Carole Stafrs
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Gladys Lewis
1603 Lakewood Dr.
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Dear Gladys;

August 20, 1990

I know that I have been a source a great pain to you and your family. I have done many things in my life which were wrong and take full responsibility for them. I do not write this to justify anything that I have done, but rather to ask you to help Don. Anything that I do or say will be regarded as to have been done selfishly to cause him to come back to me, or vindistively to cause him to leave Pam. I know becasue of your personal feelings toward me it will be hard for you to believe otherwise, but I am sincerely concerned for Don's soul and after having met you and seeing the place where you worship I believe that you are a God fearing woman and even though you have other love interests in your life now, I believe that after having loved a man for over thirty five years, you must still have enough compassion to help him.

During all of the time that Don and I knew each other, he made it very clear that he loved you and that he would never leave you. I never wanted him to leave you, as much as I loved him, because I was raised to believe in marriage and feel that it goes beyond just the two partners, to their families and to God. What Don and I did was wrong but it is too late to change history. I can now only offer you my sincerest apology, repent to the Lord and not repeat the same mistakes.

I don't know what your feelings for Don are at this juncture in your life. If I thought that you would take him back into your heart and be able to free him from this Evil that controlls him I would remove myself from him forever. I really don't know if either are possible, but I am willing to try anything to help him. Perhaps you will feel that you have done all that is humanly possible for him with no result, but I would hope that the enclosed manuscript will show you that much of what Don did to destroy your love for him was not of his own conscious doing. Many times he has said to me that he doesn't know why he has done the things to you that he has and that you were all a man could want for in a woman. He has often surmised that it may have been due in part just to having been young and restless and that now that he is older perhaps he could be a better husband. When he lost you I felt that he realized just how much he had lost, and for what? He is a good man and I believe with the exception of his straying would be a perfect husband. You, undoubtedly, know this better than do I. I want his love, with all my heart, but if you still want him in your life, I believe that it would be wrong for me to seek that.

Please read these things, think on them and pray for Don. If you can bear to speak to me, let me know how I can help. The thought of losing his love is nearly unbearable to me, but his soul is much more important than my own needs. I know that I am asking an awful lot from someone I have hurt so much, but I ask that you do this for Don.

EKKOBAR

I didn't know what else to call this, and I'm not sure of the spelling. I know that Eckencar is the belief in mind travel, and sounds very similar, but I don't know what all that encompasses either. I have so much work to do and am so far behind that I am wondering if I'll ever catch up, but this feels too important to not to record. I almost fear to record the happenings of last night as it will cause some to think I am hallucinating and others to be sure of it.

August 16, 1990 (total sum of the digits being "7") This was my third night alone since leaving my lover, partner and companion of ten years, Don Lewis. Our break up had been the result of an ongoing affair of four years that he had had with a woman by the name of Pamela Enriquez. In a last ditch effort to save our relationship, I had called Pam a couple of months ago and asked if she would ever be out of our lives. The conversation went on for over two hours during which time she informed me that she was of the Order of Ekkobar and a practicer of metaphysics. She believes that she can control other people with her mind and said that she did not mind the fact that Don was living with me because she was about to reverse our situation and she would be Mrs. Don Lewis and I would be the person begging for crumbs at her table. She never quivered during this entire painful conversation and seemed quite confident that she had the power to make Don do whatever she wanted and that she was in no hurry to change her situation as she knew what the outcome would be. She said that five years from now she would be his wife and that he would have other lovers, perhaps even myself, but she didn't care because he was going to provide her with five corporations and her own lending institution. She would be wealthy beyond perception and she did not care what he did as long as she would be calling the shots, and she would always be calling the shots, because of her religious Order and powers. She said that she never speaks of these powers with Don because he is afraid of them and does not want to know. She tried to encourage me to take up her belief and told me that I had been wrong in building my world around Don and that the only way I would ever make it in this world was to make other people build their worlds around me. She said she knew that I have certain powers and could do things that were beyond my current understanding but that I had not yet learned how to use those powers to use people to get what I want out of life.

