

My Second Journey Within

A journey of memories through Satanic Ritual Abuse



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Preface

This book was written in two weeks' time. Two weeks of seclusion and working through everything that has happened to me over the past three years. Within three years my whole life has been turned upside down, my whole perception of my childhood has been shattered and the most horrific memories have surfaced.

Are these real memories or just fantasies? This question has occupied me for a long time. I continued to deny the physical features, and was amazed each time when a memory arose it was accompanied by physical pains. Yet over time so much fell into place that even the greatest critic, myself, could no longer deny the truth. The pains, the fears, my programmed behavior, the falling back into childhood, the dreams and of course the memories themselves. Everything led to the story you are about to read.

I have described it as I experienced it. You as the reader are free to draw your own conclusions and label them if you wish. This is my journey. My journey to healing. A tough journey, not only for me, but also for the people around me. None of us knew what we were getting into when the first traumas surfaced. Even though they concern my past and my traumas, they are co-supported by those who love me. Throughout this journey I have been supported, nurtured and felt carried daily by my wonderful children and Janet, my soul mate. Together with trauma therapist Martin de Witte, I embarked on this healing adventure, the content of which was also new to him. Meanwhile, he has become an expert and a haven for other victims of Satanic Ritual Abuse.

This book is a sequel to my previous book, *A Journey In, Quest in the Cathar Country, the Algarve and Myself*, which is presented in Dutch only, and is still available at Boekscout, via this link:

<https://www.boekscout.nl/shop2/boek.php?bid=7235&language=nl>

Cyntha Koeter,
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1

My mum is confessing everything!

On my first night here, in this cabin retreat, after years of regurgitating dreams and memories, of doubting whether any of it was real, now I know. Through this vision, this dream, now I know. It's true. It's all true.

She doesn't tell me why she allowed it, or why she went along with it. She doesn't explain anything. But she confesses to it all.

She is on her knees, surrendering to my mercy. But I have no mercy for her. My furious anger over her confession turns to rage and hatred. "He had a gentle death," I declare. "But I wish you agony!"

Now it has been acknowledged, it really happened! I'm not crazy! Immediately I go to the police station to report it, but the officer on duty says that this requires specialists and they are not available at the moment. *Fine, I can wait, I think. First, I have to go to my graduation ceremony, as I passed my exams. And actually it's not at all convenient to file a report, because then the police know where I am.*

I wake up in my cabin, anxious to make this known to the world, certain that this is the time to get my story out in all its horror.

2

Before my dream, my memory vision or whatever you want to call it, I retreat to a cabin in the mountains for two weeks. Totally secluded and quiet. Two weeks to clear up the remaining traumas. Two weeks to recover from chronic fatigue. But the universe apparently decides that things are going to turn out a little differently than I thought. I'm going to relive everything again by writing it down. This is my true story, my second journey within . . .

It's 2019. It has been a year now since I separated from my partner, with whom I had lived for twenty-three years. Done everything a "normal" couple should be doing: buy a house, get married, have children. And yet there was something wrong about it. Continuously I have blamed myself for that and finally worked it out in my book *A Journey Within*. I left my partner and my youth unaffected. *After all, everything*

is a reflection of myself. So I went back to work on myself, not having the slightest idea of what was really lurking in my subconscious.

That was a year before Janet came into my life, in 2018. She literally stormed in only to leave three days later with me, the kids and our pets. *She came, she saw, she conquered,* are words that are totally appropriate here.

“You need to get out of here, Cynthia. This marriage is killing you! All those headaches, that's not normal!”

“But what am I supposed to do then? Where can I go?” I beg desperately. But I know she's right. Months earlier I had planned to stay with him for a maximum of five years for the children, but this relationship is completely over. There is no more love, just tolerance and continuous stress. Janet came like a knight in shining armor, in fact a boisterous, high-spirited fury with her white dog, to give me a good look and take me away.

“We'll just go and see how it works out. In any case, we will stay together,” she says.

And that promise she kept for five whole years. A year has passed, and by 2019 her mobile home is now next to mine, on a small campsite in the east of the country. A true paradise with a lovely garden, peaceful and quiet, near the forest.

“If only it had stopped here,” I sometimes sigh, “I would have lived happily ever after in ignorance.” But that was impossible, because I had to take myself with me, with all the (unconscious) problems that entailed.

Regularly Janet notices that something is not right with me, it does not fit. Sometimes it literally becomes too much for her and she flees, but she keeps returning to sense and ferret my unconsciousness.

“Has nothing strange ever happened in your childhood?” she asks me more than once. “It is strange that you have no childhood memories. Usually that is a sign that you have hidden something.”

By default, my answer is, “I have no idea. My childhood was not fun or happy, but fortunately I did not experience any abuse or anything. It wasn't all that bad.”

One day, summer 2019, an image spontaneously comes to mind.

I am in Zoetermeer, in the Netherlands, in the house where I grew up. I'm in the attic and see the large open space with all the drawings pinned to the sloping roof. Then I see it, there in the corner. A padded mattress on

the floor. And suddenly I remember: that mattress was always there. Another mattress, for guests, is behind the curtain. That's weird. What's that mattress doing there? Other than that, I'm completely blank.

"I remember there always was a mattress on the floor in the attic," I say a bit uncertainly to Janet. "That's kind of strange. Maybe something happened to my sister. My father and sister used to fight a lot." There is a long silence. "Could something have happened to me that I have suppressed?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Janet says and she puts an arm around me.

3

In the following weeks, more and more memories slowly trickle into my consciousness. First it feels like a hunch, then I see an image, as if I remember a dream. There are not many feelings yet. Mostly there is doubt. Lots of doubt. *Am I just making this up? How do I know whether this really happened?*

I can't cope and I don't dare to allow it. I keep trying to pass it off as fantasies, but no matter how hard I try, I'm getting more and more confused with myself.

I see myself as a very young girl of six years old. I'm in the attic, standing opposite my father. I say 'No, Daddy, I don't want that,' and I start to cry. My father is angry and he walks away.

"I already know what happened!" I tell Janet excitedly that day. "My father once tried to do something with me, but I stood up to him and said a firm 'no'. Then he left."

"See, there's the trauma, but luckily nothing bad happened."

But I can't explain the sharp, burning vaginal and anal pains that keep coming up. Not even the fears that rage through me more and more intensely or the fact that I more often wake up crying. I hardly sleep, and I rely more and more on Janet for support. More memories are coming.

I am at my father's school. My father is the director of the LOM school (School for children with learning and upbringing disabilities) in

Zoetermeer and has his own office and meeting room there. There is a man sitting on the couch in the brown-decorated room. My father is talking to him and I am waiting. I feel a terrible fear rush through my stomach. I'm watching in awe. Then suddenly my father goes to the next room. The man wants me to sit on his lap. I can't move. My heart is beating like crazy in my chest. The man gets angry and I get even more scared. I'm frozen and can't speak a word.

The man gets up, grabs my arm and pulls me to the couch. He sits down and pulls my hair until I'm on my knees in front of the sofa. I'm totally blocked. Nothing happens in me. I only notice that he continues to hold me by my hair and moves my head up and down hard.

'Daddy!!! Help me!!' I scream in silence. No sound comes out because there is something in my mouth. I can only let out a heavy moan. Daddy's not coming. When it's over, I'm in the corner of the room. Dad talks to the man again. It takes forever and everything inside me is stiff and hurts. 'I want to leave!' my heart screams with all it has, but I do nothing.

I can't handle these feelings any more. Neither does Janet. We both become desperate and one day she exclaims, "I'm not a therapist! I cannot guide you, as much as I would like to. I know a fine trauma therapist. Please go there or I will leave. This is so wrong."

Trembling with fear, I make an appointment. Completely overwrought I drive to the therapist. When I get there I have to tell my story first.

"It's been a year I left a twenty-three-year-old relationship."

Martin, the therapist, immediately asks how that relationship was and how things are going now. He frowns at the examples I offer, and loans me particular book, with advice to read it. "Your ex is a passive aggressive narcissist!" he says harshly.

"I just blamed myself for the things that went wrong between the two of us. I saw him as a mirror so that I could grow."

"Yes, that's all well and good," says Martin, "but this man is displaying standard narcissistic behavior. And narcissists simply make their partners believe that when everything goes wrong, they are to blame. A narcissist makes it impossible for the partner to leave the relationship. It's a miracle you finally succeeded. You may be very grateful to Janet for that."

Phew, that's a good start. Immediately I doubt the rest of my story again and I continue, stuttering. "Now that I have been on my own for a year, memories of my

childhood are slowly starting to come to mind. My body hurts, then the emotions come up, especially fear and sadness, then the memory comes to mind. And I'm not even sure it actually happened."

"If you have clear feelings and images," Martin says, "then we can work with that. We just assume that it really happened and if you can't recall the feelings after the session, then you've processed that part. Your body tells you exactly what you need, trust that."

Martin uses the EFT (Emotionally Focused Therapy) method, a trauma processing system that works with the spoken word in combination with tapping on certain acupuncture points on the body. It promises quick and lasting results in case of stress caused by bad events from the past.

But I don't know the "bad events of my past". I don't even know what's happening to me. I feel like I'm caught up in the next whirlwind again. And then what do I do? As always, I brace myself and just let it wash over me. I'll check later what exactly happened.

4

I am in Martin's small workspace again, with a glass of water at my side. Martin has written down my story and then slides his chair right next to me. He takes my right hand and explains how he is going to tap it. While tapping, he will say words, which I must repeat. With that we reprogram the subconscious mind.

"What are we going to start with?" Martin asks.

My story is messy. I recall memories mixed with feelings which are resulting from the memories. Therefore, it is difficult even for Martin to know what we need to work on.

"I can remember that I resisted my father, with the result that it did not happen often but I was excluded from the family. I received basic care and nothing else. Emotionally I was completely left alone, never been hugged or comforted. My mother must have known about it all and her choice to support my father caused me a lot of trouble. I realize that I have been left with a great fear of abandonment and also the fear of not belonging. I generally don't feel safe with people." The confession rolls out of me like a kind of waterfall.

"Let's start with that, the emotions you feel now," Martin suggests.

"I feel impotence, dreadful impotence. About my whole life, actually. Powerlessness, despondency." It all sounds so terribly dramatic from my mouth, I'm astonished. Where is this suddenly coming from?

"Can you go back to the first time you experienced this powerlessness in your life?" Martin asks.

We are going to work on the memory of when my father took me to his school and left me with that man. During treatment, the memory extends.

"I remember when I used to go with my father to fill up the car. That was always on a Sunday morning. If I was lucky, I would get a roll of smarties from him. I don't know what happened next. I remember sometimes we drove home and sometimes we didn't. It could be that we then drove on to his school. I can't actively remember that, I only have images of me eating the smarties. The gas station was close to home, so normally I wouldn't have had much time for that. So I think we have indeed continued to drive regularly."

"Was your father often kind to you, like on these Sunday mornings?" Martin asks.

"No! My father didn't notice me at all. I got butterflies in my stomach when he suddenly acted so nice to me. So I was very happy and happy to go with him." Further in my recollections I admit, "Now I also remember that I lay on the couch almost every Sunday afternoon with a pounding belly ache. I was literally writhing in pain. My mother always said it was the stress for going to school the next day."

Martin looks at me in disbelief. "And were you so tense for school? How did you go to school every Monday morning?"

I take a moment to think. "I was actually always happy to go to school. I wasn't too concerned about that. It wasn't fun at school, but I never had any problems going."

"When did your belly ache stop?" Martin insists.

"It was only on Sunday afternoon. I don't remember lying on the couch with it at night." This makes me think it over again. It is not difficult to fill in the gaps in the story, but it has to match my feeling.

For the time being, we are working on my feelings of powerlessness. Martin explains it beautifully:

“You were used to your father being distant, or actually not interested in you at all. As a child you naturally long for the attention and love of your parents. And if your father suddenly starts being nice to you and asks if you want to come along and buys you some sweets on top of that, then of course you feel very happy. Then you feel so good that you lose your guard for a while. If suddenly something goes completely wrong or something very bad happens, it is logical that you find yourself in an intense feeling of powerlessness.”

My whole body reacts to this story. I feel nauseated and very sad. The thought that my father deliberately broke my resistance by being nice to me on those mornings breaks my heart too. I can't believe it and my whole system goes into overdrive. I know Martin is right. My father was never nice to me. And it was precisely on those Sunday mornings that I gladly accompanied him in the hope of a kind word and something tasty.

Sadness, disbelief, powerlessness. They alternate. But in the end, all Martin's tapping calms me down and I return home exhausted.

5

Summer 2006. My husband, Johan, and I are extending our kitchen and will need two weeks for the roof to be constructed. "Please take Mira to your parents, at least for a week," Johan says. "It gets messy, dusty with a lot of noise. That's not good for Mira." Mira is our three-year old daughter. Johan, of course is right. I have to protect Mira from the inconvenience of the renovation. It doesn't occur to me at all to go somewhere else. To a holiday home or to friends. Johan just suggests something and I do as I'm told.

With leaden feet, I pack our things. The relationship with my parents is not warm at all. No matter how hard I try to get closer to my parents, it never worked out.

I recall my last terribly failed attempt of rapprochement. It was my mother's birthday and she was organizing a party. Because I wanted so much to have a nice contact with them, I had made a quiz. If she answered the quiz correctly she received a prize. I would give her hints until she finally got to the answer and received the present: a dinner with the four of us at a restaurant in Ghent, Belgium. Finally, she

just stopped, annoyed. It seemed like a lot of fun to me. But my mother thought otherwise.

"Are you short of attention or what?" she said. "You keep coming up with those annoying notes. Do you want to give a gift or not?"

"Well," my aunt offered, "I would really like it if my daughter would do this to me." But my mother is not amused.

Then I hand over the gift card right away.

"All the way to Ghent?" she scowls, reading the letter. "Out for dinner? Couldn't it just be somewhere in the neighborhood?"

I lose my heart. I let it go and get through the evening a bit quietly. Later we go to Ghent for that dinner, but it is poor company.

Why didn't I give up hope of ever being close to them? My parents have always been very clear about their disinterest in me. When I indicated at the age of eighteen that I was not ready to leave the house yet, my father made his disapproval very clear.

And once I left the house, I had to hand in my key immediately.

"I don't want you be inside unexpectedly," my father complained.

"You just ring the doorbell like everyone else," were my mother's cold words.

The day I got the keys to my apartment I also received a washing machine as a farewell gift from my parents.

"I cannot bear to think of it you being at my doorstep every week with your dirty laundry," my mother insisted.

I did not have a will of my own. I was completely used to the powerless feeling that comes with it, to the feeling that I was an annoying child, always in the way and always doing the wrong things.

Now I can see that I was actually afraid. Afraid of losing them, afraid of not getting their approval. Afraid to be alone. And because of that fear I clung to them. I held on to hope, hope that was in vain.

And so I arrive at my parents' place with Mira, to literally relive the hell of my past, to invade their home for a week.

"You're just in time," my father says upon arrival. "The shops have not closed yet. You are different with everything and I didn't feel like buying all special things."

Such a warm welcome.

Mira has severe reactions on sugar and lactose, so indeed we have an adapted diet. On top of that we are vegetarians.

"And if you're going to cook yourself anyway, you might as well cook for us all, otherwise we'll just be in each other's way in the kitchen."

Gosh, how I had forgotten how it used to be.

The atmosphere was set for the rest of the week. As the icing on the cake, my sister also "cozily" came to stay for a few days with her two-year-old son.

On the quiet, she approaches me and shows a picture. It is an ultrasound of the baby in her belly. "Look!" she says triumphantly, "I do!"

I had just told her that I miscarried a few months earlier, so I barely squeeze out a "congratulations" and quickly go upstairs to "do something" with Mira.

That night, while Mira and I are sleeping snugly together, my sister's little son starts crying. I hear my sister get up and walk to his room.

"Shut up! I want to sleep!" she shouts at him. When he doesn't stop crying, he gets a firm slap. He gets quiet. My sister goes back to her room and Mira and I lie shaking in bed.

When Mira asks Grandma to read her favorite book to her, my mother firmly declines. "I don't read books like this! Come back when you have something normal!"

Mira is confused and I nestle on the sofa with her against me to read it aloud.

The low point of our stay is the day we all go on an outing. Since it pours with rain in the afternoons daily that week, I suggest we go in the morning.

"No," my mother says firmly. "I have to do my morning poo first and it never comes before eleven o'clock."

Irritated, I pace around the house. Where is Mira anyway? I find her in my bedroom on Grandpa's lap. He seems to be reading a book to her.

"Shall we go now? It's about to rain again!"

"I'm busy with my granddaughter. Don't you see! We go when we go and not before!"

Again that helplessness and waiting.

Eventually we go and, of course, arrive in the pouring rain. First we go for a drink under a big sun shade.

My father returns with a tray. "I didn't bring anything for you. I didn't feel like looking for something sugar-free."

"Come on, Mira," I say softly and together we enter the restaurant. We find a bottle of sugar-free apple juice and quietly drink it in a corner.

The park is no longer very attractive because of the rain, so we let the children play in the indoor playground. The climbing frames and slides are still very exciting for highly sensitive Mira. Her younger nephew finds nothing scary and clambers about. My father really likes this and in his haste to keep up with his grandson, he literally knocks Mira over twice.

I lift her up out of the sand, pat her hands and knees clean and kiss her tears away. At the same time, I feel myself getting very angry inside. This reaches the limit. *They ruined my childhood, but they are not going to ruin my daughter's too!* is my absolute certainty.

"I'm going home!" I say and take Mira by the hand.

Thankfully, we don't have to drive with the family. I don't realize they decide to leave as well, following us, until my sister tears past me in her car to park in front of the house. I am forced to park on the other side of the street and walk through the dripping rain with Mira to the house.

Suddenly, inside, everyone is friendly again. Mira gets a present from Grandma and I go back to cooking. But while I'm cooking, my father starts harping again.

"I promised the children chips," he says. "That didn't happen because of you. The fryer is in the garage. Be my guest!"

The garage is twenty meters from the house, which means at least four times up and four times down through the pouring rain. Every cell in my body screams to get out of here. I leave the pans on the stove and say resolutely, "I'm going! Come, Mira." I turn to my sister and ask, "Could you move your car out front so I can pack my things?"

Without saying a word, she turns on the TV.

Furious, I grab our things and hurl them into the car in the gushing rain. Then I return to fetch Mira. She is sitting on Grandma's lap reading her favorite book.

Oh, now she can read "books like that"! I remember thinking as I pick up Mira.

My mother starts screaming hysterically and tries to pull Mira out of my arms. "I'm calling child protection!" she screams and tries to slap my face.

Decidedly, I walk out, carrying Mira, never to be heard from again.

This was the most decisive action I ever took. And only much later will it turn out that by doing so, I saved my children from a lot of trauma and misery.



At this point in my story, I want to stop for a moment. A pause for reflection. Because while writing this, I wonder: *How is it possible that I myself did not turn into a monster like my parents and sister?*

And you as a reader might think: *Yes, she can write that, as if she is the victim. But she must be at least as bad herself.*

And that statement would be true if it were not for the protocols of Sadistic / Satanic Ritual Abuse: I was brainwashed.

I was taught that everything is my fault. That I am to blame for everything that happens to me. That I cannot trust myself. That it is only safe to do what I am told. There are techniques for that, all of which I will tell you about later. Not from a book, but from my own memory. I deliberately do not want to read any books on SRA or see any interviews. I don't want to be influenced by other people's stories. It has to be entirely my own story. Being authentic.

Now I have it all lined up clearly. I come to conclusions, see connections, that were previously hidden from me.

Without diving too deep into it at this point of the story, I can state that I did not become a monster like my parents and sister. In the first place, it is simply not in me to become like that. I am a Highly Sensitive Person (HSP) and very empathetic. And just because of everything I have been through, I sense all that happens around me. I have a perfect sense for everyone's feelings. I just don't always draw the right conclusions. Because of my programming, I tend to project other people's moods onto myself. As a result I become very insecure about it or be triggered into fear. But a perpetrator - someone who deliberately hurts another - that is simply not in me. When I hurt others, it is out of desperation or powerlessness. Then it's more of a cry for help. I described those situations in detail in my previous book.

My parents and sister are sadists. That is, they take pleasure in seeing another person suffer. They find such behavior satisfying and it gives them power. Because I was the only one in that family who didn't have those feelings, I was an easy victim. This doesn't mean that as an adolescent I never got angry. Oh no, I knew exactly how to trigger my sister to madness. I regularly slammed doors and shouted. I indulged in the alternative music scene, with the punks and the hard rockers. I stayed out whole

nights, hoping for intervention, which never happened. I wasn't and still am not a saint. I always have been searching and still am. So let's go back to the story.

6

Our daily life is starting to revolve entirely around my memories. Not just memories of sexual abuse. No, just the everyday situations, the way my parents interacted with me, that pass in review. I begin to question it. All my life, I have thought it normal how I was treated. Now an awareness is slowly emerging that everything could be different from how I experienced it.

My earliest fond childhood memory is of kindergarten. When I turned four, I was allowed to go to a 'Waldorf School' with my sister. I was in Miss van der Dool's class. I can still picture her. She was sweet and sometimes took me on her lap. I felt safe and soaked up the warmth. I still have a photo from that time. There I am sitting radiantly at a table with a big beaded necklace around my neck.

And then I was taken out of school overnight and brought to an ordinary kindergarten. That was a big transition. I was placed in a large group of children. I was scared. Regularly the teacher shouted and I remember to be sitting often alone in a corner playing.

Why did this turn out the way it did? My mother has explained it to me this way: "Your sister had to do a weaving job every day and she hated it. From the teacher, she had to weave at least one thread every day. Your sister didn't do that, so we took her out of school. The ordinary school is better for her. And of course you have to go too, because taking two children to two different schools is not doable."

My father added, "At the 'Waldorf School' they talked about fairies and faeries. What nonsense! You go to school to learn, not to develop fantasies!"

And that was the end of it. It didn't matter that I was unhappy at the new school. It didn't matter that I was afraid of the teacher. This was it, end of story.

Talking to Martin about it and feeling what it did to me, I suddenly come to a startling realization. "I was heard and seen at that 'Waldorf School'. I felt safe in the atmosphere and with that teacher. Maybe I said something to the teacher, or the teacher noticed something about me and told my parents."

"That could very well be the case," agrees Martin. "This occurred around the same age that you have memories of your father harassing you. And it could very well be that the teacher noticed that and became suspicious."

Martin continues, "In a family where sexual abuse is going on, of course the child is not supposed to tell. As soon as your parents noticed that you were getting stronger, as soon as they noticed that you were starting to feel safe, they felt threatened. Realize that it was in your parents' interest that you had to be continuously feeling unsafe and insecure!"

