

Magus-*Thor'rauna*
High Priest of Satan in
South Africa

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(Phil Botha receives Christ as Lord).

Francis B.

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“I dedicate this testimony to the memory of Clive Esmond Petzer. Who was a former Pastor to the Assemblies of God Church in Amanzimtoti, Natal (in South Africa). He fell asleep in the Lord Jesus Christ on the 20th July 1969. Without his diligence and perseverance, I would never have made my decision to accept Christ Jesus as my Master, Lord and Savior.

Through countless trials, persecution and attempts on my life in the early part of my ministry, he assisted, encouraged and stood by me when fellow believers openly condemned me. I salute you Clive Petzer, my brother in Christ.

Phil Botha.

Revelations 14:13

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

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Introduction

This edition of the often, heart wrenching and dramatic life story of Phil Botha was re-written and carefully crafted to present an easier style and format for all readers to grasp and understand. Especially for those sensation seeking teenagers thinking about delving into the occult whose mother tongue is not English. They too will be able to comprehend the extremely important message within the covers of this true life story.

Many surprises lie in store for those already deeply involved in occult *games* or practices and foolishly assume embossed crimson cards entitle one to automatic membership into Satanism for a mere US\$ 200. Concerned and over anxious parents can totally relax and be assured, even before reaching the first chapter.

No young person's future is at risk by reading this book, for it was written specifically for teenagers, parents, teachers and Christians. Exposing the enemy and glorifying Christ in every chapter.

No curses, spells or valid details of any rituals can be found housed within the pages of this Christian biography. Even spirit-guide's personal names have been given pseudonyms to protect youngsters from trying to childishly conjure or call up a demon by their given name. And most important of all, regardless of the length of this book, strict instructions were laid down by Phil Botha, to expose the enemy's true colors, goals, strategies and limitations—with the sole purpose of giving God all the praise, honor and glory.

Triumphantly we reveal the power of God, the real love of Jesus Christ and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, without once giving any credit to the enemy whatsoever! Truth be told, many Christian readers

will be educated, shocked and often challenged to the point of changing some of their pet doctrines, when Phil unashamedly reveals the darkest secrets of Satanism.

Nominal Christians will seriously contemplate new Christian lifestyles, once they read how a Magus in Satanism orders his slaves to ruthlessly carry out missions against the Body of Christ. Even before he converted, Phil witnessed the most damnable effects on human beings minutes after committing the unpardonable sin.

A biblical and very balanced line is drawn throughout this biography, with just a brief outline and explanation of the Doctrines of Devils

The Doctrines of Devils are 35 subjects created and taught to Satanists by evil spirits who manifest themselves inside the Temples in tangible 'human' form and order these doctrines be learnt (*which they personally inspired humans to create many years before*).

Once members of the Church of Satan in the USA read this biography and *become of age* as it were and understand what it takes to become a bona fide Satanist—maybe then they will acknowledge how utterly ridiculous the assumptions were of the late Anton LaVey.

We have purposely refrained from printing any drawings, symbols, recipes, potions, curses, charms, talismans, spells or demonic names for obvious reasons.

Thus canceling out any slight possibility of unstable readers trying to duplicate, imitate, improvise or even summon anything from another dimension and harm their chances of salvation.

You will also notice when reading, the lack of use of the terms 'Satan'—'Lucifer' and the devil! Besides the biblical fact that his created name is not housed in the bible, after biblical explanations by Phil and unprinted information, we decided to use a more suitable term—'*the enemy*.'

Not only do you hold a dynamic true testimony of Christ's power in 2005 in your hands, but also a unique opportunity to educate and

hopefully steer young teenagers away from the grave dangers of the occult, which is *not Satanism at all*.

Anyone trying to contact the dead via a medium, levitating during Yoga or using the Oui'-Ja board, directly opens themselves up to the occult and they are manipulated by demonic spirits. But there is still Good News for those involved in any of the above mentioned occult practices. If they continued for ten years, all they would achieve is being '*involved in the occult*' not Satanism. Just as reading a local newspaper daily for a year cannot make you a member of their staff, neither can any teenager under eighteen years of age ever be recruited, invited or initiated into Satanism.

One of the main reasons every teenager involved in the occult must read this, is because just over 2,000 professional practicing witches and warlocks came out of Satanism in S. Africa and publicly accepted Christ Jesus within the first two years of Phil Botha's ministry. Now with the sudden influx of television programs in S. Africa spreading occult practices, it only seemed fitting to include the open letters written for all teenagers, parents, teachers, members of Satan in the last chapter of this book.

On the 13th February 1981 as the witches Sabbath took place (*or known as Black Mass to Satanists*), the most unrepeatable Satanic 'eclipse of evil' unfolded before me. Phil being the only ex-Magus Thor'rauna in the history of Satanism to escape alive received a phone call from the newly initiated High Priest of Satanism of S. Africa.

After boasting of his position as Magus, he threatened to have Phil put to death before the year was out. That night before dozens of students from the Stellenbosch University of S. Africa Phil Botha openly wept before the Lord and pleaded for the lost soul of that angry young man who still resides as Magus High Priest in 2005.

I was introduced to Jan, a loving father and the brothers of that arrogant and current High Priest of S. Africa and challenge him in an Open Letter housed in the final chapter of this book. His dedicated Christian father was promised by God that he shall be saved before the

Rapture. I call upon every Christian who reads this book to join me and those 2,000 former witches Phil Botha led out of the Satanism to Christ. Let's pray for the salvation of S. Africa's Magus in 2005 and on behalf of Jan his father—in Jesus' name....

Deceived by “Light” and Darkness

I grew up in Pietermaritzburg, Natal on the south east coast of South Africa where I did my schooling, but those days were not happy ones as I was considered ‘different’ and could not make friends with the other pupils. No one knew what was really going on inside my head and didn’t seem to care about the great fear I developed towards God. *That punishing God* preached from the pulpit was always so full of hate towards me and all mankind, threatening punishment to all who refused to obey Him.

Many times I crawled under my bed in fear of God when those Natal thunderstorms raged and begged Him not to let the lightning strike me. At first I feared God, but later the fear turned to hate and continued to grow into my late teens. Later I began foolishly shouting and challenging God to come down from Heaven that I could crucify Him again a second time.

I would often scream abuse and profanity at Him because my parents ordered me to attend Sunday school. Only to be forced to hear Jehovah’s commandments to do this and not do that, so people could be justified before God, the Dominee always said. (*In S. Africa, the term Dominee is used amongst the Afrikaans speaking churches addressing their own pastor*).

One night I was woken from a deep sleep by a presence and saw in the darkness, a woman standing at the bottom of my bed. Dressed in white with long blonde hair I saw her clearly though the darkness as

she stared back at me and smiled. I screamed in horror, waking my mother who rushed into my room seconds after that specter had disappeared. The next morning I started jerking and twisting uncontrollably with a bad case of St. Vitas dance and remained that way for almost six months.

During those months that same scepter appeared again, four more times and slowly, I started accepting her. Surprisingly, all the fear left me and I found myself wishing she would reappear again and again. She did manifest again, but only some twenty years later when I was ready to accept her as a natural phenomena in my life.

After graduating from school I immediately started working in a rather small laboratory as a technical assistant. It was a month before my eighteenth birthday and I had to prepare for my confirmation. (*a very strict and old tradition in the Afrikaans community my parents had forced me to attend*). But it was also compulsory for all Afrikaans children at a certain age to enter into a two week crash course-bible study and then be '*officially confirmed*' as members of that congregation.

What excited us boys the most, was the legal acceptance we gained by tasting alcohol for the very first time in public. And it was even offered to us by the Dominee himself during Holy Communion so *it had to be good* in God's eyes, because it pleased our parents and the Dominee. Yet it had no basic relevance in our young confused lives at all. Parents ordering children to serve an impersonal angry God, just because their parents forced them to do the same!

We were shocked on that Sunday morning, hearing all of us had received the assurance of going straight to Heaven. Just by reciting a paragraph we were ordered to learn off by heart, how Jesus was born of a Virgin, died for our sins and rose the third day. Instantly that 'made' us children of God and fully fledged members of that congregation?

However in total confusion we stared at each other frowning as the Dominee finished his sermon by guaranteeing *our parents* that all of us were now children of God and would therefore spend eternity in Heaven because our names had just been written in the Lamb's Book

of Life! I for one never understood how reciting bible passages gave anyone eternal life. But then again no one was ever allowed to question or disagree with anything the Dominee said, decided or preached.

Nothing changed in my life on the day of my confirmation or afterwards except my growing hate towards God Jehovah. Personally I felt the only good thing about confirmation, was for the first time in my life my decisions were respected, so I naturally stopped going to church right after confirmation.

A few days before my eighteenth birthday, a young man started work at the laboratory and I realized he was very different to everyone else. He read books on the occult and spiritualism and his ideas were strange, yet so very interesting and I started asking him questions on the spirit world and God. He told me that the God of the Bible was a myth because God is love and being love, there could never be a Hell or damnation as a place of punishment for society called sin.

He spoke with such conviction making me wish I knew more about this religion and his freedom from all fear. I asked him which Church he attended and he said the Sanctuary of the Great Light and invited me to accompany him to the next service and I eagerly accepted. That Saturday evening he picked me up at home and we drove eastward along the national road towards Durban, till we came to an old abandoned Roman Catholic Church where he stopped and parked his car.

Everything was in darkness and many cars were parked outside the old building. He walked to the door, knocked and showed a medallion to the hesitant doorkeeper who allowed us in. The place was lit by dim red lights and filled with people smoking, drinking and to my shock and utter astonishment some couples were in a state of undress, having sex on the floor. Then on the other side of the room, I saw a huge black draped altar with an inverted crucifix on it.

Panic set in and I urged my friend to take me home, but said he had already arranged to see someone and promised to take me back straight afterwards. I stood around feeling very awkward and so out of place, till someone welcomed me and pushed a glass into my hand. After a

short while I started to sip the contents and later emptied the glass. And then received a second and a third, so by the time my friend returned to take me home, I insisted we stay a while longer as I was enjoying myself too much.

We only left that place the next morning before dawn and I returned a few times alone and was always very warmly accepted as one of them in their Sanctuary. However on a certain evening, on my arrival there was some kind of ceremony was taking place. A young naked man was dancing to the pulsating beat of drums and strange eastern type music. I watched in awe and fascination as his toned body twisted and curled, muscles rippling and glistening under the red lights.

A short time later, I became aware of someone staring at me and I looked over my shoulder to see a tall man dressed in long white overalls staring right back at me. He beckoned me to join him at his table and I walked across the floor noticing how large in stature he was. Standing next to him (*being six feet, two inches tall myself*) I had to gaze up at his massive pair of shoulders and very thin waistline.

He must have stood over seven feet tall, with long blonde hair, huge blue eyes and the most perfect features I'd ever seen on any male before. He casually asked if I wished to dance like the young man and I nodded yes in reply. He told me to look into his eyes and in doing so, I noticed from somewhere in the back of his eyes a light appeared....then I felt something warm and pleasant enfolding me.

Though I tried desperately, it was impossible to stop staring into his eyes and slowly I felt myself stripping off all my clothing until I was completely naked. I started swaying to the pulsating rhythm of very strange music and had to join in the dance. Before long I lost control over my body and I danced as if in a dream.....all my movements being automatic and smooth!

For over an hour I danced and then fell exhausted onto the floor, then was effortlessly picked up by this tall muscular giant of a man who carried me to a side room where I caught my breath and slowly dressed.

In this small room was a single bed upon which he sat and turning to me, asked if I'd like to become a priest to the Sanctuary, which I eagerly accepted. Though I had not the slightest idea of what it would entail or require of me.

"First there are two questions I must ask you before we can accept you as a priest. You must think very carefully and be honest in your answers," he said.

"Yes I will think carefully and be truthful before replying," I answered.

"Very well then, let us begin. The first question, have you ever at any time accepted Jesus Christ as your own personal Savior?"

"Er...um, I'm not sure what you mean, but I have been confirmed a few weeks ago after a two week bible study." I replied struggling to justify myself and hoped it was sufficient for me to be accepted.

"Confirmation?" he exclaimed loudly with a broad frown across his forehead. "That means nothing at all. Have you ever accepted Jesus as your personal Savior?" he asked again with much irritation in his voice.

"No!" I replied and finished dressing. At this point I became slightly intimidated by this rude interrogator and quite unsure of his intentions as his whole attitude had changed when I struggled to understand and give the correct answer he expected from me.

"The second question. Have you ever whilst praying, suddenly started praying or speaking in another strange language? In other words have you ever received the baptism of the Holy Ghost?" I could see he was getting very impatient and tried to answer him as quickly and as honestly as I could.

"Er....I er...I was taught during confirmation classes by our Dominee that only Apostolic churches believed in that and it doesn't happen anymore. Our Church doesn't believe in this tongues speaking stuff." I replied and chuckled under my breath at the very thought of it being allowed in my parents' congregation.

"Have you ever had those experiences and you must be honest with me?" he insisted, the irritation growing in his voice, glaring back at me

across the darkly lit room, which I couldn't wait to exist. I felt very uneasy and fumbled with my shirt buttons, trying to look composed as I replied with an obvious tremble in my voice.

"No, I have never done those things. I was forbidden to ever attend any of those Apostolic churches. Why do you ask these strange kind of questions and what has it got to do with the priesthood?" He turned on me and almost spat out the answer with a touch of pride and anger in his voice.

"If you had personally experienced either of those two events in your life, we would *never ever accept* you as a priest, but only as an ordinary member and slave of the Movement! We consider such a person who has had them (*his voice rose in volume*) and dares to come here to us, is not even good enough for our Master to *spit upon*." he concluded angrily.

"Well I...er" hesitantly tried to pacify him by saying. "I've never had any of those experiences, honest and besides, the church has always condemned it anyway. We were taught that God is cruel and is nothing, but a God of wrath." I added, hoping I sounded convincing enough. The tall gentleman moved across the bed and grinned sarcastically before replying.

"Yes....if only those churches knew what harm they were doing to themselves and others.....those blind ignorant fools!"

"What, er...what do you mean exactly by that?" I asked him in a very half hearted manner.

"Never mind now, I will explain it to you later. I must prepare you for your initiation into the priesthood, starting tomorrow evening! Can you get away from home every night for the next two weeks?" he asked. I nodded yes and he continued. "I want you to go to this address tomorrow night and you'll find the place easily enough of course?" He handed me a piece of paper on which the address was neatly written, yet startled me as I recognized the address only too well.

"But.....wait a minute, this is a *Christian Church*?" I said totally confused. He stood up towering over me once again and with a slight

annoyance in his voice and explained with a sinister chuckle in his voice.

“Christian? No it is definitely *not* Christian. They profess to be Christian, but they are exactly like us, just seen by the ignorant public under another cloak that’s all. There are many of these so-called ‘Christian churches’ that have gone so far from the truth in the Bible, that they cannot be true believers.” Shocked by this new revelation, I stood there stunned as he opened the door and said. “Call at this place tomorrow evening and ask for Zurall. In this *so-called Christian* church, they will help prepare you for your initiations into the priesthood.”

“What a strange name....Zurall?” I replied as I slowly walked towards the open door.

“It may sound strange to you, but that is my name.” he said and walked off into the dark shadows, leaving me to ponder over many things I had learnt that night. Shortly afterwards I left the Sanctuary and felt pleased with myself, but still tried to understand why those specific questions were asked and the very strange reasons given by Zurall?

The following evening as instructed, I went to the arranged place and the preparation began. I was led down a side passage of the church to a small chamber, handed a small book and was left alone to study it. As I turned to the first few pages, I sat up with a start, staring at the first paragraph in the book. The Lord’s Prayer was so twisted and revised that I felt sick on my stomach. To me that prayer was always the one I said at night before going to sleep, to please God and justify me from been punished.

That night I was forced to memorize the revised version of that prayer and had to repeat it over and over to Zurall, then later I was forced to place certain emphasis on different parts. The rest of the book contained instructions regarding my behavior towards superiors and other members of the Temple. There were also many strict instructions regarding friends, family and those on the outside in the

Pentecostal churches and evangelical movements—our greatest enemies.

The latter I found more confusing and strange because, how could I be harmed by these enemies of the Movement once I was a priest of Lucifer, whom I decided to serve with my life? I even posed this question to Zurall, who was rather reluctant to share too much with me before I was initiated.

“How could a Pentecostal church member ever harm me or even you?”

“Not physically harm us, but they are the nearest thing to real dedicated Christians as you can find. They have not wavered from the Bible and they not only believe in the manifestations of the Holy Ghost, but unfortunately many still use and practice these gifts He gives to obedient saints who openly welcome Him into all their services as well. Therefore they are our greatest and worst enemies on earth! We reject the Bible and IOVA (*the term for Jesus Christ when discussing Him amongst fellow slaves*) because they serve Him whole heartedly and we are complete opposites and their greatest enemies of the cross!”

“But surely all the churches believe in God, the Holy Spirit and Jesus Christ? Why then are they not all *our enemies*?” I logically asked.

“Because of the manifestation of the Holy Ghost of course. Have you not been listening?” he angrily replied, then explained with a deep hatred in his voice that obviously went back thousands of years. “IOVA is able to use believers in any church if the manifestations of His Spirit are freely accepted and practiced amongst them. He will even use one dedicated follower as His mouth piece, to speak to an entire gathering of believers.

His message will then be brought forth in an unknown tongue and interpreted into the spoken *or mother tongue* of that local assembly, helping everyone present to understand. IOVA also heals the sick, drives out the messengers of my Master and still does wonders and miracles. But only through a very small group of certain believers now

days.” He concluded very annoyed. I frowned at him and seriously questioned his statement.

“You are obviously kidding aren’t you....IOVA? I thought God never did anything good for others. Doesn’t He hate all human beings who disobey Him? I was even taught that by my old Sunday school teacher.” I replied.

“If only that was true.” Zurall ended the conversation right there. “Be here tomorrow evening at eight and do not go to any one of those churches just to satisfy your curiosity!”

On my way home, once again I was puzzled and bewildered with the new insight I had received. I had never heard or seen any manifestations of the Holy Ghost before and still found it difficult to picture God speaking directly to humans? Suddenly I laughed out aloud and thought to myself (*He was obviously joking—to see if I would believe him. Zurall was only testing me, to see if I’d dare visit one of those churches. Zurall must really think I’m a fool. God speaking to humans? Not since His Son was crucified I’m sure, because obviously now He hates the world.*

“God, can You hear me?” I raised my voice and fist to the stars and challenged God. “I just want to tell *You*....that I do not fear You at all anymore. I know that You don’t really exist as a caring God, but only as a destroyer. I have decided to take Lucifer as my God. I don’t want a God who is jealous and angry, that’s just what You are! If You could strike me down dead right now You would, but You can’t because I belong to Lucifer and I’m no longer afraid of *You*.” I shouted out in anger mingled with fear.

Almost immediately without warning, there was a tremendous bright flash across the sky as a meteor plunged towards the earth and I thought *what if a thunder storm suddenly developed on my way home? Would I still be so full of myself, I wondered.* The next night I received a tattoo on the back of my left hand. It was a black cobra snake and I shuddered at the sight of the tattoo, for I feared snakes almost as much as I feared a thunderstorm.

For obvious reasons I refuse to go into much detail concerning any ceremonies, but at certain times when I share detailed descriptions it is to reveal how highly complex and utterly dangerous Satanism really is in its truest form of deception. No ritual, ceremony or any methods used to 'invoke any spirit' will be outlined and cannot be found on the Inter Net either and the reasons will be given later.

On the seventh night and during my third initiation, there was a final ceremony where I had to lie down in a coffin and be buried alive. The lid was shut and screwed down tightly before I felt the fear starting to choke me. I wanted to scream and bang my fists against the lid and sides, but remained 'calm' by biting my bottom lip between my teeth. When I felt the coffin lift and sway slightly as the zombies found their grip on the six handles, I burst out crying under my breath.

My hysterical sobs were naturally drowned out by the unearthly sound of chanting by the priests as the zombies carried me outside...onwards, swaying helplessly to my death. Madness, fear, suffocation and slow death, raced through my mind as I forced myself not to cry out. The coffin swayed from side to side as the chanting increased in volume in those low monotonous and haunting voices.

Clenching my fists till my chewed off nails almost dug into my skin, I felt the veins in my face and neck almost bursting with every throb of blood from my over taxed heart. My weight shifted to one side as they clambering over rocks, almost losing their grip. All at once, the swaying and chanting stopped and the coffin was placed on solid ground, then Zurall's powerful voice broke the deathly, unearthly silence.

"Phil, we are going to lower the coffin into your grave now. Are you still prepared to go through with it? There will be no chance afterwards to stop these Zombies from burying you alive, fore they will only obey my commands. Are you very....very sure Phil? His last sentence faded into the night air and my mind began to scream '*Let me out, please God let me out.*' But as calmly as I could, I answered with a fraction of boldness in my quivering voice.

“Yes...I’m sure. Carry on!” I will never find words to describe the horror of that terrifying night of fear and smell of death that seized my heart, mind and soul. Uncontrollably my heart began to pound faster and faster towards certain cardiac arrest in pitch black darkness and utter silence this time. They lowered the coffin into the grave and I began to sob again softly as I felt the coffin bump against the sides of the freshly dug, *six foot grave!*

Choked with fear and the lack of saliva in my throat to swallow, tears started rolling down my cheeks, burning my eyes as I lay trapped with my arms pinned at my sides, unable to wipe them. Then the reality of utter helplessness dawned on me as the first spade of soil was thrown on the lid of the coffin. *I was....being buried alive.*

Eventually the silence engulfed me and any slight movement I made sounded like a pistol shot next to my ear. Everything became so very still and ever so silent. With my eyes wide open and the black darkness in the coffin entertaining my very emotional and unstable mind, the only ‘*sane thought*’ that managed to reach my brain was—inevitable suffocation and.....a very slow death!

I remained motionless for what seemed like an eternity then out of the blackness appeared a growing white light? Slowly it changed into a very well known face. It was Zurall’s face smiling and my first reaction was that insanity was taking over and flooding my mind. I shut my eyes tightly for a brief moment then opened them again slowly and the face was gone!

After a short while a bright red light glowed from inside the coffin above my chest, changing form into that of a very beautiful woman with long blonde hair. She was stretched out on top of me and her naked body was being pressed up against mine. As part of the ceremony, each candidate must face death naked—the way they entered this lost world.

I could feel her warmth against me, trying to seduce and arouse me, so I concentrated on an old woman who had once tried to seduce me

when I was ten years of age and thus succeeded in building up resistance against this scepter's advances till it suddenly vanished!

But in her place appeared a huge snake with its head raised and ready to strike. My only *defense* was to close my eyes and just wait for those fangs to dig into my flesh and put an end to this mind boggling ordeal. How long I trembled beneath that snake's darting head and razor sharp fangs I'll never know, but my body was bathed in sweat by the time I heard in a distance....movement of sand? Yes, then the scraping of a spade against a stone and it was getting louder and louder.

I felt the coffin being hoisted up and my heart raced at the thought of being rescued as it was once again placed on solid ground. Hearing the lid being unscrewed I broke down and sobbed like a baby at the thought of not having to die, but more terrified of the uncertainty of my destiny? The light was blinding when the bearers lifted the lid and Zurall helped me out of the coffin, with a huge sarcastic grin on his face.

"How do you feel Phil?" he inquired.

"I'm fine, but I hope I never have to go through that ordeal again?" He assured me that everything else leading up to the main initiation was easy and what I had just accomplished was the worst of the lot. Once again on my way home, I pondered over the ordeal and was so relieved it was over. But that night I had the worst nightmares of my life, about being buried alive.....over and over. The following nights, initiations and experiences are of no importance to anyone outside the Movement and would only produce curiosity in young readers, so I will naturally refrain.

2

Renouncing Christ

The night before my final initiation and entrance into Satanism, my entire body was shaved and every hair on my body had to be removed, in order to be rubbed with foul smelling oils at hourly intervals. All candidates desiring to be true followers of Satan must have their entire bodies shaved clean as demons and spirit-guides possess hairless bodies when they take on human form. I remained that way till the following evening. Meditating on everything I been taught and what was expected of me during the last ceremony.

The sky was ominously black, clouds twisted their way across the sky like a huge angry dragon in agony, accompanied by an incessant howling wind through the trees, branches and phone lines as Zurall and I were driven to the Temple. I glanced up at the menacing sky and Zurall knowing my fear for thunderstorms indulged himself with his sick humor at my expense and said. "Perfect night for evil spirits to be on the loose." to which I just nodded in agreement, being far too nervous to reply.

We arrived at the Temple and went straight inside. All the old familiar faces were present. Familiar, yet unknown to me seeing I didn't knew any of their names.

We all laughed and they were very friendly, yet I felt so rotten and wanted to run away—far away from the threatening storm brewing outside and from myself.

"Come. We must go and prepare ourselves" called Zurall and I took my cloak and followed him to a chamber. In silence I undressed myself and sat on the bed waiting for the moment I was to enter the hall to be

officially initiated. Zurall stood next to me and tried to encourage me by saying "Remember all you have been taught and don't make *any* mistakes." as he placed his hand on my shoulder. "You have been chosen from thousands of young men by Thor'rauna himself. Supreme ruler of all Temples and Sanctuaries in the whole of Africa and America. Be true to your calling and let no one stand in your way, not even me!"

Zurall turned and went into the hall to make the announcement about the initiation ceremony to the others, when someone walked into the room and I noticed it was my old friend and work colleague who had initially invited me to the Temple.

"Phil? What are you doing here? You can't be seriously considering joining the priesthood? You must be mad to go through with it?"

"Yes." I answered him proudly. "I'm being initiated tonight into the priesthood and who are you to say such things to me...now? Weren't you the one who brought me to their Temple in the first place?" I said verbally attacking him.

"But I didn't mean for you to become so involved in it. I only wanted you to see for yourself what the place was like." he explained with a look of deep concern on his face. I glared back at him with contempt and retaliated harshly.

"Thanks for telling me now! I *really* appreciate it. Now you can get out. Goodbye." I raised my voice in anger at him very sarcastically, unsure of the depth of my involvement with Zurall and the others, but he came closer and confronted me again and asked. "You..... you will be sorry Phil and then it will be too late for you. Or is it too late already? Has he made love to you, are you a sodomite?" Needing clarification I turned on him and shouted at him.

"What the hell do you mean by those accusations? Whatever is a Sodomite and who was supposed to make love to me?" Before he could answer, I was called for the initiation ceremony and had to leave the room immediately and down a long dimly lit hall. I walked slowly to the front of the altar where I knelt inside the smallest circle, encircled

by yet a larger one and noticed that in perfect mathematical formation between these two circles were painted the signs of the Zodiac symbols.

Once more I was completely naked as nudity plays a large role in Satanism. Everything was completely still as I had to start reciting the verses I was ordered to memorize before rejecting the Holy Trinity and accepting the unholy three in my life. A wafer used at Holy Communion was handed to me and I chewed it a few times and spat it out onto the floor completing the rejection of the body of Christ.

