



Photo by Jeanne, December 2003

IN MEMORY OF ...

**Infants, toddlers, children, youth,
and adults who have been
victimized by perpetrators of
ritual abuse-torture and who have
not survived to tell ...**

Specifically, we dedicate this section to all the wee ones for their rages against them ...

A SILENCED DESTRUCTIVE WAR!

Within the over 400 artifactual works persons submitted, for the UN NGO CSW presentation, were expressions of their experiential horror of being forced, as children, to commit and/or witness horrific acts during violent family/group gatherings coded as “rituals and ceremonies”. As survivors their works spoke of the reoccurring experiential story of infants, toddlers, and children being killed or “sacrificed”; sacrificed being the code word for organized murder planned by perpetrators of ritual abuse-torture.

And, in our work and research, we also listened to the same experiential stories. As well as, witness the over-whelming agony RAT torturer’s destructive needs for perverse power, pleasure, and expressions of “creative” inhumane brutality—acts of destructive human evil—caused.

This section gives voice to the need for civil society to recognize the repetitive on-going violation of THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF THE CHILDREN who are born and raised in the torturing environment of ritual abuse-torture families and groups.

A SPECIFIC SUBMISSION:

The Voice of a Survivor of Ritual Abuse-Torture

I am a survivor of ritual abuse and torture that began shortly after birth by a very ancient multi-generational group. I spent many, many years fighting my way out. Through all that I was beaten, raped, and tortured on a regular basis. The abuse and torture I suffered was done in such a way that no scars or marks were ever left in place that could be seen with clothes on, so keeping it all hidden was easy. I also was a trainer-programmer in the group. I know what was done to me and

to others in my group, because I was trained to do it and did it.

I am sending you the story of a little child named Miranda. She was a disposable child bred within our group, and used to train me in the “art” of sacrifice. She was the sacrifice.

For Miranda

This is for you Miranda, and for all the other Miranda’s who came before you and who have come after you. May your souls be forever at peace.

Miranda was four years old when she died on an altar of satan, at the hand of her five year old friend.

The only difference between Miranda and the other little girl was the family to which she was born. The five year old was fortunate, or not so fortunate, depending on the way you look at it, to be born to a family of the inner circle. She was destined to be great and was groomed to be so, and Miranda’s death was part of this hideous grooming. Miranda was born to the lower circle. From the moment of her conception she was fated to die. She was probably conceived during an orgy, paternity unknown. Her birth would have been at home, or in the home of another coven member. She would never have seen a Doctor unless he was of the coven, or anyone for that matter outside the group. She never went to nursery school, or the zoo, or any public place. No outside human being would have known of her existence.

From the moment of her birth she was neglected and abused, physically, emotionally, sexually, and spiritually. She was given only the bare necessities of survival. She was never allowed to associate with other little children or have any kind of friends. About six months before her death, she was, for the first time, allowed to have a little friend. The bond created between these children was unbreakable.

For those six months the friendship was encouraged in every way, and it flourished, neither child knowing what was to come. When someone is starving to death, and food is offered, they don’t often stop to ask the cost. When children are deprived of love, any affection is welcomed. When that child suddenly has someone, the bond that is created is an everlasting thing.

For Miranda and her little friend, the bond that was created was nothing more than a deliberate cruel joke. The children are told that something special is coming, and that they are to be a part of it. They get excited as children do; talking and whispering and giggling about what it might be. As the day approaches, they are primed and pumped and hyped up, just like the child anticipating a special gift from Santa.

On that special day, they are bathed in sweet smelling soaps, and covered in sacred oils. Their hair was neatly curled and groomed and their bodies were painted with sacred symbols.

For those six months, they had been inseparable. And now they were to join in a big celebration at which they would be the honored guests. They were dressed in ceremonial garb. The little friend in white satin, and Miranda in a beautiful red chiffon dress, all soft and flowing. She looked like a princess and felt for the first time in her little life, like someone special. Her blonde hair fell in ringlets flowing gently over her shoulders and down her back. Hand in hand, Miranda and her friend were led into the center circle by the High Priestess. The bell rang nine times, and chanting began. The High Priest began the offerings, and then after what seemed like forever, he picked up Miranda and carefully placed her on the altar. Her hands and feet were bound, and as the fear welled up inside her, she began to cry. The priest then picked up her little friend and held her as she knelt beside Miranda. When Miranda saw her friend she immediately quieted and smiled. The priest picked up the sacred athame and placed it into the hand of the little friend.

Holding her hand in his, he raised her hand, and with one swift thrust, pierced Miranda's heart. Miranda looked up at her little friend and smiled through her pain and tears, and said, "You was my friend" and died.

The little friend was left kneeling on the altar at Miranda's side holding the knife with the blood of her friend dripping off the end of it. Knowing that she had just killed her best friend. The High priest picked her up again, and raised her to the crowd, and said, "You are forever ours" they cheered. She was passed around the circle and praised. The shock of what had happened was so great she couldn't even cry.

Well Miranda, thirty odd years later, your friend is finally crying and can't seem to stop. There are too many Miranda's. There are TOO many children that society doesn't know about, or care to know about. They turn their heads away and pretend that this stuff just doesn't happen. And worst of all, some are claiming that our memories of Miranda and kids like her are false.

Well, Miranda I know that you existed. I know that my memories are very real and so were you. I promise to you here and now that as long as I am alive, the world will know that you and others like you are not figments of our over active imaginations. And, Miranda I swear to you that the voice I silenced so long ago, your voice my friend, will scream through mine, until somebody finally hears, and puts an end to the slaughter of all the little Mirandas.

No one on this earth will ever tell me that you never existed. Be at peace my little friend.

Donated December 22, 2003