

BOBBI'S TESTIMONY

I am a survivor of sexual and satanic ritual abuse (SRA..MPD). I'm married to a wonderful and loving husband who is very supportive, and we have been blessed with two wonderful kids, now adults. When "Yeshua" gave me the courage to tell my husband everything about my past life, it was the beginning of healing for me. Yeshua, my husband, and the DasYD team members stood beside me all the way from start to finish. There are three parts of my life that I would like to share. My prayer is that others can be set free and be happy. Just put your trust in the Lord.



I was a "High Priestess" in Satanism. For those who don't know what that means; a High Priestess is as far up as a woman witch can go in Satanism, the Secret Society of the Brotherhood. I started out young but because of my rejection by my family and society, I did everything I could to get as much power to do the most damage I could to those who opposed me. I wanted everyone to pay for what my father, and many others did to me as a child and a member of this society. I dealt with people that gave me problems through astral-projection and curses. These people paid dearly for what they did to me in my life. Most probably had no idea why everything in their life turned so terrible for no comprehensible reason. That's what the Brotherhood is all about, manipulating, dominating and controlling individuals or masses of people through the power of Satan's Principalities, Powers, and Rulers.

I was in the Brotherhood for about 35 years and had climbed up the ranks to the ultimate position. I knew everyone that was of any seniority in Satanism in Canada and had many coven brothers and sisters in America. I am by no means bragging, just stating the facts. I remained there for about 25 years till my call for help was answered by Yahveh

PART 1...THE BEGINNING

My name is Bobbi Piercy, I was born in the City of Edmonton July 19/52. I live near a small town outside of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. I was born a twin, weighing only three pounds. I was born with a birth defect, a cleft palate and hair lip. I was a very ugly little girl who started life feeling rejected by my family and their friends. My father was a janitor at a elementary school, and my mother was a house wife. I have a twin sister, and an elder sister of two years. When I was growing up my father was ashamed to let people see me, he spent a lot of time trying to keep people from seeing me. I can remember my father saying to my mother, "Why did we have a child like this?, my mother said: "I don't know. Until I started writing my testimony, I did not know that my father had accused my mother of having an affair with a man who lived not far from us. He had the same birth defect as me, but this accusation was not true.

The beginning of my life from the year four, up to the age of eighteen, I can honestly say was hell. I'll never forget my first day at school. I can remember begging my father and mother not to send me to school, but my father said, you have to go to school, besides I will be there. My mother took us that first day and I

cried all the way there. We got to the school and my mother stayed until we knew what room we were to be in. I can remember holding my hand over my face, for I did not want the kids to see me. The teacher came in and asked each one of us to stand up and say our name. When it was my turn, I said my name, and all of a sudden everyone in the room started to laugh, I ran out and didn't stop running until I got home. My mother asked me what are you doing home? I said I was never going to go to school again. But I did, and every day from that moment on was hell for me. My father spent a lot of time with me, and he told me that he would always be there for me in every way. At the time, I did not know what he meant by that statement, but I was about to find out.

One afternoon I came home in the middle of the day, because I was sick. My father was at home, my mother was not. He asked me what I was doing home? I said the teacher sent me home for I was not feeling well, then I went to my room. A little while later, my father came into my room. He said he had something special for me to see. He took me into the porch where there was this door on the floor, he opened the door and said "lets go down here." My mother kept her vegetables down there. I asked why he was taking me down there. It was cold and dark and I didn't want to go, but my father said "you'll see". So we went down the ladder. Once I got to the bottom, all I could see was a candle sitting on a box, and a blanket laying on the dirt floor. My father said "I made this special for you, it will be our secret place". He said we would call it the "LOVE ROOM", and I was not to tell anyone. I did not know what he meant by that, but was about to find out. I can remember saying to him that I didn't like it down here, and I started to go back up the ladder. My father pulled me down and said it would be all right. He told me to lay on the blanket and he laid down beside me, he said I was his special little girl and he wanted to show me how special. He started touching me all over and then he kissed me. I was crying at that point, and was saying to him "daddy stop I don't like this", but he continued. I don't remember how long we were there because I think I went into shock. From that day on, every time he had a chance he would take me down to that cold dark room.