I challenged her thinking by saying that she was taking a chance by letting me in on this because if I matched her, power for power that I would be with Don and she would never have a chance. She retorted that once I knew how to use people for my own benefit, that my motivation would not be love and that I would look for a bigger fish than Don. Not once in this conversation did she give a feeling of any love for Don, but rather for what he could provide her with. already within her five year plan she has three Corporations that she has obtained through Don, LPE, INC., KEPPA, INC. AND CUSPID, INC. and Don told me that he has already committed to providing her with a lending institution which he will fund and will put up a $150,000.00 bond. But more than that she has persuaded him to cheat on me to the point that she is now the person sleeping beside him every night.

Only once had I heard of this Order of Ekkobar. When Mary Brown Schaffer Young had lived with me, she had confided that she was a Priestess of something and of the Order of Ekkobar. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, because Mary had always appeared in my life when things were at their worst and had instilled in me a great amount of devotion and trust. I had known Mary for over four years before she came to live with me and never during that time did I feel that she did anything but give of herself to me and other people. I passed off her whitchcraft as being a White Witch, which she called herself and did not take her anymore seriously than that.

In August 1986 after five years of begging Don to help me leave my husband I met Roy Persons who came into my life and made it possible to leave my bad marriage. I never asked Don

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to leave his wife for me because I felt that would hurt too many people, but I did ask him to help me get a job working for him, as I was doing a lot of his appraisals for him at the time and felt that I could make myself quite productive for him. Perhaps I asked for too much, but I had to get out of my marriage and would have eventually killed my husband to do it. When I ran off with Roy, Don was hurt and feeling all alone. In walked Pam. She made him feel "alive" again. She made him feel loved. Six months later Don was still trying to persuade me to come back to him and in December of 1986 I did. He told me that he had been interested in Pam and had slept with her a couple of times but that it was nothing and had fizzled out. I began to sneak around to see him.

Pam had established contact a year before our breakup but Don was relatively happy at the time and did not need her. He said her voice was so sweet and tempting but his general state of mind was too strong for her to be able to invade his life.

Our love nest was out on the Alaphi River. I began to question whether or not he brought anyone else there when I saw used tampons discarded around the room and all over the bath room. He admitted that he had been still seeing Pam, but that he didn't really love her and was going to ask her to leave. I was crushed. I had jeopardized a good relationship with a man that I loved in order to get back together with Don, only to find out that he was cheating on me again. He had previously lied to me and was cheating on me with Dorothy, his secretary and Jane, a lover of fifteen years. The night I had met Don he had just had his last fight with Gladys, his wife, and I had just had a tremendous blow up with my ex-husband. Don had all of his clothes, guns and money packed in the trunk of his navy blue Lincoln. He told me he wanted to take me to New Orleans, divorce his wife and never look back. I had a daughter and would not go. Don went back to his wife the next day and that it is how our relationship began. It was May 1981. Just before I ran off with Roy Don had admitted to me that the night we met he was on his way to Jane's house and was going to tell her that he was going to live with her forever, but that when he met me he changed his mind. He further admitted though, that he did continue to see both her and Dorothy for quite some time after we met. This news had hurt me, but finding out that he was still seeing Pam was more than I could bear. She seemed liked such a filthy creature and I could understand it being hard for him to give up women who had been in his life for so long, I could not understand him chasing after such low life as Pam.

Shortly thereafter I received a call from Mary. She said she was desperate and in danger and begged me to come rescue her from an abusive husband in North Carolina. I felt needed and despite Roy telling me that if I did go get her it would be the end of our relationship. I felt so needed by her that I went anyway. I brought her back to Tampa and pushed Don to the limit in order to provide a nice place for her. I could not see it at the time, but I was acting out of control and asking Don to make things available for Mary's benefit that I would never have asked him to do for me. I felt justified doing all and giving all to her because she was there when I was hurting and nothing was too good for her. Mary just up and disappeared one day and in retrospect I wonder if it was because she had had this $20,000.00 student loan to pay and she was incensed that I would not pay it off for her. I never would back down from that little bit of sanity that I held onto. Perhaps some of Don's training had stuck with me even through this haze.

About the same time Mary left me, Roy asked me to leave. I was devastated. No one had ever asked me to leave in my life. I felt so unloved after having poured out my heart to this woman and suffering much monetary loss, I felt as if I would drown. I had pulled away from the people I loved and had lost sight of all that I wanted. I was being neglected by Don during this time, undoubtedly much due to my insistence on him providing for and accepting Mary and much due to his increasing entanglement with Pam. She was starting rumors around the courthouse and putting our private lives up for display to anyone who would pay her any attention to the point that I felt

too embarrassed to show my face in Hillsborough County. I tried to move my work to Pinellas County but Pam soon followed me there and started hanging out with my contacts over there and began telling all of her lies to them. I felt that there was no way I could stay in this business and have any sense of dignity left to my name.

