

CRACKED; A TRUE STORY OF ADDICTION AND SALVATION.

INTRODUCTION

My name is Dave I am 40 years old at present and I am an ex-cop, ex-criminal, ex-bouncer and recovering drug addict and drug councilor . My story really begins when I joined the South African Police in 1986. I was then addicted to crack cocaine for approximately 16 years 10 of which I spent trying sincerely but failing to recover through the Noupoot Christian Care Center. Ultimately it was unconditional love from my wife Isobel and sheer will power supplied I believe by God that has got me to this point.

So I don't really know where to start this and am doing it under a certain amount of duress as I do not really believe that what I have to say can or will change anything, I do hope however. A number of people, those close to me and some not so close have suggested I go ahead and write this as they are certain that there is definitely public interest, not only in the subject of chronic drug abuse and the connected criminality but especially as to what really happened at the Noupoot Christian Care Center and whether or not that system of rehabilitation should be a) condoned and whether it can be b) justified. Fortunately or unfortunately those are questions I cannot answer, but what I can do is give you a brief insight into how I came to be there, and ultimately spend six years in recovery there, finally rising to the position of Chief of Staff and right hand man of the founder and owner of the N.C.C.C. as he is more commonly known, Pastor Sophocles Nissiotis. Does this mean that I am subscribing to the N.C.C.C methodology? No, definitely not. I subscribe to the assisted personal choice methodology, which I do not believe exists medically or scientifically except that it worked with limited success in my life. I will attempt to explain my philosophy later.

Over and above this I would like to give some insight into the drug sub-culture and impact drug abuse has on the not only the addicts themselves but all the people they affect in the process. It has to be said and is a well known fact that drugs and the sale thereof are a multi million dollar industry. However what many people do not realize and understand is that it is not only the drug dealers that you see so regularly on TV that benefit directly from the sale and use of illicit substances. Sure it starts with the addict and the dealers but when you consider the other beneficiaries of this epidemic then one has to wonder if governments are serious about their fight against drugs. If you consider that the first port of call for most addicts is psychological treatment which rarely works and we all know what that costs, from there we head to the psychiatrist usually on the advice of the psychologist. The psychiatrist will then diagnose the addict with any number of treatable ailments i.e. A.D.D, Bipolar, depression, post traumatic stress disorder etc etc, claiming any one of these to be the cause of said addiction. At the same time a course of psychiatric drugs will be administered in the hope of finding which of the said afflictions is actually the one. While this is in process the addict will be referred to a rehabilitation facility which is generally a five star hotel where the addict is pampered and taught that he has a disease that is incurable but manageable and if he follows certain steps, usually 12 of them he should be able to recover. However the addict is also told that relapse is a part of recovery and no-one recovers the first time round and when it happens he should return immediately to said facility for further therapy. At the same time he is encouraged to continue seeing the shrink and talk about his problems as to

dig out the cause of his drug abuse. So then in the case of one addict let me list the beneficiaries.

1. Drug dealers
2. Police (bribes from drug dealers)
3. Psychologists
4. Psychiatrists
5. Treatment facilities
6. Lawyers
7. Pharmacists
8. Pharmaceutical companies
9. Authors and publishers

Then over and above this we have to now deal with the trauma the addict has inflicted on his family and they are also referred for therapy at a cost of course.

So ultimately we have an entire industry which has been built upon addiction and its causes and by totally eradicating drugs and addiction we are going to put a serious dent in some people's pockets and they are not going to go easily.

I was going to write this in chronological order and try to tell a story but as I progress I am finding it very difficult to do so as I keep trying to remember things but seem to be losing the essence of what I am trying to do, which is give you the reader a real insight into what leads someone like me to become a ruthless, conscienceless brutal killer, drug addict, criminal and the battle to recover. Also I really want you to understand the mindset at the N.C.C.C. So, having said all that what I am rather going to do is tell a number of short stories, thereby hoping to give you the gist of what happened in my life. You the reader may or should I rather say will, find a number of inconsistencies and contradictions in the pages of this work. the reason for that is that I am trying to understand this problem myself. It is very confusing especially when taken in context with the number of methodologies one is presented with in curing the affliction of drug addiction yet none, although many will disagree, can claim that there's is the definitive cure. What I have found to be true though is that the closest one can come to a recovered state is through the power of the Lord Jesus Christ and had it not been for His intervention in my life I would have been a statistic of drug abuse a long, long time ago.

THE EARLY YEARS

I am not going to delve too deeply into my childhood as in my opinion there is no excuse for abusing drugs, it's a choice. I come from a broken home. I grew up in the care of my grandparents who were both alcoholics, yet never missed work, were financially stable, neither abused me and loved me unconditionally. The same cannot be said for my father who abandoned me as a baby and tried to make an appearance 37 years later or my mother who remarried when I was 6 or 7 and played a very minor part in my life. In fact the

only times I remember her brief interludes was to criticize and or belittle me. I think that maybe I carried the brunt of her disappointment in my father. In fact one of the few things I enjoyed about my years as an addict and criminal was that I knew it made her angry, not because she was in any way concerned about me but because of how it reflected on her. I was an average student at school, had the ability to excel but was just not interested. I never failed a year of school and graduated from High School with a University Exemption. I played sports such as Rugby First Team, Tennis league, cricket second team and also participated in the school choir and acted in a number of school productions. My final year at school was spent in my mother's care as my grandfather had died and my grandmother had been institutionalized. During this year I was repeatedly reminded that pass or fail, come the end of the year, I would no longer be staying there. At age 17 I was told that I would be leaving. At that stage of my life I had never seen a drug, and had never been in any kind of trouble. So I joined the South African Police as an alternative to National Service. My stepbrother and sister both went to varsity and got a CA degrees while staying at home. One thing that always fascinated me was the way my mother would get jealous because of the way my grandparents treated me. I mean materially I would want for nothing and it irritated my mother to the point of madness. This gave me and my granddad quite a kick. When I turned 16 my granddad bought me my first motorcycle and later in the year an old Alfa motorcar. My love for bikes has only grown since then and when possible I always have at least one. My mother freaked out. It was while racing this motorcycle that I fell off and broke my left femur and had to have a steel pin inserted. Well you can just imagine the row this caused. 6 months later I was back on the bike and riding again. Added to this I had a collection of bicycles. When the old man died, my mother set about selling most of these things except the bike, as I had to ride into town, from where I would catch the bus to my new school. I also started working at Checkers supermarket to run my bike and pay for my entertainment as pocket money was not included in my stay at home.

When I was 9 years old in standard three, my grandmother suffered a massive stroke right in front of me. It was a very hard thing for me to process at the time. The stroke rendered her an invalid without the power of speech, but with the power to hear see and understand. It was very difficult for everyone to see such a vibrant active woman rendered helpless by this event. It was at this time that I started packing on weight and by the time I went to the next standard and my 10th birthday, I was an obese child. This in turn led to the normal schoolyard taunts and bullying, which lasted the rest of my school career. Even though I was an avid sportsman and played everything possible I was unable to shed the weight or the bullies. Then when my granddad passed away and I went to a new school, that changed, but I made a promise that I would shed this weight when I left school and that I would make sure that I was never a victim again. I couldn't wait to get out of home and into the police where I was virtually guaranteed never to be bullied and also to lose the weight. It was in my eyes freedom from all the things that had kept me trapped through my childhood.

It was also during my school years that I first had my experiences with God. The first time was in standard 6 while in boarding school. Although to this day it still escapes me why I was sent to boarding school in the first place. I wasn't

rebelious, I got good grades, played sport and so on. It just seemed to me that my mother was intent on getting me out of the way for some reason. This was a hectic school and most of the kids here were here because no other school would accept them or they had been expelled from other schools. We attended Rhema in Klerksdorp and after a year of constant crying and begging after a daily routine of bullying and belittlement I finally convinced my grandfather to take me out of this school of hell. Then In standard 8 I again hooked up with kids that were part of the students Christian association. I stuck to these beliefs until the day my granddad died. My grandfather dying was a very painfull time for me and I was left at the fringes of everything, with no-one to turn to or express my grief. That was also the last time I cried for about 10 years. When I went to my new school I hooked up with the totally opposite crowd. Heavy metal music, séances etc were our thing now and we delved pretty deeply into the occult. Well, as far as we in our limited understanding could. Strangely though, I still attended church and dated a Christian girl who dragged me to many youth meetings and church services. However, I didn't really want to hang with the God who had taken my granddad and sent me into the clutches of my mother. When I received my graduation results and realized I had passed and would soon be leaving for the South African Police College, it was like a huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders and I would soon be free. Little did I know at the time that I was in fact heading for real bondage and huge distress. Shortly after joining the police my grand mother also passed away and to this day I have absolutely no memory of this event. I don't remember when It happened, how it happened, where or when the funeral was held or if I was even there. I'm told that I attended in full Police ceremonial dress but I have no recollection of any of it to this day. It has been suggested that I must have been on drugs, this however cannot be the case as I only started experimenting with drugs about two years after she died.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE FORCE 1986-1994.

THE COLLEGE.

The day finally came that I packed my bags and headed for the Police College. We were all to go to JHB station where we were met by friendly Policemen who ushered us into the trains. It was about a 2 hr train ride to Pretoria where upon our arrival we were again ushered off the trains and into awaiting Police buses bright yellow and blue in color. we then drove the approximately 5 kilometers to the college. The minute we drove through those gates everything changed. The once friendly policemen became screaming shouting drill instructors immediatly. We were rushed off the buses and put into rough platoon formations and companies. From there we were run to our bungalows, home for the next 6 months. The bungalows were actually 3 story buildings each housing 6 platoons which made up one company. I was in platoon 20 second floor Delta Company. As I entered our dorm, I remember seeing the beds had been divided down the center forming an aisle down the middle as well as one on each side of the dorm. Each student had a bed a built in cupboard and desk, the place was unbelievably clean almost surgical. Each bed had a pillow two sheets and a blanket at its foot. The drill instructor,

Sgt Pretorius came in from the other side and assigned each of us a bed. he then proceeded to show us how he expected our beds to be made and how he expected our floors to look. We even had to remove the brass fittings from the windows and polish them with brasso. He then left us with these words. "This place looks like a pig sty. You have till lunch to sort it out." I was gob smacked. At lunch he returned and showed us how we were to form up in front of the company within 30 seconds after the siren wailed. If it wailed once, we were to form up in front of the company and wait, if it wailed twice we were to form up in front of the company and double time to the Battalion parade ground in the center of the college, next to the mess. We formed up and were marched double time to the mess. Remember I was about 30 kilos overweight and that little run already nearly killed me. Oh yes while under training, no student at the college was allowed to walk between 06h30 and 16h00. Between those times no matter where you went you had to be running. If any instructor from any company caught you walking he could give you an opvok(Hard core PT) on the spot. He would then inform your platoon sergeant who would then give your entire platoon an opvok. This would of course lift your popularity immensely amongst your platoon comrades. Also you had to move in a minimum of pairs, if you were caught alone, same thing. After lunch we formed up outside the company again and the sergeant informed us that he was disgusted at our attempt at cleaning his bungalow and after our bus trip he would deal with us. He said a bus would be coming to show us around the college. About 30 seconds later he told us we were already in the bus and off we went on the double time around the college. At every landmark he stopped us where we marked time(ran on the spot) as he described our location. I passed out twice and my platoon mates were forced to carry me. Quite a welcome. Then came the punishment for not cleaning the bungalow properly.

The following day we were issued our uniforms. We were given two pairs of shoes, two pairs of boots, a pair of running shoes, a heavy coat, a tunic(step outs) socks, and six of everything else and pt shorts and vest. A pair of boots and shoes was for inspection purposes only and we were not allowed to wear them at all. They had to look like mirrors, seriously, mirrors.

Our training consisted of a daily routine of classes, fire-arms training, drill, pt, eating and guard duty. It was intense. In fact after 5 weeks when we were allowed our first visit, my mother drove past me twice because I had lost so much weight that she didn't recognize me. The following weekend was my first pass. We were allowed pass every 14 days provided we didn't get into any kind of serious trouble.

So there I am in the South African Police College in Pretoria being screamed at and doing push-ups and also being indoctrinated into the views of the Government that all blacks were communists and we were at war with them and that if we didn't stop the onslaught we would all be slaughtered. It worked.....well. We were then whisked off to a remote training facility called Verdrag to be trained in crowd and riot control. While still undergoing this training we were suddenly crowded into trucks that quite honestly resembled cattle Lorries. Three hours later were lined up at the Police college armory and issued with side arms, shields, gas masks, tear smoke grenades and some with riot shot guns and others with R1 automatic rifles. We were

then ushered to the rugby fields where I saw at least another 10 000 cops in battalion formation, in platoons. Parked in the surrounding roads were hundreds of Casspir armoured troop carriers. To say that it was an awe inspiring sight is an understatement. I can remember feeling untouchable by man or God. Surely no-one could defeat such odds. We had no idea what was going on or where we were going, but, there was obviously nothing to fear.....

As the crowd of approximately ten thousand protesters, chanting and toy-toying approached, and the sound of the AK 47 rifles could be heard chattering amongst them. I can remember looking around and wondering how the hell the 32 of us in my platoon were going to survive this. Especially as I could not see any support of any kind near us. So this was it. This was what it was to be cop. I had turned 18 that month. It was March 1987 and I was going to die. Fear turned into survival instinct and as the order to open fire was given, I did so with gusto. My platoon stepped back and another that seemed to appear from nowhere stepped forward. It was at this time that I first recall the intense rush of adrenaline associated with extreme violence, as well as the closeness of brothers in arms. Many were injured that day on our side and many were harmed on the other. We were never told or saw if we killed anybody that day, but I would guess that in all that chaos it would have been inevitable for at least a few to have paid the ultimate price. I and the boys that were there those days were told we were heroes and had succeeded in defeating the enemy, and that our country was now once again safe for awhile. It was during this time, while we were guarding key government assets and train stations that I caught my first glimpse of what the future in the police held. We were a section of 12 guys standing on the platform, I'm not sure which station. An unknown Captain was standing on the edge of the platform as a commuter train packed with people was leaving the station. As it sped by, one of the occupants leaned out with a machete and buried it in the Captain's head. He collapsed to the ground with blood spraying everywhere as the train with its occupants continued as if nothing had happened. He was stone dead. We spent about a month doing this until the situation in the country had calmed down and then were sent back to Verdrag to complete our training, as if this had not been training enough.

Ooone, twooo, threeee, Barber pick your legs up, right boys once again Barber isn't co-operating back to one. Oone, twooo, threeee, foour, fiiiive, siiiix, seeeeeeeeeven, eight, nine.....right one more good one and you can go, and..... Aaaah this time van Schalkwyk doesn't want to listen, say thanks to van Schalkwyk boys

“Thank- You van Schalkwyk!!!!” we screamed. At this point we had been going
I'm top row second from right

for about three hours in full battle dress. The reason? Someone had left their shirt on the washing line. We all knew who it was, but would never dream of saying anything. We also realized that if he came forward now, we would be in shit for real. Over and above that, it was an unwritten law that we always stick together no matter what the consequences. That was an unwritten law it



seems only I seem to have obeyed in the long run. I knew that someone was soon going to pass out. I also knew that I would not let it be me. I also knew that 31 other guys were thinking the same thing.

Eventually it did come to an end and after six grueling months of this type of discipline we did our "passing out parade" and were sent off to our various postings. The day before our parade we were told where to go to receive our final postings. I was going to Johannesburg. Straight after the parade we were to make our way to Diepkloof riot unit where we would be given our final postings. I was pretty confident that I knew where I was going as I had requested Hillbrow and nobody has ever requested Hillbrow. I figured if you're going to be a cop then go where the crooks are. I was right. Ours was the biggest group ever posted to Hillbrow and we were all damn excited. Strangely a large number of the guys with me were from Natal. After we'd received our postings we were told to report the following morning at 07h30 at our stations and we were dismissed.

HILLBROW SAP

This was an education on its own. I arrived at the Hillbrow SAP the following morning. We were paraded in the basement and then put into a truck and taken

to John Vorster Square. Once there we were ushered into a conference room, where we were welcomed by the brass who then also made some speech to which I did not listen. We were then redeployed to Hillbrow where I was assigned to Charlie shift who were currently on 3 rest days. The shifts worked as follows, Two Afternoon shifts 14h00 to 22h00 then Two morning shifts 06h00 to 14h00 and then Starting Immediately after the last morning shift, two nights 22h00 to 06h00. there after 3 and a half days off. I went immediately and arranged accommodation at the barracks, got in my little car which I'd bought while on one of my passes, went home, packed the remainder of my stuff and moved in. I remember feeling very lonely that day and sitting in my room all depressed. Then I thought, "Snap out of it" and went for a walk to explore my new surroundings. I am the only Policeman that I ever met and asked who actually requested to be sent there. I figured if I was going to be a cop, go where the action is. This already qualified me as crazy amongst my peers. I was after a couple of years there considered totally insane with a death wish. This was the place where on my first night duty as initiation I was locked in a freezer at the morgue with three or four other rookies, with about 30 rotting corpses for about an hour. Not nice, believe me. On my first day shift was forced to witness an autopsy being performed. Even worse. On my second day shift had to guard the body of a suicide and assist in moving the body onto the trolley and into the mortuary vehicle. Might not sound to bad, but when you consider the smell and all the released bodily fluids as well as the rigor mortise, you get the idea. However one soon becomes used to it and pretty callous. On my second night shift I was made to smoke the first dagga I had ever seen with the senior constables on my shift, in the cell area. I can

remember feeling very lonely those first few weeks there and immediately set out to explore my new environment with my fellow rookies. I discovered that I was actually living in paradise (after a few years my perception changed radically). From the offset I picked up problems as I was irresponsible and struggled to comply with work routine as it interfered with my partying. I was often late for shifts and more often than not booked off sick. I was addicted to the clubs and everything that they stood for and it had a profoundly negative effect on my job. There was a common understanding within the police in those years. It was that there were actually three different Police Forces within the South African Police. Firstly there was the South African Police then there was the Johannesburg Police and finally there was The Hillbrow Police. The reason for this distinction was made due to the way things were done as Johannesburg was the highest crime area in the country and Hillbrow the highest and most violent crime area within Johannesburg and generally cops that worked there were considered insane and many unauthorized behaviors by the members were overlooked. My behaviors were however not and as punishment I was temporarily posted to Norwood SAP under the command of Major Daan Brandt. His first words to me when I arrived there were, "You have been sent to me to learn some discipline and responsibility, do not infect my men with Hillbrow disease, now piss off, you start tomorrow afternoon shift". This guy made it his mission to belittle me and make my life a total misery. The worse he treated me, the more rest days of mine he canceled, the more rebellious I became. To the point that one day I booked out a detective vehicle and went to visit a friend of mine and some girls in Midrand. After the visit as I was about to pull into the driveway of my friend's house, another car smashed into the back of us totally writing off both vehicles. I was now officially the most popular person at the Norwood Police Station. When I arrived at work the following morning I was told to go to the barracks and pack my duffel bag, as I was leaving for Counter Insurgency Training the following day. I was very relieved and happy.

as in fact your enemy is really a black coward.

These gentlemen are photographs of what these black bastards have done to our women and children with said weapons. Really puts you in the mood to negotiate equal rights don't it. Combine this indoctrination with intense P.T. and training in bush warfare, and interrogation for six weeks, and you have quite a serious killer available to you. They even went as far as bringing "converted" terrorists known as Askaris to speak to us and explain how the banned organizations were even lying to and mistreating their own people and how they knew that we could never be defeated militarily. After 6 weeks of this type of brain washing and intensive training I returned to SAP Norwood. I was not allowed out of the charge office and definitely nowhere near a patrol vehicle, even as crew. One week later I was informed that I had volunteered for border duty in the Eastern Transvaal, on the Mozambique border for three months. I was ecstatic. I received my crisp new camouflage uniform and off we went. It was to be truthful a three month drinking holiday. We did very little real Police work and our day consisted mainly of driving around in our Casspir setting up roadblocks here and there and searching a couple of vehicles. It was not long before boredom became an issue for all of us and we started doing mischievous things to pass the day. I also learned how to smoke dagga like a champion while on this trip. The incident that stands out the most for me while on this particular trip was this. Our base was in the Middle of a township just outside Nelspruit called Matsulu. One night, or actually in the early hours of the morning, there was a huge ruckus at the gate. Our section was on standby and we were told to go with the locals as there was some kind of problem. What I saw there is burned into my memory forever and definitely ranks in the top five worst things I have ever seen in my life. On the ground lying groaning and writhing in agony was what used to be a woman. She had drunk about a liter of petrol, poured the remaining four liters over herself and then struck a match. The site was horrific, but far worse than the sight was the smell of burned hair and flesh. Many of the guys found it impossible not to throw up. She died there and we had to stand around and wait for detectives and the local uniform guys to come as we were in the middle of what was then one of the homelands. After the three months I returned to JHB with an extra couple of thousand Rand in danger pay. Paaaaaaarty time!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!. After about another week I was informed that I had again volunteered for a border trip, this time to Stafford, which is near Amsterdam on the Swaziland border. Yippee Kaayay!!!!

This turned out to be even a bigger party than the last rip, and there is nothing really to report other than I nearly became an alcoholic and have to date never eaten bigger or better steaks than what I did there. When I returned from this trip I was reposted to Hillbrow. I must just add that during my brief appearances at Norwood Police station I hooked up with a bunch of the Durban boys. These guys new how to party properly. One of the guys even dj'd part time at a club called the Dome in JHB. It was during this time that I really started learning who the players in the club scene were. So unfortunately for him and for me Major Brandt's little system didn't really work out to well.

I was very happy to be back at Hillbrow and started becoming very involved in my work and actually really enjoying it as the guys in charge over me came to

trust me more and I was more often than not posted outside on one of the patrol vans. My notoriety as an expert driver and sharp, dedicated and ruthless cop soon started doing the rounds and this pleased me greatly. It was during this period that the true meaning of the South African Police became apparent to me as I was more involved and saw more of what really happens. The fact that I had done my Counter Insurgency Course and had been to the border twice already, seemed to open up new avenues of trust from some of the more hardcore cops at the station. I was allowed to watch and participate in the interrogation of suspects which I can tell you involved severe torture. Also my speed at dishing out hidings to whoever also gained huge respect even though the assault cases that followed scarred my personal file and ultimately led to me never being promoted even after 7 years in the force. Then another border trip was announced and I volunteered for real this time. It was to Nietverdiend on the Botswana border and it was the trip that changed my entire perception of our government and why we were actually where we were. I can remember being on the border, standing in the mess tent watching a speech being delivered by the then state president, FW De Klerk, during which we were informed that all the banned organizations that we were currently fighting against on said border were now no longer banned and that we were to embrace this positive change as we were all now a part of a new South Africa blah, blah etc. etc. Well talk about a kick in the teeth. To say I was confused was an under statement, however I made my mind up then and there that from that moment on I was no longer in this for any other reason than personal gratification.. When I returned to the city approx 2 months later and re-embarked on my normal duties I was a changed boy. I became the most ruthless heartless bastard on earth. I made it my mission to get onto the crime reaction unit. A specialized unit, specializing in the capture of criminals' red handed, the infiltration of criminal groups and more often than not shooting them. We only responded to schedule one crime in progress such as armed robbery, housebreaking, car theft, theft out of motor vehicles and assisted the drug division of this unit with traps and dangerous busts. In order to do this I worked with this unit on my off days and eventually requested to join. They told me I could work with them for a few days as trial period. On the first night of this trial period we were on patrol in Berea Johannesburg when we drove past a shady looking dude standing in the shadows of a building. I was driving and had two other undercover cops with me, Billy and Botha. Unbeknown to me this team would become legendary. I was driving. I drove down the road and turned right, Billy got out and ran to the corner, out of sight. Myself and Botha then went around the block and checked that the dude was still there. He was. I then turned left and, left again and dropped Botha at the top of the next block where he also had visual of the suspect. I then went and waited in an alley with the motor running.