To this day I will never forget that cold dark place. At the time, I didn't know it, but it was child incest. As I got older, I felt trapped, but I dared not say anything, because my father told me if I said anything to anyone I would regret it. I believed he would have made something happen to me. I tried running away many times, and tried suicide many times also, but did not succeed. At the age of eight, I took an overdose of sleeping pills, hoping to die. To my disappointment, some one found me, I woke up later at the hospital. My father was very upset and angry, and he warned me to never do that again. I don't think there was ever a day that went by that I wasn't thinking of suicide or trying to run away. I hated my father so much, and wanted to tell someone, but I was too scared.



I remember one Sunday, my parents had invited guests over for supper. It was mid afternoon and my two sisters were out with their friends. I was in my room, my parents and their guests were in the living room talking. I heard a voice inside of me say, "burn the house down and he'll be gone forever". The next thing I remember, I was going into my father's coat pocket, and getting some matches. I went back to my room, lit the match and threw it in the toy box. I then ran outside and hid. They smelled the smoke and put the fire out. The whole bedroom wall was burnt. I don't remember what my dad did to me after finding out it was me who started the fire.

From that day on I could hear voices inside telling me what to do, I didn't know where they were coming from, but I did what the voices were telling me. The voices that I heard became my friends. There are times now when I look back to my losing time and not knowing where I was, or how I got there. Sometimes it felt like the inside of my head was very loud. Something in my head, in my mind, was shifting constantly, I didn't know what to make of it. I would hear many voices, and a feeling like someone else was looking through my eyes.

One morning, soon after the fire, my father came to my room and said I was not going to school; I asked, why? He said that he was having a man deliver a TV that he had just bought and that he needed someone to be at home to let him in the house. My mother had to be somewhere that morning, so I stayed home. My dad told me he would be home as soon as possible. The man came with the TV and set it up. He

was about to leave when all of a sudden he came over to me and said, "can I give you something"? Then he came over to me and started to undo my pyjama buttons. I pushed him away, but before I knew it I was down on the floor, and he was on top of me. He raped me, and then left. My mother came home before my father and found me crying. She asked me what was wrong and I told her what happened, but I don,t think she



believed me. She called my father at the school, and he came right home. He asked me what happened and then took off. Shortly after, he came back with the man that had just raped me, and told the man to say he was sorry. At that point my mother said we should call the police, but my father said no. My mother always did what my father said. I think she was afraid of my father. Being raped was the second cause for me wanting to die, It was never mentioned again.

PART 2 GROWING UP IN EDSON

At the beginning of my testimony I told you there were three parts to my life. This is the beginning of part two. When I was about ten, my twin sister started letting me go with her to her friends house. One day she asked if I would like to come with her I said yes. Anything was better than staying home. She took me to this very old house down the block. We went inside. I can remember thinking that we didn't even knock, we just walked in. We went into the hallway and she opened this door that led downstairs. All I could see were candles everywhere in the room. There were about twenty kids in a circle, holding hands. We joined the circle and she leaned over to me and told me not to say a word, to just listen and watch, so I did. They were saying something but I couldn't understand what they were saying. It seemed to go on for hours. After they had finished they all seemed to make me feel very welcome. They even asked my sister to bring me back.



It was two nights later, on a Friday night, my sister came and asked me if I would like to go again. I said of course, I would very much like to go. We went back to the same house. There were the same amount of kids there, but this time there was a table in the middle of the room and they were wearing black robes. We joined the circle and they started singing again. Once again my sister leaned over and said not to say anything unless I was spoken to, only if they asked me to do anything, I was to do it. Otherwise, I would not be able to come back. I didn't know that it was the beginning of a new life for me. One girl came over and asked if I wanted to

belong to this group. Without thinking, I said, "yes". She said to belong to this group I would have to make a blood sacrifice, and give my soul to satan. She said nobody was to know about this group. I thought to myself, here we go again another secret, but I was good at keeping secrets.



