

To whom it may concern:

I was raised in a religious sect known as "The Truth". As a fourth generation member of this sect I knew no other type of spiritual doctrine. Members of "The Truth", as with most sects, believed they were "God's one true people", and all other doctrines were "of the Devil". However pious the workers and "saints" believe themselves, there is documented record of sexual, physical, and emotional abuse. Often this abuse is perpetrated on women and children, by those who are supposed to be leaders and disciples in "The Truth". My Father is one of those people.

The first documented case of my father molesting young boys occurred in the late fifties, before I was born. The 12 year old boy was repeatedly molested over a period of years by my father who was a worker at the time. When the incidents were reported to the "head worker", his response was the often quoted, "Well...the workers are not married and sometimes these things happen". I believe my father "left the work" after this incident and two years later, in 1958, I was born.

The above incident took place in Northern California, but I was born in Lancaster which is in Southern California. I now believe my father molested young boys where ever we lived, including the following:

1958-59 Lancaster, CA.
1960-61 Cheyenne, WY
1962-63 Plattsburg, NY.
1964-68 Brigham City, UT.
1969 Denver, CO.
1970-84 Colo. Springs, CO.

In the 70's and 80's my fathers job took him world wide, so I'm sure his trail of pain is world wide as well.

My father's reputation as a worker and elder in "The Truth" made him welcome in homes, meetings, and conventions across the U.S. and overseas. I believe the workers failure to press charges, warn the saints, or even acknowledge or validate the victims, are travesties of justice that continue to this day.

This whole religious setup is tailor-made for pedophiles. It is a totally paternalistic society that shames any one who questions, hides itself from the world, and has the audacity to judge others lives. It builds its entire being from lies and chooses to shroud itself with blanket denial and undefined secrecy while stealing peoples lives, innocence and salvation from them.

I am writing this letter as a warning to workers and saints that my father is living and attending meetings within 100 miles of Missoula, Montana. I am also aware that there are young "professing" boys who are STILL spending the night so they can help my father around the ranch.

SAINTS AND SERVANTS - PLEASE BEWARE

KENT E. GRIGGS

NOTE: Kent Grigg's story is Chapter 19 in the book Reflections, published in 1993. Kent probably wrote the above notice and his story about that time.

SILENT NIGHT - HOLY TERROR

He felt the footsteps coming down the hall, stifled a sob, and prayed to God that the nightmare wasn't starting again. The light under the door slowly revealed the shadow, footsteps stopping, in the silent night. He heard the snap of the light switch and the shadow disappeared in the darkness. Slowly, as if with a mind of its own, the door creaked open and the silent figure stepped into the barren room. The reflection of the moon gave the figure an essence with the blue-grey alabaster flesh and dark searching eyes.

The pounding hearts were almost deafening as the figure watched the small bed for any sign of movement. The little prone figure seemed totally motionless; however, he was hoping beyond hope, praying, that this would be the night he screamed, "STOP...NO MORE...Not Ever", and the leering figure would disappear into the darkness, disappear from his house, disappear from his life, disappear forever.

Some where in the silent night a siren wailed and the quiet standing figure seemed to shudder. Both waited, agonizing, as the siren evaporated in the inky darkness of night. The creeping figure slowly made its way to the child size bed, breathing heavily, glistening beads of moisture dancing on the furrowed brow. Thoughts of God, and Heaven, and HELL flashed across the room in the kaleidoscope of both their fearful minds. One desiring to fondle and seduce. One wanting to run screaming into the night.

Some where in the house a toilet flushed and the upright figure bolted back into the darkness. The silence was crying to be broken, shattered like fine china on a marble floor. It cried like a tree crashing in the forest. It cried like waves pummeling a beach. It cried like the broken bottle in a street fight. IT CRIED, BUT NO ONE LISTENED!!!

The standing figure once again moved toward the little prone body in the quietly shivering bed. The hand reached out to stroke the hair, caress the neck, and terrorize the heart. The hand moved, slowly, under the blanket, icy fingers against the burning flesh of horror. Outside a dog barked and the figure made an escape out of the creaking door. They both knew there would be other nights, other caresses, other terror, unless the small boy somehow found the courage to scream...STOP DADDY...NO MORE...NOT EVER AGAIN".

SILENT NIGHT - HOLY TERROR

By Kent E. Griggs