



# *Twenty Two Faces*

Inside the Extraordinary Life of Jenny Hill  
and Her Twenty-Two Multiple Personalities

Foreword by Colin A. Ross, M.D.

Judy Byington, M.S.W., L.C.S.W., ret.

“*22 Faces* demonstrates a clear and constructive mind, detailing the horrific effects of abuse and consequences that stem from such acts. An engrossing story that both horrifies and intrigues from page one. Byington offers an insightful and probing masterpiece of modern non-fiction literature; perfect antidote to insular works that plague the area of this genre.”

—Robert Kroon, former Press Secretary General of the United Nations and veteran *Time/Life* report

“I was the primary therapist for Jenny Hill while she resided at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital 1984-1985. Her multiplicity was found to be a result of childhood trauma: repeated rapes coupled with ritual abuse. Hill’s background as so eloquently portrayed in *22 Faces* is congruent with what I observed at the hospital, including the narrative of Hill’s alter personalities.”

—Weston Whatcott, Ph.D., L.C.S.W., M.S.W.

“Dissociate Identity Disorder (formerly Multiple Personality Disorder) is known to occur in patients with histories of severe and relentless child abuse such as suffered by Jenny Hill. The public has a very distorted perception of this subject matter, but those of us on the frontlines treating children and adults on a day-to-day basis who have suffered severe forms of torture, child abuse, and sadistic practices are all too familiar with the kinds of crimes and disorders described in *22 Faces*.”

—Joyanna Silberg, Ph.D., President, ISSTD and author of *The Dissociative Child*, Maryland: The Sidran Press

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# Twenty Two Faces

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A Biography

Foreword by Colin A. Ross, M.D.  
Judy Byington, M.S.W, L.C.S.W, *ret.*



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Dedicated to “Angeletta”  
that her cries will at last be heard  
and may those screams give children of abuse  
courage to break their silence.  
... Jenny Hill

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I will be eternally grateful to my inspirational husband Fred, Associate Professor Clyda R. Blackburn and best selling authors Paul D. McCarthy, Bill Hoffman and his talented wife Judy, for their insight, dedication and courage in helping to bring the extraordinary life of Jenny Hill to publication.

Jenny Hill helped pen this biography using memories of her multiple personalities and their entries in diaries written since childhood. Alter personalities are prone to have vivid recall as if events just happened, thus their descriptions were detailed.

Minimal literary freedom was used to expedite the story and because Jenny's perpetrators have yet to face a judge, some information was changed. Cold cases on "Angeletta" and the Scorpio brothers (pseudonyms) remain open in Tyrone, Pennsylvania and Garden Grove, California. Identification of Dr. Greenbaum is confirmed by Ph.D. Corydon Hammond's 1990's eight-year study of adults suffering the same mistreatment, as does Jenny. Weston Whatcott, M.S.W., L.C. S.W., Ph.D. verified information portrayed on Jenny and her alters' treatment at the Utah State Hospital. Ritual Abuse is not exclusive to a particular race, culture or religion and episodes depicted in no way reflect practices of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Virginia Louise Hill is the only known survivor-intended-victim of a modern day human sacrifice rite—living proof that ritual abuse is, in fact, a reality. With great courage and in open defiance of her sadistic abusers, Jenny wishes her story told.

# BEHIND CLOSED EYES

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*By Jenny Hill*

Behind my closed eyes  
lay a new world to see.

The mirror to my shattered soul  
with haunting pains of reality.

I searched for fragmented selves,  
everyone to find.

Then embraced tattered pieces,  
desiring to know they *all* were mine.

I saw neatly broken wisdom  
tucked away here, there.

Together we hunted, found, opened,  
discovered, loved and shared.

Now look into the mirror of my soul  
and behind my closed eyes see ...

It is *I* who mended all along,  
silently creating a whole person.

A sacred creature known as ME.

**Colin A. Ross, M.D.**

*Twenty-Two Faces* is a vivid, well-written account of one woman's multiple personalities, effectively communicating the bewildering loss of time, intense internal conflict and traumatic origins of Multiple Personality Disorder.

The protagonist of *Twenty-Two Faces*, Jenny Hill, remembers being in a human sacrifice ritual with a brainwashing consultant named Dr. Green. According to many patients with similar memories, Dr. Green is a German mind-control specialist who came to the United States after World War II. In the 1990s therapists were accused of "implanting" false memories of ritual abuse, including recollections of Dr. Green and his Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma and Omega mind-control programming.

Ritual abuse was taken seriously and investigated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to which Jenny belongs. Hundreds of survivors were found. As with recollections of Dr. Green, many told similar stories, but skeptics dismissed them as false memories created by therapists. Yet, nothing could be crueler, more extreme, or sadistic than horrors Hill and others describe which parallel those of the Third Reich and Catholic Inquisition.

I saw my first ritual abuse case in 1986 and had never read a book or article on the topic, heard another mental health professional mention a case, or been to a lecture, workshop, or seminar on the subject. Now aberrant religious cults are the subject of countless media reports, many essays have been published and numerous conferences and workshops held throughout the United States and Canada on the subject.

In *Satanic Ritual Abuse: Principles of Treatment* I review the history and psychology of Western man's perception of Satan, explaining how to provide treatment for people with multiple personalities who hold Satanic Ritual Abuse memories. Therapy is not about memories, but resolving internal conflict; learning to tolerate intolerable feelings; letting go of addictions and self-defeating coping strategies; correcting errors of thinking from childhood and discovering how to live in a more balanced, healthy fashion. Past events are not the main concern. Healing occurs only in the present, not in the past.

When Jenny Hill arrives at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital for a job interview she becomes a patient, exhibiting depression, anxiety, voices in her head, internal conflict, substance abuse and promiscuity. It is clear Jenny has highly conflicted, ambivalent attachment to her parents and is tormented by a painful mixture of love and hate. It is not hard to understand, then, why she has parental conflict and multiple personalities. Her memories and internal fragmentation are profound problems requiring prolonged treatment.

*Twenty-Two Faces* encourages the reader to focus on the pain, conflict and healing in Jenny's life in order to better understand the anguish of people who suffer these same types of devastating ordeals. Her biography gives realistic hope to those thousands so plagued and fragmented by this same gruesome, profound emotional shock.

