Victory Everlasting Gospel Church

Sabbath June 24, 2017

**“Charlotte’s Story”**

Today’s sermon is actually a story of a real life experience of a once Roman Catholic woman named Charlotte Keckler. Her story is hard to believe that it could possibly have happened; but it did and the following is her personal account of what she endured.

Before we begin, Let us pray …

Here is Charlotte Keckler’s story of her experiences:

I grew up knowing only the catechism of the Roman Catholic Church. And because I loved the Lord, I wanted to give Him my life. I didn’t know of any other way for a Roman Catholic girl to give her life to God other than by entering a convent.

The time came when they took me about a thousand miles away from home. where I entered a convent boarding school. I lacked about three months of being thirteen years of age – just a little girl. I look back on it now, and think, my I was homesick. I was so homesick! Well, my mommy and daddy stayed three days with me and then they left. I became so homesick. I was just a baby away from home. I’ll never forget when mother told me, “Good-bye.” I knew they were traveling a long distance away, but I never realized that I’d never see her again. Naturally I hadn’t planned it like that because I’d planned to be a sister of the Open Order. Until I took my White Veil at sixteen and a half years of age, everything was beautiful. I really didn’t have any fear in my heart whatsoever.

Now the priest teaches every little girl to believe that because she is in the convent, her family will be saved. It doesn’t make any difference how many banks they rob, how many stores they rob. It doesn’t make any difference how they drink and smoke and carouse and live in this sinful world. Our family will be saved if we continue to live in the convent and give our lives to the convent and to the Church.

We looked upon our priest – our Father confessor – I looked upon him as God. He’s the only god I knew anything about. I didn’t think he could sin. I didn’t think that he would lie. I didn’t think that he ever made a mistake. I looked upon him as the holiest of holies.

Now I’m living in the convent and I haven’t seen anything yet. We don’t know what lies ahead until we take our Black Veil, and then it’s too late. I don’t carry the keys to those double doors, and there’s no way for me to come out. The priests will tell all over the world that nuns can walk out of convents when they want to. I spent twenty-two years there, I did everything that I could do to get out. I’ve carried tablespoons with me into the dungeon and tried to dig down into the dirt. But I never yet found myself digging far enough to dig out of a convent with a tablespoon. They’ve built those convents so little nuns can never escape. That was their purpose in building them.

Now a lot of people try to tell me that they know all about convents. But you know that 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’ve told, because they’re lying to protect their faith. They can do more than that. They can steal up to forty dollars and they don’t have to tell the priest about it in the confessional box. They are taught that. I’ve dealt with hundreds and hundreds of them. Before they get saved, they look into my face and hold my hand and lie to me. But after God gets a hold of their heart, then they want to make it right.

But as long as they’re Roman Catholic, they’re permitted to lie. God does not condone sin. I don’t care who you are. God does not condone sin. In the convent, we were heathen. We knew nothing about the lovely Christ -- nothing about the plan of salvation.

So when I took my Black Veil, I came walking down the aisle wearing a funeral shroud. It’s made of dark red velvet. Now I know what I’m going to do. The casket is already made by the nuns of the cloister. When I come down there I’ll step into that casket and lay my body down. I’m going to spend nine hours in there. And two little nuns will come and cover me up with a heavy black cloth. And, you know, it’s so heavily incensed that I feel like I will smother to death.

You say, “What did you do when you lay in that casket?” What do you think I did? I spilled every tear in my body. I remembered everything as a little girl growing up in my home. I gave it all up. What for? For the love of God, I thought. I didn’t know any better.

After I signed the vows with my own blood, do you realize that I have become a mechanical human being? I can’t sit down until they tell me to. I don’t dare to get up until they tell me to. I cannot eat until they tell me to. And what I see I don’t see. What I hear I don’t hear. What I feel I don’t feel. Then you realize - “Here I am - a mechanical human being.” I belong to Rome now. I’ll assure you that right now.

Now the Mother Superior is going to cut every bit of hair off of my head. She puts the clippers on it, and I mean there’s nothing left.

