WILLIAM BRANHAM

STORIES



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## A Better Lady and a Mother – Opossum

Many of you have heard the story of the. Leo and Gene, which are my tape boys, they're here. By the way, I guess they're in a tape...?... up here. They have the tapes of the meetings from everywhere. They come along and take them, and let the people have them, just a little shade over what they have to pay for it. So that the people who have tape recorders can get them of the messages everywhere, prayer lines.

And they come up to my house one morning; they call themselves my students. And they come to my house one morning last summer, and they was about ten o'clock in the morning. And I had the evening paper, and was showing to them a lovely looking colored girl, who had done a horrible thing in the city. She had give birth to a illegitimate child; and not wanting to keep the child, she had smothered it in some blankets, and wrapped some wire around it, and had a cab driver to take her out over the Ohio River, and drop it in the river. The cab driver reported it, and the coast guard picked it up and arrested the girl.

And while we were setting there on the porch, talking on this hot June morning. Mr. Wood, a friend of mine, who live next door and his wife's a veterinary. Day he had been over raking in the yard with an old yard rake... And I looked coming down the road, and here come a opossum, going around the road like this. And I live the third house from the road from some woods, and I'm the only one that's got a fence around the parsonage; others are open. And that old opossum come right straight down to my gate, turned in

Well, studying wildlife, a opossum travels at nighttime; they're blind in the day. And so I said, "Look, coming there at that opossum, how it's rolling and tumbling. It's probably got rabies. It's been bitten by a fox or something, and has picked up rabies. I'd better stop it 'fore it gets to the house."

And just then the milkman came up. I went out and took the old yard rake and threw it over the opossum. And I said, "And it's usually when you touch them, they'll do what they call, playing opossum; they'll kinda lay over." But instead of that, she kept biting to get away.

Well, I happened to notice then, and Leo and Gene came out, the boys here. And I noticed that the old opossum's leg on the left side was swollen about three times the size, and it was broke and hanging back. And I hope I do not turn your stomach, but it was rotten; the flies had blowed it; maggots was all in it; and was hanging sideways. And I said, "Oh, it's hurt. The dogs has broke its legs, or either a car has hit it." And I said, "It's dying." I said, "It's probably in its last struggle."

And some of the neighbors come over to look. And Mrs. Wood is one, she come up; and while I was holding the opossum down, I happened to notice that... A opossum and a kangaroo is the only animals that have a pocket to pack their young in. And they have a pocket, it's skin; it goes over the young. And they pack them, and they let it down.

So when the old mother opossum had been under this rake, she'd let her pocket down; and nine little bitty baby opossums, about that long, was running around under the rake.

And I said, "Here you are boys," to Leo and Gene. I said, "This opossum is far more a lady and a mother, than that woman was that drowned her baby. It's got better morals than that woman has." I said, "That woman didn't want her baby, and this old opossum hasn't got maybe thirty minutes longer to live. But she'll give that thirty minutes or forfeit her life to fight for those babies. That's a real mother."

And how these women today can have abortionate cases, and practice birth control, and everything else; and I don't understand it. Take little babies, and throw them in garbage cans, and put them on...?... drown them in rivers, and throw them in fires. It's below a animal. An animal wouldn't do that.

And while we were talking, the old opossum still trying to get those young ones up. And when the little ones caught up again, she kept biting at the rake. I said, "Watch, I'm going to turn her loose. She won't go but a little piece; she's dying. That's what's a running her, death like that, a running her." And then when I let up the rake, she took off towards the house dragging this foot. And she went right up to my steps by the side of the little evergreen bush, and there collapsed, and went out.

I went up to her; I shook her, and she didn't move. I said, "I guess she's died." And I happened to look, and all those little baby opossums were trying to nurse. And I said, "What a pity." I took the rake down and punched the old opossum; I seen that little grin like on that goes back on the opossum. I said, "No, she's living."

And Mrs. Wood said, "Brother Branham, now, there's only one thing to do," she's a doctor, veterinary. She said, "Kill the old mother. The little ones has a round mouth; they can't be raised. And then just pick up the little ones, and kill them quickly, so they won't suffer."