Billy: Can you see him Botes?

Botha: Roger

Billy: He's got a buddy with him now, where'd he come from?

Botha: Don't know, but he's carrying fucking a washing basket. Watch out he's coming your way. Barber do you copy

Barber: Roger.

Botha: Two suspects one is wearing a blue jeans, a dark jacket, cap and those lekker Hi-Techs that glow in the dark, the other is still standing where

we first saw him, copy.

Barber: Roger Botes.

Billy: Botes act drunk and take a slow walk past that cunt and see what's in that fucking washing basket, I'll follow the other one. Dave, get ready for action.

Barber: Roger

Botha: Roger.

Botha: Guys that basket is full of presents.

Billy: Botha the second one was standing next to a car here in Fife road he's on his way back your way, just let me check this car and then we'll take it from there. Dave move closer the shit is definitely going to hit the fan.

Barber: Roger Billy, moving closer.

Billy: Move in guys the car's been hit, grip them.

All hell broke loose, Blam!! Blam!! Gunshots.

Botha: Dave he's running towards you, Blam, Blam, Blam,

I saw them both the suspect and Botha run across my path, and duck into an alley. I gave chase with my vehicle and passed Botes just as he fired another three rounds at the suspect. I passed the suspect and handbrake turned the vehicle in his path, he dove across the bonnet and fell, quickly got to his feet and proceeded faster than I've ever seen down the street. I jumped out my vehicle, cocked my Berretta 9mm semi auto, aimed and pumped two rounds in rapid succession at the suspect, he dropped like someone had walked past and snatched every muscle out of his body in one single move. I ran to where he lay, saw he was alive and gave him two hard kicks to the body for good measure. I ran back to my car and went to find my partners and the other suspect.

I was on the unit.

The almost two years I spent on this unit I remember as being a great time in my life even though at one point we worked a full 8 months of just night shift It was not visible to me at that time the toll it was taking on me mentally. In my opinion in hindsight, we were more a legalized hit squad than a police anti-crime unit. Once you've had the power of life or death over another human being, you are never the same again. Ask any WW2 Nazi or Cold war communist. The problem is living with yourself after, especially when you find yourself committing the exact same crimes that you've killed people for. I cannot remember one week going by on this unit that we had not shot and killed somebody for crimes as mundane as stealing car radios. Unreal.....car radios. I mean really. We were real heroes hey? One member who is deceased now, even received a letter from the Minister of law and order at the time encouraging him to slow down with the killing as his name was synonymous with killing criminals to the point that his nickname at Head office was "The sergeant of death". Then overnight you are removed from this without explanation and expected to conduct yourself as a "NORMAL" human being. Do me a favor.

One night, as one of our team was visiting a girl at one of the most well known hotels in Hillbrow, we got a report via radio of a housebreaking in progress at a pharmacy in Berea. Myself and my other partner who were waiting in the car, did not have time to wait for the third guy and proceeded. As we approached the address I turned off the vehicles lights and coasted up to the

pharmacy. I noticed that a window at pavement level had been smashed. If you can picture this, the front of the pharmacy faced the street but the pharmacy itself was below street level, with stairs on the right side of the front facade leading down to the entrance. We silently approached on foot. The lights were on inside and we had perfect visibility both inside and outside the pharmacy. We decided that my partner would climb through the broken window and drop down into the premises, following the same route we imagined the perpetrator would have taken. He needed both his hands to do this and so passed his firearm to me. We had seen no movement whatsoever and presumed that the crime had already been committed and the perps had fled. As he was clambering down, a perp stood up from behind the counter and pointed a firearm at my partner. My partner dived for cover and the perp ran to the entrance of the pharmacy right through the plate glass door. I ran to the top of the stairs where I had effectively cut off his escape. He was already on his way up and pointed the firearm at me. In a reflex action I fired one round at him hitting him on the right side of his forehead, the bullet exiting the back taking quite a bit of bone and tissue with it. If you can imagine switching off a light, that's how fast he died. One second he was alive, the very next, he was lying on the floor blood pumping from the two wounds. I'll never forget how as his blood pressure dropped, the stream of blood diminished until it was just dripping like a leaky tap in your bathroom. I can remember laughing at him then walking over to our car, where I called for the duty officer and had a sip of my Coke. Seconds later, three Flying Squad GTI's arrived on the scene and the cops complimented us on our excellent work. When the duty officer arrived, he inspected the scene, took our statements quick and declared it a justifiable shooting. He then jumped back in his car and went back home. In the mean time our third guy had run down to the scene after his visit. He was pissed off because he had missed the action and was even more determined to do some shooting of his own that night.

What I came to learn is we were insane and had to be to survive and work there and the more insane we were the more we accomplished and the more we were respected by our peers. What I also realized is that ALL cops take bribes, however not for all crimes. We would take a bit of cash from illegal immigrants, small time drug dealers, minor traffic offenses and so on but I don't know of cops in that era that ever took money for crimes such as rape or murder or any other morally offensive crimes. I learned very early from my peers that taking fifty bucks here or a hundred bucks there to let someone off was quite acceptable and everyone did it. Special targets for this were Chinese fafi(a gambling game popular amongst the black population) runners as well as steamers(men cruising for prostitutes). You must remember that this was the apartheid era and any white man caught with a black prostitute was in serious trouble under the terms of the immorality act and also due to the fact that most of the men were married. I remember we once caught a guy with his pants down with a black woman at the Wilds, a park in Houghton JHB. He begged and pleaded as he explained that he was getting married the following week, so just for some fun we took him and the hooker to the Police station and phoned his fiancé. We asked her to come to the Police Station as there was a problem with her future husband that we could not discuss telephonically. Well you can imagine what happened when she arrived there

saw the hooker and heard the story.

Hillbrow was also the place that I first saw and heard about and also dealt with drug addicts as a cop. The most deadly drug at the time was Wellconol and it killed with impunity. In my time as a policeman I must have removed at least a dozen bodies of overdose victims from public toilets, parks and cockroach hotels.

One such event really stands out in my mind. It was Christmas day and we were called to an apartment block called Cape Aghullus in Esselen str in Hillbrow as the caretaker had received a call from one of the tenants mothers' to check on her daughter as she had not arrived for the days celebrations. He then phoned us as he was worried when he got no response from the apartment. When we arrive there he let us in with a spare key. We found this girl, in her mid twenties, who was definitely very attractive in life, lying on her bed in black lingerie, with two compressed syringes, one stuck into either side of her groin. It was an obvious Wellconal overdose we could see the residue of the drug still in the syringes. What made this one sadder to me than the rest was that it was in fact a suicide. She'd left a note that said " Sorry Mom, I love you but I cant live like this anymore." It hit me quite hard that one although I never showed it or told anyone. i still have the pocket book with the entry in it which you will find with the pictures elsewhere in this book.

The two most grotesque things to deal with in the Police are suicides and motor vehicle accidents. Please believe me when I tell you that someone who has jumped off a building and landed head first on a slab of concrete which is the pavement, is a) not a pretty sight as they tend to pop on impact, and all limbs are usually found to be at impossible angles and b) very difficult to pick up and remove. Worse than that however is someone who has done the same thing but is still alive, as you just know they're not going to be for long and they're usually in agonizing pain. We once found a suicide victim, who'd blown his head off with a shotgun, while sitting in the bath. The trouble was we only found him three or four days later. That was one of the few times I actually vomited from the smell and the scene, it was pretty grim. We learned however that if we got any calls of strange smells coming from apartments to stop along the way and by some Vicks vapor rub. Just before you enter said premises you rub some under your nose. It doesn't totally stop the stench but it definitely helps keep your food down. Once we got called to an apartment block due to a strange smell coming from an apartment. When we arrived we could smell it was gas and quickly deduced what was going on, so we broke down the door. We had to wait a few seconds before going in because the gas smell was overpowering. On entering the apartment we found another girl who had made a bed in the kitchen with her head in the oven with the gas turned on. She was clutching a teddy bear but appeared to be dead. We dragged her outside and found a very weak pulse but was not breathing as there was an obstruction in her airway. We removed what appeared to be a bread like substance and implemented CPR. She started breathing again. We had arrived just in time. We saved her life and to this day we've never met or spoken to her. Yet many deeds like this by myself and many of my colleagues were never acknowledged by our superiors whose focus was on the political situation and how many brandies they'd be enjoying in the police canteen. At one point there was a spate of murders targeting homosexuals. I was on three of these murder scenes and they are some of the most depraved and

violent deaths I have witnessed. Not even scenes from well known slasher movies can compare. It was however the skill of Briton Murder and Robbery unit that really stood out for me. Although I do not know who committed these crimes, I know for a fact that it was more than one person and that they were arrested and convicted. I was always impressed by Brixtons knowledge and professionalism. It really saddened me to learn that units like this and ours were disbanded. I firmly believe that had they not, our crime situation in this country would not be what it is today. Although I am not politically active in any way, it is my view that the current government were and are so blinded by revenge, that the common good of the country as far as crime and drug abuse goes is secondary to fulfilling their own private agendas.

Another unit that fell by the wayside was SANAB, or as most people knew them, the narcotics squad. In Hillbrow during my time there, there were two Narc cops that really made a huge impact, especially within the illicit Wellconol trade. They were Dave Miller and Jenny Jones. two of the most dedicated cops anywhere, with a real heart for the job. I've always wondered what the real motives for removing units like this were. Since these ridiculous changes were made to the force, the drug and crime trade have exploded out of control, regardless of what cooked up statistics the government wants to feed us.

From what Ive written here you the reader should have an idea of what being a cop at that time was like. Just to re-iterate and reinforce some points that i was trying to get across id like to finalize this chapter with these observations.

- before the age of 18 I had witnessed death and murder personally
- before the age of 21 I had shot, wounded and killed up to 4 human beings.
- assault, torture and death were the currency we traded in
- the police at the time were effective, although too politically motivated
- anyone who sought any kind of therapy was considered weak and removed from active duty, and put on a desk
- there are thousands of us who went through this whose lives are a total mess as we are unable to reconcile the things we were ordered to do, yet are now considered evil for doing them, yet I found myself in exactly the same yet more limited trap in Noupoot.
- the people who ordered and indeed expected these things, are now trying to hide behind facades of conscience in order to escape retribution.
- before the police I had never been involved in any kind of criminality or trouble of any kind, yet when I was discharged, had 50 or so pending assault and other cases, none of which I was prosecuted for.
- I have been convicted for a quite a few criminal cases, yet have no criminal record

Needless to say I harbor quite a bit of resentment towards, not my Police superiors, but to the Ministers and politicians who shamelessly took young kids and put them in the firing line, not only in the Police but on the border of Angola. How many lives were lost and destroyed, for absolutely no reason. . You people should be hung in Church square as war criminals, as not only did you oppress the Majority of this country, you used babies to do it and gave us

no chance of a normal life. It was when I realized it was all a lie that I became a criminal as I wanted some kind of pay back. Stupid I know, but that with drugs helped calm my fast returning conscience.

The police was quite a freak out especially after basic training. What I found out very quickly was that secretly most cops are actually closet criminals. The old proverb that it takes a thief to catch a thief is very, very true. The problem is that many of us after being exposed to the criminal element for a number of years find it increasingly difficult to keep the closet criminal inside us just that, hidden away inside and ultimately fall victim to the criminal life style. Including myself I know at least 15 'dedicated' policemen who worked directly with me that have not only become hardcore drug addicts but have also been convicted of serious criminal offenses including armed robbery, murder, assault etc. Some of them have done time in prison and are currently still involved with crime. I lay the blame for this squarely at the door of the powers that were at the time. You take kids straight out of school, turn them into political killers and Gestapo, brain wash them, then hang them out to dry when you decide that you no longer wish to apply the force you trained them for. I am still waiting to be debriefed and or counseled and or explained to, why in December the ANC was my enemy and terrorists, but in January were oppressed and freedom fighters. Also how does my conscience now justify all the killing, beating and lying I saw and participated in during that time. For the past ten years I have been struggling to understand as I watched the truth commission and various other trials, how the soldiers were up there being trialled for crimes against humanity, but the people who ordered these crimes are washing peoples feet. In fact I believe firmly that it was this sudden change of strategy by our then government that contributed greatly to my downfall and turning to criminals, crime and drugs. It was however not the last time that I would serve other peoples aims to my own disadvantage. The same thing on a smaller scale would happen to me later on in Noupoot. I believe that someone needs to take responsibility for the human rights violations committed against every single white South African male that was forced to do National Service either in the army or police and forced to witness and commit the atrocities we witnessed and committed in our teens which we can never wipe from our memories no matter how many drugs we take or drinks we drink. to give you the reader an idea what I'm living with, as a member of the Police and more specifically The Crime Reaction unit I have been directly(shot myself) and indirectly(shot by other members) involved with the deaths of at least 20 people. All "criminals" killed in the line of duty. Its not easy to digest especially when considering they were all black people.

In the late 1800's Billy the Kid (Also my nickname with a lot of criminals) and his rag tag group of outlaws came riding into a cattle town in New Mexico where they found a signpost with the words "WE DONT TOLERATE SCUM". The youngest boy in the group asked, "Billy,... what does scum mean ?". Billy the Kid without batting an eye replied, " Lawyers, Politicians, Bankers, you know,..... scum".

INTRODUCTION TO THE CRIMINAL LIFESTYLE 1989.

There was a lot more of this type of thing during the 2 years I spent on this

unit and as time went by the line between right and wrong became very blurred. Lying in court to cover up inconsistencies in assaults and shooting incidents was the norm. We were praised for every shooting, not only by our superiors but also by the media. Also as time went by we acquired a fearsome reputation on the streets, to the point that even just by monitoring crime statistics one could see whether we were on duty or not. Also during this period I was introduced to a group of local guys that frequented a popular take away joint in Hillbrow. It didn't take long for me to figure out that these guys were on the wrong side of the law, however I chose to continue hanging out with them as they were well respected on the streets and were also considered dangerous as they were connected in and around the night club scene which I frequented regularly. Also they gave me something that I continually yearned for, recognition. What I did not realize is that they only recognized what I could do for them through my position in the police. I was attracted to their lifestyle. None of them had jobs, yet they had the fastest and latest model cars and bikes and a bevy of beautiful girls was always in attendance.

Things very quickly developed from being just friends with these people, to trust being established and then to an illegal financially beneficial relationship developing. I don't want to go into too much detail but some of the crimes involved were drug trafficking, car theft, housebreaking and defeating the ends of justice. What I only realized once involved was that there was no turning back as these people now had enough information on me to put me away forever. At the same time I was also still very actively involved in my Police work. It was my association to these people that led to my drug addiction, as there was always a lot of money around and drugs were freely available. I not only got hooked on the drugs but also on the lifestyle. I was making a lot of money and it was the way I spent it that obviously got the attention of the intelligence community. I mean I was earning about R 900 a month as cop, but had a brand new, fast and flashy car. Was wearing very expensive jewelery, my own apartment and also had a sideline investigation business which I was using as a cover for the cash. It was however illegal for a cop to be involved in private business ventures at that time. As my drug addiction grew my interest in the business lagged and I eventually sank it.

During 1992, approximately 1 year after my introduction to the drug that would ultimately destroy my life completely (crack cocaine) I was approached by a fellow police officer named Marius van De Heever. He was a person who had been confined to office work due to an incident that had happened approximately a year earlier. This was a shooting where whilst on drinking binge after a breakup with his girlfriend, he had proceeded to the charge office, booked out an R1 assault rifle, proceeded back to the roof of the Barracks and then fired a number of shots at Metro Police officers as they were delivering a drunken driving accused at the charge office. How many shots he fired escapes my memory but suffice to say he caused quite a bit of pandemonium damaging a couple of vehicles but fortunately not harming anybody. He was subsequently arrested and charged with attempted murder. What happened with that case is a mystery to me and all I knew was that he was back at work a few months later where he worked under constant supervision in the Station Commander Clerks office.

At my apartment in Hillbrow where he came to see me, I could see he was in quite a bit of distress and asked me to help him with a daring plan to steal R 30 000 from the police. He explained to me that over a few preceding months he had uplifted a similar amount and that his office was due to be audited and he had no explanation for the disappearance of these funds. He then said that by faking a robbery he would be able to provide an alibi for himself and I could keep the entire R 30k. When I inquired as to how he expected me to rob the police station he explained that it was quite simple. On a certain date every month he was sent to the bank alone to draw the funds required to pay informers and barracks expenditures, and that we would simply pick him up take the money, beat him a bit and leave him in a remote area. He would do the rest and my name would never come. He would tell the investigators that three armed black dudes accosted and kidnapped him and had taken the money and left him there.

I declined at that point but said I needed to think about it some more. He said I shouldn't think too long as the date was the following week Tuesday, eight days away. As my addicted mind started dwelling on this the more feasible it became as my addiction was already taking on dynamic proportions at this stage, as well as my criminal behind the scenes behavior apart from my police work. I believed that I was being quite discreet until another event transpired in that week. A known person in the covert intelligence world at that time whose name I will not mention, approached me on the street one evening. He walked up to me and said "Do you know who I am?" I replied that I did, he said "I've just come to warn you that you'd better slow down with your shit as you're starting to attract some serious attention to yourself". He then got in his car and left. In my deranged mind I thought, "What a compliment!" as you must understand that this person was considered one of the most dangerous men in the entire country at that time and was linked to one of the apartheid era's most notorious hit squads. So I figured, if they're taking notice I must be moving up.

I decided to go ahead with the plan. On the morning in question, me and one other guy picked Marius up from in front of the bank, he already had the cash on him. I then drove to where my fiancé at the time worked, handed the cash over to her and she then left work caught a taxi to her father's house where she hid the money. The three of us then headed out to a remote spot where Marius insisted I assault him which I did. He was not satisfied with the results, got out of the car and insisted that I shoot him in the leg, which I did. The two of us that were left then sped off. I went to the nearest call box and called an ambulance anonymously. We then proceeded to my fiancé's father's house where we split the cash and returned to Hillbrow. I then dropped my friend off and went to work where my afternoon shift was just starting. The Police station was abuzz with the news that Marius had been kidnapped, robbed and left for dead and that Brixton Murder and Robbery unit were investigating. I cannot describe the fear and tension I was going through. After the shift finished, not one minute too soon I might add, I went to my apartment and told my fiancé I was going out. I took a large portion of the cash, went and picked up my friend and went on one of the most serious crack binges I can remember, only returning home the following morning. I went to sleep. I awoke to the sound of Police radios and Brixton detectives banging on my door. They had me. All three of us were arrested and detained. I have never

felt so ashamed in my life. I gave a Magistrate a full confession in writing and was suspended from the Police without pay. Now I was in deep trouble as I had no income and my criminal associates distanced themselves from me as I was too hot. As stated later our ruthlessness and methods even attracted the attention of serious apartheid players. Please let me re-iterate that I am not proud of this or bragging, just telling the truth.

The same day I was released I went to a night club in Hillbrow where I was approached by two of the most notorious intelligence operatives of the time. One of them the same guy who had approached me just a week before as mentioned. They told me that I should not worry as they had been monitoring the entire situation and that they would not allow me to be imprisoned.....but.....I had to meet them back at this club the following night. I was astounded and relieved.

Marius however kind of took us all by surprise. During the ensuing court case he lost his mind. He was re-arrested shortly after for murder. He had one night got involved in an argument with his flatmate who was also a cop. While the flatmate slept, Marius came to be in possession of a 9mm pistol and proceeded to fire 13 rounds into his mates head while he slept. He then sodomized the corpse. then while under questioning for this crime he confessed to another two murders. The first being a prostitute whom after sex shot in the head and then set alight and the second being a homosexual whom after sex he threw off the top of a high building in Braamfontein. He was then eventually convicted for all these crimes and received 95 years imprisonment.

Shortly after the murder of the cop, I was lured into a trap by the deceased's friends, about 10 guys in total, where they attempted to beat me up. I managed to escape however and made a call to my operative friends. Within hours I had received apologies and cries for mercy from all of them. I felt very important.

All I am willing to say is that it ended my police career and during this time I quickly discovered the truth about crime and hardcore addiction.

Then when I stood in front of a magistrate being sentenced for a crime I committed a) to feed my drug habit (b) in revenge and hatred against that system I'm told that I let them down. What a joke! Here's what happened. Leaving the police was not a choice but due to my criminal conviction, I was sentenced to 3years house arrest, 1year imprisonment suspended for five, 864 hours of community service and R1000 fine. In hindsight it was really a blessing. It is my opinion that had I been a cop in any other country in the world, where the police are just that... POLICE, not a force used for the oppression of a racial group, I would have still been a cop and a very good one at that. I loved catching criminals and seeing them getting what they deserved. What changed was my view towards addicts, who by definition commit crime, not for personal gain but out of necessity, to feed their demon. . And he is always hungry.

It was also from here that I became involved in the Nightclub and bouncing scene as this was the only form of security work I could get at the time besides the crime and intelligence stuff that I was also now totally submerged in.

CLUBS 1987 AND BOUNCING 1992-2002

While in the police we attended a certain night club in Hillbrow as a unit regularly and it didn't take long to befriend the owners and bouncers, for the reasons as mentioned above i.e. we were known to be ruthless and dangerous people and it served their purpose to have us at the establishment. I became very good friends with the head bouncer with whom I still retain contact as he would ultimately become my mentor in this game. As time went on I was eventually connected to almost every night club in the City and never paid or stood in queues to get in. I could do as I pleased in these places and was under constant protection and observation from the bouncers who were all now my mates.

As a patron of these establishments I was often involved in serious fights either with my group of friends or assisting the bouncers. In those years people who got into fights with us rarely walked away. Generally they left in ambulances, with serious bodily harm. No problem. I was a cop at the local P.D and any criminal charges that may have been filed were speedily taken care of. Added to that I had formed a small drug dealing operation in three of these clubs, selling LSD and Mandrax and Dagga (Malawi Cobs). It became quite profitable business and I had about 10 cops in the barracks also buying from me. The group was run by me, two other cops and the runners were controlled by one of my criminal associates. The drugs were obtained from another criminal associate in Mayfair JHB.

