

Feb 25, 2026

To Whom it May Concern,

On the night of July 25, 2025, during NaNoCon 2025, a horrifying incident took place within the concrete back stairwell of The Lodge at Montgomery Bell in Burns, TN. This incident would not only be the most cruel and brutal, disparaging, humiliating, and frightening event that I've ever endured, the things that transpired following would also be the most dehumanizing. Over six months later I'm still reeling from the shock and only now do I feel I have the strength to release the full story... straight from me.

For years, the online atheist community was my strength. Growing up in a doomsday cult, I learned very quickly how dangerous groups with a common purpose and charismatic leaders can be. The atheist community felt different. It felt like a home where I could create the family life I never had, and people could be free to not only reveal their true selves but thrive in it. Not believing in dieties or the supernatural myself, I clung onto this community and eventually joined the ranks with my sister Patti, becoming hosts of our own YouTube channel Apostate Sisters. Our main goal was to share our story in hopes of helping others heal from the traumas of high control religion, including sexual abuse. It didn't take long for us to get connected with well-known people within the atheist community, especially after we began attending conferences and making friends. But this would be short-lived, because after this incident, **EVERYTHING CHANGED.**

It was mid-afternoon in the lobby of The Lodge when I was approached by Elliott Martin (aka Secular Rarity). We had met in person for the first time briefly while attending the Ark Encounter protest in Kentucky only a couple weeks prior. We got to chatting, and since we were right by the bar, I offered to buy him a drink. He already seemed a little drunk, but I wasn't going to police him. After two drinks, our conversation turned towards flirtatious, at least as far as I could tell from my end. Being in a monogamous marriage, I wasn't worried about anything happening while attending one of these conferences as I knew myself and wasn't the type of person to cheat on their spouse. After ten years of marriage, I still never have. I also believed that men of the atheist community were different, such that I could be good friends with men and not worry about any sexual advances or unwanted attention against my wishes. So, I relaxed and engaged in what I thought was some harmless flirtation. I had seen Elliott on atheist channels before and found him to be very charismatic and charming, highly intelligent and witty, and even adorable. He was young and energetic, and I found myself becoming intrigued. It was would one of the first times I had traveled out of my home state without my husband, but up to this point, I still hadn't registered any red flags. With the freeing sexual energy that wafted off the atheist community, I allowed myself this stimulating interaction to also feel free from what I can only describe as a mundane sex life back home that was frustrating me. Elliott was a refreshing reminder that I was still desirable, so I appreciated the brief conversation with him, but when another couple of people came over to join the conversation, Elliott seemed annoyed and abruptly left.

When evening came around, dinner and festivities began. I was a good three drinks in and having fun conversations with fellow YouTubers at the bar that I considered friends at the time. Elliott approached me once more. I was having so much fun with everyone and was thrilled to see him come to me that I put my arm around him and reached up to kiss his cheek, which was meant as a friendly gesture from excitement. Elliott was not only a coordinator of the entire conference, but he was basically famous within the online community, and this made me feel special in a way that someone so important and admired was showing me attention. At some point, I felt bold enough to tell him how cute he was and that I did have a bit of a crush on him. I noticed he was extremely drunk and/or on some kind of mind-altering substance because he was sweating profusely and talking erratically. He seemed surprised yet delighted by my admission and said he had no idea. He grabbed my hand and began leading me around to the various groups of people within the lobby and on the deck outside. Though I couldn't understand his incoherent interaction with others, I just laughed because I was having a great time. He then abruptly pulled me out the front sliding doors of the hotel. I went willingly as I didn't believe I was in any kind of danger. I trusted him and considered him my friend, though I was unsure of what he was doing when all our other friends were inside. Once outside, this is when he said he knew I was married yet continued to shove me into the darkened alcove behind the door and kissed me aggressively, then stumbled and knocked us both to the ground. While I was thrown off by his actions, I did laugh this off as him just being drunk and silly. Though I had flirted with him earlier, all I sought was his attention for the night, not anything of a physical manner, but I let that one slide and told myself I would talk to him about him tomorrow.

I helped him up, but the moment I did, he took my hand once more and led me through a different door that led to the back stairwell. I was still tipsy and not quite registering what we were doing there, but I assumed he had some place or something he wanted to show me. **WHAT WOULD OCCUR WAS FAR WORSE THAN I COULD IMAGINE...** and my hands literally shake to type this.

