

# A Nun's Testimony - Part 2

by Sister Charlotte

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*Sister Charlotte shares her personal testimony of the abuse and suffering she endured in a convent, exposing the dark secrets of the Catholic Church.*

**Duration:** 47:00

**Scripture:** Psalm 119:105, Matthew 11:28, Mark 16:15, Luke 15:7, Acts 2:38, Romans 10:17, 1 John 1:9

**Topics:** "Compassion And Kindness", "Church Corruption"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares a personal story of being punished by a mother superior in a strict Catholic institution. The punishment involved sitting in a hard chair with hands restrained, while water drops fell on the back of the speaker's head. Despite the discomfort, the speaker found solace in writing notes on a piece of paper and eventually escaped to seek help. The speaker also reflects on the poverty and hunger experienced by nuns in the Roman Catholic Church, contrasting it with the wealth of the church. The sermon emphasizes the importance of compassion and kindness towards others, highlighting the actions of a kind-hearted woman who offered the speaker water and a place to rest.

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## Transcript

Maybe Jesus in there is the Crucifix. And then we have a prayer board. And by the way, I'll assure you folk that you'll never want to kneel on our prayer board.

We kneel on it every day if we are able to walk under our own power. It is a board about this height from the ground, and there are two leading up like this one. And this one is about that wide.

I'm going to drop my knees down on it. And there are sharp wires coming up through that board. And then this one up here, I prostrate my arms on, there's going to be sharp wires.

After all, I told you we were going to suffer. We were going to do penance, and this is a part of my suffering. And as I kneel on that prayer board, I'm praying for lost humanity.

And I'm believing as I suffer that my grandmother will be released from a priest's purgatory sooner because of my suffering. And I'll kneel there longer sometimes. Oh, it's terrible, but we don't know any better, so we do that because that's all that little nun does know.

And we believe it. And there we are. And we are locked in our cells.

Every night the key is turned in those doors. We can't get up and come out of there. And then more than that, 7 minutes to 12, we go to bed at 9.30, the lights are out.

7 minutes to 12, there's two little nuns appointed to unlock every door. Every little nun again gets on her feet, dresses in full dress, goes into the inner chapel, and there we again pray one hour for lost humanity. We don't get very much sleep, that's why.

And we don't have enough food, and we work hard, and we suffer much. That's why our bodies are so broken. That's why we seemingly don't have enough strength to carry on after we live there.

But I'd like to say this to you before I go any farther. Now I did those very things. We are taught to believe that as we spill our own blood, now we must do this, as I whip my body, if I torment it or torture it in any way that I spill blood, I'm taught to believe that I'll have 100 less days to spend in purgatory.

Now, you know, we have no hope. Those little nuns don't look forward to anything. You may think they do, but we don't.

Why? After you live in a convent 10 years, I began to realize the Virgin Mary is just a piece of metal. She's a statue. I began to realize St. Peter's just a statue.

I began to realize that the statue of Jesus is just a piece of metal. In other words, we've come to the place to believe that our God is a dead God. And I'll assure you, after you live in a convent long enough, not at first, oh no, but after we've suffered enough, after we've seemingly fallen down at the feet of those statues and spilled our tears on them and have begged them to intercede and get a prayer through to God, and years go by, a patient of whatsoever, a parent won't even know when they're dead.

So who's going to pray us out of purgatory? Or rather, buy us out of purgatory? No, we realize after we're in there for a period of time that there is no purgatory. And I, of course you know there isn't, and I know there isn't. And there is no purgatory.

The only purgatory the Roman Catholic people have is a priest's pocket. And they're filling his pockets with coins in order to pray for the dead. And may I say, there are thousands and thousands of Roman Catholics.

In the month of November, may I say to you, in United States, two years ago in the month of November, the Roman Catholic priest praying masses for the dead of the Roman Catholic people in this country, in one month collected \$22 million for masses said for dead Roman Catholics. That's just a little idea, a sample of what's going on in this country. And still there are thousands of mothers that have worked their fingers to the bone to go over there and give the priest another \$5 to say a mass for a loved one that's in a purgatory.

Because that mother believes there is a purgatory. In the convent they have a painting of purgatory. And there's nothing in the room but just that painting.

And you know, every Friday, we have to walk around that painting. And when we walk around it, I wish you could look at the little nun's faces. What do I see? The painting, as you would walk around it, looks like it's a big deep hole out there.

And there are people down in there. And the flames of fire is lapping around the bodies of those people. And their hands are outstretched like this.

And the mother will say to the little nun, you better go and put another penance on your body. Those people are begging to get out of that fire. And because we're heathens, we don't know any better.

I might go someplace in the convent and maybe I'll burn my body real bad. Maybe I'll torture it some way and spill some more blood. Because as I suffer, I believe they're going to get out of that place where a priest puts them.

And there are millions of people, so to speak, in purgatory that your priest has put there. And when he knows that it's the biggest fraud there is in the world, he knows there's not a bit of truth to it. And bless your heart, I often say you take purgatory and mass away from the Roman Catholic Church, you'll rob her of nine-tenths of her living.

She'll starve to death if you would take it away from her. She commercializes not only off of the living, but off of the dead. And on and on it goes.

