

The STORY of SISTER CHARLOTTE

Transcribed from PJ # 14

by Paul & Christ.



HONOR AND HUMBLE GRATITUDE TO SISTER CHARLOTTE

SANANDA, APRIL 23, 1990

Sananda present in the Light of Holy God.

Readers, as you proceed herein you will be shocked and offended to the bottom of your senses. It is a time of revealing evil into the lighted public and ones have dearly paid the ultimate sacrifice to bring forth truth. The story we shall tell will be in first person as given forth by Sister Charlotte of a Cloistered Order of the Holy Catholic Church. It speaks of the traditional path and treatment of little girl children entering into a cloistered order.

You will desire to believe it is, at the very least, the exceptional treatment and not the norm. Nay, it is the accepted treatment and those convents which do not function in this manner are the exception.

Prior to losing you readers who cannot swallow the truth of it--I suggest you investigate the "OPENED" convents in Mexico. The convents in your country are still kept in total secrecy. The treatment of the little nuns is so heinous as to defy believability--'tis so, dear ones--'tis so.

Some ones have managed to break free and dare to tell their stories. Most never make it into freedom and if they make it beyond the walls, they are sought after and killed. Sister Charlotte has been murdered. Her soul rests in peace for her ultimate gift to truth.

God and Christ have no place within the halls of evil. The Church of Rome is not of God; it is directly of Satan. Ye who will, deny this truth--but truth will "out", brethren! We shall speak of many subjects regarding the religious paths but this day we will stay with this subject for it is heinous indeed and most difficult for this scribe. We have chosen her to pen these things for she has no knowledge or predisposition to opinion toward the Catholic Church and knows naught of its doctrines or practices.

Who is Sister Charlotte?

Let us first refer to words in the Book of Acts, Chap. 6, vs. 7: "God's message was preached in ever-widening circles, and the number of disciples increased vastly in Jerusalem; and many of the Jewish priests were converted too...."

The history of the conversion of priests is not new, it was there even before the Roman Catholic Institution was established in its present form.

It was there among the Jewish people, a parallel to the present situation of the Roman Catholic Priesthood. As a matter of fact, the Roman Catholic Priesthood, in its present form with nuns, monks and priests as well as bishops, cardinals and popes, is a tremendous mixture of two religions, Catholicism and Judaism. We will see that even the very experience which comes forth from actual experiences of priests, monks and nuns at this present time brings forth more light in guidelines about the tremendous conspiracy which underlays the very existence of the so called Church of Christ unto this very day.

Through the presentations of these religious experiences of the lives of priests and nuns you will be given the greatest blessings of truth beyond comprehension. It is through such testimony, such as Sister Charlotte, a former Roman Catholic Nun, that, even though her experience goes back but a few years of your counting, is accurate in description of conditions which exist in the Roman Catholic Institutions at this present

day.

PERVERSION OF GOD'S WRITTEN REVELATIONS

In the Bible, it was already recognized that some of the Jewish priests were perverting God's written revelations with the traditions of men. See Matthew 15: 3-6: ". . . And why do your traditions violate the direct commandments of God's " Today, the false priests of Rome are doing the same job under the spirit of the anti-christ.

You will find in this testimony that the doctrines of the Church of Rome never change regardless of her claims. The work of the spirit of the anti-christ preparing his bride, the Mother of Harlots (Revelations 17, 18, 19), is religiously clever indeed.

Christians must become informed and alert to the continuing heresies and blasphemies committed by the Roman Catholic Institution---especially over the past six hundred years, starting with the Emperor Constantine the Great as the first Pope and the actual first founder of the Roman Catholic Institution as you would recognize of it. This may not be speaking historically--but is accurate in prophetic terms.

There was a revolution established against the Church of Christ and God Himself. This enemy of God has risen up against the authority of the only true God and Christ--by whatever name you would append unto them. Dear ones, this will not cease until the destruction of the entity as foretold in the Revelations.

In spite of Rome's attempted new image since the Vatican's projection in 1965, her "real" constitution declares and reflects no subjection to the person of the one they, themselves, call Christ--or unto his teachings. Those who claim that Rome is changing will only find very small changes in the form of presentation. The speakers still project the same lies as before and now it is done facing the people and speaking in their own language. There are no substantial changes or any signs of repentance of the blasphemous activities. This is true of the whole of the institution as well as for her Pope, clergy or laymen.

The only significant changes are taking place in the lives of those Roman Catholic priests and laymen who, under the condition of the Holy Spirit of Truth, are obeying God's call to be born again into the truth of his Laws and those of The Creation as handed forth by the Christos energies sent forth as the messenger of truth.

These, too, are the ones who dare to pronounce truth regarding those things which are perpetrated behind the walls of shrouded secrecy and evil.

Unto the ones who dare to speak truth we dedicate the memory of Sister Charlotte who stood strong in the forefront of truth and was therefore murdered.

You think it cannot be? Oh, dearly beloved ones of the lie, look unto El Salvador and

the murdered Jesuit priests--murdered at the hands of the sanctioned troops of the U.S. and the heinous act is continued to be covered up by your own CIA and FBI. I use this example only to present to you the ease of cover-up of any and all things, and the powerful impact of all acts connected to the religious institutions. Terror and control of the masses is the intent. So be it.

I plead with you who read this Journal to go forth and research these presentations and confirm truth in thine own environment and leave this scribe out of your stoning, for she knows not of these things. Come unto me and I shall show of you the way!

These blessed ones who are in deed and fact, the martyrs of the true and blessed Church, are blessed and hallowed as the true Saints of the Body of the Christos. I further hold in reverence and highest honor the men, women and children who have been martyred by the evil Satanic beings who have become the Roman Catholic Institution. I stand before Satan and denounce him for that which he has done unto the body of God. For these things have I come again and so have the Hosts of Heaven and the time is short, my friends, for the day of reckoning is at hand.

I single not out the Roman Catholic Institution--I PRONOUNCE DENOUNCEMENT AND CONFRONTATION UNTO ALL WHO PRONOUNCE THEMSELVES MY BODY--MY CHURCH--AND ACT IN THE MANNER OF EVIL AND WORLDLY DEGRADATION. I SPEAK IN THIS PORTION OF THIS BOOK ABOUT THE CATHOLIC DEBASEMENT FOR I HONOR ONE WHO WAS OF THEIR ENTRAPMENT. Satan has taken over the pulpits of all the churches as established by the doctrines of man.

HE WHO SET HIMSELF UP AS THE LAW OF GOD WILL FALL: GOD HAS GIVEN FORTH THE LAWS AND THOSE OF CREATION AND NO MAN SHALL CHANGE OF THEM AND PASS INTO THE GLORY OF ONENESS WITH CREATOR. SO BE IT AND SELAH!

As the HUman is awakening it must be noted that this forthcoming testimony is more pertinent this day than when Sister Charlotte spoke the words unto all who would listen for she feared not her passage and, as she expected, she was tortured unto a slow and agonizing giving up of spirit. Unfortunately, Satan had already perpetrated all manner of torture unto her frail body physical--there was little left to defile.

I confront you, Satan, for I shall pull your evil out from all the dark recesses and ye shall stand in mine presence and ye shall be smitten and bound. Ye have debased our Father's creations and thine day of judgment is not long in the coming. Heed well mine words, ye who follow after this dark being of evil, for he shall pull you into destruction. I speak as one Sananda, one with and within God, Lord of Lords and Holy of Holies--ye of evil shall not be sustained! The Prince of Darkness shall fall to the Light! So be it for it shall come to pass in the generation present upon your placement. The day of accounting is nigh.

Unto thine presence, Charlotte, I bow any being in humble honor before thine love and giving as unto others who have suffered and worked in my name and truth. Know that I would take it upon mineself were it to be. Blessed be ye ones of my tribes and flocks.

May your words touch the hearts and truth of all ones who partake of this testimony. Your petition has been heard and is herein honored, that your passage would not stop the word of truth from going forth. Your sacrifice shall only serve to spread your words unto the four corners of this troubled planet that your petitions in behalf of the incarcerated brothers and sisters within the prison walls shall bring cause to throw open unto the light of public display that which exists in the places of torture and evil. May you please sit with God as you read. Amen.

SISTER CHARLOTTE

Dharma, write as is given without changes, please, for it was spoken thusly:

First of all, I would like to tell you that I am not giving this testimony because I hold bitter feelings in my heart toward the Roman Catholic people. I couldn't be a Christian if I still had bitterness in my heart. God has delivered me from all bitterness and strife and delivered me out of all of that, one day, and made himself real and known unto me.

So, as I give this testimony, I am giving it because God delivered me out of the convent and out of bondage and darkness, and I must give this testimony that others might know what cloistered convents are. So, as you listen carefully, I trust that if I leave one thing in your heart it will be that I carry no burden against the Roman Catholic people.

I don't agree with the things done or the things taught, but I covet this role for Christ. I am interested in the souls of the ones in charge of those church places.

Christ went unto Calvary that you and I might know him, and their souls are just as precious as your soul or mine.

Having been born into Roman Catholicism, not knowing anything else or knowing the word of God, because we did not have a Bible in our home, we knew nothing about a wonderful plan of salvation. Naturally, I grew up in that Roman Catholic home and knew only the catechism and only the sheltered teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. And, because I loved the Lord, and because I wanted to do something for him, I wanted to give him my life. I knew of no other way for a Roman Catholic to give him a life other than entering a convent.

Naturally, as a believing Catholic I came under the influence of my Father Confessor, the Roman Catholic priest who had tremendous influence over my life. One day I

made up my mind, through his influence among the influence of others of the faith, that I wanted to be a little Sister. At that time I thought that being a Sister meant an open order. I believed that up until the time I took my "white veil" and, until I was 15 1/2 years-of-age, everything was beautiful. I really had no fear for everything which was taught to me was along the lines of that which I was taught in the church prior to entering the convent.

