



## Witchcraft Unveiled

## PREFACE –

Since the beginning of time people have wondered about the meaning of life. Many people have turned to religions such as Buddhism or Taoism to find some kind of fulfilment in life. Other people like to meditate, pray or live according to certain rules to have this fulfilment. This search for meaning is evident in all layers of society and even celebrities are openly confessing their religious views through the media. A lot of people are well aware of Madonna's obsession for the Kabbalah or Tom Cruise's interest in scientology. In our modern world, millions of dollars are spent on fortune tellers, clairvoyants, psychic readings, crystal gazing, astrology, witchcraft and the many religions and sects that are around us!

This little booklet is about this search for fulfilment and meaning in life. There seem to be so many pathways that one can choose to walk on! These days, most people believe that truth is only subjective and that absolute truth does not actually exist. For many years that is what I used to believe as well. I sincerely believed that everyone should follow their own path and that after death, life would somehow continue in a different form so that we can continue to grow and evolve. The booklet that you are about to read takes you on a journey that begins to challenge that viewpoint.

This booklet takes the reader on a journey to a neo-pagan worldview which is called Wicca. Wicca teaches that there are no absolutes and that you can do whatever you want as long as no one is harmed. The worldview of Wicca has become increasingly attractive to many people today. The religion has a mysterious and powerful attraction. However, as the story evolves, it gradually becomes clear that real absolutes do exist in life and that Wicca, new age and the occult are not what they seem to be.

I invite you to walk this journey with me as you continue to read this powerful testimony. May God bless you as you read the story of my life so that your life may never be the same again!

God bless you,

André

## Witchcraft Unveiled

By: André M

## Introduction

The story you are about to read is a summary of the true story of my life. I hope and pray that you may find this story both inspiring and challenging. I am grateful that I have been able to share this story with so many and hope that you will be blessed by what you are about to read.

## Beginning

My story begins in the Netherlands where I grew up in a small town called Heerhugowaard. The town is about 50km north of Amsterdam and is situated in a typical Dutch landscape of dikes, tulips and mills. I was raised in a Christian family together with a two-year older brother and a sister that is one-year younger. My father was a pastor in a church which is where he spent most of his time. Because of my fathers' position, finding friends inside the church was not an easy task. I was a 'special' kid and therefore not to be approached. We were taught that the world was a sinful and evil place and that we should stay away from 'the world' as much as possible. The result was that I was quite naive in what life and the world were all about.



Outside the church making friends turned out to be a lot easier. Among these 'worldly' friends, I felt accepted. It is therefore no wonder that as I became older, I lost more and more interest in going to church and began to develop an interest in discovering more about the world I so knew so little about.

I learned to see the God of the Christians as someone with very high standards: No one was ever good enough, no matter how hard you tried. In my opinion, God was someone who was obsessed with sin and judgement even though the church taught me that God loves people. I guess I never really experienced this love personally or found this love in Christians around me. Furthermore, to me it looked like so many people were doing their best to earn credit by winning souls or doing good Christian deeds.

When I turned sixteen, I told my parents that I was no longer interested in going to church. Obviously they were devastated and sincerely believed that I was on my way to hell. I was sad for their grief but so happy to be able to do everything I wanted to do. It felt so liberating and nothing could stop me now! I spent lots of time with my friends at the pub and would sometimes come home early in the morning after spending the entire night in Amsterdam ready to go to bed while my parents were getting ready to go to church. These encounters were like two different worlds colliding often resulting in a very unpleasant conflict.

## Research

It wasn't long until I completely turned my back on the church and their God. I began to see Christians as small-minded people that were hiding in their churches while fearing the 'big bad world'. However, I did notice some kind of emptiness in my life and somehow believed that there had to be more between heaven and earth than meets the eye. Simply believing in myself was great, but it didn't make the emptiness go away. As a result I started investigating everything the church told me to stay away from: New Age teachings, near-death experiences, hypnosis, tarot, occultism, etc. I was hungry to learn more, and as I continued my investigation, my appetite increased further. The more I read, the more it all started to make sense! How could Christians call these teachings wrong when there were so many good things it had to offer? During this time I tried hard to make sure my parents never knew anything about these interests and I managed to keep these books away from them.



