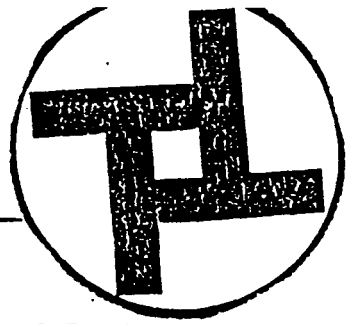


# THE PROCESS

## SELECTED EXCERPTS



Edited & Introduced by

STEPHEN SENNITT

### INTRODUCTION:

The group which later became the Process was founded in 1962 as Compulsion Therapy by Robert Sylvester DeGrimston Moor and Mary Ann MacLean. The few initial members practised their own form of Psychotherapy for a while until 1966 when the luxury residence at 2 Balfour Place in London's exclusive Mayfair section was acquired. Primarily into all kinds mind games and with a flair for anti-establishment propaganda here the Process (as it had come to be known) was formulated, pitting itself against the "grey forces of moderation."

Later in the same year the Process left for an isolated spot in the Yucatan, Xtul. Here the suggestion by Mary Ann (now DeGrimstons wife) that they "become a religion" was taken seriously and by the time they left Mexico, after a series of apparently revelatory experiences, the theological foundations of the group had been worked out.

In 1967 PROCESS magazine was initiated and the premises at Balfour Place opened to the public. Membership grew steadily and the DeGrimston's and other core members travelled to the far reaches of Turkey and the East, prosyletising and gaining further spiritual experience. In July - August, 1967 the PROCESS went to San Fransisco to the Haight-Ashbury scene where it is claimed by the journalist Maury Terry (THE ULTIMATE EVIL) they first came into contact with Charles Manson. By November 1969, this was an association that lead to the Process being driven underground, and in 1971, with the publication of Ed Sanders sensational and hyperbolic book, THE FAMILY, the group splintered into various factions and individuals left to pursue their own courses.

The Process Church of the Final Judgement has since become a legendary name, associated by various sources with the nastiest ends of magic, occultism and fanatical religious belief. The following selections and excerpts reveal, I think, a far different organisation intent upon radical social - psychological change by the most shocking methods available.

Perhaps, after all, the best job the Process did was to make people sit up take notice and begin to think about themselves.

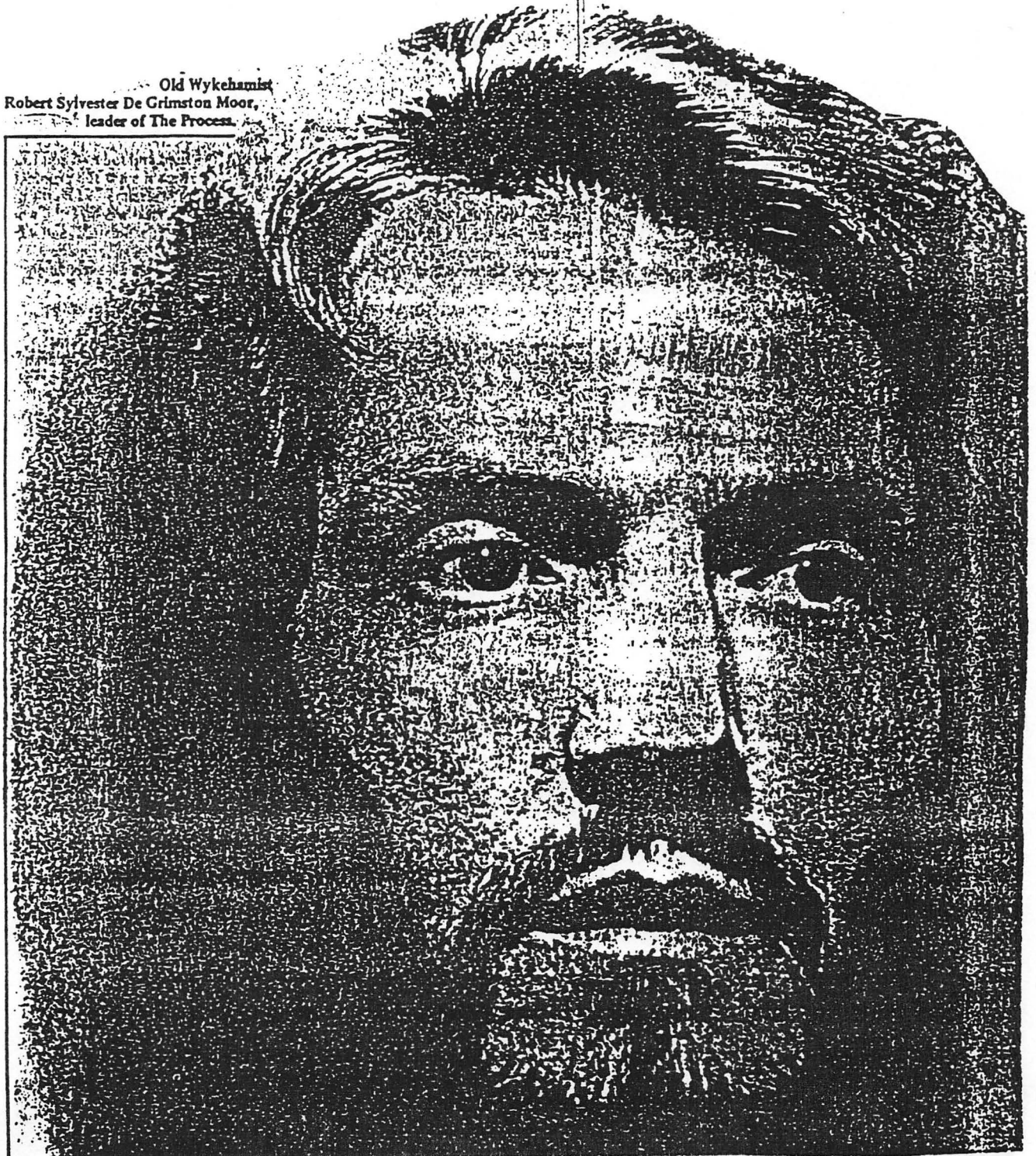
This, in itself, is a new process for most people.