And so one day, after having made up my mind to enter the convent, two of the Sisters came home from school with me. They were my teachers and I realized that my Father was home that afternoon and Father Confessor was in my home, likewise. Remember, I was a little girl and little girls were seen and not heard. In my family, you didn't talk when you were a child and adults were present. You did answer promptly if spoken to.

After a long discussion, my Father asked if I could say something and that was a bit out of the ordinary. I said, "Dad, I want to enter a convent." The priests had already been influencing my Father and my Father broke down and began to cry, not from sadness, but from joy. My Mother came over and took me in her arms and she had tears because of happiness. They felt it wonderful that their little girl was giving her life to the convent to save lost humanity. Naturally my family was very thrilled about it and I was, too. But anyway, I didn't go for about a year after that and I got the call and my Mother prepared things for me and they took me forth and I entered the convent.

There was no place near my Mother and Father's home so I was taken about a thousand miles away from home. So I entered a convent boarding school. I lacked about two months of being thirteen years of age. I look back on it today and realize I was so homesick and so were my parents with their little baby away from home. At that time I had never even spent a night away from my Mother and had never gone any place without my family. That was the first time away from my family and I was very lonely and homesick.

After Mother told me good-bye, and I shall never forget, and I knew they were traveling a long distance away from me and I had never realized in my life that I would never see them again. I had never planned to be other than a sister in an open order where I would not give up my family. If you listen carefully to this portion of my testimony you will understand why I say some of the things which I will say.

Now, it is that we sometimes say the priest is the body of Christ, because of the way the services were held. At seven years of age I would come into the church and I would first go to the foot of the crucifix and then to the feet of the Virgin Mary and then I would ask the Virgin Mary that I would make a good confession. I was just a child and the priests always prayed for everyone to make a good confession--to keep nothing back, tell everything and then ask absolution from anything which I might have committed. I would then ask Jesus to have me make a good confession.

During that time at school I was to have gotten a high school education and a college education. Well, I got a high school education but not much college material. I appreciate that opportunity very, very much even though it was rather difficult for me. After they put me through the crucial training that you must go through to become a little novitiate entry into a convent, that training is rather outstanding as far as a nun is concerned and you know what it is all about after you have been in there for a little while.

INSIGHT INTO THE EARLY TIME OF TRAINING

I want to tell you just a little bit about how we live, how we sleep when we first enter into the convent so that you can understand a bit more about my testimony.

Of course as I entered the convent as a small child, I went on to school and continued in my training. But the day came when I would enter into another segment and here I will tell you about the "white veil". I didn't know very much about it but I had been told that it would be that I would become the bride of Jesus Christ and there would be a ceremony and I would rejoice in the wedding garment.

On a particular morning, they told me that at nine o'clock they would dress me in the wedding garment. Now let me share from where they get the money for the wedding clothes. A letter goes out to the child's father telling them how much money is required and then the wedding gown and the other things necessary are made by the other nuns. The family was always expected to send forth at least a hundred dollars but it was not realized that the clothes were reused and therefore, most all of the money was retained. None was ever sent back, all was kept at the convent.

The time came for me to walk down that isle and I was dressed in the wedding garment. I wanted to be holy and I wanted to be the bride of Jesus Christ. I recited the Rosary and I got down on my knees and crawled the distance of the separate stations of the cross of Jesus on his way to Calvary. Every Friday morning I crawled them, for I thought it would make me Holy and make me worthy of the task that I was to undertake and that is what I wanted more than anything in the world.

I would like to impress on your hearts; every little girl that enters the convent, that I know anything about, that child has a desire to live for God. That child has a desire to give her heart, mind and soul to God. There are many people who remark that only bad women go into convents; that is not so. There may be many ones who go into convents because they are great sinners but mostly the children are innocent and unknowing and thousands are influenced to enter into the convent to bring forth the money into the church.

The child is just a child when she goes in there and her mind and soul is just as clean as any child could be. I mention this for you hear so many things which are simply not true. Now after the training you become the spouse of Jesus Christ and, realizing the

sequence of events, then you can follow me through the rest of the testimony with more understanding.

After the ceremony we are looked upon as parried women. We are considered the legal spouse of Jesus Christ. Now every little girl who will take the white veil will become the bride of Christ and it is known that her family will be saved. It doesn't matter how many crimes they commit, banks they rob or how they drink, smoke or carouse; it doesn't make a bit of difference--the family will be saved if we, the little brides, continue in the convent and give our lives to the convent, or to the church. All members of our immediate family will be automatically saved. Many little girls go into a convent because we realize it is immediate salvation for our families. A little child who loves her family so much will feel this is the least she can do to save her family.

Of course you must understand that at that time our minds are totally immature and we don't know anything about life. Ones don't know what is in the hearts and minds of little children and the priest is looked upon, by these little children, as God--the only God we know anything about. I thought the priest was totally infallible, I didn't think he could sin, I didn't think he would lie---I didn't think he could make a mistake. I looked upon the priest as the Holiest of Holies for I didn't know about God but I did know about the priest. I knew that anything I would ask of God is asked of the priest. For all knowledge the priest was simply God manifested and all would come forth from him.

After taking the "white veil" I was 15 1/2 years of age and everyone is good to me, and I'm living in the convent and I haven't seen anything yet, because a little girl who is brought through the bridal ceremony is subject to a Roman Catholic priest until they are 21 years of age and they are kept in the total control of the Sisters of the order. Now the church will tell you that the little nuns can come out of the convent any time they want to. I tell you this is a lie. I spent twenty two years there and I did everything I could do to get out and instead of releasing me they sent me into the dungeon and I even tried to dig my way out. I was more imprisoned than you can ever begin to imagine and it is the same with all the little nuns. There is no way out and you are watched constantly and I will tell you of the treatment as we go along in this testimony.

The priest came to me and told me that, "I believe you're the type who would be willing to give up your home, give up mother and daddy, give up everything you love out in the world, and the world so to speak, and hide yourself away behind convent doors; because I believe you are the kind that would hide back there and be willing to sacrifice to live in crucial poverty, that you might pray for lost humanity." He said, "I believe that you are the kind that would be willing to suffer," for we are taught to believe, as nuns, that we suffer for our loved ones and your loved ones that are already in purgatory will be delivered from purgatory sooner because of our suffering. They knew I was willing to suffer, I didn't mind it, I didn't complain--they knew all of that for they had watched me constantly and knew me and that was why the grand Mother

Superior began to tell me about the "Black Veil". Then, of course, you must know that I didn't know much of anything about a cloistered nun. I didn't know anything about their life, I didn't know how they live, I didn't know what they do; but this woman proceeded to tell me.

Now, many ones try to tell me in places I travel today, and Roman Catholics try to tell me all about cloisters and claim to have been in many and try to tell me all about them. But you know, a Roman Catholic can lie to you and they don't have to go to confession and tell the priest about the lie that they told because "they are lying to protect their faith". They are expected to tell any lie they want to, to protect their faith and never go to the confessional box and tell the priest about it--he would only commend them for protecting their faith.

They can do more than that, however, as they can steal up to \$40 and they don't have to tell the priest about it. They don't have to say one word about it in the confessional box. They are taught that. Every Roman Catholic knows it and every Roman Catholic would be horrified to know how many of them steal up to that amount. Most of them lie. I have dealt with hundreds and hundreds of them and I have seen a good many of them then cry out to God to save them. Many of them first look into my face, into my eyes and lie to me until God gets a hold of their hearts and then they want to make light of it because they know they have lied. As long as they remain Roman Catholic they are committed to lie, and the sad thing is that you can't expect them to know God because I believe God does not condone sin and, although He forgives sin, I believe that He does not condone sin, yet the truth of God is not taught in the churches. The teachings are specifically dedicated to that which is given to be taught and all the rest is banned from participation, even to the reading. A Catholic is not given permission to even visit in another doctrinal sanctuary without having to confess it as sin.

THE BLACK VEIL/SISTER CHARLOTTE

Sananda in Radiance to continue with Sister Charlotte's testimony. Peace and blessings be upon ye ones. I shall sit with you, Dharma, while we place this upon the pages that man might see and hear and understand. Selah.

Sister Charlotte:

They came to me and sat me down before them. The Mother Superior began to tell me how it would be. She began by telling me that I would need to spill my blood just as Jesus did upon Calvary, I would need to be willing to do heavy, heavy penance, and I would have to live in crucial poverty. Now I was already living in the pit of poverty but I thought that would make me holier and closer to God. I thought it would make me a better nun so I was very willing to live in that poverty.

On that particular morning, she told me what I would be wearing. She said I would

spend nine hours in a casket and explained a number of other things to me. That was the most I knew about it, and I didn't really find out anything until I had taken my "white" veil.

On this particular morning in point, I was 21 years of age. But sixty days prior to my being 21 years of age, I would sign some papers that were placed in front of me and those papers were this: I would sign away every bit of inheritance that I might have received from my family after their death. Of course that was signed over to the Roman Catholic Church. Often times priests are enticing girls within the trap where the families have much property so that the Church will come into full inheritance of the child's birthright. I have reason to say to you that the salvation of your soul in the Catholic Church is going to cost you plenty of money. More than you can possibly know anything about--they are eager to commercialize on the life of that child.

On this particular morning, I asked the Mother Superior to give me a little while to think it over. No one forced me at this point and so I thought it over for a while and then one day I told her that I thought I would hide away behind the convent doors because I believed I could give more time to God; I could pray more and I would be in a better position to inflict more pain upon my body. I had no way of knowing the latter would be well taken care of without my participation. We are taught that God smiles down on us from heaven when we do penance, whatever the physical suffering might be, and the more the suffering the more the acceptance.

I didn't know how it would be. If you could only look into the hearts of little nuns, if you are a Christian you would immediately cry out before God in behalf of those little girls, because to themselves they are heathens. It doesn't make any difference as to the amount of education we might have--we are still heathens for we know nothing about this lovely Christ and nothing about any plan of salvation. We, as nuns, are simply living our karma within the convent.

