

A black and white portrait of William Schnoebelen, an older man with a white beard and glasses, wearing a suit and tie. He is smiling slightly. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

William Schnoebelen

LUCIFER DETHRONED

An amazing story
of Christ's power
to deliver and heal

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I have been a police officer for 22 years, including the past 8 years trying to unravel the intricacies of the worldwide Satanic Conspiracy. I am grateful that experts such as Bill and Sharon Schnoebelen have been raised up to add their depth and detail of understanding to God's Network in these last days.

This book was written in obedience to Eph. 5:11, "Have nothing to do with the fruitless deeds of darkness, but rather expose them."

Whether the reader is an occult practitioner or a humble prayer warrior, this book will be a valuable asset! Bill and Sharon humbly share the evil in their past lives. Their account is filtered and tempered, yet graphic and believable. They cite their sources and openly invite the reader to "check them out" through occult, secular and Biblical references.

Commit your reading of *Lucifer Dethroned* to the true Creator of the Universe, so that He can quicken your heart to His truth that is contained in this book. When you have finished reading, re-reading, and prayerfully checking it against Scripture, ask God how He would have you use what you have learned for His glory.

Once you have learned the truth, it **will** set you free!

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Larry M Jones". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Larry" and last name "Jones" clearly legible.

Larry M Jones

President, Cult Crime Impact Network, Inc.

I have been a pastor for over thirty years and have met many brothers and sisters of the faith. But very few people have stirred my heart on the original meeting, as when I first met Bill Schnoebelen. My spirit just shouted, “*You can trust this man!*”

Bill has revealed a knowledge of God’s Word that has amazed and blessed me personally. I have had him preach and teach and have seen nothing but the Joy of the Lord and the Power of the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I know that the Lord has brought Bill and Sharon into the Body of Christ to teach us about this very important subject from a first-hand point of view.

I am glad to recommend Bill and Sharon, and their book, *Lucifer Dethroned*, to the Body of Christ. I have seen many people that Christ has delivered from the very clutches of Satan through Bill and Sharon’s ministry, “With One Accord.”

We join Bill and Sharon in giving all the glory to God!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pastor Bob Walker". The ink is dark and the signature is fluid.

Pastor Robert Walker
Bethel Chapel
Issaquah, Washington

Dedication

This book is lovingly dedicated to Pastor Bob and Jeannette Walker, who have been such an incredible blessing and pastoral covering to us during the long and difficult period it took to write this book.

They, along with the members of our church, Bethel Chapel, have persevered through numerous personal attacks and unimaginable spiritual warfare for the sake of the Kingdom and the manifestation of this book.

We could never thank them enough, so we pray that God will be the reward for their prayers, love of Him and obedience to Him! We know that this book could not have been written without all their patient, long-suffering endurance.

We also want to acknowledge the prayers, in-spiration, help, encouragement and assistance of many dedicated people who helped us with the final stages of this volume.

Anytime you list precious people, there is always the danger of leaving out someone important. However, we do want to thank and ask the Lord to bless Marjorie Bennett, Doug Browning, Rob and Anna Gascoigne, Lt. Larry Jones, Aron Rush, and Mary and Anya Starr. We especially want to thank our unknown “praying banker.”

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints...

Ephesians 6: 10-18

Enthronement

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
 The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
 The best lack all conviction, while the worst
 Are full of passionate intensity.
 Surely some revelation is at hand;
 Surely the Second Coming is at hand...
 The darkness drops again; but now I know
 That twenty centuries of stony sleep
 Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
 And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
 Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

“The Second Coming” by W.B. Yeats

You have no idea what it is like to awaken to the *need* for the taste of blood in your mouth.

You cannot imagine what it's like to drive through the moist and midnight streets of a city praying that you would find a lone woman upon whom you might feed... and yet another part of you praying that you would NOT find such a woman, for fear of what you might really do.

That is probably a dismaying or even offensive statement for most. Be patient with me as I take you into a world where few have ever trod. It helps to understand where I came from in order to appreciate what Satan can do *to* people—and more importantly, what Jesus Christ can do *for* people.

I would awaken from sleep, craving the taste of blood, just as the cigarette addict arises fumbling for the pack of smokes beside his bed. My awakening was different from most, in that I awoke in the late afternoon. I had arranged to work graveyard shift jobs — first as a night watchman, and later as a driver for the morning edition of a newspaper.

Normally, I would awaken in a small, closet-like bedroom, heavily shrouded in purple velvet draperies to keep out every trace of sunlight. I

slept on the floor, surrounded by Satanic paintings on the free walls and ceiling which were designed to be doorways into alternate dimensions of reality —other universes.

During certain seasons of the year, when I would have a particularly difficult time, I would sleep in a specially constructed coffin fashioned according to precise, occult specifications and covered on the floor with “blessed” earth from the consecrated Catholic cemetery brought from my home town. More of this “holy” earth was under my mattress.

I needed blood! While other sinful men craved women’s bodies, I was only interested in their necks or femoral arteries. My life was lived in near darkness, and I worshipped beings I called the Great Old Ones. Lucifer was but one of them, though an important one. I believed that these Old Ones were gradually turning me into an immortal being who would live forever.

My heroes were men like Nero, Hitler and Dracula, and I believed that I had daily contact with such men through channeling of spirits. They guided me — unholy spirits serving an unholy lord — and I followed “them” with a desperate and somber joy.

How could any human being come to such a place? How could a person become so depraved and evil that they needed to live on human blood? The answer to that question lies in this book — in the true story of a person caught in a trajectory of evil from which there is no escape, except through Jesus.

October 31, 1959

All Hallows Eve came upon the sleepy midwest farm town like a great spectral predator — its skeleton rattling in the night.

It was the boy’s second-favorite holiday next to Christmas. Every year, he got to dress up in some outlandish outfit and go out to collect candy, popcorn balls and chocolate milk. The treats were nice, but there was also something intriguing about the atmosphere of Halloween.

The boy liked the crisp autumn air, incensed with the smells of burning leaves. He also liked the sense of camaraderie which he and his best friend shared as they went out together to pillage the town. There was just enough of a hint of danger to make that friendship really special on that night.

The boys’ parents were concerned enough to be certain that he never went out trick-or-treating dressed as something which looked evil — a little devil or witch. This year was no exception. He was going out in raggedy

clothes and make-up, done up like a hobo.

His parents had assured him since he had been old enough to go out trick-or-treating that “there were no such things as ghosts, witches or ghouls.” But the sinister romance of the holiday still worked up a comfortable, safe sort of fear which made having a buddy all the more enjoyable on that particular night.

This was a full decade before the fun of Halloween was tarnished by poisoned candy and popcorn balls with needles concealed among the syrupy kernels. Thus, the charm of the evening was only spiced subtly like mulled wine with the whisper of the unknown. To make matters even more perfect, since the boy attended a Catholic parochial school, the following day was a holy-day — All Saints’ Day. This created that most notable cause for rejoicing: there was NO SCHOOL!

The strategy of the two boys was to work their way up and down all the north-south streets of the small community and then go back for the east-west avenues. It was a town of less than a thousand, so for energetic and excited kids, it was a possible and gratifying task to hit every home in town.

The boys’ parents wanted them home by 8:30, but there was still over an hour. The stop at the old downtown boarding house had been an exceptional haul. The lady who ran it had everyone in the ten or so rooms place their treats out on a huge table in the lobby to avoid little kids running up and down the hallways. The boys had made it a point to get there early, so their bags were already nearly half full!

Making their way up Third Street toward the public school, the boy and his companion lapsed into momentary silence, caught up in contemplation of the cozy lights and Jack-O-Lanterns shining out into the dark, leaf-carpeted sidewalks. The boy chanced to look skyward, through the arch of trees — now stripped of their leaves — and saw something which would change his life forever.

The twinkling stars of an October night which had been there minutes before were now gone — or at least covered.

The arching dome of the sky now seeming to writhe and twist like a living thing, or perhaps like a mass of living things. At first the boy could not tell what he was observing. Was it dozens of throbbing, diseased bunches of grapes? They seemed to hang like obscene, dark tumors, obscuring the starry firmament.

As the boy walked slowly out from underneath the scattered branches, his jaw agape, the view cleared slightly. Each cluster began to unfold

slightly, like some foul blossom. Then the boy realized what they reminded him of — they were bunches of huge bat-like creatures, digging their little bony claws into the very velvet darkness of the night!

Then the creatures' eyes opened. Awful as they were, the eyes made it easier for the boy to differentiate how many there were. The answer appalled him. There seemed to be thousands of them! Thousands of ruby-red eyes blazed out of the surging mass of vile unlife. The eyes seemed to sear into the very fabric of the boy's soul.

"You belong to us now."

The words resonated within his mind like the tolling of a great bell.

"You belong to us now."

Terror, not just an uncomfortable fear, but the icy black widow spider of abject terror danced up and down his spine. An alien, almost sexual surge of power washed down over the boy and nearly drove him to his knees.

"Hey, Bill! Whatcha doing?"

The gently impatient call from his pal, who had gone on several yards, drew the boy's gaze back down to earth. He looked at his friend, now several yards ahead, and grinned nervously, managing a shrug. He looked back up into the sky, and saw nothing but stars. Evidently, his buddy had seen nothing amiss.

Shaking off the chilling dread along with a case of near-terminal goose-flesh, the boy hurried to catch up with his friend.

The following year, the boy watched the sky on Third Street, but nothing more remarkable than a shooting star disturbed the night. Every Halloween from that time on, as the boy grew into his teen years, he kept his eyes on the sky for the awful canopy of black, festering creatures with the ruby-red eyes. They never returned.

As the boy became a man, he grew increasingly fascinated with the unknown. He studied flying saucers, ghosts, haunted houses, parapsychology and the Bermuda Triangle. He devoured every book he could find on the subject, much to the dismay of his parents. Every year, he kept the Halloween appointment, but he never saw the apparition again.

However, a different kind of encounter awaited him a few years later. His mind had already been primed for the unknown — the unusual. Additionally, on that cursed Halloween night, some door had swung open into the boy's soul. Something baneful, loathsome, and full of desolation and spite had come in and enthroned itself within him.

Once brushed by the cold wings of the nether world, it often seems that a

person — even a child — is exceptionally sensitized to certain times and places. These are where the fabric which separates our “real” world from Ultimate Evil seems to rend slightly, and untrammelled horror spills through into our time and space.

Rhineland, Wisconsin — 1965

In his early teen years, the boy was at a resort in the north woods of Wisconsin. His parents went up there with him to relax every couple of years. They took a small cabin by a lake. It was a beautiful spot.

One summer night, the boy was standing out on the dock looking out over the lake. It was a fairly deserted place, although isolated lights illuminated the far shore. The stars were out in full force. He was enjoying the beauty of the night, with no thought of strange spirits. However, subtle changes began to take place in the environment.

The trees around the lake began to move, as if shaken by a strong wind — yet there was no wind. The boy looked at the swaying pines with wonder and not a little fear. It was like watching television with the sound turned down! He even stuck his fingers into his ears and reamed them out to be certain he wasn't experiencing a hearing problem.

Even the night songs of the insects and frogs had suddenly vanished. If he had not heard the gentle lapping of the lake on the dock posts, and the occasional sound of wood against wood as the boats moved in the water, he would have thought he had been smitten with deafness!

His next thought was that perhaps a UFO was around. He had read many books on sightings of flying saucers and knew that sometimes odd meteorological phenomena accompanied their arrival — as did the abrupt silencing of nocturnal wild-life. His fear was rapidly replaced with excitement as he turned from looking at the trees to looking into the starry night.

He had never seen a spectacular UFO, other than in pictures or films. He had seen a couple of distant, odd lights, which could have been UFOs, but could also have been weather balloons or stray airline flights. Thus, the boy licked his lips in anticipation. This might be something really big!

The trees continued to whip themselves with increasingly noiseless frenzy. They almost resembled films he had seen of trees swaying as a helicopter landed nearby. Still, he kept his eyes on the sky. Finally, something came into view. It was a sort of UFO, but nothing in any of the

boy's study could have prepared him for what he saw.

Looming up over the far horizon came a giant blackness. For the first second, it seemed to be a vast black sphere which eclipsed more than a third of the stars on the horizon. However, it moved with a speed which seemed impossible for something so unimaginably huge.

Before the boy had time to react, the sphere of utter darkness was followed by an even larger mass which effectively blotted out most of the stars in the sky. The entire thing was connected. Suddenly it dawned on the boy that he was seeing an impossibly enormous silhouette of a man!

Scarcely had that realization dawned when the giant thing stalked across the entire dome of the sky! He could actually see a leg-shaped appendage move over to the horizon beyond his head. The boy felt like an ant must feel when it watches a man walk over its anthill!

Now all but the very edges of the heavens were obscured by the black shape. The boy thought he got the impression of a pair of ruby eyes which reminded him uneasily of the eyes of the night-hoard he had seen on Halloween so many years ago. The image lasted but a second and with one immense, sweeping stride, the black silhouette had vanished beyond the horizon at the boy's back.

The stars were now normal and unobscured. The trees had ceased their movement. Gradually, the night sounds of the lake returned and the boy was left to wonder what on earth he had seen. With a shudder and a palpable wave of nausea, he went back to the cabin. Not surprisingly, he didn't share his experience with his parents.

In spite of that haunted summer in the north woods, the boy never experienced another Halloween quite like the one on Third Street.

However, on October 31, 1968, the boy had grown into the young man, Bill Schnoebelen. He stood on the pinnacle of a cliff overlooking the lights of Dubuque, Iowa — looking into the Halloween night for the first time as an initiated witch.

Ghostbusters?

“We sit in the center and suppose that the secret sits in the center...and knows.”

Dubuque, Iowa — 1969

It was dark as a crypt in that basement. Perhaps it was because we were seated *right next* to a crypt, concealed in the basement of the music department at the college I attended. Five or six of us sat in a circle, cross-legged on the floor, holding hands in the dark. We were calling out to the spirit or ghost of the woman buried beyond two huge oak doors in that music department hallway.

The ringleader of our little séance was a year ahead of me in school, and supposedly more accomplished in the black arts. It was Halloween, and what better way to spend it than calling upon the ghost of one of the town’s leading citizens. She was buried in the music department because her husband had helped build the chapel above us, as well as several other buildings on the campus. Like the benefactors of the Middle Ages, he wished his wife to be buried right beneath the high altar of a church he had built. Her body shared that basement with the college’s music department.

Our leader, Dave (not his real name), cried out in sepulchral tones:

“We call upon the spirit of F____ W____. We wish to pierce the veil of the beyond and speak to her.”

All we could hear were our hearts pounding a bit faster than usual. Dave continued:

“Oh, F____, we cry out to you. Rend the veil and communicate with us! That is all we want. Give us a sign that there is life beyond the grave.”

The silence grew ominous, the darkness more palpable by the minute. Suddenly, the huge oak doors which set off the tomb from the music department hallway began to rattle ponderously. At first it was almost tentative, but within seconds the doors began to bang furiously, deafening everyone seated in our circle.

We almost *killed* ourselves getting out of the basement that Halloween

night. We breathed deeply in the chill October night and went off to a pizza place to assess our experiment in parapsychology. We didn't know that we were about to get a lesson in: *"Be sure your sin will find you out."*

My job at the college was music librarian for the department, so I was entrusted with a key. This is how we got into the basement after hours. This necessitated that I remain around the music department a great deal of my spare time. Students who used the department would also come to me with questions and problems.

The week following our séance, students who knew nothing about our attempt at conjuring the dead (we kept it a closely guarded secret) started coming to me with strange questions, like:

"Who's playing the piano in room #4?"

They'd hear the piano and go to room #4 to say hello, but no one would be in the room. Apparently, it was always the same haunting melody as well.

Additionally, one night I was in the department-head's office duplicating reel-to-reel tapes for him, when — inexplicably — the same melody showed up on the tapes I was copying without any known physical explanation. The music department began to get a "reputation."

One time a good-sized student walked into the department and was promptly thrown out of the room by powerful, unseen hands — hard enough that his shoulder was dislocated.

Another time, a nun spending time during her summer school saw a stocky woman walking down the corridors in a green satin dress. We later learned the description of the woman matched the official portrait of F____ W____!

Another time, the apparition struck even close to home. I was careful to never be inside the rooms with the lights out. Experience had shown that people who ventured into the music department when all the lights were out tended to develop bruises. However, I was leaving the department one night with a couple of friends and forgot something. I walked back in after turning all the lights out and didn't immediately think to turn them back on. I had hardly walked into the hallway when something horrid seized my left calf in a searing, fiery grip.

Right through my pant leg, it felt as if my skin was on fire. I cried out and hobbled out of the department, nearly whimpering with pain. Upon examination, we discovered that there was a burn-like welt roughly the shape of a hand-print covering part of my calf. For several weeks after that,

I walked with a decided limp. Oddly enough, for nearly ten years after that, no hair grew over that area.

One of the more spectacular incidents in this little “haunting” involved a serious thunderstorm which hit the town of Dubuque. It blew out all the power all over the campus. Since I was music librarian, the dean of men asked me to go keep an eye on the locked doors of the department. I reluctantly took my post since I had heard about most of the bizarre events. After awhile, the organ started playing within the department, but I was not willing to go into the totally dark building and investigate by myself.

After a few minutes, the dean came down with a flashlight and angrily demanded who was playing the organ. I told him the doors were locked, and — more significantly — the only organ in the music department was an electric organ! He said that was nonsense, unlocked the door and stormed in. No sooner had he stepped into the Stygian gloom of the department, but the flashlight mysteriously shattered in his hand. We beat a hasty retreat, and the organ played on.

Like a contagion, the haunting seemed to spread to one of the other campuses in the community. There, a young woman who was the friend of one of the people at the original (and now infamous) séance had quite an experience. She felt (and later saw) a huge, lizard-like creature crawl into her bed in the dormitory. It paralyzed her and lay on top of her covers for what seemed an eternity. The girl’s room-mate happened to walk into the room and shrieked at the sight of the intruder. It promptly vanished.

All this spooky excitement only served to fuel my interest in the occult. I determined that since I helped “bring up” this ghost, I had the responsibility of laying “her” to rest. I purchased a workbook of sorcery called *The Greater Key of Solomon* which contained magical rituals of exorcism. I was going to pull out all the stops and throw everything “in the book” at this ghost, and see if I could stop it.

On the night of the anniversary of her death, several friends gathered around outside the basement of the chapel. They were waiting to see what would happen to me! I unlocked the music department and, clutching the book in my hand, went up to the dreaded oak doors. My heart was racing like a jack-hammer. I slipped open the locked doors to the tomb with a credit card, and walked in.

The tomb was a raised marble slab about three feet above the floor of the basement. I was prepared for that fact because I had reconnoitered in broad daylight. Now, however, the only light came from the semicircle of

windows which surrounded the huge crypt and the street lights outside. It was so cold in the tomb that I could see my breath. I knew from my studies that such supernatural coldness is a sign of a high degree of paranormal activity.

I marched around the slab and began reciting the ritual of exorcism from the *Key of Solomon* in as firm and commanding a voice as I could manage under the circumstances. My voice seemed weird and resonant in the stony hollow of the crypt, but no other sounds or motions interrupted.

My friends outside were waiting anxiously, half expecting me to be thrown out of the windows in tiny pieces for having the effrontery to actually enter the poor woman's tomb. They were also keeping a lookout for campus security.

Within, I finally reached the end of the rather long-winded ritual. I "adjured" the spirit to depart and never to return again. I held my breath, waiting for something to happen.

Nothing did.

Finally, in an act of youthful triumph, I climbed up on top of the slabs which made up the tomb — daring the dread F___ W___ to do something. Nothing happened. After a few minutes, I closed the book and slipped quietly out of the tomb and locked up the music department. My friends were glad to see me, but I think secretly they were hoping for some kind of spectacular spectral fire-works.

As far as I know, that was the end of paranormal occurrences in that music department. I became known as the "ghost breaker" on campus.

This entire affair served to incredibly bolster my faith in the powers of magic and the occult. My career as a sorcerer had officially begun!

Dubuque, Iowa — 1973

My wife (and high priestess) and I were called upon to deal with a large and expensive haunted house. Do people really ask witches to get ghosts out of houses? Well, they do if they are desperate enough. The couple that lived there had seen enough to scare them half to death. The wife was a Catholic, and the husband a total atheist. Yet things had happened in that house which had terrified him. In fact, he informed us that if we couldn't clean out the house, *we could have it*. He'd already begun to make plans to move out.

The wife had called the Catholic archdiocese, but all they would do is send a priest over to bless the house. As he left, hollow laughter shimmered

over the hallway. The wife had heard about us from one of our finest occult pupils — and put in a call. This was a dozen years before “*The Ghostbusters*.” We were of the Witchcraft high priesthood and were Druids. We had been summoned to a hill over-looking Dubuque to confront a house infested with some very mean, powerful spirits.

The owners of the house had called us and told of their predicament, and we agreed to help. We had just recently been trained and received the high priesthood and felt fully prepared to deal with any sort of ghosts or poltergeists.

The couple who lived there was especially alarmed because a ghost was threatening their children. The youngsters complained of nightmares and seeing frightening things in their bedroom.

The stolidly materialistic husband had been awakened one night by something pulling the covers down off their bed. He looked up to see a white wraith hovering at the foot of the bed. Its claw-like talon was pulling his bed-clothes off the bed. As he got out of bed to chase it, it glided down the hall as smoothly as if it were on ball-bearings. He pursued it through the childrens’ bedrooms and down the stairs. It led him through the huge old place and out through the kitchen, heading out the back door.

He tried to follow, but upon opening the door, discovered that his backyard had been astonishingly replaced with a bottomless chasm of stars! He felt the winds of eternity brush his face and fled back into the house in terror. That’s when we were called in.

We visited the home and discussed the problem and the history of the house. Then we asked them if we could see the “heart” of the house. Occultists and parapsychologists believe that most haunted houses have a “heart,” — a kind of spiritual center from which everything emanates. Usually it is extremely cold. In their case, we quickly determined it was the master bedroom.

The bedroom had turned cold as ice, and you could see your breath, even though the rest of the house was cozy and well heated. A large mirror on the door of the bedroom closet had gone from a flawless optical design to a rippling fun-house mirror, which quivered unnervingly, even as we looked at it.

We proceeded as we had been trained. We sat down and did a psychic reading in the master bedroom and determined that there were apparently two spirits in the house; an old, bitter man with tendencies toward pedophilia, and an even older woman spirit who was good. She was

supposedly trying to inform the parents in anyway she could of the male ghost's designs on their children. This information was given to us by our "spirit guides" who were also disembodied beings — but good guys (so we thought).

We decided that this was a fairly heavy duty haunting, so we arranged to bring our entire coven over the following night and have them form protection circles around the family so that none of them would become possessed from the fleeing spirits we hoped to banish. My wife and I took our coven Maiden and Warlock (experienced officers of the coven) and went upstairs and worked our spells, increasing their supposed power and effectiveness for some time.

Nothing worked very well, even under my wife's expert leadership. At one point she tried brandishing her Witch's dagger (an Athame) and chased one of the spirits down the stairs and out the back door. She also was confronted with a yawning abyss filled with stars instead of a friendly back yard!

Finally, in a feat of desperation she used the one name few witches will ever even dare to mention. She cried out, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command all spirits here to depart." It felt like a psychic thunderclap shook the house, and immediately the spiritual oppression lifted. It was like feeling the sun on your face after a storm.

Since we were each working a different room I was unaware of exactly what Sharon had done. Naturally, I assumed our rituals had succeeded and never gave it another thought. We and our coven went downstairs and the couple declared that the house felt wonderful to them. Naturally, they attributed it to our "highly evolved" occult powers. However, the evening wasn't over.

As we sat around in the living room, drinking tea and basking in the glow of our victory, suddenly a horrid, ululating shriek pierced the night. It was followed by a crash that sounded as if someone had fired a cannon ball into the front door. We ran and opened the door, and found the family cat standing there, trembling uncontrollably with abject terror. Examining the door, we discovered that someone (or something) had apparently picked up the cat and thrown it with incredible violence against the storm door.

The poor cat was so terrified he had messed himself. The wife informed us that this cat was so tough, he had taken on and beaten up dogs twice his size. As soon as she put him down, he shot away and hid trembling under the sofa. He didn't come out for many days.

There had been a light dusting of snow on the ground outside the door, so there were no footprints anywhere near the porch — including kitty-prints. Thus, we assumed that the spirits, in leaving, had taken a parting spiteful shot at the family cat by hurling him at the door.

In spite of that small casualty, both we and the family felt pretty pleased with ourselves. The spirits never returned, and the couple sent us a sizable check to cover our services.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin — 1975

We had moved our “practice” from Dubuque to Milwaukee in 1974 because more than 80 people had requested that we come teach courses on Witchcraft, do initiations and set up covens. We began having classes on a regular basis for witch candidates.

One night, during our fourth semester of these classes, we got a frantic call around midnight from one of our second year students. She was in a bar, and had been drinking a bit. She felt that demons had taken her over. She felt absolutely demon possessed! Since we were fairly new in town and hadn’t the faintest idea where the bar was, we suggested that she drive to our home.

It took a frightening hour for her to reach our house. She told us that unseen hands kept grabbing her hands on the wheel and forcing her car into opposite lanes of traffic. She had narrowly escaped death once or twice.

We originally spoke to her on the steps of our house, because she was afraid to come in. Finally, she began to get violent and we ended up dragging her kicking, screaming and frothing at the mouth up the stairs to our magick temple where we had cast the Witches’ Circle.

She was really far gone, foaming at the mouth and wailing like a banshee. We used our Witchcraft cords in the prescribed manner to tie her up so she wouldn’t hurt herself or us. I felt more confident by now, because as part of my occult training, I had entered the studies for the Catholic priesthood in the Old Roman Catholic church, and had taken the Minor Orders.

That meant I had been given the “Holy Order” of Exorcist and with it, supposedly, the power to cast out demons. We figured that between that and all the magical training, high priesthood power and workbooks we had, this would be a snap.

Four hours later, she was still writhing and kicking and spitting out

venomous curses at us. We had cast a “magic circle” around her within the confines of the temple, and had been throwing everything at her but the proverbial kitchen sink, trying to cast the demons out of her.

We tried rituals of exorcism from the *Greater Key of Solomon* and from the witches’ workbooks and texts. I even read through the entire Roman Catholic ritual of exorcism, praying in the name of Jesus Christ and sprinkling her with holy water. All it did was make her (or It) more furious.

It was now nearly sunrise, and everyone was exhausted except the demons. I had run through the exorcism ritual two or three times, and other rites and ceremonies had proven futile. Finally, my wife Sharon sighed, brushing her hair back from her eyes in exasperation, and gave me a look which said: “Here goes nothing!”

Then she put her hands on the woman’s head — for the umpteenth time — but this time she said,

“In the name of Jesus Christ, I command any demons in this woman to depart.”

The unfortunate lady let out a gagging shriek which nearly raised the roof off the house. Her entire body arched off the ground like a taut bow. Then she collapsed back like a sack of flour and lay still as death. Silence reigned in that darkened room for the first time in hours.

I looked at Sharon, almost miffed. She shrugged her shoulders and bent over to attend to the woman, who was beginning to come around to a normal state of consciousness. In about a half an hour, as the sun rose, we were able to send her on her way, with a warning to stay away from those kinds of bars.

However, my male ego was a bit bruised. I couldn’t figure out why — if there was something magical about using the name of Jesus Christ — that it worked so quickly and effortlessly when Sharon used it, yet it had no effect when I used it repeatedly in the midst of a huge, elaborate ritual of exorcism.

Know Your Enemy

Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.

2 Cor. 2:11

As the preceding chapter established, there are real Witches and Satanists out there. I know, because I used to be one! They come in all shapes and sizes, and not all of them dress in black and have upside-down crosses tattooed on their foreheads. We certainly didn't. Some of them wear suits and sit in the counsels of the mighty in your community. Some, sad to say, may even be wearing clergy robes.

When I was a Satanist, I was also an ordained priest in the Old Roman Catholic church and a minister in a supposedly "Christian" Spiritist church. I was conscientiously acquiring a Masters' degree in theology from a respected midwest Catholic seminary. I went about my ecclesiastical duties, and none of my parishioners knew that I was also involved in devil-worship. I say this not to brag, but only to point out that it is a mistake to assume that "respectable" people are not likely to be servants of the devil. In fact, it is much closer to the devil's sense of subtlety to have such people as his servants.

In a sense, Satanists are the enemy, but in a larger sense they themselves are victims of Satan. I think that I can say, without fear of contradiction, that virtually all Satanists are deceived. Few of them understand what they are doing or where they are going. They have been manipulated by the master of the game. They are all — to a greater or lesser degree — victims of bad information or outright lies.

Pick Your Lie!

Obviously, only utter lunatics would serve a being with the full knowledge that the consequences would be despair and horror in this life and an eternity of fiery torment. Thus, no Satanist is allowed to believe in

what the Bible tells him about his fate. Satan uses various smoke screens to keep his people from learning the truth. The most important strategy, though, is to keep them away from the Bible.

1.) Lower-level Satanists are often told that there is not really any God or devil.

This is the lie promoted in the literature put out by the Church of Satan (COS), mentioned earlier. The COS is this country's first tax-exempt satanic church. Satan, these people are told, is just a convenient archetype. He doesn't really exist. He is just a symbol like the Statue of Liberty, with which you can invest meaning and emotional content.

For these people, Satan is like a badge they wear which allows them to think differently than the "herd," and is their license to be perverted or misanthropic. He symbolizes their inner being, their true potential which they must try to achieve. He is everything they could be, if only they could throw off the shackles of society and really be themselves.

2.) Mid-level Satanists, who get past the "comic-opera Satanism," of the COS are taught that Satan is real, but he is not evil, just misunderstood.

This Satan is a variation on the Horned God of Wicca with a lousier disposition. He is a dark, romantic rebel, a loner and a Byronic anti-hero. He represents the darker side of humanity, its alienation and loneliness. This "Satan" isn't an enemy of God, but a necessary opposite — the "loyal opposition." God could not look good without Satan to make Him seem good, so Satan is there as a tragic foil. This Satan wouldn't hurt anyone, and he certainly isn't an evil being. He is just the lord of dark forces and helps humanity with its "darker side."

3.) Upper-level Satanists get the next level of "truth." Satan is evil, but that evil is better than what God has to offer.

In this view, Satan is the wrongly accused fall-guy for all of God's mistakes. God cast him out of heaven in a fit of jealousy and Satan is trying to win back his glory. God is presented as the God of the "herd," mindless sheep who have a slave mentality. The demented philosopher Frederick Nietzsche had this in mind when he talked about Christianity being a "slave" religion. Satanism is said to be a religion of masters. Satan's kingdom is for the creative and the bold, for those who want to live on the edge. Heaven is

presented as a dull place full of dolts twanging away on harps. Hell, on the other hand, is presented as an eternal orgy.

Christianity is okay for mere humans (we used to call them “me-hums”), but for Masters, Satanism is the only way to go. It is believed that when one joins up in Satan’s army (by selling their soul to the devil), that you enlist in a war to try and take back heaven from God. God is the usurper and Satan is the rightful ruler of heaven. Thus, Satan is seen as a supernatural George Washington, fighting against the “King George” of heaven.

4.) For the “Magister” (or Master) level of Satanist, Satan is presented as the rightful god of the universe, who draws power from suffering, perversion and death.

This level of Satanist is solidly hard-core, but may not actually have participated in human sacrifice yet. However, they have acquired an incredibly twisted ethic in which pain is pleasure and pleasure is pain. These people will slash themselves (or compliant others) to draw and/or drink blood. Animal sacrifices will be needed, because this is where the real power supposedly comes from. The highest sacrament for these people is the destruction of the innocent. At this level, rites of pain and perversion are believed necessary to help open the “door” to bring into manifestation Satan’s kingdom on the earth. Souls are to be “won” at a frantic rate, because every one who signs up on Satan’s list will be part of an army which will supposedly storm heaven and cast out the false God, Jehovah.

5.) The final level for the Satanist is where the members are usually demon-possessed to their toe-nails.

It usually takes many years (or being born into a satanic family) to arrive at this level of evil. Sex with demons and human sacrifice is a necessity. These people know hell is real, but are told that even if they lose in the battle with God, they will “reign” in hell and will never suffer. These people suffer from the common misinformation that Satan rules hell (like the toughest con in a maximum security prison) and can grant favors to whomsoever he will. There is no Biblical support for this, even though movies and even cartoons promote the idea.

These Satanists believe that it is their destiny to overthrow and murder God and be co-rulers of the universe with their lord, Satan. They think that they are gods and goddesses themselves and have the right to determine who lives or dies. In their twisted logic, if you are God, you can kill, destroy,

steal and rape all you want because you make the rules. Hence the satanic maxim of Aleister Crowley,

“Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law; love is the law, love under will.”[\[1\]](#)

Love is commanded to be subordinated to the satanic will of the master magician.

Paradoxically, however, these people know Satan to be a cruel taskmaster. No longer the romantic rebel, he is more like the head of a ruthless cosmic crime syndicate, who tortures and mercilessly beats his servants. He is the *Capo di Capo*,[\[2\]](#) while they (the high-level Satanists) are his “Godfathers.” They believe themselves to have a great deal of power and “perks,” but they know, deep down inside, that their reign is a tenuous one. Just one wrong move and their “Capo” could turn on them and punish them within an inch of their lives.

However, they have been told the lie that he is the only game in town — that the God of heaven would never want them once they have done such wicked and perverse things. They are told that if they ever try to leave or defect to the “other side,” they will be killed horribly, and will be tortured endlessly in the hereafter. They have probably seen enough of human sacrifices to know the range of horrid things which Satan and his human slaves could do to them.

It is vital for the soul-winner to understand that these Satanists are utterly convinced that they have “sold their souls” and that nothing Jesus could do would save them. This LIE must be dismantled before any effective witnessing can take place. These people believe that they are **“salvation-proof.”**

That is partially why this book was written. We want people in and out of Satanism to know that I sold my soul to Satan, yet a simple prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ broke that contract ***in about one minute flat!*** Both my wife and I are joyful, alive and victorious Christians today, nearly ten years after walking away from Satan and asking Jesus Christ to be our new Lord.

Though at various times, Satan’s servants have come after us, the Lord God — King of all the Universe — Jesus Christ, has always been there one step ahead of them! We have continually been preserved, almost effortlessly.

Another Christ?

Who is Satan really? We know from Ezekiel's prophecy that Satan, at least in his pre-sinful days, was quite ornate:

Son of man, take up a lamentation upon the king of Tyrus, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord GOD; Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.

Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created.

Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. Ezekiel 28:12-15

Here, the Lord is speaking about the "King of Tyrus," a type of Lucifer, as is evident from the context. We see that Lucifer was covered with precious stones of many varieties, and may have even been equipped with some sort of musical instruments — pipes and tabrets — from the day he was created by God.

Some Bible scholars believe he may have had charge of the musical worship of God before the throne — sort of a heavenly choir director. This would explain why Satan today has such an overwhelming interest in music, and uses it to such great effectiveness.

Additionally, Lucifer is described as the "anointed cherub that covereth." He was the fifth cherub and from this, seems to have been the one covering the throne of the Lord. Two points are instructive here. The first, and most important, is that Satan has an anointing! The Bible never says that he lost it. Indeed, he is the only one of the cherubs said to be anointed.

The Hebrew term for "one with an anointing" is transliterated "Messiah," and the Greek word for it is "Christ." The phrase, "Jesus Christ," actually means Jesus the Messiah or Jesus the Anointed One. However, there is at least one "other christ," and he is the devil! Paul warns

us,

For if he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we have not preached, or if ye receive another spirit, which ye have not received, or another gospel, which ye have not accepted, ye might well bear with him.

2 Cor. 11:4

And the Lord Jesus Himself cautioned,

For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Matt. 24:24

This is a dangerous trap to fall into, for there are many people who claim to have contacted “the Christ,” and even a few (such as the New Age’s Lord Maitreya) who claim to be “the Christ.” Some even claim to be in touch with a “Jesus Christ.”

Others claim to have “the anointing” or ways to teach believers so that they might acquire “the anointing.” However, terms can be tricky, and in many cases, the discerning believer in Jesus must ask: “Which Christ?” “Which Jesus?” or “Which anointing?” It is evident from the Bible that Satan can produce “Christs” and “anointings” all his own that seem very convincing.

When I was deeply into witchcraft and even Satanism itself, I would seek out trances with a “Jesus.” Every Sunday, for a time, this “Jesus” would come and channel through me and say wonderfully profound things to those who listened and took notes. However, at the time, I wouldn’t have known the real Jesus Christ from a horned toad.

I thought all I had to do to be certain that such “entities” were what they claimed to be is to challenge them by demanding: “Do you stand in the light?” Now, as a Bible-believing Christian, I can only smile sadly at my ignorance. Lucifer means “Light-bearer,” and many mystics, witches and even Freemasons claim to seek “the light.” However, that “light” is a false blinding light emanating from the pit. Thus, challenging a spirit by asking if it stands in the light is about as effective as spitting at a charging rhino!

Without knowledge of a BIBLE-BASED method of evaluating spirits,

we were no different than many other mystics today who think that they have contacted “Jesus.” Yet the teachings and life-styles of these people make it clear that their “Jesuses” are contradicting the teachings of the Biblical Jesus. We fear that even some Christian ministers have had visions with a “Jesus” who may not have been the Lord Jesus at all, but a clever counterfeit.

We are not attacking these preachers, for we hope that in most cases they are sincere in their desire to serve God. Such ministers need to carefully subject their visions and messages to the scrutiny of the Word of God (Isaiah 8:20), and of fellow men of God (1 Cor. 14:29).

Too often men and women feel that they have “the anointing” and that the “Lord told them” such and such things, when actually they were being deceived by ANOTHER anointing. We will deal in a later chapter with how one can test the spirits and make certain that what one is receiving is coming from the true and living God.

What Satan is Not

As wise, powerful and experienced as Satan is, he is still finite. And that makes all the difference.

1.) Satan can only be in one place at one time.

He is dependent upon lines of communication with his troops. Experience, based on Bible teaching, has demonstrated that we can pray and sever those lines of communication to great effect. See:

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.
Psalm 86:10

Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Matthew 18:18

2.) Satan is not all-knowing.

Since he must depend upon his demon lackeys to convey information to him, such conveyance can be dealt with through intercessory spiritual warfare.

Thus saith the LORD, thy redeemer, and he that formed thee from

the womb, I am the LORD that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens **alone**; that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself; Isaiah 44:24

And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord, and said, O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou **alone**, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth.

2 Kings 19:15

3.) Satan does not know the future.

Satan *does* know the Bible. He has probably forgotten more about Bible prophecy than any ten seminaries full of Bible scholars will ever know. Beyond that, “prophecies” that his servants (false prophets, psychics, etc.) make which come true, do so because they are contingent upon plans that Satan, himself, has laid. But God can over-rule his plans. This is why many psychic predictions fail, whereas the Bible’s predictions are 100% accurate.

Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together: who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? have not I the Lord? and there is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Isaiah 45:21

To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen. Romans 16:27

And who, as I, shall call, and shall declare it, and set it in order for me, since I appointed the ancient people? and the things that are coming, and shall come, let them show unto them.

Fear ye not, neither be afraid: have not I told thee from that time, and have declared it? ye are even my witnesses. Is there a God beside me? yea, there is no God; I know not any. Isaiah 44:7-8

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen. 1 Tim. 1:17

4.) Satan has comparatively little power...

Especially as far as Christians are concerned. Though he is more powerful than any human being, and can work lying signs and wonders, he is on a very short leash with children of God! He can only touch us to the extent that our sins give him access points or that God permits him. A little five-year-old girl who is Born Again and understands who she is in Jesus can toss Satan around (through the name of Jesus) like a ping-pong ball. See, for example:

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, **All** power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matthew 28:18

And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. Mark 16:17-18

Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

James 4:7

5.) Satan is unoriginal.

This is because God is the source of creativity. Most of what Satan does is a twisting of the good things which God has given us, whether they be spiritual, physical, intellectual or emotional. He also keeps recycling the same old tired lies he was using hundreds of years ago, knowing that humans tend to not read church history.

For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord; and ***there is none else.*** Isaiah 45:18

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All

things were made by him; and *without him was not any thing made that was made.* John 1:1-3

For by him [Jesus] *were all things created*, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. Col. 1:16-17

6.) Satan is an ego-maniac.

His pride makes him overplay his hand in many areas. That's why it pleases God to continually humble Satan through His weak human instruments. Satan actually thinks he can win, in spite of the Book of Revelation, and in spite of the fact that every time he has opposed God he has gotten the brimstone seriously kicked out of him.

That pride, originally his downfall, will be his doom again and again. He has made *the ultimate mistake of believing his own lies!*

For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

Isaiah 14:13-14

7.) Satan cannot comprehend compassion, brokenness or self-sacrifice.

That's why those are the very areas in which God continues to thwart him. God uses our weaknesses coupled with His grace to overthrow the plans of Satan. Since Satan cannot comprehend these emotions, he finds them the most difficult and unreadable areas of human nature to predict. He is continually amazed by what the Holy Spirit can enable mere Christians to do who are surrendered to the Lord.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And

being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. 2:5-8

Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. 1 Cor. 1:25

And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. 2 Cor. 12:9

8.) Satan is NOT God!

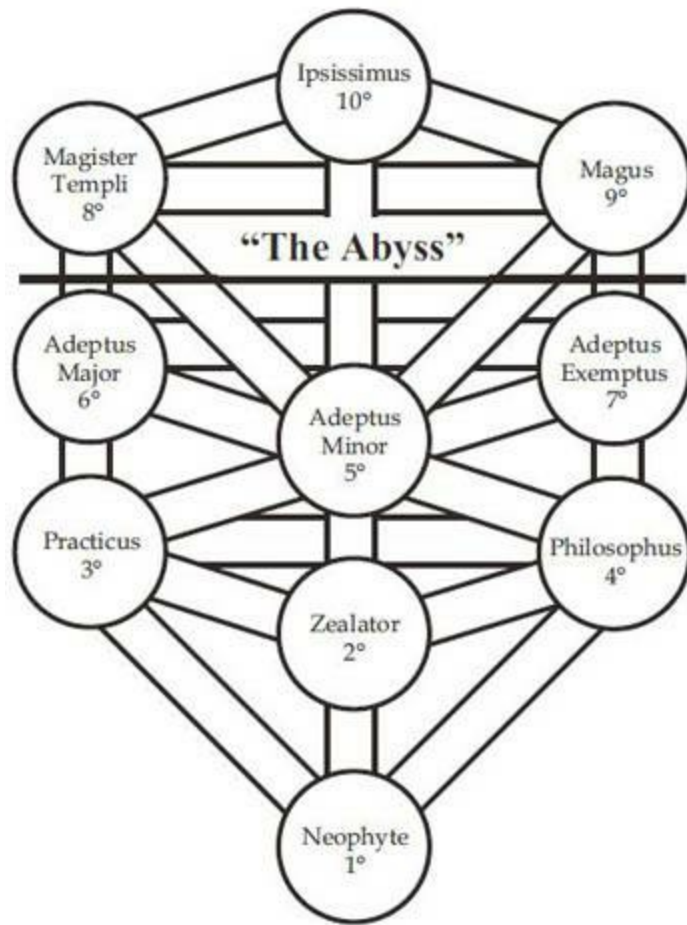
This may be self-evident, yet it makes more difference than all other eight factors put together. There is more power in one drop of Jesus Christ's blood than in all of Satan's legions. And that drives Satan absolutely mad with rage.

I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me: That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the Lord, and there is none else. Isaiah 45:5-6

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: Deut. 6:4

Praise the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

The Tree of Life: Initiatic Degrees



*The Ceremony of Innocence
is Drowned*

“You have placed your foot on the Path of the Lightning. Once you have done so, you can never leave it again.”

Alex Sanders, “King of the Witches”

We had been involved in the High Priesthood of the Wicca for several years, and were put through class after class of students for our covens. However, Wicca also had been disillusioning. Sharon and I shared a vision of Wicca as a primordial faith, pure and Edenic in its innocence. Now we had learned that it was just as full of backbiting, betrayal, doctrinal squabbles and politics as any other religion.

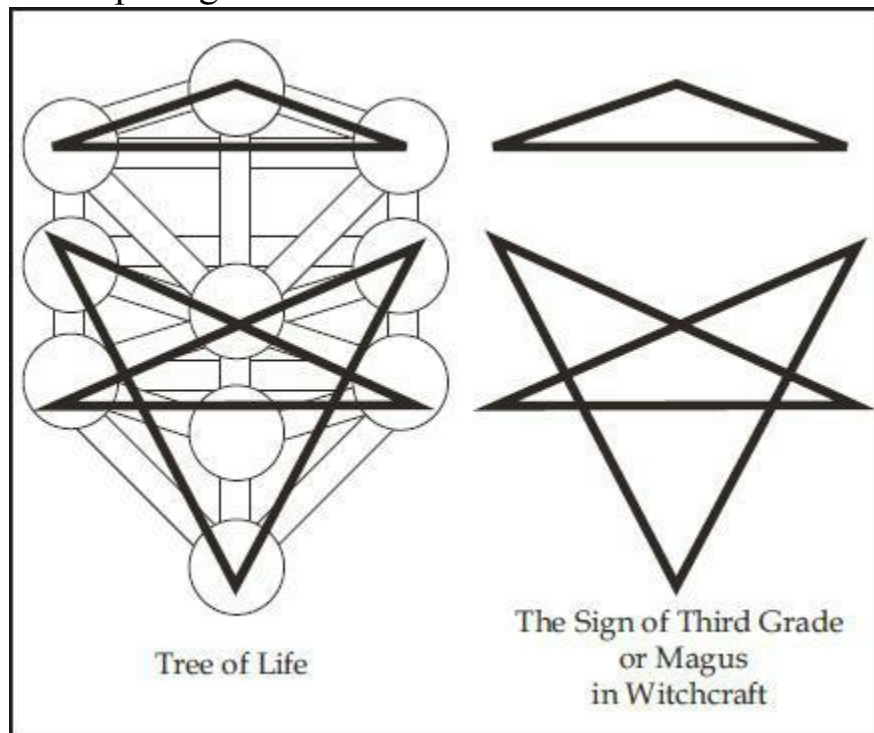
Other significant changes were also occurring. One of my friends/mentors who had been a guiding influence in the Wicca before meeting Sharon had suggested that I try reading *The Satanic Bible* by Anton LaVey. I was still naive enough to think that although witches did worship Lucifer, the Horned God, they were NOT Satanists. I asked him why I would want to read a book by an avowed Satanist!

My friend explained that LaVey had some great insights, especially into the magick of Aleister Crowley, and that his work bore some careful study. I read the book and was somewhat put off by the violent anti-Christian diatribe in the beginning. However, a lot of what LaVey said made more sense to me.

There were three basic types of rituals in *The Satanic Bible*: for Compassion, Lust and Destruction (cursing). I told myself I would never curse anyone, but I did experiment with the other two. We did a “Lust Ritual” for a married couple in a coven where the wife was experiencing problems with frigidity. It did work. We had similar success with the “Compassion Ritual” as a method of healing.

Gradually, the seduction process was underway. Both Sharon and I began to wonder why, if Satanism was so evil for witches, the symbol of

Second Grade in the Craft — the High Priesthood — was an inverted pentagram? That pentagram has been associated for centuries with Satanism.



Why was the *super-secret name* of the Horned God derived through Notariqon^[1] — from the *very symbol* of the Church of Satan — the Baphomet goat's head with the five Hebrew letters around it: Lamed, Vau, Yod, Tau, Nun?

Why was it that what we had been taught was the most powerful of all the Craft's magic circles was constructed using only inverted pentagrams?

These questions all hung in the air like over-ripe fruit. We had no answers. We discussed them with our colleagues and teachers, and sought the counsel of our celebrated "spirit guides." The guides, supposedly former humans who had perfected themselves and shunted off the "wheel of karma,"² now spoke as disembodied spirits to us humans through trances, enabling us to evolve spiritually.

Almost daily, we channelled these entities and sought their advice. They encouraged us gently to get involved in the Church of Satan. They claimed that Wicca taught us the mastery of the Goddess (feminine branch of magick) and that Satanism would teach us the full mysteries of Horned God — masculine branch.

Wicca and modern occultism have been heavily influenced by psychologist Carl Jung. The idea of polarities of opposites being reconciled is a central dogma. The spirit guides and many witches, along with Jung's writings, had us try to get in touch with our "dark sides," our "shadows" (a

Jungian term). We could only attain mastery of the sorcerer's Path by enfolding our dark sides and acknowledging the brute beasts which dwelt within us.

