Prologue/Synopsis

This book is based on a true story – one of many, I believe – about the heartache of a mother who found out with horror that the father of their children is in reality sorely lacking in one of the corner-stones of normal, ethical fatherhood. While disguised as a civilised, principled, and socially and financially successful man. A man of good standing in his community; but with a Jekyll and Hyde double personality. His children confide in their mother, describing his acts and behaviour towards them - that exposes what must be one of the most despicable abominations and abnormalities imaginable.

I shared with horror her hazardous journey through the institutions of society that are supposed to fight this evil – the police; the child welfare organisations; the courts. And finally had to arrive at the same conclusion that she did: That Western society per se seems to be turning a blind eye to this type of monstrosity. That people do not want to leave their comfort zones, get involved, and speak out for justice towards innocent children. That the Justice System in Western countries – for the most laudable reasons like individual human rights; innocence until proven guilty; standard court procedure; tangible proof of abuse and the like – seems to be biased in favour of the perpetrators at the expense of the victims.

The book exposes the totally incomprehensible situation that in the course of charges having been laid at the police in two Western countries (the country where the parents reside and the country they originate from and are still citizens of), and two court cases later – one in each country – the children have neither been extensively examined physically by specialists qualified to do so, nor comprehensively evaluated emotionally by qualified welfare officials and psychiatrists in their mother language. At the time under discussion, they were only respectively five, three-and-a-half, and two years old.

My wish – no, my prayer – is that other women will come forward and tell their stories so that Western society will hopefully wake up to the fact that we are failing our Future by failing to protect our children from this scourge.

To this effect, a Facebook page has been created that people can join and tell their stories – and spread the word via the social media.

Unity is strength. Show the world the magnitude of this problem. Make them aware that there is no time to waste – being left in those circumstances for too long, children struggle to fully recover and become normal, balanced and joyful citizens of our civilised world.

Using the title of the book, the Facebook page is called “Is THIS Love? - a mother's plea”.

Is THIS love? - a mother's plea
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PART ONE

Chapter 1

Introduction

I gave birth to three children in three years. I loved each one of them the moment I laid eyes on them. To me, they are beautiful, healthy, perfect little boys. I raised them mainly on my own, as the father’s job took him away from home for prolonged periods. I never left the children alone for more than an afternoon. I breast fed for 5 years. I bought them farm milk and eggs and bio food, wanting the best for them. They happily ate vegetables and fruits. I tried to transfuse love for music and nature and art and reading. We sang together, painted and read together. We walked the neighbour’s dog together and planted a vegetable garden together. I wanted to teach them about the beautiful world. I wanted to teach them to enjoy life.

They all still got their bottles for bedtime, and when they wanted also during the day. I prepared bottle after bottle when they asked for it. I gave all my time to please them and show them love. I did not ignore their basic needs for my own comfort. If the diaper leaked, then I washed the bedding. I did not keep them from drinking fluids. If they messed, I cleaned up after them without scolding and preferred showing them how to do something in such a way so that they do not mess. They were still learning. Even I still messed and broke things by accident.

If they asked to do or try something, but might get hurt, I would help them do it. When I would not let them have or do something, I explained why, saying that I would not like them getting hurt. I love them more than any other living being on this earth. I listened to them when they spoke. I loved their voices and their faces when they spoke. The innocence and curiosity and trust in their eyes. They were still pure little white sheets of paper. I wanted to cherish and honour that. I considered myself the happiest mother having these three children.

But, everything was not right. Something was wrong in the marriage. I was never able to figure out why I got the distinct impression their father did not love me. My feelings and impressions turned out to be the truth and resulted in my worst nightmare.

The setting now: I still have 3 children. I had given birth to them, so they must be my children. These children are breathing, so they must be alive. I look at my children from a window. I listen to their voices through the floor of the house. This is because my children are on the ground and first floor of the same building as the apartment in which I live.

A nanny potty trained my smallest child. My eldest child was lisping. He must have lost a milk tooth. My second child imploringly begs for what he wants, but is refused. I could not hold my children on their birthdays. I could not give them presents for Christmas. They spent their
first Christmas without me with complete strangers.

The father drops the children off at will, employs nannies at will, and allows anybody to take care of my children, who I am not allowed to even greet. These small children are left alone for weeks in the care of people that do not even speak their language. People this father does not know. I am not allowed to know who they are either.

A nanny mocks my children and tells them to be quiet when they are crying. When the children try to speak, she speaks non stop over them until they are quiet.

A nanny, she was the fourth nanny in four months, told my children they are ugly. How can anyone tell a toddler he is ugly?

They are talked over, screamed at, told they will listen, pulled out into the street and told to walk on their own. No one is listening to them. I listen to this father threatening in his cold voice that he is going to beat them. I hear, I see, and I can do nothing.

My children play in the snow and my heart bleeds to be with them. Seeing them also scares me. What fable is being told to my children about why their mother is not with them, caring for them and why she is ignoring them? Are able to hear me moving around in the apartment upstairs? I can hear them. I wonder if the children still want me? Will they understand that these horrible circumstances were not my choice, nor my doing?

The last time I held the eldest two children was when I came back from an appointment and they were outside the building. That was three months ago. Today is 15 February 2013. The eldest child had made something for me in school and I saw the child ringing the doorbell of the apartment when I arrived. I was so happy to see them. I accepted the eldest child's gift and gave him and my second child a hug and told them I love them very much. They left for school after that.

My smallest boy was inside the house. I had not held him since September 2012, five months to date. Even if I begged, cried and pleaded with this father, it would be of no use.

Also outside was this father, his mother and the nanny (she was the third one, I’ve been told). I ignored their presence and walked up the stairs to the front door with this father calling my name repeatedly. I stopped and looked at him. He said if I am outside when the children are outside, he is calling the police. I just looked at this person. My chest used to compress with fear hearing this man speak, but now feelings of disgust replaced the fear. The woman who had raised him was standing next to him with no emotion showing on her face.

I tried to wave to my children from the window in the mornings when they go to school. The father, nanny and even the visiting wife of the father’s eldest brother, took photographs of me whenever I tried to greet my children. There were now at times four people taking care of 3 small boys. I once put balloons outside the house for the children. The children have always loved balloons. These people took the balloons out of the children’s hands.

A week later this father sued me. This father in court stated that I was a danger to my children, as I had now “lost all touch with reality” and he “could not recognise his wife anymore”. This special forces trained man was at the end of his tether and lived in fear of his wife! He painted a picture of someone following the children around and harassing them. As a result, he wanted an interdict of 100 metre distance between me and my children, also an immediate eviction from the house apartment and an immediate divorce. I could not help but laugh. I wanted to send this man a picture of his wife, since his memory was so short. This same special forces trained man raided the apartment I was now living in, while I was away. This fact was omitted in the court document. It would not fit into the sympathy picture created for this poor father.

This father’s problem: he craves what he knows is unacceptable to a civilised, morally intact society. He knows his own children’s voices can expose his secret. Thus he is doing his utmost to keep his children silent, helpless, insecure, confused and as far away as possible from the person who can provide help and security for them; and in whom they had confided — their mother.
Chapter 2

The Courtship

I could be described as a free spirited person. Nature has always intrigued and inspired me and I did things like scuba diving, mountain climbing, camping, skydiving and travelling. My perspective was that everyone had the right to be and do what they wanted. I lived in a fairy tale world, where the horror on the television, which I did not even look at, was far removed from my reality. I try to stick to the Biblical laws of don’t steal, kill or lie, etc. I presumed that people around me did the same.

The first time I met this husband/father, he gallantly kissed my hand. It was his pseudo persona that was honed to perfection. We started dating while I was doing my degree and meddling with inventions. The only downside I could find in this relationship was that it was a long distance relationship. We lived on different continents, but we flew back and forth, visiting with each other.

Before we got married, this man showed care, compassion and had a playful composure. We went for long walks, holding hands. We walked in the woods while it snowed. We met at coffee shops. We watched TV on the couch and went to the movies. We cooked together and cleaned up together. He regularly cleaned his house. He had a relaxed composure. I smoked and he complained about it, but still dated me. We talked for hours on Skype. He was friendly, considerate, giving, gallant and had a sense of humour. We went sightseeing, holidaying together and scuba diving together. He was relaxed, made jokes, laughed and smiled. He created the impression of being an honest man, who likes the truth and cared for other people and loved life. He regularly spoke of people that had lied to him or that lie, and how wrong it was to lie. His numerous friends, of different walks of life, spoke highly of him. Giving me the impression that he is a charming, honest, caring, loving person, who is trustworthy and likeable. I loved this man. Who wouldn’t?

He visited the parents of a deceased friends and kept contact with the one friend’s widow and children. His many friends kept on saying: How kind… How considerate… dependable…generous. He told me how he sponsored a friend’s wedding. Friends of his told me how they will put their lives in his hands. How he stood by them when most people left. Yes, I got the impression that I was a lucky woman, because this nice man chose to date me.

Friends said they knew he was not going to marry his previous girlfriend. She was wrong for him. Even he said he was so unhappy when he dated her. She wanted to live the high life and only used him. He said: She only fought with him. She told him he had a split personality. She called him a snob. She played on his good nature to solicit money from him. She wrote to her ex-boyfriend that his one brother was homosexual and this ex-boyfriend then spread this rumour. She sounded such a horrid person. I felt sorry for him. His ex-girlfriend was not the only person to have...
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victimised him. His first big love had an affair with his nephew in the very same house they all shared. He said she gave the reason as feeling neglected because of him not giving enough attention to her. At that stage his attention giving seemed fine to me. I thought, this poor guy! How could such things happen to such a nice, kind, decent and honest person?

He asked me to take papers to the Revenue service. He said someone stole from him, done him in, and avoided taxation. He said he felt obligated to stop these dishonest people.

He painted a background of himself as somebody that succeeded against the odds. His parents paid for his other siblings' studies. Nobody helped him.

He painted a portrait of being victimised by most of the people he worked for. There was the superior in the defence force that did not want him to fly a certain helicopter and he was forced to leave. This superior pulled strings, so he could not get into airways. Business partners took over contracts that he concluded and worked him out.

He found a position flying the personal plane of a rich, international businessman. Several people were against him at this employer. Even his secretary went behind his back and told a story of something he had told her confidentially and thus he refused to speak to her ever again. However, he was nice enough and sent her a Christmas card each year. The main lawyer of this company was such a deceitful person that he just did not get along with him. Someone had to leave this company and it was either him or the lawyer. His contract was not renewed, but he knew why. This lawyer was doing the dirty work for the boss. Someone had to do it and since he is such an honest man, it cannot be him.

These kinds of stories went on seemingly endlessly. He mostly did corporate contract work and someone always did him in. Everyone always wanted his job. They wanted the maintenance contract for the aircraft he was managing and to work him out. He sent me email correspondence at the time, he said, so I can see the lies being told to discredit him. The emails depicted a man that slept while piloting an aircraft. A man who bickered for the smallest of discounts from the hotels to the fuel of the plane. A man that changed from being friendly, joking and relaxed to angry, impatient and aggressive. A man who wanted the air hostess to serve and socialise with him. When she refused, he pushed for her to be fired. A man who disregarded aviation safety rules and made his crew feel uncomfortable and unsafe. A man who did not take care of his subordinates' personal needs and displayed degrading behaviour towards them.

I read the correspondence and thought: Look at how these nasty people are trying to discredit this nice, hard working man.

I fell pregnant. This man was very happy and wanted to get married. I had a miscarriage, but we were getting married anyway.

He postponed the wedding date three times, because of commitments at the employer (where the people were “trying to discredit” him). This made it impossible to make any real plans or book the venue. The third time he postponed, I ended our relationship. He phoned back the next day, saying he cannot live without me and was getting the next available flight for us to get married. I forgave him.

I had wanted an intimate, romantic wedding at a rose garden venue, but compromised. I booked an outdoor venue for the evening, with only our close family attending. The wedding took place early 2006.
Chapter 3
True Colours

Around middle 2006 I left my native country to join my husband in the country he lived. He had left the company where the people were “only trying to discredit” him. This, after he refused to fly with two new pilots and felt sour that he was omitted in negotiating the purchase of a new aircraft. He said they went behind his back.

He informed everyone he knew, including the company they negotiated buying the new aircraft from, that these people “went behind his back”.

Shortly after arriving in the husband’s house to start this marriage, I realised that the man I was with now, was not the same person I was with before. It was small incidents that made me realise this: A few days after I arrived I asked him to help me open a bank account. He told me nobody helped him and I am on my own. Before, I had not heard the cold, angry voice he used or experienced his attitude. When one of his friends phoned, asking for help with opening a bank account, he was helpful. Weeks later he then did make arrangements for a bank account for me without saying anything.

He made decisions concerning my time and life without even discussing it with me. For example, telling his friend he is going to “drop me off” to visit with his wife, without having asked me. I questioned him on this behaviour about 5 days after my arrival, after he invited people with on our honeymoon trip without consulting me. His reply to me was that I am the most selfish person he had ever met. Before he married “the most selfish person he had ever met” he made an issue just over where I would like to sit in a restaurant. For example, in the sun might be too hot, shade might be too cold and what about my view? Continuously asking if I would like something else to eat or drink. His excessive behaviour did irritate me then, but he was behaving in that manner with others as well and then I assumed it was the caring part of his personality.

Because of his changed behaviour, I thought, this marriage is obviously a mistake and I need to leave. My shocked mother told me not to give up so easily. Saying marriage is not easy and two people have to work on it together. I pondered this. We had only been together for a week and this man was jobless and probably irritated. I decided to stay and work at the marriage. I became pregnant with our first child.

When I followed this husband in silence and complete obedience — no opinion, speaking or questions — it was bearable. If not, the man resembled a puffer blow up fish. He acted like a 4 year old, throwing a silent tantrum or ran out of the house, saying in his cold, deep voice, “If you are going to be like this, it is not going to work. You are on your own.” Sometimes he would be approachable, but I could never tell when he was the approachable man. It was always a game of chance.

He had plans to renovate his house and asked me if I did not want to take over the building project from the architect. I did not see how I would manage this effectively, as I did not speak any languages of the country or that the builders understood, I knew nothing of building and was pregnant. I refused to take the project over, but agreed to help. The building plan consisted of a new extension of 4 by 8 metres on 3 levels and a complete renovation of the old house.

This husband again found work and it required of him to be away from home a month and a half at a time. I had known his profession when I got married and this did not bother me. What did upset me was that he ignored me when he did come home. He would spend the entire day sitting on the sofa, surfing the internet and phoning people. When I spoke he would wave me away with his hand, saying I bother him and he is working.

I almost left when I was 7 months pregnant. He phoned me, from where he was, and said he had booked training for himself. The dates he gave fell over the baby’s due date! I reminded him of this. I thought maybe he had just forgotten. He replied, “When am I supposed to do my training?” Recurrent pilot training is a 5 day training course that a pilot does every year to keep his pilot’s skills and license up to date. Various companies offer this service and a pilot booked his chosen course dates. This husband chose, knowing I was on my own in a foreign country, of which I do not speak the language, having our first child.

I did not answer him, but when the conversation ended I started packing. I reasoned I could still fly, being seven months pregnant. A friend of his phoned and I told him I am leaving and why. Shortly after this husband phoned again, saying he changed his training dates and that he had only forgotten it was the due date of the
baby. I once again stayed. This friend’s wife and I went shopping a few weeks later. She told me her husband phoned him and told him not to book his training on the baby’s due date. Being embarrassed for having chosen a husband that does this to me, I made no reply. At home he denied having changed the dates because of this friend phoning him. He said he decided on his own to change the dates, having forgotten when the baby was due. Also that he already changed the date by the time this friend phoned him.

In this time I was kept busy with the building project. The building construction was to be done in three phases. The first phase was the renovation of the apartment on the second floor. We planned to live in this renovated apartment while the construction of the extension and renovation of the ground and first floors of this building were done.

There were delays and confusion. Some days, neither contractor, nor I could make contact with the architect’s building supervisor. I would end up instructing the builders on what they asked, in sign language, to enable the work to continue. The architect phoned me, saying I am interfering with his work. He said he was withdrawing from the project. This husband had asked me to take the project over and I then decided to do this myself. Warning this husband that I was going to make mistakes. He did not seem to have a problem with that.

This husband that was away from home for most of the time was also offered a contract with a corporate jet managing company. I had a dormant company registered in my home country. I opened it with the idea to develop inventions. Now, this husband said we have this company, so we can use it. I agreed to this. He asked me if I would draw up the contract between him and this corporate jet managing company and, when the contract started, also asked me to handle the invoicing. He claimed to be struggling with the computer program and said it took too much of his time. I said I will help.

This husband was still working on another contract and gave me names of pilots to contact for employment on this new contract. The pilot I employed wanted to work full time, but planned to leave after six months. This husband planned to work on this contract himself. He left his previous company for the birth of the baby. He said, because of how he left there was friction and they did not want to pay him. Around a year later he tried to sue this employer, saying he could only find new employment several months later and had to pay for his own recurrent training. These were lies. He was taking commission from his corporate jet managing contract. He also waited for the employed pilot on this contract to leave so he could take it over, meaning he did have a job. This new company also covered the expenses for his recurrent training. He did not pay for this himself.

I had health problems in my last month of my pregnancy and did blood tests every 2nd-3rd day. The doctor called it Hellp syndrome, pregnancy induced hypertension. The baby was also overdue and a Caesarian section was scheduled, which I did not want. God made a woman to give birth and there must be a reason. I drank castor oil. Our first child was born in the hospital. This husband was there. He held a lamp for the doctor. He repeatedly told me, while I was recuperating in the hospital, how incredibly busy he was at home, having to do the washing. I had asked him to wash some clothes of me and the baby. We had a washing machine and dryer.

The 2nd floor apartment was completely renovated by the time of the baby’s birth. The renovation of the two lower floors of the building and the exterior extension still needed to be built. We needed to move from the 1st floor apartment to the 2nd floor apartment for this. On arrival home, after about four days in the hospital, this husband asked me to help carry sofas and cupboards to the 2nd floor apartment. I did not feel well and asked him to rather phone his friends to help him do this. I doubted if I had the strength to carry a sofa up a flight of stairs. This husband was angry and told me I am ungrateful and unhelpful.

He stayed home for about three months, before taking over from the pilot which was leaving. The main construction on the extension of the house started a month later.

Apart from doing a stock take when he returned home, which included literally counting the cutlery and making me search for any that is missing until I find it, this father had more games. It involved convincing a person of having lost all their senses, perceptions and true feelings. This was done by using lies, manipulation, repetition of insults, deception and denial of what had happened or what was said. Also included in his games were dismissal or denial of another person’s emotions. To explain this to people was difficult. Small things, tiny, petty incidents were used as his justification bases for his actions and words. Used mostly in not worth mentioning, or unimportant, situations. No, he would say, I never said that, you cannot remember
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anymore. No, I did not put the bottle there, you cannot remember what you are doing anymore. Eventually my thoughts were: if it is not he, then it is I, but I don’t remember putting that there. Could it be possible that I cannot remember what I am doing, seeing, saying or hearing anymore? He would say, no, you never said you’re sorry — this while I was busy saying I’m sorry. When I point this out, he would say, no, you are not feeling sorry, I can see. If I forgot something, he would repeat, see you can’t remember what you are doing anymore. His other sayings were, you deserved to be treated badly. You were rude to me, so I will be rude to you. But, I could not remember being rude? He constantly asked where everyday things were in the house, saying I keep moving things around. When I did not rearrange cupboards at all? When I tried to discuss something with him, he cut me short, saying, “You think you know everything,” or, “You just want to fight.” There would always be punishment, for example, being ignored for days and reminded by him of what I did or said wrong, according to him.

This husband had other games as well. He would also find fault. Even the smallest incidents, for example, me closing a door too hard and then, later in the same day, I had not closed a door at all. If the wind blew a door closed he would be angry at me and stayed cross for a whole day, because of a door. His reaction was so severe I looked at this door, thinking, am I missing something? Maybe it is not still there and in working condition? But it was. If I did counter him, he would start with respect. Respect for his “things” and my lack of it. And how this, according to him, meant I had no respect for him.

One day we climbed through a window inspecting the building site. When it was his turn, he accidentally pushed the cookie jar off the window-sill. It fell and broke. He turned to me and said, “It is your fault. You put it there.”

By accident, he pushed something off the top of the kitchen cupboard. When it fell and broke, he came to me, at the time in another room, and told me I broke it. I had put it on top of the cupboard, so I had broken it, he said. If I tried to explain to him he had an accident. No one is to blame. This resulted in a fight, where I listened to him saying I do not have respect for his things. This always evolved into him saying I have no respect for him. And I would be ignored later as my punishment for either “not having respect”, having done or said “something” he does not approve of or for having “talked back” and then told I am rude to him. The mistakes that I did make, or accidents I had, were hugely exaggerated on and I was constantly reminded of them.

I was kept very busy. I had the new baby, the building architecture, construction management, finding quotes for the building, this husband’s administration and the normal house management. This husband also decided that I am his personal assistant and called me this. If I refused to do something I listened to him saying how ungrateful and unhelpful I am. It felt as if I was frantically treading water the whole time.

Somehow I could not put into words what was happening. These incidents seemed so petty, meaningless and small to me. How do you complain over someone saying you had taken a simple small bottle out of the cupboard, but you did not. How do you explain to someone that a small petty incident did not make sense to you? He also made me feel like I was at fault and a bad person, which made me feel guilty, ashamed and this inhibited my speaking up. He made it sound as if he was making the correct judgement on me.

He did all this gradually and slowly. He kept periods in-between where he would be “nice” and normal. Over the years of marriage these “nice” periods shortened while his “game” periods gradually increased.

I became pregnant again when my eldest child was eight months old. During the pregnancy this husband started mentioning the one flight attendant a lot when he spoke to friends over Skype. He sang her praises and told people what a good person and worker she is. Then I started noticing a lot of pictures of her on his camera. Pictures of her and their outings. Pictures of them clinking glasses in restaurants, pictures of them on a boat, pictures of her in front of monuments, etc. He himself showed me these pictures. He always smiled in these pictures and looked happy. I did not perceive him that way at home. He never looked happy when at home unless he was speaking to a person on Skype. When I asked him if he would take me out for dinner he replied he does not enjoy going out for dinner. He said he only goes to a restaurant while working, because he needed to eat not because he likes it. Before our marriage we used to eat out and he seemed to like it.
Our second child was born when the eldest was seventeen months old. I had decided on a home birth. This father had no preferences and met with the midwife. It was holiday season and also the builders' holiday when I phoned the midwife at 8:30 one morning and told her I am in labour. This father kept on telling me I am exaggerating and not in labour. The midwife said if I can speak to her in such a manner, the baby is still very far away. The baby was born at 10:00. The midwife was late. This husband caught the baby. He immediately gave the child to me, saying, “He is not breathing.” The midwife did show us what to do under the circumstances, and I held this brand new life in my arms while he gave his first breath.

This husband did not understand that I needed to rest and spend time with my new baby, and ignored my requests. He invited people to visit the entire next two days and expected me to carry on as if I had not just given birth. I obliged, feeling helpless in a sense, and then got mastitis a few days later. To which I moved into the spare room with the new baby, stayed in bed for a week and for once I ignored this father. He did bring me food in bed. He phoned all his acquaintances and boasted how he had to deliver the baby.

My mother came to visit when the new baby was 1 month old. The builders had begun working again and this husband gave me instructions, as if he was ordering an employee. The building was all he spoke about. What I needed to do. How I needed to do it. What I should be busy with. What I had done wrong. I digested the whole situation and I told this husband he must say thank you to God, because He is the only reason I am still around. This husband laughed, as if I had made a joke.

Still during my mother’s visit I was speaking on Skype with this husband one evening around 23:30. I stopped speaking, because I could see his attention was not with me. He seemed to be reading on the internet and had forgotten about me. I watched on the video as the flight attendant this father had described as wonderful, walked, without knocking, into this husband’s hotel room. She came and stood against him and put her arm around his shoulders. He carried on reading, putting his arm around her waist and sat like that. After a moment he jumped up and said, “Say hullo to my wife.” When he came home, I confronted him. No, he said, he was not having an affair. She did not have a camera. She was asking him to take pictures of her, hence the many pictures of her. No, she came to fetch water in his room that night! She could not find water anywhere else, because he had the water in his room. I just listened to this.

A month later, he again showed me pictures of their sightseeing trips. These again included pictures of the camera-less flight attendant. Then I saw a picture of him, this flight attendant and another pilot on a bed, with her lying against this husband, in the crook of his arm. Not in both pilots’ arms, only his. I got upset and confronted him. He said the picture was meant as a joke. They sent it to everyone at their office, because they were accidentally booked into the same room. I was not laughing. I told him that I am not taking pictures of me with building constructors on a bed as a joke. I worked with them all day in the house. I told him it felt as if I was in a desert, dying of thirst and he was giving my water to someone else. I told him if he wants to live on the borderline where one is not entirely sure on which side of the line he really is, then he can go. For the first time this man apologised to me. This air hostess, after a year without one, managed to buy a camera. While I listened to this husband saying I am only a jealous person.

I had feelings of jealousy. I caught myself envying anyone that appeared to have a normal, loving marriage. I even envied people that said they had maternity leave with time to just spend with, and enjoy, their baby. I used to be very sure of what I liked and wanted. This gradually changed, I became unsure of myself, doubted myself and drifted with the current. I pretended in front of visitors that everything was normal. I even pretended in front of this husband to be happy about things when I was not. My reasoning was, that I will make the sacrifice to make it work. I must just try harder to do everything right. On occasion the old me came back and I would be like a donkey, but mostly I kept silent. I reasoned the more perfect I am, the less he will have reason to complain about me. The more I do, the more he will appreciate me and not call me unhelpful, ungrateful and would not ignore me. It felt as if I was on a roller coaster. This husband told me it is my fault. That I was to blame.

I do have a temper and can be a bitch, I knew it. This made me feel guilty and ashamed afterwards if I had countered him. I thought myself to be a horrible person. This man started saying I have hormone problems. He phoned my mother regularly and told her this. When speaking to her, I would tell her something is wrong, because I don’t seem to remember things anymore. My mother would then say, you are just pregnant, you are just breastfeeding, you are just not getting enough sleep, the building is difficult for you, you have too many
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things on your plate. That was true, but it did not explain the hatred I felt from this husband, because I did not manage to be “perfect” somehow.

This man was mostly away and when he came home, he inspected the building site. He would tell me what I still need to do and voiced his disapproval of things that had been done. He did not instruct the builders. He expected me to do this and I did. His contribution was to ask the builders if they wanted coffee or tea and then he made it for them.

A wealthy businessman he had worked for, disappeared mysteriously. This husband laughingly told me this man had sold a company to two people. I looked, but could not find this in the news. This husband also told me they smuggled this businessman’s highly pregnant girlfriend into America, but, in the news, this businessman was married with a child?

Each month there was a problem at the bank with the payments from this husband’s corporate flying contract. The bank kept refusing to accept the money transfer from this company. They said the money is transferred in the name of a company and the account holder’s name is this husband’s. Using a friend of his, this husband then opened an account at a bank in the name of my company. I found this out when he sent me the new account details for his administration. I thought how is this possible?

I started confronting him regarding tax. I had done the administration and invoices for more than a year. As far as I could see there was no tax being payed. He replied he does not need to pay tax, since he is earning his income in another country. As far as I knew, if a company makes money it needs to pay tax. That he was using my company name started bothering me. I told him I am done doing the administration for his contract. Also that I want him to leave my company alone and use his own, like he had been doing before. After a while, mail arrived from another bank in my company name. He opened a credit card account and my company name was also on it? I got cross and told him to change it. He said he can use any name he wanted. I said, “So do that.” He did not. I kept on asking him for two years with no result. I still kept on wondering why he is not using his own company and discovered the answer. He had made me an accomplice to fraud, and he was using this to attempt to threaten me into silence.

He withdrew money in cash, walked over the street to another bank and deposited it into his fraudulent accounts. This was, simply put, a game creating difficulty in pinning the tail on the donkey. The line that lead to him was difficult to trace and proof.

I had also noticed it was as if he avoided signing any contracts with the building. He would tell me, “Handle the builders. You can speak their language.” When I did not speak their language. The architect sued this husband for payment for his first work and I was made to handle this, after this husband refused to speak to the architect. He did not answer the phone when this man tried to phone him, but would give the phone to me. The court case lasted over two years. This husband did not attend court once, translate any court papers or write any counter arguments. That was left to me. He was nowhere.

He carried on with his internet research on the current news and phoned friends to inform them of the world situation. Nothing more important was ever happening directly around this husband that he deemed required his attention more than this research and him needing to keep contact with other people.
The main house was liveable in summer 2009. We moved out of the apartment on the 2nd floor into the house on the ground and 1st floors. This house now consisted of 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, a separate toilet and 30 square metre extension living space on the 1st floor.

The renovation of the old part of the building was finished. I started a vegetable garden and herbs in pots with the help of the children. I already planted grass, with my mother’s help, when I was eight months pregnant with my second child. I wanted a place outside for the children to play. I was told by this father, “You want it, you plant it.” This husband came home, was happy with his grass, and took me to the shop to choose a lawnmower so I can maintain it.

In this house, when I asked for time as a couple, this husband replied that he had built the house for me and I am ungrateful.”

He became obsessed with cleanliness, damage of possessions and having control over everything. He came back from a work trip and walked around looking for damage on the wooden floors, walls, etc. Sometimes it would be damage he remarked on already.

He did not count the cutlery any longer, although these were new. If he did find something damaged or wrong in the house he would have a lengthy, raging discussion with me in his cold voice of: Who had done this? How did the child do it? Why were you not looking? Did you give the child a hiding? Did you hit him hard, so that he does not do it again?

He scrubbed furiously with his finger at a piece of a sticker on the leather couch and damaged the colour permanently. The very next day he wanted to know who had caused this damage. He also, on several occasions, took most of the carpets out the house to the upstairs apartment. According to him I had no respect for them. After a few days he brought them back. The carpets were never damaged. If I countered him, he did his “run out of the house” routine, saying I am on my own and/or I would be punished by being ignored and/or insulted for days for having no respect for his possessions. His conclusion was always: I do not have respect for his possessions, hence I do not have respect for him; I did not appreciate what he had given me and I showed no gratitude.

I became pregnant with my third child. This was a shock. I told this husband I would like to go on a holiday. Every holiday we went to his parents’ farm in our home country and I needed a break from everything, including this. He obliged, booking a week on the cheapest holiday package he could find and started criticising everything on our arrival. I was glad for the break.

I started having a miscarriage during the holiday, or so I thought. While I was in the bathroom for most of the day, the children were cooped up in the one room we occupied. I asked this husband if he would take the children to the beach. He replied, “Who is going to watch them?” He was watching tennis on the television and ignored the children. The evening, when I thought it was over, I asked him to get me products at the pharmacy. He did this. When he did help me, he loved reminding me and loved saying that he had sacrificed his time for me. He did this.

After the holiday I still got morning sickness, although I felt sure I was not pregnant anymore. I was wrong. It was placenta previa. The baby was fine.

I noticed several behavioural patterns of this father. For example, when he was away for work, he would occasionally be friendly and loving over Skype. He would send, “I miss you and love you,” messages and even say it to me on Skype. When at home he did not repeat these love messages. After three years of marriage he started sending me emails containing jokes. Before, he had sent emails only for instructing me. When he came home and was in a good mood, we were novelties. He would spend time with us for a few days at the most and then he swept us under the carpet, as if he had had his fill and is bored with us. When under the spotlight, which would be when we were in the presence of other people, he maintained his outward impression and nice guy character perfectly. He would be smiling, joking and have a constant serving attitude. He again became grumpy and controlling when the performance was over - isolating himself in front of his computer. Where he waved us away with a hand-wave when we “bothered” him. Until he pulled us out again for the next performance, when needing to give the impression of the perfect family. Outside the house, he literally bowed, smiling to the neighbours and passersby in greeting them.
He has a relaxed composure with other people, but in the house he was always stressed and in a hurry. His family needed to do what he says, or be ready to go somewhere, at once for him. He refused to wait for us. We waited for him to finish what he was doing. For example, we waited before meals, or if we were ready to go somewhere he would first speak to another person on Skype. We waited, sometimes for half an hour. He was allowed, but we were not allowed to be a second behind. Many times he raged on in the house about me being late, when I was not. When we exited the house and there was a neighbour, he switched, oozed friendliness and had long conversations with them. It was as if he had forgotten he was in a hurry. The children and I would wait in the car for him. This always baffled me.

This man used to vacuum his house at least three times during the day, while we were dating and I was visiting. I used to think he was obsessed with vacuuming, owning three machines. After I arrived, he never touched a vacuum cleaner again. If he saw something lying on the floor or a spot on the floor he pointed it out to me and would tell me where I must clean. He stopped cleaning the car as well. He told me that if I want to drive his car, I better clean it. He complained when I did not manage to get to it. I ignored him and cleaned when I could. I remember vacuuming and cleaning the car in the winter, heavily pregnant with my third child, while he “worked” on his computer.

My marriage to me had gone from, crying when I took this man to the airport when he left for work, to, crying when I had to go and fetch him at the airport when he came home.

During my pregnancy with my third child I got anxiety attacks the moment this husband entered a room I was in. When he spoke in his deep, cold voice, I ran for a window, leaning out, because it felt as if I could not get enough air.

He was at that time living in the 2nd floor apartment when he was home. He even slept there. He was studying for a flying license conversion. He kept on telling neighbours and people on Skype, speaking for hours, how we are bothering him. The acoustics in the building is good, so I heard him. He told them he was not sure if he was going to pass because of this, when we only saw him when he came downstairs for meals. I drew up a schedule for him to spend time with me and the children after meals. He agreed to it, but never kept to it on his own. I had to phone him to find out when he is coming to the house. He would say, “I am busy, give me five minutes.” After the five minutes we waited again. I would again have to phone, getting the same message. If we started, for example, eating without him, he would be upset that we did not wait for him. I tore up this agreement. It meant nothing to him and only served to annoy me.

My mother came to help me for three months with the baby’s birth. This husband was now at home studying. With all her previous visits, this husband left shortly after my mother’s arrival and returned a few days before or after she had left. In this time, this husband asked me if a friend of his, with his family, can come to visit for a week. My mother and this husband were using the apartment. This husband was making comments of not going to pass and that he was behind in his studies. This, he said, because we bothered him. My marriage was in tatters. I was eight months pregnant, with two small children. I said no. This husband continued to ask me. At an earlier occasion, when my second child was about four months old, this husband had wanted to visit these friends of his and asked me to phone his friend’s wife. She said it did not suit her, because her mother was visiting. I did not continually ask her, but accepted her answer. After being continually asked by this husband, I agreed that if they don’t mind helping, ok. They then decided not to come and booked at a holiday resort. This husband was furious with me. He left his studies and joined them for a day at their holiday spot. Throughout the marriage this husband proceeded with his games of confusion. I started believing him and decided I cannot remember what I am doing and saying. I told myself I am a horrible person. I had feelings of anger and unhappiness. I did not recognise myself anymore and avoided close contact with people. What I believed literally changed in a moment. It was early evening in winter and we were preparing to walk to an event in our street. This husband could not find his gloves and was again blaming me, saying I had put them somewhere and I cannot remember. I took the children’s double push stroller out of the back of the car and lifted my second child into it, but could not pick up the eldest, who felt too heavy with my back and eight months pregnant stomach. I asked this father if he will help me. He was still looking for his gloves. He turned and said, “If you want a slave, you should find someone else.” My mother, still on her visit, overheard him. She said, “How can you speak to her like that.” He replied, “She was rude to me, that is why I was rude to her.” My mother replied, “She was not rude. She had asked nicely.” My mother is very quick to tell me if I had done
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something wrong or had been rude, of which I am capable of occasionally. She would not say I asked nicely, if I did not.

A light went on in my head. After lifting the eldest child into the stroller I walked with the children down the road, thinking that this husband has the problem all along. He is a liar and he seemed to be very comfortable with and convincing at it. For some reason I did not understand he wanted me to be confused, struggling and unhappy.

After this incident I decided to spend time with myself for a change. With my mother taking care of the children, I started going to the woods to walk and get away alone. I had stopped smoking completely and now decided to have a cigarette. I used to be a smoker when this father met me and when he dated me. However, this husband did not want me to smoke. His reasoning was it was as if I am having an affair and that he can have an affair with someone if I smoke. I reasoned one cannot tell if he had had an affair or not. Even if he did, there was no marriage to speak of.

I felt horrible, because I was eight and a half months pregnant and started praying to God, while I was in the woods. I cried and begged forgiveness for who I had become, what I had done wrong and was doing wrong. I did not like being this scared, angry and unhappy person.

Somehow I knew at once I was not alone and that God loves me. He did not like what I do sometimes, but He still loves and accepts me even with my imperfection.

I felt a peace that I cannot describe. Things changed. An example of this: I did not have to run for the window for air anymore when this husband entered a room. The change was so remarkable, I remember being amazed when I realised I could just breathe.

On one of my visits to the woods I remembered an experience while scuba diving a few years before my marriage. During this specific scuba dive I felt extremely uncomfortable and left the dive group I was diving with, thinking it will be more peaceful alone. I had experience in diving and had my own emergency buoy. This I needed to inflate and send up to signal the boat where I was. But I could not remember how to open this emergency buoy and was trying to untie knots on it. I could not read my air gauge. The fact that it was nitrogen narcosis, which I have never experienced, did not register. I hyperventilated, felt out of breath, lost control and, unbeknown to me, began to swim for the surface in a state of blind panic.

I was stopped almost three metres off the bottom of the ocean by a man’s voice. Then helped to such an extent that I could send my buoy to the surface and continued diving. Still without being able to read the air gauge, but not panicking about it and finally, making a controlled ascent to the surface.

At the time I unsuccessfully tried explaining this incident to myself and decided to move on and forgot about it. But in the woods I started asking myself if this could have been God who had helped me? I did not live a sinless life, on the contrary. I always called myself a Christian, but went to church mostly only on New Year’s Eve. I did acknowledge and admire what God had created and considered this amazing.

I tried to think whether I thought of God or asked Him for help during that scuba dive. I did not. The other option of course is: I was going to die, it was not my time and maybe God looked down and said, “Look what she had done. I had better help this stupid woman.”

I told this husband of God and what He had done for me. I found it amazing, but was met with: It is normal. God speaks to everyone. I was still excited.

I smoked for three weeks before this husband found out. He was livid at my “betrayal”. In his cold voice, he raged on about me having lied and deceived him. His hatred was obvious and he treated me accordingly. My mother was shocked, saying she cannot leave me like this and organised marriage counselling for us with consent from us both. He was treating her badly as well, because he said she had also betrayed him by not telling him I had started smoking again.

This husband was diagnosed with Percy’s decease at the age of four and blamed smoking (his father smoked) for this. After an operation, he was in a plaster cast for over two years from his waist down. His parents put wheels on his cast and he pulled himself over the floor by his arms.

This husband’s father proudly told me his son had never asked for help during this time. I had found this comment very strange, thinking my children at almost the same age, are not inhibited and constantly asks for help. However, this husband told me his father was hardly around and was always working.

This husband told my mother that the birth of the baby was my and her “problem”. If the child comes before a
certain date, he is still around, but after that he had arranged to leave. My mother said there was a smirk on
his face while he was saying this. I confronted him and he said he did not know the due date for the child. He
knew this from accompanying me to the doctor and I told him that. He then changed his story, saying I had not
told him when the baby is due. He still had the paper on his desk on which I had estimated the date range for
him. I showed him. He then said he made a joke. I told him that a joke makes one laugh, not cry.

In the meantime my third child felt enormous and the doctor said another two weeks before the baby is due.

Two midwives were on standby, in case the previous birth repeated itself. This husband had no preferences
and did not show excessive interest in any of my pregnancies or decisions made about them, as well as the
births.

My third child was also born at home. The midwife was on time.

The baby was a sturdy, strong boy, weighing around 4.2 kilograms. The other children were ecstatic with their
new brother. The new baby was calm and had no problems feeding. I had chosen to give birth to the baby in
the 2nd floor apartment to not disturb the other children, and now rested in the apartment for a week with the
new baby. His brothers regularly and excitedly visited him.

In this time my mother confronted this husband of mine with the way he was treating me and his subtle,
negative insinuations he constantly made of me. She said she told him he was only outwardly friendly, had
bullish behaviour in the house and had a split personality. This made him angry. He told me she was no longer
welcome in his home. He told me his parents do not even speak to him in that fashion. When thinking about it,
I realised that this husband grew up with excessive rules on things like food, manners, physical boundaries for
protection of possessions. However, no rules and boundaries on lies, manipulative games and intimidation. I
have observed behaviour from his parents that included coldness, excessive control, manipulation and lies. I
get the impression, in their rearing process, actions like these were promoted rather than punished.

After my third baby’s birth I concentrated on what I would like to do, not what this husband expected me to do
for his approval of me. I decided to take care of myself so that I could take care of my children.

The marriage counsellor this husband and I were seeing spoke of emotional abuse and I researched this on
the internet, recognising this husband’s tactics. I also identified some of my own behaviour as abusive. I
ordered a book on Amazon and studied the advice in it. I figured this may be another avenue — if I adjust
myself and move out of this destructively patterned marriage this husband might follow.

I paid attention to changing my attitude towards my marriage and towards this father. I did not desperately
seek out his company, nor his approval or love. I did not respond to any of his games and tried to not let it
upset me.

I started reading again. I played guitar again and sang to the children. I started sculpting with plaster of paris
and allowed the children to sculpt with me. He would complain about the mess the plaster of paris was
making. He did not have to clean anything. I cleaned. He complained about the children playing on the guitar,
saying I allow the children to do what they want. This global statement was not the truth and the guitar
belonged to me. He increased his attacks and threats in what can be described as periods of angry bursts
with in between periods of normality.

This was when I started paying attention to the behavioural and verbal tactics he used on me and the children.
I never confronted him. I noticed that confrontations distracted me.

Sometimes this husband could be friendly. Then it started again with the slightest thing, for example, if he
found (looking purposely) any fruit or vegetable going off in the refrigerator drawer or basket. An apple going
off started him on a ranting spree where he would tell me how wasteful I am living. I always kept ample fresh
fruit and vegetables, because I raised my children on this, wanting them to have good eating habits. This
meant he could always find something to use in his angry raving sprees.

Someone messing or dirt on the floor would set him off in a rage. It was as if he wanted others to maintain
total cleanness the entire time around him. He did not clean, but ordered.

His ideology was limited to this cleanliness. Things in the house were not done yet: the house needed safety
railings. This caused anxiety and discomfort for me with three small children. He wanted wires installed for a
sound system, but never connected this, and wires were hanging from the ceiling. We lived with a light globe
hanging from live wires in the living room. I hired a handyman to fix things around the house. I asked this husband if I could use his power drill for putting up the wall lights and he refused vehemently, saying I am not going to drill holes in his walls.

The maintenance of the house did not bother him. The roof was leaking. His ideology was as long as there was not a spot or dirt on the floor, the roof could leak - permanently damaging the wooden floor. His reasoning made sense to him.

This husband’s main point of discussion is politics, news and the world economy (the downfall of society, as he predicts). He perceives it as a tool to create an impression of himself. He then gains admiration or cause friction, depending on his desires. Because he spent most of his time researching on this on the internet, he had more information than the average bloke on the street. He called his research on the internet “work” and said he was getting the information to enable him to have conversations with others.

He asked me to order multiple copies of books for him on the internet. He lent these with flare to people visiting, telling them what a wonderful informational book it was, but he did not read it.

I noticed this husband’s generosity is false. He is very stingy, unless he could profit in a way, for example, buying big presents for friends or their children to look good and impress them. He would buy presents for other people’s children and he tried to force me to take back toys I bought for our children. “They don’t need it, you are wasting money,” he would say.

If I wanted to buy something for the interior of the house, he would say, “You can get it later,” or, “you don’t need this,” or “you just want to spend.” He did allow me to buy things for the house, while my mother was visiting. This of course impressed her. Giving, to him, has to serve a purpose, create an impression and benefit him.

From the change in his personality, I could tell when he wanted something from me and/or when he invited someone to visit before he even informed me. He changed from angry, stressed and unhappy to relaxed and friendly with me and the children. I felt like a piece of meat being put in marinade, made ready for the meal (the visit).

He wanted his rules to be obeyed blindly. Even ones that did not practically function or served a meaningful purpose. He changed these rules for other people. When people visited with children these visiting children would be on the sofa with shoes and/or eat on it. Then he would ignore his strict rules and even give them food, where he gave our children a hiding and used his cold voice. We bought a jolly jumper and all the children used it, but only the smallest child was allowed in it later out of fear that it would break with the weight of the eldest two children. He ripped the eldest two children out of it and went off in his raging voice when he found them jumping in it. Visitors’ children of their age were left to jump in it, while he stood by with a smile on his face. I watched my children’s confusion when they looked at the visiting child jumping, and realised the impression created with them was that they are worth less than the visitors’ children. I asked the parents to take their child out and explained why. This husband was silent.

He would sit at the dining room table, phone female friends of his while smiling, joking and laughing with them. I asked him once why he was capable of being friendly to them and not to me. He said they are kind to him. They are kind? They do his washing? They cook him food? They clean up after him having messed in the toilet? They had given birth to three sons? They had worked at renovating and building him a house?

I received a grant from the government and gave this for the household and never kept money. I started putting money into a separate account. When this husband realised it he threatened to withdraw himself financially from me and the children. He refused to contribute towards the household. If I told him I needed money, he would say, “No, you have money.” I was still giving two-thirds of this money I received for the household and refused to give more. He refused to add to this, so I could manage financially. I persisted and refused to back down. I told him I was going to report him to the authorities if he does not contribute towards the household. My expenses in a month were earned by this father in three days’ work. We agreed to an amount, after several months of negotiations. He never kept to this. Sometimes he contributed nothing. I ignored this.

He was unhelpful with the smallest of details, for example, refusing that the computer in the 2nd floor apartment, that we used to speak with him on Skype, be moved into the house. He would phone on the house phone and tell me to go up to the apartment with the children, so they could speak on Skype. This happened several times a day. I was forced to leave everything, take the children and go at once or he would be cross.
My second child got upset and threw a tantrum when we went to the apartment and I needed to carry him screaming and kicking up the stairs. After our third child’s birth, I had two children to carry up the two flights of stairs several times a day when this husband phoned. It could have been one flight of stairs, but because the safety railings by the front doors were not done I took the interior stairs for safety reasons. I kept on asking this husband to move the computer into the house, but he repeatedly told me the fax machine will not work if the computer is moved. Electronic technology comprehension is not my strong point and I did not question this. This husband mostly phoned at critical times, for example, when I have to prepare food or the children needed to bathe or eat. He refused a regular phoning schedule. He had ample time, on standby in his hotel room, to just talk. He could not understand that I had activities that took priority with the care of the children at times. Shortly after our third child’s birth I got fed-up with the ridiculous setup. Thinking that I would find a way to sort out what was not going to work, I carried the computer downstairs into the house. Only to find out that everything, including the fax, were still working. This left me with one question: Why was this husband trying to make my life difficult?

I taught the eldest child how to answer and phone his father on Skype. This disturbed this husband and he said I allowed the children to do whatever they want. We did not have a television in the house and I also allowed the children to watch DVDs on the computer. This resulted in the children watching DVDs when this father phoned on the computer. This man that occupies himself with his computer, waving us away saying we bother him, threatened the eldest child that he was going to take the computer away, if they do not immediately stop what they were doing, and first speak to him. I got fed-up while listening to him and told him to take the computer away at once and get it done with, and to stop threatening small children. He denied being threatening and then did not take the computer away.

This husband expected us to be available all the time, as the computer was now in the house. He phoned constantly, sometimes to say he cannot speak, he is going out shopping, to the gym, eating out or sightseeing.

If he could not reach us on the computer (Skype), he phoned the land line and if that was not answered, he phoned on the cellular. I do not like a cellular and preferred not to walk around with it. If he did not reach us, this resulted in trouble for me. His constant desire for contact was not out of concern for us. There was no care or concern in his words, only the desire for control in wanting to know everything. He had a flight schedule, accessible on the internet or via his emails, that was worked out at least a month in advance. I had seen it before. But he did not want to give this to me when I asked so communication could be easier arranged. He insisted on informing me only the day before of his next day’s schedule. When he phoned we had to be available and sitting in front of the computer, not moving or making a noise, unless he gave that person permission to speak. These small children lost interest and started playing. He blamed me for not having full control over them.

My mother told me about a book by a Christian author and said I should read it. I looked up information on this author on the internet and found an odd warning on a commonly used website, claiming her to be “fake”. The book, however, had good ratings and comments on the internet. The book itself was about satanism, repentance and conversion to Christianity. I had met people who were converted satanists and they had told me terrible stories of what these devil worshippers do in rituals. How demons tortured them if they wanted to leave this “religion”.

I started reading this book, but halfway through decided to read my Bible instead. I hardly ever understood the Bible before and got bored reading it. This time was different. After putting the children to bed I read for hours and did not get bored.

This husband and I were still going to marriage counselling for a few months after our third child’s birth. During one of the sessions he got very angry with the counsellor and accused her, in his cold voice, of playing games. Another session he stormed out in anger. The counsellor advised us to get divorced. Get married to get divorced. I had three children. I had gotten this far and had survived, amazingly fairly intact. I knew, just like with the scuba dive, that I could not have survived on my own.

I approached this husband and asked him if he is prepared to concentrate on our religion, Christianity, to help us in our marriage. He agreed to this.

Something that bothered me tremendously was that he was taking the eldest two children, then 3 and 2 years, to a pub on Sunday mornings. He would put them in the trailer hooked to his bicycle and say he is taking them to the play-park, but always ended up in the pub with them.

I had voiced my disapproval of it before, but he would say the children get something to drink, they had fun.
And it carried on. This time I put my foot down and said, “No more pubs for toddlers.” In the culture he and I were raised in this was considered very bad character and behaviour of a father. This father was cross, but I did not think a toddler had any business in a pub, socialising with grown men drinking. There were no other children. I knew how this husband got when he was in his “impressing people” routine.

The children did not know of God and we did not attend church. I started teaching my children of God. How He had created them, the people and everything they see around them. How He was their Father in heaven and He loved them and He was happy with them. That children, like them, belong to Him. That He can see everything and looked at them, saying, “I am so pleased with you.” I told them I am also pleased with them.

That I did not care for what they do sometimes, but that I will love them, no matter what.

I started questioning myself why I was doing things and how do I feel doing it? Discovering that I had been living in fear. Cleaning a floor out of fear! Fear for what this husband would do or say. Even in his absence I continued this behaviour. This husband revived the fear as it pleased him and I responded accordingly. In fearing him I had given him control over me. I reasoned obeying someone out of fear of wrongful punishment, was not love. The person instilling this unreasonable fear did not love me. It was done for control and power over me. It was obvious that the instances he used to display his anger was misplaced. It was not out of care for us that he got angry. It was in showing care of the wall, the floor, the carpet, the sofa and anger for disobeying him in small meaningless instances. While he dismissed our real fears of imminent danger, for example, possibly falling down one story front stairs or out of a sliding door, both without railings.

I had found that a majority of this husband’s sayings to me, for instance, “If you want a slave you must find someone else”, was something I can say to him. He did not treat me as a wife, but as a slave. Ordering, telling me I must do as he says, as if I had no choice or will be punished. I had worked for him throughout my pregnancies. I raised my children. I hardly rested with very little sleep. I cleaned and maintained the house, garden and the car. I was a reasonable housekeeper. I cooked a full fresh meal every night, loved baking cakes and organising birthday parties for the children. I made cushion covers, curtains and paintings for the house. This husband kept on hinting, saying I am his personal assistant. Even after I had decided to keep myself very far away from his business matters. I disliked the way he was doing his business. It was very far removed from the “honest man” picture he had painted before our marriage.

Throughout everything he constantly managed to tell me how unappreciative and unhelpful I am, if I declined to do something or ask for something. He would tell me I never said thank you for what he gave to me. Which is untrue. He constantly told me how selfish I am, when he mostly did what he wanted to do. He still led his private life. He helped me just when it suited him. I could not depend on this help. With his work he was mostly on standby in a 5 star hotel with a gym. No real responsibilities, except making it in time for his 5 star buffet breakfast, but seemed to still succeed in creating an impression of being extremely occupied.

I had done what he told or asked of me to do as far as possible to try to please him, which was impossible. I had tried everything I could think of and was met with anger and unhappiness. I noticed that these emotions were the emotions he could identify with and reverted to. This was not my shortcoming or fault. I cannot change it. God could change that. All I could do was to take care of and love myself and the children as best I could.

This husband still loved telling me regularly that I was on my own. Where my heart used to cringe, this nearly made me laugh out loud now. I told him, “No I am not. Look up, I am not on my own.” He did not reply and never said it again.

He became ridiculous with his threats. He left the house for a business trip with the words, “I am seeing a lawyer and you will sign a contract in front of a lawyer and the counsellor to stop smoking or you relinquish your rights to everything and I divorce you.” I told him to do what he wants to do. He returned again, friendly, with no contract and no threats. I kept on hoping this man will wake up, realise and appreciate he had everything a man could want: A wife, three beautiful, healthy children, no debt, a good job and a nice house. All he needed to do was relax and appreciate it, but for some reason he could not.

I had started to take an afternoon off to go shopping when this husband came home from a trip. He would then take care of the children, who normally slept. On one such an afternoon I drove to the shopping centre. On the motorway I started feeling strange and I badly wanted to sleep. I stopped the car, had a cigarette and waited to feel better, before driving further. Two days after this the same thing happened again. I got in the car and on the motorway had to pull off, because it felt as if I was going to sleep. I sat thinking what I had
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eaten or drunk out of the ordinary that might have had this unusual effect. Realising both times I drank tea. Only when this husband was at home did I drink tea. And the previous time and this day he had made me tea, before I left. He was being friendly.

Later that evening he was fighting with me over something and I decided to ask him if he had put something in my tea. He had no response to my question. He ignored it totally and carried on fighting about other things. The following day, he was angry and said I had accused him falsely of putting something in my tea. I said yes, I asked you and your response was very strange. Once again he did not reply. Just to be sure I never accepted anything to drink from him again.

I employed a temporary nanny to help me with the three children. I cleaned the house and she took care of the children. I wanted to take care of my children myself. A cleaning lady came in for four hours a week, but she could not increase her hours. This husband suggested the daughter of a friend of his, which I have met, to come and help me. Saying the daughter is jobless.

I struggled to arrange a work permit for her. She would only be able to come for three months. I asked the father how he had managed to stay in this country. He said someone had helped him. He knew a lady who worked for a car rental company at the airport. Her brother owned several creches in the country. Their father worked at immigration and he helped him. He had no contact with them anymore. I remember we drove past this lady in the city once and she did not look pleased to see him, hardly greeted and looked the other way. He was greeting her as his excessive outward self as if not noticing her stand-offish attitude towards him.

In the meantime this husband's eldest brother, his wife and their two children where coming for Christmas to visit. This husband scrambled to buy a television, something the children and I had been waiting for, for a year and a half. I knew he was being generous to impress them and used the opportunity to get the children nice, big presents for Christmas. I enjoyed having people for Christmas. I did notice that this husband's eldest brother did not want to go anywhere. He complained constantly, saying he preferred being on his parents' farm. His wife and the children went away alone sightseeing for a few days. I had picked up this “parents' farm” behaviour with this husband as well. I planted a nut tree and he would ask me why am I doing this, since there are nut trees on his parents' farm. The same happened with the strawberries I planted. His question to me was, “Why are you planting this? There are strawberries on the farm!” His parents’ farm is on a different continent.

My mother came to visit after everyone, including this husband, had left. But he was still upset by her visit, even though he was not at home, busy with his plans and agenda. Over the phone he continued saying my mother is never allowed in his house again and he will get a court interdict for it. After my mother visited with the last child’s birth, this husband never picked up the phone again when he saw it was my mother phoning. This husband used to phone my mother regularly and this had stopped after her visit with our third child’s birth.