He led me up a flight of stairs and when he turned around, I noticed his eyes were black and lifeless. Sweat was still dripping off his face and hair... and he looked like the angriest person I had ever seen. For the first time that night, I became scared of him. It was then that I flew violently down the stairs behind me, toppling over a couple times before my head smashed into the concrete wall. **HE HAD JUST PUSHED ME** down the stairs with both open palms! I heard a gasp as I glanced up to see him racing down to get to me before tripping on the last couple steps and landing atop me, now that I had crumbled down to the floor in pain and shock. It was as if he gained a brief moment of clarity and realized when he had done, then asked if I was okay. I remember asking him why he did that because it hurt and came out of nowhere.

His concern was short-lived as his rage swiftly returned, and he proceeded to pin me to the ground, telling me that he was going to fuck me right there. While I would normally find this type of "play" kinky and exciting as it was something new, this was NOT one of those times and I made it clear to him that I would not be engaging in this, and I yelled at him to get off. He understood and climbed off, but as I stood, he stared at me for a blank moment, then ripped my shirt up, exposing me to whomever may have walked through. I told him to stop, yanking

my shirt back down, then he walked up the stairs. I followed cautiously, assuming we were returning to the lobby, which I was relieved about.

Once we both reached the platform of the steps halfway up, he spun around yet again... and **STRANGLED ME WITH BOTH HANDS!** This lasted several seconds, long enough for me to be unable to breathe or scream, and sharp pain started to stem from my throat. After I whacked and scratched at his arms for him to stop (I would later see the bruise and scrape on him from this reaction) he released me. His cock also made a very brief appearance, to which I will spare the details, but just to reiterate, **NOTHING** that occurred during this time was consensual. Not even close. If he actually thought this was some fun, fucked up act of sexual play, he was viciously mistaken, and I couldn't have been clearer in my orders for him to stop attacking. Lastly, as I rubbed my throat and caught my breath, he raced up to the top of the stairs and called down to me saying, "Are you my whore? Are you my fucking slut!" He then disappeared out the door.

It took several minutes before I could even register what had occurred. I had to ask myself, "Did that really just happen?" I even tried to convince myself that he was just messing around and didn't mean to hurt me because I was too shocked to even admit to myself what had just happened. I slowly made my way up the stairs, leaving from the door Elliott had exited out of a moment ago.

Once in the lobby, Stacie Grahn of the Stacie's Mom's Podcast noticed me. We were on friendly terms and knew each other having interacted online and in person before, so she was someone I trusted. She asked if I had fun, which confused me, but I would come to know later that people saw Elliott and I leave the building earlier and assumed we were going to "hook up." With the plethora of open relationships and polyamorous people in this group, I guessed it was no surprise if married people engaged in that kind of activity. I, however, was not amongst them, and definitely did not ask for, consent to, nor encourage the attack against me.

Stacie could tell immediately that something was very wrong. I was shaking while constantly glancing down the hallway in fear. I couldn't speak, so she asked if she could walk me back to my room, to which I still paused. Elliott came flying around the corner and glanced at us briefly with those same black eyes, still filled with rage. He looked even more angry and frustrated. I would find out later that he was trying to locate his missing wallet and was somehow convinced someone had stolen it. Seeing his face again shocked me to my core, so I raced toward the elevator and Stacie followed. I didn't say a word until I broke down crying just outside my door. Stacie hugged me as I revealed everything that had just happened, adding the statement, "I thought he was my friend." I don't remember what she said to me, only that she was comforting at a time when I desperately needed someone. It was late into the night by this point. I entered my room in a daze and passed out within seconds.

The next morning, I awoke to throbbing head and body pain. There wasn't anything that didn't hurt, and I was **COVERED IN DARK BRUISES.** Once my sister woke up, I told her everything and asked her advice. My sister has always been my fierce protector, especially when I didn't have the strength or courage to stand up for myself, which was often. I'm the type of person who avoids confrontation at all costs, and this situation was an ugly one. I

realized I was in a power dynamic that I never wanted to find myself. Patti just listened as I got the entire story out. While not saying much, I knew this was killing her to hear.

Soon after, I received a text message from Elliott asking if I was okay. Patti recommended that I not respond or start any dialogue with my abuser, but I didn't heed her advice. I wanted to resolve this and try to understand why it happened so I could hopefully put it behind me. I texted Elliott back, telling him I wasn't okay and asked if he even remembered anything from last night. He said "barely," then said how sorry he was. This would be the first step in my slow decline into quick forgiveness of his actions, and ultimately his absolution without punishment. I was actually embarrassed to admit what had occurred and wanted this to be resolved as soon as possible without anyone knowing besides Elliott, myself, Stacie, and my sister. Religious trauma had a hand in my decision as I'm no stranger to sexual assault and have been in situations before where I was blamed for the actions of the man. I also still believed him to be a friend, especially after his apology, which softened my anger over what had happened.