"Well, my parents did that very well then!", I respond cynically. "At that other school, I only had crazy teachers. I never felt safe there. They achieved their goal."

This touches me deeply and I start crying uncontrollably. So much sadness surfaced for that little girl I was, who felt safe and secure for just a moment, who was then so rudely pulled out of that safe space and dumped into a chilly, unsettled environment. From the orderly, calm, warm, loving 'Free School', to a learning institute full of screaming, pushing and pulling children. Being run over in the playground. Afraid of the teacher's loud voice.

"After I had to leave the 'Free School', I never again had the feeling anyone cared about me and comforted me," I manage to bring out sobbing.

Martin taps my hand a few more rounds and suddenly the sadness is gone. Just dissolved.

"Is it now processed, gone, resolved?" I ask in amazement.

"Yes, that's how EFT works," Martin says reassuringly. "This never comes back. You have healed a deeply tucked away piece of trauma."

7

It is confusing. I am afraid. Afraid to delve deeper into my past. Afraid of everything else I will encounter. At the same time, I am determined to leave my traumas behind and regain my strength. I am absolutely convinced that I will come out of this stronger. I am giving this process three months. Three months in which I will fully grasp my past and then it has to be over, done with. It wasn't all that bad, was it? Yes, my childhood was loveless. Yes, my father tried something and loaned

me out once. Yes, my mother obviously knew about it and didn't protect me. But this therapy seemed too easy.

Well, if that's all, I'll be done with that in three months, I think.

When I am with Janet again, I tell her, "I never experienced systematic abuse, thankfully. That's much worse. With me, fortunately, it occurred just a few times."

Janet stays silent for a moment. Then she looks at me and says, "I'm glad you deal with it. I am proud of you for how you are coping. Just consider that it will take much more time than three months! You always want to force everything. You won't be able to in this case."

But I'm determined. Three months and then life must continue!

8

Today it's my youngest daughter's birthday! She is turning twelve and of course I'm putting up garlands the night before. While hanging them, I get cranky.

"I don't want this at all!" I get very intense feelings about the birthday. It frightens me. I pull myself together and finish the job. I decide to keep an eye on my feelings tomorrow at the party.

To my daughter the party is a success. She is so excited, being the center of the festivities all day, getting nice presents, cake and a festive mood. She does not want to see her father today, so we will visit him separately next week.

However, I am doing anything but well. I just barely hold on until after presents and then I totally collapse. I know this feeling all too well. Normally, I suppress the feelings under the cloak *don't be silly*. But now that it has my attention, it feels anything but normal. I retreat for a moment and immediately I start crying uncontrollably. I'm overpowered by a terrible sadness and fear. What on Earth is going on here?

"No doubt this will have something to do with the past," Janet says comfortingly. "Do you have any memories of childhood birthday parties?"

I ponder it. "No. Not that I remember. I just remember cake, garlands and presents. Nothing else."

"Doesn't matter," Janet says. "Then we'll just wait for it to arise. Now you should set it aside and we'll just have a nice party, okay?"

Of course I agree. I patch myself up and feel like an incredible failure, that I collapse like this on my child's birthday. Guilt and shame, on top of fear and sadness. On sheer willpower, I drag myself through the day and try to force a smile.

9

Again I am with Martin at his study.

"I had a dream last night in which I was forced into a cave by my sister and ex. That cave was about to collapse and they knew it. Yet they pushed me into it."

"Do you have any idea what this means?" Martin asks.

"I think my defenses may go now and I'm ready to face all my traumas!" I say with more confidence than I feel. "I am closing down my old life. It feels good. I feel like I'm finding my strength again. I'm on the right track and I want to finish it."

I have absolutely no idea how ridiculous this must sound to a therapist's ears. I so desperately want this to be done, to be able to put all these bad emotions behind and start living again. I have no idea how processing trauma really works and how long it would take. What's more, I have no idea who I actually am and how I ever will regain my powers.

Martin tries to make it clear to me that first I need to be completely detached from my parents. He uses a metaphor for this, hoping I will take it.

"You can think of it as being on a boat with your parents. On the high seas, they threw you overboard. Eventually they throw you a lifebuoy on a long rope, to which you are clinging onto anxiously. They could easily pull you back in, but they don't. They just let you drift. But if you would just look back, you would see the shore. That coast is not even that far away. All you have to do is let go of the buoy and turn around. Then you can swim to the shore, where no doubt there will be good people who can and want to help you."

I hear it, but I can't take it in. I feel an inner lock, a resistance, a distrust. This line is my only lifeline and I just can't let go of it.

Martin tries again. "See yourself in a cage. You are put there by your parents and your ex-husband. But the door is open. All you have to do is leave the cage and

start flying to find freedom. You've never flown before, but that doesn't mean you can't."

It's true what Martin says. It is true but it feels terrifying. The "but-what-ifs" and the "how-comes" are screaming in my head. This exposes eerily sharp my feelings; I don't dare to trust myself. I don't know who I am and what I want.

"Now I can see that I always have remained dependent," I admit. "My ex completely shielded and disconnected me from my friends. He always accompanied me. I had no life of my own at all. Even now, I don't dare to stand up for myself. I know that as soon as I left him, my ex immediately contacted all our friends and put up a story about me. I can't even muster the courage to stand up to that. I have no one left."

Martin nods understandingly. "Everything has always been determined for you. You were deliberately made insecure and dependent. At this point, you never grew up. You cannot be expected to suddenly be able to do that now, not by yourself. You are allowed to start experiencing quietly. You are allowed to make mistakes and start seeing that this is not a bad thing at all."

I can't work this out. What am I now allowed to start experiencing? And how am I going to grow up? It's all not going fast enough for me. I want to see improvement!

Once at home, I strongly feel the need to make a statement.

I tell Janet and the kids, "I want to change my name. As a symbol that I am drawing a line under the past. And not only that. To Numerology, I am stuck with five tens in my name and date of birth. Now that I am divorced one of the tens has fallen off but there are still too many. The ten represents inner strength and royal courage. But it is a fierce energy and I want to get into calmer waters."

We find out together pretty quickly that if I take the 'l' out of my first name Cynthia, a more powerful name remains: Cyntha. And that's how I left another 10 behind.

Of course, my thoughts turn a lot to my father and his school. It remains a strange story. As a child, you take everything you are told for truth. It is now up to me to rethink everything and separate truth from lies.

My parents are both from Utrecht, in central Netherlands. After getting married, they moved to Deventer, in the east of the country, where they had three children. The eldest died after fifteen minutes.

That is a story on its own. He was literally ignored to death after he was born, and it wasn't until I turned seventeen that I learned I had a deceased brother. My sister and I were conceived in quick succession. I was a "must", as my mother could put it so tactlessly.

The story goes that my father was "asked" to become headmaster of a new LOM school in Zoetermeer, all the way on the other side of the country. At that time, he was a common teacher at his father's primary school.

He took the job and was assigned a temporary flat in Zoetermeer. After a year, my parents were fed up with that and they demanded a single-family home. They were able to get a large rental house in the Meerzicht district immediately.

Hmm, strange, when you think about that. Why invite a teacher from the other side of the country and give him a prestigious job and a house, I wonder?

There are more strange things in this case. As a headmaster, my father did not teach any children at his new school. But he did test all the kids himself! At registration and several more times during the school year. In his own study. This is noteworthy, because the school had specialized staff, who supervised the children individually. So why would the head of the school conduct the educational tests?

Did he test the children for their weaknesses to see whether they were suitable for abuse? Was he doing this on his own accord or by order of the board or the municipality? Could it be that my father was blackmailed?

Later, when I was fourteen, my father suddenly found himself at home. This too is a strange story. My parents wouldn't say anything about it for a long time, but when I kept insisting, this was the story my mother told me:

"Your father had good control of the school as headmaster. He was an authoritarian headmaster and that worked well. Until a new generation of teachers arrived, who couldn't handle his authority. Everything had to be decided democratically. Your father couldn't cope with that and he suffered three TIAs from the stress. He then was appointed by the board to another school as a teacher. But after he put a student against the wall and grabbed him at his throat, they censured him for life and discharged him, so now he stays at home."

What really happened here? Did one of the new teachers get wind of what was really going on in my father's rooms? Would the notorious cover-up strategy have been applied here?

The fact is that my father lost dozens of kilos in body weight during that time. He had gone from being an “important man” to a “nobody” and fell into a gap. Much to the misery of my sister and me he took most of his anger out on us. From totally disinterested father, he became the authoritarian director of the family. Everything was criticized and controlled. From the amount of apples and licorice we were allowed to eat, to the obligatory cup of tea after school. Strangely, there was no interest in our safety and on Saturdays I could feel free to stay out until four o’clock at night. As long as I appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning at ten-thirty, there was nothing wrong.

10

It is almost a year since the memories began. Through bio-resonance, I know that I was sexually abused from the age of five to thirteen. By now of course I want to know exactly what happened and how often, but I cannot force it. My body dictates the pace and content of my coping process. I often feel nauseated, terribly tired, my throat is stuffy and my stomach is yawning with tension. This in turn gives me additional anxieties and I try to cling to what is still certain in my life, especially Janet and the children. I develop a fear of abandonment, which has probably always been there, but now comes out extra violently.

Most of the time I can see what I don't have and not what is there. I quickly feel inadequate or deprived. I know all that comes from my childhood, but I project it onto the present. I react with passive-aggression to every trigger.

I do what I can with healing journeys and visualizations. I walk as often as possible to clear my head and gain insight into what is going on. I still go to Martin occasionally, but it seems that I run into a wall and get stuck. We deal with trivial subjects, like the relationship with my sister or my feelings of loneliness, fear and powerlessness. But we keep circling the issue.

"You're not ready, Cynthia," Martin says. He stubbornly keeps calling me Cynthia but I say nothing. "We should pretend we are peeling an onion. One layer at the time, then we'll naturally get to the core of the matter."

It's all very well. I think I can handle these “trivial things” myself and I stop the sessions with Martin altogether. I am disappointed. I plunge into the work I do with

Janet. I organize lectures for her across the country, where we show her documentary, *The Fall of the Cabal*. That is a great success.

11

It is 2020. The Corona hoax is sweeping the world like a virus. Because I have been following the Q posts¹ closely and then the Q map² all the way through, I have a pretty good idea of what is really going on with this virus. Last year, I did in-depth research on global depopulation agendas, on UN Agenda 21 and the New World Order. As a strategy, this new virus fits perfectly into that.

Once the developments were going fast and new rules were being poured out on citizens every day, Janet and I decide to make a documentary about it as soon as possible. We literally work day and night. We discover the major scandals and we can predict exactly how governments will play out this “plandemic”. By this time we even have identified the creators of digital passports.

It will be a series of four which we will publish in English and Dutch. With this, our fame grows enormously, both among followers and detractors. Janet, in particular, is getting a lot of heat. She is the one who writes and records the script and does the editing. I mainly do the research and provide visual support for the documentaries. Janet regularly makes headlines as a ‘conspiracy theorist’. She is increasingly portrayed as a danger to the state. Journalists see her as easy prey and write the most absurd stories about her. It turns out to be part of a larger plan. Because the government does not want to hear any dissidents. Certainly not if it is well founded on scientific research and in-depth investigation. The government wants to prepare the population for vaccinations and a digital passport. We are the nasty buggers and we know that. We have police at the door on a regular basis, supposedly to protect Janet from “opponents of her controversial ideas”. There will be death threats.

1 Q is an unknown entity that posts information about the world's political conspiracies on a platform. Q provides this information mainly by asking questions. By doing so, Q excites its followers to investigate for themselves what exactly is going on. This has given me tremendous insight into world politics and the secret agendas behind it.

2 The Q map is a diagram, worked out by Dylan Monroe, with all kinds of connections between the (unelected) world organizations, secret societies and agendas. Based on this map, I was able to work out the depopulation agenda in a document of more than 200 pages.

The atmosphere is becoming increasingly grim. Curfews, one-and-a-half-meter distances, assembly bans. Is it strange that we see the similarity to the run-up to World War II? It is a subject banned by the government and judiciary.

We then work hard all summer on the script for *The Sequel* to the documentary *The Fall of The Cabal*. All subjects will be covered. This time we will expose obscure forces behind the scenes and their agendas completely. We are determined to release a part of *The Sequel* each week. We are again working day and night. There will be no room for anything else.

The worldwide following is expanding. We are gaining exposure, being invited for interviews and giving lectures online.

As autumn approaches the tension in the country only increases and the pressure on us becomes very strong, we decide to leave the country.

"Please, let's seek the sun," I sigh. "Let's find a safe and quiet place to work undisturbed."

Janet agrees and we pack our things.

Despite lockdowns and curfews, we set out from the Netherlands and drive south. In the middle of the night, we arrive in southern Spain. The temperature is lovely, but everything is closed. No hotel is open, the motorway is deserted. Eventually we decide to drive to a big city and there, we find a hotel near an airport.

The next day, I have a splitting headache but despite that we have to go out hunting for a place to live.

"We'll just go to real estate agents and see what's free," is Janet's idea. I'm fine with anything. I'm pretty locked in and not very confident. All over the streets I see people wearing face masks. The terraces have been cleared out and there is nothing left of the exuberant Spanish personality. People walk past us quickly and with downcast eyes. That atmosphere concerns me.

The real estate agent obediently wears his face napkin and locks the door behind us as Janet points out that we are not compliant.

"I will call a few people for you and I will contact you when I have found a suitable place to live," he says kindly.

We leave the premises in good spirit. We never heard from him again. On the internet, we find a cottage ourselves, and the owner comes over immediately. However, the cottage is on a mountainside and our car does not have the power to go up the muddy path leading to it.

"I have a friend who rents out a cottage by the sea," she says, thoughtfully.

That same afternoon, we move into our new cottage, which is built into the mountainside, small on the front but extending far back. Unfortunately it is very noisy.

12

"I cannot put up with this!" I exclaim for the umpteenth time. I am desperate. The cottage is so noisy that you can hear every sound from every neighbor. We hear them talking, moving chairs and going to the toilet. It drives me crazy. "I need silence!"

Not knowing what is really going on, not realizing that a volcano is building up inside me, we decide to search further for a quiet place. We can't find anything but the same cottage where we spent the winter last year. Perhaps a nice place, but on top of a mountain. And in Spain they don't like making many turns when building their roads. It just goes straight up!

With last year's experience in mind, we call the caretaker to help us with our trailer. On this mountain, you don't want to run into an oncoming car or have to stop for any reason. With roaring engine our car pulls us up the first part of the mountain. Then there are a few bends and things improve. We don't switch gears and finally we draw a breath of relief when we arrive at the cottage. Here we can stay until summer.

Such peace to know we can stay here, in this secluded cottage, for the coming months! *No hassle, no pressure from the outside. just working!* is my relieved thought.

And it is precisely this peace, being shielded from the craziness of the outside world, the safety, that allows something to stir in me. Something awakens in me. Something that now feels safe enough to come out.

I am literally a walking volcano and the eruption cannot wait much longer.

13

I am at my father's study. It is the day after my birthday and I am still wearing my pretty brown dress. I have turned eight. I watch as my father puts something on his desk. Then my father approaches me. His eyes shine fearfully and my stomach shrinks a little.

Suddenly, he grabs me and throws me rock hard with my back against the low cabinet. I feel a sharp pain in my back, but my attention is with my father. His eyes spit fire.

'Did you think,' he brings out menacingly and slowly, 'did you really think I wouldn't find out?!

Stiffened in terror I can only stare into those deep brown scintillating eyes, which stare at me furiously. He bends over me and I cringe completely.

Then he grabs me by the arm again and throws me to the floor. I lie on my stomach and am terrified. What have I done wrong?!

'You thought you could do that? So, have you got your way now!'

He yanks up my dress and starts raping me from behind. At the same time, he grabs me by my throat. I nearly choke! With all I have in me, I try to say 'sorry', but not a sound comes out. I try to scream, to struggle, but I can't do anything. My father is so heavy. He is so big. He is still holding me by my throat, pulling my head up as a result. I try again to say 'sorry', to beg, but it's no use.

I am terrified. So scared. So much pain.

And then there is nothing.

14

Pandora's box has been opened. The memory has finally surfaced. I try to tap on it myself, but it is useless. I slip into a kind of depression. I am not interested in or feel happy about anything.

Time for Janet to intervene. She calls Martin. "Martin, you have to help. Cyn has gotten a new memory. She wants to deal with it herself, but she's completely through with it and she needs your help."

That same evening, I am on the phone with Martin. I tell the whole story and as I do, several pieces fall into place. "I regularly have a sharp pain at a spot between two ribs on the left side of my back. So that's from that occasion!"

"That could very well be," Martin responds. "That should then go away when we start tapping on this trauma."

"I also remember having to go to hospital as an eight-year-old. My parents told me that a tonsil had grown back and had to be removed. But what if my father damaged my esophagus?"

"Have you noticed anything about your esophagus? Does it bother you sometimes?" Martin inquires.

"I have noticed since this memory that I swallow differently from others. When I swallow, I always feel an extra 'snap'. Other people don't seem to have that. For me, this is normal, but maybe it's a damage"

We will work on the memory. Especially the phrase "So, have you got your way *now?*" as his fierce eyes chop into me.

"Maybe you tried to tell someone what was going on at home?" Martin suggests.

"Yes, that could be possible," I say. "I just have no memory of it. I do have an aunt who I was fond of. Maybe I said something and then she told him."

We analyze the memory from all angles.

"This was right after your birthday?" Martin asks. "Then it does make sense that you have so much trouble with birthdays! There's quite a trauma attached to it!"

"And now I also understand why I am so afraid of consequences. That I am afraid that I have done something wrong of which I don't know. That I fear that people are angry with me."

Yes, all very logical. There is just a good deal of work to do. Martin has no experience on this either. On a few emotions, I'm tapping myself while Martin gives instructions, and that seems to give some air. At least the pain on my back hasn't returned. We decide to bide the time and get in touch if I want to continue working on a trauma with Martin.

15

I am sitting outside on the bench looking at the mountains and the sea in the distance. Janet comes and sits next to me.

"Are you all right?" she asks softly.

"No, I feel as if I can't take it any more. It's just too much. I have to research something soon for the documentary, which I haven't been able to figure out for two days. I just can't manage it no longer."

"You know what?" she says, "We'll do it together! Come on, we'll go inside and do it together."

That sounds nice. I follow her inside and sit down on the sofa. I open my laptop and get ready.

"Please wait, I have to answer someone first," Janet says as she opens Telegram. I wait and wait. Janet seems to have completely forgotten what she had promised me and is happily chatting.

"I'll get started," I suggest, trying to keep her on her toes.

"No, just shut up! I'm busy. Just wait!" is her response.

I sigh.

"What's the problem?" Janet asks, now with an irritated tone in her voice.

This becomes too much for me. Suddenly, something seems to snap inside me. "I'm just sitting here waiting! You won't let me start and you just do all sorts of other things! I feel like I'm being treated like a little kid!"

"Now, get a grip!" is Janet's response.

But I am no longer acting sensible. It feels like I am pushed against the wall. "You promised to help me. Now I have to sit here to wait and shut up!" I am totally upset. So is Janet.

Before we realize it, we are yelling at each other like a bunch of adolescents. The children and dogs are getting totally upset too.

"Go away!" Janet shouts. "Please go!"

"Fine, I'm off already!" I roar and leg out. But where am I supposed to go? By now it is dark, and we are at the top of a mountain so I feel I am not be able to go anywhere.

I get back inside and grab the car keys and my purse demonstratively. "I'm off then!"

"Great!" is her angry reply.

"And I'm not coming back!" I say angrily and desperately. Actually, in my heart, I scream for her to stop me and comfort me. But I am far too emotionally upset to squeeze anything sincere out.

"Bye then!"

That doesn't really help. I get into the car, but don't start the car. Driving down the mountain in this state of being in the dark is tantamount to committing suicide. I get out of the car and sit down on the veranda. I start crying.

After a while, Janet opens the door, which she had locked in the meantime. "Come inside and let's talk."

I go inside and settle at the far corner of the sofa.

We try to talk it out, but I can't focus.

"You cornered me!" I cry. "You're gagging me!" I can barely get the words out. "And I just have to wait for you to see me again!" I turn into a little kid. A child pushed into a corner, who has been mistreated and abused. A child who is totally upset and without reason, terrified and fighting for her life.

This is too much for Janet. There is nothing more she can do. The Cynthia she used to know has been completely wiped out by a monster from the past. She knows nothing else to do but really send me away.

As if it was meant to be, the next day I immediately find an apartment. In the middle of a pretty tourist town by the sea. I can rent this for a week. Here I can unwind and the others will be rid of me for a while. They too can recover.

16

Once settled, I immediately contact Martin. We agree to work on my traumas every evening. I also start doing sound therapy every day and resolve to write a lot. I really want to process this trauma properly this week.

"Great," Martin says. "I suggest we start processing your memory step by step. You tell me your memory and as soon as you feel an emotion, you stop. Then we tap until that emotion is gone and then we repeat this process. Is that an idea?"

Brilliant. And so we set to work. Sentence by sentence, we work our way through the memory.

"I feel that spot on my back again," I soon say.

"Can you describe what that feels like?" Martin asks.

"It starts as a nagging feeling. Then it starts stinging, like there's a knife in it."

"To me, this sounds very symbolic," says Martin. "It's like being betrayed by someone you should be able to trust, your father. As if he has plunged a dagger into your back."

I don't know. I dissociate. We can tap all we want, it doesn't solve the pain. I am instructed to keep repeating and repeating the memory during the day, just until I can stay with my attention all the way through.

"In that memory what are you most afraid of?" Martin asks the next evening.

I am silent for a moment. "Afraid of his eyes," I say softly. "His bright, fierce eyes, hanging right above me and looking at me so piercingly." My body immediately reacts with stomach cramps, sweating and nausea from fear.

We spend the rest of the evening dealing with this. We softly tap, then repeat the memory and tap again. And again and again. I keep feeling the agony as I recall those eyes, yet it eases a little with each tapping.

"We'll stop for tonight," Martin says after more than two hours of work. "Go do something fun tomorrow. Relax. Go shopping or to the beach. Tomorrow night we will continue."

During the day, I do indeed go into town. There are many nice shops and it makes me happy to buy nice things for Janet and the girls. We never actually go shopping, so I do myself well. A nice bag, a belt, some books. A nice pile of presents arises in the living room. That makes me very happy. I rejoice in giving the others something. I've given them a hard time these past few years.

Besides shopping, I enjoy walking on the beach. I regularly go swimming in the nude and as I do so today it is to the bewilderment of bystanders, as it is the middle of winter. As much as possible, I sometimes bypass the patrolling police cars, which stop anyone without a face mask.