## Magazine

One day I came across an article in a New Age magazine about white witchcraft. The article talked about a god and a goddess which could be found inside ourselves. Furthermore, it talked about being

in control of our own life, how to live in harmony with nature and tap into its powers. Apparently, witches don't blame the devil for anything that goes wrong but take responsibility for their own actions. Finally, white witchcraft meant that no one was to be harmed and could even be used to help people. I was intrigued and for several months the subject of white witchcraft continued to dominate my thoughts. It all seemed to be the perfect religion: Working with power, being in harmony with nature and being in control of my own life.

### Open evenings

After several months I decided to write a letter to the author of the article. I rang the magazine and they provided me with a PO Box. After mailing my letter expressing interest I quickly received a reply. The reply envelope had a small pentagram on it with the text 'Wicca Centre Aradia' underneath it. The letter contained an invitation for an open evening about the Wicca. The address of the Wicca Centre was located in Alkmaar, which happened to be only 10km away from where I lived. How fortunate! Apparently, this was the only place in the Netherlands with the opportunity to learn more about witchcraft from actual witches. I gladly accepted the invite and managed to keep it secret from my parents. By then, I was nineteen years old.

I rang the doorbell of the house on the address that was provided and a woman in her forties opened the door. The woman had long black hair, piercing eyes and a genuine smile. Behind her was a broomstick leaning against the wall. There were other people in the house. Some of them were witches and some were people that were interested like me. Everyone was friendly and the atmosphere was relaxed. The woman began to explain more about Wicca, more commonly known as witchcraft. With a smile she explained that witches don't fly on broomsticks! Apparently that story has been spread by the inquisition and was part of their effort to root out local pagan beliefs. The result was that millions of people were persecuted for witchcraft and in most cases died under horrible circumstances.

The word 'Wicca' comes from the old English word Wiccan. This used to be an old and wise person in days long gone who knew all about herbs and their healing powers. The woman continued to explain that Wicca is an actual religion with its own teachings. In the United States this religion is officially recognised which means it has the same rights as any other religion. Apparently there are many varieties of Wicca just like Christianity has its own varieties. The woman hosting the open evening was part of the Alexandrian tradition and had been personally trained by its founder, Alex Sanders in the UK who is also known as the King of the Witches. Furthermore, the woman revealed that she was a high-priestess of a Coven operating in the city of Alkmaar.

### Witchcraft Teachings

The woman that hosted the open evening continued to explain that Wicca only has two basic laws: "Do what you want but harm none" and "Love is the law, but love under will". Most witches believe



in reincarnation, seek to live in harmony with nature while working on their own path in life and generally do no harm. She also explained that rituals are an important part of Wicca and that there are eight Sabbath festivals in a year. The most familiar festivals are Halloween and Beltane. Furthermore there are about thirteen full-moons in a year which are also celebrated. Wicca rituals are normally kept in a book called "The Book of Shadows" and must be hand-written. During these rituals the witch draws a magic circle which creates an 'in-between space' between the physical world and the unseen world. In these magic circles rituals are performed like 'Drawing down the Moon' or "The Great Rite". At the end of these

rituals personal magic is often performed.

### More Visits

At the end of the evening I was excited about my new-found religion and immediately started to order books about witchcraft so that I could further examine the subject. The information evenings were held every two months and I managed to visit four of them in a row.

### Witchcraft Training

At the fourth and last open-evening, the hostess told me that she planned to start a witchcraft training program for beginners. She asked if I was interested and whether I wanted to apply for this training. Obviously I was interested and considered myself blessed to have the opportunity to be personally trained by a high-priestess who was in turn personally trained by Alex Sanders himself! Shortly after that, I wrote the application letter in which I had to explain the reason for wanting to do this training. Furthermore, my personal 'energy' had to be 'right' in order to be accepted for the training. After a week I received a reply: I was accepted!

It wasn't easy to hide these things from my parents as the training was in the evenings and I had to do my exercises in a locked room. However, I managed to obtain my own apartment shortly after the course had started, which solved the issue of secrecy.

The training was one night per week and was both exiting and intense. We had a lot of reading to do and did many exercises. She taught us the basic philosophies of Wicca and took us through the basics of magic, divination and spells.