I said, "I just can't do it."

And she said, "Do you mean to tell me, that you're going to let that mother lay there and die, in that...?... and them poor little opossums nurse around for about forty-eight hours and die in that condition with...? You mean you're going to do that, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Sister Wood, you're perhaps right. But I just can't do it. She's done displayed to me something that's far beyond what a lot of people has. She's a real mother." I said, "I can't kill that mother."

She said, "Well, go in a get your gun, and shoot her then, and shoot the little ones." Said, "You're a hunter."

I said, "I am a hunter, but I'm not a killer." I said, "I can't kill that mother."

And she said, "You're going to let her lay there in that hot sun." We got some water and poured over her: look like she was gone.

Well, I wouldn't let them kill her. Gene and Leo left. The old opossum laid there all day in that hot sun, and them old green flies got all over her.

It come night, and Mr. Wood said, "Now, Billy, you've been working hard all day here, praying for the sick; I'm going to take you on a little ride. So he took his wife and my wife and I, and we went on a little ride. And coming down a country road, I seen a little pup, somebody had dropped out on the road. And I got out and picked that little pup up. And he was so mangy and lice all over him, till my hands was covered with lice. And I fixed him a little place to put him in my car.

And my wife said; she said, "Billy, you're not going to take that little old mangy dog."

I said, "Sure. He's got a right to live." And we went home, prayed for him. He got all right, washed him up, and he's a fine big collie dog now. He's got a right to live. I loved him.

When we got in at eleven o'clock, there laid the old opossum. Brother Wood, who hunts with me, said, "Now, Billy, you know good and well, if that opossum was going to move, when that sun went down, she'd have moved."

I said, "That's right."

Well, said, "Do you want me to kill her?"

I said, "No, I don't."

All night long I couldn't get that opossum off my mind. The next morning early, I went out, and as I started out little Rebekah, who I believe is going to maybe take my place someday. She seen her first vision just recently. And she's very tender-hearted, little thing

When I went out on the porch about seven o'clock (the sun was rising) to see if there's anybody out there... And there was not. And first thing you know by my side was little Rebekah. She said, "Daddy, what about the old opossum. I just dreamed of her all night."

Well, I went down there, and there laid the old opossum, dew all over it, and the little ones still trying to nurse. "Aw," I said, "She's probably dead, honey."

She said, "Daddy, what you going to do with them little babies, you going to kill them?"

I said, "No, honey, I'm not." I said, "You hurry in the house; it's too early for you to get up." I said, "You go on." She had on pajamas. Said, "You go in the house, honey."

And I went back into the side door of the den room, and I set down there, and begin to rub my face like this. I said, "Well, today," I said, "I guess I'll have to take..." No wonder that old opossum laying there. I heard something say this. Now, you may think I'm mentally disturbed. But I heard Something speaking to me. I said, "What about that old opossum?"

And the voice said, "You used her for a text yesterday, telling what a wonderful mother she was."

I said, "That's true."

Said, "And you taught from her what a real mother..."

"Yes."

Said, "I sent her up to your door, and she's waited for twenty-four hours for her turn to be prayed for, and you haven't said one thing."

And I said, "Well, I didn't..." I said, "Who am I talking to?" Oh, I said, "Am I beside myself? What's happened? Who was that I was talking to?" I thought, "It must have been God." I thought, "Would God care for that animal? I'd knowed He sent people. But I remember that He even said a little sparrow can't fall to the ground without your heavenly Father knowing it. I know He spoke through a mule to a man once, and many things in the Bible."

I went out to the old opossum, where she was laying. And I said, "Heavenly Father, You forgive me. If the... I was so took up with things of the day, so I never understood. And if You sent that dumb animal, who did not have any soul, but was guided by instinct to come to my door to be prayed for, so she could live and raise her babies, forgive me, Lord. And I pray that in Jesus' Name that You'll help her."