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Note: I am indebted to Mr. Lionel Snell for making much of this material available to me - my thanks and sincerest best wishes.

Readers may be interested to know I am working on a book about The Process. Readers with relevent information, interested in discussing this subject are invited to write c/o the NOX address. All letters treated with enthusiasm and confidentiality.

Old Wykehamist  
Robert Sylvester De Grimston Moor,  
leader of The Process.



## SEX - HUMANITY SPLIT FOUR WAYS

The first path is that of the purist, who knows instinctively that sex is a degradation and a humiliation both of himself and of his partner, who finds in it nothing but the most transient of physical pleasures that in no way compensate for the shame and guilt that follow the experience. He knows that the sexual act is a defilement of his purity and a contradiction of his duty.

Then there is the path of the idealists, of those who feel that their fulfilment is to be found in partnership with another human being, and who strive to attain a state of grace and happiness in union with another; whose ideals are spiritual, and who try to use sex as a physical vehicle and expression of their deepest love and highest aspirations of communion.

The third path is for those who feel that in the physical act of sex and in the practice of every carnal pleasure, there lies the only true expression of their personality. These are they who strive to find in sex the opportunity to experience every facet of their being, who test themselves against it in every conceivable circumstance and with a multitude of partners, and who seek their true fulfilment in the physical sensations and excitements that for them only sex can provide.

There is a fourth attitude to sex, which leads nowhere and is not a path to a goal but an endless circuit of repression and frustration. It is the attitude of a person who has sex, but always in moderation: for whom it is more important to be respectable than to test himself in the fires of intensity: who might like to experiment a little more, and secretly envies the experiences of those more courageous than himself, but remains always within the bounds of the reasonable and the rational clinging always to safety, and avoiding any possibility of the social condemnation that is the experience of all who follow to extremity the urges that they feel within them. In this attitude there is no courage, no idealism, no purity and no true experience of self: only a tepid and insipid limbo where the watchwords are moderation and compromise, and the end-product is spiritual sterility and hidden self contempt.

Three paths and a quagmire - and everyone can choose.

## SEX, THE GODS AND THE GREY FORCES

Three paths and a quagmire. Who is strong enough to follow one of the paths? Who is fool enough to fall into the quagmire? The Grey Forces hold sway, but The Gods are returning to establish their realm for the End. The pendulum swings. Three paths and a quagmire. On the following pages an 'Advocate' puts the case for each.