### Satanism

We were taught that witchcraft had nothing to do with Satanism. Witches believe in a god and a goddess and don't believe in a devil, heaven or hell. Wicca's often regard Satanists as confused Christians that happen to worship the Christian anti-god. Even though many Satanists call themselves witches, many Wicca's claim that they do not deserve that title. It must however be noted that some famous witches have been involved in both Wicca and Satanism. Furthermore there are some similarities in names used for invocations. Witches don't believe in demons, but do believe there are 'energies' which have a name and can be addressed. Some of these names are also used by Satanists but they refer to these 'energies' as demons.

### God and Goddess

As mentioned before, Wicca recognises multiple gods. These are gods and goddesses, male and female both creating a harmony. It claims that everything in the universe has a male and a female counterpart, similar to what yin-yang symbolises. In Wicca the goddess is often symbolised by the Moon which is considered female, where as the god is often symbolised by the Sun and is considered male. Many of the Wicca gods are rooted in ancient European pagan traditions. The Greek god Pan, the Saxon god Wodan or the Irish 'Green Man' are common examples of the male god aspect. Common examples of the goddess aspect are the Greek goddess Diana, the Saxon goddess Freya and the Egyptian goddess Isis. Furthermore, many in the Wicca refer to a god called the horned god, and claim that the idea of horns was stolen by Christians. This is based on the various medieval drawings illustrating a devil wearing horns. In the Wicca, horns are considered a symbol of strength and authority. One of the names of the horned god is Lucifer, which also happens to be the name of the devil. Again, Wicca claims this has nothing to do with the devil of the Christian religion, even though there seem to be a number of similarities here.



### **Own Coven**

One training course led to another and I soon found myself immersed in Wicca. My whole life was about Wicca and I loved it. I started to make friends during the courses and we started forming our own witches' coven.

As a group we started meeting on a regular basis to celebrate full moon rituals, mark the Sabbaths, create magic artefacts or simply enjoy each others company. We became very good and intimate friends. Sometimes we would travel to places in the Netherlands that are associated with Pagan history such as ancient stone circles where we would perform small rituals.

### **Silver Circle**

I began to meet more people involved in the Wicca and my social network began to grow. In a Dutch town called Zeist there was an organisation called Silver Circle. The Silver Circle was led by two witches that were involved in the Gardnerian tradition. I enjoyed visiting them and began to build friendships in this group. The people in Silver Circle were friendly and I enjoyed spending time with them. The Silver Circle also had its own training courses. I decided to enrol into this training and was provided with spiritual parents. These spiritual parents were a married couple from a province called Zeeland and were assigned to assist me in my training and my spiritual growth. The training was intense with lots of exercises, readings and teachings. A major difference from earlier trainings was that there was a lot more emphasis on ceremonial magic. A significant portion of this ceremonial magic was linked to rituals of the Golden Dawn (Freemasonry) originating from the 19<sup>th</sup> century.



### **My Own Magic**

I also performed many rituals on my own which was a different experience altogether. These were usually full moon rituals which involved drawing a magic circle. The circle was usually about three meters in diameter and was marked by four candles which were pointing to the East, West, North and South. There was also an altar facing north which contained sacred objects such as the 'Book of Shadows', incense, candles, an image of the god and goddess, ritual knives and a pentagram. After drawing the circle, I would invoke the goddess, honour her and finish with practising some kind of divination or magic. Often the goddess would speak to me and sometimes would appear to me in a vision as a beautiful woman.

The magic was never to be used for bad, only for good unless one was under attack. This meant that I was to never harm anyone. Apart from that restriction, everything was allowed. When using magic, a witch is supposed to take full responsibility for his or her actions, even if the magic leads to situations that were unintended.

Only once I remember using magic to defend myself. Someone who was not a witch was spreading lies and gossip about me. I was angered and therefore directed energy towards this person. The next day the person was sick for a whole week. I have to admit that I enjoyed having this kind of power.

In the mean-time, my parents stopped trying to convert me and simply prayed for me. They admitted that they had been too strict in the past and apologised for this. It was nice to see them being less religious and more open and loving, but obviously I kept my Wicca life hidden from them. However my parents never stopped praying for me on a daily basis. That was fine by me even though it was bit annoying that seemed to be convinced that one day I would return to their God. I was happy for them, but was quite determined to never do such a thing!

### **Military Service**

When I was about 25 years old, I had to join the army as this was compulsory in the Netherlands at that time. Three months after graduating as a Bachelor of Engineering, I joined an army unit for



Telecommunications called the 1<sup>st</sup> Netherlands Signal Squadron, a NATO unit in Germany. The army base was located in Munchen-Gladbach, which was close to the Dutch border.



