

Chapter Three.

Chapter Three is the statement of what happened during the five days from 22nd to 26th November 1973.

Nine years later, from 22nd November 1982 as soon as I left my job as an auxiliary nurse at Lewisham Hospital, to 21st February 1986, about two weeks before the Affidavit was put on the first four chapters, it took me more than three years to handwrite my 800 page statement about what happened in those few days. Chapter Three was the longest of the four chapters, and written last after Chapter Four, and is the only one of the four handwritten chapters I still have.

The events of those few days, which took years to get over, changed my life forever. Hospital staff need to realize that there are not only 'life changing injuries' which put people into hospital, but the treatment someone gets in hospital can also change their life forever too. After everything that happened, Lewisham Hospital sent me back to my GP with a letter that said my labour had been 'uneventful'. Uneventful! an inquiry in 1975 by Guy's Hospital found entries in the legally required 'Intensive Care cardiac arrest crash team book', which confirmed my account that they were called to me on both the labour ward on the night I was admitted and the maternity ward three days later when my breathing stopped. My medical records had been falsified to cover neglect, and in the event, my breathing had stopped twice.

It took me many years to realize that when my breathing had stopped and my soul left my body and floated near the ceiling watching the doctors resuscitate me the first time, and then met an angel and was shown a vision of Heaven the second time two days later, my 'spirit' had been activated before a proper lasting death. Even though it went back into my body, that 'spirit body' identical to me but beautiful, with its second identical set of five senses, did not go back to sleep and in time would be able to both shine its light through my mortal body, and leave it to travel in my sleep, particularly each time I became either so poor or so ill that I was barely keeping body and soul together. Over many years I would learn to use those second senses to help people. It is what an Angel does in their apprenticeship in the next life before they progress to become one of the Gods. It is just like the metamorphosis of a butterfly: Caterpillar- Chrysalis- Butterfly; Human – Angel – God, but there is only one Lord God. There are Gods older than him, but he is so special we all call him our Leader, even though other of our friends have their own leaders. In the human life everyone has the same body and soul, but it is those who suffer the hardships of barely

keeping body and soul together, through poverty or underlying illness, who are most likely to activate their second set of senses during their life, which is why Josef Mengele was interested in Gypsies and Twins, and their psychic abilities. The words of Jill Dando from Crimewatch in our conversation together in 1999 before she was shot dead a week later : ‘What is he doing taking *children from fairgrounds*’ was a statement I took metaphorically at the time, until in 2020 I realized that Mark Tildesley, who ‘Dad’ had been accused of taking in 1985, was not the only child she knew about that he had taken, and that it was probably because he found out that Mark Tildesley was *not* one of the fairground children, he was a child whose Mother worked in a Police Station, that he passed him over to paedophiles. In Chapter three, the woman screaming in the corridor from the next ward when her child was taken from her must have been the girl guide he took advantage of, and why he turned up to the hospital in his scout leader uniform to visit both of us on different wards. Thirteen of us were abused and lost our children. ‘Dad’ was involved in the occult, just as Himmler and other Nazis had been, and it was a ritual. In 2002 during the M25 rapes, there was a sickening familiarity about the events. A Police Office on television said they were looking for ‘a local man’, There was ‘no connection with the dates or places’. If it was ‘the rape of 13 virgins’ then it would begin on a blue moon. It did. If it was The Ashford Cavern it would begin in Ashford and go to Wokingham, where Dad had taken his boy scouts to. It did. The dates would fit an octave of the full moon and the places draw out a satanic pentagon. They did. I contacted Operation Scramble and they picked the man up in 48 hours. Three more women would have been on the list of Antoni Imiela to have their lives ruined. I had no idea who the man might be, I had only been one of the victims of the 1973 ritual, the only thing I missed out was that he would be German, the same as ‘Dad’.

Possibly due to having been injected with adrenaline to restart my heart, what happened in those few days was imprinted on my brain forever. Despite ten months of counselling for *recurring nightmares*, post-traumatic stress syndrome, post-natal depression, and grief after the loss of my twins, marriage and having more children was never going to be an option. The poor became the family I never had, including the two girls I brought up, and what I had suffered that gave me post-traumatic stress syndrome also gave me the understanding I needed to help many of the poor ‘tramps’ still walking the streets with their lives as tattered as their clothes after their experiences of the terrors they had suffered in two world wars. They huddled out of the cold in churches, open in those days for people to go in and pray, and even though all I could offer them were packets of sandwiches and flasks of tea, they warmed to my understanding

and acceptance of how they had become. I saw through their outward appearance to their souls; I knew their terror myself. Many times, the Church Vicars asked me to join their services which I thoroughly enjoyed, but it cost me dearly in that I was thrown out of the Jewish Synagogues for 'Idolatry' – going into Christian Churches. During counselling for Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome in 1974-75, the psychiatrist at the Munro Clinic (Odd how they call the hospital in the Harry Potter books St Mungos!!!) at Guy's Hospital, Dr Anne Early, (who lived in the Old Rectory, Chipping Sodbury in Bristol next village to Yale, the home of JK Rowling!!!) told me that to get over a bad experience you need to balance the scales by putting good experiences on the other side. The bomb went off for me when a Police Officer was injured in a bomb blast in Catford Police station in 1980. I talked to Nurses from Lewisham Hospital collecting money for him in buckets in Lewisham shopping centre, and as soon as I got home I wrote straight to the head Nursing Officer to ask to become a nurse and was accepted. I spent two and a half years back in the place where my life had been ruined, helping other people mend theirs and loved it so much that I can honestly say it was the only job I ever had that I would have gladly done without getting paid. I gave it my everything, and when I was forced to leave because my Mother was dying and I needed to keep the child I was bringing up away from 'Dad', every ward in the hospital signed my leaving card. I still have it. Without even realizing it, going back to the place where my life had changed forever, balanced the scales for me.

In 2020, I realized that the man who drowned in Brazil was not Josef Mengele but Peter Maple, and that the man who had lived in his identity in our house until the organ scandal broke in 2000 and he was exchanged at Breize Norton, for a Russian who died in his identity in 2021, was Josef Mengele. So many people had claimed over so many years that 'Dad' was Mengele, even though he had no German accent, and dyed his eyes to a different colour. I realized first that the family likenesses fitted, the Brazil man looked like the Maple family and the man who had lived in his identity looked more like his German relatives. Then that their occupations were the wrong way round - Peter (Maple) Heuterbaker – now a baker- working firstly in a Bakers behind the Iron Curtain, making bread like his Jewish Mother had taught him, then owning a hardware shop like the grocer's shop his Father had owned, while Mengele cut up dead bodies at the Institute of Child Health like his agricultural family had taught him. When I looked at the dental extractions of the exhumed skeleton in Brazil, I firstly saw an almost identical set of teeth to 'old Fag ash' who had lived in our house. They fitted someone who had been tortured, so similarly that they could even have been pulled out by the same person, but it was *the nightmares* Peter

had the one time he stayed in our house for one night in 1957 and which the neighbours next to his shop in Brazil heard him screaming from in the night, that convinced me that he was Peter Maple and he had been tortured. I knew the nightmares of a terror written on your brain forever, and Mengele had never been tortured.

Leaving cards and flowers from Lewisham Hospital 22/11/1982

