

Teal's Bio In Depth

I was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1984. My parents wanted children badly, but as I grew, my parents were often at a loss for what to do with me. Even though the physical aspect of my life was good because I was well taken care of, the emotional aspect of my life was torture. Even though my parents professed to love me, they often admitted that they did not know how to love me. My parents had such a hard time relating to me that there were two running jokes in the house when I was growing up. The first was that one-day an alien space ship would arrive to pick me up. The second was, "the beeswaxes have our baby". In New Mexico, most of the hospital staff was Hispanic and therefore spoke Spanish. They had such a hard time with the pronunciation and spelling of my last name when I was born that when they rolled me from the nursery into the post partum room, the little label on my hospital crib said "Beeswax".

This understanding gap between my parents and I was only increased by the fact that I was born extrasensory. Your sensory organs are a bit like filters. They filter out stimulus in the environment so you can perceive solid objects etc. As a small child, it felt to me like my filters were blown. I suffered from sensory integration disorder and I struggled with my abilities every day.

These spiritual "gifts" (which I considered a curse and the mainstream medical community considered mental illness at that time) were intriguing but frustrating and a bit frightening to my parents who had never encountered anyone who had them or

knew anything about them at that point in time. Because of the reactions that people had to me as a child, I felt like something was wrong with me. I felt like I didn't belong with my parents. I felt like I didn't fit in anywhere.

When I was very young, my parents accepted a job as wilderness forest rangers in Utah. We lived in a tiny two-room guard station cabin with no electricity, no indoor plumbing and an outhouse in the Rocky Mountain wilderness. When I was almost four, my brother was born. My brother was born with platinum blonde hair and bright blue eyes. My brother was not extrasensory. Unlike me, he was happy, playful, rarely ever fussy and insatiably outgoing. Unlike me, my brother did validate my parents. In my opinion, his birth drove a deeper wedge between my parents and myself. I felt like I was all alone. I felt like I was bad. And I felt like I was stuck with people I didn't belong with.

If the emotional conditions of my family had been different, life at the wilderness cabin would have been a wonderful way to grow up. In fact, I loved it there. There is a simplicity and a sense of undisturbed peace that comes from living a life removed from the static hum of electricity in the walls and open wilderness. Raising us in this way was the best decision my parents could have made. But my parents moved to Utah without considering the pervasive religious atmosphere of the state. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints makes Utah one of the most religiously homogeneous states in the nation. It is not a Sunday religion; rather it is a culture that permeates every second of every day of its member's lives. But the community began to notice that they weren't seeing me or my family at sacrament meetings. And rumors about my extrasensory abilities spread by word of mouth around the town. Given that I was born to liberal hippies, I did not conduct myself the way a typical Mormon, female child is taught to conduct themselves. Long story short, I was not received well in the community at all.

After the aggressive attempts to convert my family subsided, the majority of the people in town made it a deliberate point to not interact with us. In many cases, their children were not allowed to play with me, and they would not allow me to enter their houses. I was singled out often in the after school parking lot and informed of the consequences of following my parent' impious choices. I was told that the life my family led was an impure one without hope of salvation. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints professes to be the "one true church" as they believe God's true word and priesthood can only be passed down through its founder, Joseph Smith, making all other religions, the religions of false profits. Spontaneous healings and interaction with things "beyond the veil" were not things unknown and unpracticed in the Mormon faith. These extrasensory gifts were thought to in fact be a potential gift of priesthood, passed from God to Joseph Smith and from Joseph Smith to the baptized and devout. There was just one catch; priesthood could only be passed from God to Joseph Smith, to a man. So, when the rumors began to spread that there was a young girl in town who was exhibiting these very same abilities (me), they were not seen as a gift of the divine. They were seen as a gift of the devil.

For the most part, Mormons subscribe to the turn the other cheek philosophy. But like most religions, The LDS church has splinter groups. One example of an LDS splinter group is the Fundamentalist LDS who have been at the heart of scandal in the mainstream media again and again given their beliefs about polygamy and how often those beliefs bleed into the practice of pedophilia. One seldom recognized splinter group is called the Blood Covenant. The Blood Covenant believes that it is their God given mission to rid the earth of evil. They believe in the LDS church's original teachings on blood atonement. In the Blood Covenant it is expected that sins be paid for with the blood of man. These two beliefs lead the group to infiltrate local Satanic covens with the intent of undermining them and holding

counter rituals. It also lead them to participate in sadistic and masochistic ritual acts under the belief that in suffering, you find the light of Christ and through bloodletting you are cleaned of your sins.

