

Sorry, wrong Jesus: My personal testimony concerning the evil nature of Mormonism

By Helen Radkey

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This is an abridged version of my experiences involving The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, also known as the LDS Church. Some of the more horrifying aspects of the occult world of Mormonism are emphasized in this testimony, to serve as a warning against affiliation with the LDS Church, or participation in Mormon ceremonies. The events described here are true. They are among my most haunting Mormon memories.

Years ago in Launceston, Tasmania, I was introduced to the story of Joseph Smith Jr., his alleged “First Vision” and the Book of Mormon, by two LDS missionaries. The missionaries suggested I pray about the authenticity of Smith and the Book of Mormon. As I knelt and prayed about Mormon origins, an unnatural darkness and sinister presence entered the room. Uncomfortable with this unpleasant manifestation, I continued to pray. Then an eerie light radiated around me, dispelling the “darkness” on that mid-afternoon.

At the time, I mistakenly assumed this was a spiritual confirmation of the truthfulness of Joseph Smith Jr. and the Book of Mormon. In reality, I had invoked a very evil presence. The “darkness” and the “light” undoubtedly originated from the same demonic source.

In June 1971, in Hobart, Tasmania, I was baptized into the Mormon fold. I came out of the baptismal font dressed in white clothes that were dripping wet. Before I had time to change into dry clothes to be confirmed a member of the LDS Church—and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost—I detected an unclean, invisible presence around me, but had no idea what it was. I just knew it was something impure. I assumed the confirmation procedure would be a spiritual experience that would dispel any evil spirits. But the confirmation ritual was flat. I received no burning of the bosom or gift of the Holy Ghost.

Prior to my baptism into the LDS Church, as I spent time with the next-door Mormon missionaries in preparation for baptism, I noticed an increase in “things that go bump in the night” where I lived. This included rapping in and on walls, windows and cupboards. Electric light and stove switches and faucets turned themselves on and off. Heavy footsteps sounded in empty rooms. An old, rarely-used music box would play unexpectedly. The devilry usually intensified around midnight. I would be seized by a savage force, intent on paralyzing my body, especially my legs and feet. My singular recourse was to have faith in the power of Jesus to subdue these frightening attacks.

At the time, I incorrectly assumed this was opposition trying to deter me from becoming a Mormon. I didn’t realize then that the demonic spirits that were assaulting me are the diabolical hosts that rule Mormonism. I was experiencing firsthand the violent nature of the hellish powers that control the LDS Church—enemies of all that is truly sanctified.

Directly after I became a full-fledged Mormon, my landlady told me that at the time of my baptism in the local LDS chapel, at 9:30 PM, she heard the sound of loud footsteps marching around my unoccupied bedroom in her home.

It was apparent from the beginning that membership in the LDS Church was not going to be a fulfilling experience. I liked to ask questions and this attitude was not encouraged. The psychic trauma at night continued after my baptism. I was told by Mormons to keep my mouth shut about alarming paranormal incidents and not to scare other members.

A perplexing incident happened one Sunday afternoon at the LDS branch I attended. I was alone in the chapel and had been asked by a branch president not to leave the building with the doors unlocked. I had no key and decided it would not hurt to go to a nearby store for food. When I returned from the store, I guiltily went into the Relief Society room, closed the door, and sat in the center of a line of chairs placed against the wall. I put a Bible my parents had given me on the chair to the left of me. I ate a snack and dozed off. Suddenly, I awoke with a start. I looked down and the Bible had vanished.

Although I searched the building afterward and asked others to assist, I knew I had placed the Bible next to me and no one else had been in the room, or the chapel, when it disappeared. I wondered then if I had received heavenly chastisement for leaving the chapel unattended. I immediately purchased another Bible from the branch clerk. When I mentioned details of this incident to others, I was almost prevented from doing so by an inhibiting entity which attempted to suppress my vocal cords and thinking process.

The bizarre loss of the Bible was not the work of God and the real Jesus Christ, whose power manifests the fruits of love, understanding, harmony, and peace. Jesus does not cause anxiety, confusion, restriction of speech, and the elimination of Holy Scriptures. Eventually, I would come to realize that “Mormon Jesus”—the Jesus of the Mormon gospel—is not the Jesus of the New Testament, whom I had believed in since childhood.