And so, on that particular morning, I come walking down the isle again. Only on this day, I have no wedding garment on, I have a funeral shroud made of dark red velvet which falls to the floor. As I walk down that isle I know what I am to do. The casket is all prepared by the already cloistered nuns and it is sitting right out front. I knew that I would walk to the casket and climb within, lay my body down, and I would spend nine hours in there. Two little nuns would come forth and cover me completely with a heavy black cloth we call a "heavy drape", which is so incensed that ones feels certain smothering to death. I would have to stay there for the full nine hours or longer. I knew that when I would come out of that casket, I would never leave the convent--ever again. I knew I would never see my mother and father again--I would never go home again. I would always live totally behind convent doors and when I would die, my body would be buried there. They had told me that, so I knew it before the actual ceremony--but I had no way to comprehend a thing of such magnitude.

The worst and most terrible price to pay, however, was to open your eyes and realize

that the convents are not religious orders as we were taught and we were trained. It is a total disappointment to a young girl who has given her life to God and willing to give up everything and sacrifice so much. I can assure you that it was a heartbreaking and terrifying disappointment.

The nuns asked me what I thought of while in that casket. I spilled every tear in my body. I remembered every lovely thing my mother had done for me; I remembered her voice and the gathering around the table. I remembered the times when she would play with us and remembered the things she had said to me--even to what a marvelous cook she was. I remembered everything as a little girl growing up in my parent's home. I remembered everything as I laid in that casket--knowing I would never again hear her voice or see her face. I knew I would never sit to her table again or enjoy her presence or her food.

I knew all those things so for some four hours I simply spilled all the tears in my body, because it was so hard and I knew I would get homesick but I was giving it all for what I thought was the love of God. I couldn't know any better. Those were nine horribly long, long hours. Then I got a hold on myself and began to speak to myself, "Now Charlotte, you will make the very best Carmelite nun, it will be the best thing you have ever done and you will give your best and you are willing to give everything you have."

I had given the best that I had up to this point and I would now be even better for I knew I must be the best that I could be. The Mother Superior and Priests knew all about it also. Now, I realized that after I would walk out of that casket, I would go back into the Mother Superior's room. I had never been allowed within that particular room so I had no idea what was inside.

When I walked in the room the Mother Superior requires I sit down in a high backed, hard bottomed chair. Then I would immediately take three vows--of poverty, chastity and obedience. As I took those vows, she opened a little place on my earlobe and removed a portion of blood, because every vow must be signed in my own blood. After that, I would take the vow of poverty. Now, when I signed that vow I would henceforth be willing to live in crucial poverty for the balance of my life. The next vow is of chastity. You know, this vow represents my marriage to Jesus Christ and I would always remain a virgin and I would never marry another in this world. After the Bishop married me to Christ he had placed a ring on my finger and that meant I was sealed to Christ. I accepted it because I knew no better. And now, here I was again, vowing to always remain a virgin because I am the bride of Christ.

Please listen carefully for these things are so important to the things that I shall later share. The last vow was of obedience. I already felt I knew what obedience meant for I was already living in a convent and absolute obedience is demanded. You don't escape with any show of disobedience; not for even a moment. You don't get away with disobedience and you are made to realize what obedience is and it is demanded and

you know it. The sooner you learn it the wiser you become in stemming the consequences of disobedience.

WHAT DO THESE VOWS MEAN?

It means more than you folks will ever know because most people that I know anything about, know very little about obedience. You may know something, but I promise you that you know nothing compared to that which a little nun knows about it. Unless you have lived in a convent, you have no idea.

When I signed that particular vow in my own blood, it did something to me because after I signed those vows it meant I had signed away everything I had; my human rights were gone and I had become a mechanical human being. I can't sit until told to do so, I can't rise until they tell me to, I can't lie down until they tell me to and neither do I dare get up. I cannot eat until they tell me to, what I see--I don't see, what I feel--I don't feel; I have become a mechanical human being. But you are not aware of it until you have signed all these vows. Then you realize too late that there you are, a mechanical human being and you belong to Rome--totally to Rome.

AFTER THE VOWS--FORGOTTEN WOMEN

Immediately after I have taken those vows, then the Mother Superior is going to take away my name and give me the name of a patron Saint. And she teaches me to believe that whatever happens to me in the convent, I can take to that patron saint and she will intercede and get my prayers to God for I am not holy enough to stand in the presence of God. It is no wonder that the dear little nuns never get close to God for we were always taught that we would never be holy enough to stand in His presence. We always would have to go through someone else in order to get our prayers to God. We believe it because we don't know any better.

Now, all identification of who "Charlotte" was is put away. It would be taken away and if anyone should come to the convent and call for me in my family name, they would be told that there is no such person. I no longer exist!

Next, the Mother Superior is going to cut every bit of hair off my head. When she cuts it with the scissors she follows with the clippers. There is nothing left--not one strand of hair left on my head. Of course, if you could be a nun, you could understand that with the heavy head-gear we must wear that it would be so cumbersome to take care of it, that we don't have any way to take care of hair in the convent. There are no combs in the convent and you can see how hard it would be to tend a head of hair. It is certainly not necessary to have a comb after they finish with your haircut.

Alright, this is my "black veil" and these are my vows. I am there and I am going to stay there.

Up until this point I received a letter once a month from my family. I could also write a letter to my family. Even though I now realize that most of my writing would be marked out, because letters received from my family there was so much blacked out until there was no sense left to the letter. Oh, I would weep over those black marks while I wondered what my mother was saying to me. Well, I was informed that I would never know what they wanted to say to me and so it was. They break your heart over and over and the loneliness is complete. You have no friends in the convent.

I can assure you there are no friends. Even though there were 180 girls in my particular wing, not one was my friend and neither was I a friend to them. You are allowed no friends in the convent--we are all policemen and detectives just watching one another and compelled to tell on each other. The little nun who would find something to tell on another nun stands in good favor with the Mother Superior. Then that Mother teaches that nun to believe that when she stands in good favor with the Mother Superior, she is standing in good favor with God. Of course that little nun desires that so she will tell a lot of things which are not even truth.

SOLD MY SOUL

After all of this has so far transpired, everything I have is gone---I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR A MASS OF THEOLOGICAL POTTAGE. Not only are we destroyed in our bodies but many of us in our minds as well. Many of us, if we die in the convent, will have lost our souls. It is a serious and pitiful thing and I covet your prayers for all those little helpless nuns behind cloistered convent doors.

They will never know the gospel. They will never know Christ---they will only know evil in its most terrifying and hopeless form. They will never feel the reflection of God and the Christos--they will only know death and mechanical and tortured existence.

AFTER THE VOWS, THE NEXT - -

After the vows have transpired, the Mother Superior sends me into another room. When I walk into that room I see something I have never seen before. I see a Roman Catholic Priest dressed in a Holy Habit. He walks over to me and locks his arm into my arm which had never been done in any of my previous experience in the convent. I had never had a priest insult me in any manner; I had never had one even be unkind to me in the first part of my convent experience.

But here he is now, and of course I didn't understand what it was all about and I didn't know what in the world the man expected of me. I pulled from him because I felt highly insulted and said "shame on you". It made him very angry. The Mother Superior must have heard my voice for she immediately came to the room. She said, "After you've been in the convent a little while, you won't feel this way. The rest of us felt this way in the beginning but you know, the priest's body is sanctified and therefore it is not a sin to give our bodies unto the priest." In other words, they teach

every little nun this, "As the holy ghost placed the germ in Mary's womb and Jesus Christ was born, so the priest is the Holy Ghost and therefore it is no sin for you to bear his children."

Let me assure you, that is what they come to the convent for--there is no other purpose in all of this world for a priest to come to the convent except to rob those precious little girls of their virtue. I'll be telling you later in this testimony just what they really do.

At this point every bridge has been burned out from under me--there is no way back, I can't get out of the convent even though I pled; oh how I pled with that priest. I cried for my father--I wanted to go home. I told him I wanted to go no farther. He laughed in my face and, believe me, that is when you stand alone--there is none to whom to turn. You are caught in the circumstance for there is no way in which to get out of the convent.

I assure you, I stayed in the convent until God made a way for me to come out.

After all these things, now I am expected to go into the chamber with the priest. Did I go? No--I had not entered the convent to be a bad woman. I wouldn't have suffered as I had suffered to be a bad woman--I was there to be pure and Godly. I had entered the convent to give my heart, life and soul to God and I had no other purpose in being there. But you will soon learn why it is easier to do that which is expected than to disobey. Of course I refused to go into the private chamber with him, and would have fought until I spilled my last drop of blood. Well, I didn't go with him but on the next morning I knew that I would have to do penance.

A LITTLE PENANCE

When the Mother Superior said, the next morning, that I would need to do penance--I would be initiated as a Carmelite nun. I remember that when she walked me down into that particular place of penance, it was a dark room which was dark and cold. As we walked toward the front of the room I could see the little candles burning. Anywhere in the convent you will find the seven candles burning. As I came closer I saw the candles but I couldn't see anything else and of course I wondered what she was going to do to me. I felt terror rise in my heart for it is one thing you cannot completely get rid of.

As I came a little closer I could see something lying there on a board. When I came very close I could see it was a little nun lying there on what I call "a cooling board". The board was the same length as the girl. As I looked closely and watched the candle light flicker on her face, I realized the child was dead.

Questions rushed into my brain; how did she die, why is she here, how long has she been here--why am I here? But I had signed away every human right so I am not allowed to utter even one word. So, I just stood staring. Then the Mother Superior

said, "You stand vigil over this dead body for one hour and then another little nun will come to relieve you." So every few minutes during that hour I would walk over to the little body and sprinkle it with holy water and say "Peace be unto you."

I did exactly what they told me to do even though it was a terrible feeling. But I was not afraid of the dead people for I had already learned it was the live people we had to be most cautious of. I wasn't afraid of that little dead nun but oh, my heart ached for her.