This was one of this husband’s characteristics. He did not have forgiveness and never ever forgave someone that he felt had done him wrong. In business, personal life, big wrong, small wrong. It did not matter.

After my mother left, this husband’s friend’s daughter, whom this husband had suggested, arrived to come and help me. She was living in the 2nd floor apartment. Amongst other problems, I got the impression she was watching me. For example, I was talking to my mother on Skype one evening around 23:00. I had just finished speaking when she came from the apartment into the house for no other reason, but to asked me who I had been speaking to?

She lost my second child one morning. He wanted to go with me to drop off the eldest at school. He was still in his pyjamas, was having tantrums when I tried to dress him and I left him. While I was leaving he had another tantrum. I asked her to take him into the house and left. When I came back from dropping the eldest child off at school, this nanny was running around outside, saying the child is missing. She had left him downstairs and gone up to the dining room to eat breakfast. She said he was still screaming and she could hear him, but then it became quiet. The children had rods to catch plastic ducks with and a purple one was lying on the sidewalk. It was not there when I had left. I searched through the house and phoned the police when I could not find him. Then I drove around with the car and this girl was looking in the neighbours’ backyards. I did feel like giving her a piece of my mind, but it would have taken up valuable time. I noticed she was clearly stressed and felt remorse, so I calmed down. The child had red pyjamas on and I just concentrated on finding red. Coming back from one of my searches, the police were outside the house and said they had found him. Someone found him next to the road almost 1 kilometre from the house. The police took me to him and when I saw him I was so happy. I did not know if I should cry or scold him, so I did both at
the same time, but mainly I was happy and content to hold him again.

This girl wanted to stay longer than planned. When she asked me, I told her I don’t think it a good idea with her visa. She then asked this husband, who phoned me and told me to extend her flight. I refused, wondering why they kept on asking me to extend her flight when all of them are capable of doing it themselves. Someone then did extend her stay for 3 weeks.

In this time I started going to church and also took the children with me. This husband later joined us. At this point he had moved the smallest child’s bed out of the main bedroom into the spare bedroom downstairs. He said we bother him at night. I was still breastfeeding the child during the night and moved with him. This husband said he did not care where I sleep. It turned out to be marvellously peaceful not having someone ignoring you for what you have done wrong during the day or for what he said you have done during the night to disturb him.

Over breakfast one morning my second child, out of the blue, said, “Jesus is speaking to me, but I am not going to speak to him.” I looked at this child that had not turned two and a half yet and frowned. But then thought I was the last person to say who Jesus can speak too. I told the child, “Jesus is a nice man. You can speak to him if you want.” He did not continue speaking and I left it there.

We were going to this husband’s parents’ farm again for the holiday. The night before we left, this husband slept in the apartment. Before he left, he told me he wanted everything packed and ready by 11:00am the next day. I washed, ironed and packed the suitcases he had brought up from the garage. The first thing he said to me the next morning when I came up from the room was that he did not tell me to pack! He kept on saying the one bag is too heavy. It weighed 22 kg. It was his very own bag that he had packed himself?

He had 6 bottles of wine that he wanted to role up in my clothes. I did not want this. He said if I do not unpack my suitcase, we are not going. I refused and he carried on threatening after which I gave him my packed suitcase and left the house for the post office, praying for patience and help. When I came back he had unpacked my suitcase, wrapped his wine bottles in my clothes and put this in the suitcase. The rest of my clothes were in his “overweight bag”. He was happy, his wine bottles were secure, his belongings safe and he was going to his parents’ farm.

On these holidays this husband shot and killed many animals. This husband’s father told me proudly how his son, as a child of four years old, had killed his first animal. It was a chicken that he was supposed to chase out of the garden. He laughingly said that his son killed it and said it will never be naughty again. Ironically, he and his family still tell the children they kill animals, because these animals are “naughty”. What a fear filled idea to put into a small child’s head of what happens if you are naughty. He and his family even clobber the porcupines in the dam wall to death. They will invite the children with them for this. I refused that the children witness this. There were preventative measures to take that would prohibit these animals from making their habitation, “in their naughtiness”, in the dam wall on the farm.

During these holiday visits, this husband’s youngest brother made constant religious comments. For example, saying I am a sun worshipper, because I was going to church on a Sunday and celebrated Christmas, which he said is not the day Jesus was born. He was reading books of an author that proclaimed aliens are walking amongst us and are we ready for a new world. He watched DVDs on the Illuminati, etc. He made copies for this husband of the DVDs and I was asked by this husband to order the books. I refused. This holiday his youngest brother was persistently harassing me, saying Jesus was poled, not crucified, and the New Testament is not worth reading. I told him the devil utilises an upside down or bent cross as his symbols and I am sure he knows. This youngest brother made no reply and stopped his religious comments, but showed intense dislike towards me.

We went to another family farm. Here, this husband carried on hunting with his bow and arrow, and spent his days in a hut by a water hole for the animals. After a few days he invited me with to this hut. I was surprised because his invitations to me were few and far between after we were married. I disliked seeing something killed, unless for purposeful use, and this husband knew it and even agreed not to shoot any animals in my presence. Once again he was a different person. He was smiling, relaxed, talked freely and was very amicable. I had noticed that this family farm is where he appeared most comfortable.
This was the place where he and I mostly visited while we were dating. Then he did not own a bow and arrow and went hunting with a gun, but killed one buck during our entire visit and gave the meat to people. Not average three animals a day, as he did now.

When we came back home from the holiday my second child kept on telling his father he knew where he can go hunting. He can shoot the buck at the zoo. This father found this comment very amusing, and repeated it laughingly to people he spoke to on the phone, as if this child was making a big joke. I found it observant of the child, but not hilariously funny and did not understand the “joke”.

I had continued to read my Bible and prayed whenever I saw an opportunity. We were still going to church. Every night I was teaching the children how to pray the “Our Father” prayer and read to them out of the Children’s Bible.

My life was good to an extent that I could manage and once again I had God to thank for saving me.

This husband planned to be home for a month and I dreaded the thought. But, nearly the same man I had known before we were married, returned from his work trip for this month. I was pleasantly surprised and enjoyed having him home. He joked around, appeared relaxed, smiled and was playful. He was making time to be with us and did not prefer solace, reading on his computer. He did not speak in his raging, cold voice. He asked me to stop smoking, because it was unhealthy. No threats or anger detectable? He teased me jokingly about my quirkiness. He had not done that since we have been married. He even jumped literally at the chance to sit next to me on the couch to watch television. Since we were married this was something I did on my own.

In the mornings he came to the bedroom where I was sleeping and got into bed with me, saying he misses his wife, asking if I don’t want to move back into the main bedroom. In the more or less 10 months we had slept separately he never made advances, never came to the bedroom I used and never asked me to move back! We were still intimate, but only when I had approached him.

I relished the peace and the fact that he was not searching for something to fight over. But I did not want to make rash decisions and decided not to move bedrooms, until this change was proven. I was inwardly excited and optimistic that there will be normality in our relationship. I had prayed for this and once again I thanked God.

This husband left for two weeks to work and when he came back the difference in him was remarkable. While I waited for him to arrive at the airport, I browsed through magazines at the stand. He walked up behind me and said, “You have read long enough for free now.” I noticed his disapproving tone and cold voice. I turned around, hoping he might be joking, but found an annoyed person with no humour.

At home he grumbled about this spot, that mark, who had done this and that. The angry, unhappy and stressed man had resurfaced. I asked him if he notices a change in himself, but he refuted this. Did he earnestly not know or was he playing games? Which ever way, something was seriously wrong and I needed support. I approached the pastor of the church we were attending. His wife was away at the time and I took him soup and told him the happy family that walks out of church on a Sunday is a show. I told him we had had marriage counselling and were advised to get divorced, but I had continued to try. I told him the only real emotions I can find inside this husband was anger and unhappiness. He asked me if there was something he should know and I told him I had started smoking again, while eight months pregnant with my third child.
Chapter 5
Abuse for discipline

This father preferred avoiding reprimanding a child, and would call me to do it. Saying it was my fault that the child had done wrong. For example, the child sat speaking to him on Skype and broke the keys off the computer keyboard. This father called me, saying I must tell the child to stop. If I asked him why he does not reprimand the child, he replied, “You want to make me the bad guy.” This was especially the situation with our first child. This pattern changed at times around each child reaching approximately two and a half years of age. Then this father started punishing, using actions, techniques and “games” that to me were abusive and controlling, but he called it discipline.

This father’s pattern, when he returned from a work trip, consisted of: Giving the children treats, starting in the car on the way back from the airport. At home he hid sweets in his bedroom cupboard and put sweets out of reach for them on the bookshelf where they watched DVD’s. In the house he would be amicable, occasionally bearing gifts and, for a few days, be forgiving of their mistakes. In this period, he expected me to reprimand or punish them. When he started his routine stock take, of going through the house for damage, his anger was directed at me. Why did you not look what the child was doing, etc. Did you punish the child hard enough, so he would not do it again, etc.

When this amicable period with the children passed, he became bored with them and be unavailable. He sat at his computer, did not look up and ignored them when they spoke. He would have outbursts of anger at them. For example, when they accidentally messed, he would talk to them in his raging, cold voice, or storm at them and give them a hiding. They were ordered by him to get something to clean up with and then he stood over them while they are cleaning, giving them instructions on where they must still clean. These small children were not maliciously damaging property, they had accidents. They were still learning how to do things and his behaviour was extreme to me.

He would punish them severely for the smallest misgivings and used words that I found misplaced. If a child accidentally messed or broke something, he would tell the child in his raging, cold voice they had “hurt” the carpet, floor, toy, wall or chair. Ironically while giving them a hiding (hurting them), will tell them in his voice that they had “hurt” this possession.

When the children fell and got hurt he told them they fell and are hurting now, because they did not listen to him when he told them to do something earlier or even the previous day.

He attributed unfounded guilt on them, for example, bumping their foreheads hard with his forehead. Then he held his head, saying, “Aiwa, aiwa.” This father’s word for sore. Then he said to the child, “You had hurt daddy.” If I pointed out that he was the one causing the hurt he would say to them, “Mommy does not want daddy to play with you.”

This father wanted me to give all 3 children a hiding when one had done something wrong. He said he and his siblings were punished in this manner. They had one bicycle between them as children and when one child did something wrong with it, the bicycle was taken away from all of them. He said his father came home from the farm land and would give them all a hiding without speaking.

This father stood in front of me in the bathroom, while the children were bathing, ordering me to give all three of them a hiding. One child messed water out of the bath. This father reasoned that because the other children did not stop their brother, they were also to be punished. I refused. Apart from that, I found this “offence” not worthy of punishment. I allowed them to play in the bath and would put towels on the floor for this purpose. I kept on refusing this father’s order and he got cross, saying I undermine his authority in front of his children.

When at home this father loved changing the children’s nappies. He always volunteered when a nappy needed to be changed.

When the eldest boy was potty training he had many accidents. Also on this father’s silk carpet. This father
was livid with the child and gave him a hiding. I got cross and told this man to leave his news and politics for a while and rather read up on how to potty train a child, because what he was doing was not helping his child. This father’s response was removing his silk carpets permanently into storage.

He was obsessed with the hygiene of the children. When he did bathe them he vigorously scrubbed them all over with a tremendous amount of soap. He would continuously, during a day, told them to go and get the cloth, while telling them, “You are dirty.”

This father loves to play with the children physically, as if they are toys. Up to the child’s age of about two and a half he would stand on his hands and knees next to the lying child. He would make piglike snorting/grunting noises and biting actions, pressing his mouth and face all over the child’s body. If the child tries to get away he pulled the child back into a lying position in front of him by an arm or a leg and continued his actions. His other “physical game” started when the children got older. He laid on his back on the carpet or on the big pouf cushion. The children would “attack” him and he trapped them between his legs or held them by an arm or leg and ‘tickle, pinch’ them. This he did on their lower stomachs, in their groins and below their buttocks. He concentrated on these areas. The children confusedly cried-laugh while he did this. When they started crying out to me for help, he continued and did not release them. He calls it “wrestling”. His enthusiasm for this physical contact game with the boys interested him. It lasted at least for half an hour. This “wrestling” was reserved for the time before their bedtime.

On occasion a child would start crying. If I spoke up, saying he is hurting them, he told the boys, “Mommy does not want daddy to play with you.”

He scarcely played soccer or any other activity with the children that did not involve this physical contact. When he did, when asked by them, he showed clear disinterest and lack of enthusiasm with doing it and it never lasted more than a few minutes. He kept control of the ball or whatever they were playing with and never relinquished this. I found a play bow and arrow with a sucking action and a target for the children. They shot with this on their own, only needing a little guidance. They insisted on shooting alone. It was as if this father did not want them to feel accomplished on their own or to have their own personal interests. He bought an advanced version of a crossbow for older children and locked away the bow and arrow they played with independently, even from me. They were now dependent on him if they wanted to shoot. He made them sit between his legs while he held the crossbow. The eldest child wanted to shoot with the old bow and arrow and not the crossbow, but this father would repeatedly say, “Later,” or “after you have done this.” But he never gave it to the child.

He showed no interest in what the children did at school or went to parent-teacher meetings. His only concern was teaching them how to count. He showed me an article on the internet, where a mother made her daughter sit in front of the piano and refused her the bathroom and food until she managed to play a piece on the piano. He used this as an example of how I should raise the children. (http://www.livescience.com/18023-tiger-parenting-tough-kids.html ) I disagreed with him and the parent that did this. I am their mother. This position is most descriptive making use of the word nurture, not torture. I preferred allowing my children to choose their own interests, and did introductions to what is available for them to do. I said to them, “You can manage to do anything you really wanted to do by doing it repeatedly and not giving up, until you manage to do it.” I told them, because everyone is different, they might be better at doing something than their brothers and their brothers again better at doing something than they are. I made sure they know I love them just as they are.

When the house we lived in was under construction and the doors were put in, this father asked me why there were no locks on the doors I had ordered. He wanted to know how we would keep the children in the room without a lock? This father had told me when they were children their mother locked them in a room. He said if his mother found them outside, she gave them a hiding and locked them back in the room.

He wanted the children to get the food they had not eaten at one meal for the next meals as well, until they have eaten it. I refused to do this. He told me he did not eat liver as a child and had stayed without food for three days, because he got it at every meal.

On one of our visits on his parents’ farm, the grandfather wanted to repeat this with my eldest boy during breakfast. The child said he had eaten enough and this father’s father told him he was going to get the porridge for every meal, until he ate it. I took the children outside, went back inside, took his left over porridge
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and gave it to the dogs. They got the family's left over porridge in any case.

This father, at mealtimes, licked his plate clean, using his finger. Initially I thought it was because he enjoyed the food. When I commented on this behaviour later, as an inappropriate example to the children, he told me I had obviously never gone hungry.

After I declined to repeatedly give a plate of food a child did not want to eat, this father started force feeding the children after they said they had had enough to eat. He stood next to them and put each bite into their mouths, sometimes not waiting for them to swallow the previous mouthful. The eldest child, on occasion, got nauseous.

While he did this, he kept on praising them. I tried to make the arrangement with him that when there is a bite or two left, the children can finish it. But if half the plate is left, not to force that on them. He always reverted back to forcing this food on them. I noticed that sometimes they ate little and sometimes they ate a lot, depending on what they felt they needed. My children ate all vegetables and fruits. I saw no reason to make eating a punishment.

As a child I swallowed my peas whole and refused onion and broccoli. My mother never force fed, threatened or punished me. Today I eat this.

My children had their scheduled eating times, which consisted of three main meals and two snack times in-between these, depending on them. When we visited this father’s parents’ farm, I asked his mother for left over food or an egg when it was the children’s scheduled eating time. This father was extremely upset and told me I expect everyone to adjust to me. Everyone else, including me, ate at whatever time the grown-ups ate, which would not be at a scheduled time. It depended on when his youngest brother and his father returned from the land. On most occasions only at 14:30 in the afternoon and 21:00 at night. This was out of my children’s schedule and I could not expect them to go to bed hungry. This father expected his children/toddlers to go hungry, so that his mother did not have to boil eggs for them. While she smilingly refused any offers of help in her kitchen.

While growing up I was never forced to wait for someone to give me food. We got our meals and could help ourselves in between meals to what ever was available when we were hungry. I told my children they were allowed fruit or a snack any time during the day and could help themselves to whatever was available when they were hungry. They usually had bread and jam for breakfast. I stood up and asked her if I may set the table and went and fetched the bread, etc.

I noticed this father took turns picking on a child. He picked on the second child the most and then at other times he would treat him as a favourite in front of the other children. The most “picking” happened during meal times. He would tell the second child what a mess he is making or that he is dirty and he is a “piggy”. The youngest child, right next to his brother, messed in the same manner, but this did not bother this father.

On a visit to this father’s parents’ farm at dinner time, my eldest child was sitting on a chair too low for the table. When asked by this father to lift himself for a cushion his response was slow. This youngest brother stormed around the table and pulled my eldest child upward with force, resulting in bumping this child’s thighs against the underside of the table. The child laid his head down on my lap and started crying. This father’s eldest brother commented, saying he thinks the child got hurt. This father’s family, except for his mother and sister, started laughing as if someone had made a joke. I did not think it funny when someone hurt a child and told them so. Apart from this, that they were laughing struck me. They hardly ever laughed especially with no outsiders to impress.

I had seen this father pulling his hand into position to give one of the children, the smallest one, a backhand slap. He dropped his hand when I moved towards them, but his reaction was so instantaneous it appeared he was used to doing it. But I saw this only once. It was for a very small incident where the child had accidentally pushed over something of this father.

This father’s father were discussing discipline with me during one of our visits to their farm. He said it is wrong that physical punishment is not allowed anymore. I told him that it is allowed for parents to appropriately
discipline their children. I took a chance, based on the above incident, to see how they will respond, and said what is not allowed and is atrocious, is to give a child a backhand slap. There was dead silence after I said this.
Chapter 6

“The mouth speaks what the heart is full of…”

After I approached the pastor, he came for dinner the following night. In trying to explain to the pastor what I am dealing with, being married to this man, I said that my mother is not even allowed to visit me or her grandchildren since our youngest child’s birth. This father replied, “Your mother is not allowed to visit, because she called me a pedophile.” I was shocked and asked, “What?”

This father continued, saying that it happened in 2008 when the eldest child was 8 months old and we were visiting in my mother’s apartment. He said the child laid on his chest. The child pinched his nose and he pinched the child’s bottom, and the child pinched his nose and he pinched his bottom. In this version he told me my mother walked into the room and called him a pedophile.

Numerous data problems arose with this husband’s story.

My mother visited us several times between 2008 and 2010. He even contributed towards her tickets. Welcomed her. He contacted her as well, regularly and voluntary, during these years. There was no animosity between them.

I witnessed him telling my mother, after our youngest child’s birth in 2010, that she is not welcome anymore. Then, according to him, it was because she had lied to him about me having started smoking again and confronted him in his own house. My mother did confront him. She said because he constantly made sly demeaning remarks about me. She told him he behaved bullish in the house, that he had a split personality and was just outwardly charming. I witnessed how he coldly and repeatedly said to my mother, “Goodbye mother, goodbye,” whenever she tried to speak to him after this.

I wondered if a child of 8-9 months is capable of the pinching-joking interaction this husband was describing? I had not experienced it, but then I never pinched my children anywhere or at any age.

Another problem was that this was not the first time I have heard “pedophile comments” about this man. Roughly two years before we were married he told me two people were spreading a rumour about him, saying that he likes little boys. I asked, “Why would someone say something like that?” He replied that they were trying to discredit him and they wanted his job. I asked him what job he had? He replied he was flying in an African country.

I did not voice my thoughts that night in the presence of the pastor and decided to first speak to my mother. I waited for this husband to leave on one of his work trips. I phoned my mother, starting the conversation saying, “This man is saying you called him a pedophile? He said it was when our first child was around 8 months old.”

I hoped she would have no idea what I was saying and was waiting for her to ask me what am I talking about. She said, “He is lying. I did not call him a pedophile. I asked him what he is doing?” This shocked me. She even remembered the exact date, saying she had written it down. In my mother’s version of events this happened when our eldest child was approximately two years old. He was lying on his back on a bed next to his father and this father had his hand in the child’s diaper in front.

When she had passed the room before this incident, the child was sleeping on his stomach and was alone in the room. She was feeding the second child, then around 5 months old, banana in her room and wanted to ask this father something. She heard him going into the bedroom where the child was sleeping. When she went into the room, she saw him lying on his side next to the child at the foot of the bed. The child was apparently still sleeping, but was lying on his back now, with this father’s hand in the front of his diaper. She said she was shocked and asked this father what he was doing? She then turned around and went to the living room. This father left the child and followed her to the living room. She said to him, “You know what I was thinking. Is it true?” He said, “No mother.” He talked of pinching then too. My mother said we went out for dinner that night and this child slept between me and this father on the bunk we sat on. This father concentrated on rubbing the child’s stomach and had pulled the child’s shirt up for this. She said his actions disturbed her even further.
I confronted this father on Skype with my mother's information, saying that his and her information differ and then I asked him what is going on?
This father’s immediate response on my question was that he was going to sue both my mother and me for accusing him of molestation.
Once again there were several problems with this father’s response.
I had only asked him what was going on and was not making accusations. He voiced no denial or explanation of my mother’s words. He showed no understanding that I would feel upset by this information, which would be a natural response. He himself had brought up the subject and now he appeared to be out to attacking me and my mother? If his reaction is like this towards me asking questions, then he must have sued the people that spread the rumour of him liking little boys.
Not knowing if he did, I asked him if he sued these two people who had spread the rumour as well. He said no, he did not sue them. He confronted them and they denied spreading it. This meant he heard via someone else they were saying this. This person would be a witness to them having said it. So why did he not sue when he had a witness?
If he was, as he is claiming, upset with his reputation being ruined, the creation of a bad impression of him and the loss of work, then why is he himself, years afterwards, still spreading this very rumour?
Nobody confronted this man, questioned him or had any knowledge about rumours of him liking little boys or being called a pedophile. This is until this father “reveals” it, so to speak.

I asked this father who the two people are that had said he likes boys? And did they get his job, because as far as I know that is not how you apply for a job? He gave two names, but omitted saying if they obtained his job. In which case they needed to have told his employer or have spread this rumour in his work place.

I started wondering about the strange behaviour of the children that I could not place and understand. About things I had seen that had made me frown.
Our second child’s tantrums? Severe, angry, screaming tantrums, that lasted for hours. Anything triggered them. When you put him into the car, he would scream to get out, once out he screamed to get in. When you gave him food, he would push it away and start screaming, giving the impression he did not want it. If you took the plate away he screamed to have it again. When I gave the plate to him, he pushed it away again. It would carry on and on. When you had to bathe him, he screamed. When you dressed him, he screamed. When you undressed him, he screamed. When I left, he screamed. Even if I did not have another banana for him, he started screaming in a tantrum. No matter how I tried explaining, it did not help. You could not get through to him while he was having these tantrums. He would be beside himself. The severe screaming tantrums started when he was about 10 months old.

The first day I took this child to attend the creche, someone from the creche phoned me about an hour after I had left, saying the child is ill and I must come to fetch him. I had expected this call. This child had screamed himself into a stupor. I placed this child into the creche for two mornings a week, with his elder brother, so he could adjust before his brother had to leave the creche for school. Being with his brother did not seem to comfort this child. I persevered and kept taking the child, but after several months the caregiver at the creche called me aside. She told me that he screams and wants to be picked up. When they pick him up, he screams to be put down. I knew what she was talking about, as the same was happening at home. She then said it was as if he does not know what he wants and is confused and she suspects he is autistic. In trying to console me she said many intelligent people are autistic. This child was around twenty-two months old at the time.

When I discussed this with this father, his response and advice was that I am not hitting the child hard enough. He said if I hit him hard enough, he will never do it again. But the child displayed no behaviour deserving of a hiding. I just could not rationally understand the child's behaviour. He was at times screaming over small, normal, everyday occurrences. It was as if this child went through phases where he would be fine and then again started acting up over nothing. This father’s mother told me all her children screamed in this manner. That their other grand children also screamed in this manner and that it will stop. I thought maybe because this child was a middle child he felt unloved and not special. I started telling him he is my “pokkel”!
When this father was at home and I called the child this nickname, he would ask the child repeatedly: “Are you mommy’s or daddy’s pokkel.” When the child said he was my pokkel, this father would pull a face and say: “No, you are daddy’s pokkel,” repeatedly. I stopped calling the child this, because I did not care for the position this father was placing his child.
Then this child went through a phase where he took his excretion and rubbed it over the walls, the bed, himself and pressed it into toys. He did this for close to 6 months around two years of age.

I wanted to take the child to a psychologist several times. When I discussed this with this father, he would say all they were going to do, is to give him medication. To diagnose him with a mental illness and keep him under sedation with psychiatric medicine so to speak at his age felt severe to me. Being a naturalist, I also prefer homeopathic medicine and home remedies.

This same child as a toddler also had a strange looking anus. It would be swollen and red. I changed the child's diaper one day on the bed in the main bedroom and must have frowned, while looking at the child's anus. This father was also in the room and said, “This child has a big anus.” I replied, “Yes, I see,” thinking that the child’s anus appears big, red and puffy. This child also had a lot of stomach pains. He was constipated and his tummy was bloated. His whole body was very tense and tight for a child of his age. I used to massage his tummy and stretch his leg muscles, because I noticed with the way he moved that his leg muscles must be tight.

When I was about 6 months pregnant with the third child, this father insisted on moving the other children to one of the bedrooms on the ground floor. I had concerns with this. There were stairs. This second child was about 15months old and woke up in a tantrum early in the morning around 02:00. He would just start screaming. It would last for an hour, until he fell asleep again. Nothing could calm him down. This was also when he would push me away, while screaming, and then hold out his arms for me but when I want to pick him up he'll push me away again continually screaming.

After this father had moved the children downstairs, he then went to this screaming child when he was at home. He stayed away for hours. I asked him once why he stayed downstairs so long, and he said he stays with the child until he is asleep again. He said he was doing me a favour, since I was pregnant and so I can rest. I was very grateful for his kindness and help.

I had difficulty when potty training this second child’s bowl movements. He soiled his pants up to three years old. He would be sitting playing and just soil himself. He himself would be upset. I asked the preschool teacher for advice. This child had to start attending this school and could only attend if he was potty trained. The teacher said all children are different.

Also once whilst potty training this second child, I noticed the water in the toilet had a red colour around his excretion. This father was home at the time. I was upset and went to this father, telling him about this and asking could it be blood? His calm reply was that the child had eaten something. It is not blood.

When this second child started speaking, he woke up in the mornings, saying there was an elephant or lion by his bed at night. He made me take all the stuffed animals out of the room before he would go to bed at night. Later, the stuffed toys taken out of the room, was also not good enough and he wanted them out of the house. I moved all the stuffed animals into the apartment upstairs. This child continued saying there was a lion or an elephant by his bed at night.

The eldest child went through a phase where he switched on lights in the house in the middle of the night. I would wake up, switch them off, check on the children sleeping and wake up again later, with the house lights burning again. On occasion this eldest child came to the bedroom after having switched on the lights. He just stood next to the bed. He did not speak.

The children also had strange behaviour when they were in the shower. The one would lie flat on his belly while the other tried pushing something into the lying child’s anus. This happened several times.

I started having difficulty changing the youngest child’s diaper. He said, “Aiwa,” (this father’s word for sore) squeezing his legs shut and pushed my hands away. The child had no nappy rash and I could not see any reason for him to say something was sore.

The eldest child went through a phase where he stuck his tongue out when I wanted to kiss him good night. I told him every time that it is not how one kisses he must keep his mouth closed and his tongue inside his mouth.
One night this father wanted to kiss this eldest child good night. The child pinched this father’s mouth shut with his hand and then kissed him far back on his cheek.

All these incidents and behaviour of the children were now concerning me. I started doing research on the internet about this. The information on tantrums and, what they referred to as smearing of excretion, are signs of a traumatised child that cannot speak yet. This could be signals of sexual abuse. The advice was not to punish a child acting out in this way. That young children are not able to voice/express themselves or their distress. The website suggested traumatised children needed stimulation, where they can make a mess and feel safe to express themselves. They needed time, love, attention and understanding. There was also advice not to prod or pressure a traumatised child into speaking, but just to give love and wait for the child to speak in his own time.

My children could be traumatised children and I had been responding to and treating the second child’s behaviour inaccurately. When this second child smeared his excretion, I had thought of having to clean up the whole afternoon. Of having to wash the room to try to get rid of the smell that seemed to hover for days. I would punish him and put him in a bath while I cleaned up. At night when I put him to bed, I felt bad about being cross and told him I loved him, no matter what he did and how naughty he is.

I also got cross when he threw his tantrums and would tell him to stop screaming, because he is driving me mad. Eventually I ignored him when he screamed and would just remove things that could be broken in his anger. Someone also gave me the advice to throw cold water over him or to put him in a cold shower when he threw a tantrum. At the time I had looked up this advice on the internet. It was there and I tried this. It did not work, and now I cannot believe I had tried this advice.

With all this happening, I decided I was going to treat my children as traumatised children. The next tantrum the second child had, I did not tell him to stop screaming, I did not get cross and I did not ignore him. He was sitting on the floor, screaming. I watched this child and realised he was not stubborn or hardheaded. He was sad, angry and upset. I told him I love him so very much. He stopped screaming and said, "No, you don’t." I said yes I do love you.

I started telling him about when he was born. How happy I was to have him. How I held him the first time. How he made soft gentle whimpering noises, but did not cry. The child came and sat on my lap. I told him how old he was when he sat upright, crawled, spoke his first words and his mannerisms. I told him he is a beautiful child and sometimes I don’t understand what he is trying to do or what he wants. During this conversation I told him that no one is allowed to touch his body and private parts. It is his. He did not reply.

I also told this to the eldest child on a different occasion and he also did not reply. The youngest child was twenty-one months old at that time and still too small to understand me.

I processed all the information in my head concerning the possibility of the children being molested. It was as if my head was saying yes and my heart kept denying it. I still left the children alone with this father. He still took them on outings. On one outing, he said he wanted to take the second child to the Christmas market. It was around 17 December 2011. When they came back the child did not compare to an exited child who had just been at a Christmas market and had had all the attention of his father. He was not throwing a tantrum, but he looked cross and upset. I asked the child what is wrong and he said he did not like the people. This father had a big smile on his face and asked the child, “Didn’t you like the chocolate? Didn’t you like the chocolate?” The child said no and walked off. This made me frown. Thinking it is odd, I know my second child adores chocolate.

There was another incident later in December 2011 that disturbed me. I was in my room downstairs one morning when I heard the second child throwing one of his tantrums upstairs. I followed the screaming and found this child, without pants on, sitting on his father’s bed with this father standing next to him. The steam shower was switched on, which meant this father was preparing to shower.

(I then remembered one incident where I was leaving to go shopping in the afternoon and this husband was preparing the shower for him and the second child. This very child had also asked me not to go shopping.) I went and sat next to the child on the bed. This father, in his cold voice, told me to get out. I said no, and he repeated, "Out!" I again said no. Then he said, "It looks like I need to tighten the bolts on you." He then relayed his story of how disobedient this child was. His reason was again trivial. I asked him if he was done,
picked up the child and walked out of the room. He followed us and was picking a fight with me, saying I undermine his authority. I told him to go and shower on his own. He went back to his room. I took the child back to the living room where the other children were playing. The eldest child said to me his brother did nothing wrong. Their father said he should look at him when he is talking. The child did not. The father gave the child a hiding and then took him to his bedroom.

This father never spoke normally to me again after saying “he is called a pedophile”. His angry, deep, cold voice was permanent now, even over Skype. It was as if he went from the one thing he deemed I did wrong to the next.

He was away more than usual, approximately 3/4 of the time, which was a blessing. When he was at home he recorded everything I say. (He walked around holding his phone in front of him.) At night I would hear him listening to his recordings. I got the impression he was trying to get me to say certain words. For example, he would approach me, saying I had called him a pedophile and he has this on tape and he is going to sue me. He did this several times. I kept on wondering why, if he had it on tape, as he is saying, is he still recording me? Why isn't he then just using it, as he is threatening to do?

He told me I said my father is a self confessed pedophile and he had this on tape, when I know I had said self confessed alcoholic. I told him to go and listen to his recordings again. He said my mother is a pedophile. He saw her touching the eldest child on his penis. During these conversations he would be recording. If I mentioned or asked on what my mother had seen, he would at once start threatening, saying he was going to sue both my mother and me.

He took pictures of the children’s room or the house when untidy or of the paper cuts after the children played with their pattern scissors or of me smoking outside, or the children if they had a bump on their heads. In the presence of the children, he would tell me he wants to get rid of me.

This man’s behaviour scared me. His actions and demeanour were aggressive. He was completely dismissing my worries and fears. One day I told him he is scaring me with his reactions. He continued this behaviour irrespective. His behaviour was not that of an innocent man. The reality of that was scaring me.

He locked me out of the house at 00:30 one night. I went outside for a cigarette. When I tried to open the front door with my key it did not want to open. I could see him through the glass door, standing on the inside. I told him if he does not open the door, I am going to call the police, and I tried to open the door again. He went away from the door, came back and fiddled around the door handle. Then he opened the door. This husband had put the key in the lock inside and tied the key with a cable tie to the door handle. This prevented the door from being opened from the outside. The key broke in the lock when I turned the handle. This was what he was fiddling with: removing evidence. And of course: He told me that I had broken the key.

This man did not, at any time during our marriage, do anything in the house that I could depend on for help on a regular basis, except he offered to change the children’s diapers. But, from December 2011 he did nothing, also not offering to change diapers. This did not bother me.

I got the impression he was trying to pressurise me. I left him alone and did not confront him. He became more secretive. He stayed in his bedroom, listening to the recordings he had made of me. Before the incident where he said my mother called him a pedophile, he used to sit at the dining room table with his computer, reading all the news and phoning friends of his.

He did not tell me when he would be leaving on his work trips, where he is going or when he is coming back. When I did ask on occasion, he told me it had nothing to do with me. When he did arrive back from a trip, he would sneak up the stairs or ring the door bell.

He ordered me to start writing down all the money I spent and have receipts or else he did not want to “refund” it. Certain things he did not want to refund, for example, if I had bought myself a coffee at a coffee shop. I started using the credit card more and he made me lower the credit limit, with threats of withdrawing himself from “us” financially if I do not do as he orders. I presumed it was part of the tightening the bolts on me plan he had, but obliged anyway.

There was no behaviour at any point from this man that I could connect to that of an innocent, caring or compassionate man. It was useless trying to pretend and wait in the hope of something different. I needed help.

I contacted the pastor and, saying this husband’s behaviour is scaring me, I asked for a phone number of a
place to help. In a meeting with us the pastor gave this husband the number of an organisation to help, and
told us he wants us to go together. The pastor also told me to be obedient to this husband, him being the head
of the house.
I waited and after about a month, I asked this husband when we will be going? His reply to me was, “I had
already gone to see them. You can go if you want to.”
I went to this place and discussed the second child’s strange behaviour, being careful with what I was saying,
because this father was threatening to sue me. Wanting their opinion I put the option of autism, as the creche
teacher had thought, to them. This was an option. However, to me this did not explain this father’s extreme
behaviour and actions.

This pastor contacted a child psychologist for information and told me that this psychologist said it is highly
unlikely that a father would molest his own children. None of them were living under this husband’s constant
attacks, after he, himself says that people are calling him a pedophile.

Initially, when this husband had mentioned the word pedophile, I did research on the internet. I looked at
pedophile tactics and mannerisms. Manipulation, control, intimidation, emotionlessness and compulsive lying
were all said to be characteristics of pedophiles.

I did get the idea that it was expected of me to maintain this father’s discipline and control over the children
when he was away. That was why he got so cross with me if I did not do as he was ordering.
There had to be a reason for it.

I recanted this father’s behaviour, which I did not understand and which bothered me at the time. When the
children were small he expected me to reprimand them. If I questioned this, asking why he does not
reprimand them, he would say, “You want to make me the bad guy.” I had realised you can turn this
husband’s accusations and insults around and apply it to him. This meant that he was making me the bad guy.
However, now the children were bigger and he was punishing the older children. To me, this “discipline”
resembled baseless blaming, unfounded accusations, excessive control, threats and, if you lock a child (three
years old) in a dark garage, as I had seen him do, abuse. When I confronted this father on his actions he said
the child deserved this treatment, because he did not obey him in his order to come into the house. This did
not warrant his reaction. But making a victim feel they deserve or wanted abuse creates crippling fear and
guilt in the victim. This is then used by the abuser for control.

I gave the children more space as human beings, for example, watching TV, while eating. The father forbade
this for the children. I had seen the father himself eat in front of the TV and he allowed guests to eat on his
couch. His rules only applied to us.
I started making a point of looking at the children as far as possible when they were speaking, so they would
know I am paying attention to what they are saying.

I allowed the children to choose for themselves within boundaries.
I always suggested we do things, like go to a play park or picnicking or feeding the birds, but I had never
asked them what they would like to do out of the ordinary.
They wanted to ride on the train at night. Over a weekend one night, I dressed them up warmly and we took
the train into the city after supper.
For the next outing the children wanted to go to the woods at night. I negotiated and they agreed to drive with
the car through the woods and I gave them torches to shine out of the windows with.

I reasoned my actions and their requests out with: If it is not going to harm or hurt them or someone else in
long or short term then it rationally does not serve to enforce it. For example, my second child never wanted
to sleep in the afternoon and I would get annoyed and tell him he has no option. He has to sleep, and I would
put him in his bed repeatedly. I still put him to bed now, but if he had not fallen asleep, I did not enforce it and
continually tell him to sleep. This father was continually telling me what I should do and it made me feel
helpless.

I used a wooden spoon on their bums for punishment, never liking the fear I saw in the children’s eyes when
they saw the wooden spoon.
I felt uncomfortable with using something to punish the children with. I discussed this with the pastor and he
Is THIS love? - a mother's plea

said that they had a wooden spoon behind every door. My brother said it is advocated to use something impersonal to punish a child with. Another problem I had with using the spoon was that one could not gauge how much pain the child was feeling. I decided to use my hand for punishment, so I could feel their hurt. This father had lengthy angry periods and blaming which compared to torture. Wanting nothing to resemble this I gave a short warning, with the reason, and then, if the child continued, a rap on the bum with my hand. Making sure the child realises after this that it is over and forgiven. I only punish for telling lies and intentionally hurting another sibling. I tried to continuously keep in mind how I would feel if I was in their shoes. After a while of this, I noticed that the warning and explanation of what I would like was more than enough.

Asking them that I would like them to do something and giving an explanation attached that would be evidence of care and love towards them as a person gave wonderful results. This husband with his ordering, using the words "you must", made me feel helpless and worthless and I was not even a small, dependant child.

There was a reason behind why this husband made my life more difficult, uncomfortable and busier than it should be. The impression he gave was if I am better, made less mistakes and did more, then he would show me love. This never happened, which meant it was fake. I started doing internet shopping and making more instant food. Before, I ran around shopping in my available time and every night cooked lengthy meals. I started varying this to have more time for the children.  I still kept the children’s fruit the same.

When the children asked for help with something, I at once tried to help or give whatever they asked, as long as it was reasonable. For example, before, if I was cooking, I would tell the child he needs to wait until I am done. I now instead switched off the plate and noticed that those few minutes made the difference between my child feeling valued or unvalued.

Their father did not want any pets. The children asked for a pet and I had “adopted” the neighbour’s dog for this reason. The children walked him and took him bones. Now I bought the children hamsters. They were small and manageable and could serve as a distraction and teach the children care for a living creature. They drove loads of hamster food to the hamsters with their play tractors.

All 3 children had always gotten bottles with tea. I never gave them choices of what they wanted to drink and I now gave them choices.

A game I did start was true or false. I would make a comment and they would have to look for themselves and say, if what I had said, was true or false. Because of this father’s “teachings” I explained that a thing can be damaged, but, not feel hurt. Only a human can. True or false?

I always did comfort the children when they got hurt. But, now I emphasised and reconfirmed their feelings, for example, when they got hurt I said, “Yes, mommy believes you feel hurt. You feel right.” This I did because of the “no you don’t feel hurt, stop crying, you did not get hurt” attitude from this father’s father when the children cried.

I told the children I am very happy and satisfied with them. That sometimes I am not happy with certain things that they do, but that will not change the fact that I love them.

One Saturday, my second child was complaining of stomach ache and I put him in the main bedroom bed and gave him a hot water bottle. This father had just left the previous afternoon. The Sunday the child was worse, lying with his legs pulled up, saying his stomach was very sore. He had a fever and I could not straighten his legs or he would complain. Scared that it was his appendix, I asked the neighbour to watch the other children and I took the child to the emergency at the hospital. The doctor said the child had pneumonia. He had mild flu symptoms. All of us did. I kept the children home and took all of us to our house doctor and bought homeopathic medicine, with which everyone got well quickly, including the child with pneumonia, who was up and running.

The children and I also had diarrhoea and this second child could not make it to the toilet in time. He got very
upset with this. I told this father over Skype I was taking the child to the doctor. His response was that the child was just too lazy to pinch. The day we needed to go to the doctor this child refused to go. I had noticed that he had extreme reactions and screamed himself in a tantrum when the doctor approached him for examination.

One afternoon the eldest two children were watching a DVD at the computer, sitting on their big pouf cushion. The smallest child was taking his afternoon nap. I went down to the washroom to put laundry in the washing machine. When I came back up the stairs into the living area the computer was switched off and the children were not there and neither was the cushion. I walked around the wall that divided the living area. The children had pulled the cushion in behind this wall. They had taken off all their clothes. The eldest child sat upright on this cushion with his legs open. The second child laid between his legs. The lying child was wriggling his body like a worm, while touching the eldest child on his penis. When the eldest child saw me his face was shocked. The second child stopped his actions, but showed no reaction. I told them what they are doing, is wrong. The eldest child replied, “It is?” The second child’s response was, “I like it.” I told them, while dressing them, that this is not behaviour for children. That if grown-ups touch children in that way, they are ill. They did not respond.

This husband, who came home for short periods of time, and I had more meetings with the pastor. During one meeting the pastor asked this husband about himself and how he saw God in his life. This husband sat back in his chair and put his arm over the back of the chair next to him. Then he said, “So what of God. I got here on my own.” This, to me, translated, meant: He acknowledges God’s existence, but he does not follow Him. The day we got married this man had stood with me in front of God and made a vow. He did not then say, “So what of God?”

I had found another bank statement in the mail, addressed to my company. I asked the pastor to be a witness and he agreed. In front of the pastor I then told this man to change this name on the bank account. He had the same stories of how he can use any company name. It did not matter. I told him he had until the next day to change it, otherwise I was going to go to the bank myself. The following day he told me he changed it to his brother’s company name.

The second child started coming up to the living area at night and would sit talking to me. I got the impression he wanted attention. I would give him a moment to talk or just let him sit next to me and then, after a while, take him back to bed. On one of these nights, while I was busy on the computer, this child came up and started his talk with “When I go to Jesus…” I asked him what he meant and he repeated: “When I go to Jesus.” The first thing that entered my mind was that if you go to Jesus, you die. I remembered when this child had said that Jesus speaks to him, but he is not going to speak to Him. I took a chance and asked him if Jesus had shown him heaven. “Yes,” he replied, “the sun shines brightly there.” I asked him if there are trees and grass. He said yes. I realised I had no idea what heaven looked like and my questions were futile. I took the child to bed and started praying. I did not know what was happening around me. But everything seemed abnormal.

A few days had passed. This second child was playing in the bathroom with the hamsters and I went to him. I asked him if Jesus had told him how he was going to go to Him. He replied: “The house is going to burn.” He turned to me and asked, “Is it sore when you burn?” I did not know how to answer this, so I kept quiet. I then remembered that several months ago he had asked me questions on a house burning. Asking if the whole house is gone. He would ask me if a house that had burned down, can be built again. I tried to teach him the street name where we live and he would say no, we live by the big fire.

This child now said, “The angel that takes care of me is named Jacob.” I wrecked my brain, trying to think if I had ever told him of an angel Jacob, but could not think of any Bible story, except for the one where Jacob saw the angels on the ladder, but I could not remember if I had read this to them. I asked this child if he was going on his own. He continued playing and replied yes. It did not look as if this was bothering him. I asked him if it did not bother him going on his own? No, he said, and carried on playing.

I had a recurring dream that the house was burning. With every dream I wondered where the fire came from. The passage between my room and the eldest two children’s room is burning and I cannot get past. I take the smallest child outside. There are a lot of people around the house. They are just looking at me without helping. I wonder how they heard of the fire so quickly. I look through the children’s bedroom window, seeing the eldest two children’s beds are burning. In my dream I beat the window to try to break it. Firemen try to stop
me. I woke up, very upset and sad. Another recurring dream that I had years ago, had come true. At that time I dismissed the co-incidence. Now it troubled me.

This child continued talking of the house that is going to burn, saying everything is going to burn. I made no reply to this. One night when it was bedtime this child did not want to go to bed, repeatedly saying we have to leave the house. Jesus says it is going to burn. He was upset and I could see he was scaring the other children. He was scaring me as well. I figured it was weekend and there would be no harm in sleeping out. I would also not be ignoring this child. This father was away. He was not on Skype and I could also not get hold of him on his cell phones. I presumed he was busy working. I phoned the pastor and told him we are going to spend the night at the hostel, if someone is looking for us. I also told him the child is saying the house is going to burn.

At some point during this, the child said his father is going to be afraid of the fire and run away. This child kept on repeating, "Mommy, phone the fire-brigade. The house is burning." I told him I cannot, because the house is not burning. But he kept on saying it, even when we drove away from the house. I turned the car around, drove back to the house and told him to look at the house. It is not burning. I drove to the hostel with this child, saying I must phone the fire-brigade. In between he would ask, "Why are they not coming?" The last thing he said was, "It is ok, the sun is shining again," and fell asleep. When we arrived at the youth hostel, where I had booked a room for us, the other two children, who were sleeping, woke up and played around. This second child was sleeping like a log.

The next morning we ate breakfast and the children played in the playground, before we went back home. Once again this second child did not want to go into the house. He kept on saying the house is burning and we have to leave. I opened the garage door and told him to just walk in and look. There is no fire. He refused. Two neighbours were talking on the sidewalk. I went to them and said I have a problem. The child does not want to go into the house. He says the house is burning. The one neighbour suggested buying fire extinguishers and smoke alarms.

This seemed a brilliant idea. I told the children of the plan and we left to buy three, two litre sized fire extinguishers and four alarms. I explained to the children how the alarms would work and sound and showed them how the extinguishers would spray when pressed. I explained how this would kill any fire. The children were now excited and wanted to keep the extinguishers with them. I allowed the eldest two children to have the two (with the pins still in) to calm things down.

A stock take of my circumstances would be: I was married to a man that spread rumours of himself preferring little boys. Knowledge of my emotional abuse in my marital experience, meaning his capacity for lies, control and manipulation. The children's behaviour and physical signs. This husband's revelation of my mother witnessing inappropriate behaviour of him with the one child, almost three years after it occurred. This husband's behaviour that had turned to severe attack and secrecy mode. This husband giving the impression of not serving God, but acknowledging God's existence. A three year old, saying Jesus speaks to him. He is going to Him as a result of a burning house, wanting me to phone the fire-brigade, but the house is not on fire. Remembering the book of the Christian author, I wrote to her and told her most of what is going on in an attempt to see if someone can shed light on these happenings for me. I did not receive a reply.

When emptying the paper recycling dustbin in the house, I found a box for Zovirax salve. Internet information described it as herpes medication. No one in our house had herpes as far as I knew. But, the smallest child had a strange spot-like rash around his anus for about a week already. It did not go away with the nappy rash ointment this father was buying in another country. This nappy rash ointment was very good and took away any redness in a day. I decided to make an appointment with my gynaecologist. He spoke and understood a language I could speak well and would understand what I was saying. I figured he would also know more of sexually transmitted diseases. I phoned him and explained my problem to him. He agreed to look at the child's rash. An appointment was made.
Chapter 7

“Out of the mouth of babes…”

This husband arrived home again unannounced late the afternoon of 27 March 2012. He rang the door bell. That evening, while the children bathed, the eldest child said, “Daddy makes foodie out of his penis and he puts it in my mouth.” Immediately after him the second child said, “Daddy puts the foodie in my bum.” I had my back to them and turned. They were sitting next to each other looking at me over the side of the bath. All I managed to say was, “It is wrong.” Oddly enough I did not feel anything.

What I thought was: These children are too young to know about anything else but urine coming out of a penis, never mind putting things in a bum. That this meant this husband’s rumour, before we got married of him preferring young boys, was true. What my mother saw this father doing to the eldest child on the bed, was true. This meant that this husband had lied about everything for years. This pseudo persona man that I had married, deceived, used and hurt. He had made me his slave over the years and now my children were telling me he had made them his slaves for his own perverse pleasures.

After the children had bathed, we went to the dining room. A combination of feelings including disgust, anger, disappointment and sadness nearly overwhelmed me.

There was pizza in the oven and it was ready. I set the table, putting things down with force, trying to get anger out. Leftover birthday cake stood where I was setting the table. I threw the cake to the other side of the eight place table, not caring that the cake crumbs fell over the table and the floor. Thinking, this table, this house and everything around me is for a showcase, that was why this husband revelled showing it off. A creation of an impression of normality that he needed for executing his selfish desires.

I went and called this husband who had been sitting, as usual, on his bed. I said, "Come. Your pizza is ready." He replied he was busy. This was his normal game, of us having to wait for the self proclaimed king. I said, "No, come now, your pizza is getting cold." He came to the table and at once wanted to know who had messed the cake crumbs. The eldest child said it was me. This husband did not reply or do anything he normally would. I cut the pizza into pizza slices and dished up for the children. While doing this I said: “I would like to be cutting something else.” This husband did not ask what I wanted to cut.

We started eating. I could not swallow the pizza, felt ill and said, “Some things make you so ill you can’t even eat.” This husband did not ask what was making me ill. Instead he then commented on the mess of the crumbs. I stood up. “Obediently” taking the mop and swept the crumbs off the table and into the corner. While I did this I said, "I would like to sweep all the garbage out of the house." Once again this husband did not ask me what I was referring to.

When I put the children in bed that night the eldest child said, "I told some of the children at school and they are teasing and beating me." My heart went out to this boy. He had told me before that the children are teasing him. The teacher had told me it is because he does not wear undergarments. But the child refused undergarments. At the time I had asked this child if he goes to the teacher and if she helped him and he said yes, so I left it.

However, when I had a parent meeting with the one teacher, she would say the child is doing fine. No, she did not see anyone teasing the child. He does keep to himself and has other interests than the rest of the children, like playing in the garden. No, he did not join in the ball games.

I knew my eldest child liked working in the garden and being outside, but he also enjoyed playing ball. I encouraged the child to find a good friend.

I had a habit of keeping to myself. I also did not have much time for socialising. To set a different example for him I started socialising more.

When doing this, and their father was at home, he would try to lure the children to rather stay with him. For example, one Sunday there was a church lunch. I had made eats and everything was arranged, but after church this husband all of a sudden declined to go. We dropped this father off at home and he started luring the children, with all kind’s of “fun” choices, to rather stay with him. The children refused and he played on their emotions, pulling sad faces, saying to them they don’t want to stay with him. The children and I left, while I thought this husband’s behaviour was puzzling.
I confronted this husband later the night the children spoke. I did not tell him what the children had said, but asked him about his childhood.

This man had no shame lying, he concentrated on his own comfort except when he needed to create an impression. No amount of discomfort and pain of another human being stirred empathy in him. I knew no person is born void of emotions or without feelings. They are made that way by their life experiences. He had told me that, as a child, he was neglected, confined, unreasonably punished, starved, and lied to by the people who were supposed to teach him how to love.

He now denied, saying he had a normal childhood. He was again lying. He pulled himself over the floor for two years as a child, with a father that boasts he never asked for help. But then his father, he said, was mostly absent and punished all his children without speaking when present. His mother, he said, locked him in a room. It is very difficult to ask for help from a locked room. He was given the same food repeatedly until he ate it. None of this sounded normal to me.

With this husband repeatedly telling me I am not punishing the children enough and I should punish the children hard, I did research on the internet. Finding that when severe, unreasonable punishment is enforced on a child, the child starts telling lies to avoid this punishment. The child learns never to take responsibility for his actions or to apologise. Is this husband an example of a severely punished, severely controlled and disciplined child?

The following morning I phoned the organisation for abused children which the pastor had referred us too previously. I told the secretary what my children had told me.

The appointment that I had made with the gynaecologist after finding the Zovirax salve, was also that morning. Once there, the doctor asked if I it was going to be used in a court. I replied that it probably will be. He then refused to look at the child's rash.

This organisation for abused children made an appointment with this husband and me to come and see them the following day. In front of this husband I told them what the children had told me. I asked them if they could organise play therapy for the children and they said they don't do that. They only assess children's educational progress. They gave me contact numbers for the youth police, child lawyer, child psychiatrist and a house for abused women.

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This organisation for abused children also made an appointment for that evening for a physical examination of the children by a children's doctor at the hospital. This father made sure he went with us. The doctor told me to bring the children in one at a time. The second child said he wanted to go in with his father and stayed outside with him. I left it. The eldest and youngest children went with me. The doctor looked at their private areas and said he could not see anything wrong. Then this father and the second child went into the examination room. I stayed at the door. This father smiled constantly, gave his iPhone to the child and told him to show the doctor the pictures of the animals on the farm. The child did this. The doctor told this father to put the child on the examination table. This child told his father to get on, which this father laughingly did. Then the child walked away and in the middle of the room he turned around. He pointed at his father and said, “The doctor should look at you.” He said this several times, while still pointing at his father. Then the child came to me and started pulling me out of the room. I pulled back and told him I want the doctor to look at him. This doctor declined examining this child, saying he was not going to force a child. Afterwards the doctor asked to speak to me and said I have to bring the child in within 72 hours after a suspected incident, with the clothes he had worn. This upset me tremendously.

That night, this father, who had secluded himself before, left his bedroom and wanted to take care of the children, which included bathing them. To me this man was either insensitive or playing games. I decided on both options. He pressed himself in next to me with a big smile for the children on his face, using the words “daddy wants to... do you want daddy to...?” The children declined his requests. But he exaggeratedly pulled his sad face, acted hurt, saying, “Don't you want daddy... daddy wants to...,” repeating his requests. Watching and listening to him putting on his act made me feel like throwing up.

The morning of 30 March 2012 I took the two youngest children with me to the grocery shop. The eldest child was at school. This shop has a cafeteria and we normally had something to drink there. I phoned the child lawyer and made an appointment. Then I phoned the protection house for women and was informed they
have no space. Then I phoned the police section for the protection of children. I told this police officer what my children had told me. He replied it was not necessary for me to come in, the person who is dealing with this case, was on holiday. I had not gone to the police? What case was he talking about?

I picked up the eldest child at school, could not get myself to go home and decided to find a policeman that would listen. After two closed police stations I found an open police station, but they said they cannot help me and I should contact the police section for the protection of children. I told them I did phone, but the police officer said I need not go to them. This police officer phoned them and then the person, who had declined me, said I can come in. I took the eldest child back to school and went with the other two. But at the police this person did not understand me and said we should come back on the Monday, when he had organised for a translator.

I picked up the eldest child from school and when we arrived home he told this father we went to the police. This father, with a smile, said, “I am glad, I am glad.” He then left with the eldest two children to the neighbours at the corner. Over a week ago I have invited these neighbours for dinner that evening to celebrate the eldest and youngest children’s birthdays. I got ready and waited for the neighbours to arrive. They did not. I phoned after an hour and was told by the man, who sounded cross, that they were not coming. He told me this father is broken. From this I deducted that this father did not arrive at their house with the grin on his face, repeating that he is glad. He portrayed himself as a broken man to obtain their sympathy.