At the time I thought to myself this is just a game that we are playing. I then made a blood oath, asking satan to come and be my God and master. I cut myself on the wrist and repeated the words. **"Hail Satan" you are now my God.** From that day on they were my true friends. As I got older I got more involved. I wanted the power and the excitement of being in control. I can remember during one ceremony, I was told to take my clothes off and lay on the altar, I felt a pinch in my leg and in a few seconds I started feeling light headed. I couldn't move. Then I felt someone inside me. I tried to get up but couldn't. Being raped by a demon is very painful, your immobilized while it is happening. It's an extremely violent sexual act of incubus, but you withstand the pain, because you know the master and everyone is watching. You do not want to show them that you are afraid. You want to please the master, showing him that you can withstand anything, you were taught not to show any emotion. If you can go through things that he might do to you, maybe one day you can become his bride. That's what every coven witch wants. To become a princess and to sit on the throne with him. I don't remember how long I was on the table.

Now that I'm getting my memory back, it is very hard to believe that I could have done all the things that I did. Satan became my master and he controlled my life. There were many sexual ceremonies. One of the things that would happen during a sexual ceremony was that inserts would be implanted. They are push-pins, used to link the soul and the spirit. The pins were inserted in a variety of places on our body, under the skin. It acted like a demonic radio transmitter. It would monitor our every move. I had many of these pins removed. **We were also made to have sex with animals. We were also made to drink the blood and eat animal parts the heart and liver.** We would do drugs (cocaine), and drink continuity. There were sacrifices of live and unborn babies. Members of the group would get pregnant, and after the baby was born, the master would command that they use their baby for a sacrifice.

My first baby I had with my husband, was still born and I was told that we were going to use her for a sacrifice. We were to obey the master. It was an honor to be able to give him such a wonderful gift. One of the members arranged to get my baby out of the hospital. I wondered how they got her out of the hospital without getting caught, but now I understand. There are many satanist nurses and doctors working in the hospitals, so it's very easy to take a baby. Many wonder how any one could let their baby be used as a sacrifice. When you become involved in the occult, you do anything for the master. The more you did, the more seniority you had in the group, like a point system. All of us hoped some day, we would be picked to become Satan's bride or Princess. When we went to a ceremony, we would all have our names in a box.

During every ceremony the master would pick a name. If your name was drawn, you would be the one honored to have sex with him. We all were given a new name when we joined the group because any new person coming in would not know our earthly name. My name was **"Prince of Light"**. We all wore long black robes with a hood. On ceremonial nights we would cover our faces. At one meeting we were told to go home and get all our family pictures and bring them to the next meeting. At the next meeting we said a prayer over them, giving and dedicating our family over to satan. Then we threw the pictures in the fire. To this day I have very few pictures of my family.



I can remember one time being told to take my children to the dump and leave them there. To this day my kids remind me of that, and what it did to them. I have asked them to forgive me, but I'll never forget it. We were told to get involved in the christian churches because they were wreck-less and unable to discern the people in attendance at their services. These places were places where we could practice our craft without anyone knowing what was going on. The Pentecostal type charismatic churches were the easiest to infiltrate, because they were constantly dealing with the mixing of spirits, without even realizing it. Because they never ever stipulated what Lord they were singing to or worshipping, we joined right in with them, praising our Lord, Satan. They were following a Jesus that didn't line up with the Messiah of the bible, so we took advantage of their ignorance and joined in as sunday school teachers, praise and worship leaders, or leaders of any other positions that needed filling in the congregation.

They (the christians), assumed everything supernatural that they were witnessing was from the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but they couldn't have been farther from the truth. We were there, right in their midst, to cause chaos, and we did so constantly. Get the people fighting among themselves, do what-ever had to be done to keep the people pleased, tickle their ears, and entertained without them realizing our master was in control of their so-called church. We had sex with many of the preachers, and other congregation members. We had total control over what was taking place at all times. And we did just that. Satan's servants were teaching from the pulpits sunday mornings and they never had a clue, because none of them read their bibles. It will remain that way until christians wake up, and I don't see that ever taking place. These people just want to be entertained, and our brotherhood was more than willing to cooperate and entertain them. Demons entertaining demons as we used to call it.