Dr. Ross founded the Colin A. Ross Institute for Psychological Trauma in Dallas, Texas and since 1991 has run a hospital-based trauma program there for Dissociate Identity Disorder survivors such as Jenny. He is a former president of the International Society for the Study of Trauma & Dissociation, has appeared in a number of television documentaries, published over 130 professional papers and authored seventeen books including *The Trauma Model: A Solution to the Problem of Comorbidity*.



*Psychiatry; Schizophrenia: Innovations in Diagnosis and Treatment; Moon Shadows: Stories of Trauma & Recovery; Dissociate Identity Disorder: Diagnosis, Clinical Features and Treatment of Multiple Personality; Satanic Ritual Abuse: Principles of Treatment; The Orisis Complex: Case Studies in Multiple Personality Disorder and The C.I.A. Doctors: Human Rights Violations by American Psychiatrists.*

Colin A. Ross Institute: [www.rossinst.com](http://www.rossinst.com)

# JENNY HILL'S ALTER FAMILY TREE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES

Alter personalities are numbered in order of Jenny's age when they were formed.

<p><b>Core Persona:</b> as a child, aqua-turquoise eyes with sandy-ratted hair; as an adult, long curly brunette hair.</p>	
<p><b>Head Alter Angelic's Family</b> Holds Ritual Abuse Memories</p>	
<p><b>2. Head Alter Angelic</b> Named "Alpha" by Old Man; Called "Girl With No Name"; Formed from Jenny, age 4; Grew to and remains age 6; Looks like murdered child; Light-blue eyes; Short, straight blonde hair</p>	
<p><b>11. Alter The Frightened One</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 Alter age 6 when formed Grew up with Jenny Arms always outstretched, as if tied to altar A mute male with red eyes Long, straight, black hair</p>	<p><b>14. Alter Joan</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 Alter age 6 when formed Grew to and remains age 9 Talks for Jason, Shocked and Frightened Ones Brown eyes, red-black hair</p>
<p><b>12. Alter The Shocked One</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 when kitten was killed Alter age 6 when formed A mute girl, naked Brown eyes, dark-brown hair</p>	<p><b>15. Alter The Dark One</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 Alter age 6 when formed Grew to and remains age 9 Black eyes Hooded white face</p>
<p><b>13. Alter Jason</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 Alter always age 40 Looks like Paul Makes all body muscles twitch A protector and father figure Mute male Dark eyes, blonde</p>	<p><b>16. Alter The Evil One</b> Formed from Angelic, age 6 Named "Theta" by Old Man Alter an adult when formed Unknown sex, eyes closed Lays prone. Moans, groans</p>
<p><b>Head Alter Vennessa's Family of One</b> Holds Gang Rape Memory</p>	
<p><b>22. Head Alter Vennessa</b> Formed from Jenny, age 13; Alter age 13 when formed; Grew up with Jenny to age 25; Formed when gang raped Looks Mexican-American; Has a French accent; Brown eyes; Curly brown hair</p>	

**Head Alter J.J.'s Family**

Holds Sex Abuse Memories

**1. Head Alter J.J.**

Named "Beta" by Old Man; Formed from Jenny, age 4;  
Grew up with Jenny; Mother to own family of alters; Sees herself as older sister to Jenny; Dark-blue eyes; Black curly hair dyed blonde

**3. Alter Sharon**

Formed from J.J., age 4 Alter  
age 4 when formed  
Grew up with Jenny until 11  
"Twin Sister" to Alter Gennesa  
Handles Paul's foreplay  
Blue-green eyes, short, light-brown hair

**10. Alter Jennea**

Named "Delta" by "Old Man"  
Formed from J.J., age 5  
Grew up with Jenny  
Homicidal  
Light-blue eyes, frizzy, red hair

**4. Alter Gennesa**

Formed from J.J. at Jenny's age 4  
"Twin Sister" to Alter Sharon  
Grew to, and remains age 5  
Sees herself as having no face  
Handles Father's foreplay  
Aqua-turquoise eyes, ratty, sandy hair

**17. Alter Teri**

Formed from J.J. at age 7  
Alter age 7 when formed  
Grew to and remains age 9  
Hides in school rafters  
Blue eyes, short, brown hair

**5. Alter Janet**

Named Omega by the "Old Man"  
Formed at Jenny's age 4  
Grew to and remains age 13  
Suicidal  
Dark aqua-turquoise eyes, curly  
brunette hair in pigtails

**18. Alter Gretchen**

Formed from Teri at age 8  
Alter was 8 when formed  
Grew up with Jenny  
A mother to Alter Teri  
Has a Southern accent  
Green eyes, sandy hair

**6. Alter Lady of Peace & Harmony**

Formed at Jenny's age 5  
Alter age 60 when formed  
Named "Gamma" by the "Old Man"  
Looks like Grandmother Thelma  
Communicates with all alters  
Aqua-turquoise eyes, silver hair

**19. Alter Tammy**

Formed from Gretchen at age 8  
Alter age 8 when formed  
Remains age 8  
Alter Gretchen's daughter  
Aqua-turquoise eyes, curly,  
dishwater-blond hair

**7. Alter Virginia**

Religious Alter  
Age 5 when formed, grew with Jenny  
Dark-blue eyes, dark curled long hair  
Believed formed in Theta Brainwave

**20. Alter Pixie**

Formed from J.J. at age 9  
Alter age 9 when formed  
Remains age 9  
Blue eyes, brown hair

**8. Alter Virginia's Unnamed Alter**

Age 6 when formed from Alter  
Virginia, remained age 6

**21. Alter Rachel**

**9. Alter Jennese**

Formed from J.J. at Jenny's age 5

Alter age 5 when formed

Grew up with Jenny

Cries for Jenny

Aqua-turquoise eyes, frizzy blonde

Formed from J.J. at age 9

~~Alter age 9 when formed~~

Grew to and remains age 17

Controls suicidal Alter Janet

Brown eyes, brown curly hair

**Thursday, 24 September 1964. Age 5.**

“Hey, Scatterbrain, get ta eat’n and quit wasting my good food,” Mercy said as she threw a sharp eye at her oldest through pointed glasses edged in fake diamonds.