Brother, sister, when I meet you at the judgment, this will be ringing out. Little Becky was standing there looking down. That old mother opossum raised up, picked up her nine little babies, stuck that tail right up in the air, walked right down that driveway, just as free as it could be. When she got to the end of the road, she turned around. And Becky had her arms around me, and me and my arms around Becky, crying. And she turned around as if to say, "Thank you, sir." And right down to the woods she went; and as far as I know, she's happy with her babies over there in that woods today.

When Divine love is projected, and it comes to the end of its course, sovereign grace will stand in and take its place. Brother, sister, if God... That opossum knowed more about Divine healing, than half the preachers of Phoenix knows. That's right.

She had gumption enough to follow the leading of the Spirit. And if God could send a opossum by a Divine grace and love to protect her babies, how much more will He think of you and me tonight, if we'll give Him our whole heart of love, our surrendered will, everything to Him? He will project to us; His sovereign grace will have to take place and heal, if you'll give Him that love"

**(57-0305 Divine Love)**

## A HOLY MAN'S WIFE - PASTOR'S WIFE

I've come to one of our great Pentecostal moves, here not long ago. I had a tent set up.

And the pastor said to me, he said, "My wife is the organist. "

I said, "That's good, brother."

"Do you mind her playing?"

I said, "No. No, sir. I sure don't."

And he went to the manager, and the manager, said... Brother Baxter said, "That's all right."

He said, "Brother Branham, come over here. I want you to meet my wife."

And I went over there. (Now, now, please forgive me. See, I'm not trying to make a remark; I'm trying to make a statement. See?) And the woman had one of these here manicure, or, I don't know, that stuff, you know, all fixed up, and I never seen such in my life, and a dress that was so way down in here, no back in it, and hardly any bottom in it. And I--I never seen such a look in my life. And she had great big earrings hanging down like this, and a whole lot of stuff on.

And I looked around. I thought, "Oh, me. I'm a Baptist and I know better than that." I looked again. I said... Now, please, this is not a joke. But I had to say it to the brother, and I hope it helped him, not saying it to be different; if I did, I was a hypocrite (See?), needed to be cleaned up myself.

I said, "Mister, did you say your wife was a saint?"

Said, "Oh, yes."

I said, "She looks like a hain't to me." I said, "I--I never seen such a sight in my life as a minister's wife. That don't look like the wife of a holy man."

And neither does the church of the living God, depending on her fashions, her tea parties, and bunco parties, and card games, and dances, and socials, adorning herselves like that with the world, look like a holy God's bride. When she smokes cigarettes, and dances, and parties, and soup suppers, and cocktail drinking, and all like that, and say they're the bride of Christ?

That don't look like a holy man's wife to me. No, sir. He wouldn't choose such a thing. He'd get a woman that was right, look like what He was trying to represent. I believe that's true. That might hurt a little bit.

My old southern mother's gone. When I was a little boy, we used to have didn't have nothing to eat hardly. And we had black-eyed peas and corn bread. I don't know whether you know what they are or not. So we hadn't... She didn't have any grease through the year. And we'd... almost have to take an old... big old pan like that, and put meat skins in it. We'd get where they'd cut--the butchers would cut the meat off and give us the skin. And we'd render it out to get the grease and pour it on there.

Every Saturday night mama said we needed a dose of castor oil. And I--I just can't stand the stuff even yet. And I'd have to take it. I'd come to her holding my nose like this. I'd say, "Mama, I--I just can't take it." I said, "It makes me so sick."

She said, "If it don't make you sick, it don't do you any good."

So I think that's the way with preaching the Gospel. If it don't stir you up a little bit, get your--feel your spiritual gastronomics started right, make you a little sick to examine yourself with the Bible; see if that old temper, and selfishness, ungodliness, love of the world, television, and things at night. And leaving the church set empty, and the pews set empty, when you ought to be out there like Jesus (you got His Spirit in you), trying to get everybody in the country to come to your church to receive Christ. And we call ourselves then the bride of Christ."

