

“They Took the Oaths are You Paying the Price?” by Sidney Margaret Mytton-Watson
CONDENSED VERSION Chapter One

SYMPTOMS FOUND WITH THEIR ROOTS IN MASONRY

Emotional, mental, spiritual, physical and psychological
Women experience a very deep depression and heaviness whilst their husbands are at lodge meetings
Acceptance of other religions, New Age, meditation, unbelief, philosophy and doubt being predominant
Rebellion and disobedience in children is apparent. A feeling of discord in the home with tension and a lack of love
Miscarriages and female problems and prostate gland problems in men
Dullness and cloudiness in the head
Lust, sexual problems are apparent
Unexplainable poverty and continuing financial difficulties
Marriage breakdown, alienation and families broken up
Continual blockage of understanding the Bible or having a personal relationship with God through His Son Jesus Christ
Mocking of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit

Fear that has no tangible cause
Allergies, throat, lungs, chest, heart, and bowel area, breast cancers, brain tumors, tongue cancers, spine, etc.
Hardness of the emotions
A deep anger which flares for no reason (very common)
Restlessness/ insomnia, irritability, depression, headaches, backaches, memory loss
Inexplicable pattern or endless repetitive cycle of events that never changes but repeats itself i.e.; sickness in the family, cancers, poverty, etc. either through a family or down through the generations
Nervous disorders, Parkinson’s disease, Multiple Sclerosis, epilepsy, chronic fatigue, autism, mental illness
Rejection
Homosexuality/lesbianism
Cancers
Workaholism, perfectionism, repetitive behaviour and speech
Blood diseases
Suicides

OUR TESTIMONY

“My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me; seeing thou hast forgotten the laws of thy God, I will also forget thee” Hosea 4:6

Roger and I were married in 1979. When I first met Roger, I was incredulous of the amazing string of ‘coincidental’ events that plagued him. Never in my life had I ever met someone hit by so much ‘bad luck’. It just didn’t seem possible that someone could spend an entire lifetime working so hard only to watch everything continually turn to dust in their hands.

I would sit for hours listening to him telling about his life story as he grew up in Kenya and of the disasters that followed his family throughout his life there. The beautiful three-storey Tudor style home of his grandmother, where he spent many childhood days, burnt to the ground in 1958.

Each time that his father had just managed to clear the debts that amounted, a fire would destroy the crops or the barns. Just as he was about to get back onto his feet, another disaster would strike to bring him back to scratch. Locust plagues, more fires then of course, the Mau Mau uprising.

Roger's father never took seriously the curses of the witchdoctors. Never once did it cross his mind that the tragedies that were striking the family and business could possibly be associated with the curses that the witchdoctors were putting onto them via their placing curses on fruit trees and tools that were stolen. Indeed many people died through these curses placed by the witchdoctors.

These were real curses with real outcomes. Foolishly, neither Roger's parents, in their ignorance, nor anyone else realized the consequences of the offense. The years that followed for Roger and his family were years of heartache, despair and disappointment. Without any thought as to what they had involved themselves in with the witchcraft, they blindly and ignorantly continued with their lives, oblivious to the cause of the horrendous problems that they were now encountering with sickening frequency.

In 1958, after a trip to the United States, his father was settling back into his home, the wonderful Tudor style home of his deceased mother. He thought that he heard a cat downstairs and something crashing. As he started to go downstairs he noticed a light under the cellar door, beneath the stairs. Thinking that someone had left the light on carelessly, he started to turn the light off when he suddenly realized that they had their own lighting plant, a generator and that it switched itself off automatically as the last person switched the light off. The generator was off.

This was a fire.

Nothing remained of the family home that had been built with timbers hewn down from the property. All that remained was for them to build another home alongside the site of the first. The fires mysteriously continued.

The family moved to Western Australia where Roger joined his parents on a farm at Esperance. It was during this time that he developed a disease called Ankylosing Spondylitis. A disease that would, in its final stages, put Roger into a wheelchair. It was while at Esperance with his parents that they decided to hire professionals to do the 'back burning' of firebreaks. The wind suddenly changed direction and swept across the firebreaks like an express train and ended up burning out millions of acres from Esperance to Ravensthorpe. Another night, on return from a trip to Esperance, Roger's parents found the entire back scene to the house alight as they raced to try to protect their home being lost to fire, yet again.

Roger readily confesses that he didn't want to get married. Although he desired marriage and the comforts and security of it, he knew that the way that his life was shaping up, he could never keep a wife. He felt, with all honesty, that he couldn't ask a woman to share his life of disaster.

