

Magus Thor'rauna High Priest of Satan in South Africa

(Phil Botha receives Christ as Lord!)

*written
by
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Dedication

"I dedicate this testimony to the memory of Clive Esmond Petzer, former Pastor to the Assemblies of God Church at Amanzimtoti, Natal in South Africa who fell asleep in the Lord Jesus Christ on 20 July 1969. Without his diligence and perseverance I would never have made the decision to accept Christ Jesus as my Saviour.

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

Phil Botha

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 labours; and their works do follow them.
(Revelations 14:13)

Introduction

To all parents checking the contents of this book before purchasing, be assured that you will not find a single occult or Satanic chant, reversed prayer, incantation, spell, curse, recipes, potions, charms, talismans, drawing or photo of any Satanic emblem, symbol or diagram in this book. This biography is extremely teenage-friendly and was re-written three times for that specific purpose. It was decided from the outset to use a very easy style of writing, yet removing nothing from the heart wrenching and dramatic true life story you hold in your hands right now.

No Christian teenager or young adult's life is at risk reading this biography; in fact, they will be drawn much closer to God. Our constant prayer is that, should any unbeliever pick up this book and read it to the end, they will find Christ first and foremost.

Phil Botha received his instructions from the Lord, who laid down certain rules for him when sharing his testimony in thousands of churches across this country. Those rules and wishes were respected and strictly adhered to before publishing his biography.

No evil spirit, spirit-guide or demon's personal name (that must be spoken articulately when requesting their appearance) is given. Instead Phil used pseudonyms to protect bored youngsters from foolishly attempting to conjure up a demon by their given name.

Jesus Christ must receive all the honour, praise and glory for this book, from cover to cover, and we have purposely refrained from using the terms Satan and the devil. Throughout this biography he shall be known as he was known in scripture, simply "the enemy".

Deceived by a high school teacher who contacted a departed loved one and blatantly lied to by a church minister concerning his salvation Phil starts his first job at a laboratory. He is invited to a different church where no judgement is drawn and no mention of hell or sin is ever preached. Three weeks after his meaningless Christian confirmation this embittered and confused teenager is initiated into the priesthood of Satanism in central Pietermaritzburg. For the next seventeen long and lonely years he is imprisoned in the most secretive and untraceable organisation in the world.

This biography will shock, amaze and bless you and at times will even leave you speechless. Nothing was added to make the enemy a fraction more evil than he already is, and no supernatural Hollywood-scripts have been added amongst the pages of this book for the sake of sensation. This biography was directed by the Holy Spirit and is centred around Christ.

It is our secondary goal and prayer that Phil's biography will be read by every teacher, lecturer, pastor, policeman, magistrate, parent and teenager living in South Africa today. Due to the South African courts having such a huge lack of knowledge on and proof of Satanism, and basing everything on the non-existent evidence of South Africa's 'expert on occult crimes', the courts battle with differentiating between Satanism and bored, ruthless and sadistic teenagers.

No one suddenly wakes up one morning and decides, "I want to become a Satanist." Phil Botha was chosen by the spirits governing the Movement before the age of ten and they began to lure and deceive him using apparitions, teachers and ministers.

Take note of the following facts concerning Satanism:

NO person under the age of 18 years is ever recruited or allowed to attend any ceremony.
NO children of 12 or 15 are drugged and enticed with sex to join the Movement.
NO member has ever used anything from The Satanic Bible in any ceremony.
NO member is allowed to inform friends or family (not even their spouse) of their affiliation to Satanism and nor are they allowed to set children alight making the front page news resulting in evidence and certain public exposure!

Read for yourself in Chapter three what transpires when a well-known fashion model and practising witch in Satanism tried to leak information to a journalist about the secrets of the Movement for a fee. To worsen matters, she foolishly booked her flight out of the country a day before.

Christians have guardian angels who literally count every single idle word we speak and discard them once forgiveness is claimed. Likewise members of the Movement are watched day and night by the very same deceptive spirits who trapped them into joining and they make 100% sure that their gatherings are never found by changing the locations every fortnight.

No member in Satanism can ever secretly text, call or email any police, journalist or TV presenter to divulge information. The overseers of the Movement will see or hear them as soon as they type, write, speak or whisper and there are always consequences, as it was for the model in Chapter 3.

This book is a powerful instrument of witness. It shows not only the magnitude of the power of Christ, but also the depth of his compassion, love and forgiveness. Use it to draw our youth away from the enemy and back to Jesus Christ, where they belong.