When I was suspended from the police in 1992 it was then a simple matter to transition from that world into the dark underworld that is the night club and bouncing industry. So I and a very close friend of mine approached one of the club managers and an inner city night club called THE DOORS which was a heavy metal/ alternative club, who hired us on the spot. This was just as violent as the police but with less emphasis on firearms, here you had to learn to protect yourself with your hands if you didn't already know how. In both arenas the fear and power you instill upon people is addictive in itself, combined with the adrenaline rush you receive in the instances of extreme violence, then add to that drugs and alcohol, it's a world almost impossible to escape from, and at that point I didn't want to. As an addict it was very good place to be. Drugs were in constant supply as were criminals and there was always some move or another through which we could make a couple more grand to support our drug habits. Combined with the usual drugs we were also abusing steroids, which as anyone in the know will tell you is an explosive cocktail. Just read the papers over the last 15 years and you will quickly see what the results of this cocktail have been by the number of bouncers that are serving long term prison sentences or are dead.

Every time I returned from long term rehabilitation, this was my first port of call, due to the fact I needed cash to live and will always have connections in this culture who know me and would employ me at the drop of a hat. It has always been the beginning of my downfall as you would no doubt have guessed. But where do you go and what do you do. you have to eat and you have to pay rent. Its like guys that have pushed long prison sentences. They are released into a hostile and unforgiving society with no assistance in any way, then when they're back in jail soon after, everyone says, See I told you, he'd never make it. It is more important for people to be right than be helpful. Any human being will return to what they know when confronted with no other

options. The same can be said for addicts. People put me into rehabs where I've spent a total of 6 years of my life. during this time I received 2 visits and no support other than from my wife who went with me the last time although she's not an addict. Then when there is no more to learn or you've had enough after a 24month stint and wish to give life another bash everyone withdraws further and just expects you to get on with it. Is it???. How? No-one teaches you that, so you're doomed to fail before you begin, return to what you know cause that's all you know, relapse and everyone says, "see, I was right he's relapsed again. I was right".

It is truly amazing how the very places that I enjoyed frequenting, become boring and tiresome as soon as it becomes a job. Sure i enjoyed the clubs and working there gave me a certain amount of pleasure but all for the wrong reasons. Just like the police I was part of a unit, and the kick of driving fear into people really gave me a huge rush. Once again i found myself doing crazy things to people to achieve recognition and respect with these guys. My biggest hook though was the music especially house music combined with certain drugs like ecstasy and LSD. You find hidden messages within it and it feels like its speaking directly to your soul. To such a degree that even though most of the house music of the time was just music without lyrics, you felt empowered by it. Music is a very powerful tool and too many people underestimate its power. I have spent years of my life in and around clubs, the only time i wasn't there was when my crack addiction was the priority. This was between I'd say '93 to around '96/'97, and of course during my number of stints at the Noupoot Christian Care Center. What I discovered is that as the years passed the scene became more decadent and more violent due to the arrival and influx of drugs . When I first started bouncing it was one of our duties to prevent drugs from coming into the clubs. After a number of years that changed drastically as bouncing syndicates took over the clubs and became responsible for the drug trade within the clubs. If owners didn't comply with the wishes of these well organized, armed and .dangerous syndicates, their clubs were targeted and rendered unmanageable through brutal violence on the owners as well as their patrons. The most notorious of these syndicates being Elite, whose members have featured prominently in the news over the last decade, for crimes such as Assault, drug trafficking and even murder. Once again every person within this syndicate who has been involved with these issues, although difficult to admit, I know personally and have had long term friendships with.

I have never seen anything positive or good come out of attending clubs or working in clubs. In fact the only things i have witnessed in these places is deprivation, depredation, murder, assault, rape, alcohol abuse, drug dealing and abuse, prostitution and every other form of depravity you'd care to mention. No matter what your kids tell you, there is no reason whatsoever to frequent these places, none. An example of the ruthlessness of the people found in these places. On one occasion a youngster was caught selling ecstasy in a club. This was against the rules as only certain people had dealing rights in these clubs. He was taken to a secluded room and both his small toes cut off with pruning sheers. A friend of mine who was bouncing and dealing at another club was caught with drug stock other than the stuff he was allowed to sell. He was instructed to come to a meeting at a hotel the following week. He was kept in a hotel room for two days and tortured and

beaten into a coma. Yet another friend of mine was called to this same club on a different occasion to sort out a drug related difference, on his arrival he was shot five times in the back and killed. Once at the same club another bouncer friend of mine and I were returning from my car after having snorted some coke when out of nowhere his best friend and three other bouncers from our own syndicate attacked him and started beating him badly. When I tried to intervene I was informed not to get involved as the orders had come from above. I knew better and as I watched him get beaten up, screaming and pleading I can remember and still do feel the guilt for not helping him. I have often been asked why bouncers kick people when they're on the ground and basically defeated. Simple, we have on too many occasions not totally demolished someone, which allowed them to come back with a gun. I can honestly say that through my years of bouncing that very few people that have been beaten up by bouncers have been totally innocent. There have been occasions that bouncers I know and even myself have picked a fight but these incidents have been very few and far between. One such occasion occurred just days after my release from the clutches of Brixton Murder and Robbery Unit. Myself and some bouncers were standing outside a club in Hillbrow when about 5 or 6 drunk tattoo sporting individuals and their lady friends came outside making a huge ruckus and adopted a less than friendly and or respectable attitude with us. I was raring to go but Robbie (the head bouncer and close friend) stopped me and said "Just wait, leave them." They all climbed into their car and as they were pulling out of the parking, the guy in the back seat flipped us a sign.....the car stalled.....huge mistake. I attacked, hitting the windows out with my fists in my eagerness to get to the occupants. We beat them badly and then I turned on the car, destroying it and then throwing the keys onto the roof of a building across the road. After regaining consciousness these guys disappeared and returned shortly after with the cops. Unfortunately they weren't of much use as the victims suddenly had developed amnesia and were not able to identify us even though we were standing right in front of them. Most of the most violent fights I've seen and been involved in have been with genuine trouble makers and more often than not reputation seekers who believe that the quickest way to make a name on the scene is to tackle the bouncers. What they forget is we've been employed for a reason, not for our negotiation skills, and quite simply their chances of success are limited unless they're really something special.

There was once a guy who died and went to heaven. On his arrival there, he was given a harp and assigned a cloud where an angel was teaching him to play said instrument. As he was strumming away a huge black cloud passed beneath them. On this cloud was the most depraved rave, with the best house music he'd ever heard being played through the biggest speakers he'd ever seen. Orgies, drugs and dancing were going on with about a million people in attendance. He looked at this and asked the angel what was happening there. The angel replied that, that was in fact hell. The guy couldn't believe it and insisted that he would rather be there than sitting on a cloud strumming a harp. The angel said that if he truly wanted that all he need do is jump down onto the cloud. Which of course he did. The next thing, to his amazement, he found himself in a burning pit of fire in total torment with a hideous demon poking him with a fork." What happened to that cloud with the rave on it?", he

asked between screams of agony.
The demon replied, "That's just our marketing department" .
Makes you wonder.

THE DARK AGES 1989-1997

So now you have a pretty good idea of what was happening in my life. Please remember that a lot of what I write and have written was running concurrently. That is why it was impossible to write this book in chronological order. There was so much happening at the same time and within days of each other that at times it is impossible for me to remember exact time frames.

OK, so now you know that I was a cop who was mixed up with the wrong crowd. It was this association that directly led to about 18 years of drug and rehabilitation hell. I know that you'll understand the drug hell part of it, but how can rehabilitation be hell? I will tackle the latter a little later on but suffice to say that involved my stay at the Noupoot Christian Care Center and everything that, that included. I will devote an entire chapter to that episode. Now for the drugs.

My first experience with any sort of substance was at the age of 13 while in boarding school in Klerksdorp. It was on the eve of the last day there. A group of matric boys who were in charge of us, went out and bought a large sum of alcohol, Vodka as I recall and after lights out snuck all the juniors out of the dorms down to the main soccer field. Once there, we were force fed this Vodka under threat, until we were all stupid drunk. I remember hating the experienced and feeling. I can also remember being violently ill. I have never touched a drop of Vodka since that day and even the thought or smell of it brings a nauseous and gag reflex. It was many years before I even looked at alcohol again. So for the purposes of this story and in hindsight it was probably a beneficial experience.

My next experience with alcohol was in the Police, and although I have been drunk on numerous occasions and drinking was part and parcel of being a cop, I have never, ever enjoyed it much especially the morning after hang over and also the way it makes one behave. Drug addicts will understand what I mean, but once you've experienced drugs that "enhance" your perception, don't have you falling all over the place and vomiting on people and yourself, you develop a kind of disdain and superiority over those who consume and abuse alcohol.

My next experience with a substance was with dagga. Although the first time I used it, it didn't really make an impact, through perseverance I eventually fell in love with it. It relaxed me greatly and it was also socially acceptable to smoke a joint in group of people and philosophize on the evils of world, solve its problems, giggle a lot and of course develop the munchies. This is the deception of dagga and what a lot of people don't realize is that it is in fact a very dangerous substance that has ensured a lot of people a lot of misery through psychosis, paranoia and long stays in mental institutions. Also although illegal many cops smoke dope and it was accepted but not

condoned.

I then progressed to LSD.

This drug is unbelievably potent in some frightening ways. Firstly I can only relate mine and people that used it with Me's experiences. The first thing that struck me is that when on it you are able to see through peoples masks and facades. It is virtually impossible to lie to someone on Acid. Weird I know but true, you pick up a lie before its even been spoken. Also, and this is a fact. LSD opens your mind to the supernatural. Hallucinations you say?? Well if that is so why have people I met years after using described having seen in intimate detail the same "hallucinations" at the same places at different times. example. At a nightclub in downtown JHB i saw the most horrific demon/monster thing on the dance floor. Not only I saw it that night, but the guy with me, and we ran out of there. Both of us Cops who have seen some hectic stuff. About five years later while in rehab as i started to explain this to a staff member who also used to frequent that particular club while using, he stopped me and described the exact same thing he saw at the same place years before Id ever been there. Believe it or not, its the truth. Also because of my environment and activities and combined with alcohol it made me feel extremely evil and made me unbelievably violent. I also was immune to pain and totally without conscience. I once went on a trip where I was trapped in total fear as I could feel my sanity slipping away. Very scary drug and not for the faint hearted, however after many years of use and getting used to the effects my friends and I could and have used up to 15 trips each on the course of a night out especially when combined with Ecstasy. Will get to that. It was during this phase that I tried my first bit of cocaine, but I wasn't impressed as Acid was so intense and I didn't try it again for about 2 years.

The next thing I tried was Mandrax. This is the dirtiest most vile drugging experience Ive ever had the misfortune of being involved with. Please allow me to paint you a picture. OK, so it goes like this, you smoke mandrax tablets by crushing them into a powder form which is then kept in a receptacle made of a folded up bank note or any other suitable kind of paper. This is known as the "creams". Another piece of paper is torn and formed into a tiny little scoop. A small amount of the 'creams' is then scooped up, as much as is needed to obtain the desired effect but so much as to upset the people one is smoking with as this could lead to all kinds of unpleasantness. This scoop of powder is then known as 'a cream'. The cream is then sprinkled onto the top of a bottle neck shaped into a pipe and filled with either dagga or tobacco, but preferably the former. Someone then lights the pipe and you puff until he tells you its properly lit and you then then inhale as often as it takes to fill your lungs. The rush is explosive and 9/10 people fall over while rushing. It lasts about 3-5 minutes and most people when they come out of the rush drool uncontrollably. This is what the the spit bucket is for. A spit bucket is usually a waste paper basket which has newspaper put in the bottom and is used for the purposes of drooling into by the said smokers. The person whose turn it is then takes the pipe from you as you rush and also 'hits' it and will also get a rush, this is known as the seconds. I have seen many violent and often near fatal altercations involving knives, bats and sometimes even guns over whose turn it is to smoke next or have the next seconds. Although i smoke copious

amounts of this drug I never became addicted to it and finally one day my interest in it dwindled. the only time Ive smoked 'pille' since then is on a couple of occasions to bring me down from the crack high.

Finally we have the big 'C', crack cocaine, the destroyer, killer and abuser. The 'white lady' whose is not to be messed with, the drug you don't take, it takes you, the creator of hell on earth, that the Eagles song 'HOTEL CALIFORNIA' so accurately describes when they sing, ".....you can check out but you can never leave...". Whether they were singing about drugs or not I don't know, but I tell you, thats how it is. Addicts will know exactly what I'm talking about.

Let me start by saying that I truly tried this drug by accident and had I known that I was about to smoke crack, I would have never put my lips to that "pipe". what happened was:Two of us had confiscated some coke from a dealer in Hillbrow and had then taken it to another dealer's house in Mayfair where we intended to sell it. When we arrived there he was not around but his mother said we should wait as he'd be back shortly. As we waited he asked why we wanted to see him. I showed her the bag of coke. She asked if we'd ever tried smoking it. I said no. She asked if id like to try. I said sure. She took some, added bicarbonate of soda and cooked it in a spice bottle until it formed a small a crystal. She called it freebase cocaine. she then manufactured a pipe from a glass of water and tinfoil, broke a piece off the crystal and smoked it. it was my turn, and i followed her instruction. The rush is unbelievable, if I could choose my heaven, it would be that feeling. Explaining to people what it feels like is like like explaining how orgasm feels, to a two year old child. Lets use orgasm as a yardstick, multiply it one million times in every cell in every part of your body and that would probably describe it as best I can. Now try and not get addicted. I was addicted instantaneously. As the rush diminishes your very next thought is 'MORE'. This is followed by a high of intense paranoia and unbearable craving which we called "hanging for a hit". Also many of us, of which I was particularly bad, would crawl around the floor looking for minuscule, and mostly non-existent, pieces of crack. This was called 'spotting' and it would make you feel insane. This drug is what determines your life and choices from that second on. Although i was already in involved in crime to a limited degree my thirst for this drug just could not and would not be quenched, and unfortunately for me it was not cheap which led to unbelievable criminal behavior. While still in the police i started dealing drugs, selling case dockets, stealing from crime scenes and involving myself in housebreakings and other similar crimes. As mentioned earlier, It got so bad that at one point a member of the intelligence community approached me on the street one day and informed me that I was under constant surveillance and that they were just waiting for me to slip up. About a week or two later i had been arrested by Brixton Murder and Robbery Unit and suspended without pay from the police. Within weeks Id lost my car and was barley managing to hang on to my flat. What I can remember of this period of my life and addiction for the next number of years was absolutely horrific. My addiction was totally in control of my life and every decision I made was in order to feed it. Although i managed to obtain work in clubs, bouncing and or with security firms I still continued with crime as the money earned from crime was far more than that from legal work. Some of the things i have done and

witnessed during this period are so despicable that I shudder just at the thought of them. I have seen young girls prostituting for Nigerian drug dealers with broken limbs and broken faces because their dealers weren't satisfied with the amount of drugs they were buying and or were drugging instead of working off their debt. I have seen the broken and mutilated bodies of addicts that have been beaten and thrown out of apartment buildings for all kinds of reasons. I have seen a woman so desperate to find a vein to shoot in that she bursts into tears and screams like someone dying because if she cant find a vein to shoot in soon she'll go into withdrawal and just the thought of it is just too much to bear. Ive seen with my own two eyes, crack addicts leaving their young children with drug dealers as collateral for drugs. One guy's kids were so naughty that the dealer brought them back within minutes and gave the dude drugs just to keep them away from him. I have often held up Nigerian drug dealers and one day got involved in a shoot out with a couple of them at the notorious Sands Hotel in Berea Johannesburg, after holding up and beating one of them up. I then found myself trapped and cornered by his associates, up on the fourteenth floor and high. I knew that death was imminent and had no alternative but the gun. How I escaped is a true miracle and I think about it often. Myself and a friend have even kidnapped Nigerian dealers and held them to ransom for drugs and cash. I have been in places so filthy while drugging that even the rats are to afraid they'll catch something. I have seen addicts so desperate that as one has finished shooting up another takes the needle out of him and shoots the remaining blood/heroine mix left in the syringe straight into his own system.

Top left: Steve Grobber, died at 25 pethidine overdose. **Top Right:** Me late '90's just before a bouncing gig. **Bottom:** Me and mates on a 3 day bender.



Top right: Me on duty at late night take-away Hillbrow. **The Rest:** Me and some buddies at various times through the years.

YEARS OF REHABILITATION AND THE NOUPOORT CHRISTIAN CARE CENTRE 1997-PRESENT.

I came to know of this secluded and deserted town called Noupoort through

my best friend at the time, who's sister was undergoing treatment at NCCC for chronic Wellconol addiction. We had gone down there, situated about 700km's south Johannesburg in the middle of the Karroo scrub land, in the dead of winter to visit her. The Pastor there had invited us to also do some spring buck hunting and my mate thought it was the perfect opportunity to discuss my crack problem with him, which i did, but was not ready to leave the city for what appeared to me then as a God forsaken freezing place stuck out in the middle of a semi-desert. It was 1995.

The NCCC was founded in 1992 by Pastor Sophos Nissiotiss and his wife Gladys. This was done after the Pastor had begun a successful drug rehabilitation program called Drug Alarm at the state sponsored Magaliesoord rehab in Magaliesburg. He then decided to open his own rehab in the derelict railway town of Noupoot in the Northern Cape. He bought a number of abandoned railway houses and also rented the building that houses the mens hostel for next to nothing. The NCCC is not designed to be a holiday camp. Addicts are expected to work from the day they arrive until the day they leave. The program is based on Biblical scripture as interpreted by the Pastor. It was the only rehab that showed any kind of success with wellconol and other hardened addicts and became popular for its treatment of chronic drug addiction.

Before I even get into this section of the book I must say that I know many are under pre-conceived notions which they have been built up through newspaper reports, speculation and rumor. This as I write it is to the best of my knowledge and memory and is completely true. it contains the good and the bad, my opinions and how I interpreted what was happening to me and to others. It will not be an attack on any individual or the institution itself, but it will be the truth, why? because, " The truth will set you free" and I want to be free. Unfortunately the media has reported selfishly without any real concern for the complete truth and or the people involved in what goes on there and only focused on the deaths and abuses. Although these things did happen and cannot be condoned, it must also be stated that thousands more lives have been saved(mine being one of them) than lost and ultimately had those who died in Noupoot stayed in active addiction their chances of dying on the street were very real anyway. Most of us that arrived in Noupoot were dead anyway, of no benefit to anyone and involved in criminality. For hard people like that, you need a hard cure and all this pampering and wishy washy rehabilitation isn't working anyway. However it must also be stated that this type of thing has to be monitored and cannot become a law unto itself which in my view NCCC has become. There is in my mind very much a cult mentality at work there, but you read this story and decide for yourself.

THE FIRST TIME 1997.

I woke up with a boot being thrown at me by my then fiancé, Dorethey, who had now finally had enough. Cant blame her, shed been through seven years of this hell and now finding me lying asleep on our bed after a 5 day binge during which I had spent all our money, stolen her car leaving her stranded at work. This was the last straw as id only been back at home a few weeks after moving out a few months prior to that to go live with one of my crack addict buddies. She had accepted me back after that little arrangement went down in flames. I actually believed that this day would never come. She threw me out

and I found myself in quite a dilemma, no money, no home and of course no drugs. I broke down and cried as I for the first time realized what my life was and that I was the only one to blame. I knew right there that I had to do my best to sort this mess out. I only had limited options available to me, and I had to do something about this drug that was destroying my life and was going to kill me at some point. I knew this like I know there's a sun in the sky, it was inevitable. I was a total wreck and had one small bag of possessions to my name.

I phoned my mother, sobbing and broken, and can honestly say this is the only time I've witnessed any compassion from her. She came and collected me and drove me through to her house. She could not believe what she was hearing, that I'd been an addict for years and this was where I was at. I had to make a plan and phoned my best friend Carl from her house and explained my situation. He drove to my mom's house and we sat in his car thrashing out a plan of action. The plan was that I was to make my own way to Noupoot. Once there I was to convince them of my position and if they had place Carl would then cover the cost of my rehabilitation. The length of the program was 4 months and I agreed to these terms. My mother agreed to pay my train fare and left me at Johannesburg station early the following morning. My train only departed at 14h30 and I was left at the station with enough cash to go and get high and be back in time for the train. I never went but fought the cravings off with determination, feeling confident that this was the beginning of my rehabilitation and a new life of sunshine and roses. I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize leaving JHB so I sat and waited until finally the train arrived.

I can remember feeling very relieved yet apprehensive as the train pulled out of Johannesburg and I commenced on my 12hr ride into the unknown, to this little Karroo town in the middle of nowhere. Relieved because I knew that I was leaving the drugs and pain behind, apprehensive because I had no idea what to expect or even if I would be allowed through the front door.

I arrived at NCCC at 02h00 in the morning in early May 1997, winter was just starting and it was freezing. As I got off the train in Noupoot I realized I didn't know where the Center was. Fortunately there was a police vehicle standing on the platform and I asked the officers inside it for directions. They offered to give me a lift which I accepted gladly. Two minutes later I was standing outside the NCCC hostel. The cops warned me not to go in as there were American Pitt bull Terriers chained up all around the building. I remembered the dogs from my hunting trips, and was looking forward to working with them as I had owned two Pitt bulls myself at one point and had a love and healthy respect for these phenomenal dogs. I did however know better than to provoke a pit bull. The cops said they would get hold of someone from the center and approximately 15 minutes later a young woman arrived. She introduced herself as Ruth, asked who I was. I told her and she asked why I wasn't expected, I said that I had just arrived without notification. She said that she could not accept me without arrangement and suggested I go with the cops and sleep at the police station until they had gotten hold of the pastor to explain the story to him and get his response as all decisions were made by him. I had no choice and so went with policemen back to the police station where I slept in the recreation room for the night.

I awoke early the next morning, freezing and stiff from sleeping on the floor. I went outside and surveyed the area surrounding the Police station. It was

even worse than I remembered, dirt roads and derelict houses and freezing cold. Next door to the police station were some semi decent looking houses and as I looked at them a young woman appeared on the door step, waved at me and motioned me to come over. As I got to the gate I noticed a very scary pit bull standing with her. I was reluctant to enter but she assured me it was fine and I did. As I entered she introduced herself as Ginny and offered me a seat and a cup of coffee which I gratefully accepted. About 10 minutes later a young man appeared, drying his thick bush of curly black hair. He introduced himself as John. It turned out that John and Ginny were both recovering wellconol addicts. They had lost everything through their addictions including their two daughters to welfare. I saw the two pretty young girls playing in the next room, and as I was about to ask, John interrupted me and asked, "How do you feel about Jesus, Dave?"

I replied, " If Jesus can get me off the crack, I have absolutely no problem with him." I then told him that I would sleep in the dog kennels if I had to as JHB was a death sentence.