The evenings are wonderfully quiet, thanks to the curfew. No Spanish shouting in the streets, or scooters racing around. Spain is under the spell of Corona and everyone is scared. Whenever I address people about the ridiculous face mask behavior, I notice that they are very scared. Not of the "virus", but of the police. They constantly look around anxiously and strongly advise me to put on a face mask.

"The police are very strict, especially the *Guardia Civil*. You don't want to be taken by them. So put on a face mask or leave."

Wow. The government and media deny the comparison of this situation with the beginning of the Second World War. They refuse to acknowledge the similarities, the people being in constant fear of the police, afraid of making a mistake, afraid of being caught. Always the fear of being caught.

It's as if I can see my inner traumas being played out in the outside world.

Of course, I have no desire to be arrested. I am here to deal with my traumas, not to be the hero and get myself into trouble. So when I see police, I put on a home-made face mask. Made from lingerie. Plenty of holes, so I can breathe properly. And free of all the toxins that are in the blue face masks.

17

Each night Martin and I are working. After my father's frightening eyes, we work on my helplessness. I cannot stand up to him. I cannot do anything. Again, I do feel fear and sadness as we tap, but also this time it doesn't really go away. It's as if I escape in my thoughts during the treatment.

"That's quite normal," Martin says. "That has been your salvation in the past! During this rape, your consciousness shut down. This was too big to cope with."

"But then how can we process it?"

Unfortunately, Martin doesn't really have an answer to that. "Just keep repeating the memory until you can cope," is his suggestion. Then he makes another attempt. "Repeat after me: It's a miracle I survived!"

I can't. Can't get it out. My throat is like air tight. "This is the place where he tried to kill me!" I barely manage to bring out.

We start tapping on it, but the sadness only intensifies. The realization that my father almost killed me is so overwhelming that there is no way I can deal with it. Martin suggests we stop here. "Let it go for a while. We are waiting for new insights to emerge. Take a break. See you tomorrow!"

There I am. On the couch in my little apartment in the middle of town, staring in front of me. It's empty and silent inside. Somewhere in the background, my brain chats about how I'm not even sure whether this really happened. Then it makes an

attempt to convince me that I am going crazy and finally it tries something else with emotions. I take two sleeping pills and go to bed.



The silence and being alone, by purely focusing on the past, makes room for other memories to surface. For instance, I remember more men my father lent me to. A teacher from my primary school, our dentist and most probably my family doctor. I have no concrete memory of being abused by them yet, but they keep coming up in my childhood memories. I feel fear of them and too many things don't add up.

I am about eleven years old and have to go to the dentist to have a cavity filled. My mother doesn't want to go with me. She is afraid of the dentist. So I go with my father. I lie in the chair and look at the ceiling. It is a very familiar ceiling, of rough beige boards with beams in between. I have stared at this ceiling before, but not in this room. Strange.

My father and the dentist are chatting and laughing. Finally, the dentist grabs the drill.

'If it hurts, you can raise your finger. Then I'll stop,' he says.

I nod and swallow some more.

Then the drilling begins.

'So, that hole is deeper than I thought,' the dentist says.

By now I have been lying with my finger raised for a while. It hurts. A tear rolls down my cheek. My father laughs.

'Look - she is having her finger up all the time! Ha ha ha!'

Together they laugh and the dentist happily drills on.

Once home, my father laughingly recounts how I lay there in that chair with my finger raised all the time. Crying, I disappear to my room.

Years later, when I have my amalgam fillings replaced with composite, my new dentist is startled by this hole. "Has this been drilled without anesthesia?" he asks.

I nod.

"That must have hurt! It's a very deep hole, almost up to the nerve."

Hence my fear of the dentist. So I was not putting it on. It was real. Both, my dentist of that day and my father not only ignored me, they took pleasure in hurting me.

Pure sadism.

In my memory, I saw a signet ring on my dentist's finger. And just before the ring disappeared into the blue surgical glove, I saw that it was the same ring my father wore. Dark blue, rectangular, with no print. My 5th-grade teacher also had such a ring.

18

"Do you realize that you were not meant to die at all?" Martin asks.

"Huh?" I respond, dumbfounded. We are tapping again, again to diminish the terror, the agony and outright mortal fear. "I don't understand you."

"If your father had wanted to kill you, he really would have! After all, he had every opportunity to do so. So the fact that you are alive means that it was never his intention to kill you. He only wanted to teach you a lesson! Apparently, you did something that was so threatening to him that this lesson would make you forget about doing anything like that ever again!"

Well, what about it? Sure, Martin is right, but for me it doesn't matter. I'm stuck with all these fears, the result of this "lesson". "As far as I'm concerned, he could have finished it off!" I unexpectedly throw out. I start crying uncontrollably.

Martin starts a whole story about the meaning of life, about reincarnation and living through all experiences.

'So I was such a monster myself in a past life?' is my bleak conclusion. I tell him I am so overwhelmed, so full to the brim of emotions, I would rather move on tomorrow. I can't do anything with it just for now. The thought that I would actually have preferred to be dead has upset me considerably and I want time to think it over.

I don't remember ever being depressed. A death wish is also new to me. But now that I let it sink in, I realize that both feelings have always been lurking deep in

the background. I had never paid attention to them, but on a substantial and deep level, I have indeed always wanted to be dead.

The next day, I take a long walk. I can get right to the deep sadness. Somewhere inside me lives a little girl who does not want to go on with life, who wishes he had actually finished it. This little girl feels that she is not allowed to be there at all. That she is not wanted and should preferably be invisible. No one should be bothered by her. She feels sadness and despair. She does not know whether she is worth living or not.

That girl has become the reckless piece in me, which often makes me seek out situations that are dangerous. Very often the thought occurs to me, *Let it happen, then I'll be rid of it*. Then I see myself crashing into a car, or falling into a ravine or getting killed. For me, it never feels like a miracle that I survived, but more like an extension of misery. And why should I be happy about that?

19

Martin wants to tap the memory one last time. See if the trauma has really been processed properly.

"You get to tell the story again from when you were eight years old," Martin begins. "What do you feel?"

"I notice that I no longer feel despair and helplessness. Sadness, though," I say. "Today I tried to draw how I felt as an eight-year-old. I drew a little girl, sitting in the middle of a black circle. From all sides, dark energy was coming toward her. It felt very threatening and oppressing."

I start narrating the memory again, this time from the moment I look up at my father. "I look at my father and I can no longer see anything. I can't see his menacing eyes any more," I say in amazement. "He is there, but it no longer gives me tremendous fear. I can't see his intensely dark eyes any more!" He is now outside my circle, so to speak, and there he can't do anything to me at last.

"I am now facing a big guy and I don't even know him!" I say. "It's no longer interesting what he thinks of me. What a loser!" I feel relief in my stomach and throat.

Then I tell the second part of the trauma.

"He grabs me by my arm and throws me face down to the floor. Then he sits on top of me, pulls down my shorts and rapes me, almost strangling me." I can feel this coming in really hard now. Finally I can reach the feeling. It's mostly grief. "It has to stop!" is my overriding feeling. "Make it stop!" It is literally a death struggle. Eventually it lasts so long that the feeling switches to *Please let it be over. I want to die.*

The latter is such an awful feeling of resignation that it is easy to confuse it with depression. So I have been doing that for the past few months. But now I am coming to the conclusion that I felt a death wish, born of the desperation that *it has to stop and I can't take this any longer, it's too heavy.*

I repeatedly tell this part of the trauma, after which we tap on it again. The image becomes increasingly clear and the feelings initially more intense. "He pulled my head up, squeezing my throat. I want to scream, but nothing comes out. This feels so intensely powerless!" We tap on it more. "I try with everything I have to tell my father that I will never do it again. Whatever it was. I want to admit everything, if only this would stop." More tapping. "I want it to stop! Just squeeze on."

It seems to go on endlessly. Telling the story, tapping again. Not trying to think that this is the last night alone and that I MUST deal with this now. Just stubbornly going on and persevering.

I'm dog tired. Exhausted. And yet we just keep going. Now that I can finally access all these feelings, we will finish it.

As I tell it for the umpteenth time, I suddenly realize that I was thinking, *This is totally wrong! Oh my God, now we're going to have it!*

"I must have been raped many times before, Martin!" I say. "I knew what to expect. I realized what was happening to me."

"It is not that likely too that all rapes happened at school," is Martin's opinion. "Because then you were surely alarmed when you went to school with your father."

I tell it again. I don't know if I'm paralyzed by the intensive session, but I can't recall any feelings. It has become more of a story rather than a memory. I also seem to be watching the scene from a distance now.

"Am I dissociated again now? I no longer feel anything and look at it from a distance. I am not sure."

We talk about it for a while and I regain my composure. We decide to go back to the memory again anyway. To my amazement, very different emotions and feelings now surface.

"I now get the feeling that all the problems are because of me. I feel guilty for doing it so wrong. I am angry with myself. I couldn't say anything, I couldn't stop it and I couldn't die either!"

Now we are at the heart of my self-loathing. I couldn't even die. What a letdown. My father had all the power and even dying he took away from me!



"You know, Martin," I suddenly start. "I loved him. I wanted so much to get it right and for him to love me." An intense sadness wells up inside me. We tap on it until the sadness changes. "The grief feels very different now. It is so pure. Without fight and without resistance. In peace. Surrender. I am ready for death." It is very quiet inside me. It tingles all over my body. Yet there is still a lot of grief in that silence.

Martin makes me tap non-stop rounds of grief for four minutes. All I have to do is say "my grief". While tapping, I start yawning. Slowly, I feel the sadness sink in until it lingers as a heavy feeling in my legs. Martin lets me tap on that too until it is in my feet and sinks away from there.

"It feels like I am waking up from a very deep dream. I feel a languid tiredness and the fight is gone. I feel peace."

I tell the story one last time. Even my despair is gone now. It's just quiet there, like in a movie.

"It happened, but I am now more in the present moment and no longer have despair. Everything remains calm. It feels a bit like telling about a nightmare I had last month. There are no more emotions, but it's still not nice to tell about being raped and strangled by your own father."

20

Meanwhile I have returned home. After all that had happened with me now it was Janet's turn to process her issues that were stirred up. Subsequently this drags me into my "fear of the consequences" into feelings of "being unwanted" and also to issues like "the right to exist and occupying my space".

In the week I was gone, Janet was full-on angry with me. She didn't realize how hard I had worked, only that I had left. So she had a week of rest.

When I returned home, I gave all of them my presents, which convinced Janet even more that I had been on a holiday.

She became very angry and couldn't open herself to me at all. She was angry with the children that they were able to forgive me. She didn't want to talk or see me for weeks.

Later we discovered that she was triggered in her own childhood issues. She had no faith in me, because of her past. She was very surprised (after about 6 weeks) to hear what I had actually done and how I had really changed.



I take an inner journey and immediately I am drawn to my gut. There I meet little eight-year-old Cynthia again. She indicates that she apparently has no value to her father. That she has to make sure she has value to others to survive. And otherwise she has to make herself invisible.

I feel so much love and affection for this little girl.

And while I hold her and give her the security she has desired for so long, I get a special insight.

I don't need the right on existence! I exist!

No one has ever been able to destroy that, including my father!

My core, my existence. Only I can reach that, no one else.

This is who I really am, I don't need any right or permission or added value for this. I don't need to be of use to anyone else, simply because I already exist!

And as I realize this, I get goosebumps all over my body. And in this beautiful moment, I feel all fear fall away from me.



I am seven years old. I am sitting on a chair in a room I don't know. It is an empty room, with no windows. I am alone.

The waiting is working on my bowels and I have to defecate. When my father comes in for a moment, I try to tell him, but I don't get the chance.

'You just have to wait and be quiet!' my father says firmly and he leaves again. He closes the door behind him.

I sit stiffened on my little chair, feeling dreadfully unhappy, scared and having to poop terribly. But because it is not allowed, I remain seated with my buttocks squeezed shut.

'Let this be over soon,' I think. 'Whatever is going to happen, let it happen soon. Then I'll be rid of it.'

Because I had such a good inner journey yesterday and felt so powerful as a result, I am going to take a journey directly on this memory too. In the healing, I allow my inner child to move. She goes to a corner of the room and just defecates on the floor. I was emphatically in control of my body. "No one has the right to deny me my bodily needs," I state clearly. "Then let's have the consequences. They will come anyway. This will teach my father to take some care of me too. I just need do what is necessary for me!"

It feels powerful. But honestly, I'm kind of glad I don't have to do it now as a seven-year-old. It's easy to talk in retrospect.

21

The emergence of memories is a special process. Sometimes it is a dream, causing me to wake up and realizing or remembering things at a sudden. Another way is that I am triggered by strong emotions. When I then start looking where that reaction comes from, a memory can pop up just like that.

Clear as if it has always been there.

It's not like my memories come up in chronological order. It criss-crosses time and subjects. As a result, it is sometimes hard to see the big picture.

"Remember when you said you didn't have such a nice childhood?" Janet says one evening. "But that you were glad that at least you hadn't been abused? Now look how that has changed."

"That's right," I reply. "And I'm glad it stopped at this. Fortunately it wasn't Satanic or Sadistic Ritual Abuse. Then I would have been much worse off. Now I can process this and just get on with my life."



"I think it's about time to put my story out into the world!" I tell Janet.

"Really?" Janet asks worriedly. "Do you think you're ready for that yet?"

"Yes, I think it's important for my own processing and it's good that people start speaking out. If I do, others can feel supported by it and also speak out. This can't be kept in the dark any longer!"

Janet and I sit down to make the video and my story rolls out easily. You can tell from the reactions under the video, this is a good time to come out with it. Many people are touched by my story and start telling their own. Others start doubting their own childhood and spontaneously enter their own coping process.

It is clear to both Janet and me that with our documentaries we are going to work toward the misery that children experience. Child trafficking, the sex industry and also Satanic Ritual Abuse. It is so structurally embedded in our society and at the same time it is such a taboo. It has to be stopped. *In the end, we are all doing it for the children*, is our slogan following Q and Trump.

"As a child, I really did have a happy basic attitude. But I never could show my real self." I start crying as I tell Janet. She supports me unconditionally in this process, gives me space to process everything in my own pace and always lends me a listening ear and a shoulder to cry on when I am struggling.

I feel a lot of grief, this time not from parts of childhood, but from the adult looking back upon herself.

"I was only five years old when this started. Only now do I realize how bad this is. I always lived in survival mode. I always had to be alert, even in my sleep. I'm dead tired of that.

Always paying attention to how others are feeling. Always on my guard. I never really made conscious choices in my life. I had nothing to live for."

I stand as a little toddler staring very happily at a round fishbowl full of guppies and goldfish. 'Sishies!' I say and point at them. Every day I stand there again. They make me happy!

One day, the fishbowl has gone. My mother says, 'The big fish have eaten the little ones.' And my father adds light-heartedly, 'And I flushed the rest down the toilet!'

...

When I am a bit older, we have two guinea pigs. One for my sister and one for me. Mine has dark brown spots on a white body and beautiful thin upright ears. Wonderful to see him running around the room on those little legs. I have to be very quick or he will hide under the sofa and I won't be able to reach for him. Every day when I wake up I happily run downstairs and look under the bar in their cage. Then I refill the water and food and take my guinea pig in my arms. Today, there are six dark, little balls lying against my sister's guinea pig. I point them out to my mother.

'Jeez, they have little ones!' she exclaims, startled! 'I thought they were both females!'

My sister and I love it! We leave them lying with their mother, but we are at close watch as much as possible.

After about three days I come downstairs full of expectation again and of course look at the guinea pigs first. But where are the little ones? Crying, I run to my parents' bedroom.

'The little ones are gone!' I sob.

'Yes, I flushed them down the toilet!' my father says with a grin. 'What are we supposed to do with them? Little ones grow up too.'

Some time later, my sister's guinea pig lies dead in the cage. Only mine is left.

'It's a dirty animal!' my mother says. 'He poops everywhere, on the carpet and on your clothes. Yikes.'

A few days later, the cage is empty. I never asked what happened to my guinea pig.

...

Another few years later, we have two parakeets, Pietje and Pintje. Pietje is my sister's and Pintje is mine. Beautiful yellow and blue feathered birds! They are not allowed to leave their cage and changing it is quite a job. I let them escape into the house once, much to my mother's anger.

One day I come home from school. The cage is outside. Strange. I go over to it. 'Mum, the cage is empty! What happened?' I exclaim.

'They escaped when I was changing the cage,' my mother says.

But my mother never changed the cage. And the cage never went outside either.

...

We have a cute little dog. Cheetah is her name. She belongs to my sister, given to her when she broke her arm for the second time. But after a while, the fun wears off for my sister and I take over. Every morning I let her out and in the afternoon we go for a long walk in the park. What a fun and playful animal this is!

After a few years she falls ill. Cancer. It is hard on her and I help her with everything. Take her outside carefully, make sure she eats well and she is

actually allowed to sleep in my room so that I can let her out at night if necessary.

Then summer comes and we soon go on holiday.

'We are going to put Cheetah to sleep,' my mother says.

'But why?' I ask. 'Look how happy she still is! And I'm taking care of her!'

'No, in Spain she will be a burden to us!'

And when I am unconvinced, she adds, 'In Spain, they kill dogs by beating their brains out with a hammer, did you know that?'

I surrender. We take Cheetah to the vet. Cheerfully, she sits on my lap and licks my face. I am very sad but don't say goodbye to her. 'Let it happen quickly,' I think, 'then we'll be done with it.'

Afterwards, my sister gets Cheetah's leash. After all, it was her doggie. I am left with nothing.

Janet hears all my stories. She sighs along, cries along, holds me. What can she do? These three years are very difficult and hard on her and the kids too. They suffer with me, suffer too when I am once again stuck in a difficult issue. And yet they continue to see me for who I am and continue to support me unconditionally. In this energy I can feel safe. So it is precisely in this energy that all the memories come up. Again, it feels unfair. Why do these very people have to suffer? The only people who ever really cared about me. When will things finally get nice, relaxed and calm again? We will have to hold on for a while.

23

For a few days now I have been restless. I hardly sleep at night. During the day, my mind is busy with lists and chores. I am losing myself. I am getting exhausted. That evening, a lot of sadness surfaces. I just try to work, but my emotions are sensed by everyone in the room. I can no longer keep it to myself. Janet senses it and invites me to talk about it. That already relieves. When she gives me a healing she can feel

what is going on inside of me. She feels it so strongly that it makes her nauseated and almost makes her puke.

"Here, have another beer. That makes the emotions soften," she says lovingly and we quietly work on it together. It is already well into the night when we stop. Once in bed, the walls come at me. From very deep, from every cell of my body, the fear emerges. It catches me completely. All I can do is get out of bed and ask for help.

"Take a sleeping pill, at least that will relax you," is Janet's advice. I take a double and the anxiety is indeed pushed more into the background. But sleep does not come. In the morning, I take another pill and now I occasionally nod off.

Unbelievable how strong fear is. It makes me just stand up despite alcohol and drugs. It reminds me of last year in Portugal.

At that time we were quite overworked and decided to recover and have fun for a night. We started in a couple of nice pubs, and then had a lovely dinner in a fully packed restaurant. I don't normally drink much and after a few 'Corona' beers (you have to get Corona from somewhere), a bottle of wine and two cocktails, I was tight. We had them in a deserted cocktail bar, where a lonely musician was singing his lungs out.

"Come, let's have another drink there," Janet suggested. "That man is trying so hard and there is no audience. That's sad. We're going to make it a fun night for him!"

So we did! We sang along, encouraged him and clapped loudly. The only other customer sat at the bar watching us. After the second cocktail, the musician had finished. Janet felt very drunk, whereas she in particular can normally stand alcohol very well. Once outside, she even nearly collapsed!

Immediately I was totally lucid and dragged her to the car and took her home. The poor thing had lost her head completely.

The next day, we realized we had been drugged and got off very well! It took days for the worst symptoms to wear off and weeks for total recovery. We were not going out for the time being!

But for me, it was a mystery how it was possible that with all that alcohol and drugs I could still suddenly become so lucid and get us home safely.



In the afternoon, I wake up with a pounding headache. Finally, I give up my resistance. This is the moment when a memory may surface.

I am ten years old and lying in bed. It is late, but I am still awake. My parents too have gone to bed already. Our rooms are separated by a thin wardrobe wall and I can hear them whisper. I am dozing a bit and not wary. Suddenly, my father is in my bedroom. I am caught off-guard and surprised. He stands in the doorway with that satanic grin on his face.

Then he comes to me and grabs me. I don't remember anything else.

"I was so terrified that moment, Martin, that I decided then that I would never again be so unprepared by anything. My antenna went on alert and my gut regulated the alarm button. I heard everything, felt everything and was always alert. They will never again be able to approach me unexpectedly."

The downside, however, is that from then on I never sleep well and never totally relax.

"If I lie on the couch for a while with a book, I get restless in no time and I have to make myself do something again. I hate that lazy, languid feeling. I can't allow that."

"When people whisper, all my alarm bells go off. I then feel very unsafe and need to know what it's about. At such times, I need reassurance."

We start tapping on the fear of the moment my father stood in the doorway. And as often happens, insights are released and events fall into place.

My mother must have known everything! And she even allowed it.

"I can remember that in my early childhood I frequently got an image just before I fell asleep," I tell Martin. "An image of a tunnel of light surrounded by darkness. From the distance, two men approached. Both dressed in black with bowler hats on. One tall and thin, the other small and fat.

"As I watched them approach, I got a strange rubber taste in my mouth. Then, to my mind, I swelled enormously. I became a kind of blow-up doll. I then floated above the house and was so big that only my thumbnail would fit inside. I remember being so amazed by that every time."

Martin has trouble interpreting the meaning of this.

"Later in life," I continue, "I became afraid of those two men. If I closed my eyes, I could already see them come to meet me. I fought it and kept my eyes open as long as possible. But eventually that taste came and I grew big again."

We tap another round on the experience of the waiting room and my bowels. It is also a new subject to Martin, he has no experience with anything like this. It is obvious that he cannot place my memories. Only later do we realize that it could be connected to an aesthetics and drugs, with systematic abuse and mind control. Right now, we are only starting to disclose all these discoveries.

24

I feel myself slip away again. This time I want to avoid going as deep as I did with the previous memory, so I pull back and start feeling. I notice that the emotions are still deep. In particular, there is a feeling of being "not happy", being "fed up" and being so intensely tired.

I can already sense about what it is this time. Apparently, I had no value to my parents after primary school. Everything in my life changed when I went to high school.

From then on, my mother completely turned away from me, in all areas. "You go to high school now so I can help you no longer. I am a primary school teacher and when you go to high school you are grown up!"