I then stood up and recited a revised version of the 'Lord's Prayer' and immediately knelt down again, very conscious of the beads of sweat running down my forehead, not knowing what to expect next? Zurall then placed a white cloak over my shoulders and received a black cat from one of his helpers, slit its throat and allowed the blood to spurt over my white cloak which was immediately removed allowing the blood to freely spill and run down over my naked body.

This being the candidate's strongest public rejection, scorn and the total disrespect for the blood of Christ shed which produced righteousness on the forgiven believer (the white cloak). The cloak is then removed signifying the candidate's belief that the blood shed on the cross had no power of forgiveness or redemption of sin at all (thus the spilling over a naked body-Adam being naked and without sin, having no need for a Savior before falling from God's grace).

As the blood spills onto the floor, the candidate willfully and without any inducement of drugs, pressure or alcohol and with the sound mind of an eighteen year old or older-publicly renounces and declares that the blood of IOVA (Jesus Christ) is as worthless as that of any animal sacrificed and is just as insignificant, irrelevant and worthless to anyone outside the two circles.

At the conclusion of my baptism into Satanism (*in which I rejected Christ again*) some of the blood was caught up in a bowl and handed to me to drink. Zurall himself came forward, handed me the bowl and stared at me, waiting for the completion of the ceremony. Carefully

holding the icy cold stainless steel rimmed bowl with my right hand and waiting for the two bearers to place the black cloak over my shoulders, I placed my left hand under the bowl to steady it and felt the warm blood of the animal inside.

Without any warning, a terrific thunderclap shook the whole building and all the lights went out. With my fear of thunderstorms and lightning, I naturally cried out through the darkness and my words echoed across the room before I knew what I was saying. "Oh God help me?" From somewhere candles were produced and the weak ghostly flickering light threw long wavering shadows, but only from fifteen of the sixteen people standing in the room, all except Zurall which puzzled me?

The ceremony continued and I was made to reject the blood of Jesus Christ a final time and accept the blood of the animal instead. As I rose to my feet, thirty loose pieces of silver were thrust into my hand—the price of a Judas Iscariot. I was taken back to the little room by Zurall who slammed the door shut behind him and locked it. Moving towards me I could see he was furious as he slapped me across the face and mockingly cried out "*Oh God help me*. He had better help you by the time I'm finished with you?"

He pushed me backwards and I fell onto the bed, but before I could rise Zurall's huge frame was on top of me, pressing me down, biting my neck, my shoulders and my lips. I struggled in vain against his massive and powerful body. After a while he stood away from me to admire his handy work and I shouted at him "Get away from me you filthy swine." Zurall just smiled and stood there looking at me.

"Does it hurt? Here look into my eyes" then sarcastically repeated "*Look into my eyes*. That's right, look into my eyes and the pain will go away." ignoring what I had told him. Looking into his eyes I felt a strange warmth immediately flooding my mind and then remember some unknown power began to envelope me. I closed my eyes and sank into a bottomless pit and after a while I surfaced. Zurall was sit-

ting on the bottom of the bed when I opened my eyes and for the first time I saw his entire naked, hairless and very powerfully built body.

With a start I sat up when I saw for the first time, Zurall's hand had *six fingers*. He stretched himself out on the bed I saw he also had six toes on each foot.

"Who...or *what* are you? You're not human!" I said and tried to get off the bed.

"What do you mean, who or what am I? Didn't you know I was an angel?" he answered with a look of concern and amusement on his face.

"But.... but you have six fingers on each hand and...and six toes on each foot? You are not human, nor an angel. More like a devil than an angel." I spat out my reply at him. "What did you do with me...what did you *do with me?*" I angrily demanded, feeling the pain all over my body intensify.

"Oh, but yes I am an angel. Only an angel on the Left Hand Path and to your question of what I did to you, well that you should know yourself! You are not that innocent." he said as he grabbed hold of me again and pulled me back toward him. "Now....you are my property, to do with as I please. Your body belongs to me, plus both your spirit and soul to your new god Lucifer—my God and Lord.

You cannot resist me Phil and you will not even try to resist me. You will want to be with me. Yes, with me alone, for I'm your master and there is nothing you can do about it. Look into my eyes and let it sink into your mind. *You are mine and mine only.*" he continued.

Even as he spoke I tried to resist, but couldn't break his hold over me and I ended up staring into those huge blue eyes, where something lit up from within him and I found myself automatically repeating after him. "*Yes.....I belong to you and nobody else.....I belong to you only.*"

On 4th February 1956 I was with 6 others on the auction market and sold to an unknown person for the sum of 1,200 British pounds. All buyers had to be magicians and registered at the Temple of Light.

Every person purchased, became the buyer's property for the next 6 months to do with as the owner wished! My 'new master' turned out to be none other than Zurall himself. He bought me to be his sole property and I was his slave to do his bidding—which turned into a living Hell.

In the days and weeks that followed I fully understood what my former work colleague had said was so very, very true. I belonged to Zurall and did whatever he commanded. I was tightly caught in the web he had prepared for me and could not free myself, regardless of what I tried. Under his guidance I learnt how to make talisman and the lucky charms to sexually attract any male or female, without them even realizing it. Once the talisman was formed, I effortlessly commanded the Incubus or Succubus to take up its abode in the talisman and when to control the minds of whoever I lusted after.

When wearing one of these talismans, I needed only to gaze into the person's eyes I wished to seduce and send a mental command to these spirits and instant power was given to me over that particular victim's will and they would be unable to resist my advances. Once I saw how easy it worked, I became rather careless in my choices and many happy marriages and home situations were destroyed in the process. (*Incubus and Succubus are male and female lower forms of lust demons*).

My whole life revolved around Zurall at that time and I became very jealous of anyone being a little too long in his company. One night I arrived at the Temple unexpectedly and discovered Zurall and a young man lying intimately on a bed. I created a scene and then left, walking all the way to Howick (*some 10 miles away*) and eventually stood there above the high waterfalls, deciding whether or not to commit suicide.

As I stood there Zurall materialized and stood beside me and challenged me to jump. "Why don't you jump? That's why you came up here not so? Before you try to jump remember this Phil. Your purpose is not yet fulfilled and before that time *you cannot and will not take your own life*, because your destiny has been planned and no matter what you try to do-*you will never break your own destiny*." he said harshly,

then left me standing there, foolishly and helplessly trapped within my own choices in life.

I didn't return to Pietermaritzburg, but decided to hitch a ride to Pretoria where I stumbled upon some Christians and asked them for help. They told me just to believe that Jesus was the Son of God and I would be saved! I explained to them that I *already did believe* and to my utter disbelief and amazement, they also tried to give me the same 'eternal assurance' the Dominee had done years ago. They shook my hand and left, reassuring me that I had eternal life and there was nothing to worry about because I *was then* converted and saved from Hell?

The next day I was approached by two men I had never seen before and was forced at gun point into a car and taken back to Pietermaritzburg. Even though I was pleased to be back with Zurall, he was not at all pleased with me and knocked two of my front teeth out with a single blow, then started slapping me about. He must have knocked me out because when I regained consciousness, he told me that the Supreme Thor'rauna himself had intervened on my behalf.

At this point I must add that during those first few years in the priesthood I had tried to break away from Satanism a few times and even went to see pastors, evangelists, priests, doctors and booked myself into nursing homes, but not one of them could help me. Today I realize that they could not help me because they did not live dedicated Christian lives.

After this traumatic ordeal Zurall left me alone and I became used to the idea of him having other interests. We went our own ways and I found out much later, that the Bible even spoke about him and his kind in the book of 11 Samuel 21: 20. I wasn't sorry when we were separated, for things came to a head at the end of 1959 and I was told I had to get away from a few members of the Temple who sought to do me harm.

During my years in Satanism, before I became High Priest I was also instructed to attend evangelistic meetings, so I could see for myself

how evangelists prayed for demon possessed people. It was very strange for a Satanist, to hear supposedly '*theologically trained*' pastors and evangelists in Pentecostal churches praying in total ignorance. They commanded an evil spirit, who had possessed a human body "I rebuke you *and bind you* in the name of Jesus Christ."

I laughed under my breath knowing only too well that an evil spirit possessing someone would be clinging on for dear life inside that body when confronted by a Spirit-filled believer. Those familiar spirits were the same ones that taught us in the Temples never allow possession to occur within fifty feet of these Spirit filled people, as only they had the power from IOVA to cast demons out.

Yet whilst these ministers shouted at the top of their voices (*as if more volume equals more power*) their prayers merely strengthened the demon's hold inside. Thor'rauna explained the tremendous power a Spirit filled believer had when using IOVA's name. I watched countless ignorant pastors binding evil spirits within possessed people and though they meant to cast the spirit out, demons cannot read minds and they are bound (*and gagged*) to that body in Jesus' name.

Congregations raised on those erroneous doctrines from the mid sixties would give thanks to their God, as the exhausted victim comes out of their trance, thinking he or she was now delivered. However we of the Left Hand Path watching these circus shows, knew only too well how evil spirits deceive and even allow those individuals to mouth certain Pentecostal liturgy and fool those pastors.

A few hours later that same spirit, would naturally become active again making that person's life a living Hell. It always proved to be so and after a few weeks the person's life would become unbearable. Suicide normally became the only real solution for them, simply because that demon was never cast out of the unsaved soul in the first place.

I made friends with one evangelist and was later invited to help with his correspondence and eventually I ended up staying at his home as his guest. He also told me just to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and I would be saved. Now I always did believe Jesus was the Son of Jehovah

God, so naturally I complied to his request and on that *confession alone*, he baptized me in water in a small river called Coldstream just outside Volksrus on a warm Sunday afternoon, without a single clue of who I really was.

That evening I shocked the people in this evangelist's tent meeting, by telling everyone what I actually believed in. The next morning, as it was the custom *having my expertise*—I officiated the Voodoo ceremony in Hillbrow, Johannesburg, as I was certainly not planning to give up my position in the Satanist movement just yet.

One evening I returned home late after conducting a Voodoo ceremony and this evangelist was very annoyed and swore at me, behaving in a very unchristian like manner and I decided there and then to leave, but first he had to be taught a lesson for what he said to me! The next day I made an invocation to the demon of death asking that one of his much loved daughters be killed '*accidentally*' *of course* and on my return that evening I heard how it had tried, but was unsuccessful.

The children had a rubber inflated swimming pool and were playing in it when the youngest was nearly drowned by something that held her under the water. The wife of the evangelist (*who was much more spiritual than her husband*) managed to pull her daughter out of the pool to safety and then rebuked the demon responsible. Some visitors arrived the next evening and I went in search of the evangelist, who was in his bedroom.

After knocking on the door and mistaking his '*Coming*' for '*Come in*' I entered the room to find him taking pills from a bottle and recognized the label. It was the very drugs he was still addicted to, which he boasted about to the crowds in his tent meetings every week. I turned and stormed off to my bedroom, where I packed my case and left that same hour. I was not going to stay with an evangelist who hypocritically claimed to have been set free from drugs by Jesus Christ when he was still very much addicted to them.

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an

observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consultant with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord and because of these abominations the LORD thy God doth drive them out from before thee. Thou shalt be perfect with the LORD thy God.” (Deuteronomy 18:10–13)

3

Attaining Magus—Thor'rauna



(Achieving High Priest of Satan of S. Africa)

On the morning I arrived in Johannesburg by train it was raining. The dark grey clouds filled the sky creating a sinister touch to my new position in the Temple and I so hated the thunder and lightning immensely. The chilly wind blew the odd pieces of newspaper and dirt along the cold concrete platforms and made it seem a little more like winter than summer. Armed only with an address given to me by Zurall, I followed strict instructions. Not being allowed to drive myself, I hailed the nearest taxi and lost myself completely in the poverty along the way. All the hopelessness portrayed in the below-middle-class houses saddened me as we sped past poorly kept homes and blocks of flats that hadn't seen paint in years.

The address led me to an old dilapidated building in Kaptein Street in Hillbrow and with some reluctance I knocked on the front door. I was invited in and led into a room where I was told to await the arrival of someone named Ge'orb. Soon afterwards he arrived and I initially thought it was Zurall, but realized this person was much taller and more massive than Zurall.

He towered over me and after identifying myself and stating my business, he told me to call at another address only a few doors away in the same block of flats where an apartment had been especially prepared for me. I was to call at the Temple that same evening at 7-00 pm.

My new living quarters was situated on the eighth floor and was very elaborately furnished. In the kitchen, the latest electrical appliances had been installed and the cupboards were neatly stacked with all the necessary foods we were allowed to consume. The fridge was also stocked up with fresh dairy products and meat (*for visitors*). Everything and anything I was to need in future to make my stay very comfortable would be supplied by members of the movement in future.

The weeks that followed were the same old tedious routines until Ge'orb instructed told me to join a spiritualist church or a branch of their order to be trained as a medium in the shortest possible time. My own choice was a well known spiritualist church on the East Rand which I started attending twice a week, which is a very closed circle for mediums only. There I made contact with another part of '*Christianity*' that I never knew existed.

They prayed to God and even worshipped Jesus Christ, but claimed the teachings of the spirit world made the teachings of Jesus Christ and the Holy Bible obsolete. Some of the much older and more qualified mediums had terrible arguments with me concerning certain teachings of Jesus Christ, because I claimed the Bible was true, yet they said it was false.

I stated according to the bible passages I had read, the blood of Jesus Christ was enough for the redemption of all mankind and they were all stunned and totally horrified. I knew then that they were one of those churches Zurall told me about, who conducted hidden Satanic doctrines under a cloak of deception to recruit the ignorant folk in the street.

The tension grew as I was commanded to attend their services in order to become an open medium through the very teachings of one of these 'Christian' churches. Eventually I managed to astral project from my body for the very first time and this excited me, being able to hover above and around my own physical body sitting in the mediation position. There was a thin silver cord-like thread from the bottom of my 'life force'.

This fascinated me as it effortlessly floated in what I can only describe as slow animation or like being out of the earth's atmosphere when gravity loses most of its control over the human body. I also became very apprehensive to astral project for the fun of it after Zurall warned me of many half-hearted attempts of astral traveling.

Many resulted in a lack of protection over the shell—the devotee's motionless empty body and when an outsider tried to waken them or an accident occurred, they were naturally unable to re-enter their bodies.

Their 'roaming spirits and souls' couldn't be permitted re-entry again and were faced with the most indescribable torment, coupled with horrific and repulsive demonic encounters the Lord instructed me never to share with anyone else. No one outside of Satanism ever needs to see the faintest glimpse of such magnitude and diabolical helplessness of roaming souls being continuously tormented awaiting that final day.

During local projection when a medium's spirit is confined to the perimeter of the gathering—the distance allowed by one's silver cord, my body was immediately housed and controlled by another spirit to speak to the others present. That was called a complete trans-state. On one occasion a spirit called Thor'rauna, spoke through me on the Bible truths which were all rejected by those present. The name Thor'rauna sounded vaguely familiar, but I struggled to recall where I had heard that very strange sounding name before.

That same night, he spoke through me and asked for a piece of canvas and oil paints. Using my right hand he painted a portrait of himself in less than ten minutes and read instructions to those present, never glancing once at the painting. The portrait was so perfectly lifelike and being my very first encounter, I was completely flabbergasted when my peers shared what that spirit had just read and taught them whilst painting the portrait...*using my body!*

After that trans-state everything went smoothly and I progressed very rapidly as a spirit-medium and later I also became what the Move-

ment calls 'a rescue medium' and learnt most of these teachings within the very services of two of these seven churches of Satan. It is the most disgustingly hideous outrage any demon or principality could have thought up.

A supposedly lost person or soul of a departed loved one was given another chance to find salvation. But of course, their salvation could only be secured by accepting the *Light* from one of these churches. I only allowed it to happen a few times to me then refused to continue. To me it was a mockery of the Holy Scriptures and everything considered holy by others. I was even taught in Satanism never to mock or ridicule anyone's religion or beliefs, regardless of their truth or error.

One evening the leader of the gathering told me to stop praying the way I did, as their spirit guides felt offended when I mentioned the blood of Jesus Christ and could not manifest. I reminded them that it was taught in the Bible, to mention His blood in certain prayers and this belief of mine was received with an angry reply from their leader.

"Damn the Bible! That old book should be banned or kept only in the archives. It is so old fashioned and obsolete."

"Oh?" I replied very surprised, but somewhat angry. "I thought you were all Christians?" and was even more shocked by his response to my statement.

"We are....but we are *enlightened*. We do not believe the Bible, but rather receive enlightenment by the *Aquarian Gospel*." Unknown to them, I had to study those books and knew its many flaws and silly superstitions.

"Then you obviously can't be real Christians if you believe in the *Aquarian Gospels*." I purposely stirred and even explained in agonizing detail, how I remembered hearing a young man at an open air meeting use the blood of Jesus to open his service.

I told the priest I had assumed he led a 'Christian church' so I simply copied that evangelist's prayer word for word before every séance I led in their gatherings. It was no wonder they had no real success after that. But later that same night, I was told there was nothing further

they could teach me and rudely advised me not to bother to return ever again to their gatherings or assembly.

I knew way back then even, that no one could return from beyond the grave to find salvation and months later when Thor'rauna explained everything to me. All those so-called *lost souls* were in fact demons and certain familiar spirits pretending to be deceased relatives and supposedly returning from beyond the grave. Already in my first three years of intense studying, I discovered and knew Satanism was rooted and founded on deception, long before I ever reached the position of Magus—High Priest.

Another one of these evil spirits called Maha-Jamara started possess my body daily and began playing piano and organ through me like a master, even though I couldn't play a musical instrument myself. No one was musically gifted or artistically minded in my family, but that didn't stop me painting portraits with great speed and precision whilst entertaining guests in the same breath as it were.

Everybody at the other spiritualist churches thought I was really a marvelous medium, yet I had my doubts. I knew the Bible condemned spiritualism and warned everyone against it, yet I continued in the practice of it—curiously drawn by its power and superstition.

I remember one evening I was busy cleaning the paintwork of the doors in my flat. I had just mixed caustic soda with some water in a glass and was about to use this to soften paint on the door when for no apparent reason, I started coughing. Trying to clear my throat of the itchy feeling, I poured myself a glass of tap water in the kitchen as there seemed to be a strange dryness in my throat and neither the coughing nor water seemed to remedy it.

As I drank the water, there was a knock on the front door and not expecting any visitors, I became more irritated by my coughing, coupled with this invasion of my privacy. I angrily slammed the glass *on the edge* of dinning room table, spilling some of the water and crossed the lounge to answer the door. To my surprise, the entrance to my front door was empty and before I could fathom out who would call at

such an hour, I started coughing again. I slammed the door behind me in a rage and reached for the glass of water *in the middle* of the table and swallowed the contents in one gulp.

Pain and fire exploded inside my chest and throat as my hands automatically clutched my neck as I felt myself losing consciousness, but not before it dawned on me that I had drunk the glass of caustic soda instead.

Someone was shaking me and calling my name as I regained my senses. I looked into a pair of incredibly huge and deep blue eyes, but when I tried to speak the pain gripped my throat and couldn't utter a word.

"Do not worry Phil, I will help you. Do not be afraid, it is only I, Thor'rauna. I will heal you, but first you must promise me that I can have 12 hours of your time every day?" I could only stare back at him, unable to answer and nodded my approval to my uninvited guest and instantly the pain was gone when he touched my throat *with his right hand*.

Still unable to speak for that whole week, I was urged by fellow priests to visit a doctor and then a specialist in Johannesburg. I was examined and told by the specialist, I would never speak again as my vocal chords were permanently damaged by the caustic soda. However, when I was woken by Thor'rauna in the very early hours of the following morning, he touched my throat again *with right his hand* and immediately, I could speak normally again.

From that day onwards he started taking control of my body and used it to his own advantage. Painting self-portraits of himself and other evil spirits similar to his form (*spiritual guides*) and were sent to other people and various Sanctuaries throughout the republic of South Africa. Within 3 months, he had painted over 500 paintings using my body and then taught those in the Temples all kinds of very unusual doctrines of which I never knew existed.

It was strange at first to walk down the street and be stopped by complete strangers who called me '*their teacher*' when I had never seen

them before. In fact, I learnt from them that I had taught Yoga, Buddhism and other oriental philosophies only the previous week in the temple. Almost weekly Thor'rauna would possess my body and teach his *doctrines of devils* to members in all the Sanctuaries and Temples throughout S. Africa.

Even after he took possession of my body for the very first time I became aware of very strange *memories*? Exact dates and events of great historical facts and life changing events engulfed me, which I could have sworn I had experienced them personally. My first reaction was obviously by going deeper into the occult realm, one becomes more open to the spirit world and recalling dates and events I never studied at school, must surely prove reincarnation is true?

Slightly startled by this daily occurrence of 'facts' I asked Thor'rauna if I was not in fact one of these famous people in my past life that I remembered so clearly?

He laughed at my childish assumption and vanity then actually showed how others like me he had possessed in the past, always came up with the same notion and desire of being some famous person in a past life.

Demonic messengers are sent daily to tempt, deceive, manipulate and thus prepare rising dignitaries, politicians, leaders, kings or queens in power. Thor'rauna and other spirit-guides would then possess their bodies. These 'famous' and countless notorious leaders were merely former instruments evil spirits had used to accomplish certain events in history that would usher in greater Satanic boundaries.

My memories and past experiences were merely 'inherited' from Zurall and Thor'rauna once they entered and used my body.

Though my memories were genuine in every sense, they came solely from the authentic lives of people in the past. Some were hundreds of years ago, some obscure, but they were mostly very well known writers, philosophers, officers, leaders and many founders of certain religions and aristocracy. All were chosen specifically by Thor'rauna's Master to

alter certain events in the course of history that would alternatively expand his rule over people and all future events around the world.

Thor'rauna, although he was a spirit of perfect deception to every human inside and outside the Movement, never forced me to do anything and neither did he lie when I confronted for truth or reason. During the lengthy explanations he repeatedly said. "Only the deceived cannot be deceived by deception." One of the main facts why reincarnation was a myth, was because it was created by evil spirits and is one of the 35 Doctrines of Devils taught in the Movement.

He confirmed with proof every storey I had ever heard or read about involving reincarnation was identical to mine and none of those unassuming gullible possessed people, ever experienced a single event they so flawlessly remembered. Once a spirit oppresses or possesses a person and houses in the mind of that human soul, the possessed has no power to stop dozens of events, experiences and collective information from being stored in their brain forever.

To divulge any further details in any these historical lives and events would only bring credit to the enemy and this is not the aim or goal of this biography. Plus certain facts would most certainly complicate and threaten many different 'schools of thought' already existing in the Body of Christ and was created by the same spirits.

I began walking the lonely empty streets of that city every night as I did in Pietermaritzburg, really searching for something or someone? Deep inside I had a longing for something unknown to me at the time. People think that the life of a Satanist Priest is easy, but I can assure them that it is the loneliest life on the face of this earth. I was constantly without any of the normal daily privileges like making friends or bonding with any members of the movement.

It was strictly forbidden to be friendly with any of them and they had to treat me as their superior and 'untouchable'. Though Thor'rauna demanded twelve hours of each day, it didn't mean that he used my body every single day. Sometimes weeks passed before I was possessed and then again, for months he would use me every single day

without fail! I must add here, I was never taken control of against my will, but had to submit each time to him, before he could possess my body.

Sometimes it was necessary for him to take control completely so that he could use my right hand to paint and let me relax by reading a book held in my left. I didn't need to look at the canvas because he did all the work himself. It is very similar to automatic writing. Visitors were always amused, watching me paint with precise detail as we continued in deep conversation, not once glancing at the canvas.

My work in the Temple took up much of my time and consisted of more in-depth study and research than actually taking part in the different ceremonies. I had to study ancient books on Voodoo and the occult and learn how to make the special Voodoo talismans, which had to be used in every ceremony. The inscriptions were names of the spirits in control of each one of these ceremonies and every time period of the year as well. Without it, no Voodoo ritual could ever be performed or spirit summoned into the Temple.

Ge'orb taught me how to prepare for and conduct the great Voodoo ceremony of transmigration and metamorphosis. I discovered this was achieved by invoking certain powers using incantations laced with carefully pronounced words which had to be spoken in the correct order. Many spirits may only be conjured (*called up*) once a month and times had to be precisely calculated, right down to the exact minute of expectancy or it would not appear.

I would literally change my outward appearance into other forms and likeness of my choice. The first change I was able to initiate, without any help from Ge'orb was into that of a full grown gorilla and the second was into a woman with long black hair and blue eyes. Dozens of slaves (*term for members*) would place both hands outstretched onto the hips of the one in front and form a long line in the shape of a slithering snake. The chanting of the Voodoo demon's name would begin and after some ten minutes it would appear and possess my body.

Ge'orb decided that I had to metamorphose into the woman every time and perform the Voodoo ceremony as the Ma'ma-loi or the Mother of Voodoo. At times I had to be the Pa'pa-loi as well as the Ma'ma-loi (*priest and priestess of the Broken Cross*) the so called Peace Sign. I understand that not many will be able to grasp these events occurring in Voodoo, but should consider the following before making predictable Christian judgments on things they fear and know nothing about.

Lucifer entered a serpent and spoke to Eve and she wasn't startled at all, but in fact had a conversation with a talking serpent? Heavenly angels guarding the tree of life saw the daughters of men were beautiful and took on a form of human flesh and had intercourse with them. Resulting in females giving birth to half demonic and human babies, which became the main reason God had to send the flood to destroy every living soul whose blood line was contaminated with a demonic father.

That was specifically added to prepare all readers for the requirements to attain Magus-Thor'rauna.

On the 13th February commonly called the witches Sabbath, but known to Satanists as the Black Mass the Kundalini (*life force*) was made to rise forcibly and I was thus illuminated into the 9th degree allowing me access to certain Babylonian Ancient Mysteries and beyond. To become a Magus the body must first be prostituted to man, woman and beast and degraded to that of an animal itself.

The main rituals are of such nature that it cannot be divulged on paper being so degrading to the very soul that reads it and blasphemy being the contents of it. Once the arbitrary arrangements and ceremonies were over, the five witnesses (*assistant priests of the Temple*) solemnly marched me to the large side chamber where everything was prepared and the final stage and initiation faced me.

I was to teleport to the head temple of the Rosicrucian Order in a designated city in the U.S.A. This would be the ultimate test and

deciding factor to determine my future position in the Left Hand Path and my destiny. I could hear the Temple voices softly chanting, creating a low steady drone and knew they were expecting me to return with honor and the status had never been achieved in S. Africa before.