After the little bell rang I realized my hour was up. Then as I am waiting for my signal to be relieved--we must always walk on our toes in silence--I wait. I waited silently and heard nothing but I was quite unnerved being there with the little dead nun--so when the relieving nun laid her hand on my shoulder, I let out a scream in total terror. I didn't mean to do it; I didn't break the rule of silence on purpose but I was scared.

Immediately I had to come before the Mother Superior and that was the first time I was to learn and know about a dungeon. I had no idea there were dungeons in the convent. Well, she put me in a place of total darkness, dirty and floorless, and left me there in the total darkness for three days and three nights, without food or water. I assure you, I didn't scream any more. I really tried to never again break the rules of screaming because I now knew there was a dungeon and they will promptly put you in it. Let me tell you it is not a nice place to be.

MASTERPIECE OF SATAN

Before I go further, let me tell you that this potpourri is a masterpiece of Satan--A MASTERPIECE OF SATAN, with his lying wonders and his traditions and his deceptions--it is a terrible thing when you know about it.

After the three days in the dungeon the Mother Superior came to me and informed me that I must do penance. She took me down into another room underground. As I entered the room I could see a piece of wood there, and as I got closer I could see that it was a cross. It was made of heavy timbers, perhaps eight to ten feet high. It was sitting on an incline and was very heavy. She had me walk to the base of the cross and she had me strip off my clothes and then had me drape my body over the foot of the cross. She pulled my hands underneath and bound them to my feet. This is where I would be spilling my blood but she had not told me how and neither could I ask just how I would spill it.

There were two little nuns who came with her and she gave them a flagellation whip which is a bamboo type pole with six straps on its end and on the end of each strap was a cross piece of sharp metal. Each nun was given a whip and they stood on either side of the cross. At the same time, those girls began whipping my body. When the metal hit my body it would, of course, slash my skin. It would cut into the flesh and I spilled blood, running down to the floor. Well, that was my spilling of blood, and being

human it wounded, it hurt--it was very painful but you dare not cry out. After the whipping is over, my body was not bathed but rather my clothing was put back upon my body and I have to go the rest of the day with the clothing sticking into the wounds.

When the night comes and I stand in front of my cell bed--we have to stand with our backs to each other to undress--I had to rip the cloth from my wounds and oh, it was terrible. I couldn't sleep at all that night; I was not a bit sleepy because I couldn't get all of my clothing off for they were dried into the wounds. The cloth remained dried into the wounds for several days. Neither could I eat the following morning of that awful event.

In the mornings we got a cup of black coffee in a tin cup and we could have no milk or sugar of any kind. We were also given one slice of bread made by the nuns of the cloister--it weighs exactly four ounces. That is all that is given for breakfast. Then in the evening there is a small bowl of soup made with only vegetables with no seasoning what-so-ever, with a half slice of bread. Three times a week I receive a half glass of skimmed milk. This was my food three hundred sixty five days in the year.

Of course I began to lose weight very rapidly because there was not enough food to eat. There was never a night that I went to bed without a hungry stomach. Sometimes the hunger pangs would be so severe I could not sleep. The pain would be gnawing and one could hardly stand it. You know, though, that you are still only going to get that one tiny slice of bread in the morning. Of course it couldn't begin to fill up the stomach and, of course, you have to work very hard all day.

I covet your prayers for those little nuns because you cannot imagine the misery. You will go to bed with a full stomach tonight but those little girls are starving, and they are lonely, wounded, heartsick and homesick. They are in total discouragement and worst of all, they have NO hope. No hope what-so-ever. You and I can look forward to the day when we can see Jesus--they have no hope, they believe they will never see Jesus. Please do not forget to pray for them.

ANOTHER INITIATION

A few days later the Mother Superior is taking me to another place for another initiation. When I go into the penance chamber this morning, we come into another area down there and the distance was quite a long ways to walk. It was a tunnel we pass through and then we come out into a room. When I walk a good distance into the room I see the candles burning and in addition I see a rope hanging down from the ceiling and I am so scared. I don't know what the ropes are for and I silently cry out in wondering what she is going to do. As you do the penances you begin to have a lot of fear in your heart. I can't say anything but I walk on and realize there are two ropes hanging down. She tells me to move over to the wall and stand sideways against the wall underneath the ropes. Then she tells me to put up both of my thumbs, and I did

so. She pulled one rope down and on it was a metal band which she fastens around the joint of my thumb and then the other. Now I am standing facing the wall, and she comes over by me to a crank on the wall and she begins winding. I feel myself moving and she is taking me right up into the air. She winds until my toes are just touching the floor and there she fastens it.

All of the weight of my body is now on my thumbs and on the tips of my toes. Not a word is spoken--no one utters a word. She walks out of that room and locks the door. If you can imagine what it means to hear a key lock in a door and know that I am strung up here helpless, you can't imagine---unless you are a nun. When she walked out of that room I couldn't know how long I would stay there.

They left me there wondering if "this was it"? Would I simply die like this? They left me alone without food or water. Within a few hours my muscles began to scream out with the pain, for I was, after all, a human being. I was suffering unbearably and that woman left me to hang and nobody came near. It does no good to cry. You can spill every tear in your body but nobody will hear--there is no one there to hear. I just hung there, finally being convinced I was to die there. I began to feel the swelling and then I don't know how much time passed. Finally the door opened one morning and the nun had something for me to eat and water in a pan with potatoes in it. The potatoes were not fit to eat.

There was a shelf on the wall facing me and it can be adjusted to the height of a nun. Now remember, I am not against the wall--I am several inches away from the wall. She raises the shelf to the height of my mouth and puts the food and water on the shelf in front of me. She says, "There is your food." and walks out.

She didn't let my hands down--how can I get the food? But you learn, for you are so hungry but worse, you are so thirsty you feel as if you are going mad. To get it, I discovered that if I raise one hand a bit higher the other would come down just a bit and then over and over bit by bit I finally could just reach the dish. I had to lap it like an animal but I got just as much as I could reach. I worked until I got as much of the potato as I could because I was starving--it was awful and I am so pained to remember.

That was the way I was fed for a while. I hung there for nine days and nine nights in that position. The time came when I was so swollen that I could actually see the puffing as it protruded. I thought my eyes would come out of my head. I could feel that my arms, etc., were two to three times normal size and I was that way all over my body. I was in real suffering as it was like my entire body was like a "boil".

On the ninth day she comes in and releases the bonds and lets me down on the floor. I fall but I cannot walk. I didn't walk for I don't know how long. Two little nuns carry me out, one lifts my feet and the other my shoulder. They carry me to the infirmary and lay me on a slab of wood and there they cut the clothing from my body. Nobody but God will ever know how awful; I am covered with vermin and filth--my own

human filth.

In that room are no facilities but right behind me is a stool with a pail and they have running water through it--but the lid is down and on the lid are sharp nails driven through the lid. If I would fall on that I would suffer terribly. If the rope would break I would have not survived and the suffering would be unbearable.

This, dear friends, is the life of a little nun behind cloistered doors. This is after they have already received the disillusionment--this is the life that we will live and these are the things that we will be forced to do.

I remember, as I lived on in that place, let me tell you that in the mornings we get out of our beds before 4:30 in the mornings. The Mother Superior taps a bell and that gives five minutes to dress. I tell you surely, you get that clothing on in five minutes--not five and a half. I failed once and was severely punished--I never failed again in all of the years in the convent.

When we finish dressing, we start marching and we march and march.

EVEN BEFORE THE BLACK VEIL

In the beginning days in the convent the lies were thrust forth. As an example, let us say a mother comes to visit and brings the child a bit of candy.

The mother would ask to speak to the Mother Superior and request to see the daughter. The child will then be brought to the other side of a wall where the mother cannot see her. But the mother will speak to her and ask if she is happy to be here. That little nun will lie and say to her mother that she is very happy. Well, the Mother Superior would be standing right there and the child would have no alternative. God alone knows what the Mother Superior would do to the little nun if she failed to lie. Then as a mother will, she will ask if the child has plenty to eat and the little nun will lie again and tell her "Oh, yes, we have plenty to eat."

That mother will then go home and be happy and share the news and a meal with the rest of the family. But if she could look within and see our table and see what her little girl eats--if she could just look in at her little girl after three or four years, she would see that her eyes are sunken completely into her head and her little body is wasted away. I can promise you that mother would never be able to eat another meal. If a parent could see a child after she has been in a convent for a period of time--they would never rest again.

Of course these things are all hidden, completely under-cover and the children have no choice--we are given what we shall have and we take it or die.

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Charlotte:

I was terrified of the Mother Superior for the ones who fill those positions are hard, oh, they are so hard and their hearts are so hardened.

There was no place safe from her appearance and no limit to that which she would put upon us. And she could make us do anything she wanted us to do.

Even into the laundry rooms which were already as bad as you would think it could be, she would come. I might be down in the laundry room -- let me tell you of the laundry room. Doing the type of laundry required of us was hard indeed, for the things we would wash were very heavy and the water would be sloshed out on the floor, which was of cement, and oh, it would be such a mess. And then, here would come the Mother Superior, who to me was the same as turning loose a lion who is very, very hungry. I was scared to death of her and every time I saw that woman somebody had to suffer. Everyone is terrified of her and she knows that we are afraid of her because she is cruel. I have hardly the heart to tell of it. Anyway, here she would come and there we are washing, and as we would hear her footsteps approaching and even before we would see her, we would wash a little harder.

When she gets down to where we are, she might address me and say, "You come out here". I'm out there like a flash because I am indeed scared. Then she would say, "Prostrate yourself down there and make a given number of crosses on that floor." It is a cement floor and of course I must prostrate my body and lick those crosses. Those are not little tiny crosses--as far as I can reach, I have to lick those crosses. And she watches my countenance and if I appear to not like it, she might double the number to ten or twenty-five or more. The very next morning she may walk through again and because she saw something in my face which made her believe I didn't like what she had caused me to do, she will probably call me again. My tongue will be entirely sore and bleeding but I will have to lick the crosses again.