My hopes of dealing with this on my own didn't last long as I next received a text from Stacie saying that what happened to me was criminal activity and I needed to report it to authorities immediately. I vehemently refused, not having any faith in our justice system from previous reports of mine that had never been properly dealt with. At the very least, I just wanted this to stay within the atheist community, because at the time, I believed we were a family that supported each other. Whatever Elliott may have been going through to cause him to do this, I wanted to get to the bottom of it and try to help him. I now had a responsibility to ensure that this was only an isolated event, and that he hadn't ever done anything like this prior... or ever would again. But I would be VERY WRONG in my characterization of who he was, and it took time for all the pieces of who this man was to come together, and it was a long and painful road.

Stacie went on to call me and say that she had contacted the security official of NaNoCon, Elliot Canter, to inform him of what happened. While I appreciated her efforts to protect me, this now made me very nervous. I didn't want the confrontation or stress of reliving the incident. As silly as that sounds, the Christian community had taught me to forgive those who hurt me at a level that was always unrealistic. I still believed that if I simply forgave someone, to whom I thought was genuinely apologetic, their wrongdoings would simply fade off. With Elliott, I was convinced we could get through this and return to being even stronger friends. Despite the horrors of what he did, I still cared for him and tried to see his humanity beyond his "mistake."

I met with Mr. Canter that Sunday morning, the last day of the conference. I wanted to leave The Lodge immediately and get back to the airport, but my sister was a scheduled speaker, and her presentation was something important I didn't want to miss. So, I feigned a brave face and acted as though nothing was wrong as I got ready and went down to the conference room to meet with Mr. Canter. He and another woman took my statement, then asked how I wanted to proceed. I told them that I wanted to deal with it on my own. Having spent 10 years serving in the Army, including work in military intelligence, I had vast knowledge from trainings in psychology, human behavior, and prisoner interrogation. While I never revealed this to them,

I felt confident in my ability to get Elliott to trust me and reveal who he really so I could be sure he wasn't a danger to himself or society. This was an ignorant decision on my part because this situation became larger than I could've imagined. Not only did I not register how serious this was or what type of person he was, but I would actually tell people not to pull him from events or shows... at least until I could figure him out for myself. I didn't set out on a mission to destroy his life. I'm a strong person who felt sorry for him and of whatever caused him to do what he did. It was like he was dealing with "inner demons" so to speak and I was determined to find out the driving force behind his apparent pain and ruthlessness. The same couldn't be said for Stacie, her fiancé Drew Bekius, and my sister. He was dead to them, and they started fighting hard to defend me and seek justice. This is something I should have been on board with from the start.

Up to this point, seven people knew about the incident, including Elliott and myself. I already felt that was too many and I began to panic. I didn't want Elliott to know that I had spoken to an official about the incident, because then he wouldn't trust me enough to open up to me. Because again, I was trying to handle the situation on my own and somehow believed I could. I'm a strong empath, and despite someone hurting me, I knew I could still forgive and move on.

After the meeting, I entered the main conference room where Elliott was on stage speaking. He saw me right away and became visibly flustered. I didn't want to see or speak to him, but after his panel, and during my sister's speech, he came up behind me and rubbed my shoulders, whispering in my ear again how sorry he was. I mumbled, "You should be." I was angry and uncomfortable, and he seemed taken aback by my reaction to him. He didn't seem to register my disdain, because he sat right next to me throughout the rest of Patti's presentation. I could feel all eyes on us, and I knew everyone was thinking we had sex the night prior. I think he knew this and him sitting right next to me made it look consensual. Again, I slapped on a smile and pretended that nothing was wrong as not to arouse suspicion. I was still in shock and played as coolly as possible. Once my sister finished her presentation, we quickly got out of there and on our flights back home.

Traveling home, I had time to think about what to do next. I was still in both physical and emotional pain. I returned home to discover that my father-in-law in India was dying and that my husband would have to take an emergency flight out the next day. I grappled with whether to tell my husband of what happened but left it alone as I didn't want to cause him the added stress of knowing a man assaulted his wife in his absence. He ended up staying abroad for three weeks, and this left things open for me to handle this situation.