If we could mess people's lives up, that is what we did, and we were good at it. We were doing Satan's beaoning right in the midst of what they called bible believing churches. We were sitting in the front pews laying hands on people for the demonic phenomena they called "slain in the spirit", we were speaking in Enochian (speaking backwards), we were also speaking in demonic tongues regularly. The people loved what we did and never realized who was in control because none of the pastors were born again, and had no discernment what-so-ever to recognize what was being spoken or manifested right in their front yard. The congregations would actually applaud, if you can even imagine, thinking what we were speaking was genuine tongues and words of knowledge.

CULT RELATED MEMORIES

My wedding day to Satan was October 31, I was the youngest one of six girls. During the ceremony we put on a white robe. We were put in line from the oldest to the youngest. I remember looking all around. It was very suffocating and I was very hot. I remember a lot of people and I started to feel faint. Then a man took us forward, one by one, and lifted each one of us onto a slab-like alter. It was very cold. He examined us like a doctor would. He kissed us in our female parts, then ushered us into a back room.



I can remember getting very scared right then. When it was my turn, the man took me back out in front of the altar, and the high priest examined me from the front to the back. He kissed me on my female parts and said loudly, "You have saved the best for last". He paraded me around because he was very pleased with me. I was chosen for something special over all the other girls. Later I found out that I was to become his princess. I don't remember much about that night, but from that night on Satan was my husband and master. I would do anything that was asked of me. I was very respected and feared by everyone in the group. No one was allowed to touch me, or have sex with me unless my master said so. I can honestly say I never did feel rejected again while I served their master. This was the life that I wanted.

There were times when I was drugged and beaten. We were made to do many inhuman things. I



remember being placed into a casket, lowered into the ground, and covered with dirt. There was a small tube



put in the coffin so I could breathe. Even though there was a tube put there to breathe, I was freaking out, thinking that nobody is going to find me, I'm going to die. I must have passed out, because the next thing I remember, was being woken up, and the master telling me never to disobey him again. Another time, I was told to dig a hole and that it would be my grave, and that satan was very displeased with me again. I was covered

with dirt and I could feel the bugs and the worms crawling all over me. I was left there for hours it seems. We would have ceremonies in which we would run around naked with flames of fire torches. We were spaced out, rallying up demon spirits. We were crazy, like animals.



People do not understand the evil that goes on in satanic covens. It is so evil, that even now, as I remember these things, it takes me right back in time. The presence of evil was so strong, and the fear of death was everywhere. When the presence of Satan comes into a room, or where ever you may be, it is so stifling, so controlling, that you can hardly breathe. You're calling to Satan, "Hail Satan", "Hail Satan"! and you start chanting and chanting and chanting. You know the power becomes stronger and stronger, and the force of evil is likewise. You feel you can do anything. Sending curses or calling on demons to appear in front of you, you're right there in hell so to speak.



MY FAMILY LIFE

I was still living at home up until October 26th 1974, the day I got married. My father was still very much in control of my life. I thought now that I was married, he would no longer be able to have me, but I was wrong. He came to the house everyday to see me. He would use the excuse that he was coming to see the kids. I had three children, in all. There were times when I would see his car pull up into the drive way, and I would run into the bathroom with the kids and lock the door, hoping that he would think I was not home. I would wait until I heard his car drive away. My dad did not spent a lot of time with my other sisters. My twin sister asked me one time why dad spent so much time coming to my house and not hers?. I couldn't tell her the truth.

My father found out that he had cancer. He went into the hospital where they tried to remove it. After the surgery the doctor said they could not get it all. He developed fluid in the lung and was going down fast. I remember sitting in the room wishing that he would hurry up and die and that he would be out of my life

forever. He did die, and I can honestly say that was one of the happiest day's in my life.

