

THE RAID AT THE TONY ALAMO CHURCH

by Alys Ondrisek



September 20, 2008 started out like any other day. It was a beautiful, sunny Saturday. The roses were in bloom outside, and the birds were singing. School was closed for the weekend, and all the kids were rejoicing in their freedom from studies. The day went blissfully by like any other normal Saturday. People went about their regular work. This all changed abruptly. I was sitting in the sunroom by the sliding glass doors so that I could soak in some sunshine while working on my computer. Some children were outside with their parents and friends, taking turns riding the pony and playing with the little Cockapoo and Shih Tzu.

At 6:00 pm, I saw something out of the corner of my eye, right outside the sliding glass door. I glanced up and saw a man clothed in black from head to foot, wearing a gas mask, and

carrying something large, long, and with a barrel. At first, I thought, "I didn't know that we had a fumigator coming." I assumed the instrument he was carrying was the tool they used for eliminating pests in houses. Then I realized this was no fumigator for household pests, but rather, an exterminator for humans. The man's clothing had the letters "FBI" boldly branded on them, and the instrument I mistook for a fumigation tool was really a machine gun. I heard the man say, "This is the door they said would be the easiest way in." (The front door was unlocked and they could have walked right in, but instead they began prying the sliding glass door off. This all happened within a matter of a few seconds.)

My heart stopped. I could barely think. Why were they coming and trying to remove this door? What had we

done? Further, what were they going to do to us? I ran as fast as I could to a room where there was a cell phone. I grabbed it, and as I was running to the rear of the house where I knew three girls were collating some Gospel literature, I tried to call someone. The cell phone was dead, or wasn't turned on. Either way, I couldn't make the call. I was breathless when I reached the girls (one being my 16-year-old sister), but I managed to tell them the FBI were prying the door off of the house. They immediately panicked, not knowing what to expect.

In this large room, there were four sets of sliding glass doors. As we looked out one of them, we could see the SWAT team had not yet come to this end of the house. I could see them still at the entrance they had made by dismantling the door. A helicopter

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hovered right above the house. The vibrations it caused were tremendous. We carefully opened the sliding door at the very end. I crept out first, and the girls followed me. There was a gate about ten feet from where we were. We tried to reach it so we could leave the property. We managed to leave the house unseen. The feeling that we were almost to safety surged through every fiber of my being. My finger tips tingled as I touched the latch on the gate. I was hoping that the two adults and four children who were in the backyard with the animals had already gotten away through the same gate. But alas! When we pushed open the gate, a man on the other side pushed it closed. He told us tauntingly that we were too late and had to go back. He was not letting us out.

Since we were surrounded, there was nothing left for us to do but go back in the house and try to get on another phone and call for help. We all rushed back in, but inside we were met with agents armed with machine guns. I could see that their lasers were on. I looked down at my chest. There was one of them directly over my heart, and over the other girls' hearts as well. We were terrified. The men yelled at us to, "Put your hands in the air and don't move!" Indeed, if we had moved, I have no doubt that we would not be alive today.

When they came towards us, I remember seeing the faces of the girls that were with me; they were pale and their eyes were as wide as they could possibly be. All of our hands were trembling. I remember thinking that I had to try to show courage for the other girls. I asked the men, "Is it really necessary for you to aim those guns

at us? We are just young, innocent girls." They replied, "We were told that you all had weapons here." "No, I have never seen a gun in my life until now." They said some things, but I was in such a terrified state that I can't remember what. They did take their aim off of us. They made us follow them upstairs to the aforementioned sunroom where I had previously been working.

The phone in the office was ringing off the hook, but we were not allowed to answer it. I desperately wanted to. By this time, the house was crawling with FBI agents and Arkansas State Police. There had to be at least one hundred of them.

From this room, we saw that the two adult women and four girls outside (the youngest being seven years old) were being brought from the backyard by more FBI agents. After all of us were herded into this sunroom and had been sitting for a while, some social workers came in. They began questioning all of us as to our names and ages, etc. Then they started taking the younger ones off by themselves and interviewing them separately.

After what seemed like hours, the social workers suddenly decided to take all of the children into custody. All the girls were scared. Their faces were white, and they were crying. They were asking, "What is going to happen to us?" My sister clung to me, but the social workers took them all and loaded them into a vehicle.