Eight months after baptism, amid thunder and lightning, I received a Mormon patriarchal blessing in Melbourne, Victoria. This was supposed to be a one-time, inspired statement outlining my lineage and life purpose. There was a long pause in the blessing. Then I was cautioned to watch out for the “adversary”—Satan—“who is busy in these latter-days.”

In time, I learned that Mormonism was founded by false angels—demonic spirits—headed by Satan, chief spirit of evil and adversary of God. Masquerading as God, as in Smith’s “First Vision”, or posing as messengers of God, like the Angel Moroni, whose image is atop many Mormon temples, demons are the pulse of the Mormon empire.

My sole Mormon temple experience would be in Hamilton, New Zealand, in February 1975. The death oaths, which were part of the endowment ceremony, seemed coercive and violent in content. (The temple endowment is an initiation ceremony that presents teachings and covenants that are sacred to Mormons.) I participated in the lengthy endowment ritual a number of times, on behalf of myself, and for dead women.

It should be noted that there have been changes to the temple endowment ceremony since I took participated in this rite. Some overtly objectionable elements, such as the blood oaths and penalties, were eliminated in 1990. When I went through a Mormon temple, the penalties, representing what the member would rather suffer than reveal the sacred signs given them in the endowment ceremony, were symbolized by gestures for having the throat cut, the breast cut open, and the bowels torn out.

At the New Zealand temple in 1975, I had my first tangible exposure to temple garments, the supposedly protective, sacred undergarments that can only be worn by Mormons who have gone through an LDS temple. A temple worker insisted I purchase ill-fitting garments. After I questioned her judgment of the matter, I was “called on the mat” and cross-examined by the temple president, who, unknown to me at the time, subsequently sent a letter of complaint about me to my Mormon bishop in Sydney.

I had been prepared to accept the Mormon temple as a wonderful spiritual experience. My expectation was not fulfilled. Mormon temple ceremonies made no rational or mystical sense to me at all. About two weeks after returning from New Zealand, I awoke one morning to find three strange figures standing by my bedside. Their bodies seemed to be made of an ether-like substance, although they were not transparent.

One of these apparitions appeared as a blond boy of about twelve years of age, dressed in white clothes. With a beckoning smile, he thrust toward me what appeared to be a green apron, identical to the green satin fig-leaf apron I had been required to wear during the temple endowment ceremony, when the green apron is used as an emblem of Lucifer’s power and priesthoods. When I made no attempt to take the Luciferian apron from the blond boy, he withdrew it and the friendly smile on his face turned to an angry snarl. He then disappeared with one of his companions, a male figure, about thirty years old, and similarly clothed. The third figure, a blonde-haired woman dressed in black contemporary clothes stood leering at me with her hands on her hips and her head slightly cocked to one side. She vanished, too, after I insisted that she leave in the name of Jesus.

The two male apparitions most likely represented the two (Satanic) priesthoods of Mormonism—the Aaronic Priesthood and the Melchizedek Priesthood. Beginning at age twelve, worthy male Mormons may receive the Aaronic Priesthood. The “higher” priesthood—the Melchizedek Priesthood—may be received by worthy male Mormons, from age eighteen or older. Melchizedek Priesthood holders are usually called “elders”.

It seemed like Jesus was always rescuing me from the malevolent spirits of Mormonism. There is no question that covenants I made during Mormon temple ceremonies attracted “temple demons” into my life—but it would be some time before I fully understood this.

For about a year before I went through a Mormon temple, I had been deeply troubled because worship trends in the Sydney church seemed to emphasize and encourage the praising of LDS officials. I saw far more flattery of men in Sydney than faith in Christ. Whenever my fellow Mormons spoke of Jesus, they would invariably talk about him in a

theoretical or routine manner, as one would speak of a distant sun or planet. Undue prominence was given, instead, to praising the church institution, its programs and leadership. LDS authorities and, in many cases, their families, seemed to have been placed upon the throne of God. I continually listened to their praises being sung at church gatherings. LDS Church leaders were lauded according to their status in the LDS Church.