Sex is death. It is the incumbent of the Devil. It is the focal point of man's rejection, the effort to propagate his species in the denial of God. It is the attempt to couple with another human in the exclusion of God. It is the defilement of purity. It is the great tempter, the big denier, the alluring road to happiness that leads down to the vortex of sick satiation and the gluttony of a spirit insensible to light. It is the symbol of the physical, the perverter of man. It is the illusion of folly, the yardstick of decadence. It is the tormentor of the soul and the magnet of desire. It is the blasphemy of the foolish, and the corruption of the weak. It is the destroyer of strength, the substitute of inadequacy.

The validation of God is Life, and the validation of man is Death. From God did man come, and in God is his Life. In himself and for himself man carries nought but Death. Thus sex for self and sex for another human - all of it is Death. And now, as the world goes to its final doom, Jehovah decrees "Expiate or Die" (Jehovah's Advocate, Christopher Fripp.)

You have sought for your God and found Him, not in the vast abstract universe, nor in the pain and suffering of expiation; not in silent isolated contemplation of the so-called good, nor in communion with obscure philosophers and mystics. No, you have found Him where He is, in the joining together of two beings, male and female, man and woman. You have cast aside the barriers of fear and guilt and shame, eliminated all hostility, resentment, jealousy and petty rivalry, merged one with the other in every aspect of your existence, and become one soul, exhalted in its transcendence of all human wrong, one mind, swift and carefree in its perfect harmony, and one body, ecstatic in its exploration of strange and wonderful delights.

For your dream is no myth.

Attend Lord Lucifer!

Serve Him with unfailing loyalty and your path to Eden is assured. He alone holds the keys to paradise regained. He alone has the power to give you the perfect union you desire. He can give you the noble dignity of all-embracing love; not the human parody you see around you, the pale grey shame-faced shadows of inhibited compromise, but the true god-like unity of Eve and Adam as they were.

Give Lucifer your mind, your body and your soul, and He will make your dream reality. He will give beauty to your life; exaltation, endless pleasure, boundless joy, eternal warmth and happiness. He will take away the loneliness of isolation, lead you from your hiding place where you go mad with nothing but your own drab company. Follow Him and find truth in the fusion of yourself with another. Follow Him and stand proud

beside your counterpart whom He shall give you. Let Him wash away all pointless guilt, all worthless fear, all futile shame, rid you of all embarrassment and the crippling bonds of self-restraint. And let Him bind you to your love. And then stand fearless and unbowed, a welded unit of combined nobility. And Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, shall lead you to your paradise.

But choose. The time is short. Attend Lord Lucifer. (Lucifer's Advocate, Isabel Rennie.)

Come on a journey.

Night. A busy street: bright lights and hurrying people. Exotic music filled with a heavy sexual undertone drifts up from dim smoke-filled cellars, where dancers scarcely move but feel, with senses heightened by alcohol, the warmth of another.

You stand in a dark alley. A woman stands before you, her back to the wall. You hold your overcoat to cover you both, whilst within she expertly manipulates, her hands deft and cool, and her body warm and full of passionate response. You move together and feel not only pure physical delight, but also the thrill of the risk of being caught in the act. You can see people passing in the street not far away, as swiftly and in rythmical ecstasy you gamble. And win; no one has seen you.

Is that your pleasure? Or is it here? A club where you and others sit watching shadows on a screen; two people making love in strange positions, slowly at first with gentle weaving movements, then faster till the final moment comes. Or would you rather be in a dingy brothel? Men and women round you, naked and busy in their various ways. A woman with huge breasts, presses herself against you, smiles at you lecherously, strokes you. You smell the heavy odour of her body and respond. On the floor two other women wrestle in feigned antagonism, sweating, grunting heaving. You watch them.

Is that your fancy? Or maybe something else? Perhaps an older woman, grotesquely misshapen, with great hanging breasts, or a cripple, or perhaps a half-wit posturing before you and cavorting. Or would you rather lie supine whilst whores play upon you, their trained and expert bodies moving in a kind of ritual dance, contorting, swaying, posing, all for your pleasure? You watch, delirious, and feel their hands, their legs, their thighs, their breasts, their lips upon you, and more as the perform delicious acts of sensual depravity upon your face and upon your body, till you are almost senseless with the pleasure of it.