Specifically, this meant that I did not get any help with school matters in any way, that I had to find a side job and got dress-money. Nothing was done together any more.

It also meant the end of any physical affection: no more hugs, kisses or caressing. When I went to bed, I would say good-night in the doorway and got a "bye" in return.

Very clearly, I got the feeling that I was tolerated, until I would be eighteen and move out of the house. I had a roof over my head, my own room and was fed and given an education. Not the education I wanted, but a 'solid' education that I could earn money from.

If I asked for something or needed something, I was annoying. That was expressed by sighing or it was completely ignored. It was taken for granted that I got good grades in school.

"It's very simple," my father said during my first year in high school. "If you have a failing mark on your report card, you will go to MAVO (Secondary General Education) and later get a job as a cashier at most. I won't check you at all or help you with homework. I'll see from your report card."

I was completely on my own. And I didn't know any better than that this was normal. I made the best of everything and tried hard at school. At every test I was afraid of failing. I knew almost all my textbooks by heart.

As I reflect on this period of time more and more examples pop up, which I know now are not normal. I was just a kid! A kid who still desperately needed her parents' approval and love.

While letting the memories come up quietly, I feel the tension building up in my body. I consciously keep my attention with this tension. All my muscles ache. I feel like I have just climbed a mountain. I start tapping myself on the side of my hand, the first acupuncture point, and along with a good cry, the tension resolves fairly well.

That night I wake up with huge feelings of anger and hatred. I begin a healing journey and I am shown two gates. Intuitively, I know that one of the doors is the gate to Hell. I grab my mother and throw her into Hell! That feels good! I throw my anger and hatred with her, into the gates of Hell, and I miraculously fall asleep again afterwards.

25

Is this Hell?

What would Hell be needed for if you have to go through all this misery here?

Why do I have to go through this all over again?

When will I finally get some peace? When will I be allowed to be happy?

It doesn't feel fair. It's so hard.

Why does a child have to go through terrible things like this only to go through it again as an adult for processing? Physically now it's only a fraction of the pain it must have been before, but emotionally it's like it's all happening now. And again I have absolutely no control over it. It comes up, I have to go through it, then healing follows and if I'm lucky a brief moment of peace. Only to fall into the next issue again.

It makes me so despondent and sad.

26

We're about half-way through 2021 by now. Memories come and go. Small ones, bigger ones, additions to the ones I already know.

With the big and heavy memories, sometimes it takes a month or more before I can really process what comes up. There's not much I can do except wait. I struggle with memories, tap on them, write about them, cry, talk and feel like I'm processing it. And yet, somehow, I keep slipping down to a level where I can't help but let go of all resistance and fully dive into the emotions. It remains a battle every time to be able to completely allow those emotions to be there in their total weight. It's like being overflowed by a tsunami. Every time, I resist and just let bit by bit come to the surface. But by the end of the month, when I'm exhausted, I give up the fight and the tsunami or eruption comes any way. I continue to feel resistance to it. I think I am afraid of the ferocity of it and prefer to remain on the surface.

I have been dealing with self-hatred for a month now. I am fourteen years old and I do not feel safe. I can't direct these feelings of hatred at my parents, where they belong. That is far too dangerous. So I direct them at myself.

My whole life is hell. At home, at school, at my enforced side job at a garden center. Everywhere they make me feel like I don't belong, that I'm not wanted. That I am merely tolerated. I have a large family on both my father's and mother's side. I don't belong there either. People don't see me at all. I hate them!!! All of them!

I AM the ugly duckling that ended up in the wrong nest. Not knowing but hoping that one day I will grow into a beautiful swan. Greatness!

27

There is a big man lying on top of me. A very big, broad man, with hair on his back. I know this because I have to cling to his shoulders. I completely disappear under him.

It hurts. It doesn't fit. He has to ram hard three times to get in. Then it's unexpectedly quick.

I feel disgust.

...

There is a party. I hear my father and mother talking to each other. They are talking about the man with the hair on his back. However, they call him by a different name from what I know him by.

'Why is he using a different name now, Dad?' I ask.

'He likes that,' is the short answer.

After these memories I feel a sharp stabbing pain between my vagina and anus. It feels like I have been ripped out there. It also bleeds a little. Extraordinary how my body experiences all the memories with me in the present.



I am in a strange location. It looks like some kind of university. People with robes. A distinction is made between the 'high' teachers and students and the 'low' ones. The low students, of which I am one, are constantly humiliated, punished. There is always stress. They had a special name for us. I forgot that one.

...

We are sitting in a restaurant. At a round table in front of us sits a man. Balding, about thirty, with six children. The smallest can just sit up. This child is placed in a high chair at our table. It still has trouble holding its head up and its head keeps falling on the round table of the high chair.

The 'mother' often walks by. She keeps getting an aggressive, contemptuous slap on her rear from the 'father'. No one in the restaurant

seems to take notice. Only the children see it and are terrified. So am I. The man feels very scary to me. He keeps looking at the children one by one angrily and threateningly. I want to say that this is not good, but I cannot get a word out.

...

My parents and I enter a home. The living room is very crowded. People are mixed up talking and walking. It looks like a party. There is a certain tension in the air. I know neither the house nor the people.

Occasionally I catch snippets of conversation. Apparently, everyone is talking about the people who live here but are not present yet.

'I don't think they even like him at all.'

'He's not even theirs.'

Then there is a loud shot!

I am startled.

Everyone rushes excitedly to the door that leads to the stairs. We go upstairs.

The door is opened and all the men give the man in the doorway a hard tongue kiss.

They are excited. Loud voices. Rough laughter.

The fridge is open. Among lots of food lies a dead baby. It has a bullet hole in its head. Proudly it is shown to everyone.

I follow the stream of children to a side room. I am very cold.

In that room, a little boy is shaking all over his body. He is terrified.

I just look at him. Just like the other kids.

Nobody says a thing. We all know what has happened. And also what will happen next.

I am standing in a dark room. I am nine years old. I am wearing a beautiful dress. It looks like a wedding dress.

Tom is there too. He is standing diagonally opposite me, against the wall, with two other boys from my class. Tom is my dearest friend, ever since kindergarten. I'm going to marry him later. We are always together. But now he is standing across from me. He looks scared.

I look around me. There are many men present. My father is one of them. They are wearing white or grey dresses. They are standing in a circle. In the middle of the circle is a heavy table. All sorts of things are happening. The men stand 'humming'. It seems to take hours. I look at Tom. I want to be with him.

Then my father comes over and grabs me by the arm. Not even hard. He pushes me forward until I am standing next to a big man. Things happen that I don't understand. I just keep looking at Tom. Then I am lifted up. The man went to the table and lay down. I am put on top of the man. 'Oh no!' I think. But I have no choice.

As I do what is expected of me, my eyes are fixed on Tom's. His eyes are all I see. He is crying. I cry. I feel I am betraying him. That I am abandoning him now. WE were going to be married!

I notice nothing, see nothing, just Tom's eyes. His shocked look. The betrayal. I notice nothing but Tom's eyes.

Then I am lifted off the man. Everyone seems relieved. There is a lot of noise. I want to go to Tom, but he is gone. I can't find him.

Again I am grabbed. Now I am put into a car.

'This is your husband,' someone says. 'You are married. You have to do what he says.'

'Where am I going? Who is this man. Am I married?' I think, confused.

The man puts a hand on my knee. I am scared and disgusted by that hand. How big that hand is!

I have no idea what will happen next and whether I will ever go home. I feel totally lost and I dissociate. I only see that very big hand on my knee. I don't look at the man.

It takes ten days for this memory to surface. Four days of much pain. So much pain that I can't lie down from misery. I have locked myself in my bedroom and tap so much that I literally have a bruise on my hand. Finally, I wake up one night and I am completely stiff. I can't move! After an hour, I calm down and can get some sleep. Then, when I finally wake up, the memory is there. First just the picture of the dark room with the men. Then my dress. Then I realize what is happening and the rest of the memory falls into place.

I am sitting on the sofa with the big man in his house. He has put movie a on TV. I am completely frozen with apprehension. The man feels angry. He occasionally says something, but I don't understand. Then suddenly we are in his bed and he takes me. When he is done, he turns over and goes to sleep. I lie, still frozen, beside him all night. Wide awake. The next morning, he says to me, 'Get dressed, your father will come and get you soon.'

I do as I am told. Somewhere deep inside, I feel relief that I can go home. The rest of the day I lie on the sofa with a lot of belly ache.

29

This is another one of those memories I can't process myself. I am completely devastated by it. Of course, the run-up period of this memory has again caused the necessary stress within the family. Fortunately it has not gotten as out of hand as it did six months ago, but everyone is quite upset.

"I can't feel you any more," Janet says. "You need to get help, Cynthia! You are slipping away. I don't want a repeat of six months ago. Call Martin before it's too late!"

I haven't spoken to Martin for six months now. I could handle the smaller issues just fine by myself or together with Janet. But this one, I don't know.

With leaden feet, I call Martin. I am afraid of having to relive everything again, afraid of the fear. Fortunately, Martin listens to my story and then starts analyzing it.

That's nice, I think. I can handle this.

"In fact, we have two problems here," Martin begins. "One with Tom and one with that man. Do you have any idea how long you were 'married' to that man? How often you were with him?"

"I don't have many memories around it yet," I stammer. I feel somewhere that I should know this, but there are just no other memories yet. "Through bio-resonance, I found out that he abused me until I was twelve years of age," I say.

"Let's start with the first problem, Tom," Martin suggests.

"Okay," I say and sigh deeply. "It feels like a total betrayal of Tom. He just stood there. He couldn't do anything either, just watch."

"What do you feel about that?" urges Martin.

"Powerlessness, anger and a lot of sadness. You know, Martin, after this happened, Tom pulled away from me. I lost him because of this. We never became friends again, even though we were in class together for years. I'm so sad about that. On that table, I just looked at him. I saw that he was crying and it broke him. We were so inseparable before that and then just strangers to each other. We never spoke a word about it." I let my tears flow again.

Tom and I stroll through the Wester Park.

'Did you know there's a bunker, up there?' he asks with that cheeky twinkle in his eyes.

'Yes, I know,' I reply, already knowing what's coming next.

'Have you ever been inside it?' he insists.

'No, I don't dare. And besides, that's on Bird Island and then you need a boat.'

'I went there in winter, when the water was frozen. I went in,' he says very tough.

I don't believe him.

'If it freezes again this winter, we'll go together. Agreed?' he challenges me.

And we do. While skating in the park, we go to Bird Island. There, we go onto the land and find the round cover to the bunker. I don't dare. We have been to other bunkers in the park before. Full of graffiti, muddy and dark. But this one is really underground and I don't dare. Neither does Tom, actually.

We say no more about it and continue skating.

...

"Do you realize that it could very well be that Tom blames himself for not intervening at all on his part to help you? And that this is the reason he has withdrawn from you?" Martin suggests.

I flinch. "No, that hasn't occurred to me yet." Looking at the situation from Tom's side is new to me.

After some tapping, though, it appears to be much easier to let go of my guilt. All that remains is sadness. The grief of losing a dear friend.

We take another look at the situation around the supposed 'getting married' and that man.

"For as long as I can remember, when I'm in a new place I cannot sleep the first night. I stay awake by default, out of a sense of insecurity." Was my experience with *that man* the cause for this habit? "I had no idea what would happen to me. Was I supposed to continue living with the man, would he kill me? I was not told anything, and that gave me a lot of anxiety and stress too." I keep digesting the memories for Martin to hear. "I remember my father standing proudly beside me. That was a new feeling for me. But right after that, he lifted me onto that table, so the euphoria didn't last long for me." Martin listens patiently while I continue. "Again, this played out on or around my birthday. Just like the year before, when my father almost killed me. I understand better and better, why I am so miserable with birthdays."

30

With gratitude, I recall my birthday last year. Back then, we hardly knew about all the traumas that had happened in my childhood. Yet it was clear that I felt tortured to my bones on birthdays.

The day before my birthday, Janet and my children make me sit on the sofa, my hands over my eyes. We are in a wooden cottage on top of a mountain in Spain. Lovely to hibernate in the Spanish sun.

"Surprise!" they all shout.

I open my eyes to a whole display of wrapped presents, varied with platters full of tasty snacks.

"Huh?" I manage to exclaim. "My birthday is only tomorrow, you know!"

"We know that!" Janet says triumphantly. "And to take the stress off, we decided to celebrate a day early!"

I am deeply grateful to them for that. It was a wonderful evening, I felt totally seen and loved. And how spoiled I was! The day after was an ordinary day like any other. That was actually the best birthday present of all!

31

It feels a lot lighter now that I understand that Tom has his own side of the story. I need time to process this and fortunately the others are perfectly aware of it. They leave me alone and I have time to myself. I really need to be alone to feel this deep fear and sadness. During the day I swim a bit, work on a puzzle and otherwise I just sit quietly gazing at the horizon. Every evening I call Martin again.

We look at the situation with that man. I am afraid to go there. "The fear is so great. If I allow just a little bit, I already get scared that it absorbs me completely. It makes me unable to defend myself. It makes me lie next to that man, petrified and rigid as a poker. Lying awake all night and not moving."

"Let's do it just like the previous heavy memory. You start telling the story from the beginning and as soon as you feel an emotion you stop," is Martin's suggestion.

I'm standing in a dark room. Underground. I know I am scared in dark spaces. I can't see the ceiling. I can see people, but no details. In front of me is my father, who is kind of proud. I am wearing a beautiful dress made by my mother. To my right stands someone, but I don't want to look at that. I think I know what is going to happen. It has happened before.

I am dissociated. I only look at Tom. At some point I get a poke and hear 'yes'. The man lies down on the table and I am lifted onto him. I have to ride him. I keep looking only at Tom. I have to actively do it to the man and that is a betrayal to Tom.

Through it all, I am totally dissociated and only get hold by looking at Tom. Feeling the pain with him. It's beautiful and sad at the same time.

I also see the table now. To my right are eight people and to my left are four. And then there are the three little boys in front to the left of me and that man on my left side. We both have to come forward. Something is said and done and I get a poke: 'Yes'.

The man lies down on the table and I am lifted by two men. He enters me and I have to do the work. I just look at Tom.

There is a man in front of us and therefore I can see only half of Tom. I don't have much grief now. What happens next, I don't know.

Later, I am in the car with the man. Then I am on the couch and I sit up rigid.

The next moment, I see me going to bed with him and he took me while I was lying on my back. Just like big people have sex. He then rolled over and fell asleep. I did not sleep. I hardly dared to breathe.

Martin helps me regain a different perspective. "The year before, you experienced agony when your father raped and almost killed you from behind. The agony you feel now, while logical, is not justified. This man only wants to take advantage of you and not kill you."

32

It is impossible to explain what I am experiencing internally. The emotions are so intense that I am thrown back into my childhood emotions all over again. I behave the same way now. I have put up a solid wall around myself and see others through the filter of the past. I feel like I'm all alone.

I hardly register anything anyone says. And what I do hear, I interpret the wrong way.

This is, of course, an untenable situation for all of us. Janet and my daughters too are deeply affected and are victims of my behavior. Fortunately, they can support each other to get through this situation. Naturally, they form a close bond to deal with me. And that in turn I interpret as if they have formed a league against me.

I have to strain every nerve to keep it from escalating. During the day, I push all emotions away as firm as I can and only when I am alone I do allow them. Then, when Martin has time for me, I start working on it with him. This seems the only alternative to another temporary departure. And the only way out of the misery is to go straight through it.

"I literally feel sick with all the emotions," I tell Martin that night. "I feel lonely and intensely sad."

"What is going through your mind right now?" Martin asks in a fatherly voice.

"I feel numb with fear. I never can sleep the first night when I'm new somewhere. Then I am always on edge with agony. I have memories of my father suddenly standing in the doorway and then all my senses are on edge. Whispering is something I can't have and that evokes fear. I also hate birthdays. I hate the flags because they are life threatening. I want all the doors open. When it gets really threatening, I freeze. If the threaten is less I take the offensive. Inside, there is war and at the outside I try to stay calm, but apparently I am not succeeding. I suffer from panic and aggression and I try to suppress it."

So, that's out! It feels like I'm vomiting it out and I have no idea where all these words are coming from. I leave it to Martin to bring order to the chaos.

"Let's go back to the memory when you were nine years old and married off," he suggests.

As soon as I go toward that memory, I get anxious. I feel very small and try to make myself invisible. "I am sitting on the sofa with that man. While he is watching that film, I have to wait. I don't know what to expect next. I sit in a corner of the sofa, hands wringing and squeezing until they hurt. I sit upright and the backrest is too far to lean against. I can barely breathe. I'm terrified."

"You're afraid he's going to kill you, aren't you?" Martin asks.

"I don't know about that," I say in a small voice.

"Well, I am!" he says. "And next time, we are going to consciously evoke this fear. You have to go through it and realize that he had no intention of killing you." And then he says much more softly, "And you couldn't know that either, because you had the experience of a year before, in which your father did." He pauses, then continues patiently. "Describe again what happened."

I sigh. "I'm in the car and it is dark already. He puts his hand on my knee and I find that very unpleasant, I don't want that. He is very big and I am small. I am scared. I don't dare say anything or ask anything. He just took me with him. On the sofa, he sits to my right. The TV is on. He is watching. I pretend to watch. I am too small to lean all the way to the backrest of the sofa, which is straight. I just sit on the edge of the cushion and wait it out. I dare not look at him. I dare not look up, because it would be so real. I don't think, I just don't want to be there. I don't breathe. I sit it out. I am frozen. Nothing is happening. I can't feel the fear. It takes an eternity. Time stands still. I want to dissolve into nothingness. I pretend I'm not there." It's so painful to re-live. "That's all there is. I can't put it into words. When I start moving, it becomes reality. I don't want to let it in; maybe it will dissolve on its own." But it doesn't dissolve. "The hand on my knee is the last moment I had feelings. I can't remember how I came up in that bed. Probably he picked me up and put me on the bed. He then did the deed and went to sleep. I can still see that huge back as he went to sleep. Time seemed to take an eternity and then as if it had hardly happened. I blocked everything."

33

Working with Martin does me well. I get more inner space and immediately as a consequence, space toward others. I so badly want things to be different, but I just can't manage when I'm in the middle of that emotion. I can't react any differently than I do now. No matter how hard I try not to be irritated, I am continuously hit in my pain body. I then react from anger, hostility or criticism. I seek attack, provoke conflict. With an inner motive: *Then we can move through it and leave it behind.*

At those moments, I am supposed to withdraw from the family. In these moments, I damage them. But my need to belong and get approval or support is so

great that I keep seeking their company anyway. In doing so, I cross their boundaries. That's not right and yet I can't help it. The pain is so huge!

Now that I have a bit more inner space, I am also giving more space to others. I withdraw a little more often and really seek silence a few times a day to go back to the memory and do healing journeys.

In those journeys, I can get to young Cynthia. She has retreated into a kind of cave, tucked far away inside. In that cave, she is no longer visible to others. She is not so much dissociated but she has simply made herself invisible. To herself and to others. In that cave she has hid for almost forty years now.

In my visualization, I make the cave light and pleasant for her. Eventually, I can take her out of the cave and she can grow in me.

After this journey, I find that I can look straight at Janet and acknowledge that I have hurt her. Now I can understand her perspective. I can feel her pain and helplessness. Finally, now I can respond in more than three ways, more than just fight, flee or dissociate.

Even toward the children, now I can admit that I make and have made mistakes. As hard as I find it to admit, I have to face the fact that I have damaged them with my behavior.

It is mainly my self-image that has suffered greatly from this. I always drummed into my mind the idea that at least I have not passed my parents' abuse on to my children. That they did not have to suffer. Now I have to admit that they did suffer because of me and that is very painful. It feels like I failed totally.

My children are very forgiving. They are not angry, only sad. When I am stuck in my pain, they are afraid of me. At the same time, they feel sorry for me. They understand that I am having a hard time and think it is heroic that I am dealing with it. But this is also very hard for them.

We look for a solution to protect them from my unconscious outbursts.

"I don't even remember saying that," I admit. "Apparently, I say things in a harsh and nasty way once I shoot into my fear. I don't experience it that way myself. I obviously want this to stop! Somehow I need to become more aware of this."

Janet puts pressure on me to agree that the children have the right to send me away if they don't like my energy. I feel I have to agree, as I apparently have no control (not all the time anyway) over my energy or emotions. But it doesn't feel right

to be sent away by my children! My position as a mother is completely gone and Janet has taken all control.

But what can I do? I've lost all power because of this process. Power over myself, my children, everything.

And Yes, my children need protection, but is this the solution?

It makes me feel gagged, powerless, the lowest in rank, the doormat. The fact that I have to watch my words, my tone and my energy all day, day in and day out, makes me fall back into full alertness again. And so grows my sensitivity to stimuli.

It's a catch 22 situation. I am on my guard as much as possible, but get triggered in my old pain points much faster than if I were relaxed. Once stimulated, I blurt out a passive-aggressive comment, or my energy sinks to the level of depression. Then Janet is on top of it like a well-meaning hawk. I get immediate feedback on my incorrect behavior and if I don't understand or accept it, I am sent to my room to think about it.

So this is supposed to work well, but for me it works out totally wrong. I don't blame Janet. She tries everything she can think of to protect the children and keep the energy high. But for me, this is a very oppressive situation. I can only survive this by crawling back into my submissive child position. I let it all wash over me and passively do as they say, like a victim, like a slave. I'm under constant observation, like a prisoner. And the longer this situation goes on, the harder it becomes for me to get out of that child position. There is no place for grown-up Cynthia any more.

[As of March 2023: This situation lasted for more than eighteen months and then it became more and more unbearable. For all of us. It completely drained Janet to constantly watch over me, it made me slip further and further away into childhood issues and it made the children suffer from the tension that grew. The joy of life slipped out of our hands and we all felt this had to end one way or another. The only possible solution seemed that our paths would have to separate.]

34

Back to mid-2021: Maybe it's because of the constant stress I'm feeling now, but everything seems to be gaining momentum. Another new memory presents itself. This one too surfaces in small pieces in my consciousness.

I wake up with tremendous anxiety and immediately know that this must be something from the past. All I know is that I was forced to watch something that scared me very much. I felt responsible for something and I was blamed for what happened. Maybe something to do with my sister? I let it be, convinced that the rest of the memory will fill in itself over the next few days.

And indeed, through intense dreams, where present and past mix, slowly the memory emerges in its entirety.

I am standing in the underground room again. This time on the other side of the room, where Tom stood last year. I am ten years old now. It is just after my birthday.

I am very scared. I am blamed, but can't do anything about it. Yet I am responsible! I have to get it right!

I feel, 'I have to leave!'

I don't know what is real any more. Everything is continuously twisted. Can I still trust myself?