On Saturday 31 March 2012, in the afternoon the children were playing in their room and in the garden. I went upstairs to my drawer in the main bedroom. My belongings and clothes were still in the main bedroom. This father was as usual in this room on his bed. When he saw me enter he closed his computer and folded over the paper in front of him. He then stood up, took these and left the room. I did what I wanted to do in my drawer and walked back to the stairs. This father now sat at the far end of the dining room table. I stood by the kitchen and watched him. Again he stood up, taking everything and came walking past me. I wondered what was on this paper that needed such special guarding. When he was next to me I grabbed the paper, but he immediately grabbed the paper back and ran around the table. He stayed on the opposite side of this table from me. His cold, forgotten tea was standing on the table. I threw the content at him out of frustration, but missed. I then climbed over the table in his direction as he ran, managed to grab the paper, turned and started running. This husband ran after me and pushed me from behind towards the sliding door. My left shoulder hit the protruding wooden window frame before my face hit the window. This husband grabbed the paper back and it tore. I was still holding about half of this and looked at the paper to see what he was so intent on hiding. It was a printer paper with nothing except his next flight dates and a name written in his handwriting. This confused me, because it did not warrant his secretive behaviour at all. He then made a tremendous issue of this basically blank paper saying that I had torn it.

The next day on the way back from church, I told this father I needed the car the following day. He wanted to know why and I told him we are going to the police again. The eldest child started asking me if the police take away naughty boys and what happens to naughty boys. I told him children are not taken away by the police, but he kept on asking me.

That evening I went upstairs to the kitchen to get myself a glass of milk before bed. On my way back to the stairs I noticed this husband standing in the toilet with the door open, but the light was off. I walked to the toilet, stuck out my left hand to the light and said to him, “Wait, I’ll switch on the light. I also want to see where the foody (food) for the children comes from.” He slapped my hand away. I reached for the light switch again and said, “No wait, I want to see where the foody (food) comes from.” He walked out of the toilet and I stepped back. I again said, “Wait, let me switch on the light,” and pointed with my hand to the light. He grabbed my hand and started pressing it hard enough to damage my fingers. I had the glass of milk in my right hand. Aiming the bottom of the glass at his lip, I hit him with it. He seemed surprised and released my hand. He walked into the bedroom to look at his lip in the mirror. I watched him from the bedroom door as he walked back past me to the toilet. Once again, I said, “Wait, let me switch on the light,” but I did not move to do this. He turned around, walked back towards me, placed his hand over my hand holding the glass of milk and pushed it so that the glass hit the bedroom doorframe. The glass broke inside my hand and cut my fingers.

The morning of 2 April 2012 I went back to the police. The children were with me. I allowed them to take one of their hamsters with us, thinking it could be a distraction for and comfort to them. I also took the children’s jackets and push trolley with, because I had read on the internet that semen can be picked up by a light.
The translator arranged by the police, learned our native language from a boyfriend and was not from our native country. They took my statement, while the children played in a room next door. I informed the police of the rumours of this father preferring little boys that this father himself told me, the incident this father revealed that happened three years ago in my mother's apartment, and of what my children had told me. They informed me there was nothing on the trolley and jackets. The police officer and the translator also interviewed the eldest child, (he had just turned five) in their conference room. The police then told me that he denied that his father makes foody from his penis. When I asked the police if they wanted to speak to the other child, they declined. I asked this policeman if he was going to send police home with us. He asked what for? I had no idea how they investigated, but assumed they would want to look for evidence. This police officer replied that sexual child molestation is difficult to prove. Later I found out that this meant they were not going to do or investigate anything. I told him what this husband had done to my hands and shoulder and he told me to go to the doctor, but did not take a statement. My collarbone had an open bruise, my left hand's finger was swollen and bruised, and my right hand had cuts on the fingers from the glass that had broken in it. This police officer also asked if I am filing for a divorce. I had only thought of how to protect my children the best way I can. I had also stayed with this man all these years mainly because of my promise to God. This police officer continued to speak about divorce and this father then having supervised visitations with the children.

I decided my first priority now was to try to protect my children. What happened after that was for later. We left the police station, with the hamster, but nothing else.

Shortly after this the children and I were sitting at the table eating breakfast one morning. This husband was not present. The second child said, "They like boys." The eldest, while smiling, repeated, "They like boys." I asked them what they were trying to say and the second child repeated, "They like boys." I asked them, "Are you telling me there are more people?" The second child said yes. I asked, "But where and when do you see these people?" The eldest replied, "When we go to the bank." This father went to the bank at least 2/3 times a week for an afternoon when he was home. He would always just take two of the children, but never all three. He always also went with the train. He never took the car. I had thought this behaviour odd but had not questioned that this father did not go to the bank as he was telling me. This was because he had given me the impression he is obsessed with money.

I asked the eldest child, "Don't you go to the bank at all?" He replied, "No. We go to this place." I asked them if the smallest child has been there. The second child replied, "He goes to a room where the animals don't bite. I go to a room where the animals bite." I asked them if there are other people as well and they said yes. I asked them if there were other children and they said yes. I asked them if there were men and women and they said yes. I asked them if the people dress like animals. The second child said, "No they don't. They bite." I asked them if they would be able to show me where this place is. The second child said he will be able to show me which station they stop at. He said they walk a long time to get there from this station. I asked the eldest child if he can remember the station name. He then named the next biggest town to the south of us and another town further to the south.

I took the car when I went somewhere and did not know the rail system well, but decided to take the train now to see if the children could recognise the train station at least.

At the station the eldest child confirmed that they took the train away from the city when their father tells me "he goes to the bank". This husband's many banks were in the city, not out of the city. At the next train station from where we live the rail line splits and one had to get off the train for the second line. The children could not tell me if they get off or stayed on the train. I decided to stay on the train. The two smaller children fell asleep. I asked the eldest child questions, e.g., what the place looked like. He said it was an old house with cracked walls. There are 3 bedrooms. He hides in-between the cars, while his father is busy with his ugly things. I asked him if his father leaves him totally alone with these people and he said yes. He named a neighbour that had stayed with him once between the people. I asked him if he knew the people there. He named people that are there, this included friends of the father's and neighbours. I could not believe it and asked him repeatedly if he was sure. Eventually he asked me to stop asking him questions. We travelled on the train for half an hour and the eldest child could not identify any of the stations as the station where they get off. I decided to go back home. This father would not take the train for half an hour one way and my chances of having a 5, 3 and 2 year old giving me correct directions would be slim.
During the following days I noticed the second child calls this place the “zoo”. I asked him why, and he replied, “The animals bite.” I asked him again if the people are dressed like animals? He replied, “No. They bite.” The eldest child said the people smoke there, I asked because of this husband’s tremendous hate for smoking. I asked him what else they do and he said they sing.

I kept on asking the children, also each one separately, about this information, but always got the same answers.

I phoned the police for the protection of the young. The police officer who had taken my previous statement was on holiday. Another officer said I should wait until he is back.

One night I woke up at 04:00, hearing someone on the stairs. It was my second child on his way upstairs. I asked him what he is doing? He turned around and said, “I like it.” I had heard him say this when I had found him and the eldest child naked on the pouf cushion behind the wall. I told this child to come and sleep in my room. The next night the eldest child also wanted to sleep in my room. The smallest child had been sleeping there since this father had moved his cot into the spare room, at which time I had moved into the spare room as well. This second child wanted me to rub his back in the middle of the night and constantly told me to guard and/or protect him.

This husband, after having told me of the incident at my mother’s apartment, had tried his utmost to intimidate me with his harassment. I had tried not to respond to him. However, his added tactic, one I instinctively reacted on, was the one that got to me. This game of his was: aiming his attention at the children and luring them into situations he knew would upset me.

Now, when it was the children's bath time and bed time, he was there. The children kept on declining this father’s continuous persistent offers of dressing and bathing them. Saying they want me to do it. This father turned into an octopus with eight arms. He was all over the children, kissing and hugging, rubbing bodies, playing his wrestling game and snorting/tickling game. I tried staying with the children and tried to go where ever they go to protect them. I could not be everywhere and this caused me a lot of anguish and distress. This husband was acutely aware of my anguish and he increased his attacks on the children and on me and then recorded my reaction. I would be downstairs dressing a child and when going upstairs he would be rubbing a child’s stomach, having pulled up the shirt, while the child watched television. He would try to convince them, asking repeatedly because they declined, to go cycling with him. For three days this man tried to lure them to go cycling with him, so he could show them a dead hedgehog on the road. He was so persistent and annoying that eventually I told him he can stop with that story now, because that hedgehog, if it was there, is definitely gone by now.

My mother had given the children all the books they had and I read to them at bedtime. Because this husband was worming himself in everywhere he also wanted to read to the children before bed now. For his mission he needed a book, but did not know that their favourite books are in their room and when he started asking for a book, I did not tell him. I told him to get his own children's books. He went upstairs and scratched around in my books. I pushed him away and I told him to leave my books alone. He then took a book of his, “One soldiers fight for paradise,” and started showing the children the pictures. There were pictures of people with machine guns in camouflage, deformed carcasses, people driving with machine guns on a jeep. In this book is also a picture of a man being chased by a lion. The second child had nightmares of a lion by his bed at night. I told this father, “Are you crazy, you cannot show the children this for a bed time story!”

One night this husband woke me up, repeatedly saying I should follow him. He took the basement stairs to the apartment. In the apartment he pointed out the stove with all four plates turned on. He started asking me in his cold voice who had done this, took his phone out and started taking pictures. My first thought was why did he not switch the plates off? So I turned the plates off and walked down the stairs back to bed. The next day I discovered he had locked all the doors and had taken all the keys to this apartment, using the turned on stove as his reason.

A few days later the children and I returned home around 17:00. This father emerged from the front door of the apartment. The front door of the house, right next to the apartment door, was also standing open. He told the children that he had bought them a remote control helicopter and that it was upstairs in the apartment. Busy charging he said. The children ran into the apartment and I told this husband if he has nothing to hide
he will leave the front door open. I did not have keys for the apartment he took them all. He did not reply, but walked casually into the main house. I relaxed, followed him in and started making dinner, while he stood at the end of the kitchen counter. I started cutting an onion when this husband started running towards and out of the front door. I ran after him, but when I came to the door of the apartment, he had just closed it. I was on speed and slammed on the door as I ran into it. The glass panel in the door broke and cut my wrist open. I looked at it, but did not feel anything. I could see this husband standing on the other side of the door. There is double glass in the door and only the exterior pane broke. I reasoned that if I break the second one as well, I could open the door from the inside. I slammed on this glass pane as I did on the outer pane, but it did not break. This husband then opened the door. I turned without speaking, went back into the main house and phoned the police. I told them I had just reported child molestation to the police youth protection division and this father locked himself in the apartment with the children. When the police arrived they took our statements, and wanted to phone an ambulance.

This husband acted guiltless and meek. No, he could not understand why his wife broke the glass pane of the door. He was just charging the helicopter, that he had bought earlier that afternoon for his children in the apartment.

No police officer noticed there are several power points to charge the helicopter with in the house. This husband need not have charged it in the apartment, to which I do not have a key, and then close the door on me.

He knew the children would respond by running to the helicopter once he told them of it. He knew I did not want to leave the children alone with him.

I had reacted on that and he had known that I would react. I did not know what the situation would be with the children if an ambulance took me to the hospital, so I told the police I will go myself. I finished making dinner and we ate. My wrist, which was gashed to the bone on one side, was starting to hurt and bleed. I also felt extremely tired. This husband volunteered to drive me to the hospital and I had to accept his help.

The rest of the month was one entire ball of torment altogether. This father/husband still took pictures, video's and recorded everything, now mostly in secret and only sometimes holding the phone in front of him.

He charmed and lured the children on every occasion possible. Where before he never paid attention when who arrived from where, he now stood ready with a Cheshire cat smile, arms open as wide as possible and telling the children repeatedly, “Say hullo to Daddy!”

While the children were watching a DVD, he would ask them, “Can daddy sit with you? Daddy wants to sit with you. Can daddy sit with you?” He then plonked himself down on the big cushion pouf with them. He would start tickling them. The two eldest children would be enthralled by the DVD and the smallest child was the only one he could lure with this. As a result he concentrated on him, making snorting noises and biting actions on the child’s body. He would stand on all fours, press his face in the child’s neck and stomach and role the child around for half an hour. He did not move around or chase the child. When the child tried to get away, he would pull the child back by an arm or a leg, into a lying position in front of him and continue.

This father continued his wrestling with the children, but now he was restraining himself to just pressing his face into their necks and holding their bodies against his while he tickled them in their necks and on their torso’s. He did not do his pinch tickle movement around their private parts. On occasion his hand would automatically go to their private areas, but he would stop himself. When I saw him getting out of hand and taking chances, I got my camera and kept this on him. If there was going to be evidence this father behaved. During one of these wrestling sessions of his, my camera's battery was flat, but I pretended to record just so that he would not do anything more to the children. The children were used to me recording and this did not bother them. I had made video recordings of these “wrestling” games of this father on earlier occasions, but could find none when I searched the computer.

This father also started disregarding the children’s bedtime routines in this time. He would use the “wrestling games”, or he would find something to show the children, or he would phone his family repeatedly saying, “Let’s phone so and so. Do you want to speak to them?” When I eventually got the children downstairs to brush their teeth and to read their story, he would once again be present and be disruptive. His new game was to lure the children to rather sleep with him in his bed and he would ask them repeatedly, pulling sad faces and kiss them continually during his asking. I had found this kissing strange behaviour. For example,
after struggling to get the children away from his attention and finally to go downstairs to bed, he would say, "Kiss daddy good night." He would give them long hugs as well. The children would go downstairs to the bathroom to brush their teeth. He would come downstairs and repeat the whole process again, saying, "Kiss daddy good night." When they went to bed, he would again say, "Kiss daddy good night," after which he would start asking, "don't you want to sleep with daddy in his room?" This was every single nights procedure. He did not back down at all, but just increased his tactics, not accepting their refusals, but intensified his asking. He ignored me when I told him the children had said no.

The children and I went to the swimming pool twice during the school holidays. The first time this father invited himself with. We waited for him in the car and as he approached it he decided to make a new rule for us. No more drinking and eating while he is driving. This, he said, is because the car is a mess inside. He ordered me to hand over the teat bottles at my feet and took the other one out of the second child’s hands. He put them in the boot. He started driving and the second child started crying, saying he wants his bottle. I leaned over the seats to try and reach it in the back and this father swerved the car to make it difficult for me. Scared that I will fall on one of the children I left it until he stopped and then gave the children their teat bottles. While they drank inside the car, this father stood next to the car and in his raging, cold voice repeated his "no drinking and eating while he is driving" rule because the car is dirty inside.

After an hour at the pool this father decided by himself that we are all going home. Neither the children, nor I wanted to leave. While he was deflating the children’s mattresses, I used the opportunity to try to get information. I reasoned he would not attack me in front of the people and started asking him about his actions and if he was enjoying himself. He got angry and managed to slightly bump my nose with his forehead before I pulled away. The second time I pulled away soon enough and I told him not to get upset. I am only speaking to him about his own choice of life. He tried to get the children to go home with him. They refused and he left in a rage.

The second time we went to the pool without this father. The second child shocked me. He went to a man and, while pointing at the man, said, "He has also hurt me." The child spoke in our language. This man could not understand him. But the man blushed, appeared flustered and looked from this child to me and back to the child. I was sitting at a table about 4 meters away from them. The man had a child about my eldest child’s age with him. This second child came to me and I asked him if his father also hurt the man’s boy. He replied, "No, daddy does not hurt other boys, but other people hurt me." I approached the man casually and asked him, in an international language, if we had met before? He looked shocked, was abrupt and said he does not know me, repeating it several times. I asked him his name, saying was he sure we have never met? He then gave me his name but did not want to give his surname and kept saying he does not know me. My eldest boy told me he knew his son and he wanted to play with him. When I asked the child if he knew this man’s boy from school, he shook his head no. The children showed me another man, who they said are also at this "zoo". The man had a little girl, about six years old, with him. He was biting and physically rolling her around. The exact manner and actions in which this father was behaving towards our children.

At home, after bathing and eating, the eldest child was watching the Cars DVD on the computer. I was sitting next to him. In one place the press takes pictures of McQueen and their numerous flashes go off. Thischild asked me why they are taking pictures of McQueen. I told him McQueen was lost and he is a famous car and they had found him. He was silent for a moment and then he said, "They took pictures of me as well.” I was not in the habit of using my flash while taking pictures.

I stood up and walked to the kitchen in our open living area. This father was sitting on the couch in the living room, typing on his phone and I asked him, "Why don't you just sell the children?" He replied, "I am not selling the children." I said, "From what my children are telling me you are selling them!" He did not answer. I told him, "You were right when you said, how will I ever be able to forgive you." He did not reply. **

**After I had found out about the incident at my mother's place. I had told this father during dinner one evening that God knows everything, God sees everything and God hears everything. He replied he knows. Later that evening when he sat on the couch, drinking his tea, he said to me, "How will you ever be able to forgive me?" I was cleaning up in the kitchen and replied, "It probably depends on what I need to forgive." He did not reply.

I struggled to get hold of the police officer who by now was back, but was never available. I made an appointment and went and spoke to another police officer at the Police section, and told him what the children are telling me. He said, "You don't have proof. You need to follow your husband around." He did not take a statement down.
The children continued to decline this father's attempts to bathe them, change diapers, undress or dress them. He continued his kissing and hugging routine with the children's bedtime and there were two nights when he managed to get them to go to his room.

The first time after he had put them all in his bed, I stayed in the room and sat at the bottom of the bed. He repeatedly told me to leave and I only shook my head no. He then said he was going upstairs to the apartment.

The second time he managed to get the children in his bed, I decided to take a shower in the bathroom attached to the bedroom. This father once again tried to get me to leave the children alone there and I refused. He left "for the apartment" and had been gone for about 5 minutes. I decided to shower in the bathroom adjacent and when I turned on the shower he immediately walked into the room. This gave me the impression he had not left the house for the apartment as he was saying. He told me I am not allowed to shower there. I said ok and again sat on the bed.

On both these “sleep in daddy’s room” occasions the smallest child was restless and I took him to his bed. The second child did not fall asleep and came down on his own when I took the youngest downstairs. The eldest child fell asleep and I carried him down to bed.

With this father’s baiting routines at night, the second child started behaving out of character. He talked in a husky voice to this father, saying he wants to sleep with him. Then he would start to take off his pyjamas and role around while saying this. This father would take the child upstairs to his bedroom. I could not understand the child's confusing behaviour and initially tried to keep him from going up the stairs. The child would fight me. Then I realised this father was playing on our emotional reactions. I could see his enjoyment and he was also recording this. I let the child go, thinking I will try again later. I calmed down after noticing this child never stayed there and always came back down on his own, saying, "Mommy, you must protect me."

This husband was supposed to leave and go back to work. He left for two days after I reported to the police what the children told me and then changed his work schedule to stay at home.

He blocked the telephone. I could not dial out to my family or any international number from the house phone. Before his family never called our home. This husband did the only calling on Skype. But they now started calling. This husband also increased calling them and phoned several times a day, always calling the children to speak to them.

The eldest child was always repeatedly asked if he wanted to say hullo to this father’s youngest brother, never the second child.

This particular day the eldest child was again speaking to his uncle and his grandfather had joined in. I had just given the second child strawberries at the dining room table and could hear the conversation. The way they were coaxing this eldest child, made alarms go off inside my head. I asked the second child if this uncle or his grandfather also do these things. He said yes. I named each family member of this father separately and did not get a definite answer on the rest of the family. But he repeatedly said yes when I mentioned the father’s youngest brother and his grandfather.

When the eldest child had finished talking to them, I asked him the same question in private. He said yes, they also do it. I got upset and asked him, “But why do you do it?” The child replied, “If we want to ride on the harvester. Grandfather takes brother into the field and I stay with uncle.” I confronted this husband that night at around 22:30. Taking a chance, I asked him if his entire family are involved in child molestation. He did not give an answer to my question, but replied he was going to record the conversation. I told him he can and I repeated my question. He recorded me and then he went to his bedroom. I still did not have an answer. I was standing halfway up on the stairs, looking at his door, when I heard him say, “She knows. The children told her.” He was speaking in our native language and I did not hear him say hullo or goodbye to whoever he was speaking to. It was near 23:00 at night.

The second child started taking long baths 2/3 times a day. Once this father closed the main water tap, saying the child is wasting water. The bath water was cold and I carried water from my rain water tank, with the help of the eldest child, and boiled this until the bath was warm again. We had no tap water the entire afternoon. This father locked the door where the main water tap was and took the key.
I eventually felt like a tiger with rabies held on a leash. He and I were both exasperated. He was angry for me knowing his secrets and I was angry at him for what he was doing to the children.

The eldest child used to go to school with a designated person who would fetch all the children in the street and walk with them to school. Every morning, after the holiday, when the eldest child and I came out of the bedroom, this father, in his cycling gear, would be a black shadow in the doorway against the light of the lit washroom. He had the bicycle wagon hooked up to his bicycle, ready outside the garage. He would then ask this child repeatedly, “Do you want daddy to take you to school in the wagon?” The two youngest children were still sleeping.

Initially I tried to stop the child and told him to walk with the people that were waiting for him outside the garage, but the child wanted to go with the bicycle wagon. I left it. This father also fetched this child at school now with this wagon. On one of these occasions the child came home looking shocked and white. I told him, “If something happens that you do not like, you tell me.” This father was standing by the garage door. When I looked at him he seemed to want to explode with anger at my non remarkable comment. This child started refusing to get up to go to school. This father repeatedly said it was my fault. I never before had a problem with this child attending school. The child used to get up, dress, eat and leave. Now, with this father waiting, he did not want to get up and it was a huge struggle just to get him dressed. When he was ready he also refused to go in the bicycle wagon. This father again changed his tactics and told this child he can cycle with his own bicycle. With all the abnormal commotion that was going on, the other children started waking up and hence also wanted to go with. The second child wanted his bicycle and the smallest his push car. This father would prod the eldest two children to ride faster, running with them, while I tried to keep up with pushing the smallest on the bobby car.

In these weeks trying to protect my children and for the most making movements so they are not alone with this father, behaviour from the children emerged, that to me was foreign. The smallest child walked to his father in the kitchen and laid himself flat on his back in front of him with his feet by this father’s feet. He stayed like that for at least ten-seconds before getting up and walking away without speaking. This father stood still during this and did not move or speak. The smallest child did this twice and the second child did it once. I asked this father why they are behaving in this manner? His replied that he does not know.

The second child went and stood behind this father, sitting on the couch, and caressed his head. I have never seen the child do this. This father was sitting with his eyes closed. I asked the child why he was doing it. He replied, “Daddy likes it.” I said to this father, “I have never seen this child do that before. Why is he doing it?” He abruptly replied, “I love him and he loves me.”

One afternoon this second child slept late for his afternoon nap. When he woke up, he started throwing a tantrum, telling me he wants to go to the “zoo” and that I have to take him. I told him I was not going to take him there. This husband was standing in the doorway and said to the child, “Come, come, you and I can go for a walk.” I asked him, “It is 19:30. Why do you want to go for a walk now?” He did not answer, turned around and walked away. They did not leave and the child calmed down.

The children were playing in their room. I heard them scream, “Bloody, bloody,” incessantly. They were making their voices deeper and screaming it with this country’s language accent. I was puzzled, because I had never heard them say this. I asked them where they had heard this word and they replied, “The people at the “zoo” scream this when we try to run away.”

This husband phoned the police three times during this time. The first time he told the police I slapped him. We were involved in an argument in the garage after he took a child’s toy away and we were pushed each other around, but I did not slap him. The second time he said I pushed him into the fish tank. Ironically, he had taken my handbag out of my room, while I was getting the children ready for bedtime. He crept up the stairs with the bag in front of him and did not want to give it back to me. He ran around the table in the direction of the fish tank, with me pulling on his shirt. All I remember is seeing I was going to go into the fish tank and only had enough time to turn, so I would hit it with my side. I had a bruise on my arm and upper leg, but only discovered this the following night. I told the police what my children were telling me. The police officers that were in the house after the fish tank had broken, told me it had nothing to do with them and that I should go to the police youth protection department. They only take statements. I asked them if they don’t know of a police
officer that needed a place to stay and that he could stay for free in the apartment. They said no and left.

The third time this father phoned the police, I took the children out with his knowledge. When we came home later the afternoon, the police was outside the house. This father acted as if he did not know that we were going out for the day. I unloaded the car and showed the police the container in which our lunch was, saying this man stood in the kitchen while I packed it. This was the same police officer that was in the house when the fish tank had broken. He asked me where we were and I told him. This officer told me everything is ok. I told him I am glad if he thinks everything is ok, I do not. The children and I then walked into the house.

The children kept on repeating the information that they had given me at first and added more. The eldest child named someone who lives in our street and said that this man had also put his penis in his mouth. The child covered his face with his hands, after he had said this. This neighbour often gave presents to the children. Many of the children's toys came from him. He is always jovial, smiling and friendly and would stop and talk to me when the children were playing outside.

The eldest child also told me that when they go to the park, his father takes his second youngest brother in under the bridge.

One Saturday afternoon, this father managed to persuade the children to go to his friend in the neighbouring town in the bicycle wagon hooked to his bicycle. He did this by using his repetitive baiting technique on them the entire morning.

I said I will cycle with them. The smallest child was on my bicycle in a seat. The eldest two were in the wagon behind this father's bicycle. This father had a general habit of cycling/walking away from me. He was faster. Since the last time he had cycled away from me I have never cycled with him again. That was when I was 4 months pregnant with the youngest child. I have never cycled to these friends of this father. I put the car keys in my pocket, in case he did cycle away from me as usual.

One kilometre from the house this father cycled faster. I tried to stay with the children by grabbing hold of a band hanging from the trailer. The father saw this and started to cycle even faster. I lost my grip and he cycled away down the road. I turned around and cycled home to take the car. As I started driving, this father came back with the other children. The second child told me he kicked the wagon window, until his father had turned around. This father started cycling again and I drove behind them in the car.

He turned into a road that turned out to be a farm road that had barriers at the end and I had to leave the children, turn around and go back on the main road.

I found them again on the way to this friend's place. When we got there this father was impatient, constantly saying he wants to leave. This puzzled me. He was the one who wanted to come and visit these friends of his, making a big cycling event out of it. I sat talking to his friend's wife and this father was moving between the outside with the children and watching football on television. The second child pointed at people there. The eldest child had also mentioned these people that day on the train. I told the pointing child I understood and he went outside again.

When we left, this father cycled the same road back and I took the main road. But then I could not find him and the children again. I had timed how long it took to get to this father's friend, which was around 20min.

After 40min I found this father with the children turning from the small town next to us onto the road to our town.

He smiled when he saw me.

At home the second child wanted to bathe immediately. It was not their bathe time and he bathed alone. When I dressed him after the bath he told me, "Daddy took us to the slaughter house and hurt me with a wood beater."

Wood beater is this child's word for a hammer.

I did not confront this husband or gave any indication that I had this information. It seemed there was now another place that their father takes them to and the children calls this place the "slaughterhouse".

This "slaughterhouse" cannot be too far from the house by the sounds of it. I asked this second child the following week if he could show me where the "slaughterhouse" is. Making a detour in taking him to school, he showed me an old farm house with old ruined dilapidated barns in the back. In a section of these barns one could see a camper-van. I asked the child and he said they go into the camper-van. The following day when I
drove past this farm house the camper-van was not in the barn anymore.

During the following week two women from the Social Service came to the house for an unannounced visit. Neither this father, nor I were supposedly informed of their visit. However, according to this father’s actions he certainly was expecting something or someone.

As has become his routine, he insisted on taking the eldest child to school after lunch. This was not a nice family walk, as I mentioned before.

On the way back from school the second child wanted to play at the corner of our street and refused to go further with this father. The smaller child and I caught up with them. This father appeared to be in a hurry, but he wanted the children to go home with him. He kept on prodding and asking the children to go home. After having asked several times and them not responding to him at all, he eventually turned and walked off in a great hurry. I stayed with the children while they played. After a while, we went home.

I opened the garage door and was standing in the washroom on the ground floor around 15:00. I heard a woman’s voice say, “So when did her strange behaviour start?” I could also smell something had burned in the house.

The youngest two children were still pottering around outside the garage. When they started going in, I followed. The second child went to the hamsters in the downstairs bathroom and the youngest child went up the stairs to the living area. I also went up. Two women were sitting across from this father at the dining room table. I went to look at what had burned.

It was eggs that I had put on to boil at around 12:30 on a heat setting of 6 with the timer for 20 minutes. The eldest child wanted eggs for lunch when he came back from school at about 12:15. We had cheese, bread, jam and fruit, while the eggs cooked. When the eggs were ready this child said he was repleted. I had also cleaned up after lunch leaving the eggs next to the sink to cool and nothing except this husband’s tea was simmering on the stove.

Now the eggs were still in the pot on the counter. There was no water in the pot and the eggs were intact, but burned on the one side.

The one social worker was the main speaker. The other social worker never spoke. She just sat looking at me the whole time. During this interview, the second child was still in the bathroom downstairs and I could hear strange noises. This did not bother any of the people at the table. I stood up and the social worker did not want me to leave the table. Her reasoning was that what she is doing is very important, and I should leave the children. I thought why can’t she leave the table and come with me? You cannot disregard small children for a few minutes, let alone hours. This social worker did not comprehend this. Initially I obliged, but as the noises became louder and stranger I ignored her and went to check on the child. He had opened the hamster cage, the hamsters were out, the wood chips were everywhere over the floor, but other than that the child was fine. This social worker told me that I should not listen to my children and that I should not give my children what they ask for. The first time she said this my thought was that this woman does not have children and has no experience in raising children. I was right. My second thought was these women are saying they are psychologists. Does that not entail listening to children and trying to help them if you are in the business of child protection?

After one of her repeated speeches of saying I should not give my children what they ask for, she sarcastically asked if I would also take the goldfish? I wondered if this woman was aware of how the hamsters and fish had come to be at the house or the shop for that matter. Has she ever seen people walking their animals, or carry them in handbags and cages, etc. She gave me the impression her concern for the welfare of the animals is her highest and only priority. She made farfetched statements in an aggressive tone about hamsters being thrown around and being missing for weeks, always adding, “You should set boundaries for your children!” This made me frown, thinking why on earth is she making these false accusations? She had not seen this happening with her own eyes, never mind that it did not happen.

The eldest child returned from school around 16:20. He came into the house but did not want to stay. I, having had enough, went outside with him to a tree he wanted to climb. This father came and told me they want me to come back in. He said he will take care that the child does not fall. I went back in and the next moment this father came back into the room, having left the child alone by the tree. The child could climb up, but needed help in getting down. I went back outside and asked the child to come in, which he did.

We arrived back, as these women, touring the house with this father, was by the washing room door. Neither of these two social workers paid any attention to the children, attempted to speak to or interacted with them in any way.

The second child was still in the bathroom downstairs and was holding a hamster. The social worker, who was
the spokeswoman, got severely distressed and repeated several times, “Look how he is holding the hamster! Look how he is holding the hamster!”

I had several problems with this comment of hers:

This child had been playing with the hamsters most of the time she was at the house. Everyone had disregarded the noises from his playing.

He had played with the hamsters many times before as well. He was kind, gentle and considerate and I trusted them with him.

When looking at how he held the hamster I could see the hamster was comfortable. The hamster was not in distress at all or he would be biting.

While this social service worker repeated, “Look how he is holding the hamster!” She herself neither the other social service worker nor this husband was looking. From where they were standing they could not see the child, they stood looking at me. Then this social worker told me, “You have to take yourself to the emergency at the hospital immediately!” I looked at her, frowning, and she repeated this. Initially I did not understand what this woman was saying. After she repeated herself the second time I realised, but I said nothing. The third time this social worker repeated her emergency hospital sentence, she was in the hallway at the front door about to leave. I replied, “I believe what my children had told me. I will not leave them alone.” She did not reply and I walked away. Thinking, my small children telling me they are being abused, raped and, I suspect from their words, exposed to a pedophile circle, is in second place after rodents in the social service worker’s priority list.

I left these women at the front door and went outside at the back of the house. The eldest child walked out onto the sidewalk and I stopped in the alley, watching, as the two women crossed the street, laughing. They did not appear upset, but rather quite satisfied and happy. Still smiling, they got into a long, dark coloured convertible with the top down, parked across the street, and drove away.

On 23 April 2012 this father’s divorce summons was delivered in the house mailbox. He gave me the summons for the divorce in the evening, saying he had found it on the door step. I opened the envelope and saw the notice for divorce. I asked him what it is and he said he does not know, it is probably the youth court that sent it. I told him, “Are you telling me you are getting divorced without knowing it?” He did not reply. This “emergency” divorce hearing was scheduled for 30 April 2012.

I watched old photo’s of the children on the computer. The children started watching with me. Usually, when we went to this father’s parents’ farm, the children would walk around with the least amount of clothes on. This was because they got wet and dirty and it was hot in the summer.

There was a picture of this father holding the eldest two children one on each arm. In the picture the children only had shirts on. The eldest child remarked, “Bums and penises. Mommy is dumb. Mommy is dumb.” I said, “Yes, I was dumb.”

One day I walked to the dining room table and found this father sitting on the couch in the living room. He was holding the second child so that the child was in a forward bent position. The child was hanging like a rag doll. This father was sitting on the edge of the seat with his legs open and swung the child repeatedly against him. I had never seen him do that with any of the children. I told this father to carry on doing what he is doing, because I just want to get my camera. This father that appeared captivated, looked up and stopped.

I found, to my shock, having feelings of anger towards my children. Because they had listened to and obeyed people that were hurting them. Even kept quiet about these things that were so wrong, which resulted in more hurt for them. Every time they were disobedient, I noticed, it reminded me of this. I knew my anger was misplaced. I could not blame them. They had no idea how to distinguish between right and wrong. Right and wrong is taught by parents.

I needed time out. I had been running behind the children and been on guard for weeks with constant attacks and luring from this husband. Everything was getting to me. I told this husband I was going for a walk, but rested out of sight in my room. It was lunch time. When it became time for the eldest child to go back to school, this father told the eldest child to walk with the adult and other children as he used to do. The child refused, saying he wants to take his bicycle. This father had smilingly and enticingly ran with his boys on bicycles to and from school the past weeks, with me trying to keep up with them. Now that this father thought I was not there, he was getting cross with this child, because this child wanted to take his bicycle.
The eldest child started screaming and I walked up the stairs. I saw them in the kitchen. The child was lying on the floor and this father was standing over him with a 4 cm thick, metre long wooden spoon with a scoop the size of a hand. He had bought a few of these "spoons" as a joke to give to friends before we got married and had kept one, which was lying on the extractor fan. I told this father that if he is going to hit my child with that thing, he will be dealing with me. He put the big spoon down and scratched in the drawer, saying he was looking for something else. I told the child to get ready for school and again we all, including the now running father, took him on his cycle to school. The spoon disappeared and I never saw it again.

I told the children, in the father’s presence, if someone puts something in their mouths, they must bite it so hard that it bleeds. I stuck my finger in this father's mouth and he bit me so hard that my finger was bleeding. I told the children, look how your father had done it. You must also do this. I told them if someone hurts them they are allowed to defend themselves. I told them they are allowed to stick their fingers in the person’s eyes. The second child started hitting this father on his legs and ramming him on his penis with his head.

After the two social workers' visit this father said that she said the children must sleep in their room. I did not try to stop this. The first night I stacked toys behind their bedroom door. I woke up again at +/-04:00 from the noise of the toys falling. The second child was awake and standing in the hallway. I told him to go back to bed. This husband was also awake. He came and stood halfway down the stairs. He said to this child, “Daddy is waiting for you.” as if he was saying a mantra. He had this big smile on his face, while he said it. I told this father, “I can hear you. I am standing right here.” As if oblivious of my presence he repeated, “Daddy is waiting for you.” I told the child to go to his room and I put him to bed. After that I slept on a mattress in the passage in front of the children’s bedroom door, blocking the bottom of the stairs leading up. I still put toys behind their door, but slept there in case the noise of the toys falling did not wake me.

I needed help in protecting the children and asked my mother to come, but this husband was forbidden my mother the house. I asked my next door neighbours, an elderly couple, if my mother could stay with them. They wanted to know why my mother was not staying with me. I told them this husband forbade it. I told them I went to the police, because my children had told me their father is not behaving properly with them. This lady then asked me, what about his comrades and is he profiting from the children? Her husband who stood next to her, put his hand on her arm to quieten her. They said my mother can stay with them. A few days later they changed their minds.

On 3 April 2012 we saw a child psychiatrist, at the children’s hospital. This was the child psychologist who the organisation for abused children had referred us to. The earliest this psychologist could schedule an appointment was after a month. According to this organisation she was an expert in her field. I was under the impression this was evaluation for molestation. But she said she knew nothing of the molestation of the children. She also showed no interest and interrupted me when I listed the second child’s behaviour. Saying she was only asked to see if this second child is autistic. She concluded in the meeting that lasted about 20 minutes that he is not autistic, while watching him play with his brothers. She did not speak to any of the children. She had an attitude of “he is not autistic, goodbye and thank you for coming”.

There is and was a huge problem. My children are only fluent in our mother language. This language is not spoken in this country. There is no psychologist in this country that could be able to assess my children or help them efficiently in any way.

This husband had the children’s passports locked up in a safe of which only he had the key. If I broke open the safe, took the children and left the country, I would be charged with kidnapping my own children. A law in this country disallowed me leaving with the children without this father’s permission. He could immediately get full custody of the children.

I did see a lawyer a few days after I received the notice for divorce, but she said she felt too inexperienced to deal with the case. The hearing was supposed to be on 30 April 2012, but was postponed by her to 7 May 2012. Friday 4 May 2012 I had an appointment with another attorney. I had to go, since this was the only time she could see me. The divorce court hearing was the Monday. This father was also going into the city. For the first time, since the children had told me of the "foody", the second child wanted to go with his father. On the previous occasion with the bicycle, the other children said they wanted to go and he had said he was only
This husband made a fuss saying he does not want me to travel on the same train as he and the children. He said he will take the car if I insisted on taking the train with them. I ignored him and went on the train and bus and I stayed with the children as long as possible. I had to get off, I had no choice. Instead of going to the advocate I went to an organisation for abused woman and told them I need help.

The woman at this organisation said they cannot help me and have no space in any of their protection houses. I gave her contact details of the social worker and police officer and then went to the advocate. After this I went home and this father arrived later with the children.

This second child threw a tantrum, his first one in months.

The pastor and his wife came to our house that afternoon. While they were there, the woman of the organisation for abused women that I had gone to that morning, phoned at around 16:00, with the words, “The social worker is afraid for your and your children’s lives.” She told me I have to put the children in the car and come to their office immediately and not to tell the husband where we were going. I told her this husband will not let us leave. She replied I need to be in the city before 17:00, and that she will tell me where to go from there. I packed a few things and put this in the car. This husband had taken the two youngest children to fetch the eldest child from school, while I had spoken to the pastor and his wife. When they arrived, I put the children in the car.

This husband saw the packed car. When he asked, I told him the social service worker told me to take the children to an office in the city. He climbed into the driver seat and told me to give him the keys. It was 16:30 and I needed to be in the city with the rush hour traffic by 17:00. I first climbed in the passenger seat and then gave him the keys. He drove us there and dropped us off with our luggage. When this father left, the second child threw a tantrum. The other two children went to play in the play area.

This woman wanted to know why I had brought this husband along. Although they work at an organisation for women in distress she obviously does not know what a woman in distress means. I told her he got in the driver’s seat and asking does not work with this person. So what else could I do?

I asked her if the social worker said why our lives are in danger and she replied, because of the violence in the house. This was so ironic to me, I started laughing hysterically. This social service worker, after her visit, did nothing for anybody’s protection. After all the abuse, luring, harassment and lies that the children and I had had to endure, this social worker now, after I approached an organisation for protection, said she wants to protect us from violence in the house. This organisation also had place for us now, but obviously not based on my cry for help.

The arrangements for the stay at the protection house was made until Monday 7 May 2012.

We took the train to a house in the north of the country. It was one hour by train. On arrival I realised I do not have my handbag. I phoned home and asked this father if he would look for it. He refused. I cancelled the credit cards and went to the police. On the train I did notice someone watching me, even openly turning around to do this, and I had also left the luggage alone and took the children to the toilet.

I reported my bag missing and told them of this person that had shown interest.

During the first day at this place I cried and I could not control it so I allowed myself to cry. This was over the next day. There were bicycles and a sandpit for the children and this kept them mostly occupied. Every person there spoke below average english and having a conversation was difficult.

On Monday the children and I went to the neighbouring town in the van of the protection house. I went to the bank and the children waited in the van. Afterwards the lady driving the van went to the post office. The children sat strapped in the van most of the morning and wanted to walk around. It was also lunch time. When she came back, I told her I was taking the children for lunch and we will take the bus back. She directed me to a place to eat. This place was similar to a diner. They had big televisions on the walls playing explicit sexual music videos and I told the children not to watch, it is not for children. They laughed at me and said they know this. This is what the people do at the “zoo”.

The children and I walked around. I noticed a grey haired, pot bellied, shortish, old man with ice blue eyes. The first time I saw him he was walking towards us. I do not judge people by their looks, but this man did not have any pleasant features. That is why I noticed him. I saw him walking past us and then we would again walk past him in the town’s shopping area. I started paying attention to where he goes and noticed that when
we stopped, he stopped and would turn to look in a window. If we walk across the street this man crossed the street. If I crossed the street again he would as well. I took out my camera and started taking pictures down the street in his direction. This man carried on walking. He walked past me, stopped 20 metres further on a street corner and stood staring into the sky. I took the children into a shoe store and stayed there for a while, buying shoes for the second child, etc. With luck, this shop had a climbing frame for children right in the middle of the shop, so it kept the children busy. Late that afternoon we took the bus back to the protection house for woman.

I had an appointment with the manager of the protection house on Tuesday 8 May 2012 in the morning. It was pre-arranged that morning with someone to watch the children in the office across the hallway. The telephone rang and the manager said in the country's language, “They had just arrived,” while looking out of the window. I did not look at what she was looking.

She was looking at the police. While I was oblivious, the police placed the children and their belongings, that was in our locked room, in vehicles. Then they came into the office, gave me the order from the judge made on 7 May 2012 that this father had full temporary custody of the children. They were sent to come and take them from me. The police, in uniform and a police car were sent to fetch these small children. This father was nowhere. So much for me telling my child the police does not take children away.

The manager of the protection house said only when they see the mother is a bad mother do they then call the police, but they did not call the police in my case. She said she had never allowed it and would not allow it again, which meant she made an exception to allow it with me and my children. They said to each other in the country's language that the eldest and youngest children said yes when asked if they wanted to go to their father and the second child said no.

I asked if I can say goodbye to the children. They allowed this. The second child wanted to know why I was not coming with them. I did not know what to answer him and now think why did I not just get into the car. But, for a reason I cannot fathom, I did not. I tried not to cry in front of them, so they will not get upset. I did cry with my still breastfeeding youngest child aged two. He was alone in the unmarked blueish police vehicle. Then the police drove away with my children.
Chapter 8
Drowning in lies

After the police left with my children, I phoned my advocate. The judge based his decision to give full temporary custody to this father on the report from this social service worker. My advocate said she is not allowed to show/give me this report, it is highly confidential. If I want my children back, I have to go to the hospital and be evaluated to proof my sanity.

This meant I was proclaimed mentally unstable on rumours of this father and rumours in the social service worker’s report.

My children ages 5, 3 and 2 had just been driven away from me by police, around a month after I reported their molestation and I suspect a pedophile circle they are talking about. The police took my children, whom I had given birth to and nursed, away, as if I was a thief and my children were possessions that I had stolen.

I felt cross, upset, unhappy and angry, to say the least!

To my “court claimed mentally unstable mind” this sounded like an “ideal” situation in which to be mentally evaluated. Plainly others thought so as well.

I left the protection house for women and went to the hospital and waited there from about 17:30 until about 23:00 and still saw no psychiatrist. On enquiring how long it will be, I received the answer, “You have to wait.”

The pastor kept phoning me, saying he will take me where I want to go and repeatedly asked me, “What are your plans?” In the manner the pastor talked it sounded as if I am not allowed to go home. I phoned my advocate and she told me I have to go home. They can say I deserted the house, if I do not. Around 23:00 I told the receptionist of this hospital that I am leaving. She jumped out of her chair, ran out of her office door and said the psychiatrist will arrive in 20 minutes, I have to wait. I ignored this woman and left.

The buses had stopped running and the trains from the city were stopping at midnight. When the pastor phoned again I told him I am going home, because apparently I am allowed to do that. He said, “Yes you are.”
He and his wife came to pick me up at the main train station. I arrived home at midnight. As I climbed into bed, this father came to the bedroom and told me that I am not sleeping in the house, but have to go and sleep in the apartment.

He gave me back my keys for the front door of the apartment. My advocate earlier advised me not to fight. Being dead tired with no fight left, I went upstairs.

If I ever doubted that my Father in Heaven is alive and well, then I doubted no more.

I would feel like I cannot walk anymore. The thought in my mind was one foot at a time, and I walked again. When I looked around me and saw no compassion or understanding for my pain and anguish, I asked Him to comfort me and He did. When I felt defeated with no more strength, I asked Him for it. He lifted me and gave me strength.

When my heart felt like breaking, thinking of my children, when it felt like I could not even take the next breath, because of the pain in my chest, I asked for peace and He gave it. I realised in amazement half an hour later, after I had asked Him, that what I had asked for, was given. He gave me willpower, strength and peace that I never imagined having. I knew my God the Almighty that wins every battle, was with me. I asked Him to be with my children and I knew He was with them as well. I felt His overwhelming love, I put my trust in it and I knew whatever happens, it is going to be ok. He will not leave me. He will not leave my children. We are not alone.

The next day I again went to the hospital to try to be evaluated as my advocate advised. I saw a psychiatrist and explained the situation to him.

He phoned this husband. When he came back, he said this husband says I have post natal depression. But this psychiatrist replied he cannot admit me, because he cannot see that I need to be admitted as an emergency. I phoned my advocate, telling her this, and she wanted a letter.

I went back to the hospital the next day, got the letter and asked this psychiatrist to admit me for an evaluation, because of my situation. If I do the evaluation in the hospital it would take a week and a half and an outside evaluation would take 6 half hour sessions over at least a month and a half. Time was an issue to me. This psychiatrist arranged an appointment with the head of admission at the psychiatric division.

On this day, these psychiatrists wanted to know why I had taken a hamster to the police station. My advocate also asked me this. I told them the children wanted to and I had allowed this. They needed this comfort and I
Is THIS love? - a mother's plea

gave it, seeing no enormously problematic reason not to.
[The country I was raised in do not have a law prohibiting travelling with animals. There is also no law in this country and there is no sign at the police station saying no animals. Or that it is criminal or illegal. Or that you will be proclaimed mentally unstable for breaking this unwritten law and your children will be taken from you.]

They informed me they don’t have a vacant bed in the psychiatric department, but they will put me on a waiting list. They estimated that I would wait two weeks for space.

This “news” irritated me. In trying to get into the psychiatric hospital for days, nobody mentioned that there is no vacant bed.

I then phoned the psychiatrists in the telephone book, but with all those I phoned could only find a first appointment after several weeks.

I phoned the psychiatric department secretary at the hospital, who knew me by then, and asked her what the hospital procedure would be if I stood on a bridge, saying I am going to jump, will they make space for me at the hospital? She laughed and said they will send an ambulance and admit me, yes, but it would not be a good beginning. This made a lot of sense. Strangely enough, my advocate advised me the very next day to go to the hospital crying and screaming, so that they will admit me.

The results of her proposition would be: not a good beginning.

A few days later my advocate found a psychiatrist to start an immediate evaluation outside the hospital, but this was going to take a month or more.

This psychiatrist also did not want to admit me, saying I am not ill. I assumed he also had the social service worker’s report and knew everything there is to know. Every one else asked me questions about things I had not told them, and so, I just answered his questions. My advocate had advised me to stop speaking about what the children had told me and to leave it. In my circumstances I did not want to repeat the children’s words either. It made me feel terribly helpless and sad.

I only slept in the apartment and was still allowed into the house by this father. I still had a front door key, but my garage remote was missing.

I went back to the neighbour to speak to the woman, who previously enquired about this father’s comrades and his profit from the children. This neighbour was very nosy and would always peek over the wall when the children and I were in the back yard. On such an occasion, while the children were swimming naked in the backyard, she told me to be careful of pedophiles. I had found this comment dramatic at the time. Thinking my children are playing in the privacy of their back yard. Only the immediate neighbours could see them.

When I asked this neighbour on her comment that day she replied that she do not want the police at her place. She also asked me why I don’t want my husband anymore? Leaning forward with a gleeful smile, she asked, “Or do you like women?” I stood up and said I am leaving. Half way down her stairs she started crying, saying she is not sleeping anymore. I left.

I tried speaking to the social service worker who had visited the house and she abruptly told me she was finished with “this case”.

One afternoon the second child was on his bed for his afternoon nap. He told me I must pray to Jesus. I said I will and told him he must too. He said he will. He turned to his father, who sat at the end of the bed, and told him, “You do not pray to Jesus. Jesus did not make you good. You take me to other people as well.” This father replied with his cheshire cat smile, “Where does daddy take you to other people? Daddy does not take you to other people.” I turned to the child and told him, “I believe you.”

After I told the child this and had left the room, this father chased me out of the house, saying, “Out, out!” in his cold voice. He then told me I can only see my children one hour a day under supervision. I phoned my advocate in tears and her words were, “You have no rights.”

This supervision this husband referred to, it turned out, would be done by him and his eldest brother, who arrived in the country the following day.

Initially, when this husband’s eldest brother arrived, he said to me that if his brother is molesting the children, he would disown him as his brother. I laughed and told him nice try, but I have no wrong impression of what is happening. He told me it was the judge and psychologist’s decision to take the children away from me.

I repeated what I overheard this husband say to someone that night, after I had confronted him about what the
children had told me of his family, which is, “She knows. The children told her.”
This eldest brother’s face went bright red. I said, “I thought it was you that he had phoned that night.”
The reason I thought this was, that it was very late at night. I had seen this husband’s eldest brother on Skype
many times at that hour and this husband also used to phone him late at night. This eldest brother did not
reply. After this he changed his tactics and even said that the judge the psychologists and the neighbours had
no problem with it, only me. So maybe the fault lies with me. This husband looked extremely uncomfortable
when his brother said this.

This husband changed the locks on the front door of the house. This was the only entry key to the house I
had. He told me I am only allowed to knock on the door at night and work on my computer in the house when
the children are asleep. This husband refused to allow me to go to the children to kiss them good night, even
if they were sleeping. His excuse was that I was smoking. Many women and mothers smoke. This is not a
crime. It also did not make their husbands act in this cruel fashion. I agree smoking is a bad habit and bad for
your health, but it did not warrant this husband’s behaviour.

There used to be a laptop computer in the apartment that I had worked on before the Apple computer was
bought. When I enquired on the whereabouts of this laptop, this husband said, “It is missing…”

Either this husband or his eldest brother was with me the entire hour they allowed me to be with my children.
One has to keep in mind that neither I nor my children had seen this eldest brother for more than two months
in our entire lives and now this man acted as if he had total abusing control over us and owned us.
I was not allowed to breastfeed the youngest child anymore. If I tried breastfeeding him when he asked for
milk, I lost my visiting the next day.
This father and his brother physically restrained the children several times, while the children were calling and
crying for me, while they took them away.

The eldest child would come and ring the doorbell of the apartment, but either this father or his eldest brother
took him away every time they found him.

If I said or did something during my “visiting hour” these two men did not agree with, I would be told to get out.
Even if my hour with the children was not over. Or I would be told that so much time will be deducted off the
following day’s visit or that I lost my “visitation” the next day. I lost my “visitation” several times for trying to
breast feed my child. Sometimes I would be told in advance and sometimes when I phoned to find out when I
can see my children, I would be told sorry you don’t see your children today. Examples for my punishment is,
when the children asked me why I don’t put them to bed and I told them that daddy had changed the locks on
the doors and I don’t have a key and cannot get in to put them to bed. It was the truth and what this father had
done. But he did not want the children to know the truth of his involvement.

One evening I asked if I may bathe the children. This husband’s eldest brother sat outside the bathroom on
the stairs. This husband came in and said my hour is up. I replied, “Ok, I just want to kiss my children
goodbye.” He said, “Your time is up. You have to get out.” I was holding the youngest child in my arms and he
took him from me. I kissed this child on his head. This husband reacted saying, “Every time you kiss the
children I am deducting 15 min off your time for the next day.” I kept on kissing this child and lost my visitation
for the next day. He kept on saying, “Out, out!” This happened in front of the children.

One day I heard, from inside the apartment, the second child throwing a tantrum outside. This father and his
eldest brother were trying to force this child into the car. This child literally held on to the door, screaming. I
called to him from the apartment and then ran down. This father’s eldest brother grabbed the kicking and
screaming child and ran with him into the garage. This father stood in front of the garage. The other two
children sat in the car. This father’s eldest brother held the screaming child inside the garage, restraining him
in his arms. The child started screaming for me when he saw me. I asked this father if I can hold the child as
he is calling for me. He replied, “No, if you don’t go to the apartment, I am calling the police.”
Apparently I had no rights. I could not protect my children or console them. I went upstairs and looked out of
the window how this husband and his eldest brother physically forced this child into the car. The child was
hitting the window and screaming, while they drove away with him.
I sat thinking how ironic that I, a court claimed mentally unstable mother, was pressed to her limit emotionally,
having to watch emotionless and non caring people abusing her children.
On a Friday I arrived with the train and on the way home saw the eldest child walking home from school. I walked with him. This father no longer stood ready outside the garage with the trailer hooked onto his bicycle, asking the eldest child if he wants him to take him to school. He also no longer fetched him from school. He did not run with the children on their bicycles to school and back anymore. He had only done it to disturb us. He got what he wanted. That part of his game was finished.

The Sunday I phoned to the house to find out when I can see the children for my hour. This father said he wants to talk to me first. When he says this I know that I had done something “wrong” and was going to be punished. Somebody must have informed him over the weekend, that I had walked with the eldest child on the Friday afternoon. As a result I was not allowed to see the children that day. This father said if I want to walk with in this group of people, I have to arrange with either him or his eldest brother beforehand. They will supervise and this time will be deducted off the hour visitation.

Another day I arranged to eat with the children for my allowed hour’s visitation. The children had been playing downstairs in the garden. I was at the dining room table and heard the second child screaming hysterically, “No, no!” from the garden downstairs. I ran down. This father’s eldest brother, completely ignoring the child’s distress, held the child in the air and was forcefully pulling down his pants. The child fought and cried, “No, no.” When this father’s eldest brother saw me watching him, he put the child down and walked past me into the house without saying a word. The child stopped screaming. His pants were wet. I took the child inside and helped him to put on dry pants.

I wonder what would happen if I forcefully restrain someone and pull pants down, while this person was screaming no. Would I be charged with indecent assault? You might also think: This child’s pants are wet. He did not want to listen and was forced. This child needs to be taught to listen to authority, either by the parent or anyone else in authority or control.

I have a few problems with this father’s eldest brother’s behaviour. He needed not to have forcefully held this child in the air, in such a way that incapacitated this child. Thus making the child feel utterly helpless. It was also not cold, so the child would not get ill — if that was indeed a concern of his. This child is also capable of changing his own pants. This father’s eldest brother had no replacement pants with him in the garden. Another day the children took the fire extinguishers that I had bought and sprayed the entire spare bedroom that this father had taken over from me and where he now slept.

The children did not misuse the fire extinguishers under my supervision. These people seemed to leave these small children to their own devises. They sat with their computers, talking to one person after the other on Skype. Creating their impressions in the minds of those they spoke to.