During the first few months in the army there was a brief period where I was backsliding as a witch. During this period I used cannabis at a daily basis. The goddess was quite annoyed with me for using any kind of drug because Wicca's should always stay in control. I was a junior officer, which meant I had the luxury of having my own room. One night, after smoking a lot of cannabis I was laying in bed. All of the sudden it felt like the room was getting darker and filled itself up with a evil presence. My heart started pounding like never before and I began to panic. After a while my heart began to beat so fast that I was afraid I would get a heart-attack and die. I couldn't ask the goddess for help as she was annoyed with me. Then I remembered that my mother once told me: "André, if you are in trouble, you can always call on the name of Jesus!" I laughed at her and certainly never intended to do anything like that. But things were different now. I felt like the room was filled with tiny black creatures and darkness was all around me! And because my heart felt like it was about to give up I swallowed my pride and yelled out in the dark: "Jesus, help me!" As soon as I had said this, the evil presence immediately left the room, my heart was beating completely normal and I was no longer stoned all within a matter of seconds. The room was clear, my heart was beating normally and I was completely filled with peace. That kind of response amazed me. This Jesus didn't argue with me by saying: "So now you need me?" Instead, there was instant help. The next day however, I explained the entire experience away by telling myself that the name of Jesus must have a lot of energy behind it to create such a powerful response and I decided not give it any more attention to the matter.

Not long after this experience, I stopped using cannabis and again began immersing myself in Wicca. During evening hours I continued my Wicca training and study. Furthermore, I began to translate books from English to Dutch to help other witches who could not read English. While in the army I went on a trip to the Middle East and visited the temple of Artemis in Jordan. From that day I felt a strong connection to this goddess.

### **Planning the Trip**

After approximately one-and-a-half years I completed my service in the army and planned to make a trip around the world. New Zealand had always been on my list of places to visit so I made sure this was included in my itinerary. I indented to live and work in New Zealand for a couple of months to earn some money. I also considered setting up a Wicca training centre in New Zealand so that I could earn some money while training people in New Zealand.

### **Experience in the Park**

Just before my departure the goddess spoke to me again. She instructed me to go to a forest for a walk. In the forest, I went into a trance and she began to speak to me. She told me that she was very fond of me and that she had great plans for my life. However while she was speaking I heard another voice in the background saying: "André, watch out! This is a demon!" I did not know what to make of this and tried to ignore the second voice. As stated before, most Wicca's don't believe in demons or in the devil. However, the voice continued to interrupt the voice of the goddess. The whole experience was confusing and I did my best to ignore it.

### **Hitch-Hiking in New Zealand**

I travelled to New Zealand in October 1994 and began my journey in Christchurch from where I began hitch-hiking around the South-Island. Most of the time I got a ride the person turned out to be a born-again Christian! These Christians were quite different from the ones I used to know. Instead of being judgemental or focussed on winning souls they were simply showing love. Some of them offered me a place to sleep and showed me the whole area. One of them gave me their address to stay the night in case I could not get a ride. All of the sudden I couldn't get any ride anymore for





hours and I was again forced to stay with Christians. Their love and behaviour surprised me as this was so different from the Christians I used to know. When I entered Queenstown I decided it was better to take the bus so that I did not have to risk spending more time with Christians. You see, despite the fact that these Christians were so different; I still didn't really like them. My general view of Christians was that they are weak, small minded and worried about winning souls to earn credit with their God!

### **Palmerston North**

Before I came to New Zealand, my parents suggested visiting a couple they used to know in Palmerston North. Because I liked the idea of free food and free accommodation, I decided to write them a letter. They replied and told me I could come and stay with them. Therefore, in November 1994 I travelled by bus from Wellington to Palmerston-North to see them.

I turned out that these people were also born-again Christians. They asked me if I was a Christian, and I said yes. I felt like a hypocrite but did not want to tell them I was a witch. I was afraid they would throw me out which meant that I had to miss out on the free food and accommodation. Besides, I remembered how to act like a good Christian boy. I had years of experience! I decided that it was easier and safer to come across as a Christian that was almost backsliding and hoped they would just leave me alone.