In 1989, I was invited to visit the home of a girl who attended the same kindergarten class as I did. Her father was a member of a satanic coven in the area. It was there that I caught the attention of "Doc". I have had to change his name for the purpose of this bio for legal reasons. Doc was in his fifties or sixties at the time. As it turns out, my parents knew him casually already. But unbeknownst to my parents, he was a member of the Blood Covenant, but he had infiltrated a local Satanic coven. Doc was a sociopath with multiple personalities. The only personality that most members of the community saw (including my parents) was a super intelligent, charismatic and successful "do gooder" type of personality. Because of his multiple personalities however, Doc lived a double life. On one hand, he was a likeable, intelligent, local health expert who was obsessed with the study of the human mind; on the other hand, he was a sadistic, psychopath who attended cult rituals in his spare time. I do not know if he and my parents had crossed paths again before this point, but having developed an obsession with the idea of possessing me, he followed me in his truck when I was riding my pink huffy bike alone one day, pulled me off the bike and raped me for the first time inside a local Mormon stake house. He placed me back on my bike, but I was bleeding and I was in so much pain and shock I couldn't ride the bike straight. So I pulled the bike off to the side of the road and ran into a field where I sat for who knows how long, feeling like my reality had just collapsed. I figured that what had happened was punishment. I thought that I was in trouble for riding my bike around the stake house parking lot. I remember not wanting to get in trouble with my parents on top of the trouble I had already been in so I stayed silent about the event.

From there, Doc set up a plan to gain access to me. When I was six, he managed to corner me at a horse lesson and turn my world upside down. He held me by my throat up against a wall of a stable and told me that he was my real father. He told me that I was a demon that had taken the place of my parent's real child. He told me that if anyone found out what I did, I'd be taken away from them and that no one could save me from that fate but him. Doc informed me that if I told anyone about whom I really was or what he had said to me, that my whole family would be killed. Being the silent, strong, personally accountable type of child that I was, I assumed that it was me who had done something wrong that day to deserve the interaction. I said nothing to my parents about it because I had no reason to disbelieve what he had said. I was terrorized by the idea that he would in fact retaliate as he had promised if I were to tell anyone about him.

Later that week the vice principal of my grade school came into my classroom. She said the school had received a note from my parents saying I was going to be picked up after roll was called. They asked me if I needed someone to walk with me out to the parking lot to get picked up. I said no. So once roll was called, I took my backpack and walked out of the school to the parking lot and low and behold it was not my parents waiting in their car. It was Doc waiting in his truck. That was the beginning of 13 years of ritual, mental, emotional, physical and sexual abuse. He re-established a friendly relationship with my mother, which was easily done because he already knew her. And after systematically gaining access to me without my parent's knowledge, Doc managed to capitalize on the already pre-existing emotional gap between my parents and myself. Pedophile sociopaths are opportunists. They target ostracized children. The emotional dynamic between my family and myself opened the door for Doc to weasel his way between my parents and myself. He managed to convince my parents that he knew everything about the extrasensory gifts I was exhibiting and that

he was the perfect mentor for me. By that point, I had already developed a complete dependence on him and his approval of me. This is a syndrome, which has often been referred to as Stockholm syndrome. I truly believed he was my real father. I believed everything he said. My parents were growing distressed about how chronically unhappy I was. I had no friends whatsoever. And my parents began to accept that something was seriously wrong with me.

My parents saw most of the red flags but misinterpreted them. I showed a great many symptoms. I was self injuring and so any time I arrived home with injuries caused by Doc or another member of the cult, it was excused away as self injury or an accident that I had had with horses. When I was acting as if I was in an altered mental state because of the drugs that had been administered to me, or because of the extrasensory abilities, it was explained away as schizoaffective. When I would hoard food in my room, they explained it away as a personality quirk. When I wouldn't play like other kids, but preferred to obsessively perfect whatever task I was set on performing (usually an athletic one) they explained it away as me being a talented perfectionist. When I wrote dark, disturbed poetry or drew disturbing pictures, they assumed I was overly sensitive and had been affected by someone else who was being abused at my school. When I kept getting bacterial infections and urinary tract infections, stomach pain so bad I was hospitalized and migraines, they attributed it to a weak immune system or hormonal imbalance. When I was 13, a friend of my mom's who was a RN examined me and she discovered that my hymen was not intact, after asking my mom if I was sexually active and being told no, she explained it away as potentially the result of years of horse back riding. When I displayed extreme separation anxiety well past the appropriate phase of development in childhood and withdrew socially, making no friends whatsoever, it was explained away as shyness.