Those next three weeks were a tailspin. The first people I reached out to for advice were John Gleason of Godless Engineer and his wife KC. Within the community, it was them I knew best. My husband and I had even once stayed overnight at their home, so I trusted their opinion on what I should do. I also hoped they knew Elliott better than I did and could give more insight into his character since all I really knew of him was what I saw on YouTube. I sent a detailed email to them explaining the situation and they had a phone meeting with him. They called me after to report that they believed he was genuinely sorry and took responsibility for his actions, which brought me much relief. They said that he requested to speak to me, and I agreed.

That night, Elliott called me, and we spoke for several hours. He began as extremely remorseful, even crying on the phone, softening my anger towards him further. I told him I had forgiven him but asked him to promise me that he would never do anything like that to anyone again, and he did. We had a long discussion about why he may have done what he did. He stated that he was very drunk, overly tired, and hadn't eaten all day. I wasn't convinced as I knew he was in far worse shape than all that, but I accepted his answer. He did reveal several personal struggles to me that shall not be mentioned as this was a private conversation, but I told him that I may be able to help. He mentioned financial struggles that stopped him from getting professional help, such as therapy. I offered to help him, saying that he could call me whenever he needed to discuss something. I wanted to be a part of his healing process and witness for myself that he was getting better. The conversation was honestly one of the best I'd had in a long time. We discussed anything and everything, laughed a lot, and were very open with each other. I felt as though our friendship was not only fixed but had gotten better as we both tried to move forward.

For the next few days, we had some kind of interaction daily, either through texts or phone calls. I wanted to ensure he was checking in with me, so I kept the dialogue going by asking how his day was or sending pictures of something I was doing that day. And not one of these conversations were of a sexual nature. Though much of the interaction was great, one of the calls did cause me alarm. He was clearly on a substance, incoherent, and not really registering anything I was saying. I asked him about it, and he said he was just vaping, which I didn't believe. He was so messed up; he could barely speak aside from laughing strangely. I wasn't convinced he was in his right mind and assumed he had either taken hard drugs or was in a manic state, just as he was when he attacked me. This new insight would drive me to reach out to others for further advice and clarification.

Over the next couple weeks, I had gotten full body x-rays from my chiropractor at the VA and had my throat checked as I still had pain. Luckily, there was no bone breakage or permanent damage, though I held onto the paperwork for evidence should I need it. My doctor tried to convince me to go to the police about this incident as she said the guy really did a number on me. I just responded that I was handling it. My sister Patti also reminded me to take pictures of all my bruises, which I did. I had to be more thorough as I was starting to doubt that Elliott was the person he tried to portray.

There were several more people in the atheist community that I reached out to during this time. Dialogues began that contained insight, opinions, some support, shock and horror, and anger. I felt obligated to warn women I felt close to at the time to ensure they kept their guard up around him. When tragedy occurs, it can often bring people closer, and these conversations did just that. My talks with Elliott soon started to fade off as I began to not trust him, and I steered more towards these other content creators for conversation and comfort. With my husband still in India, I began to open up about my sexual struggles with my husband and what may have led to me flirting with Elliott in the first place. These people included namely AJ of Ways to Human, Helen of Freethinker Fireside, Bre of HiveSci and Seth of Ambushed Apostate. I got very close to all of them. Little did I know, all of them would soon turn around to tell lies about me to protect my abuser... and betray my trust in the worst possible way!

It didn't take long after my husband returned for him to sense something was wrong. I was more reserved, wasn't sleeping well, and was even speaking differently. I eventually broke down and told him everything. After a very emotional few days, he convinced me that I absolutely needed to report this incident to the police. He knew I was someone who often got flirty when I drink, but he never could've anticipated a man he didn't even know brutally attacking his wife on one of the few occasions he wasn't around to protect me. I agreed, and we began filing an official report of the incident.

Another revelation that cemented my decision to press charges was another victim of Elliott's who came out. All this time, Patti was working diligently, with my consent, to ensure her sister received justice and that my abuser was stopped and held responsible for his actions. While I can't elaborate on the details as there are people I need to protect, I knew then that this **WASN'T AN ISOLATED EVENT. IT WAS A PATTERN.**

It was many days of writing statements, providing evidence, and waiting to hear back from authorities. The woman I was coordinating with assured me that I was doing the right thing, which brought me some relief as this whole ordeal made me uncomfortable. Unfortunately, this case fell completely flat. It was handed over to a male sheriff, then a judge, and became void. The only footage authorities were able to retrieve were from the lobby where Elliott and I were engaged in obvious flirtation. No footage existed from the back stairwell where the attack occurred, thus no evidence. The sheriff added that there were too many inconsistencies in the story, and I replied with, "Not from my end." To say I was disparaged and distraught would be an understatement. Once again, the legal system failed to protect me, just as I had initially predicted. This was exactly why I tried to handle the situation myself from the beginning.