Apparently these “instructions” were given to this father by the social service worker that had told me she is no longer involved in “this case”. I wondered if these instructions were aimed at driving me insane and to break my children. If it was, then this social service worker is very insightful and clever in torturing methods. I suffered, while listening to my children crying and screaming while they suffered.

I consulted my advocate again and once again she said I was given no rights to my children. I can say and do nothing.

The hamsters the social service worker showed so much concern over, were caged now and placed in the cold, dark garage on the floor. Nobody paid attention to them anymore. On passing through the garage, the children were told not to touch the hamsters, because they will only hurt them. I watched this in amazement. This father kept on saying to me, “Do you want to see your children in an orphanage? If you carry on they will be put in an orphanage.” Initially the thought shocked me, but then I started thinking it would be better.

The wife of a friend of this father became a friend of mine. They lived in another country not far away. She contacted me a few days after the children had been taken away from me, wanting to know what is going on. She said this husband contacted them to write a testimony for him, but he did not say for what he wanted it. She was shocked when I told her what was going on and asked if they could come over for a visit. I said yes. In the week that followed this father kept asking me if it was ok if they come to visit and I said yes. I am just going to find out from my advocate if there are no legal ramifications. They wrote a witness statement for him, but will be staying in the apartment with me.

Then I received an sms from her, saying that if I don’t want them to come, she understood. I phoned her, upset, telling her I want them to visit. She told me that this father/husband created an impression with her that I did not want this. He did this by saying they had written a testimony for him and created the impression I was unhappy with them.
I knew exactly why he did this. This father/husband did not want them to see what he was doing. They arrived the same Saturday 19 May 2012 as my sister-in-law, my eldest brother’s wife. This friend was shocked when she saw this father and his eldest brother’s behaviour. How he kept the children away from me and changed the front door locks of the house.

What this father was doing did not agree with what he had told her over the years, which was that I am a good mother to the children. She also said he was not like the person she had known over the past years. She then wrote a testimony for me, based on what she saw.

This father showed this friend’s husband his correspondence with the “off the case” social service worker and her emailed instructions on my “visitation” with the children and how to deal with me in judging and punishing me with the 15 minute deduction in time.

On the other hand, my brother’s wife deemed this husband’s actions righteous. I asked her to be in the house and protect my children, to which she said, “Your children are fine. They are too comfortable with their father to be abused.” This also made me think and then do research. There is a common assumption, according to the internet, that a child would avoid someone that was raping or sexually abusing them. Would this be true if the child is a toddler/very small and easily indoctrinated with no knowledge of right and wrong? Would this child, that has a natural instinct of love and dependency on this person to teach them, perceived these actions as playful attention? Or would this small innocent child perceive it as harmful and wrong? I found to my shock that the internet listed molested children starting from the ages of 6/7 years old and up. No toddlers, according to these statistics, are molested.

This father, after giving me names of the people that he said spread the rumour of him liking little boys, started denying that any of this had ever been said. I mentioned his rumour to these friends during the weekend. The friend’s husband replied, “Yes, I remember the story.” Then he named the same two people this father mentioned. The friend’s husband said he recalled it was said as a joke in a bar. And, no surprises, this father told him of this rumour. Once again, this father is the bearer of the inglorious information about himself. In this process he also extinguish the rumour with an explanation. The explanations he used: it was overheard in a bar and said as a joke; they are trying to discredit him and want his job; an example of how a lie can ruin his life. These added “excuses” covered a lot of ground from a joke to ruining a life.

But there are no humorous qualities in this rumour. No one got his job and his life was also never ruined. Also strange is that these excuses always depicted him as the victim.

My brother’s wife did not agree that this situation was abnormal or abusive. On the contrary, she admired this husband’s actions and would say to me, “Look at what he has given you. Look at this nice house.” A reality check would be: I worked very hard to build it, not for me, but for everyone to live happily and comfortably in. That was my only reason. But there was no happily and comfortably, and even this house and its content were used by this husband for oppression and control.

I had never before spent a great amount of time with my brother’s wife and had frowned when I heard she was coming to emotionally support me. She never showed interest in me. During her visit one afternoon she started screaming many things. I told her she can stop, after she screamed, “You will never see your children again.” I looked at this woman and thought what a wonderful way to emotionally support someone — in hell maybe. She sat crying on her bed, saying she is trying to protect herself. She appeared overly tired the entire time and I put it down to the sun going down late, which might have disturbed her normal eight o’clock bedtime regime, which had now become midnight.

She opening every one of the small yogurts one morning and put them on the table. She started insulting me for not wanting yogurt and not eating them. She kept repeating I am spoiled. This I had heard from her several times before in my life. This was the reason I frowned when hearing she was coming to support me emotionally. But it was a comfort to my mother, who kept on saying to me how much better she felt, knowing someone is with me. This resulted in me not telling my mother of my sister-in-law’s behaviour.

Later in my sister-in-law’s stay she told me that she has a form of psychosis and was taking medication. This explained her behaviour. She had to my knowledge never been out of her country before, never mind on her own.
It annoyed me that my brother allowed his wife to come over in this stressful situation. No one in the family knew about his wife's condition. Everyone had thought she is a naturally calm, relaxed, levelheaded person. My mother told me she was so relaxed that she even fell asleep in company.

Now this father/husband and my brother's wife, both on different occasions, said that if I take medication I will be allowed to see my children more. My sister-in-law added to this saying this husband will take me back if I take medication.

I looked up major depression symptoms on the internet and tried to fake depression in front of the psychiatrist that was now doing a psychiatric evaluation. He looked at me and said he was not going to lie. My brother's wife accompanied me to one of his sessions. We could see her through the window. I told the psychiatrist that my sister-in-law says I need treatment. He asked me what her profession was. I told him she is a beautician. He replied he is a psychiatrist. He spoke of what had happened as only the first round. This gave me hope, thinking I will be prepare for the next round. The only advice I received from my advocate during this time was that I have to proof that I have no mental illness. She continuously told me not to say anything of the molestation. I now had to leave that alone.

I knew it was only God's mercy that was keeping me standing, considering the circumstances. I knew I was not capable of doing anything on my own. I also knew that He had a plan.

In this time I met an elderly couple from my country in the city. They were on holiday. They questioned me on what I was doing in this country. I told them I used to be a mother and housewife, but was fired. They asked why and I told them I had gone to the police after my children had told me they were being abused. The lady told me the same happened with her sister’s daughter. Her boy, who was three at the time, spoke to his mother about being molested by the father. She lost custody of her child. She said 5 years had passed and the mother kept on trying to get her son back via the court system, but did not manage. I researched on the internet and found several other women whose children had been taken away from them after saying their small children spoke of being molested by a spouse. The court gave this accused spouse full custody in most cases. A lot of these mothers in the court's own justification were labelled as having mental illnesses or being violent and abusive by using all means possible to create this impression. I remember reading a report from one mother in Australia that gave advice not to “freak out.” She said stay calm, because you will be labelled with having a mental illness. This had happened to her. She wrote her husband was anally raping her toddler daughter. She wrote one rape was so violent that he had to wash the bedding afterwards. This father got full custody of the child. She was a nurse by profession. The situation at the time had overwhelmed her. She could not function and lost her job.

Another mother’s daughter drew a picture of the father, at school, as a penis ejaculating. She took the children for professional assessment and the report said the children were being sexually abused. She filed for a divorce and the father got custody of the children. She was allowed to see her daughters, she wrote, one hour under supervision a month while the father had full reign. I imagine every one of these husbands also walked around saying the children are doing fine. Exactly as this father/husband was doing.

With my situation: This father’s advocate had no scruples lying freely and exuberantly in court as it pleased her and her client’s cause. For example, while my children and I are being tortured by this father, according to the court transcription she said, “No, this father had not changed the locks of the house. The man could not, his wife had a fit! The wife is in the house the whole time.” My advocate informed me that initially this father’s advocate told the court that this father was now going to stop working and take care of his children. About a week after he got full temporary custody, this same advocate of this father handed a laughable letter into court that stated this father earns $3500 per month. She also handed in a mortgage document, dating back 6 years, stating an amount needs to be paid on a mortgage. The court excepted these documents and the conclusion became: This was the reason this father “worriedly” left his children in the care of his “lost touch with reality” wife and why he also now needed to leave these children - to support his family.

Reality is: This father payed off the house a long time ago and he kept the mortgage account open with a low
amount for the fixed interest rate on it. He paid the house renovations, that amounted to around half the value of the house, in cash. He is financially very sound and has thousands invested in physical gold bars, gold coins and the stock market.

Reality also is: This father had earned well above average in recent years and did not need to work. The amount stated in the “letter” given to court was what he earned on a bad contract in 4 days.

My advocate asked for another court hearing in attempting to reverse the full temporary custody that was awarded to this father. The hearing was scheduled for 25 May 2012. I had seen the psychiatrist a few times (total of two hours) and he was prepared to write a certificate.

Then I found out this father planned on taking the children out of the country 24 May 2012, the day before the court hearing was scheduled. This same court gave this father permission to take these children out of the country before the hearing. The court also gave this father permission to keep the children out of school, which is compulsory and punishable by law if not attended.

I went to court with a certificate from this psychiatrist that read that I reacted on my circumstances and did not suffer from a psychiatric illness and that I was capable of taking care of my children. While this father, the same that told a court he was going to stop working, dropped my children off on his elderly parents‘ farm in our native country and flew back to the house. The smallest child had last seen these people, in whose care he was now, when he was 18 months old. During our visits to this farm, I had observed these people showing none to no interest in taking care of these small children’s needs. They even placed the children in dangerous situations or ignored them completely. These children were now left alone for the first time in there little lives in what was, for them, a nightmare. On top of this, this elderly couple, in whose care the children were left, could not even pick one of them up. They both had back and various other health problems and even struggled to walk. This father’s unmarried youngest brother also farmed on this farm. These children were not going to be his highest priority. All this farm’s workers left around nine months before, because they were being unfairly treated and not paid as promised. This youngest brother of this father was doing most of the farm work himself. None of the above seemed to trouble this father and he showed no concern for three small children’s emotional and physical well being or safety.

This father returned to the house for 2 days before flying to do his recurrent flight training as he claims. He stayed away for about 10 days (recurrent training is +-5 days) after which he again returned to the house for another 2 days and then only flew out to our native country. I am assuming to the children he claimed to care for and is concerned over.

While the children were on this farm, I only managed to speak to them a few times over the phone. Around the third time the second child started crying, saying there was a lion by his bed that night and he called me, but I did not come. He said I must come to the farm and help them and that his heart was sore. I told this child that there are no lions on the farm. The eldest child started teasing him and I told him to stop, there are no lions. This child’s crying was upsetting me and I asked them, “Where is grandma. Go call grandma.” I wanted someone to comfort my crying child. This husband’s youngest brother, took the phone away from the children and said I upset the children. That I had told them there are lions on the farm and I am not going to speak to them again and he put down the phone. This father was in the house downstairs. I phoned there directly asking him to just make sure the child is ok, because he was upset. He told me that I told the child there is a lion, and I am not going to speak to the children again. I give them phobias, he said. I tried phoning the next day. This husband’s youngest brother picked up and told me that I am not going to speak to the children. That I should speak to the lawyer and psychologist and he put down the phone. I could hear my eldest child in the background saying, “Hullo hullo.” I knew phoning again will prove to be fruitless. These people had full control over my children and they had no empathy and no mercy, not for the children and not for me. Speaking to me in that manner, in front of my children also served to indoctrinate my children into thinking their mother is in the wrong. Even in saying “foody” for a child from a penis is wrong. They were maltreating my children to gain full control and torturing me to get me flat on my back. Wouldn’t this then serve as proof of their “mentally unstable” claims? Being human I was flat in fact, until I went crying to God, who picked me up again. Initially when this father was getting ready to leave the country with my children 24 May 2012, I could not find
Is THIS love? - a mother's plea

my passport anywhere. I arranged an appointment at an embassy to apply for a temporary passport and a replacement passport. This embassy was in another country and I had to travel there by train. While standing on the platform the wife of my brother kept on prodding me to say that she has to come with me. She was a free person. So was I. I told her if she wanted to come with then she is welcome. This did not make her happy. She replied, “Where is your crying brother?” Meaning my younger brother, who was upset and had cried, when he heard what was happening. Then she added, “Where is your mother?” This made me cross. My mother, a pensioner, had at that stage payed for her flight ticket, because my mother felt herself not being able to emotionally handle this situation. She was helping to take care of her grandchildren while my brother’s wife was supposedly here to support me. My mother was doing what she could and now this wife of my brother asked me sarcastically where my mother was?

I told her that I prefer them, crying in another country, above her being with me. She left the train station without saying a word. I suppose she did not really want to go with me after all. She could have said so. The afternoon when I came back from the embassy she had left. Then my eldest brother started saying his wife was scared of me that is why she left. Apparently she was not scared enough to not taunt me.

I received the ruling of the court, which read: It is too early to decide on my mental stability; that I am considered a danger to the emotional and physical welfare of the children; that this father is worthy of the trust of the court.

In this ruling extracts of the social service worker’s report was quoted. For example: She locks her children in a room at night; she had lost touch with reality.

When in reality: No lier is worthy of any respectable person's/institution’s trust or respect and there are no locks on the bedroom doors in the house.

My advocate kept on saying I need to try to be admitted into a hospital for an evaluation. I went back to the psychiatrist who is the head of admission at the psychiatric division of the hospital. Asking what happened with the waiting list? He told me that the emergency is over. I told him I still have an emergency. He replied no, you have social circumstances. They had removed me of the waiting list without informing me. I was not going to be admitted in this hospital, neither for an evaluation, nor for “treatment” of my “court rumoured” mental instability.

I went to another police division and other organisations to find help, but was turned away with the words: If there is a court order we can do nothing.

This father and the children had been gone for two weeks already, with the children missing compulsory school. This father had also now done his apparent recurrent training for his profession. The court showed immense concern over this financially well off, grown man’s income. They even created more emotional trauma and abuse for three, small, vulnerable children in this process.

I knew this father could not stay out of the country and had to come back. My eldest brother started phoning me saying that this father booked a flight ticket for me for 11 June 2012 to fly to our native country. This father told him that he would not be able to be refunded for this ticket if I do not use it. I asked my brother to email me this flight ticket. It turned out to be just a reservation number, booked within 24 hours of the flight, fully refundable and changeable. My mother and eldest brother kept on insisting that I fly. I did not have the proper travel documentation. I could go out of the country, but had to apply for a visa to get back in. I had applied for a replacement residence permit, however they needed a copy of the new permanent passport and I was waiting for this. I told my family this and told them to calm down. My eldest brother repeatedly said, “This father is saying he will help you. You are just making excuses.” I thought, in which reality is this eldest brother of mine living? This father is not going to help me with anything. He is trying to destroy me and make my life as difficult as possible. The fact that he had bought me a flight ticket, which impressed this brother of mine and probably his wife as well, did not make this husband an instant nice man. I knew he only did it because it served a purpose for himself.

My eldest brother started to say that I was going to kill my mother and that I was going to be the reason she has a heart attack.

My mother was hysterical. Hysterical about everything, which included the fact that this father would not be able to be refunded for the ticket if I don’t use it. This was ridiculous. I phoned the airline on Skype and had her listen in while they said I can change or cancel this ticket without repercussions of any sort. She was also afraid that this father’s lies might cause trouble for me and then I would be alone. This husband over the
phone had told her he was going to send an ambulance to take me away. I myself could not even get into the psychiatric ward at this hospital.

I refused to fly, saying I want to be at home when my children arrived. I knew it was this father’s plan to keep me away from them and so alienate them from me. My mother phoned me, begging the entire morning. I lost my temper, after which I felt bad. I also thought I do not want to be the reason for my mother’s heart attack and then decided to take the flight.

This father flew back into the country with the children the same day I flew out. I can only imagine what my children felt when they realised their mother was not at home anymore.

This father/husband did not care in the least what his children needed or I felt.

The last time this father and I spoke, I told him I will never ever stop trying to save my children. He replied, “You will never see your children again,” and he put down the phone.

The thought that I could never see my children again nearly broke me. I knew this husband was capable of meticulously working out his game plans, manipulating and making an impression on the people he needed, to get what he wanted.

In the meantime, however, this man had full control of my children. That to me meant he held a knife that reached right into my heart. He knew this, simply because he knew I love my children. He had made me powerless. He had control and he revelled in that. Up to that point he had succeeded in silencing all of us.

This father’s “diary”, that he had handed into court as his proof, was filled with lies, deception, manipulation, leading statements, repetition of accusations and creation of impressions — all against me. In some cases he had taken his own abusive actions and attributed them to me. I had no idea how to combat it and it made me feel so lame and frustrated that I struggled reading it.
Chapter 9

Seeking help

My brother and his wife, while she was with me, told me that my mother had now “lost it totally”. They said she is in such a condition she cannot drive a car anymore. When I spoke to my mother over the phone she generally sounded upset, but not as if she had “lost it totally”.

The day I arrived in our native country, I could not find my mother in the people at the airport. She said she will pick me up. I eventually saw her sitting on a bench. She looked straight at me, but did not recognise me. I got a fright, thinking maybe they are right. I walked up to her and when I came closer she jumped up, looked surprised and said, “You look wonderful.” She told me that my sister-in-law told her I looked so terrible. That I lost a tremendous amount of weight and had (also) “lost it totally”. My mother last saw me a year and a half ago. My hair was now short and highlighted and I was back to the weight I had always been, before I had my three children.

We drove to her apartment and I felt uneasy with what my brother had told me of her driving. But noticed at once my mother is exactly the same on the road. I wondered why my brother and his wife were saying untrue things behind our backs?

In my native country I approached and contacted every possible place for help, from legal people at the University, several social services for advice and information, several police divisions, advocates, a family advocate and a prosecutor. I walked into walls everywhere.

If I wanted to open a case for the abuse on the eldest child in my mother’s apartment in 2009 and for what the children had told me happens on this father’s parents’ farm, the children physically needed to be in the country.

Legally the children lived in another country and that is considered their domicile, even if they did not have citizenship of that country.

I was told by the authorities that the children told me what happens to them in another country. According to this law, this father consequently changes his ways when he crosses a country’s borderline.

I could not see a path to help my children and once again went crying to God.

I tried phoning to my children, but the phone was not picked up. This phone used to go over to fax or the answering machine. It did not do this and I wondered if this father changed the house number.

Eventually this father did pick up and told me that I must get “treatment” before I am allowed to speak to the children. I asked him if I could just tell my children that I love them and he said no. I begged, cried, yelled and pleaded against a stone wall.

I asked him to arrange for the necessary papers from his advocate for instructions on a psychiatric evaluation. This was the requirements in a court evaluation by the psychiatrists in our native country. They needed instructions and not from me, but another party or a court order. This father said no. I should ask my family to help me. I wondered what my eldest brother would say to that, after he made such elaborate promises, saying this father is going to help me.

I phoned and tried several times and got the same answer, “No, you cannot speak to the children. You need treatment first.” I asked him on whose instructions and he replied, “The social service worker’s.”

About a week later, phoning again, he agreed, with no treatment statement, that I can speak to the children on Skype that evening. I spoke to them! He said I could speak to them the next day as well. But the next day he again he said I first need to get “treatment” before I can speak to the children. I asked him again on whose instruction and he again answered the social service worker’s. I carried on phoning and again he agreed I can speak to the children on Skype that evening, but only for 10min. The following day he sent a SMS that I cannot speak to them and after that I could not reach him on his mobile number and the house phone was not picked up again. I send him a SMS, but he did not reply.

What I did find out when speaking to the children, was that they are coming to our native country. The eldest child told me that they said his picture in his passport is out dated, he needed a new passport, and that they had gone to get this. He wanted to know where I was and do I have a bed to sleep in.

When we visited my eldest brother and his family my sister-in-law was screaming and crying as she had done when she was with me. She was again saying she is trying to protect herself. My mother was shocked. She
had never seen her daughter-in-law anything other than calm in the many years she had known her.

My brother and his wife had made arrangements for me to be admitted into a hospital for treatment. They made an agreement with this husband that if he paid for my flight ticket then they will make sure I am admitted into a hospital for treatment. They constantly contacted me or my mother, sending SMS messages and phoning, insisting that they are providing help. They continued after their offer of help had been declined by sending very nasty and insulting messages to my mother, phoning people to slander me and my mother and pre-warned this husband of my actions.

I heard every possible version from my eldest brother and his wife: This father will allow you to see your children if you get treatment. This father wants you back, he only wants to help you. This father is going to divorce and destroy you. This father will not take you back, just get treatment. You will never see your children again. Even if you do go for treatment now you will never see your children again.

I went for advice on this to my house doctor I used to have when I lived in our native country. She was still my mother’s house doctor. Only to find out that my mother spoke to her about the incident in her apartment in 2009. I told her everything else and she concluded that she saw no reason for me to be admitted to a psychiatric hospital.

I found out via my brother that this father had taken the children to a farm in a neighbouring country for two weeks, and after that he left the children on his parents’ farm in our native country. This explained to me why I got no answer at home and no reply on the cellular.

But now, the children were in our native country! Once again God helped.

This father again left these three small children, this time for a duration of 5 weeks, in the care of his elderly, weak mother, sickly father and youngest unmarried brother to apparently go and work for his “measly” salary. This husband’s testimonies in court of caring for these children were just lies, just for show and creation of impressions. His actions spoke of disregard for these three small children’s emotional and physical wellbeing while he continued with his selfish life as always.

I approached an advocate in a prominent position. He referred me to a legal firm. He informed me that my chances of succeeding and even being accepted into our native country’s court were slim, due to domicile and jurisdiction. But they were going to try to keep the children in our native country long enough to have a professional assessment done to get the proof that the children had been sexualised. Then the children needed to return to their country of residence, but I would be able to use the report in court there. This was enough for me.

This assessment would be in my children’s first language. This was the only language in which they were fluent. They spoke no English and very little of the languages of the country we were living in. I raised my children in our native country’s culture. The setting was perfect for aiding these children.

I knew this father and his family’s negligent behaviour with the children and feared that the children were, on top of everything, in danger of getting seriously hurt in their care and asked for protection for them in my court application.

My first ex parte (ex parte: with respect to or in the interests of one side) application did not reach court, only the judges’ chamber. I heard the judge speaking. I sat outside his office. He said, “This country is a respected country. They would not make a mistake. There must be something wrong with the woman if they took her children away. Social services must be involved before I am looking at this. There is no proof that these children are in danger on this farm.”

I opened cases with the police in our native country. The children were now in our native country and now the police could be involved.

I did a psychometric evaluation which consisted of 6 hour written tests and a 2 hour consultation. The results again were positive for me. No psychiatric deviations, but was told to be less obsessive in my knowledge of my children’s abuse. These things are always good to know.

With this information my legal team tried again, ex parte. The reason for approaching ex parte was because I
feared this family will take my children across the border into a neighbouring country. With the second application the judge said he will allow it if the other party is allowed to reply. The case made it into our native country's court.

In the application my legal representation named this father's family members that were residing on the farm. I had no problem with this. This family had clearly shown their colours. The eldest brother tortured me and my children without any empathy. The youngest brother refused without empathy to let me speak to my children who were trying to say hallo to me. This father, without empathy, tortured, lied and manipulated and kept my children away from me.

This father was notified of our native country's involvement via email. A few days later I received a request for agreement to a two week extension on this father's reply date ordered by the court. It was said, due to this father not being able to file opposing papers, as he was away working. On record, two days after the summons was emailed to him, he flew back to the respected country for several days — my guess is to confer with his legal representation — who then contacted the central authorities and started a Hague application against me for "kidnapping" the children. A reality-less accusation, considering I did not kidnap anyone. If I took my children, this could be different. Many people were telling me I had the right to do just this, saying the respected country's laws that, proverbially speaking, fired me as a mother, apparently did not stretch to the extent of being applicable in our native country.

This two week extension request of this father made sense. The children had to attend compulsory school in the respected country and their return tickets were booked two weeks away. In light of this — their request made it plain to me that this father's plan involved playing for time to this deadline. I declined. This family then came through with an offer to allow the children to be assessed by the same psychologist that did my psychometric assessment and that I could see the children under their supervision for three hours a week. I had at that point in time not seen my children for three months and had only spoken to them twice. If agreeing to this "carrot", everything will be solely in this family's hands again. This was an offer from people there has been no reason to trust. Nothing will be on record. No one to oversee their actions and no repercussions if they did not keep to this agreement. They could even leave the country with no repercussions. I declined. Our native country's police, in their standard investigation procedures, were going to have these children assessed as well.

The highly confidential report from the social service worker, which was withheld from me in the respected country, was what they had to use. It was going to be given into our native country's court and I might finally get a glimpse of this damning report. They did not disappoint and I even got more than expected. With the very first court reply, this previously highly confidential report was added to this father's advocate's affidavit, as a public attachment for anyone to see. This confidential report was provided courtesy of this father's respected country's advocates — who legally is not allowed to be in possession of, or distribute, this report.

The legal process to follow is: It is to be translated from the respected country's language into an international language. Then sent from the one country's central authority to the other. Where solely the legal representatives will be allowed to only read this at the central authority offices.

Everyone in court pretended "the Kaiser had clothes on" and proceeded with this process after this father's advocate made the confidential report public.

In our native country's court an advocate was appointed for my children. Even though I had several times asked for this, the children had no appointed representation in the respected country's court as my requests were declined. This advocate appointed for my children wrote a report that suggested I should have contact with my children and that the children should be assessed. She was court ordered to arrange and oversee the assessment. Our native country's court ruled that the children and this father were not allowed to leave our native country until investigations have been finalised.

Our native country's court allowed me visitation with my children over weekends. I was awarded unlimited telephone access. This father or his youngest brother could not put the phone down on me again. When phoning the farm landline the first time this father's youngest brother did put down the phone on me once again. I phoned again. He had apparently not seen the court order and put down the phone again. I phoned this father's mother's mobile and told her I want to arrange seeing my children for the visitation I was granted.
She replied she wants to take the children to church. I told her I can fetch them at church afterwards, not a problem. She had apparently seen the court order. The youngest brother took the phone from her and told me to phone back later, and put it down again. My lawyer wrote a letter to the legal representatives of this family, telling them they could expect trouble if they continue to choose to disobey the court order.

I phoned to this farm again. Again, this youngest brother answered the phone and now he was dripping honey. He could not ask enough questions. How are you? When would you like to see the children? Which child do you want to speak to first?

My children were the same little boys I had known and that had known me. They were all babbling over the phone and wanted to talk at the same time. I sat listening to all their little voices. It was a privilege I have not had in a long time.

The respected country appointed the Family Advocates Office in our native country to represent them in court. Advocates were flown in from a different part of our native country and they constantly talked of over evaluation of the children. Over evaluation is not good, they claimed. This “over evaluation” statement was said several times in several settings, including meetings and the court room.

Reality is: There had been, up to date, no professional assessment/evaluation done on these children. The children were not fluent in any other language than our native country’s. No assessment could have been done in the respected country. No report of an assessment on the children could be seen in the native country’s court room.

The high ranking family advocate told me to leave our native country at once for the respected country and they promise they will do everything they can to help my children. I told her if she showed me the evaluation report on the children she continually spoke of, I will believe every word she says. She did not show me any evaluation report on the children, because there was no evaluation report.

This father’s advocate and the family advocates confirmed to our native country’s court that the respected country and this father had now made a Hague application. This was for kidnapping charges against me for trying to keep the children in our native country to be assessed. I had requested that the children be with me during their assessment, after which they needed to return to the respected country. This request of mine initiated this Hague application I presume in preparation to act quickly. I also presume before the children even make it to their assessment.

This father wrote, confirming in his statements to this court the following: In this regard I record that the Central Authority of the respected country have requested the Central Authority in this native country to take all necessary steps in terms of the provision of the Hague Convention on the Civil Aspect of Child Abduction, to secure the return of the three minor children to the respected country.

This Hague application did create an uproar of fear in everyone involved. Everyone spoke of it. The children’s advocate kept on saying she cannot have these children assessed as per the previous court order, because of this Hague application. This father, his legal representation and the respected country got the desired result. Again I quote this father’s statements in our native country’s court room, reiterating this:

My attorney, has been advised by the Family Advocate’s Office that “they” cannot in these circumstances proceed with an investigation into the best interests of the children until such time as the proceedings in terms of the Hague Convention have been finalised.

Not only the Hague convention was “thrown in” to cause confusion, distraction and blockages. The respected country’s authorities changed the court in our native country into a circus with lies, and I quote directly from emails sent to court from the respected country’s authorities, lying about the children’s language capabilities:

As regards hearings of the children by the police, the doctors and the social investigator, the lawyer of this father indicates to me that the parties were able to express themselves in English including the children. The children were also able to express themselves in the respected country’s language in particular the elder ones who goes to school and who thus speak without problem this language. According to the lawyer he confirms that the children were not confronted with any language barrier and that they expressed themselves freely that allows if their young age.

These respected country’s authorities wrote these emails, knowing that there were language barriers everywhere. The reason for me saying this is: It is repeated several times in their social service report that the children are only fluent in our native language. However, this father’s respected country’s legal
representation is pointed at in this email as the supplier of this false information.

The cherry on the cake was an email from the general advocate at the prosecutors’ office of this respected country. I quote this man from his email given into court:

After reading all the documents I want to add 2 important points:
The mother seems to have real mental health problems: she seems to believe and/or practice some witches and Satan worship.

Wow!
In connection with mental health problems:
There was no medical certificate from a professional in front of this man that proved I have “mental health” problems. This respected country’s court acted on rumours.
I am trying to stop the torture and humiliation of my three small children. This cannot be said as me having mental health problems, for example, if I was a psychopath I would not care about the torture of my children. Since I do care, and that is obvious, it can safely be said I am not a psychopath.
If I had major depression I don’t think I would be still standing through all the torture I have had to endure and all the torture I had to witness my children endure.
If I had “lost touch with reality” or had “delusional psychosis” why then is this father, and everyone else involved with him, creating false impressions and telling lies?
A reasonable deduction is that if I was indeed “mentally unstable” there would be no need to lie, create false impressions and manipulate.

There is a debate about me being upset, because my little boys told me that they have been molested by a person that is abusing their natural love for him.
Conclusions and feelings in court are - No, this is “not” something to feel extremely angry, unhappy and shocked about.
When in reality having these shocked, unhappy and angry feelings is the normal human response. The confusing procedures in court is not in any way tapering these feelings.

On the topic of witches and Satan worshipper:
I wrote an email to a Christian author for advice. Having being ridiculed as belonging to a sect in this respected country for writing an email to a Christian author, who, according to the social service worker’s dramatic quote in her report, “has exceptional powers in combating Satan”.
Combatting Satan and worshipping Satan are two totally different concepts. One is opposing and one is agreeing. Rationally, these concepts cannot be connected in any way.
I reported a crime that to me, as a Christian, is unacceptable, but is commonly known to be acceptable for satanic followers. Reporting a crime to the police depicts an opposing action.

This general advocate of the prosecutor’s office had no evidence of the statements he made. This meant his statement of, “After reading all the documents,” is a lie resulting in negligence. The other possibility is that it was this general advocate’s intention slandering me in our native country’s court to improve this father’s position in the court.

Another extract from his email points out why this respected country decided not to follow up on my witness statement, and I quote: The Prosecutor’s office in this respected country decided to dismiss the complaint against this father for sexual abuse, because there was no evidence against him.

There are undeniable rumours of this father preferring little boys, being spread by others and this father himself.
There is a witness that had noticed inappropriate, physical behaviour of this father with his child and she confided in her house doctor at the time. I, as these children’s legal guardian and their spokes person, heard them speak of their abuse. This is said by a general prosecutor to be no evidence. I am 100% sure the law says that a witness is evidence.
The law does not specify what weight will be put onto the witness according to colour, age or gender of this witness.
But, does a person’s psychiatric position influence the witness statement?
How about discrediting and slandering the witness in a court?
But why do that, if there is nothing to hide, as is claimed by the people involved? Reality is: If there is nothing to hide, there is no reason to slander, discredit and lie. However, if there is something to hide, then the key interest would be destroy the witness, oppress and silence the victims. Does this resemble what is being done to me and my children? This email of the general advocate of the prosecutor's office of the respected country was read out loud in court by the judge in our native country's court.

Well appreciated from our native country's court in these proceedings was that they ordered an evaluation on the children's language skills. The family counsellors interviewed both this father and me, separately, as well. The conclusion of this interview was:

1.1.1 The minor children are only able to communicate in their native language and are not able to fluently understand the respected country's language and understand no English.

1.1.2 The eldest two children's communication and understanding in their native language is the best and the smallest child could not be assessed as he is still too young.

1.1.3 Allegations of sexual abuse by this father toward the eldest two children by the wife is cause for concern and thorough assessment and investigation need to be completed. Thus Protection Measures need to be established for the minor children pending the completion of these assessments and investigations.

1.1.4 Allegations regarding the stability of the wife's mental health by this father need to be clarified by medical professionals.

1.1.5 International Social Services need to be approached and included in order for the children's best interest to be ensured.

In the respected country's courts, this father, the social service worker and his advocate, repeatedly in their papers, claimed that I have “lost all touch with reality”. But, in our native country's court “vexatious and malicious” replaced “lost touch with reality”. I quote this father and his advocate’s sayings as example: I deny that service of the application would have defeated the purpose thereof. I do, however, state that the wife's purpose with her application is malicious and vexatious.

I submit and shall demonstrate that the wife is vexatious in her approaching the above Honourable Court in view of at least the following facts and circumstances.

Requesting that three small children are professionally assessed by order, protection and control of a court, in their native language and culture, is deemed vexatious and malicious in their eyes, when these children had not been assessed before and the action itself falls in the category of protection.

Another aspect was thrown into the mix to create confusion in our native country's court. Before knowing the children was going to be left in our native country and after avenues in our native country boiled down to jurisdiction and domicile, I requested my respected country's advocate beginning July 2012 to make an application for an appeal against the court decision in the respected country. I received no reply. When my case was accepted into our native country's court around 27 August 2012, a notification was sent on 4 September 2012 that this appeal in the respected country was now scheduled for 18 September 2012. The result in our native country's court was: This father and his advocate claimed I had two cases in two different countries, forum shopping in legal terms. I quote this father's statement in court: In the result she is forum shopping, which constitute nothing more than vexatious and malicious litigation. But, at the time of me approaching our native country's court there had been no reply from my advocate or a court in the respected country on my appeal request email made to my advocate.

As far as “shopping” is concerned I am looking for experts with the following qualifications: Educated in child psychology. Preferably a woman, experienced in doing assessments for molestation, emotional abuse and indoctrination of minor children. Proficient in our native language and experienced in cross cultural assessments. To aid and assist three small children, speaking of being molested and, I suspect from their words, being exposed to a pedophile circle. These children have been in a hostage situation for nearly two years now.
In addition to this I am asking for the protection of three small children whose lives are ahead of them. As far as “forum shopping” is concerned, the bases of the case/complaint in court needs to be the same. Our native country’s court was approached with the information of my children being molested by their father and suspicions of exposure to a pedophile circle. There was no such case or hearing in the respected country. Although the false impression given to our native country’s court by this father and his advocate, was that the respected country’s authorities showed interest and courts had hearings and verdicts with a children’s molestation case. I quote this father and his advocate from their court statements: *Further, a court of competent jurisdiction has pronounced, not once, but twice on the allegations of molestation made by this mother against this father.*

On 7 May 2012 the Youth Court considered the allegations against me as well as the best interests of the children. Neither the wife not I were required to be in attendance.

Very strange statements indeed, saying a court “considered” child molestation charges without the accused present. Especially when adding the following statement of this father and I quote: *The fact remain no criminal prosecution has been instituted following the wife laying (molestation) charges against me.*

The police case for child molestation was stopped at prosecution level on 19 April 2012. It can be safely said: I was not guilty of forum shopping. In fact, this father’s child abuse case never at any point reached any court in the respected country. And the claims made were horrendous lies to deter justice. Then I received an email from my advocate in the respected country informing me that the appeal there was postponed. Her reason given in her email was, a problem with the court schedule. This differed from what was being said in our native country’s court. There it was said, that the respected country’s authorities now wanted to have both this father and me present in an appeal court. I quote the respected country’s authorities:* During this audience the judge of the Appeal Court explained to the lawyers that as far as the parties were not present at the hearing (including the appealing party) the affair would not be taken and was postponed sine die. The affair will be taken as of the return of the parties.*

This, when this respected country’s court initially took very quick, radical decisions with neither this father nor me being present in the first court hearing. They now said they wanted us in the appeal court. The irony was that this appeal court did not involve this father’s molestation charges. In reality it involved the rumours of my “mental instability”. What I am saying my children told me, is only utilised as their evidence/proof of my “mental instability” — without a psychiatric evaluation stating so.

On 15 September 2012 12:06 PM I received a SMS from this father, saying: *The second child fell off the wagon and broke his right tibia. At the clinic, orthopaedic surgeon said he is ok and put on plaster of Paris. He must not step on the foot for 4 weeks. Can see the child on farm this afternoon between 3 and 6? Just let my parents know pls.*

It was a 6 hour drive away and time being 12:06 PM, I was not going to make it between 3 and 6. This father knew this very well. But it sounded “nice” from him, did it not?

In this message this father creates the impression that this second child had just “fallen off” the wagon the same day as the SMS was sent, and that they are physically still at the clinic.

I swallowed this false impression, until:

The child told me, telephonically that night, that *the wheel* went over him.

During our following visitation the child told me his arm is sore. When I pulled up his sleeve, half his arm had a contusion and the whole arm was swollen.

On requesting the X-rays from the hospital, the information showed that this arm had also been X-rayed. The X-rays were taken 20:15 the day before this father sent me his message. How soon the child received medical care, depended on the time this father drove over this child. But 20:15 was around these children’s previous normal bedtime.

I contacted the children’s advocate and gave her the information that my child was driven over. “Yes,” she said, “accidents do happen,” and did not bother further. I suppose I was upset because it was my child that got hurt and nearly killed in negligence.

In this court of our native country the presiding judge delayed his ruling until the next day, saying he will first and foremost take the children into consideration. This was heavenly news to me. The next day he started the
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court procedure with jurisdiction, domicile, Lis pendens, forum shopping and the Hague convention, etc. Laws safely written on a piece of paper outranked lives, welfare and protection of children. Our native country's court authorities passed the buck — conventions and laws that were possibly in danger were safe. The buck the judge had passed, was the future of three helpless boys. The ruling was that this father was allowed to leave the country, with the children, and our native country's court's documentation should be communicated to the respected country's authorities, for consideration. Investigations, if so required, should be done in languages we understand and there should not be unnecessary interference with my right to see the children.

This judge either sighted Lis pendens (Latin for law suit pending — meaning the appeal that realised the moment I approached our native country's court and was then postponed by the respected country's court for a reason that did not prohibit this court to start with). Or he sighted the Hague Convention as his reason for this. It is not obvious from his order which is applicable. However, the judge states and I quote:

*It cannot be accepted that two parallel procedures be undertaken between the same parties about the same dispute in two different countries.*

Reality is: It was not parallel procedures. Unless, in his reality, he was deciding on my mental stability in a custody hearing and not on a professional investigation and evaluation for children in a molestation case.

Reality is: This father’s molestation case in the respected country was stopped at prosecutor’s level and no police in the respected country took my statement regarding the children implying they are taken to a pedophile circle. Which means this was not even investigated never mind having reached any prosecutor, or even a court. This was now, in some twisted reality, made parallel procedures by two authorities - our native country's court and the respected country's court.

It was simply stated in our native country's court that the protection of the children was looked at in the court hearing of the respected country. What is asked falls into “that category” and that I am approaching our native country's court with conjecture and this court could not see why it is asked to intervene when the respected country could take care of the children in their jurisdiction.

Not being a learned judge, I could see one obvious reason:
The respected country could not take care of these children in their jurisdiction. They did not have a professional that speaks the children's language. No investigation assessment/evaluation for molestation can be done in the respected country.

Our native country’s court excepted this father's advocate, this father’s and the respected country’s authorities false claims.
The respected country did not follow procedures and had not done anything to ensure the safety of children. The respected country's actions protected and ensured this husband’s financial safety, his comfort and his desires.

Since no court in the respected country had had a hearing regarding child molestation or a pedophile circle and protection or care for my children - I now wanted to appeal against the ruling that allowed this father to leave with these children without completing an investigation.

The police cases in our native country were still open. Allowing this father to leave also meant hampering these investigations. I obtained new representation since my previous legal representatives were against appealing. My new advocate was passionately involved.
The normal procedure is having to wait for the court ruling to be typed first. This was not done for another 3 weeks, but I could not wait. No one had the actual ruling of this judge when I approached the court with the appeal application about a week later.

This father was aware of my preparations to appeal. He and his advocate were pre-warned of this. My youngest brother phoned me and said that our eldest brother phoned him with stories. Saying I had trapped this husband into marrying me by saying I was pregnant at the time of our marriage. This was the only reason why this husband now claimed he married me.

I was pregnant, but had a miscarriage five months before we got married. He saw the pregnancy test. He also knew of the miscarriage. I had emails throughout of this “husband” proclaiming his love. He planned the renovations of the house and sent me the plans, asking me to comment. Another email, sent a month after the miscarriage and four months before our wedding, contained wedding invitation choices from which this father did choose.
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I tried printing these, but they looked unreadable. I went to an office shop. After the invitations were printed, I asked the shop assistant if she can read it easily. She said yes. She asked why I wanted it. I talked about my coming divorce, about my three children and that it is now being said that I trapped this man into marriage. This lady looked shocked and asked me if I had a picture of this husband. I showed her a picture on my computer and she said that this husband with another man had, several months before, been in another branch of these office shops.

She happened to be at this shop at that time. She recalled there were several people in the shop and this father spoke loudly of his “mentally unstable” wife that is incapable of caring for their three little boys. This father loudly said that his wife is accusing him of raping his very own children. The shop assistant asked this father not to be so loud, as there were other customers. She witnessed this father cut, paste and change existing emails. She said that it appeared he was making it look as if two people were fighting in the emails. This father had pictures of the children that he wanted copied. In one picture a little boy was naked and had a big blue bruise on his thigh. This is child pornography by our native country’s laws and the assistant refused to make copies of these fraudulent emails and naked pictures.

The time that this father went to this office shop the children had been in his sole custody for more than a month. This meant the children received these bruises during his care. What amazed me were the chances of finding information such as this, in such a way that could be compared to finding a needle in a haystack. I knew it was God.

The lady did not want her identity exposed, but wrote a letter. I gave this and her contact details to the police in our native country that investigated the molestation charges. I also dropped a hint of this in my appeal paper to see if this father will continue with his planned lies, in his mission to slander me. Obviously trying to keep me away from his small victims, who I am declaring, had confided in me.

My new advocate in the appeal went in strong on the fact that the children need protection. I could not listen while my advocate pleaded for the lives of these three children that are being molested. The reality that she was talking about my three children was too much. I left the court room and went out into the hallway. About half an hour later the family advocate that represented the respected country’s authorities ran out the court room, phoned someone urgently and in distress, saying, “They are concentrating on the criminal aspect.” She saw me and walked away, talking softly over the phone. I did not know her and she did not know me. Should me trying to protect my three children be upsetting to her? To add to this, the case in our native country’s court always had a criminal aspect. It was distorted into something else for distraction and preventing help for three small boys. Her being upset meant she must have been pleased with this distortion.

The children’s advocate was in court. I had informed the children’s advocate on how my children were abused, physically and emotionally, on this farm. Also that the second child was driven over in negligence. She said she will follow up on this, but it was just hollow words. With the previous ruling she was appointed to oversee and arrange assessment for the children, however, when someone asked her on this, she spoke about the “Hague application” in reply as if this excused her from doing what a court had ordered. These people were supposed to have the children’s best interests at heart. It was written on posters on the family advocates’ offices walls. I, out of love for my children, was fighting these people who had these posters on their walls.

While they either agreed, but did nothing in their power, or coldly debated on laws, or tried to find excuses to do nothing.

After my advocate had pleaded for my children, this father’s advocate simply stood up and said this father and the children are no longer in the jurisdiction of our native country’s court. They crossed into a neighbouring country.

This presiding judge in the appeal court said that he did not have the ruling of the previous judge, since this had not been typed yet. Nobody in court had a copy of this ruling. He postponed the court for two weeks.

The children’s school had started in the respected country and by law the oldest two children had to attend. This father now had permission to leave our native country for the respected country. But he did not. These were this father’s words in court, when he and the children were kept back:

It is in fact to the detriment of all three children to remain in this country indefinitely as they ought to return to their habitual residence.
This father did not take the children to their habitual residence. Why did he not fly back to the respected country?

The second child’s leg was still in plaster, but, on my enquiring, the airline said he is allowed to fly. One reason could be that this father did not want questions as to how the child’s leg got broken and was waiting for the plaster of Paris to be removed. If someone asked this child about his leg he replied the wheel went over him. This is not a nice temporary custody picture, even in the respected country, I presumed. Especially since this father did his utmost to convince everyone he is this wonderful, conscientious, caring father. It could be the reason, but why go to the neighbouring country, why not wait in our native country?

I also had court appointed visitation with the children and unlimited telephone access. This father was trying to prevent me from having any contact with my children. He wanted to alienate them from me.

So far, going to the neighbouring country solved two problems for this father.

I struggled to reach the children in the neighbouring country. The landline was not answered and the cellular signals are not up to standard. I kept getting a “not available” message. I sent a SMS to this father’s mother’s cellular, asking where the children are and got this reply by SMS 4 October 2012 1:53PM:

As mentioned earlier the children is with this father in the neighbouring country with his brother.

On saying I cannot reach them and when they will be coming back I got this reply from this father’s mother;

SMS 4 October 2012 3:23PM:

We also cannot reach them and have not been informed when they will be coming back.

Comparing these replies with this father’s court statement in the appeal court, it gives another picture. I quote him: 3 October 2012: As at the date of deposing to this affidavit and since the afternoon of 28 September 2012 the children and I, together with my Mother and my Father, have been in “the neighbouring country,” visiting my brother on his farm.

This father was saying in his court statement his mother was with them. His mother gives the impression in her messages she is not, that she does not have contact and knows nothing.

This father then gives elaborate information in his reply to the appeal court on why he had not left for the respected country. I am giving a summary of this father’s statement:

The eldest child’s “residence” permit had expired on 19 September 2012 it was necessary to attend the Consulate in our native country for purposes of obtaining a new permit. This father explains in his statement how he instructs his advocate to make the necessary appointments and arrangements for this with the Consulate. The boys, his mother, father and he departed 27 September 2012. They stopped in the city and he met up with his advocate at the Consulate. At the meeting was explained which documents were required and what arrangements had to be made. The Consulate representative advised that he only needed to provide a copy of the eldest child’s passport with the completed documentation. He and his advocate spent the greater part of the afternoon completing the application form.

(This application form requires a few ticked boxes and he has to rewrite his address, name and the child’s name a few times.)

The consulate refused to accept the completed forms late afternoon 27 September 2012. (This consulate’s rule is only accepting visa applications in the morning.) His advocate undertook to attend the consulate on Friday morning 28 September 2012 to deliver the application form.

This allowed him to leave for the neighbouring country with the children the following morning.

(The date, 28 September 2012, the date I appealed in the High Court on the decision that this father may leave with the children, without completing an investigation.)

This father proceeds to tell how the Consulate representative the following morning had “changed her tune” and did not want to accept only a copy of this passport. How he was already near the border and could not turn back, to give her this passport. He crossed the border and his eldest brother drove to fetch this passport from the neighbouring country the following day. (An approximate whopping 12 hour drive for this eldest brother)

The eldest brother, having brought this child’s passport back into our native country, handed the passport to this father’s advocate and she gave in the passport the Monday morning (1 October 2012) at the Consulate. Saying this application at the Consulate is going to take 5-10 days to consider. (This meant the child was in a foreign country without his passport.)

This very same advocate of this father informed my lawyer telephonically that the children will be in the
neighbouring country for that week and that I will be able to see the children the weekend after 3 October 2012 when they will return to our native country. She lied while making appointments and running errands for this father as if she is a secretary/personal assistant and not an advocate.

Their aim and punch-line: I quote directly from this father’s court statement: The boys and I cannot depart “this neighbouring country” until I receive the eldest child’s original passport from the Consulate. The children were not within the area of jurisdiction of the above Honourable Court at the time the appeal application was launched on 28 September 2012. And I submit that in light of the above, the Honourable Court does not have the requisite jurisdiction to entertain the present application.

Here is the reason for this father’s hurry to cross the border: The children would not be within the area of jurisdiction of our native country’s court at the time the appeal application was launched.

This father repeats in this statement of his that the application at this consulate was for a “residence permit” for this child. But, this consulate is not authorised to handle residence permits. They are only authorised to handle tourist visas. This father knows the differences between these very well from his profession.

This father in his statement to our native country’s appeal court, additionally relays that his advocate phoned the police, enquiring about their investigation. Also stating, mindful that the wife did not bother to hand over to the police the most pertinent exculpatory documents already in existence.

This father is probably referring to the “highly confidential” social service report, that I was not allowed to see, and the respected country’s prosecutor’s emails and report, also “highly confidential”.

In this father’s statements his advocate, who is again not legally allowed to be in possession of these documents, sent these “highly confidential”, now translated, documents to the police.

These apparent “exculpatory” documents did have three things in common, which are:

None are exculpatory documents. These documents do not state this father is innocent of child molestation. The general advocate of the prosecutor’s office says, “No evidence.” This does not in reality mean “not guilty”. The social service worker in her report makes out that I am “mentally unstable” and have “lost touch with reality”. With this conclusion of hers, she had abused my witness statement and gave a twisted reason for my protective actions and cries for help for my children.

She did not feel driven to aid, but solely felt and saw an opportunity to oppress me and my children. This social service worker and her companion jumped onto this husband’s abuse spree and aided him in more suffering and trauma for children.

None of these documents say all investigations necessary have been conducted - all evidence obtained and examined, small children have been provided with protection, ensuring their safety and security and assessments done in their mother tongue. This is what one would expect from such a respected country, detailed, professional work, however, this is not done.

Another problem was solved for this father, with him and the children being in the neighbouring country, and I quote this father in his court statement: On the police telephoning my advocate to enquire about the boys, more specifically the second child, being subjected to an evaluation by a social worker my advocate told him that the children were in the neighbouring country.

After having unlawfully handed in these “exculpatory” documents of his, the police still wanted to assess the children. These children were not only out of the court’s jurisdiction, they were also out of the jurisdiction of the police who, as a result, cannot assess these children in their criminal investigation.

Then this father, from the neighbouring country, writes in his statement and I quote him: I have no doubt that the police will not find any evidence, much less sufficient evidence to warrant the institution of criminal prosecution against me and/or my father and/or my brother on charges of sexual molestation and/or rape of the children.

The implications for this eldest child who was, according to this father’s statement, without a passport in a foreign country was huge. When found, he could be placed in an orphanage until extradition papers were organised. The child’s emotional trauma would be tremendous. My advocate advised me to have the eldest
child removed, based on this father’s statements saying the child is illegally in this neighbouring country. I did not want my child to be taken to an orphanage in this neighbouring country, also not to be alone, not on top of everything else. My advocate then tried to arrange that this father and this child be escorted back into our native country and for the child to be placed in foster care in our native country. This would be emotionally less severe for the child. Before these arrangements could be finalised the child’s passport was, according to this father’s advocate at the court room, being rushed to the neighbouring country by this father’s parents.

All lies: This is a wonderful example of this father & co.’s capabilities in creating impressions, disruptions and luring people into actions that they can twist and use as weapons in their “warfare”.

The reason I am saying this: Recent evidence revealed that this father’s complete “the child don’t have a passport, I am stuck in the neighbouring country” tale was a smoke screen.

What this father is omitting to divulge is that a new passport for this child was picked up middle August 2012. This child’s old passport only expired in December 2012.

Meaning the child had two passports at the time. This father was playing and manipulating this situation to the “T”. He could cross the border at any time with the children and was not “stuck”.

He made it sound to the police and the court that he had no control over being out of their jurisdiction and no control over not being able to return to their jurisdiction. He basically created an alibi for avoiding judicial authorities with his false statement of - The boys and I cannot depart this neighbouring country until I receive the eldest child’s original passport from the Consulate.

Another law this father was breaking, was one of the respected country’s laws. I quote this father:

The children’s schools are set to reopen in September 2012.

Both the eldest two children are compelled in terms of “the respectable country’s” law, to attend school from the age of 4.

As a self-contradictory answer to his own statements, he kept the children in the neighbouring country, out of school, for another month.

Nothing happened with the appeal. Not even after this apparently “innocent” father so openly and arrogantly stated that he is out of everyone’s jurisdiction and lied about having driven over his child.

The judge stated in court that the matter had already been decided on (res judicata) and the children are out of the court’s jurisdiction.

This father hid away with the children in this neighbouring country until about middle October 2012. He then took the children and flew back to the respected country. Did this father’s child endangering, child neglecting, lying, fraudulent, hampering a criminal investigation and law breaking actions in any way upset any authorities in the country’s involved?

After this, I prepared a statement on this father’s financial dealings and my involvement in this. I went to the police and tax office and gave them the information. No one said yes, this is a crime. Apparently only I thought so. Maybe this husband was right. One could do as one pleased, even open bank accounts in anybody’s and any company’s name.
Chapter 10
Visiting my children

Our native country’s court gave me unlimited phone access to the children. Visitation rights were given, which allowed me to see the children 5 hours a day for 3 days over the weekends. In my excitement, I had read this order wrongly and thought I was only allowed to see them two days consecutively. Most important to me was seeing my beautiful children. This father erred when saying, “You will never see your children again.”

When I phoned, the children all talked together. The eldest child wanted to know where I was, what I was doing? They wanted to know when I will be coming back. I told them I am working and when I am done, I will be back. I could not tell them that this father threw me out of the house. I reasoned if I said anything pointing at this father it will be used against me. Saying I am trying to destroy his “relationship” with his boys. This while he, with carte blanche from a court, openly destroy me and my relationship with my children. Openly emotionally abusing children while telling everyone he is doing it for the good of the children because their mother is mentally unstable/ill, but in reality he is only serving his own purpose.

I loved being able to speak to my children without someone abusing me and them. The smallest child kept on repeating, “Mamma Mamma,” and did his best to speak, even though I did not understand him properly. At two and a half he did not speak well. This child stayed on the phone the longest and cried when someone tried to take the phone away.

Our native county’s court order said I am only to deal with this father’s mother and father. But this father’s family utilised the eldest and youngest brothers for this, never this father’s mother and father. These people made their own rules. I left them to it. To my own detriment, I found out later.

This father and his family started playing different games when I phoned to speak to the children. I made a regular time of phoning at seven in the evening. The children’s regular schedule had this time free. Initially the children were free to speak. The following evening the children were screaming and running around, saying there are jackal and hyenas outside the house. The second child kept telling me he is scared. There are no hyenas on this farm and the jackal would not come that close to the house, because of the dogs. I told this to the children. But, the children kept saying they can hear them outside the house. This father’s father had told me on an earlier occasion he made animal noises outside the window to scare his children. So this was another game of this family. This father’s family members went outside the house and made hyenas and jackal noises. This distracted and scared the children. This distraction is obvious and abusive. They must have also realised this and did not do it again.

The following nights after this episode the children were in the bath when I phoned. Elected speaker of this father’s family, the youngest brother, repeated, “Phone back in 5 minutes.” After I phoned again in 5 minutes, “No, not yet out. Phone back in 5 minutes.” I carried on phoning in 5 minutes. After this they started showing DVD’s after the children had bathed. They did not normally allow the children to watch DVD’s the last time we were visiting that farm. Now they played a DVD when I phone. I asked the eldest child and he said they only watched DVD’s at that time. They repeatedly showed the children the movie “The Lion King”. Showing this movie filled with lions and hyenas before bedtime, with the second child’s nightmares, did not seem a wise choice in entertainment. But, if you want to cover up the incident of a child having nightmares of a lion by his bed at night, then this was the DVD to show that child before bedtime. I had never shown my children this movie. I had found it too violent for their ages.