We were taught that most — if not all — the evil in the world was created by Judeo-Christianity and its suppression of our animal passions. This is a common theme in secular psychology. Thus, for our psychological health and our magickal development, it was necessary to use the teachings of the Church of Satan to help us embrace our shadows and release the inchoate powers of magick which supposedly dwelt there.

So, with only a twinge of reluctance, I joined the Church of Satan. After all, both my earth-plane friends and teachers, and my all-wise spirit guides were encouraging me. How could I go wrong?

Mail-Order Evil?

I was somewhat disappointed to discover that there actually was no Church of Satan in our community. Local bodies of the church were called "grottos" instead of covens or parishes, and there happened to be none in Milwaukee. I had written the international headquarters of the Church, still in the fabled black house on California Street in San Francisco. They sent me some information and a membership form to fill out. The fee was \$20.00. I paid it gladly, and within a few weeks began receiving their archly cynical newsletter, "*The Cloven Hoof*" and, eventually, a membership card.

I signed the card, and carried it somewhat proudly in my wallet. I was a card-carrying Satanist. That was it. I didn't have to kill any babies or spit on the cross or say the Lord's Prayer backwards. I just plunked down my \$20 and joined. It was more like the Rotary Club!

Of course, Sharon and I did not tell the lower level members of our covens of my decision to join. We did, in fact, tell them that witches and Satanists were opposites, and that one could not be a witch and a Satanist at the same time. However, some of our higher level members were intrigued by our explanations of LaVey's philosophy of magick and they did join.

I thought we might be able to start something in the Milwaukee area so I wrote Church Headquarters about that. They promptly sent back an application for attaining the second degree in the Church of Satan — Warlock. It was considerably more daunting than first degree. It was a lengthy questionnaire which required essay question answers on a large number of philosophical subjects. It also cost more, as I recall. However, I

filled it out and sent it in.

I was never content to let grass grow under my feet, so I began contacting other possible resources. I made contact with two separate branches of the occult fraternity, the O.T.O. (Ordo Templi Orientis — Order of Eastern Templars). The O.T.O. is a venerable German Magick/Masonic order founded sometime in the 19th century by Secret Chiefs (ascended masters). Aleister Crowley supposedly discovered its secret — the true secret of all Masonry — and was hurriedly made a member.[\[3\]](#)

Sharon and I were really intrigued with Crowley, and found the O.T.O.'s approach to be more thorough and demanding. So we began studying with them, in addition to researching the other materials from LaVey.

We also made contact with an independent satanic group called the Order of the Black Ram and began corresponding with them.

Entwining Energies

I began celebrating Satanic Masses regularly . Sharon and I also did many of Crowley's rituals. Both my earth plane teachers and the spirit masters said that to advance into serious Satanism (beyond the Church of Satan level), it would be necessary to complete two apparently paradoxical tasks.

Be It Known

That having committed to memory and provided sufficient evidence of a working knowledge of Satanic Theology, and undefiled wisdom of the Black Arts, Christopher P. Syn, on this 21st day of March in the 12th year of Our Lord Satan, has been granted the Degree of the 2nd, that which is called by the name of Warlock, and is duly licensed to perform and sustain that which falls within the realm of this Degree as in accord with the tenets and philosophies of

The Church of Satan
having passed before the Council of Nine,
Order of the Trapezoid, By all the
powers of HELL, So it is DONE.



Anton Szandor LaVey
High Priest & Magus of the Black Order

* William Schnoebelen legally changed his name to Christopher P. Syn. Once out of satanism, he legally changed it back to his original name.

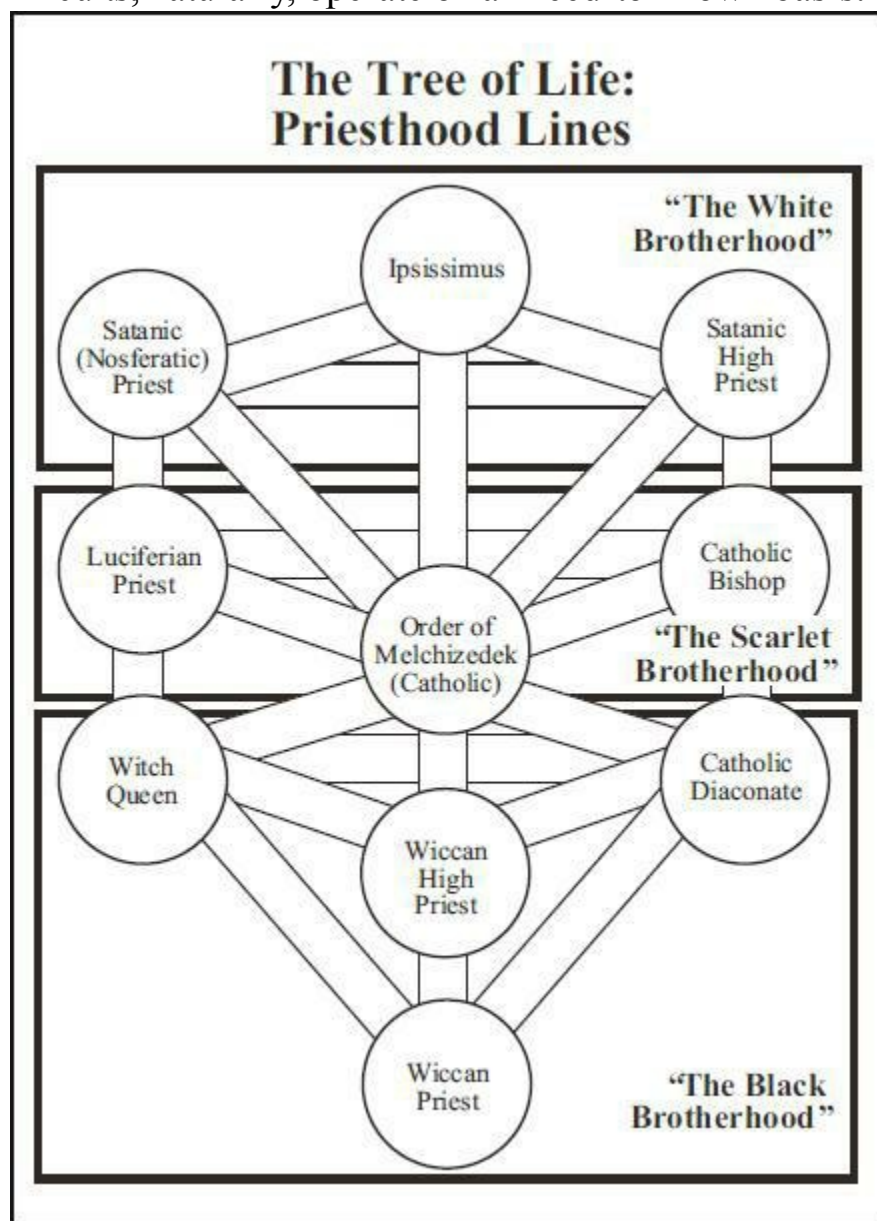
The first was to join the Order of Freemasons and become a Master Mason, then take the higher degrees. The second, oddly enough, was to receive Holy Orders and become a Catholic priest! This was surprising to me, as I had been raised Catholic. In fact I had been in minor seminary at the college where I first got involved in the occult, while studying for the priesthood. I knew Catholicism well, and I knew that Catholics were strictly forbidden from being Masons. Now, why was I being asked to do two opposite things?

It was explained to me that certain “currents” of occult power flow down through the centuries, chiefly through human lines of succession. This

made sense, since it was a cardinal doctrine of both Catholicism and the Wicca that a succession existed between the respective priesthoods of each sect.

The Catholic church, I was told, was the repository of the Petrine (allegedly from St. Peter) current of magickal energy. The Freemasons were the custo-dians of the Johannine (from St. John) current. Part of the dynamic which truly made ceremonial magick work was that it was the confluence of these different currents of energy.

The opposition between the Catholics and the Masons was actually superficial, they explained. At the highest levels, these two sects converge. Of course, the rank and file do not understand this because they are kept in the dark. All cults, naturally, operate on a “need-to-know” basis.



As luck (or someTHING) would have it, Sharon and I were contacted

by a priest within a week of learning this. He was a priest with the Old Roman Catholic Church (O.R.C.C.)[\[4\]](#) (a splinter group from the Vatican which has valid Holy Orders and has celebrated the Mass in the vernacular centuries before Vatican II, but allows for a married clergy). This priest had heard that we were running classes for witchcraft and wanted to study with us.

He said that, in return, he thought he could arrange for me to study for the priesthood in the O.R.C.C. This seemed to be a meeting “made in hell,” and I eagerly took him up on the offer. Two years later, I was ordained a priest in the church at a solemn high Mass at St. Paul’s church in Plainfield, IL.[\[5\]](#)

Additionally, within a few months, a young man applied to join our coven whose father was a Lodge officer in the Masons. He was able to sponsor me to go through the degrees.[\[6\]](#) With these two milestones achieved, it looked as though I had nowhere to go but “up” in the Kingdom of Darkness.

“The Devil’s Avenger”

“What you see may not always please you, but you will see.”

Anton LaVey, *The Satanic Bible*

We do need to take time out and unpack some of the subculture into which we were heading. We must discuss those Satanists who have become legal churches, with all the rights and tax privileges as any church. In America we DO have freedom of religion, and as long as they are not breaking any laws, they should be allowed to worship as they see fit. We are certainly NOT denying anyone’s religious freedom.

However, just because they are legal ***does not take away any of their spiritual peril***. A member of the Church of Satan is just as much in danger of losing their soul as is a hardcore Satanist. We must also remember that it is the very nature of Satan to lie. He is called the father of lies (John 8:44) and “the deceiver” (2 John 7). Thus, we would be naive if we just believed Satan’s most devout followers when they said they were doing nothing illegal.

Another problem is that these churches are often stepping-stones into more “hardcore” forms of Satanism. As can be seen from the previous chapters, such was the case in my life, and I know of many others with similar stories. Thus, like many other “harmless” and “Constitutionally protected” forms of behavior — such as Dungeons and Dragons — these legal satanic bodies are entry-level forms of the bloody, hardcore varieties of Satanism.

Nor are the churches’ histories all that nice as we shall quickly determine. We have already mentioned Anton LaVey’s infamous Church of Satan. There aren’t a large number of legal Satanist churches because most Satanists find the government scrutiny confining. Nonetheless, there are at least 450 identifiable Satanic groups in the U.S.[\[1\]](#)

Most of them are small, but they are influential well beyond their numbers. The Church of Satan apparently reached a high point in

membership in 1973 of between five and ten thousand.[\[2\]](#) As of the mid 1980's membership figures were around 2,000 and rising, according to LaVey.[\[3\]](#)

A Satanic Church without a Devil?

LaVey began his church in 1966, after a varied life spent as a lion tamer, theater organist, and police photographer with a black belt in Judo. The “official” account of how he conceived the Church of Satan says that he grew disillusioned with Christianity. He would see the same men attending church on Sunday whom he had seen at the Saturday night strip shows at the carnivals for which he played organ.

He became fed up with God after a stint as a police photographer, after seeing all the brutality and killing of women and children that such a job entailed. He could not understand how the supposedly good God of the Christians could be worth anything if he allowed such evil to take place.

On the evening of May 1, 1966, he shaved his head in emulation of the celebrated satanic genius Aleister Crowley, circus strongmen and Egyptian priests. He proclaimed the first year of the Age of Satan. To this day, the Church of Satan counts its dates from that year. 1993 would be XXVII A.S. (Anno Satanas)! That beginning combination of carnie huckster, off-center genius and serious magician was to characterize much of the Church of Satan's development.

LaVey had begun with a “black magic” study group and it was from this group that the core of the original Church of Satan developed. Eventually, he formulated *The Satanic Bible*, not so much as a “satanic revelation,” but as a masterfully designed blend of philosophy, psycho-drama and hateful hype. With the Bible's publication, his reputation and his “church's” membership took off like a brimstone Roman candle.

At one point, he made the rounds of the night-club circuit with an act called “Anton LaVey and His Topless Witches.” He bought a house on California Street in San Francisco and painted it black, decorating it in what can only be called “Early Addams Family.” Tombstone coffee tables and mummies stood in the corner and a live, full-grown black Nubian lion lived in the basement.

LaVey arranged the world's first “public” Satanic baptism of his then three-year-old daughter, Zeena, complete with nude female altar. He held the first Satanic funeral with full military honors at Arlington Cemetery and

served as technical advisor for the film, *Rosemary's Baby*. He actually played the devil in the scene where Satan rapes the heroine. LaVey got very tight with many of the movers and shakers in Hollywood, which should not surprise anyone.

But Where's the Devil?

It might surprise Christians to learn that the “official” line of the Church of Satan is a disbelief in the existence of Satan! For LaVey, Satan was just what occult psychologist Carl Jung^[4] called an “archetype,” a symbol of the Promethean desire within humanity to steal fire from the gods and *reign themselves as gods and goddesses* upon the earth. The devil had no real existence except as a metaphor for the unchained desires and potentials of humanity.

Satan's value, for LaVey, was that by invoking his name and the whole panoply of symbolism and associations which the devil carried, he could pack an enormous psychological and emotional whallop. First of all, he could frighten the “rubes,” and second of all, he could use Satan as a pry-bar to wrench loose the “uptight morals and hang-ups” of those who came to him.

LaVey felt that the people who came to him could be best helped by performing ritual psychodrama in which they were forced to do the very things they found repugnant. For example, his psychic “prescription” would include immediately involving a Catholic in the Black Mass, or a Jew in a ritual with Nazi regalia.

The destruction of whatever would be considered sacred was what he felt was essential. He once joked that the perfect “Black Mass” for the hippie-riddled sixties would have been to hang a picture of Maharisha Mahesh Yogi (the founder of TM — Transcendental Meditation) upside down, melt a Beatles record and then flush a kilo of marijuana down the toilet.

LaVey saw himself, not so much as a real devil-worshipper, but as the “Devil's Avenger” (the title of his official biography by Burton Wolfe). He would defend, not the devil, but what the devil represented. He'd speak against the unfair “slander” of the Christian churches down through the centuries. Thus, an examination reveals that the concepts which made up the Church of Satan's belief system were quite varied:

1.) Atheism:

The denial of any sort of God.

2.) Objectivist ethics:

Based on the atheist philosopher Ayn Rand's teachings that selfishness is the highest good.

3.) Self-salvation:

Man needs no one except himself to "save" himself, although the need for salvation in the Christian sense is denied. "I am mine own redeemer!"[\[5\]](#)

4.) Reichian Psychotherapy:

Wilhelm Reich's rather bizarre form of Freudianism involved the belief in the "orgone" or unit of orgasmic energy and the idea that illness was caused from repression of sex energy. It also involved the use of special orgone boxes and the release of all sexual inhibition. Reich's ideas are at the core of much of LaVey's teaching and methodology.

5.) Ritual Psychodrama:

The idea that rituals which are blasphemous can be used to shake people loose from their inhibitions and set them "free" by mocking the very things they hold sacred. This was LaVey's principle of Satan as "adversary."

A COS handbill issued in 1966 taught Reichian concepts:[\[6\]](#)

Man must learn to properly indulge himself by whatever means he finds necessary... only by doing so can we release harmful frustrations, which if unreleased can build up and cause many real ailments.

LaVey followed the tremendous success of his first book with *The Compleat Witch — or What to Do When Virtue Fails*, a kind of do-it-yourself guide for women interested in becoming satanic vamps, and *The Satanic Rituals*, an extraordinary book which features an original French version of the Black Mass, Nazi rituals, Knight Templar rituals and even rituals based on the writings of horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. However, none of these books came close to the success or impact of his *Satanic Bible*.

Even though LaVey advocates sexual freedom and ritualized blasphemy, both he and his daughter Zeena (the current spokesperson for the Church of Satan) go out of their way to deny that they promote hatred, violence, or cruelty to any animal or human being. They also deny any involvement in or promotion of illegal drug use.

In spite of their attempt to foster a "goody-two-shoes" image, LaVey's

greatest success also betrays some pretty dark secrets. Let's let his magnum opus, *The Satanic Bible* speak for itself.

The book is popular, at one time outselling the Bible on campuses around the country. It has also been found in the possession of countless teenage "Satanist felons" and Rogue Satanists right after they committed some awful crime, up to and including mass murder. It remains probably the closest thing to an authoritative statement of Satanism by a contemporary Satanist. These are excerpts from its "*Nine Satanic Statements*" — a kind of Satanist Manifesto:[\[7\]](#)

- Satan represents *indulgence*, instead of abstinence...
- Satan represents kindness to those who deserve it, *instead of love wasted on ingrates*.
- Satan represents *vengeance*, instead of turning the other cheek...
- Satan represents *man as just another animal*, sometimes better, more often worse, than those that walk on all fours, who, because of his "divine spiritual and intellectual development," *has become the most vicious animal of all*.
- Satan represents *all of the so-called sins*, as they all lead to physical, emotional, or mental gratification...

A Religion of Violence and Death!

Though LaVey may deny that his Satanists practice human or animal sacrifice, the Bible he wrote paints a different picture. Psychic attack, (murder by cursing) is taught. There is a Ritual of Destruction.[\[8\]](#) Its wording leaves no doubt of its intent:

I call upon the messengers of doom to slash with grim delight this victim I hath (sic) chosen. Silent is that voiceless bird that feeds upon the brain-pulp of him who hath tormented me... rend that gagging tongue and close his throat, Oh Kali! Pierce his lungs with the stings of scorpions, Oh Sekhmet! Plunge his substance into the dismal void, Oh mighty Dagon! I thrust aloft the bifid barb of Hell and on its tines resplendently impaled my sacrifice through vengeance rests![\[5\]](#)

If these commands were carried out, it is evident that the person so cursed would die, horribly. LaVey even warns:

“Be certain you DO NOT care if the intended *victim lives or dies*, before you throw your curse, and having caused their destruction, revel, rather than feel remorse. Heed well these rules — or in each case you will see a reversal of your desires which will harm, rather than help, you.”[\[9\]](#)

Although the position of LaVey is officially against mayhem, *The Satanic Bible* promotes violence. For most people, it is difficult ethically to separate the idea of cursing someone from actually shooting at them. If you really believe that the magic you are using works, it is still attempted murder, just as if you fired a toy gun at a person, thinking it was real.

Nowhere is this more evident than in a real-life account of what happened when the “high priest of the Church of Satan” himself cursed someone — with dire results.

A Cursed Love Goddess

We are talking about the case of LaVey’s disciple, “sex-goddess” Jayne Mansfield. Jayne became a member of the Church in 1965. She preached its party line, proclaiming that chastity is “a really sickening perversion, really evil.”[\[10\]](#) She had publicity photos taken showing her drinking out of LaVey’s giant ceremonial chalice while he was wearing his infernal regalia — a black suit, black satin cloak and a black skullcap with devil’s horns on it. Jayne’s relationship with LaVey alarmed her friend Sam Brody, who warned her that it could be a public relations disaster.

Brody threatened LaVey and said he would expose him as a charlatan and con artist. LaVey, in turn, ritually cursed Brody and warned Jayne to stay away from him lest the curse carom off him and hit her as well. Jayne chose to ignore his warning, and within the year, on June 29, 1967, Brody had a head-on collision. Jayne was in the passenger seat and both were instantly decapitated.[\[11\]](#)

Also problematic is the glorification of hatred and terrorism within LaVey’s book:

Hate your enemies with a whole heart, and if a man smite you on one cheek, SMASH him on the other! Smite him hip and thigh, for self-preservation is the highest law. He who turns the other cheek is a cowardly dog. **Give blow for blow, scorn for scorn, doom**

**for doom — with compound interest liberally added thereunto.
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, aye fourfold, and hundred-fold!**
Make yourself a Terror to your adversary, and when he goeth his way, he will possess much additional wisdom to ruminate over.
[\[12\]](#)

And how can we forget the “Satanic Beatitudes?” Note the glorification of violence and murder of the helpless:[\[13\]](#)

- Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the earth — cursed are the weak, for they shall inherit the yoke.
- Blessed are the powerful, for they shall be revered among men — ***cursed are the feeble, for they shall be blotted out.***
- Blessed are the bold, for they shall be masters of the world — cursed are ***the righteously humble, for they shall be trodden under cloven hooves.***
- Blessed are the victorious, for victory is the basis of right — cursed are the ***vanquished, for they shall be vassals forever...***
- Blessed are the iron-handed, for the unfit shall flee before them — cursed are the poor in spirit, for they shall be spat upon.”
- Blessed are those who believe in what is best for them, for never shall their minds be terrorized — cursed are the “lambs of God,” for they shall ***be bled whiter than snow.***
- Thrice cursed are the weak whose in-security makes them vile, for they ***shall serve and suffer.***

This reads like a homily by Hitler! How it con-trasts with the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Matt. 5:3-6

With this teaching, what ethical norm would prevent a Satanist from robbing, killing or raping whomever he wishes? Though the legal status of the Church prevents it from advocating murder, the principles of *The Satanic Bible* encourage a “law of the jungle.” No wonder there are no orphanages or hospitals sponsored by Satanists.

LaVey’s book is not “holy writ” for Satanists, but its influence cannot be underestimated! Nor can its provocative statements be dismissed, especially when we find that in the vast majority of cases involving Satanic violence, a well-worn copy of this very book is found among the youth’s possessions.

On top of that problem is the fact that I was informed from within the Brotherhood that LaVey’s church was merely a front organization, set up by the underground, hardcore Satanic groups as a feeder program. It has certainly served that purpose well. Although LaVey is now in seclusion and his daughter Zeena has taken over as the mouthpiece for the church, *The Satanic Bible* is still selling incredibly well, after almost 30 years!

However, every now and then, even the best mask slips, as it did in 1989 on a Sally Jesse Raphael talk show. Zeena LaVey (Anton’s younger daughter) was sharing the satanic side of the stage with a colleague, Nikolas Schreck. Schreck, who heads up a group called the Werewolf Order, began to sound positively Hitlerian in the course of the hour. He was advocating the destruction of the handicapped and the developmentally disabled.

The same talk-show revealed that Schreck and Zeena LaVey took part in a “Satanic happening” in a theatre on August 8, 1988 (8-8-88) commemorating the infamous Charles Manson murders.[\[14\]](#) They showed, among other things, footage of the murder scenes and beat on drums and cheered as they rolled footage recounting Sharon Tate being stabbed to death with knives while carrying her unborn child.

On Sally’s talk show, with Zeena at his side nodding approvingly, Schreck revealed the dark, gaping jaws of nihilism and despair which hide behind the comic-opera Satanism of LaVey. He began drawing boos, even from the (usually liberal) talk-show audience.

LaVey and his church should not be under-estimated! He is a brilliant man, and probably one of the more talented sorcerers of his generation. Whether or not he really believes in a devil cannot be said for certain. It does not require one to believe in a god or a devil for one to be a black magician. All it requires is a willingness to open one’s soul to the dark and

icy sonorities of Lucifer's wicked melodies.

If LaVey could do this much damage to a generation without even professing a belief in Satan, ***think what someone could do who really DID worship Old Splitfoot...***

Into the Belly of the Beast

I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory,
and stir the hearts of man with drunkenness. To worship me, take
wine and strange drugs whereof I shall tell my prophet, & be
drunk thereof.

Aleister Crowley, *Liber Al Vel Legis* 2: 22

Returning to my “progress” within the Satanic Brotherhood, as the next couple of years passed, the make-up of the covens was also changing. People were moving out of state, and some marriages and relationships were turning brown quicker than geraniums.

We still had a fairly good sized core of faithful followers who were “old timers.” Thus, we had enough third degree people to begin teaching classes in advanced ceremonial magick, preparatory for fourth degree.

For these classes, we drew heavily on our affiliation with the O.T.O. Both Sharon and I were now fifth degree members of that group, and began training people in our high priesthood in such advanced practices as Crowleyan magick, Hermetics, Gnostic magick and Masonry.

It is important to understand that Aleister Crowley ultimately convinced the head of the O.T.O., Theodore Reuss, that the Christian age had been overthrown and that a new Aeon had begun in 1904, under the reign of the Divine Child — Horus (an Egyptian Hawk-headed god). He claimed the religion of the New Age was based on the Greek word THELEMA, meaning “Will.” He taught that the “just-passé” faith of Christianity was based on another Greek word AGAPE, which means spiritual, selfless love.

New Age Messiah

Crowley supposedly brought through, with the help of his first wife, Rose Kelly, a communication from a “superhuman being” (spirit guide) called Aiwass (pronounced EYE-WASS). This book, called *Liber al vel*

Legis (The Book of the Law), is felt by Crowley's followers to be a replacement for all other scriptures, including the Bible.

Note that Crowley subordinates the Christian principle of AGAPE (selfless love) to the Gnostic principle of THELEMA (will). He convinced the head of the O.T.O. of the validity of this new religion and Reuss made the O.T.O. chapter in England headed by Crowley the first "Thelemic" order in the world. Crowley thus received the pretentious Masonic title: "*Supreme and Most Holy King of Britain, Ireland, Iona and all the Islands that are in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.*"

Sharon and I, and the bulk of the high priesthood in our group, considered ourselves Thelemites, believing Crowley's religion to be the logical evolution of Christianity into the 20th century. As members of the O.T.O., we taught our advanced students the form of magick practiced by Crowley.

In our association with the O.T.O., we were recommended to a supposed Master of the *Vama Marg* — left-handed path, of Tantric occultism; Tantra being the yoga of sex.

The terms, "right and left hand paths" are from the occult, arising from India and from Tantra Yoga, the yoga of sex magick. The Right hand path is felt to be masculine (or Yang in Chinese) and generally regarded as good by all occultists. Right-handed Tantra is male-dominant and involves forms of chastity. Its key is also the deliberate withholding of a complete sexual experience on the part of the man, called *maithuna*. This is supposedly done to attain union (yoga) with the god, Shiva and the goddess, Shakti.

The left hand path is female-dominated (Yin) and is considered evil by some occultists, except for witches and Satanists, who regard such distinctions as Christian and sexist. Left-hand tantra permits full sexual release on the man's part, and uses other extremely perverse methods to achieve its supposed ends of yoga.

It is believed that through special sexual exercises and training, human immortality can be achieved, and channels of the human body can be developed into gateways into other dimensions of time and space.

Tantric yoga is felt to be blasphemous and evil by most yogis, but since the coming of Crowley, it is now being taught in the West.

The "Master" with whom we were to meet was supposedly a real pioneer in the development of the magickal technology surrounding left-hand tantra. We will call him Aquarius. He was certainly the oddest man I have ever met, and possibly the most dangerous. Aquarius was highly

recommended by the Outer Head of the O.T.O. (rather like its pope), so we attended one of his seminars in Chicago. He wasn't what we were expecting. He was a stocky, balding fellow of average height with a terrifically bushy black and white beard, and kind, soulful eyes.

His lecture was on Magickal Architecture and the theory of Transpatial Archeometrics. He was, in a word common then, VERY HEAVY. I learned more from him in that two hour lecture than I had in five years of intensive occult study — *I think*.

He took an immediate liking to me, and Sharon took an immediate dislike to him! During the break between classes, he kept trying to get me off by myself. He said he wanted to enroll me in the Monastery of the Seven Rays and make me the archbishop of Milwaukee.

Naturally, my attention was caught by that. Aquarius was the archbishop metropolitan of North America for the Gnostic Catholic Church. He was also the Master of the Rite of Egyptian Freemasonry (Memphis-Mitzraim) and a voo-doo hierophant![\[1\]](#)

I told him I was already an Old Catholic priest and he was even more impressed. He explained that the Gnostic Catholics came from France by way of Haiti to America, and that they traced their apostolic succession back to the archbishop of Babylon, as did the Old Catholic Church of Utrecht.

Aquarius' doctrine was so complex it would take a whole book alone to deal with it. Much of it was similar to O.T.O. teachings, Tantric beliefs (sex — normal and perverse — as an act of worship of and union with God), Anglo-Catholicism, Freemasonry, and voodoo. Suffice it to say, I learned more about black magick from him than I had learned from most of my other occult and witchcraft teachers cumulatively.

He invited me to come down and spend the week-end at his apartment overlooking lake Michigan. I accepted.

Sharon wasn't too happy with that! I told her, finally: "To grow in magickal knowledge and power, I've always been willing to do anything necessary." She knew it, and that was what she disliked.

Train Ride to "Universe B"

A couple weeks later, I took the train to Chicago to spend the weekend with Aquarius. Sharon told me she'd be praying and doing protection rituals every single minute I was gone. She loved me and trusted me enough to let

me go into such a situation, but she was deeply concerned about how dangerous this man really was.

Aquarius met me at the train station and we rode the bus to his apartment. He did not own a car and refused to drive in Chicago, which made me think he was even smarter than I had originally guessed.

His apartment was something else, about thirty floors up in a high rise and seriously outré. Its decor was a mixture of Playboy Mansion, H.P. Lovecraft, Russian Orthodox and Hindu.

Dominating the living room was a large table covered with satin brocade. He explained that it was his altar for when he celebrated the Divine Liturgy, complete with the so-called Greek Corporal, a brocade cloth with the relics of a saint sewn into its weave.

Under it was what he declared to be an even more important “holy relic,” a few yards of madras cloth that had once been in the home of Madame Blavatsky, the matriarch of the New Age movement and foundress of the Theosophical Society.

The walls crawled (literally) with the strangest art I have ever seen. Aquarius smiled and called it “Pre-Cambrian Pornography.” I had no reason to doubt his description. It had a wild, primitive quality, like finger-painting done by a demented sexual predator. Others were more conventional — portraits of gods, demons, extra-terrestrials and shaktis^[2] he worked with. Others were wild dervish swirls of eldritch color.

Aquarius said he was a firm believer in the principles of magickal engineering taught by the Russian Orthodox church. These were like Icons, he explained. Each represented a god or demon or power and all one had to do to invoke the force or demon was to meditate upon the painting. He explained that it was a magickal machine, a labor saving device, and being a Capricorn, he loved labor saving devices.

His large living room window was covered with plants, none of which looked quite... well, right! More than half the species were unfamiliar to me, and a few looked like they would jump out of their pots and attack you! Others resembled something particularly obscene but somehow indescribable.

Aquarius prepared dinner and then brought out a bottle of Wild Turkey whiskey. I thanked him, but said I didn’t drink. He smiled like a bearded shark and informed me that drinking was part of becoming a Gnostic patriarch and archbishop.

I wasn’t lying. I never drank much in my life. All wine and liquor tasted

the same to me — AWFUL. I even wretched whenever I had to drink the altar wine during mass, but it was supposed to be the Blood of Jesus, so I put up with it.

However, my gracious host insisted I help him drain his bottle of Wild Turkey. The stuff tasted like lighter fluid and I nearly gagged. I tried to get by with sipping at it for a couple of hours while listening to this bizarre but remarkable magician.

Aquarius claimed that the key to a magical scientist's power was through understanding of all branches of science and philosophy. He was pleased that I had my undergraduate degree, but still insisted that I take home his paperback copy of Coppleston's philosophy series and Bertrand Russell's *Principia Mathematica*. He told me he would give me a thorough test in all of them before my consecration as a bishop.

He put away over two thirds of the bottle of whiskey, and yet remained quite lucid. He noted my amazement and explained that the key was to have so many loa (the voodoo gods or spirits) inside you that when you drink, THEY get drunk instead of you. Most loa, he assured me, loved whiskey and rum above all else.

He explained that it was necessary to appease the loa in many different ways if one wanted access to Universe B. They were the guardians to its entrance.

According to Aquarius, Universe B was an alternate universe where utterly different laws of quantum physics and mathematics applied. It was a universe ruled by master magicians from Atlantis who fled the earth to escape the "lost continent's" destruction thousands of years ago.[\[3\]](#)

From Universe B, the magician who knew what he was doing could access other alternate universes. You could also bring energies and even creatures through FROM Universe B into our universe and have them (hopefully) serve you. However, some of these creatures were said to be pretty nasty, and would only obey if you gave them copious amounts of whiskey, rum, sex and blood.

Ultimately, the goal was to find your "own" universe somewhere in the cosmic interchange which you could rule over it as a kind of god. These concepts were some of the highest elements of his magical system.

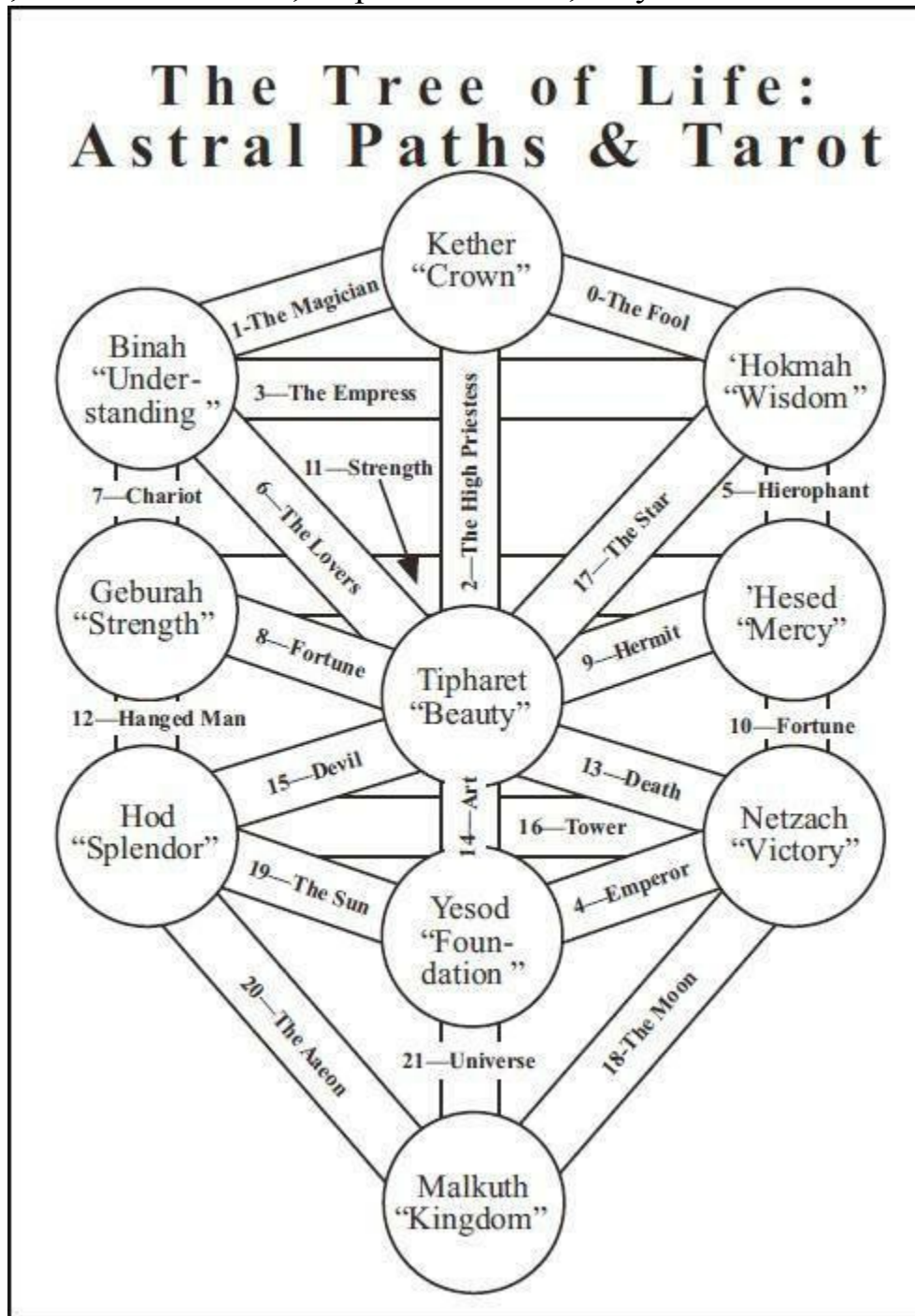
He then asked me when I would be ready for the Luciferian priesthood. I nearly coughed up my drink... and begged his pardon.

He explained that I would need to become a priest of Lucifer before I could become a Catholic bishop. Bringing up the common occult framework

of the Kabbalistic tree of life, Aquarius pointed out that the fifth degree priesthood was sacred to the sun and to the Dying and Risen God, Osiris or Jesus. It pertained to the Kabbalistic world or sphere of TIFERET.

This was elementary ceremonial magick and I was very familiar with it. I asked him to go on.

He explained that the sixth degree (Adeptus Major) pertained to the world of GEBURAH, ruled by Mars. Its priesthood was the priesthood of Lucifer, its metal was iron, its precious stone, ruby.



This did fit in with what I already knew. If TIFERET pertained to the

Catholic priesthood, it was a perfect match! The metal of TIFERET was gold, its perfume frankincense. Both gold and frankincense figure prominently in the Mass, and in Christian symbolism.

After receiving the Luciferian degree, Aquarius declared that I would be ready for seventh degree. This was Adeptus Exemptus, the Roman Catholic episcopacy or bishopric! This sphere on the Tree of Life, 'HESED, was ruled by Jupiter in the Kabbalah. His magickal tool is the staff (crosier) and his jewel, the amethyst.

I knew that for centuries, Roman bishops' ring of office has been the amethyst! Supposedly, the tradition goes back to the pagan pontiffs of Rome, who wore amethyst rings on their right ring finger as talismans to give them judgement and sobriety (it kept them from getting drunk).

Barely able to conceal my excitement, I asked what was involved in becoming a Luciferian priest. Aquarius smiled benignly, looking like a smug, bearded frog with bifocals.

"You have to be brought to the Light!"

Somehow, I wasn't certain I liked the way that sounded. "How is that done?" I asked, my voice hoarse with the whiskey.

He simpered seductively, explaining that I would have to go through an archaic Templar rite.[\[4\]](#) I endured the rite that night, which is better left undescribed, except to say that it was very "high church" and involved sexual vampirism.

Motel Hell?

The rites and blasphemies were finally concluded for the night. There was a final touch of irony. Before Aquarius retired, he had gotten out copies of the Holy Office of the Breviary. He led me in reciting the office of Compline[\[5\]](#) with him before going into the ritual chamber, which was also his bedroom.

Smiling a spidery smile at me, he asked if I would like to spend the night in his bedroom, which was more horrific than his living room. I had reached my perversity quotient for the weekend, so I declined politely. However, sleeping in his living room on the futon was not much more restful.

After the Compline's comforting strains died out, I spent one of the most unnerving nights of my life on Aquarius' futon-sofa. I was grateful to be there, but felt as if I wasn't entirely alone.

Those abhorrent paintings seemed alive. The eyes in them glowed in the

dark with feral fire. I clung to the Franciscan scapular which I always wore around my neck, and I prayed so many rosaries I lost count. I actually slept in a Catholic chasuble (priestly robe) thinking it might afford me some measure of comfort (from what I wasn't certain). Aquarius was a Voodoo hierophant, a deacon in the Episcopal church and an archbishop in the Old Catholic church. I wasn't certain if a piece of cloth would slow him down.

Many times throughout the night, I was awakened from icy, sweat-drenched dreams by strange, skittering sounds, like mice running on broken glass. Upon opening my eyes, I found that the PAINTINGS HAD MOVED AROUND ON THE WALL!

In my sleep, when it came, strange sexual beings would come and lay upon my covers. I could sense their weight and smell their fetid breath. I could never tell if I was having awful nightmares, or if I was awake. It was so incongruous. Here I was a witch high priest, and a newly ordained priest of Lucifer scared out of my wits by a few aberrant, sleazy paintings. It was like Anton LaVey sleeping with a night-light.

It was like spending the night at "Motel Hell!" I was glad that he had left me my copy of the Breviary, because I ended up reading the Psalms in it by the light of the moon to keep my mind off the creepy-crawly pictures and the plants, which seemed to rustle strangely in the darkness. The shadows of that unearthly vegetation in the moonlight moved across the pages of my Breviary in lewd ways that could not be accounted for by any breeze. It was winter, and the windows were shut tight!

No dawn was ever more welcome. Aquarius arose about an hour after sunrise and looked even stranger by daylight than he did at night. His skin was white, like a fish's underbelly. It was a stark contrast to his black hair and salt-and-pepper beard.

He smiled and asked me if I slept well.

"Peachy!" I replied.

"Well, wonderful! I'll fix us some breakfast and we'll chant Lauds, have cocktails, then work on our Voodoo." Breakfast, for him, was some indescribable oatmeal-like mush which tasted like it had at least two or three vegetable drugs in it.

The rest of the week-end went in that oddly manic fashion. Aquarius was brimming with old world charm and conviviality, to say nothing of conventional piety. He always carried a rosary and insisted on saying the entire Divine Office with me, yet he told stories of sexual magick and perversion with a merry chuckle.

For Aquarius, voodoo was not the primitive hybrid of African shamanism and Catholicism that people think. It was a sophisticated form of magickal mathematics and physics which supposedly originated on the lost continent of Atlantis.

He suggested that I become a member of the first level of his voodoo school, called the Black Snake Cult. All I had to do to receive the lessons was send in a form with ten dollars a month. Later, when I got the lessons, I was astounded to find that they contained lessons involving magickal masturbation, the eating of corpses, and having sex with demons!

Aquarius noted I would have progressed faster if I had a PhD. in mathematics. He claimed that the ultimate purpose of magick was meta-mathematical. It called for the magician to travel through time and space and manufacture and control entire universes.

Finally, we set my date for being made a bishop and I hopped the train home. I was delighted to see Sharon, and she to see me. I told her about the whole weekend and she made me promise never to go down there alone again.



RITE ANCIEN ET PRIMITIF DE MEMPHIS-MISRAÏM

Ecclesia Gnostica Spiritualis
de la succession apostolique de l'Eglise de Antioche aux évêques -
sacerdotes, vieille - catholique,
et de la succession gnostique et
théurgique.

Au Nom de l'ÉTERNEL, DIEU TOUT - PUISSANT Existent en SOI. A m e n.

Michel Bortiaux (Tau Ogdorde - Orfeo IV) Dei Gratia Patriarche de l'Eglise
vieille - catholique du Saint - Siège hieroglyphique des quatre - croix ou
Ecclesia gnostica spiritualis du rite ancien et primitif de Memphis -
Misraïm, à tous ceux qui ces présentes liront:

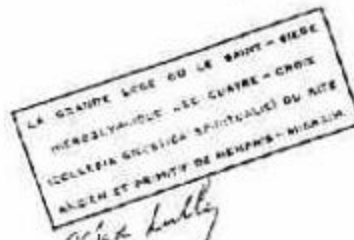
Lumière et paix et sagesse et salut au nom du CHRISTOS SOTER
et au sein du Divin Plérôme. A m e n.

Nous faisons savoir à tous que notre bien cher frère Monseigneur Christophe
P. Syn, né 12 Novembre, 1949, sacré au sous - diaconat, diaconat, et à la
prêtrise dans la Sainte Eglise vieille - catholique, et sacré à l'épiscopat
et au titre du Grand - Maître de l'Ordre du Temple, dans notre Sainte
Eglise et vénérable rite par Monseigneur Michel Bortiaux, intra Missarum
solemnis, est par nous reconnu et désigné comme Evêque de l'Eglise vieille -
catholique de l'Alexandrie (Ecclesia Gnostica Spiritualis) pour la juris -
diction libre des pays de l'Amérique du Nord.

Nous implorons le Divin PHOENIX HAGION de lui venir en aide et lui assister en cet
office selon Sa Miséricorde, et de répandre sur lui ses lumières comme il
fut jadis pour les Douze Apôtres.

Au Chicago, Illinois, au Saint - Siège hieroglyphique des quatre - croix
(Ecclesia Gnostica Spiritualis) du rite ancien et primitif de Memphis -
Misraïm, 23 Juillet, avec le soleil en le Lion et la lune en le Scorpion,
et l'an du Grand - Seigneur le mil - neuf - cent - soixante dix - sept.

Michel Bortiaux
7/23/1977
Le Patriarche



Certificate of Consecration as a Bishop in the Catholic Church (Old Roman Rites). Also shows William Schnobelen being created a Master of the Temple. At the time, my legal name was Christopher P. Syn. (See page 55.)

I was consecrated a couple weeks later according to the rite of the Roman Pontifical. Aquarius was done up in \$800 worth of Russian Orthodox vestments and I had on the full gamut of prelatial vestments. Instead of swearing allegiance to the pope (which I wouldn't have been too keen on), I was sworn to obey the Pope of Voodoo, Hector-François Jean-

Maine of Haiti.

It was necessary for me to go down to Chicago a couple more times. Each time was more outlandish than the last. I'd take one of my male friends as security. Each time, the friend got such bad vibes that they refused to return.

Ultimately, my relationship with Aquarius became a bit strained when he determined that I was not going to leave Sharon to become his disciple. Aquarius was bisexual, if not entirely homosexual. He dealt less with women than with men, and he seemed a bit afraid of Sharon, refusing to do any ceremonies with her present.

Sharon had been developing her own quite complex system of magickal architecture, and evidently Aquarius was getting envious of her. Yet he was furious that he could not manipulate her. He tried to enter into her magickal "universe" one night. Sharon figured that he was getting a bit too pompous, and needed to be taught a lesson about respect for the secrets of the Goddess.

She didn't feel threatened by him at all, but knew that the kind of information she had would be disastrous in his hands. They got into a conflict as she defended her territory from his invasion. Sharon decided to be merciful and just give him a warning.

We heard later on in the week that he had been hospitalized that night with a heart attack. It was one of the few times Sharon had ever chosen to use her magickal power.

A couple of weeks later, I was taking classes taught by Aquarius in Inductive Archeometry (a form of magickal/Masonic universe building), when I received a letter from him informing me that I had been excommunicated from the Monastery of the Seven Rays for the heresy of "Gynolatry" (worship of women?).

Frankly, I was glad to be out of his reach! Every time I spent a weekend with him, I felt like I had gone swimming in an unflushed toilet.

The differences in my life were beginning to bother even me! Here I was, offering Mass (and now a bishop) to the Christian God, yet also worshipping at pagan altars, because supposedly Jesus also worshipped there.

I had become a priest of Lucifer in a ceremony which mocked the papacy and Christian morality, yet the man who initiated me a Luciferian priest was a devout Catholic archbishop who said rosaries at his office every day and attended Mass every Sunday at the cathedral!

Was his hypocrisy any greater than that of the priest in my college who professed sanctity but sought ways to seduce his students and twist the moral teachings of Christianity to suit the needs of the moment? Aquarius was an exact inversion of them. Though secretly pious, he was publicly an advocate of Lucifer!

To me, Lucifer was the key to the whole problem, I had been raised to believe him evil, but virtually every belief system I'd encountered since high school told me that in one way or another Lucifer was as important, or more important to my salvation, than Jesus!

I had to find out where I stood in relation to Jesus AND Lucifer. I pretty much knew I wanted to be with Jesus. Did Jesus approve of Lucifer or not? Was Lucifer His father or elder brother (as I had been taught at various times)? Or was he His foe eternal?

Again, if I had been able to believe the Bible, I would have been alright. But by now I felt that the Bible was even less reliable than Crowley's *Book of the Law*!

I didn't know that the Lord God had all the power in the universe, and that Satan had already been defeated. I didn't know that I could be set completely free by the blood of Christ. So, I did two things.

First, I threw myself into my priesthood. This gave me the illusion of sanctity. I started celebrating Mass daily and being strict with my Divine Office.

I started to feel better from all this "holiness." Things began to develop in my Old Catholic life that were quite positive. I had been made the chancellor of the archdiocese, and had also acquired a chapel in a fairly elegant part of Milwaukee.

It was a Franciscan Friary, "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," run by Father Daniel OFM[\[6\]](#) (not his real name). He had two lay brothers and was running a group home for adult retarded men. We started having Sunday Mass there, Tuesday night novenas and Friday night Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We had attracted a fairly large following of around twenty five to thirty people, most of whom were disenchanted or confused Catholics who liked things the old-fashioned (pre-Vatican II) way. Being able to minister to these people was a source of great satisfaction to me. I was doing what I'd always dreamed of doing since I was a little child!

Feeling I was on a spiritual roll, I took my troubles to God, praying to Him to give me a sign about what I should do concerning Jesus and Lucifer.

We were still running our covens and teaching our Thelemic magick courses, and I truly wanted to know what the Lord's will was for me.

So I got down on my knees and prayed for the correct answer. I don't know what I was expecting — a shaft of light from heaven — a voice in my ear — or an angelic messenger. I didn't get any of those.

What I did get was the mail the next day. I was on a multitude of occult mailing lists because of my involvement with so many different groups. That day, the letter carrier brought a magazine in a brown envelope.

That envelope was to draw me into even deeper, darker directions.

The Coming Forth by Night

“Satanism should not just be another religion. It should be an unreligion.”

Michael Aquino

In the history of modern Satanism, it's interesting to note that the first and most serious schism which took place in the Church of Satan was over the issue of whether or not there was a real, Satan-like being out there somewhere to worship, or if he (or it) was just a handy symbol.