Enough of that? A little flagellation, now? First watching with others whilst a man, naked below the waist, kneels, and a woman tightly corsetted in black and wearing tall leather boots beats him with a bunch of thongs, bringing up red weals upon his buttocks. And you gaze in

fascination, utterly absorbed, and aching with anticipation awaiting your turn. And when it comes, you kneel. You hear the woman's heavy breathing, smell the sweat of her body as she moves preparing to strike you, and smell also the leather of her boots and of the thongs she holds. You wait for the delicious pain.

Or do you prefer a touch of necrophilia? Come then to a room all draped in black. Coffins line the walls. On marble slabs, like bodies in a morgue, lie several naked women, alive yet painted to seem dead. You stand beside a slab, reach out your hand and touch the pale body upon it. It's cold. It doesn't move. The eyes are closed, you feel the atmosphere of death as you stroke the woman and then lie upon her. Still she is motionless.

Or would you rather death itself? Come then. A cemetery. Still night, but this time no one but you and a woman of your choice, moving silently between the graves and tombs. No fear of discovery here, amongst the dark deserted resting places of the dead. You stand together near a clump of yew trees, feeling the sinister graveyard atmosphere and the excitement of anticipated desecration. No shielding overcoat here. Both of you throw off the needless coverings that for society's squeamish sake you wear in public, and stand exposed to the warm night and ghost-like air of sweet decay. Then you walk again between the gravestones, performing upon them acts of desecration, each whilst the other watches in delight. Then you climb upon the highest tombstone, the resting place of some rich pompous dignitary, and in the dark, over his venerable head, you stroke your woman's body, lie upon her, lie beneath her, wallow in a furious, passionate, sweating groaning copulation with every perverted contortion and strange variation. And the watching dead observe you and are silent.

Or is your place within a ruined church high on a hill, no glass in the tall slotted windows, but perfect for the celebration of the Black Mass? The priest in midnight garb, the congregation, men and women unclothed except for the blood red masks upon their faces, stand silent waiting for the presence of their Lord and Master, Satan. A naked girl, fair haired and in the very prime of youth, lies like a human sacrifice upon the altar, snow white against the black velvet of the altar cloth. Nothing stirs, no sound but the sighing wind.

A blinding flash of lightning. A peal of thunder seems to burst within the very walls. No one moves, for no one dares to move. Satan, your God is among you, black and lowering, reeking of evil and the pit. You stand transfixed before Him, knowing you've only just begun to taste divine degradation that He offers for your pleasure.

So there, my friend, is a fleeting glimpse of Satan's promise to those that follow Him. Take your choice, indulge, explore the limits. Leave

nothing out and use every means of sharpening the senses. Alcohol to set the blood coursing in your veins, narcotics to heighten your feelings to a peak of sensitivity, so that the very lowest depths of physical sensation can be plumbed and wallowed in. The farthest reaches of the body's strange delights must not be passed over. Sink down in the decadence of excessive self-indulgence. Let no so-called sin, perversion or depravity escape your searching senses; partake of all of them to overflowing.

What else is there? What other satisfaction? For always death must come and end the sensual game, and take away the dark forbidden pleasures of the flesh that are the mark of life and the only true means of living. But let him not come before you have lived your life to the full, seen everything, done everything, and felt everything the body is capable of feeling.

There is nothing else now, with the end of man so near. "There is no dialectic but death, and the spider weaves over tomorrow." (Satan's Advocate, Mendez Castle.)

Three paths and a quagmire. Where do you belong? Are you Jehovah's man, taking the stringent road of purity and rejoicing in the harsh strength of self-denial? Do you follow Lucifer, pursuing the ideal of perfect human love in a blissful atmosphere of sweet self-indulgence? Is Satan your master, leading you into dark paths of lust and licentiousness and all the intricate pleasures of the flesh? Or do you take the road to nowhere, half in half out, half up half down, your instincts and ideals buried in a deep morasse of hypocritical compromise and respectable mediocrity? Three paths and a quagmire. And time is running out.

Avoid the difficult choice between GOD and the DEVIL Settle for neither and join the CHURCH of ENGLAND which is sponsored exclusively by the Grey Forces.