All right. It doesn't bother a mother superior to take one of those dear little girls. May I say, you know, when the priests come into the convent, they come as our father confessors.

Once a month we go to confession. And we don't want to go, don't you worry. I many of the time have got in the very back row.

I didn't want to go in there. I know who's out there. One of them, I may not know the particular man, but I know he's a priest.

And I know those priests. I certainly have seen them enough. I've lived there long enough.

I certainly have had contact with every one of them. And I'll assure you this one thing. I don't trust one single one of those in the convent.

Now, we're not telling you about every priest. I don't know all the priests. I'm just talking about the convent and my personal testimony of convent life.

And, you know, we know something about what's out in that room. And here we are. We know we're going to confession today.

It may take all day long. And here he comes. And I have never seen a Roman Catholic priest come into the convent that I was in without intoxicating liquor under his belt.

And I say, a man or a woman, regardless of who you may be, when you get liquor under your belt, you're not a man. Neither are you a woman. You become an animal and a beast.

And so we have a beast sitting out there. There's a straight back heart-bottom chair. No other furniture but the crucifix and the Virgin Mary.

But here he is sitting on that chair right out there in the middle of that room. Now, here a little girl has to walk out there alone. And she has to kneel down.

Think of it. Why, bless your heart, I really sometimes, I'm saved now. I'm out of the convent.

And I now look back at that Roman Catholic priest. And I often say, I'm sure he was a twin brother to the devil because he's full of sin. He's full of vice.

He's full of corruption. And we go out there and kneel down at his knees. Now, you're a lucky girl if you get away from that man without being destroyed.

Why, he's drunk. He's a beast. He's not a man.

Oh, he has a holy habit on. He's an ordained Roman Catholic priest. And so I'll assure you, we don't like to go to confession.

But we must go once a month. Those little girls can't help themselves. And nobody comes out into that room but the priest and I until it's all over, and then we can come back.

And the next one will have to come. And I'll assure you, we don't appreciate that day. And those little girls don't know any better.

They don't know anything about the plan of salvation. They don't know that Jesus went to Calvary and died for them. They don't know that he shed his blood for them.

Those little girls know nothing about it because to me, as I repeat again, the Bible was a hidden book to every one of those little girls. So now they can do things like this. Now, if a Roman Catholic priest comes into the convent, he may go to the Mother Superior and ask her to permit him to go into the cell where one of the nuns are.

And you know that mother with her carnal mind and her carnal heart, and she's very hard and very carnal, and she is the mother many times of many illegitimate children. They belong to the priest. And you know, she'll take that priest, and he's drinking.

She knows it. They bring liquor in with them. Sometimes some of the nuns will drink with them, and the mother usually drinks with them.

And it's really a terrible place. It is not a religious order. He does not live up to that name whatsoever.

But here she brings that priest into one of our cells. Now, I wonder if you realize how serious it is. That Roman Catholic priest, he has liquor under his belt.

We know that. But he has a big, strong body. He's had three square meals of food every day of his life.

He can eat all the food that he wants. But you know, there's a little nun that may have a broken body, and she may not have very much strength. And what did he come into that cell for? For nothing other than to destroy that little nun.

I often say I wish the government could walk into a convent just about the time one of those priests are let in the cell. The mother will turn a key on the lock, and you're locked in there with that priest. Now, we have no way to defend ourselves.

And I often say I've had to nurse those little girls. I'm an Aryan. I got my nurse's training by going through the tunnel over to the hospital as I lived in an open-order convent.

But may I say, after that priest is taken out of there, if you could look upon the body of that little nun, she looks like something you've thrown out in a hog pen. And half a dozen old sows have just mauled that child's body. And this is convent life.

I can understand why your priests are calling over the phone every day or two and screaming their heads off because I'm in this city giving this testimony. But may I say to you, I don't mind if they continue to scream. I don't mind what they do.

I'm not one bit afraid of them. I'll continue to give this testimony. As long as God gives me strength, I'll be giving this testimony regardless of your priests or your bishops in this country.

I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm saying. And I'm not afraid of anybody in all of this world.

I'm a child of God. And I believe God won't let anybody put a hand on me until my work is finished. And then I often say, I don't care what you do to my body after I leave this body.

I'm sure I don't mind. And so I will continue to give the testimony regardless of what your priests think about it. Because I think God saved me to pull the cover off of convents.

I believe he saved me to uncloak those places that are writing under the cloak of religion. I believe that with all of my heart. I'll assure you I do.

Now, if I refuse to give my body, you know we're just supposed to give our bodies voluntarily to those priests. Many times the nuns are overpowered. But if I refuse to give my body voluntarily to them, then you know he becomes very angry.

And he goes immediately to the Mother Superior. Then when two carnal minds come together, they can invent things that you and I, we don't have enough evil in our heart to invent things like that. We don't have enough sin in our lives to even think of such terrible things.

And when those two carnal minds come together, the next time I want you to know they're all ready. Now the Mother Superior might say to me in a day or two, we're going to do penance. Now the penance that they'll inflict on me is something that the Mother Superior and the priests have invented.

And it can be very, very cruel. They might take me down into one of the dirty dungeons and there's no floors in those places. And you know they have a place down there, there are rods about three feet long.