Nervously I paced the floor of the chamber, much to the amusement of the older priests courteously half-bowing to me with their nodded gestures of respect which I greatly appreciated. Thor'rauna made his very unexpected appearance by materializing in the chamber beside a priest who quickly darted out of his way. My spirit-guide whispered in the ear of the eldest priest, who left the chamber and hurriedly returned with a well groomed and very familiar man dressed in a white suit. I was ushered to the only chair in the chamber and Thor'rauna introduced the visitor whom I then recognized from pictures in magazines as a celebrity in America.

The instructions which may not be repeated and never written down or printed were given by the American priest of an Order of which I will only share in part. I was given a telephone number to dial and identify myself to the priest on the receiving end in Los Angeles, after which the celebrity standing next to me confirmed everything transpiring in Kaptein Street Johannesburg.

Thor'rauna had proudly invited the American to monitor his own protégée and once the confirmation was valid, in a deadly silence every eye and expectation was upon me. I stood up and calculated the location, date, time to discover which spirit needed to be invoked that would guide me into another dimension.

I hurried through the mathematically set up for my safety boundaries before I started invoking in a chant—mantra fashion Thor'rauna had taught me. After each of the five stages I completed, they were relayed in detail to the awaiting priests in America, thus eliminating all possible means of deception. Thor'rauna very proudly turned to his guest and calmly said.

"It is time. You may now give him the exact location." The next instant, the telephone receiver was placed against my ear so only I

could hear the name of the city and exact latitude of the venue and simultaneously, a small heavy object was dropped into my outside jacket pocket. Before I could see what it was, the teleportation process began and I knew whatever was put in my pocket would arrive with me in the Rosicrucian Temple in Los Angeles.

My entire body, soul and spirit teleported via the spirit world and into a sixth or seventh dimension the uninitiated have not yet heard or read of yet. At this level we deem it extremely futile to detail, make aware or leave open windows for debate. Excited anxious and very uncertain of the reception I arrived in their exact location and given chamber under the three minute expectancy of teleportation, much to the delight and loud approval of the awaiting delegation of priests.

I smiled as the loud boisterous laugh of Thor'rauna filtered through the speakers on the walls of their Chamber. Then the American celebrity's voice in Johannesburg gave a Latin command which silenced the dark blue painted Chamber and filled it with an eerie silence.

Everyone stared at me....as if I was to produce some extra entertainment or something, till their priest in charge tapped his own jacket pocket and with a broad grin called out to me. "We believe you have returned something of ours...from Africa?" I had forgotten all about the object and slowly put my hand into my jacket pocket and saw it was the much revered and seldom seen medallion of their Order.

After which the Temple priest called the celebrity by name over the phone and pronounced my new status position in Africa and title. "Yes, he has it with him. The Sacred Rose of (*withheld*) is held by the new Magus High Priest of the Left Hand Path of S. Africa."

Everyone rose to their feet and bowed to my new title and person as is customary to all those of the Left Path which I accepted warmly. Then I was led down a long passage to the waiting initiation party of the '*Seven fathers of Order*' and after completing their Order's very ancient tradition of acceptance, I received my full title of Magus-High Priest of Satan.

Three hours later I teleported back to Johannesburg, where the Temple I was to rule, came alive with riotous celebrations and erupting throughout every Temple and Sanctuary across Southern Africa. Thor'rauna for the first time was also allowed to grant me access to the Great Brotherhood of the Illuminated Ones.

He gave me the magic-title of Thor'rauna Je'mait and I became known to all Temples around the world as Master-Je'mait, causing every member and priest entering my presence to bow and scrape to me. I was treated as a '*god*' amongst all my own Temple members and I later thrived on the power I had over them. I was a hard, relentless and very cruel taskmaster.

Thor'rauna was so proud of what he had accomplished through me (*his very own protégée*) he had arranged for every Temple and Sanctuary across the country to receive messengers simultaneously to hail in the new Magus on securing the highest level ever achieved in Satanism throughout the world—the 9th degree.

I was informed that Frankfurt had held the power for over two hundred years, yet never going above the 5th degree. And I knew from my studies how the United States was still unable to teleport or transmute successfully at all and remained at the lowest level (3rd) of all the other countries.

That night the Temple was filled with wild menacing laughter, orgies, alcohol and loud music coupled with dancing to celebrate the victory and position. Yet a void seemed to grab hold of my heart and I wandered off to one of the side chambers, where I sat with a full glass of wine in my hand and remained that way for the rest of the evening. In the early hours of the next morning Thor'rauna joined me and sat down on the far side on the bed, holding my untouched glass of wine in my hand and said.

"Everybody is out there looking for you, celebrating their Temple's new status Phil. Southern Africa, for the first time houses the highest degree Magus ever achieved in the Movement's history and you should be so proud of yourself. Studying so diligently everyday for those ten

years I forced upon you. That was sacrifice and it paid off . . . right?" I knew what he was saying was true, but why was I so confused about everything and who was the real Phil Botha? He saw a tear run down my cheek and realized I didn't need to be patronized, so instead he shocked me to the core.

"You were chosen Phil, before your tenth birthday. I arranged everything and even that first apparition, if you remember the blonde woman? That was me and yes I had to inflict you with St. Vitas dance to instill fear for *the ghost* to appear, as your mother called it.

I have always been honest with you and told you what you wanted to know.

There are those under me who lie and deceive and you have seen right through my familiar spirits and Incubus. Wasn't I the one who showed you why humans cannot call up the dead?" I nodded in agreement and took a small sip of the white wine in my glass and listened to *a very different side* of my spirit-guide...an almost human side?

"Phil, you have been searching for something all your life. Though I am not permitted to direct you toward it, I am allowed to advise you and I count it an honor to do so after what you achieved last night. My destiny is final and nothing can change it. Now though this will sound very peculiar coming from me, listen to me very carefully Phil. So very few ever get to see life from both sides of a coin, but you will if you follow your heart and not concern yourself about people's opinions in future. You will eventually get there.

Regardless who your Master is, serve him with all the power, ability and gifts he bestows upon you for the task ahead and I repeat Phil—do not concern yourself about people's opinions. Only a hand full of humans know my Master's name and it is not Lucifer as the foolish believers of IOVA have been indoctrinated to believe in their churches. You are never to repeat it to anyone nor can it be written down. I warn you Phil the end result is instant, very swift and ever so *fatal*. If I told you what awaits those on the other side—even you would not believe me.

Your dedication deems you worthy of his name, but you are never going to see him personally. Even with your now unmatched powers on earth, your human mortal body could never survive his consuming rage within. No familiar-spirit has ever stood in his presence let alone face him and expect to survive the depth of his darkness, power and evil.

I control and rule supreme over every spirit that manipulates leaders in Africa and north America to alter certain events in history, yet even my instructions Phil are handed down to me by Osmodeus who is king of all demons. Make your choices and serve whom you choose with all your heart. Do not allow people to dim your vision, nor block your view or change your goals in life.”

He rose from the bed, bent his huge frame towards me and unexpectedly whispered the name in my ear. An ice cold shiver shot up my spine and my tall glass of wine felt much heavier all of a sudden and I gasped for breath when I saw the contents *had turned into solid ice*.

My spirit-guide opened the door, faced me and without an ounce of sarcasm in his voice this time said. “*Now...do you see what I mean?* Just his name uttered in another dimension to any human produces the same results every time. He is more than the prince and ruler of all your known elements, weather and powers of darkness Phil. Be very.....*very sure*, when and if ever you decide to use his name, as there is no returning from where you will go. You have been warned!”

As the door closed behind Thor’rauna I gently placed the glass of frozen wine on the small table next to my chair and dozens of questions raced through my mind and my heart. I must have sat there for over an hour trying to make sense of my life. Achieving Magus would merely push people further away from me and I craved a companion, a friend just someone I could trust and confide in.

Now I possessed a name I wasn’t allowed to share with anyone and had I just wasted ten years of my life to reach a place where people would fear me even more? Why was I trying to achieve the very opposite of what my heart screamed out for? In the early hours of that

morning I left the room and made for the parking lot outside, where I was driven home.

That night I paced the floor of my apartment angry, confused, lonely and yet very satisfied by what I had finally achieved in ten years. Tomorrow I was going to be allowed to conduct my very first ceremony since becoming I joined the priesthood and I fell asleep quite easily...yet anxious about my future in the Movement.

The first Voodoo ceremony I officially conducted alone was in the country on a farm and on 13th February 1963. A young priestess of the Movement who was also a witch had turned away from Satanism and was in the process of trying to flee the country. She had been entrusted with crucial details pertaining to the darker ceremonies of the Left Hand Path and was a major threat to the Movement and the many prominent leaders of the country in power within its walls.

As tradition plays a great role in Satanism and is very tightly embraced the penalty for all traitors and sentence is always the same—death! But contrary to popular demand and box office hits from Hollywood, the taking of human life is strictly forbidden in Satanism. Her departure would be standard procedure, leaving no evidence or suspicion behind by means of a Voodoo ceremony.

That night I changed into the Ma'ma-loi and performed the ceremony on her, been forcibly drugged and placed opposite a goat already strapped down on the altar. The spirit of the Voodoo demon was invoked by the chanting of his name "*Kom' bayi-ya:*"

I purposely stress this here because the melody and name is almost exactly the same and sung throughout thousands of churches in S. Africa and also Christian churches overseas in total ignorance.

Once the spirit of the girl is forced out of her body, the Ma'ma-loi (*the spirit controlling my body*) takes on a different form to that of a human being called Lycanthropy. That way the spirit within the girl is forced into the body of the goat and the spirit of the goat is bound and placed into the 'empty' body of the traitor.

At first the only sign of forced transmigration was the weak bleating coming from the motionless human body, but it became stronger when she was released. The twenty-two year old traitor's former body immediately bent over and began crawling on tall fours as any goat would trying to escape. And from the animal came cries of a human being in distress. Confused and trying to walk upright the goat kept falling back into its natural position...on all fours.

Even though I shudder today when thinking about it, but back then it was my duty to show no pity or mercy to any traitors. The witch's former body with the spirit of a goat within was transported after the ceremony by members (*posing as very concerned relatives*) to a mental institution and admitted.

The bleating sounds of a terrified goat coming from the beautiful body of a young former model, priestess and witch backed into a corner of a padded cell only confused every new doctor and specialist who tried to treat it. Within two weeks an Incubus would be sent to forcibly relieve the animal of its misery and shortly after an unsuspecting highly qualified medical doctor would turn off the machines.

On the other hand, the spirit of the former witch was only allowed to remain imprisoned within the goat's body for three hours of indescribable suffering and torment. Due to her spirit being forced into the healthy body of a goat, the drugs had no affect anymore, allowing her to recall all previous ceremonies she attended where traitors were silenced.

Hence the symbol and sacrifice of a goat is often featured in Temples, being the strongest deterrent for those of weaker character. This ideal fear tactic was a sober reminder to all who would dare to ever think of trying to leave, escape or betray the Movement. Certain death awaited all traitors who knew only too well no one could be convicted and legally sentenced in any court of law for a '*spiritual murder*' of an animal or future traitor.

The crime was perfect, the evidence untraceable and the Master's punishment was once again—justifiable! The animal was placed in a

large cage to remind the traitor of her past crimes against the Left Hand Path and within three hours of the transmigration ceremoniously slaughtered. The screaming traitor silenced forever and the blood used in the unholy communion of the unholy trinity in Satanism.

Shortly after that incident I was taught and instructed on how to be a Faith Healer by Ge'orb and in the name of the Father, the son and the spirit I was able to literally heal people of various kinds of illnesses and diseases. And not just members in the Movement, but people belonging to those seven churches the Movement financed monthly to help spread some of the doctrines of devils they also believed in.

I was intrigued when lumps, cancerous growth and tumours were healed by my powers, but when blindness, deafness and dumbness were instantaneously healed they were told to give Lucifer all the praise. When I prayed for healing in the name of the father, son and spirit, it was not the trinity from the bible but the unholy three of Satanism. (*Lucifer the Father Beelzebath-the son and Astoreth the spirit*).

Every patient who was healed was given a small pouch to wear around their necks and commanded never to open nor empty its contents or their sickness would return that same hour! Unknown to them, inside each pouch was placed very small items like old bones, a tooth, herbs and tiny stones. But also a tiny piece of paper with the words

"I heal you but, for a season, only to torment you for all eternity!"

Many an unlearned follower of Christ still wears it around his or her neck today in 2005, yet another by product of our 'dead churches.' Some people believe you cannot pass on a demon or evil spirit onto another person, but it can be done and quite often through what is commonly called Spiritual Healing. This must not to be confused with Divine healing found in the Bible using Jesus' name and power, but rather a counterfeit that comes directly from Satan and not from Heaven or God!

On one particular occasion whilst conducting the main ceremony of Voodoo, just after metamorphosis, a huge muscular man caught hold of me and refused to let go. He was completely under the influence of drugs and no one in the Temple could make him release his tight grip around me.

The ceremony was totally disrupted and for thirty minutes I struggled with him till the metamorphosis wore off and I changed back into my own body form. The following night, I was issued with two body guards who stood beside me as I carefully performed the ceremony.

In December 1966, I was told by one of my spirit guides that I had to leave Johannesburg and report to the Durban Temple. On my arrival I noticed the guardian was also one of those beings, very tall, blonde hair deep blue eyes and extremely well built. I took charge over the Temple as resident priest and had an enormous congregation of over 2,000 members.

I went to stay in Umkamaas and had to travel to Durban for every ceremony I was requested to perform, but that arrangement didn't suit me and I moved to Durban where I stayed in a flat. Even though I had a motor car at my disposal, I preferred to walk finding it more satisfying than to be carted around. (*no High Priest is allowed to drive any motor vehicle during their reign*).

4

The Horror of Transmigration

After I relocated and settled in Durban I discovered I couldn't find any rest or peace for my soul and once again walked the streets late at night, in search of that something *or someone* I hope existed but could not find. Many a lonely night I walked from the one end of Durban to the other and I'd occasionally board a train to the north or south coasts so I could return on foot.

The back streets and alleys of that seaside city became like a second 'comfort zone' to me and I memorized the routes by heart, all the street names and most of those who lived and worked at night on certain corners. During this lonely and confusing period of my life, Thor'rauna started to appear more often and we had lengthy conversations on numerous walks together.

Often after midnight we'd amble in the thick mist coming up off the sea and be so deep in conversation forgetting about the frightened faces hearing two very distinct voices approaching in the midst, but only my frail shadow would be seen against the wall. Many a night in a rage I would smash a glass against a wall, trying to calm my fears and deal with all my many inner frustrations, yet never knowing what *or Who* I really wanted or needed?

Thor'rauna understood my anguish and suggested I study certain books like *The Lemeggaton of Solomon*, *The 6th and 7th Books of Moses* or *the Aquarian Gospels*. Later I read the *Secret Doctrines* by Heleena Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled* and *Theosophy* which gave me a good laugh being so comical and predictable.

I had studied and achieved the Temple status of clairvoyant and was able to travel on astral plains, transfigure or even transform and metamorphosis. Ironically all of these demonic powers do exist in 2005 and the Bible not only speaks of them, but openly condemns it—thus proving their very dangerous existence.

After I finished studying the *Lemeggaton* of Solomon and the 6th and 7th Books of Moses I was officially initiated into the world of Black Magic. Both Zurall and Thor'rauna taught me how to perform the ritual for calling up spirits and making them appear to me in favorable and acceptable forms and to command these spirits to do my bidding. (*male and female spirits which are very similar to the lower form of lust demons Incubus and Succubus*).

This is the second most dangerous method of conjuring up evil spirits or demons and by being ordered by my two spirit-guides *never* to perform it unattended by their presence and powers, my arrogance and pride got the better of me and I decided to attempt it alone! Early one Friday evening, I made all the correct preparations, then carefully and mathematically went through the four necessary steps of activation, called up the spirit and it appeared unto me.

It was half man and half beast, with huge crab like claws on each arm and the foul stench was so overwhelming I stepped back at his awful appearance and moved out of my protective circle used by all witches for this very purpose. This 'thing' reached across with lightning speed and snapped its pinches deep into my back and as I felt the flesh being ripped from my body I let out a blood curdling scream.

I felt a wet slimy substance drip onto my face and run down the sides of my neck as this manifested spirit towered over me with the freshly torn flesh from my back still dangling in its left claw. All I want to remember and recall here, in that two or three second pause, was the pounding of my heart beneath what was left of my shirt and the terrible revelation that dawned on me. Thor'rauna was right and it was going to kill me having the power and *'permission'*....being outside those circles.

When this beast tore the flesh from my back, I almost fainted with pain, but the fear and adrenalin must have kicked and I kicked at it with all my might. Feeling no pain just pure determination and a reason to live, I spun around onto my stomach and leopard-crawled, dragging my now numb right leg behind me.

Suddenly the most excruciating pain I've ever experienced in my entire life, forced me up and backward into a kneeling position as this being's huge and powerful right claw dug deep into *the same wound* and I screamed out in pain at the top of my voice gasping for air at the same time.

Without thinking of how large a piece of my back would be torn or removed, I lunged the entire weight of my body forward, towards the outer crest of the roughly drawn circle. I felt its grip slip.... and suddenly I was free, yet with another piece of flesh ripped from my profusely bleeding back as I fell headlong into the inner circle. I sat up gasping for air, fighting against every natural instinct to faint when pain overtakes the body.

I spun around clutching my bleeding back crying softly under my breath and staring at this indescribable creature moving towards me. "Oh God, please help me? Please God I don't want to die?" It continued creeping slowly forward towards the outer circle and being so confuse and scared out of my wits I had no desire to discover if the circle could really protect me or not.

In between my loud sobbing and a last frantic attempt to remember which command would execute its departure, I somehow failed to pronounce it correctly. It stood upright letting out a deep angry growl that seemed to encircle the entire room. I took a deep breath, composed myself as best I could and loudly, with a definite tremor in my voice correctly ordered it to return from whence it came and it disappeared instantly as I slumped to the floor and lost consciousness.

When I came to I could feel there was something wrapped around my back and stomach very tightly and I reached for the wound on my back feeling a bandage and then the awful truth kicked in, reminding

me of the previous night's defeat and disobedience. I could smell that distinct aroma from Thor'rauna's body and knew he was in the room or hall and I called out in the pitch darkness to him. "Is this....also a part of another test?"

Thor'rauna didn't answer at first, but sat me up in the bed and offered me some warm soup with large pieces of meat in it. I spat out the first spoonful angrily saying. "I know I was wrong and disobeyed you, but don't you think trying to give me meat is a bit childish even for your intelligence? Zurall commanded me seventeen years ago when I entered the priesthood to become a vegetarian and now I have to put up with this.... this nonsense?" My back was paining me and the more I spoke and breathed in quick bursts the pain increased, so I stopped.

"Listen Phil...I know you were forced along with everyone else to become vegetarian, but that is what makes humans 95% more susceptible for my kind to possess and mentally manipulate their thought process." I felt the spoon against my mouth and kept it shut, trying desperately to recall anything I had read during my studies that would substantiate his statement.

"Phil I know you're trying to find clarification from your studies but just listen to me before you grow too weak and die from that wound in your back. You had lost a lot of blood before I could have you brought here. Answer me this—which country in the world today practices more than 22 of the 35 doctrines you and I taught in the Temples and were all inspired and created by my kind?

Which country is the easiest target for spirits to possess and has the largest amount of demon possession daily? Which country not only teaches 15 subjects we practice in the Movement, but their spiritual leaders chant the very names of demon spirits in their mantras? Which country holds the strictest laws and rules religiously forbidding everyone to abstain from all meats?"

"India...on all four accounts." I replied and opened my mouth to chew the first piece of meat in almost seventeen years. After a minute or so I took the bowl and spoon from Thor'rauna and fed myself,

knowing we were so closely linked he would complete the questions running round in my head.

"The darkness is not permanent, but the slimy substance from that being ran down your back, entering that wound and your blood stream causing the temporary blindness. As you were taught in faith healing, without a spirit present, there will be no healing as *my kind create sickness* as quickly as we remove it from a body. Meat at present is alien to your body and therefore also the strongest substance to work out in like manner another foreign substance very harmful to your existence."

We had a long conversation that night about what happened and which spirit I had managed to summon. The details will only create nightmares for most readers so accept the lack of detailed information as it is only for your own good! I remained completely blind for the following ten days, during which times my body had many adverse reactions to the dairy and red meat I suddenly consumed.

Once again I heard Thor'rauna's voice say "I will heal you Phil on one condition though. Eighteen hours of your time each day must be mine." And just like before having no option whatsoever I agreed and straight after he touched my eyes, my sight was completely restored. I had learned such a valuable lesson that week but just a little too late. No demon spirit can be summoned without the very 'conjuring-command' first being heard by Thor'rauna who permits it to obey or not!

It is this invisible and ever-present 'Big Brother' of the spirit world that will always cancel out all would be reporters from ever getting within 2 miles of a Satanic Temple, Sanctuary or coven. Thor'rauna had heard my command before I even reached the fourth stage of incantation to summon that imprisoned creature.

He also was present during my ordeal and later explained how dozens of previous witches and foolish warlocks not half as scared or as fast I was to escape, had lost an entire leg, arms or sometimes both eyes. But today, I know that everything *was carefully* orchestrated by the Movement to get a tighter hold over my life.

A few months after that horrific ordeal, I wanted something so desperately I decided to call up yet another imprisoned spirit, whom we shall name Sittrea'.

Once again I mathematically created the correct date, time of entry but with much more caution than before. When he appeared I instructed him to take some drastic, urgent measures to insure my immediate safety in the Temple and hearing my request, he too was permitted to stipulate his conditions.

It demanded possession of my body at any given time of certain periods and the ultimate transaction—total possession and ownership of my body, soul and spirit. Knowing my life was now at stake and plans had already been set in motion by two priests to have my position filled, with or without my consent. So out of sheer desperation I agreed and that was the only time I was forced, but willingly signed using my own blood which gave Sittrea' the right to possess of my body on the 2nd June 1969.

This being advised me to remain in the confines of the main Temple and to mingle, making small talk with fellow slaves, prostitutes and less savory members to help form an alibi. He completed his sadistic deed in Benoni Temple and left a trail of demented and terrified priests unable to conduct meetings in that Temple for the next week. Benoni is some nineteen miles from Johannesburg and the word appears in the Bible hence the location chosen for 2 Temples (*Genesis 35:18*).

Headaches started tormenting me and nothing I tried would relieve the pain and one early morning in the Temple a young man handed me a small box filled with white powder. He told me to sniff a little up each nostril, which I did and to my surprise within minutes the headaches completely disappeared although I was feeling slightly dazed.

He let me keep the box and I continued to use it easing the pain from the headaches and later began using it long before any pain even appeared. When the box was empty I was left with a craving for the contents. Taking the young man aside during one evening I asked him

what the harmless pain powder was so I could purchase some for myself and was shocked to hear it was heroin.

At my request, he obtained another box and then another and within weeks I had become an addict and began injecting it into my arm almost daily. Later I became a main liner and was forced to have an injection twice a day so I could function properly and fulfill my services in the Temple.

Towards the end of June 1968 I became very ill and went to see a doctor who examined me and explained I had a weak heart, diabetes and my kidneys were malfunctioning. He insisted I go to hospital and I admitted myself into one nearby. It didn't do much good as I was still injecting myself daily with heroin and the staff couldn't seem to help me at all, so after a week I demanded to be released and my wish was granted.

Realizing what the end result would be in my present state, I decided to find another body to permanently live in, of course with that person's full agreement and then transmigrate into it. Two weeks later Keepers of the door discovered a suitable younger candidate who knowing full well the transfer would be irreversible and life changing to say the least, gave full consent to the conditions laid down in the 7th Book of Moses.

But the long waiting period of four months until October for this ceremony had pushed me over the edge and I needed my fix thrice a day. As previously mentioned certain spirits can only be summoned for one hour on one day, week or month of that particular year. The five responsible for my transmigration had prepared the volunteer the time, date and location. But two days before our secret ritual a priest from France came to visit the Temples in the republic of S. Africa.

That night as he walked around chatting to members and with some of my aids, he suddenly collapsed to the floor without any reason. Two of the Keepers rushed to his aid and I ordered them to carry him to the side room on the east wing and followed closely behind. Once we were in the chamber a pale faced Keeper took me aside and whispered that

the French guest *was dead*. I ordered them to check his vital signs again and after doing so, they confirmed there wasn't any heart beat or any response from his eyes when tested for light sensitivity.

I told my Keepers to move the corpse to a smaller chamber and then followed closely behind. I ripped off a new white sheet on an empty bed in the dark passage and handed it to them to cover the body. My head began spinning with drastic new measures, choices, excuses and apologies I would have to make. I didn't quite hear the first tiny whimper as I shouted in a harsh tone for my aids and a fellow priest to vacate the room.

Making sure I was the last to leave, I found the key stuck in the inside of the door and struggling to get it out I then heard a thin painful pathetic cry for help! "Keeper, what did you say?" I lashed out at the powerfully built giant of a man, but he simply clasped his hands together, bowed and shook his head it (*no one but priests were permitted to speak directly to me or dare to make eye contact*).

Then all of us heard the next cry being twice as loud. I spun around hoping to catch Sittrea or Thor'rauna in the act of ectoplasm. This is when spirits transform into human shapes for the purpose of physical contact, sex with our prostitutes or to teach their doctrines in the temples.

Standing in the doorway fear gripped my heart as I slowly walked towards the body on the bed not knowing what to expect. I couldn't think clearly with all the pain in my body and the craving for drugs. I had never heard of anyone dying naturally in any of our Temples before. The Keepers followed and my assistant priest assigned to protect me, darted in front of me and placed his body between me and the French corpse on the bed.

Nervously he pulled the sheet off the body only to hear a faint cry come from deep within the body? It used the name of IOVA twice. First it pleaded for forgiveness then in anger it unashamedly cursed the name of Jehovah God? Little did I know those next few minutes would

help change the reckless course of my future and never allow me to erase from my mind.

Standing there glued to the floor and mesmerized I watched my priest try to revive the body by shaking it vigorously till I stopped him. We stared at the eye-lids then the nose and those still parted lips of the late French priest until yet another death defying plea left the corpse. The now perspiring priest edged forward as I clung to the back of his cloak and whispered in his ear "What.....what is this? We know the dead cannot return to communicate with us. What is going on here?"

The elderly priest guarding me extended his arms out once more and gave the body a hard push with both hands, but there was no movement whatsoever. I stood there transfixed with the horror of the scene etched into my mind. I started to walk backwards away from the bed not taking my eyes off the corpse and waved my one hand in the air feeling for the door when Zurall materialized in the centre of the room and stood there smiling sarcastically at all of us.

"That is what happens to those who try to *out smart their destiny*, by transmigrating into somebody else's body Phil." I pushed the priest aside and walked over to the arrogant spirit-guide and said.

"Aren't you go to check at least...to see if he's really dead? We've heard him calling for help...must be for the last four minutes now?"