Partake in a miracle. Every Sunday without fail miracles are taking place in churches all over England. Yes, miracles: thousands and thousands of people who live lives that are conspicuous for their greyness, self-indulgence, purposelessness, compromise and petty resentments, who spend most of their week blaming, justifying and taking the easy way out, are managing to convince themselves on Sunday that they are following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

We ourselves have no idea how this is done. It remains one of the eternal mysteries. Praise be to GOD.

In the C of E we provide a concept of God to suit all Tastes. We pride ourselves in being able to accommodate even the most confirmed atheist.



Humanists are no problem whatever. Glory be to MAN.

We give full licence to every possible distortion of the truth. All sins are fully condoned long before they are committed. Not even a confession is required for total absolution. Amen.

Our most recent publicity has come from a London magazine which shall be nameless (we are very selective about whom we publicise). They suggested we reply in one of their columns, and to oblige we sent the following epistle

Dear sir.

Thankyou for your generous four-page spread on us in your last issue. The two articles were as clear, lucid, comprehensible, intelligent, devoid of contradiction and confusion and as close to the truth as the bent minds of the two female weirdies you hired to write them.

Let's sum up our position for you.

The Process combines the worst aspects of both Nazi Germany and Communist China. Our methods bear a striking resemblance to the techniques of brainwashing and we incorporate all the components of an authoritarian regime. In fact, we are the most authoritative authoritarian, Nazi, Communist, brainwashing organisation in the business.

Members of The Process are both anarchist and fascist, dangerous megalomaniacs and brainwashed zombies (on alternative days?).

We are rabidly anti-intellectual and punish all deviators with ostracism, ridicule - particularly ridicule, nothing more ridiculous than someone deviating from The Process - and expulsion - of course, what else would we do with such trash? We can never make up our minds whether we are desperately keen to lure everyone into The Process or primarily concerned with keeping everyone out.

The Process is wholeheartedly anti-Semitic, hence all the swastikas (ignore the hammers and sickles), excluding of course all our Jewish members, of which our Fuehrer is one. Jehovah gets faintly bothered about this from time to time, but not to worry.

As a result of all this The Process makes countless enemies, draws persecution condemnation and legal action against itself from every side, and sustains frequent attacks by the press in many parts of the world, which of course makes it the safest, securest, cushiest niche in town, just the thing for people too scared to be part of the establishment.

One thing surprises us. Your two sleazy would-be exposers managed to invent so much other rubbish about us, but no sex? No orgies? No perversions? Not one sex maniac amongst the lot of us? Or would this make us too acceptable to your readers?

Yours sympathetically. The Secretary. THE PROCESS.



## FEAR

Fear is at the root of man's destruction of himself. Without Fear there is no blame. Without blame there is no conflict. Without conflict there is no destruction.

But there IS Fear; deep within the core of every human being it lurks like a monster; dark and intangible. Its outward effects are unmistakable. Its source is hidden.

It can be seen on one level in furtive embarrassment, argumentative protest, social veneer and miserable isolation. It can be seen on another level in the mammoth build up of war machines in every corner of the world. It can be seen in the fantasy world of escapism known as entertainment. It can be seen in riot-torn streets and campuses. It can be seen in the squalor of ghettos and the pretentious elegance of 'civilised' society. It can be seen in the desperate rat race of commerce and industry, the sensational slanderings of the press, the constant back-biting of the political arena, and the lost world of the helpless junkie who has passed beyond the point of no return.

The tight-lipped suppression of the rigid moralist reflects it, as does the violent protest of the anarchist. But more starkly and tragically than anywhere else, it manifests in the pale grey shadow of the ordinary person, whose fear clamps down on all his instincts and traps him in the narrow confines of the socially accepted norm. Afraid either to step down into the darkness of his lower self or to rise up into the light of his higher self, he hangs suspended in between, stultified into an alien pattern of nothingness.

But to a greater or lesser degree, and manifesting one way or another, all human beings are afraid. And some of us are so afraid that we dare not even know our fear. For Fear itself is a terrifying concept to behold.