With this scant information, I call Martin. I hope that while tapping on this feeling, we will get the memory complete.

"What is the most predominant feeling?" he asks.

"I feel responsible for what can go wrong with others," I answer. "It seems to be about my sister. I remember her being very reckless. When we cycled to High School, she would always cycle fast ahead. She would then cross a busy road without looking back by default. Every day the same thing. I cycled as fast as I could behind her and if a car was coming, I roared very loudly: 'CAR!'. Then she would stop. But I had to warn her every day."

I have the feeling that something very huge and dangerous is about to happen. I have to stay very alert. It is literally a life-or-death situation. And it is in my hands.

I hear my father say, 'Oops, accidents happen.'

At this, my father looks at me with a false and mean smile.

I now feel very queasy.

"I still have no idea what I'm looking at!" I exclaim desperately to Martin. "But it has to be something alive. An animal or something. It's on the table, but I can't see it clearly. My father is standing in front of it."

"Your father also flushed all your fish and guinea pigs down the toilet," Martin reminds me. "This will also have been part of teaching you a lesson. To scare you!"

"I really believe that something or someone is lying there, in mortal danger," I say.

"I don't think so," says Martin. "I think they just wanted you to BELIEVE that someone was in danger. I don't think your sister was ever in danger."

I have to process this and take my time to feel if this is true.

35

A week has passed. A week of fears and physical pain. A week of survival, of literally trying to keep my head above water. I have severe neck pain. All caused by that emerged memory.

I see myself in the underground room. I am standing where Tom stood last time. I look at the table in the middle of the room. Something is lying on it. I don't want to know what it is. I feel fear.

There are several people in the room. I do notice their presence, but they are standing in the shadow.

I am asked questions. I have to answer and for every wrong answer I give, something nasty is done with that which is on the table there.

But no matter what I say... every answer is wrong!

This gives me so much anxiety!

At every rejected answer I give, there is loud laughter from those present.

With every disapproved answer I give, a knife cuts into whatever it is on the table.

'No!!!' I want to shriek, but I still take part in their game.

Desperately, I am searching for what they want to hear. But no matter what I say, the answer remains wrong. Sometimes they wait a long time to reject it and then I hope and pray that it is right. But no.

I can't quite see what's on the table. I am convinced that a leg is cut off, or an arm. And by my doing!!!

Then I got one answer right! What a relief.

But at the very last moment, my father raises the knife high and stabs down. That's how he puts an end to what's there on the table.

He says: 'Oops, an accident easily happens!'

His face beams at that! A big satanic grin on his face.

My mother is also there. She is standing right behind me. She does nothing to help me.

"I felt completely responsible for what happened to the person on the table. And I felt so powerless, that I couldn't get it right. That I couldn't save it. By my doing it suffered pain, was maimed and finally killed. I feel like it was a baby. It was small."

"Did you hear a sound, from that which was on the table?" Martin asks.

"No, I don't remember any sound. What I do remember is blood. That was flowing onto the floor. But I couldn't see it very well either, because someone was standing half in front of it."

"I personally think this was probably a dead animal," says Martin. "If you didn't hear a sound, it might have already been dead!"

"Anyway, it worked. I totally believed it!" I say. And I still believe it. Just the thought that they fooled me makes me totally upset. I just can't believe that. It was so real!

"This could just be part of a mind-control program," Martin then says. "I just read a book about Satanic Ritual Abuse and what you remember fits perfectly into that picture."

Martin mentions a few books I could read and interviews he has seen. "No, I'm not going to read or watch anything about it," is my reply. "I don't want to be influenced. I want everything to come from my own memories. Then if I get it confirmed later by others, at least I know it's really true and I didn't make it up or parrot it."

And it is confirmed. By none other than Joost Knevel, himself a victim and whistleblower about Satanic Ritual Abuse in the Netherlands. In Joost's case, most of the abuse took place in Bodegraven, not far from Zoetermeer. He tells me he was often taken to Zoetermeer, to the Floriade with its underground tunnels. He has also been to Wester park, with its bunkers. Exactly as I remember, he talks about Bird Island. That island I visited with Tom. Joost also talks about Meerzicht, the neighborhood where I lived.

36

Even though the previous memory has not yet fully been processed, the next one is already presenting itself.

I am twelve years old. It is at the end of primary school, last year. There is a farewell party. All the children and parents who 'belong' are present. There are many people in a big dark room or space. There are no chairs. Everyone is standing.

The adults are all very drunk. There is a lot of pushing and pulling. I am completely disoriented. Bodies everywhere, not being able to see where you are or where you can go.

I try to survive the crowds by fleeing to the wall. I'm so disoriented. I can't manage to get to that wall. All these people, the sounds, it's a strange

experience. I notice that I am being grabbed. I feel I am being abused, but don't see it.

"Do you think you were drugged, or was alcohol making you so disoriented?" Janet asks. She asks that for a reason. We have often wondered, how it is that I can sometimes pound right through alcohol and even once through drugs (added to our cocktails). Even sleeping pills and painkillers have little hold on me.

"I don't know. It could be, because I remember not seeing things sharply and struggling to walk upright," is my reply.

'I have to get out of here!' is my overriding feeling. 'This is not going well!' I have pain in my head, my stomach, my shoulders and neck. I can't manage to get away. It's as if I'm moving in slow motion and just can't get to that wall.

Eventually I reach the wall. It is grim and gray. Smoothly plastered and it feels cold.

'I'm so tired. I want to be alone. I don't want this. Leave me alone.' But I am being pulled again.

This "party" ends in a total orgy. The memory again involves a lot of pain. In my neck and shoulders, but also vaginally and rectally. So much so, that I am bleeding a little rectally.

37

The floodgates are apparently wide open. Within two weeks, there is another memory. This time the memory emerges in its entirety.

It is 11 November 1984. According to Numerology an important date. 11-11-22 or 22-22. I am eleven years old.

I am in the same dark room again. There are five children and a lot of adults standing in a circle around us. They are wearing those robes again. The room is sparsely lit with candles. On the floor, a figure has been drawn out with white chalk. (Now I know it is a pentagram.) The four children and I

are each placed at a point on the pentagram. All four are classmates and all four are eleven years old. In the center of the pentagram is the table. It is a stone table. Very big and sturdy.

Initially, my memory stops here. Being very much into numerology, I started doing the math. There were five children aged eleven, each of whom took their place on a point on the pentagram. It happened on 11 November, the feast day of St Martin. Exactly a week before my sister's birthday. My father's birthday is on 3 August (3-8), also an 11.

It gets very quiet. An expectant silence.

Suddenly, my father steps forward from the shadows and takes my sister by her arm. He pushes her belly against the table so that she lies forward. Then he grabs her from behind and rapes her.

We are forced to watch. I don't want to and turn my face away.

'You have to watch!' my mother, standing diagonally behind me, hisses in my ear. She squeezes my arm. 'You have to watch, because this is important!'

I am aware of the utter humiliation my sister must be feeling right now. In front of her little sister and her friends, she is being raped. There is nothing she can do. I see the anger and helplessness in her facial expression. She cries with rage and pure hatred. Particularly at us, those little ones she looks down on so much, watching her being raped.

I feel her being broken in that moment.

After returning home, I sit in my room. I dare not face my sister. She is furious and I know I will suffer.

Much to my surprise, my mother enters my room.

'How are you?' she asks. I sense guilt in her. I realize in that moment, she is not coming for me. She is coming for herself. She comes to resolve her own guilt. This realization hurts me and I feel betrayed. Yet I long so much for support and love that I let her come in. I try to tell myself that she loves and comforts me. That she is there for me. But at night, I have dreams full of hate and sadness.

"And this is exactly the point!" Martin says almost triumphantly. "Don't you see that? They bring this confusion to you on purpose! The idea is that you don't know where you stand! 'Does she love me now or doesn't she?' That makes you never trust your own judgement. That you will always doubt yourself!"

And about that, he certainly is right.

"Perhaps this event has led me to have an attitude of, 'If something bad happens, do it to me and not to the other person.' When I think back to that image of my sister, there on that table..." I can't finish what I'm saying. "I find that so terrible. It also destroyed so much between me and my sister. My parents have always been very clever in playing us off against each other. And especially now, after this ritual, my sister hates me more than ever."

38

It's my sister's birthday. She has turned thirteen. When she has unwrapped her presents, my mother says: 'We have something for you too, Cynthia. It's in the hallway, otherwise it might have ended up among your sister's presents.'

I am absolutely delighted and surprised. We never get anything for each other's birthdays, so I run enthusiastically to the corridor.

'What?' My mouth drops in surprise. *There's a brand new bike shining! I don't know what to say. I don't even need a new bike, and also this one is way too big for me.*

My sister needs a new bike, though. She needs to cycle to high school. I turn to my sister. There she stands, with tears in her eyes. She sees me watching and turns around furiously. Angry, she stomps up the stairs to her room. My father's laughter blares after her.

...

It's the 5th of December, St Nicholas night. The first time we are going to give each other surprises. What fun! My sister is up first. She gets a long rhyme, in which St Nicholas says she is a bit plump. We just laugh about it. Her surprise is in the hallway cupboard.

My sister walks over and opens the door. There stands a life-size doll. Completely stuffed, making it a very fat doll.

I hold my breath. This is not exactly fun any more. I wait for the explosion to come.

...

St Nicholas night a year later. We agreed to buy a present for everyone for five guilders. Because my sister loves horses so much, I bought her an extra thick winter edition of 'Penny'. It was a bit more expensive than five guilders, but how happy she will be with it, I think.

First comes the present my sister bought me. It includes a rhyme about cycling to school and traffic rules. Then I unwrap the present. 'It's quite small,' I think. It contains an eraser. An eraser with a traffic sign on it. It cost less than 50 cents. Tears spring to my eyes. This is not fair!

When I am sitting in my room crying afterwards, my mother finally comes upstairs. 'Don't be like that,' she says. 'You've ruined the whole evening for everyone!'

'But we agreed upon five guilders!' I exclaim. 'And I had something so nice for her and what do I get back: an eraser!'

My mother made me think I am just a whiner and I am left with a terrible sense of injustice.

...

We are on holiday in Portugal. We are at a bloody hot campsite at a reservoir. There are some Portuguese boys from the village. They ask if we would like to join them in the canoes. We think that would be fun. My sister and I sail behind the boys. They go to a small island and at the back they put the canoes on the beach. We go swimming. With hand gestures, the boys suggest we stand in a circle. We grab each other's hands and then we go underwater at the same time. Quite fun! After the second time, one of the boys pulls down my bikini bottoms. Angry, I emerge from the water. 'Come on, let's go!' I shout to my sister. She joins me and asks what is going on. When I tell her, she gets angry. Not at the boys, but at me!

She even goes to the boys to seek redress.

'Why did you pull down her shorts and not mine?' she asks angrily.

'Because she has blonde hair and you don't,' is the simple answer. My sister is furious with me. She keeps hanging out with the boys for the rest of the holiday. I don't. I'm all done with them. She keeps hanging out with them until she gets one as a boyfriend. And from then on, she talks to me again (triumphantly).

'He just didn't dare come to me, that's why he grabbed you. You were easy to grab. But he was in love with me all along.'

39

The impact this process has on me is incredible. Both physically and emotionally, I am experiencing it all over again. Mentally, I try to fill in the gaps.

And yet, despite all this, I still regularly doubt whether or not I am making it up, whether or not they are dreams or fantasies.

Surely I have normal memories of my childhood too. I even remember my mother once giving us sex education. It was very brief and in an atmosphere of taboos.

"When you satisfy yourself," she said, "you should do it with clean hands. And not with knickers in between." And, "If lovemaking doesn't feel good, there is something wrong with you. Making love is a sacred act and should be very nice and special." And these words of wisdom: "Blowjobs I don't do. I think that's dirty!"

How is this insipid, juvenile advice supposed to be helpful?

When I tell Martin, he is not even surprised. "How can she possibly give us sex education, when she has been to all those ritual rapes and knew that my father regularly offended us?" I ask in amazement.

"That again is part of that mind control," Martin explains. "They deliberately imprint ordinary memories into you, so that these dominate your memory. And then when the hidden away memories emerge, you will reject them. Precisely because there are those other memories too."

"I keep finding it hard to believe that they did all this on purpose," I persist.

"Well, you bet!" Martin says again. "This kind of abuse is highly organized. There is a whole plan behind it and apparently your family has been deeply involved in it."

So this means I will have to redefine my entire childhood. I always thought I had an okay childhood. That it was normal, how I was treated. Outwardly one could not notice anything uncommon about me. I was generally cheerful, took initiatives to do fun things with my friends, did well at school and at my new part-time job at the 'HEMA' warehouse.

But still, shouldn't my GP have intervened, after I came to him with bronchitis as many as seven times a year from my earliest childhood, year after year? Why at one point did he not even listen to my lungs, as he usually did, but immediately prescribe antibiotic? Shouldn't he have looked further?

And years later, in my 30s, why didn't another GP ask questions when I came to him to find out why I couldn't get pregnant? When he did an internal investigation, he only said, "Strange, your uterus is folded all the way back". With a movement of his hand, he pulled my uterus into the right position. A month later, I was pregnant.

Why didn't he ask any questions?

Why did my high school mentor dismiss my story of how my father treated me as "normal"?

"There is something in every family," he said. "Every house has its cake." And with that, it was done. That was the only time in my adolescence that I sought help and did not even get it.

How could I have known it was NOT normal? I did not have a frame of reference of how things should be. No one asked questions or offered a listening ear.

I still remember my neighbor girl sitting on the sofa with us and telling us that her father used to peek at her when she was in the shower. My mother put an arm around her, comforted her, but did not condemn it. She didn't go to the neighbors to talk. And the neighbor girl never visited us again.

How does one know what is normal and what is not? And especially when your entire environment constantly confuses you? I think I put together a certain image for myself and labelled it "not all that bad". That I was coping. And that way, I survived my childhood.

I must have been sixteen or seventeen when my mother told me that I was actually their third child. Oddly enough, I felt a huge sense of relief.

I always felt something was wrong, that there was more at play than I knew, I thought. I let my mother tell me.

"It was my first child. A little boy. He was very big and delivery was difficult. Then the doctor came with spoons and grabbed the head wrong. He pulled it out and saw that the respiratory system at the back of the head was broken. They immediately took the baby away from me and put it in a separate room. There it lived for only fifteen minutes. I never saw it again, your father was always there in that little room."

"Once the baby was dead, the doctor said, 'Bury it quickly and start having new children right away. You are still young.'"

My father reportedly called his parents, who were in Spain at the time. His mother's response was striking: "So there is nothing to admire? Well, then we won't come back to the Netherlands. Finish the holiday first."

There was no funeral or ceremony, just a simple burial. My father walked alone after the small casket. They never had a stone put on the little grave.

Later that week, the priest came by.

"Didn't you have the baby baptized before the funeral? That's bad! Then it won't get into heaven."

This was the moment my parents broke with the Church.

What is true and what is not?

Once I reached adulthood, I did a Systematic Family Constellation on this. Such a constellation energetically restores family ties. And what a miracle that two days later my mother said the following to me: "We have decided to have a stone made to place on Jürgen Robin's grave."

How proud I was! Finally a step toward recognition. I still had hopes that our family could really come together again.

My sister has a special name: Talitha. It is a name from the Bible. It comes from the story of Jesus visiting a dead girl and bringing her back from the dead. Talitha means, 'Stand up, little girl'.

What a name to give your child. What burden my sister always carried. She had to live for both her dead brother and herself.

And it shows in little things. When my sister had her first child, she named him Robin. The second name of our dead brother.

Thinking back on it like this, I increasingly wonder if Jürgen died of medical error. My father was combative enough to hold a doctor or hospital liable. That never happened. What really played out here?

In Satanic circles, it is not uncommon for people to have to sacrifice their firstborn child to Moloch. Is that what happened here? Is that why it has never been talked about? Is that why my father became enraged once I reminded him of Jürgen's birthday?

I will never find out, I suppose.

41

Redefining my childhood is accompanied by a lot of nausea. Fortunately, Martin is now helping me every day again. This is really necessary, because I am literally sick from all the emotions that are released. One day I wake up with a heavy migraine, the next day with palpitations of the heart. In general, I am mostly so nauseated that I am all shaky.

We mostly talk a lot about my mother. I had formed the image for myself that she always supported me. That image is now quite shattered. Instead, the memories suddenly fall under a different category.

When I was very sad as a child and was crying in my room, my mother would usually come up after a while. She would invariably start doing the laundry while whistling, the same irritating tones over and over again, and if my crying had not stopped by then, she would come in, sighing. She would sit on the edge of my bed and listen to my story. As I got older, she proved me right more often.

She even once said: 'You know, you can just leave the house at one time. I'm stuck with him!'

But even when she proved me right, she did not support me. Her aim was to keep the peace in the house.

'You can hold back, your father and sister can't. So be superior and shut up! I don't care what you all think and you might be quite right, but just keep it to yourself. Don't let it escalate!'

It feels so unfair. My sister gets away with everything this way and my father also gets a free hand. Even if I ever try to talk about something, because I am convinced I am right, my mother does not support me. She just sits there and lets it happen. By default, such a conversation ends with me sitting in my room crying and my father laughing at me.

...

I am nine or ten years old and quite ill. I have a fever about 40°C. I stumble down the stairs.

'Just stay at home,' my mother says. 'Take the sleeping bag from the hall closet and lie down on the sofa.'

I grab the sleeping bag and spread it out. As I crawl in, I feel itching everywhere. I look and see that the sleeping bag is crawling with silverfish! I start crying. I feel so miserable.

My mother sees it but does nothing. I have to take the sleeping bag into the garden myself and try to shake it empty. Then I plop on the sofa, exhausted. My mother puts down a jar of applesauce and hands me the TV remote. Then she goes to work.

My mother sometimes substituted for a sick teacher and did not want to stay home for her own sick children. She was afraid the school would then stop calling her in if they needed a teacher. So when I was sick, I was just put on a mattress at the back of the classroom. And when I grew older, I stayed home alone with a jar of applesauce for comfort. There wasn't much on TV in those days, so I was usually bored out of my mind. How long the days lasted and how endlessly I watched the clock ticking.

Seven or eight times a year, I was sick at home with severe bronchitis. That lasted until I was about thirteen. Those days paralleled the abuse.

My bronchitis never hindered my parents' smoking habits. They were fervent chain smokers, always and everywhere. In the house, in the car, it didn't matter. Even if I coughed my lungs out, there was never a cigarette less smoked because of that.

Only when I left home did they stop smoking. I always wondered if they did that on purpose. They knew how much I hated smoking.

Could they really have hated me that much? I ask myself now with regularity. *Did they really do all this on purpose?*

As hard as I find it to admit that, I fear the answer has to be yes.

When will it dawn on me that I really was all alone that time? Because only when I can process it fully will I be able to experience that I am not alone any longer. Until then, there is a filter over the present and I will wrong the people around me.

42

Those around me are not made of stone. They too are touched by me in my pain and unprocessed issues from childhood. It becomes difficult to separate past and present. At the same time, that seems exactly the point. With so many things happening now, hurting each of us in our open wounds, it only becomes clearer what I still need to work on.

Feelings of injustice, the fear of consequences. These are two big issues that get in the way of normal life. In addition, feelings of hatred toward my mother are now steadily surfacing. Especially in my dreams. I would like to work on them with Martin.

"My feelings go from anger to sadness, to pure hatred and finally to contempt," I tell Martin. I continue a few minutes later with: "It's not going well! I'm so furious! So terribly angry!" In my mind, things are all happening now, now, but in reality they only resonate with feelings of injustice from my past and childhood. In the now, I also feel I am being treated unfairly and unreasonably. I get the feeling I am being put to rules and that my voice doesn't count any more.

Not for a moment does it occur to me that I need boundaries at the moment, that I am going too far. Going beyond the boundaries of others.

I look for allies and a scapegoat. And when I don't find any, I become furious inside. The past has completely taken me over at the moment. In fact, the present happenings trigger my pain from the past, and I don't always recognize it as such.

Crying, I express my misery to Martin. "I can't stand lies and distortions! When something really unfair happens, I get very angry inside and want to hurt others as much as I am feeling hurt!"

I have no idea that I have now literally become the little child who feels so powerless and wants revenge.

"Everything I used to say at home was ridiculed! It was never true by definition, and when eventually it turned out I was right, it was twisted in such a way that it was suddenly their idea.

"My mother was not sincere. She twisted the truth. She was elusive to me and twisted in her reasoning. Suddenly, all the blame was on me! My whole being screamed that this was wrong. Yet she sent me downstairs to say sorry and lick the dirt. And I had done nothing wrong!

"Until about high school age, my mother got me to believe it was my fault. Then I got stronger and more convinced that I was right. Then she changed tactics and tried to persuade me to apologize anyway. For the sake of peace! Eventually, I then went down those stairs again. That felt like a defeat. I said the obligatory sorry and could wait for the others to then taunt me. Invariably when I then descended back upstairs, I could hear their laughter haunting me."

We tap and tap again. Martin has the patience of a saint. But he too finds it difficult to separate the past from the present, and it is not always clear exactly what we need to work on. But we go on stubbornly, until at some point I calm down, recover and explain: "The others are not the enemy for certain! At most, they might also be damaged. They truly have the best intentions about me."

43

It has now become 2022. And it seems that the more I solve, the harder it gets me. I am confronted non-stop with all the things that remain unresolved. Now it's not

so much about the memories of the abuse itself, but more about how I used to be treated. I was not heard. If I wanted something badly it was ignored or ridiculed.

If I had something I cared about, it was destroyed or killed.

"So I don't actually have anything for myself. I wouldn't even know what I enjoy or like," I tell Martin. "I settle for the crumbs. With that which others discard. Deep down, that feels safe."

For instance, I used flower garlands that no one wanted any longer to decorate my bedroom. And I also let them be taken away in no time.

"Mum, can I have your garlands for a photo shoot?" one of my children asks. Over the next few days, I see the garlands sink further and further into the mud at the photo shoot site. This triggers me considerably in old pain and I get angry again.

But actually, I'm angry with myself. I'm angry that I can't manage to have my own stuff, that it is not natural for others to be careful with my stuff. That's because of my own energy. I don't dare attach myself to anything, in fear that it will be taken away from me again. Which promptly happens!

Martin hears it all. Much to my surprise, he advises me to get a puppy! "You used to love that little dog so much! Now you are safe and no one will take that little dog away from you. Grant yourself that! And not just a discard, but really a puppy all to yourself! It's time to make a statement to yourself and start buying things. Things that are not so much practical, but just beautiful."

I find it terrifying. I don't dare bring it into the group. We've already taken in three stray dogs. And then take a fourth? Just because I'll have something for myself too? I think it's too ridiculous for words. I don't take any action.