Jenny was unmoved by Mom’s remarks and continued twirling her spoon in a sugar bowl. The five-year-old began morphing into another time zone, until Father’s *Los Angeles Times* rustled. Stunned by a date she read above the morning headlines, chills ran chaotically down her spine and she dropped her spoon. The little one paid no attention to sugar cascading onto the Formica table while wondering *Why isn’t today, today?*

This precocious one could read, but lived an upside-down life. Past and present constantly overlapped as minutes, hours, days, even months went in and out of consciousness, abandoning the child to the eerie wilderness of her complicated mind.

Jenny was thin, almost frail, with dirty-blonde hair that matched a voluminous crop of freckles growing across a pointed nose. She felt her only complimentary features were somewhere within genes of aqua-turquoise eyes, but even they changed color at times. The Taylor Twins in kindergarten assured her of that. Repeatedly.

A blank look appeared in those portals as she placed left forefinger in her mouth while using the right to replenish her sugar, then poured spoonful after spoonful over Frosted Flakes, thinking, *I must be dumb. Don’t trust nobody and can’t never seem to figure out why.*

She stole a glance at her father, a man with powerful shoulders, hands and voice, too. Tall with black hair, Paul carried a hard demeanor surrounding furtive eyes, with a face void of creases for he rarely smiled. The thirty-seven year-old was constantly displeased with family members though unlike his wife, the only irritation he seemed to have toward their firstborn was that she referred to herself as Jenny. Right after her birth he stood in a circle of men at church and named her Virginia Louise Hill, insisting she be called that. Everyone did, except the child who thought, *I don’t like being called Virginia Hill, but I don’t know why.*

At his kitchen table command post, Paul peeked at this favorite daughter from behind the newspaper. That was normal. Jenny didn’t look back, which seemed normal, too. Father always made her sit beside him when the family ate and she could never look into his eyes, whether he was behind the news or not. However, what appeared on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* that morning in Garden Grove, California, did not seem normal. It read, “Thursday, September 24, 1964.”

*I’m sure, Jenny thought, in fact double sure that when I picked up the newspaper from the front porch and shook off dew just like Mom showed me, it said today was Wednesday. These tricks my mind plays don’t make sense, none at all.*

Creamy oatmeal bubbled in a cast-iron pot on the stove. Aromas of the busy kitchen made Jenny salivate, but Mom never bothered to give her the warm oatmeal and she seldom felt like eating her own cold cereal. The youngster remained lost in thought while playing with her bowl of dry Frosted Flakes.

This eldest who didn’t seem to fit into her own family, glanced warily at Mom. As usual, Mercy ignored her problem child while nervously circling the table serving breakfast. The mother in health constantly worried how she could possibly take care of four small girls, efficiently run a household, plus stay in the good graces of testy hubby.

Mercy was a portly woman with thick coal-black hair who dressed in loosely fitting muumuu preferably purple. Tension outlined her face. A Southerner with a benevolent countenance that paraded a prim and proper attitude, she was the middle child of a sizeable family now raising a large brood of her own. Mother's low energy level often clashed with her perfectionism, (which meant being on time no matter the consequence). This thirty-six year-old kept the little blue house impeccably clean with well-balanced meals prepared within a strict budget and ready precisely when her husband arrived. Having leg aches since childhood, precision even regulated her hobbling stride. It wasn't in Mercy's nature to be open or submissive to anyone but her husband—an insecure woman who put great effort into pleasing him.

Neighbors and fellow church members considered her a saintly introvert, while at the Hill house she openly harbored a raging jealousy of Paul's attraction to their oldest. She had been antagonistic since just before the child turned five. Jenny's early Yuletide present last December was an oversized blue church dress. She threw a tantrum the following Sunday when again commanded to wear it. Then quite surprisingly, removed the heads of her only two dolls, sneaked outside and threw them into the city dumpster. A terrifying experience while wearing the dress left her empty, feeling unworthy to mother anything. Mercy couldn't understand, much less tolerate, one so ungrateful as to throw her dolls away. Battle lines were drawn. Mom's rejection dominated Jenny's life.

The harried atmosphere continually surrounding Mercy seemed to aimlessly float above Jenny. Like most young girls, she tried hard to be like Mother, do her work, think her thoughts and feel her feelings. However, the bewildered little wisp observed Mom from her stranded position outside maternal acceptance, feeling she caused the family nothing but heartburn. The harder she worked to do things right, the angrier Mom became. *Why? Jenny thought. Does it have to do with that damn changing on Father's paper? How come problems 'round here are always my fault?*

She squinted at her sisters. Too busy to pay her notice, they were preoccupied in their attempts at attracting parental attention. Each laughed or wailed depending upon their need. Mom trudged between her hot stove, nine-month-old Susan crawling around the kitchen and crying Liz who rocked back and forth in a yellow chrome high chair. This usually happy blonde, turning three next month once enjoyed life as baby of the family. That coveted spot changed last December when Mercy gave birth to Susan. With an uncaring father, competition for Mother's affection had begun.

Hungry Sharon pounded her hands up and down in frustration. The four year-old was a pretty girl with an easy laugh who envied her older sister's position as mother's helper, had plans to take over that role and was in a second fierce rivalry for attention; Father's eyes continually followed only her eldest.

Sharon's banging finally entered Jenny's busy brain. She glanced again at the newspaper date which she slowly picked up a half-eaten slice of un-buttered toast and plunging it into sugar piled high in her dish. The piece of bread a broken ship, lost in a sluggish sea. *How could it be Thursday so soon?*

She'd lost time. Again. Plus, there was another of many questions, *Why am I wearing my blue dress when I hate it?*

The dress was connected to an atrocious Christmas past, but she had no recollection of the experience so traumatic it branded physical and emotional wounds on her splintered soul, creating alter personalities. It would take years, perhaps a lifetime, for these multiple personalities to feel safe enough to share their recollections. Jenny's independently formed thinking patterns concealed the maltreatment, but defended and held the child safe. More often than not, as happened that day when the blue-eyed blonde was under pressure, one or more, of these separate lines of reasoning surfaced

stand guard—always to protect—the core persona.