**(62-0121E Marriage Of The Lamb)**

## A LOST MAN, IS A WILD MAN

Why, did you ever see a man that was lost? Did anybody ever have the experience of bringing in a man lost? It's the most pitiful thing you ever seen. When a man gets lost, he goes wild. He don't know what he's doing. We caught a man out there, a boy, and he had been lost in the woods, and he was thought... He was a rancher, but he was in the wrong territory and he got lost, turned around. And when they found him three days later, he was running like a wild man, screaming to the top of his voice. His lips was all eat up, and he throwed his gun away and he didn't know what to do. And when his own brother, when... They had to catch him and tie him. When his own brother come to him, he fought at him like an animal, tried to bite him, he didn't know where he was at. Why? He was lost. And when a man's lost, he's in a state of bewildered. And he don't know that he's in that state, because his being lost sends this fever upon him, and he doesn't know where he's at and how he's acting.

So is it when a man's lost from God! He'll do things that he ordinary wouldn't do. He'll do things that--that's beyond the thoughts of a human being doing. A lost man from God, a lost church from God, a church that's gone away from God, got away from the principles of God's Bible, will do things that sometimes that you wouldn't expect to find in a church of the living God. They'll get their money by bunco games, playing lottery, gambling, anything that they can do. They'll teach anything, let anything get by, pat man on the back who's big payers in the church, and so forth like that, to let them get by with it. That's right. Put deacons on the board that's been married four or five times, just in order to get by with it, to make ends meet. There's only one end you've got to meet, that's, your obligation to God. Stand and tell the Truth! Lost, lost man is in a bewildered state, he's a madman"

**(62-1014e A Guide)**

## A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TIMES OF TROUBLE - FIRST VERSION

Now, down in the South where I go a whole lot, I was on a little vacation the other day down there. A bunch of people, of some good old crackers down there in Florida. We were out fishing, and that's when Brother Evans was bitten by that rattlesnake. And I never it before in my life: Two miles back, I'd had to pack a hundred and eighty pound man. A big, old ground rattler, worse than your sidewinder any time, struck him in the foot, and his whole leg just paralyzed, trying to help me with about a twelve pound bass, in the weeds were gators and everything laying around.

And he jumped to grab it, and he just screamed and held his leg. I come out and there was two fang holes about like that, blood oozing out of them.

He said, "Brother Branham, my whole side is froze and aching so hard."

How could I pack him through the swamps, weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds, six foot tall? His brother had been bitten a few months before that, a sinner, went to the hospital in a terrible condition.

And I said, "Oh, Brother Evans, merciful God have... Well, what can I do?"

I remembered the Scripture, what was it? Someone knocking at the door. "I'm the Lord, thy God; I'm a very present help in a time of trouble." I remembered He said, "They shall tread on the heads of serpents and scorpions, and nothing in no means shall harm them." I laid my hand over on his foot, him screaming, the tears dripping off of his cheeks like that from pain, I said, "Heavenly Father, I'm knocking at your door. We're in a state of emergency. Have mercy, O God."

And while we said that, and I quoted the Scripture, I looked over and he was laughing. All pains was gone. We fished the rest of the day. And that night at twelve o'clock, when we were down there getting the pictures, I guess there's somewhere around there, Gene, getting the tourists all come in to see this great string of bass that the Lord had given us...

And his brother come up and we told the story. And his sinner brother said, "Wait a minute, Welch." Said, "It's all right to be religious, but not crazy." He said, "You know, I laid three months in a hospital and two months after that with a cast on my leg with that, one of them rattler bites." Said, "You get to medical aid just as quick as you can."

He said, "Looky here, brother. You might know a lot of things. But you don't know all things. If my God could deliver me from eleven o'clock this morning to eleven o'clock at night, He can take care of me the rest of the time."

What was it? Knocking on His door in a time of emergency. We shouldn't wait till that time of the emergency. Someday death's going to come up to your door, and it's going to knock. Oh, my, you're going to long for that knock then.