This is my Black Veil. I had no friends in the convent because we are not allowed to be friends. We are all policemen watching to find something to tell on each other to get in good with the Mother Superior. The nuns are taught that when they stand in good favor with the Mother Superior, they stand in good favor with God.

Now I don’t know what’s going to be in the next room. When I walk into that room I see something that 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 in my arm which he had never done in the first part of my convent life. I pulled from him because I felt highly insulted. I pulled from him and I said, “Shame on ya.” It made him very angry. I know what it’s like to have my front teeth knocked out. When a nun refuses to sin with a priest, he might get you down and kick you in the stomach. It doesn’t bother a Roman Catholic priest to kick little nuns in the stomach with a baby under their heart because the Mother Superior is going to kill the baby anyway. I’ve delivered those babies. Then they put it down in the lime pit, and that’s the end of baby.

Now every bridge has been burned out from under me. There’s no way back. I can’t get out of the convent, even though I pled. Oh, how I pled with that priest, “Send for my father. I want to go home. I don’t want to go any farther.” He only laughed in my face. And let me tell you, that’s when you stand alone.

After all of this, my mail was stopped. I’ll never receive another bit of mail from my family. I belong to the Pope. I belong to Rome. I lived on the first floor until my Black Veil. After the Black Veil, they take me to live under the ground.

Now I’m going to have to go to penance the next morning. It was a dark room. As we walked into this room it’s dark and it’s very cold. When we walked in I saw little candles burning. And I wondered, “What is she going to do to me?” Fear is the thing in our hearts that we can’t get away from.

When I came a little closer I saw something lying on a board there. When I came real close I realized that here’s a little nun lying on that board. When I could see her face I realized that this child is dead. And, oh, I wanted so much to say, “How did she die? Why is she here? How long do you keep her here?” But, you remember, I signed away every right. And so I can’t say one word, but I stood looking.

Then the Mother Superior said, “You stand vigil over this dead body for one hour.” And at the end of the hour a little bell is tapped and another nun will come to relieve me. I would have to sprinkle holy water and ashes over the body. And I did exactly what they told me to do.

We walked on our tip-toes. No noise was made in the convent. And they don’t speak, they just touch you. And of course, my being down there with that little dead nun, I was full of fear, so when that girl laid her hand on my shoulder I let out a scream. I didn’t mean to do it. I didn’t break that rule on purpose, but I was scared. And immediately, I had to come before the Mother Superior and that’s when I first learned about a dungeon. They didn’t tell me there were dungeons in the convents. And she put me in such a dirty, dark place, with no floor in it for three days and nights. And I didn’t get any food or water. And I’ll assure you I didn’t scream any more.

Popery is a masterpiece of Satan. I said it’s a masterpiece of Satan with his lying wonders, and its traditions, and deception.

The very next morning she said again to me, “Charlotte, you’re going to do penance.” She took me down into another room. When we came walking down this time I could see a big piece of wood, but I didn’t know what it was. When I came a little closer there was a cross. It was made of heavy timber. It was eight or ten feet high. And she had me walk over to the base of the cross, and then she made me drape my body over the foot of that cross, and she pulled my hands underneath and bound them to my feet.

That’s where I learned to spill my blood. She gave two little nuns a flagellation whip. It has six straps on it. And on the end of those straps is a sharp piece of metal. Those little nuns stood on either side of the cross, and began whipping my body. When that metal hit my body it would cut into the flesh and I spilled blood. It was running down to the floor. After the whipping is over they don’t bathe my body. They put my clothing back on. I couldn’t sleep that night. I just wasn’t a bit sleepy because I couldn’t take off my clothes. They had dried in those wounds. I didn’t take them off for several nights.

In the morning we get a cup of black coffee. We can have no milk and no sugar. And we have one slice of bread that’s made by the nuns of the cloister. It weighs four ounces. That’s all I get for breakfast. Then in the evening I get a bowl of soup. That’s fresh vegetables cooked together. There’s no seasoning in the soup whatsoever, and a half a slice of bread. And three times a week they give me a half a glass of skim milk. That consists of my food three hundred and sixty five days in the year. I began losing weight very rapidly, I’ll assure you, because I didn’t have enough to eat. I don’t know the day I went to bed without a hungry stomach. Sometimes it would be so hungry I couldn’t sleep. The pain was gnawing. You can hardly stand it. And of course we have to work hard all day long.