She picked up a carton to pour milk on her cereal, only to have the liquid splatter onto her white sweater. The ever-present garment, always buttoned up tight, served as a security blanket, a pretense of protection from her ongoing mistreatment.

Suddenly she couldn't feel her fingers that were brushing away milk droplets as they slid down her sweater into folds of the cotton dress. She wondered, *Why can't I feel my hands?*

Her mind must not be working again, which always caused her worry. She didn't understand the inability to direct her body, nor the loss of time when alternative thinking took over, leaving her insecure with feelings of low self-esteem. Mother had little insight into the mindset of her oldest child in further aggravating situations. Jenny desperately wanted to feel close to Mom, but with no success whatsoever, turned to her kindergarten teacher, *Today I'll ask Miss Griffin why my fingers are out of control*, Jenny decided. *She listens to me, is sooo smart and has lots of good answers.*

The all-knowing Miss Griffin was a kindly woman who took a fancy to the quiet youngster probably more out of curiosity than anything else. Her shy student was unexplainably sad and unpredictable in actions, though extremely bright with knowledge beyond her age.

Jenny felt today of all days wasn't one for more concerns. All week Teacher had been preparing class for Bean Day tomorrow, which Jenny now decided may have started this morning. She didn't want to goof up, especially for this best person and was determined to be a good mother to her bean. For Bean Preparation Day, which might have happened yesterday, or perhaps the day before, Jenny planned to wear a red-plaid dress Mom bought along with her white sweater, for the first day of school. If Bean Day had changed to tomorrow, last year's yellow Sunday dress with matching lace was the choice. Miss Griffin said yellow was a warm, feel-good color.

Just as quickly as she lost the use of her fingers, Jenny felt them come back in sync with her body and pondered, *That was strange. Think I'm in trouble: don't understand what happened with my hands, what day it is, nor do I have a special dress on.*

Nothing made sense. But then, lots of things didn't, like being exhausted yet she just got up. There was another confusing situation caused by her core persona going to "sleep" while an alter personality took over to handle uncomfortable situations, then repressed the vivid memories into her subconscious. She was experiencing dissociation, an inability to remember events, common for anyone who has undergone repetitive trauma.

Jenny began eating her Frosted Flakes, thinking, *This'll give me the energy I need. Least, that's what Tony the Tiger says and he should know 'cause he's a big T.V. star.*

She looked at the kitchen clock: 7:14. *Oh, no. In a few seconds breakfast will be over so there's no time to change clothes. I'll have to face the kindergarten kids in my ugly blue dress and without having today figured out. What am I going to do? ... I know. Maybe if I ask Father in Heaven to help me understand why it's tomorrow, I can figure out why things are so wacky today.*

"Forgot your book bag again, didn't you, crazy girl," Mercy yelled, blowing Jenny's reasoning away. "Such a scatterbrain. Musta left it in your bedroom. Grab it and leave. Hurry up. You can't be late. Don't want ya to miss school and be stupid."

"I don't wanna be stupid either, but I am," Jenny mumbled as she obediently picked up her uneaten bowl of cereal, walked it to the sink, opened a creaking door underneath and carefully scraped the sugary paste into an overflowing pail.

"Lay off the garbage, Mercy," Paul said. "Virginia knows a heck of a lot more 'bout things than you

think she does. She figured out today's date. I saw her read it when she brought me the paper this morning. Go on, Princess, tell Mom what day it is."

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Father's abrupt order captured the child, who stopped and turned around to take another glance at the clock, "It's September twenty-third ... no, fourth, uh, Wedn ... I mean Thursday and, uh, 7:16 a.m."

Mercy huffed. Paul grinned. Jenny swung back to retrieve that book bag, only to spy Father's unmade bed at the end of their shadowy hallway. Stripes of an oncoming headache streaked through her, signaling an abrupt change of thinking. An alter personality was waking up to dominate Jenny's body, unknown to her, or anyone else.

Her head shook to clear the discomfort. The room spun. Her eyelids squeezed shut.

Then, it happened.

Her eyes opened. The kitchen clock read 7:21 and she was outside, closing the double-glass door. *Oh, my*, she thought. *How'd my book bag fly to me?*

Jenny was back in control, but unable to look at her family through a glass covered in fingerprints for fear something else would disable her. She turned and hopped down the patio step. *Must be on my way to kindergarten.*

Mercy wouldn't allow the kids to use her sacred front door because they'd trash the carpet, but she didn't care about the back so Jenny learned to navigate through the double-glass door and yard as if blind. Behind closed eyes, steppingstone-by-steppingstone, she walked across Father's lawn, careful not to damage his manicured grass, and passed Mother's beautiful rosebushes that adorned the house.

Mother paid careful attention to those cherished roses. She tended them every day right after lunch. Feeding, pruning, picking off dry leaves and shoveling dirt in a protective circle around them. If the kindergartener returned from school on time and *if* really careful, Mercy let her help. Squirting water from top of the driveway and watching dirt run away from the spray was a favored pastime on those fun days. By the time muddy water migrated down a white rock-lined sidewalk and reached street end, any un-washed clods fell into a sewer's black hole in front of a gray house on the corner.

This was Jenny's house of horrors, though she didn't know why. Such puzzling thoughts competed with each other somewhere in deep pockets of her mind. That gray place was where she'd often played with her friend, Mary, last summer. There was something about a kitten, but that was way too difficult to think about. So, she didn't.

Since turning four Jenny couldn't think about a lot of things during the day, while her nights were one long nightmare where ghostly men surrounded her bed, lit candles flickering on their black hooded robes, chanting in monotone, "Salome, Salome, Salome."

Jenny made it past Father's perfect yard and Mother's prized roses without incident, opened her eyes and a heavy wooden gate, then shut and locked both (just as told). An alter personality reopened her eyes, but it was Jenny's core persona who placed left forefinger in her mouth and proceeded across the curved driveway, onto the white rock-lined sidewalk that encompassed their small subdivision and Garden Grove Elementary-Kennedy Middle School complex.

Like her neighbors, today's fall weather seemed warm and pleasant, at least on the surface there in Garden Grove. The area was settled in part by pioneers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) headed by Amasa Mason Lyman, counselor to the great western colonizer and second president of the Church, Brigham Young.