But the idea keeps gnawing at me. Indeed, all three of them have their own dog. I am the only one without one. Isis, my stray cat, did fully adopt me and sleeps on my bed. I adore her and she is full of love. Still, that's a bit different from actually having a dog.

It will be another six months before I dare to start looking about. And then a miracle happens.

I look at rescue organizations for dogs. There are so many unwanted dogs in the world and so few golden baskets. I have always found it nonsense to get a pedigree dog. Especially when there is a waiting list for that too. Those street dogs are already there! And they desperately need an owner. Sure, they have their issues and sometimes their traumas. But who am I to judge them . . .

My ex, my children, and I got our first stray dog eleven years ago. A beautiful little black and white dog from Crete, with a white spot shaped like a heart on his head. Shanti, we called him. He was a very sweet and caring animal. If I cried, he'd lick the tears from my cheeks. It was love at first sight. And he was totally focused on me. However, it was not to last long. After six months, he developed an aggressive form of cancer, which was wrongly treated and within a year he was dead. He still had just time to raise Deva, his successor. Deva was a severely traumatized puppy. Also from Crete. She very clearly became Mira's doggie.

As Deva was very insecure, we adopted Shiva. A small, robust male from Spain. A real rough-and-tumble man. Afraid of nothing, very enthusiastic and super loyal. Really something for my youngest daughter. And now that Janet is with us, with her own dog Claudy, it's quite a pack.

Shiva passed away last year. My youngest daughter was inconsolable. She slowly lost all her *joie de vivre*, until she found her great canine love again in a shelter in Greece. We had him brought over and he indeed shows all the characteristics of Shiva both in his behavior and appearance. A positively evolved Shiva then. What a cute little dog.

It is not long before I see the first cute doggie for me, as Martin suggested.

"I want to see pictures of your house and the garden fence," the middleman, a woman, emphatically demands. I can understand that, because stray dogs are "escapees". "Then you can come and have a look in Groningen," the most northern part of the Netherlands, "and if the click is mutual, you can take it with you the following week in an approved crate!"

That's silly.

"Madam, I told you we live in Spain, didn't I?" I ask to be sure.

"That makes no difference to me. These are the procedures!"

Too bad about the little dog, but I don't do business this way. I just look further. And there she stands.

A beautiful young, black and white dog, named Shanti. She has a white heart on her black head. And at the end of the description it says: "I'm waiting for you!"

I know: *This must be her*, and call the organization. She is in a shelter in Romania and has already been reserved. But when I have told my story, the lady on the phone is so moved that she reserves Shanti for me. It takes another three months, but then finally Shanti is with us!

She is amazing! So big, the other dogs walk under her. She is delightfully young and uncomplicated. She has been through some unpleasant things, but pretty soon is incredibly sweet toward us and, bizarrely, pulls entirely toward me. I have my dog and I can't help it! She doesn't listen to the name Shanti, so I rename her Luna. She is very happy with that. Apparently it had to be so and I am grateful to the Universe that it was so clear.

45

I have no idea how far I am in my process. I have no idea if any new memories are going to surface. I live with the day and I live mostly with fears.

Janet has a much better view of it than I do. Regularly she says: "It's the same sold, same old."

In amazement I keep looking at her. For me, it doesn't feel like "it's the same old same old" at all! Each time feels like new, as if it is emerging now and is vital. I don't manage to look at it from helicopter view, which I do so well in my work. When it comes to myself and my process, I still seem like a small child.

From time to time, I contact Martin when the fears become too much for me or the family is bothered too much with my struggles. "Martin, I still suffer from the fear of consequences. I just can't relax. I keep fearing I'm doing something wrong!"

Indeed, by now it is always the same thing, but we don't seem to be able to address it properly. It is also confusing because the fear can just reappear at random, while it could be gone for weeks. It is going exactly as Janet predicted two years ago:

"There will be something every day, but you will find that it becomes less and less intense. And that there will be more and more intervals between bursts."

"You really are on the right track," she reassures me regularly. "I'm proud of you and respect you for dealing with it again and again! I have every confidence that you will get through it all!"

And of course, that confidence does wane as I dive fully into a new process. It starts with a build-up: my body signals that pain is coming out. I start sleeping worse, having intense dreams and waking up with anxiety. I become more vulnerable and get triggered faster in my pain. Then I exhaust myself and eventually, when everyone is all over the place, only then does the memory surface.

It is a painful and very tiring process. It's also all tucked away so deeply.

"You've drained me completely," Janet says at moments like that. "I'm completely through."

Out of sheer self-protection, she then withdraws. And only then, when I feel completely alone, when I am completely exhausted and broken, when all I can do is tremble and cry, only then can I reach my deepest pain, despair and trauma.

Only then does it make sense to call Martin. But by then the damage to the family has been done.

46

It is spring 2022 and actually about six weeks have passed quietly. We are working pleasantly and the atmosphere is relaxed. But slowly something starts stirring inside me again. This time it starts with a sharp pain in my lower back. I feel that something wants to come out, but I don't want it to. We are having such a good time just now! I try not to think about anything and my body reacts by worsening the back pain. I am physically completely stuck.

Since the weather is lovely, I retreat to recover in the sun. And as I lie there like that, memories begin to set in.

I am eleven years old. I am quite ill and have bronchitis. I am very short of breath and cannot do anything. My mother has to help me and she does so while sighing. That makes me feel burdened.

I have to go to the toilet. I've been putting it off for a long time, but I can't hold it any longer. My mother sees me go and says on my return: 'If you can go to the toilet, you can also make your own sandwiches!' And with those words, she goes upstairs to do some laundry.

My conclusion as an eleven-year-old? It is not safe to be sick. I should not give in to my body's needs. If I was sick, weak or nauseated and I needed something, I had to do it secretly. If only my mother didn't see it.

And those beliefs are still in my system. I find it scary to admit to being tired or sick. I'm afraid that others will think I'm a poser. That they will catch me doing something that I can do and then demand that I do the rest.

I feel this but I am unable to change it. I'm about to go shopping and think I can make lunch for everyone then too. *It's so anti-social to only make something for myself*, is my thought behind this.

Janet looks at me inquiringly and then says: "Gosh, you look all grey. Are you in that much pain?" Resolutely, she puts me on a chair in the sunshine and goes shopping with the girls.

I am grateful to them. I feel relief that I don't have to go. And at the same time cannot stop the thoughts that they are undoubtedly fed up with me now. That they are tired of me, now that they have to run those errands.

The reality is different. A few hours later, they come home very happy. They even brought me flowers!

Feelings of delight, amazement and fear are fighting for precedence.

Later, when I am thirsty, even then I still don't dare ask for water. But neither do I dare go get it myself, for fear that they will think that if I can do this, I could have done the shopping too.

I feel the insane split within me. I feel I am constantly being tossed back and forth between past and present reactions. Time to call Martin again.

As I tell him the story, I come to a very deep fear. I get short of breath, my whole body cramps up and I feel like I could faint.

"Start looking at your feelings about your mother," Martin suggests.

"My mother was my only relatively safe haven. If I did something she didn't like, I would lose my security completely. I couldn't afford that and I knew that all too well!"

"Can you see that your mother was also disturbed?" Martin then asks. "That she didn't care for you and treat you like a good loving mother should?"

"If I had realized that back then, I probably wouldn't have survived. I was somehow aware of her disgust with me, maybe even hatred. But I never let it enter further than that she felt reluctance to do anything for me."

We tap on these examples until my breath eases.

47

But, as often happens, we apparently still haven't taken the sting out of the wound. Emotionally, I remain stuck and the volcano pressure inside me is increasing by the day.

I struggle with feelings of sadness, loneliness and feeling shut out. Just to get rid of it, I seek out confrontation, for a way to release it through conflict. This time with the children. At such times, the children are afraid of me and seek safety with Janet.

This triggers even more misery in me. It leads to feelings of self-hatred and I just want to leave. Deep down, I want the others to totally reject me, thus confirming my feelings of self-hatred. Then I have reason to destroy everything and leave.

But Janet doesn't fall for it this time. She remains very calm. "I see what you are doing and I am not playing your game."

I am stunned. My ego is screaming murder! What should I do now? This is new to me and I get a total short circuit in the head.

I want to hear that I am doing everything wrong! That I am to blame for all the misery! I want them to become furious with me so I can be furious to them! I want to destroy and devastate anything! I want to hurt somebody. I want to have a reason to feel bad. To feel that I'm not worth them doing anything for me. To know there is no place for me here and leave. I want them to speak out that they never loved me, that they hate me! Then I can destroy everything and leave it behind me. To be left all alone. That's what I deserve! I'm a bad person now.

But with Janet not playing along, nothing is left of me. I collapse internally. Janet orders me to call Martin. We work on my self-loathing, fueled by despair and sadness.

"Martin, I don't want to be like this at all!" I exclaim desperately. "I hurt everyone! I thought I didn't become like my parents, but I am! I am bad!"

Past and present intermingle again. Feelings from before and now. They are exactly the same. The despair and sadness are huge.

"I want my children to always be able to come to me. That they trust me! And they don't now."

We tap round after round. Slowly, the intense feelings subside.

"If I'm honest, I need them to need me. And again, that feels bad! I want to be there for them unconditionally as their mother, but actually I want that mostly for myself. It feels very unsafe to me that they don't need me now. That they go to Janet." I could crawl under the ground because of this insight.

"You know," Martin begins, "we are all social creatures and we need others to feel good about ourselves. The fact that they need us does us well. That gives us *raison d'etre*. The children do need you, don't forget that. But in the moments when you damage them, they will naturally go to someone else."

48

The work Janet and I do is not well regarded by the establishment. The government wants the public to believe it would cause social unrest because we do not adhere to the official narrative. They call our work misinformation, tantamount to terrorism. Indeed, the National Security Agency sees it as a potential danger to the rule of law.

That we mainly present sound scientific research, quote figures from annual reports and cite pure facts apparently does not matter. We undermine the rule of law and are on the list of the Netherlands' National Coordinator for Counterterrorism (NCTV).

As a result, Paypal, Patreon, and Rabobank no longer want to do business with us. Paypal simply gives as its reason that we do not comply with their internal guidelines. And gone is our account. The same happens with Patreon.

Rabobank starts a whole internal investigation and comes to the conclusion that our products could stir up anti-Semitic feelings.

What?!!!

We can talk like crazy, but once the Bank has decided this, there are only two options. Remove the products from our shop or close the account. In addition, the bank has decided that we can no longer receive donations in the account. They can't come up with a good reason for that, so they throw it on "internal guidelines".

Since we live off donations and sales of our products, we have our backs against the wall. Quite apart from our feelings of injustice and anger, only one option is open. We will have to find another bank. A foreign bank, because we are no longer welcome in the Netherlands.

Things get even trickier when it turns out that our website does not accept a foreign bank. So along with the search for a bank, we will also need a new website.

Of course this triggers me! I have had to manage my own money from the age of fourteen. I had jars for everything and always made sure I had enough. Now I can't manage that and it makes me restless.

Janet just has faith that everything will work out. She has learned not to worry about things like this so quickly. My imprint is rather different and I want things sorted out as soon as possible. This creates a dilemma. Between survival and trust. I want to choose trust, but my system screams for control. For grip and certainty. I tackle it and end up in the middle. I arrange a new bank account and, miraculously, someone from Australia arrives to build a new website.

"You see!" says Janet. "It will all work out. You can start creating new neurological pathways. You no longer have to survive. You can trust that we will always be taken care of!"

I still find that difficult, but can see that it works that way. Then, after two long months, we have a website again and our system for donations is restored. And Janet was right: we were not short of anything. We were taken care of. Someone even offered to pay our rent for a month! If that doesn't bring in new neurological pathways, I don't know what will.

49

No new memories have been coming for a long time. It seems those are over. However, I do suffer from the effects of everything that has surfaced. The emotions triggered as a result of the traumas have yet to come out.

I suffer from panic attacks. I awake from them regularly. Sometimes in the middle of the night, sometimes just before waking up.

I contact Martin. "In the middle of the night, I wake up in a panic," I tell him. "I don't dare to move. My heart is racing like crazy. Sometimes it takes me up to three hours to calm down again."

"Do you have any idea what this could be related to?" Martin asks. It often helps when he asks questions. I then know what to focus on and the answers come naturally.

"I feel very unsafe. There's a deep knowing underneath that: I'm sure something very bad is waiting for me!"

Martin links it to the "waiting room". If I was there, I was sure something bad was waiting for me. I couldn't leave, wasn't allowed to say anything. Just waiting for them to come and get me.

Then suddenly I remember something.

"We used to go to Bertrix in Belgium twice a year with my parents. We went camping for a week every spring and every autumn. My sister and I in a small tent. Even though it was so cold that the zip of the tent froze shut, we were not allowed in our parents' mini-camper.

"I realize now that Bertrix was home to Marc Dutroux's paedophile network. I don't know if we were abused there. I only know that we were not allowed into the caravan."

In 1996, Laetitia Delhez (aged fourteen) was kidnapped in Bertrix by Marc Dutroux. He had been active in the region for years by then.

I realize that it is difficult to search for exactly what needs to be dealt with. Again and again that waiting room comes back, but just as often it is linked to specific memories. We then tap on the memory and leave the waiting room for what it is. But

the waiting room has been one of my great traumas. A real source of torture. It keeps coming back and apparently every facet of it needs processing.

50

Processing the panic attacks leads to considerable dizziness. My whole head feels as it is stuffed with cotton wool. It is extraordinary to notice that, in the past, I could just carry on and put away how I felt. I am increasingly unable to do that. Until four years ago, you could count the times I had cried on the fingers of one hand. Now I even cry over a film. I'm becoming a wimp!

"Martin, the process keeps on going, though I am yet to recover from last night's treatment," I write to him on Telegram, our social media app. "I am sitting in the 'waiting room' all day. In the process I feel a lot of anxiety in my stomach. It could be that old anxiety is being released now and we don't have to do anything, but gosh, I'm tight with tension and hardly dare to breathe. Feeling completely like back then: trying to be invisible, not standing out.

"From a distance, quite beautiful to see how that used to work, so I just keep watching it. What stress that little girl had."

I deal with it myself, using visualizations. I go to my unprocessed child parts and I feel they all say the same thing: "I don't want this!"

Again, it has to do with "having to wait and keep my mouth shut" trigger. This is literally what my mother used to snarl at me: "You just have to wait and shut up!"

I see my inner children lashing out at me out of sheer frustration! This is apparently the self-hatred, which I suffer from so much. As a child, I couldn't see how bad my parents were. I did what I was told to do. Did feel that it was bad and that I didn't want it, but I did it anyway.

At this childish level, I blame myself for participating. That I did everything that was expected of me. *I didn't resist and therefore that makes me responsible and therefore I am bad*, is my childish reasoning.

This feeling consists of a combination of sadness, helplessness, anger and then self-hatred. When I feel this combination, I start arguing. Then I am going to prove to myself, as it were, that I am still so bad. Then I let all the misery wash over me and

then we *have had it*. I do everything to get there. I twist other people's words, go from being passive aggressive to downright offensive.

And when I get sight of what I am doing, I feel doubly miserable. I can't stop it. I get angry at life. At the injustice, at my inability. I really don't understand how there are still people who love me. I feel no compassion for myself and see only one way out: leaving. *If I leave, at least I can't hurt anyone any more*, is my reasoning.

51

The waiting room.

Waiting is hell for me.

I am in a small room. There is no window. The walls are painted white. There are a few chairs against the wall in the room. I see three other children sitting. We are sitting as far apart as possible. All four of us just stare ahead. I hear a noise. Rumbling.

'Is that for me?' I think. But the sound ebbs away.

I have no idea how long I have been sitting here. No idea how long I have to wait. No idea what will happen next. Who will take us and where? I'm not even sure if they still know I'm here. Maybe they've forgotten me!

'Please let them come and get me,' I pray. 'Whatever happens, then I've had it!'

The helplessness, the fear, the uncertainty. You have no idea how bad it is to wait, not knowing what for and how long it will take. This is worse than any torture that will come afterwards!

Then, when the door finally opens, my stomach shrinks even more. 'Now it's going to happen!' With trembling legs and a pounding heart, I walk along. My eyes invariably fixed on the ground.

One night, I wake up twice to a very intense dream. I am very scared and have heart palpitations. I can't even move my body! I do the only thing I can think of: I visualize myself tapping on my body, thus calming myself down. One round follows another.

While "tapping" I feel that I have to continuously hide from danger. Nowhere is safe and everyone is the enemy! Everyone knows me and when they see me, they'll catch me. I am terrified to death.

This feels like programming. As if they have instilled in me that nowhere is safe if I talk or run away. Surely they will find me and catch me!

The fear is so real that I feel it all day. On the sofa: terrified. At dinner: I can't get a bite through my throat. Having a conversation: not a word comes out of my mouth. I feel something in my head is not right. I have lost control. It's a jumble in my head, as if all the threads have shot loose. It feels like everything I see is being turned over in my head to danger.

I am convinced programming is coming loose and I have no idea what to do with it. I can only hope that this crippling fear goes away. I call Martin to ask whether he knows what to do. Martin first lets me describe it properly again.

"I want to be clear headed again. It's like the wiring is off. I am giddy, feel light headed and not grounded. It seems to be an advanced form of panic."

I start crying. Martin asks why I am crying.

"I need to release the tension. It's all too much!"

Martin encourages me to allow the crying completely. I have to tap myself and cry at the same time. I cry like I have never cried before. I can't stop it any more.

After a while, it subsides and I say, "It now feels like everything in my body is literally flowing. The tension is gone. I no longer feel fear and the sadness has gone.

"I don't know exactly what happened to me, but it feels like programming. I had to be quiet, keep my mouth shut and wait. I couldn't run away and I couldn't tell anyone."



Janet is also startled when she hears and sees my condition. She gives me a healing and hugs me.

I can only imagine how helpless she must feel. She sees me suffering and in fact can do very little. Except listen to me and hold me. And thankfully she does!

53

I'm still into it for over a week. They put in this programming when I was eleven years old, I tested it using bio-resonance, but Martin is convinced it happened during the ritual with the wrong answers. I was ten years old at the time and had to answer questions. Whatever I said, the answer was wrong. And that had consequences! There was something on the table they wounded, worse and worse, at every "wrong" answer I gave. It could have given me this terrible fear and programming.

"It's not right in my head, Martin!"

"No, it's a feeling, not a physical experience," Martin replies. "We go to the experience when you were ten years old. Tell me what emotions you can still conjure up when you think about that."

"I still feel fear and helplessness. Now comes blind panic: they grab me!"

Martin lets me take my inner child of ten years on my lap. I have to explain to her what happened and that she is safe now.

"I see my mother standing confrontationally in front of me. In the other situations, she stood behind me. I see that she agrees, with what is happening. I feel she is not going to help me and that I am on my own."

Martin brings me back to my child part. I get to tell her that these are bad people and none of this is her fault. The ten-year-old me reacts as if she is totally confused. She is staring at me and cannot comprehend it.

"Does she have fear?" Martin asks.

"Yes. Fear in case I am not right in what I tell her."

Then ten-year-old Cynthia asks, "What good is all this knowledge to me? I'm going through it, aren't I?"

I may answer her that yes, she still has to go through the same thing, but it is less painful because of this new knowledge and insights. This allows the ten-year-old-

me to relax a little. Especially when I guarantee her that I will always be there in her difficult moments. She is never really alone any more.



The next day, we are back at it again. I report that the anxiety in my stomach is still very strong. "Like there is a big wound, which is now completely open."

"You know Martin, I notice that anxiety is very normal for me. It is the first thing I feel as soon as I wake up and the last feeling I have before I fall asleep. I have always been alert. This fear has helped me through everything. Has given me the strength to persevere and deliver the performance that was needed. Without this fear, I feel I am not safe. Because then I am not ready when something happens."

We get back working with ten-year-old Cynthia, who is in the middle of that terrible experience.

She sits on my lap and is all confused again. No matter what I say, it doesn't come in. Then suddenly I get an idea!

"Martin, I want to give her permission to dissociate. At times like this, she is allowed to just snap out of it with her consciousness. In real life, that's what happened. Only now, I can remember what really happened, right?"

Time does not exist. Certainly not linear, as we have been taught. I have been experiencing for years that I am able to heal myself in the past. And this Emotionally Focused Therapy is another example of that. So if we assume that as an older self, I continuously support and heal my younger self, then that must actually happen at two points in time!

Right now, I am experiencing healing and in the past I have experienced support. I couldn't place it as a small child, of course, but I could feel that I was not alone. However lonely I felt, I just knew I was being watched and protected.

And so now is the time to teach my ten-year-old-self to dissociate. I tell her that she can just leave with her consciousness, if what she has to go through becomes too intense. In addition, I show her a beautiful box. I say, "Put all your bad memories in here. You don't have to remember anything that happened."

After putting the memories in the box, we put a lid on and a beautiful purple bow around it. I suggest burying the box, but my ten-year-old self-intervenes and wants all the boxes - one box for each memory - to be taken by an angel.

The deal is that the angel will return the boxes to me when I am ready to process the memories.

This feels SO good! This is how we are going to do it from now on! We beam together and feel supported by each other. And me? I have been receiving these boxes piece by piece for the last three years. So it really works!

54

I am sixteen years old. I just returned from a week of school-organized excursions. It was fun, but I'm wrecked.

'Oh, there she is again!' my father says. 'She's not even home yet, and she's already grumpy again. Did you have fun, kid? Be off to your room!'

I could cry, but I won't. I hate that man!

I lie on my bed and think about leaving. Just leave and never come back.

Running until I drop dead.

Would they miss me? Panic? That would be what they deserved!

But while thinking, I find out that it makes no sense at all. They wouldn't miss me anyway. I can stay in the park for hours and when I come back, no one even asks where I've been. Even when I come home from The Farm, a nightclub, in the middle of the night, there is no one waiting for me or worried about me. So even if I committed suicide, they wouldn't care.

I feel despair. This harassment is so sick!

"Yes, I tried to destroy you," my father says one day during meals. He does so with a nonchalant attitude that lets me know he is not joking and doesn't care.

Thinking back, I literally feel sick with emotion. The realization that this all really happened is still too much for me to comprehend.

But if it didn't really happen, why am I afraid to come back from an outing? Why am I afraid of being bullied? Or of being sent away again? If none of this really happened, I wouldn't have had all these deep-seated fears.

It's been about a year since the last time the situation exploded. Not that I'm proud of that, but it does indicate progress. I am able to control myself, keep it more to myself. However, I am not yet to the point where I can keep my emotions to myself in such a way that others are not affected.