"You humans are all the same. The moment fear enters the soul your spirit immediately cuts out all previous information learnt and you start making irrational decisions and with no logical grounding. Phil why have you so quickly forgotten who allows the angels of death to gather the spirit and soul in the first instance? I detected the silver cord sever while he was still lying on the temple floor. He's been dead for over five minutes."

Zurall was right as usual. I completely forgot what Thor'rauna had shown me in the spirit realm. It is second nature for all familiar spirits and spirit-guides to literally see the golden bowl inches above a Christian's forehead and the very thin silver cord connected to one's life force when it breaks and dissolve at death. I later found confirmation

of this in the bible. (*Ecclesiastes 12:6-7*) Once the priest left the room and closed the door behind him Zurall enlightened me some more.

“When that new body ages and dies before you successfully find a second house there is no way your spirit and soul can be freed from it or return. Death is final in many stages Phil and you must understand this now, before you pursue what’s in your heart. That voice you heard screaming and cursing was your French guest.

They are one and the same person Phil. That hypocritical Frenchman crying to IOVA for forgiveness and then cursing in the same breath Phil” Zurall was angry with me and he would not let opportunity slip through his hands as added more fire to my already terrified heart and mind.

“And that is the very same attitude and nature he takes with him and will spend eternity with Phil” he dragged the final words out and drove home his point as I cringed in fear thinking of my transmigration.” .asking forgiveness. . and cursing IOVA because of one.... one foolish choice Phil...One eternal foolish decision.

Whatever choices made on earth, defines your character and attitude in life and remain after your earthly cycle in that same condition of mind....for eternity!

“Ok...you have made your point Zurall . . now what must I do about the body and questions that will be asked...?”

“I don’t think you really.....*really understand* what has transpired Phil. How to explain to his French associates is of no concern to you right now. You need to hear this Frenchman’s story for *your own sake*.” He promptly sat down next to the corpse pointed to it and continued and rightly so without a care in the world about death or corpses.

“He transmigrated ten years ago and now he is trapped.” Zurall said of his spirit and soul being unable to leave the corpse. “Not even what you humans call *death*.....can ever free him now from the terrible fate he brought upon himself. Only once this, his second earthly house eventually decomposes and turns to dust or is cremated.

Then...and only then will he be *set free* for a brief moment before the angels of death collect what is rightfully theirs as you know only too well Phil. Let this be a lesson to you.” sneered Zurall as he opened the door and called for Keepers of the door to come to him. Needless to say I immediately decided against all ideas of transmigrating into a new healthier and younger body.

But for two whole weeks that body remained there on the bed till the French party came to remove it. All the while it was decomposing day after disgusting day the maggots started crawling over and inside it. Later swarming through the flesh and the stench became unbearable, yet his pleading and pathetic voice could still be heard as he begged, screamed and cursed God all day and throughout each night.

Unable to stand the torment within my own soul and the ceaseless cries of ‘*whatever*’ was still left inside the priest’s decomposing body, I rushed to the nearest Catholic Church and insisted a priest return with me. On the way there I simply told him there was someone who dying and needed the last rites, but the moment the priest saw the corpse and heard the screams, he ran out of the building calling on his ‘Blessed Mother Mary’ over and over clutching onto his crucifix as his long flowing robe danced all around his feet till he disappeared out of sight.

At that stage my heart became much weaker and I encountered a few mild heart attacks weakening me immensely. I visited the same doctor I had previously visited and he warned me that in my present state I only had a few months to live. He was very sympathetic, but honest when he told me there was nothing he or the hospitals could do to help except lessen the pain.

It was then I finally decided to leave Durban and head down along the south coast and there I would patiently await my death.....alone! I did not fear death as I was told by Zurall and Ge’orb that Lucifer was a compassionate Master and ‘god’ and he would be very merciful to me seeing I had become one of his favorites.....*but only after death.*

5

Pastor Petzer—Hell and Jesus Christ

In the first week of January 1969 I arrived at the small coastal town of Amanzimtoti on the south coast of Natal and signed myself into a rather small hotel. Later that day a well dressed young man came toward me and introduced himself as Clive Petzer. We spoke for a while then he asked me.

“Mister Botha. Have you ever accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior?” I was taken a back and answered very abruptly.

“No.....I don’t need *this Jesus Christ* you speak of as I happen to be a priest to Lucifer, the Prince of Light.” The young man stood there almost helpless with shock and then stared at me trying to gather his wits about him.

“What? A....a *real priest* to Lucifer? You mean the Devil himself?” he asked unbelievably.

“Yes that is right and I am very proud of being in the Priesthood of the Satanic Movement in this country. What is wrong with that? I stated and waited for another of his predictable remarks, but was getting annoyed with him.

“Mister Botha, don’t you know that it is evil and if...if you died tonight for instance, you would end up in Hell and be eternally lost. Do you not realize that?” he asked now with an urgency in his voice and it amused me some what.

“Of course I know all of that and I know I am evil and will end up in Hell, but so what?” I attacked him angrily and continued. “Hell is

just like your Heaven in the bible. It's just another place after death, but it is not a place of fire and brimstone that your churches preach about."

"Mister Botha." he pleaded his case and saw I was offended at his remark and questions. "You need Jesus Christ sir. Everyone needs him Mister Botha, please consider this before it is too late?"

"Well I don't need him. My life is dedicated to serving Lucifer and at least he is full of mercy and doesn't threaten anyone with eternal fire and this damnation. My god is not jealous and won't punish me or anyone else *just for refusing* to follow him as closely as Jehovah demands his followers to do. I know that your God is a jealous God and threatens all humans with Hell fire and brimstone tactics. But my god and Master Lucifer, is much more merciful." I emphatically stated and stared at the pity in the young man's brown eyes in front of me.

"Mister Botha, may God forgive you for that statement. You don't know what you are saying. God Jehovah is love and even loves you now....just as you are. He loved us all so very much that He gave His only begotten Son Jesus Christ, to die for us on the cross and Jesus' very own blood was shed for the forgiveness and remission of your sin Mister Botha."

I closed my eyes to try and escape his piercing gaze as it seemed to generate a power from within his being and rudely blurted out clearly irritated at him.

"No! That is not true. That blood *was shed* only for those followers of Jehovah and not for people like me! I have been baptized with the blood of a cat as communion and my life is dedicated only to the service of Lucifer and to me there is no other god. Be it He-Jehovah, Buddha, Lux'me or Allah. My spirit guide told me the teachings of your Jesus Christ are obsolete null and void. Plus the teaching of the spirit world super cedes that of the Bible.

I can and do believe exactly what I wish and none of your bible talk is going to make me think any differently. You belong to Jehovah and I belong to *Lucifer*" I raised my voice, trying to assure myself of who and

what I believed in. "Now will you stop bloody well preaching to me?" I shouted at him with the cold wind blowing around my feet as a new sharp pain pierced my heart and I moved swiftly to a near by chair and sat down clutching my chest.

"What is it.....are you in pain Mister Botha?" asked the young and very annoying preacher.

"It.....it is only my heart acting up." I replied grimacing with the pain that started to fill my entire upper chest area. "I have a very weak heart and malfunctioning kidneys, plus I'm also a diabetic. The doctors have given me less than 3 months to live and that is why I've come here to the coast, *hoping for some peace.*" I added sarcastically trying to stare him in the eyes, but couldn't.

"I am so sorry to hear that Mister Botha, but do you know that Jesus can heal you?" he remarked with a genuine concern and compassion for my well being.

"You must excuse me but I must get up to my room." I had to force myself up off the chair and struggled to keep my balance as I tried to walk to the exit.

"I'll pray for you Mister Botha." he said in a soft spoken reply that caught me off guard as I snapped back at him in defense.

"Oh you can keep your prayers to yourself." I said angrily filled with rage and then slapped him through his face and seeing no retaliation, I purposely leaned forward and spat in his face and stormed off up to my room.

From that night onwards he came to speak to me *every single night without fail* for the entire month of January and then continued relentlessly for the first week in February as well. Night after night he arrived at the hotel to speak to me and nobody else.

I needed to hear of his Jesus and each time I would chase him away using a barrage of profanity and often blasphemy in front of the other guests. Unable to contain myself with this new sense of conviction brought upon by this young persistent pastor, I began to dislike this

intruder more and more who brought added pain into my life and my conscious too.

I tried to evade him and kept a low profile even changing my meal times but he managed to show up every time. Close to the end of February I went for a walk along the beach and became very weary and had to sit down on the sand to catch my breath. Soaking up the smell of the ocean in the warm evening sand I gazed out at the ocean and saw the waves dance before my eyes in freedom and splendor. They left me with a sense of being chained and imprisonment which started me thinking again....about suicide.

I had such an intense longing to be free from the burden of life with all that loneliness and the extremely bad choices I had made in my life. Suddenly it came to me in a flash and I knew I had to obey this overwhelming desire burning up inside of me. I decided to swim out to sea as far as I could and when totally exhausted and unable to return I'd simply give myself up to the mercy of the ocean and be free.

I striped to my underpants and entered the inviting ocean unaware of anything else around me. Once deep enough I started swimming in the moonlit ocean till my arms felt like leaden weights and I could no longer stay afloat or tread water. I remember turning around to see how far I had swam from the shore but in horror I discovered how futile my suicide attempt had been. I wasn't far from the shore at all and the massive waves started forcing me back unto the jagged rocks.

Catching glimpses of those huge black boulders on the beach a much greater fear gripped my heart. I was totally exhausted and the waves would mercilessly smash my frail body against the rocks and I could do nothing to prevent it. Once or twice my body was thrust against the rocks and in vain I tried to grab hold of a rock to clamber onto a ledge.

My heart started pounding uncontrollably as sporadic pain shot through my shoulders as my aching muscles could no longer even keep my arms afloat. I felt the end drawing nigh as I began slipping in and

out of consciousness being lifted by the next wave to be violently thrown against another boulder.

Through the darkness, my exhaustion and weak rays of moonlight I saw the silhouette of a man. Strong arms reached down towards me started pulling me up higher.... and higher onto the highest rock? Though confused, utterly exhausted and half conscious I knew this was not the work of the two angels of death carrying me knowing their distinct smell, sounds and grotesque appearance only too well.

Then I heard an all too familiar voice cry out above the crashing of the waves below on those evil-menacing boulders of death.

"Were you trying to.....*kill yourself* Mr. Botha?" I panted and spat out salt water in between fresh air filling my lungs. I stared at that young pastor as mixed feelings of hate, appreciation, anger and pain raced through my mind. I shouted at him as I struggled to my feet, slipped and slumped against a rock to the sand.

"Yes.....you damned idiot I wanted to take my life.....*Do you mind?*" I slowly crawled away in the sand filled with such rage yet so very unable to even lift a hand to hit him. Finding my clothes I agonizingly fumbled to dress myself and continued to cough up sea water and catch my breath. Exhausted beyond compare and barely able to place one foot in front of the other, I stubbornly plodded along the beach back to the hotel scheming—how could I permanently rid myself of this highly irritating pastor?

In the following two weeks pastor Petzer came to visit me daily and regardless of my sarcasm, profanity and blasphemy he unconditionally shared the love of his God and the blood of IOVA with me. I would cry myself to sleep at night feeling the heavy strain upon my heart and desperation of needing a God who would love and accept me....just as I was? *Was there really Someone out there who was willing to actually care, hold and comfort or love me?*

On the night of the 31st March he visited me again and tried to speak to me but I was in a terrible state as my injection was long over and I began perspiring badly. "What is the matter Mister Botha? You

are sweating yet the air is so cool tonight and you look boiling hot what is it?"

"I need an injection and my time limit is up." I snapped back at his observation.

"What kind of injection is it Mister Botha for your heart or insulin?" asking with honest sincerity in his voice.

"No you fool its heroin that I need. I'm a main-liner satisfied? Now please excuse me I want to go back to my room." I retaliated quite sure he would be thrown off guard and stop relentlessly asking me questions.

"May I come with you Mister Botha? Because you once mentioned there was a painting of your spirit guide in your room and I'd like to see it...if I may?" I simply nodded and started fighting the ever increasing pain wracking my body as we took the stairs and eventually entered my room and waited for his predictable reaction stepping over the welcoming carpet.

"Mister Botha, *that being*...he is so evil. I can feel the evil emanating from the painting itself." said the young perplexed pastor. I didn't bother to answer him as he stood in front of a lifelike portrait of Thor'rauna. I prepared my injection and poured myself a stiff drink and swallowed it in one gulp.

The young pastor turned to me and with such compassion he said "Mister Botha. Jesus can take that craving away from you for good and forgive your sin. Why not give Him a chance?" I faced him and clenched my fists as I replied.

"I told you I wanted nothing to do with Jesus or your religion." I spat it out at him feeling satisfied, even slightly better but was not at all prepared for what was to happen next.

"*I see we have company Phil?*" I heard a voice say and turned around to see Thor'rauna standing exactly in middle of the room (*always his point of entrance*) and staring at the young pastor who showed not an ounce of fear in his glowing face?

“Er.....Hello...Thor’rauna. This is Clive Petzer.” I hesitantly greeted him trying to introduce each other but the young pastor flatly ignored the out stretched hand of Thor’rauna.

“I know who he is and what his intentions are, but *what is he doing here?*”

“*So this is the.....Thor’rauna.* I always wanted to meet your kind who drags humans to the pit of Hell itself.” the pastor commented defiantly.

“I beg your pardon we never drag anyone down to Hell as you have correctly preached yourself recently. They all make their own decisions after eighteen in the right frame of mind and independently of their parents. Why don’t you ask Phil if he was ever forced to do anything against his own natural human will?” Thor’rauna said confidently and a smirk on his face.

Suddenly I saw the young pastor’s face light up as if there was a light shining from behind his skin and he started speaking loudly and boldly in a very strange language at Thor’rauna (*but not directly to him*) that I had never heard before. The over seven foot frame of Thor’rauna with perfectly and powerfully formed muscles stepped backwards as he cringed and cowered into the corner of the room.

In all my seventeen years I had never seen Thor’rauna afraid of anything or anyone and never a human being for that matter, but now fear sprang up from nowhere and marred his beautiful face, forcing him back against the lounge wall, literally terrified of every word the young preacher seemed to command over him.

I stood there in total silence and completely stunned in amazement. He...Thor’rauna the only Supreme Thor’rauna—*ruler of the spirit world over all Africa and America* petrified of this young pastor’s power in the spoken word? He was just a fanatical follower of IOVA. All of a sudden I felt so deeply ashamed and began seeing enormous differences between the two.

Pastor Petzer was much smaller in stature, yet looked much cleaner and healthy compared to my spirit guide. Thor'rauna looked almost dirty literally shaken if not threatened and defeated?

As I stared in unbelief, the pastor raised his right hand and pointed his index finger at Thor'rauna who quickly cried out across the dinning room. "I have had enough!" and he disappeared just as mysteriously and unexpectedly as he had arrived. I turned on the young man and swore at him.

"Now look what you're done. Thor'rauna may never return to me."

"Mister Botha." the pastor answered and walked across the room towards me. "I hope to God above that he never returns." and only then I noticed the light had disappeared from around his body.

"Get out of here. *Leave me alone* and don't ever come back." I shouted. Respecting my wishes he walked towards the door stopped, turned and in his ever calm and reassuring voice replied.

"Mister Botha, but if you ever need me even in the middle of the night.....call me. Here is my phone number." and he placed a small piece of paper next to the telephone.

"Get out of here. I'd rather die than call for your help." I shouted feeling another pang of anxiety grab my chest. Without even blinking he continued in that warm compassionate voice and said (*as if the rudeness hadn't even left my mouth*).

"Mister Botha.....I still say you need Jesus Christ. There is nothing or no one else that can cleanse you from your sin, heal and set you totally free, but Christ Jesus. Good night Mister Botha." He was gone before I could find the strength and words to curse him or slap his face again.

I stood at my window and watched him walk from the hotel towards his motor car. A deep longing emerged from within my soul to open the window and call him back. I was so confused frightened and very mixed up after what had just occurred in my hotel room. I felt alone and lost, yet so much more than I ever did before. I closed the

curtain and went to lie down on the bed still fully clothed and turned my face to the wall as I began thinking to myself.

Maybe Petzer was right I could be wrong? After all I don't want to be a drug addict or an alcoholic. Nor do I want to be a High Priest in the Movement anymore. Maybe Jesus can heal me of this heart condition and my kidney ailment? Maybe.... I should give Jesus a second chance like Petzer kept on saying?

I wonder why Thor'rauna seemed so afraid of him and why he left so quickly? Was that the Holy Spirit speaking down from Heaven and commanded Thor'rauna to go through Pastor Petzer? Surely then, the Holy Spirit does have more power and Thor'rauna must be the weaker of the two? Was IOVA using this preacher to get my attention?

"Oh God please....*please help me?*" the last sentence came so spontaneously over my lips and my body automatically curled up as another painful jab thrust itself at my heart.

"Phil.....Phil?" I heard someone call me and rolling over onto my side to see Thor'rauna, standing at the foot of my bed. "Come with me Phil I want to show you something." he said pointing to the floor at the foot of my bed. I edged my very tired and aching body to the foot of my double bed and sat up with a start. I felt the fear grip my throat rendering me speechless and unable to cry out. I looked at the huge hole in the floor and bright red flickering light glowing out of the bottom of it.

My room was on the 2nd floor of the hotel and it could not really be taking place! Yet my pounding heart and past encounters of entering the spirit dimensions with Thor'rauna and Zurall convinced me otherwise. My now angry spirit-guide insisted and repeated stretching his hand towards me. "Come with me Phil I want to show you something." Not since my burial initiation in that coffin had I experienced such fear and the horror of death. I sprang from the bed not thinking of my weak heart only knowing I had to run for my life.

Less than three feet from the front door two huge figures materialized and solidly blocked my way. Both were black hairy creatures and with huge scarlet bat-like wings. Their faces were covered with long thin-streaky black hair hanging down upon their chests. During my ten years of studies and experiences, I recalled their only too familiar visits and the only reason they are ever summoned—*these were my Angels of Death*.

“Noooooooo, let me go!” I screamed, demanded and lastly foolishly begged them to depart from me. I knew not even my position or special powers bestowed by Thor'rauna could halt their orders *from their Master*. They grabbed both of my wrists in their claws and effortlessly pushed me towards the hole. In a final and desperate attempt I locked my right leg (*being carried in mid air by these powerful beasts*) around the bed post only hindering their orders for a split second.

The bed post snapped in two and the frame collapsed in a heap over the bed. I felt their grip tighten and gasped for air in a vice-like grip on my arms and chest, dangling my body pathetically kicking wildly above the hole. They obeyed a voice that seemed to boom like thunder somewhere in the dancing flames below. “*Drop him now.*” And I fell screaming.

Out of sheer panic I lost my breath as my body fell down that pitch black pit and thought my heart was going to stop, but I plummeted further.....down....down towards *the bottom?* I recall that terrifying ordeal so very clearly. As I fell flashes of red sped before my eyes on every side. Intermingled with the thick black acrid smoke and suddenly I landed on something very soft, cold wet and clammy.

From the darkness Thor'rauna appeared radiating this time in a bright red shimmering light coming from within his person and took me by the right hand and helped me to my feet. “Come with me and don't be afraid just follow me Phil. I want to show you something!” he said. Once more my trust in him instantly returned and realizing we were not in an earthly dimension anymore I followed him closely through the thick darkness till we came to a huge lava sea. Long flames

of deep red and yellow snapped at our feet as the smoke bellowed from it.

I pulled back when I saw it but he gripped my hand more tightly and pulled me marching onwards relentlessly. I saw the glow from this lava sea extended only to the height of about three feet and further up there was pitch black darkness. "Come, don't resist and just follow me Phil." Thor'rauna tried to convince me leading me towards the lava sea along a very narrow rock ledge. He guided me through the lava sea and I felt the heat and smelt the acrid smoke getting stronger as it bellowed from it. Only our feet were visible to me as we walked further on till I could no longer see his huge frame in front of me?

Sporadic bolts of lightning pierced through the blackness around us followed by ear splitting crashes of thunder which made me all the more terrified and I started to pray in my mind like I did when I was a little boy. *"Please God....don't strike me! I know I am a sinner. Lord please don't hurt me, I can't help being a sinner."*

After what seemed like a lifetime we reached the other side where the rock ledge ended in a huge lighted cavern. In the centre was a large throne and upon it sat a spirit being dressed in purple and what looked to be gold. He was amazingly beautiful and had a gold crown on his head. Sensing us arrive he smiled half heartedly at me as we stopped in front of him.

"Kneel.....this is the one you serve." commanded Thor'rauna and I stood there staring at this being not knowing who he was nor what I was to do. He shifted a bit uncomfortably on the throne and glared down at Thor'rauna.

"Kneel." he commanded again and this time pushed me forward causing me to fall on one knee and I saw this being gloat and smile broadly. I became annoyed and stood up on both feet and heard a small voice inside me say those same words pastor Petzer had kept repeating to me *'you need Jesus Mister Botha'*.

"No" I cried out defiantly shifting my weight on both feet squarely and clenching my fists not knowing what to expect and said. *"I refuse to*

serve him. I choose Jesus Christ.” It was as if I slapped both of them through their faces. The one on the throne gave such a jerk that his crown actually slipped over his forehead as his face contorted with rage.

Next there was a clear tinkling of a bell and an extremely bright light shone from above which pierced the darkness, filling the entire place. I looked up to see where the light came from whilst Thor'rauna and the other being both hid their faces in their hands and turned their backs to the Light. Then far above that bright glowing light emerged a silhouetted figure and a powerful voice boomed through the darkness.

*“This day he has chosen whom he will serve.
Let not a hair on his head be damaged
Now return him from whence he came!”*

The light faded and I heard Thor'rauna cursing me under his breath through the darkness as he grabbed me under my right arm and pulled me away from the throne. Once again we started over the lava sea along the narrow rocky ledge but this time I heard my nickname being called by someone in the distance. “*Jimmy.*” I stopped for I clearly recognized the voice?

“Look in front of you and don't look down.” Thor'rauna ordered me but he was too late. I had already looked down into the lava sea and to my sheer horror I saw people? Their bodies twisted terribly as if in pain jerking and their faces were ghastly masks of torment and suffering. They were going through such unspeakable horrors that I never dreamed were possible and could never be described in any human language on earth.

“*Jimmy....Jimmy*” I recognized another voice and knew it was Paul an old friend from my teenage years. Then a voice that belonged to a friend I grew to fear somewhat after he joined a Pentecostal church and whom Thor'rauna specifically warned me not to enter his space if he was ever filled with the Holy Spirit's power.

“*Help me Jimmy..... don't leave me here.....Jimmy?*” Peter's once glowing face full of confidence when he used to preach to me on the

corners near my mother's house in Benoni, now but a twisted vile and very old looking man as hundreds of flames intertwining mysteriously around his body forcing him under causing him to scream helplessly into the thick darkness below.

"Jimmy...why are you here? Get me out Jimmy please?" Michael as well? My head was pounding and reeling with questions. I was so confused mixed up and so unsure of everything I had heard in the church when Michael called out to me. I just managed to glance over my shoulder and see his body writhe and squirm in the lava sea tormented and twisted in such excruciating pain.

"Please don't leave us Jimmy, help us.....Jimmy?" Their arms out stretched outward and upward towards me begging and pleading for me to help them. My mouth hung open and I stood there stunned and shocked to the core of my being. These teenage acquaintances used to preach to me on the street corners in my neighborhood and at my work. These young men who told me I was on my way to Hell, now crying out for me.... to rescue them? I was so utterly confused because they were dedicated Christians who all believed in the manifestations of the Holy Ghost.

I stood there with tears stinging in my eyes. *I was crying for them*, their wretchedness...me of all people. One who never ever had pity on a single member in the Movement, *I was crying* for others. I also heard many others cursing and calling me terrible names mingled with profanity and rage. I recognized all their voices almost immediately being former members from Satanism who had died whilst I was in power and had treated them very cruelly and showed no mercy at all.

Once more I turned to glance at those Christians who had shared the gospel with me and they began crying out to God in those unknown languages which confused me all the more. Unexpectedly my heart gave one jerk and the last thing I remember was falling inwards towards the lava sea and out of Thor'rauna's grip as I plunged headlong into the lava sea.

6

Accepting My New Master and Savior

Slowly I recovered consciousness only to discover the most excruciating pain in my body that forced my eyes open. I was lying on the floor of my bedroom back in the hotel and I struggled to my knees, feeling terrible sharp pains in my hands and saw they were covered in blisters all red and swollen. Excruciatingly slowly I rolled over onto my side and managed to stand on both feet. However I also caught the reflection of a person's shadow moving in the long mirror and spun around terrified that it might be one of the angels of death.

I gasped and held my breath at the unexpected and appalling sight as I confronted *'this beast in my room'*. Squinting and trying to focus out my blistered eyelids I realized to my horror I was looking at my very own reflection in the mirror.

I limped closer to the mirror and saw all the hair on my head was singed to the roots and formed a black crust over my head. My face was red and bloated almost twice its normal size.

What remained of my eyebrows were black frizzled patches over my eyes and my shirt collar was completely burnt away. I staggered to the phone and dialed the pastor's number on the piece of paper he had left behind. Weeping with the pain and praying he would be there to answer the call I flopped onto the bed on my back. "Please pastor I need your help....now?" He arrived there in minutes and was clearly shaken by what he saw as he entered the room and immediately asked the obvious.

“What happened to you?” The pain was running riot through my body and I couldn’t bother then to try and explain as I wasn’t that sure of all the events myself. I grabbed onto his arm and pleaded with him.

“I will tell you later. Please you must help me find Jesus Christ. I must find Him before I die.” My tears began to flow down my burning hot cheeks and the young pastor gently placed his hand at the back of my elbow. He was very careful and managed to shift me to a kneeling position before his eyes widened as I cried out in pain as it raced through my entire body.

“What is it Mr. Botha?” he asked bewildered and not at all sure what to make of the whole situation, let alone my completely different attitude towards him.

“The...the pain in my body. It feels like I’m being torn in two inside and *I cannot take it anymore.*” I cried out and buckled over trying to fight the throbbing pain. He softly placed his hand on my right shoulder and urged me to pray.

“Just say God be merciful to me a sinner.” and it was screamed out at the top of my voice as the pain took control over my whole being. Then to my utter amazement most of the pain left my body? I lifted my head off the floor and the pastor saw the stunned expression on my face as I returned to my kneeling position.

“Mr. Botha, lets start here at John chapter eight, verse forty-four. It says

you are of your father the devil and the lusts of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth because there was no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own fore he is a liar and the father of it.”

He turned a page and making sure I was listening and not distracted by any further pain he continued in his very calming voice. ‘*Because I tell you the truth ye believe me not.*’ Now that is what Jesus Christ said of Satan, or Lucifer. You see Mr. Botha Lucifer himself was created by God Jehovah and will be cast into the Lake of fire and brimstone.

There is such a place prepared for the wicked of this world and for Satan and his followers. The only One who can help you right now Mr. Botha is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself!