In the 1830s religious persecution drove these Latter-day Saints from their homes in the eastern United States, more recently Nauvoo, Illinois, a city they built from a malaria-infested swamp along the Mississippi bend in the Mississippi. Small farming towns were established in the Mexican Territory later known as Utah and extended westward to the Pacific Coast.

By 1851 Lyman was presiding over a company of “Saints” near Jenny’s Garden Grove. Much to the chagrin of Brigham Young, the outspoken intellectual became an enthusiastic convert to his own Spiritualism Movement he named the Church of Zion. His meetings were filled with Black Magic, levitation, séances and chanting people standing in circles in a supposed communion with the dead. Upon return to Salt Lake City in 1879, Lyman was excommunicated for his aberrant religious practices.

Eighty years later in 1964 Jenny had no way to know how such a mysterious religion filtered down to affect her. Oblivious to everything, the little one was on her way to school, talking to herself and thinking hard. One thing was absolutely certain: there was distaste for her name. She thought, *I just hate the name Virginia. Wish people’d call me Jenny.*

Jenny didn’t know why she despised her name. Memory of being ravaged in the woods which was surrounded by a group of chanting men wouldn’t be released from her subconscious until many years later. Alter personalities formed on that Yuletide night at age four had torturous stories to tell, but kept them hidden. Alters holding those repressed memories were the cause of her continuous loss of time and lack of control, even the name people called her. More than once the frustration of trying to reason it all out initiated a headache and its resultant shift in her personality.

As, today.

Jenny’s eyes changed from aqua-turquoise to dark-blue and her voice switched from soft-spoken to rapidly spit out brash tones. A personality calling herself J.J. awakened. This alter was birthed from Jenny’s age four as an audacious foul-mouthed, flamboyant maverick who often competed for the management of her “Jen’s” mind and body. Taking her cues and language lessons from abusive surroundings, J.J. yelled, “Shit, Jen, most people don’t think Virginia Louise is very bright. Hell, we know more ‘bout being a grown-up and surviving than anyone gives us credit for.”

Unaware of her own swearing or how she left Father’s curved driveway, Jenny found herself at the Tracy house next door. They and the Wilsons, retired couples who lived on either side of the Hill, kept their homes that looked like all the others, “neat as a pin,” as Mercy said. The seniors’ claim to fame: Wilson’s provided an after-school and all-summer neighborhood backyard hangout, while on Fridays Mr. Tracy gave out candy bars. He always saved a good one just for Jenny.

A dog named Hey You trotted from the front porch of the Tracy house. Jenny bent to rub her nose on his. The five year-old loved all the puppies, kitties and birdies in the neighborhood, especially slimy snails and slippery worms that appeared magically after a rain. *They make me feel warm and cozy over,* she mused, *like my sunbeams after a big storm.*

Strangely, certain plants elicited unease, particularly Mom’s roses. This repressed memory was just another of many which wouldn’t surface for years. Right now the neglected child’s conscious thoughts were deeply concentrated on trying to make it safely to kindergarten. She came to a garage by the eerie gray house, where her feet slowed to a shuffle. A glance upward to a chipped front window unveiled a figure watching. He darted away, instigating another headache. Her eyes closed to the agony.

Then opened. Jenny stood in front of the corner's busy street, having passed the gray house without knowing how she did it. She wondered, *Where have I been? Hope it's the same day I ate Tony the Tiger 'cause I figured that was Bean Day. Can't miss that.*

Bean Day had become an essential part of her ability to focus on the present. Mom said repeated she wasn't growing up, but Miss Griffin made a promise. On Bean Day if the class was especially quiet, they could go to the library and find out how sun and water helped plants grow. A determined Jenny was going to learn, then teach it to her bean. *How are my bean and I gonna grow up if I miss Bean Day? ... I know. I'll ask my Sunday School teacher, Sister Tolman. She knows everything.*

As with school, in the Hill house LDS church attendance was a regular occurrence throughout the week. Jenny craved lessons on the love of Jesus Christ and especially enjoyed her teachers, but most times couldn't remember being there. Last Sunday during Sacrament Meeting those all-too-familiar queasy feelings began. By the time Sacrament was ended and Junior Sunday School began her eyes were fluttering into a headache, indicating a blank period was about to start. She questioned her Sunday School teacher on how to take care of the problem, "I feel like I'm goin' ta sleep, then I wake up somewhere else. What should I do?"

Though startled by the unusual request, Sister Tolman counseled as always, "Ask Heavenly Father. He'll answer your prayers, but often not when, or how you expect."

Jenny decided to take advantage of that wisdom right there on the gray house corner. She prayed *Father in Heaven, can you help me? I can't figure out today.*

In a quick answer, leaves floating in a warm Santa Ana breeze gave her a comforting hug. She looked up at the sun. Sure enough, it sat in the part of the sky it always occupied when walking to kindergarten. Schoolmates played across the street. The Taylor Twins climbed a Submarine jungle gym that stood beside a dreaded Old Woman's Shoe slippery slide. Everyone was waiting for class to start. She studied her outfit including new patent-leather school shoes, "Gotta be the day I ate Tony the Tiger 'cause I'm dressed for kindergarten and still have on this ugly blue dress. Wow. That means it's still Bean Day."

As with her blank periods, Jenny seemed to have experiences no one else in her kindergarten class had and they weren't limited to a loss of time. In the far reaches of her brain a storehouse of demeaning events evidently opened a door for Extra Sensory Perception experiences to enter. Jenny's initial penetration of these subliminal barriers occurred during the first week of school. Miss Griffin forgot to tell the class to bring their Show and Tell item, but Jenny brought her birthday present, a Mary Poppins record, and placed it on her desk. She was the only one who did Show and Tell that day. It made the Taylor Twins mad at her, again.