As soon as I get triggered or experience an unresolved wound from my childhood, my energy is "bad". It is the "red flag" for the others and everyone is alert and vigilant. With that, we end up in a vicious circle, because I then feel like I am no longer welcome as if they hate me. And before one knows, there's another childhood wound coming in too. So it builds up until I am completely stuck again. So my challenge now is to make sure it doesn't build up, that it sticks to the first trigger and that I can tackle it.

We agree that as soon as I feel triggered, I say so. Then we can talk about it and it might resolve quickly.

This absolutely works! Talking just makes the feelings melt away. This is a godsend!

The downside, however, is that now that I pay such attention to it, I notice that I get triggered quite often during the day. I hesitate to burden Janet with that every time. As the weeks go by, I handle it more and more myself. I don't say it aloud, I feel far too burdened by that. *Surely I should be able to handle this myself!* I think, indignantly.

And so my energy is dwindling again. The children avoid me, Janet withdraws and we are back in the old pattern.

I feel as though they barely tolerate me, as though I belong only if am sweet and happy. I then get angry at that and so I'm stuck in the old days again. Damn, it was going so well!

To get out of this, I have to retreat or go for a long walk. Then I let the anger or indignation flow out. And time and again it then turns out that I am wrong and Janet is right, that I am reacting out of an old pattern and that they are protecting themselves from me.

At this point, I have to pull out all the stops to avoid falling into the trap of victimization and self-pity. I have to grab myself by the scruff of the neck and go back to the past and work on the cause of my behavior.

Time after time, day after day, shaking off the despondency. Just getting up and moving on. Admitting that I was wrong. Sharing what is really going on and hoping they will forgive me again.

I have no control over the latter and that makes me still scared.

But they forgive me every time. Sometimes faster than others. They keep seeing that I don't do it on purpose, or out of spite. They see my powerlessness, my fight, my relentless dedication to cope and that makes it easier for them to forgive me again.

I'm so grateful for them. I fight for them, I owe it to them. So that things will get easier and easier and eventually I will be all through it and we can live together in peace and harmony. With the usual bumps and triggers that exist in every family. Because no one is perfect and everyone has their own shortcomings and issues. I just have a bit more of them than others.

56

And so we are already six months on, autumn 2022. We have moved for the umpteenth time. It was a terribly hot summer and none of us could cope it well. We literally sweated through it. Now the temperature is starting to become more pleasant and we are recovering slowly.

My eldest daughter Mira is starting to have troubles with herself. She doesn't often want to talk about it, but one evening while walking the dogs, a good conversation ensues. It turns out that we both suspect she was abused by my father at the age of three after all, in that terrible week we were there. It affects us both and I decide to "fix" her.

"I will do everything I can to make you whole again!" I solemnly promise her. But who says she wants to be healed by me? Mira doesn't. Maybe she wants to walk her own path and has no desire at all for her mother to "fix" her. She has seen my whole struggle and has every right to deal with this in her own time and way.

Of course, again I can't handle this situation very well. I feel it's my fault and responsibility that my father has been touching her. And that triggers the emotions that still belong to my experience in that dark room, where I had to answer questions. I was responsible for that creature on the table having to suffer every time I gave a wrong answer.

I was powerless then, but now I do have the power to help my child, to make her whole again.

But that is not a good starting point to help someone, and of course Mira senses that very perfectly. I am doing this to heal my own powerlessness! Mira starts to avoid me and my powerlessness grows. I feel I have failed to protect her from my father. I fear she will remain damaged forever. And that's my fault! However, since this is only indirectly about the past, I don't have enough awareness of it, and without noticing it I switch into my survival mode. I suddenly resume confrontation.

"Okay, bring it on!" I hear myself shouting to the others, as I stand demonstratively in the middle of the room with my hands at my sides. "Just tell me what I did wrong! Finish me off!"

The others are shocked by my ferocity. Have no idea where this is coming from again. Needless to say, I am sent away and I spend quite a while trying to figure out what is going on. Once I find out, I think I can move on. But the next day I wake up depressed. Everything I say and do that day falls the wrong way.

It's useless, I think. Whatever I do or say will be taken the wrong way anyway. Let it be over. I want to die. All of life doesn't make sense anyway. Nobody loves me. I'm always alone in the end, anyway. If I'm dead, at least no one will bother me.

Somewhere in my subconscious, I hear Janet saying, "It's the same old, same old! We know this one by now!"

And so I go and call Martin again....

57

We are talking again about the psychological games that were played on me when I was ten. As a result, I was never sure where I stood. People became

unpredictable and therefore dangerous to me. No one could be trusted. This, of course, made me scared and indecisive. Exactly the way it was meant to be!

But now, as an adult, I am peeling off layer by layer getting rid of this programming.

Previously when I was agitated on this level, I reacted angrily. Then I clipped my words and got the predictable angry response in return and therefore knew where I stood. Now everything has changed. I make myself much more vulnerable, allow myself to be insecure and that makes me unsure how to response. Everything seems at odds and I feel like a little child. A child who still has to learn how to deal with certain situations.

Janet thinks this is a good development.

"You never learned to respond to situations in a mature way. You are learning that now. Just let it happen. You will see that it will happen faster than you think. And then you will naturally come into your power, just watch!"

That sounds SO simple. But when I try to "let it happen", I feel I lose control. This in turn leads to feelings of helplessness and eventually panic. "I still have so much to learn," I sigh again. "When will it ever be ready?"

Janet thinks I am far too impatient.

"Look how far you've come in three years! You may think you can just process all this in a few months. You have almost fifty years of misery to process and transform into positive behavior! Give it another while. You are already in the constructive phase. Be patient."



Indeed. It has shaped my whole life, everything I have experienced. I was not safe anywhere as a child. Couldn't go anywhere for refuge. I think back to my childhood. Did I miss anything else?

Scouting! That was fun, wasn't it?

I tell Janet, "I suddenly remember the beautiful wooden Scouts building burning down. That was about the time my father came to stay home. My father was on the board of the scouting group, a collection of leaders, parents, and maybe some local government officials. In fact, that fire could not have been anything but set! The building was completely isolated in the bush."

The official story is that there had been a party of the board the night before. Someone must have dropped a lit cigarette in a dustbin.

In the meantime, I have a completely different interpretation. And when I think back to what games were played on Saturdays, I wonder if it was all so innocent. In any case, it is just a little too coincidental that that clubhouse burned down at the same time my father was sacked and came sitting at home. What evidence was covered up here?

And indeed, even here I was apparently not safe.

58

I am at a party. There is a big table with a kind of maze made on top of it. We stand around it with a large group watching. Insects are released into the maze. They have to get to the other side via obstacles. If they jump or crawl out of the maze, they are beaten to death. Even if they do reach the other side, they are killed.

In fact, they are doomed anyway. Their lives have no value other than some entertainment for us.

This too, of course, is part of the programming. The message is clear: "You have no value anyway. Let yourself be used. Then you will be finished off. There is no point in escaping. We see you everywhere. We'll catch you and finish you off!"

In the now, my subconscious translates that with: *If I don't do enough for you, or if I don't get to "fix" you, then I'm not worth anything. Then I am in mortal danger.*

By now it all makes so much more sense when I look at it from a distance. But when I am experiencing it, thinking the thoughts and feeling the feelings, it is not possible to keep that distance. Then I depend on others who point it out. And that is not always easy to accept. It is my perception, my experience versus their insight.

Meanwhile, I am to the point where I accept that their insights are correct and my experiences are based on the past. I try to see things differently, hoping my thoughts and feelings will adjust. I have mantras that I repeat as often as possible:

I'm almost fifty and I'm safe.

None of this is real. It's playing out in my head.

The intention is for these thoughts to overpower the automatic thoughts of the past. But for now, I'm just struggling.

When I find my self-respect, I can let others have their value and have it their own way.

When I find myself fully empowered, I no longer need the others to give me reassurance or approval.

When I am empowered, I can just accept that another person may be in a bad mood without it affecting me. Without me getting frightened. Then I can really leave the other person's process with the other.

These are wonderful intentions but then I still have to go through all those little episodes of panic and agony. The more I resolve, the harder the universe pushes me. I am not there yet. I still have to clear this first and then this and that.



I pruned a bush in the garden nicely. Janet comes out and sees it.

"Oh, how beautifully you have done that!" she compliments.

"I'll clean up the leaves in a minute," is my strange reply. "I can't find the broom."

Later, I reflect on this strange response. Almost immediately there is the memory.

I am eight years old. I made a beautiful drawing. Full of pride, I show it to my mother.

'You haven't put your pencils away yet!' is her only response.

I am so disappointed. I so badly want her approval, her love. A stroke on my head. But I don't get it.

And now I am so many decades on and still longing for that stroke on my head. I apologize for the "pencils not cleared away" and react like an eight-year-old girl. Why still? Less than two seconds ago, I was just the happy adult Cynthia! A stimulus is triggered in a millisecond. Now I have to find the mechanism somewhere to recognize the stimulus immediately and stop reacting from the old feelings. Maybe

the trigger is just allowed to be there, so I can still remain the adult Cynthia, aware that a stimulus is triggered. Why must I wait for a trigger before I allow myself to just experience life?

I don't know. I do know that I will have to learn to live with it, because I can hardly wait to live and be happy if I'm constantly waiting for all the triggers to be processed.

59

For the past two weeks, I was in my "cottage on the moor". I went there with the expectation of recovering and processing the last things quietly.

The tension in the house was running high and no one was able to escape from it. I felt like I was under a magnifying glass non-stop and being criticized for every move I made. No matter how hard I tried to pay attention to the words coming out of my mouth, the tone in which I said things and the way I did things, I apparently did everything wrong. I got bogged down in attitudes of not knowing how to function at all, I was passive, desperate. I closed my heart and let myself be sent to my room. I was a small child again.

The situation was too much like it was in the past, in which my father watched and criticized everything like a dictator. In which he tried to destroy me with his incessant comments and endless discussions, which invariably ended in me sitting in my room crying. We were stuck in a downward spiral of tension and misery.

I had to get out. I needed to unwind, be on my own for a while, find myself again and above all: no criticism.

I had bags full of food and my young dog Luna with me. I had resolved not to go anywhere and just rest, take lots of walks and work on my latest traumas.

The Universe apparently thought differently again and gave me a very lucid dream the first night.

My mum is confessing everything!

She doesn't tell me why she allowed it, or why she went along with it. She doesn't explain anything. But she confesses to it all.

She is on her knees, surrendering to my mercy. But I have no mercy for her. My furious anger over her confession turns to rage and hatred. 'He had a gentle death,' I declare. 'But I wish you agony!'

Now it has been acknowledged, it really happened! I'm not crazy! Immediately I go to the police station to report it, but the officer on duty says that this requires specialists and they are not available at the moment.

'Fine, I can wait,' I think. First, I have to go to my graduation ceremony, as I passed my exams. And actually it's not at all convenient to file a report, because then the police know where I am.

I wake up certain that this is the moment to get my story out in all its horror.

60

Immediately I grab my laptop and start writing. I have Martin's notes and together with my diary I expect to get quite a long way.

I seem to be taken over! From the moment I start typing, the words flow naturally from my hands. I relive everything I write and feel the memories are well processed. I see what I am still struggling with. These are the feelings that kept cropping up between sessions and that we couldn't deal with at the time. They still stir in me. And more than ever, I feel determined to deal with these feelings now.

"Martin, we processed the memories well, but apparently we didn't pay enough attention to the effects of the traumas. I am still suffering from that and I would like to address that in these two weeks!" I tell him.

Unfortunately, he cannot help me much for the next two weeks, but the time he has, I want to spend well.

I have quite a list for him.

"The triggers I still have, that influence my life and that of my family, that we all suffer by. They need to get out. And it always boils down to the same things:

- The fear of consequences
- The fear that everyone will be cross with me
- The fear that they don't want me any longer, that I am not welcome, only tolerated
- The fear of being left out, of them whispering about me and speaking evil
- The fear of making mistakes and not realizing it."

"If you look at these fears," Martin begins, "could you link them to a specific memory?"

"I think these are all consequences of the situation when I was eight, that my father so unexpectedly showed me the consequences of what can happen if I do something wrong. And I had absolutely no awareness of what I had done wrong! That obviously cut very deeply into it."

While tapping into these consequences, we also get back to the "waiting room" quite quickly. To the fullest, I realize that this is a real torture method that has been used on me many times.

Waiting, without any information.

Waiting, without knowing what for.

Waiting, while not being allowed to do anything.

Waiting, while not being allowed to say anything.

Waiting, while you don't even know if they haven't forgotten you.

Waiting, not knowing how much longer.

At some point, as a human being, you get to a point where you no longer care what they're planning to do with you. Let them come and get you. You do whatever they want. Then you're off the hook.

Martin adds: "If you feel that you are in the 'waiting room' again, due to a long silence in the house or when you are literally asked to wait, then consciously move yourself! Get up, start walking. If necessary, go outside or grab something nice for yourself. Learn to re-program yourself. Teach yourself that you are safe!"

In addition to Martin, Ineke Heitink now comes my way. We have been in touch for years and she has done an Akashic reading for me as a medium before. She is willing to guide me intensively for the next two weeks. I have no idea what that entails yet, but am open to any help.

That evening I am ready for her and punctually at the agreed time she calls. She too has no idea what to expect. I don't think she even knows my story. But we both seem to feel that this is what is meant to be and follow that inner knowing.

"I place a filter of the past between me and Janet and the children and thus I no longer see them for who they are. I then only see the past and interpret what they do and say from the pain of the past," I begin my story. Before I can get off to a good start, Ineke interrupts my deluge of words.

"Have you realized what that filter is?" she asks.

"Well, that's the pain from before." I start again.

"No dear," Ineke says in her unique way, a combination of humor, directness and severity, which appeals to me greatly. "This so-called filter of yours is a mirror. It tells you how you subconsciously think about yourself."

I have to let that sink in for a moment.

"If you think the others are angry with you, what is actually the message to yourself?"

Apparently not much is happening inside me, because Ineke simply continues.

"You should then start looking at what you reject within yourself!"

I haven't looked at it that way yet. I have a kind of tunnel vision on my traumas, but now that they are apparently no longer the problem, I will have to expand my view. I apparently don't come across as too savvy with my stuttering and stammering, so Ineke explains again.

"You don't see yourself for who you are. You have yet to consciously get to know yourself and you use others for that. Did you know that when a child experiences trauma, it stops growing emotionally?"

"Well, that's nice. I'm only five then!" is all I manage to reply cynically. I am really bedazzled for a moment by this totally different approach.

"You don't know who you are. You have put everything outside yourself. So when you feel something in another person, it is a projection of your own feelings."

I start to rear. All sorts of things stir inside me. "If this is so, fine. But give me tools on what to do to grow, to stop this!" I say in frustration.

Ineke starts laughing. "You are very impatient, aren't you?"

"I'll tell you what," I begin. "When I started this process, I gave myself three months. That has since become three years! I want to finish it by now, settle down and become happy! And now you are going to tell me to start all over again? Yes, that makes me very restless!"

"We are going to tackle this step by step," Ineke says decisively. "Not too fast, give yourself time." I protest grumbling.

Ineke ignores that. "Step one is this: Recognize you are making a projection. Nothing else. Every time you feel fear that someone is angry with you, say: 'I feel rejected, but they don't do that at all.' And then repeat to yourself: 'I am good the way I am'. Can you do that?"

I am silent.

"Just by doing this, you break through the projection and get to know yourself better. The next step is then to see what you reject within yourself. But start practicing step one first!"

I grumble some more, that now I have no one to practice with. I like Ineke. We can laugh and cry together, put things into perspective and nail it. I am eager to try whatever she says, even if it is so different from what I have been doing for the past few years.

We talk some more about the ego, how I try to control that nasty sabotaging little voice. Ineke hears me and then says: "I only have one question for you: Can you stop fighting against yourself?"

Again there remains silence on my part.

"Today we are going to work on the neurological anchoring in you," Ineke says firmly a few days later. She starts a whole explanation about habitual patterns, thoughts that have worn into my thinking like a long-playing record.

"The idea is that you start to recognize those thoughts. Then you can place them outside you and ask them to go away. You don't need them no more. They don't serve you."

In this, I recognize the story Janet tells me often enough. "Don't listen to those voices inside you all the time! You're falling for it again, aren't you? You believe what the little voice inside your head says to you! And in doing so, you make us the enemy!"

It all comes down to the same thing. I have a commentator in my head, nonstop interjecting everything others say and do. And when that commentator gets the chance, it turns everyone into the enemy. It twists and distorts words and intentions. It makes me face the whole world.

Mira said something very wise about this a while back. "Mum, according to your ego, everyone is your enemy and you are only safe with your ego. As if it protects you and is your only ally. But in reality, the ego is your enemy and the only way to happiness is to expose your ego to others. In the end, if you were really left alone, do you want to be left with your ego or do you want to be in your power, full of fond memories of when you were together?"

In a session with Martin, I work this out at a deeper level.

"You couldn't do otherwise," Martin says. "You did well as a child. You provided an inner commentary on all your parents' lies and distortions. In doing so, you managed to keep your sanity."

"But then it became a habitual pattern and I suffer a lot from it now," is my response.

"But we can work on that," Martin says again. "First let it dawn on you that you did very well as a child. Not only did you survive, you managed to keep yourself mentally healthy. You fought your parents with the same tools they tried to destroy you with. They seriously underestimated you!"

"You suffer from chronic self-underestimation," says Ineke the next day. "You put yourself way too low! Do you have any idea how important you are to the world? How many people look up to you?"

I laugh a little.

"What I do for the world is from an inner drive, not to be put on a pedestal. And by the way, people mostly adore Janet. The number two is always pretty much invisible."

Ineke sighs. "It's time you start seeing your own value. Start valuing yourself. Start seeing how important you are!"

"For me, it is important that I come into my own power. That I break free from all those childhood pieces and old emotions. That I am truly mature," is my heartfelt response.

Ineke instructs me on how to place my inner pain outside myself and heal it. "When you feel an emotion, sit in the perceiving position. Form yourself a picture of the emotion. Where is it sitting? What shape does it have? What color and energy? Then pick it up and put it right in front of you. Then ask your spiritual team to heal it now. Observe. Allow the frequency to change. And then take it in again. This is how you can heal yourself! This way you are no longer powerless!"

And then Ineke says something that shocks me considerably. As a trance medium, she gets a lot of information from guides and from the Akashic records. But today, something else knocked at her door. "Your father came through to me. He wants to say something to you or talk to you."

My whole stomach cramps and emotions immediately coursed through me.

"Don't worry," Ineke says. "I've held off. We're not going to do that until you're all set!"



My father passed away in 2014. Apparently, my mother did not feel it necessary to tell me. I found out by chance six months later, when Mira asked me to find out whether we were locatable on the internet.

It was a strange sensation. At the time, I knew nothing about the abuse, the rituals and the role my parents played in it. But it gave me an empty feeling reading the obituary, of not belonging to the family. I simply no longer existed.



Bijzondere mensen sterven niet
Zij gaan wel, maar blijven toch voor altijd

Geheel onverwacht is overleden
mijn man, mijn leven
mijn vader, mijn grote steun
mijn schoonvader
onze fantastische en lieve opa, die alles met en voor
ons deed

Coen Koëter
68 jaar

Tonnie
Talitha en Eelco
Robin
Jessica

15 januari 2014



**Special people don't die
They do go, yet they always stay
Completely unexpectedly passed away
my husband, my life
my father, my great support
my father-in-law
our fantastic and dear grandfather,
who did everything with and for us**

64

It is early morning. The whole valley is white with hoar frost on the grass. Gorgeous! A watery sun adds mystique to the scene. Four deer are in the meadow in the distance. Luna spots them and looks at me for a moment. She seems to be sensing whether I object or not. *Enjoy!* I think and away she goes, leaving a trail of windblown white ice behind her.

Soon she is just a speck on the horizon. When she has disappeared into the forest, I whistle once. I start my walk and hear her storming toward me again. She pushes herself against me for a firm hug, only to dash off again immediately for the next adventure. I wonder why I walk such a long distance and decide it is for my own sanity. I don't see Luna again until I reach the road and she has to be put on a leash.

While writing this book, new things still occasionally surface. Deeper feelings that were hidden under the trauma. These now come out as turmoil.

During my long walks with Luna, I take my time to feel and analyze. I am glad it is such an uninhabited area here, because I hold whole monologues to myself. And that helps. While talking out loud, the needed insights surface and I see where a fear still lurks.

I am in the underground room again, together with four of my classmates. We are eleven years old and watching my sister being raped on that altar. Besides all my feelings for my sister, I now feel fear for myself.

'Will it be my turn soon too?' runs through me. Waves of nausea overwhelm me at the thought of my classmates watching me being raped. I want to look away, but my mother won't let me.

'Keep watching!' she hisses. 'This is important.'

I tap on myself and repeat the phrases I have heard Martin say so many times before. Slowly, my heart settles again and I walk back home to continue writing.

65

Now that I am on my own, experiencing no pressure and continually dealing with the past, I see unerringly what I still need to work on. I feel I still have a few persistent signposts. Trigger points, open wounds or whatever you want to call it. Strangely enough, these are the very points that have come up a dozen times in sessions with Martin. For some reason, we haven't addressed them properly yet and they now remain as a kind of residual damage.

It's the fixed list of fear of consequences, fear that someone will be angry with me (and I won't know what I've done wrong), fear that I'm not wanted, only tolerated. Fear of being left out, of being whispered about, of others conspiring against me.

All these fears, to my mind, belong together; they all seem to have been triggered by my father's unexpected, very violent retaliation when I was eight years old. With this one action, he completely subverted my life. Did he turn me from a "normal" child into an insecure, stressed chicken? Always on my guard, always afraid of the unexpected, always ready for battle.

And as if this action wasn't enough, they added to it every year. This is the ritualistic part of the abuse. For their own sadistic pleasure, for their Satanic beliefs and to dehumanize me, the victim, step by step.

The rituals mainly took place about my birthdays. Very deliberate actions by very disturbed people to further destroy me. Just some of the significant dates and corresponding events:

- The day after my eighth birthday, my father takes me to his school. There, a very unexpected tantrum ensues, followed by brutal rape and strangulation.
- At age nine, through a ceremony and in front of my best friends, I am married off to a large unknown man. I am given to him, without any information. I don't even know if I will ever be allowed to return home.
- At the age of ten, I am made responsible for the terrible torture and murder of something or someone. I am asked questions during a ceremony and every answer is rejected, after which the creature on the table is further mutilated. My father does the mutilation and finally gives the death blow.
- Just before my sister's thirteenth birthday, when I am eleven, I have to attend my sister's ritual rape.
- At twelve, I am part of the farewell orgy of primary school.