Although I cant recount Johns and Ginnie's story in totality, it goes something like this. John explained that he and Ginny had been married a number of years and had been addicts throughout. They had had two daughters during the course of their marriage. As their addiction had grown worse and worse they had found themselves in and out of criminal Court cases and on the streets of Johannesburg with their kids. It was during one of these cases that the Courts came to hear of the plight of the two little girls who were not being abused in any way but were being neglected due to the severity of their parents addiction. The courts ordered that they be removed from the care of the parents until such time that they proved themselves fit and rehabilitated. If you know anything about drug addiction and especially Wellconol addiction you'd know that the chances of this happening are virtually zero. The children were removed and placed in foster care, with no visitation rights for the parents until they showed at least some progress. John and Ginny continued drugging for awhile, but the situation with their kids was eating at them daily. Eventually not even the drugs could dull the pain and loss of their kids. Just like me, John and Ginny had heard of this place in the desert called Noupoot and had pitched up out of the blue. During their stay of two years John explained, they had given their lives too Jesus, things had systematically improved to a point where the Pastor had written a motivating letter to the department of welfare, stating that in his opinion and due to the dedication of the parents to their recovery they were in fact now recovered and in the employ of the NCCC, John being second in charge and were entitled to their children as per the court order. That then explained the two little girls playing in the next room who were now permanently with them, happy, attending school, etc, etc. You cannot believe the hope that gave me. John said that he could see the same desperation to recover on my face and promised to do his best to help me stay. He then said a prayer, we drank our coffees jumped into a car that I just knew id seen in JHB before and headed to the hostel. As I got out of the car and approached the center, the first face I saw was that of a guy I'd arrested stealing car radios in Rosebank. "Here we go" I thought but nothing came of it. John took me around the back where a bunch of guys were standing. He told them to look after me and said he was going to contact the Pastor. After introductions had taken place, these five guys were very

keen on finding out what was going on. I explained and immediately, they decided that we should pray. A prayer was said and I was pretty shocked. I asked if they worked for the Center, and was even more shocked to hear that they were recovering addicts. They then took me into the dining hall where all the residents were lining up for breakfast. I was very happy to see a couple of people I knew from the city, including Louis, the owner of the blue car that John was driving and a person who has turned out to be a very good friend over the years and has supported and offered assistance to me many times throughout my life.

I was astounded to hear these addicts talking about god and Jesus Christ and prayer. It was foreign to me but I must admit, extremely comforting. I also met for the first time Hugh, he came from a very wealthy Jewish family and was the heir to a huge international and well known clothing brand. Him and I got on well immediately He told me he was on the dog team and after my four weeks in the lands he would pull me to that team. I had know idea what he was talking about, but it all sounded cool. In the back of mind I was very worried that I would not be allowed to stay. Hugh saw it and said, "Don't worry boet, God hasn't brought you this far to send you away." I wished I had his faith. After breakfast John came back and told me that he was struggling to get hold of the Pastor and that If I wanted I could go back and wait at the Police Station, or I could go help the guys at work. I immediately said that I'd rather go work with guys. He said that was fine as they were unloading 8 tons of rice off a train container and they could do with the help.

While we were busy with this task John came back and said that he had spoken to the Pastor and had some bad news. The pastor had said it was against Center protocols to accept addicts straight off the street without completing the applications and without finance. He said they had truck going back to Johannesburg that afternoon and they would give me a lift back. It was a hard pill to swallow, so I refused to. I told John that I would not be going anywhere and that he'd find me sleeping with the dogs until I could speak to the Pastor myself. I told him again that going back to Johannesburg was a death sentence and that I'd be on the streets there anyway, so rather the streets here with no drugs. He said he'd fight for me with the Pastor, then called a group of guys over and they prayed for me again. He then got back in his car and left. We carried on with our task. Shortly after John returned and said that he had again spoken to the Pastor and that the Pastor was returning from Bloemfontein to do deal with my matter and that I should wait. He said there was a group meeting that afternoon and that the Pastor would see me after that. I was elated and for the first time firmly believed that it was the prayer that changed the circumstances. I worked with guys that morning and then went with them to lunch. That afternoon we were all walked down to a small room behind a building, which one of the guys told me was the church and tuck shop. Inside there were a couple of dozen chairs arranged around a platform. I was instructed to sit right in front as I was new. There was a guy with a guitar, Greg, and the same young woman, Ruth, from the night before, with a tambourine There were song sheets on our chairs. What happened next blew my mind. The music started and this group of recovering addicts started singing and clapping and partying to praise and worship music like I'd never seen in my life before. The praise and worship is still now and until the day I finally left Noupoot for good, the most intense soulful and enthusiastic I

have ever seen. When I think of the good things that happened to me there, the praise and worship is always the first thing that comes to mind , its awesome.

I remember not really participating feeling quite self conscious . While we were singing the Pastor came in. Pastor Sophocles Nissiotis, a man who would have such an impact and influence in my life that I'm still dealing with the repercussions today, four years after leaving Noupoort. He's a short but imposing man with a wide girth and big grey beard. He wears glasses behind which lurk searching and distrusting eyes. With him as always was his tiny and frail but loyal wife Gladys.



PASTOR SOPHOS AND GLADYS NISSIOTISS.

He preached that day on Deuteronomy 30v19. The choice between life and death and although I don't want to recount that sermon as I've heard it thousands of times since then, it felt at that point as if he was talking to me directly. The entire thing lasted about an hour and a half and after it was over I was ushered to the Pastor by John. He was extremely friendly and I felt a kinship with this charismatic man. I explained my story and position to him as I'd done to John. He called John over and asked if he had a room open in the center. John said only the dog food store was available as the other rooms that were open were being kept for paying patients who had applied to join the program. The pastor instructed him to clean out the room and put a bed and a locker in for me. I was staying and was extremely grateful to him and told him so. He said, "We'll see " .

THE PASTOR

From the first time I met him, he made a huge impression on me. I could for the first time in my life truly identify with someone. Pastor Sophos had also come from a life filled with extremes and until today there are no half measures with this man. Everything he takes on and believes in he sees through to completion, regardless of public opinion and or controversy. He is a man who understands the addict mind unlike any other I've ever met. He often knows what you're thinking before you think it and at times us as patients were convinced that he either had the phones tapped or had a hot line directly to God. Unfortunately though the Pastor has whether by his own doing or others developed a bit of a God complex in that even his own board are to afraid to stand up against him for fear of some type of reprisal. The entire center, staff and patients live in fear of him, whether they admit it or not. Any kind of opposition to anything is met with furious anger and extreme

unpleasantness. There is only one way and that is the pastor's way. No one is allowed to make any decision concerning anything, right down to the most minuscule detail without first consulting and getting an OK from the Pastor. Even when he is out of town he has to be contacted by phone, informed of the problem and or decision and an answer awaited. Pastor Sophos used to be an arch criminal and substance abuser before becoming a pastor and opening the NCCC. He was so successful at it that he established a string of restaurants around Johannesburg. He then sold the restaurants and moved to the Natal south coast where he bought a hotel and retired a very very wealthy man. Unfortunately for him he was abusing substances so badly that they were effecting his mind and he became so paranoid that he was almost unable to function. He once told me that his wife Gladys would sometimes have to walk ahead of him and check that everything was OK before he would go anywhere. At other times he would grab onto her in fear that something or someone was out to get him. He was also a violent wife beater and once told me he would hang his wife on the washing line, punch her, let the line spin around and when she came around knock her the other way. Not only was he violent with her but was established as a violent and ruthless man in society and within the underworld. Added to this he was a chronic womanizer, even forcing his wife to wait on his many mistresses. I believe it is this lifestyle that has caused the Pastor to be the man he is today. Sometimes he is a man that displays such compassion and kindness for people and animals that its hard to believe there's another side to the man, a dark, diabolical side. That side is a man who wont bat an eyelid to lie if its to his advantage and will even drag you to court to prove himself right, knowing full well he's lying. This is a man who breeds fighting dogs for that very purpose and uses addicts like myself to train and test them for pit fights around the country and is a well known figure within the dogfighting fraternity around the country and has many times entertained people from that fraternity at one of his homes. He is a man who enjoys seeing people grovel at his feet and will not let anyone back into his Center without belittling them and forcing an apology from them before a packed church. He has an intense hatred for homosexuality and I have seen gay people publicly humiliated by him on so many occasions that its almost impossible to relate one single occasion. Also homosexuals were marginalized and targeted by the pastor through the staff until they recant their homosexuality publicly. On many occasions lesbian woman and girls were forced to wear frilly dresses and make up against their will with threats of punishment or expulsion if they refused. I think this hatred stems from his past as well, as he often suspected his wife of having affairs with lesbian women and one day he became so enraged that he took her into the sugar cane fields to shoot her. He says he didn't do it because he heard someone say, " In Jesus name", and that brought him to his senses as she knelt before him ready to accept her fate. It was also the day, he says, God knocked him to the ground and his life change.

I must also say that Ive been privileged to see the compassionate and caring side of him. Pastor Sophos has saved my life on 2 occasions and has been involved in my recovery for a period of ten years. He came to get me out of Prison when there was no chance I'd ever get out, I was however first forced to write a long apology letter and commit myself to the program for a period of two years. He has made a huge impact on my life some good some bad, but I

suppose the bottom line is I'd probably be dead, on the streets or in prison if not for him. My personal belief is that at one stage the Pastor was truly committed to what he was doing, but somewhere along the way greed and personal gratification stepped in. My reasons for saying this are many but suffice to say that most of his decisions are financially motivated. He has stores of valuable goods stored up in his warehouses at Midlandia. He owns a number of properties including a hotel and a holiday home in Jeffreys bay. His staff are paid a pittance and most are convinced they're working for God, and so what they get is not called a salary, but a blessing. He has mountains of the best foods and meats in his own fridges and kitchens yet the addicts live mainly off expired and donated foods. The hostel and other buildings are poorly maintained. The items in the tuck shop are way overpriced and the restaurant is kept busy due to the fact that the food at the center is of such a poor quality. Basically he has built himself a mini conglomerate in Noupoort and has ensured himself a constant and high income. To top it off, once you've paid the program fees and arrived in Noupoort, if you leave, the fees are totally non-refundable. That's only R 36 000 a year, pretty cheap for rehab in today's economy but a lot of money if you've only been there for 3 or 4 days. The man is rich, very rich and he's gotten that way on the backs of broken people whom he has manipulated into believing it's fine and they owe it to him. He believes very strongly that his method of rehabilitation is the only method. Hard work, hard Christianity and harsh punishment, about sums it up.

THE NCCC METHODOLOGY AND PROGRAM.

NCCC calls themselves the one step program. They believe there is only one way to recovery and that is through the power of God through Jesus Christ. Fundamentally I have no problem with that and subscribe to it myself, it's just the hypocritical and cultish way it's implemented that concerns me, but I'll get to that later.

The program, or let's call it the primary program goes like this. It is 52 week program, followed by another 52 weeks voluntary and free of charge at the re-integration center in Middleton. The second 52 weeks is only available to those who complete the first 52 weeks successfully

On arrival the resident is searched thoroughly. All and any drugs and paraphernalia are confiscated. Also on the list of confiscated items will be any non Christian books, cd's, magazines etc. Then any and all toiletries are also confiscated as the resident is told in the application and rules not bring these items with as many have tried to smuggle drugs in toothpaste, shampoo, cream and other similar containers. They are expected to buy whatever is necessary from the tuck shop Convenient hey? Still, that is acceptable, until one realizes that many residents have ended up buying their own confiscated goods back from the tuck shop Pretty profitable little set up. Also I have had many reports of a certain female staff member who confiscated the best goods and hoarded it for her and her daughters use. Any mention of any of these matters was met by vicious rebuke from the Pastor. The resident is then shown their room and they are given a three day grace period to stop swearing. The day starts at 05h30 in summer and 06h30 in winter. Wake up is at 07h00 on weekends. In the summer weeks the residents must take care their ablutions and dress then report outside to the front of the center for role call at 06h00, withdrawals notwithstanding, no-one is excused unless virtually

on the verge of death . Anyone who is late is written up by the monitors and/or project leaders and will appear before the committee which sits once a week to hear all cases of indiscretion. They then head off under supervision to where the dogs are kept. Each person is assigned a dog for the period of their stay, which they collect from wherever the dog is kept, under the scrutiny of the dog team and monitors. This is to prevent any male female contact and escaping dogs which happens quite often and leads to dog fights and all round pandemonium. Also bitter residents have been known to purposely release dogs as a form of revenge. The residents and their dogs then line up, female residents in front and male residents at the back. Those withdrawing and or unfit to walk a dog for whatever reason are kept behind under a tree under the guard of a project leader. The dog walk is about 3km's long and lasts for about 45minutes. When the residents arrive back the whole process is reversed, a role call held and the men head off to the hostel and the women to the ladies residence. On arrival at their prospective residences they are expected to clean their rooms and do their duties. The resident is given a morning duty to perform every morning. The rooms and duties are inspected and breakfast is held at 08h00. At breakfast each morning an assigned resident, a different one each day, is expected to read a bible verse, explain it and then pray in for the day. Everyone then eats and then meets outside with their prospective work details, where each detail holds their own prospective role call and prays in again. Each detail consists of a staff member, one or two project leaders, several monitors and then the residents. I will explain the ranking structure later but at this stage will say that project leaders and monitors also fall in the resident category. The projects or work details were orientation, farm which is divided into livestock, maintenance and agriculture, dog team which is divided into big dogs, little dogs and puppies, school for the teenagers, kitchen and arts and crafts for the women. The new residents then slot into the first stage of the program which is called orientation. This is a two week period during which time they are introduced to the program, those that are withdrawing from drugs do so during this period and it is the Pastors instruction that medication may only be given in the most dire circumstance and only in tiny amounts. He alone can approve each dose. The resident is expected to endure the pain and discomfort for two reasons, 1) As a form of discouragement to use again 2) To prevent becoming addicted to the medication . After the two weeks male residents are sent to work on the farm and female residents are sent to work in the kitchen. Lets start with the farm. On the farm one can expect temperatures of up to 45 degrees Celsius in summer and up to -10 degrees in winter with snow and sleet and freezing winds. Residents are expected to work throughout. You are allowed a 10 minute smoke break for every hour of work. So it basically works like this, The residents arrive, they then start in orientation for two weeks. After this period the students go to school, adult males go to the farm and females go to the kitchen. There is a far wider range of opportunity for the male residents after their four week farm period than there is for the females. They have the workshops, dogs, admin and maintenance. The girls are more or less limited to the kitchen and admin duty and as there is not really such a high demand for admin staff it kind of narrows things down. Added to these projects there is also the music team, but they are required to practice in their spare time and this not a full time project. Then there is Midlandia, which is an old abandoned

railway shunting station about 5km's. This is where the old discipline barracks was housed where Logan Klingenberg was found dead hanging from a chain that made national headlines. It also houses the ministry's warehouses and meat fridges and mechanical workshops. The guys that man these operations stay out there under the supervision of a project leader only. Outside of Noupoot there is also the re-integration program which is in the town of Middleton in the Eastern Cape. The Pastor owns the entire town. It is known as CIARA.

The residents then do their next four weeks as mentioned on the farm or in the kitchen and are then posted to their full time workstation or project. This placing is decided by the Pastor and in cases his wife Gladys. Some people stay on the farm or in the kitchen for their entire program

1997 Program, the dogs and Leaving the first time and subsequent return 1998.

So, I manage to stay and I go on the program. It didn't take me long to realize a couple of things. 1. Monitors had better rooms, authority, worked harder, but had more privileges 2. The guys who worked the dogs were considered the elite and also worked harder longer hours, but were a tight team. So I decided right there, I was going to be a monitor on the dog team. But first I had to prove myself. So that's exactly what I did. I followed the program to the letter, worked hard wherever I was. Even when I did get into trouble for minor things and was punished, I took on the punishment with gusto. This earned me a lot of respect with John and the other dog team guys. Also they were training the dogs at night for an upcoming show and needed volunteers to walk the dogs before and after they ran on the treadmills, to warm them up and cool them down and to fetch and return them to their runs. I was there. It was through this experience with these dogs that I learned some valuable lessons about recovery from drugs. As you may or may not know, these dogs are baited with either a chicken or rabbit or cat in a cage, which is then hung in front of the treadmill after the dog is harnessed in. As soon as the dog sees this it takes off running trying in vain to catch the bait. He is encouraged by the guys standing around shouting, "Come on boy, come on, catch it boy, catch it." The more we shouted, the harder the dog would run. The dog will not stop until the bait is removed and I've personally seen dogs run for up to an hour and a half. They never give up. This is called gameness. Some dogs however had no interest in training no matter how much encouragement they were given. It's pretty much the same with drug addicts. Consider recovery the bait, the harness your addiction, the program and God, the encouragement, and the treadmill the road of life. Only those who never give up will make it to the show. Even if it seems you'll never catch that bait, stay game, never ever give up. I've been trying to catch the bait for 15 years, have got a few bites, missed, collapsed, but I'm still on the treadmill, still running. I've also seen quite a few dogs break the harness and grab the bait, which caused quite a bit of excitement, but those were the most committed and focused dogs. Get it? Some addicts have no interest no matter how much encouragement they're given, it's just one of those things, they don't really want the bait (recovery) or to go to the show (life). They'd rather just sit and lie around all day, happy to be chained up to their addiction as they've never experienced the good in life and that it's really worth the effort.

So then after 7 weeks on the program I was on the dog team and a monitor. I really loved working with these dogs and I really enjoyed this time in Noupoort. Most of all I enjoyed my new relationship with God and I loved not being a slave to crack. It was great and I was seriously considering making this my permanent home. Remember at this time there were only about 40 of us on the program, there was no such thing as project leaders, most of us were committed to our recovery and although I hate to say it, we were a different caliber of addict than those who I've met more recently. I'm not saying that we were any better or any worse, I'm just saying we were in my view tougher and more resilient people. Remember we were the first to experience crack and heroine in this country and also the first to try and recover, so there were no real guidelines and we only had each other, God and the Pastor for any kind of support. Also at that point I think there were only one or two addicts under 18 and none under 16. Many of the guys I met in those months are still recovered and I still speak to quite regularly. One of them is Lee Kaplan, who is living with his wife and kids in Israel and is still a huge role model as far as recovery goes, to me. He and I really bonded through our passion and love for pit-bulls, training for marathons and preaching the Gospel to addicts.

The dogs, well it didn't take me long to realize that there was something other than dog shows going on with the dogs. Often on Saturday afternoons some of the more senior dog team and NCCC guys would go missing, and then later when we'd go feed the dogs we'd find, or be told that one of the dogs had got off its run and gotten into a fight with another dog and these dogs were being treated for their injuries. As I became more inquisitive and started asking embarrassing questions I was called in one day and the plot explained to me. It is as such. When breeding these dogs, they are of no real value unless they have been tested in the pit for a character known as "gameness". This is a trait that is displayed through the animals willingness to fight and or will to continue fighting once injured. It is inconceivable in these pit bull breeding circles to breed dogs that do not have this attribute and thus they have to be tested thoroughly. So what was happening was that these guys would test the dogs, the ones that seemed game and skilled enough would be trained with the show dogs and then either be taken to dog fighters around the country with the show dogs or be fetched by these people for "breeding". However, these dogs inevitably always returned with new scars and in poor condition. These dogs are also ranked according to the amount of fights they've won. Three fights is a champion and five a grand champion. If you have dogs with this type of ranking you can charge large sums of money for their stud. At that time NCCC had I think one grand champion (CJ, the Pastors own dog) and one or two champions. I was then invited to attend a couple of these sessions which I did. Although to be honest I at the time felt honored to have been invited into the inner circle and even enjoyed watching this blood sport and the courage and skill displayed by these dogs, I have since come to regard it as cruel and unnecessary and I see it for what it really is. A sport for mindless barbarians with no thought for the pain inflicted on these really great dogs and a need too fulfill their own blood lusts. At one point the Pastor even employed a renowned dog fighter to come and teach us the ins and outs of the game, such as training, nutrition and ear cropping etc, but unfortunately or fortunately that relationship also didn't last long and he

was also sent packing.

The dog fighting in Noupooort came to an abrupt end when Lee Kaplan (a participant himself) confronted the Pastor on the issue in front of the entire center. It was denied and he was fired. Please note that this did not mean that dogs still did not leave Noupooort for these purposes. Does it still happen.?.....who knows?? For me the crux of the issue here was never the fighting itself, it was the lying. This man of God lying about it. It happened, admit it, stop it and move on, but to this day he will deny any knowledge of it having happened. I was there I saw it, I participated and was present on more than one occasion when the results of the game test fights were reported to the Pastor. Instead Lee Kaplan, Chris Everitte and others like them and myself, who have spoken openly on this and other issues have always been made out to be liars due to our addictions to drugs.

I spent a total of eight months this time round, other than the dogs I experienced a couple of other strange things in this "Christian" environment. The first thing was that no medication was administered at all for people withdrawing from heroine and or other opiates or for any other ailment. At that time these people were sent straight to work in the lands in this condition. In temperatures of up to forty degrees in summer and as low as ten below freezing in winter. It has changed slightly since then but only with all the media attention and then only minimal medication is given in the most dire of circumstances. It was not pleasant to watch people withdrawing like this and I think contributed greatly to me not using heroine. I know of but did not witness, one case of a resident who died in the local hospital from his withdrawals due to the fact that he was left without medication for too long. This particular case has never been mentioned or exposed in the media. He was a heroine addict called Slavo from Yugoslavia and this occurred sometime in the mid-nineties.

Assault was an accepted method of discipline and I saw it more times than I care to mention, from a slap to a thorough beating, it was the norm. Yet if a resident got into a fight or assaulted someone else they were severely punished and may even have been assaulted themselves. I have personally seen the Pastor during this period assault one resident and one former resident who trespassed onto the premises drunk.

I was once left for six weeks with excruciating tooth ache, with no medication of any kind before I got sent to a dentist as I was there on "grace" and had no medical aid. I was also forced to work in the lands with six golf ball sized boils in my armpit, no painkillers or antibiotics or doctors of any kind until out of sheer desperation I had another resident lance them with a razor blade. With blood and pus oozing out for two days, I worked with pigs and other farm animals, no disinfectants, no plasters, nothing. Just soap and water after work.

The most famous phrase from Noupooort is, "the only pills you'll get here are the Gospels". That about sums it up I guess.

Another thing I remember was an incident that occurred during this period. It was that halfway through my stay I was allowed to go on a ten day holiday. While away I partied hard and got introduced to a new drug called ecstasy. On my return I was tested but got someone else's urine which inevitably came up clean. About three months later, just before I left the whole incident was exposed by someone I called 'friend'. The Pastor reckoned it was a bit late to

do anything about it at that point and I walked with no repercussions. This was not so great for my 'friend' who now had the problem of dealing with the dog team leader (of which he was a member) whom he'd just ratted out. He ended up leaving with the dog fighting expert I mentioned earlier and ended up pushing a 25 year sentence for hi-jacking and attempted murder.