We may confess to being afraid of violence and pain, and even ghosts; and with such obvious terrors, pigeon-hole our fear to our own satisfaction. But fear of people, fear of ourselves, fear of failure, fear of loss, fear of our closest friends, fear of isolation, fear of contact, fear of loneliness, fear of involvement, fear of rejection, fear of commitment, fear of sickness, fear of deprivation, fear of intensity, fear of inadequacy, fear of emotion, fear of GOD, fear of knowledge, fear of responsibility, fear of sin, fear of virtue, fear of guilt, fear of punishment, fear of damnation, fear of the consequences of our actions, and fear of our own fear? How many of us recognise the presence in ourselves of these?

And if some of us recognise some of them, are we prepared to see the full extent of them? Do we know just how afraid we are? And do we know

the effect that our fear has on our lives? Do we know how completely we are governed by our fear?

And do we know that the world is governed by the sum total of every human being's fear, and ours is not excluded?

Do we know the extent to which we are at odds with one another - despite some promising appearances - simply through our fear of one another? Do we know the extent to which we are at war with one another - on every level from personal to world wide - because we are afraid?

And do we know that wars and rumours of wars mount up in an ascending spiral of violence and potential violence, as the fear in the hearts of men intensifies? Do we know that strife of every kind increases hatred, resentment, jealousy and prejudice increase, and that all these stem from one thing only: Fear?

And do we know that one thing only ensures the escalation of the spiral of violence and destruction; our own unwillingness to recognise the full extent of our fear and its effects - our fear of Fear?

For each and every one of us, as long as he is afraid, and unwilling to see with full clarity his fear for what it is, contributes to the crippling conflict that has become the hallmark of this world of ours. And as long as there IS fear, together with unwillingness to see it clearly and completely, as long as human beings are afraid and also fail to recognise the fact in their need to isolate themselves, in their outbursts of anger and irritation, in their embarrassment, in their sense of failure, in their feelings of resentment and frustration, in their desire for revenge, in their guilt, in their confusion, in their uncertainty, in their disappointment, in their anxiety about the future and their wish to forget the past, in their need to blame others and justify themselves, in their sense of helplessness and despair, in their revulsion and disgust, in their need to be vicious and spiteful, in their lack of confidence, in their tendency to boast and protest their superiority, in their failure to respond, in their sense of inadequacy, in their feelings of envy, in their futility, in their misery and in their scorn; as long as human beings fail to see THEIR fear reflected in these and a hundred other manifestations of Fear, then they will fail to see their part in the relentless tide of hatred and violence, destruction and devastation, that sweeps the earth. And the tide will not ebb until all is destroyed.

#### THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE

Consciously or unconsciously, apathetically, half-heartedly, enthusiastically or fanatically, under countless other names than those by which we know them, and under innumerable disguises and descriptions,

men have followed the three Great Gods of the Universe ever since the creation. Each one according to his nature.

For three Gods represents three basic human patterns of reality. Within the framework of each pattern there are countless variations and permutations, widely varying grades of suppression and intensity. Yet each one represents a fundamental problem, a deeprooted driving force, pressure of instincts and desires, terrors and revulsions.

All three of them exist to some extent in everyone of us. But each of us leans more heavily towards one of them, whilst the pressures of the other two provide the presence of conflict and uncertainty.

JEHOVAH, the wrathful God of vengeance and retribution, demands discipline, courage and ruthlessness, and a single-minded dedication to duty, purity and self-denial. All of us feel those demands to some degree, some more strongly and more frequently than others.

LUCIFER, the Light Bearer, urges us to enjoy life to the full, to value success in human terms, to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another. Man's apparent inability to value success without descending into greed, jealousy and an exaggerate sense of his own importance, has brought the God Lucifer into disrepute. He has become mistakenly identified with Satan.

SATAN, the reciever of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, instills in us two directly opposite qualities; at one end an urge to rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, to become all soul and no body, all spirit and no mind, and at the other end a desire to sink BENEATH all human values, all standards of morality, all ethics all human codes of behaviour, and to wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence. But it is the lower end of Satan's nature that men fear, which is why Satan, by whatever name, is seen as the Adversary.

#### WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

Do you follow JEHOVAH; accepting your fear, but pressing onwards with faith and courage to rise above the sense of failure and dissatisfaction that surrounds you?

Or do you answer to LUCIFER; separating yourself from the ways of the world, using your love of life and beauty, together with an undying optimism, to make you fearless in the face of all that could threaten you?