The farm gate was the exchange place in the court order. The first day I picked up the children the eldest two children came running to the car and this father’s youngest and eldest brothers were standing with the smallest child by the farmhouse garage, approximately 60 metres from the gate. They showed I must come to them. The eldest brother held my smallest child as his bait. I did not enter their property and stayed at the farm gate. After a while they came walking towards the gate with the smallest child. Voicing their reason for wanting me to drive into their property, which, they said, is that the dirt road is dangerous for the children. This father’s family had property on the other side of this road and had crossed it regularly with the children during our previous holiday visits. None of them made a fuss then. The children now climbed into the car at the gate side not the road side. I parked well away from the road as well and not in any way obstructing traffic on this deserted dirt road.

It felt strange seeing my children for the first time after nearly three months. I had feelings of fear. More aptly
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put, I was scared they did not want me anymore or did not remember me or was cross with me and told me to
go away. They did not.

My mother accompanied me and we were staying at a guest house in the nearby town. I took the children
there. The children wanted to know if this was where I was staying now. It struck me that these children knew
so very little and were confused.

I noticed the eldest child being more quiet and he had a far off look in his eyes that was not there before. The
second child was quiet as well and had an absent attitude. The smallest child changed the most. He used to
be my cuddly boy. When they took him from me he was still breastfeeding and he was with me most of the
time. Now, he had an independent attitude, which was strange for a 2 and half year old. He tried to help
himself with things, instead of asking for help like he used to do. He kept himself distant, emotionally and
physically.

This family did not send the children's bottles with them, even though I sent a message asking them to sent
these. They did not reply on the message. There were three tin mugs in the plastic bag sent with the children.
I asked the children where their bottles are and they said they are not allowed their drinking bottles anymore,
not even the smallest child. This two and a half year old child’s behaviour was to press his mouth to the
garden hose and to a water drainage pipe outside the guest house. The following day I took the children to the
shop and asked them to choose bottles for themselves. The eldest child wanted a sports bottle. The two
other children chose teat bottles. They drank two and a half litre of water and juice and ate constantly. The
smallest child held on to everything he was given. He loaded his arms with toys, food and the bottle, and
refused to put anything down. He never used to do this. He struggled to get up from a sitting position, but did
not put anything down.

The smallest child kept on rubbing his ears — something he never did before. I asked him why and he kept
saying, “Cold.” It was winter in this country, but only cold during the night. I asked him if he felt cold and he
shook his head no. He kept on rubbing his ears and I asked him if they were sore. He shook his head no and
said, “Cold.”

I asked the eldest child if his smaller brother had been cold. He said at night he picks up his smallest
brother when he is crying. There is no one that helps them. He said sometimes he wakes up at night and his smallest
brother would be lying on his bed.

I tried not to force myself on the children, but allowed them to decide when they want attention from me. Over
the two days they gradually started reacting like they used to and even came and sat on my lap. The eldest
child started talking to me as he had before, the youngest child started asking for help and relaxed about “his
possessions”. The second child started talking more and held onto me when I walked anywhere.

I had a difficult time emotionally leaving the children with this father and his family after every visit. I knew
what they are doing to my children. They had freedom to excessively punish and torture physically, to mentally
corrupt and to emotionally paralyse the children. These grand parent’s methods of raising their children were
plain in whom they had raised. Outwardly, apparently normal, successful business people with, I can’t decide,
either cold, rock hard cores or empty vessels. I could not show my emotions to my children. It was not going
to change their situation.

The following day, on picking up the children, this father’s youngest brother came to the gate, but did not want
to let the smallest child go and held him in his arms. He said he wanted to speak to me first. I tried taking the
child, but he held him too tight.

This man tried to force me to listen to him speaking by refusing to hand over my child. I told him I was going to
phone the police and he let the child go. He again started saying I was in the way with the car. I told him I will
take a picture for the court, so they can see I am not in anybody’s way. He walked away and never voiced his
“concern” again.
The last day of the first weekend’s visit, the children did not want to go into the farm property after our visit
and this youngest brother of this father was saying I am making things difficult. The smallest child did not want
them to pick him up and the second child stood next to me outside the gate, refusing to move when they
called him. The eldest child walked past them into the property without speaking to them.
I gave the children’s bottles that I had bought for them, and I told this father’s youngest brother that the bottles are the children’s. I had given the eldest child two plastic cool-drink bottles with drinking tops and told him to fill this with water as well for them during the day. When I phoned the following evening he told me that this father’s mother had taken away all the bottles, even the plastic cool-drink ones. They all, even the smallest child of two and a half years, were only allowed to drink water out of the tap with their hands. I told the children I will get them new bottles on my next visit. This explained why my smallest child (two and a half years old) put his mouth to everything that he could see contained water. He was thirsty and no one helped him.

With the following weekend’s visit the children were more relaxed and talkative. The eldest child told me his father had left him alone in the field and went home. I was shocked. This father played intimidation games with a small child. This eldest child also said that he was in the harvester with this father’s youngest brother. It was late, he said, and he started feeling cold. He said he told this father’s youngest brother he was very, very cold and wants to stop, but this father’s youngest brother did not stop.

The children said that now they were getting glasses to drink from and did not have to use their hands any longer.

The second child said he had built himself his own house with stones. This is something he had done in the respected country. He would build himself his own house in which to live.

During one of the visits at the guest house we were outside playing in the sand, digging holes and filling them with water. All of a sudden the eldest child said, “We are not allowed to play in the dirt.” When we had visited the farm before the children had a spot where we played in the sand, dug holes, played with tractors and other toys, making roads and ponds. They had dug a hole the size of a car wheel on that spot. Not one of this father’s family made comments when we did this. Even this father’s father told me over the phone that when they look at this hole they miss the children. I asked the child about this place they had played before, saying, “Surely you are allowed to play there?” The eldest child said no. I asked if they are allowed to play somewhere else in the dirt with their toys. He said no, they are not allowed. He looked sad. My boy loves playing in the dirt. I asked the child where he was allowed to play. He said only on the grass or else they get dirty. This father’s mother had three housekeepers and she herself did not put a hand to washing or ironing. The housekeepers who washed were allowed two basins of water from a borehole and the soap was rationed. So now these people’s reasoning entailed no small child will play in the dirt on a farm, because they get dirty and a little more water and soap were going to be needed.

Apart from what my eldest child had told me, our weekend’s visit went well. The children played in the dirt, blew bubbles or watched TV, etc. I allowed them the freedom to choose what they would like to do and they relaxed. On the way to dropping the children off at the farm the eldest child asked me to drive around the small town. I thought they regularly visited this close by town and I asked him why he wanted me to drive around. He said they were not taken anywhere and stayed on the farm all the time. This translated into isolation.

The following week Saturday 15 September 2012 around 12:00, I received a message from this father that the second child had “fallen off the wagon” and had broken his leg.

I phoned at once, but the child did not want to speak to me. I could hear him crying and he sounded angry through his tears. I had already arranged to pick the children up for a visit the following day. I phoned again later and spoke to the child. I asked him about his leg and figuratively speaking fell on my back. This child was saying the wheel went over him. This information was not in this father’s message to me.

On the Sunday I picked up the children for our visit. This father’s youngest brother drove the children to the farm gate in a vehicle. He opened the back door of their car and stood away from the vehicle. I picked up this child whose whole leg was in plaster and put him into our car.

During the visit this second child was extremely mobile for a child who had broken his leg the day before. He manoeuvred himself. I commented on this and the eldest child said his brother is managing well. The second child said it was his fault the wheel went over him. He kept on saying that if the plaster of Paris comes off, his leg is going to fall off. If he does not take his medicine, they were going to leave him at the
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hospital.
Such caring, comforting comments from very “nice, compassionate” people to a four year old child in pain and discomfort, who got hurt through their negligence.
This child needed to go to the toilet and struggled with the leg in plaster. I knew that both this father’s parents were incapable of lifting any of the children. Never mind a child in this condition. I asked the child who helped him on the farm. He said no one.
The children started saying they are not allowed to drink. I asked why, and they said they will wet their beds if they drink. I told them they are allowed to drink during the day and they said no, they will wet their beds. My second child took this very seriously and refused anything to drink. My children used to drink minimum 1 litre of fluid each during a day, with no limits to the amount allowed. It sounded like these children now either wanted to impress, be praised, or was scared of punishment. The aim of this father’s family was no more diapers and no more wet beds. This father wanted me to potty train our first child at three months old. In the world of these “caring, compassionate, trustworthy” people a small child needs to be the least amount of trouble and money, even if the child could be hurt, suffer or feel uncared-for. This was the case with the second child, who told me when he urinates, it burns. But he still refused to drink fluids.
This second child complained of his elbow being sore and his arm hurting him. His right arm was swollen from below the shoulder to the wrist and had a bruise that stretched over half the arm. One could clearly see his arm was bent while the wheel went over it. It was not in a sling or bandaged.
After the weekend I asked this father’s mother via a message for the doctor’s information and contacted the Orthopaedic surgeon to find out about the child’s medical condition. The doctor knew this father had driven over the child. He showed no concern and said the child is fine. I asked the doctor to send me a report. He agreed, but never sent a report, after which I contacted the hospital and got the X rays. The X rays were taken 20:15 the night of 14 September 2012. This father’s message on 15 September 2012 was misleading. The other question was why the X rays were only taken at 20:15 at night? At what time did this father drive over his child? It is already dark outside at 18:30. The other option is that this child did not receive immediate medical care.
The Court made their final ruling on 21 September 2012, saying this father was allowed to leave this country for the respected country and that my visiting rights should not unnecessarily be disrupted. Because of this ruling, this family deemed themselves in control once again. I was fully aware of this and it made me uncomfortable as there was once again no supervision over them. Amazingly I arranged my visitation and encountered no problems with them in this.
The following weekend 23 September 2012 I parked the car next to the road as usual to fetch the children. This father’s youngest and eldest brothers brought the children in the car to the gate. Both these brothers climbed out of their car. This father’s youngest brother opened the back door of the vehicle and moved away as usual. The eldest and youngest children climbed into our car. This father’s youngest brother said the second child did not want to come with us and their advocate said the child did not have to. While he spoke the other brother moved to the front side of our car. I went to this child and asked him if he wanted to go and he shook his head no. I told him I want to visit with him and would like him to come. He made no reply. I picked him up and carried him to the car without him resisting, crying or screaming. My mother was by the back door of our car. I put the child in the car, closed the door and turned. This father’s two brothers was standing on top of us. The youngest brother pressed himself in between my mother and me, asking the second child if he wanted to go with us. The child shook his head no. I turned to my right and saw this father’s youngest brother throwing my mother to the ground and holding her down. As if in a dream I looked to my left and this father’s eldest brother was pulling the keys out of the vehicle ignition through the open window. I remember starting to scream and then realised we were in the middle of nowhere. The next thing I know I was holding the keys. I climbed into the driver’s seat and like an idiot put the keys back in the ignition. I tried to look for my mother and then called to her. The eldest brother, through the open window again tried pulling the keys out of the ignition. I kicking at his arm and he pulled back. I turned to look where my mother was. She laid on the ground towards the farm gate. When I started to get out to go to her, this eldest brother grabbed my head and tried to bump it on the door frame, but did not succeed. He let me go and I went to my mother. She was getting up. The two brothers opened the back door
of our car and this eldest brother grabbed the second child out of the car and ran with him down the driveway into farm property. My mother, her body with injuries and bruises told this youngest brother she was going to report him for assaulting her. He replied she had fallen on her own.

We drove to the police station in the little town. I told the police that the two brothers removed the second child forcefully out of our vehicle and had assaulted us. The police replied they want to see the court order giving me visiting rights. It was at the guesthouse where we were staying. At the guesthouse the owners said they will call the police to come there. The police arrived at the guesthouse, stayed in their car and did not want to take a statement and left again. I decided to visit with my children first, since I only have them for a certain period. An hour later another police officer arrived to arrest me on charges of assault on this husband’s youngest brother.

In this youngest brother’s statement he claims: I had forcefully removed this second child out of his vehicle and both my mother and I attacked him. He omits that his eldest brother was present.

I told this police officer who arrived to arrest me, that the eldest brother of this family had attacked me and the youngest brother attacked my mother. They also forcefully removed the second child out of our vehicle.

My eldest child sat next to me and told the police officer the same. I asked the police officer if a 5 year old child can make a statement or be a witness? He said no he cannot take the child’s statement, because he is too young.

Countries do not have the same standards when it comes to law and order. In the respected country a five year old child, in a strange environment (the police station), with strangers who questioned him alone on something which he now knew was not right, is accepted as a statement, without question. It is even used against me.

I told the police officer I will make a statement after having visited with my children. The police officer left.

I phoned the farm and asked to speak to my second child. I asked him if he wanted to visit. He said yes. I asked the police to go with me and I fetched the second child as well. This youngest brother again brought him to the gate in the car and I took the child, without a problem. The children and I spent some time together before I had to take them back.

On this occasion, being tired of the lies, manipulation and false impressions, I decided to record the children speaking and started asking them how the second child’s leg was broken. The following is a transcription of this.

Mother talking to children about accident — (changes from the original transcription: child 1 is changed to child 2 and child 2 is changed to child 1 for the purposes of this writing)

**MOTHER:** How many wheels drove over you?

**CHILD 2:** Just one.

**MOTHER:** Was it the wagon wheel or was it the car wheel?

**CHILD 2:** It was the wagon.

**CHILD 1:** The car wheel.

**CHILD 2:** The wagon drove over me.

**CHILD 1:** And “this father’s youngest brother” called to daddy.

**MOTHER:** Did daddy stop or did he carry on driving?

**CHILD 2:** He carried on driving. He reversed and then he drove over me.
MOTHER: And where was “this father’s youngest brother”? 

CHILD 2: “This father’s youngest brother”, he had his bicycle (inaudible) 

MOTHER: Did “this father’s youngest brother” see? 

CHILD 2: Yes 

CHILD 1: He saw “the second child” had fallen down. 

MOTHER: Who stopped daddy then? 

CHILD 2: No, daddy just…… 

MOTHER: Who stopped daddy? 

KIND 1: “This father’s youngest brother”. 

MOTHER: Aah. 

CHILD 1: And then I climbed out the wagon and then I said to “this father’s youngest brother” I must not … it was not me. I was on the wagon. It was “the second child”. I was on the wagon. I was with the maize. The maize hurt me and “the second child” is under and the wagon drove over him. 

MOTHER: Who is with you? 

CHILD 1: No one, just daddy. He was driving the car and then he ….. then the wagon drove over “the second child”. Then I said no, no, because my dad will not stop. I yelled, but he did not hear the noise and when I stopped, then “this father’s youngest brother” came and then he saw “the second child” is lying on the path and then he told my dad to stop. Then he stopped and looked back and then he saw “the second child” lying there. 

MOTHER: And then, what did he do then? 

CHILD 1: And then they took him to the hospital. 

WOMAN: Did the second child …..[ end of recording ] 

In the court order of 25 May 2012 the respected country’s judge ruled that this father is worthy of the trust of their court. Now this person worthy of their trust, whom they had entrusted with the care of three small children, apart from this man walking around saying he is called a pedophile, put small children unaccompanied on a wagon, filled with maize. A moving load. This man worthy of their trust did not watch the children while he was driving. One fell off and he reversed over him. Listening to the children, it also sounds as if this man did not even notice that he had driven over his own child and continued driving. 

In my appeal paper to our native country’s court I attached this transcription, as well as pictures of the child’s swollen and bruised arm, and copies of X rays. 

As a reply to this, this father still lied about having driven over the second child. I quote this father in court: On or about Friday 14 September 2012 the second child broke his leg when he attempted to jump unto a moving trailer on the farm, he fell and broke his leg. He received immediate medical care and his leg was set in a cast. 

In this father’s message to me on Saturday 15 September 2012 he said the child fell off the wagon and broke his leg. Now this father’s story changed to saying the child tried to jump onto a moving trailer. In either case it is neglect. Nobody took care of these small children.
That evening my mother and I drove to the hospital to see a doctor in a nearby town and they completed a police report of her numerous bruises and wounds. She was 72 years old. This youngest brother is about 43. She said he threw her to the ground as if he was fighting with a man.

The next day I asked the police to accompany me to the farm. Again this second child did not want to come with us. This father’s youngest brother was there. I did get annoyed with the second child and told him I am not going to play these games. If he wants to come with, he must come. He said he did not want to. I left and visited with my other children.

What I found strange was that every time I spoke to this second child on the phone he would say he wishes he was a butterfly, then he would fly to me. I did not understand his confusing behaviour.

When arranging the next weekend’s visit I found out that this father was not leaving for the respected country, but was taking the children to a neighbouring country. This father’s advocate apparently told my advocate that I can arrange visitation again for the following week. The children’s school had started and the eldest two children were compelled to go to school. It is deemed a criminal offence in the respected country if the child is kept out of school for no valid reason. Laws did not apply to this father.

I could not get through on the farm telephone in the neighbouring country. I tried cellular numbers and nobody was available. Eventually this father’s local cellular was answered.

One of the first things the eldest child said to me was, “The lady says we are hiding, but we are not hiding.” My poor child did not know that his father was in hiding and, to prevent their voices from being heard, he took them with him into hiding.

The children kept on asking me when they are going home. I could not answer this. They wanted to know why I am not with them? I told them very bad people are keeping me away from them. This was the truth. More than that they would not understand.

The eldest child told me they are allowed to play in the dirt on this farm in the neighbouring country. That at least was good for them and gave them something to do. A few days later the eldest child got hurt. He told me a wire cut his foot open on the sole. He sounded so sad and I could not physically comfort him.

Once again the second child said he wishes he was a butterfly then he could fly to me. He had no idea how much I wished I could be with them. They did not know how this normal want of mine and my emotions were used against me, to lure me and to torture me with. The youngest child again held onto the phone when he got it.

Some people were criticising. They said I should have questioned and recorded the children about their molestation. I have spoken to a number of psychologists to find advice on how to deal with the children and was told professionals should handle these matters with the children. The only information the boys had gotten from me so far was that it is wrong. This, I was told, would result in the child starting to feel ashamed. This manipulative father was telling my children that I am “sick”. My children had told me this and I replied that they should look for themselves if I had changed at all. My advocate at the time advised me not to speak to the children about their abuse. He assured me the children will be assessed. This did not happen.

I kept on trying to keep contact with the children in the neighbouring country. After a while I again could get no reply. I suspected they were taken back into our native country, stayed long enough for the plaster on the second child’s leg to be removed and then left for the respected country. I could get no reply in the respected country either.

The reality of what I and my children were enduring felt so surreal, but for my children’s sake I could not avoid it. I had a responsibility to these children’s lives, who I had brought into this world. Spiritually I clung to God, with hope, faith and trust in Him.

I found it ironic how this father lied and elaborated in his court papers how I had physically kept his children away from him, “their father”. He claimed I made his communication difficult while he was away at work and had to change the truth and actual happenings to create this image. He claimed he feared that his children will be intimidated against him, “their father”. These were all lies just to protect himself. But, now, this father was making my communication with the children impossible, not even just difficult. This father was doing his best to alienate my children from me and to intimidate them, telling them I am “sick”.

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The irony is that this same father that is telling my children I am “ill” over years had spread a story of himself, saying that people are spreading the story that he prefers little boys and that he is called a pedophile. All of his behaviour is rightly questionable. The other irony is he obtains his goal to silence me and my children with lies and schemes, abusing and manipulating a place where truth and law are supposedly upheld.
Chapter 11
No help found

My mother laid charges of assault against this father’s youngest brother and I against his eldest brother. Since this family agreed to the court’s visitation schedule that weekend and they were not allowed to interfere and/or withhold a child.
The assault charges went to court in the little town near to this family’s farm. This husband’s youngest brother’s assault charge on me was also still there, but he wanted to settle out of court. I refused. The prosecutor said it was just a family brawl and wanted the cases dismissed. My mother and I both wanted to continue. The prosecutor postponed the court hearing.
I wanted to return to the respected country where my children were. This postponement held me up.
The next court date, my police case, that I opened in a different area, had still not been received by this area’s police and court yet. They received a faxed copy, but said they cannot work with a copy. Hence the case was split.

This father’s eldest brother was not in court, but his youngest brother kept on saying he will drop the charges against me.
I decided it will take up time and I needed to concentrate on getting my children back. While deciding this, this youngest brother’s lawyer came to me saying we don’t have proof that this youngest brother was in fact responsible for my mother’s injuries, or that the eldest brother was present. The eldest brother’s court case in this small town court was scheduled for beginning February 2013. I did not plan on staying for another three months in our native country with an appeal for custody in the respected country. I decided to agree that the assault charges can be dropped.

At the time there was an uproar about a serial rapist that, over years, pried on young girls. He burned his last victim alive. He got caught. This psychopath led an apparently normal life. He was married and had a child. According to the article, neighbours loved this funny, helpful and very social man. His colleagues at work needed therapy to deal with the reality of him being a serial rapist and killer. They could not believe how they had been manipulated and lied to for years by this social, polite, amicable person that ended up being someone with serious mental problems.

The last victim’s mother criticised the wife of this man. She said this woman had known her husband was not well and did not speak up.

I knew that screaming at the top of your lungs does not mean people are going to help you or listen to what you are saying or protect you.

The police case for the molestation incident in my mother’s apartment were still open. The police investigator said he is going to continue with his investigation, even without the children being in our native country. The other police case I opened for this father’s parents farm was stopped at prosecutor level.
Later the first case was also stopped by the public prosecutor. Again no assessments/evaluations were done. This father/husband successfully fought to avoid that, while claiming to be innocent.
Chapter 12
“Now to get rid of her”

The respected country’s court, in their order issued end May 2012, said that I am allowed to establish myself in the apartment. This is after this husband threw me out of the house midnight 8 May 2012. I was told by this father to go or he will phone the police, his reason being I am not allowed to sleep there. But, when having to answer for his action, this father in his court documents in our native country said his actions were taken on his advocate’s and the social service worker’s “advice”. This meant they were accomplices. Laws in this respected country forbade what this father, his advocate or the social service worker did and advised.

I arrived back in the respected country on 13 November 2012. Feeling tremendously disappointed at not having succeeded in protecting and helping my children through our native country’s court. There they spoke the children’s language and for the children this would have been ideal. Now I was back in this respected country where people experienced difficulty understanding you speaking an international language in the supermarket. Let alone the unabashed lies of some people in this respected country, of having assessed and spoken to my children when neither the children nor they spoke each other’s languages.

I opened the apartment after being away for six months. Clothes of mine that had been in the house, hanged in the entrance hall. I went upstairs. The printer, copier, scanner and fax machine were gone. The telephone and all the telephone wires were removed and the wireless modem was gone. The phone line was cut off. Even my mop, my handheld vacuum cleaner and coffee press were gone. The main bedroom door, which I left locked, stood open and a stack of mail was lying on the bed. These were mostly invoices from the hospital, acquired throughout my attempts to be assessed and admitted. Some had notifications of legal action. The place had been ransacked. Things that were not lying in plain view, for example, pictures, documents, my old house key with my post box key attached to it were gone. I was still registered at the house address, and had no access to my mail. This husband took out all his personal possessions, e.g. clothes and shoes that he kept in the apartment. My clothes and cosmetics from the house were randomly stuffed into drawers and cupboards. This husband’s study was emptied of the papers that used to be in piles on the floor along the wall. The papers he did not want laid strewn around and two huge boxes filled with rubbish stood there. The least this husband could have done was to throw away his own rubbish. I got the impression someone had lived in the apartment. Some of my personal care products had been used and the heating, I left turned off, was turned on full. Trying to use the wireless internet, I realised this husband changed the pass code.

I myself witness this husband’s advocate standing in court and saying this husband is doing his best to support his “mentally unstable” wife and how upsetting it is to him that his wife is “mentally unstable”. Evidence of this husband’s “support”: He harassed and threatened me after telling me he is called a pedophile. He invaded my privacy. He continued to harass me and my children after I had gone to the police. He lied in police reports and to the social service worker. He physically abused me. His lies got him full control over these small children. He threw me out of my house, proceeding in torturing me and my children with our emotional need for each other. After succeeding in getting me into our native country, he wrote a letter to the bank withdrawing himself financially from me, which resulted in the bank blocking my credit card. He wrote a letter to the airlines withdrawing his credit card on the flight ticket he booked. He continues to try to alienate my children from me, disregarding their young ages and need for me and the psychological impact this has on them. He continues lying, manipulating and intimidating in courts. He is trying to remove me, with plans and schemes, from our medical aid policy, this to avoid taking responsibility for doing it openly. He and whom ever else again invaded my privacy and moved my belongings out of the house I was still registered at. He raided the apartment he threw me in and took the key to the mailbox where I receive my mail.

Let’s not forget his “emergency” divorce that he filed for reasons of his wife that, as with others, he says is calling him a pedophile and is mentally unstable, according to him. Apart from me still having a roof over my head by court order, I could not see how this father’s advocate could voice the word support. Unless she puts a different meaning to the word than what it means in reality.

This father still had both the front door key and the interior door key of the apartment. This made me uncomfortable, but it was hopeless to say this.
The visiting rights given to me in our native country were not applicable in this respected country. I went to see my advocate and asked her to organise visitation for me with my children. She replied she did not know how to. She will have to make a study.

I went to several police divisions in this respected country. Again to the police for protection of children where I again tried and was dismissed. Next was the police business division, informing them of this father's business activities and my contribution involving his money. One document showed that this father had a trust account in a fraudulent name. He took his second name and used it as his surname. A bank email depicted this man's salary, showing this husband is lying in court. They made copies of the documents, but did not take a statement down.

I approached a normal police station and talked of the ransacking of the apartment. No statement was taken and it had no effect on their opinion of this man.

I also told my advocate about the ransacking of the apartment.

I was upset, because it felt as if this man just did what he wanted. What upset me the most was what he was doing to my children and I decided to concentrate on saving them and to ignore other distractions.

There was a nanny, this father and this father's mother in the house with the children. I greeted the eldest two children through the window, when they went to school. Who ever was with the children photographed me standing at my bedroom window. This was the first time since I have been married to this man that I saw his mother in the respected country. She had not, with any of the births of the children paid any attention to them or me. She declined all invitations with excuses of being very busy.

When I met this father's mother, she seemed helpful and giving to the people in the town near to where they lived. She regularly gave away the fruit on the farm, etc. I noticed the fruit she gave was mostly rotting and had been eaten by insects and birds.

She went for long walks with the dogs every afternoon. Once, during a visit to them, the eldest child wanted to go with her. I stood with this child when he told her he wanted to walk with her. I asked her to wait because he needs shoes and his hat. I ran to get this. When I returned she had started walking and was about 20 metres down the road. I called to her. The eldest child, having his hat and shoes, started running after her, calling out. She walked away faster, without looking back. She had her first opportunity to go on a walk with her grandson, whom she sees only once a year and showed no interest. Her everyday behaviour involved avoiding the company of her small grandchildren. Her uninvolved behaviour when we visited disturbed me for the sake of the children and I discussed it with this father, who said he will speak to his mother. After that I saw her picking up one of her grandchildren once and I took a picture of this. She also started speaking to them more. This was in contrast to what this grandparent was like when speaking over the phone. When this father phoned to his parents on the farm, his mother would tell the children over the phone how much she misses them on the farm. She and their grandfather spoke of the animals and always told them the strawberries are ripe (even out of season), the birds had babies and this they need to see. But when we visited she showed no interest in spending time with them, did not give them strawberries and told them to stay away from her birds because they will scare them.

During our visits I heard her saying to people over the phone how very busy the children were keeping her. But she never paid attention to the needs of the children. She ignored them, unless they were doing something wrong. This father's father added to this and kept on telling people how rich he is with his three grandchildren on the farm. This husband, when at home, had the same habits and said the same things on the telephone when speaking to people.

They would phone several people consecutively, giving the same information and creating the same impressions. This occupied them for quite a while every day, while I was taking care of my children that were, in their telephonic impressional information sharing ventures, "keeping them very busy".

This father's mother had manipulative, lying and controlling mannerisms. During a visit she tried to convince me, for no apparent reason, that spring union was garlic. She gave me a clove of garlic two days before this incident when I had asked her for it. She now denied she did. She continued trying to convince me, telling me that spring onion is her garlic from her garden. I told her it looks like spring onion, it smells like spring onion, it is spring onion. She turned around without a word and fetched the real garlic.

She told me when her children were small she had a piece of paper on the wall in the kitchen and her children could write on it every day what kind of porridge they wanted for breakfast. I have only seen her make one kind of cooked porridge for breakfast and once when someone visited she made two kinds. This porridge she made had to cook for at least half an hour. Her stove, around 50 years old, did not have the place or the capacity for her fantasy story.
This father’s father was present when she said this, but he made no comment. I later asked this father about what his mother had said and he very abruptly told me his mother is telling a lie and walked away. Why lie about something like that?

Many similar incidents occurred that made me frown. She has strange behaviour with food. This father had told me his mother stored food until it was rotting. There was an odd incidents when meat was taken off bones and the bones were given to me for lunch. With another meal meat was taken out of a stew as well and these pieces were placed to one side at the table by this father’s father. We were 5 grown-ups and 3 children at this table. This father’s father then said if we eat our vegetables then we can share the meat! These two pieces were cut into small pieces and divided between us afterwards. These people were wealthy, but created the impression, in many instances, as if they scratched our a meagre existence.

This grandmother insisted on having a birthday party for one of the children when he turned three, while we were on this farm. A neighbour of hers made plates of treats for each child and she put a cake on the dining room table for the grownups. But while the children ate outside she did not invite the adults to the cake inside. I waited for her, but then decided to invite them to get some cake, thinking maybe this grandmother forgot about it. I was wrong. After this party she approached me and asked me why I had done this. She said if I did not tell them about the cake, or had allowed them to take some, there would have been more left over.

After five and a half years of marriage to this father, and us having three children, this father’s mother asked me what our home telephone number is. She said she has not phoned us, because she did not have our home number. Her son had been living in that house in the respected country for 15 years. Stunned speechless, I did not give the number. After this husband told me he is called a pedophile, his parents did phone me, saying they don’t know when this son of theirs became so hard and cold. That it might have been in the army.

This father’s father seemed jovial when I met him at first. He flirted a lot with other women, even openly in front of his wife. He told a visiting lady her lips were so nice and red he can get stuck to them. She told him if he kissed her, she will vomit. He laughed at this proverbial slap in his face.

When we visited the farm with the children, this grandfather interfered a lot with how I raised the children. He was controlling and domineering. He wanted to decide if I could spend time with my children and continually ordered me to leave them alone. He also continually spoke of respect and discipline. When the children got hurt and cried, he would tell them repeatedly they are not hurting and to stop crying? And told me not to comfort them. I did not like this man’s behaviour. I refused to let my small children ride alone on the back of their pickup trucks and he told me I am raising them softly. If I acknowledged my children’s hurt by comforting them, he also said this.

When we arrived on the farm he would invite the children to come with him when he worked on the farm. After a few days it was like he had forgotten about them and just left the house, ignoring them when they asked to ride a tractor, etc.

This father told me when he was a child he got thirsty and hungry when he went with his father to the farmlands. His father ignored this until he finished his work. Because of this, when they initially invited the children with them on these farm trips that lasted for hours, I gave the children their own drinking bottles and something to eat with. It got very hot during summer in this country and small children dehydrated easily. This was met with obvious disdain from this grandfather. I ignored him. This father’s father became more controlling, manipulative and insulting towards me and this was also his behaviour in the house when not obeyed. But when he was in the company of other people he would be jovial and exuberantly giving.

This whole family’s behaviour was awkward. The youngest brother I was told belonged to a sect. This was according to his third eldest brother who had calls from people asking why this youngest brother was behaving so strangely. This brother told me he got someone to investigate this sect. Their sister was so soft spoken one could hardly hear her talk, but she had an explosive temper. She would erupt loudly over the smallest of details and even threatened my brother on the second occasion she saw him that she was going to slap him for taking a picture of her. My brother and his family left their farm immediately. This father made excuses to me about his sister being shy of pictures. I had seen her on pictures, smiling. Later this father said his sister had a fright because of an experience she had had in her work situation. This also did not make sense. She was in her parents’ house at the time and there were other people present.

Later, I also experienced her abrupt, explosive temper — setting the table wrongly according to her. This father’s eldest brother came across calm, soft and gentle. I met a different person when he came over immediately after this father got custody of the children. This eldest brother was indeed another manipulative, cold and controlling person.
Before I married this father, my mother said she found it strange that most of these siblings, in their prime, were unmarried. I did not think much about it at the time.

Whilst staying in the small town near their farm for my visitation with the children, the people in the area spoke of how stingy and sparingly this family lived. The people joked around that this family never slaughtered their live stock for meat, but waited until some died of a disease or for a car to hit one of their stray animals on the road that passed next to their farm. They joked that with this situation now, to create a good impression with the people in town, this family will be donating animals for functions. They wondered if my children were fed properly. I worried about this as well.

They took away these children’s bottles. Leaving them to try to help themselves, when they are thirsty, to drink out of a tap with their hands. Even at the age of two as the youngest child was. Meaning they did not want to give their time to these children’s needs. It did not matter to them that a two year old child had to adjust from being breast fed to helping himself out of a tap in a matter of three months — if not quicker. They pushed the children not to drink anything so they did not wear diapers, meaning they don’t have to spent money on that. Even risking these children’s physical health for this aim.

I was told that this same family, that did their best to alienate my children from me and that treated my traumatised children in this horrendously hardhearted manner, spread rumours in this town of how “bad” a mother I was. This father’s mother told people that I am such a bad mother that I don’t even want my children.

I wondered if my children heard these lies that this family were telling. It broke my heart that my three small children, because of these people, might think I do not want them and did not love them. I presumed their actions were linked to this father’s words that night after I had confronted him with what the children had said about his family: “She knows. The children told her.”

Three days after having arriving back in this respected country, I came home from an appointment to find this father, his mother, a nanny and the second child outside the house. As I came closer I saw my eldest child ringing my apartment door bell. He came down the stairs when he saw me, gave me a hug and gave me something he had made in school. I got a hug from the second child as well. I told them I loved them very much. The words sounded so empty and hollow. I used to be able to show them that I love them and now I was being prevented. These children did not understand this and just saw no action from me, proving that I loved them. They saw a mother that was not with them, while their whole world was made unstable, their needs ignored and people were hurting them.

My smallest child was inside the house. I had not held him in two months. I knew without asking that this father would never in a million years fetch him so I can say hallo to him. The eldest two children left for school and I walked up the stairs to the front door of the apartment. This father called my name. I ignored him and carried on walking, but he kept on calling. I stopped and looked at this man. The woman that had raised him stood right next to him. This father said, “If you are outside the house again when the children are outside I am going to call the police.” This father’s mother had no expression on her face.

I told him I want the keys he had for the apartment. He said, “No.” I told him if he ever comes into the apartment again, I will call the police, because I am allowed to live there now. He asked me who said so. I told him it is in the court order and I went into the apartment.

My mother arrived to come and support me. She kept a low profile, she said, because she did not want to make trouble for me with this father. This irritated me. He made himself less in my eyes with his actions. I considered him a weak human that needed to oppress, lie, manipulate, intimidate and use small children to feel strong, in control and even loved.

Not two weeks later I received a summons to be in court. In this they stated that: This father is scared. How unreasonable it was for this father to live with this fear. That his wife had now totally lost touch with reality and that he does not recognise her anymore, that I follow the children to school. The summons requested an immediate eviction from the apartment, an immediate follow through on the emergency divorce (still called an emergency divorce seven months later) and a restraining order prohibiting me from being within 100 meters from this father and “his little family” as one of this father’s “friends” wrote in his witness statement to court.
Again an example of this "nice, compassionate" husband "supporting" his apparent "mentally unstable" wife. In reality: His attempts to get rid of me.

As for this friend of this father, who wrote this witness statement, I had not seen him in a year, on which occasion he and his wife came to visit me or/and three small boys for whatever reason, because this husband, their friend, was not at home.

At the time of me finding out about this father’s special “foody” for my children, this same friend of this father phoned the house several times and said, “Don’t do it,” and then had put down the phone — without saying anything else.

Another person who wrote a witness statement for this father was the man my eldest son identified as also having molested him.

Once again religion was brought into these statements. The claims were I belonged to a Christian sect and that I put a Bible in front of the door to ward off evil. Funnily enough in this husband’s initial diary/document to the court he sites an example of me having no respect and using the Bible, said he found baby wipes and salve on the Bible. These are two contradictory views and statements.

I have never placed a Bible in front of a door to ward off evil. The wipes might have been on a Bible without any bad intent. Further than that it is called a book and for this purpose I read it for the information inside.

Also in this summons it was said that I had physically attacked this father and his family on their farm in our native country and it was against this father’s constitutional rights to live in fear. This, when my mother and I were attacked by his youngest and eldest brothers and this father was only visible in a court room. He was nowhere to be seen at the times I picked up and brought the children back on our visits.

It was also said that, in our native country’s court, I had attacked this father with a court application and a “Hague application” had to be made to stop me.

These statements in court were such dramatic, ridiculously elaborate lies, aimed solely at stirring pity for this father — because of his claimed “reality-less wife” — it astonished me that people could not see it for what it was.

This same husband served in a gorilla war for nearly a decade. He had special training in combat, torture and interrogation. He served in the special police force for about half a decade and knew these institutions systems and operations.

There was a striking difference between this father’s documents two months before in our native country’s court and this summons now in the respected country. These documents described and depicted me as two completely different people.

During all these procedures the social service report was reverted to and revered in every court case. I still had problems reading this report as well as this father’s diary without getting upset, angry, unhappy, frustrated and loosing objectivity.

My advocate gave me very bad advice throughout all this father’s abusive and illegal actions with me and the children. She made me feel helpless with her words, “You have no rights.” But, not wanting to think everyone lost a few brain cells, I tried to rationalise her behaviour with the reason that I might not have known what her plan was. But she did not discuss this with me. She had also said things on my behalf in court to which I had not agreed.

With this eviction, interdict and immediate divorce procedures this father had started, the court was postponed from the Thursday to the Monday. The Friday my Advocate phoned me saying she cannot handle my case. She is struggling with the international language and did not have the adequate time to spend on what my case needed. She referred me to another legal firm.

Another advocate had approached me in a coffee shop and offered to take my case. I showed him the documentation involved. He even worked out a plan for me to give to my advocate, regarding the coming court hearing involving eviction, a restraining order, an immediate divorce, etc. He would be using this himself now.

The court hearing was postponed due to this new advocate having to prepare. This new advocate wanted to postpone the appeal, on this father getting full temporary custody of the children, as well. I had no choice and
had to understand he wanted time to prepare. He did “sound” promising. His passionate speech was that of being my voice in court.
He requested visitation for me with my children (he did not need to study first). I asked that he request telephonic rights. Everyone in whose care my children was left, put the phone down when I tried to speak to my children. My new advocate said no, this is not necessary. I automatically have telephonic rights. I did not according to this father or the people he employed.

My other problem: Every-time they put the telephone down it felt as if my heart was breaking and I had to handle the feelings of disappointment, sadness and anger. This meant that if I wanted to keep my sanity I had to back down. This new advocate did not ask for telephonic rights and hence this father and his employees kept on playing games with me and my children.
This new advocate’s main aim was to proof to the court that I am normal. This is what he wanted to concentrate on in the eviction court hearing - CV, job applications, etc. This court hearing had nothing to do with the children and so this approach made sense.
On the day of the court hearing, I sat in court for about four hours. So did many other advocates, waiting for their individual cases to be called by the judge sitting in the front of this room.
Only advocates were allowed to speak in court. This was, unless you don’t have legal representation, then you can speak. I had found it astonishing that there were so many lies told in court. Taking my case as an example, this father's advocate said what she wanted in court and it was excepted as truth. There is no investigation into the truth and no repercussions for lies.
I might be naive, but was the concept of a court room not to work based on truth? Without implementing punishment for speaking untruth, this justice system is nothing but an illusion. What use is going through the procedure if the end result is a show with no truth, and as a result, no justice and even abuse? To me it compared to taking away road limits.
The result of the visitation request was: I could see my children under supervision at a place for four hours a week. Nine months after this court had given full temporary custody to this father and had ignored me in their process. When I phoned to make an appointment at this visitation place, I was told that this is a process. They first interview me, then this father, and then the children. This, I was told by them, could take months and only after they had had all meetings, can they then allow me to see my children. The management decided themselves not to execute the court order of four hours a week. They said they can start with one hour every two weeks and then they will decide from there. “The court order did not matter.”

Since returning, I had again visited the same psychiatrist, who had previously seen me, to continue with the evaluation. I discussed this eviction notice with him and he again agreed to write a medical certificate for the court. In this he again stated that he did not find me to have any psychiatric problems.
Regardless of a professional opinion and no ruling for a court evaluation the judge in the eviction, interdict and immediate divorce hearing determined that I am not “mentally stable”. For this judge, this was the reason why I cannot be evicted. Some things apparently did have benefits. But, in front of this judge was the psychometric analysis I did in my native country and this new medical certificate by the psychiatrist, saying something completely different.
An interesting statement in the ruling of this judge is, and I quote:
Finally, despite all the respect due to freedom of thought and freedom of conscience, the public authorities cannot tolerate that parents endanger the mental and moral health of their children by instilling fear of existence of Satan, the reality of divine messages or well-founded theories of creationists, denying the achievements of science in terms of evolution of species.

The above personal opinion does not belong in a court order. This judge, in a respected, first world country, says I do not have the freedom to practice my religion, Christianity. I am deducting from this statement that he does not believe in God, that he believes in evolution of the species and this theory of his is based on achievements of science. He has the right and the freedom as an individual person to believe this. I have the right and the freedom as an individual person to believe differently. That said, I have a human right to teach my children my religion. Similar to his right to teach his children his beliefs.

For information, the definition of reality is: the state of things as they actually exist.
Starting with reality: My 4 year old’s work in a compulsory school of this respected country consisted 50% of him having to colour in witches holding magic sticks, dragons blowing flames and having to draw lines from witch to witch. There is also an oversized old man doll with a white beard and a red suit hanging from neighbours’ windows sometimes. Some parents tell their children to offer “him” cookies and milk; to watch the sky for “him”; he brings fun be nice for him.

Are these examples of “better” realities for children?

I can understand that for someone that prefer the above, my faith was something they do not know and did not understand. However, if you punish me and my children for it, do not in the same sentence mention the words “respect and freedom” as this judge did, while claiming I have lost touch with reality. This treatment of me and my children is not freedom or democracy.

As for the statement of the judge saying instilling fear of existence of Satan. If you hold a coin and you see and experience the good side (God: not killing, not lying, not stealing, etc.), do you then idealistically assume the evil side (Satan: killing, lying, stealing, etc.) do not exist?

Instilling fear: Fear-full feelings of people are used as an overtly abusive destructive tool by some in a justification manner of giving pretence freedom, pretence safety and pretence security whilst they promote suffering and organise wars.

I tried teaching my children to recognise Satan’s weapons: Lies, false realities, false impressions and people abusing their feelings.

I taught my children God’s moral values and that there are consequences for their actions. How acknowledging your actions and taking responsibility for it, meant the difference of going to heaven or hell. I taught them that they have a Father in Heaven that loves them. They should try to do good for Him. I told them that they are God’s children because all children belonged to God and to Him they are beautiful and they can call on Him.

Living in an untruthful, reality-less, fake fun, fear-filled, false love and creation of fake impressions world makes it difficult to accept teachings and confirmation of safety, compassion, acceptance and love.
Chapter 13
Evolution versus Creation

As for the judges ruling of me: *denying the achievements of science in terms of evolution of species.* The following information is from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline_of_human_evolution:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Taxonomic</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Common name</th>
<th>Million years ago</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>domain</td>
<td>Eukaryota</td>
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<td>Animalia</td>
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<td>Chordata</td>
<td>Vertebrates and closely related invertebrates</td>
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<td>395</td>
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<td>Amniotes, tetrapods that are fully terrestrially-adapted</td>
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<td>Mammalia</td>
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<td>Mammals that birth live young (i.e. non-egg-laying)</td>
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<tr>
<td>infraclass</td>
<td>Eutheria</td>
<td>Placental mammals (i.e. non-marsupials)</td>
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<td>magnorder</td>
<td>Boreoeutheria</td>
<td>Supraprimates, bats, whales, most hoofed mammals, and most carnivorous mammals</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Euarchontognires</td>
<td>Supraprimates (primates, rodents, rabbits, tree shrews, and colugos)</td>
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<td>grandorder</td>
<td>Euarchonta</td>
<td>Primates, colugos and tree shrews</td>
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<td>miroder</td>
<td>Primatomorpha</td>
<td>Primates and colugos</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Primates</td>
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<tr>
<td>suborder</td>
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<td>&quot;Higher&quot; primates (or Simians) (apes, old-world monkeys, and new-world monkeys)</td>
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<tr>
<td>infraorder</td>
<td>Simiiformes</td>
<td>&quot;Higher&quot; primates (or Simians) (apes, old-world monkeys)</td>
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<tr>
<td>parvorder</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Apes</td>
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<td>Humans, neanderthals, homo erectus, and their direct ancestors</td>
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<tr>
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<td>(archaic) Homo sapiens</td>
<td>Humans</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Modern humans</td>
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<tr>
<td>sub-species</td>
<td>Neurologically modern humans</td>
<td>Fully neurologically developed humans</td>
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</table>
It is a good thing I don’t believe the above because I can only pronounce the common names. This evolution theory calls humans “primates”. This evolution theory is that humans themselves are “nothing”. That human life is nothing. Worthless, with no consequences of their actions and that everything will end in nothing.

Void, meaningless, empty, hollow and insignificant are examples of feelings cultivated and values chosen by humans for themselves associated with this theory.

I am a simple, stubborn reasoner that loves myself and like to attribute value to myself and others around me. Because of this, I don’t like thinking of people as “nothingness”. When I do I feel disappointed with myself. I have this very problem with the situation I am finding myself in and my anger towards people that are capable of abominable actions, however, I still hold on to the belief and hope that no person is a “nothingness” and that somewhere inside some there is humanity.

Apart from the evolution theory, the big bang explosion theory also makes no sense to me. If you cause an explosion on a plot you will not get a furnished, well stocked, pristinely organised house. Not even if you place the cement next to the bomb - compared to carbon for the earth.

A clever friend, who studied evolution theories for years, said there are too many assumptions and vagueness in these evolution theories. He shared his conclusions:

Gene mutations simulated by heat, chemicals and radiation have usually been found to be harmful mutation.

The double helix structure of DNA discovered in 1953 gave hope to evolutionist that it would show the evolution of molecules. What is has shown is that each gene is a section of a long DNA molecule and is stable for thousands of years.

Because complexity of the DNA helix and the micro-biochemical machines within each cell which are programmed with different functions to replicate and exact copy of the DNA molecule, many Biochemists recognise that this is too complicated to just have happened by spontaneous evolution.

The protein’s amino acid sequences is impossible to arrange in any sort of evolutionary series.

Biochemistry attempts made to use molecular clocks to calculate how long ago species branched off their common ancestor have been found to be questionable as their molecular clocks run at different rates.

Mathematics: Some of the laws of genetics and chemistry can be shown as equations. Using these formulae mathematicians calculate that 100 billion years is not enough time for a single cell to develop on earth.

Geology: In radiometric dating assumptions has to be made. The rate of decay has to remain constant through time which is generally excepted to be the case, but cannot be proven. The sample being tested had to have remained in a closed system. The earth is not a closed system. For example, two rock samples were taken from Hawaiian Volcano lava in 1800 &1801 known to be 200 years old, but were dated 140 million to 2.96 billion years — up to 29 million years difference.

Perfection in creation baffles, intrigues and astound even the most learned of scientist. Every aspect of God’s creation, so well thought out, planned and interwoven to the finest detail that advanced technology is based on these features, characteristics and substances of God’s creation. Every snow laden picturesque mountain; flamencos’ taking off over a lake in Africa; a school of dolphins jumping in the ocean; the peaceful silence of a desert; the immenseness of the ocean. These are scenes of a Mastermind Creator no one can recreate, but can only emulate or use as inspiration.

Fossils/parts of fossils and humans have been excavated over the years and are unlike what we are used to in size and shape. I myself had avoided these discoveries, because I did not understand how to explain it. I could also not connect the verbal “biblical creation” version with the written Bible. Thankfully the Lord God works in His ways:

The Bible starts with how God had built/created in six days and then rested on the seventh (Genesis 1:1-31)

**Genesis 2:4 These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens,**

This creation was finished. This included today's fossil discoveries. But the LORD God was not finished.

**Genesis 2:5 And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth,** …

No rain means drought. Plants, animals and people died. He gave man and animals plants and herbs to eat. (Genesis 1:29)

**Genesis 2:5 …and there was not a man to till the ground.**
God needed someone to sow and tend plants. Nobody was given the order to till the ground yet.

Genesis 2:6 *But there went up a mist from the earth that watered the whole face of the ground. This meant the end of the drought.*

Genesis 2:7 *And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.*

God created another man and breathed His own breath into this man.

Genesis 2:8 *And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden and there he put the man whom He had formed.*

This man was formed by God to till the ground Genesis 2:5

Genesis 2:15 *...and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.*

Genesis 2:18 *And the LORD God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.*

During this creation God, made Adam first — not beasts first (Genesis 1:24) and then man. (Genesis 1:27)

Genesis 2:19 *And out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam... Genesis 2:20 ... but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.*

Genesis 2:22 *And the rib, which the LORD God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.*

Genesis 2:23 *And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called woman... Genesis 2:25 And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.*

Eve acknowledged eating of the forbidden tree. Being enticed, lured and deceived, by the “talking snake”. Adam also ate, acknowledging this. They lost their perfection and purity.

Having eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, they could not eat from the tree of life in the garden anymore. They had to leave the garden inside Eden. They lived in Eden, but still saw God. Eve bore Cain and Abel. Cain killed his brother, but, *unlike Adam and Eve*, he did not acknowledge having done wrong and lied. God punished Cain. Cain said:

Genesis 4:14 *Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me.*

Genesis 4:15 *...And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.*

Genesis 4:16-17 *And Cain went out from the presence of the LORD, and dwelt in the land Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived,*

Cain’s wife was not a family member, but from the generation of man created on the sixth day.

The LORD God says incest is an abominable sin.

Genesis 4:25 *And Adam knew his wife again; and she bare a son, and called his name Seth: For God, said she, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew.*

After Cain lied *avoiding acknowledging, admitting or apologising to God that he had killed his brother and had sinned:* 

Genesis 4:26 *...then began men to call upon the name of the LORD.*

Genesis 5:1-2 *This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; Male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.*

In Genesis 5, God gives the generations of Adam to Noah and Noah’s sons.

Genesis 6:1 *And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them,*

After the drought their was again an increase in the population.

Genesis 6:2 *That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.*

Daughters of men refer to the generations of men created in the first creation on the sixth day. The sons of God referred to, are the generations of Adam in the day he was created:

Luke 3: 38 *Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.*
Genesis 6:4  There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughter of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

Remains of giant people had been found all over the world. There are depictions of giants in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Genesis 6:5  And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

Genesis 6:8-9  But Noah found grace in the eyes of the LORD.

These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God.

Noah was a direct decedent from Adam.

Genesis 7:12  And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. Genesis 7:23  And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle and creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark.

Genesis 8:4  And the ark rested ... upon the mountains of Ararat.

The mountains of Ararat is in Turkey, Southeastern Europe.

Jesus, perfect in his generations; who lived victoriously by never committing a sin; who rightly claimed God as his Father to His crucifixion and death; who outmanoeuvred Satan and people doing Satan’s work that wanted Him to sin -

Revelation 1: 5  ...Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. ... 

John 1:12-13  But to many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

Romans 8:14  For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.
With the appeal of the custody for the children my new advocate changed his mind on how he wanted to handle my situation. He handled the appeal on child custody court with the exact same documents he handed in for the eviction court hearing, which is my CV, qualifications, etc.

This same advocate vehemently said to me he will be “my voice in court”. Now he did not want to place pictures in front of the court of a 4 year old boy’s swollen and bruised arm and x-rays of his broken leg where a wagon went over him in the negligent care of this father. Also not the transcription of the conversation I had with the children about this incident. He was not going to put evidence into court as proof of the existence of this father’s rumour of liking little boys, or the testimony from my mother which states the incident she witnessed in 2009, as well as a testimony from my mother’s doctor stating my mother had discussed the incident with her at the time, because she felt upset. Not even evidence showing this father lied in several courts.

This father’s advocate, on the other hand, gave the court pictures of a knife on a cutting board and pictures of a stove turned on. Everyone can turn on a stove or put a knife on a cutting board and take pictures. These pictures did not proof in any way that in my care the children’s lives were put in direct, imminent danger. Unlike X-rays proving a child’s injuries after a near death incident, caused by negligence and inattentiveness.

But my advocate’s reasoning encompassed saying this in court is attacking this father. He now said this social service worker’s report is objective, unbiased observations and cannot be countered. Simply the proof of bedroom doors having no locks, while in this report it is claimed I locked my children in a room - proof he also did not want to put to court - made his statement false.

His reasoning further entailed: This report claims I have lost touch with reality. If I stand up for myself and the children, I am going to look crazy/mentally unstable.

My children were indeed taken away from me, because of me being proclaimed “mentally unstable” by this respected country’s court — without me having spoken one word in this court and without them having a medical certificate stating this. My “silence” was used against me by this father’s advocate when I approached our native country’s court. He made the accusation, “She did not make herself heard in this court,” and now she approaches her native country’s court. I did speak to the police, the social service workers and my advocate. They all knew what my children had told me, as well as the rest of the information. Their decision was to ignore me; a horror situation for children (without investigating or protection); and chose to discredit me with whatever they could grab at to prevent my testimony from being heard.

My reasoning entailed: If silence prevails and nothing is on record, who will benefit? Silence, secrecy and confidentiality are keywords and actions where abuse is taking place. This is simply a weapon of abusers, aimed solely for their benefit to avoid having to take responsibility. It serves only to protect the truly wrong and shamed — abusers.

So the decision this advocate presented me with boiled down to: being proclaimed “mentally unstable” by the court in silence, as has been done, or being proclaimed “mentally unstable” twice for giving evidence to the court.

On the day of the appeal court sitting, my advocate said he preferred me not to be in court. I obliged. He was not truly representing me, but only gave them my credentials, saying, “Yes, she can read. Yes, she can write. Yes, she seems to be capable of learning. Yes, these people in these testimonies say she is nice.”

My children, who spent most of their time outside in the field and garden when in my care, was now confined inside the house most of the time. Invisible boundaries had been put up. The clear target: Increasing the comfort, ease of living, minimal effort and work for the three little children’s caretakers. Of course the added benefit in these people’s hearts was the children’s mother could not see them and the children could not see their mother.

Their father carried on with his self absorbed life as he knows it. He simply left these children alone in the total
care of whomever. Nannies came and went as if tourists.

My children’s voices and movements woke me up in the morning and my heart felt as if in a compressor. I heard them crying and screaming. I heard people mocking and yelling at my children. It made me feel like climbing the walls, wondering if my children got hurt or needed something. It compared to continual emotional torture. To prevent myself from losing my mind I started using earplugs to minimise the majority of my children’s noise.

The children again walked to school with the “foot bus” in the mornings as they used to. This father was not at all visible on his bicycle, nor “exercising” or running with the children to school in the manner he did in the school period after I had gone to the police.

Around 19 February 2013 13h32 I heard my eldest child (5 years old) screaming through my earplugs. This was abnormal for him. Outside a nanny was pulling him by his arm onto the sidewalk and told him to walk. Through his crying he said she should walk with him. She replied no and said, “Walk.” Still crying he started to walk away alone down the sidewalk. This father stood outside the garage during all this. He did and said nothing, allowing the nanny to treat the child like this. When the child had started walking he went and stood next to the nanny on the sidewalk. The child stopped walking, and just stood crying on the sidewalk. This father then walked to the child and they walked further from there.