I've seen people who laughed at the Holy Spirit. I've held them when they died. Don't laugh at Christ. Respect Him; honor Him. Get away from all your own theologies and senses. Just let the Holy Spirit... You was given five senses. But them five senses, your intellectuals, was never given to you to lead you. The six sense, which is faith, was given to you to lead you. That's the six sense; that is the super sense. It leads you"

**(60-0312 Door To The Heart)**

## A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TIMES OF TROUBLE - SECOND VERSION

I got one time where I thought that I was kind of a good woodsman, you know, hunted so much. I thought, "I'm just foolproof, nobody's going to... You couldn't lose me. My mom was a half Indian, and I loved that. Oh, my! You can't lose me in the woods, I know where I'm at."

And off my honeymoon, I kind of cheated a little bit on the wife, I told her, "You know, honey, it'd be a good thing for us to get married on October twenty-third." Course, that's when the Lord told me to do.

And I thought, "Now, for a little honeymoon, I saved up my money, and I'll take her over by Niagara Falls, and go over on the Adirondack and do a little hunting." See? So I took her and Billy, he was just a little bitty thing. And so I had to take her on a honeymoon, and it was on a hunting trip, too, you know. So--so I thought that'd be a good thing to do. And so I took her up, and the...

I wrote to Mr. Denton, the ranger. And we was going up on Hurricane Mountain. And I said, "Mr. Denton, I'm coming up, I want to hunt some bear with you this fall."

And he said, "Okay, Billy, come on up." So he said, "I'll be up there on a certain-certain date." Well, wife and I got there a day early, and Billy, and so the cabin was locked up. There was a little lean-to back up on the woods.

Where, Brother Fred Sothmann and I went not long ago and stood there. The Holy Spirit, I seen Him standing there, that yellow Light moving around in the bush, and Fred standing right there. He said, "Come aside, I want to speak to you. Tomorrow," said, "be careful, they set a trap for you." Said, "Be alert!" Is that right, Brother Fred? And I went and told hundreds of people that night, over in Vermont, I said "There's a trap set for me; I'm going to see it. I don't know where it's at." And the very next night, there it come, there it was. Said, "Here is the trap that's set." Yes, sir. But the Holy Spirit led me in what to do. And, oh, my, that was just right! Oh, many of you know what it was. I haven't time to tell it.

But standing there at that place that time, it just begin to turn cold that day. Mr. Denton was coming up the next day, I said, "You know, honey, it'd be nice if I got a--a big buck to take home." I said, "We did... I had to save these pennies, and we just got married." And I said, "We'd get our winter's meat if I'd get a little hunt today."

And she said, "Well, go ahead, Billy." Said, "Now, you remember, I never was in these woods," she said. She was about twenty-five miles up in the mountains, you know, and she said, "I don't know nothing about this." And she said, "So I'm..."

I said, "Well, now, you remember, it was two years ago I killed those three bear. That was right back over top of the mountain over there." And I said, "Now, I'll get a big buck and we'll get some bear," and I said, "we'll have our winter's meat in." Well, that sound pretty good, you know. (And we picked blackberries, and got our coal for that--for that winter; and so then Billy sold them, and Meda and I picked them of an evening after I got off of my patrol.) So then I--I said, "Well, I'm going to pick up my rifle, I'm going down here." I said, "There's a lot of deer in here, I'll find one." And I said, "You know," I said, "then I'll get him." And I said, "We'll... I'll be back in a little while."

She said, "Okay."

So, when I started off, it was kind of low. And any of you New Hampshire people, and up in there in the New England, knows what it means when that fog comes down, or anywhere else in the mountains, you don't know where you're at. That's all. You can't see your hand before you. So then I started down through a--a little chopping, like, come down, and went over across the ridge and come up. And I noticed a panther, you'd call it here in this part of the country. We call it, in the West, a cougar. They call it, up there, a mountain lion. It's all the same animal. It's a puma, really what it is. Same cat, about nine-foot long, weight about a hundred fifty, two hundred pounds. He crossed the road, and I slipped the gun real quick, not fast enough to get the shot at him.