But the most tragic scene had not yet taken place. The seven-year-old girl was told to go and get her shoes. Knowing that she was about to be taken away, she instead ran to her mother's arms and told her what was happening. She had wrapped her legs around her mother and locked them in place. She wrapped her arms around her neck and interlaced her fingers; her mother wrapped her arms

tightly around her daughter. Three social worker women came and surrounded them. "Mommy," the girl shrieked, "don't let them take me!!!" They began trying to pry her little interlocked fingers and legs off.

I can't even begin to tell you what a horrific scene this was. The screams that took place were enough to curdle your blood. Her little face was paler than any face I have seen before or since. Her lips were blue from her screaming. The people in the house about one hundred feet away said that they could hear her screams all the way over there. The mother was begging and pleading with these women. "Please don't take my daughter! Please don't take her!!! She has never been away from me in her life!! Have mercy!! Please! I haven't done anything wrong!!" The little girl was screaming, "I love her!! Please let me stay with her!! I LOVE HER!! I want my Mommy! MOMMY, DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME!!!" And unutterable screams followed.

The women became more determined to loosen their grips on each other. One of the male agents, seeing the struggle, came to help the women take the little girl. Between all of them, they finally loosened the grip of both mother and daughter. They took the little girl, still screaming and crying, out to where the other girls were. The mother came and collapsed in a chair next to me. She was so shocked from what had just happened. Her hands were sweaty, her face was pale, and she was crying, saying, "I don't know what I am going to do. They took my baby. I feel like I am going to die!" I



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put my arms around her and tried to comfort her. I didn't know what to tell her.

The agent who had finally succeeded in prying the little girl away from her mother, was holding her in the kitchen before he passed her on to a female social worker. He was wearing a bullet proof vest. She later told us that she had tried tickling the man in the hopes that he would drop her. She said that she didn't want to hit him for fear that he would get angry and do something to her. On the way out to the vehicle the social worker was carrying her to, the little girl grabbed onto anything she could in the house to try to stop herself from being dragged away.

Unbeknown to us, one of the women's hearts must have been touched after seeing this tragic scene, because she took the little girl away from the woman who was carrying her out to the vehicle. She began trying to soothe her and asked if she had ever

been away from her mother before. "No, I even sleep in the same bed with her," came the pleading, desperate reply. After a few more questions of this sort, she brought the girl back to her mother. She leaped into her mother's arms. Their tears of joy flowed freely, and they hugged and kissed each other. After this, they went into a bathroom and locked themselves in for a long time. Later they had to come out, but still they went and hid in another part of the room.

During the hours that followed, the agents ordered themselves pizza. We were not given anything to eat or drink. We were treated as if we were not there. Finally, I asked if I could get some things from the kitchen. I was allowed to, so I and another adult woman went and got some apples and crackers. We tried eating, but we could barely get anything to slide down our throats because they were so dry.

We huddled together, wait-

ing, praying, and hoping that they wouldn't come back to take the little girl. We prayed that the SWAT team would leave. Around 11:30 pm, when they finally did leave, the house was in shambles. From their wave of terror, they left behind hearts broken and permanently scarred. Our lives had been so horrifically changed from the secure and peaceful way we once had lived. Nothing would ever be the same again. None of the six girls who were forcefully taken from loving homes and relatives that fateful day were ever returned to their families.

Alys Ondrisek

(The seven-year-old little girl in the account is Pastor Tony Alamo's daughter. He is very proud of her.)

This is three years later. All these children were forced into public schools. They are now on drugs, which they were never exposed to before. Some are pregnant, some have prob-

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Letters to Pastor Alamo

Nigeria

Dear Beloved,

Greetings to you in the name of Christ. I thank the Lord for giving me this day to write this short testimony.

I was once a Muslim, but now I am a Christian. My father was a strong Muslim, so I had to follow in his footsteps. So I grew up in a Muslim family. I have done a lot of evil in our society by stealing, smoking

and fighting Christians, but the Lord got ahold of me a few months ago through a pastor named Okoogbe, who saw the life I was living was bad and gave me your Christian literature to read. After reading it, I sat down and wept because the Lord cared about me; and in two days time, I was invited to church and repented from my sins.