It also says here in the bible '*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses you from all sin*' and in 1st John chapter one, verse seven—'*and how much more shall the blood of Christ who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God purge your conscience from dead works to serve the Living God?*' Hebrews chapter nine verses thirteen to fourteen" he added.

I managed a faint smile of understanding and nodded that he must continue.

'*It is written that whoever will come unto Him*' that is Jesus Christ he explained becoming involved '*He will in no ways cast out*'. Jesus said '*Come unto Me...all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.*'

There is only One God Mr. Botha and no other beside Him. '*Thou believest that there is one God, thou doest well, for the devils also believe that and tremble*' That was from James chapter two verse nineteen. The young and now excited pastor turned to me saying.

"Earlier tonight you saw how Thor'rauna feared when the Holy Spirit spoke to him through me and how he left in such a hurry? There is no evil spirit or demon that can remain when the presence of God is being manifested. He is the Supreme Ruler for He created all things by His Word Mr. Botha. Do you believe that Jesus Christ is literally the Son of God Jehovah?"

"Yes...oh yes I do believe that now!" I replied taken a back thinking he was still reading scripture and not asking me directly.

He smiled so warmly at me when I answered him, then he knelt right beside me and paused for a moment, gazed upwards letting out a heavy sigh and said so passionately and softly to the Lord "Oh thank You Lord Jesus..." He turned to me and continued and asked me to follow him in prayer.

“Heavenly Father, I confess I am a sinner and need the forgiveness of sin. I believe Jesus died on the cross for me and His blood was shed for the remission of my sins. Please wash me in the blood of Your Son Jesus and cleanse me from all sin? Lord Jesus I ask for You to come and live within my heart and I accept You right now as my own Personal Savior.
Thank You Father for my salvation in Jesus’ Holy name.... amen.”

When those words in the prayer...*‘wash me in the blood of Christ Jesus and cleanse me from all sin’*, I was distracted for a split second as midnight struck on the wall clock then I completed the sentence and in the first minute on the 1st April 1969. I rose to my feet and the pastor and we praised His wonderful name together.

I could *literally feel the change* within my entire body soul and newly born-again spirit. I had become a new creature and for the first time in my life and all fear had left me. I feared absolutely nothing and had finally found the peace and calm I had always sought after. Within those few humble and honest moments in prayer I had found what I was searching for after wasting seventeen long years in Satanism. Yes I had finally found God who had patiently waited all those years and accepted me just as I was—with all my sin, hate, cruelty and blindness to His love and Son.

“Now brother Phil” the beaming young pastor said as he shook my hand very gently and congratulated me “...you can tell me what happened back there.”

I told him everything that occurred since he had left my hotel room a few hours ago. After hearing the entire ordeal he expounded the scriptures to me in regard to Hades and the Bible and how Hell was located in the centre of the earth. Also it has been recorded in scripture how the whole body, spirit and soul have gone down into it alive! *‘They and all that pertain to them went down alive into the pit and the earth closed upon them and they perished from among the congregation’*. (Numbers 16:33).

The next morning I briefly stopped off at pastor Petzer's flat to leave a special letter of thanks and to my surprise he was home and gave me his very own copy of the New Testament. I told him I had to leave for Johannesburg thanked him again and departed. I didn't wish to involve my new friend with my obvious withdrawal symptoms from drugs and alcohol. Nor the inevitable confrontation with members of the Left Hand Path once Thor'rauna announces how the only Magus High Priest ever of modern Satanism converted to IOVA.

I still had the keys ad the flat at my disposal but I preferred to walk the streets and sleep in the parks instead. However a new pain set in the day after I arrived in Durban. The first few *withdrawal symptoms* caused by the heroin addiction and the following week it intensified and I really suffered terribly.

A cold fever and perspiration started in between the shaking and all the uncontrollable twitching and later that sick and empty hunger for the drug. Many nights I crawled in under the hedge in Albert Park and begged God to let me die. I bit into the cover of that New Testament in order not to scream out in agony and attract any passers by.

After that first agonizing week I could not stand the pain anymore and went to the caretaker of the hired flat and asked to be admitted saying I had lost my key and she unlocked the door for me. Once inside I remembered hiding two packets of heroin with a syringe and I prepared everything to inject myself. I sat there in the fully furnished lounge with the two packets of heroin and suddenly a voice came from deep within and whispered to me.

"Do you think it is worthwhile?" I recognized the conviction and the Holy Spirit's voice and tore the packets open and flushed the contents down the toilet. I stood there quite proud of myself and watched it swirl and twist down the toilet bowl disappearing out of my reach and hopefully out of my life. As I walked down the passage to let myself out there was a loud knock on the front door.

Not expecting anyone from the Movement to know I had returned I very slowly and suspiciously opened the front door. There stood two large detectives from the vice squad with a warrant to search my flat.

“Oh sure....please won’t you come on in?” I said inviting them in and after a quick but thorough search I let them and myself out and locked the flat behind me. There was a public park not far from the flat and walking there with a slight and strange bounce in my step I smiled to myself and I glanced up at the heavens and could not thank God enough. He in all His perfect wisdom had made a way for me to destroy those drugs just in the nick of time. And the following day surprisingly enough I was so calm and almost all of the symptoms had left me! Praise the wonderful name of Jesus Christ, fore I had passed the first test as far as the drugs were concerned and I was now free from all the cravings.

During that month I had nothing to eat and drank a lot of water from the tap in the park and from the neighborhood gardens. It was not that I did not want to eat but I had no money to buy any food and not one of the so called *Christians* would help me. I knocked and asked for help on many doors and churches for that matter but was always refused repeatedly. Yet they placed their biblical placards in their front gardens with their favorite verses from the bible on it.

Unfortunately that happens to our ever so slightly threatened *Christians* in many of those churches. If you are dressed neatly with money in your pockets you are obviously much more than welcome. But should you be dressed in rags and knock on their front door without a cent you are chased away as they are *far too busy* to spare some *old bread or left over food*. Some were about to show a film show for the young people refusing to even *hear my requests*.

Whilst several blocks away another church was far too involved with the *preparations for a visiting evangelist* telling me to return another day!’ I must add here, that quite a few of those same churches that refused me help and food, invited me to testify a few years later as their *special visiting speaker* and were horrified when I publicly refused to

accept a single cent from them. My reason and story obviously brought tears to their eyes and I insisted they use the money for those who come knocking on their doors in future seeking help!

A month after my conversion I was sitting on a park bench in Albert Park feeling very despondent, when a tall young man came across the field towards me and sat down on the park bench right beside me. When I wanted to get up and leave he turned towards me and said. "Phil, do you think that you can carry on like this? Do you *really think* you can be a genuine follower of Christ? Why not stop this foolishness Phil?"

"Who are you?" I replied and faced the intruder not knowing what to expect, yet the voice was so familiar to me.

"Why Phil....it is only I Thor'rauna, remember?" he answered and I sprang up from the park bench and ran out of the park as if all the demons in Hell were after me. I headed for the nearest public phone booth, but as I began dialing the pastor's number I felt that familiar coldness creeping up my legs and then that numbness. (*a feeling known to professional mediums when being possessed by spirit-guides*) I was being possessed against my will and I had no power to stop it?

Vaguely coming to I first heard and then felt the wind howling around my face and opening up my eyes thinking I was still in the call box. But discovered I was standing and swaying on a narrow ledge and the sounds of police sirens below distracted me. Looking round bewildered and trying to calm my racing heart and find my bearings I quickly glanced down where all the noise and flashing lights were coming from and lost my balance. I remember seeing the huge blue letters spelling *SANLAM* as I fell helplessly towards the crowd below and over my trembling lips I call out to God to help me.

"Phil.....Phil Botha." I heard someone calling me and tried to reply.

"What is it?" I opened my eyes to see two people bending over me looking slightly dazed. I noticed a rather concerned look on one of the faces, that of pastor Petzer?

“Who is your Lord and Master?” he asked. I was surprised to hear him ask that question *to me?* and wondered what on earth was going on.

“Christ Jesus who died for me, of course.” I answered abruptly quite amazed that he would ask that kind of question after leading me to Christ. I rose from the floor and dusted myself off looking at my surroundings and found I was in a small church of some kind.

“How do you feel *now* brother?” the pastor asked with a lot more warmth this time in his voice.

“I’m fine thank you. What happened though and why question whom I serve anyway?” I asked.

“Phil this is the Reverend Merchie. He is the missionary here in Addington Hospital and we brought you up here to the Chapel on the top floor. You fell from the 13th floor of the Sanlam building onto the pavement below. You were brought to this hospital confused when they examined you, yet you should have been dead?

There were no bones broken in your body and all the newspapers have already printed stories of ‘*your miraculous escape*’. Their reports said you had tried to commit suicide! Is that what really happened up there Phil?”

“No absolutely not! I didn’t jump or even fall on purpose, it was one of those evil spirits who managed to take possession of my body and I firmly believe they tried to take my life and will do so again.” I replied puzzled at the entire event.

“We had a long battle trying to command Thor’rauna to leave your body but succeeded—*praise the Lord for that*, but Phil you have to pray right now my brother” the young pastor tried to explain to me as he and the missionary began to kneel again on the carpet. As I knelt ever so reluctantly besides them I found I could not utter a word and somehow I could still hear Thor’rauna’s voice laughing at me mockingly saying.

You have accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Master but we can still possess your body. You see, we are stronger than He is.

I rose to my feet confused yet angry and said to the pastor and his friend not thinking about the consequences at all. "Pastor...can you please tell me why if I have accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior, these evil spirits are still able to enter and control my body? Are they then stronger than Jesus? This Christianity doesn't really seem to work for me.....I'm going." and turned round looking for the exit as the two of them pleaded with me once more.

"Phil, don't do anything you may regret later....Phil please stay"

"No!" I answered in frustration at my perception of Christianity and stormed off towards the badly painted brown door.

The next moment I fell to the floor as if hit in the face by a sledge hammer and my body sprawled out on the carpet between the benches unable to move. Then over my lips came a strange and wonderful tongue (*an unknown language*) and it poured forth. There without any knowledge of what I was saying or what the words actually meant an intense feeling of peace happiness and security engulfed and flooded my whole body.

I began weeping unashamedly with praise and felt as if I was drifting away. There was not an ounce of fear left in my body and I sensed deep within my soul that experience had nothing to do with Thor'rauna or the Movement. It was directly from the Holy Spirit and I was completely safe in His hands. There in that small Chapel I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Hallelujah and praise be to God.

It is such a pivotal experience that cannot be explained or described to those trying foolishly to follow Christ without it. Every saint is commanded *not asked* to go through that experience personally in order *to enter into His rest*. The Word reveals clearly how disciples thirty-five years after Jesus rose from the dead were baptized with power. I received the same power and experience in the late sixties and obedient saints are stilling receiving it in 2005, for neither Jesus, His Word, blood or power will ever change. (Acts 2:38-39)

After that incredible experience the pastor and I left for Amanzimtoti, where my troubles really began...amongst the Christians. The

pastor's congregation would not accept me as a brother in the Lord and I began to discover what the real meaning of persecution from the Church was all about. Only a handful of members eventually accepted me as part of the Body of Christ and their own congregation

The majority however even refused to shake my hand after I testified in their assembly. Strangest part of all was it was also the first experience for the young pastor to have persecution from within his own assembly against the very one they had all fasted and prayed for God to save.....me. The Assemblies of God congregation had joined in with fasting and prayer (*day and night*) whilst pastor Petzer had visited my hotel to share the Good News with me.

Now when they should have been rejoicing that God saved and set free a High Priest of Satan they foolishly chose to disbelieve the power in the blood and the name of Jesus Christ. Everybody in that church knew what I used to be and after sharing my testimony and thanking them for praying for my salvation, half of them would not so much as shake my hand at the door, afraid of having a demon passed onto them in my handshake.

A week later some of the elders of the church complained about my living with the pastor in his flat as it was deemed unhealthy in their 'spiritual eyes'. Not at all accustomed to the policies or man-made rules some try to make Christians live by, I decided to keep the peace. Each night after our bible studies I left the flat and slept in his parked Volkswagen Kombi alongside the flat and the word got around fast.

Often I was invited for meals by a lovely caring couple who belonged to that same church yet though the entire church knew my position, there wasn't a single other member who once bothered to lift a finger and help me during those hard times.

God had blessed the pastor with a wonderful fiancée who used to help me financially enabling me to buy myself some new clothes. She was such a very kind hearted and true child of God who not only read the Word, but applied it to her daily life. She was so much like the pastor who, besides being a doer of the Word loved to bless poor folk

anonymously. May the Lord truly bless her soul wherever she may be this day fore she was such an example of unconditional love for me to follow.

Later the pastor decided that I had to move back into the flat with him and through his daily teachings of the bible I grew stronger in my spirit. He would teach me about God's Word into the early hours of the morning and never his own ideas theories or opinions. He believed the bible was the best handbook any Christian needed and God's opinion was the only interpretation man needed to hear and follow. He was ever so patient with me and would never stop a lesson until I knew the subject by heart.

7

Satanic Zombies vs. God's Power

One evening the telephone rang and was answered by the pastor. However it was for me and not expecting anyone from the Movement to call, I was shocked to hear an all too familiar voice on the other end of the phone.

"Phil.....? I'm phoning to warn you that both your lives are in the greatest danger. Zurall has issued your *sentence and removal* and the zombies are coming to-night to return you to the Temple. They are.....*already on their way*. Please be very careful Phil as you know how this always ends." As I replaced the receiver the pastor relaxing in his favorite armchair noticed the nervous expression on my face and frown that followed when he asked me.

"What is it Phil, what's wrong?" I knew this day would arrive when my silence would be required by the Movement, but I was not going to allow the very man who led me to Christ to be hurt or harmed in the process.

"Pastor, I er..." I fell over my words as I glanced across the living room for my jacket. "I must leave here immediately. It's Zurall. He has sent the zombies to return me to the Temple I'm to be executed tonight. If I leave on my own accord, now they will not harm you at all as it's me who is a threat to Satanism." The young friend moved slowly towards me and calmly stated his opinion about the call.

"No.... you are not going anywhere Phil. Let them come and see if they can take you?" Having commanded captures many times before

and have witnessed their movements, power and speed I tried again to warn the naïve pastor with his courageous intentions.

“But you don’t understand pastor. These....these creatures are not exactly human to start with and they don’t answer to any commands by humans besides the priests. They are called zombies and their births are not due to *some accident*, but the will of their Master. Some of the male evil messengers take on human forms just like Thor’rauna did in my room. We call this ectoplasm—when a demon or evil spirit leaves their first estate, like you taught me in the days of Noah and they have sexual intercourse with normal human prostitutes of the Temples.

Pastor these wretched souls have no minds of their own at all. Nor can they receive conviction of any kind and never salvation from sin. Every single zombie is programmed to capture all who betray or try to leave the Movement and no one has ever got out alive to tell their story. Thor’rauna is never going to allow his hard work to be wasted and exposed. Pastor even I had to order them sometimes to collect a few *turncoats* and watched them drag screaming traitors into the Temples to face their destiny.

Please believe me, I beg of you Pastor. It will take no less than eight full grown men to physically confront one of the zombies and then he will merely be slowed down before fulfilling orders and effortlessly kill *‘whoever gets in the way* in the process. They have arranged to return me to the Temple in Durban and they will stop at nothing. It’s almost midnight now so I must go quickly.”

Folding his newspaper neatly the ever confident flat mate smiled and replied. “Nothing at all is going to happen to you....or myself for that matter my dear brother Phil. Why our God’s Heavenly angels are not only fifty thousand times stronger than those mindless creatures, but their evil Master was created by God Jehovah Himself. There is absolutely no comparison whatsoever!” he explained naturally beaming from ear to ear, having to touch on the subject of creative powers by of his All Mighty God.

"Pastor you don't get it.....I'm afraid. Not for myself but for your life to be spared. I know what these zombies can do." I replied quickly glancing out the window a second time in anticipation. But I was more afraid my host would do something to put himself in harms way when they arrived. The waiting was agony for me as I grew more and more frustrated knowing neither the zombies (*nor the pastor*) would back down and I was so very uncertain of what would transpire that evening.

A minute after midnight.....it started. Pastor Petzer never heard the first call of the drum. I rose and tip toed across the lounge only to see him walk out the kitchen with the kettle still in his hand. Without saying a single word his head turned towards the balcony as the second call was started in a slow-pulsating-drone.

"They're here pastor. That's the Voodoo drum."

"Ah....good! Come now Phil let us go and see what they want shall we?" he replied placing the half filled kettle on the lounge table and walked ever so calmly to the door leading out onto his balcony.

"Stop! You must be mad pastor. Come back inside.....*please?*" The pastor placed his hand on the door handle and stopped. He let out a little sigh of irritation then turned, faced me and answered in a very stern but confident tone.

"Phil, these creatures must be taught a lesson. Don't show them you are afraid....come!" *Don't show them I'm afraid* I thought to myself *'he has got to be joking!'* He opened the door and walked onto his balcony and loudly called out into the darkness.

"You there....what is it you want?" I slowly inched my way out onto the balcony trying to stay in the shadows of the tall tree from the pastor's garden so I could see all twelve of them. Only ten would be zombies and the other two tall men were instigators—overseers of the night. The third short and final call was sounded and abruptly stopped.

Now the zombies were ready to obey. Seeing, feeling fearing and stopping at nothing. Created only to please their Master they remained motionless frozen in their half moon position as pastor Petzer repeated

his question. The street lights reflected parts of their huge bodies with long uncut hair and lifeless faces through the swaying branches of the trees they stood under.

"We want the traitor." one of them called out of the darkness and silence engulfed us. The pastor placed his two hands on the brick ledge of his balcony and as if he was addressing a small school hall of noisy children answered loudly.

"Why do you want him? He is not one of you anymore. He has accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior, so be gone now and don't ever return!" The larger of the two instigators took a few paces forward and I recognized one of the ruthless priests of my Temple looking very sinister in his full robe shouted back.

"Do not get in our way or you will be harmed!" cut through the silence like a knife and I knew I had to do something quickly to protect the pastor and cried out anxiously.

"Wait....I will go with you. If....you promise not to hurt the pastor. *Do you promise.....swear by that which is sacred to you?*" The priest then raised his special medallion high in line with his forehead and replied.

"O Magus-Thor'rauna. May this, your last request be granted so be it!" Before I could turn around to leave the balcony my host turned and said in a deep low voice, not to let it be heard by those below.

"No. This will not transpire in my ministry. Phil Botha I order you in the name of Jesus Christ Son of the Living God to stay exactly where you are!" He pulled me back from the entrance of the balcony door and we turned to hear from the instigator again. Now greatly angered at what his spirit guide had instantly relayed to him *overhearing the pastor's hushed words seconds ago* and he spat out his final demand out to me.

"Magus-Thor'rauna it is you that we want and not him. IOVA cannot protect you now and we have come for you!" For a split second I thought of how frail we must have appeared on the balcony with the dinning room light enhancing our slim figures on the balcony against

the ten mindless souls below. But I was rudely jolted back to reality as the powerful and now annoyed voice beside me bellowed out.

“All of you down there listen to my voice carefully. In the name of Jesus Christ Son of the Living God and by the power of His blood shed on Golgotha, I order you to remain where you are.” I felt the goose flesh run up my spine and branch out to both of my arms, it was electrifying.

“If any of you dare to step forward your right arm and right leg will *be paralyzed* and you will become blind, until such time as you receive Jesus Christ as your own personal Savior. I have spoken in the name of IOVA.....so let it be!”

A strange sight met our eyes when the instigators urged a few of the zombies forward. One of the priests lost control of his right arm and his leg and battling to stand cried out to the assistant priest for help as he couldn’t see. A power could be felt emanating from the sky and even I became unsteady on my feet. All at once a strange tingling sensation, very similar to my experience in the small chapel on top of Addington hospital, came over my whole body and slowly it left again.

“In the name of Jesus Christ Son of the living God, I command you mindless creatures to take your masters back to Durban and then return to your original states. Be your minds dead or still alive, I have spoken in the name of Jesus so let it be!”

I stood there in complete awe. In all the seventeen years of being involved in Satanism I had never seen these half demonic-half human ‘robots’ obey anyone else but myself and priests directly under me. The zombies turned and led the one blind and partly paralyzed ‘*master*’ back to the waiting cars. I stood there speechless for a few moments and then stared across in amazement at my flat mate.

“Well.....isn’t the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and His blood really so great and powerful?” As the tail lights of the last car sped away and faded in the distance between the leaves of the trees, the young pastor waited for me to enter the lounge before closing the balcony door behind him.

I sat down to steady myself and to try to make some sense of what had just occurred. Less than a year before I ordered the zombies to abduct several traitors, yet there could never be any comparison with such unbelievable power of Christ I had experienced only minutes ago. My young flat mate had been standing on the opposite side of the table waiting for me to 'reenter the real world' and when he saw my glazed look had disappeared he ever so casually asked me with a broad grin of satisfaction on his glowing face.

"Still considering going.....*back are you Phil?*" he asked picking up the kettle and stared back at me, waiting for a reply. Sheepishly I smiled at him, shook my head then watched the most incredibly dedicated man of God stroll into his kitchen and call out to me as he switched the kettle on. "All that pointless shouting did make me quite thirsty. Are you going to join me Phil?"

About a week after our episode with the zombies two sisters in the church became very spiteful towards me after a prayer meeting and I went for a walk by myself along the beach. I must have walked quite a way down the shore before deciding to return and in the moonlight I saw people coming towards me but didn't take much notice. It was such a lovely warm evening and in Natal during that time of year the coolness could only be found along the empty sandy beaches.

When these three couples reached the same path I was walking on, one of them stopped me and politely inquired if I was Phil Botha. Sensing something wrong I tried to turn and run, but was grabbed by two very powerful men who started punching me in the face and body. I was no match for them and eventually they knocked me to the ground and began relentlessly kicking at my face and body.

After having my breath kicked out of me I tried in vain to crawl away and started to cough up blood. I gasped for air as they started ripping my clothes off till I was completely naked, then four men pinned me down on the sand as two violated me. In vain I struggled to free myself against their brute force and numbers and passed out from the

immense strain placed upon me. When I managed to regain consciousness they had left me lying naked on the beach.

I hurriedly searched in the fading moonlight to find what was left of my clothes and dressed myself as best I could with the rags. I walked and partly stumbled back to the flat without anyone else seeing. Twice blackness threatened to overwhelm me as I forced myself to walk the last few blocks to the flat and a few feet from the front gate my knees gave way and I collapsed on the sidewalk.

The pastor had become worried over my absence and decided to go in search for me and was just in time to see me fall near his gate. That experience left a terrible mental and emotional scar on me and I could not look any members in the eyes that Sunday morning and also refused Holy Communion, feeling dirty and unfit to partake in it.

That same Sunday straight after service those two horrid sisters walked up to me and rudely asked "Why don't you go back to your Satanic friends Mister Botha? Go back because we don't want you in our Church. We struggled for years to build up this congregation to what it is today and you are not going to destroy it. Go back to where you came from." I stood there shocked to the core and retaliated furiously.

"*What...* you don't want me here in the church? Are you appointed to decide who can worship and praise God in this church? I suppose you two also clean the church?" becoming bitterly sarcastic. They folded their arms and proudly nodded their reply. "Have you got your booms here at the church?" I asked sounding very interested in their good works which threw them off guard.

"*Yes we do as a matter of fact.....*in the vestry, why?" they abruptly replied, shifting from side to side with annoyance on their faces clearly visible.

"Well then tell me why...." I continued in a very sarcastically tone "...why don't both of you climb on your brooms and fly home, because you act like two witches and not children of God. You sing

praises to the Lord yet with those same lips, you enjoy trying to kill others spiritually.

You are of your father the devil. I want nothing to do with you at all you white sepulchers." I blurted out at them feeling very sorry for myself storming out the church. I walked all the way back to the flat and decided to write a short note to pastor that I was returning to Johannesburg, but in actual fact I had had enough and was going back to the Temple in Durban.

On my arrival in Durban I was very surprised at the warm reception and welcome I received from Zurall and even some of the priests. Even Thor'rauna appeared personally to speak with me.

"Well well, well.....what do you want here? Have you already grown tired of your new religion so soon?" he asked sarcastically.

"No I didn't get tired of Jesus its others in that church who don't want me around anymore. I don't know what to do as I want to remain a Christian and not a follower of....." I answered angrily, refusing to mention the actual name through mutual respect of my spirit-guide and also for what might occur.

"What.....because of a few back stabbing Christians refusing you in a church the former Magus.....decides to run? That is not at all how I knew you before Phil?" he replied with genuine concern in his voice mingled loosely with scorn and fully manifested in his magnificent ectoplasm human form.

"They're afraid that I might break up and destroy their church."

"Did you bother to inform the pastor about these 'witches' and their ideas as you so aptly called them?" he asked and stood against the wall, his large seven foot odd frame towering over my frail and painfully thin body.

"No!" I snapped "I wrote a note stating I was going to Johannesburg" and sat down heavily on the couch in the corner feeling very dejected and offended. Thor'rauna stared hard at me and after a few seconds folded his arms over his bulging chest and instructed me.

“Haven’t you realized yet Phil? You can never again become a part of the Left Hand Path? It was I who chose you to become a priest years before you even heard of the Movement from your work colleague, sent to ensnare you.

“Yes, I remember you told me” Thor’rauna moved to the window and then continued with a depth of concern in his voice which left me very puzzled indeed.

“Since that time we worked on you because we had such high hopes for you and you did serve us well. I sincerely hope you’ll serve your Jesus better. Put your heart and soul into the service Phil and you will never regret it. I realize you must be quite puzzled by what I am saying now, but trust me Phil you have chosen Jesus Christ as your Master and now you must follow Him with all your heart and soul.

After tonight and this final conversation between the two of us you will never be able to see me again in this form, nor will I allow you to enter another Temple and leave it.....alive! Because you attained the highest level ever in modern Satanism I was able to possess your body freely and teach all my doctrines to every Temple here and abroad. So much so that we both know you were able to recite all 38 doctrines of devils verbatim.

Should you count yourself foolish enough to share these doctrines to the general public and churches you automatically become our greatest enemy and hope you have the courage to face certain death for your IOVA?

And as you have studied our history very thoroughly Phil, we have never failed to honor our Master’s orders since the 4th century.

We will never rest and shall work through your weak and self absorbed brothers and sisters. Whom you have just discovered, they are so extremely easy to tempt and help us cause division amongst the brethren. After tonight Phil, you will be outlawed in every Temple and all Sanctuaries in S. Africa. Your safety will be threatened and I..... Thor’rauna—..... *will personally* make very certain of that.”

"I am not afraid of you anymore or your kind" I argued with a note of insecurity in my voice. You could sense the tension rise in the room not knowing what to expect from my former spirit-guide as I was on his territory and way out of my league.