Well, I slipped on up over the hill, chasing this cougar, watching the leaves where he had moved, you know. I could hear him. He had four feet. I knowed he wasn't a two-footed animal, his four feet. And I knowed he wasn't a deer, 'cause a deer stomps. And he would slip real easy, the cat, you know, like that. And a bear rolls his feet when he walks. And so I knew it must be a cougar. And he was behind a log and I didn't see him, till just got a glimpse of him, he was gone.

And I watched where he disturbed the leaves, you know, up over the top of the mountain, and down like this, and I wasn't watching that cloud coming all the time, you know, coming down the fog. I slipped down, went down through a great valley and went out into the Giants, following this cougar. I thought, "I'll catch him after a while." I'd see a place, and I'd run up on a high place, and look all around like that, and peep around, see if I could see him; listen real close, and get down, slip down again. You could hear the brush go crashing, way ahead of me, as going out. See, he was hitting the trees then so I couldn't trail him. See, he got smart, got up in the trees and jumping from tree to tree. Then he knowed I couldn't trail him there. Oh, I thought, "Oh, anyhow!"

And I started back up the canyon, and I whiffed a bear, an old male bear. I thought, "I'll get him now, boy, that's good!" I whiffed again, and I went a little farther, and I watched for all kinds of signs and everything. I couldn't see a thing; turned back down, and went back down the other side of the mountain. And then I begin to notice, getting a little foggy. And I'd whiff again, he was in the air somewhere. I said, "No. Now, what happened, the wind was coming this way, and I come... The bear whiff come from this down that way, and I've crossed around now and the wind's coming from this other direction. So I have to go back to where I smelled the bear the first time, and take it from there."

And on my road back, I looked across the canyon, I seen the bushes move. And when I did, something black moved. I thought, "There he is." I throwed a shell up in the gun, real quick, and stood still. And, when it did, it was a great big buck, great big one. I thought, "That's just what I was wanting, anyhow." Shot the buck.

I thought, "Well!" I never noticed it was kind of... Time I got him fixed up, looked... I cleaned off my hands and fixed my knife, put it back. And I thought, "Praise God! Thank You, Lord Jesus, You've give me my winter's meat. Praise be to God!" And I got my gun. I thought, "I'll go right back up the canyon here now." I said, "Look at here, boy, storm's coming. I better get out of here and get back over to Meda and them." I said, "I have to hurry."

Up the canyon I went, unbuttoned my big red coat, and I was running up the canyon like this, around. The first thing you know, I thought, "My, where did I turn off at?" Wind was already down, the trees lapping together. I thought, "Where did I turn off at?" I went around. I--I knowed I was going right straight to Hurricane Mountain. But I happened to stop, and I was sweating, I thought, "What's the matter here? I've been gone a half hour, or three quarters, and I can't find that place I turned off." I looked up, and there hung my deer. I was right at the same place. I thought, "Well, what did I do?"

Well, I took off again. I thought, "I'll make it this time, I just wasn't noticing." I watched every little move everywhere, watching. I kept searching, searching, searching. Them clouds coming, I know a snowstorm was on the road, fog hanging low, and then I begin to notice. I thought, "I'll go a little further," went on, on, on, on, on, on, on. And I thought, "Well, this is strange, look like I've seen this place before." And I looked, and there hung my deer. See?

You know what I was on? The Indians call it the "death walk." See, you're walking in a circle, round and around. Well, I thought I was too good a guide to ever be lost. See, nothing had to tell me in the woods, I knowed my way around. See?

And I started off again. I said, "I can't make this mistake." And I come back again.

I moved up the canyon a little piece, then it had done started blowing. Oh, my, snow everywhere! Almost towards dark. And I knew that Meda would die that night in the wilderness, she didn't know how to take care of herself. And Billy was just about four years old, three years old, just a little bitty thing. And I thought, "What will they do?" Well, I got up this far and I hit some moss bed, I thought, "I'm in a flat somewhere, and I can't see nothing, it's all foggy." I was going around now.