Or is SATAN your master; calling upon you to defy your fear, to plunge in where you are most afraid and discover that after all you are invulnerable?

Or do you feel trapped in the Way of the Grey; compelled by force of

circumstance to hide your fear? Do you feel so inhibited by the world around you that you dare not even acknowledge your fear?

Think again. Each one of us has a choice. Which is more worthwhile; being yourself as you really are, or the preservation of a joyless image?

Christ the Emissary is there to guide you.

There is no way out, but there IS a way through. There is no escape, but there IS fulfillment.

Knowing is the way. And knowing is not analysing or speculating or rationalising.

Knowing is feeling, experience, seeing clearly, understanding, absorbing, expressing and going through.

Knowing is living what you know; being what you are; thinking and feeling what you are afraid of allowing yourself to think and feel; saying and doing what you are afraid to say and do, but what you know must be said and done.

Then you can begin to know yourself; who and what you are, your inclinations and your revulsions, your capabilities and your limitations, your strength and your weakness, your responsibilities, and your effects on others. And you can begin to know the consequences of being what you are, so that you can cease to be afraid of them.

And Christ, the Emissary, is there to guide you. HE IS the way through. He is freedom from conflict and release from Fear.

## CHRIST

Christ did not condemn criminals or drop-outs or degenerates. He condemned none of society's rejects. It was the hypocrites whom He attacked; those who put forward an image of righteous respectability behind which they hid their cowardice and apathy. IT WAS NOT VICE THAT OFFENDED CHRIST; IT WAS THE PRETENCE OF VIRTUE.

The image of righteous respectability behind which our present day hypocrites hide their particular kind of cowardice and apathy derives its status from its connection with the very being who condemned hypocrisy.

Just as once it was practised in the Name of GOD, Phariseeism is now practiced in the Name of Christ. Hypocrisy thrives in the protective shadow of the Cross upon which it crucified its enemy. For Christ is now the banner of the forces of the anti-Christ, which is a far worse crucifixion than any they could perpetrate upon His physical body.

But though the Pharisees held the Name of GOD before them as their shield, GOD, without compunction, condemned them through the lips of Christ. And though the modern Pharisees, pale grey servants of the lie

of mediocrity and compromise, hold before them the symbol of Christ to validate their facade of 'virtuosity', this will not prevent Christ from condemning THEM, who crucify HIM daily with their hypocrisy.

For Christ is the scourge of all pretence, and a world in which men profess to love one another whilst they set in motion every kind of social, political and religious manoeuvre that is calculated to cause strife and suffering, is a world riddled with pretence.

And Christ is an outsider. Christ will always be an outsider. If HE is not, either the world is the Seat of Paradise instead of the lower regions of Hell, or Christ has been destroyed and merged with the futile fog of human existence. Neither is the case; Christ is an outsider still. He is a rebel, a non-conformer, a protestor, a disturber of the peace, a thorn in the flesh of the self-righteous and self-satisfied, a despiser of the accepted 'norm', a wanderer of the wastes, an outcast, a destroyer of accepted values and a caster aside of convention.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Christ was a stranger to humanity two thousand years ago. He is no less of one today. The game humanity plays was alien to Him then; it is no less alien to Him now. The outcasts and the rejects were His people then; the outcasts and the rejects are His people now. They must be; together ALL who have no part with pale grey facades of ineffectual self-righteousness, ALL who prefer an ugly or a painful truth to the weak solace of a luke warm lie; All - but the hypocrites.

Satan rules both the Soul and the Body.

Jehovah and Lucifer rule the two sides of the mental conflict, which is active in every human being, and which is called the Mind.

Christ rules the Essence, which is the core of the Being.

In the human state, the Being is divided within itself. The Soul is separated from the Body by the mind. which is itself divided into two conflicting halves; one an Image of the Soul, the other an Image of the Body. The resulting state of almost constant tension is the human predicament.

Through the Spirit of Christ within the Being, the conflict of the Mind can be resolved. The Spirit of Jehovah and the Spirit of Lucifer can be brought together in harmony and reconciliation. Then Soul and Body can be reunited by the Spirit of the Unity of Christ and Satan, within the Essence.

Christ said: Love thine enemy.

Christ's enemy was Satan and Satan's enemy was Christ.

Through love, enmity is destroyed.

Through love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them.