I had met Bill Benjamin and he had been crippled in an auto accident of what I considered to be my causing, but looking back I wonder if Pam didn't arrange that as well. I wonder how strong her powers are, or if Bill was one of them. At any rate, I had spent all of my energy in trying to help Bill recover. Don was spending all of his free time with Pam, so far as that when his wife was out of town, it was now Pam that he would have come stay with him. I had never asked Don to take time away from his wife to spend with me, but whenever the opportunity arose, I always felt loved in that I was the person he would want there with him. I needed someone to talk to. When Bill convinced me that he had made a lot of money racing horses and I was in a dilemma as in how to deal with all of the public humiliation brought on me by Don's chasing after Pam, I thought that it would get me back on my feet. Don agreed to go into it with me so that we could build something together. It was the most disastrous financial aspect of my life so far. I got in way over my head and dragged Don down with me. I still owe him much just to break even.

I decided that the only way I could ever pay Don back the exorbitant sums of money I owed him would be to go back to real estate, harden myself against all of the finger pointing and snickering and con jobs by leach-like men, in the know of the fact that Don was running around on me, put my nose to the grind and try to repay and rebuild. Not a week went by that Don didn't assure me that he was just about to break up with Pam. A year passed and I still believed him. I wanted to.

On Valentine's Day 1990 Don moved in with me. His wife had filed for divorce and he said that he would give up Pam and dissolve their business if I would try to make a go of it. I was never so happy in my whole life! The man I had waited forever for had chosen to love me with the same sort of love I felt for him, or so I thought. I found out, months later that he and his wife had broken up around Christmas of 1989 and he had been spending his nights with Pam. He would have her page him at my house, when she was ready for him and put Don's wife's phone number in his pager, so that he could show it to me and tell me that it was Gladys and that he had to go home to her. He knew I would let him go home to Gladys without a fight. Even after He moved in with me his loyalty hadn't lasted six weeks, before he was back in Pam's bed. I suspected that something was up when he was investing more with her and not dissolving the company. I reminded him of his vow to me and he said that Pam needed him too much and that she had been there when he was hurting the most in his life and because of her being there for him during our six month separation that it would not be right to take her business away from her. He said that Pam would never be able to make it on her own and that she would always need him. He said that he could never take it away from her but rather thought that if he were to begin being faithful to me that she would tire of him and seek out someone new. I bought this for a while but then began to receive anonymous phone calls from people saying that Pam and Don were being all lovey dovey in public and that didn't sound to me like a man who was trying to encourage a woman not to see him. Don verified every incident that I asked him about but always had some excuse for why she was all cuddled up to him; ie the truck was crowded, she was sick, we were in a hurry. Always he maintained that although his lover was pressed against his thigh that he never touched her, fondled her leg as he had mine so many times and would never admit to kissing her. I wanted to believe it but his own admissions were enough to disprove all else he said.

I told him that if he did not break off all contact with her by August 1, 1990 I would leave him. I decided I could numb myself for that long and I watched to see what he would do. He began to drain our business out, pulling out his money

as deals closed and not reinvesting it. He continued to invest with her and to give her part of the commissions I had been promised on our deals when he could find no excuse to do so.

I began moving out and Don sold our house. He said that it had been our place together and that he just couldn't bear to stay there a night without me. I wondered if he had any idea how I had felt all those nights he had left me there alone so that he could go sleep with Pam? He said this break up was all my doing and to this day will not acknowledge that Pam or his relationship with Pam had anything to do with our demise. He maintains that the only reason we broke up is because I made unreasonable demands and left him. When people ask him why we broke up, he replies that we weren't getting along. That is really wrong information to give others, as we got along great except for his seeing Pam, but he will not admit to anyone that she was the cause. Don had to vacate the house by August 15, 1990 and I agreed to stay with him through the last night that he would be at the house and to help him pack the 14th and 15th. I did and he was tender and loving and made me want so much to say that I didn't care what he did as long as he loved me this way. Don asked me if I would be willing to remain celibate for three months after our departure and he would do the same so that he could think more clearly about all that was happening. He said during that time he would not see or speak to Pam for any reason, to see if he could decide why he felt so obligated to her. I called him later in the day and said that I would but he had already decided that it would not be fair to Pam to shut her out that way. The evening of the 15th I left for my new home and Don left for his.