Acceptance was a big deal, like right now. The child knew running across the busy street Mercy said not to be afraid of, would get her to Miss Griffin on time. And if not late, there would be a hug. The instructor loved everyone no matter how dumb you were, but only if you got to school before class started. She thought, *I must do some things right 'cause Miss Griffin tells me so and she's smart and she doesn't tell no lies. I have ta listen today. Remember all Teacher says and try real hard not to forget anything.*

Jenny stayed statue-still on the busy corner, meekly eyeing schoolmates led by the Taylor Twins who were laughing at her from across the street. A gust of wind rustled her frizzy-blonde hair, blowing leaf-filled sunbeams away. She glanced backward. The forbidding silhouette appeared again in the gray house's smudged window. She looked forward, but saw little hope for a break in the army of cars. Her eyes switched downward: dirt from Mercy's rose bushes was settling into the watery gutter by her

shiny shoes, about to go into the sewer's black hole. She knew once those broken clods reached the abyss they would never return and for a moment she searched inward, bowing in reverence. *Feel about what happens ta dirt.*

A tinkling gently floated to her ears from across the way. Her head jerked upward as she realized. *Oh, no, Miss Griffin's ringing her brass bell.*

Giggling children filed into the classroom. Her beloved teacher closed the door behind them which wind whipped the face of this little one standing alone on the corner.

Jenny ran across the pavement, slipping through a short break in the fast moving cars, careful not to let her new shoes step on the straight pedestrian line. *Did it myself, she thought. Pretty smart. Maybe Don't need nobody.*

Breathless, she took forefinger out of her mouth to open the school door, as a strangely familiar voice inside her whispered, "Wanna bet, Jen? You can't get through Thursday without me."

"Today is Thursday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of September, 1964, our Bean Day," were the last words an exhausted Jenny heard Miss Griffin say. Her Head Alter Personality J.J. strutted past quiet children sitting around a big furry naptime rug. J.J. found Jenny's chair, turned to classmates and using her middle finger, boldly presented them an obscene gesture. The classroom echoed in whispers and giggles.

"Quiet, everyone," Miss Griffin said, smiling at the unruly group. Freshly shampooed hair draped over youthful shoulders as she bent to meet each child's eyes, "Let's get started. It's important to pay special attention today because we're going to learn how to grow. When everyone's ready, we'll read a special story about a boy who made himself and his beans healthy and tall. It's my version of Jack and the Beanstalk."

J.J. produced a smug grin, proud of her newfound authority. She carefully pulled Jenny's chair closer to Miss Griffin who, unaware of the "finger" incident, gave her always-late student a welcoming smile.

**Same Thursday, after kindergarten.**

“Yo, Jen, don’t know who I am, do ya?” J.J. said out-loud as Jenny’s chief alter sashayed her legs outside after school. She threw their petite hands upward in exasperation. “You don’t give a stir about me, or how I looked out for you today. Good thing I’m around. Someone has to dump Thursday’s garbage.”

Jenny’s stillness and Alter J.J.’s insistence were surreal that sunny afternoon. The personality had taken over workings of her mind and body. Splitting into separate lines of reasoning was a necessity for the five year-old, an essential escape from insanity, but not without cost. Lost hours caused severe psychic disruption, leaving a lack of awareness and constant frustration, as happened on this, her important Bean Day.

J.J.’s strident thinking bore little resemblance to that of Jenny whose presence she shared. Everyone would assume she was Jenny, unless they looked closely into her eyes. Aqua-turquoise changed to mischievous dark-blue when J.J. took over. The audacious authority figure represented a cross between Jenny and her mother, literally an adult within a child. The personality saw herself as a replica of the thirty-six year-old Mercy and craved full breasts like hers, yet lived in child’s body. Unlike shy Jenny who functioned mostly with head down, feet shuffling and forefinger in mouth, J.J. swore like a sailor and walked with a provocative prow, swinging hips from side to side as if owning the world and not giving a hoot who else was in it.

Personalities were developing within a highly structured chronological pecking order in recesses of Jenny’s brain. They would eventually form three separate alter families. Alter J.J. was the initial one to create a system out of the core persona’s thoughts at age four. She was a guardian constantly fighting for dominance while acting as a big sister, plus a mother to an alter family. Though, she had the mindset of a child who was often troubled at her inability to manage situations. That position would be further challenged as the identity grew up: more acts of violence occurred, subsequent personalities came from her, plus new head alters and their own families were born—each with their own unique verbal skills and performance abilities depending upon the specific situation from which they were formed.

With her alters taking over to handle the mental strain, Jenny had no idea what she was going through, let alone how she reacted to it. The five year-old did know her disjointed thinking caused problems at times. J.J. often succeeded in completely blanking out the core persona, but was only partially successful on other occasions. Like, today. In class it seemed Jenny sat in the back of her mind viewing a movie about herself. Her limbs moved, she heard herself talking, but had no power over hands, feet, or lips. None. And now, she could only watch the uncontrollable body swing her hips back and forth while marching toward the play yard after school.

The child was always the last out of class, wanting another hug from Miss Griffin, or trying to avoid the Taylor Twins who somehow found everything she did wrong and promptly blabbed her foibles to all of kindergarten. Or, it could be she was just slow. *Don’t know*, Jenny thought. *Don’t remember. Don’t trust nobody.*

Jenny, not her Alter J.J., placed their bean cup in the sand and sat on a hard rung of the Submarine jungle gym. Her little legs swung back and forth with her thoughts. The yard became all Jenny’s for the few quiet moments between morning and afternoon school sessions. There, she examined life: why she was so different; why she couldn’t remember the simplest things; why she felt horribly dumb at the time, yet why Miss Griffin said she was smart and most important, why no one wanted to be her.

friend. She thought, *Wish I had a best pal. I'd ask if they fly from Thursdays to Fridays like I do.*

It was as if Jenny were a time traveler—one moment she was here, the next moment there. Except she had no space ship in which to travel. If there was one who cared about her she'd ask them what happened yesterday, or two days ago, maybe three, when she was playing with a former comrade Belinda. Her friend's mother asked them to wash their hands for lunch then seconds later, or so it seemed, Jenny stood across the street in the Wilson's back yard, crushed by what Belinda said, *Her momma don't want me to come over no more 'cause I act strange, just like what my Mom says. The Momma must be right. Parents don't lie.*

Now Jenny couldn't even play with her old pal, Mary Scorpio, because Mom said Mary acted goofy just like her. Mary lived in the scary gray house and went to afternoon kindergarten. Last winter and through the summer Jenny was sent to Mary's house almost daily, but now she rarely saw her old playmate, except at church. There, these quiet ones kept to themselves. Alters held repressed memories that successfully isolated the girls in their own corners. *Mary won't talk to me, won't talk to nobody,* Jenny thought. *Not even our Sunday School teacher, Sister Tolman.*

There had been a yearning that kindergarten would change the unfortunate one's social life, but it hadn't. She decided, *I must be totally dumb not to figure it out.* "Hell, Jen, I'm your best buddy and neither of us are dumb," J.J. said quite loudly.