"Maybe not, but it was your own decision to accept IOVA as your Master. Down there when you made that decision you also saved your own life. If you had knelt voluntary before that throne you would have remained down there to serve Osmodeus, because he is king of all the demons and that was Hades.

He was the one who sat on the throne." The hairs on the back of my neck and arms rose as an ice cold chill ran down my spine forcing my mind to race back to that terrifying night. My thoughts were interrupted by a familiar reassuring voice.

"Do not try to prevent me for I come in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God." cut through the tension and I smiled recognizing pastor Petzer's voice of authority. Thor'rauna moved nervously towards the outer door and said in a low angry voice almost whispering.

"Here is your friend again. Go with him now and remember what I have told you Phil." Turning my head to answer I was just in time to see him bend his huge shoulders and head slightly to exit the room and walk that cold dusty passage.....*and out of my life forever.*

"Come" the pastor said as he grabbed hold of my arm pulling up off the couch and towards the entrance. "Let's go home Phil and away from this place for the last time." Totally baffled I followed closely behind the young pastor who had more courage than anyone I had ever met before. Once the final sentry shut the outer door behind us I led the rest of the way through their cunningly created maze of doors and finally out the building.

With my conversation taking place on the third floor and all the windows barred from the outside, I was curious *as to how...* pastor Petzer managed to find me let alone gain access into a Temple? I never ever mentioned to anyone on the outside about where Temples were

situated nor had I ever shared with the pastor how one gains entrance, after becoming a member. As we walked for about a mile to his car I tried to explain what had happened but he only encouraged me by saying.

“Phil my brother do not worry! The Lord showed me everything and why you left as well. In future, please don’t let anything that another person says or does to you ever affect your position in Christ Jesus. Understand *Jesus Christ alone* is the Author and Finisher of your faith and salvation. Be much more concerned about how you can daily please the Lord and not the world or those in it.”

8

A Heavenly Calling for an Earthly Ministry

The following Sunday on my way to morning service at the church a car drew up along side of me and immediately I was on guard. But when the passenger in the front seat very politely asked me directions to the new Methodist Church, I felt obliged and bent forward to direct them. Suddenly something was thrown in my face and instinctively I shut my eyes and slumped backwards onto the pavement, trying not to touch my face nor breathe in any of the fumes.

The awful pain seemed to consume my whole body as if boiling water from a kettle had been poured over my face and catching glimpses of the car speeding away I made for the church and headed for the vestry. I washed my face with tap water and glanced in the mirror above the wash basin. Whatever was thrown into my face gave off a smoky vapor when mixed with water and my mind raced back to my early laboratory days and as the words spontaneously flowed out of my mouth the pastor burst into the room.

“...Some kind of sulfuric acid.” I took my hands from my face and showed the wide eyed pastor. I grimaced at him feeling the acid still eating away into my skin and enduring the torment of not being able to touch my face at all.

“There was this...this car and the driver asked for directions to...”

“..Don’t bother with details now...come Phil, we must get home immediately to see to those wounds” he interrupted and firmly held both my hands away from my face and rushed me to his car. I started

weeping and mumbling under my breath crouched in the back of his car as he sped out the church grounds towards the flat.

Once inside I sat down on a kitchen chair he pulled out for me and dashed down the passage to fetch some oil and gently poured it over the holes on my face that were already eaten by the acid. There was some soothing of the pain when the oil covered the large wounds but the greatest comfort came when pastor Petzer announced so unexpectedly to me.

“Not to worry Phil I tell you that in six days time all your wounds will be healed in Jesus’ name and not one of these marks or scars will remain.” I glared at him with great suspicion and couldn’t stop myself from correcting him.

“Pastor.....you don’t have the slightest idea what this acid does to human skin....do you?” trying hard not to sound disrespectful or rude. “I could still die from this attack” I concluded with my out of date laboratory assessment. He smiled back at me, not saying anything at first but began gathering the extra white cloth he had placed on the table then repeated his claim.

“No.....I am telling you that in six days from today your face will be healed totally and not leaving any trace whatsoever of this terrible attack. Jesus will heal your face completely—wait and see.” I rose from the chair shaking my head as he packed away the oil in the medicine box. How does one argument or even disagree with anyone who believes and trusts God so unequivocally and *proclaims the impossible* so confidently I thought?

That night with deep holes eaten into my right cheek and nose I sat in church and nursed a rather red swollen face but had to change my clothes. The jacket and shirt I was wearing at the time of the attack literally fell from my body as pastor Petzer helped me into his car. During the service the pastor shared my attack outside the church with his congregation and announced (*as if it was standard procedure in his*

church) the complete healing of all my wounds in six days by the Lord Jesus Christ.

For the entire week after that service everyday a member of that congregation would make some silly excuse or reason to visit either the church or the pastor's home to check and see if.....my face had healed yet! When the sixth day had arrived, the Saturday morning after the attack I rose from my bed and went to the bathroom to relieve myself. And moving to the basin to wash my hands and face still not fully awake, I glanced up into the mirror and couldn't believe what I saw.

I stood up straight and moved in closer, tightly closing my eyes.....then opening them again.....but mirrors never lie? My mouth hung open as the tears rolled down my face, still I stared in disbelief. I watched carefully how the tears ran down over the wounds and holes.....*that used-to-be there*. I was completely healed miraculously by my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Like a six year old child finding his first bicycle on a Christmas morning I dashed out of the bathroom, ran down the long passage and banged on pastor Petzer's bedroom door. We praised God together for His promises and goodness and for honoring His faithful child who believed so strongly in His name and blood.

There wasn't even a hole or a single scar where the acid had touched me.

Like a Cheshire cat with three goldfish in his belly I couldn't stop grinning from ear to ear, purposely walking past every mirror in the flat, only to end up wiping away another tear of relief and praise off my face.

Due to that experience, many more members of the church began to accept me as one of their own and a brother in Christ, until something an event that none of us were even slightly prepared for and gave them every reason to doubt again.

It was one day and one month after my conversion to Christ and we were all gathered together for a prayer meeting in the church. There seemed to be a *binding spirit* and no one could pray. I was kneeling in

prayer between the pastor and another elderly gentleman when I felt my body suddenly being lifted up in mid-air and then I was thrown against the opposite wall with great force some twenty feet away. My body hit the wall with a loud horrible thud and the next thing I remembered was the sensation of effortlessly floating.....*but upwards and out of my body.*

I stared down at my lifeless body as I had done countless times before in the practice of Yoga and TM or astral projecting and watched the young pastor rushing to my aid then I froze. Sittrea was hovering around *my corpse* as if seeking entry into my body and then the truth dawned on me. The blood pact I had made with him to permanently remove two priests was a fixed transaction with this spirit guide and death.... the only escape!

Conversion in a Christian's eyes is life changing, forgiveness of sin, Abundant Life and eternity with Christ. But the pact signed in Satanism by human blood for spirit commitment (*murder in my case*) is ever binding. Regardless of my new mental or spiritual condition and charge of heart in accepting Christ my container (*body*) remained Sittrea's. The appointed day had arrived and he had returned to rightfully claim what belonged to him according to my pact in blood, being my body soul and spirit.

He kept hovering around the body at such speed, but was unable to enter since I had received the baptism in the Spirit and had been sealed by God. What occurred next will no doubt remain the most unforgettable day and experience of my entire life.

There was chaos in the church and a few of the more spiritually mature sisters saw Sittrea and screamed crouching behind the pews as he tried to force entry into the corpse. Using every dimensional entry allowed to him including both the ectoplasm manifestations of entry. Then in total contrast to this evil and wretched looking being, two beautiful angelic beings appeared and in complete silence *'told me'* not to fear and accompany them. And as they lifted their heads towards Heaven both of their majestic bodies and my spirit body followed.

After a considerable time of traveling through....what I will only describe here as different dimensions of time and life, we arrived at a place engulfed by the deepest and richest blue sky I've ever seen in my life. Such perfectly grown grass and the trees and flowers were so evenly spread all round. Once my hosts ever so gently placed me on the grass and I '*received a message*' to wait there and I smiled in return. I sat on the grass feeling even a greater calm completely engulfed me and even now I find it difficult to describe the tranquility I experienced in my soul.

Such breathtaking beauty surrounded me surpassing every color photograph, painting, sunset or sunrise I had ever seen before. I noticed there were no brown or dry blades of grass and not a single blade was bent or broken? It was something I had never experienced before and the scenery was more than magnificent in every sense of the word. In the far distance I could see an enormous building made of glass.....or maybe it was crystal with spires reaching right up into the sky.

From this building shone bright lights of every single color of the rainbow and some colors I was sure I had never seen before. There was this majestically played music in the background and the most melodious and harmonious singing I had ever heard coming from within. At first I thought this was perhaps a Roman Catholic cathedral or something similar, yet on the one side of this huge building was a wide river flowing silently with the lights from the building reflecting in the still waters.

It was at this stage that I sensed that I was not alone and I turned round to see a person sitting a short distance from me. On the spur of the moment I decided to go and ask what this place I was and where that magnificent cathedral came from? Even as I flexed my muscles to take my weight and rise to my feet I became aware of an awesome '*presence*'.

There in the grass right in front of me, less than two feet away and still on one knee trying to stand, I saw the bare feet of a person dressed

in a long white robe and through both feet were deep wounds. As if in slow motion and knowing Who I would see I looked up at this person and saw his two hands outstretched towards me.....and they were pierced!

My reaction was spontaneous automatic and the most natural response from the depths of my being. I began to weep softly realizing who I was kneeling before and cried out "Oh my Jesus, my Lord Jesus.....I'm so sorry my Lord. Please forgive me?" I then began sobbing uncontrollably before my Savior and fell at His feet.

"Rise my child for I wish to speak to you." the voice quietly said so full of compassion and understanding. He took me by the hand and helped me to my feet. Somewhere I had previously mentioned Thor'rauna was beautiful and most of the other spirit beings were as well, but there was absolutely no comparison with the face that I gazed into that day and stared into His eyes that were so full of compassion and love. Only then I noticed that He had no beard?

"But Lord" I questioned "You have no beard. I always thought I read in the scriptures that you had one?" I stammered.

"When you return look it up in those same scriptures. In Isaiah fifty verse six." he replied and continued in His very calming and gentle manner of speaking.

"I wish to speak to you. So many times I have called you and you would never respond, but now you are here!" He concluded and I stood there and wondered to myself exactly when did he call me?

A life like size image of me when I was much younger appeared out of nowhere and suddenly I stood there utterly speechless and witnessed every instance of my past where I purposely rejected the gospel. The many gospel tracts handed to me in my junior school classroom, switching off my mother's old wooden boxed radio when preachers began speaking. Even the times I'd forgotten about where I'd mock evangelists on the street corners in Benoni where I was raised. From

deep down within my being an inner knowledge dawned on me that I was really called and convicted many times before.

"I want you to go and tell others what has been done for you and I will make you a witness against the Doctrines of Devils." the Lord instructed me.

"Yes Lord Jesus but...but I will not be able to. You know how weak my heart is and.... and my kidneys have become so bad, plus Lord I have diabetes." I insisted.

"There is nothing wrong with you my child. Tell me how you found the forgiveness of sin?" the Lord asked. I became uncomfortable and started rattling off all that I was taught from the bible, not fully comprehending who I was standing before and trying to explain to.

"Lord, well You see we have the bible and it tells us about the old days when Jewish people slaughtered animals and the blood of these animals were sprinkled on the alters. Then later, Jehovah God decided to send His Only begotten Son and He was born from a virgin and grew up healing people and driving demons out of people. But they crucified Him!" I tried to explain missing the most important part altogether.

"Yes but how did *you get remission for your sins?*" the Lord once again asked and patiently waited for me to grasp the revelation.

"Jesus.....in first John somewhere it..... it talks about *the blood of Jesus Christ His Son—that means God's Son cleanses us from all sin.*" I quoted.

"Yes....forgiveness only came through the blood sacrifice, but then *how does one find healing for the body?*" he asked and I had absolutely no idea what to say.

"I don't know Lord." I said sheepishly, yet stood before my Holy Savior without feeling any guilt or fear of being chastised. A warm feeling of hunger started swelling up inside of me and a craving to know more and please my Master.

“It is also written. With His stripes we are healed in Isaiah fifty-three, verse five.” He proclaimed in that gentle and ever reassuring voice with such empathy.

“I.... I really didn’t know that Lord!” apologizing and excusing myself at the same time, but the Lord’s face just shone with wisdom and beauty as He added.

“Very few know about it at all as they read it a few times and later discard My promises contained in the same verse. So eager are they to accept My plan of salvation, but for their own physical health they bother not. Nor do they ever claim their inheritance which is plainly left in My promises. Because of disobedience most shepherds no longer teach the truth about My blood, name and power to heal every sickness in their congregations.

Seldom have become the times the Spirit is able to manifest His power, gifts and messages from the Father to His children on earth. Re-birth into the family of God also means perfect health in mind, body and soul. The Father never created illness, sickness or death—all three came directly from the enemy. When you are healed will you *then work for me?*”

“Yes.....oh yes my Lord I will gladly work for You then.” I replied with such excitement in my heart after being asked to work for my Master. A short while later I was distracted by some movement out of the corner of my eye and a weird knowledge of freedom to turn around and satisfy my curiosity.

“..Ohhhh Nanna..?” I burst out crying as I recognized my grandmother and immediately I discovered I was quite a way from the Lord and was almost half way to where she was standing inside that huge cathedral. I turned around to see the reaction of my Savior and he just smiled so warmly back to me.

“..Hello Jimmy my dear boy...” flowed from the loving woman who had raised me through most of my insecure childhood and as such a feeling of longing and joy flooded over me, I couldn’t contain myself and started running towards the gigantic door calling out.

"Nanna.... is it really you....Nanna..?"

"Stop him...!" echoed across the wide open fields of green and also around me and instantly on either side of me appeared the most divinely handsome beings with the Holy aura of God emanating from their eyes and smiles. I spun around and said in a very soft pleading tone, knowing the Lord was quite a distance away from me.

"Why...my Lord can I not go to my Nanna.....*please..?*" I started weeping again and immediately found myself in the company of my Savior.

"Now is not the time or place to be reunited with your grandmother. She has fulfilled her time on earth and awaits you and many of your family to follow." I stood next to my Lord and smiled at my precious grandmother who waved back at me.

As she turned and walked away, many people around her did the same and I was so certain I knew all of them from.....*somewhere?*

My Savior continued to share many things (*which cannot be shared in this biography*) pertaining to the future of S. Africa. I was particularly fascinated in the phenomenal way the Lord revealed the start and finish of my ministry. I was allowed to see before hand both enemies of the cross and future helpers and friends I would meet and work alongside.

Then the Lord Jesus impressed upon me how extremely crucial exposing the doctrines of devils would be in the survival of His Body in S. Africa specifically and also around the globe. My heart raced when I saw how soon my Master was returning to remove His Body from the most unspeakable, unimaginable and indescribable events to be loosed upon the earth. During what I later discovered was near the end of our conversation, yet another voice called me.... But not using my nickname Jimmy?

I half turned to see who would dare interrupt the Lord but my Savior stopped talking, looked at me and warmly smiled as we both heard my name being called much louder for the second time.

"Philip Botha. In the name of Jesus Christ Son of the Living God I command you to return to your body. I have spoken in the name of

Jesus Christ so let it be!" I turned to my Master and thought '*do I have to return?*'

"Yes my child.....now go." the Lord replied and I was effortlessly lifted up out of the Lord's presence and taken back to my corpse lying on church floor. I stood over my body before re-entering and thought to myself '*Ugh must I go back into....that?*'

The first thing I asked for after my spirit re-entered my body was for the pastor to read Isaiah chapter fifty verse six. He joyfully obliged and then I knew it had not been a dream. I had literally been with the Lord and everything else was confirmed by the prayer group that remained praying and watching over my corpse till pastor Petzer raised me from the dead. Two ex-nursing sisters who had attended the prayer meeting for the first time that night were asked to examine the corpse before I was pronounced clinically dead.

We drove home in the pastor's car and he told me that after I was pronounced dead, a short message from the Lord came through a gift of tongues and the members at the prayer meeting were commanded '*Not to touch the body for he has gone to be with the Lord and he will return.*' Pastor Petzer also said that when it seemed to grow very late he decided to call me back to my body.

The Lord later revealed to both of us that had I not been baptized with the Holy Spirit on that top floor in Addington hospital, there would have been nothing anyone in the church could have done to stop Sittrea from rightfully claiming his reward that night. The baptism of the Spirit gave me His power to live the Abundant life on earth, but He also sealed by body, soul and spirit from all future encounters like this from ever happening again. (*Ephesians 4:30*)

If like millions of other folk, I had never entered the priesthood nor opened myself to such a high degree of demonic possession, conversion alone would have protected me from Sittrea. Thor'rauna taught us in the Temples that no demons, familiar spirits, spirit-guides, Incubus or Succubus could obsess, oppress or possess any human being born of the

Spirit of IOVA. Humans cannot house two spirits simultaneously as you have discovered via the transmigration of the Frenchman.

On the 13th July 1969 I followed the Lord's commandment and was baptized in the Karridene River on the South Coast in Natal by pastor Petzer and only his fiancée and two close friends came along to witness my public step in faith. There I testified why I had to follow Jesus' command and go through the waters of baptism. It was a bright Sunday afternoon and I felt happy, loved and accepted by genuine believers and friends. A deep sense of pride flowed through my veins that day being able to comply with my Savior's wishes and obeying His written Word. (*Acts 2:38*)

9

Four Faces—One Nightmare and Healing!



*(The families who prayed for me, but lost
their sons)*

Early the next morning Pastor Petzer left for Louis Trichardt in the Northern Transvaal and looked forward to returning to his fiancée, his congregation and giving me more bible studies. On the following Sunday morning the 20th July, the telephone rang and I received the very sad news that he had fallen asleep in the Lord very peacefully on a Christian couple's farm where he had stayed on overnight.

Within a week after the news reached the congregation I was politely ordered by the elder (*who thought he alone could fill the pastor's position*) to pack my belongings and never return. Ironically this occurred two days after I had received some very threatening calls from people in the assembly who said I was responsible for the pastor's death.

As a result of this rumor more of the members turned against me and even accused me of trying to steal the pastor's possessions. But naturally that rumor only spread hours after I caught two '*close friends*' of pastor Petzer secretly trying to remove books from his flat (*only two days before his funeral*).

A group of us left in a Kombi for Johannesburg where the funeral was to be held and for the first time I met pastor Petzer's mother, two

sisters and his younger brother. I openly wept when I saw the face of my former flat mate, best friend and Teacher, yet I knew from personal experience how overjoyed and secure he was in the presence of our Master.

The strange thing both his fiancée and I first noticed when we stood at the open casket was, there was no smell from the body at all (*which you normally get in the coffin when a diabetic dies*). After the funeral and a very sad farewell, the late pastor's fiancée and I sat alone in the adjoining chapel. It was spent in some silent moments in prayer, tears and even some strained lighthearted jokes over a man of God we had both grown to love, admire and miss so very deeply.

Outside I thanked her again for the countless times she had so willingly cooked food for me when the entire congregation *cooked up* rumors and for the brand new suit she bought me, only to be destroyed completely in the acid attack.

It was bittersweet saying goodbye to her because I had never met such a spontaneously loving natured person like her before. I will always be indebted to her for trusting and believing in me when others acted more like my former priests. She daily showed by her example how to love unconditionally, trust Christ regardless and please her Master and Savior in everything she said and did.

I found another place to stay and that same evening after I moved my few belongings into the apartment I made myself a light meal and ate it *in my own room*.

Just sitting on the bed and looking around the small bedroom made me so thankful to God for these humble, *but brand new beginnings*. The pastor had gone on Home and the gossip from those immature church members had ceased.

I was finally on my own and this time I had the winning team on my side and my very own personal Savior who died to forgive my wicked, sinful and evil past completely. I had received the power from my *Holy Spirit-Guide*, new Teacher and Comforter who would show

me how to follow Jesus' example daily so I could please my Heavenly Father who loved me *just as I was*.

I sat chewing my sandwich and stared into space trying to absorb the new freedom that I had inherited, coupled with the choices I could now make on my own. There was this new strange sense of security and peace I wallowed in, which I had never known in my life before. Before I switched out the light I asked the Lord to prepare me and the families I would be visiting in the morning.

I rolled over and turned out the light waiting for the darkness to engulf me and sure enough the truth of my secret fear I had hid all those years in the Movement set in! I was finally on my own and forced to fend for myself without anyone's help or support. I smiled in the darkness in that little room without any curtains.

Every night in Satanism as the High Priest I used to eventually fall asleep scared, terribly lonely and without being allowed one single friend to call my own.

Not a single human being to befriend trust or confide in....ever! The very coldhearted insensitive lifestyles all priests lived were merely enforced upon every Magus creating dependence on his *own kind* breaking his spirit completely. But it no longer had any power or control over me and many past memories were fading fast. It felt almost weird in a sense, but as I lay motionless in the dark an uncanny mind boggling fact dawned on me.

I feared nothing and no one anymore. And in its place a deep peace flooded my soul often causing me to shed a tear, which I hadn't been able to for seventeen years. It was the first time I had real life changing choices to make, strangers to share Christ with and real people to befriend.

Once again I smiled at the darkness and thought how I would respond to all the nature around me. I always secretly dreamed of sitting in a coffee shop and spending a morning just watching people and the world go by. I had freedom for the very first time in my entire life

and was able to go anywhere and do anything I desired and best of all—without guilt, regrets or demands to go against the Truth.

My head and heart felt like bursting that night with all the people and places I wanted to visit and things I wanted to do. I had to visit the ocean that I loved so much and this time without foolish thoughts of suicide. I guess a while later I must have fallen into a valley of tranquility without the slightest notion of anxiety, remorse or loneliness of any kind.

The new day seemed to call my name out loud as I locked the back gate behind me. I took a stroll right in the middle of the street and all I came up with was clichés because the trees *did look greener* than before and the sky really *seemed a deeper blue* when I gaze up at it. I wondered was it just my imagination or did the faces of the children in the streets *all look happier and much friendlier when they greeted me?*

I was excited about my future yet dubious about the response I would receive from my four friends and their families I had once laughed at in their faces when they shared Christ with me many years ago.

I decided to visit Paul's family first. With his mother being a housewife who loved to listen to her favorite afternoon serials on the radio, she seemed the likeliest one to be at home. As I stood at the huge intersection waiting for the lights at the zebra crossing to change, unhappy stages of my teenage years flashed through my mind and a butterfly or two took refuge in my stomach as I walked briskly over the neatly painted zebra crossing.

Turning the corner of the last block of recently painted semi-detached homes, I was ushered back in time and into my old neighborhood. Everything was exactly as I remembered it yet the uneasy feeling in my stomach grew, as I reached the block where Paul lived. I went to the first house in Bear's Valley and knocked on the front door. An old woman opened it and very sweetly inquired who was it that I wished to see. I didn't recognize the grey haired woman as Paul's mother for she

had aged considerably in the last five years since I had last seen his family.

Once I told her who I was she invited me in and she was very pleased to hear of my conversion. But the minute I asked about Paul and started to share my plan with her of how I wanted to surprise him I stopped.....when she began to cry?

“You don’t know then Jimmy...do you?” the frail old woman asked and wiped her tears away unashamedly.

“Know what? I asked and pushed my chair closer to the kitchen table where she had started preparing tea for both of us.

“My Paulie....my baby” and she started crying again. I felt ever so helpless not knowing what she was referring to about Paul or how to comfort her. Then one of the greatest and horrific tragedies was dropped right into my lap. She finished wiping her eyes with her old faded light blue apron she had worn for ages and started her story.

“Jimmy....I praise the Lord for your new life In Christ, but my Paul slowly lost all interest in the church and.....” she began shaking and I placed my hand on her shoulder as she gathered all her strength to tell me the terrible news. “Paul backslid a bit and then later joined the Jehovah’s Witnesses last year in December. We spoke to him and invited him over for dinner, prayed with him and we urged him to join us in church for the Christmas service.

Yet there seemed to be some unseen barrier, a force if you will that stopped him each time and divided us as a family. Late January this year, Paul came to see his father and asked for help and claimed God had rejected him and would not take him back. Hennie asked him to stay with us for a few days and that he did...my dear Paulie, but then he became so despondent and rather depressed.

Two days before my birthday on the 30th March, I woke early that morning and.....and I found him hanging behind the bathroom door. Paulie hanged himself Jimmy....*my Paulie*.” She threw her hands in the air towards Heaven and sobbed bitterly as I sat there fighting back my tears mixed with confusion, anger and this inflicted guilt.

Not until that sweet woman broke the news of my friend's tragic suicide did I start to fully grasp the Lord's great urgency when He commanded me to expose the doctrines of devils and name those seven churches of Satan in S. Africa. Those 38 doctrines were occult practices, demonically inspired religions directly opposed to Christianity and methods to divide the Body of Christ.

Those seven churches that preached much of the same propaganda I enforced the slaves under me to adhere to, functioned under a cloak of Christianity to entice and recruit backslidden followers of "IOVA". None of them believed in a literal Hell for punishment of sins and that is the draw card for all backslidden Christians.... and the Satanic spider's web they publicly spun. Paul had fallen prey to one of them and the guilt was choking me.

I stood up and paced the kitchen unable to console this heart broken woman. I was so afraid that if I reached out to comfort her she would somehow suspect or detect I was partly responsible. Only last year I was ordering all unemployed new members of the Left Hand Path to join any of those bogus churches. They would immediately receive highly exaggerated CVs and falsified documentation from ministers they had never met.

This in turn enabled members to obtain very highly paid jobs without so much as ever being interviewed, due to impeccable credentials by fraudulent clergy resulting in wealthier members in Satanism. But my guilt didn't arise only from knowing about generous financial support being sent from Satanism on a monthly basis to these seven abominations of religion. I alone would have to live with the fact that only a Magus had the authority to sign those monthly checks.

With tears streaming down my face I grabbed hold of that elderly woman who had so willingly become my '*second mother*' during my painful teenage years and held her in my arms and just whispered over and over in her ear.

"I'm so...so sorry about Paul. I'm so very...very sorry." Referring to the part I indirectly played to support Paul's killers. The pain she had

experienced needed no salt added to those deep wounds, so I just sat with her for a few minutes making sure she calmed down and shared a cup of tea with her before I left.

The afternoon sun had slid behind some clouds and my day seemed as uncertain as the weather, some what dark grey and unpredictable. I took the bus and managed to catch Peter's older brother as he returned home from work. He was amazed how I had changed and was extremely excited about my conversion, but on inquiring about his brother he shook his head in dismay, opened the garden gate and invited me in.

"You've missed him Jimmy. I can see the Lord reached you in time and I'm so very glad for you 'cause you were *really bad news*, but Peter's dead. He went off the rails and for no reason, refused to attend his former Pentecostal assembly anymore. We knew of the Movement you headed back then was responsible. Only a few weeks after that incident, someone invited him to attend another church and he became a member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints (*the Mormons*).