They have them burrowed down into cement and at the top of it there's a ring about this big sticking out of the ground. They have some leather straps fastened there. And when they take me down there they put my foot, either foot through those rings and then they strap my ankle securely.

Now I'm standing with my feet in those rings. All right, they're going out of there. They're going to leave me locked up in that place by myself.

And it's a dirty place. Well I might stand there for two or three hours if I have strength enough in my body. But what do you think's going to happen to me then? I can't stand any longer.

Sometimes we faint, sometimes we just become exhausted and we go down. But when I go down, he flips my ankles over like that. And I can't do anything about it.

I don't have what it takes for me to get up. I may have to lie in that position for two or three days and no one will come near. They won't give me a bite of food, they won't bring me one drop of water, but I must stay there.

And the next thing you feel is the bugs crawling over my body and the mice running over me. And I still have to stay there. I can understand why they don't want me to uncover.

They don't want the world to know these things are going on. No priest in this country wants it. And if he doesn't want the world to know it, then they better be pretty careful that nobody ever gets out of a convent after they've spent a few years back there.

But may I say again to you, my God is greater than all the outside forces. My God can reach his hand over into those convents, this country, any other country, and make a way for a girl to come out and he won't have to ask the bishop to help him. He won't have to ask the priest to help him.

But God can make a way for us to come out. I'll assure you that. Well, on it goes.

Then sometimes the priests come and they get angry at us because we refuse to stand with them voluntarily. And you know, after all, the nuns' bodies are broken after we're there a while. And many, many of the time, to have him strike you in the mouth is a terrible thing.

I've had my front teeth knocked out. I know what it's all about. And then we get you down on the floor and then kick you in the stomach.

Many of those precious little girls have babies under their heart. And it doesn't bother a priest to kick you in the stomach with a baby under your heart. He doesn't mind the baby's going to be killed anyway because those babies are born in the convent.

Why wouldn't babies be born when you run places like this under the cloak of religion? The world thinks it's religious orders. And there are babies born in there. And most of the babies are premature.

Many of them are abnormal. Very, very seldom do we ever see a normal baby. You say, Sister Charlotte, do you dare to say that? I most definitely do dare to say this.

And I intend to keep on saying it. Why? I've delivered those babies with these hands. And what I've seen with my eyes and I've done with my hands, I just challenge the whole world to say it isn't true.

And the only way they can ever prove it isn't true, they'll have to open, if they ever serve a summons on me, and call me into court, I'll assure you this one thing. Convents are coming open. And then the world is going to know what convents really are.

And they'll have to open them to vindicate my testimony. Because I know what I'll do if they ever serve a summons on me. I've been before the highest laws we have in the United States.

I know what I'm doing. I know what I can say. And I'm not one bit afraid to say it.

Because I've been a part of this. I've been connected with this system 22 years behind convent doors. And it is a terrible thing.

After when that dear little nun looking forward to that day when her precious baby will be born. Most of you dear mothers, oh, you have everything ready. The beautiful nursery.

All the baby's beautiful clothes are made. Everything is lovely. You're looking forward to that precious little immortal soul is going to be born into your home.

And everything is ready. And oh, I wish you could see that little nun. She's not looking forward to that.

There won't ever be a blanket around his body. They'll never bathe that baby's body. But he can only live four or five hours.

And then the mother superior will take that baby and put her fingers in his nostrils and cover his mouth and snuff his little life out. And why did they build the lime pits in the convent? What is the reason for building them if it isn't to kill the babies? And that baby will be taken into the lime pit and chemical and lime is put over his body. And that's the end of babies.

Oh, when I think about it. That's why I try to challenge people. Pray.

If you know how to pray, you know how to contact God, pray. And ask God to deliver the girls from behind convent doors. In other words, pray that God will make a way for every convent in the United States to be opened.

And let the government go in. And when the government goes in, you won't have to worry. The convents will be opened.

The nuns will be taken out. And they'll be closed up. Just as they opened the convents in old Mexico in 1934.

There are no convents in old Mexico. Every cluster, it is open. And they found all of the corruption back there, the lime pits.

If any of you are taking a vacation, go over to old Mexico. The government owns them. They're public museums.

And go through the convents. Look with your own eyes. Touch with your own hands.

And then come home and see if you believe my testimony. It'll stir every bit of red blood in your veins. I mean it'll do something to you that nothing else has ever been able to do.

Go through them. And look at them. Go into the dungeons.

Go into the tunnels. Go through the lime pits. Look at the skulls, rooms of skulls over there.

And then ask the guides of where they come from. And go and see all of the devices of torture they placed upon the bodies of the little nuns. Go into their cells and look at their beds.

And see for yourself. Oh, yes, you can go. It'll cost you 25 cents to go through each one of them.

You look at those things and see them for yourself and then come home. And maybe it'll give you a greater burden to pray for little girls that have been enticed behind convent doors by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. I wonder how you would feel if this was your child.

And remember, I have a mother and daddy, or had one. And they love me just as much as you love your children. And when they let me go into the convent, I'm sure my mother and daddy didn't expect these things to happen because they didn't know.

They never dreamed a convent was like this. But, you know, I wonder how you'd feel if you could walk in some day and out there in this particular room, that floor is built for this purpose. There's a partition right out there.