It was a few months after that I decided to try and get out of the occult. I was still hearing voices in my head, and was still being controlled by satan. I started looking for someone that could help set me free from Satan's stronghold. I went to see many pastors that thought they could help me. They all said I needed deliverance. I went through many so called deliverance's, but nothing seemed to help. The voices got louder, I was very confused and tried suicide again. At that point I found myself in the Alberta Hospital for mental health. I guess they all thought I was crazy. I talked to many psychiatrists about my involvement in the occult and how I was trying to get out. I told them that I was seeing different pastors and they all said I had demons and needed to be delivered, but of course they did not understand. My husband came to see me, he said he didn't know what to do or how he could help me, he said maybe we should get a divorce. I remember crying to him don't leave me. After he left I remember standing in my cell crying out; **"If there's another God out there, please help me"**.

I decided to set a plan in motion to try and fake my way out, to get them to believe that I had everything under control. I had to save my marriage, I did get out, I told myself I would never go back to that place again. About a week went by and the voices in my head came back stronger and stronger, I couldn't stand it. I don't remember this, but I guess my husband found me in the middle of my kitchen floor cutting myself on my arms. They sent me back to the Alberta Hospital. The doctor put me on antidepressants and I became a walking robot. I was there for a couple of months, but managed to get out. I had sort of given up on the other so called God and continued back with my friends in the occult.



One day I had the radio on and I was listening to a man talking about demons and how you could be set free. Though I tried that route before, there was something different about this man. I found out that he was coming to Edmonton and decided to see for myself. During that meeting a demon must of manifested, because before I knew it, people were around me trying to cast this demon out. They carried me out, because they were not having any success. This one fellow by the name of Jeff came over to me and said he would like to help. So for about one year, Jeff and his father worked with me. As caring as they were, things did not get better.

I heard Bob Larson was coming back, so I decided to go once more to see him. I was still trying to get out of the occult. I didn't want that life any more. It is not easy to get out. To the occult, you belong to them until you die or until they kill you. I can remember once again, crying out for this other God to help me. At that point I heard a voice say, give your life to me. I wasn't sure if I was hearing the voice of God or what. But I said, **"if that is you God then I give my life to you"**. At that point something happened. I went to the Bob Larson rally and again a demon manifested. Bob's demons were communicating with my demons and he was using me and my demons for entertainment. He knew how to manipulate demons for entertainment purposes. He did this for a living. I found myself up on stage with my hands around Bobs neck, trying to kill him. His body guard got me off and carried me out to another room. Once again, a few people were trying to cast this demon out, but not having any success. Then this man came over and I could hear him telling them that they were not talking to a demon, but

an alter. His name was Vic. He took over, and started talking to this alter, letting her know that it was all right and that she was safe. After I came back, he told me that he was just talking to an alter and that he could help. Of course I did not know what alters were or what he was talking about. He asked me what had been happening and I told him that I was looking for someone to help me. I told him that I was forever hearing voices in my head telling me to do things and that I was in a cult and was trying to get out.

At that point he said he knew this man by the name of Jerry who could also help deal with the demons. I was very confused and wasn't sure what I wanted to do, all I knew was that my life was hell and if I didn't find a way out, I would be dead. He asked me if I wanted him to drive me home, I told him I had my car, but he said his wife could drive my car. So he took me home. Before he left he said he would contact Jerry and make an appointment to see him. He left, and at the time I thought I would never hear from him again, but I was wrong, he phoned me the very next morning and said he had talked to Jerry and made an appointment that day at two o'clock.

Everything inside of me was saying no, don't go. But for some reason I knew I must go. He and Elly, a very good friend of mine, came to pick me up, I can remember shaking so bad that I could hardly get out of the



house. We got in the car and the voices in my head were telling me to jump out. I guess I did try and jump out of the car. We got to Jerry's trailer and all I wanted to do was run, Vic had to push me inside the house. The feeling I had was terrifying, I can remember Jerry trying to talk to me, asking me all sorts of questions. Then the voice in my head said kill him, kill him. It took every thing inside of me to resist. He had me filled out a questionnaire, but Elly had to help me with it, for the voices in my head were so loud that I could not think. During the first session many demons were revealed and many left with the curse removal we did. Later on, I was told that Antichrist and murder demons were very prominent, and there was a coma spirit that kept putting me in a trance like state. Later on that night I talked to Jerry on the phone, and he said he had never seen anyone controlled by so many demons. He said he would do his best to help me get my freedom. He had no idea that his promise would cost him over three years of deliverance sessions and hundreds of hours of fighting spiritual and physical battles. I did feel much better after hearing his promise.