In truth Jenny, like so many ritually abused children, was exceptionally bright for her age. Still, the kindergartener remained convinced she was 100% retarded. Mom, four year-old Sister Sharon, the Taylor Twins and big kids who hung out in Wilson's back yard all confirmed the opinion. She didn't know how to make a friend. Maybe there was one left, Kelly Sherman across the street. *Kelly's neat but not somebody I can share my feelings with,* Jenny decided. *All that girl thinks about is Barbies and dolls.*

A five-year old shouldn't feel alone and decrepit. Jenny did. But so many of her emotions were compartmentalized that she was unaware of those feelings, except for fear, *Wish I had someone to talk to. Feel scared all the time. Keep thinking big people are gonna hurt me, or take me away.* Jenny thought, while J.J. thought back in disgust, *Jen, quit thinking about that rubbish. Why not wrap your mind about what I'm thinking for a change?*

Distress dominated the child's life, fed by concerns of her different personalities. As always, Jenny wasn't about to give in to those images. It was her body, too, and no one was going to take her Jenny away. Often this alter had suicidal tendencies, but Jenny would die if she carried them out. J.J. would never kill themselves. That was pig-tailed Suicidal Alter Janet's job. Meanwhile, Jenny wondered, *Why am I thinking about dying?*

The core of her personality was filled with optimism and had no death wish, while J.J. occasionally did and Suicidal Alter Janet thought about it most of the time, but not today. There was this new beauty and they were going to get old together.

Mary Scorpio stepped out of the gray house and joined afternoon kindergarteners waiting on the corner. The gathering of children by the sewer was a sign for Jenny to leave, get on with her day, and she realized with alarm, *Can't remember what Miss Griffin said 'bout how to grow up!*

Jenny sprang from the Submarine. No more dallying. She was still baffled as to what happened today, but it was time to face that gray house and worse, Mom. Think hard. She remembered going into kindergarten and then all of a sudden she woke up to see kids holding their bean cups, laughing at her. Miss Griffin was upset that hers hadn't been picked up. The next moment Bean Day was over and there she was, holding her cup while walking out of class in front of a stunned Big Gus Henderson.

J.J. was the unhappiest, having fought management issues all morning. Just today J.J. had to hear all the hoots from the kids as she took care of Big Gus Henderson when he tried to steal their bean. Jenny absorbed calamities so Jenny didn't have to and loved the hapless child when no one else did. Not only that, the alter had to pretend to be the core persona when taking over to protect Jenny and couldn't be herself. She thought. She breathed. She felt. *Yet no one recognizes that I exist*, J.J. lamented, while Jenny thought, *It must be the same day because I'm still wearing this ugly blue dress. Dang, that means I slept through Miss Griffin's important instructions on how to take care of my plant. I'm so stupid. How can I help my bean if I can't direct my own mind?*

Jenny's inattention to J.J.'s latest unanswered question made the personality realize that while Jenny could hear her whisperings, she simply never listened. If an incident arose and neither she, nor any other alter inside knew what occurred, it made for all kinds of trouble. Once in a while J.J. needed her own time and took over the mind, then felt sad about things she did to Jenny's life. The alter wasn't a bad person. J.J. did what was necessary to protect her Jen, but also had to look out for number one, Jenny. *After all, who's there to catch me when I fall?* she thought, while Jenny concluded their thinking with *Sure know how to muck things up.*

Order wouldn't come to the jumbled mind, confusing Jenny, who was unaware of J.J.'s very existence. She ignored the jabbering resonations inside, paid no mind to her various personalities' overtures at friendship and believed everyone heard these strange conversations. No wonder she felt forsaken. Even feelings of comfort from her Sunday School and Wednesday Primary teachers were intermingled with dread.

Jenny was a victim imprisoned within a two-fold worship. The essence of good quintessential Christian beliefs came from teachings of her LDS faith. Simultaneously and covertly, the mind control programming she had been subjected to since age four at the corner gray house was grounded in ancient mystery religions. A false veneration to God while paying homage to Lucifer was basic to the worship. Doing so supposedly increased perpetrator powers. The contrasting values of authority figures in her life further shattered her thinking.

The child was alone, but had an innate resource, often seeking spiritual guidance through prayer. This laid a firm foundation for a belief system that carried her through ongoing storms of misery.

Like a robot Jenny stood staring at the rock-lined sidewalk, unable to cross the busy street to it. She didn't notice other five year-olds including Mary Scorpio, use a break in traffic to walk toward her between the straight white lines. As children passed her by, Jenny was lost in a hodgepodge of thoughts. Most caused by J.J., who swirled within her own rumination. Seeing other kids cuddled by their parents made this alter jealous. And, Jen's refusal to recognize her was maddening. As often happened under such circumstances J.J. expressed her feelings out loud, "Quit dwelling on your freak'n problems. Why can't you appreciate me? I help ya survive." "Why am I talking 'bout surviving?" Jenny questioned herself under their breath.

The mumbling child walked across the busy street, oblivious of zooming cars careening around her. A teenage hothead swerved his hopped-up '62 'Vette, shouting obscenities Jenny didn't hear because J.J. heard them for her. The alter yelled the same back. Hearing herself swear made Jenny shudder and she thought, *How disgusting, embarrassing. Why does my mouth talk this way? Did that happen at school today? Can't remember. I don't trust nobody, so can't ask nobody to tell me why. Do know I felt good to sit in class with my bean cup and be like other kids. In fact, bet it was fun. Maybe. Don't really know.*

"Hey, Virginia. Wanna have some fun?" a deep voice bellowed across a weed-filled yard. Jenny

froze. J.J. froze harder. They'd been walking with head bowed and hadn't noticed, let alone wanted to see anyone around that sleazy gray house.