A few days after this, the Mother Superior is taking me back for another initiation. And when I go into the penance chamber this morning I see those candles burning. And I see something else - There’s ropes hanging down from the ceiling. And, oh, I wonder what the ropes are for, and what’s she’s going to do. Then she tells me, “You go over there against the wall.” And she asks me to put up both of my thumbs. And I did. Then she fastens a metal band around the joint of my thumb. Then the other rope comes down and it fastens around the other thumb. And there I am standing facing the wall. Then she comes over and starts winding. And I start moving. She’s taking me right up in the air. And, you know, when she gets me so just my toes are on the floor - just on my tip-toes - she fastens it. And there I hang. And all the weight of my body is on my thumbs and on my toes. Not a word is said. No one speaks a word. And she walks out of that room and locks the door.

Do you know what it means to hear a key locking a door, and know that I’m strung up there like that? You’ll never know unless you’re a cloistered nun. How long will that woman leave me there? And they didn’t come to give me food. They brought me no water. And I thought, “Is this it? Am I going to die back here just like this?” I’m still a human being. My muscles began to scream out with the pain. I was suffering.

And that woman let me hang. And no one came near. And what good would it do for me to cry? You can spill every tear in your body. Nobody will hear you. There’s no one there to care how many tears you spill. And so I just hung there. Finally I felt like I couldn’t stand it - I’ll surely die if they don’t come and get me quickly. And I felt as if I was beginning to swell.

I don’t know how long went by, and she opened the door one morning and she had something for me to eat. There was water in a pan, and potatoes. And those potatoes were not good to eat. She said, “This is your food.” And she walks out.

Now, how am I going to get it? She didn’t let my hands down. And you struggle to get it. I’m hungry. I mean I’m so thirsty I feel like I’m going mad. And I discovered that when this hand goes high, this other one will come down a little bit. And to get that water and that food, I mean, I had to get it like the dogs and cats. And I lapped as much of it as I could because I’m so thirsty. And to get those potatoes I tried as hard as I could because I’m hungry. I mean I’m hungry. And I got as much of it as I could. She let me hang there for nine days. And the time came when I was so swollen over here, and I could see myself puffing out over there. I felt like my eyes were coming out of my head. I felt like my arms were two or three times their normal size. And I was like a boil. I was in real suffering.

And then on the ninth day she comes in and releases the bonds from my hands and my body. She lets me down on the floor. Now I go down and I can’t walk. I’ll assure you I didn’t walk. I didn’t walk for a long time. Two little nuns carry me into the infirmary, and lay me on a slab of wood.

And this is the life of a little nun behind cloistered doors. After they’ve deceived us and got us back there. Then this is the life that we’re living. I’ll assure you, it isn’t anything funny.

Then they took me down into one of the dungeons. And there are rods about three feet long buried into cement. And at the top of it there’s a ring about this big. They have some leather straps fastened there. And they put my feet through those rings and then they strap my ankles securely. Now, I’m standing with my feet in those rings. Alright, they’re going out of there. And they’re going to leave me locked up in that dirty place by myself.

Well, I might stand there for two or three hours if I have strength enough in my body. Well, what do you think is going to happen to me then? I can’t stand any longer. Sometimes we faint. Sometimes we just become exhausted and we go down. When I go down it flips my ankles over and I can’t do anything about it. I may have to lie in that position for two or three days and no one will come near. They won’t give you a bite of food. They won’t bring me one drop of water. And the next thing you feel is the bugs crawling over my body and the mice running over me. And I still have to stay there.

I can understand why they don’t want the world to know these things are going on. I can understand why your priests are calling on the phone every day or two and screaming their heads off because I’m in this city giving this testimony. But, may I say to you, I don’t mind if they continue to scream. I don’t mind what they do. I’m not one bit afraid of them. I’ll continue to give this testimony - as long as God gives me strength I’ll be giving this testimony regardless of your priests or your bishops. I know what I’m doing. I know what I’m saying. And I’m not afraid of anybody in all of this world.