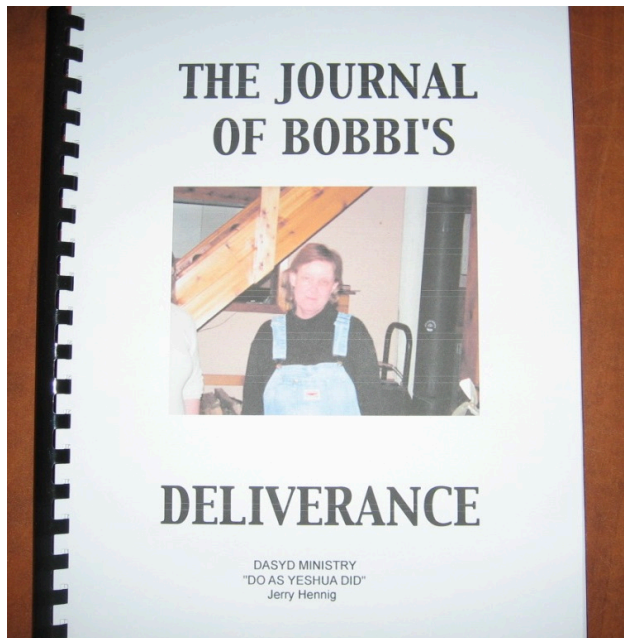


This was the beginning of getting myself set free from demons and getting to know my alters. There are occasions now when I look back, and recognize the constant lost time I encountered in my life, and not knowing where I was or how I got there. The voices in my head that I mention to you in my first part of my testimony that felt like the inside of my head was very noisy, something in my head, was shifting constantly, I didn't know what to make of it. I would hear the voices, and the feeling was like someone else looking through me. Now I know these were alters. Getting to know my alters has been a blessing, for they have all saved my life. They were all unique individuals with their own feelings and memories, and several things in common. Most of my alters were created from the abuse of my father, and through my involvement in the occult.

It's been over three years now, and we have met and integrated over 1400 alters, got them to accept Yeshua, and integrated back to me. Some of the girls were very nice and some were not so nice. There were also male alters. On top of that we uncovered second, third, and fourth generation alters. **We have also dealt with hundreds of thousands of demons, and sent them to the pit of hell.** It has been the biggest battle that I have ever had to go through, but I can sit here today and say. "I am finally free". I do not

hear the voices in my head anymore, and I do not find my self somewhere not knowing how I got there. I now know who I am.

I started working with Jerry, Vic, Lee and Elly Feb 2/2000. I have since become part of the DasYD Ministry team, where we are helping other people get set free. We are helping others get to know their alters, and integrating them back to the host, by the working of the Holy Spirit. It's been a long battle for me, and yes their were times when I was willing to give up, but if it were not for Yeshua giving me the strength, and the team standing beside me, I would not be sitting here writing my testimony. For they were with me all the way.



My prayer is that if anyones reading this and is going through something similar, not knowing what to do, there is freedom. To anyone who is in a cult, yes there is away out. You can contact Jerry at dasyd@xplornet.com or check out the website at: dasydministry.org

I would like to take this time to say thanks to my husband who's support meant everything to me and most of all for his love, to the team and especially to you Jerry, for the many times you drove half a hour to my house when I was in trouble. And when you stayed with me all night, making sure I was safe from the brotherhood. You and I have spent over four years together working for my freedom, and that is something I will never forget. You freely gave up thousands of hours of your time, helping me deal with the alters and demons, almost every day of the week for upward to 16 hours a day. You are a warrior, a bondservant of Yahveh that walks the walk, and talks the talk, for all who have ears to hear and eyes to see. I will never be able to pay you Jerry for all the times you were there for me helping to deliver me, and teaching me torah. But I know Yeshua has spiritually blessed you beyond the imagination, and will continue to

bless you for what you have done, and will do in the future. Love you!!!!