My home was empty and void of life for me. Don went home to Pam. She has been with him every night since. Now his voice is distant and colder. He still says how much he loves me and that I have made a terrible mistake because if I would have held on just a little longer Pam would have gone away.

August 16 Telinda, our house keeper called me looking for Don and said that he was over two hours late getting home. I told her to beep him and call me when she knew he was okay. Midnight came with no word. I called Telinda and Don answered the phone. I could tell Pam was with him so I told him why I had called as briefly as possible. I hung up the phone and cried. I could see the two of them laying there, cuddled the way Don and I did each night and I couldn't bear the sight of it. In an effort to remove this vision I began to write:

"It's Thursday August 16 and my third night away from Don. It's nearly midnight and against all better judgment I just called him. Telinda called at 8:30 and said he was 2 1/2 hours late for supper. I couldn't sleep until I knew he was all right. I wish I knew why I care. Why do I love him? If I love him so much then why do I put conditions on it? I love you only if you/re true to me and put me first, above yourself and all others...

I feel so empty and worthless. I gave Don the power to shape my views of myself. Why? He never allowed my feelings to change the way he sees himself."

Perhaps 15 minutes passed and the phone rang. My heart leaped! I just knew it would be Don! He could feel my pain and would say something, even if it was a lie, that would console me. I would tell him how much I loved him and that I could never stand to be apart from him again. I would apologize for being unreasonable and accept him no matter what. I picked up the phone. I was joyous!

An unfamiliar but instantly likable voice asked for Bob. Thinking it may be someone looking for Don Lewis a/k/a Bob Martin I played it a little cagey. The voice said it was calling Bob at 920-4120 about a rowing matching they had spoken earlier about. I told him he had the wrong number. My hopes had been dashed and I could bear to talk. I began to think about the things that would have spilled out of my mouth had it been Don. I began to doubt my sanity. The voice had said something and in my revelry I had not heard it so I asked him to repeat himself. He asked what I was doing and numbly I said that I was just jotting down a few notes before I went to

bed. He asked me if I liked poetry and I told him that I did. He began to read a rather long poem to me called Pain's Soliloquy.

The poem immediately brought tears to my eyes as it began to unfold the explanation by Pain of why he was necessary in the lives of man. How he tries to gently twinge the person treading on dangerous ground and increasingly intensifies his grasp when the innocent person trudges on not heeding his warning. It claimed to be the friend of man and the only thing keeping him from sure swift death both physically and emotionally. I wept, heaving sobbing tears over this poem and asked the voice who identified himself as Ken to make a copy of it for me. He said that he knew I needed to hear these words tonight because I didn't understand the pain that I was feeling now. He said he knew how I must feel to know that another woman was laying on the breast of the man I loved this night, and that I did not know how to cope with the pain of my recent breakup with this man, whom I had loved for so long. I had not given him any indication of the affairs of my life. He said he knew wherewhich of he spoke because several months ago during the worst time of his life, having just been left, unexplainably by the woman he loved and both his parents dying and having to live in the house where he grew up and all of his parents memories still haunting him, a Peruvian woman, of the Order of Ekkobar had dropped into his life. She seemed to come from no where and caught his eye. He began to chase after her and at first she seemed impervious but soon he felt as though the tables had turned and that it was his obligation to love her because she had arrived when he was in such need. He began to feel trapped. She invaded every corner of his life. She was always willing and available. She would threaten to leave him if he did not return her adoration and he felt like he had lost the power to make his own decisions. She pretended to turn her faith to his faith. She wanted to work with him. She called constantly to let him know that she was available and that he was neglecting her.

Ken said that he had always considered himself a very lucky person and that in anything he did with this Peruvian woman seemed to increase his luck ten fold, but every move he tried to make without her was less than the normal outcome if not disastrous. He began to fear her because of the way she had changed his life. She began to beg him to let her spend the night with him and promised to honour his religion by sleeping on the couch. Before the night was over she would whine her way into his bed, where she would lay close to him but not be allowed to touch him. Ken would lay there staring at the ceiling and listen to her breathing. When she began to breath as though asleep he said he felt like an octopus would drop onto his head and suck the energy from him. If he nudged her to change her breathing pattern, it would stop. This happened several times before he began to recognize a pattern and he threw her out of his house. He began to have chronic headaches while she was in his life and whenever he stood by his guns and kept her at bay, his life was deteriorating. She told him she would make his life miserable and that the only chance he had for happiness was to stay with her.