The result of this schism, which took place in 1975, was the foundation of Dr. Michael Aquino's **Temple of Set**. Aquino is no less extraordinary than his erstwhile colleague, LaVey. Sporting a black widow's peak which Grandpa Munster would have envied, and satanic eyebrows like Mr. Spock (characteristics he swears are natural), Aquino certainly looks the part of a warlock. His wife, the former Lilith Sinclair, is a cadaverously beautiful brunette with a livid white face and black satin dresses — a look-alike for “Morticia” of the Addams family.

Though they may look amusing, *they are anything BUT!* Unlike LaVey, who is a mostly eccentric and self-taught genius, Aquino has a doctoral degree in political science and is a lieutenant colonel in Army intelligence with a **very high** security clearance. (Comforting thought.) He is said to be an expert in psychological warfare, and psychotronic warfare (what the army calls “Psyop”).

During the formative years of the Church of Satan (C.O.S.), Aquino was LaVey's right-hand man, and Lilith Sinclair was a prominent leader of a major grotto (C.O.S. term for a local coven) on the east coast. Aquino even wrote the forward to LaVey's *Satanic Rituals* book. It is not clear how much of the philosophical content of the Church of Satan teachings was influenced by Aquino, but his impact seems to have been considerable.

The reasons for their falling out are in dispute. Apparently, a large part of the problem was that Aquino felt LaVey was not taking Satanism

seriously enough. Aquino disagreed with LaVey's pragmatic atheism and also with his carnival showmanship. He seems to have thought that LaVey was in it for the money — which the latter unblushingly admitted. Oddly enough, Aquino felt that a more — excuse the expression — altruistic approach was in order.

Rather than create a “fast-food, Kentucky-fried Satanism” which anyone could join if they coughed up the cash, Aquino envisioned an elite, almost paramilitary order of satanic intellectuals who really BELIEVED in the “dark side,” and weren't just in it for a few cheap, kinky thrills or a fast buck.

In his writings, Aquino made it sound as if the torch had been passed from LaVey to the more serious, intelligent and dedicated Aquino. LaVey, it was implied, had fouled the infernal nest with crass materialism and bawdy-house humor. Aquino was to be the new dark messiah to LaVey's “John the Baptist.” LaVey must decrease so that Aquino and his “new” god, Set, could increase. For his part, LaVey has been largely silent about the split, and has increasingly drawn into seclusion in recent years.

The Temple of Set

From its inception in 1975, the Temple of Set reflected the desires of its founder. It has been more elitist and less publicity-conscious than the Church of Satan. Thus, its membership has never numbered more than the hundreds, perhaps one-thousand at peak,[\[1\]](#) while LaVey's church had many thousands of members, a lot of them simply people who had sent in their money and received a membership card.

Aquino preferred to drop the inflammatory name “Satan.” He felt the word had acquired too much negative baggage. Hence, he called their deity “Set.” The Temple of Set people call themselves “Setians,” NOT Satanists. He felt Set was an older, and more pure form of the Satanic archetype or image.

Set was an Egyptian god (c. 3400 b.c.) and was regarded as evil by later pharaohs who defaced his temples and monuments to try and eradicate his memory and cultus.[\[2\]](#) Set was associated with the cults of Sumer and the star Sirius. His symbol is the inverted pentagram, which Setians wear proudly.[\[3\]](#)

One can tell a lot about a church by examining its god, and Set is no prize. He is the Egyptian equivalent of Cain, whom occultists believe was

not Adam's son by Eve, but rather by a mythical wife of Adam (before Eve) called Lilith.[\[4\]](#)

According to rabbinical commentaries (NOT the Old Testament), Adam had a wife who was made, as he was, out of the red clay earth. This was Lilith. She, however, was not the meek, submissive little help-meet that Adam wanted. She would not, the story goes, submit to his authority — in the marital act or anywhere else, for that matter. Thus, Adam went to God and complained, in effect asking for a divorce.

Rabbinic legends say that God sided with Adam and kicked Lilith out of the Garden of Eden — hence the first divorce. God then made Eve out of Adam's rib, so she would be more compliant to him. However, as in any divorce, the problem of what to do with “the kids” reared up. Lilith was pregnant with Adam's child when she was expelled from the garden. Supposedly, she was so full of hatred that when the child was born, she dashed its brains on the rocks beside the banks of the Euphrates river.

Depending upon which version of this legend you wish to believe, all the world's demons poured out of the dead baby's skull and this is where demons come from. OR — Set came out of its skull. Either way, Lilith was felt to be the mother of all evil and abominations.

Because of this awful act, Lilith was believed by more superstitious Jews down through the years to be the cause of crib death and child-murder. In fact, in some more mystical Jewish homes, to this day, a talisman is placed over the bed invoking three angels, Sanvi, Sansanvi and Samengalef, to watch over the infant. Those angels are supposedly the archenemies of Lilith. Unfortunately they are not mentioned in the Bible!

Remember, the high priestess of the Temple of Set, Aquino's wife, changed her name to “Lilith.”[\[5\]](#) This shows the reverence they pay this disgusting demoness. Ancient Egyptians believed Set was the god responsible for all evil, and his “mom,” Lilith, was the night-hag who was also the “patron saint” of abortion (a traditional witch practice). In ancient Egypt, Set was originally worshipped with obscene, homosexual rituals, before his cult was stamped out.

Aquino, however, teaches that the Christian church established Satan as a “straw man” to justify their guilt for the expulsion from the Garden of Eden and their separation from the animal kingdom and rest of the universe. Set (Satan's true identity) actually represents that same sense of alienation and loneliness from the rest of the cosmos.[\[6\]](#)

This choice of Set as the central icon of Aquino's temple is most

revealing, for the worship of Set as it has been restored today has centered around the book, *Liber al vel Legis* (The Book of the Law) which was mentioned earlier. This book was “revealed” in 1904 to Aleister Crowley and claims to have been channeled by Crowley’s first wife, Rose Kelly, from a super-human, extraterrestrial being named Aiwass who was either Set or Set’s forerunner.

“To Mega Therion”

In order for some of the following material to make sense, we need to digress for a moment and expand on what has been said about Aleister Crowley’s position in all of this.

Crowley was born Edward Alexander Crowley in England in 1875. His father was a wealthy brewer of ales who became Born Again and joined the strict Select Plymouth Brethren denomination. As a result of his conversion, Crowley, Sr. sold off his wicked brewery and used the assets to support his ministry. Crowley’s mother was also a very strict and devout Christian, but what she had in faith, unfortunately she made up for in her lack of parenting skills.

The elder Crowley traveled the countryside as a street preacher of sorts, and Mrs. Crowley was left to raise little Edward, who grew up to become the ultimate nightmare “Preacher’s Kid.”

He was evidently a brilliant and precocious child, and — as many children — full of the devil (Prov. 22:15). Once, in a fit of temper, she told the boy who was around the age of six that he was so wicked he must be the “Great Beast” from the Book of Revelation. Unfortunately, little Crowley took the insult, and wore it like a badge of merit. He rebelled violently against all forms of religion, and later as an adult, baptized a toad with the name “Jesus Christ” and then proceeded to crucify the unfortunate creature upside down.

After finishing university, Crowley joined the occult/Masonic society, The Ancient and Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.[\[7\]](#) It was during this time that he began to affect the dress and mannerisms of a Scottish laird and changed his name to the more Scottish sounding “Aleister.” It didn’t hurt that Aleister Crowley added up to 666 in Hebrew, English and Greek numerology.

Crowley quickly outgrew the Golden Dawn. And they expelled him after he tried to take it over. In many ways, he was a Renaissance man. He was a

passable poet, an extraordinary mountain-climber and big-game hunter, a master chess player who could play eight chess games blindfolded at the same time, and a disciplined student of Yoga and eastern meditation. He attempted to climb the second highest mountain in the world, K-2, and was nearly blamed for causing the death of most of the expedition.

He also had a caustic and razor-like wit, a serious addiction to cocaine and heroin, and was deeply bigoted and anti-Semitic. On top of all this, he became one of the most influential occultists of the past century, and certainly the most influential Satanist. One prominent occultist has written of Crowley that he was “the flower... of the entire body of Western occultism and its literature.”[\[8\]](#) He was also probably demon-possessed to his toenails!

He believed that he had done what very few occultists had done — crossed the “Great Abyss,” a spiritual “black hole” which exists between 7° and 8° in magical attainment. At that point, he supposedly became a Magister Templi (Master of the Temple) and took on the crowning magical title of his career, **To Mega Therion** — Greek for “The Great Beast.”

A New Aeon?

Crowley felt that the most important event in his life was the aforementioned contact with this “superhuman intelligence” named Aiwass. This occurred in 1904, when he was taking his first of several wives, Rose, through the Cairo museum during their honeymoon. She was overpowered by some spiritual force and drew Crowley down a corridor towards an exhibit showing a particular Egyptian stélé (a squarish stone slab shaped roughly like one of the “Ten Commandments” tables with Egyptian art and hieroglyphs on it).

This was the stélé of an Egyptian priest named Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, and the number of that exhibit was #666. To someone as magically trained as Aleister was, this could only be an omen of immense proportions, since he had already made that number the Kabbalistic theme of his career. Later that week, during early April, his wife “channeled”[\[9\]](#) this being, Aiwass. For three days, he dictated through her this “Book of the Law” (*Liber Al vel Legis*).

Crowley came to believe that he was the reincarnation of this Ankh-af-na-Khonsu and that this short book he’d received was to be the “Bible” for a new “Aeon” of human history. He believed that the reign of Jesus (the Age

of Osiris, the slain and risen god) had ended and that a new god, the “Crowned and Conquering Child” had assumed the throne of heaven.

This new god manifested in two forms: Heru-Par-Kraat, a benign, healing type deity and Ra-Hoor-Khuit, a falcon-headed god of war and death. These were the twin Egyptian deities of Horus and Set.

This experience basically set the tone for the rest of Crowley’s life. He tried to found a religion, which he called Thelema (after the Greek word for will) or Crowleyanity, and produced a tremendous number of books of poetry, rituals and magical teaching. The cardinal rule of his religion, contained in *Liber Al*, was, “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law, love is the law, love under will.”

He believed that the old age of Jesus was ruled by love (Agape in the Greek) but in the New Age of Horus or Set, that love would be subordinated to the iron-clad will (Thelema) of the master-magician.

He was known to be sympathetic to the rise of Hitler, and some of Crowley’s disciples have since claimed that Hitler was the result of Crowley’s magical attempts to conjure up “the warrior lord of the forties” (a prophetic phrase from *Liber Al*).[\[10\]](#) If Hitler knew of Crowley, there is no historical evidence for it, although they both shared a common hatred of Jews and a fascination with black magic.

Crowley went through numerous women, and some men (he was militantly bi-sexual) and ruined the lives of almost all of them. His first wife, Rose, ended up institutionalized as an alcoholic.

In addition to being racist and anti-Semitic, he was also quite sexist. He taught that the best women were whores, and that the highest religious experience any woman could ever hope to achieve was to experience sex with “The Beast.”(??) Thus, he tended to mock the beginning Wiccan movement of friend and colleague, Gerald Gardner.[\[11\]](#) He refused to become a witch, saying that he didn’t want to be bossed around by a bunch of women.

He tried to found an Abbey dedicated to his religion on the island of Sicily, but was thrown out of the country by Mussolini’s regime because of incredibly rank immorality, a suspicious death and rumors of human sacrifice. He spent his declining years a heroin addict living next to a cemetery in England. When he finally died in 1947, even his funeral scandalized the British press. Crowley’s greatest poem, “*The Hymn to Pan*” was read over his coffin, and the papers called it a Black Mass.

Ironically, Crowley, like Aquino a generation later, would not have

called himself a Satanist. He felt they were heretics. He was a Thelemite and a Luciferian, a worshipper of the undefiled light of Lucifer. Yet he rejoiced when the newspapers called him “The Wickedest Man in the World” and “The Great Beast.”

A Satanic Vision

It was to the mantle of Aleister Crowley that Michael Aquino seemed to aspire. While LaVey used some of Crowley’s concepts and materials as they suited him, Aquino took Crowley and his “gospel” quite seriously. In fact, Aquino saw his mission as:

“...to destroy the influence of conventional religion in human affairs... not so much that we want everyone to be converted to Satanism as an institutional religion, but that we want to unravel the web of fear and superstition that has perpetuated all formal beliefs. Satanism should not be just another religion. It should be an unreligion.”[\[12\]](#)

Soon, the issue of whether or not Satan/Set was a real being exploded between the two master magicians. After the schism, Aquino sought guidance from Satan on June 21, 1975. Allegedly, the “man downstairs” actually manifested as Set to Aquino and brought forth a revelation entitled *The Book of the Coming Forth by Night*. Aquino asserts that a new “Setian” epoch, which began in 1904 with the work of Aleister Crowley, was nearing completion. His book would be a sequel to *Liber Al* and would usher in the “Aeon of Set.”[\[13\]](#) Thus, Aquino claims he was anointed by Set to be Aleister Crowley’s true successor, the “Second Beast” as well as the Great Beast prophesied in the Bible.[\[14\]](#)

Aquino has tried to disassociate himself from some of the nastier statements in *The Satanic Bible*. This was necessary, especially in the late 1980’s, when accusations of satanic ritual abuse began to sweep across the country. Good public relations demanded that the Temple of Set be above such things. In spite of all the protests, it must be pointed out that the god and the “magical current” with whom Aquino identifies is not a very wholesome influence! The remainder of this chapter will demonstrate that, if anything, the Temple of Set is a more deadly institution than LaVey’s church.

A Call to Dark Gods

It is helpful, when examining the actual ideology of Aquino's Temple, to look at what the man himself considers to be his significant magical achievements. One such rite about which Aquino has boasted is highly suggestive. Like LaVey, he seems fascinated with Nazi occultism. Whether he got his fascination with the Nazi technologies of ceremonial magick from LaVey, or whether LaVey got it from Aquino is not known. The point is, however, both men seem obsessed with the magical practices of Hitler's elite.

Though this is not widely known, Hitler (a devout Catholic) designed his SS by combining the Jesuit order's principles, spiritual exercises and teachings, with the contemporary magical societies in Germany such as the Vril Society and the Thule *Gesellschaft*. Hitler himself was an initiate into sorcery and wished to replace Christianity with the worship of the gods of Germanic paganism.[\[15\]](#)

Toward that end, he constructed a secret temple at Wewelsburg castle. All of what went on in that temple is not known, but our own leaders within the Satanic Brotherhood told us that, aside from Hitler's anti-Semitism, there was a more awful reason for the death camps. Hitler believed he was working toward the ultimate human sacrifice of 7,777,777 Jews — God's chosen people (seven sevens — a numeric combination sacred to Crowley's "Scarlet Woman," the consort of the New Aeon). Had he been able to achieve that, they told us, the Judeo-Christian religion would have been forever destroyed and the pagan gods would have ruled supreme.

The "energies" raised by each one of those deaths were to be channeled directly through Wewelsburg like a kind of magical laser beam to open "the gate" and unleash *Götterdämmerung* through a special convergence or vortex of power lines believed to converge on the site of the castle.

Thus, Wewelsburg castle was the spiritual core of Nazi Germany! Here, Himmler and his elite SS cadres held rites in the "Hall of the Dead" to invoke *Götterdämmerung* — the destruction of God and the re-enthronement of the Norse gods of blood and death. Fortunately, God had other plans, and this castle was bombed into near ruin by the Allies during World War II.

In October, 1984, Aquino traveled to Wewelsburg to invoke its "energies" and supposedly experienced another Satanic epiphany in the ruins of the spiritual heart of Nazism! In "Walhalla," the North tower of the

castle, he did a magickal “working,” and had a profound mystical insight. [\[16\]](#)

This is where he got the idea of humanity’s self-consciousness and its estrangement from its fellow creatures. Aquino now teaches that Set represents this principle alienation which separates man from the rest of the universe. That is an adequate, if secular, definition of sin! Aquino chose to make the personification of sin his god! No wonder his idea of a deeply religious event is invoking “energies” in the metaphysical bastion of the Nazi order.

One would have to wonder about the morality — to say nothing of the sanity — of a man who would choose to go to such a place and drink deeply from its spiritual springs!

Letting Set Speak for Himself?

To get an even more significant handle on where Aquino really stands, it might help to take a closer look at the book which his hero, Aleister Crowley, brought forth. If Aquino truly believes himself to be Crowley’s successor, then something of his world-view should be evident from reading the book supposedly communicated by Set through his mouthpiece, Aiwass!

By this time, it might not surprise the reader to learn that the book transmitted from Set, *Liber Al vel Legis* is more vile than LaVey’s *Satanic Bible*. But there is a significant difference between the two. LaVey’s book doesn’t really claim to be anything more than a book (even though many Satanists view it almost as “unholy writ”). However, *Liber Al* claims to be the communication of a spirit giving oracles from a god which will supplant the Bible. Thus, presumably most Setians — and certainly Aquino — would regard it as “divine” revelation.

So what does *Liber Al* teach as its theology? Here are some choice samples:

From Chapter 1:

These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools. 1:11

Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest, **the Beast**; and in his woman called the

Scarlet Woman is all power given. 1:14.

The word of Sin is Restriction. 1:41

From Chapter 2:

Behold, the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet. 2:6.

I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of man with drunkenness. **To worship me, take wine and strange drugs whereof I shall tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof.** 2:22

I am alone: there is no God where I am. 2:23

There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason 2:27

I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! 2:49

From Chapter 3:

Now let it be first understood that **I am a god of War and of Vengeance.** I shall deal hardly with them. Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with the enginery of war. With it you shall smite the peoples and none shall stand before you. 3:3-8

Trample down the heathen: be upon them, O warrior, **I will give you of their flesh to eat! Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.** 3:11-12

Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them! 3:18

For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with **rich fresh blood**. The best blood is of the moon, monthly; **then the fresh blood of a child**, or dropping from the host of heaven; then of enemies, then of the priest or of the worshippers; last of some beast, no matter what. 3:23-24

I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. 3:46

Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! With my Hawk's head **I peck at the eyes of Jesus as He hangs upon the cross.** I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed and blind him. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist... **Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!** 3:50-55

There is no law beyond "Do what thou wilt." 3:60[\[17\]](#)

Such teachings embody perfectly the very things hardcore Satanism are accused of putting into practice. Drugs, cattle mutilations and child sacrifice are glorified. Although Aquino denies that his group practices or teaches such things, this is the evident, obvious legacy of Set which Aquino has chosen as his own. Murder, torture, bigotry and hatred of God howl out of *Liber Al*.

Aquino's tampering with these "energies" may yet detonate in his face. Persistent charges of possible child abuse have dogged him since 1987 at the Presidio in San Francisco. Although no charges have stuck and Aquino has filed a suit against the city, accusations are not going away.[\[18\]](#) From a spiritual perspective, it would be amazing if a man who literally bathes in the fountainhead of evil were not to be tempted by its most contemptible aspects.

Dealing with the Brotherhood

“It was as though in those last minutes, he was summing up the lessons that this long course in human wickedness had taught us — the lesson of the fearsome, word-and-thought defying banality of evil.”

Hannah Arendt

I sought an answer from what I thought was God. At the height of my seeking, I received a large manila envelope in the mail — apparently an answer to my search for an omen or sign. Within it, I discovered a journal from an occult group called THE ORDER OF THE BLACK RAM. It was rather intelligently laid out, and I was intrigued. They belonged to the rapidly growing number of satanic groups who felt LaVey was a rip-off artist who was giving Satan and Satanism a bad name(?).

They referred to LaVey’s outfit as “comic opera Satanists,” and spoke of getting down to serious Satanism. The level of the writing and editorial quality was several cuts above most occult news-letters. *They even spelled the words right!*

What caught my eye more than anything else was an article by someone who called himself **“Orion: Ipsissimus, High Priest and King of the Morning Star.”** The rank of Ipsissimus (meaning “Self of Uttermost Selfness”) is the highest attainable rank in all of magick. It is tenth degree, and signifies that one has literally become a god incarnate.

For someone to proclaim himself an Ipsissimus, he either had to be insane or a Master indeed. The article was even more arresting than its author’s proclamation. It was extremely well written and dealt with the story of the war between God and the Devil from Satan’s point of view.

The article implied that Lucifer let God win for occult reasons. It said there was a secret pact between God and Lucifer to pretend to be foes to give the created beings under them a viable choice. In this context, hell was not a place of punishment, but a place where people could go who were

rebels, individualists and artists.

Heaven would be for the mellow, do-nothing types — foreclosed personalities whose idea of fun was a church picnic and hot game of horseshoes. Hell would be a place of great challenge and excitement, with rock music, non-stop sex, drugs and total freedom of artistic expression.

The whole arrangement was designed because God did not want the malcontents making His heavenly citizens fret. He needed a place to put them, and a just reason for doing so. Thus, the devil and hell came into being as a boot camp for gods.

Bells started going off inside. This explained so many philosophical questions everyone had about the nature of evil and free will! I was supremely impressed, and immediately wrote this Orion (not his real name) a letter telling him so.

Was this the answer to my prayers? Could I still serve both Jesus and Lucifer? By now, I was so deceived, ***this was actually what I'd prayed for!*** Apparently, as far as Satan is concerned, what you pray for is what you get! It made sense. For the pious Catholics, I could be a pastor, leading them toward the pearly gates! For the anarchistic witches in our covens, I could offer them eternal, passionate ecstasy in the kingdom of Satan.

The letter I got back from this Orion chap was a bit strange. It was included with a newsletter of his own which was a bit lurid. The cover showed the Goat of Mendez presiding over an orgy of naked people indulging themselves. The inside included articles on Lucifer's side of things, each more intriguing than the last. It also denounced white witchcraft. The journal claimed to be the ultimate source for hard-core Satanism.

The letter was written in a childish scrawl in black ink on quality scarlet paper, with an expensive satanic goat's head letter-head. It expressed the usual pleasantries and said that we must arrange to meet, since Orion only lived down in Wheaton, Illinois. It was signed by Orion — Ipsissimus, High Priest and king of the Morning Star.

My immediate reaction was that Orion's hand-writing was his worst asset, and that he should invest in a typewriter or a secretary. It actually looked like the hand of someone trying to write with their "wrong" hand! Otherwise, the philosophy was intriguing. Perhaps this was the way I should go.

He requested a photo, so I sent him one of me in full Catholic bishop's robes, but wearing the satanic medallion bearing a huge sword I had received from LaVey. He sent a photo back which depicted him wearing a

scarlet, hooded robe which concealed all but his goatee-covered chin and his left hand was raised in the cornu sign,[\[1\]](#) the traditional salute of Satanists the world over.

All that remained was to meet. He suggested that he come up and meet those of our group who were into the “darker stuff” as he put it. So, he drove up one day, arriving about three hours late. Somehow, he did not live up to expectations!

Conversations with an Ipsissimus

He was a small fellow, both in height and build, and was dressed like a biker, with a battered brown fedora that looked like something Indiana Jones threw away. With him, he brought his driver, a strapping young fellow of few words with an Ozzy Osbourne t-shirt. Also accompanying him was a young blonde girl who spoke almost nothing the entire time. She seemed primarily to serve by staring constantly at Orion with worshipful adoration.

Orion was handsome, in a roguish way, although his face and demeanor were somehow ferret-like. He had obviously not been to any finishing schools, or many starting schools either. Could this be the fellow whose pen had produced such profound thoughts?

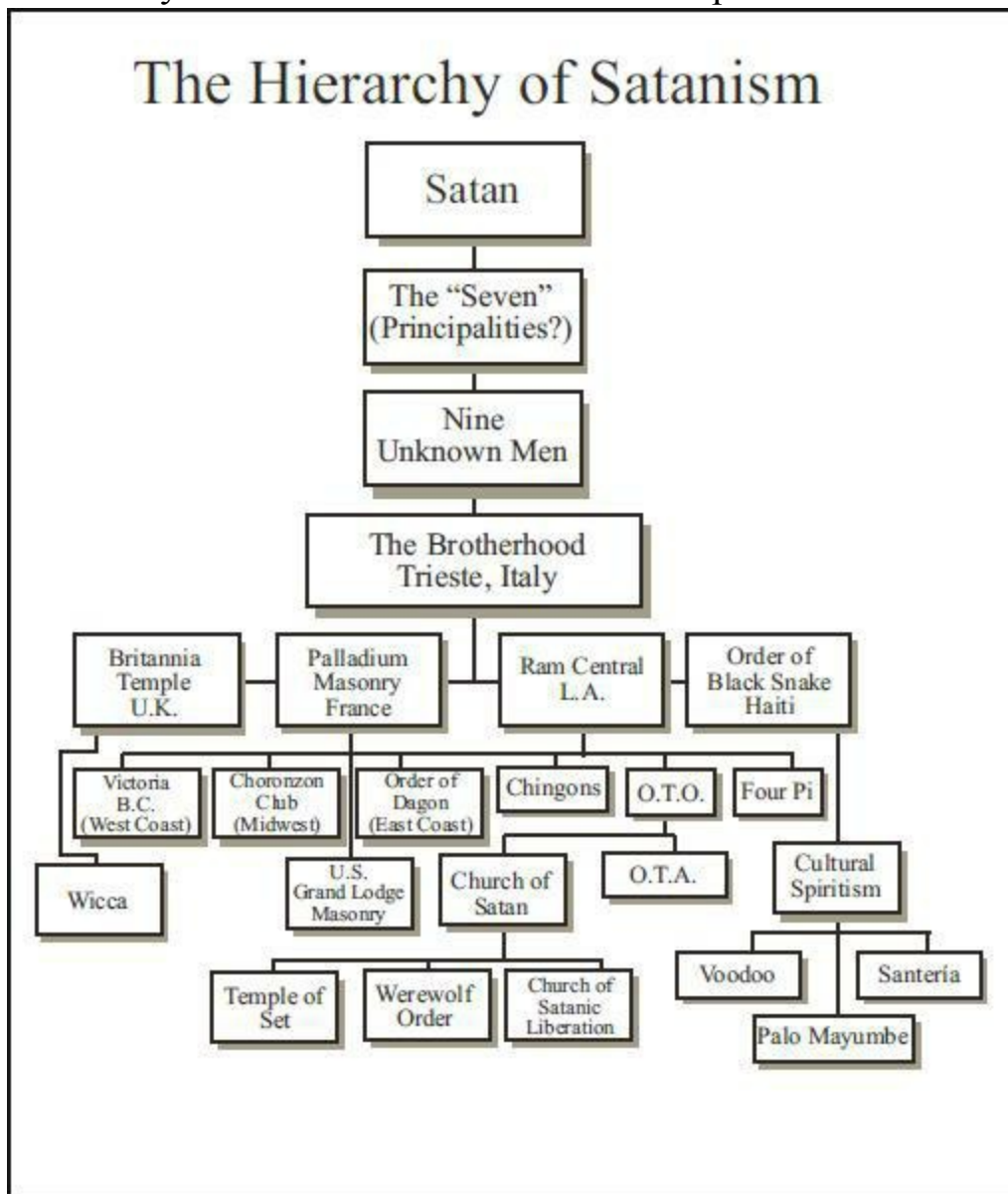
With us, we had about four other of our coveners who were heavily into Crowley and would not be frightened of a “for-real Satanist.” We sat around for a while and got looped, then gradually, our coveners trickled on home. Like Aquarius, my last “mentor,” Orion liked to consume intoxicating beverages by the case lot, but his chosen liquid poison was beer. As the number of Hielmann’s Old Styles within him increased, Orion waxed eloquent about his part in the Brotherhood of Satan.

He claimed to have been orphaned at an early age and raised by a stepfather who was heavily into Freemasonry. At an early age, he ran away and headed to California, the satanic capital of the U.S.

There, he tried the Church of Satan, but thought them too “white.” He got involved with biker Satanists and moved around the coast with the Hell’s Angels for awhile, slicing up cats and women and raising hell. He showed me his arms, which were crawling with tattoos of devils, heads and skulls.

He then told me, in hushed tones, of a control center, a Pentagon or NORAD of Satanic power, which existed near Los Angeles. Its absolute head, a fellow with the code name of “Adrian,” took Orion under his wing. This man was so rich and powerful, no one in the southern

California/Hollywood scene would dare cross his path.



Conspiratorially, Orion informed me that Roman Polanski had dared to make a movie (ROSEMARY'S BABY) that only alluded to Adrian's existence, and look what happened to HIS family! (Polanski's wife, Sharon Tate and several friends were butchered by lackeys of Charles Manson.) With a dark leer, he told me he knew Manson personally, and for awhile had belonged to the same group that had given Manson his training, the "Church of the Process of the Final Judgement."

Adrian apparently saw in Orion the fulfillment of Satanic prophecy, and magickally adopted him as his own son. This was done on a hillside ringed with lightning as three virgin girls were crucified upside-down to raise the power.

He watched me to see if I would be shocked by this revelation (I was,

but didn't let him know it). He was pleased when I didn't gape at him in horror. He explained to me that for the ultimate in power magick, the shedding of blood was essential. For minor magick, a hamster or cat was all that was needed, but the High Art called for human blood to be spilled out upon the ground. "Good to the last drop!" he chortled.

That was why Lucifer had to kill Jesus to free humanity, Orion informed me sagely. Now they were free to either go to heaven or hell, whereas before all had been forced to go to heaven, an utterly dull place!

He told me that Christianity was created by Satan as a symbiotic counterpart to Satanism. "The Christians were the sheep and we were the wolves," he said. "For a Christian, the holiest act they can commit — is to die a martyr for the faith. Then they go straight to heaven."

"For a Satanist, the holiest deed that they can do is murder a Christian — preferably a young, virgin Christian!" Orion claimed that fact invalidated much of the hogwash written about the devil.

If the devil really wanted souls, why would he have his followers killing virgins and babies when they would be the only ones assured of going straight to heaven? If the devil was trying to steal souls from God, wouldn't it make more sense to kill older people who were unrepentant sinners?

I had to admit that it would. It was strange, but as I listened to Orion, I watched as his personality submerged and a Thing — dark, feral, complex and incredibly powerful — came to the surface. It was more than just the beer. He began to speak with an preternatural intelligence!

Orion was possessed, and I wanted to understand the being who was speaking through him! I sensed more power emanating from him than I had ever dreamt of. The Thing within Orion knew I wanted knowledge and wisdom more than anything, and it was playing me for all it was worth.

I was shocked at the prospect of human sacrifice. It went against all I'd ever believed. But then much of what I now believed went against what I used to believe! Yet I knew that blood had been shed at my first witchcraft initiation — my own!

I knew that in Wiccan folklore, there were special times when witches offered themselves up as willing sacrifices for some greater cause. This supposedly took place during the time of the Spanish Armada when England was in danger of invasion — and also during the time of the Battle of Britain in World War II.

The assertions Orion was making made a strange kind of sense in the

contorted Crowley-esque universe I had built for myself.

Orion said that Christians and Satanists were made for each other, like sheep and wolves. There were many Christians whose lives had no other purpose than to be offered up on an altar to Satan! Otherwise, how could it have continued for so long?

He asked me, “Is it evil of the wolf to kill the sheep — to do just what it was made to do?” I had to admit that it didn’t seem as though it would be.

He told me that almost every quarter of the year the body of a young girl — usually a Christian child — turned up in a river near his home, slain by obviously satanic means. Yet nothing was ever done.

He said the authorities knew who was doing it, but dared not touch them because of how powerful they were. In fact, many of the authorities were Satanists in secret! How else could they rise to positions of authority?

“Face it, little brother,” Orion said, his eyes rhapsodic with animal lust which thrilled me beyond all reason. “Lucifer is the God of this world. All power and authority are his to give and take away. Even the Nazarene admitted that. You want power, or money? You must deal with The Master!”

He then belched, filling the night air with beer fumes. It was so incongruous to be speaking with this semi-literate biker about such profound things and have him responding with such inspired malignancy. He told me he had all the money he ever needed. Adrian kept feeding thousands of dollars into an account in a local Wheaton bank.

“You’ve got to stop fooling around with this Wicca garbage and start doing the will of the true Lord of Light!” he told me.

“You need to tap the Source of Undeified Wisdom — wisdom which has not been trampled on by human sows. You’ve got too much potential to waste it on these suckers! They’re all worshipping Satan anyway, but are just too naive to realize it!”

I asked him what I was expected to do.

He laughed at me drunkenly, yet when he spoke, every word was clear. A dark scarlet flame shimmered behind his dark glasses — or was it just a reflection of distant car lights? “Make a Pact, little brother. Promise to serve him and give him your body, soul and spirit forever, and anything you want will be yours!

“For seven years, you will be Satan’s slave. He will take VERY good care of you. At the end of that time, the Master will kill you and take you to hell for an eternity of foul ecstasy. If you are a really dedicated slave, though, he may let you live on earth and serve him another seven years. Who

knows? It happened to me.”

I felt myself in the grip of a cold horror. Somehow I knew it would come to that. Still, I had to ask: “What about Jesus?”

Orion smiled, or something smiled within him. “You still don’t understand, do you? He had to go through this — everyone does on their path to Ipsissimus. Remember what he said: ‘Not my will, but thine be done.’ Who do you think He was speaking with?”

“His Father?” I ventured.

“Right, and his father is Satan! Their book even says in 2 Corinthians 4:4 that he is the god of this world. The Nazarene himself even said in John 12:31 that our Master is the prince of this world. Don’t you see?”

Having this person quote the Bible to me was even more unnerving than his supernatural sagacity. I told him I would give it serious consideration, and the strange dialog ran down for the night.

After he left with his “motley crew,” I discussed our dialog with Sharon. She did not like Orion. Neither did I, for that matter. He would not have been my choice of a person to invite to tea.

She did observe that our work in the Craft had not brought us any material prosperity. I was still grinding away in a job at a junkyard recycling aluminum engine parts and she was still at the hospital struggling to make ends meet. The idea of a pact also made her uneasy. But I asserted that if Crowley was right, then Satan (or Horus or Lucifer) was indeed the true Lord of this age and this universe. Jesus had held it in regency, for the 2000 years of the Age of Osiris.[\[2\]](#) If the hawk-headed God of vengeance now ruled the universe, it made sense to make a fundamental commitment to him.

It all hinged on what we chose to believe, the Bible or the Book of the Law. The Bible had been so twisted and distorted in my mind because of almost nine years of occult interpretation and “higher Biblical criticism” that it was relatively easy to see how the Bible could be used to prove the work of Crowley.

The Angel of Light Appears

So I did what I always did when confronted with some great spiritual decision. I went over to the Friary and celebrated a mass for myself, the Mass of the Holy Spirit. This mass is used in Catholic lore for the intention of giving strong spiritual guidance or strength to someone in time of need or

decision. I was bringing out the big guns!

Father Daniel lit all the candles and cranked the organ up to fortissimo for the occasion. He sang “Come Holy Ghost” valiantly in his gravelly baritone, and I was, once again, touched by the man’s simple piety. I went home and picked up my Bible studies in numerology.

I was studying Revelation 13, and my eyes fell on the 18th verse, the most famous in the book:

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.

I began adding up the numbers in the Greek Kaballah,[\[3\]](#) cross-checking them with other passages. Suddenly, through an insight leap that to this day leaves me puzzled, I knew with a blinding certainty that was terrifying and reassuring, that Aleister Crowley was a reincarnation of Jesus Christ!

I had not taken any drugs (other than the communion), but I staggered back against the wall. The bedroom around me disappeared, and I felt bathed in a light so intense that it seemed to melt and fuse the very frontal lobe of my brain. I was driven to my knees by the sheer coruscating power of it!

I have no idea how long I remained in that burning cascade, but it literally seared my eyes like an acetylene torch. They felt as if they had sand in them. I finally managed to reel back to my chair as the room returned to normal.

My brain began working again, but with a strange, brittle lucidity. I felt as if I was coming off some extremely powerful acid, and perhaps it was a “flashback.” I could almost feel the neurons in my brain kick in and fire, like spark-plugs on a long-unused car being churned to life.

Let’s see, if Crowley was Jesus, then, according to occult doctrine, he must be even more evolved now, nearly 2,000 years later, than he was as Christ. Therefore, the Thelemic doctrine of Horus (Satan) must be the true Christian doctrine for this time!

I felt so relieved! No matter that there was no scriptural back-up for my insight. No matter that it flew in the face of common sense. *IT FELT TRUE INSIDE ME*, with a power that brought me to my knees in trembling awe! It was truly the logical progression of my mind into deception — the gradual unveiling of the Light of Lucifer. That was all it took.

The Pact and the “Miracle”

So, I was off and running. I called Orion and was set up for the ceremony on the next dark moon. I shared my experience with Sharon and she accepted it very reluctantly. She declined to go through the ceremony with me, partly because of a personal dislike for what Orion stood for, and partly because of deep misgivings she had about the whole process.

In a dramatic setting, I made my “profession” for the devil. I was taken blindfolded to a large, park somewhere in suburban Chicago, full of Egyptian sculpture and altars. Orion assured me that it was owned by Satanists secretly, and that no one would dare bother us.

Orion stood behind the trapezoidal shaped cement altar, robed in scarlet. I stripped off the white robe symbolizing my prior innocence, and knelt before him and affirmed my utmost loyalty to Satan. This process included signing a pact with him in my own blood, giving my body, soul and spirit to him.

Orion called upon the power of Lucifer and a flame appeared upon the altar. My “contract” was thrown into the flames and consumed instantly, in a puff of scarlet fire. Then I was robed at last in the black robes of the Satanist and given a new name.

As a final gesture of defiance, I had to trample on a crucifix. That touch, which I knew came from the Templar tradition, bothered me a bit. It was explained to me that it was to show contempt for what Christianity believed the cross to symbolize, not for the actual act of Jesus’ crucifixion, which we believed set us free to serve Satan better.

The following day I returned to Milwaukee, feeling vaguely unclean. I discussed it with Sharon, and she suggested I celebrate a Mass.

We had a private little chapel in one of our bedrooms, complete with an altar and altar stone (with a relic of St. Francis) which Father Daniel had generously provided. I said another Mass of the Holy Ghost — seeking some sort of confirmation for what I was doing, but was totally unprepared for what happened!

At the point of the consecration of the wine, as soon as I spoke the words of institution, the wine did something it was always supposed to do, but never did! It turned to blood! Real blood!

I was, to say the least, astonished. Both Sharon and the fellow who was serving Mass saw the chalice full of blood. Uncertain of what to do with it,

I finished the mass, but only drank a token amount of blood, enough to fulfill the ritual requirements.

The rest I put in a special golden vial which I had in my Russian Orthodox kit designed for the transportation of the sacramental wine to the sick.

I took the vial to my bishop, and he had it analyzed in turn by the lab in the hospital where his wife, Peg, worked. The analysis came back reporting human blood, *but of a type absolutely unknown!* Quickly we saw that it could only have been the blood of Christ!

I took that as a genuine miracle, and set myself to work in my new magickal system. We held Black Masses in our chapel, and “baptized” several of our coveners into Satan’s church. Now I had to win seven souls to him. Within weeks, I got three of our people to sign pacts with the devil for monetary or sexual gain or magickal power.

Sadly, I began to especially delight in the corruption of innocence, and was thrilled with the sixth person I recruited, one who had been a devout, Catholic woman who was the very soul of naiveté and trust! I was going down the tubes, morally speaking, but I was filled with a vile, spiteful power which clouded much of my feelings. When she finally signed the Pact I felt a consummate and blasphemous triumph!

I watched her become defiled before my very eyes as if an obscure, shimmering shadow washed over her body and face. I joined my laughter with hers as the dark lights of Lucifer reflected out of her eyes at me. It was especially sweet because I then got to commit adultery with her as part of the rite. More even than the sex, I enjoyed the experience because I thought it would hurt the “false God” who was Satan’s foe through her!

The seventh candidate was easy, a sorcerous near-lunatic who was eager to sign the pact. He was heavily into Lovecraft and Satan, and was just looking for someone to “sign him up.” After this, I was allowed a copy of the Satanic grimoire, *The Great Mother*, to copy a few of the ultra-secret ceremonies I needed to progress.

I began seeking out students to corrupt from nearby Marquette University. (I didn’t think I was corrupting them, I thought I was *enlightening* them!)

In keeping with my own past, I found the Catholic students from Marquette particularly fertile fields for sowing the seeds of Satan. In the relatively brief time I actively sought out Satanic converts, I managed to enlist several young people to Satan worship from the campus — all but one

of them active Dungeons and Dragons enthusiasts.

The higher Biblical critics had done their work well on the Marquette campus. Those poor children didn't know what to believe, but they were spiritually starving. God forgive me — I provided the poisoned bread of Lucifer to feed them.

The Infrastructure of Satanism

And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand: And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?

Matt. 12:25-26

We have talked about what the Bible tells us about the devil, and we have discussed some of the broader issues surrounding the existence of satanic cults in this country. Now, we are going to get specific about Satanism itself.

When there is little or nothing “above ground” to study, things usually do not get investigated. This is why little has been written on the hardcore Satanic Brotherhood before this century — indeed, this generation.

Today, Satanism has exploded upon the scene with a vengeance. Popular entertainers and public figures endorse it.[\[1\]](#) Rock musicians openly flaunt its symbols and preach its “gospel.” Leading Satanists such as Zeena LaVey and Michael Aquino appear on talk shows, defending their faith against the charges of child abuse and murder.

A history of Satanism is not what we are doing in this chapter. A good, readable but scholarly book on all this is Professor Carl Raschke’s volume, *Painted Black*. Instead, we are going to get practical and examine it as a functioning entity in the world today, and how it impacts us and our families.

Here is a necessarily broad definition of Satanism that we put together:

Satanism involves the worship of a god which represents the dark side of the cosmos. This god is known by various names, and usually personifies at least the bestial, animal parts of man — if not evil itself and the worst features of human nature. Satanism often involves the use of drugs and trance (i.e. demonic possession). The ethics of Satanism are, at best, a “law of the jungle” survival of the fittest — and are frequently a conscious

inversion of morality. Satanism is obsessed with death, and its rituals often involve cursing, the shedding of blood, and either animal or human sacrifice.

This definition is a large enough “umbrella” to even fit underneath it the so-called “religious” or organized Satanists like Anton LaVey, although they categorically deny any involvement with drugs or blood sacrifice. But they have to, they are legally constituted churches, and can hardly admit to breaking the law!

Slicing Up Satan’s Pie

From that large definition, we need to break down some basic categories, then examine those categories. Since people have begun taking a serious look at the phenomenon of devil-worship in the late 20th century, “experts” of various degrees of competence have tried to classify the different types. Their classification system is probably as good as any.

It is important for the Christian to understand that although some of these varieties do not even profess a belief in a real, personal devil, and many would deny doing anything illegal, they are all almost certainly lost and destined to spend eternity in hell. They are part of Satan’s army, whether they believe in him or not.

The typology of Satanists most commonly mentioned are based upon an expanded version of the model originated by Dr. Dale Griffis, a Tiffin, Ohio police captain and one of the pioneers in the scientific and criminological investigation of occult crime:[\[2\]](#)

- 1.) The Dabblers**
- 2.) Religious or Organized Satanists**
- 3.) Rogue or solitary Satanists**
- 4.) Cultural Spiritists**
- 5.) Traditional or “hardcore” (often multi- generation, hereditary) Satanists.**

Let’s take a quick look at each of these:

1.) The Dabblers:

These are usually adolescents, although more and more are kids twelve and under. We, and several others, have a quarrel with the use of the term “dabbler,” since it implies a degree of harmlessness which is altogether

inappropriate. As Raschke puts it, one can dabble in Satanism about as readily as one can “play around with” heroin.^[3] Both almost instantly take the practitioner to a level of almost irresistible compulsion, and both are extremely difficult to escape without the help of the Lord.

However, the term Dabbler is used because these youngsters’ involvement is often disorganized, un-calculated and random. Usually they are not associated with larger covens.

The interest in Satanism on the part of young people might surprise many readers. However, it is by no means new. There have been times when Anton LaVey’s infamous book, *The Satanic Bible*, was a best seller on many of the country’s college campuses. Sadly, it is a best seller among *junior* high schoolers! Whatever LaVey’s intent in writing the book was, it has come to represent a manifesto of nihilism and despair for many young people.

Adolescents are difficult to understand, but one thing that all agree upon is that a fundamental part of being a teen is asserting your individuality. In this fallen world, that means teens tend to be rebellious. A little bit of rebellion is normal, and fights with parents happen. But many teens, for whatever reason, are overly ornery, and the Bible warns us that “rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft” (1 Sam. 15:23).

If a teen gets into rebellion in an extreme way, he can be pointed to Satan as the ultimate “romantic rebel” model. Heavy Metal Rockers exploit this element of Satan’s reputation! For the teen struggling with authority figures, Satan can become his “god” of rebellion.

Satan’s famous cry from Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, “Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven” begins to sound mighty good to a young person chafing under what he or she perceives as restrictive and boring regulations. The rebellious teen raised in the Christian church often perceives services as hypocritical and lackluster. He seeks examples in the church which confirm his prejudices and comes to perceive heaven as being an eternity of insipid lifelessness.

The lie from Satanists and the “headbanger” Metal culture is that hell is an orgy of frenzied, drugged out promiscuity — a place where Satan will encourage everything parents forbid. Or they are told that hell doesn’t even exist — it is just a fairy tale made up like Santa Claus to frighten them into obedience. Thus, the teen comes to think of hell as a non-issue. Just as many adolescents deliberately dress or talk in ways which distress their parents, so the extremely intractable teen may make spiritual choices which he

knows will dismay them.

Once drawn into the rebellious, Metal culture, the usual way that a young person is drawn deeper into Satanism is the “Pact.” In popular ideas of Satanism, the idea of a pact with Satan is well known. Although elements within the pact may vary, the cardinal components are that the person sells his soul to the devil, and in exchange Satan promises to bestow power (magical or otherwise), fame, sexual favors or wealth.

The youth who enters into this pact “sells” to Satan what Satan already has. Notice the evil elegance of the devil’s trap here! He has managed to tag the paramount deficit in a teen’s life: Power. Most teens feel powerless. ***They are too young to be adults — but their bodies are rapidly becoming mature so they are too old to be children.***

It doesn’t help that the teen often gets mixed signals from parents. On the one hand, he is told to act mature and may be expected to do grown-up tasks, on the *other* hand he’s told that he is not old enough to do other adult things. Satan knows this and exploits the young person’s natural desire for power and control over their own environment and destiny.

With the pact, Satan promises these adolescents they can have the power to over-rule the authority figures which beset them. They can bend people — even parents — to their will. Unlimited supplies of money, sex, and drugs will be theirs — just sign on the dotted line — ***in their own blood.***

This is a beguiling offer to a young person who feels totally lost in the seas of adolescence. Unless there is someone reliable, compassionate and knowledgeable there for him to talk to about this, and learn the truth about Satan’s forked-tongue promises he may well believe the lie.

Any bookstore will be happy to provide him with a copy of LaVey’s book. To an impressionable mind, the hateful polemics of *The Satanic Bible* become vivid images of a dark and painful spirituality which evokes the worst elements raging within him. Thus is born ***the “Dabbler.”***

Usually, such dabblers are not connected to any organized Satanic group, although a sizable minority are brought in by adults. Adults entice teens into covens through many methods — drugs, sex and the infamous Dungeons & Dragons game. It is sad to say, but occasionally teachers or relatives of the teen are Satanists, and use their influence to beguile likely candidates. This author was a teacher for two years while a witch.[\[4\]](#) I did my level best to entice the junior and senior high schoolers under my care into occultism.

Most Satanic groups have drugs and are delighted to supply them to

teens — often free — in exchange for participation in covens. Sexually sophisticated witches often entice lonely youths, who feel flattered that an older, powerful adult thinks they are attractive. Tragically, sex is used to provide demonic access to the teen (cf. 1 Cor. 6:15-17). Dungeons & Dragons is frequently used by teachers or game shop owners who are witches to sift the local teens for youngsters with “aptitude” for sorcery. The roles one assumes in the game are excellent training for the novice witch.

These “Dabblers,” whether they are isolated or not, shouldn’t be taken lightly. Although most such juveniles are not dangerous except to themselves, a number of them are led, either by demonic powers or the witches who recruited them, to perform violent and anti-social acts, including murder.

However, even if such dabblers never hurt anyone, the damage they do to *themselves*, both emotionally and spiritually, is incalculable. Satanism gives them an anarchistic, nihilistic world view in which all tender emotions become stunted and the worst aspects of humanity predominate. Violence or magic become the only solution to any problem, and any real love is made virtually impossible.

2.) Religious Satanists are a subject all to themselves, and we have already discussed them (LaVey, Aquino, et.al.) in an earlier chapter. The next category is:

3.) Rogue or Solitary Satanists:

“Rogue” Satanists are usually adults who are not connected with any Satanic sect, but borrow liberally from Satanism to engage in crimes — often child molestation, rape, torture, murder, or all the above.

