May 4, 2011

Dear Mack Ford,

Does it haunt you? What you did to me? What you did to us, hundreds of survivors with many of stories to tell of the abuse. You did not stop at one type of abuse, you were an offender of disgusting and cruel, just evil intentions. You have destroyed more lives by means of sexual, physical, spiritual, emotional and verbal abuse. You were a master manipulator and used your power to get us to do what you wanted like a master manipulates strings on puppets. We were your puppets. There to fulfill your sick, sadistic and delusional desires and needs.

Nothing ever stops all of these feelings and the pain attached to them. I can infinitely say that I have taken that pain that you gave to me Mack Ford and I have put it on display instead of setting it free… so that is what I am here to do now. Set ME free. You will be giving me myself back today whether you want to or not.

Just hearing your name and the memories come flooding back again. I remember like yesterday when it all started happening. A trip girl had left the home and gone after her year and Miss Shannon overheard me singing in the kitchen one day. She asked if I would want to try singing in the choir, and then she asked me to sing in the quartet. My time at NB leading up to that point was full of torture. By this time I had been brainwashed by you and Ms. Nora and Ms. Savoy, I had been beaten on numerous occasions, I had been broken down… quite frankly I was a shell then. My heart, my identity had been stolen… the spiritual abuse was unspeakable… you people had me scared to death of God. You should live the rest of your days knowing you drove a wedge between God and survivors of NB. You and your staff used Gods name to manipulate people to conform to your ideologies and the other sick things that gave you your jollies, all in the name of God.

Since life at NB I have resigned to think that God was just an uncaring bystander, yawning while you mastered your craft of abuse, power and manipulation of my very own soul. One thing is for certain that I know now… God got some very bad publicity from you and your staff as you all falsely represented him for personal gain. Just learning now that he really is a God of love and forgiveness kind of makes me sad because in my mind you deserve nothing of the sort from God. But it is all between him and you now I guess. But I will say the spiritual abuse I endured, that others endured at your hands and delivery method of his word is unforgivable to me. You robbed me of a relationship with God for years to come after NB, and I tell ya… there were times I needed him desperately but you had left me afraid so much so I isolated myself from my spiritual self. This is on you… just don’t ask me for the forgiveness because I am not willing to give that to you for your unforgivable crimes.

As I write you… I am ready to tell the world the truth. Your truth Mack Ford… not only did you prey on me spiritually, psychologically and physically abused me… it is time that I break the silence once and for all that you were guilty of sexually abusing me and manipulating me too… again all in the name of God you sicko. I remember when it started… you would call on me every night to give my “testimony” and you coached me on what to say. You would wait until I was done and then make me stand there and look at the congregation … telling the people to take
a deep look into my eyes as they told the story of the pain and trauma I had endured as a child… and then you would gloat that you saved me. You would make me stand there while offering was being collected and sing some woe is me song. Then the day would come when in the middle of Rhode Island, that I would walk in on you engaged in a sexual act with another girl and rather than shame and being scared shitless that you had been caught… you manipulated me and demanded and reeled me in. Remember telling me that a man could smell a woman and you proceeded to tell me that this smell was what caused men into temptation? Again, all in the name of God. I witnessed other means of your predator like ways with not only myself but with a few others. You had me so scared, us so scared and full of shame that we would not breathe a word only until shit hit the fan for you and you were accused by an adult staff member who had the courage to come forward to your wife and Ms. Nora.

It is sad really thinking back on the events. I realize the truth is that we were all there to meet your needs in one way or another, whether it would be for financial gain, sexual needs and power trips. You never had one intention of helping one wayward child; in fact you screwed up hundreds. You used your power to gratify your selfish, sick needs with not regard to the harm and pain and years of shame you were inflicting on innocent children. Not one of us deserved it Mack Ford… not one of us.

And sickest of all your attempts to find sexual fulfillment of children you had an obligation to protect, build and serve. You lied to everyone! Our families, multitudes of churches across the nation… you lied and said we were safe with you when in fact Mack Ford you were a predator of the worst kind. You lied to your wife even. Who knows how many years and how many other girls/boys you preyed upon. But you were so cocky in light of all of the events you created. As a matter of fact, when I got sent back to the home and ran away and told the cops what had happened with you that led to the home closing temporarily months earlier, you had the balls to march into the police station with your wife to face off with me and what you said were false allegations?

Then the funny thing is you loaded me and the other girls up in the van and sent us to hide out at a church in Texas, telling the staff to call my mom while I was there and have her come and pick me up for good… I was no longer welcome. I guess opening my mouth to the police made me a liability to you to great because I knew and had been through too much with you. It was no surprise at the time that your wife huddled with you in the police station and called me a liar when she believed me just a few months before and closed the home down. You are a master manipulator… why would she be exempt from your manipulation. And the police even?? Of course y’all totally screwed me after the tape I had made with other girls for your wife and in the presence of Ms. Nora was suddenly non-existent when the police asked about it.

Well whatever, how were you to expect that the truth would ever escape me even if I had kept my mouth shut for years. Although I am disgusted that you are not rotting away in a prison cell right now, I still have the power! I have the power to tell the others the truth and I have the power to make certain that you will once again have to re-live what you did even if it is simply by me resurrecting the issues by means of this letter. I HAVE THE POWER! You will ultimately pay for this even if it is not now… you will pay… God will not allow you to escape your deeds. He knows the truth and he will hold you accountable… Your actions were very
abusive and very illegal! Regardless of the fact that you had a multitude of support and a huge following, it is evident that even you knew and planned it all out like a master planner. You preyed on wayward, troubled teens and children because you knew we would be the easy ones to discredit and the easiest to convince the world that we were liars out to hurt you and get back at our parents as you so often liked to claim.

I demand that you will now give me my space back… I am the truth and you are the liar… now the world will know at least my side even if the others choose to remain quiet. So finally I am letting you go… and I just pray that your paranoia keeps you up at night… that your conscious is eating you alive and that you will never have the power to hurt another soul before your time to go comes.

Mechille

_Mechille Lenee Searles_
3-3-1977 to 6-18-2012
Mechille fought ferociously against abuse long after she left New Bethany.

In November 2011, Mechille was a whistle-blower against Summit Ridge Psychiatric Hospital. A transgender teen told Mechille that an employee of the hospital told the teen he looked like a clown because the teen was wearing his wig that he wore prior to being admitted to Summit Ridge. A few hours later the teen was found dead.

According to ajc.com
“Later in the morning, Mechille said, she saw Reese in an outdoor smoking area, doubled over against a concrete wall. She said he was distraught over an encounter with a hospital employee who asked why he was wearing makeup.

“That’s what I choose to do,” Reese said he responded. “It’s what I do on the outside.”
The employee, Reese told Mechille, responded: “You look like a clown.”
“Hold your head up high,” Mechille said she told Reese. “You go tell him to go to hell.”
“A few hours later,” she said, “he was found dead.”
At the time, Mechille also was the administrator of a facebook page which she named, “Justice for Sonya.” Mechille chose the name because “Sonya” was the name Reese wished to go by.