They will also compel you to crawl the distance of a cathedral aisle, perhaps ten times or more. It will not be on a soft carpet, it will be on a floor of cement or gravel. You cannot crawl on your hands and knees but upright, on your knees only. I might be able to make it only the first six times and then my strength will fail and faint. She will pour water on me and require that I crawl again. Most often, she will do this again the following day. By this time there will be scabs on my knees and open wounds and blisters. But I must crawl again for penance for failure is ever so much worse. Dear ones, this is the life of little nuns in a cloistered convent.

Then we are led to believe that God is looking down out of heaven and smiling his approval as we suffer. They tell us that God is made happy through our suffering because they have convinced us we are heathens and there is no way for us to know

any better.

We have never been allowed to have a Bible. We have never had any scriptures--the nuns are totally ignorant of the words of God. We are raised exactly as the traditional Roman Catholic Church demands of us. We have no way to know about the lovely Gospel of Jesus Christ--and so, we have to do these things for the penalties for not doing them are so heinous that a little frail and battered nun cannot live through the ordeal. Oh, the burial vats are filled with little bodies and skeletons of the little ones who couldn't endure the torture.

The Mother Superior might walk through our cell doors, and by the way, there is nothing in there except the Virgin Mary holding the baby Jesus and there is the crucifix. Then there is a prayer-board. By the way, I'll assure you folks that you don't want to kneel on our prayer-boards. We kneel on it every day if we are able to walk under our own power. It is a board which is very short and very narrow with sharp wires coining up through it. Then the board upon which I will prostrate my arms also is covered with sharp wires. Well, I told you that we were going to suffer and do penance and this was a required portion of that suffering and penance.

As I lean on that prayer-board I am praying for lost humanity and I am believing, as I suffer, that my Grandmother, for instance, will be released from purgatory sooner because of my suffering. I would linger there longer sometimes, because I fully believed every moment would cause her to reach heaven sooner. That is all that little nuns know for that is all we are taught.

Every night we are locked within our cells. Every night the key is turned in those doors and there is no way to get up and come out of those cells. More than that, the lights are out at 9:30 and then at seven minutes to twelve two little nuns unlock all of the doors and every little nun gets up, dresses in full dress, goes into the inner chapel and there we again pray for one hour for lost humanity. We get very, very little sleep and we don't get enough food so our bodies are weak and sore and broken. We simply don't have enough strength to carry on after living there for a while. Little nuns have very short lives for their physical beings cannot endure the deprivation.

WE BELIEVE

We are taught to believe that as we spill our own blood, through torture or in any way that I spill blood by whipping or tormenting my body in any way, I am taught to believe that I will have one hundred less days to spend in purgatory. We have no hope; there is nothing to look forward to. After you live in a convent for ten years, you learn to realize that the Virgin Mary is just a piece of metal--a statue. I began to realize that St. Peter is just a statue. I began to realize that the statue of Jesus is just a piece of metal. In other words, we come to the place where we believe that our God is a dead God. I assure you, I lived in a convent long enough, not at first but after a few years, when we have spilled our tears and blood at the feet of those statues in prayer and no

prayer, oh, we realize that we have a dead God and so it goes. So, these precious little girls are taught to believe that as we whip our bodies or torture them and spill blood, that we will have one hundred less days to spend in purgatory. We believe in a literal purgatory and that literal purgatory is a fire which is going to burn and we will feel the flames of that fire.

When I say that nuns are forgotten women--just who do you think is going to say a prayer or pay the priest to have a high mass for those nuns who are in a convent? Why, when those little nuns die, no notification what-so-ever is given. Even the parents will not know when those little bodies are gone, so who is going to pray us out of purgatory? Who will buy our way out of purgatory? Oh, we realize after we are in there for a period of time that there is no purgatory. The only purgatory the Catholics have is the priest's pockets and the people fill his pockets with coins in order to pray for their dead.

There are thousands and thousands of Roman Catholics. In the month of November the Roman Catholic priests praying masses for the dead of the Roman Catholic people in the U.S. collected \$22 million. These were just for masses said for dead Roman Catholics in one month in your country. This is just to give you an idea of that which is going on every day right in front of you behind the lies and hidden crimes.

Thousands and thousands of mothers have worked their fingers to the bones to go to the priest and give him \$5 to say a mass for a loved one who she believes to be in purgatory. This is because that little mother believes there is a purgatory.

In the convent there is a painting of purgatory. There is nothing else in the room except that painting and it is terrible. Every Friday we have to walk around that painting and when we walk around it, I wish you could see the little nun's faces. What is on the painting? As you walk around it, it looks like a deep, bottomless hole out there and there are people falling in and already fallen in and the flames are lapping around the bodies of those people. Their hands are outstretched 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." Because we believe we are heathens, we don't know any better.

I might go some place in the convent and maybe I'll burn my body really bad, or torture it in some way to spill some of my blood because as I suffer I believe they are going to get out of that place where a priest put them. We are told there are millions and millions of people in purgatory that your own priests have put there by the word. When you finally know, you realize it is the biggest fraud in the world. He knows there is not a bit of truth to it. And bless your hearts, I say that if you take purgatory mass away from the Roman Catholic Church you will rob her of nine/tenths of her money and body--she would starve to death.

The Roman Catholic Church commercializes not only off of the living, but off of the

dead as well. On and on it goes and even after ones involved become aware, there is no likely way to break away into freedom. Very few dare to ever break away and in the prisons of the convents and monasteries--there is no way to escape.

BACK TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

It does not bother the Mother Superior to take one of those little girls to the Father Confessor. Once a month we go to confession and the priests come into the convent as our Father Confessor. We don't want to go in there, oh, we don't want to go in there. I may not know the particular man who is out there but I know he is a priest. I know those priests who come for I have been there and lived there long enough and have had contact with every one of them and know them all and I don't trust a single one of them who come into the convent. I know not about other places or other priests, remember, I am only telling you about that which I have experienced and know to be the truth.

We know something about what is out in that room and we know that today we are going to go to confession. It may take all day long. Then as we wait, here comes the priest. I have never witnessed the priest coming into the convent without intoxicating liquor under his belt. And I say to every man or woman, whoever you might be, if you get liquor under your belt you are not a man and neither are you a woman--you become an animal and a beast.

And so, we have a beast sitting out there with a straight back, hard bottom chair and no other things except the crucifix and the Virgin Mary. And here he is, sitting right out there in the middle. Now, the little girl has to walk out there all alone. She has to kneel down to that terrible man and as I look back, I am sure in my heart that he was a twin brother to the Devil himself. He is so full of sin, vice and corruption. You must go out there and kneel down before that man and I tell you, you are a lucky girl if you get away from that man without being destroyed.

Why, he is a drunken beast and not a man. He has a holy habit on and he is an ordained Roman Catholic priest--but he is a being of Satan. I assure you we do not like to go to confession but we must go once a month. Those little girls can't help themselves. Nobody comes out of that room but the priest and I, until it is all over, and then we come back and the next will have to come. I assure you, we don't appreciate that day and those little girls don't know any better and there is nothing they can do if they did know better. The Bible was a forbidden book to every one of those little girls so they had no way to know anything. Therefore, they are totally trapped by the Devil himself with no way to escape and no way to reach out for help. Do you realize, dear friends, we are the only help they have?--that we somehow tell you of the truth and you will spread this truth and then someone will do something to stop this torture and set the little innocent beings free. Oh, pray for them, I beg you, pray for them that God can work through you ones to save these little beings.

PRIESTS IN THE CONVENT

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 the nuns are. Now that Mother has a carnal mind and a carnal heart and she is very hard and very carnal. Further, she is, many times, the mother of many illegitimate babies and they belong to the priest. You know, she will take that priest who is drinking--they bring liquor right in with them, and sometimes the Mother and some of the nuns drink with them. It is a terrible place, it is certainly not a religious place as you would give that name. She will bring that priest into one of our cells and here you have a big man who is strong from being well fed and he is full of liquor and there is a little nun who is frail with a broken body and she will not have very much strength.

Now why has he come into that cell? For nothing except to destroy that little nun. I often wish the government could walk into that place just as a priest is let into a cell. The Mother will turn the key and the little girl is locked in there with that priest. There is no way to defend ourselves.

I am a nurse and I got my training by going through the underground tunnel into the hospital while I lived in an open order convent. But may I say that if you could look upon the body of that little girl after the priest is taken out of there, she looks like something thrown out into a hog pen and a half dozen old sows have maled that little body.

This is convent life and I can certainly understand why your priests are calling and complaining constantly and screaming their head off because I am giving this testimony. May I say to you that I don't mind if they continue to scream, I don't mind what they do to me for I am not one bit afraid of them and I will continue to give this testimony for as long as God gives me strength. I will give this testimony to my life's end regardless of what that church or those priests and prison-keepers do to me in your country. I know what I am doing, I know what I am saying and I am no longer afraid of anyone in all of this world for I am a child of God and God will allow my work to be finished whether I am killed or whatever might be in store for me. All you can do is murder me and then I care not what you do with my body after I am gone so I will continue until I have no more breath with which to speak--and then someone will perhaps pick up the message and carry it forth--God will see to it. I know that God saved me and brought me out of that place to do what I am doing--pulling the cover off of the convents.

I believe he saved me to uncloak these places of evil hiding under the cloak of religion. I believe this with all of my heart and soul.

GIVING TO THE PRIESTS

You know, we were only supposed to give our bodies to these priests and many times

the nuns are simply overpowered. But what if I refuse to give my body to the priest? He becomes furious and goes immediately to the Mother Superior and then, friends, when two carnal minds come together they can induce things that you and I have not enough evil in our hearts to even conceive. There is not enough sin in our lives to invent such things as they come up with to reap upon those poor little children of God.