That evening around 19H00 my second child cried outside the house. I looked out of the bathroom window and saw the child wearing a pair of shorts, holding a trolley suitcase. It was dark outside and −3 degrees. I watched as my child started walking away from the house, in the middle of the street, pulling the suitcase behind him. This father stood watching him and made no effort to fetch the child or prevent him from going into the street. The child walked about 100 meters. I waited for this “nice” father to care and to go and fetch his child, but he just stood with his arms crossed, watching him. I told this father from the window to go and fetch my child. He took out his phone, held it towards me in a position for pictures and video making. His four year old child, that he apparently in a court room cared for, who now walked in a pair of shorts in −3 degrees in the middle of a dark street, was of less importance than having a picture or video of me. This, while this respected country’s court prevented me from action in protecting and caring for my child. I fumed with anger. I started yelling at this husband, “You can take all the pictures you want. Go and fetch my child!” He continued taking pictures. I then told him I am going to phone the police, if he does not fetch my child. This father hates witnesses and too many questions in dubious situations, but witnesses while he was being a “nice” father or pretended to be a victim were perfect for his image. He stopped taking pictures. He turned and walked towards the child, who was busy walking back. They walked back into the house.

I phoned my advocate and told him this had to be on paper in court. In court this father’s advocate elaborately talked of how well the children are doing. How well they have adapted without their “lost touch with reality” mother. How well the children are progressing in school. The children are fine, she said. This did not look or sound “fine” to me and the court needed to hear of this.

My advocate responded in writing a letter to this father’s advocate with the detail of the incidents. This meant his reasoning involved this father’s advocate was going to place these incidents before the court. Neither he nor this husband’s advocate gave this to the court. My advocate proceeded in telling me that his letter is highly confidential and I am not allowed to use it.

His advice, of him not wanting me in this appeal court, was inaccurate as well. This judge wanted to see if I am a “mentally unstable” person. She ordered another social service report to be done. From my experience, this report did not include a professional evaluation to hear small helpless children in a stressful situation. It did not even include having a conversation with them. No, it consisted of: This adult said this. This adult said that. These adults said this. And writing whatever is said down as 100% truth, but with no proof attached. This highly confidential, highly regarded gossip column is then used by a court judge to base life impacting decisions of people on.

Also included in this order, finally, after a year of being claimed mentally unstable on rumours, a judge ordered a psychiatric evaluation of me. Commenting on the evaluations I already did as, “Several sessions of evaluation are not enough.” My voluntary psychiatric evaluations with certificates totalled five hours stretching over a period of nine months with six hours psychometric evaluation tests. Off the record consultations were
around seven hours with psychiatrists and psychologists.

Another court sitting was scheduled for about two months later for these reports.

The court order gave no information on the arrangements of my mental evaluation, save to say by whom this evaluation would be done and that I need to pay half of this evaluation. My advocate did not have any further information either. I contacted this psychiatrist’s office and made an appointment with a lady who spoke English well. She did not know of the court order. The court order stated that several sessions of evaluation were not enough, which to me meant, I will have to do more sessions than had been done with the earlier evaluations. One needed at least two months for this, so I made an appointment for as soon as possible.

I phoned again to this psychiatrist’s office two days before the appointment and, speaking to a different secretary, asked the bank account details to pay the court ordered amount for this evaluation. I stated in this conversation who I am and the date of my appointment.

On the day of the appointment this psychiatrist started asking me questions. The manner in which he spoke made me realise he is unaware that I am supposed to be evaluated on a court order. I told him. He replied that I do not have an appointment for that day. He phoned his secretary to ask her and he said she replied that she had never spoken to me before. Every time phoning his office I confirmed his name with the person. But, according to him, his secretary is convinced she had never spoken to me. While giving him the transfer slip, I told him in that case his money was payed into someone else’s bank account. He took this slip and again phoned his secretary. The account on the deposit slip was his. She then remembered having spoken to me and also that she had, the day before, mailed a letter to me with an appointment date for the evaluation. This was when I found out this evaluation will only be two hours on one day. Not at all the impression in the court order of “several sessions are not enough”.

I went to his office for this evaluation appointment made for 13h00. The same secretary that said she had never before spoken to me, now told me through the intercom that they are closed for the afternoon. I told her I have an appointment. She replied, “We are closed. There are no appointments.” I repeated I have an appointment and she again repeated there are no appointments. I told her I have a letter stating an appointment at this office, at this time and date with this doctor. This resulted in her opening the door. What would have happened if said in court I did not keep to my evaluation appointment?

This psychiatrist started this evaluation session by asking me why the court had decided to take my children away. I was depicted in every court document as the worst possible mother on the face of this planet. I recited these accusations adding that a hamster was at the police station and that the claim is it ran around the whole station with my permission. I told him what my children had told me of their molestation and he replied, “We will have to see if you have obsessive compulsive disorder.” I asked him what is obsessive compulsive disorder. I have heard of it about people repeatedly cleaning. Did it apply to not liking what your children are telling you? That they are being abused not only by the father, but apparently also by other people in a “zoo”? And seeking help one needed to speak up.

The psychiatrist further said he will probably need to do more tests for obsessive compulsive disorder and will contact me for that. So on that note, making sure to give him my contact number, I left.

The psychologist who did the psychometric tests in my native country advice me not be so obsessive about my children’s abuse.

A young man, aged mid to late twenties, informing me he had no official qualifications in psychology, was appointed to do the newly ordered social service report. Considering the intricacy of this situation, I found this ridiculous, to say the least.

During the meeting, he told me this husband had lost his job with the earlier rumours being spread of him preferring little boys. When I stopped laughing out of frustration, I asked him who had told him that. He avoided giving me an answer.

I met this husband around 18 years ago. This husband’s statement in court read his “rumour” was spread 18 years ago. Not knowing of the “rumour” at that time, but having knowledge of this husband’s work history, I can say he had his own company and got an international flying contract. That is how he left our native
country and established himself in the respected country. I estimated this social service worker was around 10 years old at the time. He did not know this husband. He had no hint of proof of what he was saying. Meaning he drew conclusions based on hearsay.

Yes, once again this social service report was to be a gossip column filled with rumours, no proof attached and no in-depth investigation - this included no one speaking to my children.

This same male social service worker asked me why is it not possible for me to walk past my children without greeting them. This gave me the impression he thinks a mother acting as if she does not know her child, is normal behaviour.

On leaving, this social service worker informed me that, after he handed his report into court, he would be off the case and would have no more dealings with it. This was interesting information to me. It meant the previous social service worker involved herself above and beyond duty. According to this husband’s testimony in our native country, she involved herself in abusive actions aimed at me and my children, after having written her report.

I sent this new social service worker an email with the information of the incident where my second child was driven over by this father. As well as a testimony of someone that spoke to this father where he said he did not interview or speak to a nanny (nanny number two I assume) before employing her. He only spoke to her mother. This social service worker was, after all, looking into the interests and welfare of the children, not this father’s financial security.

These were documents my advocate refused to hand into court, saying that it will appear as if I am attacking this father. This father in his “nice, caring and responsible” fashion nearly killed my child and then lied about it. Nobody questioned this father on his behaviour, but I am being questioned on not wanting to ignore my own children and was found out of line for not wanting to obey abusive orders. Care was exhibited to the extent of being incapable of understanding why I did not except these orders that boiled down to me not having children any longer.

My advocate looked at this new social service report at the court chambers and said it is not good. He said I have two options. I could go along with them in saying that I am “mentally unstable” or I could fight. I had been clear from the word go with him, however, again told him I want to fight. He agreed once again, and then, after a few days, again changed his mind.

My eldest child’s birthday was coming up. He would turn 6. The smallest child’s birthday was a week after. Then he would be 3. I still had no word from this place where I was supposed to have visitation with my children and around two months had passed. I decided no one else paid attention to court orders, so why should I.

The nanny set-up, from what I observed, was: Nanny-three (from our native country) worked on a holiday visa. Which meant she worked three months and then left three months to return again for three months. She complained about working full time and this father employed another nanny, nanny-four, so they could work shifts. But, nanny-three left for her holiday visa reasons and nanny-four wanted an increase in salary. She signed up on the basis of working shifts. This father refused and nanny four left within a month.

There were now two new nannies (nannies number five and six), with an approximately seven year old girl, the daughter of one nanny, who did not attend school at all. This father’s mother was also there.

I knew these nannies will not give the children their presents or allow me to give them their presents. They obeyed this husband. Getting the presents was the easiest. Imagine giving a present to your child as being a difficult thing to do.

When the eldest two children left for school I stuck my head out of the second story window and called to my children. The oddity of the whole situation was that I felt afraid of my children. If they rejected me it would emotionally be difficult to handle.

They did not react at all different to before. They spoke to me in the exact same fashion as always. The eldest child told me it is his birthday. I told him I know. He said he has a drawing for me. The second child also said
he has a drawing for me. I told them to put it at my front door. I will get it. I noticed they used the front door when arriving back from school.

I told them I got them presents, To which the second child replied he is not allowed a present. His birthday is only later. I told him he can get a present from me. The nannies started prodding them to walk to the bus stop and they left. Later that afternoon I placed the children's presents on the garden bench in the driveway. The car was gone, but I did not think of this. Until the two nannies, this father's mother, with the one nanny's daughter and the smallest child returned.

The one nanny started taking pictures of the presents. I presume in her type of mind this had to be a lovely incriminating picture of a mother giving her children presents for their birthdays.

My smallest child stood in front of the bench, looking at the presents. He did not move. This father's mother told him to leave them and go inside, but the child did not listen. He took the eldest child's present. I told him from the window whose present was whose. He did not look up or reacted in a way that he recognised my voice. He last heard me six months ago. He put the present back and then reached for his, but did not pick it up. All the while this father's mother instructed him to leave the presents and go inside. He ignored her. He took the eldest child's present and placed it in the garage. He walked back and forth, carrying all the presents one by one into the garage.

When the eldest children returned from school, I told them their small brother had taken their presents into the house and whose present was whose. Again both nannies five and six were outside and once again filming me by my window. Both children said they had made something for me in school and I told them to put this by the front door. The eldest child did. The second child said he wanted to give it to me himself. He knocked on the front door. The nannies were telling him to leave. He refused and carried on knocking. I thought, my child wants to give me a picture. I am going to open that door, even if I ended up in jail for it. At the door stood the same child I had known. He gave me his drawing. I told him he is beautiful, that his picture is lovely and that I love him and gave him a kiss on his forehead.

Every day before this hell had started, my eldest child had brought me a picture from school. I used to put all his pictures up on the notice board. He once brought me a picture he had drawn of me, smiling, and Jesus with wings, saying Jesus makes me happy. I found this to be a very amusing statement then, but also the truth. Still today.

I had bought the children bath sponges months ago. I did not know how to give these to them. Now I had a plan. I drew comic pictures of them each in the bath with these sponges and put their initials on it. They knew their initials. I put this at the front door with a packet of strawberries.

I watched them coming back from school and as they walked up the front stairs to their front door they saw the strawberries at mine. The eldest child looked up to the window. I told him it is theirs and to take it. He took the sponges and the strawberries and the second child told him he will carry the sponges.

My children still remembered me, although I had my doubts if the smallest child remembered me. He had not seen or heard my voice since he was 2 and a half years old. I got a bit greedy and took chances of talking to the children whenever I saw them. I could take out my earplugs now. Their voices did not hurt me that much anymore if I could speak to them.

Another day, I put grapes by the front door for them and told the eldest child this when I saw them. He fetched it and the smallest child tried to take it, but the eldest child put it in a bag. I told the eldest child to remember his smallest brother, he also want. The moment I said this, my smallest child stopped, looked up and said, “Mamma?” He recognised me! I felt happy, but this made the nannies and this father's mother jump into prodding the children to walk. I said goodbye. My baby remembered me!

I left out nectarines and prunes for them next. This was when either the nannies or this father's mother began taking away the fruit I put out. I drew pictures for the children. This was also taken away.

One day my second child had a chocolate easter rabbit and he wanted to give this to me. I told him to eat it himself and he said no, he wants to give it to me. He put it at my front door.
Then the new defence and order of this father’s mother and his hired help (nannies) became, “Daddy does not want you on the stairs to the front door.” This was the truth, but his reason had nothing to do with their safety. There were no railings and this husband had never been bothered with providing this safety for us, irregardless of anyone’s discomfort.

This husband’s only reason now was he did not want them to pass my front door. The children came home and walked up those stairs every day, but now that their mother was giving them fruit and they were giving me their drawings, etc., he could not allow this. This father had worked very hard (lied, manipulated, indoctrinated and swindled) to get me, their mother, out of the way and attempted to manipulate them to forget about me. He misjudged the power of an emotion he did not own, had no knowledge of, could not feel and did not understand. I drew new pictures of each child and put this outside with strawberries.

The children came back from school and they were physically pushed towards the house. The second child made a little toy chicken in school. He showed me this while being pushed into the garage by the neighbour who previously curiously asked me on this husband’s comrades and if he profits from the children. The child kept on looking up and smiling at me. I told the child I love him and his chicken is beautiful.

Shortly after this a police car pulled up in front of the house. I expected this and waited for them to knock on my door. I was going to be interrogated for presents, fruit, pictures with hearts on them, chalk hearts on the sidewalk, as well as trying not to let my three boys forget that I love them. A huge “crime” in the eyes of this father, his employees and apparently authorities. This while physically and emotionally small, weak humans were being pushed around.

I got visitation rights 24 January 2013. It was now 22 March 2013 and there had been no word yet. The police officers told me I have to wait for my visitation and give the strawberries then. That they will have to write a report on my actions. That my advocate has to find out what was happening with my visitation. My advocate simply repeated this visitation organisation is a process and I have to be patient.

After the police left me they went to the neighbour who talked of pedophiles, this father’s comrades and profits from his children. When I had confronted her she told me she did not want the police at her house. Now the police were at her house and it was not I that had referred them. I wondered what she was saying to them — if she babbled about her having never said anything to me about the father’s comrades and profit. But she, or what she had said, had never been mentioned by me to the police. To me it sounded plum loony that a pensioner would know anything of a pedophile circle. I also had no proof, except for her husband, that she had said it. But she was now actively involved in making sure my children has no contact with me.

I had become too excited in speaking to my children and was risking too much for too little. Whatever I did, was exaggerated on, or my reasons were twisted and customised with their added false information and used against me.

This husband arrived home a few days after his employees (nannies) phoned the police. I heard him yell extremely loudly at someone for about 5 minutes. After his yelling both nannies five and six with the seven year old girl, who had been around for about a month and a half, were gone. My deduction from this was that these nannies might not have confirmed their police calling actions with this father. For him to be so angry there must have been some “mistake made”.

I still had great difficulty countering this husband’s false accusations and insinuations in the court documents. They emotionally influenced me. These lies, exaggerations and false impressions had literally ripped my children from my breast at a time when they are most vulnerable and needed me the most.

God helped once again. He guided me on how to handle these reports. I read them repeatedly, until I had no feelings of fear, disgust and anger and then categorised every sentence. Things that I never thought I will be able to counter, for example, of this husband and social service worker’s lies of me keeping the children away from “their father”. I now could prove these as lies. The irony in this: This husband’s own words countered himself.

This writing had caused a problem. It occupied my time so much that things slipped. This included not taking out the mail. I received a call on 2 April 2013 around 14:23 asking me where I am. It was the place where I was to see the children. Telling the lady I am at home, she asked, “Are you not coming to see the children?”
They had sent a letter about a week ago, notifying me of the visitation, and I had not opened the postbox. The visitation was only for an hour. Half an hour had passed and it would take me more that half an hour to get there. The next appointed visitation was scheduled for two weeks from then. The court order that stated 4 hours per week visitation was simply changed.

I had missed the first possible chance in months to hold my children and was livid with myself. I asked them to please explain to the children that I had not received the letter, so the children would not think that I did not want to see them. There was nothing I could do about it now. Except be cross with myself for a few days and putting up reminders of when I had to take out the mail.

I saw my children on the next visit. I was petrified and excited. My eldest child laid on his stomach, playing. My second child sat next to him with his back to the door and my smallest child sat facing the door. I went and sat next to them and just said hello. The eldest two children did not respond and my heart sank. My smallest child walked up to me and stood in front of me. He started smiling and grabbed me around the neck. I held him without speaking for a while. After which he started pulling me around to show me things. My other two children were not greeting me? They had seen me in this time? I asked them if they were cross with me. They said no, and then also started talking to me and pulling me around to show me things. It took about five minutes, but it felt as if I was still with them, with not enough arms, eyes and ears to give each child who wanted attention.

On a nice, hot spring day these children were sweating from being over dressed in double layers for a winters day. I asked them if they are hot and then took off some layers. My children used to speak up or helped themselves when they felt uncomfortable. Now they were silent. They simply obeyed, as if brainless, and did what they are told to do.

While I listened, played and helped my children, my happiness in seeing them gradually changed into sadness. When I had to say goodbye, the eldest child said they want to go with me. I told him I know and it is not that I did not want them to go with me, I also want that, but this is the way things were right now and I am working to change it. My sadness changed into tremendous anger, as I walked away from them.

The next appeal court hearing on custody of the children was scheduled for about the beginning of April 2013. I went with my advocate this time. The hearing was held in a conference room with the judge, prosecutor, scribe, translator, this father, his advocate, me and my advocate all around a table.

The judge opened this hearing by asking me why I was not at the previous hearing. I looked at my advocate and thought, “Do you want to say it or should I?” This judge then angrily told me not to look at my advocate. Interesting what control does to a person. Since my advocate was not admitting his involvement in me not being in court, I did. This judge replied by threatening me with the repercussions and fines for my “actions”.

After this she asked me why I had missed my first visitation with my children. I told her I forgot to take out the mail.

She then asked me why I speak my first language with my children. I told her it is my mother language. She asked me why I don’t speak an international language with my children. I said because I speak my mother language with my children.

She then proceeded in asking me why I had taken a hamster to the police station. The transportation of hamsters appeared to be a huge obstacle for sophisticated, highly intelligent people. I replied I took the hamster with us, because my children had asked. I allowed this to help calm and comfort my children and I was only thinking of my children’s needs.

She then asked me three times consecutively how I obtained a copy of the first social service report. I told her every time it was an attachment to this father’s advocate’s reply affidavit in our native country’s court. This father’s advocate interrupted and said she is more equipped to answer this question. She proceeded in one of this respected country’s languages to paint a picture that looked different from the truth, implying my advocate in our native country stepped over the line and gave me this confidential report. When this husband’s own legal representatives, illegally in possession of this report, simply attached this highly confidential report as a normal public attachment to a court affidavit.
The judge, however, was satisfied with this husband’s advocate’s false impression and continued asking me questions on the content of this social service report. I kept on thinking why, if this report is not in question, as my advocate is advising me, is this judge asking me questions? Only my credentials are in front of this judge — is her job description to provide me with a job?

The judge questioned this father as well and he answered her by saying he first wanted to say that he had looked for help everywhere and was not helped. When the judge asked him how many nannies he had had, he only named two of the seven (at that time seven) and then started blushing and stammering, repeating one name. The judge helped him out and asked, “Are you looking for the right nanny?” “Yes,” he replied, “I am looking for the perfect nanny.” That was the end of that. No repeated questions from her.

The psychiatrist, who had done my court ordered evaluation, did not give his report to court as ordered. Nobody managed to make contact with this psychiatrist and he did not contact me for further testing either.

When this father and I touched on the subject of child molestation, this judge interrupted and changed the subject. These hearings purely concerned my mental stability. They did not involve, or touched on anything of what the children had told me. These proceedings bore no resemblance to the impressions created in our native country’s court by this father, his legal representative or the respected country’s legal representatives.

My advocate’s speech afterwards consisted of how he will take full responsibility for me not having been in court. Nothing on my three small children that needs protection and help. After this court hearing, I arranged a meeting with this advocate. He informed me the judge asked him to write a request, on my behalf. Requesting visitation with the children at home under supervision of this father and/or a nanny for two hours a week. This advocate added that I should feel happy.

Reality is: This judge is capable of making orders without my involvement. No request from me is required. I also did not only want to see my children for the time they were suggesting I make my official request for.

I again showed my advocate the documents I wanted to submit to the court. They contained proven lies of this father, his advocate and the social service worker. He replied in threatening me, saying if I continue to want to take this action he cannot be my advocate anymore and that it is not possible to counter every small lie. I asked him why he did not want to put anything into court and he replied, “You are not supposed to have this social service report, so I cannot comment on it.”

This advocate knew from the word go I was legally in possession of this report. His response, when I had employed him, was that he will be my voice in court. Now he responded in trying to silence me or else I lose his service. He proceeded by saying we both believe in Jesus. He lost me there. Christianity did not entail keeping silent, being inactive and attempting self preservation in the knowledge, or even suspicion, of children being abused. Not speaking up or passivity is an action of agreement and resulted in making yourself an accomplice to the sin/crime. I am not inclined to add certain things to my list of sins and I am responsible for these children. This meeting took place in a restaurant, where this advocate ate his dinner. He finished his dinner alone.

My advocates appeared to try to discourage me from speaking up, saying it is in my and my children’s best interest to keep silent. I started getting a strong impression it was a case of being silenced before I reach a court room.

I gave selected documents into court. Since this judge had interrupted both me and this father when we had touched on the subject of molestation, I left out the witness statements on this. These judges clearly did not want to deal with that. These documents provided proof of this father, the social service worker and this father’s legal representatives’ deliberate acts of deviating from the truth.

The judge ordered another hearing date. Not based on these documents, but the psychiatrist’s report had finally been given to court. Since I did not have legal representation, I was allowed to read this again highly confidential document myself at the court chambers. It was in a language I did not understand, but I declined a translator, preferring to use a translation program.

The evaluation report stated that this psychiatrist diagnosed me with delirium psychosis. Not obsessive compulsive disorder, which he had said, would require further testing. According to him I had no basis to say
my children are being molested and hence I have delusional psychosis. His conclusion was based on the police report that said “no evidence” and the social services worker’s report that claims “I have lost touch with reality”. This diagnosis he made, he said, does not affect the rest of my functioning.

Since this psychiatrist opened this “forbidden” topic in court, more documents could now be given. The next set of documents I provided to court contained confirmation of this husband’s “rumours” of him preferring little boys. The witness statements on the molestation my mother witnessed, with her doctors testimony, as well as more of this father’s false impressions and false statements he made in courts. These clearly showed this husband/father’s brilliant talent for telling lies, manipulation, indoctrination, also his unhealthy desire for his comfort and control at his children’s cost. Some of these statements in the documents also pointed at unorthodox behaviour by the respected country’s authorities.

I saw a psychologist for support, the same psychologist this husband and I saw for marriage counselling. She felt upset when hearing the diagnosis of delirium psychosis. She said the diagnosis of delirium psychosis was not normally made without tests, as well as several sessions. This psychiatrist that did this court evaluation was also not fluent in English. She did tests for delusional psychosis and told me the results was within the boundaries of normality. After seeing the testimony of my mother’s doctor, she referred me to another psychiatrist for another evaluation. This psychiatrist responded by saying he cannot write a report countering the court psychiatrist. He can only write a report lifting out points and witness statements that should have been taken into consideration before making the diagnosis.

His report accompanied me into the next court sitting. It was the same setup around the conference table. Once again this judge started with me, wanting to know why I had declined a translator for translation of the court psychiatrist report. I told her that I used a translation program on the computer. She turned to the scribe and told her to make sure my declination of a translator is noted. Then she wanted my opinion on the court psychiatrist’s report of me. I replied I am not an expert and cannot comment. She seemed to get agitated and repeated her question several times, with me giving the same answer, until I got cross and asked her what exactly it is that she wanted me to say. She backed off. This father’s advocate spoke for about 10 minutes. Included in her speech was how “upset and unhappy” this husband is about this psychiatrist’s diagnosis of delirium.

I am a witness to what my children had told me, which was that this father is making “foody” from his penis for them, etc. This diagnosis now eliminates my witness statement.

How would this father’s actions show his unhappiness for his wife’s condition? His advocate stated in a previous hearing that this father was doing his best to support me — his “mentally unstable” wife. Then this “mentally unstable” claim was said without a medical certificate.

Would he in his supporting actions, for example, lie in a court to discredit me? Or order me out of the house at midnight? Or torture me and my children with our longing for each other? Would he withdrew himself financially from me? Would he try to evict me from the apartment he himself ordered me to go to? The worst part of his “caring and support” was of course cutting all ties between me and my children, brushing aside our feelings and needs.

As I had no advocate I was now allowed to speak — not only answer questions. I pleaded my children’s case, saying they are small and vulnerable and needed help. That there are institutions that can evaluate and monitor these children. That nothing is done on this for anyone to validly claim (as this father’s advocate and this father were doing) that these children are psychologically or physically fine. I again requested an advocate for my children and this was declined on the spot. The judge replied: My children are too small for an advocate.

The judge told me she did not want more documents from me and that she did have the email I sent to the social service worker. This would be the information of a child driven over and a witness statement that read he employed a nanny without even having spoken to her. However, this judge never questioned this husband in court on these matters or the other documents. She commented on the documents I presented as unreadable. I asked her in earnest if the print is too small (I tried combining the documents in sequence of relevancy). The judge did not reply.

On leaving this court, the judge asked me when I am getting a new advocate. “I am looking for the perfect
advocate," I replied. Hinting on this father's many nannies and the claim of searching for the right nanny without interviewing, I then said, "I think I will interview them first." The judge did not look amused.

Something else said during court — this father made a statement that the teachers say the children enjoyed being on his parents' farm and how they talked about the animals, etc. This sounded as if he pleaded a completely different situation? The judge ignored him.

The holiday was almost starting. I got a suspicion that he was being prevented from taking the children to our native country, where I made the court case to have the children evaluated. If so, I doubt if it involved fear that he might kill one of the children in his negligence. Simply because the children were still in his care.

I employed a new advocate for the, so far, one year running emergency divorce procedures. This new advocate asked me if the country's law under which I got married, had emergency divorce procedures. Nobody had any knowledge of an emergency divorce procedure under this country's law. The difficulty is the law this father and his advocate quote in the divorce papers given to me, cannot be found in legal libraries in our native country under whose law we were married. My previous advocate sent a letter to court, asking for the correct law and months later I am still waiting for an answer.

In the meantime I saw my children from the window. Every time I greeted them a nanny pulled out a cellular phone, holding it to take photos/video of me. It was always the same cellular, irrespective of the change in nanny. This father was mostly away.

When nannies started to take away the fruit I put out for the children, I started throwing fruit and sweets out of the window for them. The eldest child drew a picture depicting this and placed it in my postbox. One nanny started running to grab what I threw down before the children could pick it up. They also instructed the children to hand it over to them or took it out of their hands. I still drew chalk hearts for them on the sidewalk. The neighbour who asked me about this father's comrades and if he profits from the children, washed these hearts off the sidewalk. Some of these nannies were very careless of the children's safety. A nanny placed the smallest child (three years old) without any protection on an adult bicycle seat, telling him to hold on, while she cycled standing down the road, with him on the seat, "holding on". She also gave this small child the foot long garden scissors to play with, while she sat staring in another direction. When this nanny ran to grab the chocolate I throw down I asked her why she allows the neighbours to give these children sweets, but took away what I gave them. She replied that the neighbours are not me. She also, in front of my children, told me that she is spending my time with my children. This same nanny took doormats and covered the hearts I drew for the children on the sidewalk. One has to wonder what drove her to this behaviour. I knew what drove me to drawing hearts on a sidewalk and giving things to my children. This nanny also took her harassment orders extremely seriously and would pull out the cellular whenever she sees me. She followed me right to my front door after I had taken out my mail. The children were not outside the house. On these occasions she held her phone in a recording position in front of her face without speaking. On my way to a neighbour I met up with them on the sidewalk and she again acted the same. In a controlled manner I pushed this recording phone down and when I turned away, she gave me a push on my back. She then went to the police, accusing me of slapping her. Also claimed at the police was that I am walking and living too loudly in the apartment.

There was no sound insolation put into the floor at the time of renovation. These people, not knowing how the house was renovated, did not seem to realise reality. If they can hear me, then I can hear them. This included them telling my children, when the children said they want to go to me, that they cannot, because their mommy is "ill". It included this husband's Skype conversations, on a very high volume setting, sometimes instructing his nannies on how to deal with me and trying to intimidate my children by asking them to choose between me and him.

This nanny's accusation of me assaulting her, when I pushed down her recording device, gave me the opportunity at the police station to officially report this husband's assaults on me. I gave them the medical certificate. These assaults took place at the time I approached the police to report what the children had told me. I did tell the officer at the youth protection division who took down my statement on the children's molestation, of these assaults. He dismissed this and did not take down any information.

While I am figuratively speaking dissected for every move I made, this father and one nanny locked the smallest child alone in the house and walked with the eldest two children away from the house. In the house,
this small child was screaming hysterically - I heard him through the floor and my earplugs. I ran outside and called them back, saying they have to open up for this child. This husband replied that the child wants him to lie down with him. I ignored him. Nanny seven immediately started recording me. I told her she just locked a three year old child alone inside a house and walked away. If she continues to choose to rather record me, rather than to open up this child, I am phoning the police for their abuse. She stopped recording me and went into the house.

In the meantime I had physical contact, still no telephonic contact, with my children every two weeks at this place of supervised visitation. The one hour was increased to two hours in this time. The children asked questions about the situation, but I tried staying clear of directly pointing at this father, which made answering their questions difficult. It was clear from what they were saying that this father was still telling them I am ill and they cannot be with me.

Behaviour of the children had changed. They did not take care not to hurt someone or each other. They used to be attentive to this, but now literally walked over each other while kicking the other child on the head without apologising. They also kicked each in a vindictive manner. The eldest child, while kicking ball with another child, all of a sudden picked up the ball, held it over his head and in an attacking manner and while grunting, stormed towards this child he was playing with as if to hit him with the ball. I told him to stop which he did. He also walked his smallest brother into the wall and carried on walking as if there had been no one in his way.

We played with water, outside the place where I visited with them, and this spilled onto the paving. The second child told me not to mess, because the man is going to be cross. I asked him which man and he pointed to a man at this visitation centre. I told this child no-one is going be cross and it is just water. This father’s obsession with messing was getting to them. That afternoon when the children were at home this child started playing with water on the paving at the back of the house. The children had the freedom in my care to do this. But this father exploded at the child now, saying he is messing.

During another visit I told my children to keep on praying to Jesus He will help. My second child told me he is not going to pray to Jesus anymore, because it does not work for him. His disappointment broke my heart and it was the first time I was mad at God for what was happening to us. I, a grown-up, knew something about life and had not led a sinless life. But my children being let down, was something different. This, to me, was not fair.

Reality is my innocent children were not the only victims of this “verbally caring, loving” world I lived in. In the worst conditions innocent, vulnerable children fed themselves whilst living on garbage dumps, or sold into terrible slavery and exposed to horrible living conditions all over the world. The people that had power to change these children’s living conditions, while sitting in their private airplanes eating gourmet food on their way to another six star hotel or their private mansions, were not exactly jumping in and changing these children’s situations. More aptly put they created these circumstances in feeding their greed. Others only did enough not to be said to do nothing, but never touched on sorting out reality reasons. They preferred shaking hands with the guilty in their creation of “nice” impressions, while lining their own pockets behind the curtain.

I knew I was being unfair directing my anger towards God. I knew it was not He that was making us suffer and causing our pain. He allowed it, for what I deduct as a test of faith and commitment to Him. He, however, is not the one feeding the root of any of these situations in which people suffered.

During a visitation the children told me they are going to the sea for the holiday. So, this father was not going to drop off the children on his parents farm in our native country.

This judge of the appeal court made a ruling. No changes were made in this current setup. No aid for my children. No support. No investigation. No protection. Nothing. The psychiatric report claiming I have delusional psychosis was accepted. My documents that I handed into court showing lies, deception and distortion of reality of this husband and Co. were given to another department for investigation.

Not that I cared if they investigated. Taking into account equality, I wondered if this father’s diary or the social service worker’s report, was independently investigated? Looking at the obvious lies that were believed without question, I would have to say the answer to that, is no.
This father drove away with the children the evening, on the same day, the children’s school closed for holidays. Five days later I heard someone in the house downstairs. It turned out to be this father. He was on his own. He once again, true to his form, dropped the children off for their holidays.

He was at home for about a week and then left. It was not to be with his children. He left them at nanny seven’s house for six weeks.

My second child’s birthday was during this time. Taking a chance, I sent this husband an email, saying I would like to speak to my child on his birthday. This husband replied he does not have telephonic contact with his children, only contact via Skype at certain times, since the nanny damaged her phone in the washing machine. I said I understand. My phone is also out of order, for different reasons, and contact via Skype will suit me fine. He said he will arrange it. The next day he emailed, changing his story, saying he now solely wants to use telephonic contact and I should let him know when my phone is back in order for it. Also saying the children’s caretaker does not want to divulge her private information. He earlier said her phone was in the washing machine. I told him I have no problem with a conference call on Skype and since we had agreed on contact via Skype there should not be a problem now. He replied he hopes that I will show appreciation for him allowing us to speak.

The eldest two children spoke, telling me they are sitting at a table, drawing. The smallest child did not want to speak initially and the nanny, repeatedly, ordered him to speak to me. At home her behaviour involved telling the children not to greet me and, if I happened to arrive home while they are outside, trying to push them physically in the direction of the garage away from me.

I told this nanny to leave the child alone and to stop forcing him now. Her behaviour was confusing. When this child did speak, he told me he wanted a remote control car. From this I deducted that his brother must have gotten one for his birthday and he was not allowed to play with it and was cross.

The call lasted 49 minutes and was terminated by this husband. The Skype users were all this husband’s names, not a nanny’s. I suspected these Skype users are normally the manner in which he has contact with his children. I am not in the least bit interested in any of this husbands employees except for their integrity, the way in which they treat my children and their qualifications in childcare - I could not be bothered if they used any Skype user they could think of. As long as I can speak to my children.

I sent another email to this husband, saying I would appreciate more contact and of course expressed my appreciation for his permission that I was allowed to speak to my children. This husband never replied to the email. This husband enjoys power games and changes his mind and his rules concerning my contact with the children as it gratifies him and him alone.

Of course a court gave this controlling husband full abusive power. This husband also openly exploited this image of a court siding with him, implying/hinting that justice had been served and because of that he is in the right. This court did expressly use the words that this husband/father is “worthy of this court’s trust.”
Chapter 15
Another child welfare organisation

Late afternoon end September 2013 the doorbell rang. It was a young lady from an independent organisation investigating welfare of children. She explained that this husband approached them saying he is concerned for the children’s emotional and physical welfare and that my living in the upstairs apartment is detrimental to the children. This husband, after his first eviction court case did not succeed, made a new case and approached this independent organisation to get support for his cause.

She explained that in their investigation into the children’s welfare she saw them every week to interact with them. She wanted to arrange a meeting with a psychologist and herself to come and see me. I welcomed this, but found it strange that this husband would involve them to such an extent with the children, taking a risk so to speak, in his aim to get me evicted.

She further explained that she struggled to reach me - that is why she came to the apartment. She also said that “nanny seven” discouraged her to do this, by saying I am not going to open the door to her. She explained that if she could not reach me she would have approached the court with only this husband’s information. This husband’s actions in approaching this organisation started to make sense in that his aim was only to get his side in court. It became more clear when I asked her the contact number this husband gave her for me. She gave a number for an old cellular contract. I had a new number for nearly a year already. The old contract was in this husband’s name and I opened a new cellular contract in my name. This husband knew this because I had phoned the house from the new number several times and the house phone had caller ID. I contacted the cellular company to enquire about this old contract and discovered that this husband cancelled the contract seven months before her visit. This meant this husband purposely gave her a cellular number he knew would result in making it difficult for her to reach me.

In the meeting with her and the psychologist I gave an overview of the situation and this husband’s behaviour. In another meeting I gave her some of the documentation that I had given to the appeal court.

This organisation started an investigation into actions that were taken and continued sessions with the children. She told me that the children are not giving any information.

This organisation did not have the same authority as the social service office, but they requested the social service to do another enquiry. The social service did have another enquiry scheduled for a year later. They pushed for this to be done earlier.

This was successful and a new social service worker, also new to their office, with broader life experience visited me. She also spoke to the children, who apparently said they would like to see me more. She appeared to spend more time on the case than the previous social service workers.

Then I received a letter from a new judge requesting a meeting with this husband, me and our legal representation. The new social service report stated that the children’s behaviour in school had become troublesome. The eldest two children showed signs of aggression, disruptive behaviour and a lack in concentration.

The judge remarked that the previous social service report, done around end April 2013, stated the children are fine, well mannered and doing well in school.

This husband replied that me living in the apartment is disrupting the children. There was a problem with his conclusion in that I had been in the apartment for a year already. I told him this.

The social service worker and the organisation commented on this husband’s work program where he stayed away for weeks at a time, literally leaving the children several times for months and even a month and a half at a time in other’s care. The judge commented on this.

This husband and his advocate then claimed his pilot recurrent training is for a month — giving this as the reason he stayed away for six weeks.
When in reality pilot recurrent training is 3-5 days.

He also stated he works more during the children’s school period so he can spend time with them during holidays.

When every holiday period he had left the children, for at least a month, alone in someone else’s care.

The judge asked him if he had control over his work schedule and he replied yes.

She also commented on the fact that there had been eight nannies to date. This husband, as in the appeal court, replied he was only looking for the prefect nannies and he is happy with the current nannies - nanny seven, her young son and nanny seven’s young daughter in law. These people are his “perfect” nannies. He repeatedly said to the judge there will be no new nannies and these nannies are his choice.

I told the judge that the children had been thrown around from person to person and country to country. That they are insecure and confused in an environment directly created for them by this father.

The cherry on the cake to me is: The children’s behaviour indicated trauma in the time period/care of this father’s chosen “perfect” nannies. This father, stating he is not going to employ any more nannies, meant he was content and happy with this situation — to the extent that he left his children in their care for months.

The judge said she had phoned, but there was no space in the children homes. She also said she is going to order another psychiatric evaluation of me with the same psychiatrist that did the previous court ordered psychiatric report.

This father with the children and his chosen “perfect” nannies left again for nanny seven’s home for the holidays. I doubt if this father is going to spend the holidays with them - irregardless his nice words in court.
PART THREE

Addition 1

Behaviour of police

This father, in the court in our native country, makes the following statement on the respected country's authority's investigations. I quote:

Pursuant to the wife's baseless accusations of molestation, the authorities in the respected country instituted criminal investigations against me, which investigations exonerated me.

The police in the respected country have investigated the allegations thoroughly. They found no evidence of me molesting my children or perpetrating the horrific acts, as alleged by the wife. There is no such evidence because it simply did not happen.

(Definition of exonerated: to be freed from blame.)

This father says he has been freed from blame by the authorities of the respected country's investigations that he claims were thoroughly done, finding no evidence.

Concentrating on these investigations, a conclusion is imminent that the “thorough” investigations this husband refers to consisted of:

Interviewing a child that had just turned five years, alone, at the police station in a conference room, with an uncertified translator.

The words “thorough investigation” is a lie.

The police youth protection needed prodding with:

Midday 30 March 2012 I felt driven to visit the nearest police station after being told over the phone by the police youth protection division that I need not come to them.

The nearest open police station officer replied they cannot help me and they phoned their youth protection division saying that I am at their station. Only then was I told I can go to them. At the youth protection division I was not understood due to language and told to return on Monday 2 April 2012 so they can organise for a translator.

On the Monday my statement was taken, I took the children's push-car and jackets with us to be examined after doing research on the internet for information. These were taken away by the police and brought back later. For this act I am also now being criticised.

They interviewed the accused a week and a half after I had made my statement. This came about after I phoned this division, wondering what was going on. The police replied they cannot reach this husband, that I should phone them and hand the phone to him. About two hours after this telephonic conversation with the police, I told this father that the police say they are struggling to get in touch with him. He replied, “I have had no messages that they want to interview me, but I have just made an appointment on my own to go and see them.” Then he was interviewed.
The above totals the actions of the police youth protection division.

During my meeting with them Monday 2 April 2012 I made several requests.
I requested they speak to the three and a half year old child, with the translator in our mother language, as well.
If they can speak to the one minor child who can speak, they can speak to the other minor child, who can also speak. My request was refused.
An invitation to investigate the house was refused.
They refused to take a statement about the suspected pedophile circle the children were referring to as the “zoo”. Bottom line is they refused to investigate this. I was told to investigate myself and to follow this husband around.

Standard investigative procedures in cases of child molestation were not followed:

Standard procedures in cases involving child molestation is professional evaluation and assessments for abuse. This is especially done with the involvement of minor children. My children’s ages were 5, 3 and 2 years old, but they were not assessed professionally. False claims are made that this had been done. But our mother language was the only language these children could be effectively assessed, evaluated, monitored in or even comprehensibly spoken to in. There is no psychologist in this respected country that speaks our native language. My children did and could not receive this help in the respected country. Normally psychiatric evaluations are done on both the parents. This procedure was not followed.
No further investigation were done, for example, examining this husband’s computers.

I could include lie detector tests, blood tests for sexually transmitted diseases, proper physical medical examinations, etc. This is an example of what one could call a thorough investigation. But there was none of this.
What the respected country’s police youth protection division did, is not a thorough investigation resembling protection of vulnerable minor children.

Even if this father managed to manipulate people trained in criminology and convinced them that his wife is “mentally unstable”, would this explain to them the following facts of which they were informed.

Rumours of this father preferring little boys, spread by previous work colleagues and this father himself.
The mother-in-law witnessing this father’s inappropriately touching of the sleeping eldest child February 2009.
But, it prodded no further investigations. Not even a phone call to my mother to enquire about the incident in February 2009.

The report from the social service worker in her report explains which details were concentrated on by the Police Youth Protection division of the respected country. I quote her:

*During the hearing the minor was nibbling the nails on his feet. The mother could not set boundaries for her children. This is why she had brought the children's hamster to the police station and had let this animal run around the offices at the police force.*

Let’s look at the moral and physical dangers involved, as well as the criminal laws that were broken.

Nibbling nails: The danger involved with nibbling toes for the five year old child would be germs. I would say no moral dangers, also no criminal laws against nibbling toes anywhere.
I would have appreciated it if she had told him of his feet being dirty and not to do this. This hearing of the child took place without me present.

Hamster at their offices: I allowed the children to take their hamster to calm and comfort them. An exaggerated statement is made that the hamster ran around their police offices. These police were shocked at this “scene”. The moral danger to children: None. Physical danger to children: None. Criminal offence: None.

I was asked where this hamster is. The hamster was with the eldest child. Only as a result of this social service report statement, I occupied myself counting the offices to be “run around in” and found around 20 in that section of the building. Unless you limit the area of movement for the rodent, finding a running/lost rodent
quickly, is slim to none. But no police officer occupied themselves in an investigation for a missing rodent, because it was not missing and went home with us.

Why was the focus shifted to hamsters, nail nibbling and impressions of me not setting boundaries?

Based on the above actions of the police youth protection division the following was decided, I quote this father in his court statement in our native country:
*The fact remains no criminal prosecution has been instituted following the wife laying charges against me.*

This fact remains: no proper standard investigation was done to even enable a responsible and proper decision to be made.

The social service worker interviewed the police youth division officer and, according to her report, this is what they said:
*There is no concrete evidence of sexual abuse. Apart from the mother’s statement there is nothing concrete.*

She says “apart from the mother’s statement”. Then, I, as well as my witness statement, evolved into a nothing at this respected country’s prosecutors office. I quote extracts of emails:
*The Prosecutor’s Office of the respected country decided to dismiss the complaint against this father for sexual abuse because there was no evidence against him.*

Then the general advocate of this respected country’s prosecutor’s office proceeded to call me, with no certificate and no evidence, mentally unstable and/or a witch and a satanist.

According to an email by the general advocate of the respected country’s prosecution’s office the police report was handed over to them on 19 April 2012.

This father’s diary, in which he claims I am “mentally unstable” and violent, was handed into the respected country’s youth court on 19 April 2012.

A man that was, in their eyes, under suspicion of being a criminal up to that day, handed in papers with exuberant examples and uneven explanations to create impressions, claiming his wife is mentally unstable.

At the same time, this husband filed for an emergency divorce.

The country’s law under which we got married does not list the law he quotes in his document and no one I asked knows of an emergency divorce procedure.

The accurate question is how to determine someone’s mental stability? A psychiatric evaluation would be a rational and good place to start such an investigation.

No professional mental evaluation was asked. However, the presumption by everyone was that I am “mentally unstable”.

After this father’s diary was handed into the youth court the social service worker and her companion came to the house early the following week.
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Two social workers made an unannounced visit to the house shortly after this husband’s diary was given to the youth court (19 April 2012). A report was then written for the youth court. This report is highly confidential and no-one other than the elected authorities were allowed to have this. The party’s advocates were only allowed to go and read this report at the court chambers, but no proper copies were allowed to be distributed. I for example could not read or see this report in any form — due to its high confidentiality.

But, people had copies of this highly confidential report. For example, this father’s advocate in the respected country had it. She sent this father’s advocate in our native country a copy of this highly confidential report. This is how I obtained a copy.

In this social service report the one social service worker gives her steps taken in writing this report:
2 May 2012 unannounced visit (the afternoon +-14:05 until around 16:56)
3 May 2012 she phoned 6 people.
4 May 2012 she phoned 1 person.
4 May 2012 09:38 she submitted her report.

A recollection of the event dates is:
30 March and 2 April 2012 - I approached the police.
19 April 2012 - The date the police case was stopped at prosecutor’s level.
19 April 2012 - This father handed in his documents to this youth court.
23 April 2012 - The divorce summons was put in the mailbox. This is the only document I received.
30 April 2012 - The date this emergency hearing on custody was scheduled for.

A woman, calling herself by the name of this social worker, contacted my mother end April 2012 on her cell phone and spoke to her for half an hour. Not pertaining to the incident my mother witnessed with this father and his child in her apartment, but for obtaining information on me. This call is not on this social worker’s list of people she phoned.

These two social service workers, both women, are in their late 30’s early 40’s. My guess is they are unmarried and have no children. I am estimating the language we conversed in was their fourth language.

The standard procedure in the respected country is that only one social service worker visits the house. There is no mention in the report which indicates that the report was the input of two people.

This social worker starts her report with a description of the accommodation, saying (quotes from her report is in bold italics):

**The house was chaotic.** Her examples: **The three small children’s toys are everywhere in the living room.**

The red carpet in the open living area is the children’s play space. As a mother of three minor children, I considered it a good day if toys stayed just in the living room.

**The parents have separate bedrooms the mother sleeps in the basement.** The “basement” is called a ground floor.

The sleeping situation had been separate bedrooms for over a year. When at that time, this father moved the smallest child’s bed/cot to the spare bedroom on the ground floor against my wishes, saying he does not care where I sleep. The other children also had a room on this floor.

**A double bed, mattress and a spare bed for the smallest boy are in the mother’s room.**

The smallest boy’s cot (140/90cm), not a spare bed, had been in this spare bedroom since this father moved it there himself.

The mattress I had moved as a temporary measure for the eldest boys to use the various ends off, after they continued wanting to sleep in my room.

**In fact to protect her children from the father the mother locks herself into this room with the children at night.**

These doors have no locks. The children slept with me in the room voluntarily.

**There is a banana skin in the two year old’s bed**

A two year old likes banana’s.
The two year old's bed is scribbled on.
As a mother I found it common that children want to draw on walls, etc. All three my children did this. I myself was doing a mural for their bedroom wall and allowed the eldest two children on occasion to paint. The smallest decorated his bed.

During the visit by the social service, there was a strong smell of burning in the accommodation, the father showed us that the mother had forgotten the eggs on the cooker; she had left and the eggs had exploded;

She uses the words “during the visit” they encountered a strong smell of burning. She does not say “at arrival”. These social workers arrived after lunch. These boiled eggs cooked on a timer for lunch and was done by 12:30.

These eggs that burnt did not “explode”. They were burnt on one side, but still whole and intact in the pot. Hence no word of eggs over the ceiling and kitchen in this report. This is usually the result of an exploding boiled egg.

I was not at home with the arrival of these two women for their unannounced visit. I am estimating I arrived around an hour later.

In our native country’s court, this husband makes two statements on these two social service worker’s arrival at the house and the situation. I quote him:

1. Upon my return home, when the wife and the two younger boys were still outside our front door, I was confronted with a home filled with smoke. The eggs had exploded and a fire was developing.
2. Upon the arrival of the social workers, I was alone at home having left the wife and children at our street corner, we all having taken the eldest child back to school after lunch. They spoke to me first.

A combination of his two statements is confusing. He arrives home. We are outside the front door while eggs are exploding and a fire is developing. The social service workers arrive after him, but now he had left us at the street corner.

After lunch we took the eldest child back to school. On the way back this father went home alone after several failed attempts by him to hurry the children home. I stayed with the children while they played in water puddles at the street corner. We also arrived a while later and did not use the front door as an entrance, but the garage door.

According to the father, this was not the first time that the mother had not paid any attention while cooking, she had previously turned the apartment cooker on and had left.

This apartment referred to here is separate to the house and on the second floor. I did not cook there. This husband did wake me up late one night and told me to follow him. He went to the apartment and showed me the stove with all four plates turned on. He asked me in his raging voice who had done it and started taking pictures of this stove. My first thought was why did he not turn it off. I turned off the stove and went back to bed. The smallest child was on the ground floor stairs (two flights down) that afternoon. The following morning I told this husband that it might have been him.

But this husband, the previous night already, locked all the doors leading to this apartment and took the spare keys for these locks as well. He could have switched off the stove’s main power. His over reaction gave me the impression that he wanted to be sure he had total privacy and sole access to the apartment and this “stove incident” was used as an alibi for his actions.

Another reason I say this is because the claims of this husband on “the stove” topic varies.

1. In his diary to the respected country’s court he states: Found the stove with all the plates turned up to maximum and the oven also. The kitchen cupboard above the stove being damaged by the heat. (Pictures are available) Why did she (the wife) not go upstairs (to the apartment) to make sure everything was ok?
2. In the social service worker’s report is said the father told her: this was not the first time that the mother had not paid any attention while cooking, she had precisely turned the apartment cooker on and had left.
3. In his court statement to our native country’s court this husband says: I also have pictures of the stove plates that the wife (or children) forgot to switch off.

In statement 1 he says he has pictures of damaged kitchen cupboards. But there is no damage on the cupboards. In statement 3 he forgot about cupboards and has pictures of turned on stove plates.

In statements 1 & 3 nothing is cooking in this apartment, but in statement 2 it is claimed I did not pay attention while cooking in this apartment.

Statement 1 the oven is turned to maximum, but in statement 2 & 3 there is no mention of an oven.
In his statement 1 he asks why did I not make sure everything was ok? Meaning he is saying I did not turned it on. But, in statement 2 he says I had turned on the apartment cooker not paying attention. In statement 3 the wife/or children had turned on the cooker/stove.

The father told several anecdotes about times when there was a risk of the children burning themselves due to the mother’s negligence; The eldest children had cooked under my supervision. I taught them how to take care not to get burned. They also never suffered burns. I see there are children cooking competitions in some counties. Cooking is a great hobby. It is also skills they can use later in life. The children also do this in school.

There was an open hamster cage in the bathroom. The mother could not answer my question as to where the 4 hamsters were. The SCAS finally found a hamster in a bowl, the second child found another somewhere in the bathroom, and squashed it between his hands. This second child did not squash a hamster, as she is saying. He held it nicely. I had seen my children interact with hamsters. She had not. The other 2 hamsters have disappeared. The father explained that he had already found 5 hamsters dead in the house. The hamsters had free rein in two bedrooms and a bathroom, being blocked from the rest of the house by stairs. I preferred animals free and had always found caging animals cruel. There had been three dead hamsters killed by the hamster in the bowl, which was a white, ratlike, bitch hamster. I was told by the pet shop that this is normal behaviour, especially if the hamsters are confined and not the same size. This father showed his children the one dead hamster he had found and told them that they killed it. When I told the children they did not, this father ignored me and again told them that they did, and that they did not take care of it. This father did not once give food and water to any of these animals. The children and I did. Today, in his care, these children don’t have pets anymore.

If the mother had brought the hamster to the police station, the mother said that the children had asked her to bring it. Under steps taken, in her report, she spoke to the police the day after her physical visit to the house. But she interrogated me during her visit on a hamster at the police station. Steps seem to be missing/omitted.

When asked why the mother had brought the hamster to the police station, the mother said that the children had asked her to bring it. Under steps taken, in her report, she spoke to the police the day after her physical visit to the house. But she interrogated me during her visit on a hamster at the police station. Steps seem to be missing/omitted.

On the day of going to the police station, my children had asked me if they could take the hamster with. I had read somewhere that animals can be emotionally beneficial for children and this is the reason I purchased the animals. I agreed that they could take the hamster, saying that they should take care of it while we are there, which they did beautifully.

After my explanation about the fact that in the upbringing the parent should not give in to every capricious demand by their children, This, at the time of her visit was voiced and repeated to me several times by her in the exact following words: You should not to listen to your children. You should not give them what they ask for.

I asked the mother if she would have also brought the goldfish if the children had asked her to do so. The mother thought for a long time about my question, answering me that transporting the goldfish would have proven to be more difficult and that at the time she would have had to find a leak proof bag to transport the goldfish. (Although I am citing this apparently innocuous example it is to show the extent to which the mother was incapable of reasoning in an abstract manner and following current thoughts).

I followed her thoughts/reasoning perfectly and gave her a coherent, logical answer to her innocuous question that had no practical purpose. It is termed sarcasm. It capably followed her thoughts and tone used in asking her question.

At the time I visited the house I again noticed the chaotic state of the bedroom, (A repetitive statement on the extra single mattress, a banana peel and a scribbled on cot.) and the fact that the hamsters are treated like objects of toys (they are lost, they are thrown around the room, they are found some
weeks later under the cupboard). I drew the mother’s attention to the importance of having boundaries in raising her children. Advice which was only met with incomprehension from the mother.

I did indeed frown in incomprehension. The reason, in the social service worker’s own words: There was an open hamster cage in the bathroom. The mother could not answer my question as to where the 4 hamsters were. I frowned on this social service worker’s behaviour, who, in an attacking manner, was making false accusations of hamsters being thrown and missing for weeks. This social service worker, even though she is using the words “the fact” in her statement, did not herself witness any hamsters treated like toys or missing for weeks. And none of my children had ever thrown a hamster. My children played carefully with the hamsters. Hamsters were also never missing for weeks.

This social service worker made exaggerated, general statements based on untrue hearsay. According to her statements her perceived imminent danger to these children appears to be: thrown, walking, travelling or missing pet hamsters - seen or unseen.

This statement of, “the mother does not see the importance in setting boundaries for her children”, is repeated several times throughout this social service report in various settings and, according to her report, by various people. For example:

According to the father, he claims his wife is incapable of setting boundaries for the children. With regard to the fact that the mother spends much more time with the children than the father, the children are accustomed to doing whatever they like; the children impose their desires on the mother for her part, responds to each demand from her children, without any thought whatsoever. There are no examples attached, just these accusations. Then she says: The children are between 2 parents with dramatically opposed approaches to upbringing.

This social worker claims a teacher, during their conversation, said: During the assessment interview, the mother had brought the three children. The children ran all around the classroom, climbing on the furniture, without the mother imposing any boundaries. The mother does not want to set boundaries for her children.

Furniture creates the impression of tables and chairs, but there are climbing frames for children in one section of this classroom. This is the furniture my three children played on. I personally don’t have a problem with children playing on a climbing frame. This teacher told me she does not want the children to play on the children’s climbing furniture. I asked her for paper and crayons and asked the children to come and draw, which they did do.