I anticipated that this couple would be just like the Christians I used to know from the Netherlands: Focussed on sin, being judgemental and out to win souls. However, these people were not like that at all. They were loving and caring and didn't try to convert me but simply showed love. One thing stuck to my mind when they talked about their God. They said that there was nothing we could do to earn his approval no matter how hard we tried. They also said that unlike human love, God's love is un-conditional and all we had to do was simply accept him. I found that interesting as this was so different from the kind of God I learned about as a child.

There was something strange about the house I stayed in. Normally it was easy get in touch with the goddess, but as long as I was inside the house I couldn't hear her voice. As a result I had to go on frequent visits to the park in order to get in touch with the goddess. A bit annoying!

### **Church in Palmerston North**

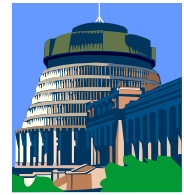
Because I had told these people I was a Christian, they expected me to come along to their church. Normally that is not a problem. During my childhood in the Netherlands I had to attend lots of church services for many years so I expected to just have to 'sit it out'. The reality turned out to be quite a different experience.

As soon as I entered the auditorium I felt a strong presence that penetrated my stomach. The strong presence can best be described as pure love which was reaching out to me. The love went straight through my stomach very much like a laser-beam. It was a pure love without conditions. The love seemed to call out to me: "I love you! Will you come?" The service began and I started to feel physically ill while this presence kept on touching me. This was not the kind of church service I was used to! In this church, people were worshipping God with tears in their eyes and some people were trying to make it to the front only to fall down on the floor half-way through it. I began to feel so sick that I left the auditorium to go to the bathroom. I was angry! "They have their religion and I have mine", I told myself, "and I am not going to run away from a bunch of Christians!" I then put a magic shield for protection around me using one of the techniques I had learned as a witch. As I walked back into the auditorium, the presence was immediately there again and smashed right

through my shield. There was nothing I could do against it! I managed to sit out the service and left the church thinking that I should attend any of these services again!

### **Back in Wellington**

After my stay in Palmerston North I went back to Wellington to find a job and booked myself into the Port Nicholson Youth Hostel for a couple of days. I felt so unhappy! I had experienced a deep love and a power that was stronger than everything I used to know. This love was so pure and was so completely unlike anything I have ever experienced before. I mean, there was love in Wicca, but it was a conditional love: If you are nice to me, then I will be nice to you. If you are not nice to me, then I can be very unpleasant to you!



I asked myself: “What if the God of the Christians is real? What if my religion is based on a lie?” These were difficult questions I did not want to face because I wanted to be faithful to my goddess and asking these very questions already felt like some kind of betrayal. However, I could not deny what had happened in that church in Palmerston North

### **Challenging God**

I decided to challenge the God of the Christians! If he really is God, and my religion is not based on truth than I have at least covered myself by challenging him. So, in a park on the Wellington waterfront I challenged him by saying: “God of the Christians, if you really exist and you are really God, then you have to show yourself to me in a way I cannot possibly deny”. After this I had a bit more peace about it. At least I did my thing in challenging him! Now the ball was in the court of the Christian God.

During my Wicca training, I had learned a lot about why Christians have experiences with their God. Much of what Christians do or experience could be explained through teachings of the Wicca. According to Wicca, all power ultimately comes from the same source. Christians just have a different lens through which they see their God.

### **Experiencing God**

The God of the Christians didn’t take very long to make himself known to me. In fact, he only waited a couple of hours.

Back in the Youth Hostel I shared the room with only one other guy. It was evening and I was trying to get to sleep which was difficult as the other guy was snoring loudly! While I was in my bed, all of the sudden a clear picture appeared in front me. I saw a dark surface with a deep black hole in it. As soon as I saw the hole it pulled me in and I remember falling. When I hit the bottom, I found myself in a place with dragon-like creatures that were cursing and swearing. Somehow I knew I was not yet where I was supposed to be and I began to sink through the floor. I ended up in a deeper cave where the walls looked like they were made of liquid fire. While I was there, I felt a strong sense of belonging. The cave had an opening high above a plain which was covered in a dark grey mist. There was almost no light and the plain was wrapped in darkness. I looked up and in the distance there was a beautiful cloud full of lights and colour. However, these lights were far out of reach and I somehow knew that I belonged in this place of fire without any other colour besides grey and black. I remember being filled with a deep sense of loneliness and hopelessness standing in this cave while staring at the darkness outside.