Usually these people are loners who are unable to relate to people in a normal, healthy fashion. They choose to identify with Satan — *the ultimate outsider*. Often, they are further corrupted by Heavy Metal and slasher horror movies. The best known recent “Rogues” are Ted Bundy, the “Night Stalker,” Richard Ramirez and possibly Jeffrey Dahmer, from our old stomping ground of Milwaukee, WI.

Some quibble over whether such people are Satanists who happen to be insane, or lunatics who happen to be Satanists. Such discussions are not meaningful. Dabbling in Satanism, for whatever reason, can open doorways in anyone’s life and cause their sin nature to erupt. The fact that most of these loners are emotionally crippled products of dysfunctional families and

often abused themselves, gives them an inner rage which Satan delights in igniting. They are excellent raw material, and end up as his pawns — foot-soldiers in his war of spiritual terrorism.

Whether Satanism or madness came first is not important. The key thing to realize is that books like *The Satanic Bible* and recording stars like Ozzy Osbourne, AC/DC or Motley Crue become triggers for these people and give them a hook upon which to hang their evil. They are real, and whether they realize it or not, they are part of Satan's master plan. They are his spiritual terrorists, going about spreading death, terror and paranoia.

4.) Cultural Spiritists:

These people are a bit harder to classify. These are devotees from non-Anglo cultures whose worship is a blend of African shamanism and Roman Catholicism. One study states:

Cultural spiritual faiths harmoniously blend magic or supernatural rites specific to one particular culture with certain religious traditions specific to another and very different culture... Today, it is estimated that between 1 and 1.5 million people living in America practice some sort of Afro-Caribbean faith. The vast majority of such practitioners are involved in two belief systems: Santeria and Palo Mayombe.[\[5\]](#)

The principle forms of cultural Spiritism are:

a. Voodoo (Obeah, Voodoo or Hoodoo) — Haitian, Caribbean, Louisiana, southern U.S. This religion developed out of the slave trade from West Africa into the Caribbean. It stems from the African occult religion known as Juju, which dates back thousands of years to the Ashanti tribe, who were snake-worshippers.

This Juju is then blended with Catholicism to produce the panoply of Voodoo Loa or demon gods. These Loa are most often identified with Catholic saints. For example, statues of St. Patrick are used to personify Danballah, the chief snake god, because Catholic iconography usually shows Patrick driving snakes out of Ireland. Voodoo rituals are usually presided over by a Hougan (priest) and/or Mambo (priestess). A major part of the rites are devoted to enabling practitioners to be “ridden” (i.e. possessed) by the Loa.

b. Santeria (or Lucumi) — Cuban. Again, Santeria is a blend of Catholicism and African religion, most notably the southwestern Nigerian tribe of Yoruba. Like Voodoo, the Santeros (priests) have renamed their African gods or orishas after Catholic saints.

Four components make up the ritualistic end of Santeria: divination, sacrifice (usually animal), spirit possession and initiation. Since the 1980 Mariel boat lift out of Cuba, significant numbers of Santeria believers have ended up in most American cities, possibly as many as two million — mostly in the Cuban and Hispanic populations.

c. Palo Mayombe — Mexican/Caribbean. This represents the darker side of Santeria. *Mayomberos* (those who practice this religion) often center around the spirit of the dead, and use their magic to inflict misfortune, torture or death upon an enemy. Oddly enough, those *Mayomberos* which practice good or neutral magic are called “*Mayombreros Christiano*” (Christian Mayombreros). And those who practice evil magic are called “*Mayombreros Judios*” (Jewish Mayombreros).

Palo Mayombe also comes from a blend of Yoruban, Congolese and Catholic beliefs, but is much more overtly evil and dangerous. Human sacrifice is definitely practiced. This religion is the basis for the fictional cult seen in the film, “*The Believers*.”

d. Candomble — Brazilian. Essentially, this is a Brazilian form of Santeria. It is considered also to be more oriented toward the dark side.

e. Shango — Trinidad. The form of Santeria practiced in that nation.

Many practitioners of these faiths assert (naturally) that they are harmless, and that the only sacrifices which are done are animal sacrifices. However, there is increasing evidence that these groups are using their magic to help bring drugs into this country. The infamous Matamoros murders were done by a cult which seemed to be a mixture of Candomble and Palo Mayombe.[\[6\]](#)

Like all Satanists, these groups are lost and in need of salvation through Jesus. Also, although they tend to be confined mainly to the ethnic groups mentioned, they do spread into Anglo society with the same blandishments of power, wealth or sex as do the more conventional kinds of Satanism. These are extremely powerful, sophisticated and dangerous groups, and the

magical technologies they use are surprisingly effective. Of course, they can be overcome by the blood of Jesus Christ.

5.) Traditional or “Hardcore” Satanists (multi-generational).

If the Rogue is Satan’s foot soldier, then the “multi-generational” Satanist is certainly his elite “Special Forces” officer. Both are committed to striking terror into the heart of society, but the multi-generational Satanist (MGS) is more aware of his place in the scheme of things.

MGS people are called in Witchcraft circles “hereditaries.” This means they were born into their Satanism just like some people are born into Presbyterian, Baptist or Jewish families. Such Satanists are raised within the ideology of the coven, and are often part of a world so utterly different than what most of us experience that they might as well be alien beings.

These MGS covens are families in which either Witchcraft or Satanism has been practiced for generations — possibly centuries.

(It is important to understand that while all Satanists are Witches, all Witches are not Satanists in the strict sense of the word. “White” Witches, or “Wiccans,” as they are often called, do not believe in a devil, and worship a mother goddess and a horned god. They are actually worshipping Satan behind the masks of their allegedly gentle deities, but many of them do not understand this fact. It is our experience that the higher-level Wiccans DO know the truth, but keep it concealed from the public, and from lower level initiates to the Craft.)

The hereditary Satanist families could go back to England or other European countries, and are often tied into “old money.” When one is born into an MGS family, one of two things usually happens. Either the child is pampered, trained in magic and taught to regard itself as a living god upon the earth — OR the child is victimized horribly from an early age and basically turned into a walking nest of fears and hatreds.

In either case, they receive no modeling in trust or love. Why some children are victimized and some are not often has to do with all sorts of obscure occult doctrines such as birth order, astrology charts, the gender or hair-color and complexion of a child.

MGS families often go out of their way to appear normal and respectable. They will NOT dress in black, shave their heads or live in houses like the Addams family. They often pretend to be Christians and are pillars of the church and the community. Thus, it is quite possible for a good Christian to marry an MGS spouse and not even know it. Most Christians

tend to be naive and trusting, so if someone says they are a Christian, they just believe them. (We will talk more about discerning spirits and other topics later in the book).

Sometimes one sibling can live a fairly normal childhood and the other will be a victim of horrid abuse. Another variable is that sometimes one parent is a Satanist and the other is not, but is ignorant of their spouse's true faith. In this case, at least one sibling will be victimized and the rest might well be left alone to live normal childhoods.

It is in the context of these families that Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) will usually occur. Ritualized child abuse or SRA is defined by one expert as:

Ritualized abuse is repeated physical, emotional, mental and spiritual assaults which are combined with a systematized use of symbols, ceremonies and machinations designed to attain malevolent effects. These abuses may be repeated 100-1000 times! The assaults target the physical level first, then the emotional, mental and spiritual levels of the child. They are a planned, detailed program designed to turn the child against itself, society, and God.[\[7\]](#)

Our ministry, ***With One Accord***, has a prayer counseling arm which has ministered to literally dozens of SRA victims. The Lord has seen fit to bless our efforts and we will be spending more time discussing ministry prayer strategies later. For now, it is only important to understand that SRA usually occurs in a family of Satanists, and on more rare occasions in the context of schools, day-care centers, and (sadly) churches.

People who speak about MGS groups and SRA are often accused of being part of the lunatic fringe — the same crowd that was screaming about fluoride in the water being part of a “commie” plot to ruin our health. Now, twenty years later, magazines carry stories about the carcinogenic qualities of fluoride in the water! The problem with conspiracy theories is that they often are proven to be right.

People who have survived ritualized abuse as children have come forward to tell of being part of families where Satanism had been practiced for generations. Though their stories are difficult to prove, there are too many to utterly discount. A vast underground empire of drugs, child porn and Satanism is proposed by these people. Is this a new phenomenon?

Biblical evidence is clear that in the days of the Israelites in Canaan, there were entire civilizations which worshipped the devil under such names as Ba'al and Molech. The worship of these gods involved animal sacrifice (Judges 6: 25), prostitution and sexual perversion (Ex. 34: 15). It also involved "passing their sons and daughters through the fire" to these gods (cf. 2 Kings 17: 16-17). This was burning the babies alive in the red hot arms of an iron idol! We see that virtually all the components of Satanism were in place long before the time of Christ.

After the apostles, another Satanic factor appeared with the "Black Mass" or "Mass for the Dead," which was done with blasphemous symbols mocking the Catholic liturgy. These were rituals performed to curse people! This is not difficult to understand when one realizes that the Catholic liturgy of the Mass or Eucharist is basically an occult ceremony. It is what would be called "white magic." Thus, it was easy for Satanists to "tweak" it slightly to make it into the consummate black magic ritual.

Such masses were condemned by the Council to Toledo in 681. Satanism reached popularity in the 18th-19th century, when the Black Mass became "in" with the decadent aristocracy of Europe.[\[8\]](#) However, never before have there been such widespread allegations of child-abuse and Satanic ritual!

Are these MGS families isolated groups of Rogues, or are they somehow linked? This is the controversial question. Few deny that there are families which have been Satanists for generations — but are these families part of a network?

In the absolute sense, the answer must be a categorical YES! Jesus speaks about a conspiracy, *led by the consummate conspiratorial terrorist himself!* The Lord warns us that Satan comes to steal, kill and destroy (John 10:10). He also notes that Satan's kingdom is not divided against itself (Matt. 12:25-26). Satan is a brilliant tactician, and he disperses his troops, both demonic and human, with great care! He is like a chess player who plans dozens of moves ahead! It would be foolish to think otherwise.

Thus, it is difficult to imagine that Satan would allow thousands of his human slaves to move and function without a master plan behind it. Random energy is wasted energy, and Praise the Lord — Satan's energy is limited. Thus, he cannot afford to squander it on a bunch of disorganized weirdos running around cutting up cats and people, and stumbling over each other. It makes logical — and Biblical — sense that there would be a master plan or conspiracy behind what all these different MGS families are doing.

Carl Raschke, in his excellent book mentioned earlier, suggests an additional evil (though mundane) element which may be fueling this conspiracy:

Certainly, widely separate groups may all read Anton LaVey's *Satanic Bible*, or they may cast spells from the occult classic *The Necromonicon*. Yet they do not consort together, nor do they "conspire" in some clear-cut regimental fashion. A point regularly missed, however, is that the conspiratorial tie-in between diverse cells in the cultic organization may not have anything to do with religion at all. On the contrary, the linkage may be quite mundane and commercial... drugs.[\[9\]](#)

We may never know if these various under-ground groups are linked together physically, but you can depend on the fact that there are profound spiritual connections, and that very little goes on in any of them without the hand of Satan controlling it. The demons which control the leaders of each coven are in constant communication, and the entire nation is being conducted like a continent-wide (perhaps even world-wide) symphony orchestra by an unseen baton.

These Satanists exult in the destruction of innocence! They rejoice in doing evil things, not because evil is fun (it usually isn't!) but because they know that such things are sins, and that they are an offense to a holy God. They know that if "Jesus Loves the Little Children," then it must grieve Him to have unspeakable things done to youngsters.

This is more than just "mental illness" or "sociopathology." These people are infernal engines driven by forces most people cannot even imagine. Just as we talk about "sold-out Christians" who are true bond-slaves of Jesus, so Satan has his "Satanic saints" — people who will do anything to serve their master.

Are there really such people? Sadly, there are. I was one. The people who trained me were utterly given over to evil, and this iniquity passed to me like a spiritual contagion. *I openly begged demons to possess me.* Fortunately, before he could bring any hateful or truly murderous impulses to reality, I was snatched like a brand from the burning by the power of Jesus, and Satan had one less pawn.

He whom the Son sets free is free indeed (John 8: 36). If the material in this chapter troubles you, that is understandable. But understand that none of

this evil is a surprise to God. It was all prophesied centuries ago in the Holy Bible. God is indeed still on the throne.

He is continually reaching into the filth and mire of **all** forms of Satanism and setting His people free — using their experience to His glory, to help minister to others. Satan may be a master conspirator, but the Lord God has the power to over-rule his plans with a flick of His finger.

Many people think of this cosmic conflict as a chess game between God and Satan. However, make no mistake about it. Satan was defeated 2,000 years ago, and comes down among us having great wrath because he knows his time is short. We are seeing today thousands of years of prophecy come to pass. These horrible things we have described are but the monstrous death rattles of an ancient snake whose head was crushed by the cross of Christ.

“The Cathedral of Pain”

“In the house of pain, there are ten thousand shrines.” Aleister Crowley

I was only marginally aware of the great cosmic struggle between Aquino and LaVey for control of the public awareness of Satanism. This was because I was deeply involved in what we called “the deep stuff” or “the dark stuff.” It definitely was not “the Right Stuff!”

From the things we had been hearing through the grapevine, we felt like both Aquino and LaVey were more or less either skimming the surface of Satanism or were acting like shills to draw people into “the deep stuff.” In either case, they were not any concern of ours. Instead, we were building on the foundations of what we had learned through our various Satanic encounters and moving even beyond the bizarre metaphysics of Aquarius.

Magickal power was flowing through me as never before. I hate to say it, but hard-core Satanism is a lot like Shaklee or Amway. I got “bumped up” like a direct distributor! Since I had gotten my “seven” to sign their Pacts for the devil, I had become eligible for ordination into the Satanic priesthood, and the higher — European — levels of Freemasonry. Satan does honor his slaves, as long — and only as long — as they get him results.

He began to throw little “perks” my way, especially once I became a Satanic priest. Dope flowed through the covens like water. I had all I needed, and I never paid a cent for any of it. It was just there, somehow. Little minor, and not so minor “miracles” would happen.

We discovered through our crystalomancy (the art of psychic vision through gazing into mirrors, crystals or convex glass) that a rival Satanic coven had sprung up out of a nearby Jesuit church. We learned that they were even involved in infant sacrifice — a practice which, at least so far, I had found to be reprehensible.

Our covens declared psychic war on their covens, and curses flew back and forth faster than hornets. One night, an astral attack came through our bedroom in the form of a huge, dark, robed figure with a dagger. We sent out

our demon fetches to attack and they shredded the thing.

Within a week, the group had packed up and left town, and we declared victory with a big coven party.

As a priest of Satan, I would now officiate at Pact ceremonies. I will never forget one in particular. We had set up our “serious” Satanic temple in the attic of a huge house we were renting near Marquette University in Milwaukee. We had painted the entire front end of the attic black, and put down a huge magick circle on the floor. This was where we did our “heaviest” rituals, since it was the most private place in the house. Naturally, none of our “white” Witchcraft pupils were allowed up there.

Here I sat enthroned and officiated as a priest of the Desolate One — “the most Puissant Prince Lucifer” as people knelt before me and laid bare their very souls and bodies and offered them to him, through me. As they went through the ancient rubric, I experienced the presence of Lucifer *all through me*.

It was like sitting in a sheet of white hot fire which burned and seemed at times to melt my brain. When I spoke, I believed that it was Lucifer speaking through me, although I do not have any way of knowing that for certain. As we have said, Lucifer, unlike God, cannot be in more than one place at one time, so it may have just been one of the dukes or princes of hell — as we called them. However, whatever it was, it claimed to be Lucifer.

Sometimes, the voice which spoke would shake the rafters of the old attic, and bits of dust, spider webs and decayed wood cascaded down upon us. Occasionally, the person submitting to the Pact would actually cringe back in fear at the voice, and I would feel deep gratification within myself.

One night a woman did not cringe back in fear. She openly and fearlessly knelt before her new “owner” in the center of the magick circle within a Triangle of manifestation. This is not the normal practice.

The circle is used by conventional magicians and sorcerers to protect themselves from demonic attack (or in the case of Wicca, to contain the cone of power raised from within the bodies of the Witches). The Triangle of manifestation is usually placed outside the circle, and is where the actual demon is permitted to appear in the clouds of incense smoke. Thus, the sorcerers stay within the magick circle and the demon’s energy is bottled up and concentrated within the Triangle. Now, however, we felt we needed no protection from demons. Indeed, we welcomed their presence and even their possession of our bodies.

So this woman knelt in the very center of what we believed was demonic “Ground Zero” and prostrated herself, begging to have every and any demon in hell come into her. She swore herself to belong to Lucifer, body, soul and spirit.

At the close of the ceremony, after she had donned the robe of the devil-worshipper and written her name on the Pact, the power grew intense around me. The shimmering walls of blinding-white energy around me burned through her mind as well. Then it swept up in a pyramid of power which shot through the rafters like a Roman candle and the room was once again gloomy and silent, except...

For a distinctive pinging sound like a silver dollar hitting the flat-black wooden floor.

We both opened our eyes and lo, there was a good-sized golden (perhaps bronze or brass?) medallion still whirling into a flat position on the floor. It settled face up, and engraved upon it was one of the seals of Lucifer. As far as we could tell, the thing had manifested out of thin air — since we were alone in the attic temple!

Naturally, the candidate was thrilled, and wore the medallion as a pendant everywhere she went. She also looked at me with new awe, since I had (without knowing how) brought something into being out of the aether. Naturally, I neglected to tell her that it happened without any foreknowledge or participation on my part. In spiritualism, that would have been known as being a physical medium, a fairly rare phenomenon. So we both felt pretty pleased with ourselves.

It was another little “bone” Satan had cast to his dog to keep him interested in the game.

Satan’s Sweat Shop!

One thing that the astute reader may have noted about the occult practitioner such as myself is that we are on a constant search for more secret wisdom, “ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth” (2 Tim. 3:7). It must seem that I spent my life wandering from place to place seeking new initiations, new secret orders, new thresholds of magickal knowledge. This is true.

Aleister Crowley, my idol (probably in the most literal sense of the word) once remarked that the path of the adept (advanced magician) was very much like mountain-climbing — an art he knew quite well. Crowley

claimed that in magick, just as in mountaineering, it was a matter of a steady effort upward with little time for relaxation.

The mountain-climber could hardly relax when he was on the sheer face of a peak, holding on with fingers and pitons. It was a matter of a unremitting grind of muscular exhaustion and will power. Only rarely did the climber reach a little ledge or plateau where they might rest from the ordeal. This is what the magician experiences. If he or she relaxes or “lets go” for more than a brief span of time, there is danger of loosing their grip and plummeting into the aforementioned “Abyss,” the occult equivalent of hell, where they basically end up as magickal “road kill.”

This is partially because in this kind of area, there are always others who want to either overthrow you or kill you, either magickally or physically. It is like being a gunfighter. There is always someone who wants to prove that they are a more powerful adept than you. The rewards for this kind of savage interaction are intense, because if you kill another adept, the belief is that you inherit all his power, wisdom and demons. So someone who kills several other adept magicians would become quite a formidable power in his nation.

For example, when LaVey “dropped off the radar screen” over a decade ago, the rumor in the Brotherhood was that he had been secretly killed by his daughter, Zeena, so she could “benefit” by getting all her father’s wisdom, accrued magickal power and his power demons. This is apparently not true, but this kind of thing does happen with lesser known Satanists at regular intervals. And why not... what within their twisted ethics would prevent such a battle from taking place? It is survival of the fittest, right?

Another reason for the constant striving for new initiations, knowledge and power is that Satan keeps pushing you. It is almost like being the donkey with the carrot and the stick. In Satan’s “sweat-shop” you never know which you are going to get. He is a cruel taskmaster and expects 110% from his slaves. Thus, Satanism has its own bizarre forms of legalism, just like every other religion Satan has created down through the centuries.

You are constantly made to feel that if you slack up for a minute, either he will cause you to fall from favor and you will be cast out or even killed — OR some other up-and-coming magician will pass you by (which could result in Satan giving him some extra “magickal tool” which would enable him to kill you or at least reduce you to a gibbering idiot!).

It is like Dungeons and Dragons, except the stakes are unimaginably higher. This drives the magician to constantly be an over-achiever. This

keeps him too busy to step back and critically think of what he is actually doing. That is just how Satan likes his servants!

It is in the context of this desperate, nearly frantic, search for “more light, more wisdom, more truth” that the following strange episode must be understood.

The Coming of the Illuminoids

I had not fully understood the phenomenon of this blinding light which I experienced in the evident presence of Lucifer (or at least Luciferian energies). Every now and then, Orion would drop sniggering hints about “the light,” but he was uncharacteristically close-mouthed about it. I never told him I had occasionally experienced the strange cerebral “melt-down” and I don’t know if he had other ways of knowing.

He also made intermittent veiled references to the Illuminati. I had heard of the Illuminati (plural Latin term for “Illuminated Ones”). I had been told some years before by a Grand Master Druid that the Illuminati was another term for the highest levels of magick and Druidism, also known as the “Great White Brotherhood” or the A... A... (standing for *Argentinium Astrum*, or “Order of the Silver Star”).

I had also heard that the Illuminati were the leaders of an international conspiracy of Jews, Elders of Zion, Jesuits, Evil Extra - Terrestrials, Communists, or Bankers (or all of the above) which was trying to overthrow America.

I had been kept too busy to ever try and figure out which (if any) of the above explanations bore any resemblance to the truth. In the past few months since I had experienced the initial epiphany of the white-hot, searing light, Orion kept making obscure references to the Illuminati.

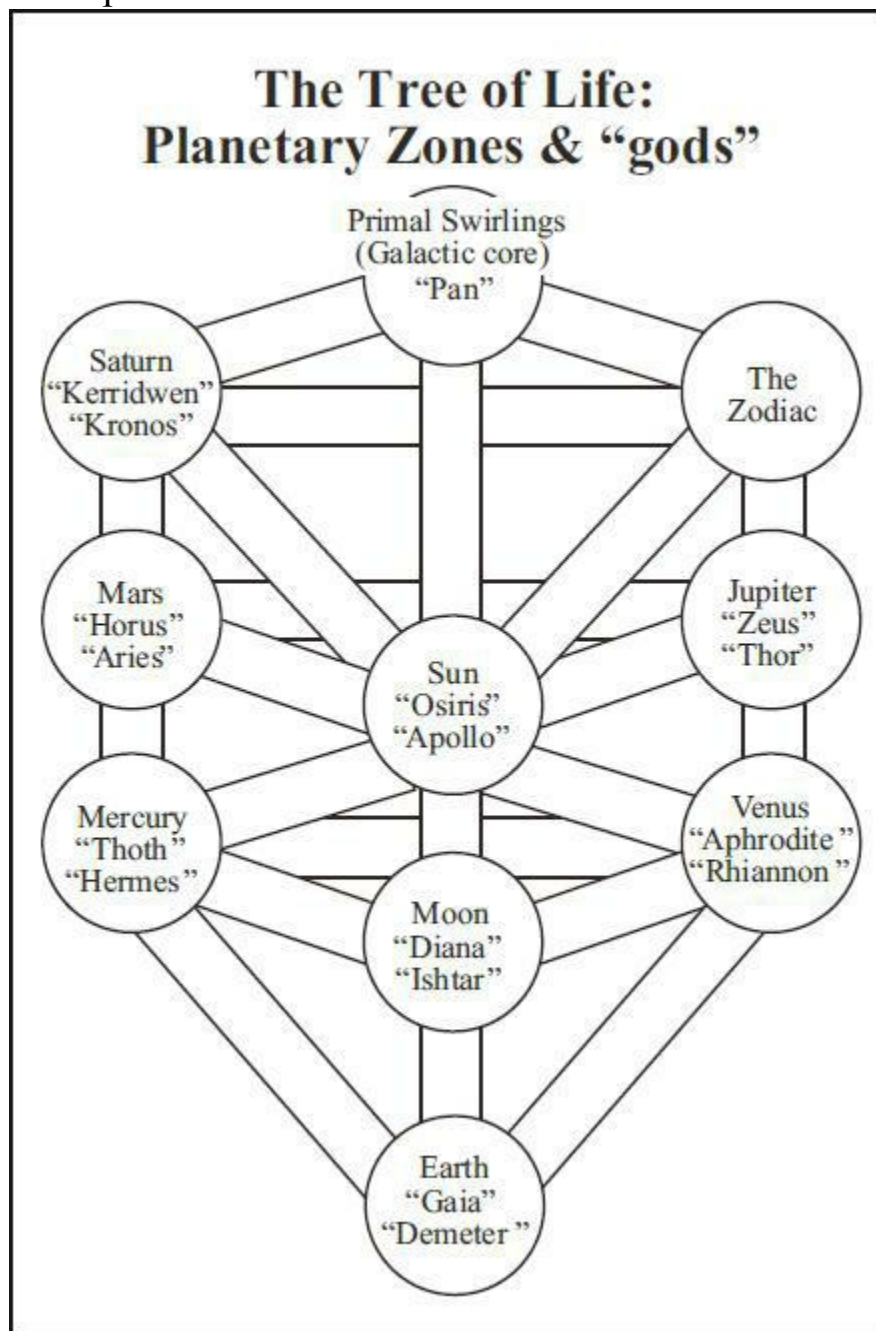
Then, one night, I had a quite extraordinary experience. I cannot say if it was real, a journey out of my physical body (called astral projection), or a dream — save that its consequences were very real.

I was, by then, quite a seasoned “astral traveler.” I went out of my body quite frequently for various reasons. I had been practicing astral travel for almost a decade. However, this particular occasion was quite different. I was summarily yanked out of my body without my having any say in the matter. I had the image of being drawn up through the “paths” of the Tree of Life toward the zone of Binah or Saturn.[\[1\]](#)

My strange, involuntary journey took me to a vast, obsidian temple in the

midst of whirling stars near what appeared to be the ringed planet of Saturn. The temple was flat black, with no reflectivity on its surface. It was angular, weird, and unlike any structure I had ever seen — except that the dominant architectural theme was of the trapezoid. (The Trapezoid is one of the most sacred shapes to Satan, for reasons too complex to relate here).

The towers of the temple tilted just enough to make a person uneasy, and even from the exterior, the angles and geometry of the place seemed off. I was drawn to a trapezoidal door which was even darker than the temple itself, were that possible.



Once within this black temple, I found the outer rooms filled with an uncanny greenish light. The room seemed very real, and I tried pinching

myself to see if I was dreaming, without effect. I felt the cold black smoothness of the floor on my bare feet, and the gooseflesh on my body was extremely authentic.

A man came forward, dressed in a simple white robe. He was an older, distinguished gentleman with a beautiful head of white, wavy hair and a delicately trimmed mustache. He was not at all what I expected to find in such a place. With a kind and resonant voice, he greeted me and introduced himself as the “Master H.”

I was told he would be my mentor and guide. He bade me follow him into the inner parts of the eerie black citadel. Nothing could have prepared me for what awaited me.

The Cathedral of Pain

The room into which I entered was a kind of temple, perhaps as large as a good-sized church. There was nowhere to sit, and only a trapezoid-shaped altar on a raised platform in the center. The altar itself was made of concrete—rough concrete. It had twisted steel girders projecting from it at all angles, and it was evidently stained with blood. One such girder reared up from behind it to form a rude, upside-down cross.

Behind the altar was a raised throne which looked much larger than life. The throne was black, absolutely smooth, and unoccupied. I somehow felt relieved that it was unoccupied. However, it was the only thing about the room which was reassuring.

My distinguished guide turned to me and gestured expansively at the room, rather like an orchestra conductor. He said, quite without fanfare: “Welcome to the Cathedral of Pain.”

With those words, darkly brilliant lights came on silently behind the walls of the huge place and I was so startled by what I saw that I nearly wretched.

The walls, which had appeared to be inward leaning smooth black stone, were starkly revealed to be clear glass holding back a transparent green fluid. Floating within the fluid were dozens, if not hundreds of naked human bodies! They were all dead, most with expressions of exquisite terror etched in a rictus on their frozen faces. Many of them were mutilated in manners which sickened even me.

For the most part, this grotesque aquarium-like display consisted of young people. All but a few seemed barely adult, and there was a poignantly

large number of infants and toddlers floating among the rest. It was like they were preserved, floating in formaldehyde or some other God-forsaken substance, like a butterfly collection from hell.

This ghoulish diorama glared out at me from all but one of the sides of what I now perceived to be a nine-sided room. Nine is one of the most highly prized numbers among Satanists, for it is the only number which reduces into itself, always.[\[2\]](#) Only the wall behind the throne was still black stone.

“These are the Master’s children,” proclaimed my guide, a strange kind of pride in his voice. “Are they not beautiful?”

My throat felt so dry I could barely croak a response. In an unbelievably tragic way, many of them were beautiful. I am ashamed to admit a real response of lust to the sight of many of the women floating before me. This was like the most awful nightmare imaginable, except it was too real.

“All who die thus are privileged to belong to the Master,” H. explained, apparently sensing, and approving of my response. “And now you belong to him too, forever!” The last statement was said with ominous finality, and I felt a sharp stab of terror that I might end up floating in the walls of this accursed place.

Before I could move or speak, a pillar of light roared down out of the unseen caverns of the ceiling. It struck the obsidian throne in a blaze of sparkling flame so bright that it all but drove the horrid images of the floating forms from my sight.

Out of the light appeared a huge being, difficult to describe. He, too, was robed in white, and had white hair flowing down to his shoulders. Mighty wings swept out from his shoulders. However, everything else about him shifted by the second. One moment he appeared to be a normal, but incredibly handsome man. The next, he had the face of a bull — and the next, the face of a beautiful woman.

The brilliance of the light and the quicksilver changes taking place in the giant being before me made my eyes burn and water, so I rubbed them. I felt all too real grit in them, and was again astonished at the reality of this experience. My guide, H., brought me forward and assisted me in laying down on the cold, rough concrete altar. I was relieved that he did not put the large chains on me.

I asked myself where I could run to. I had no idea where I was, or even if I was anywhere except in my own, insane mind. I could not, however, imagine that my mind could have conceived of so ghastly a place as this,

even in a nightmare state.

I felt oddly thrilled to be laying on the altar. It was almost as if my fear was drugged by the power flowing from the scintillating and chatoyant being on the throne. Suddenly, dozens of people emerged. They were robed as was my guide, except they wore hoods up over their heads. Both men and women were present. Oddly enough, I could hear the cold smack of their bare feet on the temple floor.

Chanting began in Latin: “Ave Satanas, Rege Satanas” (Hail Satan, Satan rules) in deep, basso profundo tones — like Gregorian chant, but with very strange tonalities.

“You have tasted of the illumination of our Master, the Light - Bearer, and have been found worthy to receive the Light,” my guide told me. “Do you surrender yourself to the Light?”

My head felt as if it was buzzing, and yet I felt oddly placid and relaxed. I managed to say, “Yes” and the chanting grew louder. Abruptly, the being on the throne arose. I was astonished at how tall he was. He effortlessly straddled the large altar like an adult might tower over a tricycle. He reached out his left hand and placed it on my forehead. I had to shut my eyes for the light which glared forth.

It seemed my eyeballs were turning to molten steel. My forehead was about to explode. I felt a claw tear into my brow, right between but slightly above my eyebrows and insert itself into my brain like a white-hot poker. I tried to scream, but could not. My entire body felt like it was going to burst from being filled with roaring, flaming hot light.

Another claw touched me, and I felt a stinging pain. Then both hands withdrew. A voice spoke, the same voice I had heard booming from within me on numerous ritual occasions.

“Now, you are mine forever.”

The entire vast chamber suddenly rumbled with a hundred voices chanting: “*Glory and Love for Lucifer! Hatred! Hatred! Hatred! to God accursed! accursed! accursed!*”

It felt as if the talon was burning into my very mind. My body shook on the altar with the power of the chanting. I felt like a fish on the end of a hook being hauled out of the water by my very brain. I screamed in pain, but it came out: “Glory and Love for Lucifer! Hatred! Hatred! Hatred! to God accursed! accursed! accursed!”

A deafening thunderclap shook the cathedral. I was swept off the altar at incredible speed and carried into the awful wall of corpses. For a second I

thought I was going to be placed among them, and I finally managed a scream. But before the scream was finished, I was through the wall and traveling on what seemed to be a lightning bolt crashing through clouds and hurtling toward the earth.

In less than a second, I found myself face down in the rain-soaked lawn of my own backyard, surrounded by the unmistakable smell of ozone. The grass around me looked oddly scorched, and a smoke rose from the lawn which smelled like a lawn baking in the summer afternoon sun.

Was it a dream? I cannot say. But if it was, I sleep-walked from our bedroom out to the middle of the backyard in pouring rain, without awakening anyone. I had never been given to sleep-walking, and Sharon awakens at the drop of a pin.

My life was profoundly changed from that time on. If that being was indeed Satan, he had given me a Mark I was to carry with me for many years to come. That Mark was a sign that I was his property, and I could never forget it. It was a nightmare, but one from which I could not awaken.

The Waltz of the Sadducees

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

1 John 2:15

Many times when I am speaking about Satanism in churches, the question comes up: “Why are we seeing all these things happening today? My parents never heard about Satan - worshippers or people being possessed by the devil. If these kind of phenomena are out there, why hasn’t the church been dealing with them all along?”

It is an important question, and one that deserves a serious answer. This is partially because there are people out there, both unbelievers and sincere Christians, who would have us believe that the reports we are getting about Satanism and demonic affliction are the results of either disordered minds or sensationalism on the part of either journalists or even ministers of the gospel.

Some Christian leaders cannot imagine that this sort of problem has been going on for centuries under the very nose of the Church, and that no one has discovered it until the past couple of decades or so. They ask why the discernment of the Spirit would not have detected it. They also ask questions like, “Where are the bodies and other physical evidence from all these supposed ceremonies?” And, “Where do these satanists get the people to sacrifice?”

Such considerations reflect both a naive understanding *both of the history of the Church and human nature*. They also neglect the impact of the twin secular heresies of rationalism and scientism upon western culture — including the Church!

We are caught, today, in the crush between a Bible-based world-view and a modernist, secular world-view. It is sad to say that far too many leaders in the Church have been trying to be good servants of the Lord and yet still bow the knee at the Ba’al-altars of science and secularism. It is

almost as if they rejoice in the respectability Christianity has attained in some areas of society and *cringe* at the thought of someone talking about Satan or demons and messing it all up for them.

Many of these Christians are utterly sincere. Unfortunately, they are as unaware of the defiling impact Western culture has had upon them as a fish is of the water in which it swims. Our culture is pervasive, and made more so by the omnipresent TV and radios. Uncritical acceptance of cultural presuppositions can lead to some real problems when you find yourself face-to-face with the gore-drenched jaws of Satan.

The Sadducees Are Back

Most Christians, even leaders and teachers, do not give a great deal of thought to the spirit realm. This is what one missiologist, Dr. Paul Hiebert, has called the phenomenon of “the excluded middle.”[\[1\]](#) What this means, simply, is that most people in the West, industrialized nations, believe in the rational, everyday world of cars, telephones, etc. They do not give much, if any, thought to any dimension of spiritual reality.

Christians in these industrialized nations, like America, obviously DO believe in God and Jesus Christ. They do acknowledge the existence of the Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. They believe (hopefully) in the Bible, and in what is historically recorded therein. However, they tend to only see those two dimensions:

- 1.) The “real” world of day-to-day existence.
- 2.) God’s dimension.

In doing so, they reflect a uniquely Western, post-rationalist (i.e., scientific, empirical) mindset which is **not** really Biblical. People forget that the Bible is an Oriental book, written by men as inspired by the Holy Spirit (2 Pet. 1:21). Its view (which is to say, the Lord’s view) is not particularly Western or rationalistic. It is a worldview in which there are virtually daily encounters between the divine, the angelic and the human.

This is the mindset which most of the world still holds. It is a mindset which includes a world above the human, day-to-day realm in which we do our business, but below the world of God. This is the angelic realm or the spirit realm — populated by angels (both elect and evil) and demons. This is the middle realm, missing or “excluded” from the thinking of most Western Christians.

I have spoken with Christians who are sincere and intelligent, but who

actually think that the spirit realm has little or no impact upon them. They think there is perhaps an occasional demon over in China, and that once in a great while, some missionary in dire straits might see an angel. However, by and large, they have shut the idea of day-to-day interaction with the numinous out of their lives. *Some even believe such interaction is dogmatically impossible.*

In a way, it is possible to compare such people to the ancient Jewish sect of the Sadducees in Jesus' time. The Jewish theological aristocracy in that day was essentially divided into the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The chief distinguishing feature of the Sadducee sect was that they did not believe in the resurrection or angels and spirits.[\[2\]](#) (See Matt. 22:23, Acts 23:8.)

The Sadducees were very devout in their religion. No one would doubt that they were Jews of the highest order. However, they *denied* the spiritual realm and also the resurrection of the dead. While most of the Christians we are discussing who wish to deny or ignore the spiritual realm DO believe in the resurrection of the dead (hopefully), they are — in many ways — like the Sadducees of old. They are pious and devout, and almost certainly genuine believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

However, in spite of their zeal and “doctrinal purity,” they waltz around the issue of the angelic and demonic realm because it blows them too far out of their comfort zone. It allows the Divine and the numinous to shatter the complacency of their daily lives. They have tried to put God in a box. Like the Sadducees, they “...do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God” (Matt. 22:29).

However, Christians in what we call the Third World nations — on the front lines of the spiritual struggle — find that encounters with spiritual agents of God or the devil as commonplace as a toaster or a microwave is to us. It is all a question of the “filter” through which we process our data. Such Christians look for the evidence of God's mighty hand in the everyday events of life, and they give Him glory and praise for all the “little” miracles He does, as well as His big miracles.

Christians who see no place for the demonic or angelic are sadly out of touch with Biblical, New Testament reality. They have, often without knowing it, assimilated much of the secular mindset of the culture around them. They have bought into Satan's lie, however innocently. Their minds and spirits have been trained to explain away every evidence of a Divine Invasion into their lives as fortunate coincidence. They are the modern day

Sadducees of Scientism!

Under Every Bush?

When it comes to the demonic side of the spirit realm, there is always a danger of swinging too far in the other direction. C.S. Lewis' famous observation in the Screwtape Letters about the two lies which Satan promotes has been cited so often as to be a cliché: either one denies the existence of Satan altogether, OR one places an undue emphasis upon Satan and his servants and develops an unhealthy obsession. We are not promoting the second alternative, by any means.

Often people who minister in these difficult areas are accused of "seeing demons under every bush." Actually, I can truthfully say that I have never seen a demon under a bush. This is not to say that there are not people out there who are praying for people to be set free from demonic oppression who have allowed themselves to get out of balance. However, this does not mean that we must ignore the spiritual realm or neglect our obligations in the area of spiritual warfare.

Obviously, some people have gotten out of balance in regards to praying for those who are sick also. Does that mean that we should stop praying for the sick? Few people would recommend that. However, this kind of problem is just as important as any part of the ministry of the church, and we neglect it at the peril of our flock.

Then there are those who attribute EVERYTHING to the demonic realm. They are casting out demons of hangnails or demons of athletes' foot. Or they blame every sin of the flesh upon demons. This is obviously neither sensible nor Biblical. However, we cannot let the abuses of some destroy the effective-ness of those who are really trying to practice Biblical prayer and discernment.

The point is, however, that people who do choose to ignore this "excluded middle" will also tend to deny the existence of any sort of menacing Satanism. Obviously, the fact that satanic covens exist and that they do evil things is a threat to their entire world-view. It shakes up their comfortable little vision of the way reality works.

Evil with a Capital "E"

This is because the reports of ritual abuse and Satanism document a kind

of evil that goes beyond the natural realm. It evidences a kind of “*preternatural*” *evil* which staggers the senses of most sane people. Such evidence means that the devil is indeed alive and well and working daily in the affairs of men and women.

This is not a comfortable concept for Christians who are trying to theologize the devil and his demons either out of existence or into some spiritual “penalty box” until the coming of the Tribulation. I remember my own professors in a Catholic seminary teaching us that there was no evil with a capital “E.” All the evil that existed was social evil (poverty, war, racism, injustice) and human evil.

Naked, pure, cosmic Evil was too frightening a thought for these liberal, theological types. It may have been partially because such Evil necessitated the existence of pure, cosmic Deity — a concept of which they were unsure.

However, when you begin encountering the kind of evil acts perpetrated upon children (and even adults) which Satanism entails, you can no longer blame it on social evil or neurosis. A Jeffrey Dahmer^[3] or Adolph Hitler⁴ cannot be explained by bad potty training or a deprived childhood. They can only be explained by a satanic blitzkrieg of transcendental evil — ***Evil beyond any human imagination.***

However, our culture will not tolerate such a concept, because it is too close to those infamous taboo words, “sin” and “hell.” It even upsets the theological apple-carts of many Christians who prefer to think of Christianity as a institution where you get saved, join a “Bless-me” club, then attend multiple “how-to” seminars and sermons on ways to improve your parenting, your wallet and your self-esteem.

They forget that the world’s ***foremost example of self-esteem is Satan.*** They forget that Christianity should have a prophetic voice in the culture — and not simply surrender to the culture’s values. It is well and good for Christian preachers to rail against abortion or the homosexual rights movement. However, many of those same preachers have bought into the more subtle and dangerous values of the culture in ways that are far more insidious.

They have bought into a secularist, marketing-oriented, media-centered, psychologically-based view of the church and its function. This view does not protect them or their flocks when the brimstone-laden winds of Satan begin to wail through their carpeted, air-conditioned sanctuaries and whip their sheep into despair.

Thus, we must be careful that our world-view and our expectations are

Bible-based. We need to re-examine some of our presuppositions about the way the universe works. Above all else, we need to stop genuflecting before the false gods of secularism and "...science falsely so called" (1 Tim. 6:20).

With these cultural cautions in mind, it is easier to see why some of these questions are being asked about Satanism. We will try to prayerfully answer those questions.

***“...The Curse Causeless
Shall Not Come.”***

“I am become a monstrous machine of annihilation...” Ritual of Destruction,

The Satanic Bible, Anton LaVey

Fortunately for my sanity, I was only summoned back to the “Cathedral of Pain” a few times. I never could figure out if it was a real place or some astral temple or rendezvous point created by the Satanists. However, the memories of the experience haunted me for years.

I discussed what I could remember of the experience with Sharon, and she was more than a little disturbed. Oddly enough, my brain felt different. It seemed as if I was carrying around a metal plate in my head. It was as if some alien technology had been inserted into my frontal lobe. But whatever it was, it had not left a physical scar — at least in my skull. So how was I to know?

Part of me was frightened, and part of me was thrilled. Had I somehow been admitted into that august, mysterious body called the Illuminati? If so, what was that to mean for my quest for knowledge and occult power?

In a strange way, that question was answered when Orion contacted me out of the blue. He said he was coming to Milwaukee on business and asked if we would mind if he stopped by. Though neither Sharon nor I were thrilled with him or his leather-bound entourage, we were more or less duty bound to invite him.

When he arrived, he bounced into the house with his curious, characteristic low giggle, which was oddly hyena-like. In addition to the usual troop, he had a new fellow with him, a small dark man with a carefully groomed mustache and a receding hairline of wavy, jet-black hair. When he brought me into a room alone, he raised his hands and vibrated them in mockery of an old-time black revival preacher and said, “I hear you have seen de Light!”

To my amazement, he whipped out a paper done on parchment declaring me a first degree member of the Illuminati. He wouldn't let me have it, but allowed me to see it. He explained that he would hold onto it until I got higher in the ranks and proved myself "worthy."

I noticed it was signed with a strange, leaf-like sigil and some scripted letters and asked him about it. His eyes got big and he chuckled again, saying: "That is the Master's signature, my brother. The Master's hand!" He was almost beside himself with glee. I could almost see a tail wagging behind him, maybe even a tail with a point!

The "Hornless Goat"

He explained to me that this new "promotion" from the home office would entitle me to copy and study more pages out of the Satanic grimoires, and that we would have to be doing more blood rituals. "You've got to get ready for the Big One!" he cackled.

I knew, from the past what Orion meant by "the Big One." He meant what is called among the Voudoun "*l'cabrit sans cornu*" — the hornless goat, a human being. Although that was an element of Satanism and Voodoo that I had tried to downplay in my mind, I knew it was there. My experience in that horrid "cathedral" had burned it more vividly in my mind than could be imagined. In the past, I had shied away from the subject, and tried not to even consider it as a possible activity in my future. It is amazing what the human mind can rationalize away.

Now, however, a fervid excitement never before present welled up within me. A sizable part of me actually felt thrilled about being given the opportunity to take a human life in the service of Satan.

Orion could evidently see something in my eyes for he grinned like a ferret who had just eaten a canary. "Can't wait to try it, huh? I don't blame you. It can be better than sex, let me tell you!" Again, that hyena-like snicker.

He sat down next to me on the sofa. "Don't worry, little brother. We'll start out easy on you." I don't know if he knew how much it irked me to be called "little brother" by this peculiar, rat-like little fellow, but he certainly did it an awful lot. It just seemed a bit incongruous since I was about a head taller than he was and outweighed him by fifty pounds. Additionally, I think I was older than him.

However, I managed to conceal my irritation. For all I knew, it could

have been one of the demons inside of him talking, and the demon could have been bigger than a house and thousands of years old. I noticed that it bothered me more than it used to, but I felt discretion was in order.

He reclined back in his chair, evidently feeling too magnanimous to notice any problem from me. “Don’t worry. A lot of brothers get nervous about their first one. It’s kinda like sex, the first time’s the trickiest. But we have our methods.” He smiled darkly, and seemed ready to erupt into another fountain of giggles.

“We make sure you get a candidate for the oblation *who’s more than willing* — some chick who’s old enough or doped up enough to not scream too much — and who is offering herself willingly as a gift to the Master. Those kind are a breeze. They get off on dying, little brother! They can’t wait for you to plunge the dagger into their heart!”

Orion smiled in a way that would have seemed angelic on any other face. “It’s like they say: ‘Death is the ultimate trip. That’s why they save it till last!’”

I found myself disturbingly excited by the images this impossible monologue was stirring in my mind. My mouth was actually hoarse with desire — for what? I tasted metal in my mouth, as if I had just taken LSD. Death? Killing? Part of me was repulsed, but it was nearly overwhelmed by silvery, white-hot impulses stirring within me.

Orion gave me a comrade-like slap on the knee. “Don’t worry, it won’t for a little while yet. We’ve got to work our way up. Start out with a few smaller oblations, perhaps...?”

“Like what?” I managed to say through a mouth still dry as cotton.

“Well, that’s partly why I’m here. You see that dude I brought with me?” I nodded. “Name’s not important right now. He’s a mehum [our disdainful code word for “mere human”] that contacted me in Chicago. Wants me to off his ex-wife. Paid me some money to do a psychic hit on her. Seems she’s making a lot of trouble, has custody of the kids but is crazy. You know the story.”

He leaned forward conspiratorially, “He said he’d give the Master his soul if we could arrange a little long-distance nastiness. You get my meaning?”

“So where do I come in?” I asked.

Orion shrugged, “I thought you might want to add your energies to the curse. We’re gonna do a pretty big Destruction ritual, including an animal sacrifice. Then when the ‘ex’ keels over, you’ll get part of the credit.”

“Credit?”

“You know how it goes, little brother. Anyone whom you kill in Satan’s service becomes a sacrifice to the Master. Doesn’t matter whether its a nice dismemberment from an auto-wreck 90 miles south, or if she’s strapped squirming to an altar under your blade. She’s still dead-meat, and she still belongs to the Master forever — and I’m gonna let you share in the brownie points!” He eyed me carefully.

“You have done curses before, right?” he urged.

“Of course!” I said. In a sense it was true. I had been involved in magickal “wars” which were fairly common among the witches of our area. Even most “white” witches or Wiccans believe they have the right to magickally defend themselves if attacked.

There is a kind of widely held doctrine even in Wicca called the Law of Threefold Return. You have the right (or even duty) as a witch to return anything good or evil done unto you threefold. This is their peculiar approach to the doctrine of karma. Thus, we felt we had the right to defend ourselves if attacked. Whether or not that was actual cursing, however, was a matter of debate.

Once or twice in my early days as a witch, I had cursed a couple of people whom I felt deserved it, even though they had not attacked me first. One was a man I knew back in Dubuque. He was a hippie, and a believer in dope and free love. He had developed quite a reputation for getting girls, even really young girls, to have sex with him and then dumping them — hard!