In between are all the "regular" rapes, whether by my father or so-called "husband" or not, and I am taken to other rituals and "feasts". There, hell is not so much about me, but I am a participant or sole object of pleasure for others.

How do you keep a child from passing this on to others or going under because of the stress? Apparently through the combination of instilling fear and confusion.

The fear of consequences remained fueled by my father's tantrums, the unexpected events, the fact that I never knew what to expect and of course: the waiting room.

My sister says something that infuriates my father. He gets up from his chair and goes at my sister threateningly and swearing. She is pinned against the door of the stairwell closet. There she receives blows. She collapses and dashes out of the room under his mowing arms.

My mother and I watch. I yell, 'Stop it, Daddy!' But my mother grabs me and snaps at me to be quiet.

Meanwhile, my sister flees through the hallway to the barn. She wants to escape through the barn door, but my father is just in time and blocks the door with his body. He gives my sister a hard push and she falls on top of the row of bicycles, which topple over. How she manages to do it, I don't know, but again she manages to escape. She runs down the hallway again and up the stairs to the safety of her room. On the stairs, my father grabs her by her ankle and drags her down the steps. She kicks and screams frantically. Finally my father has to let go of her and in no time my sister rushes to her room and locks herself in. My father bangs on the door and scolds her. Then it is over.

Later my sister smashes a mug against her room door and takes a shard in her fist. She squeezes until her hand bleeds.

The confusion was founded by alternating "normal" experiences with sadistic ones. By pretending to be a normal family, while under the counter always danger lurked. By whispering, shutting out, plotting against a child. By denying the truth of the things just said.

This naturally causes a child to doubt his or her own judgement. The child no longer dares to trust his or her own emotions and thoughts, and is always afraid of the outside world, which indeed proves unpredictable and dangerous.

The memory of my tenth year has not yet penetrated my consciousness in its full glory. It will take months before I can handle the memory in its totality. And with that, the origin of my lack of confidence lies wide open. This is the clearest example of mind-control, as far as I can remember.

I am ten years old. I am brought into the dark room by my mother. I have no idea what to expect. Inside, the room is sparsely lit. I am taken to a place where I am all alone. Around me are large people. They are wearing white or gray robes with hoods drawn over their heads.

In the center of the room is the large sacrificial table. My father is standing next to the table. He too has a robe on, but not the hood over his head. That is why I am heckling him. He stands with a large knife in his hand. He is grinning. My stomach shrinks together with fear.

There is an expectant tense silence. I take another good look at the offering table. My father has the knife in one hand and with his other hand he is holding my guinea pig!

My heart races, my throat squeezes shut. 'No!' is all that goes on inside me.

Then a question is asked. I don't understand the question. Have no idea what is meant. My mother, standing diagonally across from me, urges me to answer. I recognize her, too. Only my father and mother are visible to me. The others remain shrouded in shadows.

I try to tell my mother that I don't understand the question.

'Just answer!' my mother bites at me.

I say something. Some laughter sounds from the circle of people. Then it is said, 'Wrong!'

There is silence for a moment. My attention automatically goes to my father. He is now standing diagonally in front of the table doing something with the guinea pig. I hear a shrill squeak. My heart seems to tear in half. Is he cutting off a piece of my guinea pig now? I can't see it. I don't want to see it.

Then another question is asked. Now by someone else. A very easy question and, relieved, I breathe. I immediately give the answer in the absolute knowledge that it is good. It remains quiet again for a moment expectantly.

'Wrong!'

No, it can't be! I look at my mother in panic, but she does nothing. I look anxiously at my father. Again that shrill squeak... No!!!

The next question is asked. I am totally panicked. I no longer want to answer. Relentlessly, my mother squeezes my arm and says, 'Answer!'

Desperately, I search my mind for the answer they want to hear. A wrong answer sometimes?

Again laughter is heard. Again the attention goes to my father.

I dissociate. I don't know how long this will last. Something has snapped inside.

Mind-control was successfully applied. From this moment on, I no longer trust myself or the people around me. The very people closest to me committed the greatest betrayal. My mother applied enormous pressure and my father carried out the torture and later the murder.

'Oops, an accident is in a small corner.'

So that's what happened to my guinea pig. That's why the cage was suddenly empty. The empty cage sat unused under the counter for days.

Forty years later, I sit with Martin knocking on this trauma. Ten-year-old Cynthia sits next to me on the couch. She is watching the trauma with me. She taps along and looks happy. Why? Because she sits here with her guinea pig on her lap. She got back the box from the angel, in which she had put her trauma and to her surprise it contained her guinea pig. Now she sits happily cuddling with her guinea pig, while before her eyes the trauma plays out again and again. Just until there are no more emotions on it. And then we have four more sessions with Martin.

66

Many children who go through this commit suicide at some point. Life is hell and around puberty it certainly doesn't get any better. The children are no longer of use to the Satanic circle and they make it very clear, instilling in children the feeling that they no longer matter.

How many children can cope with this? I have no idea. I hear more and more of suicides among children around the age of sixteen. What drives them to such a desperate act? I think you might understand that by now.

Throughout my adolescence, I was bullied, humiliated and laughed at in my own home. Was I meant to commit suicide? According to Martin, yes I was. "What do you think?" he insists. "Your father couldn't afford to kill you. That would cause him far too much trouble! But he could try to make you to do it yourself!"

I can't fathom it. Call me naive, call me unworldly, but somehow I managed to hold on to the image that my parents cared about their children. I loved them too, didn't I? Somewhere I managed to hold on to the hope that my inner-knowing that my parents hated me was wrong. That I was wrong. That I sensed it wrong.

"You were not wrong," says Martin. "You will have to face the fact that your parents did indeed hate you. And that they wanted you to kill yourself. They wanted to get rid of you!" He continues, "Start looking for that which kept you going! How did you survive this?"

Martin's questions always help me bring out insights.

"I have a very strong sense of justice," I answer. "I went against them very often. And I most often did it silently within myself. Then I scolded them, stuck to my truth and hated them in return just as much!"

"That was your salvation!" Martin says triumphantly. "That sense of justice was so strong, they couldn't have destroyed you! How they underestimated you!" he adds proudly.



I can't feel proud yet. I still suffer too much residual damage from this. Martin gives me a few days to let this insight sink in. Maybe soon I will begin to see how I survived not only my childhood, but also the programming. And not only that. I didn't pass the abuse on to my children. I rescued my children from the hands of my parents. I gave them a good childhood, with the freedom of homeschooling and the adventure of traveling.

And yes, I damaged them too. But I may come to realize that this really couldn't be otherwise, that it is impossible not to do any harm after such a childhood. I have

not had any positive example of how to raise children in a healthy way, of how to support them and give them what they need.

I gave the kids a damn good foundation despite all my triggers, problems and traumas, despite the hurts and fears they suffered from my mistakes that they will someday process when they are ready.

Martin is very clear about it. I am not to blame for the mistakes I made. Those belong to my parents, who knowingly did all this to me. I am, however, responsible for what I do to those around me. But given my commitment to my healing process, my mistakes are forgivable.

After this conversation, I sit and stare in front of me for a long time. I let these thoughts sink in, to be processed not through actions but through silence and rest and just allowing.

I have felt a lot of guilt over the past few years, for my powerlessness and the resulting pain I have inflicted on the people I love. Now it is allowed to settle down. I cannot bring that about with my rational mind. Higher powers are needed for that.

67

The two weeks of intense work and silence are over. The muscle of my left femur has been cramping about three days. I attribute it to the stress of going home again, of having to stand my ground if things get out of hand again. I don't want to fight any more. I don't want the tension any more. And I don't want to be in the under-dog position any more.

I have nothing to want or ask for. I am constantly needing to prove myself. In my adult state of Being, there is no problem. I am just part of the family. But as soon as I get triggered by a childhood wound or unresolved issue, I become an anxious and hurt child. Then it is no longer possible to claim an equal place, because I then do so from that pain, from the ego. It is then immediately a struggle, causing the tension in the house to flare up again.

I am looking forward to going home again, to being with the others. And at the same time, I know the transition will be difficult. Everyone will be a bit uncertain and

expectant. How will it go? How will I come back? Will I be triggered immediately and thrown back into a childhood's issue or will I have changed?

I don't know. At least I am as insecure as the others are.

Once inside, we talk a bit, exchange news. They tell me it was nice to live two weeks without tension. I can concur, the two weeks were tension-free for me as well. Because of that it was possible to dive completely into my past. In a fortnight, I lived through three years of memories and the processing of them.

There is one thing I have not been able to live through properly. Something I need others to mirror for me. And that is my self-hatred as a result of not being welcomed by my parents after a short absence. And this is apparently the perfect setting for that. Just because there is a wait-and-see atmosphere.

As a child, every time I came home from a fun outing like a school excursion week, the same ritual played out. I was told pretty directly by my parents how nice the week was without me. They sighed again and again how wonderfully peaceful it was. And my homecoming cruelly disrupted that peace. It was clear, they were better off without me. I would sit in my room and cry, wishing I could leave again.

I feel I am not at home. Not welcome. Don't belong anywhere. I am the disruptor in an otherwise harmonious whole. But where can I go? Who will want me then?

The only conclusion I can draw is that I am a terrible person to live with. That I am ruining everything. That the nasty atmosphere is entirely my fault. That I am not worthy of belonging. I hate myself.

There is only one way I can relive and heal this. By experiencing it again. Like all other triggers, it has to come to the surface, be recognized, acknowledged and then it can slowly wear off.

And once again I unconsciously look for the old, familiar childhood trouble and anxiety. I shut myself off behind the laptop, am emotionally unreachable, just when the others so desperately need my sincere presence. Need confirmation from me that I am there for them, that I want to be with them.

But I can't do that. I'm full of a childish fear and because I don't recognize it, I play it all out. I blame it on the cold, the headache, the pain in my leg and everything

else I can think of. I lapse back into doing chores with a sigh. I keep going until Janet blows my mind.

"Why are you doing all these things?" she asks. "Must it all have to be done today? I mean, you've been away for two weeks and now suddenly all this has to be done? What's going on?"

I slam shut. I have no answer. I stand looking at her like a small child. A tear rolls down my cheek. I know nothing else to do but go to my room to lie on my bed and cry. *I just want to leave again, I think. I don't belong here! They had a good time without me.*

Finally, I get out of bed to walk the dogs. Janet addresses me on my behavior. I no longer have a defensive wall and can actually get straight to the answers.

"I am doing this because I actually want you to send me away," I admit. "I want you to express that you were fine without me! I want you to come to the conclusion that I don't belong here!"

"So what? Do you think you will be happy if we send you away again?" she asks.

"No, of course not! Then I'll have all the more reason to hate myself! I hate myself!"

The high word is out. The self-hatred is raw and pure. I am intensely sad and again see no way out at all.

"I really better leave. It is obvious I can't do this. I had two weeks of no tension, you guys were fine and as soon as I'm home it goes wrong again. I'm just failing. You were happy without me!"

"Can't you see that we want to be happy WITH you?" asks Janet sharply, but with love in her voice.

"That, of course, is also what I would like most. But apparently I can't!"

"You told me yesterday that you had processed everything so well over the past two weeks! How can this happen again right away?" she asks.

"I don't know," I say with dejected voice. "I have lived through and processed everything for the past two weeks. I have even described this situation. But apparently I need you guys to really play it out and feel it. And I understand that the timing sucks! Once again, it's going to be no different," I add. I don't know how to make it any clearer. Evidently this is how the process has to go, and I feel helpless as hell.

The next morning, Janet throws a totally unexpected bombshell. "I would prefer that you leave as soon as you're triggered and can't handle it. You will then just go and work on yourself for a week and be welcomed back when you have processed it."

Everything inside me screams and shrieks with misery. Never that! "I can't do that," I just say. "I can't leave right now. Coming back will then become more and more difficult. If I leave now, I won't come back."

Janet doesn't get that. Surely it is much nicer if I process my pains in peace? And also in the house, peace is then maintained.

For me, this is very different. I feel I am sent away if I show unwanted behavior and I am only welcome if I am sweet and nice. This triggers all my unprocessed fears: The fear of consequences. The feeling of only being tolerated. That I have to wait and keep my mouth shut. That I don't belong. That I am not allowed to be who I am.

This pain is too great. I am desperate and in shock. It's as if Janet is deliberately pushing all the triggers I still have. Why? This feels so unfair! Like I don't even get a chance to come home.

I know I can't handle this accumulation of triggers and that I need help. I lock myself in my room and make contact with Martin and then with Ineke. Martin is at the airport and is still willing to speak to me, but just briefly. He hears me, calms me down and says he can work on it with me tomorrow.

Ineke leaves a voicemail message for Janet to hear. The message comes down to giving me space and trust, especially now. This is not going down well. We are two camps again. Janet wants peace back in the house and I am full of pain.

I sit in my little dark room and my life comes to a total standstill. This time no prince on a white horse for rescuing me. I am all alone, in my hell, the waiting room, sent away, hated, tolerated. I am a burden to others and I should not be. The consequences of my unconscious behavior and fears. Welcome to my hell.

"I'm not leaving! That's for sure," I say. "For me, that's really not an option. I will lock myself in my room, work on myself and not be a burden to you. But if I leave, I won't come back."

And so I retreat to my room. Luna has aimlessly retreated in the garden. The others stay in the living room. Everyone is unhappy. Everyone has tension. No one knows how we are going to get out of this now.

For me, the only option is to dive back into the past. Ineke gives me a healing to calm down and with Martin I work on my adolescence. On really accepting that my father deliberately tried to destroy me, which he later admitted. Accepting that my mother did nothing to support me. To accept the feeling that I was right, that they hated me and only tolerated me.

I am intensely sad. For hours I just stare in front of me, reliving all the moments I wanted to step out of in my life. I hear the people I love, talking and watching films together. I feel so intensely alone and at the same time it feels safe. Here I can live through my pain, the intensely gray and drab pain of only being tolerated, not being loved. I know this pain so well and the current situation mirrors it so perfectly that I can live through it in the deepest way.

69

The week in my room is doing me well. I have all the time I need to separate past and present. To heal. To feel that I am safe. To do what I want. I discover the bio-resonance frequencies of RIFE. They give me the peace and stability I am looking for. I listen to meditations and healing sessions. Once in a while I come down and have a cautiously positive contact with the others. Slowly, we rebuild mutual trust.

My leg is not doing any better. I still cannot bend it or lift it. After walking with the dogs, I see black spots of pain. Apparently, I really need to take total rest and accept help. I see how this can create new neurological pathways, because even though there is still tension, the others do help me. They walk the dogs, do the shopping and bring me food. I let it sink in and can again access a piece of past sadness and loneliness.

Only now do I fully realize how I have been systematically neglected and how that has shaped me. I try to be in the observing position as much as possible in my dealings with the others and see that they do things for me unconditionally, while they are also in pain and insecure. This touches me.

I also see that I don't have to blame everything that happens on myself. *I am not to blame for this*, I realize in amazement. *This is not my problem and so I don't have to deal with it.*

Slowly, I begin to see a difference between Cynthia and Cyntha. Cyntha doesn't get blamed for everything. Cyntha is allowed to stand in her own power and set boundaries. Cyntha is allowed to respect others, but also leave their problems with them, without having to fix everything.

This is so new to me that I write it on a paper and hang it up in my room. This is how I want to be!

And with all these new insights also comes the realization that I really need to go through this process alone. I made a big error of judgement in this.

From the first moment the memories surfaced, I shared everything with Janet. In my pain and ignorance, I assumed she was totally on board with my process. That she understood what I was feeling, experienced what I was going through. But that is not possible at all! No one can understand the intense pain and grief I went through. No one, not even those who went through similar things. Because everyone experiences things differently and so their traumas too.

This is a journey I have to take alone. A journey through hell and back. In the three years I have been on this journey, my hair has gone totally grey. My body has changed and so has my overall perception of life.

I have faced my fears head-on, lived through them and put them behind me. I have faced and accepted the most painful events.

How can I NOT rise from this like a phoenix? How can I come out of this other than totally transformed and fully in my power? And only *I* am able to do so. I can't take anyone with me and no one can do it for me. I have received help and am intensely grateful for that. But the actual work I have to do myself. Day in, day out. Right when it's hard. Right when I want to give up. Just when I don't see a way out any more.

My journey continues. Over hills and valleys, sometimes flowing, sometimes stumbling. But I feel deeply that my journey has a purpose. I feel a drive to go as fast as possible.

Ineke gives me a reading from my Akashic Chronicles. "You may take the pressure off. You are obstructing yourself by wanting to go so fast. You still have an important task ahead of you. Everyone who is on Earth now has the task of healing the world. Some have a big task, others a small one, but they are all important and all needed. Your task is big. And to fulfil it, you must first be healed. That's why you feel that rush. But you may let go of that in trusting that everything happens at exactly the right time. The task ahead of you has to do with the children. The abuse that needs to be exposed and the healing of the victims. You are going to play a big part in that."

I feel it is right. I feel I am already fully engaged in that. Writing this book contributes to that. Reliving all my pain is for a reason. There is a greater purpose in doing so. And indeed, I feel the pressure to get through it as quickly as possible. But I also see from this level that this is not important at all. It is about the journey and the timing is not in my hands.

I can say with absolute certainty that these are the most difficult years of my adult life. I share with you my most vulnerable moments.

But make no mistake! By walking this path, I am no longer a victim! I have taken my suffering and life into my own hands. I am a survivor!

And now that I am cleaning up the last bits of residual damage, I can already feel how strong I am becoming. Even if only in fits and starts, I can feel a new strength growing within me. A strength that will enable me to fight for the other victims.

What will that fight look like? It will be an extension of the work I am doing now. Investigating what really happened, explaining it to the general public and exposing the perpetrators. Showing what it does to a person who has been through this. Giving the victims a face. But also giving attention to the perpetrators. Explaining how the network works, how an offender becomes an offender and how deeply embedded this is in society. That the whole society is built around this.

When people realize how the world really works, they will have the insight and power to change it. The victims will be heard and taken care of. The perpetrators will be removed from their positions of power and punished. The history books will be changed and we will turn the last black page of human history.

We will regain power and create a world we have all always dreamed of. A world we have come for. A world of love and justice.

With love, for all the children of the world.

Cynthia Koeter

Afterword

I wrote this book primarily for myself. To list everything that has been going on in my life for the past three years. That way I could feel and see what I still had to process and where I am now.

Observing this process from a distance, I am content. I worked very hard on myself and it was worth it. Every valley was deep and seemed impossible to overcome. And yet I came out of it again and again. Each time stronger and a bit more healed.

I had no control over the content, speed or depth of this process. After I took the first step, everything else went naturally. I was taken along and at the most I could slow it down a bit. But there was no escape and I fully dived into it. No idea what was in store for me, no idea how I would get out.

Would I do it again, now that I know how painful this process is?

A resounding YES!

With the right people around me, who support and trigger me, who challenge and trust me, even though we might not cross the finish line together.

I was nothing but a caterpillar, ignorant of who I was and what I had experienced. For three years I sat in my cocoon, experiencing growing pains and was I cut off from the outside world.

Now I can see big holes in my cocoon. I can look outside, even smell the fresh air already. In not too long, I will leave my cocoon and behold my wings for the first

time. I will flutter from flower to flower, enjoying the sunshine and delicious scents. I will experience life completely differently and never look back on my life as a caterpillar.

But my gratitude will remain. Without Janet and my children who supported me daily and kept their faith in me, I would never have made it.

I am immensely grateful to Martin de Witte for his unfailing support.

And of course Ineke Heitink (<http://www.inekeheitink.nl/>) who made me aware of the spiritual world again. I had almost lost touch with it.

I dedicate this book to all victims of Satanic/Sadistic Ritual Abuse. I am convinced that my story will contribute to recognizing its existence and ultimately punishing its perpetrators, so the world will become a safe place for children!

For now, we need not expect any help from the government, which is still far too involved and claims there is no solid evidence that Satanic Ritual Abuse even exists.

But just like with abuse in the church, which has also been denied for years, this will be a topic which at some point will no longer be a taboo subject. We are the forerunners, those who put their necks on the line. We may be ridiculed. We may be dismissed as conspiracy theorists. But if we stay brave and strong, just a little longer, the truth will prevail, as it always does.

Just a little longer.

And then we will have succeeded.

Because the truth will prevail, as it always does. And then I will have completed part of my life's work. Not as a victim, but as a butterfly.

Cyntha Koeter

March 2023

As with everything we do, I am also giving this book to the world for free so that it will be distributed to as many people as possible.

Would you like to give something back, please make a donation. That way we can keep spreading our work for free, we can keep travelling and we feel supported.

You can donate directly to my bank account:

Account holder: Cynthia Tamara Koeter
BIC: TRWIBEB1XXX
IBAN: BE19 9672 8101 3612
Wise's address: Avenue Louise 54, Room S52
Brussels, 1050, Belgium

Or you can make a donation via our website www.fallcabal.com and add "Cyntha's book" in the description

Thank you!

This book has been translated and edited by Leonie van den Berg
and Chaz Thompson

APPENDIX

Here I like to give you an impression of an ostensibly average family, whose children have been severely abused. Perhaps this will help you recognize certain characteristics in children and perpetrators in your environment, so you might save lives in the process.

If only someone had recognized me or my sister as a victim and intervened. . .

Now, if only someone would stand up and save a child from the terrible Satanic rituals it is forced to undergo.

With every child saved, not only that child's life will be a lot lighter, but also the lives of generations to come.

With every perpetrator stopped, not only a child is saved, but perhaps a whole cycle of abuse is broken.

Every step matters.

Together, we make this world a better place.



1980

My sister and I. At a professional photographer for the first time. We had to smile sweetly, but the tension made me grin heavily. Afterwards my mother was furious, she thought the photo was ruined.



1980
Me at the age of seven.



1980
My sister at age eight. Her face clearly shows what she has
been through.



1981

My eighth birthday. The brown dress my mother had made and which I was still wearing when my father so roughly raped and strangled me. In the background the cage with the guinea pigs that is still there.

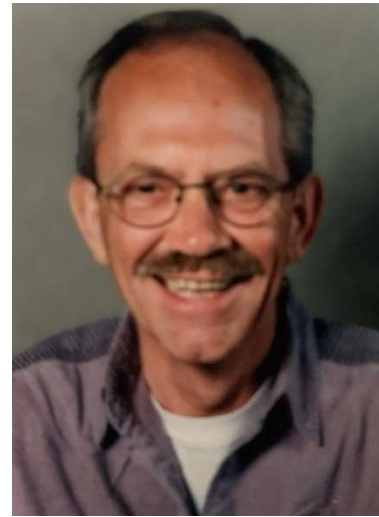
My father and mother. Their eyes tell the story.



1985



1990



1993