Footnote:

With the sudden influx of so many children's television programs spreading occult practices, it only seemed fitting to include the open letters written to all teenagers, parents, teachers and members of Satanism, as well as a letter to the current High Priest of Satanism in South Africa. These letters are found after the last chapter.

Chapter One

Deceived by “Light” and Darkness

I grew up in Pietermaritzburg on the southeast coast of Natal (now Kwazulu-Natal) in South Africa, where I went to school. Those days were, however, not happy ones as I was considered as different from the rest and I could not make friends with the other pupils. No one knew what was really going on inside my head and it didn't seem as though anyone cared about the hate and fear I developed for God. That God whose name was preached from the pulpit had always been so full of hate towards me and all mankind that He would have punished all who neglected to obey Him.

Many times I crawled under my bed in fear of God and when those Natal thunderstorms raged, I begged and pleaded with Him not to let the lightning strike me. At first I feared Him, but later that fear turned to hate and it continued to grow until I was in my late teens. I used to foolishly shout and challenge God to come down from Heaven so that I could crucify Him a second time.

I would scream abuse and profanity at Him because I was ordered by my parents to attend Sunday school, only to be forced to listen to Jehovah's commandments, so that we could be justified before God, as the Dominee always said. (*In South Africa Dominee is a term used amongst the Afrikaans speaking churches when addressing their own pastor.*)

One night I was woken from a deep sleep by a presence and in the darkness I saw a woman standing at the foot of my bed. Dressed in white with long blonde hair I saw her clearly through the darkness as she stared back at me and smiled. My screams woke my mother, who rushed into my room seconds after that specter had disappeared. The next morning I started jerking and twisting with a bad case of St Vitus dance and remained that way for six months.

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

I graduated from school in 1951 and then started working in a small laboratory as a technical assistant. I was seventeen years old at the time and had to prepare for my confirmation (*a very strict and old tradition in the Afrikaans church my parents had forced me to attend*). All candidates of a certain age were forced to attend Bible study for two weeks after which we were officially confirmed as members of that congregation. Even though none of us knew anything about the Holy Bible, Jesus or what we were supposed to stand up for, we still had to go through this process.

To myself and most of the other naive teenage boys about to be confirmed, it was just something we had to do to please our parents who, in turn, only forced us to attend to please the Dominee! What excited us, though, was the fact that we were allowed to use alcohol in public for the first time without breaking any laws. It was offered to us by the Dominee during Holy Communion, so it had to be good in God's eyes. At any rate, it pleased our parents and the Dominee. However, we had no purpose for this confirmation in our young confused lives, as serving God because our parents were forced to obey and follow Him did not make sense to us.

That Sunday morning we were told that all of us will be going straight to heaven. We were instantly adopted as children of God and we had just received eternal life from that moment on. Merely by reciting at the altar that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin, died for the sins of man and rose on the third day entitled all of our names to be written into the Book of Life in heaven and this was guaranteed to all our parents at the end of his sermon by the Dominee himself.

I never understood how reciting Bible passages gave one eternal life, but then again, one was never allowed to question or disagree with anything the Dominee said, decided or preached.

This was regarded as disrespectful and certain punishment awaited you once your parents were informed.

Nothing changed in my life on the day of my confirmation or afterwards for that matter, except the growing hate towards God Jehovah. Personally I felt the only good thing about confirmation was that for the first time in my life my decisions were respected, so I immediately stopped attending church a week after my confirmation.

A few days before my eighteenth birthday a young man started working at the laboratory and I realised he was very different from everyone else. He read books on the occult and spiritualism and even his ideas were strange, yet very interesting. I started to ask 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 therefore there could never be a place like hell or damnation where you would be punished for your sins.

He spoke with such conviction that I wished to know more about this religion of freedom from fear. I asked him which church he attended and he answered that it was the Sanctuary of the Great White Light. He then invited me to go with him to the next service on the following Saturday and I eagerly agreed. Saturday evening he picked me up at home and we drove along the national road towards Durban.

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 and drinking. To my shock and utter amazement some were in a state of undress and having sex on the floor. On the other side of the room I saw a huge altar draped in black with an inverted crucifix on it.

Panic set in and I asked my new friend to take me home. Unfortunately he had already arranged to see someone, so he promised to take me straight home after his appointment. I stood around feeling very awkward and out of place when someone officially welcomed me and put a glass into my hand. After a while I started to sip the contents and eventually emptied the glass, followed by a second and a third. When my friend arrived to take me home, I refused to leave as I was having too much fun. We only left that place the next morning just before dawn.