I’m a child of God. And I believe God won’t let anybody put a hand on me until my work is finished. I will continue to give this testimony regardless of what your priests think about it, because God saved me to pull the cover off of convents. I believe He saved me to uncloak those places that are riding under the cloak of religion. I believe that with all of my heart. I’ll assure you I do.

The priest can do anything he wants, and then hide behind the cloak of religion. Then that same Roman Catholic priest will go back into the Catholic churches. And there he’ll say mass and go into the confessional box and make those poor people believe he can give them forgiveness from their sins when he’s full of sin. He’s full of corruption and vice. Still he acts as their god. What a terrible thing it is. And on it goes.

Many times a little nun cracks up completely. She goes stark, raving mad. What in the world do they do with her? Don’t you worry. They have a place for her after we goes mad in the convent. They take care of us. [Sister Charlotte told of them being thrown down into a vat of acid. Or they may put them into a grinder and grind them up like hamburger to be dumped into a stream or river. Then, she tells of one more option - ]

“I saw where Mother Superior’s keys were hid in her room. And I thought, ‘‘I’m going down into that dungeon two stories under the ground. She told us, ‘Don’t ever try to go through that door.’ What in the world is over there? I’ve heard blood-curdling screams under the ground. And I knew there were some girls locked up somewhere. So I went into that place.

When I got back there I walked through that door and into a hall. On the other side of the hall there were a number of cells. And in those cells were little nuns. And I looked right into the face of a little nun that I knew - one that I sat across the table from. I knew that girl. And here she is. And they had chains around her wrists and around her waist. And I said, ‘When did you have something to eat last?’ No answer. ‘How long you been here?’ No answer. I went down to the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth. And the stench was getting so bad, I couldn’t stand it. Those nuns had been there a long time.

Many of them were dead. Those nuns were supposed to have cracked up mentally. And so they put them in those chains. And when they die, they just drop in those chains. I came out of there and walked back up to this room where the Mother Superior was.

After three days they put me out in the kitchen up on the first floor with five other little nuns. I’m doing kitchen work. Our kitchen is a very large room. And over at one end of it is a big heavy outside door. Our garbage cans sit there. As I’m in there working, something happened. Somebody touched a garbage can. We are taught never to break silence. We don’t dare to make noises in the convent. We are punished for that. When something touched the garbage can, that’s a noise. All six of us wheeled around, and we saw a man. That man was picking up the full can, and leaving an empty one. I’d never seen that before. Well, we turned around quickly because, to us, it’s a mortal sin to look upon a man other than a Roman Catholic priest.

But, you know, I thought, “If that man comes back again to get another full can, I’m going to give him a note and I’m going to ask him if I can run out with him.” [She left him a note, and the next day his note to her said, “I’m leaving that door unlocked, and I’ll leave the big iron gate unlocked. You come out.”]

Oh, let me tell you, that’s almost more than you can bear! Why, I never dreamed that I’d ever get out of the convent! I wanted out! When I collected myself, I reached over and turned the knob. And, do you know, it was open!!! I walked out of that convent! And I got out to the big iron gate. But, oh, he had me trapped! That iron gate was locked! You don’t know what it did to me to stand there looking at the iron gate! And I’m locked out of the convent! I have no right out there! You can’t imagine!

I don’t know if I grew old right there. I suffered enough because I’m scared half to death! You say, “What did you do?” I didn’t have any shoes and stockings on. I’d worn those out years ago. Well, I just took a hold of that big old iron gate and I tried to climb it. That’s all there was to do. I got one knee on the ledge. [When she jumped, her skirt got caught on the gate, and she hung there.] I’ve often said, ‘Maybe my hair turned grey there that day.’ You’ll never know what I suffered hanging there on top of that gate knowing that the buzzer can go off any minute. When that buzzer goes off the priests come running. I was scared. So I thought I’d try to wiggle my body and swing it. If I could get back far enough to grab that gate with one hand, maybe I can help myself. And I did. And then with the other hand I tried to pry the snappers loose on my skirt.

