

Growing up in the Midwest U.S.A., my life was far from what one might call normal. Born into the custody of a fanatical Christian cult, led by a leader whose sadism, narcissism, abusive tyranny, and psychosis knew no bounds. I found myself trapped in a world where my thoughts, feelings, and very sense of self were under constant siege. For decades, I lived under this fog; my entire existence dictated by the whims of a man who played god over my (our) life. Yet, despite the trauma that stitched the fabric of my early years, a flame of defiance - however, dim, - persisted within me. It drove me to scrap and fight, to claw my way out from the depths of despair, time and time again, no matter how often I found myself at rock bottom. It is this same flame, that has kindled my resolve, to dedicate my life, to advocating for freedom of thought, and empowerment for others caught in the grip of such demagogues.

In my quest to understand myself, to piece together the puzzle of my being, beyond the fractured whispers and screams I'd been fed, I delved into the stories of others who had endured similar convoluted lives. Reading about these warriors, who had somehow, mustered the strength to free themselves, from the grip of cults like my own, I found solace and validation. It was mind-boggling to understand, I was NOT crazy, psychotic, or a liar, as I had been led to, so whole-heartedly, believe. Indeed, there are millions out there, with stories mirroring mine - innocents, uncontrollably born into trauma, handed over to their tormentors, by the very hands of their parents, all in the name of God, under the threat of eternal hell. This realization was a turning point for me; it allowed me to breathe freely for the first time, to see through the veil of lies and manipulation that had shrouded my reality.

For so long, I was indoctrinated to believe I was the root of all problems, burdened with blame for events I had no hand in, and shrouded in shame for those innocent moments of which I was a part. We were all ensnared in this deceit, my peers and I, trained to turn against one another, to perpetrate the cycle of abuse, into which we were captives. My entire life, I've been mute about my horror stories, protecting my abusers with lies that only served to erode my mental, spiritual, and total health, leaving me wrestling with a panic disorder, nightmares, suicidal thoughts, and profound self-hatred.

But now, a new chapter has elapsed in my life. With hard-won clarity, I understand now, that neither God nor I am to blame for the darkness that engulfed my past. The fault lies with the evil that walks among us, clothed as men and women who wield religion as a weapon of control. Ignorance, too, bears its share of guilt. I have come a long way in healing, recovering my well-being, and embracing my worth with a newfound self-love and autonomy.

Having liberated myself from the suffocating constraints of cultic fanaticism, I now champion a message of universal sovereignty. In this vision, everyone freely embraces their own truth, beliefs, self-expression, thoughts, and perspectives, unburdened by the fear of rejection, hatred, backlash, disownment, cancellation, and bigotry. I acknowledge that each culture, country, race, and religion contains extremists - predators who exploit the vulnerable. Consequently, it has become my mission to enlighten others about the value of independent thought, and to equip them with critical and analytical thinking skills. This knowledge serves as a shield against the malevolent forces of cult-ish behaviors, thinking patterns, and extreme ideologies.

We all, irrespective of origin or belief, deserve unconditional love and protection. My story, from the depths of despair to the heights of redemption, purvey a beacon of hope and a marshaling to action. It's an eyewitness to the dominion of the human spirit, to surmount even the darkest of time immemorial, and the importance of empowering each other to forge our trails, free from the shadows of con artists and their authoritative exploits.