You remember how my dad used to be Jimmy? He hit the roof and made the whole family pray daily for Peter's soul. He eventually agreed with dad and admitted his mistake, but something kept him back all the time. They even prayed together twice." I let out a deep sigh of relief but was devastated when Peter's brother shook his head at my assumption of his brother's spiritual return.

"He couldn't find his way back to God to repent. He cried for two whole days Jimmy and then explained to dad how he had to renounce his Spirit baptism in order to join the Mormons. He committed '*the unpardonable sin*' by rejecting the blood of Jesus Christ." Those broad shoulders slunk forward ever so slightly and the head of this married man started jerking as he began to weep before his Savior.

"Oh Jesus why...why Lord?" he begged for clarity and wiped his nose on the cuff of his right sleeve, then concluded the story I no longer wished to hear...fore I knew the predictable unhappy ending. Countless time I remembered seeing backslidden Pentecostal pastors

crawl on all fours and beg for mercy to their former Savior, only minutes after they had denied the Savior's blood, salvation, forgiveness of sin and their Spirit baptism.

Thor'rauna used to delight in watching each one of those poor wretched backsliders publicly deny each of the Holy Trinity in turn. He would burst into fits of hysterical laughter as they groveled in the dirt before the altar mere seconds after God turned them over to a reprobate mind—void of any further conviction from the Holy Ghost. Not an ounce of God's grace would ever again stir their hardened hearts.....for all eternity.

"On New year's Eve, he was in a motor car accident with some of his friends and was killed instantly. There was nothing anyone could do for him and Peter was stone drunk that night and had passed out on the back seat, being driven home when it occurred. They all died on impact."

I shook my head in disbelief. I didn't want to accept the truth. Peter used to witness to me whilst I was in the clutches of Satanism and even visited my praying mother. The sick irony was, the softly weeping father of twins leaning against the front door also happened to be the first convert Peter ever led to Christ. I patted him on the back and managed to whisper without breaking down myself.

"I better go. I'll come by again and visit your folks. Please tell your family I'm terribly sorry about your brother." Closing the door behind me I gazed up at the dark menacing clouds and spoke to God aloud. "Please.....tell me that fire was a dream Lord. Don't let the other two also be gone as well?"

Knowing it would take a three hour bus ride to Johan's family who had moved away I hurried to the nearest phone booth to contact them. There was no way I could leave it until tomorrow as I had to reach all four families that night—*I had to know for sure!*

His sister answered the phone and she began weeping the moment she recognized my voice. The news of my conversion had reached their town and I thanked her for praying for me all those months. Johan and

I had both been confirmed in my parents church on that same Sunday....all those years ago.

"Jimmy there's been a terribly loss in our family." I closed my eyes and waited for yet another nightmare to begin. She slowly announced it.

"Johan settled down and started drinking heavily and later married a lovely woman, but she was a Christian Scientist and my parents refused to let any of us attend their wedding. In the middle of last year Johan's wife gave birth to a beautiful baby girl and she persuaded him to renounce his faith and become *a real father*, by raising their daughter in the faith and beliefs of Christian Science." Goose-pimples ran up and down my spine as I pressed the receiver hard against my ear to hear her voice above the traffic in the main street.

"We tried to stop him Jimmy.....*honestly* but it was like some strange power controlled and almost changed him overnight when he joined that cult. At the end of February this year Johan came to see me, but I felt the bond we always shared was broken. He drank the whole night until he couldn't stand anymore and I hid his car keys and dad forced him to sleep over.

But Jimmy *even in his drunken state* he kept on repeating a part of a scripture over and over before he fell asleep. '*There is one sin unto death and no one can pray for it.*' Three days later he was sacked by his boss who caught him drinking on the job for a second time and that night he locked himself in his garage after his wife fell asleep and gassed himself to death."

I quickly apologized for my abruptness and told her I had to hang up urgently and promised I'd drive through and visit her family in the near future. The gentle drizzle began to fall as I ran all the way down the last block and knocked on the door where Michael lived. It was such a relief to see his two sisters, father and mother.

They hugged me so tightly when they all heard how Christ had saved me from a certain death and destiny.

They were a very dedicated family and strong in the faith too. After I was forced to have a cup of tea and share my new walk in Christ with them. I became concerned when my parts of my reminiscing involved their son and no one could look me in the eye when I mentioned his name? Michael's father kept me testifying for half an hour before he and his wife looked at the clock on the wall and asked the girls to see me off and share the news.

My nightmare began again as Michael's two sisters and I sat under their large balcony roof not really noticing the downpour a few feet away. Annelize, the eldest of the two began explaining how Michael became so bored with their family's traditional church. Till colleagues at his work enticed him with special signs wonders and healings that took place weekly in their congregation, which was strictly forbidden in the Reformed Church Michael was forced to attend.

When I heard how he married a young professional model from that other assembly, I felt quite relieved. I quickly interrupted her and eagerly asked to which Pentecostal assembly his friends fellowshipped in seeing there were miracles and healings occurring?

"Christian Spiritualist. Why Jimmy.....do you know of them?" was her reply. I was too angry and shocked to reply and nodded, motioning her to continue. "He told us about all the stuff he had to renounce and our big brother lost all his joy he ever had in Christ. He became so moody and started boasting about inner healing powers and Spirit healing he was requested to undergo." Petro handed her sister another tissue and wasn't able to battle with her feelings and burst out into tears.

Annelize put both arms around her baby sister and looked at me with glazed eyes and whispered

"..It's so hard Jimmy.... It's so hard to believe it really happened. After much prayer and fasting for him and his wife, they finally accepted our invitation to hear a visiting evangelist in a tent meeting. On the night of the service they were running late and Michael phoned ahead to ask us to keep seats for them and added that both of them had

decided to leave the Spiritualist church. I was so excited I dropped the phone and ran screaming upstairs to tell mom and dad.

Racing along the outskirts of Mayfair to try and miss the rush hour traffic a freak accident occurred with a petrol tanker and their car. Their car exploded on impact and they were trapped inside Jimmy, they...they both burnt to death." I felt the numbness in my legs and the sharp pain my heart. It was all too much for me to bear emotionally. I had been unable to express any feelings of joy, remorse or love for all those years and now I was given all these feelings of compassion, guilt and regret I didn't want or know how to handle.

I struggled to grasp the reason God allowed me to see four of my friends in Hell and not dare share those facts with their loved ones left behind. The silence must have lasted a full minute which was thoughtful of the sisters. It bought me time to compose myself but the next question came so unexpectedly and shook me to the bone.

"Jimmy....dad wanted me to ask you, *when was the last time you saw or spoke to Michael?*" I turned my face away from their glance and felt my eyes sting as the rain pelted down onto the street below. How could I tell them it was less than an hour before my conversion to Christ? That he screamed at the top of his voice in pain, profanity and blasphemy for me to help him out of the literal flames of Hell and *I had to.....leave him there?* It was finally too much for me and I broke down and sobbed like a little child before the Lord and both of them.

"Jesus Oh my sweet Jesus....*please?* I cannot go on like this any longer"

Annelize motioned to her sister to move to my left hand side and they both held me tightly, not saying a word as my body shook uncontrollably in their arms. A minute or two later I rose to my feet and after we hugged in total silence I opened the gate and stepped into the pouring rain. I waved goodbye and briskly started walking to the end of the street in case they called me back to explain my outburst or prayer.

I turned the corner and felt a deep jab of pain under my chest and clasped both hands round a tall street lamp and slid to the wet slippery

pavement, where I sobbed and sobbed my heart out for Paul...Johan...Peter and Michael.

"Lord why did You let me to see those friends in Hell? You knew Lord.... You knew I could never help them? Jesus.....why...why did they sow all those seeds of grace into my life and prayed for me only.... *only to lose theirs?*" Like a little stubborn and spoilt brat I sat in the rain too tired to stand and too angry to give up asking questions I demanded to be answered. The sporadic jabs of pain in my chest area were almost unbearable as more questions raced through my mind and began to flow spontaneously out of my mouth.

"Holy Spirit please teach me. Why did You waste such an amount of prayer witnessing and time in the lives of my four friends who were filled with such real compassion for...*(I struggled for words losing focus as thoughts flashed in my confused mind)*...for the cruelest and most wicked and selfish human being You've ever known? Why....Lord? I don't get it...why.... Do you answer their prayers and save me.... and..... they are down there.....Oh God noooooo.." I buckled over in pain, agony and my heart tore in two realizing what I had just asked being forced to state the facts.

"..*JESU*SSSS...." I cried at the top of my voice in anger as I rose to my knees and threw my arms up at the Heavens. "Why Jesus.... tell me now? I need to know why I had to see my friends in Hell who used to pray for my wicked soul and I....me, I end up being saved and set free and the only one to tell the story?".....*to tell the story....to tell the story.* Those last four words echoed in my mind and as if lights were switched on within my soul and slowly everything began to make sense to me.

My life had been perfectly orchestrated by the Lord and *I had to see* those horrific and indescribable sufferings of my friends in Hell. I was honored to get a glimpse of Heaven and never forget the greatest miracle of my life. I spoke to the Lord Jesus who also gave me instructions concerning my ministry on earth. I rose to my feet, walked to the near-

est bus stop and sat down in the shelter to catch my breath. It was then a presence and a voice spoke from within me *as well as to me*.

“It took those four suffering in Hell to help change your hardened heart and release your suppressed emotions which I need to direct and guide you. Their freedom of choices in life created their eternal destiny and they were suffering before Thor’rauna forced you down there. Hell was not created for humans Phil as you have been taught, but they chose to reject Me and serve another—the same one who arranged their deaths and eternal location.

You refused to serve Osmodeus and freely accepted Me as your Master and King. Only after that decision was made, I could use your surroundings to instill compassion and determination into your future ministry. Having seen only but a fraction of their torment and suffering of four people in Hell, creates the possibility of your ministry reaching four *hundred*, four *thousand*, four *million* or *forty million souls* from being deceived or damned into a Christ less eternity.”

I was exhausted riding back home on the bus because I had never cried so much in all my life and was completely drained emotionally. Once I arrived home I quickly showered, made a plate of hot soup and began studying my bible. That night in particular I will always remember how the thunder shook the very walls of my apartment, causing frightened dogs in the neighborhood to bark and howl while I just snuggled up under warm blankets and fell asleep without a care in world.

Around the beginning of August 1969 I started to testify for the first time (*other than in the pastor’s church*) in the Assemblies of God in Kenilworth in the Johannesburg area. After which I was invited to testify in Pietermaritzburg and then in Louis Trichardt, where I was invited to the same farm where pastor Petzer had fallen asleep in the Lord.

When I arrived on the small farm I could hardly walk up the five steps to the entrance feeling terribly weak and constantly remained short of breath. Needless to say this made brother & sister Van Der

Vyver very prejudice about me staying over as they thought they might wake to find *another corpse* on their hands.

They treated me so considerately and I must admit I never knew Christians could be so kind hearted. A few days passed at the farm and the elderly couple had to leave the farm to attend to other business for the day. Just before they left the wife played a small portion of a sermon she had recently recorded on her old tape recorder and I was intrigued by the message. As they drove off leaving a cloud of smoke on the open road, I settled back on the couch and closed my eyes listening inventively

*"And if it is in your hands—His side was pierced for yours.
If it was in your head...His was pierced by the thorns.
If it was in your heart...His broke for you."*

I really felt quite exhausted and all of a sudden my head began spinning for no apparent reason. I took a sip of water and flopped back onto the couch and closed my eyes again. That only made me more nauseous and I was worried about getting sick on the couch, so I tried to lift my arms up and perch myself up on one elbow, but I couldn't.....because my hands were *tied behind my back?*

I panicked and opened my eyes quickly but through a haze of light I saw someone sitting on a huge chair and automatically I just knew—*it was Pontius Pilate*. He grinned and washed his hands in a silver bowl of water then I heard him say. "You take him and crucify him."

Still baffled by these unfolding events I became aware of this throbbing pain in my head as a crown of thorns was placed upon my head and the thorns dug deep down into my flesh. One of the bystanders used a long heavy stick and hit my head, then another pushed me towards the outside. When I turned and looked back to him on the chair, I noticed as I walked I left footprints...*in my own blood?*

People began mocking me and called me names as I came down the concrete steps and was forced to carry a huge cross on my right shoulder. It bit deep into the wounds on my back and shoulder and the

smaller lose stones started piercing into the deep cuts under my feet. How I knew all this is still a mystery, but I knew they used thin rods of bamboo to beat the soles of my feet to a pulp.

I struggled and fell a few times only to be driven on by soldiers flogging me with whips. A While after that someone came forward and took the cross from me and was forced to carry it for me to the top of the hill. They took all of my clothing off and commanded me to lie down on the cross. First my left hand was held firmly and the arm pulled out over the crossbeam. It took seven agonizing blows to drive the nail through my hand into the wood.

Then my right hand was nailed to the cross and I could feel the wounds in my back as the rough wood splinters bit into them as my legs were pulled down before they crossed my feet. I gazed up at the sky through my blood stained strands of hair and the afternoon sun beat down mercilessly on me. It took them twelve blows to pierce and pin my feet to the beam that kept me nailed to the cross that day.

Slowly the cross was lifted and I felt my hands tear on the nails as the cross rose higher and higher, then lowered into the hole with a thud. A terrible stab of pain beyond description shot through both of my hands. The nails tore through my flesh like butter and the very next moment, I found myself on the ground *standing next to the cross?*

I looked up at Him that hung there and cried out in pity. His entire body was covered in red welts and deep wounds dripping blood. I could see his lungs as he gasped for air, as the flesh between the ribs were torn and flies were gathering around the wounds. When I looked up at His face I fell down on my knees and immediately cried out.

"Lord.....Lord *was that all for me...that* You had to suffer like this? Lord if only I could have taken Your place. Lord Jesus I am sorry that I could not die for You." I knelt and cried above the noise of the onlookers fully realizing His sufferings.....flooding my being, then He looked down once at me and said.

"Through My stripes....you have been healed." and then after struggling He took another painful gasp of air and added *"It....is....finished!"*

Suddenly all around me I felt this strange tingling as if in contact with live electric wires. I immediately jumped up and saw that I was once again in the lounge on the farm. But the static increased and I darted through the open patio door and stood for a split second in the garden right below my bedroom window. I gathered my wits about me and remembered the only safe place from the electricity would be on open ground.

I ran towards the steep hill surrounding the couple's farm and finding the path that led behind the entrance of the farm I just kept running. I knew my life was in great danger for even the slightest surge of electric current with my bad heart and already having four mild attacks, any contact would surely kill me. I had to jump over two small rocks a few feet from the top and didn't bother to look behind as my life was at stake.

Like a scared rabbit in an open field full of angry farmers with shotguns, I raced up that steep slope to the very top and spun around to see if I was safe but remained in a crouched position. Being involved with the Movement for so long and orchestrating countless captures (*of traitors*) I knew every sign, signal and telltale methods they would have to use in order to capture me.

Like a lost child in a frantic search for his mother in a huge supermarket, I stared long and hard at every possible nook and cranny surrounding the farm down below and then slowly.....I rose to my feet. It took me a few seconds to register what had happened and my eyes widened as everything fell into place and I fully realized what had just transpired on that farm. There I was some thirty feet above the roof of the farm at the very top of a hill and like a bolt of lightning it hit me right between the eyes.

I should have dropped down dead along the way! I placed both hands on my chest and felt no pain whatsoever. The most amazing

thing of all was I wasn't even out of breath? The revelation of Jesus Christ healing my body had finally sunk in and I stood there overlooking the farm, filled with praise and I raised my hands to Heaven and let those tears roll down my cheeks. Not a single bone ached in my body and I purposely stretched my arms higher and higher to the heavens and loudly call out to God above.

"Jesus....my sweet Jesus I am healed. Thank You Lord for the stripes You took upon Your back *for me!* I'm completely healed.....gloriously healed because of the pain You suffered for me. Thank You my Lord and Master! Now my Lord, now I will work for You and glorify Your Holy name. Thank You my Savior for this healing, this day and for the honor of serving You.....Son of the Living God."

10

Doctrines of Devils



(Where they come from)

Around 67 AD in Macedonia (*1 Tim 1:3*) where Paul ministered at the time he wrote a letter to Timothy and for obvious reasons we only fully understand it today. Paul purposely shared and predicted certain events that would overtake Christians during our lifetime—in the latter times leading up to the rapture. Up until the mid seventies no one ever bothered doing research into why Paul spoke of those doctrines of devils in 1st Timothy 4:1—4.

*Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some **shall depart from the faith**, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils.*

The launch of the Satanic Crèche' (*1st Jan 1969*) in Satanism, changed occult status and Satanism around the world almost overnight. There had never been a need before to expose these dangerous and soul destroying subjects and occult practices to the Body of Christ. Only Phil Botha and one other person went forth to publicly warn, educate and spiritually arm thousands of S. African congregations and unbelievers about the doctrines of devils!

This will officially be the first time the doctrines of devils is made public outside the walls of the Satanism and exposed in book form. A web

site is speedily being set up as this goes into print, so as to coincide with the launching of this biography—around 1st July 2005. Straight forward details will be given in this chapter, but for pastors, youth workers and missionaries in the fields, we are hoping to publish the second half of this true life story of Phil Botha—aptly called the Doctrines of Devils and should be distributed via Barnes and Noble and iUniverse once again.

There are 35 subjects created, inspired and devised by Thor'rauna and other demons and evil spirits, but only 28 of them will ever be made public.

Howbeit, every single subject that follows IS daily being practiced and weekly still being taught in Satanism in 2005. Any Christian practicing just one of the following subjects or has merely sat in attendance of one being conducted—automatically has had their spiritual hedge of protection given at birth broken. If you discover you had participated in total ignorance years ago and never brought it to the Lord—you are still spiritually manipulated EVEN if you accepted Christ after the event.

Any Christian exposed to one or more of these in the past, has had their heavenly '*hedge of protection*' broken. The full biblical explanation of your own personal guardian angel and broken hedges will be given later.

To the Christians who read further and discover they innocently believed in or partook of certain doctrines of devils—the Good News. Honest repentance of a particular occult sin by name to Jesus Christ deems you forgiven and your spiritual hedge is instantly restored! And to those refusing to accept Christ Jesus as their Master and Savior—forget the spiritual hedge, for your greatest need right now is salvation by Christ before all else. .

1 Astrology

To place your trust, curiosity or faith (*weekly interest*) in the stars and believe that mere star-signs you were born under can literally detect and determine your personality and destiny. Plus, it is able to let you see what the future holds for you next month or the following year (*without inquiring from God your Creator*) which was the exact same method used by Nimrod who was one of the first used by evil spirits to practice this on the Tower of Babel.

2 Fortunetelling

Palm or tea-cup reading—tarot cards—African bone throwing—the pendulum—crystal ball—clairvoyance or the Oui-ja' board (*better known to most English speaking teenagers as glassy-glassy*). This is also inquiring future events from another source other than God Jehovah, blatantly seeking direction from evil spirits. It is the main reason why Satanism in particular regard this as separate from superstitious methods used in astrology and is neither important nor of any profit to the readers.

3 Oui-Ja Board

With the aid of an alphabet a few numbers, maybe a crystal glass and setting out each letter and number in order of entry, millions of young teenagers and young bored adults across the world have tried to conjure up and incorrectly invoked specific demons. By playing this extremely dangerous 'game' with friends it has led many future-seeking souls to be later committed into mental institutions. The less fortunate completely lose their minds and results in the loss of their soul for all eternity by being forced to take their own lives (*by the same power that moved the glass*).

4 Yoga

Is a crucial part of Hinduism and the Sanskrit word Yoga, means ‘to yoke oneself with one of the divine deities of Hinduism.’ Krishna—Shiva—Vishnu or Brahmin and this achieved they say by means of exercise correct and positioned breathing postures, diet, and deeper meditation. Hatha-Yoga being the most popular with females to help firm the body and is the ideal treatment for those less energetic women.

5 T. M. (Transcendental meditation)

This new art form of meditation in Hinduism was created in 1958 by the extremely well known Maharishi—Mahesh Yogi and not to waste space in this book, you are urged to visit The web site given at the end of this chapter—thank you.

6 Reincarnation—(Known as the great escape in Hinduism for all personal sin).

Hinduism has no salvation for its followers, nor can it produce any form of personal Savior due to their millions of ‘gods’. These are supposedly found in the forms of animal, insect, plant, wood, stone, statues or mud! Likewise there is no forgiveness as Hindus are brainwashed by the priests to believe that a crime such as child abuse, murder, theft, adultery is simply paid for in your next life (*how you ask?*) by you coming back in a lower caste (*social class or status*).

7 Karate’ (Zen)

Kara—means ‘I surrender myself’ Te’—means ‘to Zen Buddha.’ There are 25 original styles of Karate’, each is named after Lama Tibetan monks from where it originated and it was not started in Japan or by Bruce Lee as Hollywood would have you believe!

8 Astral Projection

This is the ability to command or force your spirit out of your body and it is vital in all three levels of Transcendental Meditation. Genuine TM practitioners will confirm on leaving their body that a thin silver cord can be seen floating effortlessly (*almost as if an Astronaut's shoe lace was allowed to float within the capsule void of all gravity*).

9 Lucky Charms

The simple trust belief or faith placed deeply in ornaments, statues, bent coins, animal parts, piece of clothing or doll to ward off all bad omens. These bad omens are said to include avoiding all accidents, catastrophes, losing money in gambling, horse racing, from being fired at work or prevent you from being dumped by your partner, making the wrong decision or failing an exam without studying.

10 Islamic Curses

Much 'black-magic' is practiced in the hidden claws of Islam. A very tiny bottle of perfume is normally given to a 'friend' or boss they recently worked for. This has already been blessed (*cursed*) by the Muslim and a poltergeist spirit, the most commonly spirit amongst Islam is sent out to both Gentiles and Jews alike. It will frequent the person's home with many negative signs and wonders. Details of a Poltergeist's activities will be given later in the subject of the same name.

11 Sects of Mystery and Order

Theosophy—Unitarianism—Rosicrucian Order—Buddhism—Illuminati—Sufi Movement and others.

12 Witchcraft (*white and black*)

White Magic was very often used in the scripts of the plays of William Shakespeare who openly smiled upon love potions, lucky-charms, talisman, superstition, curses, faith-healing, fortune telling, astrology, clairvoyance and even lycanthropy. The jokes made hundreds of years ago

about witches becoming ‘invisible’ near the backfields of Dartmoor in the U.K. have long since disappeared as some British magazines more recently in 2005 once again began printing local eye-witness reports by the art-of-lycanthropy and teleportation.

13 Hypnotism

The voluntary surrender to someone else’s commands who will then take over your subconscious and shall be able to control your entire body soul and spirit. Forcing you to do say, act out anything contrary to your natural desires, dislikes, moral standards, principals or religious ethics. Very closely related to Witchcraft as 90% of all professional practicing magicians are initiated into witchcraft to master the art of hypnotism, (*including David Copperfield*) and all the other recent ‘illusionists’ who perform teleportation in public.

14 Superstition—(Time and space doesn’t allow me to type the many childish beliefs and reasons adults and parents still believe in the following—full details on web site).

Bad Luck will follow all those who

Walk under a ladder
 Step on a crack on the side walk
 Refuse to wear or carry amulets (lucky charms) to ward off evil spirits
 Break a mirror
 Spill salt on a table or floor
 Dare to press the 13th floor’s button in a lift of a building
 Dare to go out on a Friday 13th
 Carry on walking or driving after a black cat crosses your path

Others include—

Drop a fork or knife and expect a visitor in minutes
 Swing a pendulum across a pregnant woman to determined her baby’s sex
 Never let a bride walk over the threshold—it draws demonic activity

Tin cans tied to newly weds transport—to ward off evil spirits

(author's note) My favorite chuckle at their expense has always been the reason why No one can answer this. Why do people say “God bless you” after you sneeze, but never bother to say anything after you cough? It was literally and seriously started during the Inquisition by presiding cardinals and priests who watched and permitted the murders of thousands of innocent women and men.

15 Faith Healing

You are prayed for in the name of the Father—the son and spirit. But never God's only begotten Son or the Holy Spirit, as they use the unholy trinity in most of their rituals. Ironically you will be healed of cancer, leukemia and this is done by demonic forces which are the same evil spirits that initially placed the cancer or blindness in your body in the first place. Therefore, it is no mean task to remove that which they create within you. You are always instructed afterwards never to remove the small bag that you must hang round your neck or the sickness will return within 48 hours.

This is true as Phil testified of this in quite a few Christian churches and the Lord pointed out ordained ministers wearing these bags under the collar and tie. What they didn't realize was by refusing to remove the bag out of fear their illness would return, they literally wore a curse over themselves. Inside each bag was found tiny pebbles, bits of glass, bones and a very small piece of paper with an inscription that reads:

“I heal you for a season, to torment you for all eternity”

16 Spirit Healing

A spirit medium will go through the motions of making an incision over the infected area of the patient's body and remove the desired

infected parts. After which he or she proceeds to go through the motions of stitching up the open flesh and within 20 given minutes of the spiritual-operation the patient will have felt no pain, see no scars, neither any traces of blood whatsoever. Genuine cases can only be achieved through possession of the 'doctor' by evil spirits.

17 The Poltergeist

This is a particular spirit normally summoned by professional witches in Satanism to show their powers to younger recruits or when in grave danger. These spirits move furniture, cutlery and lift people in mid air or toss them off beds. They break windows, appliances at will and normally kill all plant life, livestock or domestic pets within a 100 yard radius. 95% of every case Phil and I were called to investigate or attended individually was all involving a feud mainly between a mother and her daughter.

Phil used to shock them to the bone when he testified of his past and how his witches were responsible for designating poltergeist spirits to frequent argumentative couples and how the mother and eldest daughter inadvertently activated (*drew or conjured up*) its power into the home through intense family bitterness, jealousy and especially hate.

18 Levitation

This involves the supernatural and demonic power over gravity. Normally after you reach the second level in Yoga and TM, using the mantra given to you in secret by your guru or swami, levitation takes place. You are commanded by your mentor never to even whisper your mantra to anyone else is because it houses the created given name of the Hindu demon residing over Yoga and TM.

Not a single Hindu follower (*even non practicing one*) would dare wear a cross of wood, gold or silver and definitely never want to be seen kneeling in front of a crucifix nor making the sign of the cross in pub-

lic. This would be extremely disrespectful to family, Yogis, Swamis and all priests in the community.

Yet I know of at least three Christian wives of Pentecostal pastors who not only teach Hatha' Yoga (100% Hindu practice) but they do this IN their church hall. Sad thing is they have all heard Phil's testimony on doctrines of devils clearly stating how each position in Yoga you lie kneel sit or crouch IS—a direct position of prayer to the Hindu gods Krishna, Vishnu, Shiva or Brahmin.