After that the picture disappeared. I remember feeling very upset! Wicca’s don’t believe in heaven or hell so then what was this place? I decided that I had probably spent too much time with these Christians and their ideas of heaven and hell and decided that it was best to try to forget what I had just seen. Finally I managed to fall asleep.

### **Midnight Call**

I woke up in the middle of the night. The only other guy in the room was still snoring loudly. Then, all of the sudden the room started filling itself with the same powerful presence I had experienced in the church in Palmerston North. Again, I can only describe this power as a pure love calling out to me: "Will you come? I love you". Then, with my physical ears I heard multiple voices singing next to my bed: "Blessings will be poured out on you!" During the singing, all of the sudden my body began to shake uncontrollably. It was then that all of the sudden everything inside me just knew that everything I had believed in was a lie and that he really is God! It was impossible to deny! And now this God was stretching out his arms toward me telling me that he loves me! All I could do at this point was to admit that he really is God! I cried out and said: "Ok God! I admit that you are the only real God and that everything I believed in has been a lie. I give myself over to you! Please be my God!" As soon as I said this, the singing and the shaking stopped. I then saw two dark creatures coming out of my body with their faces turned toward me showing an expression of terror. Once they left it was like an explosion of white bright light that entered my body and washed me from the inside out. After that I felt a perfect peace that was deeper than anything I had ever experienced. In my life I had tried various drugs and had done lots of meditations and exercises, but nothing came even close to the peace I was experiencing here! This was by far the purest peace and most perfect love I had ever experienced! Soon after that, I fell asleep.

### **The Next Morning**

The next morning the peace was still there. It hadn't left me! I realised the implications of the choice I made last night but I certainly didn't want to go back to my old ways and beliefs! I felt like a small baby that had just been born and needed help. The voice of the Goddess was no longer there. My gifts of divination seemed to have disappeared as well. My world had been put upside down and nothing was the same. Everything was new!

I couldn't understand how this God could possibly love me. Why would God love and accept someone like me despite all the bad things I had been involved in. He found me on the other side of the world while stretching out his hands to say: "André, I love you! Will you come?" I was so overwhelmed by this amazing love he offered me that it repeatedly brought tears to my eyes.

I decided to ring my parents. It was still the middle of the night in the Netherlands but I didn't want to wait any longer. They had prayed so many years for this moment and I did not want to delay this any longer than necessary.

My parents picked up the phone and were happy to hear my voice. I told my mother: "Mum, something happened to me last night." "Oh", she replied quietly. "What happened?" I replied: "God came to visit me last night. I told him that he was God and I gave my life to him". We all cried on the phone and agreed that I would put everything that happened to me in a letter, which I did. It was a shock for them to find out I had been so deeply involved in the occult and how I managed to hide all these years of witchcraft. However, they were so pleased that God had finally made himself known to me!

I also rang the people in Palmerston North and explained that I wasn't really a Christian when I stayed with them but that I had just given my life over to God. Apparently they already knew I wasn't a Christian. Furthermore, before I came to visit, God told them to love me as their own son! They were very pleased about what happened and gave me the address of some people Wellington they knew. These people would be able to help me grow further in this new-found relationship with God.

**Letters**

I also decided to write a letter to the witches, my spiritual parents and my friends. One of the witches was angry and confused and also decided to challenge the God of the Christians. The result was that God made himself real to her through a powerful experience and she ended up giving her life to God!

**Closure**

I have been so blessed to be able to share this story with many people, including witches. I found that so often people have a complete misunderstanding of what this God is all about. Unfortunately a lot of Christians have misrepresented God in the past causing so many people to turn their back towards the life that Jesus offers.

God is real and I can testify of that. If you will give him a chance, he will prove himself real to you. You don't have to earn his approval, because he already loves you. No matter how deep the darkness is in which you are right now, he longs to spend time with you and set you free. He has a better plan for your life than anyone could ever offer you! All you have to do is admit that he is God and accept him as your God. This God is not obsessed about sin and judgement, despite everything we have done. He has already taken care of this through dying on a cross about 2000 years ago. If you give him a chance, you will find that he is a loving and forgiving God. His love is unconditional and right now he is reaching out for you, saying:

'I love you, will you come?'