All of the symptoms that I showed, which were caused by the abuse were attributed to something else, most especially mental illness. They thought I had a mental illness that no psychologist or psychiatrist could diagnose. Don't get me wrong, psychiatrists and psychologists diagnosed me plenty; it's just that they all disagreed on my diagnosis because my symptoms did not fit the mold of any one form of mental illness. Sexual abuse was mentioned several times as a potential by psychologists, but upon seeing that neither of my parents were perpetrators; they were forced to move on to other potential explanations. The idea that I could be getting abused by someone else that my parents trusted was an idea that was simply outside of everyone's reality. I do not know if they even considered it at the time. It was an idea that was as far fetched to them as alien abduction. The sicker and more unhappy I got, the more Doc would "come to the rescue" suggesting that I spend more time with him and that he knew what to do to help me. Little did they know that he was creating the very condition he said that he was solving. From my parent's perspective, it seemed like all the adults around me in my childhood, including themselves and Doc were all working together to try to figure out what was wrong with me, and how to fix it. My parents would let Doc spend more and more time with me because they were desperate about what to do to help me and trusted that maybe if he said he knew what to do and demonstrated such enthusiasm to be near me that I would somehow get better or at least develop strategies for how to live with my unusual brain. I think in some way, the idea of having so much control over me that he could do all of it right under my parent's noses was what gave him excitement. Like an addiction, he had to keep increasing and increasing the level of deception and risk to get the same high. The same went for his need to increase the level of his violence.

To spare you the graphic details, from age six to nineteen I was tortured physically and sexually in cult rituals. I was raped, deprived of food and forced to undergo three abortions (all fathered and aborted by Doc himself). I was photographed for sadomasochistic pornography, sold to men for sex out of outdoor gas station bathrooms, kept in basements and in a hole in the ground in Doc's back yard. I was exposed to electro-shock programming, forced to undergo isolation torture and left overnight tied up in lava caves in southern Idaho. I was drugged chronically by Doc with anesthetics (all of which he had unlimited access to due to being a vet by trade). I was chased through the Idaho and Utah wilderness by Doc "playing" tracking games in which he would hunt me, and I would undergo consequences (like having my rib cage cut or being raped) if I was caught. And I was used as a lure to other children that ended up being hurt and on occasion killed.

When I was a young teen, the men who used to pay Doc to have sex with me did not want to continue because I was no longer a child. Pedophiles only pay good money to sleep with children. So when Doc found out that a modeling agent in a horse supply store had scouted me, and when he subsequently discovered that a young girl could make good money as a model, he suggested that I try modeling. So I started to model. Modeling trips were the only trips he condoned me taking because I would pay him if I made any money at it. I fell in love with modeling. I hated the industry and I couldn't emotionally handle the job. But I loved being in front of the camera and I loved glamor. It was such a different reality from the seemingly insignificant, painful rural life that I was living. I modeled for odd jobs until I was nineteen.

By the time I was nineteen, I was a shell of a person. I was a cutter; I was dissociated most of the time. I had attempted suicide and was still suicidal. I had believed for thirteen years that my family was in fact not my real family, that my life with them

was a façade. I lived with the guilt of the belief that I had stolen the life of their real child. I believed that I was evil. I believed that if I told any of them about my "real life" with Doc that they would all be brutally murdered. After exhausting every single option my parents could think of to try to get me help, they were so confused about what was going on with me and so utterly powerless about what to do with me that they had all but given up. I had graduated nearly three years earlier but I couldn't go to college or get a job because I was so emotionally damaged, I wasn't functioning. Just about the only thing I decided that I could do was ski. My parents, desperate to keep me alive, opted to pay for my ski pass and equipment instead of college tuition. My father was an amazing skier. He had taught us to ski when we were old enough to stand. When I was 18 and 19, anytime I wasn't with Doc or modeling, I was skiing. It became my obsession.

When I was nineteen years old, Doc made a mistake. It was the first mistake he'd made in thirteen years. He made a mistake with the dosage of an anesthetic drug that he was administering to me. He had intended to drug me to the point that he could convince me that I had done something that I hadn't done. But the mis-dosage resulted in me retaining memory that I did not do what he said that I had done. I thought to myself "If Doc is lying about this, what else has he lied about?" I could not come up with any reason for him to convince me that I had done something that I hadn't actually done other than to scare me into total powerless dependency. And because of that realization that came on the heels of his mistake, I found a window to escape and I did.