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"Yo little girl, didn't ya hear me?" said a scruffy-looking kid stepping off a crumbling porch. "Bee wait'n for ya."

Jenny's frantic thoughts entwined her. She searched the sidewalk that led to Mom, saw the puppy named Hey You, Tracy's house, and off in the distance, shrouded in thorns, Mercy's rosebushes.

*Legs, move!* They wouldn't.

Weeds crunched beneath Maynard Scorpio's feet as he zeroed in on his prey. Devious thoughts swept the boy's face. He was tall and skinny for a fifteen year-old, with heavily oiled amber hair that fell across sardonic eyes—a victim of budding hormones. Faint wrinkles grew from the corners of his mouth as he approached. He grinned at her. Jenny looked at his big grubby hands, old Levis, muddy shoes and back to his hands again.

The middle school dropout did pretty much what he wanted. Today that was Jenny. He grabbed her arm, forcing bean cup to the sidewalk while whispering, "Saved ya an all-day sucker. It tastes reee good. C'mon, let's get it."

J.J. also observed Maynard, though with more loathing than fear, "Don't go with him," she urged rather loudly.

"Keep it down," Maynard whispered. "Ya want neighbors to hear?"

He half-dragged, half-carried the youngster across the un-kept lawn, up steps, through a splintered doorframe and into his front room darkness, with J.J. yammering all the while, "Jen, let's get the heck outta here. Right now, Jen. Now! We're in deep shit."

"I'm telling you, shut up or I'll slit your damn throat," Maynard said.

The yelling ceased. Away from the sunny outside safety, Jenny stood inside gray house gloom, pretending everything was all right. J.J. knew it wasn't, "Not dealing with this. It's Thursday. Got more pressing things to take care of today."

The remark almost tripped Maynard's short fuse, but he cautioned himself, *Be Cool. Reason it out. Manage the anger. Do everything just right, or it won't work.*

He groped the tiny bottom while pulling her close, "Nothin to be alarmed about. I love yo Virginia. You're such a beauty."

It felt good to be held. Jenny longed to be loved, as did all her thinking patterns for that matter, but Maynard was initiating an all too familiar panicky feeling. His hands were all over, ripping off her underpants. Jenny's frantic struggle to escape further aroused him. He pushed the reticent child toward the back bedroom, pulling a rusty pocketknife from the side pocket of his tattered pants.

"Ya got her?" asked Raymond's excited voice. This sixteen year-old was more vicious than his younger brother and wouldn't be considered handsome. He had mud-colored hair, like a floor mop never fully rinsed; kept himself scrawny; was thin-lipped and dressed in the same sort of sloppy attire that his sibling wore, though clothes were even more wrinkled. Raymond was good at nothing, good for nothing, surely the reason he dropped out of school at an early age.

It was he who produced the all-day sucker.

"Take the candy, Virginia," Raymond ordered.

"Take it!" repeated Maynard.

Jenny came to in time to say a quick prayer before her eyes changed from aqua-turquoise to dark blue and flickered. Sweat stopped trickling down her face. No fear held her, for a waffling J.J. was attempting to take over. The alter stammered, “G, ge, get, t, ta sleep, Jen.”

“Take the sucker. Take it,” Raymond continued to demand while Maynard scraped the sharp blade along her neck. A freaked-out J.J. reached for the candy, shouting, “Whoa man, that knife’s too much for me,” then she withdrew as another head alter personality formed from the core persona said, “I lick the sucker.”

A half hour later Jenny awoke to search for the beloved bean. Her penetrated body trickled red droplets down quivering legs and onto the sidewalk. Yet, she felt no discomfort—it, buried deep inside.

Up the street Mercy was using an old garden hose in a futile attempt to clean her hands. Filthy water sloshed down the sidewalk toward the child, conjoined dirt with blood then continued a determined voyage to the gray house sewer.

Spying her bean peeking out of the tipped-over cup of soil, Jenny thought, *Oh no, this is aaawful. What if I can’t save her?* “Your bean won’t die, Jen,” said an infant voice in an uncontrollable splash of words coming from the mouth. “It’s just ruffled a bit.”

During the last ten months this second head alter was too busy doing jobs in the gray house to define looks, let alone decide upon a name, but protective instincts were honed. With great suffering Alter The Girl With No Name picked up the bean, “Come on, let’s bury her back in the dirt.”

In that period where the core persona was sort of present, Jenny noticed, *Oh, dear. Mom’s tending the roses. I must be late.*

The child stood, unsteadily, glanced at the sun’s position to discern time of day and began inching toward the blue house, holding up her baby bean to help it capture the warm rays. Some unknown alternative thinking advised sneaking by Mother, but the damaged girl was too engrossed in other thoughts to hear, *Mom will be mad I didn’t get back from school on time.*

J.J. was unable to handle the threat of Maynard’s scraping knife, let alone what followed. So Alter The Girl With No Name protected Jenny by storing today’s unspeakable events at that house of demons. She was destined, as was J.J., to be in charge of an alter family who would deal with the Scorpions’ continuous assaults.

Alter competition was unwelcome, though J.J. had no choice. The two head alter personalities worked together to guide Jenny toward the blue house with brown trim, surrounded by rainbow-colored roses.

“Sneak in the back,” urged The Girl With No Name, while J.J. countered with, “Hell, don’t ya know nothin? Jen always takes that route. We ain’t allowed to enter that old cow Mercy’s sacred front door. If you’re gonna be around, Missy, better get it right.”

Mom was leaning over a prized rosebush heavy with exquisitely white All-Americans and didn’t seem to hear the child’s mumblings, or notice a small figure pass through and lock the gate. Jenny’s distressed body walked along the backyard’s crooked path, up porch stair, through back door and passed Father’s bedroom to enter a spotless bathroom.

Well schooled in cleanliness from tending sisters daily, Jenny automatically washed her hands, then grabbed a fresh rag and wet it. Liz’s bottle of Borafax ointment sat next to Father’s Old Spice cologne and Baby Susan’s Vaseline bottle with a stork on it. She clutched the antiseptic, wet rag and a couple



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