Beloved, I am a Christian and an evangelist who is now winning souls to Christ. I am writing you this letter for you to send me a KJV Holy Bible and Christian books. And as you help me, may the Lord mightily bless you and your family, plus the ministry. Your new brother in Christ, Ekehide Arosaghe Benin, Edo, Nigeria, Africa

Arkansas

Thank ya'll very much for your help in my time of need. I thank God there's people out there like ya'll. I was down on my knees when ya'll called the first time and on my knees thanking God for your help when ya'll came by tonight. Praise God for He does answer prayers.

W.C.

Fouke, AR

North Carolina

Dear Pastor Alamo,

While I was in New York for my family reunion I came across one of your world newsletters.

I found the information very spiritually enlightening. I have a ministry I do from my home, trying my best to touch lost souls. Could you please send me a stack of your newsletters and any other material I could use for my ministry? Thank you and may God bless you.

Rexx Jenkins

Winston Salem, NC

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ably had abortions, and some have been given to homosexuals in adoption. They are permanently scared, irreparably damaged for life. May GOD reward these demons for what they have done.

This very well could happen to you. It is happening to literally thousands of people, so prepare yourself for sorrow. Prepare yourself for the kingdom of Heaven by saying this prayer:

My LORD and my GOD, have mercy upon my soul, a sinner.¹ I believe that JESUS CHRIST is the SON of the living GOD.² I believe that HE died on the cross and shed HIS precious blood for the forgiveness of all my former sins.³ I believe that GOD raised JESUS from the dead by the power of the HOLY SPIRIT,⁴ and that HE sits on the right hand

of GOD at this moment, hearing my confession of sin and this prayer.⁵ I open up the door of my heart, and I invite YOU into my heart, LORD JESUS.⁶ Wash all of my filthy sins away in the precious blood that YOU shed in my place on the cross at Calvary.⁷ YOU will not turn me away, LORD JESUS; YOU will forgive my sins and save my soul. I know because YOUR WORD, the Bible, says so.⁸ YOUR WORD says that YOU will turn no one away, and that includes me.⁹ Therefore, I know that YOU have heard me, and I know that YOU have answered me, and I know that I am saved.¹⁰ And I thank YOU, LORD JESUS, for saving my soul, and I will show my thankfulness by doing as YOU command and sin no more.¹¹

You've just completed the first step in a series of five steps which are necessary to receive salvation. Your second step is to deny yourself and take up your cross daily and follow JESUS for the

purpose of mortifying your flesh, that is, for putting to death your own will, your soulful self, and the world with all of its lusts. All these must be baptized into the watery death of CHRIST.

Step three is your resurrection from the satanic life of Adam unto the sinless life of CHRIST. Step four is your ascension into a position of authority to reign for GOD with CHRIST on earth, and the fifth step is to reign for GOD in CHRIST on earth to the end for the purpose of bringing about the kingdom of Heaven on earth. You must learn the WORD of GOD, submit yourselves one to another, and do what the WORD says so that the church and the world may see evidence of your submission to GOD'S Word, HIS order, and HIS authority in and by you.

Praise the LORD. May GOD bless and reward you abundantly.

Yours in the wonderful name of JESUS,
Pastor Tony Alamo

Tony Alamo is probably the greatest patriot this country has ever known.

1 Psa. 51:5, Rom. 3:10-12, 23 **2** Matt. 26:63-64, 27:54, Luke 1:30-33, John 9:35-37, Rom. 1:3-4 **3** Acts 4:12, 20:28, Rom. 3:25, 1 John 1:7, Rev. 5:9 **4** Psa. 16:9-10, Matt. 28:5-7, Mark 16:9, 12, 14, John 2:19, 21, 10:17-18, 11:25, Acts 2:24, 3:15, Rom. 8:11, 1 Cor. 15:3-7 **5** Luke 22:69, Acts 2:25-36, Heb. 10:12-13 **6** 1 Cor. 3:16, Rev. 3:20 **7** Eph. 2:13-22, Heb. 9:22, 13:12, 20-21, 1 John 1:7, Rev. 1:5, 7:14 **8** Matt. 26:28, Acts 2:21, 4:12, Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14 **9** Matt. 21:22, John 6:35, 37-40, Rom. 10:13 **10** Heb. 11:6 **11** John 5:14, 8:11, Rom. 6:4, 1 Cor. 15:10, Rev. 7:14, 22:14

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