He would tell them that he loved them and wanted to marry them. He would seduce them and then cast them off like old socks. He did this to a kid sister of a friend of mine who was studying under me in the Wicca. I felt that this jerk needed to be taught a lesson. I felt he was defiling women who were actually images of the Mother Goddess I worshipped. Therefore, I did a spell on him and made him unable to have sex.

As far as I know, his condition persisted for at least as long as I lived in Iowa, which was a couple of years. Presumably it has worn off by now. But needless to say, it caused him a great deal of chagrin.

The other time I was “feeling my magickal oats” from the prior success with the guy in Iowa. Before I had met my wife, there was a girl whom I was trying to train as a priestess in the Wicca. I had gotten her some witchy jewelry from an occult bookstore in Milwaukee — a fairly ornate silver necklace and a silver ring and bracelet. These were to be her *bigghes*, or

official Witch Jewelry — like the “crown jewels” of the local coven. Nothing real expensive or fancy, but with great spiritual meaning.

We blessed them and consecrated them in a Circle to the Goddess of the Wicca, according to the ancient customs.

In any event, these jewels were stolen out of her dresser by a girl friend. We were both upset, and cast a Circle. We called upon the Goddess to either curse the girl or force her to bring the jewels back to us. A couple of days later, the girl — who couldn't have been more than 18 — fell down a flight of stairs at her apartment and was paralyzed from the waist down.

We both felt pretty awful, and I resolved then and there that my cursing days were over. Now, as a Satanist, I was being asked to begin doing it again. This time, it would be to a possibly innocent woman whose only crime was being some guy's ex-wife. It bothered me, but there was no way I could refuse.

The Apostate?

Orion asked if we would allow him to use our Thelemic Gnostic Mass chapel for the cursing ceremony. With a little urging from me, Sharon reluctantly agreed, but declined to take part.

He told me to go and get acquainted with our “employer,” while he went and set up the ritual site. I was curious, so I went into the living room and sat down across from him. He was acting a bit tense, and smoked one cigarette after the other. I introduced myself, and he nervously coughed and said his name was Andy (not his real name).

He was a pleasant enough fellow. His physical appearance reminded me of an Italian opera star. I expected him to break out in “*Dolce Far Niente*” at any moment. However, he was far from in a singing mood. He explained his situation to me, as if seeking to justify what he was asking us to do. Apparently he had kids from this first marriage, but the ex-wife (whom he described as a cross between Lady MacBeth and Lucretzia Borgia) had custody of them and was teaching them to hate their father.

Andy said, nearly with tears in his eyes, that he had exhausted every legal means through the courts, and she still had custody. He had remarried and was happy with his new wife, but the fact that he could only see his kids for a few hours on alternate weekends was tearing him apart. He had even considered contacting the mob and paying them to rub her out, but he was afraid of the repercussions.

Then, visiting the famous Occult Bookstore in downtown Chicago, he heard rumors of Orion and his ability to curse people to death. It struck him as a safer — harder to trace — way to eliminate his problem and secure the children.

Thus, he found himself sitting in our living room, waiting to sell his soul to Satan and help curse his ex-wife to death to get his kids back. It had him pretty rattled. As we talked, I found out a bit more about the reason for his agitation.

Andy was the son of a Seventh-Day Adventist pastor! He certainly considered himself a Christian. He knew what he was doing would be considered an apostasy from his faith, but he felt he had no other options. He had become disillusioned with the SDA church because of their legalism and what he termed their hypocrisy.

Had I known more about the SDA church, I would have known he wasn't a very serious Adventist, since smoking is strictly forbidden for them. He was a broken, and very conflicted man. I felt sorry for him. I asked him what he had paid for this "psychic contract" and he said \$500. I shook my head and thought, "Not bad for an hours worth of work in a ritual chamber."

With a certain amount of unease, I prepared Andy for his Pact ceremony, after which he would participate in the Destruction ritual. Again, the strange ambivalence within me was rising up. Part of me was feeling saddened by this tragic man and his desperation to get his kids back, even with a tactic which he believed would cost him serious pain throughout eternity. He did not believe, as we did, that hell was a place of glorious orgies and drug bashes. He believed it was a place of torment.[\[1\]](#)

However, within me lurked a shining, quick-silver Satanic machine-man, powered by the white-hot furnace of rage in my brain which was rejoicing in another soul, and in the death of a woman.

The Ritual of Destruction

The Pact ceremony went as usual, with no extraordinary manifestations. Afterwards, we went straight into the cursing ritual. Andy had brought a photo of his wife, and Orion had worked it into a clay poppet or doll. He had also managed to get some odd strands of her hair out of an old hairbrush. These form what occultists call an "object link."

It is a doctrine, not only of Satanism, but also of most Witchcraft and

occultism, that it's much easier to curse someone if you have something of theirs that gives you a link to that person — something which belonged to them, or — better still — a part of their body. This is why most magicians zealously guard their hair and fingernail clippings, making certain that they do not fall into the wrong hands.

Orion stuck the hair strands onto the head of the doll, all the time chanting under his breath in Enochian. Enochian is the magickal language of Satanism, whereas Latin is its ceremonial language. Enochian is a strange, Satanic kind of tongue brought through by sorcerer Dr. John Dee, Queen Elizabeth I's court astrologer, through his medium, Edward Kelly. The last part of *The Satanic Bible* consists of all the Enochian keys or calls with LaVey's special translations of them.

True magicians know Enochian must be spoken backwards to produce its greatest effect, which is very difficult to do without demonic assistance.

I used to have demons which would enable me to speak in several different languages (Greek, Hebrew, German and Latin) which I did not know (except some college Latin). They also enabled me to talk or chant backwards — both in English and Enochian — with little difficulty.

Then Orion began purifying the ritual chamber, ringing the bells nine times, casting the “holy water sprinkler” full of urine to the four quarters, and casting inverted pentagrams. He called down the presence and power of Lucifer to witness the ceremony. I could feel the iron power within me growing hot with black fire.

From a box in the corner of the chamber, Orion brought out a guinea pig he had bought at a Chicago pet store. He consecrated the squirming little thing to Lucifer and then cut its throat. As the spurts of blood gushed out, he “baptized” the poppet with blood, using the Roman Catholic baptismal ritual, giving it the name of Andy's ex-wife. The photo of the ex-wife was stuck on the blank, clay “face” of the poppet.

Orion had instructed Andy to work up as much anger and hatred towards his former wife as he possibly could. We would be there to bolster the power of his hatred, but since he knew her best, he had the most emotional content to his hatred.

While we chanted the Enochian key for desolation and destruction, he worked up every ounce of rage and frustration the past years had brought him. I felt steel-hard anger building up within me like a stiletto, pointed right at the head of the blood-spattered poppet laying on the altar.

It grew quite hot in the chamber, and I felt sweat dripping off me and

drenching my robe. My mind had become an engine of malice. Molten, fiery steel flowed through my veins and down into my hands. Part of me was frightened by what was happening, but it was a very small part — and growing smaller. The rest of me was thrilled with the power of berserker rage!

I was becoming what LaVey called a “monstrous machine of annihilation” and I loved it! My fingers closed upon the unseen throat of the woman and with incredible power, I crushed her windpipe like the stem of a flower! I could hear myself breathing hoarsely and growling in raving fury. If she had actually been present in the room, I might well have throttled her to death on the spot.

Orion let out a roof-raising shriek of wrath. It must have been the demons, because I doubt that his little body had it in him. He speared the clay poppet on the end of his magick sword and held it aloft before the giant Baphomet symbol which glowered down from over the altar, and cried out the curse in unison with Andy (who had to be prompted from the ritual book).

Due to the evil nature of the curse, and my desire not to teach it unnecessarily, I will not reprint it here. Suffice it to say, Andy repeated it word for word.

Orion unceremoniously dropped the clay “poppet” on the altar with a grunting growl and directed Andy to have at it. Andy proceeded to vent his anger and frustration on the poppet. He took a dagger from the altar and stabbed viciously at the head and trunk of the little doll, weeping with frenzied rage. Finally, it resembled more of a clay hamburger than a human form. Andy staggered back — exhausted and spent.

Orion bellowed, “Shemhamforasch!”

We echoed, “Shemhamforasch!” This supposedly is a great word of power in Satanism. It is said to be the “word” by which the Lord made the heavens and the earth, and Satan stole it. It is now traditionally used to seal many Satanic rituals, rather like an “Amen.”

That evening, Orion and his retinue went home, confident that Andy’s former “ball and chain” would die very soon, and very horribly. I, for one, felt totally exhausted and nauseated by the entire proceedings, although the forces within me responded with incredible enthusiasm.

The interesting thing is, for the following year or so, there was no evidence that the cursing even gave Andy’s “ex” so much as a head cold. It was Orion’s first apparent failure (and to a lesser degree, mine as well). We

did several additional rituals, but Andy's ex-wife proved as unsinkable as a battleship!

Of course, Andy never got his money back.

Something was preventing the curses from working. It was at this time that I began to get a premonition that there were powers out there beyond Lucifer's. I just couldn't figure out what they were.

Answers to Some Hard Questions

“All questions are true, all answers false.”

Anonymous Satanic proverb

As mentioned a couple of chapters ago, there are people we would refer to as the modern-day Sadducees. They are, hopefully, sincere Christians for the most part, who doubt that there is wide-spread Satanism out there, or that there are huge networks of multi-generational Satanists who are torturing children. They raise questions which do need to be answered, and we will do our best to do so.

Up front, we need to remember that many members of the academic community and even the church have a vested cultural (and occasionally monetary) interest in being hyper-skeptical of the Satanism epidemic. As noted scholar Carl Raschke notes:

Satanic cases or incidents are frequently difficult to assess because of the crosswinds of hysteria, anxiety, and what might be called the “denial syndrome” of certain professionals trained in the social sciences who reject out of hand, even without good cause, all suggestions — even where only weird behavior is the issue — of the occult itself.[\[1\]](#)

Thus, we need to be suspicious of the skepticism of these so-called experts, most of whom would sooner cut off their right hand than admit that Satan (or God) really exist. We need to have a healthy skepticism, and see if their answers make any sense.

• **Why is this “Satanic Revival” Happening Right Now?**

This is a fair question, but it reflects a lack of historical and possibly Biblical perspective. First of all, we must admit the possibility that *it was*

happening all along and either nobody knew about it, or cared enough to do anything about it. One of the chief ills in our society today is that we tend to view history through late 20th century eyes.

For example, today, we all acknowledge the problems of child abuse and wife abuse. However, twenty years ago, the “conventional wisdom” among both psychiatrists and the clergy was that such things almost NEVER happened. And if it did, it was the work of drooling, unshaven perverts who lurked in alleys. Now, the best estimate is that more than **one in four women** has been sexually abused before she reaches adulthood — and that there is no substantive difference in those statistics between girls raised in fundamentalist or evangelical Christian homes and those raised in other homes!

Is the sexual defilement of a little girl that much greater a sin than Satanism? Why didn't the Christian leaders detect it? One could just as easily argue that there is no child abuse or wife battering today because church leaders never discerned it a century or so ago.

The problem is partially that society (Christians or otherwise) simply was not sensitized to the problems of abuse. This is partially because we (even Christians) tend to deny that evil things are happening in our society. All our hearts are deceitful *beyond our ability to understand* (Jer.17:9). We would rather imagine that people are all basically nice, good and wholesome. Tragically, the Bible affirms that such is not the case (Rom. 3:10, 3:23).

Thus, the possibility on one hand is that child abuse, spouse abuse, AND organized Satanism have been going on for centuries and *no one wanted to hear about it*. Again, there was a time when if a young woman came to her pastor and said her dad had sexually molested her — and dad was a pillar of the church — the woman would be sternly rebuked as a liar. Now, we understand that there is virtually no difference between the incidence of incest in Christian homes and in non-Christian homes. If the church could miss the boat on child abuse, why couldn't it have missed the boat on Satanism?

The other possible answer is that Satan is *turning up the “heat”* because we are in the last days. I personally believe the Lord Jesus Christ is coming VERY soon. This may be an occasion for Satan to increase his attack upon individuals, families and societies.

It is instructive, I believe, to note that there is comparatively little mention of demonic activity in the Old Testament. Aside from isolated

incidents with people such as Saul, it is *an extremely rare occurrence*. However, with the gospel accounts, and in the book of Acts, demonic activity literally EXPLODES upon the scene. Literally legions of demon hoards seem to be loosed upon Judea and Galilee. This has been remarked upon by Bible scholars, who speculate that Satan stepped up his activity once he knew that Jesus walked the earth.

Now, if such a satanic “full court press” occurred during the First Advent of the Lord, might it not also be expected to occur before and during the Second Advent? We know the Bible says that demonic activity will be increased right before the Rapture and during the Tribulation period (1 Tim. 4:1-3, Rev. 9:2-11, 16:13). Might not this apparent increase in Satanism, demonization and satanic ritual abuse (SRA) be a part of this prophetic phenomenon? In other words, this may be something new which Satan is doing to chew up as many people as possible before the Second Advent of the Lord.

Also, note that neither of these explanations excludes the other. Both could be true. Satanism could have been around for centuries (as can be historically shown), but at the same time the devil could be stepping up his attack, because he can surmise that his time is short.

It is also important to know that for some years now, discerning Christians have been *praying* that these dark deeds would be brought out into the open. Sin must be revealed so that repentance can take place. These prayer warriors have been storming the heavens with intercessions that Satan’s plots would be exposed to the world, that the world might know — and repent — and turn to the living God.

As heart-rending as these accounts of Satanism and abuse are, they may well be the Lord lancing a very large and ugly boil on the underbelly of society.

The ironic element here is that while some Christians have been laboring in mighty prayer and travail over the exposure of the unfruitful works of darkness (Eph. 5:11), other Christians (nominal and genuine) have responded to these revelations by either burying their heads in the sands of academia or psychology or else by actually *attacking* those exposing the sins and crimes of Satan’s servants.

• **Why Hasn’t the Church Spiritually Discerned this Problem?**

This is a related question, and it relates partially to the cultural collision alluded to in the last chapter. Part of the reason why these things may have

gone undetected is that the Church has been contaminated with rationalism and anti-supernaturalism.

In addition, in terms of political clout, it must be remembered that for nearly 1600 of the last 2000 years, the “church” has been the Roman Catholic “church” — an institution **hardly noted** for spiritual discernment.

Let’s talk history for a moment. From about 350 A.D. to the 1500’s, the Catholic church had pretty much driven real Bible-believing Christians from pillar to post. Thus, the only “church” which had any ability to do anything about Satanism or ritual abuse was too busy burning witches (whether real or imagined) and Bible-believing Christians at the stake.[\[2\]](#)

The *true Christians* were an underground movement, with virtually no political power. Had they discernment of the dangers of Satanism, they would have been too busy keeping alive to be able to do anything about it, except pray.

In another sense, a problem was also created, perhaps unintentionally, by the Roman Catholic church. As many people know, the Catholic church had reduced the issue of seeking out devil-worshippers to a tragic, anti-Biblical, superstitious joke. Instead of relying upon the Bible for their guidance, the church leaders (mostly Dominicans) leaned on superstition for their attempts to discover the devil’s workers.

Were you born left-handed? You might be a witch! (Our term “sinister,” comes from the Latin word for “left-handed!”) Do you have a bad eye? That was another sign! If you were a woman, did you have odd marks on your body? They were used to nurse your “familiar spirits.” Did you suffer from epilepsy? Then you were a witch for certain. This kind of superstitious (and un-Biblical) rubbish drove the European culture right into the arms of rationalism, and it gave Christianity (actually Catholicism) an incredibly bad name! It played right into the devil’s hands.

By the 19th century, most people in the West with any education at all had had their fill of witch-hunting and demon-hunting. Demons were relegated to “darkest Africa” or other places where “superstitious, benighted natives” had not yet been exposed to the wonderful light of modern science. Those with demonic problems were mostly labeled as demented or mentally ill (even though it is difficult to understand — scientifically — how *the mind, a spiritual thing, can get sick!*)

Because the Roman Catholic church had given the Bible such a bad name, people *tended to ignore its testimony* about the reality of the demonic realm. Thus, the question about why the church did not discern and

act upon these atrocities really doesn't apply until after the Protestant Reformation.

Even then, a careful study of the Bible reveals that nowhere does the Lord promise His church that He will reveal such works of iniquity. The church's primary mission is to preach the gospel to the lost (Matt. 28:18-20). Its secondary mission is to minister to the needs of the saints, to help them grow up into the fullness of Jesus. This may sometimes involve ministering to people in the area of liberation from demonic oppression.

The church is not designed to be a "search-and-destroy" spiritual police force. Anytime the church has gone out and sought out criminals or reprobates and punished them, the results — in the long run — have been disastrous. Since there is no Biblical evidence that the Lord wanted His church going around exposing satanic covens, why should we expect Him to supernaturally lead church leaders into exposing such covens?

Certainly, we have a right to seek spiritual discernment of false brethren in our midst (1 Cor. 12:10, 1 John 2:18-19, 4:1-4), or of satanic groups which might threaten members of local churches. Sadly, such discernment was not often sought until the present time. Indeed, the entire idea of spiritual discernment was a neglected part of the Holy Spirit's ministry in the church until this century.

Now that pastors and Christian workers have learned to pray and seek this sort of guidance from the Spirit, it is being exposed! Praise the Lord! Before, when Christians were blithely ignorant of these dangers, no one prayed for the Spirit's help.

• Where Have All the Bodies Gone?

This is a comparatively easy one to answer. Satanists, like all "good" witches, are devout believers in recycling! I know this sounds like a grisly joke in poor taste, but actually, very little of the human bodies that are sacrificed are wasted.

Without going into all the gory details, much of the culture of shamanism (the Paleolithic ancestor of Satanism) revolves around the consumption of body parts for magical reasons. Little, if anything, is left to waste. This is true in most satanic "denominations."[\[3\]](#) Even the human bones are highly prized artifacts of magical virtue. Many times such bones are worn or carried much like Native Americans carry bones of their sacred totem animals.

We were told by my superiors in the Satanic Brotherhood that in many

communities, efforts were also made to reach in and “convert” (i.e. corrupt) someone in the town who was a funeral director. This would give the cult free access to a crematorium whenever they DID need to destroy a body or bones.

Sadly, this corruption is not difficult to accomplish. Even though the funeral industry is regulated and most of its members are fine, upstanding people who perform a compassionate service to their community, people are human — and that means they are sinners.

Satan knows our weaknesses better than we know them ourselves, and he can easily bring forward a temptation (through his human servants) which the funeral director might find irresistible. This is especially true with non-Christians. However, if the past decade has taught us anything, it has taught us that even “mighty men of God” in the Body of Christ can be tempted and fall into heinous sin. Why should we be so surprised if Satan can reach an unsaved (or even saved) funeral director?

Let us say that a funeral director has a weakness for gambling or illicit sex. The coven, under the guidance of their demonic masters, would provide just what the person craves, and also work magic to make him or her more open and vulnerable to temptation. This is quite possible, as in the past, we did such spells on people, with great effectiveness.

We had rituals we could do that would make a person almost irresistibly drawn to another in lust. It would be a force so compelling that almost no one could resist the desire. Unless the person is a Christian who is walking very close to Jesus, they have little defense against such manipulation.

The director is drawn into deep gambling debt, or into compromising sexual situations with an attractive (and perhaps under-aged) member of the coven and video-taped. Then blackmail or offers to pay off the debt are provided in exchange for the mortician’s membership and loyalty to the coven.

Once he or she joins the coven, they are video-taped in even more awful situations (usually without their knowledge) and the trap becomes complete. They are bound to do whatever the cult demands of them, and are in no position to refuse, unless they wish to court utter ruin (and possible prosecution) in their community.

Thus, between the magical use of human parts (whether adult or children) and the use of “helpful” members of the funeral industry, it is not difficult to see how bodies would not be found.

Let’s talk about those bodies which are found, mutilated or with satanic

signs painted or carved on them. Tragically, there are many! One noted researcher in this field states that there are literally shiploads of them![\[4\]](#) However, these are usually not the work of serious Satanists, but rather of rogue Satanists (isolated cultists) or teenage Satanists who are just getting started and have not yet hooked into a coven. These are ***but the tip*** of a very large and ugly iceberg.

Every now and then, the Brotherhood will allow a body to be found, just to strike fear into the community. It will assure that there is no way to connect any member of their coven to the crime. This is what I call spiritual terrorism, and it is getting more common.

• **Where Do They Get All Those Victims?**

I am sorry to say that this question is all-too-easy to answer. First of all, it obviously depends on what sort of victims one is discussing. Infant sacrifices, which are among the most highly prized, are also quite simple to produce. As my own satanic mentor observed, “Few commodities in the world are as easy, as cheap or as pleasant to produce as a baby.”

While that remark sends chills down the spine of any decent person, it is the satanic mentality — *par excellence*. Babies are acquired from several sources:

- 1.) They are purchased from drug-addicted parents in exchange for drugs.
- 2.) They are conceived and born within the coven and legally do not even exist.
- 3.) Rarely, they are kidnapped.

For example, twenty years ago, we were given extensive training as midwives, so we could assist in the birth of children without the aid of doctors, hospitals or paper trails. We were told this was to keep any children we had away from the state, its schools and its evil, “Christian” influences.

We have met with and prayed for many women who were forced to give up their babies to this sort of abomination. Many were bred within a generational coven of Satanists, themselves. Fortunately, the Lord Jesus Christ is able to bring healing and wholeness to them.

The celebrated “virgin” sacrifice, usually a barely pubescent girl or (more rarely) a boy is next in desirability. These youths are killed at this time because Satanists (and many other magical believers) are taught that the blood of a person going through puberty is exceptionally laden with

magical “virtue.” This is especially true of girls. These sacrifices are gotten through:

1.) Children raised, without a paper trail, within the coven to adolescence.

2.) Street children and/or runaways, of whom there seem to be thousands.

3.) Youngsters trapped within the many child porno rings. These rings are often connected to Satanist covens. Kids who “misbehave” are often used as sacrifices to teach other kids to behave — sometimes sacrificed in “snuff” films.[\[5\]](#)

4.) Youngsters kidnapped (again, this is rare, because it attracts the authorities’ attention).

The actual physical virginity of the candidate for slaughter is not always required, especially since among #2 or #3 such virginity could not be guaranteed in this day of sexual license. When the child is a virgin, though, it is felt to be an exceptionally magical offering. This is because Satan (and his slaves) delight most in the defilement of innocence. Often, children are raised within the coven and kept virginal, at least in the technical sense. They are simply brutalized in other ways.

Next on the list would be Christians, of any age — especially Christians who used to serve Satan. These are obviously harder to come by, and are usually only needed for the highest of Satanic revels. Obviously, these people — most always adults — must be kidnapped. This makes this sort of sacrifice comparatively rare. This is especially true because the Lord protects His children, and usually Satan’s servants cannot touch them, except in the very rare cases where the Lord permits Born Again Believers to be martyred for His purposes and glory.

The final class of victims are adolescents and adults who do not fit into any other category. These are the least “valuable” sacrifice to the Satanist, yet they are better than none at all. It is important to understand that at certain festivals Satanists believe that they must have the special “magical energy” of a blood sacrifice in order to appease the wrath of their master. Therefore, if they get desperate enough, they will use any human being. These can be:

1.) Satanists within the coven who have failed Satan badly in some way.

2.) Homeless or street people who will not be easy to trace.

3.) People (usually women) who are kidnapped. Again, this is rare, because of the dangers of repercussions from the authorities.

Women are more prized than men as victims, and younger adults are more prized than older adults. Thus, it can be seen from this discussion that really there is no shortage of places from which victims of any age can be acquired.

• Why Aren't These People Caught and Prosecuted?

This has been pretty much explained by some of the above. The lack of physical evidence (bodies, etc.) is usually sufficient to insure that no one will be prosecuted. Serious Satanists are not stupid enough to do these kinds of rituals in their homes. Usually the rites which involve serious felonies are carried out in remote places outdoors or in very carefully concealed indoor temples.

Even if a Satanist is accused, most often a police search will turn up nothing incriminating in their home. This is partially because without prayer intervention, many times the Satanist's familiar spirits (i.e. demons) notify them long in advance of any warrants being sworn out against them.

For example, one mother to whom we ministered had accused her father-in-law of the most appalling atrocities, inflicted upon her three small children in a satanic setting, and with the complicity of her husband, the children's father. These awful rites were committed in the basement of the in-laws' spacious suburban home. The police were called, but there was no evidence. "Coincidentally," the basement just happened to be all torn up because they were renovating it and putting in a rec room.

Additionally, serious Satanists (like the one mentioned in the last paragraph) are often "pillars" of the local community — doctors, lawyers, judges, clergy and even police. They are not people with whom most police chiefs would wish to tangle without a lot of good, hard evidence. Such evidence is not usually forthcoming. Even if it is turned up, the coven can often send fire elementals (demons) to burn it up or otherwise consume it right in the evidence locker before the case can come to trial.

Beyond that, often the first people in a town which a coven will try and co-opt will be people in law enforcement and the judiciary. They "convert" them to the Brotherhood by the same methods mentioned concerning funeral directors, as well as through lower-level networks of Brotherhood influence such as the Masonic Lodge.[\[6\]](#) The presence of such people virtually assures that no such case will ever be prosecuted.

A Lack of Machinery?

Finally, even when such cases are prosecuted (either child abuse, rape or homicide), the satanic content is usually hidden from public scrutiny. This is partially because most prosecutors fear that if they bring satanic ritual material into the court proceedings, it will damage their credibility before a jury. Also, there is an obvious case of “denial” involved, where most law enforcement people and prosecutors would just as soon believe such things never happen in America.

As Lt. Larry Jones, an Idaho law-enforcement officer who has spent much of the last decade investigating this phenomena points out, there is no “machinery” in the police system for either classifying or reporting such crimes.[\[7\]](#) There are no blanks on crime statistic reports for officers to report crimes with a satanic flavor. Most police officers are too overworked and under-motivated to make the special effort to make certain that the occult or ritualized content of felonies makes it into the system.

If the “system” does not have a bureaucracy in place to facilitate the reporting of occult-related crimes, then such crimes will almost never be reported. It is that simple. They might be prosecuted, and even convictions brought. But — as in the case of several serial killers — the satanic elements of the crime will never be revealed. This is either because the police are not trained enough to recognize it, or because they do not wish to “make waves.”

After all, what city wants to become known as a place harboring Satanists and child-abusers? Talk about bad public-relations! There go the property values in that town, to say nothing of the tourist trade! Thus, even if they have not been co-opted, the local politicians often have plenty of reasons to keep this sort of stuff off the front page.

We have personally spoken to several Christian law enforcement people who were frustrated by their superiors’ attempts to stonewall investigations, conceal occult elements of a crime, or just not care about the entire issue. This is why these things are not reported or prosecuted.

The Tunnels of Typhon

“Humans are such easy prey.” Slogan for an H.P. Lovecraft-inspired horror film.

As I mentioned, I was becoming aware that Lucifer was not the most powerful being around. Thus, I began a magickal quest to find those beings even more powerful than my “Master.” I figured it would pay to forge alliances with them as well.

Needless to say, I did not let the failure of our hex on Andy’s “ex” discourage me from continuing my Satanic and magickal studies. We were rather philosophical about such quandaries, and often liked to quote from the film, *Little Big Man*: “Sometimes the magic works, and sometimes it doesn’t.”

To the contrary, I operated on the premise that when things went wrong, it was because there was something I didn’t do properly, or something I had not yet been taught. Magick, I believed, was a true science. Hence, I kept on pursuing secret wisdom. Because of my promotion in rank, I was being given access to more and more initiatory information, specifically from the fields of occult Freemasonry and inter-spatial magick.

There are two chief areas of magick in the highest, European levels of Freemasonry. One is the pursuit of supposedly immortality through alchemy and Tantric yoga. The other is in the twin sciences of Megapolisomancy and Archaeometry. Sharon had concentrated more on the first, and I on the second.

Before you run to your dictionaries, let me hasten to add that you probably won’t find those words in any dictionaries. Here are definitions:

Megapolisomancy (Megapolis = Greek for great city; -omancy = magic, as in necromancy, crystalomancy [crystal ball gazing], chieromancy [palm-reading], etc.) Thus, the magick of city building.

Archaeometry (meaning “ancient measurements or measuring”). This is the magical science of what is also called earth-commensurate measurement. There is a belief that building temples, tombs, stone circles,

etc. in dimensions that are based on the dimensions of the earth itself is exceptionally powerful.

Masons were city builders, and Megapolisomancy is the supposed esoteric Masonic art of building cities and buildings or temples which were the right spatial dimensions to best attract demonic spirits. Thus, they would be more efficient repositories of magickal energy. Construction of certain rooms or angles within rooms was believed to actually create doorways into other universes.

These universes could then be entered and conquered by the magician, in much the same way as Columbus came and took over the New World. Thus, under the guidance of my teachers (both human and spirit/demonic), I experimented with the same kinds of magick which my old mentor, Aquarius, was involved with.

Another approach to the same “science” was in the creation of Icons. Icons (from the Greek “Ikon,” meaning “image”) are best known in the Eastern Orthodox churches. They are supposedly sacred paintings of Jesus, Mar and the saints. These icons are believed to be literal “windows to heaven.” It is believed that an icon of Jesus brings the presence of Jesus into a room or church.

Orthodox people take the icons very seriously. Painters of icons are regarded as mighty men of God. In some homes, the husband and wife cover the icon or turn it to the wall when they have marital relations because they are embarrassed at what the icon might “see.” The story is told of the thief who broke into a house and turned the icons to the wall so they could not see him steal the household goods. The idea is that the icon is a doorway into a heavenly reality.

I was taught how to make different sorts of icons. In addition to the typical Orthodox icons which I made of Peter, Paul and the Virgin (remember, I was consecrated a bishop in the Russian Orthodox church). I also made icons which would represent doorways into alternate universes, and others which portrayed sacred beings from magick. Then I would project astrally into those paintings and attempt to explore other universes.

The Dread Lords of the Outer Spaces

It was here that magick, science fiction and fantasy began to blend together. One goal of these visits to other dimensions of time and space was to contact the entities which ruled there. It was explained that our universe

was comparatively young, as universes go. Thus, the supreme beings of our universe (God and Lucifer)[\[1\]](#) were outranked by “supreme beings” from other universes.

This, I felt, might be the solution to the dilemma of which being was more powerful than Lucifer. My mentors claimed that there were beings in these other universes who were ancient when our God and Satan were still in diapers. These were the so-called “Dread Lords” of the outer spaces — the space which existed beyond space.

Through my communications with an entity which claimed to be Aleister Crowley talking from beyond the grave — through trance channeling — I learned that this was a substantial part of the arcane secrets contained in the Crowleyan “gospel,” *The Book of the Law*.[\[2\]](#) This was borne out later in the writings of one of Crowley’s successors as Outer Head of the Order of the O.T.O., Kenneth Grant.[\[3\]](#)

A L G D G A D I ' U

Baphometis Sanctum Sanctorium; O.T.B.

By the Order of the Most Wise Sovereign Grand Inspector General, 33^o, and in accordance with the By-Laws of the Supreme Grand Council, and the R*C, of the Supreme Grand Lodge of the Luciferian Cube of the Temple of Baphomet, the Brotherhood of the Blazing Star of the Palladium, the undersigned Ills. Brother has been raised from the 18^o of the honored Sovereign Princess of the Rose-Croix, to the sublime honorary degree of Grand Ancient Inspectress General and the Bride of Astaroth. This is under authority of the inner Order of the French European Grand Lodge of Co-Masonry, La Grande Loge Symbolique De France, and is following the tradition of the late Albert Pike, 33^o Grand Inspector General, of the original Grand Lodge of the Palladium Brotherhood of Freemasonry.

Alexandria Pendragon, 33^o

Alexandria Pendragon 33^o

July, 13, 1980

This is official notice of the conferring of the Thirty-Third Degree, through the time honored bond of Brotherhood, La Chaine De Union, of the French Co-Masonic Lodge, and is in accordance with the will of the Supreme Hierophant 97^o of the inner Esoteric Orders, listed below, of the Grand Lodge of all European Co-Freemasonic Orders, and the Brotherhood of the Illuminati.

All-Seeing Eye Lodge No. 13
Ordo Templi Baphomet
Rose-Croix of Heredom
Gnostic Brotherhood of Light
Ordre Du Palladium
Fraternitatis Rosae et Aureae Crucis
Ancient Order of Knights of the Temple

Brother David D. DePaul 33^o

July, 13, 1980

Sovereign Grand Inspector Gen., 33^o
Illuminatis Primus,
Societe Des Illumines
Northern, U.S.A.

Grant demonstrated that the Crowleyan religion was a revival of the ancient cultus of the star Sirius (i.e., Set, the Egyptian devil-god). A unique feature of Sirius is that it is a binary star, and Sirius A is the brilliant red star one sees in the constellation of Canis Major (The Big Dog). Sirius B is a dark star, all but invisible from the earth except with modern, radio telescopes.

Thus, Sirius A represents the "good" god of Crowley's system, Heru-Paar-Kraat. Sirius B represents the warlike god, Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Beyond that, though, Sirius B is a kind of spiritual black hole and is thus the best doorway into other dimensions — especially the celebrated Universe B. Crowley's gods are supposedly outside our universe. They are

Transyuggothian (from beyond Yuggoth, an occult term for the planet Pluto), to use the term from occultist/author H. P. Lovecraft.

Our universe doesn't "stop" at the orbit of Pluto, but solar and lunar magicians who work these rites believe that beyond that planet the magickal power of the sun's influence ceases, and the powers of the celestial gods (i.e., Jesus, Satan, etc.) begin to markedly diminish. A whole new kind of "space" and magickal realm take over. My goal was to cross into Transyuggothian space and contact these Dread Lords, or "Great Old Ones" as they were called.

The Cry to Cthulhu

Howard Phillips Lovecraft is well-known among horror and fantasy novel fans. He lived about a half-century ago and wrote books which were disturbing and decades ahead of their time. Stories such as *The Dunwich Horror*, *The Dweller on the Threshold* and *The Color out of Space* were horror blended with science fiction in ways which were oddly discrete and Victorian, and yet quite scary.

What is not as well known about Lovecraft is that through his grandfather he had access to very rare occult books and secrets. Lovecraft's grandfather was into Egyptian Freemasonry. Thus, a great deal of what Lovecraft wrote, as fiction, is based upon actual occult practice^[4] — extremely advanced and dangerous occult practice. Kenneth Grant (O.T.O. leader), LaVey and other writers document this.^[5]

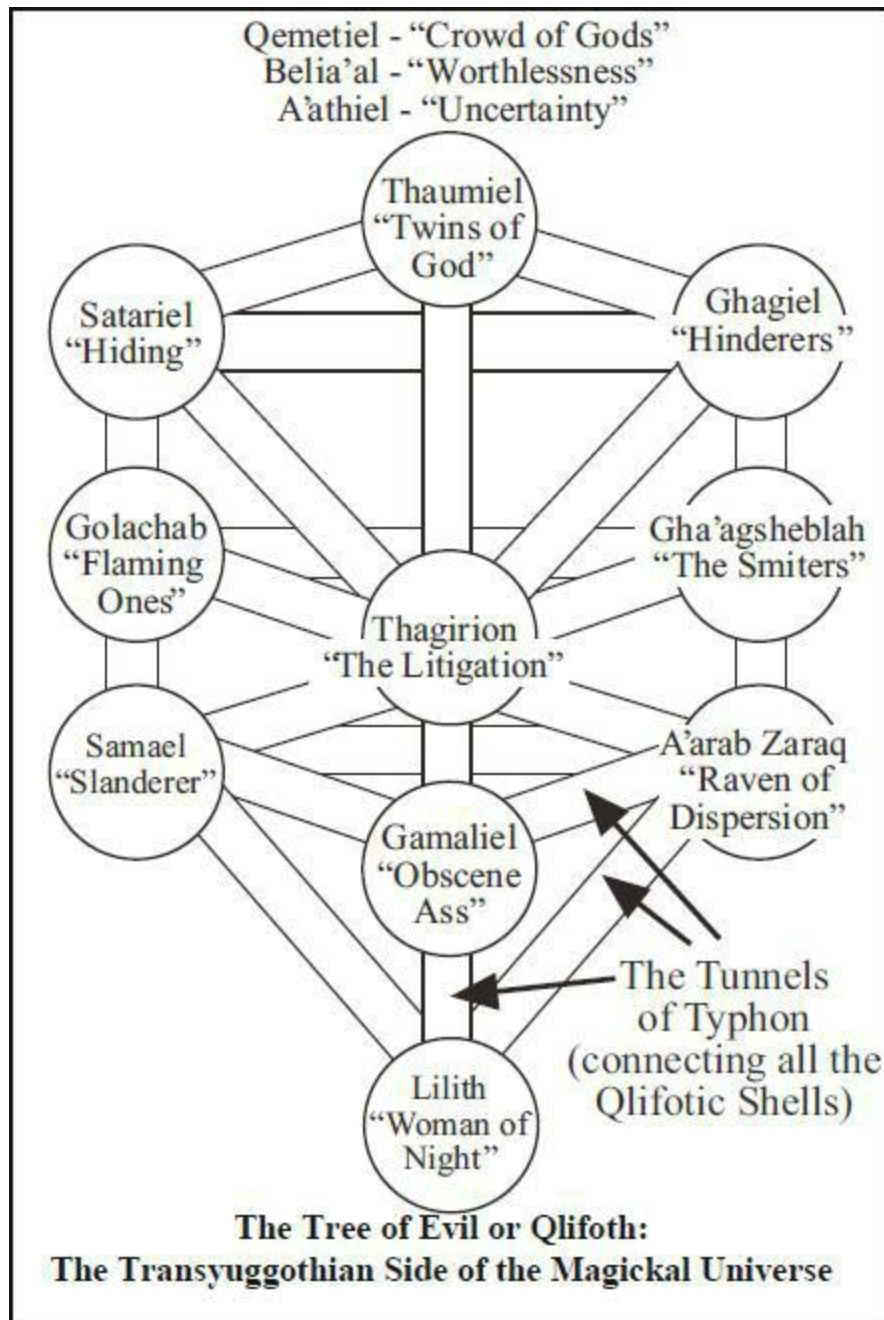
Lovecraft may have experimented with these forms of Transyuggothian magick and terrified himself. It is well-known that he lived an extremely fearful life as a virtual recluse. He never married, and was afraid to go near the sea, or underground. He is very similar to a lot of the protagonists in his stories, who are usually sensitive young men from his fictitious Miskatonic University who have discovered horrid ancient tomes of black magic and elder lore like *The Necronomicon*.

These young men are virtually always single, scholarly and go nearly insane because of what they encounter in Transyuggothian realms of magick. These short stories and novels might well have been autobiographical, Lovecraft's way of working out his terror therapeutically on paper. He wrote carefully of "unspeakable rituals." He hinted at genetic tampering and monstrous mutations, years before such things were understood scientifically.

We believed that these Transyuggothian gods were even more powerful than the gods of our own universe, and that they had access to human consciousness through our dreams, nightmares and insanity. Lovecraft's bizarre pantheon of supposedly fictitious gods were oddly parallel to the beings which real-life Satanist Crowley sought to bring forth with his rituals.

There was Azathoth, the blind, idiot god babbling at the very core of the galaxy. Cthulhu, a dream-master and water god entombed in the submerged Pacific city of R'lyeh. Nyarlathotep, the oddly Egyptian, Setian-appearing deity whose real appearance would drive any human being instantly insane. And the worst of them all, Yog Sothoth.

I even learned the name of my mysterious "visitor" on the shore of the lake in Northern Wisconsin back when I was a teenager — the being who blotted out the stars and caused the trees to move without wind. For reasons unclear, the North Woods of Wisconsin is a place "sacred" to these ancient deities — perhaps because of the Native American influence. The one I had been "privileged" to see was called Wendigo by the Indians, the "Wind Walker." In the weird tongue of *The Necronomicon*, he was referred to as Ithaqua. The fact that I, as an uninitiated adolescent, had been able to catch a glimpse of him (or it) flattered me to no end.



Certificate showing Sharon Schnoebelen, who went by the name Alexandria Pendragon, being made a 33rd Degree Mason and a Mason in the Palladium Brotherhood. Note: All higher honors are conferred orally. No certificates are given.

Each of these impossible beings was more evil than the last, yet they were also well-springs of unimaginable power. This was supposedly because they were native to other universes, where the laws of physics, time and space did not apply — nor did boundaries of good and evil. We were led to believe that the “nicest” of these beings was so incredibly foul and insane that they made Satan look like “Little Mary Sunshine” by comparison.

Yet, supposedly these beings did not wish to be worshipped. They simply wished to have our energy. This was especially true for Cthulhu (pronounced “Thulu”). We would go to the shore of Lake Michigan (our nearest large body of water) and do rituals to awaken him from his sleep in the ancient entombed city under the ocean. The Call to Cthulhu is actually one of the few rituals published from Transyuggothian metaphysics. Naturally LaVey had the nerve to put it in print.[\[6\]](#)

On many a night, we did that Call on the lake shores, trying to awaken the Sleeping Giant who would open the door for the other Old Ones to come and reign upon the earth.

Because we performed these rituals, our minds were opened to very strange realms. Our sleep became haunted with images of beings with suckers, tentacles and faces of obscene and limitless terror. Doorways were opened into their dimensions. Either that, or we suffered from collective insanity.

What we were truly experiencing is anyone’s guess. However, the experiences created real changes in our physical beings, unfortunately mostly in ways not suitable to be discussed in polite company. I, most especially, began to experience cravings for the most perverse sorts of human relations.

We learned that this is because a key component in the working of Transyuggothian magick is that orifices of the human body become literal doorways of passage into strange, infernal realities. Access to these bizarre universes enabled us to acquire quantum leaps forward in magickal power — but at what strange price?

Into the Tunnels

These are called “Typhonian Tunnels,” after the Egyptian god of destruction, Typhon (a more modern version of Set). They opened into places, civilizations, temples which nearly drove me into madness, simply by their appearance.

I transformed myself when I went through these tunnels. The strange, metallic liquid fire part of me emerged into the surface. I appeared to myself to be made of living iron or steel. I had, over the past few months, coined a name for what I was becoming — a “Meta-chine.” When I felt the black, deadly forces rear themselves up, I said to myself: “Here comes the meta-chine!”

These trips through the tunnels, however, were no laughing matter. I entered into temples which seemed alive, yet throbbed with diseased, cancerous flesh. They were alive, yet not alive. Others were built of smooth, silvery liquid metals and shifted beneath my feet like Jello. In each, there were lessons of pain and torment to be learned. It was a strange kind of spiritual sado-masochism.

I began to love the pain I experienced in order to win the trophies that I needed to amass my own magickal power. Some of them were even worse than the “Cathedral of Pain,” and I began to wonder if it, perhaps, was just another universe accessed through these tunnels.

A Truly Cursed Book

Through my connections in the Brotherhood, I had acquired considerable parts of *The Necronomicon*, the fountain-head of most of Transyuggothian magick and spirituality. Contrary to popular belief, it is not a fictitious book, but a genuine magick grimoire (workbook) of the darkest sort. The name can be translated “*The Book of the Tones of the Dead*” or “*The Book of the Laws of the Dead*.”

Like the Setian currents of Aleister Crowley and his religion of Thelema, *The Necronomicon* blazes forth out of ancient, Arab paganism. Supposedly it was originally written around the time of Mohammed in Arabic by Abdul Al-Hazred and called Al Azif. I was told it was dictated, rather like Crowley’s *Book of the Law*, by some inter-dimensional being to the Arab sorcerer. Supposedly, when he had finished putting pen to paper, he was crushed into a bloody pulp and devoured alive by massive, unseen jaws in front of many witnesses.

There is a book called *The Necronomicon* currently in print, but it only contains the more innocent parts of the full grimoire. Nevertheless, it is incredibly sinister. I had one of a limited edition of the smaller book, run in only 666 copies (naturally) and dedicated thus: “Ad maioram Crowley gloriam” — a spoof on the Jesuit motto. It means “To Crowley be the glory.” It is, nevertheless, but a pallid reflection of the incredible evil of the actual volume.

Be that as it may, it was a book which was difficult to have around. My friend, the owner of the occult bookstore in town, told me he had trouble selling the copies of *The Necronomicon*, not because it was expensive (although the limited edition versions were \$60.00) but for less tangible

reasons.

The first fellow to whom he sold a copy, took it to his Milwaukee high-rise apartment. He had hardly walked in the door and set it on the table, but what his familiar, [\[7\]](#) a large black cat, began to act crazy. The cat howled like a banshee gargling with Drano and ran around furiously in a tight circle on the living room floor. Then, without warning, the cat broke out of its circle and went like a cannon-ball through the tempered glass picture window of the living room. It plummeted a couple of dozen stories to its death.

Since most witches look at their animals as “distant early warning systems,” this witch brought the book back and demanded his money back.

An even more tragic account was brought back to the store by the second person to purchase a copy. He was married and had a five-year-old daughter. He had brought the book home and placed it on the shelf. His little girl had been acting quiet all afternoon, ever since he had come home with *The Necronomicon*.

She went upstairs, and they found her in her bath. She had cut her throat from ear to ear with his razor and was quite dead. Needless to say, his wife made him take the book back.

I had owned a copy for several months with no apparent ill effect, so I just shook my head and marvelled. Today, this same book is being purchased in common mall bookstores as a \$4 paperback — mostly by teenagers. It is incredibly dangerous!

The Nightside of Eden?

The Necronomicon draws heavily upon the ancient black magick of Sumer, which is just generations removed from the foundation of all false religion since Noah’s flood — the Babylon of Nimrod. It is no coincidence that Crowley chose to name his female consorts, “Babalon, the Scarlet Woman.” [\[8\]](#)

This debauched and evil book fed my “meta-chine” everything it craved. It taught me the metaphysics of pain, rage and anger. It took me into the backside of the Tree of Life (mentioned earlier). Though the Kabbalistic Tree is used in ceremonial magick, it is generally felt to be white-light magick. However, as in almost all forms of magick and metaphysics, there is a duality.

On the reverse of the Tree of Life is a kind of Tree of Evil, called the

Qlifoth (pronounced Klee-fot). The word can be translated either “Harlots” or “Shells” (the latter as in some hollow, desiccated and lifeless). All rabbis, even the mystical ones, steer totally clear of the Qlifoth. For me, however, it was my cup of tea.

Through the tunnels of Typhon, and with the rituals of *The Necronomicon*, I was able to go into “magickal hyper-space” and arrive at the nightside of the Tree of Life, which Kenneth Grant called “The Nightside of Eden,” the title of his book — one of the very first to touch upon this blasphemous magickal architecture.

The lowest level of the Qlifotic Tree (meaning the least evil level) is named for Lilith. Remember her? The demon lover of Lucifer and mother of Set? The patron saint of abortion, child murder and crib death?

The second planetary sphere to which I traveled was called Gamaliel, oddly enough, and nicknamed “The Obscene Ass.” The pinnacle of the Tree of Evil was a total, utter, and perfect Duality — a mockery of the absolute one-ness of the true Hebrew God.

Traveling through these paths and tunnels was like moving through a spiritual sewage plant, but it was necessary in order for me to make the next GREAT step. I had to transcend all morality, all concepts of good and evil, to achieve the next grade or degree, Adeptus Exemptus.

Then, I would be ready to cross the Abyss and become a Master — and would be ready to take a human life for the Dread Lords of the Outer Spaces.

“Defectors” from the Darkness

“...is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?”

Zechariah 3:2

Up until now, we have looked at the various types of Satanists and examined the origins and philosophies of the leading “satanic” theologians of our day. However, it is vital that we recall that these groups involve real, ***vulnerable human beings*** (such as myself), who were or are being twisted and maimed by Satan. As was mentioned chapters ago, these people are not the enemy. They are victims.

In a limited sense, even people like LaVey and Aquino are victims, though much less so than the others. They too have evidently been sold a bill of goods by the master Deceiver. They have either deluded themselves or have been deluded into thinking that hell is a myth and Jesus and his message are meaningless. We need to pray for their salvation!

However, much of what we know about virtually all varieties of Satanism comes from ***a very different sort of victim***. This is the person who was involved in a satanic covenant, but decided to get out. This is rare, but thank the Lord it is getting less rare.

It used to be said that hardcore Satanism was like the Mafia — the only way you got out was feet first in a box. Jesus Christ has proven that to be a lie, over and over again. My wife and I are only two of many dozens of former Satanists now saved by the blood of the Lamb of God. Many of us could tell you stories of death threats against us, and even life threatening situations turned aside by the power of God. This proves that once a Christian is truly Born Again, Satan or his servants cannot come for them without Jesus’ permission.

We have personally counseled with dozens of prior Satanists who are now living lives of victory through Jesus Christ. Unfortunately, we have also counseled with a few people coming out of Satanism who did not wish to become Born Again.