My husband and I tried to move on with our lives and forget this. We even removed every connection to the atheist community I had on every social media platform so I could have some peace of mind, and I stopped recording on my channel with no plans to return. This didn't stop people from trying to reach out to me. I received an extremely disturbing text from AJ Ruley on my cell (to which I had never given her the number or permission to contact me on). She said unimaginable things such as, "I hope you're hurting" and how I was a horrible person for supporting Elliott before turning around and calling him a predator. She also insinuated that I had wanted to fuck Elliott that night and didn't get what I wanted, so I was trying to protect myself from my husband knowing. This was shocking, confusing, and I didn't know what she was talking about. Though one thing was clear, it was **OBVIOUS** that people in the community had started to turn on me and were quite literally **SUPPORTING MY ABUSER.**

This put me into an immediate deep depression. Not only was I rejected and not believed by the very force that was supposed to protect me (not unusual), but the people bringing me comfort now spat hate in my direction. When I showed my husband the text, he responded to AJ directly and told her to leave his wife alone and that my sexual past and preferences had nothing to do with the criminal acts committed against me. Though I don't know what was said back, I know his phone was flooded with messages I had sent to all of the parties listed above. It contained very private information taken out of context as a way to try to get my

husband to leave me. They actually told him that I liked men to rape me! I suddenly knew exactly where all this came from. I remembered telling Elliott during one of our calls that I help women on my channel through their sexual trauma by suggesting they read dark erotica books in the genre of "consensual non-consent." I've found that reading this type of literature has helped me before when trying to reclaim my autonomy from a religion that taught me that my body was not my own, though not something I had ever done in real life or would ever do outside of my own husband. I made the connection... and realized I had far underestimated just how low Elliott would go to protect himself. He convinced my "friends" that I was actually the one who wanted some weird sexual rape fantasy and that he was just giving me what I wanted that night. It was beyond gross to hear.

My depression obviously got worse, and I started having suicidal thoughts. I never imagined something like this as a whole could ever happen to me. My husband blocked all the texts he was receiving from people he didn't know and kept me out of the loop of the disgusting accusations and things they were saying about me as to not traumatize me further. But it didn't help... I WANTED TO DIE. When you don't have any faith in a god or dieties, and then even your faith in humans is destroyed, what's left? I lost my channel, my trust in people, and I wasn't even close with my family aside from my sister. Even my husband was shocked at some of the things these people were sending as much of it was either blatant lies or messages I had sent privately and used to create an elaborate story that somehow made me the villain. Seth of Ambushed Apostate even concocted a fallacious story that I tried to engage in a sexual relationship with him and that he wanted me to leave my husband for him! It would be almost laughable if it wasn't so harmful and infuriating that someone would go to such lengths to protect a man who beats the shit out of women. Bre of HiveSci even said she was somehow my Dom in a BDSM situation, and she took those same private messages of mine out of context to try and back it up. Even as a writer, I couldn't make this up if I tried. Whether these people believed Elliott was telling the truth or not, one thing is certain: HE GOT THEM TO FIGHT IN THIS DEFENSE.

My health declined rapidly. At one point, I even fainted, my own husband finding me crumpled on the bathroom floor and I became bedridden for two months. My appetite vanished, I had excruciating stomach pains, and I lost an unhealthy amount of weight. I felt alone, betrayed, scared, disgusted, and hopeless. The realization hit me like a truck... THE STAGE OF VICTIM BLAMING HAD BEGUN! It was slut shaming in its most obvious form. Before, it was my sister they were attacking for defending me, now it was me. It was a complete force of CHARACTER DESTRUCTION. If everyone saw me as the initiator to the incident, it would clear Elliott's name. And Elliott has been far too important to the atheist community with too many supporters in his defense regardless of facts. Even Ember of Better Than Ember, someone I loved like family, started to say the Sisters were lying, which broke my heart.