I escaped that very same night to the sanctuary of a man whom I had met only twice. His name was Blake. I had met Blake as a result of my mother trying to expand my non-existent social circle as a teenager. She had connected with a family whose son

was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. It was my mother's idea that perhaps if we found another teen with a mental illness, I might feel some kind of connection and feel less alone. I attended a party with this new acquaintance of mine and as I went to open the front door to the house where the party was being held, a willowy looking young man, full of enthusiasm said hi as he propelled himself into the air and over the railing into some bushes. I thought to myself "what an idiot". But when he came back inside, and we made eye contact for the first time, I found his eyes and his essence to be so familiar and so pervasively kind that we were inseparable that night. We went skinny dipping in a reservoir with a group of other teenagers and something in me felt a palpable camaraderie and knew that he was so pure and innocent that I could trust him completely. When I fled to his house, he was not home and neither were his two roommates. I was in such a state of distress that I broke in through a window and knew no other way to cope with the distress than to cut myself. When Blake returned, he was shocked to find me in his bathroom bathtub with blood spilling down the drain. He cleaned me up and bandaged me up and told me to stay with him. And so I did. I had no real plan to run away from Doc forever. I didn't think that was an option. But I stayed with Blake for a day and a day became two days and two days became a week and by the end of a month I never wanted to return. I was hiding. I talked to my parents on occasion and told them who I was with but not where I was. Blake didn't know at first why I was so obviously disturbed and tortured, he didn't even ask. But he was so devoted to my every whim that I started to get better. I knew that neither Doc nor any other cult member would come looking for me at first because that would violate the rules of the "bonding" and "call back" programming that they had implanted over the years. If they had to come looking for me, it was a liability and also, it meant that I was the one in control. They were relying on my programming to cause me to return willingly like a runaway dog. I eventually explained the entire story of my childhood and Doc

and the cults to Blake, which only seemed to deepen his dedication to my healing process. Again I was faced with the fact that the only thing I felt passionate about and had any real world skill base at, was skiing. So I decided to start entering Telemark ski races. I eventually made the US Telemark Ski Racing team and some years after that, I switched sports to try my hand at competitive long track speed skating.

Some years after I escaped, a case was opened against Doc. Like so many other abuse cases, the years that had passed between the time of my escape and the time that the case was opened left little for physical evidence and so when the district attorney decided there was not enough tangible evidence to persecute, the case turned cold. It was decided that in order for any further action to be taken through the justice system, further evidence would need to surface or witnesses would have to come forward.

After I escaped the abuse, I wanted nothing to do with my extrasensory abilities. I threw myself into competitive winter sports in order to avoid them. I tried to become as grounded in the physical world as possible. I still helped people with them on occasion if someone was in a desperate state but as far as I was concerned, my abilities were to blame for all of the pain that I had experienced. I was tortured by the fact that I could not get rid of them. I was still desperately afraid of the world. When I was 22, I married a man I didn't love because I wanted to be kept safe and I wanted to be taken care of. That marriage fell apart and was annulled after six months. Then that very same year, I married for a second time; I got married for a sense of safety again. What I did not realize then is that I was really trying to use men to run away from myself. I wanted to be kept safe not only from the world but also from myself. Inside myself, I was living in an atmosphere of self-hate so pervasive that I could not trust myself.

When I was 25, my son was born. Having gone through infertility treatment and having lost three pregnancies as a teen, I was desperate to experience the magic of having a child of my own. Contrary to my fantasy, I experienced an extremely traumatizing pregnancy and birth. When we found out he was boy, I had imagined that I would have a physically active jock for a son; a sports enthusiast, who would never have to suffer from the pain that I did. The love that I felt for my son was unparalleled by any other love that I have ever felt in my life. But to my dismay, when he was born, he was born with a clear colored aura; an aura that looked like a prismatic crystal light. These auras, which because of their color have been referred to as crystal auras, only belong to people with inborn extrasensory abilities. Low and behold, like usual the universe had given me the very child I needed. I cried for a solid forty minutes because I was so afraid that because of who he is, he would suffer like I had suffered. And then it dawned on me that if I was going to teach him to embrace his own inborn abilities, I would first have to embrace my own. So I began to see clients again. It surprised me that the things I knew about this universe and the people in it, things I took for granted, were unknown to the vast majority of people. It surprised me even more that the things I knew had the capacity to genuinely help people. After a year of seeing clients, I realized that to my surprise, I actually loved this life healing oriented work. Low and behold, my greatest love had sprung from what I always considered to be my greatest hate. I felt a pull to reach a larger audience so I wrote my first book, *The Sculptor In The Sky*, I created an online weekly video series called "Ask Teal" in order to offer my perspective on various subjects to the world. And I began to host group healing workshops. Like wildfire, the content I was producing made its way across the world. My bent and broken life started to read more like a great success story. For the first time, like a completed puzzle, I saw the full picture

of my life. I saw the reasons why I experienced what I did as a child. I saw my purpose. I finally knew what I was really here to do. And now, I am doing it.

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