After that evening I returned on my own a few times and was warmly accepted as one of them in their Sanctuary. One night some kind of ceremony was taking place as I arrived, with a young man dancing naked to the pulsating beat of drums and strange eastern type music. I watched in awe and fascination as his body twisted and curled, muscles rippling under his skin, glistening under the red lights.

A short time later I became aware of someone staring at me. As I looked over my shoulder I saw a tall man dressed in long white overalls staring right back at me. He stood up and beckoned me to join him at his table. As I walked across the floor I noticed his impressive stature. Standing next to him, being six feet two inches tall myself (almost 1.9 metres) I had to gaze up at his massive pair of shoulders and very thin waistline. He must have stood over seven feet tall (2.13 metres), with long blonde hair, huge blue eyes and the most perfect features I'd ever seen on any male.

He casually asked if I wished to dance like the young man and I nodded in reply. He told me to look into his eyes and as I complied I noticed a light appearing from somewhere at the back of his eyes. Something warm and pleasant enfolded me. Though I tried desperately it was impossible to stop myself from staring into his eyes and slowly I felt myself stripping off all my clothes until I was completely naked. I swayed to the pulsating rhythm of unknown music and felt compelled to join in the dance. Before long I lost control over my body and I danced as if in a dream. All my movements were automatic and smooth.

For over an hour I danced and then fell exhausted onto the floor. Effortlessly this tall man picked me up and carried me to a side room where I caught my breath and slowly dressed.

He sat on the single bed and turning to me, asked if I'd like to become a priest. I eagerly accepted the offer although 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 answering," I replied.

"Very well then, let us begin with the first question. Have you ever at any time accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour?"

"Er ... I'm not sure what you mean, but I was confirmed a few weeks ago after a two week Bible study," I replied, struggling to justify myself, hoping 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 Saviour?" he asked again with much irritation in his voice.

"No!" I replied and finished dressing. At this point I became slightly intimidated by my rude interrogator and quite unsure of his intentions, as his whole demeanour had changed. I did not understand which answer he wanted from me.

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

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

"Have you ever had such an experience? Be honest!" He insisted on a straight answer, the irritation growing in his voice as he glared back at me across the darkly lit room which I couldn't wait to exit. I felt very uneasy and fumbled with my clothing, trying to look composed as I replied with an audible tremble in my voice.

"No, I never did those things. Why do you ask these kinds of questions and what does it have to do with the priesthood?"

He turned on me and almost spat out the words. "If you had either of those experiences, we could never accept you as a priest, but only as an ordinary member. We consider a person who has had these experiences and who dares to come to us, as not even good enough for our Master to spit on," he concluded angrily.

"Well I..." I hesitantly tried to pacify him, "I have never had any of those experiences, honest. And besides, the church has always condemned it anyway. We were taught that God is cruel and a God of wrath," I added, hoping to sound convincing enough. The tall man moved across the bed and grinned sarcastically before adding.

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

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

"Never mind, 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.

"I want you to go to this address tomorrow night. I don't think you'll have any trouble finding it."

He handed me a piece of paper on which the address was neatly written, but I was startled as I recognised the address only too well. "But wait, this is a Christian Church," I said, totally confused. He stood up, towering over me once again, and with slight annoyance in his voice explained.

"Christian? No, it is definitely not Christian. They profess to be Christian, but they are just like us, under another cloak, that's all. There are many of those so-called Christian churches that have gone so far from the truth in the Bible that they cannot be true Christians."

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 initiation 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 temple and felt pleased with myself, but still tried to understand why those specific questions were asked and wondering about the very strange reasons given by Zurall.

The following evening as instructed, I went to the arranged place and the preparation began. I was taken to a small chamber, handed a small book and left alone to study it. As I turned to the first few pages, I sat up with a start as the first paragraph in the book was The Lord's Prayer, but so twisted and revised that I felt sick to my stomach. That prayer was always the one I said at night before I went to sleep, just to satisfy God so I wouldn't be punished.

That night I was forced to memorise the revised version of that prayer and repeat it over and over again to Zurall, and later I was forced to place specific emphasis on certain parts. The rest of the book contained instructions regarding my behaviour towards superiors and other members of the Temple. There were also many instructions regarding friends, family and those on the outside, in the Pentecostal churches and other evangelical movements.

I found the latter idea very confusing and strange, because how could enemies ever harm me once I was a priest of Lucifer, whom I decided to serve with my life? I put this question to Zurall, who was rather reluctant to share too much with me before my initiation.