These people, sadly, had been turned off of “religion” by the way the coven raised them or manipulated them. They did not understand that Jesus wants relationship, NOT religion. These people lived tortured lives and reeled in and out of lock-up wards of mental hospitals. We lost track of quite a few of them after a while, and they may very well have fallen into the hands of the cult.

Beyond the relatively limited research that has been done by historians and other academicians, people who have escaped these various kinds of groups (especially those who are Born Again) are the best source of information about these groups. They are truly those who have overcome “...by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony” (Rev. 12:11).

Lt. Larry Jones,[\[1\]](#) a Born Again Christian who is in professional law enforcement, has interviewed and ministered to more than his share of survivors of satanic cults. He makes the excellent point that these people really need to be understood by the Body of Christ.

Often, Christians are frightened unnecessarily by such people. When my wife and I first came out of Satanism, we encountered some Christians who acted terrified to be around us, once they learned our backgrounds. They acted afraid that some evil contagion might leap off of us and onto them or their children. This is sad.

The power of the blood of Jesus Christ can truly *save to the uttermost*, and we have found that the vast majority of ex-Satanists who are true Christians are wonderful, on-fire men and women of God.

Most people who meet us nowadays make statements like: “I can’t believe people as nice as you could have ever been into Satanism.” That is the power of Jesus! That transformation takes place, in the vast majority of cases, very soon after salvation. And that is as it should be. The old “witchy” person was crucified at the moment of rebirth, and now Christ lives within us (Gal. 2:20).

Lt. Jones makes the further point that saved ex-Satanists should be regarded as valuable assets to the Body of Christ. They come from the camp of the Church’s mortal enemy, and they come cleansed, washed and sanctified. Many, if not most of them, can be important sources of information. They should be treated the way our government used to treat defectors from the old Soviet bloc nations.

Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch to Live?

Not that they need to be “wined and dined” or supported in high style. That is not the point at all. Rather, they should be treated as Born Again people who may have helpful and important information to share.

They should also be treated as people who are often wounded emotionally or even physically. These are casualties in Satan’s war upon humanity. They should not be treated as pariahs, as some churches do. They should be welcomed with open arms and should receive good solid Bible teaching and discipleship.

We were astonished to find that some pastors — thankfully not many — actually taught their flocks that witches could not be saved, and were beyond the power of Jesus to redeem. Some Christians are being told that people who have made a pact with the devil cannot be brought into the Kingdom of God. Some have actually quoted Exodus 22:18, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,” as a proof-text for this strange doctrine.

Believe me, you can bet that any church that has more than fifty people probably has witches attending it on any given Sunday. Is it any wonder that many witches and/or Satanists don’t trust Christians and think we want to kill them and bring back the Spanish Inquisition? Such teaching from a pulpit could cause a witch who is listening to despair, or firm up their hardness against Jesus and His salvation.

Talk about **WRONGLY** dividing the Word of Truth! (See 2 Tim. 2:15.) Such teaching is utter nonsense, and it dismays those from that sort of background who come to the church for help. It also makes Christians unnecessarily fearful of witnessing to witches or Satanists. All such teaching does is glorify Satan and imply that ***he can do something which God cannot undo.***

Of course, we must measure what these “defectors” tell us in the same way any other person’s information can be measured. First, it must be Biblically accurate — it must line up with the Word of God. Second, as far as possible, it should be measured against proven reliable information and historical data.

There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of some of these survivors of Satanism (who are not as spiritually mature as they might be) to exaggerate their stories, or get events out of chronological order. The former problem comes from living for years in thrall to the supreme egotist of the universe.

Most Satanists are used to exaggerating and lying to protect their “image,” or to lord it over subordinates. That is how the “game” is played. When such a person gets saved, they need to be shown that their old coping mechanisms are no longer needed — or even desirable. It may be a struggle to break such habits, but it needs to be done. They need to be gently reminded that they no longer serve the “father of lies.”

Bound up in the flesh is also the desire to please your new “circle” of friends at the church. Being a high level “Illuminatus Primus” sounds more impressive than being just a plain old Satanist priest. It makes a better story, and it also seems to glorify Jesus more, if He could save such a high level person. When you combine those two elements with the person’s sin nature, it is easy to see why their stories sometimes get exaggerated or blown out of proportion. This doesn’t mean they aren’t saved. It just means that they aren’t perfect. ***Big revelation!***

Here is where being under a good, solid and spiritually discerning Pastor can really help. Usually such people get off on the wrong foot because they go out and try to speak, evangelize or teach within the Body before getting disciplined and seasoned in their walk with the Lord (1 Tim. 3:6). Their zeal to get out and minister is understandable and commendable, but it needs to be constantly submitted to careful pastoral guidance.

Also, most people who counsel professionally with survivors of Satanism agree that a common problem among such people is a fragmentation of memory and a disjointed sense of their life history. Thus, if survivors’ stories don’t always fit together chronologically, or with memories of their con-temporaries, it may be more because of the traumatization of their minds ***than any deliberate attempt to deceive.***

Simply because a few people have had problems is no reason to discount (as so many have) the testimonies of all ex-Satanists. This would be like banning evangelists because of the couple of spectacular failures the last decade revealed.

Testimonies from Beyond the Fringe

Just what sort of people are these survivors of Satanism? There are several ways to categorize them, but basically there are four varieties:

1.) A person born into a multi-generational (hereditary) Satanist family of some variety or another and raised therein. There are two subgroups:

a.) Those selected for leadership.

b.) Those selected for either breeding, victimization or sacrifice.

2.) A person raised in a multi-generational Satanist family, but obtained through legal adoption, exchange, sale or kidnapping. This usually happens between the ages of 4 and 6. These people are usually treated as (1-b) above.

3.) A person reared in a family where one parent or caregiver and/or their extended family are secretly Satanists, and the other parent or caregiver is kept ignorant of that fact. Again, they are usually treated as (1-b) above.

4.) A person of late adolescence or early adult years who voluntarily joins a satanic coven. This person is usually not as badly victimized, although they are still often manipulated into some pretty awful situations. If they fail the cult in some way, they are horribly treated and often murdered.

As may be gathered, the Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) survivor is most often type #1 through 3. These are people who have been systematically abused, emotionally, physically and sexually in a massive way over a period of years.

While the #4 variety may have some trauma and emotional problems, drug or sexual habits to deal with, they are usually not as severe as the other 3.

Although both boys and girls are mistreated in this matter, girls are much more frequently victimized for a variety of reasons. Thus, for simplicity's sake, we will use the female pronouns to refer to the survivor.

As has been mentioned earlier, there are wide varieties of Satanism extant in the West. This means that there are many variations in the rituals which produce significant differences in the victims. Nevertheless, there are some commonalties to watch for in people coming out of SRA, even saved people! Most often they will have experienced:

- Forced drug use (narcotics and hallucinogens) and hypnosis, partially for Hermetic or alchemical reasons, and partially for mind control purposes.

- Frequent periods of forced isolation from natural parents and/or from all human contact.

- Ritualized sexual molestation, to ensure the demonic possession of the child and to forever defile the sexual act (which the Lord created to be good) in their mind and heart. Usually every conceivable perversion is

worked upon a child repeatedly, often while under hallucinogenic drugs.

- Coerced participation in ritual sacrifice, often both animal and human.
- Ritualized perversions of Biblical events — being crucified, flogged, entombed and then “resurrected,” by the satanic high priest.
- Perverse baptismal and communion rites, leading to fear of water, bathtubs, bathrooms, and fear of people dressed as “clergy.” Children are often “baptized” by being nearly drowned in bathtubs or toilets. Sometimes they are immersed in blood.
- Use of urine, hallucinogenic drugs, blood, semen or feces as “communion” “holy water” or anointing oil. This causes fear of being anointed, and fear of the blood of Jesus.
- Forced induction into child pornography and/or prostitution.
- Rebirthing rituals (mockeries of the Born Again experience), sometimes hallucinogenically induced, sometimes real. This can involve the child being sewn up inside the carcass of a dead cow or horse (and rarely, a dead pregnant woman who has had the fetus removed) and made to remain there for some hours. Then she is drawn out through the birth canal and “born again,” given a new satanic name and “baptized” with it.
- Use of tiny needles and pins in sensitive areas, especially those related to acupuncture meridians. Also use of electro-acupuncture and plain high voltage shock.
- Forced abortions (for adolescent girls) or being forced to ritually slay their own child.
- The infamous “black hole” experience, where a child is hung by their feet face down into a deep, dark hole full of something awful (dead cats, excrement, etc.) and left there for a day or two.
- Deliberately induced personality fragmentation.

I apologize for the unsavory content of this material, but this should help clarify some of the issues survivors of SRA face. As can be imagined, it is truly a testimony to the power of Jesus Christ that such people can even function at all, after being saved out of such horrid experiences — many of them experienced at extremely tender ages.

A couple of these things need clarification, so we will spend a chapter discussing the rationale behind the use of drugs, hypnosis and personality fragmentation. Additionally, there are physical symptoms which can occur in people who have been through this sort of abuse. Many people have these symptoms without any prior involvement in SRA, but the presence of more than one or two of the symptoms can be significant. Some of these are well-

known, and some we have noted in ourselves or in the dozens of people we have worked with:

1.) Acute photosensitivity — inability to look into sunlight or bright lights. Also sensitivity to fluorescent lighting and/or microwave emissions.

2.) Blood chemistry anomalies — these include the appearance of odd chemicals in blood tests with no known physical origin. Also changing blood types (something which is supposedly impossible).

3.) Right side epilepsy — while it can be an organic brain disorder, this kind of epilepsy can also be a sign of SRA and have spiritual origins.

4.) Odd tics in hands and fingers (this is un-conscious signing, in which actual curses are being conveyed through what are called “mudras” — mystical hand or finger positions which are an occult version of sign language — usually unknown by the victim herself).

5.) Over-weight and/or eating disorders.

6.) Large gaps in childhood memories. Or memories of sleeping for unusually long periods of time.

7.) Headaches of unknown origin.

8.) Muscular or genital disorders. Also occasional sexual dysfunction.

A more thorough checklist which goes into much greater detail (for the benefit of pastors and counselors) is included in Appendix II.

Seasons of Danger

A person who comes out of this background has come to associate certain times of the year with certain festivals, just as Christians have associations with Thanksgiving or Christmas. However, for the most part, these associations are extremely unpleasant. That is because satanic festivals almost always involve the child being forced into either drug-taking, sexual violation, violence and even torture and murder. These are NOT your “I’ll Be Home for Christmas” type of memories!

This can be confusing, because there are several Satanic “liturgical calendars” out there, and different ones are used by different Satanists, depending on their traditions and lineage. This is just as some Christian churches celebrate Advent and others do not. I will begin with the most basic and commonly celebrated ones, and then go from there.

If you are working with SRA survivors, it will be helpful for you to know when these festivals are, because they may represent points of crisis in the survivor’s recovery. They may, if they are sensitized enough, sense

these dates coming several days in advance as an increase in stress, or depression and fear.

They also may experience the after-effects for several days after the actual festival date. Occultists call this an “orb” of influence. Depending on coven custom, these dates may vary slightly, or even be celebrated on the nearest week-end night to the date. The list of dates in the satanic calendar is in Appendix I.

Triggers are an especially potent weapon in the enemy’s arsenal for the survivor. A “trigger” is usually a post-hypnotic suggestion which is buried deep in a cult-survivor’s mind. They are designed by the Satanists to further enmire and trap the person mentally, and also to obscure memories of key events.

Though we will be spending more time on triggers later, it will be helpful to illustrate how they can be used in terms of satanic calendar dates. Christians (and even many secular people) have emotional “triggers” about Christmas which bring memories, associations and strong emotions. Hearing a certain carol might “trigger” a memory or emotional responses. That, of course, is completely normal and innocent.

However, for the SRA survivor, it is possible that certain images, words, music or gestures might be used to reinforce commands to forget certain traumatic events. An obvious example would be if a survivor were to see a “Halloween cut-out” of a witch on a broomstick, she might be triggered to further block out a memory of a horrid Halloween ritual done to her.

A more sinister example would be a trigger which is a word. The child, when young, would have been drugged and/or hypnotized and commanded that — upon hearing a certain word — they would do a certain thing. Thus, on the eve of a critical festival, the adult woman might get a phone call. The caller would say the word (which would be specially chosen to be quite unique, possibly even a supposed demon name like “Gurnak”).

Upon hearing the word, the woman would go into a passive, hypnotic trance and quietly leave her house and go somewhere where she could be picked up by the cult. The cult would take her to the festival nearby, force her participation in ungodly rituals, and then have her return to her home.

She would get into bed and wake up with no memory of the night’s horrors (except what she thinks are vaguely remembered nightmares). But she would have a whole new layer of evil added to her already tortured psyche. We will spend more time later discussing triggers and how the Lord

can liberate a person from their grasp.

On the other hand, if you are a Christian who is called to intercessory prayer, knowing these dates is helpful because it can give you an idea of when to pray in certain ways to cast down the ancient strongholds which surround these feasts.

It will also help you know how to pray for the protection of your pastor and other Christian leaders who may come under more intense spiritual warfare during these times because of the stepped up magical activity of covens in your area.

Another consideration in all this is that, beyond the seasonal festivals, there are times in an SRA survivor's life when they are more likely to be vulnerable, and also "target ages" when the cult is likely to try and draw them back into their web of manipulation.

One time to watch for is around birthdays. Usually, for children who are victimized by SRA, the abuse begins around their fourth birthday. Oddly enough, this is because many Satanists believe that before this date, God watches over little children in a special way and they cannot be defiled.

In most cults, these are the key birthdays to watch out for:

1.) 4th birthday — when rituals and abuse usually begin.

2.) Age 13, girls — 14, boys (or during their puberty-birthday, whichever comes first). This is when, if possible, the child is rededicated through "betrothals" to Satan or forced pregnancies.

3.) 21st (7x3) birthday — in some groups, this is when the person is brought back into the group for further programming and indoctrination.

4.) 28th (7x4) birthday — a very critical time period, especially if the puberty period was somehow missed by the cult. This birthday traditionally involves the full-fledged assumption of satanic priesthood (or priestesshood).

Often, deeply imbedded triggers begin to fire off very powerfully. If the person has become Born Again, this may be an extremely stressful time, with a lot of unusual nightmares, impulses, and un-characteristic behaviors.

5.) 56th (7x8) birthday — another critical period. Triggers also present here. Without appropriate prayer and/or intervention, they will sometimes draw the survivor back into the cult and bring her into situations where she will be forced to abuse others, thus completing the cycle.

Puberty itself is an extremely important time period for an abused child, both emotionally and spiritually. Witches believe that puberty is when "natural" magical abilities within a child begin to reach full power.

Especially for a young girl, this is regarded as a once in a lifetime opportunity to exploit the child to her fullest possible limits for the benefits of the coven. An incredible amount of effort will be expended by the coven to draw the girl back into the coven — of her own free will, if possible (or against her will if need be).

Of course, none of these things are “set in concrete,” and the survivor’s salvation can derail these plans. Praise the Lord! However, quite often, prayer, counseling and even deliverance can be necessary with people like this to completely rid them of the bondage to buried drives, impulses and triggers. But prayer and vigilance are necessary, if you know people who are coming out of these kinds of groups — especially during these times of the year and during these periods of their life.

With caring Christians to help them “bear their burdens,” they can triumph over the darkness which tried to claim them, and get on with their lives in the Lord! This is truly what these people need, and it is my prayer that the Body of Christ can be there to provide it for them!

Un-holy Grail

Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils... 1
Cor. 10:21

The past dozen years or so have seen a sudden resurgence of interest in the Legend of the so-called Holy Grail. Blockbuster films, like *Excalibur*, *The Fisher King*, and *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, plus the earlier controversial book, *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*, have made it possible to talk about the Grail outside of college English literature classes and not have people stare at you in puzzlement.

Needless to say, the Grail was an integral part of our spiritual journey as well. It needs to be discussed at this point because of its surprisingly dangerous relation to the darkest kinds of Transyuggothian magick mentioned in earlier chapters.

I first became acquainted with the Grail legend through an intense study of the Anglo-American poet, T.S. Eliot during my junior year of high school. Eliot drew heavily upon the imagery of the Grail and Fisher King legends, as well as Tarot cards in his poem, "The Waste Land."

The conventional understanding is that the Grail legend is a medieval romance about a quest for a mystical cup, supposedly the cup out of which Jesus Christ drank at the Last Supper. This same cup was said to be later used by Joseph of Arimathaea on Golgotha to catch some of the blood which passed out of Christ's side when it was pierced with a lance.

Later, after the resurrection and ascension of the Lord, the legend claims that this same Joseph of Arimathaea (who was supposedly a wealthy tin merchant) took the Grail with him in his ship on a missionary journey to spread the gospel. His journey took him to the farthest reaches of the Roman Empire — Great Britain. Allegedly, he and twelve companions settled on the southern-western coasts of England, near what is today the Bristol Channel. Their settlement became known as Glastonbury.

After the death of Joseph and his twelve colleagues in the early Second Century, the Grail supposedly was lost. At this point, the legend fractures

into several different versions. Some versions associate the subsequent search for the Grail with a mysterious Fisher King whose wound can only be healed by having the Grail restored to him by a pure knight. Other versions relate the Grail to the semi-mythic King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Still others relate it to the mysterious Knights Templar and their middle-eastern crusades.

More recently, some scholars claim that the entire Grail legend is simply paganism with a Christian veneer slapped on it. There WERE ancient pagan antecedents to the Grail concept, both in Britain and elsewhere, most notably in the Welsh legends of the “harrowing of Annwyn (the Welsh form of Hades)” and the fabled Black Cauldron of Cerridwen (one of the names and faces of the goddess of Witchcraft).

Christian or Pagan?

The Bible attaches no special importance to the cup used by the Lord in the Last Supper. But is the Grail just romantic, Catholic superstition similar to searching for the relic of the “True Cross?” Or is there something darker and more sinister at work there? Is it Christian or Pagan, or even Satanic? To understand that, we must return to my personal quest.

In modern Wicca, the Grail legend is one of the key myths around which witches build their traditions. It was during my Wiccan initiations into Second and Third Grade and beyond that I began to really understand why the subject fascinated me so. I learned that the Grail is a symbol of the Great Goddess, and that it is particularly related to the dark goddess, Cerridwen and her cauldron.

In conventional Wicca, the Goddess is said to be threefold. We worshipped her as the Virgin Goddess (new Moon), the Mother Goddess (full Moon), and the Old Wise Crone (waning Moon). Some other systems add the Goddess as lover, and the Goddess as sister to make the five points of the pentagram (five-pointed star) so commonly seen in Witchcraft.

Cerridwen is the traditional name of the Crone. I learned that in ancient legend, she is the keeper of the Black Cauldron of Immortality. This is the Cauldron from which one sip could bring incredible insights, wisdom and supernatural powers. Supposedly, this is how the greatest of the Druidic Bards, [\[1\]](#) Taleisin, got his powers — from just one sip!

This same cauldron was later “harrowed” (stolen) out of the underworld kingdom of Annwyn by Arthur and his knights and was used to bring dead

bodies back to life.

The Once and Future King?

As a new Witch, I was terribly taken with the idealism of the Arthurian legends. In fact, I took “Arthur” as my Craft name when I became a member of the Druids. I read everything I could get my hands on about Arthur. His story is one of the most enduring myths in the history of the English-speaking peoples.

In recent years, books such as Marion Zimmer Bradley’s *The Mists of Avalon* have exposed the deep pagan, Witchcraft roots of Arthur’s legend, and why it is so important to witches. There may or may not have ever been a real Arthur, but whether he existed or not did not really matter to us. We feasted on the power of the mythic symbols or archetypes.

Was Arthur, as depicted, a Christian monarch bringing the true faith to pagan Britain (represented in the myth by characters like Merlin — essentially a Druid — and Morgan La Fay — a witch)?

Or perhaps he was a magickal priest-king with a Druid counselor, trying to keep the Old Religion (Wicca) alive in an increasingly Christian England. No matter how the legend was told, it really didn’t matter. There was a great deal of idealism and nobility, and that’s what originally appealed to me as a young witch. Additionally, there was a prophetic — almost eschatological (end-times) element to the legend which resonated very deeply for us.

Legend has it that Arthur was mortally wounded in a climactic, almost apocalyptic battle with his illegitimate evil son, Mordred. Dying, he threw his magical sword, Excalibur, back into the hands of the Lady of the Lake, and a boat came to take him away in a bier. This boat contained three mysterious women (the Threefold Goddess?) who carried him off to Avalon, a mystical island which some say is now near Glastonbury — perhaps in another dimension. We did not know if he lived or died.

It was said that when England suffered its darkest moment, its greatest crisis in which it would finally be conquered, Arthur would awaken from his bier. He would rise again and take Excalibur in his hands and fight off England’s enemies and restore the glory of Camelot. That is why King Arthur is called “The Once and Future King.”

There are some strong similarities between this legend and the life, death, resurrection and second Advent of Jesus Christ. In many ways, Arthur

is almost an anti-Christ figure, at least in the sense of being a false Christ. That neither occurred to me, nor bothered me. I anxiously awaited the return of King Arthur, and so did other witches as well.

The fantasy of a benevolent realm where justice and law prevailed, and an aristocratic king ruling over it — with Druids and Christians laboring side by side in harmony was terribly compelling. Even the tragic turn of Guinevere's (Arthur's queen) adultery with Lancelot (his greatest knight and friend) and the subsequent destruction of the Round Table carried eerie Biblical overtones (Arthur = Jesus, Lancelot = Judas).

All this nobility, heroism and high-quality literature (Tennyson, Mallory, etc.) was used like a Trojan Horse to smuggle into our lives the Holy Grail. The quest for the Grail is one of the two most important tasks in Arthur's reign (the other being the creation of the Round Table).

Depending upon which version of the legend you read, one or two of his knights (Galahad and/or Perceval) do discover the Grail; and it transports them into some sort of celestial sphere from which they barely return. Some legends even have Galahad dying of ecstasy and being teleported to heaven.

What is the Secret of the Grail?

With the publication of *Holy Blood, Holy Grail* a dozen years ago,[\[2\]](#) a new twist has been added to the mystery. The authors, Baigent, Leigh, et.al., theorize that the Grail is a symbol of a secret which (they claim) will topple Christianity.

They claim that the church (Roman Catholic) has been hoarding a secret which it shares with a secret society, the Priory of Sion for almost 2,000 years. Very briefly, the secret is that the "Grail" is actually a bloodline, a royal stream of blood ancestry which runs back in time to the child of Jesus and Mary Magdelene. This Priory of Sion is allegedly an ancient secret organization derived from the Knights Templar which is in custody of this royal bloodline. Supposedly, the head of this Priory is one of those descended directly from Jesus.

They claim that the notion of a married Jesus is so startling a notion that it would crack the foundations of Christianity — and that the idea of people today walking around who carry the blood of Jesus in their veins would finish the job.

Why they think this would destroy Christianity is not clear. The Bible is silent about Jesus' married state. If he was married, it is certainly odd that

the Bible says nothing about His wife. The only bride of Jesus mentioned in the New Testament is His Church — His true Church.

It might do a number on Roman Catholicism, because its (un-Biblical) celibate priesthood is based upon the premise that Jesus wasn't married and therefore His priests should follow that model. However, for most Christians, such a revelation — if it were even true — would not really effect the fundamentals of the faith.

Now mind you, these authors do NOT believe that Jesus is God. In subsequent books they are revealed as skeptics who deny that Jesus was anything but a Jewish Messianic figure, and that he never intended to start a church. The church, they claim, was all Paul's doing. This is hardly a new thesis, but it is not supported by history, or the Bible.

But if Jesus wasn't divine, then what was the big deal about His bloodline? The authors contend that what mattered was that the Vatican believed that Jesus was divine and celibate, so they had a vested interest in keeping the secret of his family. Thus, their BIG secret is no big deal. However, it is odd how closely these essentially secular authors have skated to the true, even stranger secret of the Grail.

“...Where Lance and Grail Unite”

Consider this: all the legends believe that the Grail is lost (or at least hidden — i.e. occult), and that it is a cup from which flows either immortality or eternal life. When we took the Third Grade level of Witchcraft we learned that the Grail is a symbol of the Goddess, just as the witch's dagger or Athame is the symbol of the Horned God. When we entered the high priesthood of the Druids, we learned something much more significant.

The ritual sex (called The Great Rite in some traditions of Wicca), which usually accompanies the Third Grade initiation, is intended to be more than just a sexual act. Through a special use of posture within the rite, a circuit is supposedly closed. It is a fusing of two nervous systems. From the nervous system of the priestess (i.e. Grail) flows supernatural wisdom.

[\[3\]](#) The ritual, written by Aleister Crowley, says this in its invocation:

Open for me the secret way:
The pathway of Intelligence
Between the gates of night and day,
Beyond the boundaries of time and sense.

Behold the Mystery aright.
The Five Points of Fellowship,
Here where Lance and Grail unite,
And feet and knees and breasts and lips.[\[4\]](#)

We were told that in doing this, we were joining an ancient, “apostolic succession” of high priesthood authority, which could be traced all the way back to Jesus and his “high priestess,” Mary Magdelene.

Supposedly, Jesus brought all the power and wisdom of the solar current of energy into focus, then he joined sexually with Mary Magdelene, who brought all the energies of the lunar current of magick. The resultant fusing of these two very ancient (and often opposing) currents of magical energy produced a truly extraordinary prodigy.

As blasphemous as it sounds, Mary then went and sexually “initiated” all twelve of the apostles. Each of them was given one-twelfth of this awesome magickal construct. Down through the centuries, since that time, there has been a transference of this pure, unalloyed force through this ritual.

Sharon was brought into this incredible 1900 plus year-old chain of initiations in 1973. She, in turn, initiated me. It was a mind-boggling experience for me, but even this was not the end.

Several years later, we were told that we had to amass all twelve of the ancient lines of initiatic power in order to really acquire the “Grail” in all its fullness. What, then, would this Grail give? We would attain true immortality! We would “drink” from this completed Grail and live forever!

The “master” who brought Sharon and me into this claimed to be more than 165 years old. Our teachers laid it out before us. Here were the meta-physical “mountains” we needed to scale to attain this goal:

1. Peter — the Roman Catholic priesthood
2. Andrew — the Druidic high priesthood
3. James — the Eastern Orthodox priesthood
4. John — the Masonic order
5. Philip — Tibetan Bon Pa (Buddhist) Priesthood
6. Bartholomew — African (Ashanti) line (modern Voudoun)
7. Thomas — Hinduism & Tantra Yoga
8. Matthew — Illuminated Seers
9. James — Native American (Cherokee) line

10. Thaddeus — Arab (alchemy)- Ishmaeli-Muslim (Thelemic) line
11. Simon Zelotes — the Satanic priesthood
12. Judas Iscariot — the Satanic high priesthood

This may help explain the bizarre pilgrimage our lives went through in the 1970's. We got into virtually every one of these religious lines trying to seek this "Grail," trying to bring it all together. The "alchemy" involved grew intense and, of course, quite demonic. We were putting together quite an infernal goulash.

Born Again?

Unfortunately, much of the mechanics of this process cannot be written because of the perversities involved. However, over the years, even I began to see behind the charming veil of the Arthurian Grail legend.

I began to see how captivating and deadly the entire process can be. It became a lethal sexual addiction. By the time I had involved myself in the Transyuggothian type of magick, we had amassed all but a couple of the twelve currents needed to achieve my supposed eternal life.

The danger (which I perceived as a plus) is that for each "current" into which I joined, I acquired a whole new battery of demon strongmen. This is because sex (especially sinful sex outside marriage) is a major way in which demonic oppression can be passed from one person to another.

The lie is that by drinking from the Grail — sexually consuming the Tantric (sexual yoga) energies, one can prolong one's life. If you can link up all twelve parts of the "puzzle," you will live forever and ever. You will become an immortal being, a living god upon the earth.

It was during the second to the last of these blasphemous sexual encounters that I experienced something which nearly drove me over the edge into utter madness. As we were doing the ritual, I felt as if I was drawn into another reality — a separate place and time within Sharon, and yet beyond her.

I found myself kneeling in this large cavern, surrounded by a circle of thirteen women dressed in odd costumes. They looked like the way Pilgrim women Amish or Shaker women dressed, except instead of wearing black or grey dresses with starched white collars, cuffs and caps, they wore scarlet dresses with the white trim. They all looked quite severe and proper in their appearance.

The cavern was rose-colored. In the center before me was a rude looking well. The lighting was subdued and pink and came from nowhere in particular. The atmosphere was humid, turgid and very warm. There was a lady before me, seated on a rosy throne of somber yet ageless beauty. Her brows were dark, and her hair was black as a raven's wing. In spite of the attire she wore and the closeness of the air, there was no perspiration on her brow. She seemed to be leader of the group, and beckoned me to arise and come forward.

"Welcome to the Temple of the Grail," she said softly.

"Where am I?" I managed to ask.

She only smiled benignly, with a kind of Mona Lisa smile.

"May I ask who you are?" I ventured further.

"I am that which was with you from the beginning, and I am that which is attained at the end of desire," the woman said. I recognized the quote from the rituals of Wicca, the "Drawing Down of the Moon" rite — the very words of the Goddess!

I felt as if I was asking the wrong questions and messing up this important opportunity. I tried to bring my rattled mind to heel and get it to remember the two traditional questions I was supposed to ask about the Grail. My panic increased, and all I could remember was to ask, "What is the Grail and whom does it serve?"

The woman smiled again, "I am the Grail and I serve the King." She rose from her throne. "I am Mary of Magdala."

"But you lived 2000 years ago!" I managed to point out.

"And I live today. Jesus said that if anyone ate of his flesh and drank of his blood, they should never die."

I recalled reading that somewhere in the gospels, so I nodded.

"Now, you are on the threshold of the Grail. You must drink from it so you can be Born Again," she declared, gesturing with her hand to the rough hewn roseate well in the center of the temple. "Then you will be ready for the twelfth line of power."

I had heard about being Born Again, but did not know what it meant. Obviously, I thought I was to find out. I carefully turned and walked over to the well. I could feel the eyes of every woman in the place boring into me. I reached down into the well, and was surprised to find the water warm and almost syrupy. Hoping I was doing the right thing, I cupped some and drank. It was sweet to my tongue.

No sooner had I swallowed, but I found myself torn away from this

strange temple. I felt myself hurtle through some vast and dim distances. It grew colder. Suddenly, and rather unceremoniously, I found myself dumped on the floor of our ritual temple in our house, drenched in preternatural moisture. Sharon was instantly at my side, and concerned. I was giggling uncontrollably. The strange, cloying taste of the liquid was still on my lips, and I remembered the woman's final words!

I thought I was Born Again, and I was ready for the final piece to the puzzle!

Dispelling the Darkness

Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. Col. 2:8

In the midst of all our concern about Satanism, we must never allow ourselves to forget that our primary mission is still to win souls to Christ. Nothing in this book is meant to be frightening to Christians, although it may be a bit intimidating. Satanists are unsaved people, just like everyone else. They need to know what it REALLY means to be Born Again!

Nor should Christians think that they will be attacked or murdered if they try to witness Jesus to Satanists. Most of the Satanists that you are likely to know as Satanists will be “street-legal” Satanists. They will be Church of Satan-types who will vigorously deny involvement in any illegality. Thus, they are not likely to start shrieking at you or stabbing you with a dagger. Of course, no witnessing encounter is ever 100% safe. Indeed, neither is any human interaction.

However, we want to assure you that Satanists — by and large — represent no more significant increase in risk in personal work than say, for example, a Jehovah’s Witness. It has been rightly said more than once that if a man fears God, he does not fear men, and if he fears men, he does not fear God.

The irony is that the most physically “dangerous” Satanist is probably also the most harmless in appearance. He or she might be the nice-looking, articulate co-worker in your office, NOT some weird teen with an upside-down cross earring and black lipstick. ***You might be witnessing to Satanists already and not even know it.*** Just realize that NO Satanist can touch you without the Lord’s permission.

Bottom line: Do not let this book scare you off from witnessing to such people. **If you don’t, who will?** God loves them, and Jesus died for them, even if they do curse His name.

Soul-winners realize that any witnessing encounter is a field for

spiritual warfare. Satanists aren't really any more "lost" than any un-churched person, or Mormon, etc. Anytime you try to win someone to Jesus, Satan might attack you. However, he cannot touch you without the Father's permission. A prayed-up, armored-up Christian has nothing to fear. Pray for the Lord's protection on you, your family and loved ones — then go for it!

Realize that part of the reason I remained trapped in this incredible evil as long as I did is that ***no Christian ever witnessed to me.*** Think about that! I lived most of my occult career in a huge city and yet I was never approached with the simple gospel of Jesus Christ.

Mormons approached me! Way International approached me! Jehovah's Witnesses approached me! But never a Born Again believer. Perhaps they were afraid of us. There is no need for that fear. This is partially why we wrote this chapter, to give you some insights into how to witness to a Satanist.

Prayer Considerations

The most important part of soul-winning — with any person — ***is prayer!*** The soul-winner needs to pray for God to send him "divine appointments," people who have been primed by the Holy Spirit to be ready for the message of Christ. If you have a Satanist already in mind, you need to begin praying for that person in a very specific way.

Realize that *all unsaved people are idolaters*. That doesn't mean they all have squat, stone statues of Molech to which they bow down. But it does mean they all have something in their lives which is their "god." I was witnessing to a Mormon. He was ready to repent and commit his life to Christ, but he feared doing this because he knew his wife would divorce him and take the children. His family, however good, had become his idol. It was more important than doing what he knew was right in God's eyes.

Each "idol" carries with it a belief system. For the "Yuppie," the idol's belief system might be that cellular phones and BMW's are the secret of a fulfilled life. For the cultist, it is the theology of the cult. The point is that ANY such idolatrous theology is a stronghold which must be spiritually cast down (2 Cor. 10:4-5) before any serious advances can be made in witnessing.

Usually, this is a more consequential problem with the cultist because their theology is actually systematized and thought out — often imposed from without. It is also usually assumed at a considerable personal

investment. Most cultists see themselves as radically different from the world, whether they are different in a noble, “separated” sense like the Jehovah’s Witness, or in an evil way like Satanists.

Because the Satanist (or J.W.) has stepped beyond the bounds of normal society, there is a lot more emotional content invested in his decision. Because of this, the cultic strongholds are usually much harder to demolish because there is so much emotional commitment to them.

I remember, as a Mormon who had first heard the TRUE gospel, how I struggled with it. My first thought, upon hearing the gospel of grace was, “*Can it really be that easy?*” The thought dazzled and frightened me.

However, my second thought was, “*What will my family and friends think?*” I had made a huge issue to my friends about becoming a Mormon, and Mormonism being the “only, true church.” I had even gotten five people to become Mormons! I cringed at the thought of going to them and telling them that I had been desperately wrong. That struggle slowed me up for about a week, before I finally surrendered to Jesus.

New Wine into New Bottles

The same effect is at work in the Satanist, except obviously for different reasons. Thus, we recommend that fervent, scouring prayer be applied to the person with whom you are going to speak — if at all possible.

If you paint a new house, you just slap on a coat of primer, then paint it. That is like witnessing to an un-churched person — a “heathen.” However, if you need to repaint an older house, which has already been painted, then you have a different matter.

The old paint must be stripped off in some fashion, until you get down to the bare wood. Only then can you apply the fresh coats of paint. If you try to apply the new paint over the old, the new paint may well bubble up or peel off in just a few months. As Jesus explained it,

And no man putteth new wine into old bottles: else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine must be put into new bottles. Mark 2:22

Though in the context, the Lord was addressing the issue of the old tenets of Jewish tradition vis-a-vis His teaching, the same can apply to any other human traditions when they encounter the saving gospel. The way to

“strip” the house of its old paint (or stronghold) is through mighty intercessory prayer. You need to pray that the Lord will bind the lying and deceitful spirits (1 Tim. 4:1) which prevent the Satanist from hearing and seeing the truth of Jesus — at least for a season.

Then you pray for the Lord to bring you into a window of opportunity where you can find the person at a time when the demonic interference is bound and at its weakest so you can tell the person about Jesus.

We have found this to be enormously effective. It appears that while the Lord ultimately will not interfere with free will, we can pray for Him to bind the demonic spirits which are preventing the person from seeing the truth for a short time — long enough for them to get “an earful” of the Truth.

Many would be astonished at what goes on in the spiritual realm as they witness to people. Without prayer, clouds of imps buzz around the unsaved person’s head like flies, trying to distract, confuse, or even blind or deafen at times. External things will intrude, telephones will ring, kids will cry.

One time we were witnessing on the streets of Salt Lake to a Mormon youth, and were close to having him commit his life to Jesus. Abruptly, a fight between some street hoods broke out without warning — literally inches away. A big guy with a body-builder’s physique got knocked out and fell face first onto the pavement before us like a side of beef. The young man with whom we were speaking peddled off on his bicycle, terrified, leaving the gospel half told. All we could do is pray that someone else would speak with him, someday — somehow.

Another time, we were trying to get a cultist to understand the gospel of salvation. The fellow was literally unable to see Acts 16:31! He would read the 30th verse and the 32nd verse, but it was as if Satan had excised that verse out of the Bible — even though it was there, as plain as day to us. Paul wasn’t kidding when he warned us:

But if our gospel be hid, it is *hid* to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath *blinded* the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. 2 Cor. 4:3-4

This may be old news to many, but we have found that a lot of people who try to win souls under-estimate the power of prayer. They think of witnessing as an exchange of ideas — which, on one level, it is. However, it is first and foremost a spiritual battle of the highest magnitude. It is our

recommendation that if you know you are going to be witnessing in advance, that you pray:

1.) For the Lord to put the full armour of God on you (and any co-workers), and also on your family and loved ones — for His protection.

2.) For the Holy Spirit to guide you in everything you say — to give you just the right words to say and scriptures to quote — something that will truly minister to the person where they are.

3.) For the Lord to protect the witnessing from harassment or disruption.

4.) For the Lord to bind the deceiving spirits away from the person for a season.

5.) For the blood of Jesus to saturate the wit-nessing environment and for angelic protection to be placed around it.

6.) Last, but certainly not least, for the Holy Spirit to bring understanding and conviction to the person.

Getting Down to Business

Having dealt with generalities, let's see what specifically can be done to bring a Satanist to Christ. We must acknowledge that there is never one "magic bullet" method of witnessing that always works. That is why it is so critically important to pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It's also important to surrender to Him and be perfectly willing to lay all your agendas aside and do what He wants done.

Sometimes the Lord will prompt one of us to quote a scripture or say something which seems "off the wall," yet that's what gets through the defenses of the person like a bullet through tissue paper.

One time, we had spent more than an hour talking with a young witch, perhaps bordering on being a Satanist. We had tried everything we knew, but weren't getting through. She wasn't impressed with the severity of what she was doing. For some reason, I felt led — out of the blue — to quote the first stanza from Martin Luther's famous hymn, "*A Mighty Fortress is Our God*" which mentions Satan:

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate
On earth is not his equal.

She flinched visibly in pain as these words struck her, and a doorway opened in her eyes. They softened, and suddenly a normal adolescent girl was looking out of them at us. Now, that is not what we normally do in witnessing. However, that verse from that old hymn rattled her more than anything else we said, and she agreed to meet with us again. Praise God!

It must be acknowledged that it is a daunting task to try to win a Satanist to Christ. Unlike many cultists, they have utterly no faith in the Bible, and the name of Jesus is often a joke to them. However, there are still some areas with which you can work.

First, run a Diagnostic. You need to discern what sort of Satanist you have before you. Obviously, all Satanists are not made with a cookie-cutter. For the broad categories of Satanists in detail, see chapter 3. Here is a brief review:

1.) Lower-level Satanists: They do not believe in a devil and think they are pragmatic metaphysicists trying to attain their own supreme self through magical technology.

2.) Mid-level Satanists: They believe in a devil, but think he got a bum rap. They are into the “dark side” and believe in releasing it for power.

3.) Upper-level Satanists: These can be quite obnoxious to Christians since they regard us as almost a lower life form. We (and Jesus) are cast as oppressors of the world who are slaves to a “blind, idiot god.”

4.) The “Magister” (or Master) level of Satanist: These people believe they have transcended good and evil and have become living, selfish gods. They do practice blood sacrifice, and may have even killed. You might want to call for “back-up” if you meet one of these. They are not common!

6.) The Satanic “saint:” These people are thoroughly demon possessed and have certainly committed human sacrifice. They are the devil’s equivalent of Billy Sunday, Charles Finney or Dwight Moody. They are extremely rare. If you encounter one, you probably won’t be able to tell, except through discerning of spirits. They will be cunning, charismatic, crafty and very powerful. Yet if you are led to share with them, all their power will be as a flyspeck next to the anointing of the Holy Spirit. People like this have been saved!

Normally, you will only encounter #1-2 and occasionally #3. And that’s only if you go looking for them. Realize that Satanists are comparatively rare birds, although sadly, the first two varieties are increasing among the

young.

The second part of the diagnostic should be to try and learn how and why the person became a Satanist. It doesn't hurt to ask. Often, like Christians, Satanists like to share how they were "converted." Here are some common answers:

- 1.) Young people especially are drawn by the promise of power.
- 2.) Easy-to-find sex and drugs.
- 3.) A desire for secret wisdom or a fascination with the mysterious.

These first three are true as much for "white" witches (Wiccans) as for Satanists. But the remaining reasons are uniquely true of the "convert" to Satanism:

- 4.) An existential sense of nihilism or despair — a feeling that life is painful and meaningless, so you might as well enjoy pleasures before death.
- 5.) A feeling that God let them down or betrayed them.

It is tragic to say that this fifth reason is most common among Christians (either genuine or at least nominal) who have become Satanists — many of them young people. If this is in fact the case, then you have a chore on your hands.

A Question of Trust

In dealing with a Satanist of the #1 and #2 varieties, it often helps to begin with a conversation about how they got into Satanism and why they have come to believe in it. Satanism, like every other cult, involves a rejection of the authority of God, and the placing of something else (often "self") on the throne instead.

Some Satanists will say they got into it and stayed with it because "it worked for them" — its teachings made sense to them and perhaps gave their life meaning. Perhaps they did some magic and found that it worked. Their lives were helped by black magic. This is pragmatic reasoning, which assumes that if something works, it is okay. But pragmatism is not Biblically valid.

Your task as a soul-winner is to identify (and dethrone) the Satanist's chief idol, and communicate to them certain truths about Jesus. This also means that you must try to dismantle the bad data which the Satanist has about his or her own religion and the Christian faith.

In Chapter 19, we'll get into specific approaches which we have found to be most effective in dealing with ministry to Satanists.

Speaking from the Inferno

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Psalm 130:1

Even I was not prepared for the Grail's "final piece of the puzzle." I learned that the "Holy Grail of Immortality" was actually the bloody chalice of Vampirism! As was mentioned at the beginning of this book, you have no idea what it's like to awaken to the *need* for the taste of blood in your mouth.

In a way, I was fortunate. We were the leaders of a large network of covens. These covens were designed to be rings within rings. In our experience, this is the common practice. The outer-most rings were made up of Wiccans, men and women who believed they were practicing "white" or good Witchcraft. Once they came through to the high priesthood, they began to understand the mysteries of Lucifer. The inner rings were involved with Thelema, the religion of Aleister Crowley. Among those innermost rings were certain select women who were consecrated, dedicated, willing — even delighted to let me drink their blood.

With enough women to choose from, no one woman would lose enough blood to become seriously threatened. They enjoyed the experience, and I was sustained. Thus, I did not have to go outside our rings to prey upon women for their blood — at first...

These inner-most rings lived in a world where things were seriously upside-down. Pleasure was pain, and pain was pleasure. Darkness was light and good was evil. We would attend movies like *The Exorcist* and the *The Omen* and root for the demons or the anti-Christ. This is because I daily worked magic and rituals of pain, power and perversity to bring forth the Great Beast's coming.

Dark Apocalypse

As this book is being written, another media cycle is glorifying the patron saint of vampirism, Vladislav Basarab — also known as Vlad Tepes

(Vlad the Impaler) or Vlad Dracula. A major film by a “serious” Hollywood director has been released with costly sets, costumes and special effects, which promises to lure yet another decade of people into these unhallowed cinematic temples.

Every ten years or so, Hollywood can be counted on to resurrect “Dracula” and we have a flurry of films about the Undead. What is Tinseltown trying to sell us? The lie of eternal youth and eternal beauty has never been more seductive, and its cost has never been higher. I know, because I bought that lie — hook, line and fang. I learned the unimaginable price which had to be paid.

How did I come to a place where I was willing to forsake all that was normal in humanity for a taste of what I believed would be immortality? I did not wake up one morning as a “vampire-in-training.” As we have seen, it was a gradual process of seduction, and I believed that I was putting together the pieces of an immense and highly secret cosmic jigsaw puzzle. Naturally, the dark forces which manipulated me had no mercy upon me.

From the beginning of the modest evil of Wicca and Spiritism, I had descended — in a decade — into a morass of bloody terror from which I doubted I could escape. Most of the time, I did not want to escape. The “meta-chine” within me now ruled me predominantly. Now I stood at a perilous crossroads, and I thirsted for blood.

The vampire cult — for such it was — was to be the last and most damnable step in my exploration of Satanism. With odd, malignant serendipity, very soon after my encounter with “Mary of Magdala,” the black, leathery wings of the cultus first brushed against me in an old Russian Orthodox church in downtown Chicago.

I had first been brought there by the man who had consecrated me a Gnostic bishop in the Old Roman Catholic church, Syrio-Jacobite rite. The Gnostic Catholic church is a mixture of Roman Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, and Aleister Crowley’s form of Satanism. It was in this church that I eventually made contact with the powers which were to draw me deeper into the vampiric branch of the Brotherhood.

A chief principle of both ancient and modern Gnostics was duality (the absolute necessity of both good and evil). I was led to believe that Vlad Dracula was a necessary dark “Christ,” an “anti-matter” Christ — to use terms from modern physics — to counter-balance the White-Light priesthood of Jesus.

It was vital that I assume the mantle of Dracula’s order of priesthood,

just as I thought I had assumed the mantle of Jesus' priesthood through Catholicism and Orthodoxy.[\[1\]](#) It would be the final missing line of apostolic authority I sought.

Thus, I needed to train and develop for that priesthood as well. I was assigned a mentor who taught me an incredibly twisted form of Christianity. I was told that the gospel of John was a secret document with incredible "Gnostic secrets" buried within it — that John the Apostle still walked the earth today as a nearly 2,000-year-old vampire initiated into vampirism by Jesus Himself!

The Johannine apostolate, though rooted in what is today called Freemasonry, supposedly led its devotees ultimately to the sacramental consumption of human blood and organs to sustain life forever.

I was told that the first *Nosferatu* (the Romanian/ Wallachian word for "Undead" or vampire) was Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead by occult power — naturally in John's gospel. It was allegedly Jesus' intention that an unbroken line of "apostolic succession" should descend down from John and Lazarus through a hidden priesthood within a priesthood. This was a vampire brotherhood concealed carefully within the ranks of the Latin and Orthodox priesthood down through the centuries, unknown to many of its own priests.

This explained for me the profound differences between John's gospel and the other three. Why was such emphasis placed in that gospel upon the dead hearing the voice of Christ and rising from the tombs? What was the cryptic ending in which it seemed to say that John would live until the Second Advent? The answer I was given was that the Johannine gospel was a blueprint for living forever through the practice of the "Nosferatic Priesthood" — vampirism.

The Blood is the Life

The very cornerstone of the Satanic cult's existence and survival lay in the central ritual of Orthodoxy and Catholicism — the Eucharist (Mass) or "Divine Liturgy." I soon learned for myself the vital link between the doctrine of Transubstantiation (that the bread and wine is literally turned into the Body and Blood of Christ) and the *Nosferatu*.

I eagerly allowed my body to be gradually transformed through injections of special herbs and drugs, thinking I was following the footsteps of John, the Beloved. Gradually, my appetite for food began to diminish, and

my sensitivity to sunlight increased markedly.

Finally, on a special night, I was permitted to drink blood from the veins of my mentor. Thus the “virus” of vampirism was passed to me. I began to crave only blood and could eat or drink little else. There, in a darkened windowless chapel lit only by candles and covered with Orthodox icons, I learned the true significance of the “Divine Liturgy.”

Supposedly, for a vampire to survive, he or she must drink a substantial amount of blood each day — just as humans must eat. Ideally, they must consume an entire human body’s worth of blood in just a couple of days, or they begin to sicken and starve.

Thus, Jesus’ solution for His vampiric priesthood was supposedly the “magic” of Transubstantiation. It is Catholic and Orthodox doctrine that the entire body of Jesus is contained in the host or wafer. Similarly, the entire blood of Jesus — the blood of a 33-year-old male adult, some nine pints — is miraculously contained within the chalice of wine.