Up until meeting Roger, I had been able to save money. I had a goal and I wanted to eventually buy a block of land in the hills around Perth. Each week, I would set aside a certain amount of money from my paycheck and put it into my savings account for the block. The moment that I married Roger, I knew that something strange had happened. Somehow, I had lost that ability to save money. This naturally created a strain in our new relationship. We moved to Kununurra. I couldn't believe what I was seeing in Kununurra. Again, the same old story was repeating itself with the failure of everything that Roger or his parents touched. They worked hard enough. In fact, they were workaholics, which also did nothing for our new marriage!! I only saw Roger from seven in the evening until he left for work on the farm the next day at five thirty in the morning. He never took a weekend off for nearly six months.

We eventually left Kununurra after the farm went bankrupt. We finally bought a block in Perth and built on it. Despite our new found walk with God, nothing changed. Our 'bad luck' continued to plague

us. A new pattern of events were now unfolding with Roger. After three months to the day, Roger would come home and announce that he had lost his job, yet again.

Whilst he was in real estate, he did remarkably well. However, jealousy can play havoc with human nature and when Roger sold a property worth one million dollars; he was immediately transferred into the dry country side in the middle of a heat wave and left to fend for himself. We had no income for over six months and were forced to take the real estate agency to court for back payments. We won the case, but it nearly caused me to have a nervous breakdown.

Roger established a very good business at woodturning with orders coming in from around Australia and tourists regularly visiting us to purchase. However, as suddenly as we had become successful, the market dried up before us. Others succeeded and we wondered in dismay why Roger's work, equal to and better than some could not succeed. This was the same story that he had grown monotonously used to. Cars that we bought would literally be lemons on wheels. Suddenly, on the day after the warranty expired the major faults would expose themselves!

Then one evening, in 1988, I walked into a thick cloud of black smoke eighteen inches thick descending from the ceiling. I ran into to find the kitchen alight! Quickly I grabbed the children and threw them out into the cold, dark night and ran back into the house with a hose to put the fire out.

Reflecting back on the incident I sensed a deep knowing that we were under a curse. From that moment on, Roger and I searched every nook and cranny of our lives to find answers. We went from church to church seeking people who could help us. By this time, I was manifesting problems of my own from my own involvement with the occult many years previous. I have since documented that in another book called 'Strange Fire'.

When we began to recount our story to various counselors, they would simply wring their hands and say that we needed a psychologist. We simply needed to understand that our problems were caused by our desire to fail! Our search went on for six years. In that time, we stumbled across a fellowship that understood the workings of the demonic realm. It was through this fellowship that I myself was set free from the oppression and heaviness in my life. Then in April of 1994, a friend offered to send Roger to New Zealand to attend a conference on breaking generational curses. Roger was on that plane!

Roger had been gone a few days, when suddenly, one Wednesday morning, I awoke from a very deep sleep at 6:00am to the smell of burning. I leapt out of bed and raced though the house trying to locate the fire, puzzled that I could see no smoke. Even stranger was that I was choking. The 'smoke' was thick and burning at the back of my throat, yet there was no smoke. I went back to bed and arose an hour later to get the children dressed for school.

Later that evening, Roger rang excitedly to tell me that he had been prayed for and the oaths of Freemasonry were all cut off him. He began to describe events and things when suddenly he said that women with lumps and cancers in their left breast were finding that they had masonry in their families and that it was linked to the oath of the second degree where the candidate symbolized the tearing out of the heart. I suddenly touched my left breast where I had been experiencing pain to the touch for years. I shouted down the line to Roger, 'It's gone, the pain has gone'!! Then I remembered the events of the morning and enquired what time all of this had taken place. It was precisely the time that I had been awoken to fire in the house!

Many years have now passed. Roger left his job voluntarily a year after returning from New Zealand and we then established two ministries conducting seminars around Perth and in the country and

around Australia. I now have a Bachelors and Masters Degrees in Counseling and along with Roger, who has a Diploma and is completing his Bachelors in Counseling in 2005, we have a vibrant counseling practice in Perth where we deal with all sorts of issues and problems that people have. I now specialize in working with children and adults suffering with Attention Deficit Disorder. Please see our links. To end this short condensed version of chapter one, our lives have taken a new road which has given us an amazing cross section of experiences and fulfillments. In order to achieve this, we renounced the oaths verbatim as they were spoken by ancestors. We actively broke those contracts over each of our lives and stood in the gap for our family. Having done this, we then had to change our mindset. This needed intense counseling to break the self-defeated attitude that we had adopted to suit our failures. The amazing testimonies that we have received over the years as people renounce the oaths of masonry over their lives is testament of the power of the spoken word but also of the power of the Blood of Jesus Christ.

Our books teach you how to break off family curses and how to protect your home and finances. Closing open doors and sealing them is also vitally important. We show you how to do this.

To order books, please return to our website at

www.breakingoaths.com