And of course this social worker creates the impression this father does set boundaries: Although the father a former soldier, would like rules strictly observed in the house, the mother does not apply any rules at home.

Although the father is trying to establish a framework and set boundaries for his children, This father did not establish any framework for his children. He was away more than half the time and for the rest mostly engulfed in his own life. When he was involved with the children, it was on separated levels, for example, overly strict, abusive or physically/mentally absent or for his entertainment. This father cannot be said, until today, to have involved himself in normal everyday routines or the normal existence/ground work of his family. The mother does not see the interest in setting boundaries and fulfils every capricious demand from her children. (This is why she brought the hamster to the police station, as the children has asked to be able to bring the hamster, she let the animal run around the police station at her children’s request)

Again a repetitive boundary statement. The animal did not run around the police station. The children were looking after it all the time, otherwise we would never have taken it home.

The father appears to be much more strict with his children and wants rules to be respected (don’t eat chocolate before lunch, do not eat on the sofa, do not watch television while eating, etc.)

These are rules for personal habits. Appearance based rules resulting in an outward, normal impression of an adult that can sit at a table and eat.

This social service worker, saying this father wants rules to be respected, refers here to a man that lies and deceives openly in two countries’ courts, meaning disrespect for a court and everyone in it, disrespect for the truth, morals and disrespect for his children, me and even her. She is talking of a man that operates purely on the need to have total control. I am not talking of control for protection, care and compassion. These things are not in him. But he can sit at a table/on a sofa/bed eating and also accomplish this while watching television.

The mother the only one to look after the children when the father is travelling, does not set boundaries for her children, she considers that her role is to fulfil her children’s whims. No example and again a repetitive boundary statement. Repetition is used in indoctrination. My children had their
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discipline, boundaries and daily routine, where they were allowed to go and where not. For example, the street, the one garage and my vegetable garden were not part of their play ground, unless they were with me, planting, weeding, watering or harvesting. I had no want to control or dominate, unless there was a clear reason or direct danger of them getting hurt.

_Her children, all three of whom are in exploratory phases need to be protected in their curiosity and need to have limits in order to contact their feeling of supremacy._

From my experience limits for toddlers are not for their feelings of “supremacy”. It is for their survival and moral behaviour. My role as a mother is to nurture, protect and love unconditionally, so that my children will be taught that they are worth being loved, will love themselves, will take care of themselves and which will enable them to love someone else. This I did to the best of my ability without oppressing them for reasons that had no meaning, function or for selfishness. My opinion is that the result of excessive, unhealthy control over a child, will create an adult that crave control or power even at the expense of others.

Morals are not connected to outward _appearances_: Do not lie. Do not steal. Do not manipulate, indoctrinate and oppress. Helping people in need. These include listening, understanding needs, wishes and having empathy for other people. These are taught and instilled in children by setting an example, by listening to them and giving to these children. Keeping in mind their protection out of love for them. Not control based rules for comfort and appearances for the grownup’s image nor for the grownup’s (previously limited/ suppressed as children) to make contact with their “supremacy” and to now in turn suppress their children.

This social worker also spoke to the children's teachers and the second child’s teacher replied: _The second child’s hygiene leaves a lot to be desired; he smells very bad._ This social service worker omits to say smelling of what. The oldest child’s teacher from a different school reports: _Up to now there were no problems with this child’s hygiene._

All the children bathed together every night and obviously they did not smell.

This same teacher that stated the child smelled, according to this social service worker states: _Moreover, the teacher had recently found that the mother, for her part, was also neglecting herself. The teacher had found that the mother was unwell and had lost a lot of weight in a short period of time._

This social service worker does not comment at all on my appearance or lack of it in her report and I estimate our weight approximately the same.

I started exercising to get into shape and to loose excess weight by cycling with the youngest two children in a bicycle trailer, to school. I can understand that I, half lame, out of breath, sweaty and in a tracksuit, had been a sight. But people do exercise. Pregnant, and with pregnancy weight (three times in three years), is the only state this teacher had ever seen me in. Even then, we are talking of one dress size loss in weight.

This social worker and father manage to create the impression that my children ran around as if they are hooligans, that I never gave them a schedule and routine, that they ate only sweats. But I regulated the children’s routine: This included meals at the table at a regular time and on occasion I would allow them a pizza while watching their favourite movie as a treat. My children ate all fruits, average 5 kinds a day. They got several fruits for their school lunches. They ate all vegetables, even broccoli. All three children had their bathing and bed times, etc.

This husband unconsciously lists several routine activities in his diary and statements. From these It is noticeable that I was occupied with enforcing these boundaries and routine activities. This father, by his own words, is solely occupied in entertainment activities with the children.

The following are statements of this father:

_After supper (mother; routine) the boys want to wrestle with me (father; entertain). We have lots of fun and after which they go down to bath (mother; routine)._  

_After they had finished bathing (mother; routine) I went down to say good night to them._

This same father says in our native country’s court and I quote:  
_She has a laissez faire attitude in regards the children’s established routines and their discipline. She simply does not see the need for our boys to be raised with routines and set boundaries. Rather, she indulges every whim the children may have._

The following are quotes of this father/husband where he contradicts himself:

- _I walked back into the house to where the youngest son was in the kitchen and started playing with him (father; entertainment). The wife also came back into the house and started getting busy in the kitchen preparing supper (mother; routine)._  

- _The wife’s reply to me was that if she will remember, as the boys have to go to bed early! (mother; routine)_
- Having bathed (mother; routine), the smallest child came up to me in the kitchen and indicated that he wanted to play our wrestling game (father; entertain). This he did by lying on his back on the kitchen floor at my feet. The child and I (father; entertain) did play.
- The wife immediately told me that she could not talk now as she is busy preparing supper and the children are in the bath (mother; routine) And that I (father) should call later.
- After supper (mother; routine) the evening the eldest child asked me that we should call my brother (father; entertain). This made the wife completely mad and she walked into the bedroom telling the boys they immediately have to go and brush their teeth and go to bed (mother; bedtime routine).

This husband/father spent most of his time in his bedroom. I obviously attended to our three minor children and household. His following statements indicate his own behaviour:
- The boys left with her and I went to my room to do some work on my laptop Accounts payments, recurrent training arrangements etc
- Went back to my room to continue my work. While working in my bedroom I could hear kitchen utensils and equipment being thrown around.
- I came to my bedroom to make my travel arrangements for work on April 3 and 4.
- At +-16h00 the eldest child came to my room after his afternoon sleep
- I was working in my bedroom.
- I am sitting in my bedroom on my bed studying and preparing for my upcoming recurrent training which starts in 2 weeks time.
- I was busy in my bedroom writing in my diary summarising the events of the day.

Another topic of discussion was the minor children’s (age 5, 3 and 2 year) schools. The eldest child’s teacher states:

On 3.5.2012 the father arrived at the school to excuse his son’s absence. According to the father’s statement the mother had been telling the child stories until very late in the night, which is why the child is incapable to get up that morning.

This very same father that arrived at school was the parent that started distracting the children when it was their bedtime, hence he disrupted and ignored their schedule. For example I quote this father:
- After supper the evening the eldest child asked me that we should call my brother. This made the wife completely mad and she walked into the bedroom telling the boys they immediately have to go and brush their teeth and go to bed.

At 2:00PM the same day, the father came looking for the teacher as the child was playing with his mother outside the school and the father could not persuade the child to go to school. The mother for her part did not wish to force the child to go to school. The mother does not set any boundaries for the child.

This social worker uses the date 3.5.2012, saying this teacher was called at 14:00. This is also the date the social service worker claims having spoken to this teacher in her steps taken for writing her report after her visit, afternoon 2.5.2012. On 3.5.2012 at 14:00 and for the rest of the afternoon school was closed in this respected country.

There was a day that this child played with his brothers, not with me, outside the school, not wanting to go in. This was in the time this father started running with the children on their bicycles to school. I stood watching the chaos this father had created and watched him creating his desired “impressions” with the teacher. This father could not persuade the child to go to school, so he called the teacher to do this.

For this one day it is concluded in a court that I neglect my small children’s compulsory education.

If the child does not want to go to school the mother does not set any boundaries for the child. The mother is the only one to look after the children when the father is travelling...

The children went to school, except in cases of illness (doctor’s certificates included), with or without this father/husband being at home.

After I had gone to the police this father starts involving himself in the children's activities in disruptive ways. Hence, after the Easter holidays (the Easter holidays started when I went to the police) this father also became involved in taking the eldest child to school, having never been there before. This is why the eldest child’s teacher says:

The father had never visited the teacher until the end of the Easter holidays, since which time he has been in regular contact.
This father in our native country’s court states he always took his eldest child to school during his regular morning exercise. This father did not have a regular morning exercise. He acquired one in April 2012. The teacher that stands at the gate and greets parents says she had never seen this father before the Easter holidays, but regularly after and then…

The minor has not wanted to go to school since the Easter holidays.
The impression this literally running-to-school father creates after the Easter holidays is quoted by the social service worker as:

The father is more strict and wants the child to go to school.
The second child’s teacher reports:

After the Easter holidays the second child had tantrums and did not want to separate from his mother. The teacher explained to the mother that she should not attach too much significance to these fits. The mother took her son home.

This school the second child attended is not compulsory by law. This child was three years old and went through a traumatic time in his short life. I would not like to be ignored in a stressful situation as this teacher was advising me to do to him - devoid of any care or compassion.

Several times I tried to stay longer for the child to calm down, but it did not work. He did not want to stay there or leave me — either one of the two. A few times when his father took him he stayed there. I accompanied and waited outside. At these times this child started showing destructive and aggressive behaviour in school. The teacher explained that at one point the second child had pneumonia and the mother did not wish to give medication to her son and tried to intervene by giving him homeopathic medication.

Tried to, is inaccurate, misleading word use and imply that the child had to be admitted to a hospital, which is what would happen if pneumonia is not treated successfully. I successfully intervened. I had a prescription for antibiotics as well as homeopathic medication. The homeopathic medication was effective and healed the child with pneumonia, as well as the rest of us with flu symptoms.

The most common strain of pneumonia is not a bacterial infection, but a viral infection and thus does not respond to antibiotic medication.

Quoting wikipedia on antibiotic resistance: Anti Biotic resistance is a serious and growing phenomenon in contemporary medicine and has emerged as one of the eminent public health concerns of the twenty-first century. The major problem of the emergence of resistant bacteria is due to misuse and overuse of antibiotics.

When the doctor diagnosed the second child with infectious pneumonia I kept all three children home. Knowing that this is a dangerous infectious decease and they attended three different institutions in various parts of this respected country. When this child was healthy enough, after two weeks, this teacher said the child cannot come back to school yet. She then told me another teacher at this school had been seriously ill with pneumonia for four weeks already. I was not notified that there was pneumonia in this school and to be cautious.

When my children needed medical attention, they received it. I did not partake in this respected country’s voluntary medical program, which required children to be taken to a doctor for several check-ups over two years and where the parents would be financially rewarded after having completed this program.

The child is teased because he does not have undergarments. When this child started this school, the teacher did tell me the children are teasing this child because he did not wear undergarments. I bought several types of undergarments and asked the child to choose the most comfortable for him. He declined it. I said, “But the teacher is saying you are teased because you don’t wear underwear.” This child shook his head no, and walked away. At the time his refusal puzzled me, but his father did not wear underwear and I thought maybe the child is following his example. I told the child where I was putting the underwear in his cupboard for him.

This child continued telling me his is teased. When I had asked about this the teachers would say no, he is ok. They don’t see anyone teasing the child. The evening the children told me about what their father does, the eldest child told me at bedtime he had told children at school and they are teasing and beating him about this. I again asked, this time two teachers on separate occasions. One teacher again said no one is teasing this child and the other named a child she saw teasing him that day. I asked my eldest child if this was a child he had told about the “foody” (from his father’s penis). He said yes.

I had to intervene as the front door was open, there was no guard rail on the entrance stairs and there was a major risk of falling some metres. The smallest minor ran in the direction of the front door.

I presume if you only came to the house for an afternoon you would react like this. But, I had been living in dangerous building conditions for years — meaning constant worrying and having to take precautions that a baby, toddler or small child does not fall down holes, or off a building etc. Even after completion of the
building, this father was lax in agreeing to contracts/quotes for safety railings. The front door could still be locked. My main concern was with a 3 meter sliding door, of the same height as the front door, with no protection on it at all. The social worker sat next to this sliding door for nearly three hours, but does not mention this door in her report.

This social worker perceived this small child as running towards a door, but she did not stand up or spoke in intervention to this child. The child was also not at the door. As she says, he ran in the direction of the front door.

I approached many companies for quotes on the guard rail work needed around the house. But this husband had found the offers too expensive. He wanted a terrace which would cost a substantial amount, but he did not want to pay the price quoted for it. I had asked him for interim protection while he decided and he denied my requests.

If I was in negotiations with a company for this, he used it as a punishment for me, saying nothing will happen with these negotiations, because of what he deemed I had done or said wrong. He knew I felt uncomfortable about the guard railings, especially the sliding door's. To this day there is still no safety protection up to building standards. No authority is intervening with this, even after this report.

When we left the eldest son aged 5 left the house onto the footpath, he was alone, there was no adult in view.

There were two adult social service workers in view. Did they direct this small child back to the house? They walked across the street laughing, got into a convertible and drove off. I was standing outside, next to the house.

After this father has told me my mother apparently called him a pedophile, this father’s clearly attacking and harassing behaviour resulted in me asking the pastor to find a place for help. I told this pastor that this husband’s behaviour scares me, because he is not behaving at all like an innocent person towards me.

The pastor gave the contact details for help I had asked for, to this husband, saying we should go together. I waited for this husband, but found out later he went on his own without informing me.

This father in court described his recollection of events as such: Upon my return to home in early March 2012 I could no longer stand for the wife’s slanderous, false allegations, which I regarded as most serious. On or about 5 March 2012 I approached, a non-profit organisation for the prevention and support of child abuse, for assistance. I was referred to the Youth Police, as well as a child lawyer.

The social service report, says this organisation reports: We were first contacted by the pastor of the church. Following this telephone call this father contacted us. This father in our native country’s court states he approached this organisation that supports abused children for assistance for himself.

According to the social service report this organisation states: This father’s request was finding out how he could change the situation. What “situation” he wanted changed is omitted in this report. But this father states, he was referred by them to the youth police and a child lawyer. Threatening with lawsuits, harassing, invading someone’s privacy, recordings, emotional abuse and oppressive control, etc. on my enquiries of what is going on, did not aid his “situation” in my estimation.

During my meeting, with this organisation for abused children, I listed the second child’s behaviour, saying that I have been told this child could be autistic. I was careful with what I was saying, since this father was threatening me. The day after the children voiced this father’s behaviour, I contacted this place/organisation again and told them what my children had told me. I spoke to the secretary since the people that dealt with the case was not available. When they got the message they organised a meeting the next day with me and this father. At this meeting I gave them my children’s words. This was the first time this father heard that the children had confided in me. They organised for a physical examination that evening. This doctor who did the physical examination is the founder of this organisation.

The social service worker in her report states this doctor said: He did not find any indication of sexual abuse to the smallest and eldest children. The second child’s behaviour was difficult and he could not examine him. At this doctor’s office this second child told this father to get on the examination table. He walked away and in the middle of the room turned around and pointed at this father, saying several times in our native language that the doctor should look at him (father). He then came to me and started pulling me out of the room. I pulled him back, saying I would like the doctor to look at him. This doctor declined examining this second child, giving his reason as not wanting to force a child.

This husband in our native country’s court said: The second child, who was acting like a jibbing mule and clinging to me, refused to be examined.

This false, clingy, jibbing, mule statement made me ask the doctor to write a certificate, explaining what had
happened and that he did not medically examine this child. The doctor wrote saying the child ran from his father to his mother and was not examined.

But this same doctor apparently stated, to the second social service worker, that I wanted him to write a damning statement on this father and now said that he had not written any certificate at all. **He directed the parents to a psychologist saying the mother hinted that the second child had autistic problems. But he does not think this is accurate.**

I did not hint at autism during the children’s physical examination for molestation. The soonest an appointment could be made at this referred psychologist was for more than a month away. As with the physical examination this father also accompanied us to the psychologist appointment. I will not forget how elaborately and smilingly he placed the second child on his shoulders while walking down the corridor.

I listed the second child’s severe behaviour and started giving this to the psychologist. I clearly said that my children are saying they are being molested. She told me that she was only told to see if the child was autistic and that she did not know of any molestation. The children were playing in the corner with toys and she concluded by his interactions with his brothers, she said and, without speaking a word to this child, that this second child was not autistic. This meeting lasted around 20 minutes and that was it. Her profession as a child psychologist at a hospital did not include determining a child’s strange behaviour which is not due to autism.

**If the father is to be believed the wife had threatened to castrate him.** There are also rumours that I have said I am going to kill this husband and burn down the house. It is very clear that this father/husband is alive, has a penis and living life in and out of an unburned house as it pleases himself and only him.

**This father is afraid of his wife’s impulsive reactions; she has been violent to him. The children have witnessed scenes of violence between the parents on numerous occasions.** Her example of the parental violence she chooses is: **during one the mother who had a knife in her hand to cut the pizza, had started to cut the pizza into a thousand pieces because she was annoyed. The children did not understand the behaviour of the mother who massacred (massacred: mass murdered) the pizza in front of her children.** This is a pizza, not my husband, nor a parent. This pizza was eaten and she had never seen me cut pizza or anything else.

I normally hold a knife in my hand when cutting food in my kitchen, also when cutting a pizza. My children watched me numerous times cutting/slicing food into very small pieces while cooking for meals. They sometimes sat with me in the kitchen and watched me holding a knife in my hand, as well as my cutting behaviour. I allowed them to help with pealing and, using a plastic knife for them, cutting the softer foods. But this was indeed the same night the children had told me this father was making “foody” from his penis for them. This was when I said to this husband that I would like to be cutting something else, while cutting the pizza into normal slices for my children to eat. This father, without me having told him what my children had said, obviously knew what I was referring to and did not reply.

My children also knew why I was angry. But I don’t think they understood my comment. The social service worker was not present during this meal, but she accepts what this father/husband says without asking questions. She repeated this, as with the boundary statement, on several pages so the reader cannot miss it. For example:

**Impulsivity of parents: the mother (broke the glass window in the door, lost control when cutting the pizza into small pieces)**

The glass in the door broke by accident when I slammed on the closed front door of the apartment, after this father lured the children into the apartment, having bought them a remote control helicopter and closed the door on me. This was after I had gone to the police. I did not have keys to this apartment. After the incident, I phoned the police, without speaking a word to this father, only thinking that I need help in protecting my children from his behaviour. The police took this father’s and my statements and left. This “caring” father did this to upset me. But, he projects his behaviour to me and describe it as such: **she was looking for confrontation and wanted me to lose my temper and do something, which she could hold against me!**

Then this father projects again, after having lured and locked himself into the apartment with the children, saying:

**The father said that the mother locks herself in the bedroom with the children and tells stories to the children during which she stresses, time and time again that the father should not be trusted.**

This social service worker took this father’s words and repeated them independently in her report, using the words — **in fact.** I quote the Social service worker, under her heading, “Description of the accommodation”: **In fact to protect her children from the father the mother locks herself into this room with the children at night.**
Reality is: There are no locks on these doors that these people are saying I used to lock my children in. I have the door orders that state “without locks” under description of the doorhandles.

The social service worker was present in the house, but she was in the house one afternoon and left around 16h55, before the children’s bedtime. She did not witness this information she gives as a fact.

I did place toys in a tower behind the children's bedroom door, so I would wake up from the noise when these fall, if the door moves. The door was not even shut. This I did when the children were already asleep.

And even though I do think this father is not to be trusted at all, I did not give this type of information to my children. They are too small to understand this.

Not having seen this highly confidential social service report at the time I did not know these lies until it was repeated in another court order.

In our native country’s court I stated there are no locks on these doors. This husband then changed his “lock” statement to “barricade”.

Something else in this report made me realise just what an idiot I was, thinking that this man loved me.

**The parents met in 1996**

(Actually 1995) This husband dated and lived with someone else for about 5 years, during which we had very little contact. He started phoning me regularly in 2001. After a year of his phoning me we started dating.

**The father came to live in the respected country in 1997**

**The couple married in 2006, before marrying the father set 2 conditions:**

- The mother must never smoke again
- The mother must work

**After completing her economics degree the mother re-joined the father in 2006**

The father stressed that he is very annoyed by the fact that the mother started to smoke again. In fact one of his conditions to agree to marry his wife was the fact that she would not smoke again.

He had no problem dating someone who smokes. I visited him several times and smoked outside the front door. He also repeatedly said that he loves me. He had no conditions attached to love then. In fact, then we had a normal relationship. He did say he wanted me to stop smoking, saying he feels as if I am having an affair (with cigarettes) and he can then have an affair in turn. I did not understand his reasoning, but knew myself smoking is a bad habit and bad for your health and that I needed to try to quit this habit for my own sake. If you love someone then that is what you care for — it is not a condition for giving love.

But for him during our marriage every mediocre incident boiled down to obeying him or he criticised, ignored, threatened, insulted and oppressed. If he could not find a reason he had no problem distorting reality and/or making one up.

There are many things in this social service report that are not in line with reality, for example, this father saying: **he was not really present after the birth of his first son because he needed time to become accustomed to the role of father**.

He was really present for about 3 months after our first child’s birth. It is after the second child’s birth that he was not really present. I don’t know if it was to “become accustomed to the role of father”.

**The father said when the third child was born the mother insisted that she could give birth alone at home, despite the fact that the father did not agree with the idea.** I gave birth to the second and third children at home.

**At the time of the birth the midwife was not present so the father had to take on this role.** According to the father, the mother is incapable of making compromises and she must always get her own way.

I was told with the first birth I could not have a home birth. I compromised and had a hospital birth. With our second child I organised a midwife. This father had no problem with this. The day of the second child’s birth I told this father I am in labour and he replied I am exaggerating. I phoned the midwife, ignoring this father/husband, an hour and a half before the birth. She replied that if I can speak to her I am not in labour. She was late.

With the third child’s birth I arranged two midwives on standby, to have a back-up. This husband/father at these times met with all the midwives, showed his charm and agreed with the idea. The midwife wrote a testimony to confirm this.

**While the mother has the impression of not being supported by the authorities in protecting her children she is becoming more and more stressed.**

It is and was not only an impression of my apparently “delirious” mind that my children and I were and are not supported and protected.

In this husband’s statements to our native country’s court is the following, and I quote: **I state, however, that at the unannounced visit by the social service worker, she had instructed the wife to see a psychiatrist as a**
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matter of emergency. The wife brushed off this advice.
This was this social service worker’s words of telling me to go to the emergency at the hospital immediately, repeated three times during her visit. This “advice”, or more accurately, order she gave, is not written down anywhere in her social service report.
This comment created the impression with me of not being supported or believed and resulted in more stress. Or does this social service worker tell herself she decreased my stress levels?
This social service worker did not divulge her own behaviour during her unannounced visit. I found her behaviour aggressive, biased, domineering, indoctrinating and criticised. It was clear that she had no experience in raising children herself, had no idea what it entails and could not identify herself in any shape or form with mothers in this position.
The organisations and authorities, clearly by their actions, showed no interest, no compassion and provided no protection. They either joined in the lies and abuse or concentrated on nibbling toes, hamsters and rumours.
Lies are told of my children’s language capabilities and their aid to them. Slanderous statements are made of me being mentally unstable, a witch and satanist. An attempt was made to charge me with kidnapping when I attempted to have my children assessed in their mother language and culture. My children had been left in the care of about nine nannies or more people during this period, while this husband was away from home sometimes for 6 weeks at a time. There had been no monitoring of these children or this husband’s behaviour. But, people employed by this father push my children around to avoid them speaking to me or phone the police for me trying to give my children things like strawberries. Always trying to give the impression, using exaggeration and lies to the police, that I am mentally unstable, violent and they need to protect the children from me. These people do not know me, they must be following this husband’s instructions.
More of this social service worker’s “supportive” actions are well described by this husband in his court statements. He always mentions both his advocate and this social worker as his advisors in his actions and behaviour. Take this quote of his for example:
On the advice of this social service worker and my attorney. I limited the wife’s contact with the children and insisted that such contact be supervised.
The social service worker states: Although a mother cannot be reproached for wishing to protect her children against possible dangers the management of the situation is becoming inappropriate and is having serious impact on the children.
While I tried to take care of and protect my three small children in my shocked state, I veered off attacks from people the entire time. Not only this father, but evidently from others, this social service worker included, who are positioned in management positions to help in situations like these. This increased the difficulty and frustration in this situation.
I was completely blocked from leaving the country with the children. This husband had the children’s passports locked in a safe, to which only he had the key. A law in this respected country stated that I need this father’s permission to leave with the children, or I would be charged, according to the Hague convention, with kidnapping. This father would get full custody of the children. On top of everything, no psychologist in this respected country spoke my children’s language and as a result they could not be aided in this country. This was not a problem to the “justice system”.

I have two questions: Is instructing a child that sexual conduct is wrong for their age called setting a boundary? And by whom and when was decided that, saying this to a child became an offence to judicial authorities or a reason to attack this person and proclaim them insane?
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Addition 3
The youth court gave him control

This confidential social service report arrived at the court chambers 4 May 2012 at 09:38. The same day around 09:30 I approached another organisation that aids abused women for help and protection. They told me they cannot help. They don’t have space. I gave them contact numbers of the social service worker and police officer. Later that afternoon I was phoned from this same organisation and told this social service worker is afraid for me and the children’s lives and that the children and I needed to come to their offices at once. Now they had space. This husband refused to let me take the car and dropped us off with our luggage.

He gives the following account on his actions afterwards:

*Upon my return home, I telephoned the social service worker to enquire as to what I had to do in the circumstances. She advised that: The children would not under any circumstances be alone in the wife’s care; At the safe house, the children would be safe as the wife would be under continual supervision: In the circumstances it would be best for the children to let the wife be for the weekend. During the late afternoon of 7 May 2012 after the youth court made its order, both the social service worker and my advocate contacted me to advise me of the outcome.*

This husband/father received full temporary custody of the children in this youth court proceeding, based on this social service worker’s report and this husband’s diary that was given to the youth court. The Tuesday midday several policemen in their uniforms in two cars, one police car and one unmark car, came to fetch these small children out of the protection house to take them back to this claimed victimised father/husband. In his “caring” fashion, this father was nowhere to comfort his small children on their hour long journey. These police did not care that their actions were not conducive to these small children’s emotional wellbeing or to mine.

This father describes this, saying:

*The social service worker advised that I had to arrange to collect the children from the protection house. She advised me to obtain police assistance.*

After the police left with my children, I phoned my advocate and I was told I need to go to the emergency department at the hospital to see a psychiatrist. She said the youth court decided I was “mentally unstable”, based on the social service report.

This husband makes the following statements of the first proceedings in the respected country’s court. I quote him:

- *The youth court proceedings concluded with an order that the children be placed in my custody, in so far as the wife is deemed a threat to the safety and wellbeing of the children. A first order was made on 7 May 2012. The wife made supplication for the withdrawal of the order of 7 May 2012, which was dismissed with costs on 25 May 2012.*

- *By order of the youth court, and on 7 May 2012, I was awarded provisional custody of the three boys, the court having found that the children are in physical and moral danger.*

My three small boys, without an investigation, were given to a man that is saying he has been called a pedophile and that repeats that people have said he prefers little boys.

I went to the hospital and waited for a psychiatrist for about 5.5 hours at this hospital, but no psychiatrist came. I left. Got home around midnight. While getting into bed I was told by this father that I was not going to sleep in my bed, but will sleep in the apartment. He gave me the apartment keys and told me to go. I went. This husband reports he has no responsibility for his actions. He states: *On the advice of the social service worker and my advocate, the wife took occupation of the apartment on the top floor of our home.*

In the following days this father changed the front door locks of the house and allowed me supervised access to the children for one hour a day. The supervision was done by his eldest brother, who arrived from our native country, and this father himself.

I was not allowed to breastfeed the smallest child, who was still used to being breast fed regularly, and would be punished by losing the next day’s visitation if he or his brother saw me breastfeeding. After one visitation this father deducted 15min off my next day’s time for every kiss I gave the boys when saying goodbye to them. I lost the next day’s visitation by continuing to kiss my smallest child and was verbally chased out the house in front of my children. In this husband’s court papers he says he did this because I smelled of smoke. This does not justify his cruel behaviour.
This was behaviour from this father, whilst a youth court order made no mention of visitation rights for me. I phoned my advocate, telling her of this torture and she told me not to fight again saying I don't have any rights. This father makes the following statement in our native country's court on his behaviour:

*On the advice of my attorney and the social service worker, I limited the wife's contact with the children and insisted that such contact be supervised.*

*I deny that I refused the wife contact, either as alleged or at all.*

The above two statements is admittance and denial on the same topic. This father abusively and hardheartedly did refuse me contact, physical and telephonic, with my small, crying children. Again his attorney and once again this social service worker are named as his mentors. He plainly had no problem with following their advice and even added more abuse.

The procedures of this social service office are that a social service worker has finished with a case when they hand a report into court. This social service worker stayed closely involved. However, not in supervising the care of the children, but clearly instructed this father on how to deal with us using torturous methods.

Then she and this husband claim, quoting this husband: *The wife only accepts help or advice if it goes her way.*

Quoting the social service worker: *She is currently conscious that she is in a situation of intense stress; she is looking for help, but if the help does not go in the direction she hopes, the help is not accepted.*

While my children and I are being tortured this husband’s advocate in her toga in court 21 May 2012 lied to the respected country’s court saying:

*The wife is in an apartment separate but she is always present at the communal house; this father has not changed the locks on the communal house; the wife threw a fit.*

Friends visited during that time, witnessing this husbands’s actions (19 May - 22 May 2012) and wrote a testimony stating the following:

- *This father had changed the locks on the front door while his wife was out and we were under strict instructions not to let her have the keys.*
- *I was very disturbed to see this father’s eldest brother physically pick the smallest child up and rush into the house with him one day, when he was outside with the child, and the mother happened to arrive at her house at the same time. The small child saw his mother and immediately tried to go to her, crying “Mama Mamal” but this father’s eldest brother picked the small child up and rushed inside, at which point the child was sobbing.*
- *This father privately emailed a social service worker asking for guidance on the length of time his wife can be allowed to spend with the boys. She replied 1-2 hours a day and to shorten this time by 15 minutes every-time his wife says something negative about him in front of the boys.*
- *During our stay at the house I saw behaviour from this father that came across as manipulative and controlling. Even-though he said to me that his wife was a good mother and that he wanted her to have access to the children just as soon as she had had “treatment” for whatever might be ailing her, he appeared to me to be doing his best to ensure that she had as little access to the children as possible and that he planned to keep it that way for a long time.*

My advocate instituted another procedure, in this youth court, regarding full temporary custody given to this father, scheduled for 25 May 2012. This court was provided with a medical certificate by a neurological psychiatrist, stating that I am reacting on my situation and he is of the impression I can take care of my children.

On 24 May 2012, the day before this hearing, this husband took the children and left the respected country. His statement in our native country’s court is: *I obtained leave from the youth court to take the children to their grandparents on the farm on 24 May 2012, and to return with them from our native country on 10 June 2012. He returned 11 June 2012. The day he had booked a flight for me to leave the respected country.*

The respected country’s youth court gave this father permission to keep his children out of compulsory school for two weeks. No statements that he is neglecting children’s education or he does not care if the children go to school, are heard anywhere. The explanation is used that the children were kept out of school to secure this husband’s job - compare his movements and the time he spent to what was required. He spent three times longer than was needed away.

Nothing changed with the children or my situation in this court hearing of 25 May 2012. An interesting factor for me was the judge stating that this husband is “worthy of the courts trust”. Another sentence highlighted this
misplaced blind trust with the lie: The wife locked the children in the bedroom. Another statement showed the irony of this situation: The wife neglects the children’s education. At the exact time this husband was doing this with their permission, while I am accused of it for one morning. Then this husband devised plans to remove me out of the respected country for his and the children’s return from our native country. They arrived back the same day he booked a flight for me out of the respected country for our native country. In court he said he did this so I could be “under my mother’s wing while receiving “treatment” in our native country. How “kind” is it of him to then remove himself financially from supporting me, resulting in my credit card being blocked, to stop his credit card on the flight ticket and to attempt to remove me from the medical insurance. This he omitted in court.
Addition 4

Hoodwinking a court

While in our native country, I started proceedings to try to have my children assessed and helped when this father left them in the native country for their holidays. This father left these children, for five weeks, on his parents’ farm in the care of his elderly parents and his single, middle aged, youngest brother. I approached our native country’s court with what my children had told me, also the suspected pedophile circle and how it was dealt with by the authorities in the respected country. Added to this was this husband’s rumours of him preferring little boys and inappropriate behaviour from him that was witnessed by my mother with our eldest son. As well as this husband’s questionable behaviour in trying to “defend” himself by abusing me, ruining my life as well as trying to alienate me from my children.

When my case was accepted into our native country’s court, this father wanted a two week extension, which would delay the court proceedings to about the date he intended to leave our native country with the children.

In our native country’s court this father, throughout his statements, repeats the following information: Pursuant to the wife’s baseless accusations of molestation, the authorities in the respected country instituted criminal investigations against me, which investigations exonerated me.

No criminal prosecution followed upon the charges laid by the wife.
The fact remain no criminal prosecution has been instituted following the wife laying charges against me.

At the same time this husband is saying that no prosecution followed the charges of molestation, our native country also needed to be deterred from getting involved. This was done by lying, saying there were court trails on child molestation. I quote them:

Further, a court of competent jurisdiction has pronounced, not once, but twice on the allegations of molestation made by the mother against this father.
I am instructed that the charges of molestation were in fact fully investigated, not only by the relevant police authorities, but also the social service and the youth court.
No less than two courts and the police and prosecuting authorities in the respected country have come to the same conclusion.
On 7 May 2012 the youth court considered the allegations against me as well as the best interests of the children. At the hearing, the wife was represented by her advocate, and my advocate, represented me. Neither her nor I were required to be in attendance.
Notwithstanding at least two orders of a court with competent jurisdiction, and the respected country’s authorities finding no evidence of any sexual abuse and/or molestation, the wife forges ahead.
The respected country’s authorities also instituted proceedings in the youth court to establish the veracity of the wife’s allegations and to establish the best interests of the children.

Reality is: The authorities on the child molestation case, that I had opened, did not take any proceedings into any court, not for veracity or any other reason. Not a youth court, not a normal court and not a criminal court. The reason is pure and simple - the case was closed at prosecutor’s level around two and a half weeks after I had approached the police. No social service involvement in child molestation. There was no professional assessment of minor children in a molestation investigation.

This husband states the respected country’s authorities also instituted proceedings in the youth court. This is another lie.
This husband himself, not the authorities in the respected country, started the proceedings in the youth court against me. He gave this youth court a “diary” filled with lies and exaggerations, claiming I am “mentally unstable” and a “danger to my children”. In the top corner of the cover page of his diary is hand written: Deposited at the youth court 19 April 2012. After his deposition, this social service worker visits the house and on 23 April 2012 I receive a notice for a divorce hearing dated 30 April 2012.
Some have told me there was a letter as well that this husband wrote to the youth court, but they did/cannot bring forth this letter.

A combination of this husband’s declarations/statements in our native country’s court on the respected
country’s court procedures, reveals the following procedure:
This husband says he had been on trial twice in the respected country for child molestation in procedures that actually stopped at the prosecutor’s office. During this “molestation trial” (where no child has been assessed in an investigation), where he is absent (not required to be in attendance), the court gives him full temporary custody of the children he is on trial for molesting. In this same trial his wife is declared “mentally unstable”, finding her to be a “physical and mental danger” to her children without a psychiatric certificate or an evaluation ordered.

With me asking our native country’s court to intervene in protection of my children on a criminal aspect, this husband continues the above sham, stating:
In essence the relief sought by the wife in the previous application amounted to her asking that this native country’s court sits as a court of appeal against the orders of the respected country’s court.
Then this husband feels himself justified in stating:
The wife is opportunistic and mischievous in launching present proceedings.

This husband informed his advocate in the respected country of me having approached our native country’s court and that he and the children are prohibited from leaving our native country until an investigation for molestation has been completed. The advocate of this husband wrote a letter to the general prosecutor of this respected country, also stating:
The mother has introduced a petition to the judicial authorities in their native country to ask for the custody of the children.
This order is also in violation of the articles 1a and 3a of the Hague Convention 25 October 1980, without prejudice to any other text. I thank you to take in charge that file to grant the immediate return of the children.
I also insist in the fact that the case is urgent as the children are going to school in this country and they have to start their school year.
On the statement of me asking for custody of the children in our native country, this is an exaggerated statement.
This husband counters his own respected country’s advocate, stating my aim in our native country’s court as the following:
The wife approached our native country’s court on or about 13 August 2012 for relief, which included an interdict that I may not remove the minor children from our native country, pending finalisation of an investigation by the office of the Family Advocate and/or Department of Social Service.

I applied for an interim order, for permission to have the children in my care during the investigation, knowing that they would need to return to the respected country because of their domicile.
I also put forth that the children be placed in protective custody.
My reasons for this were: You cannot expect a child that is aware of being small, vulnerable and in their minds completely dependent for survival on an abusive person, to rebel against that authority.
This “hostage scenario” is the situation that had been created for these children.

This husband’s advocate in the respected country thought that the Hague Convention is applicable. The Hague Convention is (www.paris-law.com/articles/International_Child_Abduction_and_the_Hague_Conventionin.htm):
(As a practical matter, term "wrongful removal or retention" means removal of the child from his or her country of "habitual residence", unless prior to such removal the left-behind parent so consents in writing or there is a judicial order authorising the removal and due process had been afforded to the left-behind parent.)
This Hague convention was by no means applicable to this case. I had not removed the children out of their country of habitual residence. This father did this himself. The children were not in my care. They were in his parents’ care. The court case in our native country was on a criminal matter - child molestation. Our native country signed the Hague Convention, subjective to it's laws.

A Hague “application” was submitted by the respected country, in this sections are left void and information negated.

Under place where the child should be: is inserted the house address in the respected country.
Under place where the child is thought to be: is left void

Under this is the question for the information concerning the person alleged to have removed or is retaining the child: this is void

Accompanying this “Hague application” is a letter written by the same prosecutor that wrote an email to our native country’s authorities in which he states “the wife is mentally unstable and/or a witch and a satanist.

With this “Hague application”, this husband in our native country’s court stated:

In this regard I record that the Central Authority of the respected country have requested the Central Authority in our native country to take all necessary steps in terms of the provision of the Hague Convention on the Civil Aspect of Child Abduction, to secure the return of the three minor children to the respected country.

This “Hague application” in its inadequate state, stopped the investigation into the best interests of the children in our native country. I quote this father openly stating this:

My attorney has been advised by the advocate of the Family Advocate’s Office that she cannot in these circumstances proceed with an investigation into the best interests of the children until such time as the proceedings in terms of the Hague convention have been finalised.

A legal convention that was instituted to aid people was used in an abusive manner.

Until today this husband and his advocate states with bravado and drama in the respected country’s court that they made a “Hague application”.

I have not studied law, but these actions by them are more in line with aiding injustice.

This father’s advocate in the respected country continues with.

The case is urgent the children are going to school and have to start their school year.

This father himself keeps the children out of compulsory, punishable by law, school of the respected country.

The respected country’s authorities, throughout my activities in my native country, reacted as such:

They immediately approached our native country’s authorities with a “Hague convention application” (half completed, but obviously excepted by our native country) to charge me with kidnapping on no grounds.

In the beginning of July 2012 I had asked my advocate in the respected country to appeal on this respected country’s ruling to give full temporary custody to this father, but received no reply.

After this husband received notification that my case was accepted into our native country’s court, I received notification from the respected country on 4 September 2012 that this appeal is scheduled for 18 September 2012.

This appeal was then postponed for reasons that did not deter the respected country’s authorities in making their decisions to start with. Neither this husband nor I were present in the first court hearing when they gave this husband full temporary custody.

This was just in time for this husband to state in our native country’s court:

The wife has noted an appeal against the orders of the youth court, which appeal is scheduled for hearing on or about 18 September 2012. In the result she is forum shopping, which constitute nothing more than vexatious and malicious litigation.

For Forum shopping to be applicable the bases of the case needs to be the same. There was never a molestation court case in the respected country.

The respected country’s authorities appointed the Family advocates office in our native country to represent them. These claimed the children had received all and every help needed and constantly repeated “over
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evaluation is not good”.

There was no evaluation and no report of an evaluation either.

This husband’s divorce was added to the mix. I quote him:

For reasons I do not canvass herein, the marriage relationship between the wife and me deteriorated to such an extent, that I instituted divorce proceedings in the respected country during or about April 2012. The divorce proceedings are pending and have not been finalised.

I will canvass this husband’s reasons for divorce, as he has put this in his divorce papers delivered 23 April 2012, in short:

This husband claims that I am accusing him unjustly of molesting his children since March 2012.

He claims I am violent. This father claims I am mentally unstable and refuses treatment. He says I have contact with a Christian sect. He says I smoke. He says I have no respect for him.

The central authorities in our native country received emails from the central authorities in the respected country that contained false information on the children’s language skills. Also creating the false impression that everybody communicated with my children. I quote extracts from emails by a high ranking official in the respected country:

As regards hearings of the children by the police, the doctors and the social investigator, the lawyer of this husband indicates to me that the parties were able to express themselves in English including the children. The children were also able to express themselves in this respected country’s language in particular the elder ones who goes to school in this country and who thus speak without problem this language. According to the lawyer he confirms that the children were not confronted with any language barrier and that they expressed themselves freely that allows it their young age.

This respected country’s official had a social service report on this case and in this the opposite is clearly stated: The children hardly speak at school. They virtually only speak their native language.

The central authorities of our native country questioned these language facts, asking for another opinion other than this husband’s lawyer.

Then the general advocate of the prosecutor’s office of the respected country wrote an email to the central authorities of our native country, calling me mentally unstable and/or a witch and a satanist. Our native country’s authorities did a language assessment on the children and found: The minor children are only able to communicate in their native language and are not able to fluently understand the respected country’s language and understand no English.

After all these clear motivationally intended discrepancies, our native country’s court passed the buck back to the respected country. Ruling Lis pendens, saying there is an appeal in the respected country’s court hanging and the native country cannot also rule on this same matter. Or using the Hague convention, saying there is no reason for our native country to interfere when the respected country is capable of taking care of the children in their jurisdiction. Also finding me vexatious and “Forum shopping” in trying to protect my children. This indicates that this husband’s charade of “twice in court for molestation” was either believed due to lack of care/interest or purposely to prevent a child molestation investigation.

This husband was allowed to leave the country back to the respected country. Included in this order was that all the court documents needed to be communicated to the respected country for further investigation and consideration. I appealed in our native country against this decision to let the children go without an evaluation.

This was when this father crossed the border into the neighbouring country. He sent the eldest child’s original passport back into our native country for a “residence permit”. He felt unable to wait for this in our native country with all the procedures running, but in the appeal court claimed he had always planned the trip to the neighbouring country. When in his previous affidavit he stated his plans were to return directly to the respected country. Then, according to this father, he was “stuck” in this neighbouring country without a
passport for the eldest child to cross the border with - having handed in a child’s passport in applying for a residence permit for the respected country. But a month and a half before he crossed this border, a new passport for this eldest child was collected. Meaning he had two passports for this child. He omits this in his court statements. This husband claiming in the appeal court he cannot leave the neighbouring country until he received the child’s passport back was a lie. He was not “stuck” but by choice stayed out of our native country’s authorities jurisdiction. Meaning he directly and with intent avoided an appeal court and police investigations into child molestation.
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Addition 5
Still no assessment

In the respected country my children received no help, was not assessed and were simply placed in full temporary custody of this husband.
In attempts to block me from getting help in our native country’s court, claims were made by this father and his advocate that my children had received play therapy in the respected country. The following claims are made in this father’s advocate’s replies to court (I added dates for clarity) and I quote:

This father was interrogated for two days by the youth police. [Around 12 April 2012] - The charges were dismissed [19 April 2012] as false and no criminal prosecution was instituted.
The social service worker conducted a full investigation into the allegations of molestation.

The social service worker states she was at the house afternoon 2 May 2012. She handed in her report to court the morning of 4 May 2012.
Their claim of her “full child molestation investigation” did not even constitute two days.
This social service worker claims to have been in the house around two weeks after the molestation charge against this husband was stopped. This means she was not involved in an investigation into allegations of child molestation as is continuously claimed.

I continue quoting the false claims in our native country’s court on this social service worker’s “involvement in an investigation of molestation”:

Her investigation included interviewing the applicant, 1st Respondent, all three children, the eldest children’s respective teachers, the doctor that had done the two children’s physical examination and youth police investigative officer.

It is claimed this social service worker’s investigation included interviewing “all three children”. Neither of these social workers present during the unannounced visit to the house spoke to any of the children, let alone three children. The youngest child was two years old. It was impossible for them to speak to these children.
The children did not speak any language to the extent that they could understand what the children were saying or that the children could understand them.
Even this social service worker in her report comments that the children virtually only speak their native language.
The claims continued unabashed, and I quote:
The children also participated in play therapy.

There is no document in our native country’s court or the respected country’s court that proves this statement.
This is said scrupulously by this husband, his legal representation and the family advocates representing the respected country in our native country’s court.

This husband elaborated on these impressions by making the following statements in our native country’s court:
- Also part of the investigations, the children were subjected to no less than 2 sessions of interactional/play therapy by a psychologist.
- On 3 May 2012 the mother was interviewed by the child psychologist during her session of all three boys.
- On 22 June 2012, I together with the two youngest children partook in a interactional session when this same psychologist interviewed me. The eldest child was not part of the session as he was at school.
- As set out hereinbefore, the children have been assessed by a psychologist in the respected country. The mother is fully aware thereof as she was present during at least one of the two sessions.
- The authorities in the respected country have done everything they had to do to establish the best interest of the children.

This husband says “also part of the investigations”. The dates he gives, 3 May 2012 and 22 June 2012, are not in the scope of the police case that was stopped on 19 April 2012.
This husband says “no less than 2 sessions of interactional/play therapy”. Several sessions are needed for a psychologist to do an evaluation. The 3 May 2012 session was about 20min and was only to see if the second child is autistic.
As for interactional/play therapy: en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Parent–child_interaction_therapy - Parent–Child
Interaction Therapy (PCIT) is a form of behavioural-parent training for children ages 2–7 and their caregivers. It is an evidence-based treatment (EBT) for young children with emotional and behavioural disorders that places emphasis on improving the quality of the parent-child relationship and changing parent-child interaction patterns and is for a child displaying behavioural problems.

This while this husband and his advocate claims in court the children are doing very well and is fine. After seeing this husband’s lies and false impressions in our native country’s court, I phoned this psychologist that saw the second child to determine autism on 3 May 2012. I asked her to write a statement saying what the purpose of that meeting was. She refused and then asked me if we are going to keep to the appointment for the children that afternoon? This was in September 2012. The children were not even in the respected country at the time. This psychologist that apparently did interactional therapy with these children seemed to be unaware that this father had full temporary custody and was doing his utmost ensuring the children and their mother had no contact.

The psychologist mentioned here, who supposedly did interactional/play therapy, does not speak these minor children’s native language and they spoke very little of her language. By all psychologist standards it is required that a minor child be assisted, evaluated or treated in his/her first language.

These children had, to date, not been assessed/evaluated for molestation by a professional. This husband and Co’s statements claiming, or trying to create an impression of a different situation, are pure lies.

This husband/father also made the following statement in our native country’s court and I quote: The children’s interests cannot and will not be served by subjecting them to continuous evaluations. This husband/father’s above statement is nothing but pseudo reasoning. The correct statement is: The abuser’s interests cannot and will not be served by subjecting small victims to continuous evaluations. This husband/father with his words and actions also ensures that evaluation/assessment of these children are avoided.

There had been no evaluations. The impression this husband/father wants to create with his statement is that an evaluation, or even more than one, is detrimental to a child. It is not harmful to a child.
Addition 6
Rumour and incident

I quote the social service worker:

The mother appears to have lost touch with reality and is impervious to say critical thought with regard to the allegations of sexual abuse.

Her fixed idea is entrenched in her head and she cannot extract herself.

This social service worker, under “mother’s point of view” writes:

Well before the marriage the father had explained to the mother that it would be very easy to ruin somebody’s life by lying and gave the example that colleagues had started a rumour that the father like boys. Today the mother is wondering whether that rumour was true.

These are not my words nor the words this husband used when telling me of his rumour. Comparing the social service worker’s statement and this husband’s own statement six months later one notices the following words correlating: lying/lie, example and ruining a life. I quote this father’s statement for comparison:

Prior to our marriage I relayed a story to the wife as an example of how a lie can ruin someone’s life.

This social service worker also writes this mother who is impervious to critical thought on molestation and cannot extract herself, is just… wondering… if this father’s rumour of preferring little boys is true.

This husband makes the following statement in our native country’s court. I quote:

Pursuant to the wife’s baseless accusations of molestation, the authorities in the respected country instituted criminal investigations against me, which investigations exonerated me.

It cannot be said that there had been a thorough investigation.

It is worthwhile to determine if this husband’s word use, consisting of “baseless accusations”, are correct.

1.1. I quote this husband’s own statement:

Prior to our marriage I relayed a story to the wife as an example of how a lie can ruin someone’s life. During or about 1995 and at a work function attended by various of my former colleagues, I was told that people were spreading rumours that I preferred young boys.

1.2. This is an extract of a testimony by a friend of this husband, stating (date of statement 29/08/2012):

I want to state that approximately 10+years ago my friend mentioned to me that he had been informed by a third party that “two people” were overheard in a pub stating that he likes young boys — or something to that effect. These people were former colleagues of his. He was taken aback by this and confronted one of both by phone — who either replied that they were joking or denied they actually said this - I cannot remember the details of the response.

1.3. I myself would like to make the following statement: This husband also told me of his rumour. About 2004 (nine years after he says this rumour was spread) this husband said to me that two guys were saying he prefers little boys. I asked why they would say this and he replied they were trying to discredit him and wanted his job. I asked him where he was working and he gave the name of a country in Africa.

After having spoken to my mother end 2011, on the incident she witnessed, I also confronted this husband on this rumour, asking him the names of the people who had said this and I asked him if he had sued them. He gave the exact names as the friend that made this statement and replied he did not sue them saying when he phoned them they denied having said this.

From this husband saying to his friend “a third party informed him” (in statement 1.2) and he himself saying, “I was told…..” one can make the deduction that someone was told or had overheard this. On top of this, it is also clear that this husband continued spreading his rumour himself, for example, he confirms he had told me before our marriage (in statement 1.1) and this friend says he had told him (in statement 1.2). His actions of sharing his rumour was done several years after the date is was initially said.

This husband now says he spread this rumour himself as an example of how a lie can ruin someone’s life.
Ruining someone’s life entails: the possibility of never having a financial income; loosing your social standing; loosing friends; loosing family, etc.

A lie or not a lie is of absolutely no consequence in a rumour situation. What is the determining factor is how many people hear this rumour and to what degree it is believed by those that hear it.

A good question in a situation like this is: would you want a rumour spread around that could ruin your life? No, normally an interdict is obtained against the people spreading slanderous rumours — to silence them.

This husband continued telling others that people are saying he prefers little boys. It appears he always attached some explanation for steering the person he speaks to into believing the rumour is not true and creating the perception of being a victim.

2. The next announcement of this husband was end 2011 when he told me my mother had called him a pedophile in February 2009.

I quote two extracts from this husband’s court statements:

**Furthermore, during or about February 2009 my mother-in-law insinuated to me that I was molesting my children…**

**During or about November 2011, the wife and I invited our pastor to dinner to address our deteriorating marriage relationship. I also relayed (in this meeting) an incident during or about February 2009, when the mother-in-law insinuated that I had molested my eldest child.**

2.1. I quote the mother-in-law’s statement:

The mother was out. The eldest child was sleeping on the bed in the next room. I was feeding the second child banana in my room and wanted to ask this father, who I heard entering this room, about some matter. I went to the next door bedroom. On approaching the doorway I saw this father lying on his side on the bed, with his back to the door, next to the eldest child. This father did not hear me approaching. The eldest child was lying on his back. To me it looked like he was sleeping. This father’s right hand fingers were up to his knuckles inside the eldest child’s nappy.

I asked this father what is he doing? I was shocked and it felt surreal. I walked out of the bedroom and stood in the sitting room. This father followed me. I grabbed his hand and said urgently, “You know what I suspected. Is it true?” He kept hold of my hands and said, “No mom, he pinched me and I pinched him back,”…

2.2. This husband’s version in his court statement of this incident is as follows:

The wife and the second child were out for a moment and I was trying to put the eldest child down for his afternoon nap.

The grandmother walked into the room just as I had jokingly pinching the eldest’s child’s bum; he having pinched my nose.

She having stormed out of the bedroom, I followed my mother-in-law to the living room where she insinuated that I had molested the eldest child. I denied her insinuations in the strongest terms.

His explained actions do not correlate with his said intentions with the child. For example, he says his intention was trying to get his two year old child to sleep. But his actions were jokingly pinching the child. This is not how you put a child to sleep.

He further says the grandmother walked into the room…(gap)… and stormed out. This gap does not explain why he left the “still awake” child and followed this silent mother-in-law with nothing, according to him, having been done by him or said by her.

This incident is briefly mentioned in the social service worker’s report:

**The mother claims that her mother had seen the father had his hand in one of the boy’s nappies.**

And according to the social service worker this husband said and I quote: **The father said that the role his mother-in-law plays in this situation is not negligible. In fact the mother-in-law claimed that she saw the father with his hand in the eldest child’s nappy, since which time she considered the father to be a pedophile.**
2.3. My mother discussed the incident with her house doctor. Her statement dated 1 August 2012:

My patient told me 27 February 2009 during a consultation that she caught her son in law with his hand in her grandson’s front part of his nappy. It happened in her flat. Her son in law and grandson were lying on a bed. She was still very upset when she told me, even though her son in law tried to convince her that nothing was wrong.

2.4. This husband now claims my mother was not kind to him during our years of marriage. I quote him:

The fact that I sponsor her financially to visit her daughter and her grandchildren does not seem to curb her unadulterated mistrust and hatred for me.

During my mother-in-laws three month visit in March 2010 the wife’s mother provoked me to such an extent that I put my foot down and I refused to extend any further visiting invitations to my mother-in-law.

She has a nasty habit of attacking me in my own home, threatening me that she will take away my wife and children, she criticises me unreasonably and generally seeks to undercut me in my own home.

I have never seen my mother being unreasonable with this husband or her having hatred for him. On the contrary when I, over the years, tried explaining my marital situation to her she would say this husband takes care of me very well and I just have too much hay on my fork.

Her opinion changed after she witnessed this husband’s emotionally abusive behaviour towards me during her visit with the third child’s birth March 2010.

This husband also phoned my mother, since our marriage, around once every two months until beginning 2010. When, at this time, she witnessed his inappropriate and abusive behaviour towards me and confronted him about it.

This husband said he sponsored his mother-in-law financially with all her visits. He did up to beginning 2010 and she was very grateful and thought him to be very generous and kind and even repaid him some.

The history does not correlate with this husband’s general statements now of “she does not seem to curb her unadulterated mistrust and hatred for me.”

This father’s word use, in all his statements on this incident in 2009, is “my mother-in-law insinuated to me that I was molesting my children”

But during the meeting with the pastor this husband did not say my mother insinuated. His exact word use was “your mother called me a pedophile”. I suspect he partly did this on purpose to upset me. My problem is there was in fact a suspicious incident.

This husband now claims his mother-in-law has threatened to take away his wife and children. But her actions prove she showed concern for his marriage and arranged marriage counselling for us with our consent.