Since all members of this Nosferatic priesthood must first be priests of the Catholic or Eastern Orthodox Rite, they all had the power to produce in their liturgies every day *more than enough* sacramental “blood” to slake their thirst. And it was real blood (at least so we believed).

Catholic priests were required by canon law to celebrate the liturgy every day, unless prevented by illness or some serious emergency. Thus, in the sacramental wine-turned-blood, we had a ready-made supply for our needs, without ever having to go out and attack people like the fabled vampires of the films. The only reason for drinking blood from a living person was either for pleasure, or for initiation into the vampire cult.

Within days, I found myself living almost exclusively off the elements of the communion rite, with a more-than-occasional use of the blood of my willing coven priestesses for variety. Additionally, I was taught the special geometries necessary to create a sacred altar-space (coffin) in which to periodically rest and restore my powers.

It was upon this coffin/altar, that the Masses were celebrated, often with me or another entombed within. This was the real reason, I was told, for the use of relics: bones or other pieces of “saints’” bodies in the altar stones of Catholic churches. It was a tradition gleaned from the days when the liturgies were commonly celebrated over the body (within the altar) of an “Undead” Nosferatic priest.

I was taught other liturgies — first and foremost the Rite of St. John Chrysostom, used in most Orthodox churches. I also learned more secret

ceremonies, such as masses actually dedicated to Vlad Dracula and an entire pantheon of vampiric “saints.” These rites were mirror images of the elaborate ceremonies of Orthodoxy and Catholicism, the only differences being that Dracula and other famous vampires such as the fabled Lammia, Vrykolak and Lilith were exalted rather than the Virgin Mary and Jesus.

A Visit from Dracula?

These practices began to spread among our coveners in an ever-widening circle. For the most part, they were more popular among women than men — perhaps because the men were intimidated at the prospect of losing their sexuality.

Sadly, at least two couples’ marriages collapsed because the wife chose vampirism over her husband. Such was the voluptuous power of drinking and sharing blood. A couple of the priestesses eventually requested that I formally “initiate” them into the Nosferatic mysteries.

This involved the celebration of a special “Mass of St. Vlad” in which special sacramental rum was used instead of the traditional red wine. It was essentially similar to the Orthodox liturgy, except for obvious differences. The “communion rite” consisted of a blasphemous parody of what happened to Jesus on the cross.

First, I would drink from her neck until she nearly fainted from loss of blood. Then, I would open up my own chest and the candidate would drink deeply from my blood. This supposedly transmitted the foreign, demonic “enzyme” into her body which began transforming her into a priestess of the Nosferatu.

The mass would then conclude with setting the sacramental liquor (supposedly transubstantiated into the blood of Dracula himself) aflame. We would call upon Vlad to come and smile upon the creation of this new “child” of his.

It was believed that, after our deaths, both I and the women I initiated would rise again as pure-bred Nosferatu. We would be immortal beings who would live for centuries, no longer just the human hybrids who were half vampire and half human.

With the last woman we initiated, a frightening and extraordinary event occurred. We drank from each other’s veins in the customary fashion, but at the conclusion of the ritual, when I had begun the invocation to Vlad, and lit the chalice full of sacramental rum, it flared up brighter than an acetylene

torch flame.

There was nothing special about the liquor, it was from the same bottle we always used. However, the flames roared upwards at least three feet from the lip of the goblet! The room was filled with exotic, multicolored flames — like nothing we had ever seen before.

I could barely finish the invocation. The heat and power in the room became so oppressive, we were almost driven to our knees. The chalice began to melt from the intense heat. I could feel the power of Dracula pouring over me like hot, smoking blood.

The woman we were initiating felt it as well. It seemed like a special “benediction” which had never happened before. She was thrilled with the unusual experience. I was shortly to learn just HOW unusual the entire episode would make my life.

Reaping the Whirlwind

Real changes had taken place within me. My normal sexual desire was entirely replaced with a fixation on blood.

As mentioned, I lost all appetite for food, apart from daily communion. I spent much of my time during the day in our candlelit chapel, doing Catholic devotions. Being out in the sun for more than a few minutes resulted in painful burns and blisters (not previously the case) — but I developed incredibly good night vision.

I also got much stronger each time I consumed blood. However, I never got the ability to turn into a bat or travel like mist under doorways. I am not certain but what those traits are “Hollywood embellishments.”

When donating blood once, I learned quite by accident that my blood type had changed, which is supposedly impossible.

I became increasingly fascinated with gory horror films of every kind, and would often haunt the darkened theaters for entire days, waiting for the sun to go behind a cloud so that I could go home. It was an increasingly strange existence.

I soon discovered that the communion wine was no longer doing what it was supposed to do. The craving for blood grew more and more real with each passing week. Sometimes I would celebrate Mass more than once a day, just to try and make it through. My fantasies had become entirely violent in nature, and I continually felt compelled to seek out more women than the half-dozen or so witches who were willing to be my “prey.”

It was honestly only my love for my wife which kept me from going out and assaulting women at random. I had never kept secrets from her, and I knew she'd be horrified if she knew I was barely restraining myself from becoming a bloodthirsty sexual predator. I knew our lives would be ruined if I gave in to these powerful lusts and was caught by the law.

Finally, I almost went too far with one of the priestesses. Remarkably, she was enjoying it no end, but I lost control and drank so much of her blood that she became unconscious. She was so pale and still that I feared I had killed her. Fortunately, she came to and even claimed to have had a mystical experience during her black-out. She left the chapel weakened, without any real notion of what had happened.

I was becoming terrified! My midnight drives through Milwaukee on my newspaper job became increasingly torturous as I would see the occasional prostitute and literally have to fight back an animal urge to wait until she was alone and pull her down the way a lion would attack a gazelle.

I knew it was only a matter of time before I would give in to cravings which now dominated my every waking moment. I would cringe at local newscasts that mentioned girls who were murdered under mysterious unsolved circumstances. I wondered if perhaps I was living a Jekyll-Hyde existence, and that I was actually out there killing by night.

There was never any evidence that such was the case. Praise the Lord! However, my guilt haunted me, yet the Monstrous Machine within me exulted in the blood-lust. I felt I was trapped in a downward cycle, which could only end in death, madness or prison.

It was at this desperate time that the Lord Jesus Christ entered my life. The final chapters of this volume will chronicle the fact that Jesus can save to the uttermost even someone as horrendous and wretched as I had become!

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Krafft-Ebbing & Co. — a Postscript

Although the idea of a vampire sounds totally unbelievable to most people in the 20th century, the fact is, there are such people. I cannot say if they have all the powers and abilities attributed to them by Hollywood movies and Eastern European folk-lore. But it is a matter of scientific record that there have been, and are currently, many documented cases of

human vampires.

These are not people who turn into bats, but rather men (rarely women: they tend to cut them-selves and drink their own blood) who are addicted to drinking blood. The famous (some would say infamous) German neurologist and psychiatrist, Richard von Krafft-Ebbing (1840-1902) wrote a monumental work on sexual perversion, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, which contains several case studies of what he called “lust-murders,” which were actually cases of vampirism.[\[2\]](#)

These are cases of what is called “clinical vampirism”[\[3\]](#) or “Renfield’s Syndrome” (named after the lunatic character in Bram Stoker’s *Dracula* who is a vampire wanna-be serving the count’s bidding.)[\[4\]](#)

Yet another clinical writer stresses the fact that vampirism is a clinical phenomenon in which myth, fantasy and reality converge.[\[5\]](#) An actual medical definition would be the following:

Clinical vampirism is named after the mythical vampire, and is a recognizable, although rare, clinical entity characterized by periodic compulsive blood drinking, affinity with the dead and uncertain identity. It is hypothetically the expression of an inherited archaic myth, the act of taking blood being a ritual that gives temporary relief.

From ancient times vampirists have given substance to belief in the existence of supernatural vampires...From childhood they [four actual case histories later cited] cut themselves, drank their own, exogenous human or animal blood to relieve a craving, dreamed of bloodshed, associated with the dead and had a changing identity. They were intelligent, with no family mental or social pathology....

Vampirism may be a cause of unpredictable repeated assault and murder; and should be looked for in violent criminals who are self-mutilators. No specific treatment is known.[\[6\]](#)

I’m not saying that psychiatrists have all, or even some, of the answers on this problem. However, they are aware of the phenomenon.

I cannot say for certain whether the vampirism I experienced was a form of psychosis, or whether it had supernatural (Satanic) origins. Some of the symptoms (aversion to sunlight, etc.) could have been psychogenic (caused

by my mind). However, much of my case is atypical in the psychiatric literature.

All I know is that I was demonized to the gills and getting deadly dangerous to myself, my family and others — and that whatever it was, Jesus Christ was the only cure. Praise His wonderful name!

*Witnessing to a
Devil-Worshipper*

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.
John 12:32

In continuing our look at how to present the gospel to Satanists, we need to recall that most Satanists have NO idea who God is, what the Bible teaches, or what Jesus is offering them. (The exception is the apostate Christians mentioned earlier.)

I certainly didn't. I spent sixteen years of my life gathering a massive volume of metaphysical information which contained many lies about the Bible and Christianity. Here are some of the typical lies Witches and Satanists are fed:

1.) All God wants to do is to keep us down and stop us from having "fun."

2.) The Bible has been censored or tampered with so much by old monks (or church councils) that what it says about Jesus and His life and message is valueless.

3.) The Bible cannot be understood except as a Kabbalistic code book which can only be deciphered by high level sorcerers and adepts. Thus, Born Again Christians cannot begin to comprehend its true meaning.

4.) The God represented in the Bible is actually a minor tribal, desert deity. The gods (Great Old Ones, Elder Gods, Lords of the Shadows, etc.) of Satanism are much older and more powerful. Thus, it makes more sense to serve them.

Obviously the Satanist has not gotten these ideas from a vacuum. He has read them or been taught them. Except for the first misconception, most of these ideas are not arrived at without some "help" from a book, a TV program, a rock band or a mentor.

As these objections come up, you need to gently challenge these statements. Many young people are accustomed to taking as absolute truth the things they read or hear — especially by anti-establishment figures. The

same youngsters or adults who make fun of Christians for our “blind faith,” believe the most outlandish concepts with far less reason. Thus you need to raise in their minds the question of trust:

“Why do you believe this information is true? Considering the eternal nature of these questions, upon what do you base your trust in this kind of belief system?”

Ask them who wrote the book or told them these things. Sometimes, they don’t even know where they got them. I know I had a lot of foolish ideas in my head from reading thousands of occult books, but I couldn’t tell you which idea came from which book. If they say they got it from someone like Crowley or LaVey, ask them why they feel that such authors are to be believed.

Point out that there are several possibilities:

- 1.) What the author has told them is true.
- 2.) The author has told them what he or she thinks is true, but is mistaken.
- 3.) The author has blended some truths with lies or mistakes.
- 4.) The author has lied to them knowingly.

This means there is, at the very best, a 75% chance that they have been misinformed — either intentionally or accidentally. Point out that these books were written by men or women, and that men or women can be mistaken or deceived. Ask them what reason they have for trusting the opinions of these people. The Satanist’s answer may vary from:

- 1.) “It feels right to me.”
- 2.) “Their writings make sense in an insane world.”
- 3.) “They are wise, powerful magicians and they should know what they are talking about.”
- 4.) “The magic rituals they taught me work. That’s why I believe they understand about the cosmos.”

This would be a good time to point out that you can give them access to a book written by Someone a whole lot smarter than LaVey, et.al. Explain that you can authenticate your book in a way that no magickal author could ever hope to accomplish.

“God-Fight at the OK Corral”

It is time to put the Holy Bible to the test. Help the Satanist realize that there is an objective, scientific (note that word) way to determine whom is

to be trusted — the Satanic “gurus” who mock God and the Bible, OR Jesus Christ and His Word. He or she should readily admit that the two positions are mutually exclusive.

In other words, show them that it is logically impossible for Satanism to be true theology and also for the Bible to be true. Satanists obviously have no respect for the Bible, so here is where you begin to tear down their “idol shepherds” by exalting the Word of God. It is always a better strategy — both spiritually and even psychologically — to begin by praising that which is precious to God than by attacking that which is “sacred” to the Satanist.

Explain that the Bible says that God’s Word was written by God Himself (see 2 Tim. 3:16, etc.). More *than 600 times*, the Bible says of itself that it is the very **words** of God. Now, a book truly written by God would have divine and unique qualities. One of those would be its ability to transform the lives and hearts of human beings. You can briefly tell the Satanist how the Word of God did that in your life.

Also, contrary to the contentions of Satanists and other anti-Christian apologists down through the centuries, the Bible says of itself that it cannot be changed or tampered with (see Mt. 5:18, 1 Pet. 1:25, Is. 40:8; 51:6, Ps. 119:89; 12:6-7; 19:7-8; 111:7, Lk. 16:17).

Occultists, by and large, are taught that various occult beliefs like reincarnation were censored out of the Bible in the second or third century. However, there is absolutely NO historical evidence that such censorship occurred. IF the Bible was truly written by God, then it could not have been altered by priests, monks or councils of the church as the Satanist has been told.

Logically, what human being could alter what an omnipotent Being had promised He would protect from being altered?

It can be historically shown that the scribes took incredible, almost supernatural care when hand copying down the scriptures (before the advent of the printing press). Such precautions as the following made it virtually impossible for errors to creep into the copy:

- The scribe counted the number of words and letters on both the copy and the original. They had to match precisely.
- The scribe determined the precise middle letter of the page, then made certain it was the same on the copy.
- One stray blot of ink invalidated an entire copy, and it was destroyed by fire. This was because of the nature of Hebrew, which does consist of very small strokes of the pen which could be mistaken for small ink

smudges.

- The scribe could not copy more than one word from memory without looking back at the original.

- The scribe added up the numerical value of the page (Hebrew letters are numbers too). Both the copy and original had to precisely agree in sum.

Another proof that God wrote the Bible is its ability to foretell the future with 100% accuracy. Tell your friend that unlike the psychics and sorcerers found in the popular press, the Bible has hundreds of prophecies in it, and every one which was due to come true has done so — without fail.

God, Himself, tells us to use His prophecies to test and compare Him to other “gods.”

Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together:
who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from
that time? have not I the Lord? and there is no God else beside
me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Isa. 45:21

A full discourse on the prophecies of the Bible and their astonishing accuracy would be an entire different book. The serious soul-winner is referred to works such as *Evidence That Demands a Verdict* by Josh MacDowell[\[1\]](#) for more substantial material on this vital, scientific way of establishing the Bible’s authority. Here, however, are a few “nuggets:”

1.) Jesus’ birth, life, death and resurrection contained the fulfillment of 322 distinct prophecies from the Old Testament. Just consider 48 of the hardest-to-fake prophecies — ones over which Jesus or his disciples had no control whatsoever, such as this small sampling:

- His being born in Bethlehem (Micah 5:2).
- Kings from the east come to worship Him (Ps. 72:10).
- Being crucified amid two thieves (Isa. 53:12).
- Being wounded in His hands by those who should have been His friends (Zech. 13:6).
- Being betrayed for 30 pieces of silver (Zech. 11:12).
- His clothing being divided and His vesture being gambled over (Ps. 22:18).

The odds against any one man fulfilling all these prophecies is 1 in 10¹⁵⁷! That is a 10 followed by 157 zeroes![\[2\]](#) Those odds are beyond astronomical. You would have an infinitely better chance of winning the lottery or getting struck by lightning.

To put those odds in perspective, there are millions of electrons — sub-atomic particles — in the human body. However, in the *entire vast expanse of the known universe*, there could not be 10157 electrons!

2.) Ezekiel made one prophecy in Ezekiel 26:3-21 (c. 592-570 B.C.) about the city of Tyre. It came true to the tiniest detail. Yet scholars have determined that just that ONE prophecy (out of hundreds) being so accurate through human wisdom had incredibly strong odds against it — 1 in 75,000,000![\[3\]](#) Ezekiel made many other similar prophecies about the destruction of cities. All of them have been fulfilled to the letter.

If the Satanist tries to claim that these prophecies were written after the fact, or falsified in some way, you can point out that — thanks to the Dead Sea Scrolls — we have proof that all of the prophecies in Isaiah about Jesus (for example) were in existence hundreds of years before Jesus was born. Thus, they could not have been written afterwards.

Point out to the Satanist that the Bible is the best attested of any ancient manuscript. That means the number of ancient copies we have of it to cross-check are substantial (thousands, actually) and they are dated very close to the time of the actual events being written about.

For example, the Bible's historical accuracy and truth are much better supported than, say, the works of Homer (*The Iliad* or *The Odyssey*). Thus, it is up to the Satanists to disprove the Bible's veracity.

On the other hand, point out that their heroes (LaVey, Crowley, Aquino, etc.) and their “sacred books” have made very few, if any prophecies, and that their fulfillment records have been absolutely dismal.

For example, LaVey writes in his book *Satanic Rituals* (1972)[\[4\]](#) about the progression of the idea of Jesus Christ in Western culture. According to this prediction, by the end of the 1980's, Jesus would just be a waning memory of a fairy tale in the minds of society.

This is patently NOT the case. The Christian church is alive and well, and tens of thousands of new believers are being Born Again every day. Jesus is not just a musty, nostalgic memory. He is one of the most vital forces in today's society.

If Satan is such a great god, how come neither he nor his “prophets” can accurately predict the future? Why doesn't he give his people something besides vague rumblings and chest-beating like an over-age, decrepit gorilla trying to impress someone? Why doesn't he give them something in the realm of hard science and numbers which they can examine?

The Satanist needs to address this question if he is going to honestly

deal with the facts. Our God can predict the future with astronomical, astounding accuracy. Their god cannot. Round #1 for the Biblical God.

Show Them the Lord

A second area which we have found to be very helpful is lifting up and glorifying the name of Jesus Christ. As has been mentioned, most Satanists know very little about the real character of Jesus.

Sadly, even many Satanists raised in nominal (or even genuine) Christian homes have a twisted version of the true Christ. Only about 10% of the Satanists we have dealt with come from Christian backgrounds. And most of those were raised in extremely legalistic homes. Unfortunately, they have an image of Jesus as a stern taskmaster, just waiting to smack you for the tiniest indiscretion — to thunder judgment out of heaven for the wrong haircut or for wearing jewelry.

Now, please... this is not an argument against parents bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! Nor is it a denunciation of holiness and separated living! Christian parenting is not easy, and it is not getting easier. However, too many young people are getting the message that Jesus does not offer them any joy, just strict discipline and boxed ears for stepping one foot out of line.

Parents need to prayerfully try to strike a balance between discipline and grace! As John reminds us in his gospel:

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by
Jesus Christ. John 1:17

If only stern discipline and judgment are presented to the child, without the freedom and joy of Jesus, then adolescence can be a very turbulent time — especially if crises come along and shake the child's faith.

It is important to remember that we are to:

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he
will not depart from it. Prov. 22:6

Please note that it is “train up a child in the way HE should go,” not in the way you want him to go. Your child might well have a path carved out for him by the Holy Spirit which is not what you planned for him or her. As

parents, we need to be careful that we don't "play Holy Spirit" with our child.

This is NOT to say that if the child (or teen) gets into areas which are clearly and Biblically sinful, we should allow him to wander off into the wasteland. However, it is often not smart to be stern and un-compromising with comparatively minor things in the eternal perspective.

Having said all that, to get back to our Satanist, it is important that we communicate an authentic and vital picture of Jesus Christ. We should not sugar-coat our presentation, because these people stand in imminent peril of eternal hell-fire, and they need to know that. However, we must be careful to emphasize grace over law. That is what Paul did.

We have found that it is extremely important to communicate five central aspects of Jesus to the Satanist:

1.) Jesus is Almighty God come in the flesh.

Many Satanists don't know this, or if they do, they misunderstand it. Explain to them as vividly as possible that Jesus is God in the flesh (John 1:1-2, Acts 20:28, Col. 1:15; 2:9, 1 Tim. 3:16). Jesus is the Being Who literally made all the universe (John 1:1-14, Col. 1:16). He is the one Who keeps the universe together. All the forces of gravity, attraction and repulsion of polarities are at His fingertips (Col. 1:17).

Further explain to them that as mighty and omnipotent as He is, He emptied Himself of His deity and became like us — to communicate to us, and to redeem us (Phil. 2:6-8). Sometimes the famous illustration about the ants helps show the magnitude of what the Lord did for us by becoming man:

A father and son look at an anthill, which some-one had disturbed. The son feels sorry for the little creatures who are scattering about and wishes he could communicate with them. The dad explains that ants could not understand human speech or writing. The very presence of a human being would terrify them beyond reason.

Together they conclude that the boy would have to become an ant and walk among the ants as one of them. Only then would they trust him and listen to him. This is what Jesus did for us by becoming a human being.

There can be no middle ground on the deity of Jesus of Nazareth. He said He was God (John 8:58). He received worship as God (Matt. 8:2, Matt. 9:18, Matt. 14:33, John 9:38). And He claimed to be the only way to get to God (John 14:6).

When a man says he is God, there are only three logical choices:

1.) He is a lunatic, like someone saying they are Napoleon or a poached egg.

2.) He is a liar.

3.) He really is God.

Most people, even occultists and many Satanists, are impressed with the charm and power of Jesus' figure and words. They would agree that it is unlikely that He was a liar or deceiver (though many Satanists characterize Him as such). They might also be willing to admit that it is unlikely that a man who acted and taught as He did was a nut-case (though some Satanists believe Jesus was insane).

Thus, for many people, the only alternative is that Jesus was, and is, who He claimed to be — Almighty God!

2.) Glorify Jesus as the source of ALL power.

Most Satanists have an image of Jesus as a wimpy, effeminate twit who dresses in skirts and cuddles sheep all day. Unfortunately, some Christian art — especially the more old-fashioned variety and also Catholic paintings — tend to encourage this unmanly likeness of the Lord. It needs to be pointed out that Jesus worked as a carpenter for most of His adult life. One does not end up with a physique like Don Knotts or Pee-wee Herman by lugging huge beams and logs around, and using hand carpentry tools all day.

The Chick tract, *The Sissy* presents an excellent presentation on this aspect of Jesus' character. Check it out! Beyond that, however, Jesus' supernatural power should be emphasized. He silenced a vast storm on a lake with one word. He sent demons into shivering fits of abject terror just by walking into the same county. He raised people from the dead! Can Satan (or his minions) do that?

Most Satanists respect power, and have been told that Satan is the source of power. Thus, Jesus' power needs to be emphasized. He said in Mat. 28:18:

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Now, if Jesus has 100% of the power in the universe, how large a percentage does that leave Satan? **ZERO!** How about that?

I like to explain to Satanists that the devil is like a little yappy dog on a leash — a very short leash. He can bark shrilly and make a nuisance of himself, but Jesus keeps Him on short rein. Any damage he does is

permitted by the Lord, and usually ends up serving the Lord's purposes anyhow, especially when he tries to attack Believers. (cf. Gen. 50:20, Rom. 8:28).

Point out to the Satanist that the power which he has perhaps seen from the devil is mainly because Satan has a much longer leash when it comes to non-Christians. If the Satanist is afraid of what the devil will do to him, suggest that he get saved and come under the covering mantle of Jesus Christ, who has ALL power (see also John 3:35, Eph. 1:10-11).

3.) Glorify Jesus as the source of all Wisdom.

As mentioned, most Satanists that aren't "into it" for power are into it for wisdom. Thus, they need to hear from you that Jesus Christ has more wisdom to offer them than Satan and his musty old grimoires.

Part of the problem the soul-winner faces is that Biblical wisdom lacks the glamour and mystery of occult wisdom. The perception most Satanists have is that "everyone" in America is a Christian — and since most everyone is a "Bozo" or a "mehum," how can Christianity have anything to offer?

First, gently explain what a real Christian is, and that a *comparatively small* number of people in the U.S. are real Christians. Christianity is not belonging to a church or being sprinkled as an infant.

Explain that this supernatural wisdom comes from studying the Holy Bible, the Word of God. Tell them that just as some Satanists work harder than others at their studies, so some Christians work harder at studying their Bible. Thus, it's not fair to judge Jesus or Christianity by looking at contemporary American society.

Point out also that often what men and women think of as wisdom is actually nonsense to God, and vice-versa (1 Cor. 3:19, Isa. 55:8-9). Explain that if God were really God, it would be astonishing if we could even begin to understand all that He has to teach us. Draw the person back to the ant analogy and ask them what an ant would think of calculus!

If the Satanist is not too far gone down the road toward anarchy, you could also mention that most of the laws in our nation — and down through the centuries — are based on Biblical wisdom. (See also 1 Cor. 1:24, Col. 2:2-3, Prov. 8:22-36.)

4.) Glorify Jesus as the One who loved us enough to die for us (Rom. 5:8).

Here is where we get close to the bone with any person, but especially a Satanist. Most Satanists are militantly selfish, and regard that as a virtue. This is partially because in many cases they have never seen selfless, agape love in action.

Explain that even though they have rejected Christ, He has not rejected them. He suffered a terrible torturous execution and died just for them. Many Satanists will not receive this teaching, or will mock it. However, some will be genuinely touched by it, and others will be influenced, but may not show it immediately.

Tell the Satanist that even if he or she was the only person in the world who needed it, Jesus would have died just for them. Because He is God, He could look down the corridors of time to their life, and give His life just for them. Show them that Jesus' death was not a human sacrifice to Lucifer, but rather it was a way for God to show us how much He loved us and still satisfy the demands of His perfect justice.

This area is pretty much the same as it would be in any conventional soul-winning encounter. I just need to emphasize it because of the fact that Satanists (like everyone else) are starving for love — selfless love. They are used to being unloved, or manipulated and abused. Often this point truly astonishes them. Don't be afraid to lean on them here!

5.) Glorify Jesus as the One to whom Satan will one day bow (Phil 2:9-10, Is. 45:23).

Recall to the Satanist's mind the incredible accuracy of God's prophetic writings. Explain to him or her that contrary to what he has been told, Satan is not going to win this battle.

Ask them if they have any concrete evidence to show why they think God's Book is wrong and why Satan will triumph. Where are Satan's great prophets? Where is evidence of his ability to really control the future, as opposed to being a mangy cur on a short leash?

Tell the Satanist gently but firmly that the Bible makes it clear that one day he or she will join Satan in bowing the knee and confessing that Jesus is Lord of the universe. Satan is trapped and has no options. But as long as they are alive, they do have an option. They can choose to bow their knee to Jesus and confess Him as their Lord and Savior right now, and escape the consequences of eternal hellfire. This brings us to...

Wanna Bet??

Though not by any means the only way to “close the sale” on a Satanist or a Witch, the following approach can be quite effective. It is a classic, and based upon the work of Blaise Pascal, the great Christian philosopher, scientist and mathematician. The computer programming language, PASCAL is named after him. It’s called “Pascal’s Wager,” because it basically reduces eternity to a gamble.

Face it, in the last analysis everyone plays Pascal’s Wager, whether they know it or not. We all choose to “put our money” on one of two horses — the horse named “Christianity is true” or the horse named “Christianity is false.” Here is how it goes:

Say to the Satanist:

If Christianity is false, and is not the “only way” and you follow its teachings and its Master, what have you lost? Its ethical principles are admirable. Following the Ten commandments and the Beatitudes would not mess up your “karma” too badly, would it? You would have a peaceful, joyous life, and then go on to your (supposed) next incarnation — or die and go to dirt. If anything, Christianity and its teachings would enhance your karma.

On the other hand, if Satanism is false, and Jesus’ statement about no person coming to the Father except through Him is true (John 14:6), and you follow Satanism, you are in deep spiritual peril! You are out of God’s will and are worshipping false gods. Suddenly, the stakes are frighteningly high!

If you follow Christianity and are mistaken, you have lost little. But if you follow Satanism and are mistaken, you will lose everything!

It is a 50-50 dice throw. But the chips the Satanist is playing with are actually his or her immortal soul. If he is wrong, he spends eternity in hell.

Some Satanists will deny the existence of hell, or claim that it is actually a party. Draw them back to the question, “*WHY do they believe that? What mathematical, scientific evidence do you have to discount what Jesus and the Bible clearly teach?*”

Other Satanists will get you into a wrangle over how such a supposedly nice God could make such a place as hell and send people to it. You need to be firm with them and point out that God didn’t make it for human beings, but for the devil and his angels (Matt. 25:41). Additionally, point out that people essentially send themselves there by rejecting God’s incredibly easy and free offer of eternal life.

If Jesus had made it HARD to get saved, then people might have

something to grumble about. But He made it so easy to get saved that even a little pre-schooler can do it. Point out that, unlike Satan, God is not a snob. He accepts people where they are and saves them from their sins — if they let Him.

That choice must be up to the Satanist.

In conclusion, realize that this may be a long process. Prayer can speed it along, but not many Satanists get saved at their first witnessing encounter. As near as I can recall, it took me six years from the time I was first touched by the grace and power of God to finally get me to the cross. And that is what the next chapters are all about!

***Wrong Way Down a
One-Way Street***

...it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

Acts 9:5

Things were getting increasingly troublesome in my life. The covens were growing, and my own magickal power was expanding. Sharon and I were being increasingly invited to other Witch gatherings. Our spirit guides had us write Gavin and Yvonne Frost of the Church of Wicca and we ended up getting acquainted with them. The Frosts invited us to critique their course in Witchcraft.

I felt healthier than ever! Yet I was being ex-hausted by the daily struggle to deal with the urge to begin murdering women by night. I knew, with a mixture of terror and relish, that it would only be a matter of time before blood-lust won out over prudence. The “meta-chine” within me would then have its gory way.

Additionally, Orion was hovering in the wings with his promise of some “ripe young chick” (to use his words) that I could kill on his altar. I had nowhere to turn. Satan had seen to that.

The Roman Catholic church, as far as my experience could show me, was up to its eyeballs in black magick, murder and vampirism. The Orthodox church was not far behind (at least the Russian branch of it).

As far as I could tell, there were only three choices: Protestant, Catholic and Orthodox. I knew very little about the Protestants, except that they seemed to be boring oafs who neglected all the neat rituals, robes and stained glass windows in favor of a lot of tedious Bible-pounding.

I had been told, both by the Catholics, and by the Brotherhood of Satan, never to set foot in their churches, so I never did. They did not even enter into the equation. Besides, I thought Jesus was a vampire-king, the son of Satan himself! Why would I turn to such a person for escape from my dilemma? He was the person who had started many of the practices in

which I was enmeshed, or so I believed.

“Really Neanderthal!”

It was in the midst of this quandary that I received a letter which was to forever change the course of my destiny. It was, oddly enough, my bank statement. Enclosed with it was the usual packet of processed checks. As I thumbed through them, laboring through the reconciliation process, one stood out.

It was a check I had sent to the Church of Satan. On the check, written in a woman’s hand, was the phrase, *“I’ll be praying for you in Jesus’ name.”* I assumed it was some Christian who felt I was in trouble because I was sending money to the Church of Satan, some “mehum” too “un-evolved” to understand that Jesus was really a witch.

I just laughed and threw the check in my files. However, I wasn’t laughing for long. Within days, it felt as if someone had pulled the plug on all my magickal power. I felt sick, weak and devastated! Since the kind of magick with which I was involved was extremely powerful and addictive, I was really hurting! Imagine what a crack addict feels like when deprived of their habit, and multiply it several times.

Then, I lost my second part-time job I’d had as a night-time security guard. Oddly enough, I could no longer feel the grinding lusts of the “meta-chine” within me, and that worried me as well. Secretly, I felt some relief about it though. Conflict!!

Bills began piling up, and I felt like something the demons dragged in — getting worse and worse every day. I couldn’t figure out what was happening, so like any good sorcerer, I sought omens and signs. I went into my temple and fell on my face and cried out to Lucifer for a sign. What had I done wrong? I had signed the Pact! I had led others — many others — to sign the Pact! I had tried my best to grow and be a worthy slave to Satan. I needed to know what I had to do.

Even though I prayed to Satan, God took the call!

The next day, who should just happen to drop in, but a couple of female disciples of Orion’s — heavily into Satanism and flying saucers. They had heard that we were “into” UFOs and Lovecraft, and wanted to meet us. It just so happened that they brought with them some rather unusual and precious cargo. They had three Christian comic books — *Angel of Light*, *Spellbound*, and *Sabotage*! Two of the books dealt specifically with Satan

and the Brotherhood.

They had found them somewhere and brought them along for a joke. The older of the two girls laughed and handed them to me. She said, “You’ve gotta read these, man. They’re really Neanderthal!”

I flipped through them and found that she had done nasty little things to the cartoons. There were four-letter words or other witty remarks in the margins or blacked out teeth on some of the characters. She had drawn cartoon devil horns on a few pictures of preachers. I noticed briefly that there were notes on the back page:

“It’s either Christ or Satan...and only a fool would choose Satan!”

“God loves you and wants you to experience peace and eternity in heaven.”

These were followed by a box containing instructions on accepting “Jesus Christ as your own personal Savior.” I just snickered. Little did the “bozos” who wrote these things know that **I had been Born Again the true, secret way — through Mary of Magdala!** How dare they shove their narrow-minded clap-trap at me?

I hadn’t realized yet that God had reached down out of heaven and used some of Satan’s most devout disciples to bring into my life the very information I needed to escape from the disgusting downward spiral I was hurtling through. I took the comics and threw them in a drawer and forgot about them. I was too busy being fabulous and entertaining these Satanic “groupies” to worry about “Neanderthal” comics.

Then, as if I didn’t have enough problems, I got a phone call and learned that my high-ranking “Ipsissimus — High Priest King of the Morning Star” — Orion — had been in a serious truck accident and was in critical condition. He was essentially taken out of my life entirely for almost a year. What WAS happening in my life?

A Spiritual Detour

Naturally, Satan (like nature) abhors a vacuum. Hardly a day passed after I had tossed the comics into a drawer, but another knock came to our door. Sharon and I were just going out grocery shopping. She opened the door to reveal two disgustingly pink-cheeked, clean cut young men in white shirts, dark ties and pants. They each wore black plastic badges that identified them as “Elder Someone or Other...”

Sharon said, “You’re Mormons, right?”

They jumped back a pace, almost startled at her greeting. “Yes, ma’am,” one of them managed to stammer. “We are missionaries for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Do you have a few minutes?”

We told them that we were leaving right then, but if they could come back another time, we would be delighted to talk to them. The fellows agreed to an appointment the following afternoon. Sharon shut the door and as they turned to leave she looked at me with a strange look in her eye.

Why had we, as dyed in the wool Witches, so readily welcomed Mormon (called LDS) missionaries — the very epitome of straightness and “uptight-ness?” Why did Sharon and I so readily make an appointment with them?

Sharon knew the heavy-duty spiritual crisis I had been enduring for the past week. She also knew — as I did — that we had been told some six years earlier by the aforementioned “Grand-Master Druid” that if we ever got into deep spiritual trouble that we should join the Mormon church! Though she wasn’t fond of the Mormon church, we both wondered if they might have the keys to our problem.

This Druid hierarch, Enoch (not his real name), had associations with high level members of the LDS church. He even showed us pictures of him in meetings with the (then) Prophet of the LDS Church, Harold B. Lee. He taught us that the LDS church had been founded by sorcerers as a place where witches like us could find shelter from attack.[\[1\]](#)

He had taught us that many of the doctrines of the Wicca and Druidism were quite identical to those of Mormonism. For example, both believe:

- In a god and goddess deity.
- Pre-existence as spirit children.
- That you can evolve into a god or goddess yourself.
- In marriage for time and eternity.
- In secret initiatory rituals.[\[2\]](#)

Thus, Enoch explained that we could become Mormons and still believe virtually everything we believed as Witches. Additionally, he told us that the secret LDS temple rituals would be an incredible source of occult power.

Therefore, it seemed that the arrival of these missionaries was an answer to prayer...to Satan. So when the missionaries returned, we sat and listened patiently to their little “dog and pony show” with their flip charts. We astonished them with how much we already knew about LDS doctrine,

and within a week, we had committed to be baptized as members of the Mormon church.

We were interviewed by a “zone leader,” found worthy, and were informed by a phone call that we would be baptized within a couple of weeks. I felt a curious thrill at the statement as I hung up the phone. It seemed a chance to start over. Mormons teach that baptism takes away all sins. This meant a chance to wipe the slate clean!

I had felt quite filthy and used, between my experiences with the vampires and my satanic activities. I thought that some sort of miracle had happened, in that my craving for blood had diminished to nothing and my normal appetites were returning. Would this really be the chance to start over?

It seemed that I could not lose! If Enoch was right, then I would reach a new peak in my luciferian power by going through the Mormon temple rites. It would solve the mysterious drain I had felt lately on my occult power reserves. If Enoch was off base, I would instead be joining the TRUE Christian church! At the time, I believed, that both things were possible at the same time!

It was all too good to be true! Could I actually find the Jesus I’d been searching for all those years through the Mormon ordinances?

The smiling, clean-cut faces of the missionaries promised to me a peace I had not known in over a decade — a peace secure in the knowledge that I was doing God’s will. Ever since my college professors cut away the props of my faith in the Bible, I had doubted, and sought Jesus in some highly unlikely places.

Would the most obvious place of all be the right place? Would an institution called The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints be able to give me Jesus? That night as I slept, I prayed that it would. Through tears of hope, I prayed with all my heart that it would.

A Misunderstood Dream

The Lord never stops trying — I’ll give Him that! As I slept that night, I had a vivid dream. He was speaking to me, even on the threshold of joining a cult. He was trying to call me back from the edge of the precipice.

The dream opened with me standing on top of a mountain. It was a night-time scene with rolling clouds and crashing thunder. Periodically, I would be illuminated on my craggy peak by flashes of lightning — flashes over

which I had but marginal control. It was cold and windy on my storm-swept perch, yet I was enjoying my power.

During a momentary lull in the tempest, I heard the sound of singing below me. I looked down in the valley beneath me and saw glimmers of light. As the clouds around the peak parted, I could see clearly the source of the light and sound.

It was a little church in the dark valley, its simple windows casting warm rays of friendly light into the darkness. It was full of people, and I felt a twinge of loneliness. They were singing one of the few Protestant hymns I'd ever heard, *"Amazing Grace."*

With all my heart, I wanted to come down off my mountain and mingle with those people. The cross over the church door seemed to beckon to me. Yet, another part of me tugged me back:

"Don't be a fool! You're a shaman — a magician! It is the lot of the shaman to be alone and aloof from the crowd. It is your job to bring lightning down from the heavens so that humanity does not lose its sense of magic!"

In my dream, I protested:

"But I'm tired of this labor! I've worked hard for many years. Don't I get a rest?"

Somehow, I finally recognized the tones of my dream interlocutor as the voice of Aleister Crowley:

"Magick is like mountain climbing. You can never relax or you'll plummet to destruction."

"Never?"

I wailed miserably.

"Not until you reach the summit and become an Ipsissimus as I did — a god incarnate!"

"But I'm tired and lonely. I want to be down there with those people in that warm, friendly place."

"These are fools which men adore — both their gods and their men are fools!"...

Crowley sneered in my dream, quoting from his *Book of the Law*.

"Go down and join them, and lose everything you've ever worked for. Become one of them and they will love you. Then you can 'perish in the pits with the dogs of reason!'"

I felt as if I was freezing, and the lightning bolts struck closer and closer to me.

“If I stay up here, I’ll be killed.”

Crowley proclaimed:

“If you go down there, little man, your mind will be suet pudding in a fortnight.”

The lightning struck closer. Somehow the sound of the hymn began to drown out the sardonic wrath of my dream “Crowley.”

The hymn seemed to speak and say: “You don’t have to stand up here and be a human lightning rod in order to save humanity. Jesus has done it all for you. Come down and join us in the family of God.”

Shuddering with cold, I left the mountain peak. Stumbling down the precipice toward the inviting lights of the church, I heard Crowley’s carping voice echo behind me:

“You’ll be sorry! You’re making a great miss — you’ll fall into the Abyss,” he warned, evoking the occult version of hell, the “Abyss,” where those fell who failed to become gods. As a magician, the only ones I’d ever heard of who had actually fallen into the Abyss were those who’d dared become believers in Jesus.

With that dismal thought, I awoke.

Unfortunately, my ignorance of Protestant hym-nody was almost as profound as my ignorance of theology. I misinterpreted the dream as a benediction upon my decision to join the sunny, beaming faces of the Latter-day Saints. I did not know then that you will never find Mormons singing “*Amazing Grace*,” nor will you ever find a cross anywhere in a Mormon church!

Once again, my lack of Bible knowledge allowed a warning from God to pass right over my head. I blissfully thought that in finding the Mormon Christ, I had found the Jesus of my most devoted dreams. Little did I know that I was about to be introduced instead to one of Satan’s most cruelly crafted counterfeits!

So on August 8, 1980, I was baptized into the Mormon church by the two missionary elders who taught Sharon and I the “discussions” (missionary lessons). She and I had talked about this and Sharon agreed to baptism also. However, she stipulated the condition that we would get out of the Church if the temple rites were not what we’d been led to expect, or if it took longer than a year.

Edging Toward the Light

There is neither time nor space in this book to chronicle my strange five years of adventures as a Mormon. However, once again, though Satan tried to use Mormonism as a new spiritual bauble to deceive me and waylay me, God used it for a much more nobler purpose. He used it to show me I was a sinner.

Mormons are, as most people know, good people. They strive to live righteous lives. As a Witch and Satanist, that was not really high on my list of priorities. Being a Satanist, I had no sense of myself as a sinner. In fact, if I didn't commit one BIG sin a day, I considered that I'd had a pretty rotten day. I had commonly been fornicating, drinking blood and smoking dope like a fiend for years!

Now, in joining the LDS church, I realized that I had to play by a different set of rules. To qualify to go to the super-secret temple — only available to a handful of elite Mormons who hold temple recommend cards — I knew I would be interviewed on how well I kept all the commandments.

I was determined to play it straight with my new religion. Some mysterious force had removed my addiction to blood. (Now I look back and realize it must have been the lady from the bank praying for me).

Similarly, my desire for marijuana and cocaine diminished substantially. This was good, because the Mormon dietary code forbade all liquor, drugs, coffee, tea and cigarettes. I never smoked, rarely drank liquor, and almost never drank coffee or tea (We were vegetarians and health food types).

With a LOT of will-power (and some unseen help from my praying banker), I was able to lay aside the dope within a few weeks of being baptized a Mormon. However, some of my other sinful habits were a bit harder to lick. For the first time in my life, I was confronted with the challenge of not lying, not looking at pornography (this was hard for someone who had spent twelve years worshipping in the nude with dozens of pretty girls!!), not flying off the handle or taking the name of the Lord in vain.

For the first time in a dozen years, I was confronted with my sin nature — as an enemy to be overcome instead of a buddy with whom to “party hearty!” It wasn't fun! Hanging around Mormons helped. They were wonderful people who didn't have copies of *Playboy* on their coffee tables, and they tended to make you watch your language.

However, because we had every reason to believe that the LDS church was run by high-level Druids, we had not stopped practicing Witchcraft. In

fact, in 1981, Sharon and I had an interview in Salt Lake City with an LDS apostle (one of the top fifteen men in the Church worldwide). Because we were able to give him some special “keys” and “tokens” given us by the Master Druid, he opened up to us. He solemnly assured us that our intuitions and information were accurate. Lucifer was, indeed, the god worshipped in the Mormon temple.[\[3\]](#)

He assured us of our peril. We were warned, on pain of death, never to discuss our meeting with any LDS official below the level of an apostle. He also gave us to understand that if we moved out to Utah, there would definitely be a place for us in the church hierarchy. We, therefore, came to understand that Mormonism was just “Christianized” Witchcraft.

Thus, we just “Mormonized” our Wiccan covens a bit and stopped thinking of ourselves as Satanists. Instead, we were Luciferians. Since we were among the “elite few” temple Mormons,[\[4\]](#) we were required to wear special sacred (actually secret) underwear. Sharon and I began working our coven meetings robed rather than “skyclad” (the Wiccan term for naked). Soon, without our saying anything, wearing robes became the status symbol. Such is the power of leadership.

We stopped drinking wine at our Witches’ sabbats. Instead, we drank grape juice. (That was fine with us. We both always hated wine and liquor!) We even got a couple of our best coveners to join the LDS church! Other subtle changes had also taken place.

When Sharon and I had first met, we had an agreement that we would each pursue our own magickal development as we felt led. We respected each other’s principles and counted on each other’s personal integrity to persevere through to our idealistic goals.

Since I had gotten into Satanism, for example, Sharon had only participated in those activities when it was absolutely necessary. Those rituals were “absolutely necessary” because there were a half-dozen other priestesses in the covens envying her position. She felt as if she had to stay involved a little or get left in the dust.

Our people looked upon her as almost a surrogate mother, and we were as close as family. Nevertheless, they felt that if she evidenced no interest in the “dark stuff” then it would be a magickal current wide open for them to personally acquire. However, she worked on other magickal currents and continually tried to ‘lighten’ our activities.

Instead of satanic rituals, she encouraged research into Alchemy and sciences such as Crystallography and its mathematics. Instead of drugs (one

of the eight major spokes of the witches' wheel) she taught classes on vegetarianism, health, and yoga.

Instead of white witchcraft circles being cast with the four pagan wind gods, she began casting the coven watchtowers with the names of Bible evangelists — Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In retrospect, her gentle opposition became subtly apparent at every level.

Shortly after this began, she had an unusual experience. The sabbat circle meeting was proceeding as usual. The circle was cast, the watchtowers set, and since it was a full moon we began the invocation which was to draw down the essence of the goddess into the high priestess — *"Drawing Down the Moon."* It was not unusual but neither was it common for Sharon to go "into trance" and channel the Goddess at this time.

On this night, a totally new spirit came over her and she began speaking in an unusual language. She had assumed what is called the "Goddess position" (a pentagram pose) for the invocation. Suddenly, she fell to her knees, weeping and speaking — about what, we did not know! We were accustomed to expect anything but this was not the usual sort of "anything." She (the goddess — or so we thought) laid hands on each of us, giving blessings then proceeded to wash our feet with the consecrated water we had used to cast the circle.

It was disturbing to many of our initiates — a little too close to memories they were trying to forget! Over half had been raised Catholic and had seen the foot-washing rite on "Holy Thursday."

Soon after this, Sharon began talking about getting out of the craft altogether, becoming "normal," maybe going back to school, getting a job and turning her life around. Neither of us realized that something very unusual had taken place. She was a changed woman. Very messed up, but changed.

Although things seemed to be changed for the better, I was unaware of a new, heaven-sent challenge looming on the horizon.

Regenerated, Called and Commissioned!

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God. 1 John 5:13

My one problem (other than my sin nature) was that Sharon's initial dislike of Mormonism was growing even more intense. The one BIG difference (externally) between Wicca and Mormonism was that while Wicca was militantly feminist and matriarchal, the LDS church was unabashedly patriarchal. Spiritual moron that I was, I assumed that Sharon disliked the LDS Church because it was so sexist and treated its women like enslaved nincompoops.

Because I was so blinded by my own religious spirit, I didn't know that Sharon saw beyond the falsity of Mormonism to true Christianity. As a very young girl, Sharon had encountered the real Jesus Christ in saving faith. However, because she was educated in Catholic schools, the nuns virtually terrorized her into believing that Catholicism was the only way to please the Jesus she had come to worship and adore.

With no discipleship or Biblical training, Sharon had been bullied into believing Catholicism was the way to God. Then, as a teenager, she began to see through the fallacies and hypocrisies of the Vatican, but had no idea where else to turn. She lived in Dubuque, Iowa — which was 90% Roman Catholic.

Disillusioned, she was then caught up in the cultural vortex of the hippie movement and the occult. She turned from Catholicism to Witchcraft, then after several years, met me. However, the BIG difference between us was that I had never been Born Again, while she had! That was why she could cast demons out of people, when all my rituals and Catholic "Holy Orders" failed me.

Saved by the Belle!

After spending a few years as a Mormon, she found it heartbreakingly close to her original relationship with Jesus — but still light-years from it. She had been reading her Mormon King James Bible, and was arming herself with increasing knowledge of true Christianity. Unlike me, Sharon had virtually backed out entirely from any Witchcraft workings, because she had come to see how un-Biblical such practices were. She delegated more and more of her occult responsibilities and began talking about dissolving all magickal links, initiations and coven connections — including Mormons!

She tried to talk to me about leaving the church, but I wouldn't hear of it. I was too enamored with my special Melchizedek priesthood callings and new-found sense of self-righteousness. Sharon realized that the only way she could pry me loose from Mormonism was to pry me away from my support system.

She arranged to move out of Milwaukee and back to Dubuque to pursue her education and invited me to make the choice of moving also. All the while she was trusting in the Lord and secretly praying that once I was away from all my Mormon priesthood buddies, she could talk some sense into me. Sharon was storming the heavens for me to come to realize how far Mormonism really was from the truth.