Ken began to have nightmares from which he would wake up shaking and sweating. Most of the time he could not remember them when he awoke, but had the sensation that she had something to do with it, and that it was evil. One nightmare was recurring enough that he recalled it. He was dropping quickly from the sky at a 65 degree angle into a circle of chanting people. There were eleven people and an enormous tree that made up this circle. A woman standing at the one o'clock position turned her face to look up at him, with haunting eyes that warned him he was not to have seen this. He felt like he was the center of this particular ceremony and that somehow the chanting whitches had been able to summon him there. The people were so real in there appearance, not like most dreams, but the surroundings and the tree were surrealistic, like something from a Steven Spielberg film. He said he felt like it was an out of body experience every time it happened and that when he came back to his body he could see it laying in his bed and would try to rouse it as he would

reenter in hopes that in becoming one with himself again that he would be safe from this coven. When he relayed this dream to the Peruvian woman she was very concerned about how much he had seen and what he had remembered. She told him that she often visited his dreams but that he should never remember her there. When he awoke he felt as though he were being watched and could not go to sleep until he had checked all of the doors and windows in the house.

Ken began to pray the following day and asked God to explain to him why he was having these dreams. Immediately, before his praying eyes he saw the image of a face. It was as if on a black and white T.V. screen and had an unreal, flickering silver quality. The face had definite features and no hair but it looked like someones sketch of a person or a hologram. At once he knew that he knew the person but could not put a name on it. He felt as though he were looking into the eyes of Satan. The next time the Peruvian woman came to his house she had pulled her hair straight back and stood over him in the half light. When he looked into her face he immediately recognized the face in his prayer and leaping from the bed threw her out again.

Not long afterwards, he was having a meeting of the Bahi at his home. She called and begged to come but he would not let her for fear that he had brought a coven of witches into his Faith. She kept on and said that she would just help him prepare and would leave before they came. She kept wearing him down until he agreed that she could. When she arrived he felt instantly drained. He sat down at the dining room table to ease his head. He began to smell something like an electrical fire. He quickly began to check out the house and electrical sockets and appliances. He only smelled it in the dining room. The Peruvian woman began to feel the walls to detect heat and could not but the smell was intense and would not go. She picked up a photograph of his dead father from the mantle and said that his father did not like her. She had never met his father and knew that he was dead. Ken felt like his parents were both there and trying to warn him that this woman was evil. He asked her to leave and after much ado she did. He felt relived but drained and had to lay down until his guests arrived. When he relayed the events that had occurred one of the followers who was well versed in metaphysics told him that the smell of burning wire often accompanied the presence of someone's soul and that it was the only way they have to get the attention of the person to whom they wish to speak. The friend said that the father had spoken through the Peruvian woman in her own words saying that he did not like her.

The Peruvian woman will not leave him alone. She tells him she needs him and cannot go on without him. She warns him not to tell others of anything that she says or any of the dreams or feelings that he has and says that if he speaks of them with anyone it will lead to his demise. He fears her but cannot get her out of his life. He has spoken to others and has tried to find out as much as he can about the Women of the Order of Ekkobar. The more he finds out the more he fears her but still he cannot get her out of his life. He has pulled away from all of the people that he loves and from doing all of the things that he once enjoyed. He feels that she is the only unwaivering person in his life and that she will always be there for him. Even in the recognition that she is using him and his energy he cannot shake these other emotions that fill his soul.

I have seen this same pattern with Don and Pam. He will do something to anger her in hopes that she will leave him without it looking to her that he ran her off. He has over $325,000.00 tied up in her control and fears losing it if she feels rejected. Pam's response is always the same. She will make him feel guilty, threaten to leave him and in no time Don finds himself begging her to stay. Every time it happens it seems to strengthen her grip on him.

It doesn't take the mind of a brain surgeon to recognize a pattern here. At the lowest point of my life a Woman of the Order of Ekkobar came into my life. She had been there for a long time but had never made a move until I was hurting

so badly that I was irresistible to her. She provided me with exactly what I needed and made herself crucial in my life.