And there's just a little thing they can touch. It automatically opens. And, you know, there's a deep hole underneath that floor.

And this little nun has done something. I can't tell you what she's done because I wasn't there when she done it. But she's done something.

And to them it's very serious. And when they bring her, they bring her to this particular place. Her little hands and feet are going to be bound securely.

They're going to drop her in that horrible, horrible pit. And then they're going to put the boards back down. No one will ever know.

Oh, there's plenty of chemical and lime down there. But, you know, they don't do that. Six little nuns have to walk around that hole.

We'll chant as we walk around that hole. We don't want any evil spirits to come out into the convent. So we sprinkle holy water over that hole.

Then we may walk for six hours. And then they'll appoint six more nuns. And on and on it goes until we hear the last moan.

And that's the end of the little nun they place down there. No, she'll never be delivered from the convent. But does it bother you to know that that little nun will die and be lost? Does that bother you? It bothers me.

Because I didn't know Jesus. I couldn't tell her about God. I didn't know him myself.

But it bothers me very, very much. But God won't hold me accountable. Her blood will not be on my hands because I didn't know the Lord.

And I couldn't tell her about it. And so on it goes. And I wonder how you like to see it.

Here we are. A body of those little nuns. On this particular morning the Mother Superior might say this.

We're all going to be lined up here. And I don't know what she's lining me up for. And then, you know, there might be 10 of us.

There might be 15 of us. And then she'll tell us all to strip. And we have to take every stitch of our clothing off.

We're certainly not anything beautiful to look at. Our eyes are back in our head. Our cheeks are falling in.

Our bodies are wasted. God only knows what we look like because I never saw myself in 22 years. I didn't know I had gray hair.

I didn't know I have lines in my face. I didn't know how old I was. I only found that out about six years ago.

You know nothing about what you look like. And here we are lined up. And here comes two or three Roman Catholic priests with liquor under their belt.

And there they're going to march in front of those nude girls and choose the girl they want to take to the cell with them. These are convents. Cloistered convents, not open orders.

The priest can do anything he wants to and hide behind the cloak of religion. Then that same Roman Catholic priest will go back into the Roman Catholic churches. And there he'll say mass.

And there he'll go into the confessional box and make those poor people believe he can give them absolution from their sins. When he's full of sin, when he's full of corruption and vice, still he acts as their God. What a terrible thing it is.

And on it goes. Well, I live there. Now all the time these things are going on.

What do you think is happening inside of Charlotte? God love your hearts. I didn't know people could hold so much hatred and bitterness. And it went on and on and on.

I was filled with bitterness and hatred. And I mean it continued to build. I began in my heart to think, when I can get the Mother Superior in a certain place, I'll kill her.

Isn't it awful to get murdered in a hut? I didn't go in the convent with a heart like that, nor a mind like that. But I began to plan murder in the convent. How I could kill her.

How I could kill a Roman Catholic priest. And on and on it goes. And oh, I tell you, every time she did fix something awful on my body that I'd have to suffer so terribly, when I could think sensibly again, then I would begin to plan how could I kill that woman.

And on it goes. Well, after all, you can't help it. For instance, I wonder how you would feel.

The Mother Superior, here she is. And she's going to sit me down in a chair. And you know, that chair is a straight back, hard bottom.

And I don't have any hair. She's going to take everything off my head. And you know, she's going to put my hands like this, they'll be out here in stocks.

And I'm going to have to bend my head over like that in order to put the stocks across my neck. And I'm fastened securely. And over my head there is a faucet of water.

And you know, sorry, there is a faucet of water just above my head and my head's over. Now that Mother's going to turn that water on, just a drop, and the drop will just come about this fast. It'll hit me right there on the back of my head.

And you know, I can't move either way. I sat there one hour, two hours, three hours, four hours. What do you think's going on? I'm sitting there.

I can't move. I'd do everything to get away from that drop of water in the same spot on my head. Why, God love your hat if you could look in.

You'd see us frothing at the mouth. You'd see those little girls. They're trying so hard to move, to get away from that water.

And they let us stay there sometimes ten hours, all day long. Many, many times a little nun cracks up completely. She goes stark raving mad under this particular penance.

What in the world did they do with her? I'll tell you in a few minutes. Don't you worry. They have a place for us after we go mad in the convent.

They take care of us. They have places for the little nuns. There's places built down there for us.

Well, on it goes. Well, you know, these things went on and went on and went on. And it was terrible.

But you know, I began to plan and plan and plan. After she's done something like that to me, it's terrible. One day, the Mother Superior took violently ill.

You say, who would take her place? There are about three. Sometimes they have four older nuns. And they always pick the one that's hard, the one that's seemingly as carnal, that one that has no conscience to be a Mother Superior.

And she works under this one. One day, if something happens to the main Mother Superior, another one will take her place. And on it goes.

But you know, this particular day, they sent word to me, the Mother Superior, I was to come into her room. She's very sick. And quicker than lightning, I began to think, if I get in that Mother Superior's room, I know what I'll do.

You know, after all, I'm a sinner. I'm a nun, but I'm a sinner. And I don't know God.

And I have a lot of hatred in my heart. And I walk in that room. They have called in an outside Roman Catholic doctor.

