclear to me but I was given another cold drink that made me feel all warm inside. Stripped naked and placed in ice cold water in the tub, I felt so humiliated, shameful, vulnerable, and terrified ... so confused.

On the shelf in the bathroom were ten items, of which I can remember six. There were pills, a knife, a razor, poison, a bottle of water which I was told represented drowning and a leather strap which was for hanging. I was told I was never to tell what was happening or to tell about Roger because if I did then I would have to choose my own punishment. I’d have to harm and hurt my-Self if punishment was needed. For example, if I chose the knife then I was supposed to Self-cut; if I chose the bottle of water then I was

supposed to Self-drown. There was a punishment for every split state.

After the tub, Robert then took me into a darkened room and entertained him-Self with mind-spirit programming that he called “going to places in the mind”. I remember he made me feel intelligent, superior, and good at the “game”. Talk about mind-spirit twisting stuff ... going from the isolation of the trunk of the car ... into bright light disorientation ... into being drugged ... stripped naked ... made vulnerable ... feeling humiliated ... shameful ... terrified ... then more drugging ... a cold water bath that gave me the two extremes of temperatures – hot inside from the drugs and freezing outside from the ice cold water – then into the dark for head games to give me a sense of feeling superior, smart, and worthy of Roger’s attention!

Then I was led into a room for pornography ... flashing lights ... cameras ... the man ... men ... dogs ... pain ... oh ... such pain ... such degradation ... deprivation ... feces, urine, smells, taste, sights, sounds ... silence ... dead silence ... overwhelmed ... I felt like I was no more!

When they were finished with me I was taken into another room to be with a man with kind eyes who wanted me to eat and do “sex” stuff. When they were really finished with me I had been pre-programmed for the “ending for the experiences”. I was named “anna” ... a-n-n-a, meaning animals never need anyone. I was an animal named anna ... I was no more ... they tied me to the dog line with the dog pen full of feces. I felt like a piece of shit ... I was no more ....

These particular experiences of programming, disassociation, and multiplicity for pornography started when I was eight years old, ending when I was about fourteen. There was a dark black storm in my life but it wasn’t my fault. The blackness and the darkness were living the night time activities of the family!

It never occurred to me to run away from the family when I was young. There was no reason to, was there? My life in the family was normal, wasn't it? Even though I didn't like what was happening and fought back in many ways; even though I tried to show, to tell others what was happening to me people didn't respond to help me get out ... I was trapped. Even though I saw the different family life of my sole life-time friend it still didn't occur to me to run away. All these realities didn't connect one to the other, didn't come together as one big idea of - get out, run, never look back. I think it's the effect of feeling and being a "captive". Speaking out ... writing my story ... sharing my story ... is a way I can get out now.

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 [& other non-political tortures: child/spousal torture](#)

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