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Memories of Casa by the Sea

By Ramey Smith, July 10, 2008

I'm not sure if your organization publishes e-mails, but you have my permission to publish mine. Yes, my name is Ramey Smith. I read some of the articles on your web site and found a few about a place called Casa by the Sea in Ensenada, Mexico. I spent almost one year there, from January to November in 1999. On my first day at Casa, I was pulled off my bed, which was the top bunk, and fell to the concrete floor busting my face and nose . As I lay there bleeding, I thought these people are going to kill me.

I was in fear for my life at Casa, so I played along with the program the best I could . I made it to level four in the Bold Family. That is how they identified us. They put us in a group, gave it a name, and called it a "family." Anyway, I finally got out of there when my mother's terminal cancer got so bad my father pulled me from Casa by the Sea. I spent the last 2 1/2 months of my mothers life at her bed side.

In my opinion, WWASP are a bunch of criminals who manipulate parents. But they did teach me one valuable lesson which I can pass on to troubled youth. Watch out. Your parents can send you to a foreign prison over night and there is nothing you can do about it. You have two choices. You can resist and get beat up, or you can play along until you get out.

I'm glad they finally closed down Casa by the Sea. That place was crazy. Sometimes I actually started to think I was going crazy.

WWASP does have a wonderful program for brain washing or pain washing children to make them behave. But I'll tell you what. It doesn't last. I ran in to one of the upper level kids that graduated from the program. We were at a Taco Cabana at like 2:30 am and he and some other kids came stumbling in drunk. He didn't change. Not for long, at least.

Like in Mexico, where Room Restriction (R&R;) consisted of lying on your face, chin pressed on the hard tile floor, and your hands behind your back. They might as well have hog tied us because if you didn't hold that position on your own for 4 to 6 to 12 hours, they had plenty of un-educated idiots to make you wish you had. I heard so many times kids screaming for help, screaming to there parents, screaming for mommy or daddy, screaming out to God to help them. What could we do? If we tried to help, we would be in the same boat. We'd lose our few privileges, get demoted to Level One and spend 2 to 4 weeks in R&R; with our chins on the floor.

I wish we had been strong enough and organized enough to take that place over by force. I remember thinking about it all the time when I began my captivity there. We out-numbered the staff by at least 20 or 30 of us to 1 staff member. I would have enjoyed hog tying those bastards up and letting them enjoy some Room Restriction, and feed them rotten fish and other horrible things like they fed us. I won't even go into how bad the food was. Well, that's why they wouldn't let us talk without permission, or speak English. They knew if we had gotten organized, we would have overrun the place.

I had dreams about it after I left that godforsaken crap hole. I would wake up in the middle of the night and run into the hallway of my house for formation.

I learned a lot of Spanish while I was in Mexico because I had no choice. But I still can't stand it. I had a dream of going back there one day and liberating all the children whose parents are paying top dollar to have them victimized.

I could rant and rave about that hell hole for days, but I've said enough for now. If you post this letter on your website I'd like to leave my e-mail address so other victims of Casa by the Sea can contact me. If anyone was at Casa from January 1999 to November 1999, I'd love to here from you. My e-mail is Fucxstixs316@hotmail.com

God bless everyone who went through the trials and tribulations of Casa by the Sea. Like my friend Michael Perry.

I hope this helps someone.

Ramey Smith

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