When those two carnal minds come together, the next time they are all ready. The Mother Superior might say to me the next day that we are going to do penance. Now, the penance will be something the priest and Mother Superior have invented together. It will be very, very cruel. They may take me down into one of the dirty dungeons where there are no floors and you will find a room with a log about three feet long with a mound of cement with a ring sticking out of the ground. There are leather straps fastened there and they will put my feet through those rings and then strap my ankles securely. There I am, standing with my feet strapped to those rings--and they leave me there locked up in that place by myself. It is a dreadful place and I might stand there for two or three hours if I have strength enough in my body. Sometimes you become too exhausted to stand and you faint and you go down. But when you go down your ankles are turned over and then you cannot get up again. You might lie in that position for two or three days without anyone even coming near. There will not be a bite of food or a drop of water but you must stay there with the vermin and rats running over your body.

Of course no priest outside wants this--nobody outside wants this and they will do anything to make sure no one ever escapes alive from a convent. They will do anything to prevent anyone getting out to tell. Oh, it is terrible. Sometimes while lying strapped to those rings the priest will have his way and then the little nun will be left to lie in the suffering in the added shame and guilt.

Sometimes when a little nun refuses a priest he goes mad with anger and will beat the child and knock her to the floor and kick her--often times he will kick her in the stomach and very often the little nun will be carrying a baby created by one of the priests. It doesn't matter to the priest that there is a baby under your heart--he doesn't care for he knows the baby will be killed anyway. What can they do with babies born in places like that under the cloak of a religious order?--they can't be allowed to survive. Most of the babies are born premature and many are abnormal from the abuse and weakness of the mother. Very seldom do you see a normal baby. Oh yes, I shall continue to confess this and give my testimony until my last breath to stop this.

I am a nurse and I have delivered these babies and watched the little bodies wreaked with pain and the little nuns will bleed and many die and the babes are twisted and malformed and the agony is so great. This goes beyond anything the human mind can bear. I shall go before the courts and cry out and some of you will hear me and some day you will cause those convents to be opened and then you will see and know of the horror in those places. I have been before the highest courts in your country and I know what I am doing and I know what I am saying because I have been connected

with this awful system for 23 years behind convent doors.

BABIES BORN

Most of you little pregnant mothers have everything all ready for that tiny little bundle of joy. You are eager to bring forth a little child and you get everything all ready for its coming--that precious little immortal soul is going to be born into your home. Oh, but you should see that little pregnant nun--there is no joy in that place. The little one will never have a blanket about its body. It will never have a bath. It will only live at the most, four or five hours and then the Mother Superior will take that baby and put her fingers into its nostrils and cover its mouth and snuff its little life out. If the babe is what you would call perfect, then it is dealt with in a more horrible manner as a sacrifice. Either way the little life is snuffed out quickly.

What is then done with those little bodies? There are lime pits in those convents. The baby will be killed and it will be put into the lime pit and the lime will be put over its body and that is the way the baby's life ends. Oh, it is so hard to think about it and that is why I challenge people to pray. Ask God to deliver these children from behind those convent doors. Pray to God that every convent in the United States be opened and require the government go within. When the government goes in and the public goes in also, then you will have the nuns being brought out and the convents closed up.

They opened the convents in Old Mexico in 1934. There are no more of these convents in Mexico. Every cloistered order was opened and they found all this corruption. The lime pits are there--everything is there to be seen. If any of you are traveling and can, go over into Old Mexico and see for yourselves. The government took them and now own them and they are public museums. Go through those convents and look with your own eyes and touch the things with your own hands and then see whether or not you believe my testimony.

It will fill every drop of blood in your brain--it will do something to you that you cannot imagine--go through them. Go look at them and go through the dungeons, go into the tunnels, go to the lime-pits, look at the rows of skulls along the walls and then ask the guides where they all come from. Go see all of the devices of torture they use to inflict the horror upon the bodies of the little nuns. Go into the cells and look at the beds and see for yourselves. Oh yes, you can go--it will cost you twenty-five cents to go through one of them. Go see for yourself and then come home and maybe it will give you a greater burden to pray for the saving of those 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 had a mother and daddy and they loved me just as much as you love your children. When they let me go into the convent they were happy, they had no way to know this is the way it is. They never dreamed in their wildest imaginings that a convent would be like this.

There is a room, for instance, built for a specific purpose and suppose you are watching and they bring in a little nun who has been accused of doing something. There is a little partition there and a little lever there that when pressed a cover opens and there is a deep, deep hole underneath. It doesn't matter what she has done, if anything. But she had done something and it must be very serious. They bring her now to this particular place. Her hands and feet are bound securely and they drop her into that horrible, horrible pit. Then they are going to put the boards back down and no-one will ever know for there is plenty of chemicals and lime down there. But it is not that quick and easy. Six little nuns have to walk around that hole and we chant as we walk around that hole for we mustn't let any evil spirits to come out into the convent. So we sprinkle holy water over that hole. We may walk for six or more hours and then there will be six more nuns and on and on it goes until the last moan is heard from the pit and that is the end of the little nun.

Does it bother you to know that little nun is dead and lost and will never be delivered out of that convent except through this horrible manner? Does it bother you? Does it bother you enough to speak out? It bothers me and it breaks my heart. You who are Catholics--does it bother you? My God who is within--please hear us and do something!

* * * * *

Today it is fifty six years after the Mexican convents were opened--will you open them in the United States? Elsewhere? Or will you go on in the lie in my name of Christ and God while Satan murders these innocent little children? So be it for the decision not to act is the decision made. As the voice of Christ will you hear my petition through these words and through the outcry of blessed Charlotte and rescue those children? You cried out in anguish over the German holocaust and yet this goes on in front of thine faces and you allow of it--YOU ALLOW OF IT. HOW MANY TIMES WILL YE CRUCIFY ME? HOW MANY WILL YOU SLAUGHTER IN INNOCENCE IN MINE NAME? HOW MANY DESERVE THE MIRACLE OF GOD'S SALVATION? HOW MANY WILL HEAR MY CALL? HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE YOU OF BLINDNESS WAKE UP? YE ARE AFRAID? YE HAVE NAUGHT TO FEAR FOR EVIL WILL STAND NOT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LIGHT OF GOD--IT WILL FALL LIKE THE DOMINOS. WHO WILL HEAR MY PLEA AND BE MY HANDS AND FEET AND DEMAND JUSTICE? SO BE IT FOR THE CLOCK TICKS ON----BUT HOW LONG SHALL IT TICK?

ONLY A FEW KNOW

Bear with us as we unfold truth unto you. Dharma speaks for all when she feels that these things simply cannot be or more ones would KNOW. No, more ones would not know and that is why we are unfolding them unto you---people DO NOT KNOW!

How can a Catholic, and especially a priest, not know of these horrendous things

within convent walls? Easily, and completely "probably". If the general members knew, there would be no ability to continue with such Satanic power and control. Only the very few are made aware of these things perpetrated upon humanity.

As with the Masonic order. The evil is at the hidden top of the line--the innocent members are the slaves who raise money and go among the people doing good--'tis only the top conspirators who know the truth and orchestrate the remainder of you, the orchestra.

This is wily the Journals must be put forth for unless Lou of the orchestra come into knowledge there is no way to play the heavenly compositions and symphonies of God. The music played presently is mesmerizing and deceitful. So be it.

We shall continue with Sister Charlotte's testimony, please, and then afterwards we can speak of these things. I have no intention of being specific as to locations and pinpoint ones for the repercussion against our workers is too heavy. You readers will be given to know--if, for instance, you live near or have any connection to a convent with cloistered nuns you can know that this story is truth and you must take action to uncover the crimes and bring them into the light of day---remember, the hierarchy will do everything, including murder, to keep you fooled and the truth hidden!

How do you do it? You demand and demand and demand. If you are a family and you have a child in one of these places, you demand until they produce the child. Difficult? You better believe it will be difficult--but if you demand, you will receive and find of the way. I hope this story makes your heart bleed and be opened into sleeplessness---
PRAYER IS NOT ENOUGH--FIND THE WAY TO ACT AND DO SO. PRAYERS
HAVE COME UNTO ME TO DO SOMETHING; THESE BABIES HAVE
PETITIONED ME TO DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THEIR PAIN AND GET
THEIR FREEDOM--I AM HEREBY DOING IT. I AM DEMANDING THAT YOU,
OF MY PEOPLE, TAKE ACTION WITH YOUR MINDS, HANDS AND FEET,
AND RELEASE THESE INCARCERATED AND FORGOTTEN LAMBS OF GOD.
SO BE IT!

Sister Charlotte:

ON ANY GIVEN MORNING

Here we are, a body of little nuns and on any particular morning the Mother Superior might have us lined up and we don't know why she has us lined up. There might be ten or fifteen of us and then she'll tell us all to strip. We have to take every stitch of our clothing off. We certainly are not anything beautiful to look at; our eyes are sunken into our heads, our teeth are fallen in and our bodies are wasted. God only knows exactly what we look like because we never see ourselves. In 22 years I never saw a reflection of myself.

I didn't know I had gray hair or lines in my face. I didn't know how old I was--I only found that out after I came out and found records. These children know nothing about what we look like.

Here we are lined up and here come two or three Roman Catholic priests with liquor under their belts and there they go to march in front of those nude girls and choose the girls they want to take to the cell with them. These are cloistered convents, dear ones--not open orders.

The priest can do anything he desires and hide behind the cloak of religion. That same Roman Catholic priest will go back into the Roman Catholic Churches and there he will lie and say mass, and there he will go into the confessional box and make those poor believing people confess sins uncommitted and act as God and give them absolution from those perceived sins. This man sits as God while he is filled with corruption and vice. What a terrible thing it is but therefore it goes.

INSIDE OF CHARLOTTE

All the while these things are going on, what do you think is going on inside of Charlotte? God love your hearts, I didn't know people could hold so much hatred and bitterness. It went on and on and on. I became filled to overflowing with bitterness and hatred--it built and continued to build. I began to feel within my heart, that if I could get the Mother Superior in a certain place I would kill her. It is awful to get murder within our hearts. I didn't go into the convent with a heart like that, nor a mind like that but I began to plan murder in the convent. How could I kill her and how might I kill a Roman Catholic priest and on and on it went.