She's a very sick woman. And he has left all orders. And they left the medicine and everything.

Now, I'm supposed to take care of her. And that was wonderful. And I do take care of her.

All day long, I did what they told me to do, what I'm supposed to do. And those particular tablets, I knew what they were, and I knew what they would do, and what she was taking them for. But anyway, all day long, I gave her her medicine.

I done everything I'm supposed to. All evening long. Why? I want to be sure what I'm doing.

What I do, I have to be careful. And you know, I waited until 1 o'clock in the morning. Why? Because every night, those little nuns have to be gotten out of bed and go chant from 12 to 1, 7 minutes from 12 to 1. I thought, I'll wait until all the nuns go back to bed, and then I'm going to do something.

And bless your hearts, after they were all back in their beds, I'll tell you what I did. I took five or six of those tablets. I was only supposed to take one in a half a glass of water, every so often, and give it to her.

But because of the type they were, and what the type of tablet was, I knew what it would do. I put six of them in a glass of water and stirred them up, and I gave them to her. I knew she would go into

convulsions, it would twist her completely out of shape.

I knew that woman would suffer a million deaths within 25 minutes. I knew that. And I thought, I'm going to watch her suffer, because she has punished us, she has hurt us, so many thousands of times, I'll watch her suffer.

Isn't it terrible to think a child can be lived, live in a place like that long enough, until she has the same kind of a heart, almost the mother superior has. But that's what comes when sin gets in your life. And so I waited, you know, I gave them to her, and something happened to me, I got scared.

And I looked at that woman, she began to change color, and I couldn't find her pulse, I couldn't find her respiration, I was frightened. And I thought, oh, what shall I do? If they find her dead, only God knows what they'll do to me. I'll tell you what I did.

I got that stomach pump, I pumped as quick as I could, I pumped that woman's stomach, I massaged that woman, I done everything there was to do. Oh, thank God she didn't die. I said, I thank God.

But you know, I sat down by the bed and held her hand and watched her carefully, until the respiration came back normal, until her pulse was normal, and I felt she would live. And I thought of another thing, I'll do this then. I saw where her keys were hidden, her shelf right there in her old room.

So they're on a big chain, or on a big ring, and I thought, I'm going to take those keys, I'm going down into that dungeon, there's a, when I say down, this is two stories under the ground. I'm going someplace where she's always wandered. It's a solid wall like that, and clear to the back end of that wall, there's one door, and it's heavy, and it's always locked.

And I've heard her tell me, scores of times, and I'm sure she has the others, don't ever try to go through that door. What in the world is over there? And why did she tell us that? We can't get through it, it's locked. But you know, I wondered what was back there.

Because when they had me in the dungeon for a long time once, I heard screams under the ground. I heard such blood-curdling screams, and I knew there were some girls locked up somewhere. And so I'm going through there if I find the key.

And so I got her keys, and I went into that particular place. And when I got back there, it took a while to do it, because I wanted to know to find the key. But oh, when it unlocked that door.

I walked through that door, and I walked into a hall. The hall, I would say, was maybe five feet wide, maybe wider than that, that's just a guess. And anyway, on the other side of the hall, there were a number of cells over there, small rooms.

And they had real heavy doors. And in those cells were little nuns. And when I went up to the first one, near the top of the door, there's a little place about this long, it's about that wide, it has iron bars going across there.

And I looked right into the face of a little nun that I knew, one that I'd sit across the table from, one that I'd prayed with in the chapel. I knew that girl. And here she is, and they had chains and lock chains around her, either of her wrists and around her waistline.

And I said, when did you have something to eat last? And no answer. How long have you been here? No answer. I went down to the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, and the stench was getting so bad I couldn't stand it.

And you know, those little girls would not talk. Why? I lived in the convent, you know, a long time. And every, I don't care if I was two miles under the convent, way back there, we were working back there.

And we'd whisper, the next day I'd have to suffer because the convents are wired. And the Mother Superior can hear every voice, every whisper. And then somebody tells, and you're in some serious trouble.

And those nuns have been there long enough. What have they done? I don't know. But those nuns are supposed to have cracked up mentally.

And so they have to put them in those chains. And when they die, they can't fall down to the floor. They're just dropping those chains in slump.

When they go in there, they don't give them any more food. No more water. That's a slow death.

And so as I saw all of that, I became so sick from the terrible stench because many of them are already dead. And I don't know how long they've been dead. I came out of there and walked back up to this room where the Mother Superior was.

And she was lying there sleeping. And I watched her carefully. And she slept until the next day.

Long, long hours and didn't wake. And when she did, she said, I've had a long sleep. And I said, I've had a long sleep.

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And I said, I've had a long sleep. And she said, And I said, I've had a long sleep. And I said, Won't you do something to help the little nuns out? I told him about those 19 cells down there, and those 19 nuns in him.

I told him about some of the babies that have been killed. I told him some other little nuns that are locked up in the dungeons, and they're bound with chains. I told him a plenty, and I said, won't you help us? And if you will, please leave a note under the empty can.

That's what I went back for. And when I lifted up the can and found a note, you don't know how I felt. I froze to the floor.

I was so scared I didn't know what to do. I picked that piece of paper up and I read, and this is what that man said. I'm leaving that door unlocked, and I'll leave the big iron gate unlocked.