I quote an extract from the testimony of the marriage counsellor dated 17 December 2012:

I hereby declare having been contacted by telephone in 2010 by the mother-in-law who was very concerned about her daughter and her son-in-laws relationship. She was here on holiday and had suggested they get marriage counselling. She contacted me for an appointment. I met the couple in March 2010… I observed a violent outburst in my office when “this husband” left the session in a rage…, etc.

2.5. Neither this husband nor my mother informed me at the time of this incident that took place in February 2009. The first I heard of it was from this husband around three years later in the meeting with the pastor around end November 2011.

The social service worker states this as such and I quote: In November 2011, supported by her own mother, she said that she realised her situation was unhappy. This vaguely described “situation” by this social service worker, is this husband unexplainably telling me during the meeting with the pastor, “Your mother called me a pedophile.” This social service worker uses the word “situation” to describe incomprehensible actions of this husband. This word “situation” in her report is used to describe another confusing action of this husband — when this husband approached an organisation for support of abused children for support and help for himself as an adult. According to the social service report this organisation states: This father’s request was finding out how he could change the situation.

This husband confirms in his court statements that he told me only three years later in the meeting with the pastor.
This husband’s reason for his delay in not telling me of this incident in beginning 2009 is, and I quote him:

*I took great exception against the insinuations, but never told the wife thereof previously, as I did not wish to create further tension in the already tenuous relationship between her and her mother.*

He claims he kept quiet for his wife and her mother’s relationship, not wishing to create tension.

I quote this “nice” father/husband again:

*During my mother-in-laws three month visit in March 2010 the wife’s mother provoked me to such an extent that I put my foot down and I refused to extend any further visiting invitations to my mother-in-law.*

*Just to spite me, my mother-in-law did visit the respected country during January 2011, without my consent.*

(She actually visited her daughter and her grandchildren, because she missed us. The visit was also planned for when he was away from home for an extended period on his own schedule.)

*I advised the wife and her mother that I would obtain a court order if necessary to prevent my mother-in-law from entering my home again.*

This husband never phoned or spoke to my mother between the period of April 2010 and 10 June 2012. However the social worker in her report May 2012 states under stress factors for this father, I quote her: *provocation by the mother and the mother-in-law;*

After this husband’s divulgence of this incident in my mother’s apartment, his manner of dealing with my enquiries and concern was harassing, plaguing, threats and pressure. I quote him: *On the advice of my lawyers, I did take photographs of the children, the cigarettes in the wife’s bag and in the dustbin, rotting food in the house, the general unkept state of the home.*

*I also have pictures of the stove plates that the wife (or children) forgot to switch off.*

*I admit that I have threatened with legal action against the wife and her mother for falsely accusing me of molestation.*

*With the wife’s constant accusations of molestation against me and her increasingly irrational and unreasonable behaviour, I was advised by my lawyers in the respected country to obtain evidence of such behaviour. This I did by taking photographs and making recordings when the wife was acting out.*

*I found an empty cigarette packet in the trashcan in my room. The boys use this trashcan to throw their dirty diapers in!*  

*Also saw a full packet of cigarettes in her handbag, which she carries around.*

*I was busy in my bedroom writing in my diary summarising the events of the day.*

*I was away from home for most of January and February 2012 for business and compulsory recurrent training in the Netherlands and the United States of America.*

Added actions of this husband were: He took pictures of everything and made recordings of every conversation we had. I also suspect that he cut and pasted conversations, because he tried to goad me into voicing the word pedophile.

*He invaded my privacy, which included reading my emails, going through my belongings, removing things like house entry devices and taking pictures of my private belongings. And according to a friend’s testimony this husband told her he obtained the help of an ex colleague of his to monitor my mobile conversations.*

*He started a “diary”. If you asked him to give you his yearly personal diary, summarising the events of his day, he would not be able to.*

*He became secretive. He had sole access to the apartment, after having taken the keys. He stayed away more and did not tell me of his movements, saying it had nothing to do with me. When at home, he stayed mostly in his bedroom, exiting mainly for eating, goading or criticising me.*

*He started controlling me financially and forced me to lower my credit card limit, with threats of withdrawing himself financially from us.*

*He orally attacked me for the smallest of incidents or mistakes. This he also did during our marriage, but he increased these attacks for all of my actions — he did this in front of the children.*

*He also orally attacked me for starting to question and change his excessive control that he wanted me to enforce on the children. I gave the children more freedom against his wishes. For example, allowing them to eat while watching television.*

This husband’s advocate openly admits in court having advised this husband to harass and provoke his wife in her shocked state. She acts as if this is now an excuse for harassment which is a criminal offence. She, an advocate trained in law, confesses to being the kingpin. She further implies that her client, this husband, is her puppet and will do whatever she instructs. She also implies that this husband is incapable of making his own
decisions and is incapable of deciphering between right and wrong for himself. It is obvious that this husband had no problem to follow advice like this.

Let’s compare for interest sake the appropriate response of an innocent, caring man to this husband’s behaviour. For example: Would an innocent man downright lie to create an impression in court of being a victim? Would an innocent man block the telephone so his wife cannot phone internationally to her mother in her stress. Would an innocent man become excessively secretive, etc?

Another observation is: This husband started with harassing, oppressive and abusive actions straight after the meeting with the pastor. This is four months before I approached the police. However, this husband says in his court statements, and I quote: I made contact with various attorneys in an attempt to obtain assistance. However, when the wife laid criminal charges, I was left in the lurch. I eventually obtained the services of these advocates…

On whose advice did he do his initial harassment? His diary on the dates I went to the police explicitly specify he recorded me.

3. 27 March 2012 my eldest child told me his father makes “foody” from his penis and puts it in his mouth. The second child, directly after his brother, said that his father puts the “foody” in his bum. Later they said this father’s father and youngest brother do the same. This father takes them to a place they call the “zoo”. They said he took them there when this father told me he is taking them to the bank. They said they did not go to a bank but to this place. There are several rooms at this “zoo”. The youngest go to a room “where the animals don’t bite”. The second child goes to a room “where the animals bite”. Their father leaves them alone in between people. The eldest said he tries to hide between parked cars. They come looking for him. The people scream “bloody” when they try to run away (the children screamed this in the respected country’s accent with deep voices). The people are not dressed like animals — but they “bite”. The eldest child named a neighbour that has stayed with him between the people, while he says his father is busy with “ugly things”. There are men, women and other children, etc.

This husband took them by train. The closest animal park cannot be reached by train. The closest zoo cannot be reached by train and is about 70 kilometres from us.

The following is the social worker’s comments on the above information:

**The mother does not for one-second doubt the truth of her young children’s words.**
**The mother is convinced of the truth of her children’s words and has not doubt about what her sons say.**

This is all she comments. What my sons had told me is not quoted in this report.

This husband/father responded to these statements in our native country’s court in the following manner:

- The wife, being obsessed by her view that I molest the children, naturally seeks to find confirmation of her suspicions in the most mundane and innocent events and gestures.
- I genuinely fear that the wife, being so obsessed by her suspicions that I molest the children, are in fact indoctrinating the children and placing words in their mouths.
- I submit that the wife, in view of her obsession in regards my molesting the children, sees “evidence” of such alleged molestation everywhere.
- I submit it is clear that the wife will not cease her irrational, unfounded and malicious allegations. The social service report, as well as the report of the psychologist clearly confirms the wife’s obsessions in regards her allegations of molestation.
- As is set out hereinbefore, it is relatively recently that the wife has adopted the obsession that I in fact molest our children and subject them to pedophiles.

- Inasmuch as I am unaware of “the place” the wife refers to, and further that I deny that I have ever molested my children and/or subjected them to a ring of pedophiles, as alleged by the wife, I have no doubt that the wife’s scare mongering, coupled with the boys’ vivid imaginations, may lead to the boys telling fanciful stories.
- The incident referred to herein, is a figment of the wife’s imagination.
- All three boys, but more so the eldest two children, have very vivid imaginations. They love animals and fondly remember a visit to the zoo quite some time ago.
- I refer, however, to what is set out hereinbefore in relation to the children’s vivid imaginations and the wife’s
scare mongering.
- I refer to what is set out hereinbefore in relation to all three children’s imaginations and the wife’s scare mongering.
- I deny that any such conversation related herein ever took place between the wife and me. It is a figment of her imagination.
- I refer to what is set out hereinbefore in relation to the wife’s scare mongering and the children’s vivid imaginations.
- These allegations are figments of the wife’s imagination. I deny them.

Would “imagination” or “obsession” explain the following:
This husband indoctrinated our native country’s court into believing he had already been on trial for child molestation in the respected country’s court.
He manipulatively lied in our native country’s court, saying the children received play therapy in the respected country’s molestation investigation, when this is not the truth.
He took the children across the border into a neighbouring country, out of jurisdiction of the court and the police, who wanted to have professional assessments done in their investigations of molestation.

The above is not the only lies and false impressions he creates.
After I heard the children say that this husband’s father and his youngest brother do the same, I took a long shot, asking this husband if his whole family is involved. I wanted to see this husband’s response. His response was not denying or admitting, but saying he is recording me. To which I said he can record me. Later, that same evening, I overheard him in his room saying in our native language, “She knows. The children told her.”
This husband in his diary, in April 2012, to the respected country’s court wrote:
*I also made four voice recordings to which the wife consented. On these recordings she accuses my whole family of being involved in molestation and also my grandfather who had passed away long ago.*

But five months later this husband’s advocate, in our native country’s court, made the following statement on this same topic:
**28 August 2012 - I am further instructed that at no stage, prior to service of the present application, has the wife made any allegations of molestation against the children’s grandparents and/or uncle.**

4. As I have said before, in the social service worker’s report in the respected country, there is no mention of my children’s words, “Daddy makes foody from his penis,” etc.
What is said is under Parents point of view: Mother
**During the “wrestling” games, the father always tickled the children in the crotch. He pinched their thighs. When he pinned them down the children laughed and also cried for their mother to come to help them. The mother does not think that this was play activity.**

These “wrestling” activities of this husband is described in detail in chapter 5.
I did not like the rendering helpless, physically hurting, invasive actions that included manipulation by calling it “play activity”. I do not think an adult or parent should “play” with or around a child’s private areas. I have since found out that these “play activities” that involves an adult touching in/or around a child’s private areas are called grooming in pedophiliac terms.
Groping a person’s private area without consent, is considered a felony and sexual assault. Groping a child, including your own for purposes other than sanitary/medical, compares to sexually assaulting a disabled person. This social service worker says she is a psychologist. She should be aware of the fact that there are boundaries involving physical contact, also with easily indoctrinated small children.

**At one point the mother witnessed her two older children touching each other’s sexual organs.** **When asked whether she considered that it would be normal for children of a young age to have masturbatory behaviour, the mother confirmed that her boys did not masturbate.**

I witnessed my two older children had dragged a large pouf cushion away from its normal place and out of sight of the stairs. They had taken off all their clothes. The smaller of the two children was lying down wriggling his body, and touching the eldest child who was sitting upright with his legs open, on his penis. When I told them what they are doing is wrong the eldest child (then age 4 years) asked, “It is?” And the
younger child (then age 3 years) replied, “I like it.” Their response indicated to me that this behaviour is not a once off occurrence for them, but I had not seen it before.

Four months after me having told this to this social service worker, in this husband’s presence, he comments on the incidents as such:
- I have no knowledge of the allegations contained herein and find it disconcerting that the wife has not made mention to me earlier of the boys’ behaviour.
- Mindful of the children’s ages, it does not surprise me entirely that the boys would play with each other and themselves and discover sexual gratification.

It is not possible to deduct from his statements if the children’s behaviour upsets him, or if he finds it normal that toddlers/minors (two boys) discover sexual gratification together. His word use of, “would play” - once again these actions do not fall in the category of “play activity” for a child.

Pursuant to the wife’s baseless accusations of molestation, the authorities in the respected country instituted criminal investigations against me, which investigations exonerated me.

No proper investigation was done and this husband saying “the wife’s baseless accusations” is incorrect. There definitely is this husband’s rumour of preferring boys; there is also a very questionable incident involving this husband and a child; there is behaviour of the children indicating sexualization, my children’s words were very clear involving their father’s actions; their word’s involving a “zoo” that they are taken too, does not correlate with a normal zoo which they have been to; this husband’s own statements and his actions is not normal.

The social service worker says: The mother appears to have lost touch with reality and is impervious to say critical thought with regard to the allegations of sexual abuse.

A few in touch realities: There is no locks on the doors she said I used to lock my children in at night. She was also not in my house at night. There was no school that afternoon she said a child had school and she had spoken to a teacher. One cannot in fact witness missing hamsters in the air. A pizza cannot be cut into a thousand pieces, be massacred or represent a parent. She is not a witness to any of her statements and accusations. She was not employed to write a report on pet hamsters. She omits her own inappropriate behaviour during her visit, in her report.

And boundaries need to be set on reckless, endless space for uncritical thought on sexual child abuse. It emotionally, mentally and physically endangers the weakest in society.
Addition 7
Always contact with his children

This husband starts off his diary to the respected country’s court by creating the impression that I made his contact with his children, while he was away for work, difficult. But to create this impression, he needed to lie. I quote from this husband’s court diary:

I called my home from abroad and could not get any reply, nor on my wife’s cell phone.
The next day in the afternoon I got hold of my family! My wife and the children had gone and slept in a Youth Hostel for the night. Her reason was that our middle child did not want to sleep in the house, as he was scared of a fire!

Question is why she did not contact me and inform me? So I know and could have peace of mind!
I am not consulted in any of the actions, and or decisions being taken or done. She does everything by herself and on own decision with informing me or consulting with me! (This is as he had said it.)

This husband says he called his home that night. But he did not. The night of 16 March 2012 he was not reachable on any of his contact numbers or Skype. My conclusion at the time was that he was working. There were also no incoming missed calls from anyone. That night my children were scared and I made a decision that would calm everyone, without hurting anyone or ignoring anyone. Rationally thinking there should not be a problem with this decision.
The Skype record shows two missed calls from this husband the next morning 17.3.2012 at 9:42 & 10:30. I phoned him back at 2:24PM, after things had settled down with the children.

This husband was completely uninformed that night, did not wonder where we were and did have “peace of mind”. It was not uncommon for him not to make contact for a day or two when he was away on his trips.

The next diary insert is on 18 May 2012 and I quote this husband: (eldest son’s Birthday) I called home and requested them to go on Skype. My wife immediately told me that she could not talk now as she is busy preparing supper and the children are in the bath! And that I should call later. I asked her that it would be better if they called me as I would wait and stay on Skype. Her reply to me was that if she will remember, as the boys have to go to bed early!

This is where this diary entry stops. No further information is given and the reason for this is:
The Skype record on 18.3.2012 shows that I did call him back, three times, after his call to me at 6:44 PM. He omits this on purpose, since it does not fit into the picture he is creating.
The Skype record for the same day also shows that, for the eldest son’s birthday, I made a conference call with him and his family on the farm at 1:35 PM. At 2:06 PM there is another call to him with the duration of 36 minutes, as well as two calls he did not pick up at 4:37 PM. This information is also omitted from his diary.

This husband’s next diary insert is 24 March 2012 and I quote him: I called home on Skype on 24 March 2012 after arriving at my destination at around 17h10. My wife did not answer the telephone but sent a message on Skype that the children are still sleeping and that they will call when the children are awake. THEY DID NOT CALL BACK AT ALL.
The capital letters are as he had written it.
I did miss his call. But there is no record on Skype of a message sent to him, on this date, that I will call, but did not call, as he states.

The following is the next diary entry. I quote him: On March 25 I called at around 09h00 on the home phone, as it was the youngest child’s birthday. I asked that they please go on Skype. She told me that she does not really have any time as she has to prepare for church. I requested that she goes on Skype briefly so I could talk with the children. I called on Skype and she did not have the camera switched on. I asked her to switch it on and she replied that they are busy looking at photographs and could not have the camera on. Having the camera on does not affect you watching photographs!!!
I requested they call me back after they are finished watching photographs. I do not understand such behaviour? The wife does not have time as she has to prepare for Church? She has time to watch photographs? So whom am I the father who wants to wish his youngest son Happy Birthday?
They did not call back so I called just before they left for Church. She made a lot of noise with the pots and pans (Kitchen utensils) in the back ground so I had great difficulty to hear what the children were saying!
SUMMARY: Discipline: When talking on a telephone or by Skype Silence is required. This should be taught as an example to the children. If you as parent does not set the example the children will also not have any respect for silence when talking by telephone or Skype!

The Skype record 25.3.2012 shows:
This husband phoned, the first call 9:02 AM duration 1:28. The second call 9:24 AM duration 0.00. This means there was no conversation at all. No wife and children looking at pictures when having to prepare for church, etc.
This husband continues and says, “They did not call back so I called just before they left for church.” The Skype record does not show a call from him just before we left for church.
What it does show is that I phoned him, three times, just before leaving for church: 9:59 on his cellular (because he was not Skype online) duration 24 seconds; 10:00 AM again, but the call did not go through; another attempt at 10:00 AM for the duration of 7 minutes.
The Skype record for 25 March 2012 shows the following message sent from me to him at 6:02 PM - the children are still sleeping, busy tidying, will phone when awake. This must be the message he is referring to in this diary insert: I called home on Skype on 24 March 2012… My wife did not answer the telephone but sent a message on Skype that the children are still sleeping and that they will call when the children are awake. THEY DID NOT CALL BACK AT ALL.
The Skype record 25 March 2012 shows that I did phone him back; 6:30 PM duration 1.36min;  8:40 PM duration 17min.

This husband was not done with his games. On top of wanting to create the impression that I had made his long distance contact with his children difficult, he also wanted to create the impression that I had physically withheld him from his children when he was at home.
He makes the following statements in our native country’s court: She would prevent as far as possible that I have any physical contact with my boys-such as bathing them, playing with them and hugging them. My wife is doing her best to intimidate and get the boys against me.

The social service worker in her report states the following:
**Obsessed by the fixed idea that the father was abusing his children she prohibited any physical contact between the father and his children…This father explained that he was afraid that the children would be manipulated and set against him.**

*Each time the children approached their father, therefore the mother watched each gesture and intervened when there was any physical contact. This father does not see how to get out of this situation which is very oppressive for him and his children.*

*This wife does not want the father to play “wrestling” with the boys, she does not want him near them.*
In our native country’s court, after this father/husband had tortured me and my children in doing his best to keep us apart, he says: Further to this she tries at her upmost best to get and create a division between the children and me.

This husband in his diary and statements in courts, counters himself and the social service worker in stating his activities with the children, I quote him:

*The children and I play often. We also enjoy cycling together.*
*The boys and I wrestle often as it is one of their favourite games.*
*Greeted the boys and said Hullo to my wife and her visitor.*
*I played with the boys while they talked.*
*Went outside to play ball with the boys and had a good time.*
*I helped the children get ready and we said supper prayer.*
*Eldest son came up to my bedroom and gave me a hug to say good morning.*
*I spent the afternoon with my sons at the neighbour’s house down the road who has 3 girls nearly the same age as the boys.*
*After supper the boys wants to wrestle with me. We have lots of fun and after which they go down to bath.*
*Our wrestling game involves me gripping the boys between my legs or holding onto their arms and legs, rolling around on the floor and tickling them.*
*After they had finished bathing I went down to say good night to them.*
*Decided to take the children swimming at the swimming pool.*
At the swimming pool the boys and me had a great time and we had lots of fun.
Went down to say good morning to the children.
The 2 eldest boys saw me walking ahead and started running to join me.
After church I played with the children in the open field behind our house. And we had fun together.
The eldest son came up to my room to say good morning and also requested that we call my youngest
The eldest son came up to my room after his afternoon sleep and asked again if we could call to my youngest
Children and the wife started having Pizza for supper in front of a DVD on the iMac computer sitting on a big
cushion. The boys asked me to join them, which I did.
I looked back I stopped to look for a present/toy with which I could play with together with my boys.
She did not allow this and said I could read them a story but that she would read them a bible story and say
bedtime prayers.
I got up said good night to the boys and left to make tea and unpack my suitcase in my room!
I walked back into the house to where the youngest son was in the kitchen and started playing with him. My
wife also came back into the house and started getting busy in the kitchen preparing supper.
Social service report: Since the Easter holidays the minor has been having genuine fits at school when
separating from his mother. When the father brings the child to school, there is no concern.
Having bathed, the smallest child came up to me in the kitchen and indicated that he wanted to play our
wrestling game. This he did by lying on his back on the kitchen floor at my feet. This child and I did play.
Our wrestling game involves me gripping the boys between my legs or holding onto their arms and legs,
rolling around on the floor and tickling them.
Social service report: The father has never visited the teacher until the end of the Easter Holiday (school
started 16 April 2012), since which time he has been in regular contact with the teacher.
The youngest child came into the bedroom to say good morning
He got onto the bed and came to sit next to me pointing to the laptop.
On or about Saturday 21 April 2012, the wife and I decided to visit people. I loaded the eldest two children into
my bicycle trailer and the wife carried the smallest child in his bicycle seat on her bicycle.

These above statements are from this husband himself. It does not create the impression that he was
prevented or prohibited any respectable physical contact with his children. As he himself states, he continued
to have fun.
I did try to stay with the children and not to leave them alone with him. He was aware of this and lured the
children on every available occasion to be alone with him. He disregarded my feelings and anxiety and
recorded when he managed to upset me.
Social service worker: ...she is trying to protect her progeny by making all three of them sleep in her
room.
The smallest child always slept in his cot in my room. I told the second child to sleep in my room, after I found
him on the way up the stairs in the middle of the night. When I asked him where he is going he replied he likes it.
This is also what he said when I found the eldest two children naked and touching private parts. The eldest
the following night wanted to sleep in my room. Following this, this husband started luring the children to sleep
in his bedroom at bedtime and then recorded my reaction.
This social service worker says:
The smallest child had jam on his face and had a runny nose. The father explained that he no longer
had the right to touch his son or be involved in such things.
This husband quotes this social service worker in his statements to our native country's court, saying:
The wife, refusing that I touch the children, do not clean them adequately; allowing them to run around with
faces smeared with jam and mucus.
But this man, in his diary to the respected country's court, states:
I helped the children get ready and we said supper prayer. Got a wet cloth so they could wipe their hands and
faces and we started eating.
From this statement of this husband, he was clearly capable and had the right to be involved in wiping the
hands and faces of his children.

The social service worker and this father/husband created a false impression and used lies in court of me
apparently forbidding contact between this father and his children. The situation created now is my children
and I have no normal contact and this is now claimed to be in the children's best interest.

When theoretically speaking I had a valid reason, after he said he is called a pedophile, in the best interest of the children, to oversee and monitor his behaviour with the children. I actually feel I should have acted more on it.
Addition 8
He has not knowledge

This husband also makes the following statements in our native country’s court:

*The wife was relentless in her accusations and her attempts to provoke me into an emotional outburst.*

*The wife would relentlessly attempt to provoke me into losing my temper.*

One could turn this statement around and then it is the truth. He was relentlessly harassing me, attempting to provoke me into losing my temper.

But in his claims of me being relentless in accusations, in the same affidavit this husband says:

- **I have no personal knowledge** of the conversation between the wife and the eldest two children.
- **The wife has never confronted me** with the eldest child’s allegations.
- **I have no knowledge of the allegations contained herein** and find it disconcerting that **the wife has not made mention to me earlier** of the boys’ behaviour.
- **The wife never expressed concerns** regarding the smallest child having a spotty rash. I never saw such a rash.
- **I have no knowledge of the wife taking** the smallest child to her gynaecologist but question why not our family doctor or a paediatrician?
- **I have no personal knowledge** of the allegations contained herein and deny them
- **Whilst I am unaware of the wife questioning the second child** as to whether or not his grandfather of uncle ever hurt him, I find it very disturbing that she would do so.
- **I am unaware of the wife telling the children to bite** if someone put something in their mouths. This did not happen in front of me.
- **I am unaware of the video the wife is referring to herein** but would welcome a screening thereof. I have **nothing to hide**. (In this video this father, at first unaware that he was being recorded was busy with his “biting snorting” actions on the smallest child’s body. The child calls to me for help and tries to get away. This father becomes aware that he is being recorded. He stops at once, looks uncertain of what to do and then gets up and walks away.)
- **I have no personal knowledge** of the wife having phoned the Youth Police.
- **Save to state that the children told me** that they had accompanied the wife to the Police; I have no personal knowledge of the allegations contained herein.
- **At no stage has the wife ever advised me** of her concerns in this regard.
- **I take note that the wife fails to name the people she knows who are also allegedly present at “the place”**

According to these statements this husband did not have the knowledge. This is because I did not inform him. He was not “relentlessly accused and provoked”:
The following is an example of this husband's relentless attempts to provoke me into emotional outbursts. I quote this father's words in his diary to the respected country's court:

I went upstairs to get them a bedtime story book from the bookshelf. The wife pushed me away from her side of the bookshelf and told me those were her books and for me to get my own children story book to read to them.

I then took a book: "Eden's exiles, one soldiers fight for paradise" It is about the fight against animal poaching.

I thought it to be a good idea to tell the boys about my background who at times had a role in this battle.

I started reading and telling the boys about this and showed them some pictures in the book. The next thing the wife grabbed the book from me and started yelling at me in front of the boys what do I think I am doing reading a book like this to them about soldiers and dead animals! She did her best to get me to loose my temper! I have a definitive feeling that my wife has a mental disturbance which needs urgent attention and treatment.

The following are some of the pictures this father showed to his children.
lights were switched off and everyone in home or quarters. Not a sound was to be
or generator.
track leading through St Michél and fur-
uld have been impossible to transport the
er, as they were not accustomed to riding
st done so when they were much smaller,
ing brightly and it took a great amount of
s on the move. They were nonplussed by
at the same time quite curious about the
ip before them as we headed north.
ice and trepidation, they gingerly made
leathily quiet St Michél, situated on the
ickly wooded sand dune. They glanced at
could see from the road, no doubt taking
of the vehicle park, workshop and refu-
d off into the more acceptable flood plain
St Michél to carry on alone to the lions’
s already a tent in the area which Pine
least someone, whom the lions knew and
and to help them through that first night
lings.
St Michél, the man and the lions turned
a vast flood plain to a dense, far distant
rest ran down to the Quano mainstream
inking site for all sorts of game. It was,
ere their education would enter a whole
m to start hunting on their own but I had
how to go about it. Not even George
much assistance in this respect. All the
, except his, hammered on the fact that it
le to reintroduce tame lions to the wild.
remained optimistic. I had no intention
two huge ravenous lions for the rest of our
ough the night with the two recalcitrant
nts suddenly materialised, moving in the	e to their distant but favoured water hole.
in the modern-day Moses leading a two-

In court, this father did not attach these pictures he showed his children.
This father never got involved with the children’s reading at night time. He did not know where their books are.
He never bought them a book to read.
But, after I had gone to the police, this father becomes involved and these are the pictures he chooses to
show to his children for a bedtime story.

He continues by saying the following in one of his statements:
*The wife has a habit of scaring the children by telling them stories of animals and monsters biting little boys.*

Apart from his bedtime story pictures being scary and not entertainment for children ages 5, 3 and 2, there is
also a picture of a lion chasing a man. My second child was having nightmares of a lion by his bed at night.
He had talked about this since he could talk. He regularly woke up in the middle of the night, screaming with a
tantrum. This father, being fully aware of his child’s nightmares and fears shows this picture to this child for
bedtime.

He knew I got upset when someone scared my children. He used my anger that was directly caused by what
he is doing. Then he claims:
*The wife would relentlessly attempt to provoke me into losing my temper. It is very clear that her aim is to*
Is THIS love? - a mother's plea

solicit me and provoke me to do something wrong which she then can hold against me!
He appears to be projecting his motives onto me. It is now clear that he was writing a diary for court and needed material to use against me.

After this father’s unfeeling actions of showing dead animals, soldiers and a lion chasing a man to his small children before bedtime and me getting upset about it, this father in his diary adds:
I have a definite feeling that my wife has a mental disturbance which needs urgent attention and treatment.

According to this father in his statements on why he is refusing me any telephone contact with my children are the following, I quote him:
I did speak to the wife telephonically during the course of May/June/July 2012 and told her not to upset the children by talking to them about monsters and wild animals biting them, or to question them about such things.
This father continues saying, and I quote:
I told her that I believed her actions to be upsetting to the children and not the reassurance that the children required from her.

One of these father’s games involved him physically standing on all fours, making grunting noises and continually pressing his face into their bodies and making biting actions on it, while pulling them back into a lying position in front of him when they tried to get away.

These children told me that he, this father, takes them to a place, they call the “zoo”. He takes them there when he tells me he is going to the bank. At this “zoo” animals “bite” them in rooms. People are not dressed like animals, but they “bite”. This father leaves them alone with the people at the “zoo” while he is busy with his “bad things”.
None of the above resembles normal circumstances for a zoo. But, now this father stresses that one should not ask these children on what happens at the “zoo” where their daddy takes them.
Is a zoo with it’s animals such an upsetting place for a child?
This father himself states, and I quote:
All three boys, but more so the eldest two, have very vivid imaginations. They love animals and fondly remember a visit to the zoo quite some time ago.

These children fondly remember the zoo and love animals, but don’t question the children on their fond visit! This father says questions on the zoo the children say he takes them to, will give these children phobia’s, scare and upset them.
This father likes to portray himself as a “good guy”. Hence this line in his diary and I quote:
I thought it to be a good idea to tell the boys about my background who at times had a role in this battle. (Referring to: One soldier’s fight for paradise)
“This battle” is the fight between the people preventing animal killing/poaching and the people killing animals.

Yes, this father/husband does, to today still, at times, have a role in this “battle”. His “role” is the animal killer. When this happens he tells his small children the animals are being naughty and that this is why he kills them. When he showed them this book he told them he had saved animals from bad people that kill them.
Is THIS love? - a mother’s plea

Addition 10

Who lost reality?

This husband, and several other people, have made claims of this kind: She has lost total touch with reality; she is mentally unstable; she is delusional; delirium; post natal depression; major depression; adjustment disorder, etc.

For example, one of this husband’s claims in our native country’s court is, and I quote: After our first child’s birth, she developed what I believe to be, post natal depression. This depression has been untreated and has progressively worsened over the years.

I am starting from the latest evaluation of me:

The respected country’s appeal court ordered a psychiatric evaluation of me in beginning 2013. Nearly one year after I have been court claimed “mentally unstable”, based on nothing but hearsay and rumours.

This court appointed psychiatrist stated I have “delusional psychosis”. His report states this diagnosis is based on me saying my children said that their father is molesting them and are taken by him to a “zoo” where animals “bite”, etc. His report states he contacted the police, who said their investigations proved there is no evidence of abuse. He also read the social service worker’s report. From these authorities’ reports he deduced that I have delusional psychosis.

He also states I did not speak of the abuse with the first psychiatrist and this supports his theory. I did not. There are several reasons: I assumed the psychiatrist would have been given the reports (police and social service reports). A psychiatrist (head of intake at the hospital) questioned me, seemingly having information. My advocate told me not to speak of it, which suited me, because I did not feel capable of dissecting or digesting it at the time. The combination of these three reasons, resulted in me just answering his questions and not volunteering any information.

But, a diagnosis of delusional psychosis is not made without having done tests or at least having several sessions with the person. The delusion of the “patient” also has to be completely baseless with no other witnesses or references. This is not the situation in my case.

While I spoke to this court psychiatrist he did not ask for any information or asked if I had any documents and thus he did not have additional information apart from the police and social service documentation he read. He also did not ask any questions on what I was saying. This might be because his english is also not above standard.

This father’s advocate, on receiving this certificate diagnosing me with “delusional psychosis”, remarked on this diagnosis, stating that “this husband is terribly unhappy and sad for his wife with this diagnosis”.

A history of the mental assessments and evaluations I did and this husband’s comments on them is as follows:

1. My first attempt to be psychologically evaluated was at the hospital the day and in the days after my children were put in full temporary custody of this father and he had ordered me out of the house and was busy torturing us. In our native country’s court, this father made several comments on these attempts. I quote this husband:

As stated here inbefore, the wife was apparently seen by a psychiatrist at the central hospital and the psychiatrist that is head of intake, but refused to be admitted to hospital for assistance.

The psychiatrist at the hospital advised me that he could not admit the wife without her consent, which the wife did not give.

In these statements this husband insinuates that these psychiatrists at the hospital saw a woman in need of emergency psychiatric care. Further that they wanted to admit her as an emergency, but she refused.

A medical certificate, written by the psychiatrist at this hospital, states the following:

I the signee, Doctor ***, certify that Mrs *** was inscribed on our waiting list for the month of May 2012.

These psychiatrist, including the head psychiatrist of intake at the hospital, said the hospital had no space for me. I was trying to do an evaluation inside the hospital, since it would have been quicker than doing an
outside evaluation.

2. The next evaluation is the psychiatric evaluation outside the hospital - because I could not get into the hospital. There are three medical certificates from this psychiatrist written in the same format, but I will quote one of these certificates. This medical certificate states the following:

*The problems are not to be considered illness psychiatric in the strict sense but problems of situational reactions to diverse tribulations that she endured in the frame of the quarrels in the separation of her husband.*

*The reflection and attitude is adequate, coherent and responsible. This patient do not present with any psychiatric pathology that would impair her occupying with competence the care and interests of her three children.*

Did this husband state he is terribly happy/sad with this diagnosis?

This husband makes the following statements on this evaluation certificate, I quote all:

- *Clearly this psychiatrist has diagnosed her as suffering from a major depressive attack and adjustment disorder. This, to my mind, does not provide support for the wife’s contention that she is not mentally unstable.*

- *As is readily apparent from the letter of this psychiatrist, they do not purport to be reports of any psychiatric evaluations and are little more than confirmation that she consulted him, having presented by major depression attacks and adjustment disorder.*

- *As is readily apparent from these letters. This psychiatrist did not evaluate her but merely consulted her for major depression attacks and adjustment disorder.*

- *It is also evident that this psychiatrist planned a series of appointments for psychotherapeutic medical care with her. To my knowledge, she has not kept to any appointments.*

- *As set out hereinbefore, she has not followed through on the arrangements she had made with this psychiatrist for psychotherapy.*

This husband, irregardless to what is black on white, continues to create impressions in attempting to manipulate.

There were also no appointments planned by this psychiatrist for psychotherapeutic medical care, as this father falsely states.

3. Another psychiatric evaluation for this husband to comment on was the psychometric test evaluation I did for our native country’s court. The psychometric test indicated:

*There are no elevations on the severe personality pathology scales, or the clinical syndrome scales, which suggests there is no indication of psychopathology.*

This psychologist did comment that I appear to suffer from post-traumatic stress and high levels of anxiety and are obsessive in my thoughts regarding the molestation. This father honed in on this in our native country’s court. This husband’s statements are:

- *This report similarly indicates that she is obsessive in her thoughts and beliefs and she appears to be suffering signs of post-traumatic stress. She is also described as suffering from high levels of anxiety.*

- *This report also mentions she is at times flustered and scattered. This reinforces my lay observations.*

- *It is clear from the report, bar the evaluation done, that she has not undergone any treatment.*

- *I am, in the event, advised that it would be inappropriate for this psychologist to consult the wife in a therapeutic capacity.*

Notice how this husband says I “had not undergone any treatment”. He also states this regarding the previous evaluation, saying “psychotherapeutic medical care”. Medication appears very important to this husband. He had also told me if I take medication, then I can see my children and/or speak to my children. I gather that this would have some sort of significance in this case.

The comments made on signs of suffering post traumatic stress, anxiety, being scattered and flustered at
times are in this report.

It is a totally natural reactions and response for a mother in circumstances like mine to have these symptoms. It simply indicates that I have heard my children speak of their molestation.

Post traumatic stress — [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Posttraumatic_stress_disorder](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Posttraumatic_stress_disorder): Post-traumatic stress disorder is classified as an [anxiety disorder](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anxiety); the characteristic symptoms are not present before exposure to the violently traumatic event. Causes of the symptoms of PTSD are the experiencing or witnessing of a stressor event involving death, serious injury or such threat to the self or others in a situation in which the individual felt intense fear, horror, or powerlessness.

Anxiety — [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anxiety](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anxiety): Anxiety is an unpleasant state of inner turmoil, often accompanied by nervous behaviour, such as pacing back and forth, somatic complaints and rumination.[2] It is the subjectively unpleasant feelings of dread over something unlikely to happen, such as the feeling of imminent death.

These symptoms are *not psychopathology*. They are feelings. Statistics in cases similar to mine also show that these post traumatic stress reactions of the mother is in most instances used against the mother in a court room.

It is reported that previous emotional abuse in the marriage also increases the mother’s symptoms of post traumatic stress. Most child abusers also emotionally abuse their spouses.

4. There is of course also this social service worker that states in her report: *While the mother has the impression of not being supported by the authorities in protecting her children she is becoming more and more stressed.*

I would say the word “impression” is wrong, but find it interesting that she was aware that not being supported was increasing my stress levels. Her manner in which she dealt with me and my children, even after this husband got full temporary custody, did not help my stress levels either.

*The question is to determine whether the numerous stress factors with which the mother is confronted did not trigger delirium and paranoid behaviour in the mother.*

And I would have had less stress factors if I did not have a husband that has a pseudo persona and keeps saying he is called a pedophile.

And how did this social service worker suggest that my behaviour must be determined? What were her actions?

She did not insist that the children be assessed to determine if this is just delirium/paranoia. Even just to have peace of mind that three small boys are in fact ok.
Addition 11
money money

This husband’s work has been made a high priority, in that this is the most important factor that is taken into consideration when decisions are made. In court it even overshadowed the emotional and physical wellbeing of small children. The social service worker’s report dated 4.5.2012 gives the following information on this husband’s work:

The father is wondering about the psychological condition of the mother and does not want the children alone with the mother under any circumstances. For this reason, he had postponed important professional meetings. This father must leave on 12.05.2012 for a week to renew his pilots licence (recurrent training) he had already deferred his test and there was a risk that he would no longer have the right to execute his profession if he did not attend his training.

This training she is referring to is, compulsory recurrent training for a pilot once a year. Pilot recurrent training information can be found on the internet.

Under stress factors for this father this social service worker repeats and I quote:

Stress factors FATHER
Professional situation (pressure, risk of loosing his job)

This father, four months later in our native country’s court, states:
I was away from home for most of January and February 2012 for business and compulsory recurrent training in the Netherlands and the United States of America.

The above statement indicates that this father had already done his once yearly compulsory recurrent training. The social service worker says he had not done it, but “deferred his test/training” and postponed important professional meetings, because of his wife’s “psychological condition”. He was at risk of loosing his job! She gives a new date for this husband’s recurrent training - 12 May 2012

In this husband’s diary to the court, he was arranging, preparing and studying for recurrent training - still after January/February 2012 - , I quote this father in two statements:
27 March 2012 The boys left with her and I went to my room to do some work on my laptop. (Account payments, recurrent trng arrangements etc)
07 April 2012 I am sitting in my bedroom on my bed studying and preparing for my upcoming recurrent training which starts in 2 weeks time.

Two weeks’ time would be 21 April 2012.

This father in his diary insert 7 April 2012 says to the court he is still preparing to leave his children in the care of his “mentally unstable wife” on 21April 2012. The molestation police case was opened 2 April 2012 and don’t forget this husband’s divorce notice delivered on 23 April 2012 for an “emergency divorce” 30 April 2012.

On 7 May 2012, in the respected country’s court, this husband’s advocate says this father is going to stop working completely and take care of his children. This was plainly only said in lobbying for the children in the procedures this husband had started. But it was never the truth.

This is evident in an email he wrote 15 May 2012 to a friend and his wife that wanted to come and visit 20 May 2012 to see what is going on. In this email he states he has arranged to leave the children 19 May 2012 in the care of his eldest brother to go and do “recurrent training”. Adding to this, “If my plans work out.” He telephonically tried putting off the friend’s wife in their plans to visit by insinuating I am angry at them and don’t want them to visit, while he wrote emails to her husband saying their visit is good with him. She phoned me and told me this husband created the impression I do not want them to come. I corrected the impression and this husband as a result had to postpone his recurrent training for another week. This is how easy it is to postpone/change recurrent training, contrary to the social service worker’s drama quoted in her report.

The result in the end was this husband taking the children out of the respected country on 24 May 2012 and leaving them on his parents’ farm for much longer than the time he required for this training.

In our native country this father makes another statement regarding his “recurrent training” and I quote this father:
I had to attend compulsory recurrent training towards the end of May, early June 2012.
This father makes another interesting statement in our native country's court on agreements he has with the respected country's court. I quote this father:

_my undertaking towards the youth court was that I would obtain alternate employment if, ultimately, the divorce court orders that the children should be in my custody._

But according to my advocate, this father's advocate in the respected country's youth court said that this father was going to stop working. This husband even told people his sister was going to financially support him and the children in his state of unemployment.

This husband makes another false statement in court, and I quote: _My work takes me away from home for some 50% of the time. I am rarely away for periods longer than 14 days at a time._

I quote this husband in the same affidavit:

_I had to return for business on 31 July 2012 and was to return on 4 September 2012._

I count 35 days away, which is a period a lot longer then 14 days. I suppose 14 days do sound better for his "caring image". A contract pilot is not required to work for periods longer than 20 days. If this pilot works for longer then it is because the pilot wants to. He does this often. The longest period that he left the children alone in the care of nannies has been six weeks. On questioning his behaviour, this husband and his advocate respond by explaining that his pilot recurrent training is for a month. And in order for him to carry on working he has to do this training that lasts a month - this is why he leaves his children for so long.

It is easily proven as a lie. Recurrent training information is available on _www.batraining.com_ or _www.flightsafety.com_ Both websites give the range in time needed for this recurrent training as between 3-5 days.

In the respected country's court the approach changed from "this father is going to stop working", to "this father has to work to support his family". This father's advocate in the respected country now said: This father has a mortgage to pay.

The proof handed into this respected country's court is a mortgage document from a bank, dated six years back.

This husband does not pay a mortgage per month. The house has been payed off and he payed the extension and renovations in cash. He will not be able to produce bank statements over the last years to proof payment of a mortgage.

This mortgage account is still open for interest reasons and in the names of his and his youngest brother. This double name arrangement is made for this husband's other "public" bank accounts as well. For his "hidden" bank accounts he fraudulently uses company names, as well as a fraudulent name for himself. He opens bank accounts using his second name as his surname. This husband is more than financially stable and has more than enough funds and interests to not have a care about finances.

But this husband's advocate, to create the impression of a meagre income, financially struggling father in court, gave the court a simple letter stating the following:

_Dated: 11 May 2012_

_Since his first employment dated 20 December 2006. His monthly salary had been confirmed to 3500$(three thousand five hundred US dollars)._  

With this letter this father now claims he has worked for 5 years for the same company on the same salary. The social service worker's information in her report differs from this father's. I quote from her report:

_The father works as a self-employed pilot for various aviation companies and often travels abroad for work._

This false salary letter stating 3500$ per month, is below the allowed amount that is legally required to get and maintain a residence permit in this respected country. 

The truth is this father, on all the contract flying that he had done, averages an income of 1000$ per day. I had done his administration for a year and a half. This including the invoicing on his corporate contract. The computer I worked on is missing. All the paperwork I had done is also missing. And this husband tried to scare and deter me, saying I am involved in fraud, when I enquired on the whereabouts of these.

So this husband continued to work. The court approved of this even after he initially said to them that he was going to stop working. No one monitored the situation or these small children. These small children, on top of everything, are ultimately in the care of coming and going strangers. This father employs nannies to care for them, some he did not even interview. This is an extract from a testimony of someone that spoke to this father telephonically:
This father rang our home telephone number. We had a conversation which included me asking him how the children were. He replied they were fine. When he mentioned that he was still working, I asked him who was looking after the boys. He replied that he had a new nanny. I asked what happened to the previous one and he said that he had to pay her to leave as it had been like having four children in the house. When I asked what she was like during the interview he must have had with her he said that he hadn't interviewed her at all prior to employing her, but that he had spoken to the young lady's mother over the phone and that she had said that her daughter was very good with children.

One would think that a caring, responsible, respectable father would show care for his children's wellbeing, physically and emotionally. That he would take their needs and feelings into consideration, especially in a time when their lives are disrupted and they are in need of stability. However, this father's actions exhibits no care, no compassion or empathy, total lack of responsibility and total selfishness. There had been eight nannies up to date that came and went in his search for the "perfect" nanny. Very few of the people he employs have child care experience. Some did not even speak his children's language. He has left these small children in their care for periods of a month and more. He creates an environment of insecurity, instability and confusion for these children, while repeatedly saying to whomever, "The children are fine."

"Fine" is just said as a creation of impression by the person that creates these trying situations for these children in an attempt to avoid responsibility. How a person could be satisfied seeing his children struggle and suffer, is beyond me.
Is THIS love? - a mother's plea

Addition 12
Can truth change?

This husband sites incidents in his diary to the court. His sole aim in these writings was too convince that his wife is violent and mentally unstable. He elaborately described situations that had not taken place, attributed his own behaviour to me and changed information pertaining to his abusive behaviour.

When having to give a recollection on two of the events at the police on these incidents, his information had changed drastically in some instances. I quote this husband’s in his diary first:

Statement 1
I came to my bedroom to make my travel arrangements for work on April 3 and 4. Was busy talking with Airline in order to finalise my flight arrangements? The wife walked into the bedroom and started peering over my papers and pretended to take them from me. I got up and walked to the dining room and went to sit at the dining room table in order to be able to finish my arrangements in peace.

While talking with the Airline agent the wife came to the dining room table and tried to grab the paper I had with the flight detail on. I got up and moved around to the other side of the table. She took my hot cup of tea and threw that at me. I jumped out the way and she hit the wall behind me. (See video clip of her cleaning the wall) When she realised she had missed me she jumped onto the table and grabbed the paper with the flight detail out of my hand and tore it apart in the process. (Picture of paper) I then grabbed the paper back from her, as I needed it as I was still on the telephone with the Airline. She managed to retain a part of the paper and in the process she slipped and fell against a dining room chair causing a scratch against her shoulder (See Photo). (Listen voice recordings)

After this event I went to the Police station to report this matter. At the Police station I rang the bell at the entrance door and spoke to a Police officer. He informed me that unless it was very urgent they would not send someone out to take reports. I asked him to please make a note that I had been at the station to report this matter.

In court I replied that this paper contained nothing for this husband to act secretively about - only a name and 3-4 April in his handwriting on a blank paper. I also indicated that he spent most of his time in his bedroom. In this husband’s following statement, he had to make at the police on this event, he changed the bedroom to the living room and the “secretive” paper now contained a flight plan. This, he now claim to have been studying to see where he needed to fly to - although he was not piloting an aircraft. He is also no longer on the phone as claimed in statement 1 as it would not fit in with his changed document.

Statement 2 (translation from a police report)
I cannot recall the date of said incident.
On the day of the facts, I was standing with a flight plan in the living room. As the wife wanted to see said document, and I did not want to let her see it, we had an argument. Whereas I tried to read the route I had to fly, the wife tried to send me a hot cup into the face. As I could quickly duck, the tea flew against the wall of the room. As I still did not show the document to the wife, she run to pursue me around the table. When she became aware that she could not catch up with me, she jumped onto the table and snatched my flight plan. By doing so, she tore up the plan and fell with the shoulder against the back of a wooden chair.

How I remember events:

Saturday afternoon 31 March 2012 around 15:00. I was with the children downstairs. They were playing in their room and the garden. I went upstairs to put/get something out of my drawer in the main bedroom. I cannot remember what. I walked into the bedroom and saw this husband sitting on his bed. When he saw me he turned over the paper in front of him and closed his computer.

My drawer was on the other side of the room away from him. I did not peep at his papers or pretending to take them, as he says. He took his paper and walked out of room. I walked back to the stairs to go down and he was now sitting at the dining room table. I did not approach him, but stood by the kitchen counter, approximately 3 metres away, watching him. Once again he stood up. He walked past me and as he had passed me I grabbed the paper. He grabbed it back immediately and ran around the dining room table. He moved around to stay on the opposite side of the table from where I was. He had forgotten his tea on the table. This was cold. I threw the contents at him and totally missed.
I climbed over the table, managed to grab the paper, and turned and ran. He pushed me with force from behind towards the glass sliding door. My shoulder, more specifically my collarbone, caught the second wooden frame on the left side of the window. He grabbed the paper back and it tore. I was still holding half of this. I looked to see what was on this secret paper he was guarding. It was a blank piece of paper with “Maria” and “3 – 4 April” in his handwriting on it. Nothing that warranted his behaviour.

Another event this husband describe is:

**Statement 1**

*While I was in my bedroom the wife came in and started provoking me and making accusations. I got up from my bed and tried to go to the toilet. She tried to prevent me.*

*Once in the toilet she kept pushing the door open and putting the light on and saying that she should cut off my private parts.*

*She was standing in the toilet door with a glass of milk in her hand. I asked her please to let me use the toilet in private and once again tried to close the door. She again pushed the door open and I then pushed her out of the way so I could close the door. She lost her temper and tried to hit me with the glass of milk. I partially blocked her blow and received a minor cut on my lip. (Photo available) The glass of milk hit the door frame and broke and cut her fingers. (Listen voice recordings.) She continued to harass and provoke me trying to solicit an angry response from me.*

In court I commented this toilet door cannot be pushed in. It opens to the outside. In the next statement this husband then changed his “kept pushing” statement to “she opened the door several times”. I had also found it humorous that this husband claimed he begged me to urinate in private, a statement that is not the truth.

In his following statement on this event, he claims he is in the toilet undeterred and urinates continuously while, several times, closing this now “opened”, outward toilet door. He also cannot remember that he made a claim in his first statement that I “kept putting the light on”.

**Statement 2** (Translated police report. Name changes were made.)

*Regarding the accusation that I should have injured the wife on her hand on 1 April 2012, I’d like to say the following:*  
*I cannot recall the date of said incident. On the day of the facts, I was standing in the toilet and was busy urinating. I can no longer recall if the light was switched on or off at that moment.*

*However, I can remember that the wife opened the door several times and threatened to cut off my penis. As I shut the door each time to finish my business and not to react to the wife’s provocation, she got upset. Suddenly, she hit the class of milk against my upper lip, so that it started bleeding. As I warded off the hit, the glass bumped against the doorframe and broke into pieces. Due to this, the wife got a cut wound at the hand.*

*This is how I remember events:*  
*I went upstairs, poured a glass of milk for bed and on leaving saw this husband standing in the dark toilet. He was not there when I entered the kitchen. The door was open, outward. I walk towards the toilet and reached for the toilet light with my left hand (holding the glass of milk in my right hand). I sarcastically said, “Wait, let me switch on the light. I also want to see where the “foody” for the children comes from.” This husband slapped my hand away from the light switch.*

*I repeated myself and he again slapped my hand away. He moved out of the toilet and I moved back. I said, “No wait, let me switch on the light,” and pointed with my left hand to the toilet. He grabbed my left hand and pressed it with force. I used the bottom of the glass, that was in my right hand, and hit him on the lip, so he would stop. He did, looking surprised. He walked into the bedroom where he looked at his lip in the mirror. I watched him from the bedroom door. He walked back to the toilet, passing me in the doorway. I again said, “Wait, let me switch on the light,” but did not move.*

*He turned around, walked back to me without any expression on his face, placed his left hand over my right hand that was holding the glass and pushed the glass into the bedroom door frame. The glass broke in my hand. After this I went downstairs. He must have cleaned up.*

*The Monday I informed the police, taking a statement regarding the molestation, what had happened. The police officer replied, “Go to the doctor.” The fingers on my right had, that held the glass, had small cuts and my ring finger on my left hand was swollen. I got an appointment at the doctor about two days later. He wrote a medical certificate.*
PART FOUR

Conclusion

I have made many mistakes. But none were done, like this husband/father, with the intent to obstruct justice.
I have tried my best in making my marriage work before the children told me about the situation. My house is
not always spotless, although never in the state depicted by this husband. I was not always a perfect mother,
but I tried my best. My children’s noses did run occasionally. I allowed my children to play in mud, water and
to climb trees. The hamster was at the police station, although it did not run around. I do smoke. I am also not
the most orthodox person you would find.
I do have a temper and can be a bitch, but I have never had violent tendencies.
I do believe the LORD God exists and is alive and well. I am not a saint, but definitely not a satanist/witch.
I have tried to stay close to my children and to show them that I love them. This is made difficult and
prevented.
I am simply seeking happy safe lives for my children.

I have not lied about what I heard my children say or anything else, in some instances I wish I could say that.
It is my children that are placed in direct and imminent risk of being emotionally and physically killed by this
lying, careless, abusive, insecure, emotionless situation.
How many direct lies can possibly be told, before someone is not found worthy of the trust of a court in raising
three small children?

This father lied in his diary to the respected country’s court. For example, in his Skype records and his
description of my violence. He deliberately provoked and created situations depicting me in a bad light or just
created false impressions.
This father lied, saying I lock my children in a room. The doors have no locks. He even lied about the
children’s behaviour with the hamsters.
He lied, saying that I prevented all physical contact between him and his children.
This father lied in the respected country’s court, saying he is going to stop working and handed in a letter for
salary information that is falsified; also falsely saying he is still paying a mortgage.
This father lied in our native country’s court, creating the impression his molestation case was heard in the
respected country’s court; that I am asking our native country’s court to be an appeal court, when I am asking
for an investigation into what my children had told me. When in truth the child molestation investigation/case
in the respected country was stopped at prosecution level and never reached a court. Except attached to
claims of me being “mentally unstable”.
This father lied in our native country’s court, saying the children had undergone evaluation/assessment in the
police molestation investigation, when they had not, then or at any other time.
This father omitted the truth and lied in our native country’s court, having driven over one of his children after
loading small children, without supervision, on a moving wagon filled with maize.
This father lied in his appeal court affidavit in our native country, saying he is stuck in the neighbouring
country, because the child only had one passport when he was in possession of two valid passports for the
child. This so he could create an alibi for staying out of the court’s jurisdiction with the appeal and the police’s
jurisdiction, who wanted the children to be assessed for molestation. This father also creates difficult circumstances also for these children in their unsure circumstances. He leaves the children for weeks with nannies. Some he did not interview before employing, some don’t speak the children’s language and I doubt they have child care training or training in dealing with traumatised children. These nannies are instructed by him to prevent any and all contact between me and my children, even a greeting, and to record me every time they see me. They even physically push these children around to achieve this.

In one court he states he is looking for the “perfect” nanny that is why there had been so many. In another he contradicts himself claiming the nannies are scared of me that is why there had been so many. One nanny, caught in a lie, said he manipulates her.

What type of person stops a mother from giving love to her children, even prevents her from greeting them. While claiming it is for the benefit of the children, while, in fact, this is emotionally detrimental for a child, and parental alienation is proven abuse.

Nobody wants to listen to me and nobody believes me. I have been portrayed as a crazy woman by a man who does appear designing and sly, a very good planner, manipulator, liar and pretender. This man and his always incomprehensible behaviour or statements is believed in courts designed for truth and justice.

I find it incredible that, up to today, some highly educated people are saying, “We’ll wait until these children can speak.” When in reality these children can already speak. So why the comment to wait? Is there not urgency in compassion for the lives of three small children?

I have found incredible inefficiency thriving in this situation — far away from the direction of truth or in the direction of protecting the helpless and vulnerable. This ruins lives, wastes time, wastes money and wastes resources.

Yes, I am frustrated and have every right to be, because reality is: protecting and professionally assessing a small child is not such an enormous issue as it is made out to be. In total it will cost less compared to one day in court and no harm is done in any way or form to the child, but this is being prevented.

I am fighting for protection and safety for my children. None of the above mentioned lies of this father is remotely for protection and safety of the children, but this does not stop people who are accusing me, amongst other unreal things, of being a “threat to the safety and wellbeing of my children”. When, in truth, their actions are detrimental to the emotional and physical safety and wellbeing of me and my children whom I had given birth to and love.