So while I was there my fiancée at the time found new interests and left me to pursue these and I met another girl in rehab. Let me just state for the record that this is one of the biggest mistakes anyone can make in rehab. DO NOT GET INVOLVED WITH ANOTHER ADDICT. It is a recipe for disaster, I've made this mistake twice and twice I've been burned badly.

My friend Carl who had encouraged me to come here then called me towards the end of my program and informed me that he felt I'd been there long enough and that his dad was opening a holiday resort in Rustenburg which I could work at until I found something else. It was December and he also said that I could come spend the holidays with them. So on Christmas day, which is a huge affair in Noupoot, I informed the Pastor that I'd be leaving the program on the 31st. He said that I what was the point of waiting until then, and expelled me on the spot. To say I was surprised and hurt is an understatement. I had been loyal and devoted and thought that I would have received some kind of appreciation for my efforts, especially considering the whole dog fighting thing and so on. Never happened, cheers bud, you've outlived your usefulness. His point is that I should have been more grateful for the time and effort he put into me and stayed for ever. Well, lets just say that even then I went way beyond the call of duty than what was ever expected from any other resident, to prove that gratefulness, but as you'll see, its never enough.

I was picked up at JHB station by another friend from Noupoot's girlfriend, who then dropped me at Carl's place. Her name was Desiree, remember her, she plays quite a role later on. We exchanged numbers and she went on her way. Me and Carl together those days, was like petrol and matches. We were closer than brothers and I really looked up to, respected and admired him. He was financially secure, lived his life to the max, jolled hard but never seemed to lose his focus or priorities. His family accepted me as a son and has always done their best to try and keep me on the straight and narrow. Up to that point they were the only people who ever showed any kind of interest or faith in me and I'll always love them for that. Even now 10 years later if they were to call on me for anything I'd be there in an instant.

So anyway, we end up on a major new years party and the festive season ends and I start working at the holiday resort. Not long after the girl I met in Noupoot, Janine finished her program and contacted me. I was allowed no contact with her up till then. Desiree brought her through to the resort and we had a jolly old time. Me and Janine started a relationship, if you could call it that. We saw each other off and on the but the relationship gradually disintegrated as we both started drugging again. She was still staying in Johannesburg and I was still at the resort. But I'll get to that shortly.

While working here I found myself extremely bored and isolated. I had no friends, no company and no transport and through this intense boredom started smoking weed and drinking in the pub. Then once people in charge started to trust me I was allowed to use a vehicle from time to time to go into

Rustenburg. I used this time gratefully and met up with some of the local guys and girls. One of them was Joe, a quadriplegic guy, whom I hit it off with in a big way. His only disability was physical and he was one the cleverest people I've ever met. So then started a long friendship that was to ultimately end in tragedy.

Joe and his brother Kevin had a car, so it didn't take me long to convince them that the place where it was really happening was Johannesburg and so every opportunity we had, we went. To a club called ESP, which was open on Sundays. Sometimes we'd go the night before, the Saturday, and begin at another club called Hideout. This place was hectic as all the drug dealers, criminals, bouncers and heavies would come to party here when the other places closed. The place and the music was dark and loud. All drugs freely available and of course all my gangster, bouncer and dealer buddies were present so once again we were in control of the scene. This was awe inspiring to Joe and Kevin, who had decided that his role model was now my friend Steve Grobber. Steve was a gangsters gangster and was one person that I regarded as totally fearless. When he walked into a place he commanded it. He took no crap from anyone, loved and respected his friends and was hugely respected within this sub-culture. Steve was a drug dealer and criminal and was often used as an enforcer for the club syndicates to discipline those who broke the rules. He once told me that he'd cut off someone's small toes with pruning sheers for dealing where he shouldn't have been. It turns out that it was the same incident I mentioned earlier. Nonetheless we got on like brothers and Carl, Steve and I together were pretty formidable opposition in any scenario especially when considering their capabilities. Unfortunately though, as is the case with a lot of my close friends, we lost Steve to a pethidine(which was supplied by a registered doctor and pharmacist) overdose in 2000 and buried him. His gravestone still has his motto engraved on it, "We're here for a good time, not a long time". He was 25, and I miss him every day. Rest in peace my brother I'll never forget you.

Eventually due to various circumstances I ended up back in Johannesburg working for a chain of Gyms. I was staying with my ex and Carl and another friend of mine Dave had clubbed together and bought me a cheap little car. I was living in the clubs again, with Janine and intermittently with Joe and his brother Kevin. I met the new boys on the block, who later became the directors of Elite Security. It didn't take long before I was again in the grip of my drug of choice, Crack. At wits end, I sold the car to an ex-fence of mine and climbed on a bus to Noupoot after depositing the money in their account and arranging a bed. I told no-one except Desiree and instructed her to tell Carl once I had left Johannesburg. I was on the bus out of Johannesburg and safe.....so I thought. Approximately halfway through the trip at a bus stop in Bloemfontein, I was awakened by the driver who said there were some people looking for me. I nearly had a heart attack. As I stood up in the isle of the bus I could see out through the windscreen and what I saw worried me greatly. Standing waiting, were Carl and Dave. They had chased the bus down from Johannesburg and were pretty upset. I tried to explain but they weren't interested and what followed was another one of the worst moments of my life. Carl gave me a proper hiding, pointed a gun at me and threatened to kill me. I didn't fight back, I couldn't. They then bundled me into the car and drove me back to Johannesburg. Unfortunatley for them and for me the drugging

didn't stop there and just got worse. It ended with me living in a car that I had borrowed (stolen) from Desiree, in a drug den parking lot stealing and robbing people and finally selling my clothes for drugs. Carl came and found me, returned the car and put me on the next bus to Noupoot.

Noupoot Christian Care Center had grown a little but it was exactly the same thing as I've already mentioned, work, dogs, church etcetera. I stayed for about a year from late 1998 until early 2000. It was during this period that the notorious Detention Barracks came into existence.

THE START OF DISCIPLINE AND/OR CORRECTIVE INTERVENTION(C.I).

OK here we go, lets get into the history of this part of the NCCC program In mid 1999, NCCC acquired the right to use an old railway shunting ground about 5 kms out of town. This ground was called Midlandia. It's about 5kms/sq. It housed a number of old warehouses containing old diesel locos as well as a number of disused buildings that were starting to fall victim to vandals and also into a state of disrepair. Also on the property were two huge diesel bowers Massive pump rooms and generator houses. It was also the storage ground for a couple of hundred old railway goods trucks. The deal was that NCCC could make use of the ground and the buildings as long as we protected the interests of Spoornet that were still on the property. The pastor immediately dispatched myself and two other tough guys to stay there with three pit bull terriers to patrol and guard the premises. Due to the fact there was at this stage no water or power, we were given a caravan to stay in and an old VW Passat to come and shower and collect provisions in. It was great as we were all alone out there and did not fall in with the general program anymore. Our days consisted of exploring our new environment and discouraging the local population from systematically dismantling the place before pastor Sophos had the chance to systematically dismantle it himself. While there we discovered thousands of liters of diesel had been left behind in the bowers The ministry ran all its diesel vehicles on that discovery for approximately 2 years. Had we not disclosed this discovery to the Pastor and sold the diesel ourselves, I'm pretty sure we could have retired. What did we get in return for our honesty.....zero. What was disclosed to Transnet.....also zero. The next thing that was discovered and removed were a number of very large electric pump motors. After that all the Oregon pine roofs and floors, hundreds of thousands of rands worth, removed and put into storage. And so it went on, until most of the valuable stuff had been stripped and stashed. Who got the blame?.....the local population.

It was then decided that all the residents who were presenting a problem would be sent out to us for hard labor-discipline. At this point there was no talk of it being a discipline camp, just that we were to work the guys hard as they were problem residents, also that if necessary a couple of smacks here and there for good measure would also be a good thing, due to the remoteness of the place. The guys only came for the day and then went back at night. At this point I don't remember anyone having been assaulted, although during my years prior to this I had seen and also dealt out a number of slaps as it was the norm under the right circumstances. The Pastor decided what were the right circumstances and any action outside of these decisions could cost you heavily, depending on his mood that day.

The Discipline Barracks (DB) was really started by a resident named Craig, who was an ex-army special forces PT instructor. Craig was a crack addict who had also spent 12 years in a Greek prison for armed robbery. He was also a competitive body builder and bouncer at one point in his life. He was big, strong and had a mean streak. His drugging had also eventually led him to Noupoort. He and I had similar backgrounds and so got on very well. He suggested to the Pastor that a bit of pt. for the offenders during the day while we were at the Center showering, administered by him would definitely discourage misbehavior and act as a deterrent to the other residents. The Pastor accepted this idea with glee and so DB was born. We would look after the guys in the mornings until around 11h30. Craig would then be brought from the Center take the guys and pt them until we returned from showering etc. Often when we got back, many of these guys were in tears, begging for mercy after what they'd been through. When I reported the progress and events to the Pastor he was ecstatic and Craig was the man of the moment. The Pastor was concerned because the guys undergoing this treatment were still part of the main stream program and stories were starting to filter out to the families of residents and even to the Police. He ordered that the water supply and electricity be restored to one of the buildings. The offenders were moved to the building and the DB started in earnest. It didn't matter what we did really. As long as the guys sent to us suffered. Our instructions were just not to leave visible marks should we need to get physical. One day one of the guys had had enough and attacked me. Unfortunately for him I had sjambok and I reacted viciously, leaving a number of welts on his legs and body. That afternoon he managed to escape and ran to the Police, who in turn contacted the Pastor. He then contacted me and I explained what had happened. The Pastor then drove through and collected me and we went to the Police station. I'll never forget his words as I got into the car, "Don't worry I'm ready for them and I'm waiting for these human rights people also". At the police station we explained the situation. Unfortunately for the guy who complained, his family didn't want to hear his story as he was in Noupoort on court order after beating his father to the brink of death for money to drug with. This combined with our version of events prompted the Police to return him to us. I don't think he'll forget those next few days in a hurry. Not long after he absconded and the last I heard was in prison for some or other drug related case. About 3 months later I left Noupoort after yet another altercation with the Pastor concerning an incident where my dog attacked a cat and because I instructed a resident to kill the badly injured cat with a rock. The cat was in really bad shape and in pain, and was not going to survive and I just wanted to save it any more pain. It was decided that I had a hate for animals, especially cats. So in order to correct my ways I was stripped of my leadership, had to return to the center and work on the chicken and rabbit project. So in my mind I thought, "It's OK to fight dogs, bait them with chickens, cats and rabbits. Its OK to beat and pt people half to death, but it's not OK to kill a half dead and suffering animal". I packed and left to Pretoria to another girl I'd met at NCCC named Rose who was working at a hotel there. The DB continued.



NOUPOORT DOG TEAM AND WALK.

PRISON, RETURN TO NOUPOORT, THE DEATHS OF ERNEST COETZEE AND LOGAN KLINGENBERG.

So there I am in Pretoria, no job, no nothing. Everyone I know has turned their backs on me, due to my insistence on leaving NCCC against their wishes. I'm sharing a hotel room with Rose and invariably I start looking for a bouncing job as I need money fast. Within days I had been employed at a place called Area 51. This turned out to be a drug haven and an anti-drugs local bike gang's hang out. You can imagine the pandemonium that ensued. I did more hiding than bouncing there as the place was totally unmanageable between two bouncers. During this period I met another girl and started dating her. I also bumped into an old drugging partner of mine Johny and that's where the trouble started in earnest. Johny is one of the most notorious drug addicts in South Africa. He has attended approximately 30 rehabs. Of that he has been to NCCC about 7 times. He has been shooting heroine for almost 20 years and is not looking so great anymore. He has been on the run from the police

for years for numerous petty crimes. It was this meeting in Pretoria that started his fugitive status. The problem with Johnny and I is, we are both extremists when it comes to drugs. Once we start, we will not stop unless we are stopped, out of money(rarely) or dead. This is compounded greatly when we are together and both drugging. It is a frightening and deadly situation as the drugs change your mindset totally and remove all fear and emotion. I bumped into him as I was climbing out of a cab, about to book into a hotel with my new girlfriend to do party drugs. There he was. A meeting set up by the devil. He asked if I was drugging, my affirmative reply led to him showing me where to score crack and the nightmare restarted again. Another problem was that Johnny had a car, bought by his very wealthy parents. It was a BMW. The first thing we did was trade it in on a Toyota. We drugged out the difference. Then we started using the car to do housebreakings. Every cent we made went to drugs and partying. We ended up renting a small outside room from my girlfriends parents but I cant remember ever paying anything much towards it. All we did was wake up, steal, drug, eat, sleep, wake up, drug, steal and so on and so on. This went on for about 4 months. Eventually early one morning after not having used or stolen the previous day we found ourselves in a bit of a predicament. Johnny was starting to withdraw and we had no cash at all. I was also craving(hanging) badly and we had to make a plan for at least some money quickly. We headed for a suburb of Benoni where we had been stealing quit a bit as we knew security to be lax and stealing there was pretty easy. Because we were desperate and not concentrating on the job at hand, we hit the first house we saw. We took the plates off the car and I reversed it up to the front door. Johnny opened the boot while I took the crowbar and broke through the security gate and the front door. We entered the house. As we came out of the house with the first things, we saw the cops had arrived, blocking our exit. We were busted. It turns out the house we chose was in the same street as the Police station and cops on their way there saw us hitting the house. Very clever indeed boys. We end up being arrested and detained. Our car was impounded and to this day

we have never seen it again. I have even employed private investigators to try and find it. There is no record of the car anywhere. So we've been arrested for housebreaking while the cops have stolen our car. That's justice in South Africa The first night in the cells was horrendous. We were kept separately for the first night, Johnny withdrawing and me hanging. It was hell but worse was to follow. We shouted encouragement to each other through the night. At some point we were allowed a phone call each. Johnny phoned his mother and I phoned our fence who promised to arrange a lawyer for our Court appearance. The following day Carl brought us some food and money and a disposable camera, which we smuggled into the cells. With the money we were able to buy some dagga and cough medicine which relieved our situation a little. It was freezing and no matter how many lice infested blankets or clothes we put on it didn't help. We finally ended sleeping huddled together on a mat on the concrete floor. After 48 hrs in the cells we were taken to court. Our possessions and cell phone were returned to us and on the way Johnny launched the most horrific verbal abuse at his mom on the phone. When we arrived our lawyer and fence were there. The lawyer explained that the police were entitled to apply for and detain us for a further seven days

which was going to happen. He said there was no-way to oppose it and we would have to bite the bullet. This happened and we were returned to the police cells. Our fence gave us some cash so we were pretty sorted as far as that goes. The following day Johny's mother arrived with just about an entire supermarket's content and a lot of money. We were very happy. We managed to bribe one of the cops who brought us dagga and mandrax every night. He promised to arrange some crack and heroine but that never happened. We entertained ourselves by making the cops lives as difficult as possible. This backfired one night, when they raided our cell and confiscated all our luxuries and cigarettes. We hounded them even more and eventually persuaded our bribed cop to return our things.

One night the strangest thing occurred. Our cell was opened and a drunk cop invited us to a braai. We were very suspicious but followed him out to the yard where there were about another 8 or 9 cops braaing meat and drinking heavily. They gave us some meat, put some brandy into a two liter Coke for us and returned us to our cells with a cop that was so drunk he could hardly walk. If so inclined I could have disarmed and disabled him in seconds but after a quick discussion with Johny I decided against it. We did take photo's which we later handed to our lawyer. These were brought to the attention of ranking police officers but nothing happened. They also had no impact on our case at all.



ME IN THE POLICE CELL

We ended up spending a total of 21 days in the police cells after returning to court a further two times and being detained for another 7 days on both occasions during which time we had to stand in a line up . Finally we were allowed to apply for bail and on the day we met with our lawyer who informed us that he had arranged R2500 bail with the prosecutors and we'd be out within hours. We were ecstatic and walked into court as cocky as can be, fully expecting to be walking out of the front door. As proceedings got underway, the investigating officer walked in and started whispering in the prosecutors

ear. The prosecutor asked for a recess and her and our lawyer were involved in a hushed but heated debate. He eventually came over to us and explained that the deal was off and that the state was now opposing our bail on the grounds that they had linked us to a further 2 cases through the line up, had confirmed we had no fixed address after the girl I was dating's mother had made a statement that she did not know us and had not rented us a room and further more that we were both unemployed. All these facts made us a flight risk and the state was not prepared to take the risk. He said that he was unable to argue these facts and that we would be detained for the duration of our case, which could take up to year to finalize. What this meant for us was that we would be transferred to a maximum security prison to await trial. As many people know, prison in this country is no joke and we were very worried. The events transpired as he said they would and later that afternoon we found ourselves being transported to Modderbee prison which was to become our new home for the next 5 months.

The first rules of prison are, you give nothing, you take nothing and you stand your ground, no matter what. This is pretty tough considering that you are with people who have murdered people for doing exactly that. However, if you do not follow those rules you will quickly find yourself a target and being violated in the most awe full ways. We were fortunate in many ways in prison. Firstly, there were two of us which we quickly expanded to about 7 or 8 as we met and coerced other inmates. This was possible due to the second fortunate aspect of our stay. Johny's parents are extremely wealthy, so we had a constant supply of money and tradeable items such as clothing, food, sugar, dagga, tobacco and so on which we received through visits from our lawyers (who Johny's parents were also paying for) and at our numerous court appearances. We also received regular visits from various friends who brought us all kinds of things. Thirdly, all the prisons in South Africa are controlled by gangs. The most prominent of these gangs are the 26's (they stand for money), the 28's(sodomites) and the 25's or Big 5 (informers). All are equally ruthless in their desire to control the prisons, however where the big 5 are in control there is more order and it is slightly safer as they work together (to their advantage of course) with the wardens. Modderbee is a Big 5 prison and became so after a gang war which cost lives and horrific injuries. Each gang has its own book of law which is memorized and passed on from member to initiate only through word of mouth. They also have their own tattoos and ranking structures. Nothing happens in prison without the say so of the various gangs.

The first instruction you learn from the wardens is , "Folla!, two, two!", this means you have to line up on your haunches in rows of two in order to be counted. This instruction occurs at least twice a day, when the cells are unlocked in the morning and master locked in the afternoon or as the wardens desire.

Okay, so we arrived at the prison in the dark and are bundled out of the truck, we are instructed to 'folla" and are counted and ushered through a number of passages and gates to the prison hospital, where we are registered. During this time there is a lot of wheeling and dealing going on as we are intermingled with sentenced prisoners who are hanging around the hospital for this purpose. We immediately buy dagga from one of them. There were about 200 of us of which we were the only two white guys. This process took

about 2 hrs after which we were again marched down a number of corridors and through a number of gates until we reached A section, where we were deposited into two court cells. These cells are designed to accommodate 30 people, we were in total about 80 in a cell. Those with a bit of cash could buy a bed roll(mat) for R5, and blankets R5 each and a sheet for R1 from the cleaners in the cell. The cleaners are inmates, usually gang members who control the affairs and the finances in the cell. They are also able to move freely within the Section. The rest had to make do with what they had, which in most cases was nothing.

We smoked our dagga, made connections, ate some food that we bought from the cleaners and settled into an uneasy sleep. The next instruction we heard after being awakened at 4 in the morning by the cleaners, to clean up our area, was, "Pagga". (eat). At 06h00 the master locks are unlocked, the cleaners are allowed out and at 06h30 we had to "Folla" in the cell, be counted and then wait for our floor in the section to sent to "Pagga". The section is a building (cell block) of three stories with four cells per floor. The cell block is separated from the mess and section offices by a courtyard. The inmates are sent to eat floor by floor. Each floor gets a turn to go first depending on the whims of the wardens. The food in prison is horrific to say the least, everything is steam cooked and tasteless. Breakfasts are half cooked porridge often with weavels and worms in and seven slices of bread, with a spoon of fat and a spoon of red jam. Most inmates sell their bread and fat and jam for 50c. This is called a "kaalkop". I don't eat porridge at all and used to give mine to Johny in exchange for 2 or 3 slices of his bread. The second meal is at around 13h00 and is equally horrid. It is usually pap(maize meal) or samp with some kind of steamed vege-terrible(sic) which is always steamed with skin and roots etc still on. This is always covered with some kind of slop/stew which never has anything in it as most of the ingredients are stolen to sell. That is also your final meal. At breakfast the only utensil you are given to eat with is spoon with no handle and a steel dog dish as spoons can become weapons in seconds. At lunch you get no spoon and are required to eat with your hands. We fashioned our phone cards into a spoon of sorts, in order to get the vege-terribles down. You can however buy a "skuff-tin"(2l Ice cream container) with either a full roast chicken, or filled with meat or roast pork chops(I kid you not) for 10 bucks. You can obtain the same container filled with sugar, or fat, or syrup, or jam for 5 bucks. All stolen. Oh by the way, no inmate is allowed more than R25 at any time, and this money has to be checked out from an office to which you have no access unless you pay a warden to take you. At some points Johny and I were carrying up to R2500 on us, courtesy of his parents. It costs about R2000 to get that kind of money in. First you have to pay the lawyer to come and visit you to bring in the money, as this is the only contact visit you're allowed. Then you have to pay about six warders along your way back to the section not to search you. It is possible to get anything in prison as long as you have the money. However, some things are just too expensive to consider. Warders will even meet with your family outside and bring in whatever you require, for a hefty price though. The other side of the coin is when you have no money. There were many occasions when we sat without a cent as not only is Johny a drug addict, but he has a gambling problem too, and often lost the money playing dice. When this happened we would end up sitting for two to three weeks at a time without a

cent. Not pleasant as there'd be no food, cigarettes or dagga for the entire period and we would end up living like the rest of the inmates, scratching and scrounging just to stay alive. Did I witness sodomy? Yes, was I subjected to it? No. As I said earlier, you have to stand your ground early and continuously in prison, to prevent these things and also there were two and then more of us looking out for each other. Added to this we developed a positive relationship with the warders, cleaners and a few of the main gang people. So generally it was far better than what it could have been and what I saw others going through during my stay.

