

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 genealogy 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 lose 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 revered 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 "shrunk 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 poseable 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 22 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 "weaknesses" 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 dining 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 lightning 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"), gem 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

Altars in every room (trunks)

Doilies for the altars (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 # [redacted]). 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 reins) 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

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 “countenance” 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 “suitsors/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" (kilo – 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 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.

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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/ interpret 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**" monogrammed towel a lot to put under me. It was red, thick, and oversized. She had purchased them and had them monogrammed 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 "dolloed 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 altar (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, Redacted 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 through 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 Redacted). 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 altar 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

- 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, skinings, 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 hoarding 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 off 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 acquaintances, 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”), gem 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 lose 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 **Redacted'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."

^{UP} 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 losing 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 accidentally 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**ents 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 anything 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 clean up the main area at the bottom of the stairs. 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 and 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 losing 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 handkerchiefs 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 clothes – 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, Kershishniks, 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.