I began to complain to those who presided over various meetings that things were out of order. Nothing appeared to change. Even moving to a different home location in Sydney and attending a different LDS ward did not help. Because of my strong belief in Jesus, I did not want to leave church fellowship. I thought I owed it to Jesus to stay involved.

Conflict arose in early 1975, when an LDS bishop wanted to appoint me to a ward secretarial position. When I rejected the offer, he indicated that I should have prayed for the strength to fulfill the calling. He firmly stated that I should not have prayed and asked if the position was God's will for me, as I told him I had done. The Mormon mandate of blind obedience to LDS leaders was bearing down upon me. This trend would worsen. Mormon leadership would continue to demand dominion over my freedom of choice.

About nine months after my participation in Mormon temple rituals—and several months prior to the birth of my twin sons in November 1975—a train of events began in the LDS Church in Sydney that would sweep me and my family out of Mormonism.

There were rumblings in the local ward around the time my twin sons were born. About six weeks later—after interviewing nearly a dozen key witnesses—I learned that four Mormons from a nearby Sydney LDS ward had been subjected to a series of rowdy church courts which had resulted in the unjust excommunications of the four men.

The “conduct in violation of the law and order of the Church” charges, which were brought against the four church members, were really about LDS authorities in Sydney overstepping their boundaries. At the time of their excommunications, the accused men: Wallace Brown (now deceased), Jeff Watts, Brian Watts, and Paul Knightley, were all active Mormons and staunch believers in the basic tenets and practices of Mormonism. From my personal knowledge of them, and according to the witnesses I interviewed, none of the four had broken Mormon rules that would justify church trials against them.

Heavy-handed Mormon leaders in Sydney expected to be obeyed without question. The final point put to Jeff Watts at his excommunication trial was: “Do you accept what we say as leaders of the Church in this stake?” Watts replied, “Yes, in righteousness.” The court's emphatic answer to this response was, word for word, “No, right or wrong!” Sustaining church leaders “right or wrong” became a catchphrase in the Sydney church.

The sustaining “right or wrong” belief has its roots in early Mormonism, in a secret military society known as the Danites, or “Destroying Angels”. Mormon Danites took oaths that they would support a brother “right or wrong” even to the shedding of blood. Danites were expected to sustain, protect, defend, and obey Mormon leaders under all

circumstances. Members of the Danite band considered themselves as much bound to obey the heads of the Church as to obey God. To disobey was punishable by death.

Roughly thirty Mormons left the LDS Church in Sydney because of the four questionable excommunications. I was among those who voluntarily departed.

In February 1976, a year after my only Mormon temple visit, an LDS bishop stopped by my home and demanded that I sustain “right or wrong” the “one voice in the stake,” which was the voice of the stake president. If I did not agree to those specific terms, my church membership was on the line. I refused to agree to that unreasonable stipulation.

My disfellowshipment and eventual excommunication from the LDS Church resulted from my defense of the four Mormons I believed to be innocent. Full details of the “kangaroo” church trials of Wallace Brown, Jeff Watts, Brian Watts, and Paul Knightley, and the subsequent excommunications of John Mitchell (now deceased), Stuart Olmstead, and myself, in December 1978, have been published in my 1991 Mormon autobiography: *I Will Follow No Man Blindly*, on audio cassette, which is available through me.

Wallace Brown died in Sydney in July 1986, two years after I moved to Salt Lake City. In April 1987, while informing an LDS bishop in Salt Lake City that I intended to publish my autobiographical account about Mormon injustices, as a tribute to Wallace Brown, the LDS bishop told me that God would kill me if I attempted to commit any action (such as publications), which could potentially harm the LDS Church. *I Will Follow No Man Blindly* was later published. The warlock god of the Mormons did not strike me down.

I can personally testify that the “Jesus Christ” of Mormonism is not the real Jesus Christ. Pretending to represent God, demonic spirits, in order to ultimately deceive millions, transformed themselves into angels of “light” and introduced Mormonism—a “gospel” of psychological and spiritual bondage—through the false prophet, Joseph Smith Jr.

The ministers of the LDS Church present themselves to the world as ministers of righteousness who respect the principle of free will. My experience with the LDS Church that insists its members blindly follow LDS leadership—tells a very different story.

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