The worst things about prison for me were firstly, the noise. It is never quiet and there is a cacophony going on at all times 24hrs a day, making sleep very difficult and when you do, irregular and disturbed. Secondly, the lice. The prison is infested with transparent lice that live and breed in the seams of your clothes. As they bite you, which is painful, they turn black as they gorge on your blood. We had a routine of delousing our clothes every night, by hand and betting on who would find the biggest one. I remember laughing at Johny one day as he exclaimed, "Geez bru, I've found the mother ship!". Also the lice gave me some kind of a sickness, whereby I was totally unable to eat and had an extreme feeling of lethargy for about a week at a time. This happened to me twice in the first two months and to Johny as well. Thirdly of course is the restriction of being in prison. Its hard to comprehend it until you've experienced it. I remember seeing the walls in the court yard on the first day. They are about four stories high and meticulously masoned so that there is no-way you are climbing them. I cannot really describe what I felt, but it gave me goosebumps and there was fear as well. Then the locking of the master cell door, as the cell has firstly a solid gate and then a solid steel door. When that door gets locked, it does not open until the following morning, period. We had a guy have a seizure and die one night. When the warder passed on his patrol, we told him. He told us to take the body into the bathroom and cover it until they unlocked the master lock. This is also the time when the vilolence and rapes occur. Fortunately no-one in our cell ever had to experience being raped, but I know for a fact that it happened regularly in some of the other cells. One incident stands out in my mind. A youngster of about nineteen was brought into the section. He was accused of murdering his grand-father and attempted murder of his grandmother both with a butchers knife. These crimes, as later explained to me by him, were both committed while under the influence of LSD. Anyway, the morning after he was brought in, when we went out to eat and exercise I saw him, standing buck naked at the warders office, badly beaten up and bleeding from his rectum, the blood running down his legs and pooling on the floor. He was taken to the prison hospital, where I believe he received stitches to that area and was given prison clothes and re-introduced to the section a few days later. I dont know what happened to him after that as we were released shortly after, but suffice to say it could not have been pleasant. Added to this the cells are horrifically overcrowded and in our cell there were up to 80 of us in a space designed for 20. The sleeping space is arranged according to pecking order and financial means. The richest and strongest at the head of the cell with the cleaners and so on down, until the poorest, dirtiest and weakest, in the toilets. The master lock is locked at 15h00 in the afternoon and you are lucky if you see a warder before 06h00 the next morning. Fourthly, the food as I've already described.

We did get involved in a couple of violent altercations, but nothing that warrants a mention here. On a final note, we spent the entire winter in prison, it was freezing and to top it off we had no hot water for the duration of our incarceration. So our daily showers were in ice cold waters. We however did not miss one shower and maintained our hygiene religiously. It was as if this ritual separated us from the rest of them as most inside were dirty and very few showered regularly.

The funniest thing about prison, is that everyone in there claims to be innocent and is a millionaire on the outside. So prison is full of innocent millionaires.

I however could not and did not deal very well with this environment and in my desperation to find an avenue of escaping this nightmare I wrote a plea to Pastor Sophos to help. A month later, I received about twenty letters back from residents there and one from Pastor Eddie Dry. They required that I submit myself to a two year program, to which I readily agreed. When Johny saw the response I received he also wrote a letter but received no reply. On our next court appearance, the Pastor, Carl, my lawyer Itsi Blumberg and Johny's family were all present. As we were brought into court I remember the Pastor crying as he said, "Wow, you've lost a lot of weight." I had gone from 115 kilos and a size 38 trousers to 86 kilos and a size 32. I was wearing Johny's jeans. My teeth were rotten and falling out, my skin was a funny grey color and my eyes were sunken back into my skull. People said that I looked like I was suffering from a terminal disease that was about to claim my life. It took a lot of convincing on the part of Johny's mother to get Pastor Sophos to appear on Johny's behalf as well, as Johny had a history with the Pastor and he blamed Johny for the situation I found myself in. This was not the case as it was my own choices that led me here. In the end he agreed but only on condition that Johny also submit to a two year program, but, beginning with DB. Johny quickly agreed. After a hard day in court we were miraculously released into the Pastor's care. This never happens after bail has already been denied, but due to God's intervention, a sympathetic magistrate and senior state prosecutor we were finally out. Always remember, its very easy to get into prison, but very difficult to get out. After a 700 km car ride, we were both back in Noupoot.

Johny was sent to DB at Midlandia and I was sent to work on the farm. I cannot explain the relief and pleasure at being out in the sunshine. After 3 days Johny absconded and has been running ever since. One morning quite soon after I arrived, I awoke to a huge commotion. As I ran into the bathroom, I saw one resident hanging from the toilet piping on the roof, by his bathrobe belt. One of the other residents was trying to lift him up, and another trying to untie him. I immediately, went and assisted in lifting as he was finally cut down with a knife or scissors that someone had brought in. This was how we found Ernest Coetzee. He was obviously already dead and ice cold and there was nothing we could do for him. He must have been like that for an hour or two at least. The way I understand it is that he was there for prescription medication addiction, was severely depressed and was supposed to be under 24hr supervision. This never happened and he was left in his room unattended which led to his suicide. Three weeks after my arrival as I was working on the farm, I was approached by the Deputy Director at the

time, Chris Everitte who made me an unbelievable proposition. He asked if I'd be willing to take over at the DB as the guys who were currently there were not fulfilling the Pastor's expectations, in terms of discipline and severity. In exchange for this I would immediately be given Project Leader privileges and title and would have the entire Midlandia at my disposal. Furthermore I would be solely in charge of the DB and answerable only to the Pastor himself. Well, that was an awesome offer it meant that I would not have to endure a further 8 months of the regular program, so of course I accepted. I was immediately packed up and taken to Midlandia. This whole affair caused a lot of dissatisfaction and left a very bad taste in many of the leader's mouths. When I arrived there, I found two residents chained up apparently because they wanted to run away. I ordered them to be unchained immediately. The place was dirty, untidy and there was no real program in operation. I immediately set about putting a program in place. The best I could do was the to get as close to the training program I had undergone whilst in the Police. It included, parade, marching, inspections, classes, an obstacle course and of course pt and work detail. This system was designed to teach discipline and create moral and team spirit. The classes were basically bible based counseling sessions. The pastor and I went to Pretoria and obtained old army uniforms for the residents and old Police camouflage uniforms for the instructors, who were at that time myself and Lee Kaplan and one resident who was a monitor/group leader. The system worked very well as a punishment as most addicts have never experienced this type of intense training or discipline. The problem in my opinion was the constant interference of the Pastor who was continually phoning us and accusing us of being too soft on the residents. Many slaps and beatings occurred there and many "Human Rights" violations, such as not feeding residents for a day for failing to participate, throwing water on them as they did pt in their underwear late at night, making them drink water and pt until they throw up(water pt) and so on. I must however state that most of the assaults that took place were provoked and those that weren't were all with the knowledge, sanction and often through a direct instruction from the Pastor. He often told me that the idea of this DB was to instill fear in addicts that were even still on the streets. He reveled in the idea and methods at Midlandia, and although until today claims he had very little knowledge of what happened there, was in fact directing everything via telephone. In fact he used to phone at least 5 times a day to enquire and instruct us on what he wanted done with and to the group and often singled out certain residents for "special" treatment which included slaps and more intense pt. During the first 4 months of my position there, no-one was ever chained up. We did have handcuffs and an isolation cell to immobilize and detain violent and unruly residents which were in the minority of cases. One night however, a resident absconded from the lock up, with the handcuffs. About a week after this and for no apparent reason the Pastor sent a friend of his to take charge over from me. His name was Danny Israel and he was about 55 years old. He had even less experience in these issues than myself and I felt more than a bit betrayed as I had almost single handedly turned the DB from a dirty unlivable environment into an environment that quite frankly resembled a well structured army camp. He immediately set about changing things to his whims which were to the standards of the Tokai reform school that he had attended in his youth. With this returned the chaining up of residents which I was not in

agreement with but complied with as the order had come from the Pastor. About a month into this, there was a dispute concerning a scriptural reference that Danny had made as well as an incident where he had sworn at and attacked a resident without provocation. He was demoted, not because of the attack, but because of the swearing and scriptural reference. He did however still stay on the property and was sent to work at the workshops which were also at Midlandia, but on the opposite end of the property. The DB continued as before but we were now expected to chain up unruly residents. I saw a lot of people cry and break down here, but that was our job, to break them. Quite a number, although I don't know how many exactly, that went through this process, went on to recover from drugs. There were however a number senseless beatings of various residents that I participated in or were committed by my fellow instructors. I can however confidently state that everything we did was sanctioned by the Pastor.

May 15th 2001 started just like any other at the Midlandia Discipline Barracks with one exception, it would irrevocably change my life, and views and opinions on recovery and the treatment of addiction forever. Many months prior to this day I had stated to my peers that the only way the Pastor would come to his senses was if someone ended up dead. Little did I know that not even that would make the man see the error of his ways. Instead it would make him more adamant in his methods.

Logan Klingenberg arrived at Midlandia approximately a week before, in the middle of the night. He was brought by Warren Kavanaugh, the house father and a couple of other residents. His lip was split and it was obvious that he had already gotten a hiding. I was informed by Warren that this had been Logan's fifth escape attempt and they had now had enough of him. I was also shown a letter, apparently written by Logan's mother to detain him by any means as she was in fear of him. When I inquired why, I was told that he made a habit of beating his mother if she did not give him money for drugs. The final word from Warren was that the Pastor had said that if Logan runs away, I'd better run with him. Warren left and as was the norm, Logan was put into the isolation cell for the remainder of the night. The following morning we woke up and fetched him from the lock up, gave him a uniform and had a nice chat about what was expected of him and what the DB was about. He was also told as is everyone else what the consequences for non-compliance would be. This ranged from isolation, to missing a meal to extra pt for the entire group. At this point I can only remember one other resident besides Logan having been chained in the lockup. We were however very worried that he would try and run, and after the warning we had received from Warren, made sure he couldn't, by chaining him to another resident. Everything was fine for about 15 minutes, then Logan began acting up, refusing to participate and causing a lot of friction, because as was the norm, the rest of the group were also punished for his failure. This usually worked as the person who was un-cooperative always folded when his comrades were suffering due to his actions. This was not so with Logan, and so eventually through frustration on our part, Logan was given a slap, which also had no effect, so I instructed my fellow instructor, Fabian, to put him in the lock-up, and not to give him lunch and under no circumstances to hit him again. There was no need for a chain as we were around and he was visible almost all of the time. This seemed to have the desired effect and that afternoon, when the guys went work, Logan

asked to go with and was totally compliant, everything was cool. That night he ate, attended the bible study, and slept in the room with the rest of the residents.

That morning early, Fabian, rose early with the guys and started pt. When I awoke I wrote my application for leave, and went downstairs. If I remember correctly Logan was still complying. We had breakfast, bible study and as we paraded the guys outside, Logan refused to carry on. He was chained to another resident. Fabian inquired what to do, and I instructed him to lock Logan in the lock-up. At this point two of the windows in the lock-up were broken as another resident had tried to cut himself and due to the fact that we would not be nearby and feared he might try something or try to run away I instructed that he be chained by his arm to the gate, in such a manner that he could not lie down but could sit. He was given a 25 liter plastic container/drum to urinate in and a Bible to read. The kitchen is right next door and another staff member was working there, who was also instructed to check on Logan and minister to him. Fabian took the guys for the morning activities and I walked to the workshops to submit my leave to Pastor Eddie Dry. Everything that had and was happening had been reported to both Pastor Eddie and Pastor Sophos. It must however be said that Pastor Eddie as well as Chris Everitte were not in agreement with the DB system and had on more than one occasion questioned and rebuked me on the methods being employed there. My defense was always the same, I was facing the possibility of long term imprisonment, was in the care of Pastor Sophos, who was instructing me directly, and thus had no alternative but to do what I was told. I never saw or heard them question him directly on this issue, and as I've explained earlier, I know why and don't blame them. I arrived at the workshops to find that Pastor Eddie had not yet arrived and so took a seat in his office with a cup of coffee. After about 10 minutes the phone rang and I answered. It was Richard, from the kitchen, he was hysterical, screaming about someone who'd hung themselves in the cells. At first I couldn't quite understand what he was trying to say and thought he was talking about the Police cells and so tried to explain that Pastor Eddie wasn't there and I'd give him the message. As I put the phone down it dawned on me in chilling reality what he was on about and I phoned back immediately. He explained that Logan had hung himself and that he was blue and that Fabian was busy with CPR. Danny Israel and I grabbed one of the trucks and sped the approximately 3km to the DB. On my arrival there I found Logan on the floor, still with the chain around his arm and Fabian trying desperately to revive him. I could see his lips and fingernails were already blue. I instructed Danny to get hold of Pastor Eddie, and immediately set about assisting Fabian with CPR. There was a group of residents standing around praying and crying so I instructed Richard to take them up to their quarters, lock them in and stay with them. Minutes later Pastor Eddie arrived. He contacted the hospital and Police, while Fabian and I continued CPR. It was not a nice experience, as with the vigorous CPR, Logan's undigested food was coming up into our mouths and he was showing no signs of revival. After about a total of 40 minutes I could see we were having no effect, as he was turning bluer and bluer and was ice cold. He was very obviously dead. The Police arrived and were very obviously biased in their handling and investigation of the matter. Fabian and I were totally co-operative, but were treated like murderers by the police from the second they arrived on the

scene. Without doing a thorough investigation of the matter they immediately arrested us for Murder. I found this strange as neither of us had been present at the time of Logan's death and the only person who had been was questioned and released, namely Richard. The story they were told by other residents who were with Fabian more than a kilometer away was that Fabian and I had hung Logan up with the chain and then fastened it to the gate. This version was later considered impossible and ridiculous by the State pathologist who visited the scene a few days later. In their vendetta against NCCC, they totally disregarded the facts as they bungled on in their attempts to try and pin the murder rap on us. They did this by taking statements from people who's only wish and motive was to get out of Noupoort and back to drugs and would tell the Police the most ridiculous stories, which the cops lapped up with glee. Of the 30 or so statements they took, only one person eventually arrived to give evidence in court more than a year later. He was unable to testify efficiently because he was withdrawing so badly in the witness stand that he could not finish his testimony fast enough in order to go and have a shot. The weeks and months and even years that followed this incident were horrific for me personally. The worst of it was that the the parents, and especially the father of Logan were convinced that we had killed him, especially after the newspapers and police had convinced them of this fact. His mother denied having ever sent a letter instructing us to detain him, even though NCCC had the letter. Another thing that totally blew me away was the press and parents, painting a picture of this poor little school boy who had been maliciously murdered by two ruthless thugs. Firstly, if this was the case, why was he in a drug rehab, secondly why did they allow him to be sent to a DB as all parents are informed, thirdly, where did the letter come from? The bottom line is that although Logan was only sixteen he was in Noupoort because he was already a hardened heroine addict, and was mainlining smack for years already. His addiction had turned him into a violent addict who was uncontrollable and violent and who's mother was living in fear of her life. His father was a non entity in his life, due to his own addiction issues to alcohol and we didn't even know about him until this incident happened and he came crawling out the woodwork. As for being thugs, well I beg to differ, as at the time we truly believed that we were helping them, through strict discipline, routine and physical training. None of those things harmed me during my SAP training. Fabian and I have been treated like dogs because of this event, over which we had no control. The people, like Pastor Sophos and Danny Israel who re-instituted the chaining and detaining issues, have never been accused of anything. The person who last saw Logan alive, was the only one alone with him, was never detained, charged or required to give evidence, yet was sentenced to a year imprisonment a year later for again chaining up residents, assaulting them and electrocuting them while throwing ice cold water on them in the middle of the night in the middle of winter. In fact Pastor Sophos put the blame squarely on Pastor Eddie's shoulders saying that he was responsible as Sophos was away. To my shame I helped him cultivate that lie when in fact every instruction concerning DB came directly from Sophos and Eddie really had no say over what took place there. Fabian and I were released on bail but kept under house arrest and forced to report and sign at the Police station every day. Our names and faces were plastered on front page, headline news stories and television shows around the world

as child killers. It really wasn't nice and a big part of writing this book was to set the record straight as when we were found to have had no part in his death, and how Logan came to be hanging from that chain, the damage had already been done and many people still believe we killed him. The truth is that only Logan knows what actually happened and how he came to end up in that position. The autopsy revealed that the chain had hurt a sensitive nerve in his neck, which had quite frankly switched his heart off and also revealed that no amount of resuscitation could have revived him. Was it suicide? My opinion is definitely not, and that he was somehow trying to jimmy the lock by standing on the drum when something went wrong, he lost his balance and in the fall became entangled in the chain, which ultimately struck the nerve and killed him. Who was responsible for this? My opinion is the DB system and those who instituted and advocated it. Myself and Fabian also must bear some of the responsibility for not standing our ground and refusing to treat people in this manner regardless of the consequences to ourselves. We have and are still paying the price for that, as I am still recognized often due to the intense media coverage. If however, we alone were responsible for these things then why is the exact same system still being used in Noupoot right now. In my opinion the person who needs to take full responsibility for the death of Logan Klingenberg is Pastor Sophos Nissiotis. Now many years later as I've contemplated this issue in my mind thousands of times I've come to realize what the mistake was with this type of treatment.

YOU CANNOT FORCE ANYONE TO RECOVER, THROUGH
WHATEVER MEANS, IT HAS TO BE A CHOICE.

As I went to and from court over the next two years for this case, I realized also what a joke our judicial system is. Our case was eventually withdrawn and an inquest hearing ordered. The judge was forced to reclude himself and another was brought in to sit on the case. It was held at the Noupoot magistrates court where a local, rural and very inexperienced prosecutor was totally blown out of the water by a team of 5 Supreme Court lawyers and advocates from Pretoria and Johannesburg. The Police were unable to locate their witnesses and thus it was a forgone conclusion that NCCC would be acquitted of any wrong doing. The department of Social Development was thus unable to take any real action and even though they were now visiting and inspecting on a regular basis, they were totally ineffectual, as nothing at all has changed since then. How do I know, my wife and I rejoined the NCCC two years later only to discover that it was exactly the same and probably still is today. DB is now CI, and has moved from Midlandia to behind the Center, that is all that has changed.

This event so affected me that I eventually ended up on DB for smoking dagga and was ultimately expelled from NCCC six months after this whole debacle for non-compliance. In fact Pastor Sophos tried everything he could to have my bail withdrawn and for me to be locked up, not for this, but for the Housebreaking charges I was still facing and fighting a year later. So in reality, I was now fighting those as well as a murder charge.

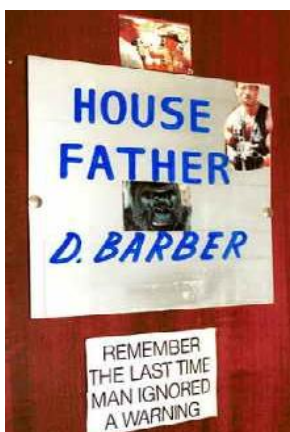
NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

Inside rehab detention camp

NEWS24.COZA, May 17, 2001

17/05/2001 23:32- (SA)

SINISTER: Pictures taken at the Noupoort Christian care center by Gerhard Louw of Die Volksblad.



Noupoort - "Welcome to Midlandia. You do not need to lock your motor car," were the words with which Louis, one of the staff at Noupoort's Christian care centre for drug and alcohol addicts, welcomed Die Volksblad to the centre's so-called punishment camp on Thursday.

He said it was the first time that anyone from the media had been allowed there.

Large stop signs, a guard, and chained American pit bulls greet the visitor before one rides between massive old railway buildings and then along a winding gravel road to the isolated detention camp.

American pit bulls greet the visitor



More chained dogs, the hand-built obstacle course on which the drug addicts are punished, and the "cell" in which Logan Klingenberg, 16, of Pretoria, was found dead tied to a chain, await whoever lands up in the camp.

"Authorised personnel only. Welcome to Midlandia" and "Disciplinary Barracks" are the signs at the entrance to the sleeping quarters. Inside the

building are texts written on the walls and another slogan, "Remember the last time man ignored a warning".

'Gladiator track'

According to Louis, the obstacle course is based on the principles of a "gladiator track" and it involves crawling, swinging on ropes, running over railway sleepers, over old railway trucks and high obstacles on ropes within 12 to 15 minutes.

Louis also refers to "Fishpaste Hill" where "detainees" have to run up and down a steep incline.

Hard labour is also done in the camp, like repairing roads. Another strange task for the addicts is to build stone piles with stones which have to be fetched from the lower end of a hill. These piles stand in rows along the winding road to the camp.

A collection of "memorial stones" is apparently where the addicts have "buried" their bad habits.

The addicts sent to the detention camp are given boots and overalls so that they do not damage their clothing.

'Hardest camp in the country'

"This is the hardest camp in the country - we do not deny that. Come with me for an hour and you will see how you feel tomorrow. Everything is very physical. It is like that so that you can feel - we want to bring back discipline as in the army," said Louis.

Staff, however, emphasised that addicts who have transgressed are not assaulted or tortured. People are sometimes disciplined with slaps.

"If someone attacks me with a knife, I will defend myself," said a senior staff member.

Obstacle course



He said the addicts in the detention camp start their day with cleaning, Bible study and a 5km run. Later they receive porridge and bread for breakfast after

which they do ordinary tasks until their food has digested. Then comes more running and other physical exercises, like the obstacle course.

For lunch they receive either lamb, stew or fish. Supper constitutes dishes like pasta or pizza.

Wooden sleepers [railroad ties] carried in 'dog walk'

He admitted that the wooden sleepers have to be carried around in the so-called "dog walk" when people are in the detention camp. It was denied that food or sleep were withheld from the addicts.

The staff member said addicts could end up in the detention camp if they ran away or if a disciplinary committee found that they should be sent there.

The words "RIP Logan" were written in the sand at the sleeping quarters - evidence of the tragic end of Logan Klingenberg's time after he tried to run away from the centre.

(South Africa) Boy dies 'chained by neck' at Christian rehab detention camp

By Jeanne-Marie Versluis & Marietie Louw
News24.co.za, May 16, 2001

Noupoort - A teenage boy from Moreleta Park in Pretoria died in a "detention camp" at Noupoort's Christian care centre for drug and alcohol addicts, reportedly after being chained by his neck in a disciplinary cell. The centre, run by clergymen, has accused the police of "unprofessional and preposterous" action after two centre instructors were arrested in connection with the death of Logan Klingenberg, 16, of 6 Gomdoring Street, Moreleta Park. He had been a pupil at the Waterkloof High School.

An upset family member of Klingenberg's on Wednesday evening said "the way he died is sick, since he had endeavoured to become a better person".

Patients reportedly handcuffed

In the detention camp, patients reportedly are handcuffed and left sitting either in the hot sun or in the cold; they have to dig huge holes before receiving food, and are kicked and punched to "break down their rebelliousness".

Centre spokesperson Jeffrey McCarthy said Logan was admitted to the centre on May 5.

"He escaped on Friday night. Five staff members later caught him walking along the road."

McCarthy confirmed that as punishment Logan was sent to Midlandia, the detention centre or training camp where male patients are sent. The centre is

located outside the town and patients are required to work and train there.

"It is not a pleasant place, and is similar to the army. He [Logan] refused to work. He was then chained to the bars in his cell preventing him from either sitting down or sleeping," he said.

'Found chained and hanging from the neck'

The police claim that Logan was found chained and hanging from his neck on Tuesday at about 10:00 by staff members.

"It appears they tried to resuscitate him but were unsuccessful."

The police were called by a pastor, but Logan had been unchained by the time they arrived on the scene. He had marks on his neck.

The two instructors, respectively 34 and 30 years of age, were arrested on Tuesday. They are to appear in court soon.