You come out. Oh, let me tell you, that's almost more than you dare. Well, I never dreamed I'd get out of a convent.

I never thought of ever getting out. I wanted out, but you say, oh yes, when I could collect myself. I reached over and turned the knob, and you know it was put unopened.

I walked out of that convent, and I slammed it through. I was sure the lock was on it, and I got out to the big iron gate. But oh, he had me trapped.

That iron gate was just as locked as it was ever locked. You don't know what it's done for me to stand there looking at the iron gate. I'm locked out of the convent.

I have no right out there. You can't imagine. I don't know if I grow old right there.

I don't know. I know I've suffered enough because I'm scared half to death. And what will I do if I go back and pound on that door? What will they do with me? And oh, the fear that grips your heart.

And you say, what did you do? I didn't have any shoes and stockings on. I'd wore those out years ago. When I think of the Roman Catholic Church being the richest church in the world, and they let those little nuns go winter and summer without any shoes and without any hose, living in crucial poverty, I wonder how they can do it.

Hungry as we are. Your priests are all nice and fat. The little nuns are so hungry.

I wonder how they do it sometimes. You say, what did you do, Charlotte? Well, I'll tell you, I just took a hold of that big old iron gate and I tried to climb it. That's all there was for me to do.

And up about a foot and a half from the top is a ledge about six inches wide. I thought if I could get high enough to get my knee on the ledge, I'm safe. And I did.

I got one knee on the ledge, but this time I don't have any strength left either. And you know, I thought, what'll I do? I'll put one foot over, then I'll get the other over. Then I realized, you know, I have three skirts on.

My skirts are gathered on a belt and they're clear down to my ankles. My veil, of course, is down to my knees in front and that lung in the back. How will I ever get over those sharp points? And I thought, I can't go down.

I don't have strength enough. So I'll have to jump. And if I jump, I'll break every bone because I was a broken body, of course.

And you know, I thought, what'll I do? Well, I pulled all my clothing up around my body and held them with one hand. And then I thought, I'll have to jump. And you know, they have a buzzer in the convent.

And when a little nun tries to escape and they catch her, they put a buzzer on. And oh, if the priest tells you they don't come to the convent, I wish you could see the priest then. You'll find a good many of them there.

And they immediately are after that nun. They don't want her out. If she comes out of that convent, she's going to give a testimony someday.

And it'll pull the cloak off a convent. And I'll assure you, they don't intend for us to get out. And so as I let loose of that top of that gate and I made that jump, I just didn't make it.

My clothing caught on top of those points and I hung there, but I let loose. And I often say, you know, I don't know what I look like. I don't know, I didn't know I had gray hair.

But I've often said, maybe my hair turned gray there. Maybe you'll never know what I suffered hanging on top of that gate, knowing that buzzer can go on any minute. And then what would they do to me? I was scared.

So I thought I'd try to wiggle my body and to foreswing it. If I can get back far enough to grab the gate with one hand, maybe I can help myself. And I did.

And then with the other hand, I tried to pry the snappers loose on my skirt. And that let me fall between them. Do you know what happened to me? I hit the ground.

I was out. I was unconscious for a while. I don't know how long.

We have no way to tell. But when I came to, I had a shoulder broken and my arm was broken right in here. The flesh, the bone had snapped right through my flesh because I didn't have any meat on me.

And I thought, what'll I do? And I realized I'm on the outside. And where am I going? Where do you think you'd go? I'm not in the United States. I'm in another country.

And I don't know a thing about that country. When they took me over there, I was heavily veiled. And they took me from that particular park or train to the convey.

I was heavily veiled. I couldn't see anything. And I don't know where I am.

I don't know where to go. I don't know if I have any people. I don't know if I know anybody in the world.

And I'm a pauper. I don't have any money. And I'm hungry.

And my body's broken. And I'm hurt now. Where do you think you'd go? I tell you, it's something to think about.

I just started to wave it. Get away from the convey. And I did.

And I started moving away. And all the leaves were falling. And they made so much noise.

And I was scared. And I kept on moving. And finally, dark overtook me.

Or rather, there's no twilight in that part of the country. It just drops off into darkness. And, you know, I saw this little building beside the road.

And I thought I'll crawl in it. It was a doghouse or maybe a chicken coop or something. But it's dirty.

And I crawled in there because I was shaking and scared. And I laid in there for a little while to get a hold of myself. And then I thought, I'll have to travel.

It's dark. It's safer for me. So I got out to travel that night.

And the next day, I hid behind pieces of board and tin that was piled up against an old building. And all day long, imagined hiding in that hot place. And hungry as I was with broken bones, do you realize what it was all about? No, you'll never know.

But I do. And then, you know, when night came again, I have to go. Because I'm going to get away from the convey.

And I'm afraid to rap on somebody's door. Remember, I'm scared. I don't know.

I might rap on a Roman Catholic's door. They will immediately notify the priest. And I'll be taken back to the convent.

And I'd rather they kill me than take me back. And so I didn't. But I went on and on and on.

And then the next night, or the next day, I hid out in an old frostback. And then that afternoon on the third day, I was scared then. Because this armor was swollen as tight as you could smell a swale.