This came directly from Thor'rauna when teaching Phil, but can also be heard and confirmed by a former Guru's personal and dynamic testimony. Guru Roby as he's fondly called in churches across America taught Yoga to westerners at the age of 8 and communicated on a spiritual level with these Hindu demons. He converted to Christianity and now openly shares his unique insight and years of untapped Hindu background.

19 Voodoo

The Peace Sign made popular amongst the man-in-the-street during the seventies, but is used in three rituals in Satanism. Participants form a long line in the shape of a snake and start dancing to the pulsating beat of the drums. Simultaneously loudly chanting and singing of the Voodoo demon's name until the Papa' Loi (*Male priest in charge*) or the Mama' Loi (*female leaders are greatly used in the Philippines*) is aggressively possessed and they change into that of an animal. This includes the outer skin into fur, fangs, claws, power and animal's speed as well. This is called lycanthropy and can be found IN your local dictionary for a specific reason. More further down on that subject by name.

20 Psychometry

By holding an object belonging to a missing person or item used by someone who was kidnapped, the spirit-medium or clairaudient will be able to reveal the very color of the kidnapper's eyes, hair or even exact location the victim is being detained. Though the TV series *Missing* sports an attractive young woman to bring in the ratings, the propaganda and underlying advertising for this very grave doctrine remains the same—demonically informed and deadly.

21 Telekinesis

Made famous by Yuri Geller and it involves the 'power of the mind' to bend spoons, automatic stopping or starting of watches or clocks that haven't worked in years. Within the first two years of Phil's conversion over 2,000 professional practicing witches gave their lives to Jesus Christ and they destroyed everything pertaining to the occult-including telekinesis. They helped to form the *Rescue Crusaders* working in and around Johannesburg where Yuri Geller was personally challenged and asked by Phil to explain where his supernatural powers came from?

Even in the company of several former witches and warlocks openly sharing their previous powers and after-hour-activities Yuri confessed he didn't know where the powers came from nor how to stop them. Now annually Jewish contestants in their spoon bending contest can be seen on television in Jerusalem as their supernatural powers of telekinesis grows stronger and stronger every year.

22 Divination

The discovery of minerals like gold, oil, water and even dollar bills via the guidance of demons and familiar spirits. Mainly using wooden forked instruments these 'open channels' (*including Yuri Geller*) find the precise spot where oil, gold even diamonds and other minerals lies dormant or purposely hidden—to test their skills.

23 Teleportation

The literal body-soul and spirit of a human being, is taken (*into or back in time*) from any given point of departure. Be it any Temple, home, clinic, Sanctuary city or country and travels to the desired destination of that person's choice. This is normally performed by professional witches, warlocks or priests with a higher grasp of their power over the elements. Such as the weather elements, gravity and space and time permitted by God Jehovah to their Master (*the enemy*) and who is still biblically and fundamentally '*the prince of the power of the air*' but only for seven more years and a bit.

24 Necromancy

The so-called speaking to the dead, which is totally impossible with Jesus still possessing the keys to Hell and death (Rev. 1:18). But the part John Edward will never raise is where the Word of God declares '*It is appointed unto man once to die and then the judgment.*' Hebrews 9:27.

Again an attractive young actress steals weekly ratings when *Tru Calling* keeps Christians glued to their televisions as another corpse turns its head and whispers "Help me?" But one must be fair and state there is no other TV series at present housing no less than 21 of the 28 doctrines of devils in their scripts like **Charmed**.

25 Church Visitation

This subject being the most important and crucial to the Body of Christ's existence will be slightly longer due to the overall structure and plans of the Left Hand Path—since 1968's census Order and Ruling. Visitation messengers are specially chosen, groomed and very well trained for visiting churches in their comfort-zones. And for the gullible Christians reading this these individuals don't wear black unless dictated by current fashion.

They do not sport little warts on their noses, slip deadly spiders into a minister's pocket and never levitate hymnals across any congregation during a service to demonstrate their power.

Neither are they immature teenagers who draw hexagrams, pentagrams and silly Masonic symbols on their school-bags, books, doors or bedroom walls to freak their parents out.

And just for the records, Phil Botha was governed 24 hours of every day by his spirit-guide, and was not allowed to even hint to any of his four sons that he had joined Satanism, let alone tell them he was the Magus High Priest of the whole of S. Africa.

Satanism has and always will remain the most secretive highly organized and impregnable Movement in the world in 2005. I use the word *impregnable* because not a single human being has ever and will ever be able to track, detect, follow, enter or find a single Satanic gathering—because the *fool*-proof system they use is literally “*out of this world.*”

As God has arranged every infant born with a heavenly guardian angel (*Matthew 18:10, 14*) likewise the enemy has messengers of his own. Every childhood fear you might still carry with you and every friend or enemy you ever made. Every single ‘secret’ diary entry you jotted down, each phone call, fax, conversation, piece of gossip you spread or even prayer you whispered to God was seen, heard and recorded in pure 3D color and DVD stereo.

Any journalist, policeman or foolish Christian attempting to track down a gathering and starts to type or email, make a phone call to instruct a back up team to head south. Before that message is even completed, it was recorded and relayed to every demon and evil spirit residing over every local Satanic gathering simultaneously in that town or city. The majority of members of the Left Hand Path visit Pentecos-

tal churches without being detected as very, very few saints bother to pray for or possess the discerning of spirits anymore!

To explain on more realistic terms, the devil invented the commando ***get-to-know-your-enemy*** tactic and that remains the only reason why Satanism has no Head Quarters in the physical sense of the word. Not a house, factory, hall, Temple or Sanctuary is permanently used for longer than 2 weeks at a time, eliminating all clues, evidence or traces of their movements. The only force on earth that hinders this work of the Left Hand Path for a short while longer is the living Body of Christ called the *hinderer of lawlessness* (2 Thes 2: 6-8)

They visit only to sow seeds of confusion and division by starting one rumor and let the Christians stab their brethren in the backs, because honestly no one quite does it as well as believers in a cell. With the decoy set and the team completely unnoticed, the females begin enticing elders and pastors with talismans and potions that lead them to sex. They photograph or film the event making sure copies reach wives and church board members.

Shortly afterwards they leave—for their next assignment of sowing seeds of division and move onto another unsuspecting sleeping church, who won't know when the visitors will arrive nor when they will decide to leave.

I urge you to go to the web site and read how members of Satanism infiltrate all the nominal churches who never preach the gospel. Discover how they join these churches who don't require salvation for membership and make sure they are nominated on any board having authority to stop those who preach and teach on the rapture, Spirit baptism, divine healing in Jesus' name and evangelism.

Most evangelical and Pentecostal congregations have made it extremely easy for the visitors who no longer need to take the risk of being exposed entering an active Pentecostal assembly. They get themselves invited to ‘*comfort zone*’ cell groups where almost everything goes these days.

The majority of cell groups in 2005 have become D-I-Y bible study groups with a self elected leader. I have personally had to halt three different cell groups from casually teaching snippets from Zen, Theosophy and Scientology under the very nose of three highly ignorant spiritual cell ‘leaders’.

26 Lycanthropy

During the Voodoo ritual the Papa’ loi is required and helped by the demon of Voodoo Kum-ba’ ya (*correct spelling not permitted*) to literally change into that of an animal and though shocking and unbelievable to most readers, it is a normal occurrence in Satanism. On the web site you will find historical, biblical evidence and much more concerning that which lunges around the back streets of Johannesburg on the witches Sabbath (*13th February*).

27 Vegetarianism

All candidates entering the secret and dark mysteries of Satanism are forced to become vegetarians within the first two weeks of invitation before any initiation ceremony can be approved. Please keep in mind the enemy has been around for thousands of years and was created ages before Adam *who never ate meat before the fall* for obvious reasons. So be careful before drawing any rash conclusions should you not be a lover of red meat.

Spiritually—India is a perfect example of this and is the most densely populated country who is continuously involved in demonic rituals, ceremonies and mantras on an hourly basis. Demon possession must

surely reach its zenith in India due to the extreme and rigid orthodox laws on vegetarianism. Created and inspired by the self-same demons whose names are spoken in most mantras and uttered on the lips of hundreds of thousands of Yoga, T. M. and Hindu believers in India on a monthly, weekly and daily basis.

Veggie food to ponder on—One evening Phil was laying out his clothing on the bed of his hotel room in a foreign country and quickly rushed to shave before teleporting back to S. Africa. He nicked himself slightly on the cheek and stuck some ice on it to stop the bleeding and finished shaving. On securing his incantations, mathematical location and correctly asking for help to travel, he remained stationary. After the fourth time, his spirit guide appeared and expounded the boundaries, borders and limitations IOVA stipulated to the Left Hand Path.

No human can teleport across time and space with ANY fresh drop of blood or open wound. It is very interesting and will be explained in detail in the follow up to this biography but for now understand this.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with becoming a healthier eating believer in Christ, even if you prefer not to eat meat at all. But IN the spirit world every member in Satanism is forced to abstain from all meats and dairy products, because vegetarians are 90% more susceptible to demon possession and spirit manipulation than meat eaters.

28 Transmigration

Much study and group research has gone into this being the final and most difficult feat to perform in Satanism and the deadliest too as the Frenchman discovered. Normally aging or terminally ill priests witches and warlock would consider this as a last resort to leave their ailing body and live inside a younger and much healthy container-body.

Doc-Papa'loi as he was known to the Voodoo participants in the east remains the only person in history to transmigrate into that of a younger body and also being resurrected. And not once or twice did he achieve this insane attempt and cheat death, but thrice.

Once resurrected though he was not totally human, but half zombie. He had no more sense of guilt conviction, right or wrong but was used to a much greater degree in the Voodoo rituals in and around the Philippines and Malaysian areas.

Updates

Origin of modern Satanism:

It started in France 1735 by a Roman Catholic priest but only became fully active with ceremonies and organized rituals by the middle of 1776, after securing certain chapters of its younger sister the Illuminati.

It successfully reached the shores of Southern Africa in 1990 and was celebrated on the 13th February that same year (Black Mass) and the first spirit spontaneous materialization of Thor's rauna. This materialization is when spirits materialize in solid human form and are able to walk, lift objects, eat and digest food, have sex, reach a peak during intercourse (*with humans*) even produce children—half human half demonic....known to those in Satanism as zombies.

They are human in every physical way, but without any soul of emotion and unable to grasp the gospel, receive conviction or eternal life. Fed, clothed and kept in *a safe place* through out the week and only released for desired missions set by their master.

In October 1968 Phil sat in on his last meeting and census of the Movement.

7 Temples (*housing 2,100 members in each*)

41 Holy Sanctuaries of Light (*with around 1,900 members in each*)

215 smaller cells (*with no less than 150 members per cell*)

But on the 1st January 1969 the initial launch of Satan's Crèche' was thrust upon the Left Hand Path and they were ordered by Thor'rauna (*Supreme ruler of all spirits controlling Africa and North America*) to start recruiting 1,200 each year or face the consequences.

If adhered to this year in 2005 would be over the 170,000 mark, but we have no gauge as yet and much on that depends of the "hinderer of lawlessness" and his prayers.

Special Invitation goes out:

Twice before I've mentioned how God saved over 2,000 witches through Phil's testimony and brought them out of Satanism. And because of much spirit activity in their lives as medium sources—God instructed Phil to make sure each one was sealed by the baptism of the Holy Spirit within 30 minutes of their conversion to prevent another Sittrea event.

Witches are the sole instigators in Satanism in the Church visitation and they not only delegate and initiate the missions, but appear themselves in many of the dwindling Pentecostal churches who still cast demons out of Christians.

But these extremely brave women and men (*warlocks*) destroyed all their books, charms, medallions, stones, bags, potions in case anyone found them and ended up sucked into the occult.

We salute those men and women who came out of Satanism in the early seventies and perhaps joined up with the Rescue Crusaders. But we wish to invite them to check out the Magus web site and contact us, as we would love to ask them to send us their testimony and use the web site as a tool to testify and warn countless young teenagers playing occult based games to turn to Christ before it gets worse.

URGENT APPEAL

We urgently appeal to ANY of the existing '*over 2000 group*' from the seventies.

Does anyone happen to have packed away, stuck in a scrape book somewhere, passed it onto your children.....the actual newspaper that has the original report and two photos of Phil on the front page when he was supposed to have attempted suicide?

If there is anyone out there who cut out the articles or photos PLEASE would you be so kind to check out the web site and contact me personally, so we can arrange a proper scanning of your items for the Magus web site and then you can still keep the original I am also hoping to include those photos and article in the second book.



www.magus.org.uk

Open Letters

To Teenagers

I honestly don't know what you are going through right now or the home situation you may be in, so I won't claim to have the answers to all of your questions, but I do know one thing for certain. As you read this Open letter, this very paragraph, page, book, hour and day in your life was been arranged and orchestrated hundreds of years before you were even born. God the Father in Heaven wishes to use Phil's life story to draw you closer to His Son.

Because nothing ever happens on earth by chance, coincidence, accident or *luck* I have no desire to leave dozens of bible verses for you. I'm not here to try and convince you either, merely to convey a message of

love in your path. The fact that you are reading this page screams confirmation that God is still in control and knows exactly what He is doing in your life.....so I'll just chill.

For those of you who already have your US\$200 *embossed crimson card* and feel ripped off, don't hassle 'cause it happens to the best of us. The real problem no longer lies with that *Church of Scam* in San Francisco, but with every paid up member instead! To fall prey to a scam in ignorance is part of reality and part of the 'Big World' they say. But once you've seen your mistake and don't bother to warn your friends and remain in '*the devoted mode*' is nothing short of being plain dumb....you think?

Naturally after reading Phil's story many of you realized what a lonely teenage life he must have endured and hopefully now you'll appreciated how very fortunate you are having such neat parents, family and some great friends not so?

You've finished the biography but might be feeling strange tugs at your heart and soul during certain passages of the book. Why not follow those gut felt convictions as you weren't weeping for nothing back then. As I promised you there are no verses to check up, but I do wish to leave you with one of the most profound statements ever made to comfort, challenge, bless and prepare every teenager around the world for their future. You are not and never have been alone because.....

"Jesus Was A Teenager Too."



To Teachers and all other educators

Anyone would be shocked to the core reading how far reaching a single conversation from teacher to pupil could influence, change and destroy

an entire career and future of one child! But being a teacher, it must also have touched you more deeply than most parents could ever imagine. You are commended on choosing a profession that has such historical impact upon those you have taught. Thousands of people owe you indescribable gratitude and would never have reached certain grades, degrees or professions without your sacrifice over the years.

We already asked and prayed the Holy Spirit would open your eyes to the aimless plights of attention seekers studying under your wings. Whatever impact this book has upon your life, we pray you would gently and diplomatically channel it over onto *your fold*. When stepping back and catching a tiny glimpse of the Bigger Picture of life, it is awe-inspiring to realize not a bus driver, postman, butcher, housewife, artist, senator, judge or President could have achieved their goals without inspiration, motivation and commitment from teachers along the way.

You know better than anyone else and have been forced to watch how traditional American standards, morals and religious beliefs have changed and dwindled within the teaching facilities over the past fifteen years. If you precious folk don't continue to teach, set new standards and raise the alarm about our youth and their difficulty to form lasting relationships, build self esteem, integrity and honesty....*our freedom sung—will soon turn to failure won.*

All one can dare to suggest to bold and courageous teachers is please continue teaching from the heart and know that you are loved, greatly appreciated and prayed for by millions of Christian parents around the world who have seen those young ripples in the pond of *'freedom and democracy'*.

You have made a huge difference in every single child's life thus far plus your profession and calling has not gone in vain. Remain open to

those who respect and look up to you blessing their ears with knowledge, righteousness and peace.



To Parents

Every healthy growing teenager without a family role model will naturally go through the universally accepted '*Teenage Identity Crisis*.' Like an oil spot on the garage floor, a dog unable to stop scratching or a bulb that doesn't glow. These are symptoms of tiny problems that can be remedied by even tinier adjustments in life if.....attended to immediately. The same is said of teenagers not accepting themselves or trying to impress '*anyone out there*' for exactly that same reason.

The inner craving to be loved by their family and accepted by friends and society is universal and natural. Yet it is becoming virtually impossible with modern day standards created by the media, top models, artists and celebrities. 90% of most problems all teenagers face are due to not having someone to listen to them. Whilst the other 10% are straight forward trials they must learn to face work through and overcome.

If you wish your daughter or son to stop drawing childish occult symbols and signs on their bedroom walls and school cases. Or stop them from purposely dressing so way out to embarrass you in front of family and friends there is a solution. Just for once, why don't you take time to sit down, listen to them and become part of their very scary insecure and totally different perception of life? Absolutely no adult opinions or perceptions are required, but just honest concern and compassion as you sincerely suggest the two of you read Phil's biography together and discuss it openly afterwards.

Every teenager needs a soft place to fall in certain emotional times and you need to create that place for them. They badly need examples to follow before their well deserved respect is dished out to parents who must never ever go back on a promise. Parenting must literally be the most difficult life long task to accomplish thus far. Many folk don't want to know about DNA and genes, but your child at the age of ten or twenty-two *is a Rank Xerox copy of what you say and do.*

Use this book as a means to reach confused teenagers and young adults, but do remember any one involved in occult practices will not appreciate any parent wagging this book in their face and saying "*Why don't you read this book and see how stupid your childish Satanic Church really is?*" It was never printed for that purpose and we strongly urge you to rather leave it lying around for them to see and never stop praying for them.

Warmth love, understanding, freedom, space, forming own opinions, jokes, laughter and a strong balance of Christ in any home....will remedy and help raise wonderful, well mannered and content teenagers. We wish your family the very best in Christ and may His grace help you raise and educate one of God's greatest gifts to mankind—the teenager.



To Members in the Church of Satan-USA

I can imagine how rocked your 'Satanic boat' must be now after reading this book. But besides seeing the other side of the (*real*) Satanic coin in Phil's story we hope you have the honesty to admit both the late Anton LaVey and Mr. Gilmore '*wanna be High Priest*' conned you into joining that group.

A person studied for ten years became Magus High Priest for seven years, yet was *so greatly loved by God* a messenger was sent to share God's love and His Son to an extremely wicked and evil unbeliever. Phil gladly accepted a new Master and was saved by Jesus Christ from certain death and eternal separation from God in Hell. In comparison, those who were conned into paying US\$200 for a crimson card and never attended a single ritual, ceremony or was initiated in accordance to details in this book—you still have a 200% opportunity now to receive Christ as savior and Lord!

Not even the twenty-seven ruling High Priests in the world today have any excuse not to turn to IOVA as Lord. So can you imagine what weak excuses members of the Church of Satan in San Francisco would use? This book has become a step towards the cross and your salvation or another opportunity to reject Christ, but it will be held against you on Judgment Day. This is not a fear tactic either dear reader just a fact of life for those foolish enough to *think they can play God with their own destiny!*

To those who have the courage, guts and honesty to admit they must be sinners, need the Only begotten Son of God for their salvation and wish to turn to Him right now. Then without a doubt you are one of those who feel His love engulfing you, His presence mysteriously enveloping your whole being and you just know.

Now is my time to accept Jesus Christ as Savior.

We bless God for your decision, as the salvation of any reader helps accomplish our goals for publishing of this book.



Magus Thor'rauna High Priest of Satanism of S. Africa in 2005

I am forced to use this avenue to reach you as your spirit-guide will never allow a second Magus any personal contact with a Spirit filled believer of IOVA.

Your father's name was Jan and you have three brothers. Eldest is musical and an actor who settled in America many years ago. You are the second eldest and were initiated into the priesthood of S. Africa during Black Mass on the 13th February 1981. Your younger brother Christo stayed with your dad in the late seventies where I taught him to play a musical instrument. My girlfriend tutored him in math and he passed his final year of school. (*Christo will remember us when reading this*).

Your father was married to an unsuspecting Christian woman attending the Full Gospel church. After she caught him teleporting and he confessed to being in the priesthood she immediately divorced him. Some years later your grandmother passed away in April 1977 and after Phil Botha warned us of the dire consequences, both he and your dad insisted your identity remain a secret from the media.

And for this same reason your youngest brother whom you love deeply cannot be made public, due to his *unique sounding name* placing both of your immediate remaining 'close' relatives at risk.

Ironically your dad and I sat in Phil's Brackenfell home the night you phoned your predecessor and threatened to take his life after boasting of your initiation into the priesthood of Satan. Later that evening at Stellenbosch University Phil shared his latest death threat and revealed

your true identity to a large gathering of students and Dominees. Jan had to testify that same night during Phil's historical meeting and he broke down and wept unashamedly for you in public. After that Jan often spoke of his unconditional love for you, regardless of that tragic choice you made.

By now thousands of Christians who have read this book will answer our (*unspoken*) plea to pray for your salvation. Compassion for your soul will take priority in hearts and you will be lifted in prayer before God's throne. No one can fight against the love of God—*not even you Magus!* Clive Petzer had less than 100 saints praying for Phil and he couldn't fight the love of Christ coming from that one pastor. Now imagine over 300,000 Spirit filled believers around the world reading this book and praying for you daily? (*excluding all the other believers they E-mail and ask to pray for your soul-daily*).

Magus after I met your dad and all your brothers, God placed a burden of love for you in my heart. Since 1981 I have daily prayed for your salvation, but wish to add a touch of Heavenly audacity here, to boldly request and wait in great expectation for your reply. When you accept IOVA as Lord and Master may I have the honor of writing your autobiography? You will be the second and final Magus High Priest of Satanism in the world, who escapes alive and accepts IOVA as Savior. Naturally you will dedicate it to your beloved late father Jan who as you well know is still winning souls *even as you as you read* this open letter of Love.



It only seems fitting after addressing the present Magus-Thor'rauna, to end Phil's biography with a unique message and recorded conversation. His amazing biblical and powerful exhortation will comfort, exhort, confront, challenge and draw every saint closer to Christ and

reveal HOW to receive their full inheritance and start living Abundant Life—as Jesus instructed every follower to do.

(a recorded message from Phil Botha)

One afternoon Phil and I sat down to lunch in his home when an unexpected visitor arrived who was in the ministry and fortunately I had forgotten to switch off my recorder. This classic occasion became such a pivotal point in the visitor's life which I personally saw change overnight and went on to win thousands of souls for Christ in S. Africa before going overseas to do the same.

'Brian' (who gave us permission to print this but not his name) proceeded to explain how difficult it was in the ministry and his struggle to survive. Once he had finished, Phil's face lit up as he started sharing from the heart and in his uncanny way—quoting scripture, explaining and making comparisons at the same time?

“90% of all your problems are self induced and easy to remedy if you are willing to obey what you have previously read in your bible. Every single saint goes through the exact same problems you and I do. But every time they fall its just simply a lack of knowledge of the bible and they forget what Christ has already done for them.(11 Peter 1: 9)

At your conversion you admitted to being a sinner (*John 8:44*) and you were of your father the devil, so you automatically sinned by nature and the lusts of your father. You were a servant of sin (*John 8:34*) and if you died without Christ you would have died in sin (*John 8:24*). Once you confessed your sin to Jesus (*1 John 1: 9*) He personally forgave you of every sin that you had committed in your life (*1 John 1: 7*).

You seem to have so quickly forgotten, that a saint no longer lives under guilt or condemnation and makes it pointless for any Christian to try and follow the Jewish Ten Commandments to justify themselves

before the Lord (*Romans 8:1-2*). All Christians are justified instantly by grace and through faith alone at their conversion and not of their good works (*Galatians 2:16*). The day you were born-again, God implanted His own desires of righteousness into your heart and mind (*Hebrews 10:15-17*) and He promised never again to ever remember or recall any sin of yours He had forgiven!

Therefore if you are spiritually mature enough to grasp this or not—every single natural desire in your heart right now is programmed to literally serve, love, please and worship God. Because once your sins have been completely removed and you are cleansed within—you possess the very righteousness of God within you (*11 Corinthians 5:21*) and that righteousness alone is the only requirement anyone needs to enter Heaven or have their name written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

You have never seen a dolphin being coaxed or taught how to dive or swim as the mother was a natural diving, swimming dolphin herself. Likewise if you would live naturally and follow your spiritually implanted Heavenly desires, you would also live Abundantly like Jesus did in the Word.

The best part of the gospel which so few pastors ever preach is that no born-again believer can sin...*before they are first tempted by the enemy* (1 John 3: 9). Just think of that for a moment Brian? When Adam fell from Grace, he simply and literally lost the ability to say think and do anything good in God's eyes (Genesis 6: 5). Ever since then man's been unable to communicate with God due to his heart (Mark 7:20-23). Christ came in pure human form with all our limitations and weaknesses (Hebrews 2:16-18) to save us and to prove every Spirit filled believer can live without sin on a daily basis.....if they abide in His Word, His Word will abide in them.

On top of all of that, Paul said there will never ever be any temptation too hard, too high, too powerful or too difficult to overcome...*regardless of how young or weak they are in Him* (1 Corinthians 10:13). From where I came from and countless conversations with my spirit-guide, I can personally assure you every temptation permitted by God to reach you Brian, is always and only something in your past that you already have victory over. *(by this time the visitor was weeping unashamedly before God).*

The amount of stress lacking in a ten year old girl's life who receives Christ compared to self-inflicted stress and pressure in millions of saints today, is purely their own fault and it boils down to their perception, choice and surrender. Soccer players know it's mainly in the feet, cricketers know it's largely in the wrist and the victorious Christian knows beyond a shadow of a doubt, it's already written in the Word.

Brian...never forget as long as you minister and breathe. Your own perception of what is written in the bible and your obedience to God's voice will either set you glorious free or imprison you for life as a son of God. Never let anyone alter the course you have been called to take by God and you shall be blessed when doing and following His Word *and not just reading it.*

Live naturally for Jesus Christ and minister honestly by following your natural God instilled desires and conscience. Regardless of any pastor's opinions, pet doctrines or new ministries popping up to deceive saints of their joy. Stand firm in the Word of God and love unconditionally....serve others and know that this is what Jesus did daily and it always pleased His Father above.

Live as best you can in the freedom you have inherited from Christ's Word, but above all things. Never criticize or follow those who claim to know Christ, yet their lives clearly contradict His Word. Abundant

life is yours to live and never ever charge for the service of your ministry. Public performance is only equal to private prayer life as the laborer is worthy of his hire. Give God thanks in everything and you shall then triumph in all things (*11 Corinthians 2:14*).

Lastly when Christians with baggage or even pastors with hand luggage try and convince you how hard it is to follow Jesus example so they *HAVE TO* sin daily (*without a single scripture to back up that heresy*). Don't argue or waste time debating their very unbiblical lifestyle. Rather let them feel the Love of Christ emanating from your person as they hear the truth from your lips *for the first time in their lives.....*

“Christianity still remains the easiest life to live on earth today.
It's just ignorant pastors, family and weak brothers
and sisters *who try to make it so complicated.*”

The End

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