"We are convinced the boy committed suicide, but I cannot swear on the Bible to it. There were no eyewitnesses," McCarthy added.

"We realise that an unnatural death has to be probed. However, to apprehend the instructors on the basis of patients' statements is unprofessional. The police are interfering in the centre's business.

"We have about 250 patients and now chaos has ensued here, since they are all upset."

Police 'opposed to centre's methods'

The instructors involved, who worked on a voluntary basis "for the love of God", only did duty at the detention camp. He added, however, that the police were opposed to the centre's methods and the detention camp was controversial.

The centre was founded about ten years ago by senior pastor Sophos Nissiotis. A total of 35 staff members were employed. Patients were admitted voluntarily or were brought to the centre by family members.

Three of the patients were foreigners.

McCarthy said in terms of the centre's constitution, patients were required to abstain from their addiction and lead a "proper life" otherwise they were sent to Midlandia.

Logan reportedly told a care-centre pastor a day before his death that he was "tired of being an addict and that he wanted to recover," a family member said.

A friend of Logan's parents on Wednesday said the family was devastated as their "only child had been murdered".

"His mother says that they had paid thousands of rands for his rehabilitation and now he was dead".

Logan reportedly had been addicted to heroin, and had started taking drugs like dagga and ecstasy about a year ago.

"Taking drugs started out as an image thing," the family member said.

Meanwhile four patients have absconded from the centre, which regards itself as the best rehabilitation unit in the southern hemisphere.

Noupoort is halfway between Colesberg and Middelburg on the main route between Bloemfontein and Port Elizabeth.

Caregiver held - Noupoort mum 07/05/2002 16:42 - (SA)

Pretoria - All attempts to contact the Noupoort Christian Care centre in the Northern Cape failed on Tuesday after it was reported that a caregiver at the drug rehabilitation centre had been arrested for allegedly assaulting two patients.

A 52-year-old man was arrested after shackling the patients to a truck at the centre and then applying electrical shocks to them.

Jacques Roux (27) and Joe van Vuuren (24) were allegedly shackled to the truck from 11:30 on Sunday until 09:00 on Monday, police spokesperson Inspector Chantel Manuel said.

"The suspect allegedly asked helpers to throw water over the men while they were tied to the truck," she said.

"...Roux lost consciousness. He was bleeding where the shackles were tied around his ankles."

The man is expected to appear in the Noupoort magistrate's court on Wednesday on charges of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm, Manuel said.

In May last year, Pretoria teenager Logan Klingenberg died at the centre's detention barracks. He was apparently chained by his neck in a disciplinary cell.

Two instructors at the detention barracks were arrested on murder charges at the time.

HRC asked to check Noupoort

20/05/2001 18:49 - (SA)

Johannesburg - The Democratic Alliance will on Monday ask the SA Human Rights Commission to investigate the alleged inhumane treatment of patients at the Noupoot Christian Care Centre, following the death of a 16-year-old inmate last week.

Logan Klingenberg, who had been handcuffed and chained to the bars of a grate door at Noupoot Christian Care Centre, hung himself.

Two men, arrested for his death, claimed he had been taken to detention barracks after he refused to participate in physical exercises, and attempted to escape.

Klingenberg was committed to the centre by his mother for drug addiction.

In a statement released on Sunday, the DA said a single policy and set of criteria for the treatment of drug and alcohol addicts should be drawn up as soon as possible.

DA social development spokesperson Sandy Kaylan said on Sunday that centres not registered with the Welfare Department should comply with current departmental rules.

"The rehabilitation methods allegedly implemented at the Noupoot centre and the alleged barbaric penalties handed out are inhumane and contravene our Constitution," she said.

She said police should investigate Klingenberg's death and all other complaints made since to ensure that those responsible were convicted.

Meanwhile centre spokesperson Jeffrey McCarthy said Klingenberg was troublesome.

He said the two employees were not to be blamed for the death because they had not acted negligently.

The two men were released on bail and will appear in court on June 6.

Noupoot death 'unacceptable'

24/05/2001 23:01 - (SA)

Johannesburg - The manner in which a 16-year-old youth died at the Noupoot Christian Care Centre (NCCC) earlier this month was "totally unacceptable and despicable", Social Development and Population Minister Zola Skweyiya said on Thursday.

Skweyiya was speaking ahead of a briefing on Friday at which the media will be presented with the findings of a departmental investigation into Logan Klingenberg's May 15 death.

"The report indicates that the manner and the circumstances under which Klingenberg died are totally unacceptable and despicable.

"We will take drastic measures and do all in our power to ensure that such deaths do not occur. This is one death too many," Skweyiya said in a statement on Thursday.

Department spokesman Mbulelo Musi said Skweyiya was also expected to outline drastic measures to deal with the NCCC's operations.

Skweyiya launched an immediate investigation into Logan Klingenberg's death and an investigation report was submitted to him on Wednesday.

The boy, from Moreletta Park in Pretoria, was admitted to the centre for drug addiction.

It is alleged that he tried to escape from the institution on May 5.

The following week he refused to participate in physical exercise.

NCCC employees David Baber, 32, and Fabeen Grenz, 28, allegedly chained him to a security gate, and he was later found hanging.

The men were out on R2500 bail after having been arrested in connection with his death, and their case has been postponed until June 6.

His funeral will be held in Pretoria on Friday.

Noupoort rehab centre to be closed after death 25/05/2001 11:46 - (SA)

Johannesburg - The Noupoort Christian Care Centre will be closed immediately for about three months following the death of a teenager there earlier this month, Social Development and Population Minister Zola Skweyiya announced on Friday.

He also announced that the Midlandia disciplinary barracks at the centre, which rehabilitates drug addicts, would be closed permanently.

"We will also appeal to the management to consider the type of people employed at the centre.

"South Africans should shake their heads in shame that something like this could happen in such an institution under authority of the church," Skweyiya said.

He said the 46 children who were still at the centre would be transferred to other drug rehabilitation institutions as soon as possible.

Skweyiya said the government would attempt to accommodate parents who

had already paid the fees for the Noupoot centre.

This follows an investigation by the department into the death of Logan Klingenberg, 16.

The boy, from Moreletta Park in Pretoria, was admitted to the centre for drug addiction. It was alleged he tried to escape from the institution on May 5.

The following week he refused to participate in physical exercise. He was then allegedly chained to a security gate and was later found hanging.

Two employees were arrested in connection with the death and have been released on R2500 bail each.

Klingenberg's funeral will be held in Pretoria on Friday.

'They must be punished'
08/05/2002 18:38 - (SA)

Frans Coetzee and Marietie Louw, Beeld

Johannesburg - "They must be punished. If an addict drinks one beer, it can set him back months."

That's the response of the mother of one of two patients at the Noupoot Christian Care Centre - Jacques Roux and Joe van Vuuren - who were allegedly chained to a truck and drenched with ice-cold water at the weekend.

The woman, who did not want to be named, said Noupoot "gave back" her son's life. "They have to be punished if they break the rules. They must be kept in check."

A supervisor at the drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre has been arrested in connection with the weekend's incident.

Chris Everitt, assistant-director of the centre, said the incident was very unfortunate, especially as the centre's licence to operate as a rehabilitation centre is up for review in two months' time.

"Even though Jacques (Roux) and Joe (Van Vuuren) were under the influence of liquor and acted with aggression towards fellow residents it was not necessary to cuff them to the truck or abuse them.

"Initially Roux and Van Vuuren did not want to press charges, but I accompanied them and the suspect to the police station on Monday, where the supervisor was charged."

In Pretoria, the chief director of welfare, Ashley Theron, said similar incidents can be prevented if Noupoot appoints professional staff. He added that there

were punishment programmes to fit the individual's treatment programme.

Roux told of his night of terror while waiting with Van Vuuren to have X-rays taken.

Roux, Van Vuuren and Vincent Pistorius (22) were tending sheep on Sunday, while other residents of the centre attended a church service.

"We bought beer at a shebeen in town. The three of us finished 14 bottles (quarts). When we returned to the centre, the people became suspicious. We were then taken to Midlandia - a penal camp about 10km outside the town."

The suspect cuffed the three of them to a truck. Pistorius was released after a couple of minutes. "Joe and I had our hands cuffed to the back corners of the tailgate. Our feet were fastened with a long chain and locks so we couldn't move."

The two men braved the cold from 23:00 to 09:00, only clad in thin jerseys and denim and tracksuit pants. "I only had flip-flops on my feet. Joe had takkies on. I thought I was going to die I was so cold."

While the suspect went to sleep, "monitors" kept an eye on Roux and Van Vuuren.

"Our pleas fell on deaf ears as the monitors only followed the supervisor's instructions."

When the suspect later returned, he asked whether Roux and Van Vuuren had prayed because of the cold. Because they were "stubborn", the monitors had to pour icy water over them from 20 litre buckets.

The water apparently caused a short circuit in an electric extension cord to a radio-cassette player standing on the truck's bonnet. Roux and Van Vuuren were jolted.

Earlier that night, the two had to listen to gospel music playing from the cassette player.

"I lost consciousness twice. Monday about 09:00 we were released. We had breakfast and slept a while. Then we were cuffed again and told to dig a well. When sleet started falling about 12:00, we stopped digging."

Roux has been at the centre since February 22 when he was referred there because of drug abuse. He has been making good progress.

"No other place can rehabilitate me. I've been disciplined before and agree with strict discipline, but not this way. There are good people here, except for an individual who abused his position of power."

Noupoort: Man out on tough terms

09/05/2002 11:47 - (SA)

Jackie Pienaar, Die Burger

Noupoort - Richard Erridge has appeared in the Noupoort magistrate's court in connection with an assault on two patients at the Christian Care Centre here at the weekend.

Jacques Roux (27) and Joe van Vuuren (24) were allegedly chained to a truck overnight on Sunday and drenched with icy water at the rehabilitation centre.

Erridge (52) was not charged and was released on his own recognisances. He must, however, remain within the Noupoort magisterial district, report to the police station between 08:00 and 16:00 every day, and remain at home from 18:00 to 06:00. He will appear in court again on May 14.

Erridge, who was a project leader at the centre, said he would handle his own defence.

He brusquely told reporters and photographers outside court: "Do you think I'm going to be proud of this?" His manner was militaristic, accentuated by his short hairstyle.

He is living at a guesthouse in town after he was "kicked out" of the centre earlier this week.

The centre's operational manager, Chris Everitt, said at the time: "We, as staff, were just as shocked as everybody else. This thing should not have happened. We are just thankful nobody was seriously injured."

'No work, no food'

11/05/2002 13:51 - (SA)

Elsabe Brits , Die Burger

Cape Town - More shock claims have surfaced against the Noupoort Christian Care Centre, with another medical doctor and former patient at the rehabilitation centre saying a policy of "no work, no food" is being followed.

Dr Dion Nortje (33), a general practitioner, was a patient at the centre about two years ago for pethidine addiction.

He says while he was in charge of the kitchen, the meat given to the patients was often rotten. They were ordered to wash it in vinegar, serve it to the patients and keep quiet about it. Many of the patients got sick, but their illness was brushed aside as a "stomach bug".

"No work, no food," was the motto, Nortje claims.

On one occasion he noticed patients eating toothpaste. They said they had not been given anything to eat for a whole day. Nortje says when he complained about this to management, he was told "addicts lie".

Nortje, who was appointed doctor at the centre in May 2001, says when one of the patients failed to do exercises, he was repeatedly beaten with a stick on the back of the legs by a monitor. He couldn't participate because he had a torn knee ligament, the doctor says.

Nortje alleges that all patients are deprived of medication, even if prescribed by a doctor. When he questioned the practice, Nortje says, he was told "that is how we operate".

'Deserved punishment'

During another incident, Nortje claims, a young patient was so severely assaulted by a monitor that he sustained a hairline fracture to the jaw. When pointed out to Nissiotis, he allegedly said "the boy deserved punishment".

Two patients were reportedly detained in isolation for a week for reading a well-known spiritual book, The Celestine Prophecy. All books, save strictly Christian material, are prohibited. Some patients were allegedly prohibited from talking for up to four weeks for smoking.

Gays

Nortje claims that a monitor at the centre bashed his [Nortje's] head against a tree after he admitted to being gay. The monitor reportedly asked him: "When are you going to exorcise the demon of homosexuality?"

Nortje says two other gay men were also "badly assaulted" and gays are apparently "singled out for abuse".

Legal steps

The centre's assistant director: operations Chris Everitt was on Friday given an opportunity to respond to the allegations. He said he had handed the faxed allegations to his attorney.

Everitt said: "I warn you, if you publish the article, we intend to take steps against your newspaper.

"It is rubbish, ludicrous, totally untrue and defamatory. Nothing of this is true.

"I warn you once again, we have already instituted steps against the newspaper (Die Burger) and will take the matter further."

He declined further comment.

Earlier on Friday Everitt responded to a remark that freedom and sexual

orientation are guaranteed under the Constitution, by saying: "At Noupoot the highest authority is the Bible and that is our guideline. Our programme is based on the Word of God and everybody who comes here is aware of it."

Noupoot murder charges dropped

14/05/2002 16:00 - (SA)

Noupoot - Charges against two men accused of the murder a year ago of a 16-year-old heroin addict at the Noupoot Christian Care Centre, a drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre in the Northern Cape, were withdrawn in the local magistrate's court on Tuesday.

Fabian Grenz (30) and former policeman David Barber (32), were instructors at the centre in May last year when Logan Klingenberg's body was found chained to a detention cell at Noupoot's Midlandia disciplinary barracks.

An inquest is to be held before a further decision about prosecution is taken.

The former centre employee accused of assaulting two patients earlier this month also appeared in the Noupoot magistrate's court on Tuesday.

The case against Richard Andrew Erridge (52) was postponed until May 28.

Erridge was expelled from the centre after he allegedly left two patients tied to a truck overnight and doused them with icy water.

They also apparently received electric shocks.

He faces two charges of assault with the intent to do grievous bodily harm.

It was reported on Tuesday that the two complainants wanted to withdraw the charges against Erridge. The prosecutor, however, did not drop the charges.

Noupoot: 'They lived in fear'

22/10/2004 09:31 - (SA)

Lizel Steenkamp , Beeld

Johannesburg - "Dog therapy", "stinking" rooms and expired food products are some of the things about 160 patients at the Noupoot Christian Care Centre were allegedly exposed to.

This information came to light in the report of the task team of the department of social development that visited Noupoot in July.

The report led to the director-general of the department, Vusi Madonsela, closing the centre down earlier this month.

No new patients may be taken in and within six months, all operations must be shut down.

'Lived in fear'

The report indicated that patients had to take "terrifying" dogs for walks every day.

When they were bitten, they sometimes received tetanus injections only three days later.

This routine, in which some patients followed dogs with "spades and buckets" to pick up the "dog excrement", was called "dog therapy".

Those who transgressed rules at the care centre for alcohol and drug addicts were sometimes locked up in solitary confinement for as many as 21 days and were punished with three-hour long "military" exercises.

The task team described the living quarters of the young men as "stinking and damp" and said residents had to queue to use the single toilet.

The young people admitted in interviews that they benefited from the centre, but said they "lived in fear".

Patients were locked in rooms in the "punishment unit", which was managed by a former military official who had no training in drug rehabilitation.

"It is common to ground children - contact with the world outside and family is sometimes suspended indefinitely," the report stated.

Kitchen staff drew up the menus and there were no inputs from dieticians. "Cleaning materials and food were stored together. Two freezers were full of polony and other meat (of which the expiry date was in April) as well as soup bones."

The task team said there was no basic medical emergency equipment such as a first-aid kit or oxygen. No staff member had first-aid training and there was an unregistered nurse available for only three hours per day.

Noupoort's management said earlier the report was unfair and based on poor research.

NCCC- THE LAST TIME ROUND 2003-2006.

I am not going to go into a huge amount of detail here as the manner in which I systematically slid back to drugs was exactly the same. There were however good things that happened to me during this period and it was these good things that have given me a point of reference for my recovery to date. The first thing was that while working as a bouncer for Elite at an upmarket night club in Johannesburg, I met my wife Isobel, whom I married six months later.

She was really a positive influence in my life and has done more than any one person I've ever met to assist me with my life and my recovery. She attended and supported me along with my lawyer Itsi Blumberg (who did all these cases pro-bono) until I was acquitted on all of them. She helped me start a small business and get me out of the clubs. It was called Prodigal Investigations, it was a service I offered through which we would track and locate addicts for their families, obtain warrants of arrest and then place the addict under court order into a treatment facility, usually NCCC. It did well, but being in such proximity to the drugs was not good as I was not yet strong enough to handle it. When I did relapse she moved with me to Noupoot where we ended up opening a small ministry called Prodigal Ministries, at the end of 2003, where we also assisted and rehabilitated drug addicts on a small holding there. At one point we had 14 guys staying with us of which at last count 8 were still recovered. We were very happy, didn't have much materially, but it really was a good time. I then screwed it up by going to see Pastor Sophos at the end of 2004, to clear the air between us. It was and still is my firm belief that this drug problem is too big for us as Christians and fellow warriors in the war against drugs to be caught up in petty squabbles about minuscule differences in methodology. He however was not willing to acknowledge or accept our presence as a separate entity to himself in "his" town. So in order to keep the peace and in the belief that I could be more effective in my efforts against drugs we amalgamated with NCCC. This turned out to be huge mistake on my behalf as a year later my wife and I left Noupoot for the final time. These are the circumstances of our departure.

I was appointed Chief of Staff and Isobel was put in charge of the administration and public relations. These were just titles and we had no autonomy whatsoever. I had started studying theology and what I was learning about Jesus and His teachings often contradicted what I was expected to do by the Pastor. Further, the Pastor got it in his head that Isobel was having lesbian affairs with the girls. If you know Isobel like I do you would know how ridiculous this is, and it became apparent that for some deranged reason known only to himself, he was trying to split up our marriage. When I started questioning decisions and not complying with many of them, I was often rebuked and belittled as was my wife. Added to this our presence was not welcomed by some of the staff members, who had been stealing from both the ministry, whom we were inches away from exposing. All this combined with 7 day weeks, no off days or leave, eventually culminated in a state of burnout, which was having a detrimental effect on our relationship and mental health. We did however have an excellent rapport with the majority of residents, and the day we left after a near physical confrontation with the Pastors son, concerning an extra-marital affair he'd been involved with, with a resident, approximately 30 residents absconded and ran to our house. Well this was the cherry on the cake. It caused pandemonium. We had parents phoning, the police at our house and eventually we managed to get them to return. Added to this the Pastor refused to return our van claiming that we owed him money for its repairs, notwithstanding that it had been used exclusively for the Ministry by other staff as a run around and transporter for an entire year. We eventually had to donate it to an underprivileged family to get it out of his clutches. This was however an old modus operandi on his part and NCCC is filled with belongings of previous staff members. We however

managed to sell our house, pack up and leave. Isobel returned to her job in Johannesburg as a National sales manager and I started what turned out to be a lucrative business in the construction industry. I was however not happy as that is not where my heart is and have recently left the business and returned to my studies, writing this book and helping people wrapped up in drug abuse. I am happy, content and going from strength to strength with Jesus and Isobel. I'm clean and have everything I need. I hold no grudges and have forgiven everyone who has done me wrong. I live in the hope that those I have done wrong can find it in their hearts to forgive me, those I know and those I've never met. I truly am sorry for things I have done and I hope to use the rest of my days to rectify those wrongs by helping addicts and their families out of the nightmare.

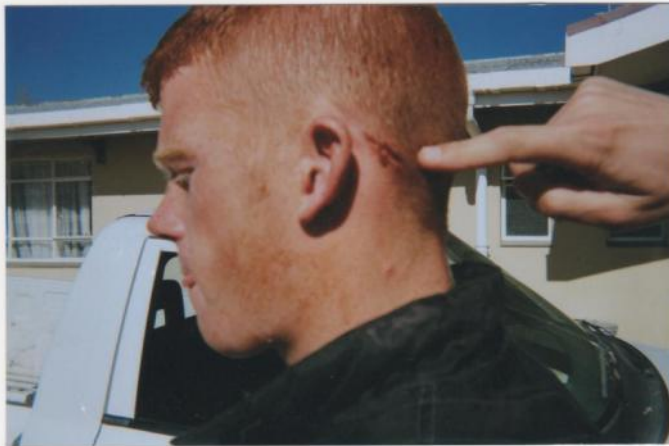
PICTURES BELOW OF PRODIGAL MINISTRIES BEFORE MY RETURN TO NCCCC.











One of the assaults that never happened at NCCC. The person above attacked the monitor below and you can see the results.

My Views on Drug Abuse and Rehabilitation in South Africa.

When I started with my drug problem in the late eighties, early nineties, it was a very different scene than what it is today. Drugs were deep undercover and the Police were pro-active in their approach to them. Very few people had access to drugs such as crack, cocaine or heroine and you really had to know someone before they would in fact trust you enough to point you in the right direction. The main reason for this was the vere present threat of undercover police, arrest and long term prison sentences. There were also very few and recognized drug rehabilitation centers and they were able to cope with the amount of addicts that were sent to them and the programs they offered were for drugs like dagga, mandrax, alcohol and prescription medications and were

thus used to relatively flattering recovery statistics. However when wellconol (a painkiller for terminal cancer patients) hit the scene and addicts started injecting it, things changed dramatically for the first time. Rehabs had no idea how to deal with this super addictive and deadly drug. That is how NCCC rose to fame, it was the only rehab in the country that showed at least some kind of results for this particular drug. The two or three government rehabs were basically just detox centers and had almost no effect on the problem. Nothing has changed in that department. In 2005 After a number of meetings with various players in the addiction industry three things are blatantly clear. 1) Most rehabilitation centers are out to make money and they do make a lot of money. 2) Government has no real interest in the problem and as with the aids fiasco are still in denial concerning its seriousness and impact. 3) The police have no interest at all and have even less knowledge or experience. Any and all policemen with drug enforcement experience have been removed and or left. This can be seen in the statistics they provide.

What people need to realize is that this country is in the grip of an epidemic as big if not bigger than HIV and is a huge contributor to the HIV and crime problem. Hiding it under the carpet is only allowing it to fester and grow. However it is my firm belief that the reason why government is so hush on the subject is because they are somehow involved. My argument for this is their absolute reluctance to re-instate units like SANAB and the Scorpions or some other kind of pro-active drug combating unit, for fear of being exposed and losing their own personal cash cow.

Since 1992 we have had an incredible influx of drugs into this country with the influx of foreign nationals specifically Nigerians who are flooding our streets with this poison. Most of these and I mean at least 90% of them are unemployed and are here on refugee status. My question is why are we allowing them here when it is known by every single person in this country that they are supplying and selling drugs and that this is their sole source of income? The biggest joke of all in respect to these people is that on Sunday mornings you have to wait for your drugs because they are in church. Many Sundays I have bought my drugs in the parking lots of some of the biggest churches in JHB.