At the lowest point in Ken's life a Woman of the Order of Ekkobar came into his life. Again, if he had not been at such a low spot, she would never have had the power to control him.

At the lowest point in Don's life in walks a woman of the Order of Ekkobar. She had known him a year before but it wasn't until we broke up that she could take control of his life. I find it more than coincidental that her voice is nearly undetectable from mine. What more could Don have wanted than to be able to pick up the phone, hear her/my voice and begin our love anew? By the time I came back to him she had him firmly in her grasp and had made him dependent on him. Even though I can see the way Mary used me and Ken can see the way the Peruvian woman uses him, he cannot deny her and I don't know for certain that I could deny Mary. I am much more spiritually strong than Don; how could he possibly deny Pam?

I fear for Don and I fear for myself, as I feel that I have been the instrument to a demon and so is he. I fear for all of us here on this planet as I have never feared before. I have heard of demons as they were spoken of in the Bible. I have heard Christ's warning that they are ever present and make the appearance of being the right way unto man, the end of which is death. I do not fear physical death because these demons must have us alive to corrupt us, enter us and use us, but that is a fate worse than death. Until having looked Satan straight in the eye and feeling helpless to his persuasions, I could never have felt this present darkness which overshadows us.

Many people feel that we are approaching Armageddon with all that is happening in our world today. Russia has become our brother and a Holy War of unreal proportions is brewing amount the Arabs. People are following a man who they know to be there enemy, because they feel that Hussein is strong and they want to be with the victor. Millions of people are falling victim to this ever increasing evil. The women of the Order of Ekkobar are preaching that this will not be the end of life but the beginning of their reign. They look forward to this earth shattering as they believe that it will turn the tables and put them in complete control. Have they awaited this, or have they caused it?

Perhaps this is stepping way out on a limb, but if the Order of Ekkobar is powerful enough to lead the entire world into total chaos and lawlessness, is it possible that this same scene has repeated itself over in the lives of millions of people? How strong is their power? If their power is Satan, how powerful is he? If Adam and Eve were God's only creation and Satan could lead them to follow him, is it feasible that he could do the same to all of God's creation? Some will be forwarned enough to see this coming and will stand strong and at least be able to be loyal to God and save their own souls and perhaps a few others, but nothing in the Bible says that these people will join forces enough to save this planet as a whole. To the contrary, It predicts this takeover by Evil and Darkness.

On a personal level, I attended church, but my faith was not strong when I met Mary and this entire string of events began to take place. I quit going to church. I drew apart from the people I loved. I did things that I would never have done before. I was out of control and would not look to God for help. I sank deeper and deeper. I clung to a man who was falling as quickly as was I. Don had attended church, and knows the scriptures, but his faith was not strong. When I met Roy I was so in love with him that it left Don vulnerable to be seduced by this demon. People have prayed for me and encouraged me to talk to God. I only did it mechanically at first, but the more I forced myself, the more my eyes were opened to what was happening just in my little world. Don's interest in world events, his knowledge of the scriptures, and this ever increasing closeness to God, has made me aware of how far reaching this Evil is. I feel helpless in the face of it, not for my own soul which I feel is healing and growing stronger, but for my child, for the people I love, for the

people I don't even know who are facing this same wickedness and who are not prepared enough to recognize it and overcome it. How do you tell someone something as bizarre as what has happened in just my life without leading them further astray? Who would believe that I am anything but crazy?

And now I wonder about Roy. I believe that he was innocent in his part of this, at least consciously. He has no faith that I can determine and now he is in the same position of feeling lost and devastated, and will be susceptible to someone of the Order of Ekkobar, or some such similar belief and I have been instrumental in leading to his decline. I have helped to propagate the very thing I want to put and end to. I don't know how to reverse it. To go to Roy and tell him all that has occurred and to warn him of the evil within his own house would only serve to drive him further into it's grasp.

I have tried on many occasions to warn Don as I have become increasing aware. He has ignored everything I have said. On August 18 I managed to break through that wall for the first time. Don tried so hard to hear me and understand but said that he would test Pam himself and determine whether or not there was anything to this. He has always tested Pam by asking her questions and then believing anything she told him. He will not go to others or to God to discover the truth but will make his decisions based entirely on what she tells him. How do you make someone open their heart to God when they are so dependent on Satan? Don would never consort with witches, if he knew up front what they were from the start but Don's security is money and this demon has used his own insecurities to draw him to trust and believe this woman who makes money for him. He has admitted that she has some strange religious beliefs that entail chanting, and mind over matter, and knows that Pam does not veiw herself as the creation of God but rather, as God, but even knowing this he has admitted that he does not want to know about her beliefs. I feel that he believes what he does not know can't hurt him. He has admitted the possibility that Pam's witchcraft may be what makes their business deals go so smoothly but he won't seriously consider himself as a partner to a witch, because after all, he doesn't know what all she does.