Every time she would inflict something awful on my body and I would have to suffer so terribly, afterwards when I could sensibly think again, it would be how I might kill that woman.

How would you feel? Here is the Mother Superior and she sits me down in a straight backed, hard bottomed chair and I have no hair for it has all been shaved away. Now she makes me hold out my arms and she puts my hands out front in stocks. I am going to have to bend forward with my head bowed in order to put my hands in the stocks and an upper holder across my neck. I am fastened securely with no way to move in any direction.

Over my head is a water faucet just a few feet higher than my head if I were standing. That Mother turns that water on--just a drop and it will come regularly and it will hit me on the back of my shaved head. I can't move in any manner what-so-ever and I sit there for hours upon hours. I would do anything, anything, to get away from that drop of water. It is falling on the same spot on my head--over and over. Why God love your hearts, if you could look in, you would see us frothing at the mouth. You would see those little girls trying so hard to move away from that water and they will sometimes

leave us ten hours or more. All day long they leave us there.

Sometimes a little nun "cracks" completely. Sometimes a little girl will go stark raving mad under this particular penance. Well, when this happens, what do they do with her? I'll tell you in a few minutes because let me assure you, they have a place for her! After we go mad in the convent, they certainly have a place to take care of us.

I began to plan and plan how I could kill her because after you have experienced something like this it is terrible and you can no longer think rationally.

One day, it happened. The Mother Superior became violently ill. Now if she dies, who will take her place? Sometimes they have as many as four older nuns and let me tell you, they have been hardened and trained and they will always pick the one who is hardest. The one who is most carnal and evil, that one who no longer has conscience--that is the one who will be the next Mother Superior. Remember that the trainees are trained by the main Mother Superior and therefore another even more vicious will take her place.

This particular time of illness, I was summoned to her room for she was gravely ill and remember, I am a nurse. Quickly as a blink I began to think that if I go in that Mother Superior's room, I know what I'll do--you know, after all, I'm a nun but I'm already, after all, a complete heathen and sinner. I don't know God and I am filled with hatred.

They have brought in an outside Roman Catholic doctor for she is very ill. He has left orders and I am supposed to take care of her and that was just wonderful. I do take care of her and all day long I did exactly what they told me to do. They left tablets for her which I knew exactly what they were, what they would do and why she was taking them.

All day long I tended her and gave her the medicine and did everything I was supposed to do. All evening long I followed instructions for I knew I must be most careful. I waited until one o'clock in the morning before I took any action because every night the nuns must chant from 12:00 to 1:00 a.m. I waited until all the little nuns had returned to their cells and then I took six of those tablets and gave them to her in a glass of water.

I knew she would go into convulsions and I knew it would be horribly painful. I knew she would suffer a million deaths in twenty-five minutes. I wanted to watch her suffer because she had destroyed us. It is terrible to think that a child can be abused in a place like that until her heart is almost as hard as the Mother Superior herself.

After I gave them to her I waited a minute and then I got scared. I watched her change color and I couldn't find a heartbeat or a respiration. Then I became terrified for God alone knew what they would do to me if they found her dead.

Well, I got a stomach pump and pumped as fast and hard as I could. I massaged that woman and I did everything I could imagine to do and thank God, she didn't die.

I sat down by the bed and held her hand while I watched her carefully until the respirations returned to normal and until her pulse was normal and I knew she would live.

THE KEYS

While I sat I realized that the keys to the convent were also there in that room, on a ring on a chain that was always kept on the Mother Superior's body. I took those keys and I was going to go down under that ground where we were never taken. There was one very heavy door into an area some two stories down in the underground. All nuns were warned to never try to go through that door. What in the world could be over there? But I wondered what was back there because when they had me in the dungeon for a long time once, I heard screams coming from over there. I heard such blood-curdling screams and I knew there were girls locked up somewhere behind that wall.

So I took the keys and I went into that particular place. It took a while to find the proper key but I found it and unlocked that door and went into the area behind the wall. I first walked into a narrow hall. Along one side of the hallway were a number of cells with extremely heavy doors and within those cells were some nuns.

I was hit with a stench which almost took my own breath away. I went to the first cell and I was appalled. I asked the child how long she had been there. No answer. I asked how long it had been since she ate. No answer. I went down to the second, third, fourth and fifth and the stench became so bad it couldn't stand it. Those little girls would not utter a sound because they knew the convents are "wired" and any sound made is played to the Mother Superior--every whisper. And then, there is always someone to "tell" and the penance is terrible.

Those were the nuns who had mentally gone mad. They were then put into chains strapped to the walls where they cannot even fall to the ground. When they are put in there they are given no food and no water and they are left there in that manner until they are dead. The stench is so bad because many of them are already dead and the waves of sickness swept over me and I couldn't even know how long some of them had been dead. I can't go on - - - .

BACK TO MOTHER SUPERIOR

I felt my way back to the room where Mother Superior lay ill and replaced the keys for I knew not what else to do. I sat down by her bed and waited. She slept into the following day--long, long hours she slept. When she did awaken she said, "I have had

a long, long sleep haven't I?" I told her that she had. I took care of her for three days and I never knew at that time whether or not she ever knew I had gone into the forbidden chamber.

After the three days, they put me out in the kitchen. When we do our tour in the kitchen, six of us go for a period of six weeks. We do the cooking and do the kitchen work. We prepare the vegetables and the soup, and we tend the vegetables at a long table along one side of the room. It is a very long room and at one end of the room are about four steps down to a landing just inside a very heavy outside door. The garbage cans sit there.

While I am there working, someone tipped over one of those garbage cans. We are terrified for we are never allowed to make any noise lest we be terribly punished. We were all six present so we wondered who in the world had touched the garbage cans. Well, as we stared around we saw a man who was picking up the full cans and leaving empty ones. I had never seen anything like that in all the years I had worked in that kitchen. I believe God had just laid his hand on me and with all my heart I know it to be true.

We turned quickly away for it is a mortal sin to look upon a man other than a Roman Catholic priest, so we turned around most quickly and bent to our work. But I thought in a flash--when that man comes to exchange cans again, I am going to somehow get him a note.

Well, it continued, because there is a pencil and a bit of paper hanging in the kitchen where items of need are written. I stole a piece of paper off the pad and I carried that little piece of paper and every time I could get my hands on that pencil I would write a word or two on the note. Oh, I watched that garbage can and everytime I took the garbage down there I watched it. And when it was just about full and I thought that the next evening it would be full when the day's garbage was added, I made my plans.

As I worked, I very quickly broke my crucifix and laid it up on a shelf. I had a very hard time doing it because constantly everyone is watching everyone else. But I did it and I laid it up on the shelf so everyone could see it and went about my work. I had to have a way in which to get back to that room later.

When the dinner is over and the dishes are tended, everyone leaves at the same time and we must march past the Mother Superior. When I marched by I quickly stopped and whispered to her saying, "Mother Superior, I broke my crucifix and I left it in the kitchen. May I go for it?" No nun is expected to go without her crucifix and she asked how I had broken it and I lied to her--everything she asked me, I lied to her just as convincingly as I could. I guess I had learned to lie because she lied to us and we are all sinners so I lied, too.

She finally told me to go get the crucifix and come right back. That's all I wanted

because I had to have a reason for no one can return to the kitchen after you have left it. And so I headed directly for the garbage pail because when I had put my last garbage in the pail I had left a note right on top of that garbage and left the lid off which was forbidden, and so it went.

I had written on the note to the garbage man, "If you get this, won't you please help me. Won't you please do something to help me out of this place." I told him about those nineteen cells in the underground and the dungeons. I told him about the babies being killed and I also told him other little nuns were locked in the dungeon and were bound with chains. I told him plenty and asked him to help us. I said if he would, please leave a note under the empty cans. That is what I went back for and prayed hard that there would be an answer.

When I lifted up the can and found a note, you cannot imagine how I felt. I froze to the floor I was so scared and didn't know what to do. I picked that piece of paper up and read it and this is what it said: "I'm leaving that door unlocked and I'll leave the big iron gate unlocked and you can come out." It was almost more than I could conceive. I never dreamed I would ever get Out of that convent--I never really dared dream I might find a way.

THE ESCAPE

When I could collect myself, I reached over and turned the knob and, you know, it was open. I walked out of that convent and turned and made sure the door was locked behind me. I got all the way to the huge iron outer gate and oh, I was trapped--the gate was locked and now I was trapped. I was terrified for now I was locked out of the convent and I cannot get out of the gate. I have no right out there and I knew I would be destroyed if I turned back. I was scared half to death and couldn't move for a while. The fear washed over me until I was sick for God alone could know what they would do to me if I went hack and pounded on that door to be allowed back in.

I had no shoes or stockings for I had worn them out years before. The richest Church in the world and the nuns go winter and summer without shoes or foot coverings of any kind. Even in crucial poverty, I still wonder at how they can do it, or how any of the children survive.

What did I do as I stood in front of that huge gate? Well, I had no real choice in my own mind--I started to climb it for there was nothing else for me to do.

About a foot from the top is a ledge about six inches wide. I thought if I could manage to climb high enough to get my knee on it I would be safe. I did, I got one knee on the ledge but I had no more strength. Then I recovered enough to think a bit and I thought if I could get one leg over the sharp projections, and then the clothing, then I could get my other leg over and at least I would be on the other side of the fence. Well, then I knew I was faced with another decision for I knew I had not enough strength to let

myself down the other side and would have to jump. It was a high gate and I knew I would break my bones if I fell or jumped.

I pulled all my clothing up around my body and held them with one hand and then decided I would simply have to jump. Oh gosh, I was scared because, you know, they have a buzzer in the convent and when a nun tries to escape they turn the buzzer on. Then, funny thing--the priests who claim never to come to the convent, pour out like ants when that buzzer goes off. They really set to right fast, then. They are immediately out and after that nun because they don't want her out of that convent because some day, she will give a testimony if she escapes. I assure you, they do not intend for any of us to ever get out!