On another note, we need to start campaigning against this state of affairs. We as people dedicated to the fight against drug abuse need to form some kind of coalition, put aside our differences and get in the face of government and the drug dealing killers they are supporting through non-action. I am particularly tired of seeing kids dying, imprisoned and prostituting themselves as a result of this epidemic. A friend of mine was once arrested for loitering while waiting for drugs, yet the Nigerians, about 500 in total, who loiter there day after day are not even approached. I have personally witnessed on many occasions the Police vehicles stopping and collecting money from the dealers. It is a daily occurrence. The public is expected to believe that the problem is under control, when this is as far fetched as can be. The real reason they tell you this is because currently drug abuse is a problem of the minorities in South Africa and thus is treated as such. What they don't understand is that just like HIV which started like this as well, drug addiction is creeping into the majority sector and will soon be their problem too. We cannot afford to wait this long because by the time that happens, it will be too late. In my honest opinion, it might already be too late as the networks are already established,

and by cutting of one head there are three others waiting to take its place. However if we don't take action now we will be doomed. Your children are already being exposed to drugs at primary school level and I have personally seen and spoken to heroine junkies as young as nine years old. Scary!! What astounds me the most is the ignorance of most of the general public, who seem to think that this is a problem far removed from them. However I can confidently state that in the majority of homes and or extended family someone at least knows of someone in their family with a drug problem. I have heard statistics as scary as 1 in 6 are currently involved at some stage of drug abuse. Other statistics show that 75% of primary school children, have either seen, been offered or tried a drug of some sort, ranging from dagga through to heroine. Please believe me when I say that your kid knows more about drugs than you do and if you do not educate yourself you are liable to fall victim to a problem that will destroy your family, finances and your life and will keep you occupied and worrying for decades.

Cocaine, heroine, ecstasy and drugs like cat and meth (tik), are relatively new to South Africa, having only really hit our shores hard from around 1992. Yet in the few years to now we are currently the second largest importer of these substances, second only to the USA. The reason for this is primarily due to the fact that we are the middle point to and from the International cartels due to our lax customs and police who are really not too keen on the problem and are able to be pointed in the wrong direction with the smallest of bribes. I met a guy in prison who had been arrested with 30kg's of coke. He was not in the least bit perturbed. He said it had happened before and his cartel had paid 1 million Rand in bribes to get him out and the offer was again open to anyone who could do the same for him. Whether it worked this time or not I don't know, however this doesn't change the fact that it does happen. The amounts of drugs we see confiscated in busts is not even a percent of what is coming in.

If this is where we are just 17 years after the first class A drugs arrived here, then where will we be in another 10 years.

Then on a last note, I would like to know how the top rated rehabs justify their fees. Some are as high as R45k for six weeks with a recovery rate of less than 3 percent. This price excludes medical costs or psychotherapy. Its extortion and the government really needs to worry less about methodologies and norms and standards and concentrate on success rates. Rehab in my opinion is not supposed to be a holiday camp where everyone shares their sorrows and addicts sit around bragging to each other about who used the most and where to get the best stuff. It must be noted that the low cost Christian Rehabs do undisputedly have the highest success rates due to their insistence on the work, discipline and spiritual avenues. These avenues all instill self worth and a positive self image through Jesus Christ and these are what lead people to recovery. What these rehabs do is force the addict to put into practice on a daily basis what they are taught in theory. On that note it is my firm belief that the most success can also be found in long term recovery programs ranging from 1-2years. There is no quick fix for this problem and never be conned into believing that you can rehabilitate someone in 6 weeks. Think of it like this. You're in a car crash and break your neck and are paralyzed. Now a doctor walks in and says, we'll have you running the comrades in a month, just follow these twelve steps. It cannot work, because

although you can learn those steps in a month you will never be able to practice them before you get out of hospital. So what these places does is create a mini-society where the recovering addict can put into practice what he is learning on a daily basis in terms of relationships, work ethics and a new Christian lifestyle so that he can at least formulate some idea of what is expected of him in the real world.

Before closing this chapter please just remember that drug addiction can and has been defeated and in the next two chapters I offer a brief but successful outline of where to start the process. The rest is up to everyone else involved in the recovery process, from the addict to the family to the rehabilitation facility. I wish you the best of luck on this journey and at the end of the book is a number or e-mail via which I can be contacted if you need any support or advice.

TO THE CURRENTLY ADDICTED

Dear friends, If you are reading this it is probably because someone you know has read it already and is desperately hoping that my experiences will help you make a decision to pull your own life together. Unfortunately as you already know it doesn't really matter what I or others have said or written that will bring you to this decision as you have most probably experienced it to a greater or lesser degree yourself. The only person that can change your life is you. Just like you once decided to use the substance that now has you in bondage you have to make a decision now to stop using it. This decision should not be made lightly as you are going to have to make sacrifices which are foreign to you. It is a decision which will take you to another level of existence. One with meaning and purpose. Are you not tired of seeing your family and loved in tears and in torment because they are unable to comprehend why you are doing this to yourself and to them. You have to understand that although you think you are entitled to do this to yourself and that its your life, you are affecting hundreds of people around you through your actions. People are in pain as they watch you slowly killing yourself. They didn't ask for this. You are however not the center of the universe as you may think, and if you die through this addiction of yours, life will continue without you. Do you know that your addiction can bring people to a point that they wish you were dead? Are you there yet. Are you aware that if you have not yet done these things, crime, prostitution etc, it only means that that they are still waiting for you? The only word missing from a sentence like, " Well I haven't stolen or robbed or sold my body for drugs!!," is the word "yet". If you think people will continue bailing you out forever, you are mistaken. They are human beings too and regardless of your excuses or reasons for using drugs, they will eventually give up hope. You are putting people through far more pain, than the pain you are feeling, yet you expect, demand from them to always be available to your whims, needs and tantrums. The first thing you need to do, is admit that you have a problem, because if you are using drugs and someone has given you this book to read, then, I'm afraid you definitely do have a problem. For one minute put all the lying and manipulating one side and just for one minute be honest with yourself and those who love you. Look at them and just imagine the roles reversed, if the drugs haven't already totally killed your emotions, you should be able to understand what I'm trying to show you. You and I both know the real reasons behind your addiction. Its you.

Stop blaming the events in your life and your circumstances for your problem. Thousands if not millions of people have experienced what we have, yet have not turned to drugs, but have greatly fulfilling lives. The reason you are addicted is because you choose to be. Sure, it didn't start like that. It was all fun and games, but you as I have discovered that not only was it fun and exciting, but it offered an alternative way of living to the one that you were used to and probably hated. However, you now find yourself trapped in another life that I'm hoping you've come to hate as well. If you haven't and you are still enjoying it, its very unlikely that you will make the choice to stop, regardless of your family's or anyone else's pleas. If you have no intention of stopping or changing, then at least have the spine and courage to stop abusing the love of those around you. Release them and have the courage to face what's coming on your own. When you owe the dealers thousands of rands, don't phone mommy and daddy, be the hero you think you are and handle it. When the police arrest you, pay your own bail and lawyers. I'm saying these things to you because I know beyond any doubt that its impossible to drug without someone else having to pay the costs, and pick up the debris, whether it be people you know or people you have never met. Your addiction is being funded by someone else's hard work. You also need to understand properly that the people selling drugs to you and using them with you are murdering you slowly. They are not your friends. Friends do not poison each other. You are a consumer and customer and your only purpose at this point is to make other people rich. They don't care about you and most of them may not even like you. You are currently serving their purposes, but that friendship/relationship will change the minute you have nothing left to offer. If you think you're lonely or alone now, just wait until the bottom falls out of the little fantasy life you've created around yourself. Should you decide to go to rehab, or end up in prison, just wait and see how many of these people even attempt to inquire about your well being, let alone offer assistance. Help will only come from those who love you or those who are called to help you. Did you know that as an addict you are currently regarded as a horror and disgrace, not only by your family but by society in general? Did you know that not many people sympathize with your situation as its a situation you have created for yourself? It is pointless for you to go to a rehab if you are not serious about changing as no amount of rehabilitation and no rehabilitation program on earth will change you if you do not want it. Recovery from drugs is the most difficult and painful thing you will ever experience in your life. I know because I have experienced really difficult and painful things in my own life and recovery from drugs has been by far the hardest toughest battle I've ever faced. It will force you to feel again and it will lead you to a place of self-disgust as you awaken from your drug induced gutter of a mind. Then as you re-enter reality, find your humanity and realize all the destruction you have caused, you will feel helpless as you understand that you will never in ten life times be able to rectify the damage you've done and this may even tempt you to re-enter oblivion, choosing not to face up to these things. The good news is this, that should you put in the effort and ask, God will help you, as he has helped millions of others. The very people you've harmed will be the first to forgive you and come forward to help as long as you show them your commitment. Your eyes will open to new and fantastic opportunities and experiences that life has to offer. If you are willing to go through this painful

process you will emerge a hero on the other side. God doesn't make no junk and he has an awesome drug free life waiting for you. All you need to do is starting moving in that direction. Put down the spick, put down that pipe. Its going to be hard, and you will often feel like giving up, but the real rewards in life are not found hidden in a syringe, a pipe, a joint, or a powder. They are in the people that love and care for you, and no matter how bad you think you are there are people that care about you. God is one and I'm one. So thats already two of us. There are thousands of people just like you, waiting for you to recover, so that you can help them to recover. God wants to love you, care for you and use you to help others like us. You have talents that you haven't even explored, that will be wasted if you don't stop right now. Do it and become a blessing instead of a curse, and you will begin to love God, yourself, life, your family and your fellow man as God intended you to. Life is great, and its a gift that you are currently wasting on junk. Thats why you're called a junkie. I'm trying to make you see that the life you are living now isn't real. Its a fantasy that has been built on a foundation of drugs. Unfortunately though this fantasy will come to an abrupt end the minute you find yourself in prison or a mental institution. And it is going to end as the foundation of drugs is very wobbly. These really are the realities of chronic drug addiction. Institutions, prisons and death really are waiting for you, should you consider continuing on this path. Even if you decide to stop right now, you are going to go to a rehabilitation institution for them to help you detox and give you the tools you need to help overcome your problem. Therefore the first of those prophecies(institutions) will have been fulfilled. I have been to prison and I was a policeman and so have been to the morgue, and I promise you both of these places are packed with addicts. People just like you and I whom I met in prison, who also thought they knew better. They all say the same thing, " I should have listened when.....". Prison is no joke my friend and it will change you forever, if you survive. There is no need to explore these avenues of life. Why do you want to put yourself through these things? You could have a family, a job, a warm loving home. Its really not such a difficult choice to make, if you desire these things. But as I said earlier, if you want to live in the gutters with the rats and cockroaches and diseases and that is what you enjoy, just remember one thing while you are there. You did it to yourself, there is no-one to blame but yourself. Its that simple. In the next chapter I'm going to write something to the people you've affected with your addiction. I want you to read it as well, so that you know what is coming your way should they follow my advice. I am going to encourage them to bring your reign of terror to an end. If you don't want to live, they do and are entitled and have the right to.

So please do yourself and us all a huge favor and make a decision today, either way, so that the rest of us can go on with our lives with or without you.

To the families and friends of the addicted.

Hi there. Are these the current events that are occurring in yours or a friend or relatives household? Lying, stealing, verbal and or physical abuse, strange objects lying around, strange people arriving at strange hours, a loved one missing for days on end, strange smells and even stranger behavior including paranoia, weird sleeping patterns, sweating, not eating, lack of interest in

school, sport or work, accumulation of new and dodgy looking friends. Well if you don't know already, chances are good that you are living with a drug addict, be it coke, heroine, meth, dagga, cat etc. The symptoms are more or less the same, with some variation depending on the actual drug being used. If you follow the steps I give you here, I can only guarantee you one thing: You can save yourself. The rest cannot be guaranteed but it will definitely help the addict to a place of making a decision to recover.

1. **Make a decision to act and stick to your guns:** You have to ask yourself, "Do I want to continue living like this?" If not, make a decision to change things but understand that you are going to come up against massive resistance from not only the addict, but also the co-dependant in your family. The co-dependant is the person in your family that is either denying the problem and is also or enabling the addict to drug by supplying money, comfort and bowing to the addicts whims. If the addict does not comply with any of the following stages, show them the door and stick to your decision. He/ she will soon be back ready to negotiate. Please also understand that this action could also have detrimental effects, such as, overdose, arrest and homelessness on the addict. However this is THEIR choice not YOURS. They can avoid all that by choosing to comply with your steps to help. Do not feel guilty.
2. **Identify your enemy:** Go to your nearest pharmacy or rehabilitation facility and obtain a mult-drug test, they are relativley cheap and accurate. Keep the test a surprise and pull it out at a time when the addict has no inkling of your plan. Buy two as if your addict tests positive, he/she is going to blame the test. If so re-test. No two tests are going to make the same mistake. Be firm and adamant as you are going to encounter major protestations, concerning trust and love, blah, blah, blah. This is all just manipulation again. When the addict gives the sample for the test, be in the toilet or room and make sure that you actually see the urine coming from the addict into the chosen receptacle. If the test is negative, keep the second test hidden for a surprise test later in the week at a totally unexpected time. If the test is positive, immaterial of what drug it shows, it is now time for action.
3. **Confront the addict:** Armed with the evidence take the addict to a private place, sit them down and confront them. Do not show anger, no matter how cross you are. Show compassion but be firm and make the addict understand that the time for games has now officially ended. Faced with the evidence the addict will supply you with limited truths and play down the seriousness or amounts used in their addiction. Whatever they tell you you can multiply by at least three in severity and amounts, and that will give you an indication of the actual problem you're faced with.
4. **State your ultimatum and offer the choice:** The addict must now be forced to choose one of two scenarios. The first choice is to hand over total control of every aspect of his/her life to a responsible person/s. This includes finances, rehabilitation and the day to day management of their life. They must understand that this could and should be a period of no less than 2 years, but even longer depending on their progress. It also includes submission into a rehabilitation program (in my opinion, A Christian based rehab with a work and Bible based program) for no less than three months but preferably up to a year should be considered. Do it right the first time, and

you could save millions of Rands in rehab costs in the long run. 21 day rehabilitation, in my opinion, is a waste of time and money. Just check out the statistics of long term recovery of these places. Rehab should not be a five star hotel where you are pampered and puffed all day. It should be a place where you learn to appreciate life and your family and hopefully God's grace in your life. The second choice is, if you do not want to choose choice one, then you choose to continue killing yourself on your own, by yourself from right now. Pack your bags, off you go, good luck, bye, bye. This seems very harsh, and indeed it is. You must understand that every cent you give, no matter how good your intention for that money, is enabling the addiction. Every plate of food that the addict doesn't pay for themselves, that money is going to drugs. By giving a roof, you are only supplying a safe and warm place to drug.

5. **Keep your promises:** In terms of rehabilitation and recovery, do not present material benefits for recovery, such as a new car or hi-fi etc in exchange for clean time. Rather promise, health, a warm home and support and keep those promises, but only based on commitment from the addict. On the flip side, any deviation from agreements by the addict, must not be tolerated as any compromise on your part will be exploited.
6. **Present a unified front:** However many of you are dealing with this issue, only one person must deal directly with the addict for the first few months of recovery. If a second person wishes to contact him/her such as the other parent, do not allow yourself to be manipulated into undermining each other. If you are divided you will be conquered. Remember that you are dealing with a problem who's main weapons are lying and deception, and will not bat an eye to cause friction in order to further its own aim, which is to continue drugging.
7. **Trust the Rehab you choose and listen to them:** This is the biggest problem facing rehabilitation today, interference from co-dependents, who have forgotten their desperation of a few weeks before and have overnight become experts in the field of drug abuse. Please understand that you know nothing, and are reliant on the experience and advice of these people. Do not fight them, listen to them and educate yourself with their experience and knowledge. Work with the rehab not against them, as they know more about this problem than you do, guaranteed. Together you stand a good chance of overcoming this evil and getting the addict to a place of recovery, if they want it. How do I know? Thousands and thousands have overcome it and thousands more will. It is not impossible to overcome drug addiction, its just incredibly difficult, more so for you, than for the addict.

Armed with this advice, and if you choose to follow it, you have a fighting chance at the beginning of the addicts recovery, to assist them in walking towards a clean and sober life. Please understand today, that this recovery is a life long process for you and the addict and that rehab is just the first step. Relapse can occur and often does, if this is the case then just refer back to these steps. Just remember that if relapse occurs repeatedly you are going to have to make a decision to save yourself and the rest of your family and this means cutting the addict loose and leaving them to their own lives and devices. You cannot force someone to recover and you are also entitled to a trauma free life and so is the rest of your family. Do not allow your life's purpose to become trying to help a person who really does not want help. The

person must choose life for themselves, you cannot do it for them.

THE ROAD TO RECOVERY.

There is in my humble opinion only one road to recovery. That is the road to Jesus Christ. How can I say that when highly learned and educated people have written books and thesis and psychoanalysed thousands of people in order to formulate long drawn out theories on the subject of addiction and more importantly rehabilitation from drugs. Simple, " Show me your success rates." I don't care about what you think or say unless your success rate can back you up. I have read extensively on this problem and have seen and spoken to thousands of addicts and recovered addicts. And lest we forget was a chronic drug addict for 18 years myself. The ones who can't recover mostly say the same thing, "I can't recover, its to hard." and the ones who have recovered, mostly say the same thing too "I can recover with God's help". What most people refuse to accept, secular rehabilitation included, is that drug addiction has supernatural connections. The rituals involved are akin to rituals in witchcraft and the use of drugs is akin to the use of potions and scorcery. Added to this are all the demonic forces and interference with the spirit of the addict. Thus it stands to reason that Spiritual recovery is nessecary. It is an undisputed fact that long term Christ centred rehabilitation is without doubt the most successful method of recovery in the world. Not the most expensive, but definitely the most effective. Secular rehabilitation will burn me at the stake for such a statement as it is in total contradiction to what they'll have you believe. According to them you must have a clinical and medical atmosphere with doctors, nurses and mental health proffessionals running up and down caring to the "patients" every little need as he/she is sick and has contracted the disease of drug addiction. What hogwash. I didn't catch my crack disease from someone. I actively chose to participate in using a drug and adopting a lifestyle known to be lethal and addictive. Did I get addicted, yes. Was I able to stop, no. Could I make a choice to get help to stop, yes. Thus in my humble opinion drug addiction is not a disease but a choice and addicts should be treated as people who have made bad choices, and should be taught how to make better ones starting with Jesus Christ as the role model and Christian ethics, morals and values as the guidelines. Added to this strict discipline, routine and the work ethic must be instilled in the recovering addict as generally these are all foreign concepts to them. No amount of medical treatment is going to stop an addict from using drugs. Only a total change of attitude and lifestyle through Christ can accomplish this. Please do not misunderstand me and think that I totally rule out physyco-therapy and other medical conditions which need treatment from professional health care people, however it is my contention that these ailments can and should be treated where applicable, only once a person has been off drugs for a period of time. I am vehemently opposed to treating drug addicts with acceptable prescription drugs. Whats the point, exchanging a drug dealer who wears gold chains and a gun to one who wears a stethascope and white coat. I have spent 10 years just trying to recover and have been clean 5. Every avenue of recovery has been explored by me. NA, 12 steps, psychiatrists and medication, psychologists(who have told me they cannot help me with my problems unless I stop drugs first. Hello, drugs are my problem dude.) and metaphysics. You name it I've tried it. Only one thing keeps me clean, my

faith in Jesus and my will to help addicts. Without these I will not succeed. If you truly want to recover from drug addiction there are a few things I've learned that I want to share with you.

The first is that being clean, doesn't necessarily equate to being recovered. You can be clean and still be the horrible, lying, selfish person you always were on drugs. Recovery is a total change of lifestyle and behaviour. There is only one way to accomplish that change, by adopting a Christ filled and Christ centered lifestyle. Start attending church, speaking to the youth and doing whatever you can to improve the lives of other recovering addicts. The second is you can under no circumstances associate with any of the past friends that either assisted you to drug or drugged with you. You have to let them go or you will find yourself on the way to a relapse. Remember its about your very survival and if you are serious about recovery you will have no objections to fulfilling this part of it. Thirdly a change of scenery or moving to a different city is not a prerequisite but I have found that during the early stages of recovery it does help not being reminded of your drugging at every street corner or toilet you enter. Lastly you have to be totally, totally committed because you are about to embark on the toughest battle a person can face. To separate themselves from years of addiction, not only to a drug but to a lifestyle and finally from the demons associated with it. Added to this is the always present danger of relapse. Although I have relapsed 5 times in my attempts to recover, I can confidently state that relapse is not a must. Do it right the first time, trust in God, follow the rules I have given you here and the tools the rehab will give you and you will never have to experience the degradation of a relapse. Jesus Christ plucked me out of the crack houses of Johannesburg and the demons were still hanging on. Getting rid of them has and will still be a long and painfull process. However it is nothing when compared to the sacrifice He made for me at Calvary and also when I think of the pain I have caused others through my choice to abuse drugs. I have however chosen a new path which has liberated me from the depths of hell and I promise you today the Jesus can and will do it for you today, all you need to do is choose to.

So whats it gonna be ?????????

This book is dedicated to the **Lord Jesus Christ**
and

These people who have made me what I am today

Isobel Barber my loving wife

Pastor Sophos and Gladys Nissiotis and NCCC.

Carl Knight and his family

The following addicts who have died as a direct result of the drug trade.

Joe Swart (Overdose, cocaine and ecstasy) Weldon Coine(Overdose, heroine)

Kevin Castle (Overdose, heroine) Anthony Willbourne(Suicide after relapse)

Chris Everitte (Motor Accident) Steve Grobber (overdose, pethidine)

Janine Schutte (Heart attack, crack) Ernest Coetzee (suicide, rehab)

Logan Klingenberg (suicide, rehab) Daryl Star (overdose, wellconal)

Silvano Columbo (overdose wellconal) Victor Columbo (overdose wellconal)

Monica (overdose wellconol) Pony (overdose wellconal)
Gavin Schultz (shot dead) Duncan (heart attack, crack)
Samantha (murdered) Peter Reynolds (heroin overdose)
Martin Reynolds(welconol overdose) June Bots (welconol overdose)
Ettiene Gauche (heroin overdose) Shorty Backhurst (shot dead)
Vanessa Black (wellconol overdose) Shirley (heroin overdose)
Rudy Pretsold (suicide) Patrick Smith (Heroin overdose)

PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR HELP.



ADDICTS AGAINST DRUGS

***ADDICT AND FAMILY RESCUE, DRUG TESTING, COUNCELLING
AND TREATMENT REFERRAL.***

***IS THIS YOUR LIFE?????
A FAMILY MEMBER OR LOVED ONE ABUSING DRUGS/SUBSTANCES.***

***LEADING TO:
VERBAL, PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL ABUSE, LYING, DECEIT, ASSAULT, THEFT,
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**addictrescue@gmail.com
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AFRICA SINCE H.I.V.**

YOU WILL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE (JOHN 8:32)



**TACKLING
DRUGS
CHANGING
LIVES**