And they’d let me fall between them. That’s what happened, and I hit the ground. I was out. I don’t know how long. But when I came to, I had a shoulder broken, and my arm was broken.

I thought, “What’ll I do?” I realized that I’m on the outside! I don’t know where to go. And I’m a pauper. I don’t have any money. I don’t have any people. And I’m hungry. And my body’s broken. And I’m hurt now. Where do you think you’d go?

I just started to get away from the convent. I started moving away. All the leaves were falling, and they made so much noise. And I was scared. And I kept on moving. And finally dark overtook me. And, you know, I saw this little building beside the road. I thought I’d crawl in it. It was dirty but I crawled in there because I was shaking and scared. And I laid in there for a little while to get a hold of myself. And then I thought, “I’ll have to travel. It’s dark. And it’s safer for me.”

So I got out and traveled that night. And the next day I hid behind pieces of board and tin that were piled up against an old building. And all day long, imagine, hiding in that hot place. And hungry as I was with broken bones. Do you realize what it’s all about? No. You’ll never know.

I’m afraid to rap on somebody’s door. I might rap on the door of a Roman Catholic. They will immediately notify the priest and I’ll be taken back to the convent. I’d rather die. But I went on and on and on. Then the afternoon of the third day, I was scared because this arm was swollen as tight as it could swell, and I was having to carry it in the other hand. And all my fingers began to turn blue. And I realized gangrene poisoning set in. I realized I’m going to die just like a rat beside the road. And I thought, “Maybe I’ll have to rap on somebody’s door.”

That’s what I did. As I walked I saw a very poor house with no paint on it. Now, I knew those were poor people. So I walked up to the screen door and I rapped on it. And a tall man came to the door. He was rather old. And I said, “Please may I have a drink of water?”

And do you know that man didn’t answer me. But he walked back into the house and he called his wife. And, God bless her heart, she’s like most old-fashioned mothers. She came to the door, and she didn’t say, “Who are you?” or, “What do you want?” That dear little woman just pushed that door open and said, “Won’t you come in and sit down?” Do you know that was the most beautiful music I’d ever heard! I should say I’ll come in and sit down!! And she pulled out a chair. And I sat down on it. I was glad to sit down. She knew what to do. She went into the kitchen and she heated some water and, bless her heart, she put sugar in that water and brought it over to me. And she sat down and gave it to me from a spoon. I took every bit of it. Oh, it was good. It was nourishing.

Then the daddy walked over to me and said, “I’m going after a doctor. He’s not a Roman Catholic, and neither am I.”

**Pastor Jan comments:** That was comforting to Charlotte. She relaxed. She was in good hands. She tells of the many months she spent in the hospital. Then she tells of the kind lady who led her to the lovely Jesus and taught her of His tender love and His plan of salvation for us by simple faith in His blood. She took her to church, and as the kind pastor spelled out the love of God and the wonderful salvation through Christ, Charlotte got up and ran down the aisle with both arms up. In her heart, she was running into the arms of Jesus!

God loves the dear Catholic people, and many of them love Jesus the same as you and I do. Many of them will soon come out of Sunday Babylon when they learn of God’s free salvation in Christ. Many of these precious souls have already come out after reading the NSL preachers which you have been getting to them.

Charlotte closes with these words - “May I say to you, God means more to me than all the wealth you have in this city. I’d rather have Jesus than anything you might have. I’ve found Him to be the best Friend that I’ve ever known. I can tell Him anything I want to tell Him, and he won’t call you up and tell you what I told Him. I can sit at His feet and tell Him every day of my life, “Jesus, I love Ya! Jesus, I love Ya!” Every secret of my heart I can pour out to Him. He’s the best friend you’ll ever have. He’s able to save ya. He’s able to deliver ya. He’s able to loose you from the things of this world and set you free to know Him. Praise His name!”



Charlotte Keckler Born April 12, 1889

Died September 1983 at the age of 94.

Let us pray…

Embed code for youtube video of her story given by Charlotte Keckler: <iframe width="732" height="412" src="https://www.youtube.com/embed/IRdhkcdSHhE" frameborder="0" allowfullscreen></iframe>