

HISTORY

I went into foster care at age 12. This is where my memories begin. I was living in the country on a farm. I was 13 or 14 years old. The foster parents were involved in Satan worship. My first memory was of the ritual rape and betrothal to Satan. I was tied on the altar there were people circled around me. A priest was at the altar dressed in black. He recited some form of liturgy and then told me I was to be the bride of the lord of darkness. I would bare his child to be returned to him. There on the altar in front of the other members chanting I was raped. I was told that if I revealed what had happened my brother and sister would be kidnapped and tortured. I became pregnant. I delivered a baby girl on October 1st. I was given her to take care of and bond with. She was perfect. Blond hair and the most gorgeous blue eyes. I immediately fell in love with her. Now it is Oct. 31. My child and I are taken to the altar again. This time she is placed there. Fear goes racing through my heart. What are they going to do to my precious baby? A knife is placed in my hand; I refuse to take it I am reminded of the torture that awaits my child if I do not follow their orders. My hands shake and my heart aches as one of the members' places there hand over mine and thrusts the knife into the chest of my child. I let out a shriek of grief and pain. Her blood is drained into a chalice each member drinks from the chalice. It is handed to me. I shrink back in horror, how can they expect me to drink the blood of my child. The cup is placed to my lips and I drink. The taste of her blood is revolting. I puke. I feel a prick in my arm the next thing I remember is waking up groggy and bloody in my bed. The memory of what happen hits me. I cannot tell anyone because I participated in this gruesome rite and will be found just as guilty as they are. I sink into despair. Life is now worthless. I will be forever guilty of not doing my best to free my child.

... **Blackcloud** writes this

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