I was having to carry it in the other hand. And all my fingers began to turn blue. And I realized gangrene poisoning setting in.

And you know, I'm nobody to do anything for you. And I realized I'm going to die just like a rat beside the road. That's a terrible feeling.

And I thought, what will I do? I'll just get out and go a little sooner. Maybe I'll have to rap on somebody's door. And that's what I did.

And I remember as I walked, I don't know how far, I saw this lamp. It was an old-fashioned lamp burning. Very poor house and no paint on it.

And I knew those were poor people. So I walked up to the screen door and I rapped on it. And a tall man came to the door.

He was rather old. And I said, please, may I have a drink of water? And you know, that old man didn't answer me. But he walked back in the house and called his wife.

And God bless her heart. She's like most old-fashioned mothers. She came to the door and she didn't say, who are you? And what do you want? Thank God.

There are a lot of good people in this world. That dear little woman just pushed that door open and said, won't you come in and sit down? Do you know that's the most beautiful music I've ever heard in my life? I should say I'll come in and sit down. And she pulled out a chair.

And I sat down on it. I'm glad to sit down. And you know, the house was poor.

There was no rugs on the floor of any type. A tablecloth, red checkered tablecloth on the table, and a little old stove over there in the corner, and there was a fire in it. And that woman put some milk in a pan and he did and brought it over to me.

And you know I'm hungry. I don't have any manners. I forgot how to act.

I forgot a lot of things in 22 years. And I grabbed that glass of milk before she ever set it down, and I gobbled it down. I'm so hungry.

I felt like I'm going stark mad. And I took it instantly. And the moment it touched my stomach, of course, I couldn't retain it.

I lost it. I haven't had any whole milk in 22 years. You could understand why I couldn't take it.

And she knew what to do. She went out in the kitchen and she heated some water, or rather over to the stove and heated some water. And with her heart she put sugar in that water and brought it over to me.

And she sat down and gave it to me from a spoon. I took every bit of it. Oh, it was good.

It was nourishing. And then the daddy walked over by me and he said, Now tell us who you are and where'd you come from? I began to cry. I was scared then.

I said, I've run away from the convent and I'm not going back. And he said, What happened to you? And my hand was laying up on the table. And I said, Well, I tried to get over the gate and I fell and I'm hurt.

And, you know, he said, We'll have to call a doctor. And bless your sweet life. Then I really became hysterical.

I got up from the table. I was going to run back outside and they wouldn't let me. He said, Wait a minute.

We're not going to hurt you. You're hurt. You have to have help.

I said, I don't have any money and I don't have any people. And I can't pay a doctor bill. Of course, I was just in a terrible mess, if you want to know it.

And that man said to me, I'm going after a doctor. He said, And he's not a Roman Catholic. Neither am I. That dear man didn't have a car, but he hitched up a horse and buggy.

And he drove nine miles to get a doctor. The doctor came out in his car. And when he got out to the place, he got there ahead of the man.

And when the doctor walked in and walked around me, he just kept walking around me. And he was swearing. Maybe he didn't realize it was a terrible effect on me.

When he stopped and looked at me, of course, he was mad. He was mad. Why was he mad? He was mad because he was looking at something that was supposed to be a human being.

And I didn't even look like a human being. I was in such a horrible condition. But finally he calmed down.

He came over to me and he said, I'll have to take you to the hospital tonight. Oh, I became hysterical. I said, I don't want to go.

Please don't make me go. And then he sat down carefully and took my hands. And he began to say, I'm not going to hurt you.

You have to have help. And I want to help you. That doctor took me into the hospital that night, and that's where I learned how much I weighed.

He weighed me, and I weighed exactly 89 pounds. I weigh 178 right now. And then, you know, they took me into surgery.

And, of course, they tried to get the swelling and the inflammation out of my hand and arm, that they might do something for me. It took about 12, 13 days. And then, of course, they had it.

But this time it started to knit, and they had to all to break over it again and put it in a cast. I did a lot of suffering. Well, you know, one day a way was made for me to be released from the hospital.

Who did they release me to? I begged to go out to those old people to stay with them, and they let me go. Because they'd been good to me, and I trusted them. And the doctor wanted to take me out to his home.

I was in that hospital three and a half months. And they took me out there, and I stayed for a period of time. And then one day, this same doctor, he wrote a letter, and you know what he said in that letter? He sent a check.

He told the people to go and buy me a suitcase and get me some clothing. He was coming for me on a certain day. He had told me, I'm going to find your people for me.

You know, that doctor's a stranger to me. But, oh, I thank God that he has men and women across this world. And those men and women are not so selfish that they won't use some of the money that God has allowed them to have to help that one that's less fortunate than they.

He spent a lot of money on me. I was in that hospital three and a half months. And I mean there was a lot of money spent on me, but he paid the bill.

How appreciated. And you know that dear doctor, oh, they took me, bought my clothing for me, got my suitcase, and everything was ready. And the day came when he come, and you know, that doctor took me to the train.

And he put me on a train in care of somebody, of course. He found my people for me. I was on buses and trains and boats for a long time.