"How could a Pentecostal church harm me or even you?"

"They cannot harm us physically, but they are the nearest to real dedicated Christians you can find. They do not wander from the Bible and not only do they believe in the manifestations of the Holy Spirit of God, but they also use and practise the gifts He gives them. On top of everything they openly welcome Him into all their services. That is why they are our greatest and worst enemies on earth. We reject the Bible and IOVA (the term for Jesus Christ when discussed in the temples), because they serve Him and we are complete opposites and 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 wanted to know.

"Because of the manifestation of the Holy Spirit," he replied with irritation and then explained with a deep hatred in his voice that obviously went back hundreds of years.

"IOVA is able to use believers in any church if the manifestations of his Spirit are freely accepted and practised amongst them. He will even use one dedicated follower as his mouthpiece, 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 assembly, so that everyone present will understand. IOVA also heals the sick, drives out the messengers of my Master and still does wonders and miracles, but only through certain believers," he concluded very annoyed. I frowned at him and seriously questioned his statement.

"You are obviously kidding! IOVA? I thought God never did anything good to others. Doesn't He hate human beings? 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 Spirit before and found it difficult to picture God speaking directly to people.

Suddenly I laughed aloud and thought to myself that he was obviously joking to see if I would believe him. Zurall was just testing me, trying to determine if I would visit one of those churches. I know he's laughing at my stupidity. I'll never ask those questions again. Zurall must

really think I'm an idiot. God speaking to humans? What rubbish! He hasn't spoken to anyone since his Son was crucified, and now it is obvious that 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 like You. 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 in anger and fear.

Almost immediately and without any warning there was a tremendous bright flash across the sky as a meteor plunged towards the earth and I wondered what would happen if a thunderstorm suddenly developed on my way home? Would I still be so full of myself?

The next night a black cobra was tattooed on the back of my left hand. I shuddered as I looked at the tattoo, as I feared snakes almost as much as I feared thunderstorms.

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 spirits will be outlined and none of these can be found on the Internet, for reasons that will be explained later.

On the seventh night (during my third initiation) there was a final ceremony where I had to be buried alive in a coffin. The lid was shut and screwed down tightly while I felt the fear starting to choke me. I wanted to scream and bang my fists against the lid and sides, but I tried to stay calm by biting my lower lip. I felt the coffin being lifted, swaying slightly as the zombies (the living dead) found their grip on the six handles.

I started crying softly, hoping that the sobs would be drowned out by the unearthly sound of chanting as they carried me outside – onwards, and 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 by the bearers as they continued chanting in their low, monotonous, haunting voices.

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

"Phil, we are going to lower the coffin into your grave now. Are you sure you want to go through with it? There will be no chance to stop these zombies from burying you alive because 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 self-assurance in my quivering voice.

"Yes, I'm sure. Carry on!" There will never be words to describe the horror of that terrifying night, or the fear that seized my mind, soul and entire body. My heart began to pound faster and faster, uncontrollably, towards certain cardiac arrest in the pitch black darkness and utter silence. 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 grave – six foot deep!

Choked with fear and the lack of saliva in my throat tears started rolling down my cheeks, burning my eyes. I couldn't even wipe my eyes as I lay trapped with my arms pinned at my sides. The reality of utter helplessness dawned on me as the first spade of soil was thrown on the lid of the coffin. I was *really being buried alive*.

Eventually the silence engulfed me and the slightest movement I made sounded like a pistol shot next to my ear. Everything became very quiet. 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. It slowly changed into a face, a well-known face. It was Zurall's face smiling at me and my first reaction was that insanity has taken over. I shut my eyes tightly for a brief moment and 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, slowly 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 pressing against mine. (As part of the ceremony each candidate must face death naked – the way they entered this world.)

I could feel her warmth against me, trying to seduce and arouse me. I concentrated on an old woman who had once tried to seduce me when I was ten years old. I succeeded in building up resistance against this sceptre's advances, and it suddenly vanished!

In her place, however, appeared a huge snake with its head raised and ready to strike. My only defence was to close my eyes and wait for those fangs to dig into my flesh and put an end to this overwhelming 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 a sound in the distance. Could it be sand moving? Yes, it was the scraping of a spade against 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. It was placed on solid ground and I heard the lid being unscrewed. I broke down and sobbed like a baby at the thought of not having to die, but still I was quite 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 that what I had just accomplished was the worst of the lot. On my way home I pondered over the ordeal again and was so relieved that everything was over, but that night I had the worst nightmares of my life. I was being buried alive, over and over again.

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.

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