Yeshua's child Bobbi

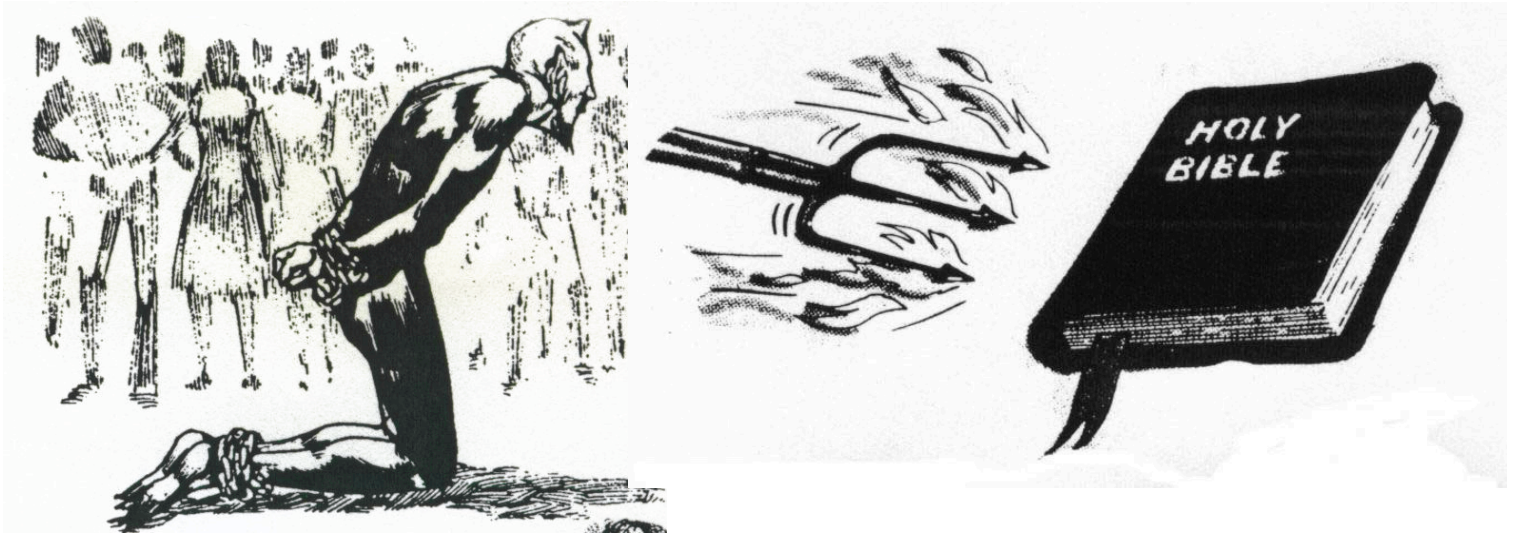
Thank you my precious El Gibor (Yahveh and Yeshua). I stand here free today as Your word proclaims: **Isa. 61:1** The Spirit of Yahveh is upon me, Because Yahveh has anointed me to bring good news to the afflicted; He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to **proclaim liberty to captives, And freedom to prisoners;**

Mark 5:19 "Go home to your people and report to them what great things Yahveh has done for you, and how He had mercy on you".

Rom. 16:20 Yahveh of peace will soon crush Satan under your feet. The grace of our Messiah Yeshua be with you.

Bobbi started receiving her freedom from Satanic Ritual Alters (MPD/DID/SRA) and demons on February 2/2000 and received her total freedom from everything in May of 2004. **In the process we have no idea how many hundreds of thousands of demons were delivered but we do know that a total of 1563 first, second, third, and fourth generation alters were set free and integrated.**

PRAISE YAHVEH! Hallelu-Yah!



DASYD MINISTRY "DO AS YESHUA DID" dasydministry.org dasyd@xplornet.com Jerry Hennig (May/22)