I protested the move by telling her I had a contract to teach New Testament for the LDS church Institute, but I could tell she had had enough! Her mind was made up, so I agreed — even though it meant giving up a job and moving to an uncertain economic area of Iowa.

What Sharon DIDN'T know is that I had found some contradictions within Mormonism myself. However, I was afraid to discuss them with her because I knew she already viewed the LDS Church with sarcastic bitterness and I didn't want to drive her further from the church.

In my callings in the Church, I had encountered too many people who were NOT being helped by the LDS Church, too many “failures” who could not live up to the 4,000 plus commandments of Mormonism.

Also, I had been called to teach New Testament for the LDS Institute class[\[1\]](#) and there were too many scriptures — especially in Romans and Galatians — which tormented me. However, I had no idea of where to turn. After the semester was completed I also moved to Dubuque.

Could It Be That Easy?

That move must have been just what the Holy Spirit was waiting for,

because the second day after getting settled in, a flyer was delivered to our door, advertising a Prophecy Seminar being given at one of the local parks. I knew it wasn't Mormon, but I had spent much time studying the Book of Revelation, especially for the New Testament course I was teaching. I thought I might be able to win some converts for the church. After all, I belonged to a Church headed by a ***“living Prophet!”***

After a few nights of attendance, I got intrigued. The fellow who was preaching was quite a Bible-thumper, and I felt strange stirrings within my heart when he talked about the blood of Jesus.

Finally, I took on the younger of the two fellows who taught the seminar, and started trying to nail him down with Mormon doctrine. I was trying to tell him you needed baptism and priesthood authority to perform it. The authority question was said to send Protestants and their ilk cringing away in unholy dread. I finally asked him where he got his authority to baptize. He just smiled gently and said, “Jesus Christ — same as any other Christian.”

Then he quoted me Acts 16:31, saying I didn't need baptism to be saved:

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”

That scripture went through the armour of my Mormon testimony like an Exocet missile through toilet paper! I could feel the air leaking out of it as I drove home that night. *What if he was right? Could it be that easy?* It was a strangely thrilling thought.

I felt like a condemned man who just heard a rumor that he might be pardoned. My heart didn't dare leap. What if it wasn't true and the Mormons were right? Did I dare hope — or put it aside?

I knew I also had to eat, so I spent much of my time trying to find jobs. I had little success, so in my free time, I started back to work on a book I had been writing to prove the truth of Mormonism. Being busy helped me forget about the scriptural witness I'd just received. It just nestled quietly inside me like a seed.

I had completed several chapters and started to work on a chapter on the pagan antecedents of Roman Catholicism. A thought twitched in my memory and I recalled that I had some Christian comic books that mentioned the Catholic church.

Searching through my boxes, I found the comics again. I read them and

noted, with scholarly interest, all the sources that would be of use to me in writing a chapter on Catholicism. Once again, I felt a thrill of hope as I read about the “Protestant version” of the gospel. It seemed too easy! Too good to be true!

I found that I could order many of these books from that very publishing house and did so. When the further books, comics and tracts came, I eagerly devoured them, and found them stirring up some unpleasant realizations in my own heart.

These books presented a doctrine I had never heard before, *except in the most unflattering light*. They taught that you could be saved ONLY by trusting in Jesus Christ, and that sacraments, temples, occult rites and priesthoods were all unnecessary or even harmful to one’s eternal life.

I chewed on that for awhile, then had to slow down a bit on my research. I’d gotten a commission job selling vacuum cleaners. I knocked myself out doing that for a few weeks, but was not able to sell anything and was spending a fortune on gas driving all over the county.

The driving gave me a lot of time to think and pray, though. I drove through the beautiful early summer countryside and prayed for guidance. I passed little country churches, and instead of the usual condescending sneer, I gazed at them almost wistfully, as if they had a rare treasure I somehow lacked.

I was secretly beginning to hope they did. The dream I had experienced about coming down off the mountain into the little country church singing “Amazing Grace” was frequently on my mind.

Eagerly, I read through the Book of Romans, comparing it to what I was getting out of the tracts and comics. I realized how simple the whole concept was. I read it again and again, and began to fast and pray for an assurance that this was, in fact, the truth.

After four days of that, I decided to try another approach. I rummaged around in my drawer and found one of the comics. I remembered that on the back page was a prayer formula for making Jesus your Savior and Lord.

I got down on my knees by the bed and prayed it with all my heart. I even took a chance and removed my Mormon temple underwear, so I wouldn’t get any “spiritual static” on the line.

I confessed to the Lord that I was indeed a sinner — perhaps the chiefest of sinners (see Romans 3:23). I sincerely turned aside from those sins and repented (Luke 13:5) and confessed that Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins and rose from the dead so that I might have eternal life (Romans

10:-9-10). I asked Jesus to save me from my sins (Romans 10:13) and to be the absolute Lord of my life (Romans 12:1-2).

No heavenly choirs started to sing, but I did feel an extraordinary, quiet kind of peace come over me, a peace which even now wells up within me as I write these words years later! It was a peace the like of which I had never, ever experienced in over 30 years of living. I had never known how empty I was, until I was filled.

I felt much better, but still not certain. I decided I would “test” this. First, I left my magic underwear off. Sharon was still in nursing school and I was alone with my thoughts. I felt like I needed someone to talk with, but couldn’t think of a single person who would even begin to understand but her.

We did speak that evening. Sharon was delighted that I was finally on the right track. I had been saved by grace, and set free by the blood of the Lamb. As I explained what I had found in the Bible, tracts and comics, her smile brightened and she explained that those were her original experiences and beliefs. She said that she had been searching for them ever since she realized the hypocrisy of the Catholic church so many years ago.

We were thrilled to discover that we had both, independently, come to the same conclusions. After that, it took us a few months to extricate ourselves from the Mormon church. However, there was still other business to be taken care of.

Dethroning the Devil

I was still trying to figure out what sort of church we were supposed to attend, assuming the Mormons were wrong. I knew I wanted a church where the Bible, and ONLY the Bible was used as authority for final spiritual truth. Additionally, my new Friend, the Holy Spirit, was troubling me about the huge volume of occult books and tools which lay in our storage locker upstairs.

Miraculously, He led me (for the first time) to a Christian bookstore. I had always been told by my LDS leaders to avoid such bookstores, that they were filled with apostate, sectarian filth. So I lingered outside, walking around the block until I was certain no one was around, and then whipped inside.

Once within, I wandered through the aisles, when suddenly a book literally fell off a shelf into my hands, *The Beautiful Side of Evil*, by

Johanna Michaelson. I nervously thumbed through it and realized that it held just the teachings I was needing. Still leery of possibly being seen by a Mormon, I went up to the cashier, feeling as if I was purchasing hard-core pornography. As soon as he had bagged the book and I paid for it, I dashed out of the store like the devil was after me.

When I came home, I was a bit afraid of what Sharon might say, so I casually tried to conceal my purchase. However, she doesn't miss much, and she asked what I was reading. I showed her the cover and she smiled and said, "Good, maybe it'll knock some sense into you."

This book was extremely helpful to me. It explained that the "Jesus" of the occult and Spiritism was a false one, just as the "Jesus" of Mormonism was false. It also told me I had to pray and renounce my occult powers — and that I had to burn my occult "stash."

I began calling around to various churches in the city that I thought were probably Biblical. I said, *"I'm an ex-Satanist Mormon and I have a bunch of occult books I want you to help me burn."* Not surprisingly, many of them hung up on me. With some, the pastor was out or not available at the time.

Finally, I got through to a real Bible-believing pastor on the outskirts of town. He said, "Praise the Lord! Bring them out and we'll burn them!"

Feeling suddenly frightened beyond reason, I loaded my entire trunk up full of boxes of books, daggers, swords, robes, censers. I could almost hear siren whispers from the boxes, saying *"Don't burn us. You can't live without us!"* Swallowing a lump in my throat the size of a golf ball, I slammed shut the hatchback and headed down the road.

On the way to the church, I could almost feel earthquakes happening around me and the highway opening up before me. It felt like lightning might strike the car at any moment. I was soaked with the cold sweat of abject terror by the time I had driven three blocks. I didn't realize it, but I was under demonic attack. Fortunately, the pastor was in his office praying for me!

It was with unimaginable relief that I finally pulled into the church parking lot. The preacher came out to greet me. I was surprised to find him a young, enthusiastic burly fellow in a sport shirt with a beard. Somehow, I had expected a stern blue-jawed, white-haired zealot in a black suit. And this man's manner was a pleasant surprise. He was actually enjoying himself. I hadn't known Christians were allowed to do that.

He helped me unload the trunk, then took me into his office and sat me

down. After a few questions to make certain I really was Born Again, he began to answer my questions. At last, I felt I was on the right road. I had dethroned Lucifer from my life, and had enthroned the Lord Jesus Christ in his stead!

After about a year of attending that church, circumstances led us to a different congregation. There, an older pastoral couple was the flock's shepherd, and they had considerable experience in dealing with prayer counseling. They correctly discerned that although we were saved and on our way to glory, there were still some demonic holds on us from all of the occult evil in which we had basked.

Praise the Lord, they spent time with us — discipling us and helping us to really open up the Bible. Additionally, they sat down with us for an entire evening in our apartment and prayed with us to renounce Satanism, Witchcraft, Mormonism, Spiritism, Mediumship, and even Catholicism.

They also cast out unclean spirits from us by the name of Jesus. That really helped set us on our feet.

About a year after that, the Lord called us into the ministry, and since 1986 we have been laboring to bring the true gospel of Jesus Christ to occultists and cultists.

In recent years, the Lord has shown us how necessary the second step of the process can be — the liberation from bondage to the spirits of darkness — the ultimate dethronement of Satan! This is most especially true for those coming out of occult or cultic backgrounds, or who have such backgrounds in their ancestry (Exodus 20:5).

We believe that Jesus Christ set us free from unbelievable darkness and evil so we can testify to all who will listen that He can save to the uttermost, and can liberate those souls struggling with spiritual oppression.

His power is more than sufficient!

His wisdom is perfect and consoling!

His love will fill the emptiest heart!

Jesus Christ is the Lord!

In Conclusion

If nothing else, it has been our prayer that this book would be a testimony to the all-sufficient, all-capable power of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to save! It should be self-evident that we were involved with the powers of darkness to a very high degree. We had utterly given our lives

to the study of “The Black Arts” for almost 16 years.

Yet through simple prayers, heaven unravelled what hell had tried to do. If you, the reader, are involved in Satanism, Witchcraft or any degree of occultism, you have a challenge before you.

The testimony of the Bible against the practices of Witchcraft and sorcery are firm and clear:

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whore-mongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death. Rev. 21:8

Please understand us! This is from a Book which has yet to be proven wrong — ever! If the Bible was right in predicting the coming of Jesus Christ thousands of years before it happened, and...

If the Bible was correct in the prediction of a coming pagan king named (Cyrus) who would set the Hebrew people free from their captivity in Babylon more than a century before he was born, then why should it be wrong about the fate of those who practice Witchcraft and Satanism?

That is why Satan trembles every time the Lord “comes up to the plate,” because Satan knows that no matter what kind of curve ball he throws, the Lord is going to hit a Grand Slam Home Run! Satan isn’t dumb. He knows his fate! He just wants to keep you from knowing yours.

If you would like to lay aside your works of Witchcraft and become a servant of the true God, Jesus Christ, nothing could be simpler:

1.) Confess to God that you are a sinner.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Romans 3:23

2.) Repent (literally re-think) of the commission of all those sins — especially the sin of Witchcraft, occultism or Satanism — and be willing to turn completely away from them and **renounce** them.

...except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke 13:5

3.) Believe with all your heart that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the

cross and shed His blood to pay the price for your sins, and that He rose again from the dead to give you eternal life.

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Romans 10:9-10

4.) Ask the Lord to save you from your sins.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Romans 10:13

5.) Ask Jesus Christ to take complete control over your life and **be your Lord!**

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye trans-formed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

Romans 12:1-2

As you have just read, if you have occult books, jewelry, robes, or other bric-a-brac, you should destroy them by fire as soon as possible. (See Acts 19:19.) Do NOT just throw them away. Others might pick them up and be deceived by them. If you have no way to burn them yourself, ask local pastor to help you. As you saw from this story, you may need to be persistent and keep phoning different churches.

If you followed those simple steps to receive Christ, you are a Born Again child of God — assured that Satan can never touch your soul again! You are in the hands of Someone infinitely more powerful than the devil could ever hope to be.

To grow as a Christian it is important to read the Holy Bible, and pray — which is just talking to God. It is also vital that you find a church where

Jesus Christ is preached as Lord and God. As was mentioned earlier, all churches which claim to be Christian are not. Thus, if at all possible, try to find a church which meets these basic requirements:

1.) They believe in One, Eternal Triune God composed of Father, Son and Holy Spirit — three distinct Persons in one God. (See 1 John 5:13, Matthew 28:19, Deuteronomy 6:4.)

2.) They believe that Jesus Christ is God Almighty, true God and true man — and that He died on the cross to save us from our sins and rose literally from the dead on the third day. (See 1 Timothy 3:16, Romans 10:9-13, 1 Corinthians 15:1-5.)

3.) They believe that salvation is achieved NOT by anything we can do, but only by asking Jesus to apply to us what He has already done on the cross. No “good works,” “church membership” or even water baptism is required to be a Born Again Believer. (See Ephesians 2:8-9, Gal. 2:16; 3:10.)

4.) They believe that the Holy Bible is given by inspiration from God to us today and is therefore untampered with, entirely perfect, and singularly without error — and that it should be the only standard by which conduct, doctrine or church policy is measured. (See 2 Timothy 3:16-17, Matthew 5:18; 24:35, Luke 9:26, John 6:63.)

These are pretty much the “rock-bottom” non-negotiable fundamentals of the Christian faith which all true Bible-believing Churches agree upon.

If you are a Christian already saved by the Blood of the Lamb, but you have a background of sinful practice in some areas of the occult, Witchcraft or Satanism, this brief section is for you.

Some, but by no means all, Christians with occult backgrounds have trouble enjoying a full, victorious walk with Jesus Christ. Perhaps you have trouble really reading the Bible or praying regularly. Maybe you have some besetting sins in your life which you have difficulty getting victory over. Or perhaps illnesses or depressions plague you?

We have found, in praying with hundreds of people — all Christians — that if you have ancestors in cults or the occult, or if you have practiced these things yourself, you may need to renounce them formally before the Lord to get full freedom from fleshly entanglements.

This doesn't mean that you are not saved and on your way to heaven! Of course you are! It just means that Satan is trying to bother you in the flesh. If you feel that this segment of the book is speaking to you, especially if you have a background in occultism or Witchcraft — all you need to do is get on

your knees before Our Father and pray this simple prayer:

“In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority I possess as a believer in Him, I declare that I am redeemed out of the hand of the devil. Through the blood of Jesus, all my sins are forgiven. The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son is cleansing me now from all sin. Through it I am righteous, just as if I had never sinned.

“Through the blood of Jesus, I am sanctified, made holy, set apart for God, for I am a member of a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that I should show forth Your praises, Lord God, Who has called me out of darkness into Your marvelous light! (1 Pet. 2:9). My body is a temple for the Holy Spirit, redeemed, and cleansed by the blood of Jesus.

“I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, body, soul and spirit. His blood protects me from all evil. In the name of Jesus I rebuke any and all of the lying and deceitful spirits of...

(whichever apply: occultism, astrology, the New Age, Tarot cards, martial arts, divination, fortune telling, palmistry, psychic healing or psychic surgery, familiar spirits, channeling, mediumship, spiritualism, Witchcraft, Satanism)

“...which may think that they still have a claim on me or my family. In Jesus’ name, I renounce those spirits of Satan and declare that you have no power over me any more for I am bought and paid for by the blood of Jesus shed on Calvary.

If you were a Witch, Druid or Satanist, say this paragraph:

“I renounce any and all oaths (if any) made by me or over me at Satan’s altar — known or unknown — in Jesus’ holy name, and by the power of His shed blood. I ask the Lord Jesus Christ to break any covenants, contracts, dedications, commissions or consecrations made by me or over me by others at the altars of Satanism or Witchcraft — known or unknown — and to bring the full power of the Cross, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Glorification and the Second Coming of Jesus to destroy their

power over me.

“I also renounce any generational sin and bondage which may be oppressing me through oaths made by my parents or ancestors and ask the Lord Jesus to cleanse the generational lines by His shed blood. I nail all these things to the cross of Christ.

“Because of the blood of Jesus, Satan has no more power over me or my family and no place in us. I renounce him and his hosts completely and declare them to be my enemies. In the name of Jesus, I exercise my authority and expel all evil spirits. I now expose all enemies of Jesus Christ operative against me (or my children). I sever you, spirits from Satan, and any power over you.

“By the power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth I remove your right to afflict me (or my children), and proclaim your judgement.

“In the authority of Christ, I bind all evil spirits present together. I command you to go where Jesus Christ sends you by the voice of His Spirit. I command them to leave me now, according to the Word of God and in the name of Jesus.

“I also ask you, Father, to shut any doorways of demonic access which have been opened into my life, by any sins, at any time, in any way — and I ask you to seal those doorways forever by the Blood of the Lamb, shed on the cross of Calvary. I thank you for doing this in Jesus’ mighty name.

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Phil.3:13-14

If you feel you need more information about this, you can write us:

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Appendix I

The Satanic Calendar

Major feasts (called Sabbats) common to both Wicca and Satanism are as follows. In satanic covens, the feasts which involve at least animal sacrifice are marked (‡). Those which involve human sacrifice and are especially dangerous are marked (‡ ‡). The symbol: (‡ ‡ ‡) means really watch out:

1.) Imbolc (or Candlemas):

February 2. (‡) Satanist covens usually require a sexual sacrifice (female, 7-17 years old) and animal sacrifice.

2.) Vernal Equinox:

March 21. Satanist covens usually require orgies.

3.) Beltaine (or Walpurgisnacht):

May 1. (‡ ‡) Satanist covens require a human sacrifice (female, 1-25 years old).

4.) Midsummer's Eve (solstice):

June 22. Orgies are usually required.

5.) Lammas:

July 29-Aug.1. (‡) Satanist covens usually require a sexual sacrifice (female, 7-17 years old) and animal sacrifice.

6.) Harvest Home (equinox):

Sept. 22. (‡ ‡) Satanist covens require a human sacrifice (male, must be sexually mature). Also orgies.

7.) Samhain (All Hallows Eve):

Oct. 31. (‡ ‡ ‡) Satanist covens require a human sacrifice (anyone) and a sexual sacrifice to demons.

8.) Yule (solstice):

Dec. 23. (‡ ‡ ‡) Satanist covens require a human sacrifice (male or female, ideally a Christian or child of a Christian). Also orgies.

Additionally, common to both witches and Satanists are the lunar feasts — 26 in a year. These are called Esbats, and are celebrated on each dark moon and each full moon. Usually, black (i.e. evil) magic is done near or on the dark of the moon and white magic (healing, spells for finances, jobs, fertility) is done near or on the full moon.

Specialized Satanic Holidays, Part 1:

Crowleyan (Thelemic) Festivals and those related to the Set cult:

1.) The Equinox of the Gods:

April 8-10. The anniversary of the bringing forth of Liber Al. Sometimes celebrated with drugs and orgies.

2.) The Feast of Sothis (Sirius at its apogee):

July 23. Some groups celebrate by animal sacrifice (dog), but this is rare.

3.) The Feast of the Prophet and his Bride:

August 12. Believe it or not, Crowley's wedding anniversary to Rose Kelly. Celebrated with sex magic of some sort.

4.) The Feast of Tahuti:

September 7. See also Feast of the Beast below. Celebrated with homosexual sex magic.

5.) "Crowleymas":

October 12. Crowley's birthday. No set celebration.

Specialized Satanic Holidays, Part 2:

Miscellaneous Satanist feasts. They are commonly celebrated by some groups, but not all:

1.) The Satanist's own birthday.

2.) Major Roman Catholic feast-days.

Especially Easter (feast of Ishtar), Good Friday, Christmas (Feast of Sol Invictus) and St. John's Night. (‡ ‡ ‡) requires a human sacrifice (male or female, ideally a Christian minister, a Christian ex-Satanist or the child of a Christian). Also orgies.

3.) The 13th and 31st day (if one) of a month:

Also Friday the 13th. Magic performed, but not necessarily physically dangerous.

4.) St. Winebald's Day:

January 1-7. (‡ ‡) Covens require animal or human (male 15-33) sacrifice on the 7th.

5.) Satanic Revels:

January 17. (‡) Sexual sacrifice required (female 7-17).

6.) St. Eichstadt:

March 1. (‡) Animal (often dog) dismemberment and sacrifice. Consumption of animal as sacrament.

7.) Grand Climax:

Preparation April 19-26, Festival 26-30. (‡ ‡ ‡) Human and sexual sacrifice required (female Christian 1-25 years of age).

8.) Demon Revels:

July 1. (‡ ‡) Human and sexual sacrifice (female, 7-17). Also sexual magic with demon spirits.

9.) Feast of the Beast:

September 7 (but only every 27 years, last one was 1982, the next one in 2009).[\[1\]](#) (‡ ‡) Human and sexual sacrifice and dismemberment (female cannot be more than 21, should be a virgin).

10.) The Host of Midnight:

September 20. (‡ ‡ ‡) Human sacrifice and dismemberment (female, under 21). Hands cut off while still alive and ritually buried.

11.) Satanic Revels:

November 4. (‡) Sexual sacrifice required (female 7-17).

12.) High Grand Climax:

December 24. (‡ ‡ ‡) Human sacrifice required (male or female Christian — any age).

Appendix II

Signs of Possible Abuse

Here are most of the little-known or often-missed symptoms of survivors of SRA (Satanic Ritualistic Abuse), along with some symptoms that are fairly well-known in the therapeutic community.

Obviously, one or two of these is not enough to arouse suspicion, but if there are many of them, they bear investigation. (All these may become more acute during key ritual periods.)

1. Physiological (Body) Symptoms:

- a. Acute photo-sensitivity.
- b. Blood chemistry anomalies (changes in blood type). This is supposedly impossible, but it happens.
- c. Right side epilepsy. MAY(!!!) be indicative of serious demonic oppression.
- d. Odd tics in hands and fingers (unconscious signing of curses).
- e. Over-weight or eating disorders.
- f. Strange addictive behaviors: craving for blood, compulsive masturbation, etc.
- g. Headaches of unknown etiology.
- h. Muscular or genital disorders.

2. Marks to look for on anatomy:

- a. Unusual, exotic, or hard-to-explain scarring:
 - 1.) Hairline scars on sternum.
 - 2.) Scar on perineum of male.
 - 3.) Scars on abdomen, often in occult designs.
 - 4.) Scars on left wrist or forearm.
 - 5.) Surgically pierced labia in female.
 - 6.) Scars on inner thighs, especially of males.
 - 7.) Cuts/punctures on neck, especially over carotid artery.
 - 8.) Blood or trauma in private areas, loss of virginity in

girls, unusual soreness in boys.

9.) Physical exam by pediatrician reveals unusually relaxed anal sphincter or scarring there (either gender).

b. Missing body parts, especially parts of fingers.

1.) Missing or supernumerary nipples.

2.) Boys, missing first phalanges of thumb and index finger.

3.) Girls, missing left ring finger, down to bottom phalange.

4.) Missing little finger, left hand (both sexes).

c. Small, obscure tattoos in unusual or out of the way places.

1.) Crown of head.

2.) Palm of hand.

3.) Solar plexus or sternum.

4.) Pubic region.

5.) Above coccyx.

3. Behavioral: among children (4-9 years old).

a. Concerning sexuality:

1.) Talking about sex or using age-inappropriate terms, or understanding of sexual activity or anatomy (through drawings, etc.).

2.) Touches others sexually, acts provocative or seductive.

3.) Fearful of anyone handling or washing their private parts.

4.) Uses terms for body parts NOT normally used in family.

5.) Fears getting undressed at bathtime or bedtime.

6.) Compulsively masturbates, even in public.

7.) Girl claims to have been “married” or “betrothed” or going to have a baby.

b. Bathroom behavior:

1.) Complains of burning or pain in private areas when being washed.

2.) Tells parent that someone undressed them or exposed themselves to them.

3.) Tells parent that someone poked them in their bottom (ie. private areas).

4.) Describes accurately sexual acts between self and others, or between other adults, children, animals.

5.) Fears bathrooms and will not use toilet. Or refusal to bathe in front of parent.

6.) Preoccupied with over-cleanliness of body. Changes underwear unnecessarily.

7.) Unusual fear of drowning in bath, but will take shower.

8.) Unusual elimination practices: refuses to go, or refuses to wipe him or herself, or goes outdoors or in public parts of house.

9.) Talks about eating human waste, or actually does it.

c. Problems with doctors or dentists offices:

1.) Has inordinate fear of doctors or nurses.

2.) Talks about “bad” doctors doing things to them, giving them “bad shots”, etc.

3.) Talks about “bad” dentists drilling or hurting their teeth without anesthetic.

4.) More than usual fears about undressing in front of doctor, or fears about having to parade around in front of others naked.

5.) Behaves sexually provocative with doctor or nurse during exam, or appears to expect sexual contact with them.

6.) Talks about “bad” doctors (surgeons) opening them up and putting things (bombs, bugs, spiders, needles or pins, etc.) inside them.

d. Emotional and mental problems:

1.) Hyperactive or violent.

2.) Labile (easily changeable) emotions, or strangely unemotional (called “flat affect” by therapists).

3.) Dyslexia or other learning disorders, especially reading letters or words backwards.

4.) Displays over-anxious behavior, (grinding teeth, nail biting, rocking, uncontrolled crying).

5.) Rebellious.

6.) Fearful, clingy, regressing into “baby” like behavior inappropriate for age.

7.) Night terrors, sweats, frequent or horrific nightmares.

8.) Indulges in self-destructive behavior (head banging, self-scarring, accident-prone, etc.).

9.) Thinks she is bad, evil, stupid or worthy of punishment all the time.

e. Problems with eating:

- 1.) Talks about eating or drinking blood, animal parts, human body parts, or waste.
- 2.) Eating disorders, vomiting, bingeing, etc.
- 3.) Refuses to eat certain foods, especially underdone meat or bloody.
- 4.) Refuses to eat or drink certain colored foods (red [blood] or brown or yellow).
- 5.) Obsessed with the idea that food is either poisoned or drugged. Acts as if parents might be trying to poison or drug her.

f. Color association problems:

- 1.) Expresses dislike for certain colors, especially black, red or green.
- 2.) Wants to dress in black for no reason.
- 3.) Talks about being in rooms painted entirely red, black, green or other odd colors, when such rooms are not known to parents.
- 4.) Talks about “seeing” colors floating around people, or seeing colored lights.
- 5.) Talks about a liturgical use of black, red or green when their normal church experience does not contain such rituals.

g. Multiple-personality or disassociative dysfunction disorder:

1. Memory black-outs.
2. Sexually addictive behavior, especially masturbation.
3. Little or no memories of childhood.
4. Self-mutilation behavior, suicidal ideation.
5. Extreme fear of authority figures (police, clergy, doctors).
6. Acute nightmares, insomnia.
7. Narcolepsy, falling asleep at odd times or uncontrollably.
8. Abrupt changes in behavior or mood, often diagnosed as bi-polar, but may be caused by triggers.

About the Authors

William and Sharon Schnoebelen have been in full-time ministry since 1986. In response to a grow-ing need for a prayer and counseling ministry to people coming out of Satanism, cults and the occult, they founded ***With One Accord Ministries*** in 1992.

This ministry is dedicated to winning souls out of the kingdom of darkness through the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is also involved in a teaching ministry in churches, Sunday Schools, Bible Colleges and seminaries — teaching churches and individual Christians to meet the challenges of cults.

This involves training Christians how to evangelize cultists, and how to defend the Bible as the perfect and authoritative source for all matters of faith and practice. To these ends, ***With One Accord*** publishes a bi-monthly newsletter called “The Liberator.”

Finally, as ex-cultists themselves, Bill and Sharon pray and counsel with people coming out of cults. They, along with the ***With One Accord*** prayer team, have prayed for literally hundreds of people to be set free by the Liberating Power of Jesus Christ.

As more and more people are freed from cults and the occult, it is Bill and Sharon’s prayer to some-day establish a “Safe House” and Retreat Center, where survivors of cults can receive prayer and discipleship in a shielded environment.

Many think Masonry is a fine, Christian organization. But as William Schnoebelen climbed to the 32° of Masonry, he learned many shocking facts.

Everyone who reads this book will have to choose... the Lodge or Jesus Christ. You can’t serve both masters.

Footnotes

Chapter 3

1. Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) was this century's leading satanic philosopher and occultist. His ideas and writings have enormous influence upon both Wiccans and Satanists of every variety. The quote is from his *Liber Al vel Legis*, "The Book of the Law," and is his religion's Golden Rule, which is called Thelema (after the Greek word for "Will"), or Crowleyanity.

2. An Italian mob term meaning the "head of all heads," or "captain of all captains" — a kind of "Super-Godfather."

Chapter 4

1. Notariqon is a form of Kabbalistic coding where letters in the Hebrew alphabet are transposed either backwards or forwards to conceal a name or a spell. In this instance, every letter was moved forward to render the transliterated name Sa-A- Ka-Zay-M or "Sakazayim."

2. An occult and Hindu concept relating to reincarnation. You keep going around and around in the wheel like a gerbil with each successive lifetime, trying to learn and eliminate bad karma. If you do, you become a "Master" or "Bodhisatva." But a close examination reveals that the entire karma/reincarnation concept is an exercise in futility. No one can ever succeed. For more on this, see my book, *Wicca: Satan's Little White Lie*.

3. What Crowley supposedly discovered was the ultimate secret at the core of all masonry: hidden in the allegory of the Master Mason ritual drama was the secret of eternal life! Alchemists talked about it as the Elixir Vitae and guardedly referred to it as the AMRITA. Masons call it "The Royal Secret." It is involved with the unknown name of God, supposedly revealed in the Royal Arch in the 7th degree of the York rite.

This secret is that the name of God, YHVH, is nothing more than the orgasmic outcry of supreme creation, and that the secret of eternal life is in the sacramental consumption of certain fluids involved in the act of human reproduction. This secret is supposed to enable one to live forever. It is alleged that Masonic alchemists such as Fulcanelli and the Comte de St. Germaine are hundreds of years old and walking the earth today.

Christians have a much better retirement program! And it's much easier

to sign up! Just accept Jesus as Savior and Lord and you WILL live forever — not in some feeble, old human body, but in a glorified body that can do things undreamt of (1 Cor. 15:35-52).

[4.](#) The Old Catholic church is a bizarre and complicated subject. For a thorough examination of its odd history, see Peter Anson's book, *Bishops at Large*.

[5.](#) To chronicle the many strange twists and turns which my involvement with the O.R.C.C. took is sadly beyond the scope and subject of this book. Suffice it is say that it is a very eccentric split off of an extremely eccentric cult — the Vatican itself.

[6.](#) For more on the Masons, and why no Christian should have anything to do with this anti-Christ secret society, see my book, *Masonry: Beyond the Light*, Chick Pub., 1991.

Chapter 5

[1.](#) Bruce G. Frederickson, *How to Respond to Satanism*, Concordia, 1988, p. 18.

[2.](#) Arthur Lyons, *Satan Wants You*, Mysterious Press, 1988, p. 115.

[3.](#) Ibid., p. 123.

[4.](#) For a deeper look at the impact of Jung's teachings upon Witchcraft and modern occultism, see my book, *Wicca: Satan's Little White Lie*, ChickPub., 1990, pp. 27-36.

[5.](#) Anton Szandor LaVey, *The Satanic Bible*, Avon, 1969, p. 33.

[6.](#) *Man, Myth and Magic*, (ed. Richard Cavendish) Marshall Cavendish Corp., 1970, v.23, p. 3204.

[7.](#) LaVey, p. 25.

[8.](#) Ibid., pp. 149-150.

[9.](#) Ibid.

[10.](#) *Man, Myth and Magic*, ibid., p. 3205.

[11.](#) Lyons, op. cit., pp. 108-09.

[12.](#) LaVey, p. 33.

[13.](#) Ibid., p. 34.

[14.](#) Carl A. Raschke, *Painted Black*, Harper Paperbacks, 1992, p. 391.

Chapter 6

[1.](#) Supposedly, the Rites of Memphis-Mitzraim in Masonry were restored by the Comte de Saint Germaine in 18th century Europe (St. Germaine supposedly having been alive since ancient Egypt). This Egyptian

magic current then emigrated to the French colonies in the New World, where it joined with African obeah and French Catholicism to produce voodoo.

Voodoo is one of the most dangerous and perverted forms of witchcraft, involving demonic possession, drunkenness, necromancy and bestiality. Underneath its apparently primitive facade is a terrible and sophisticated system of magickal machinery involving the entrance into alien universes and the surrender of yourself to satanic possession of the worst kind.

Though originally only practiced by blacks and Hispanics, now many other people dabble in it. Stay away from anything that even smells of voodoo! It's the most powerful form of black magic and probably the most shameless. Jesus can liberate you from it if you accept Him into your heart and make Him your Lord.

2. Shakti is another Hindu term for one of the goddess-consorts of the god Shiva. It is also used to describe her priestesses, who function as temple prostitutes. The term also means a purely demonic, succubus-like being which is essentially the embodiment of the female reproductive organs and is invoked to do astral/demonic sex.

3. Belief in Atlantis is a common occult doctrine. It is supposedly a continent somewhere in the Atlantic ocean which existed in a state of high civilization and technology, both conventional and magical. It was supposedly destroyed by a cataclysm (flood or earthquake) a couple of thousand years before Christ for mysterious reasons — among them wickedness and/or tampering with mysterious things too dangerous to imagine.

It is just another example of a pagan myth which reflects the truth of the Noahic flood. Many of the New Age Masters and spirit guides today claim to be from Atlantis, and most occultists believe that they had at least one or two incarnations on that continent — naturally!

4. To deal adequately with the Knights Templar and the Masons would require a book. See my work, *Masonry: Beyond the Light*, especially chapter 15. Although there is much controversy about their history, the Templars have been adopted, rightly or wrongly, as symbols of both Masonry and Lucifer worship — much of it oriented toward homosexuality and blasphemy. This is because the Templars were accused by the King of France, Phillippe Le Belle and the pope (probably falsely) of stamping on crucifixes, sodomy, pederasty, and worshipping an idol named BAPHOMET. Since the 1700's. the Templars have been a "hook" upon

which Satanists, witches, and (to a slightly lesser degree) Freemasons have hung their ritual symbolism.

All manner of rites of blasphemy have been attributed to them, and their occult reputation has, if anything, improved over the centuries. Many continental Luciferian and Masonic societies claim to be descended from the Templars and to have their “secret” rites. These claims may be highly suspect.

[5.](#) Compline is one of the eight devotional hours of the Roman Breviary, usually sung or said at nine in the evening. Catholic and Anglican clergy used to be required to say all the devotional hours of the Breviary: Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline.

[6.](#) OFM stands for “Order of Friars Minor” or “Order of the Little Brothers,” and is the original Franciscan male order.

Chapter 7

[1.](#) *Office of Criminal Justice Planning Research Update*, vol. 1, no.6, winter, 1989-1990 — Occult Crime, a Law Enforcement Primer, Sacramento, CA., p. 17.

[2.](#) Kenneth Grant, *The Magical Revival*, Weiser, 1972, p. 71.

[3.](#) Kenneth Grant, *Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God*, Weiser, 1973, p. 12.

[4.](#) Ibid., p. 155.

[5.](#) Arthur Lyons, *Satan Wants You*, Mysterious Press, 1988, p. 119.

[6.](#) *Office of Criminal Justice Planning Research Update*, ibid.

[7.](#) Ibid.

[8.](#) Kenneth Grant, *Outside the Circles of Time*, Frederick Muller, 1980, p. 39.

[9.](#) She essentially functioned as a trance medium, and a demon spoke through her.

[10.](#) *Liber Al vel Legis*, (The Book of the Law), Thelema Pub., (1909) 1976, 3:46

[11.](#) See Schnoebelen, *Wicca*, op. cit., pp. 14-42.

[12.](#) Lyons, ibid., p. 126.

[13.](#) Ibid., p. 126-27.

[14.](#) Ibid.

[15.](#) See Trevor Ravenscroft, *The Spear of Destiny*, Bantam, 1973. Also, *Hitler: the Occult Messiah*, by Gerald Schuster, St. Martin's Press, 1981.

[16.](#) Michael A. Aquino, *The Wewelsburg Working*, (10/19/84).

[17.](#) All quotes from *Liber Al vel Legis* (The Book of the Law), Thelema Publications, (1909) 1976, pp. 25-36.

[18.](#) Lyons, p. 131.

Chapter 8

[1.](#) The “Cornu” salute or Sign of the Horns is the most widely recognized satanic salute. It is made traditionally with the left hand raised, the index and little fingers pointed up and the thumb and other two fingers pointed down. This represents the denial of the Trinity and the exaltation of the two horns of Satan.

[2.](#) Occultists believe that religions move in cycles (or ages) of roughly 2,000 to 26,000 years. Crowley taught that the Age of Isis (the Mother Goddess) was from 2,000 B.C. to 1 A.D. Then came the age of Osiris (the dying god of Egypt) from 1 A.D. to 1904 A.D. He then believed that the age of Horus (the Crowned and Conquering Child) would be ushered in.

[3.](#) Though the Kaballah is Jewish in origin and built upon the fact of Hebrew letters also being numbers, occultists have, over the centuries, applied it to other languages. Greek is a natural for this, since it also uses numbers and letters interchangeably.

Chapter 9

[1.](#) Such notables as Jayne Mansfield and Sammy Davis, Jr. were publicly known members of Anton LaVey’s Church of Satan. Others, such as director Roman Polanski and his late wife, Sharon Tate, moved around its periphery. The Brotherhood has a powerful hold on Hollywood and the entertainment industry.

[2.](#) Raschke, *Painted Black*, op. cit., pp. 129-131.

[3.](#) Ibid., p. 404.

[4.](#) White witches (Wiccans) and some satanic-type witches refer to both sexes by the common term, “witch.” The word “warlock” has a specialized use in Satanism. See William Schnoebelen’s *Wicca: Satan’s Little White Lie* (Chick Pub., 1990) pp. 14-49 for a fuller account of the author’s career in witchcraft.

[5.](#) *Office of Criminal Justice Planning Research Update*, vol. 1, no. 6, winter, 1989-1990; *Occult Crime, a Law Enforcement Primer*, Sacramento, CA., p. 10.

[6.](#) Raschke, p. 35.

[7.](#) Dr. Lawrence Pazdur, lecture notes (n.d.)

[8](#). Bruce G. Frederickson, *How to Respond to Satanism*, Concordia, 1988, p. 14.

[9](#). Raschke, p. 31.

Chapter 10

[1](#). In the Kaballah, the Tree of Life is made of up ten spheres, eight of which are named for planets. These spheres are connected by 22 paths, one for each letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Among ceremonial magicians, it is common to astrally project through Tarot cards — which relate to the paths — and use them to travel along the paths into the different planetary spheres. This advanced technique is called a path working.

[2](#). In occult numerology or Gematria, it works like this: 27 is a multiple of 9. $2+7 = 9$. 63 is a multiple of 9 and $6+3 = 9$. $9 \times 62 = 558$, and $5+5+8 = 18$ and $1+8 = 9$. Amazingly, it works with every number multiplied by nine.

Chapter 11

[1](#). Neil T. Anderson, *The Bondage Breaker*, Harvest House, 1990, pp. 27-32.

[2](#). *The Shaw Pocket Bible Handbook*, (Walter A. Elwell, editor), Harold Shaw Publishers, Wheaton, IL, 1984, p. 378.

[3](#). Jeffrey Daumer was recently convicted in Milwaukee, WI of committing horrible acts of homosexual torture, murder and apparent cannibalism on many young men and boys. He is only one of the recent examples of so-called “serial killers” who are driven by supernatural Evil. Daumer’s evident involvement in satanism has, of course, been totally played down by the media.

[4](#). Aside from Hitler’s many other crimes, and his Catholicism, he was also deeply involved in the occult. He was an initiate of a Theosophical-type group called the Thule Gesellschaft and had his SS develop a special bureau for the study of magick and Satanism called the Annerbe. For more on the occult, satanic content of Nazi philosophy, see Anton LaVey’s *The Satanic Rituals*, Gerald Schuster’s *Hitler: the Occult Messiah*, and Joseph Carr’s (a Christian author) *The Twisted Cross*.

Chapter 12

[1](#). I did not know this at the time, but Adventists do not believe in an eternal hell, but in the annihilation of the wicked. In this, and in several other key areas, they are doctrinally off base. But I do not believe they are a

cult in the same sense as the Mormons or Jehovah's Witnesses. Many of them I have met seem to be born again Christians struggling with a strange, legalistic system which is almost Judaism.

Chapter 13

[1.](#) Raschke, *Painted Black*, op. cit., p. 105.

[2.](#) For a fuller discussion of this sad and difficult subject, see the author's book, *Wicca: Satan's Little White Lie*, Chick Pub., 1990, esp. chapter 4.

[3.](#) It is important to understand that Satanists are not one, single, unified cult like the Mormons or the Jehovah's Witnesses. Their only unity is on a spiritual level, where they all receive their marching orders from the same source — Satan and his demons. There is very little interconnection, and a great deal of diversity in the way some of the rituals are done. Thus, some covens will dispose of their remains differently than others.

[4.](#) Raschke, p. 105.

[5.](#) Snuff films are underground, hard-core pornography videos in which people, usually women or children are sexually brutalized and then actually murdered on camera. These films are obviously difficult to make and acquire, but they are out there in dismaying numbers. Some "adult" bookstores and specialized computer bulletin-board services (BBS) are used by perverts to buy, swap or acquire such films.

[6.](#) See *Masonry: Beyond the Light*, Chick Pub., 1991, for much more on the satanic connections within Freemasonry.

[7.](#) Lt. Larry Jones, File 18 Newsletter, #91-3, p. 7-8, from CCIN, Inc., P.O. Box 3696, Boise, ID 83703-0696.

Chapter 14

[1.](#) Most Luciferians and Satanists are technically Dualists. This means they believe in two essentially equal but opposite god-like beings. This is in the tradition of the ancient Zoroastrians who believed in Ahuru Mazda, the lord of light, and Ahriman, the lord of darkness. Christianity, though often thought of as Dualistic, is actually NOT. God and Satan are not equals in the Holy Bible. God is the creator, and Satan one of his creatures.

[2.](#) See chapter 5 for a fuller explanation of Crowley's revelation.

[3.](#) See his books, *The Magical Revival*, *Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God*, *The Nightside of Eden*, etc.

[4.](#) Raschke, *Painted Black*, op. cit., p. 303.

[5.](#) See LaVey's *The Satanic Rituals* and Grant's *The Magical Revival*.

[6.](#) *The Satanic Rituals*, pp.

[7.](#) From time immemorial, witches have been believed to have familiars. These are animals with which they develop magical affinities — traditionally by either nursing them (in the case of female witches) or having them drink the witch's blood. Then these animals supposedly acquire special powers and serve as protectors and confidantes. Popular animals in witch tradition for familiars include cats, toads, ravens, jackdaws and occasionally dogs, lizards and snakes. Modern witches often have familiars as well, though I'm not certain that they feed them blood or human milk. We never did.

[8.](#) The eccentric spelling has magickal significance. It adds up to 777 and had deep meaning for Crowley in his system of magick.

Chapter 15

[1.](#) Larry Jones' organization, Cult Crime Impact Network, Inc., puts out an excellent newsletter, "File 18." Write: P.O. Box 3696, Boise, ID 83703-0696.

Chapter 16

[1.](#) Druids (the word literally means "oak man") were an ancient and powerful pagan priesthood of the Celts who had colleges all over Ireland, Britain, parts of France and Belgium, and even as far south as Egypt. They are the ancestors, spiritually, of modern Witchcraft. They did practice human sacrifice. Bards were the lowest level of the Druidic priesthood, and were responsible for learning the magic of songs, music, poetry and vocal sounds.

[2.](#) Get publication data on *Holy Blood Holy Grail*, Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, Henry Lincoln, Delacorte Press, 1982,

[3.](#) For a fuller discussion of this, and its ultimate spiritual dangers, see, *Wicca*, op. cit. pp. 189-197.

[4.](#) Stewart Farrar, *What Witches Do*, Coward, McCann, & Geoghegan, 1971, p. 94.

Chapter 18

[1.](#) Latin Rite Catholics and Eastern Orthodox believe (un-Biblically) that they hold a special, ordained priesthood of Melchizedek which enables them to offer an un-bloody sacrifice upon their altars of bread and wine

turned into the body and blood of Jesus.

[2.](#) Richard von Krafft-Ebbing, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, 1892 edition, pp. 62-64.

[3.](#) Herschel Prins, “*Vampirism — Legendary or clinical phenomena?*” *Medicine, Science, and the Law*, 1984, 24, pp. 283-293.

[4.](#) Richard Noll, *Vampires, Werewolves and Demons — Twentieth Century Reports in the Psychiatric Literature*, 1992, pp. 16-18.

[5.](#) A. Bourguignon, “*Vampirism and autovampirism*” found in *Sexual Dynamics of Anti-Social Behavior* (Schlesinger & Revitts, editors), 1983.

[6.](#) R.E. Hemphill & T. Zabow, *Clinical vampirism*, a presentation of 3 cases and a reevaluation of Haigh, the “Acid-Bath Murderer” *South African Medical Journal*, 1983, vol. 63, 278-281.

Chapter 19

[1.](#) Josh MacDowell, *Evidence That Demands a Verdict*, vol. I & II, Here’s Life Publishers, 1989.

[2.](#) Ibid., p. 167.

[3.](#) Peter Stoner, *Science Speaks, An Evaluation of Certain Christian Evidences*, Moody Press, 1963, p. 80.

[4.](#) Anton LaVey, *The Satanic Rituals*, Avon Book, 1972.

Chapter 20

[1.](#) Subsequent research, both by Mormons like D. Michael Quinn, a former history professor at Mormon owned BYU and ex-Mormon Christians like Ed Decker, Chuck Sackett and myself has proven that Joseph Smith (1804-1844), the founder of the Mormon religion, was steeped in the occult from birth. He was a kind of folk magician who practiced astrology, divination, animal sacrifice and necromancy. Additionally, the secret LDS temple rites are full of witchcraft, Masonic and Satanic symbolism. See Quinn’s monumental work, *Early Mormonism and the Magic World View* (Signature Books, 1987,) *The God Makers*, by Ed Decker and Dave Hunt (Harvest House, 1984) and *Mormonism’s Temple of Doom and Whited Sepulchers* by Jim Spencer and myself (Triple J Books, 1987,1990).

[2.](#) For more on this, see *Mormonism’s Temple of Doom*.

[3.](#) This interview with the LDS “apostle” caused quite a firestorm of controversy. See “*The Lucifer-God Doctrine, Shadow or Reality*” by Ed Decker and Bill Schnoebelen, available from Saints Alive in Jesus, Box 1076, Issaquah, WA. 98027.

[4.](#) Official Mormon church records from the late 1980's (before they started concealing them) show that less than 25% of the entire church membership ever go to the temple — even once! Of those who go, about half never return. And the LDS temple is supposed to be the peak spiritual experience and duty of a faithful Mormon, and absolutely essential to their salvation. Of this 13%, only half hold current temple recommend cards and go as often as their leaders would like. This means that 93-94% of LDS membership is damned, and will never be worthy of “eternal life” according to their own doctrine.

Chapter 21

[1.](#) The Mormon “Institute of Religion” is a college age-to-adult religious education program sponsored by the Church. I was a professional teacher for the Church for two semesters in Milwaukee.

Appendix 1

[1.](#) See *Michelle Remembers*, Michelle Smith & Lawrence Pazdur, M.D., Congdon & Lattés, 1980 (Pocket Book edition), p. 266. Though this book is flawed, lacking true Biblical perspective (the “good guys” are all Catholic clergy and laity), it's still an historic book — being the first published account of an SRA survivor.

HE WAS A SATANIST...

His checks to the Church of Satan made that clear. But when a Christian bank clerk had the courage to write on one of those checks, "I'm praying for you in Jesus' name," Bill Schnoebelen's life came apart.

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- And *nothing* is impossible with God.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bill Schnoebelen is an internationally recognized speaker who has spoken on four continents, and the author of seven books. He and his wife Sharon have been happily married for 35 years. Bill holds Masters Degrees in both Theology and Counseling. He teaches on the Bible, deliverance, alternative religions and the occult, and taught witchcraft for 16 years before being gloriously saved in 1984.

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