While I was sick, there was much more destruction happening behind the scenes. People and networks banded together and created false narratives. NO ONE reached out to me to verify the things being claimed. In organizations and board meetings I was reduced to Person A, as though I were some underage, fragile victim who couldn't handle discussing what had happened to me instead of revealing me as I truly am: A highly educated, confident and successful woman in her 40s who's been through this many times before without ever finding

solace in justice. People I've never spoken to chose to communicate through third parties in the form of train wrecks like AJ of Ways to Human, someone who was never directly involved, yet secretly inserted herself as Elliott's researcher and defender while viciously betraying my trust. It was absolutely disgusting.

The final nail in the coffin came months later when my sister called to warn me that Elliott was telling people he had hired an attorney to go after me for defamation of his character. YES, you read that correctly. My ABUSER was trying to go after his VICTIM for telling people what he did and standing up for herself AS SHE SHOULD HAVE. Patti also said that he claimed to have footage from the back stairwell, which I knew conflicted with the story the police gave me that there weren't any cameras back there; another blatant lie created by Elliott. I also knew he would never hire an attorney... BECAUSE HE KNOWS I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! A camera from the stairwell would've been fantastic to have because it would've showed I've been the one telling the truth this whole time. He tried to say we both "fell" down the stairs, and while I initially gave him benefit of doubt, I remember everything, and "we" DID NOT fall. He PUSHED me, then HE fell.

This news was it for me. I was completely and utterly DONE with this. I type this letter now as my final testament to the atheist community. While I've remained offline and in the shadows to try to pull my life back together after shutting down from the trauma, I'm coming back this one last time to say that MY SISTER AND I WILL NOT BE SILENCED! While the community and our law enforcement have failed me, NO ONE HAS DESTROYED ME.

I reach out to you as the reader, who now knows the entire scope of what really occurred: What do you plan to do? Do you plan to remain complicit in protecting someone who harms and manipulates? Is it more important to you that we protect those who are vulnerable, or protect ratings? For a community that takes pride in seeking truth, it has failed to do so, and the resulting drama, backstabbing, and juvenile behaviors I've witnessed from afar, have quite literally shattered my belief that humans can actually protect each other, for everyone seems to have an ulterior motive. People with power and influence know they can get away with their actions, and Elliott Martin definitely has power and influence. I revoke my forgiveness of him, and with it, am taking back my honor, which he tried to steal from me.

I DO NOT wish to be contacted by anyone within the community as this chapter of my life is long closed. I can no longer help others, because it's clear people don't want my help. I'm not seeking apologies or requests for clarification. Also, I want to be clear that I'm not out to destroy Elliott's life like he did mine. I'm better than that. For anyone who actually wants to make a difference so people can feel safe, here is my advice:

1. **Suspend Elliott Martin from platforming** within the organization and/or channel you represent. I believe him to be a danger to others and that he is not interested in improving his destructive behavior. His private admissions of what he did are not going to change him. He's gotten away with sexual assault, then further attacked his victim's character with lies to protect his own reputation. While I am not afraid of him, there are others that are, and I feel a duty to protect those people. He's done enough for the community that it should help him find the appropriate therapy he needs... and I can assure you, after what I've

endured and from speaking with him at length, he needs it. Whether he meant to hurt me or not is irrelevant. He CANNOT do this again, and I fear that if he doesn't get help, it will happen again whether he wants to or not.

2. **Get involved in the fight for justice**, not for myself, but for anyone else within the community that may have been harmed by someone. Since I will no longer be in communication, my sister Patti is the one to reach out to. The trauma she's endured by watching her sister deteriorate is staggering and she has remained the only person actively trying to ensure something like this never happens again... and people have ripped her apart for it and called her a liar. I want to see to it that this discontinues for she has been the only one strong enough and with enough ethics to stand up for accountability. She is telling the truth and has my permission to do so!

Lastly, I want to thank all those who continued to seek out the truth. You know who you are and know that you are a champion for humanity. The atheist community has steered far from being truth-seekers and have gravitated towards playing favoritism and not holding its members responsible. It's become a web of attention-seeking cowards who hide behind computer screens with no life to speak of outside of it. Now is the time to change that, and I hope that it does.

I wish everyone well and hope you'll connect with my sister in the battle to continue fighting for truth and justice... because we have to do it ourselves. We're all we have.

Thank you and please take care,

Nancy Viswanathan
A former Apostate Sister

Nancy Viswanathan
Feb 25, 2026



State = Illinois

County = Champaign

signed before me by

Nancy Viswanathan

on 2/25/2026

[Signature]
2/25/2026