I have done much wrong in my life and am now ready to change, but I will not leave those that I love to be consumed while I rescue my own soul. I know that to sleep with a man to whom I am not married is wrong, but I know that Don is a very insecure person and often feels that he is not good enough. To reject him physically would be to drive him even further into the powers of this demon ridden Woman of Ekkobar. I am torn between wanting to free him of these forces that he does not understand nor recognize and yet at the same time I do not know how to do it within the boundaries that God gives me. I have considered learning more of the Order of Ekkobar and using the same forces of Evil to drive Pam off, but two wrongs do not make a right. If I drive her out of his life, then will I be leaving him open to perhaps an even more powerful practitioner of her faith? I believe that people can be possessed of demons but that although the demon may be most powerful it is somewhat limited by the natural humanness of the person it inhabits. I believe this is why Pam has been unsuccessful in accomplishing her goals more quickly. I believe that she knows what she is doing, she has admitted so, but I feel that her own insecurities and emotions have often gotten in her own way. In some ways I even feel for her. She has the mind of a child. When she doesn't get her own way she throws incredible temper tantrums and pouts. I don't know if this immature mind set was what made her susceptible to Evil or if this is the face of Evil showing itself in all it's rage when it has been defeated by the powers of Goodness.

If I were able to free Don of this, I don't know what would be best for him. Were he still married the answer would be clear that I should encourage him to return to his wife and be certain that he went back with such an appreciation of the perils he had caused himself by being unfaithful that he would never take that chance again. They are divorced now and to make matters worse she is in love with another man; a purportedly good and God fearing man. I want to share the

rest of my life with this man, but I do not want this continued Satanic link to Pam. This goes far beyond an emotional or physical need, but I fear for my household with his present connections. I have told him many times that if he could give Pam every dollar that he has and all that we have together to buy his way to freedom from her that I would be happy to be poor with him, forever. When I met and fell in love with him, he told me that he was just a lot boy working in the yard for minimum wage for a tyrant of a boss. I believed and loved him. I think Don is perhaps too afraid of being poor again to do that, and in retrospect of the conversation that I had with Pam, I don't think that she would let him go. She desires to be rich beyond perception and has told me that she needs Don's "magic" to increase her own wealth. This has proven itself to be true based upon the fact that she never had anything before she seduced Don and in all of her investing with other people since meeting Don she has managed to tie up every cent that they gave her, which has been somewhere between $150,000.00 and $250,000.00 and has been unable to turn any kind of a profit. If her ability to make money for Don was based upon her own talents, then there is no reason why she has not been successful with other people, unless her words were true that she had to be able to tie into Don's "magic".

As much as I love him and want him to share my life, I see that there is too much at stake here to be selfish. I thought that his love for me would be strong enough to cause him to break off all connections with Pam when he was faced with the reality of my leaving him. Don has made it clear that he wants both of us, and I know that the reason he moved in with me was because he knew that I would stay for the love and he knew that Pam would continue to see him as long as he kept her happy with the money. I had hoped that he would opt for love over money when I left, but see that he is still trying to hold on to both. If I continue to give him love, I don't know if he will ever have the driver necessary to see Pam for what she is. If I take that love away from him, will I make him even more vulnerable to her? I would never again let him know how much I love him if I knew that there was something that would save him. I don't know how to make that happen. I pray for him constantly, but it is said that the Lord helps those who seek him, and as long as Don is being led by Pam, I don't see any chance of him turning to God. What can I do to turn Don's face to the Lord, when He is the only one who can help? I believe that Angels intercede for us and I can't help but wonder if that is why Don was in that nearly fatal plane crash and was later threatened by that hoodlum. Was it God trying to cause Don to face something more precious than his money in hopes that Don would see that his life was spared by God's grace and so that perhaps he would be more open to heed God's commandments, and spare his own soul?

I pray that God will guide me and help me to find the answers. I pray that it is not too late.