As I sat atop that gate and made that jump--I just didn't make it--which seemed bad at the time for there I hanged. My clothing caught on those points and I just hung there. I didn't know what I looked like and I certainly didn't know I had gray hair but I have often said that perhaps my hair turned gray right there on that gate. I was in terror realizing that buzzer could go off any minute and there I would be.

I tried to wiggle my body or swing it for if I could get back far enough to grab the fence with one hand, perhaps I could help myself with the other. Then I tried unfastening the portion that was caught for it was the garment worn and attached at the waist. When I did this, I promptly hit the ground. I was completely unconscious and I lay there for some time but I don't know for how long.

When I came to, I had a shoulder broken and my arm was broken and the bone had snapped and cut right through the flesh because there was no "meat" on me, just skin.

Well now, I realize I am severely injured, I am on the outside and now, what will I do--where am I going? At this point I know that I am not in the United States, for I am in another country and I don't know anything about that country. When they had brought me to the place, they kept me completely veiled and I couldn't see anything and I have no idea where I am and I don't know Where to go and I no longer know anyone in the world, anyway. I have no money and I am hungry and my body is broken and what will I do? Where will I go?

I realized I must move away from the convent and I did. I just started moving away. I was so afraid for it seemed I had made so much noise and I couldn't move quickly and I was so scared they would find me. I moved along in the darkness. There was no twilight in that part of the country and it just dropped off into darkness and I can barely make out outlines of some things. I found a little building to the side of the road--very small--and I didn't know what it was. I thought it might be a dog house or chicken coop or something similar. I crawled in it because I was shaking and scared and I laid in there for a little while to get a hold of myself.

Then I realized it was safer for me to travel in the dark for I would surely be seen in

the daylight. I stumbled on through all that night and then the next day I hid behind some pieces of boards and tin piled up against an old building. All day long I was hiding in that hot place and I was starving and broken--I now realize I was being kept alive for some mission and so I held on and waited my chances.

When night fell again, I have to move because I must get away from that convent. It was not safe to knock on anyone's door. If I rapped on a Roman Catholic's door they would immediately take me right back to the convent. I now knew that it would be better to be dead than be taken back. I stumbled on and on and the next day I hid out in a stock pen. The night fell and I traveled on. The next day I was really scared because my arm was swelled as tight as it could be and I was having to carry it in the other hand. All my fingers began to turn blue and I knew gangrene poisoning had set in. I knew at that moment that I would probably die just like a rat in that rubble. I didn't know what to do but I felt I couldn't go this far and fail. I knew I might have to go and rap on someone's door.

Finally, that is what I did. I remember that as I walked out of that barn and stumbled along I could no longer think. As I stumbled along I came to an old house with an old fashioned lamp burning inside. I saw this lamp for quite a ways before I reached the house. It was the home of poor people and I could go no further. I walked up to the screen door and rapped on it. A tall man came to the door and he was rather old and I asked, "Please, may I have a drink of water?" That old man didn't answer me but he walked back into the house and called to his wife. God bless her heart, she was like most old fashioned mothers, she came to the door and she didn't ask who I was or what I wanted. That dear little woman just pushed that door open and said for me to come in and sit down.

GODLY PEOPLE

That was the most beautiful music I have ever heard--her sweet voice. She pulled out a chair for me and I sat down. I was so tired and they were obviously so poor as they had no rugs or anything very much, but there was a little checkered table-cloth in red and white on that little table and I will never forget it. There was a little stove in the corner and a fire in it. That woman put some milk in a pan and heated it and brought it to me. I am starving and I have no manners, and I grabbed that glass of milk before she could even set it down and I swallowed it all instantly. I am so hungry I thought I was going mad.

Of course, the moment it touched my stomach it came right back up--I lost it instantly. Not only was I starved but I had had no milk in twenty-two years. I simply couldn't take it and I felt so embarrassed and so miserable. But she knew what to do. She went out to the kitchen and heated water and added sugar to the water and then she brought it over to me and fed it to me a spoonful at a time. I took every bit of it and it was the best thing I ever had had pass my lips.

Then the daddy walked over by me and asked who I was and from where I had come. I began to cry and I told them I had run away from the convent and I wouldn't go back. He then asked what happened to me because my hand was laying up on the table. I told him about the gate and falling and he could already see that I was badly hurt.

He said that he would have to get a doctor. Then I became totally hysterical and I tried to run back outside and they wouldn't let me. He said, "Wait a minute, we are not going to hurt you but you must have help." I cried that I didn't have any money and I don't have any people and I can't pay a doctor's bill. I was just in a terrible mess, if you want to know it.

That man said to me, "I'm going after a doctor--and he is not a Roman Catholic and neither am I. You are safe with us." That dear man didn't have a car so he took a horse and buggy and drove nine miles to get a doctor.

The doctor came ahead in his car and when he arrived, ahead of the man, he walked around me and kept walking around me and he was swearing. He was furious because he was looking at something that was supposed to be a human being and I in no way even resembled a human being. I was in such horrible condition.

He sat down in front of me and he said he would have to take me to the hospital--right then. I pleaded not to go, I was so terrified. He sat closer and took my good hand and he said he was not going to hurt me but that I must have help and he wanted to help me.

He took me into the hospital that night and that was the first time I ever knew how much I weighed--I am a large woman by frame and I weighed exactly 89 pounds.

They took me into surgery and they tried to get the inflammation out of my hand. It took about twelve or thirteen days and they had to break and re-break the bones and I suffered, but nothing like that in the convent, for they would give me something to ease the pain and I had only known things to make pain worse.

Finally it came so that I could be released and those dear poor people took me in. I had been in the hospital three and a half months and the doctor wanted to take me to his home but I only trusted the first little people. So they took me home with them and I stayed there for a period of time and the doctor stayed in touch and checked on me.

One day there was a letter from the doctor and check enclosed. He asked them to go and get me some clothes that he was coming to get me on a certain day. He told me that he would find my people for me. That doctor was a stranger to me and oh, I thank God that there are men and women across this world who are so unselfish as to use some of the money that God has allowed them, to help those less fortunate than they.

They spent a lot of money on me for I was hospitalized for three and a half months and

he paid the bills. Oh how I appreciate it.

These dear ones bought me clothing and something to carry them in and then the doctor came and took me to the train. He had found my people for me. I was on trains and boats for a long time and then one day, after he had arranged my visa for me to return to the U.S., he arranged for someone to travel with me at all times because I didn't know what to do or how to do anything for myself in the world.

HOME!

One day as we traveled by train, they called the name of the town where my mother and daddy lived. And I remembered. I got off that train and ran all the way to their home, some five blocks in that little town. My daddy came to the door and I looked at his face and I didn't know him. I asked if he knew where my father lived? He asked who I was and what is your name. I gave him my family name as I remembered it and that man looked at me and then opened the door and asked me to come in because he didn't recognize me. My mother was a total invalid and he took me back to her bed. She didn't know me and I didn't know her but it was wonderful to be home. She was in the hospital for a while and then she passed on.

My father paid all those bills and reimbursed all those ones who had helped me to get home--every one of them.

Now, do you know what God did? I am a nurse and so I went to work in a hospital. One day a woman came into that particular hospital and I was sent into her room to prepare her for the surgical table. I became that woman's special nurse in the hospital and when she went home I went with her to tend her in her home.

That woman, when she was well enough, asked if I would please go to church with her. I lived with her long enough to become her friend. I lived there long enough to read the Bible to her because I was her nurse and I did that which she requested of me. I had never read a Bible in all of my life and she would find the scriptures and then I would read them to her. As I read the word of God, and I could tell which were the true words of God, and it began to reach through and into my heart. Finally she asked me to go to church with her and I went with her. I sat there and heard the gospel for the first time in my life. I had never heard anything like that and it was so beautiful.

All the while she was telling me about God and the Christ and the plan of salvation and how I needed God and I could see how I had been lied to and the hatred I still bore within my heart.

Every night I would settle her comfortably and then I would take that Bible and go into the basement. I would lay that book on a chair and I would challenge God. I would ask if He heard what that preacher said? I would repeat everything that I could remember and I petitioned that if He were God and if He were a real God, I wanted what those

people who knew Him, had. But if you are not God, then don't give me anything because I cannot bear any more. I refused to take anything that was not of God because I was too broken to bear it.

I did that for several nights and I couldn't eat, either. I couldn't sleep and I was beginning to fail. But one night I was attending the service and right in the middle of that service I was pulled to my feet and I raised my hands and I ran down that aisle and I fell on that altar and I cried out my heart. God met me there and forgave me of every sin in my life and He allowed me to forgive myself and oh, how I praise Him for it. Praise His wonderful name. God healed me and He took me in. I tell you now, I met the Christ and I met God and I would not give that up for anything in this world that you might have. He is the best friend, the most wonderful thing that I have ever known.

MY BEST FRIEND

I can tell Him anything I want to tell Him and He will listen and He will tell no other of that which I told Him. I can sit at His feet and I can say "Jesus I love you" and tell Him every secret of my heart. I can pour it out to Him and I don't have to worry about Him telling what I told Him. He is the best friend you can ever have. He is able to do anything and all things. He can set you free just by knowing Him.

He gives me the strength to do that which I must do now that I am out of the convent. Pray for me--please pray for me. I will be going places where it will be predominantly Roman Catholic and I'll have to suffer much. But I am willing to do that for Jesus because I know He suffered every pain I bore in that place of hell. I must tell everyone I can and in every place I can about my life and give my testimony. I must do what I can to free those little girls from those awful places of Satan.

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From Revelations: "And I saw the woman drenched with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And when I saw her I wondered with great admiration."

WHO WILL COME WITH ME? WHO WILL WALK WITH ME? WHO WILL COME THAT I DO NOT WALK ALONE? PLEASE TAKE MY HAND AND COME WITH ME. I AM SANANDA.

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