And one day, after he had gotten my visa to get back into the United States, and I was always in charge of somebody because they wouldn't trust me to travel alone because of having lived under the ground for long. And one day, they called the name of the town where I was or where my mother and daddy lived. Don't you know I knew where mother and daddy lived? And I got off of that train and run down to their home, five blocks from that depot, just a very small town.

And when I rang the bell, my daddy come to the door. And, you know, I looked at his face. I didn't know him.

And because I didn't know him, I said, Do you know where my father lives? And he said, Who are you and what's your name? And I said, My name. And I didn't give him my church name. I gave him my family name.

And that man looked at me, and, of course, it was his name. And he said, Whokey, is this you? My father didn't know me, of course. It was my dad.

Now, dear old man opened the door then and invited me in. And I said, Dad, is mother alive? Because I didn't know about her. And he took me back in to see her.

And there she was. About seven and a half years, she's laid there in an invalid. A horrible, horrible invalid.

And, of course, she didn't know me, and I didn't know her. Well, you know, that very night, I took violently sick, and they put me back in another hospital for another three months. But my father paid all of those bills.

He reimbursed the doctor and paid the doctor in another country and paid the old people. He reimbursed them all. All of that was wonderful.

Then, you know, one day, after my body was strong enough, since I'm here in the United States, oh, it took a long time, several years. I'm a nurse, and I took the examination to nurse. And do you know what God did? He let a woman come in to that particular hospital.

It was a Roman Catholic hospital. This woman was a Church of God minister. She came in, and I thought, how strange.

Just across the Mississippi River is two magnificent Protestant hospitals, and she lives in one of those cities. Right there, three cities joined together. And why in the world did she come over here to this Roman Catholic hospital? Why, I believe God had his hand on it all the time.

You know, that woman came in, and the doctor said, I want you to dispatch her case. And I went into that room to prepare that woman for the operating table. And I heard her praying.

And I want you to know, I became that woman's private nurse, her special nurse. After she left the hospital, she went home, and I became her special nurse in the home. And that woman asked me if I wouldn't go to church with her.

And you know, I lived in her home long enough to hear her pray. I lived in that home long enough to read the Bible to her, because I am her nurse, and I did what she told me to. I'd never read a Bible before in all of my life, and she'd have to find the Scriptures, and then I'd read them to her.

And you know, as I read the Word of God, God began to get a hold of me. And finally, she said, won't you go to church with me? And you know, I went to church with that woman. And I sat back there and heard her gospel for the first time in my life.

And you know, I'll tell you, I went through four nights. And it was really beautiful. I've never heard anything like this.

And all the time, she was telling me about the plan of salvation, telling me about God, and that I needed God, and I needed to be saved. And of course, I was believing her. Do you know what I'd do every night? I'd go home from church with that woman.

I'd say, you go to bed, but let me go to the basement. I'd lay my Bible down on a chair, and there I'd challenge God, and I'd say, God, did you hear what the preacher said? Did you hear it, God? And then I would tell God everything that I could remember the preacher said. And I said, God, you heard every word, didn't you? Now, if you're God, and the Bible is the Word of God, and God, you're real, I want what those people have.

But if you're not God, and the Word of God is not your way, then, God, please don't give to me what those people have. Let me tell you, I challenged God. I put Him to a test.

God's not going to give you anything that's not of God. Don't you worry. And every night, I continued to do that four or five nights, and I didn't eat either.

I couldn't sleep, and I'd lost my appetite, and I was losing a lot of weight. It was terrific. But you know, one night, I come back to church, and out of a clear blue sky, right in the middle of that man's service, I just got out of my seat, and with both hands up in the air, I come running right straight down an aisle like that.

And I fell in at that altar, and I cried out, My God, forgive me for all my sins. I was a sinner. I mean, God met me there.

Praise His wonderful name. There's a pool of water on that floor. I was sorry for everything that I did in the convent.

I stole potato peelings. I stole bread. I told lies.

I called the Mother Superior names under my breath. And I want you to know God met me down there, and He forgave me of every sin there was in my life. And how I thank and praise Him for it.

Praise His wonderful name. God's been very good to me. Very good to me.

A few nights previous to that, I went back to church. God filled me with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. May I say to you, God means more to me than all the material wealth you have in this city.

I'd rather have Jesus than anything you might have, because I found Him to be the best friend I've ever known. I can tell Him anything I want to tell Him, and He won't call you up and tell you what I told Him. I can sit at His feet and tell Him every day of my life, Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, I love you. And every secret of my heart, I can pour out to Him, and I don't worry about Him calling you up and telling you what I told Him. He's the best friend you ever had.

He's able to save you. He's able to deliver you. He's able to loose you from the things of this world, set you free to know Him.

Praise His name. I have a wonderful God. I love Him supremely.

I'd rather have Jesus than anything that you might have. God is real in my life. Really wonderful.

How God delivered me out of the conflict. Pray for me. I need much prayer.

I'll be going places where it's predominantly Roman Catholic. I'll have to suffer much, but I'm willing to suffer for Jesus, that I might tell someone about Him and give my testimonies, that other dear little girls might be spared from convy. So pray for me, won't you? God bless you.

Well, what do you think? I told you at the beginning, it would be a very, very gripping tape. You'll recall that we introduced in Jamaica the book, Maria Monk, which was once a band video. We feel this tape is a perfect continent to the book.

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