Ordinarily, I'd have found me a place and hold up, if I had somebody with me. I'd hold up and wait till the storm was over, a day or two, and come on out. Cut my piece of deer... over my back, and went in, eat, and forgot about it. But you can't do that, and your wife and baby laying up there in the woods, perishing. See?

So I begin to think, "What can I do?" So I went a little farther. And I thought, "Now, wait. When I crossed over that first valley, the wind was in my face, so I must have come this way. I've got to come this way." And I had wandered way down in the Giants, but I didn't know where I was at. I said, "Oh!" I begin to get nervous. And I thought, "Wait a minute, Bill, you're not lost," trying to bluff myself. You can't bluff it. No, no. That inner conscience tells you you're wrong.

Oh, you--you try to say, "Oh, I'm saved, I go to church." Don't you worry, you wait till that deathbed comes, and you'll know it's different. Your conscience tells you. Something inside of you tells you you're wrong. See? You know if you'd die you couldn't meet a holy God. As we seen Him last night, even the holy Angels have to veil their face to stand before Him. How are you going to stand outside the Blood of Jesus Christ to veil you?

I thought, "Oh, I'll make it." I started on. And I found out I kept hearing Something. Then I got nervous. And I thought, "Now, if I do that, I'm going to go to pieces." That's usually what a lost man does, he goes to pieces in the woods. Then he'll take his gun, shoot himself; or fall over a ditch and break his leg, and there he lays, he'll die there. So I thought, "What am I going to do?" So I started walking on.

And I kept hearing Something saying, "I'm a very present Help in a time of trouble." I just kept walking on.

I thought, "Now, I know I'm getting a little bit off now, I'm hearing a voice talk to me." I kept going on. I went, "whew, whew, whew," whistling, you know. I thought, "Now, I'm not lost. You know where you're at, boy! What's the matter with you? You can't get lost. You're--you're too good a hunter, you can't get lost." Self-bragging, you know, making myself bluff myself through.

You can't bluff it. Way down here there's a little wheel turning, saying, "Boy, you're lost and you know you are. See, you're lost."

I kept moving on. "Oh, I'm not lost! I'll be all right. I'll find my way out." Things begin to look funny, winds close. Snow begin to flying, the little hominy snow, we call it "spitting down." I thought, "A wife and baby! I'm not..." I thought, "Oh, my!"

Directly I heard That again, said, "I'm a very present Help in a time of trouble." And I was a minister of the Gospel then, preaching right here at the tabernacle.

So I thought, "Well, what can I do?" I stopped, looked everywhere, and there was fog already down now. I... That was it. Nothing could be done then. I thought, "Oh, what can I do?" I thought, "Sir, I'm not fit to live, I've had too much self-confidence. I thought I was a hunter, but I'm not."

And, brother, I've always trusted Him. Shooting, I've got records up there. And a fisherman, I'm a poor one, but I've always trusted Him. Shots, I'm a poor shot, but He's let me make world records on it. See? Shoot deer, seven, eight hundred yard. Got a gun up there killed thirty-five head of game without missing a shot with it. Just read that anywhere, if you can. See? Not me, it's Him. I've trusted Him.

There I was, I thought, "What can I do? What can I do?"

I kept... That getting closer, closer, "I'm a very present Help in a time of trouble, a very present Help."

I thought, "Is that God talking to me?" I took off my hat. I had my patrol hat, red handkerchief wrapped around it. I laid it down. Took off my coat, it was moist. And I laid my coat down, set my gun up against the side of a tree. I said, "Heavenly Father, now I'm getting beyond myself, I'm hearing a voice speaking to me. Is that You?" I said, "Lord, I'm going to admit to You that I ain't no hunter. I ain't, I--I can't find my way around. You have to help me. I'm not fit to live, and doing the things that I've done, coming in here and thinking I knowed too much about it to ever get lost. I need You, Lord. My wife is a good woman. My baby, my little boy, his mother's gone on, and she's trying to be mother to him, and I've just married her. And here she is, a kid, there in the woods, they'll both die tonight. That wind, it'll turn down about ten below zero, and they won't know how to live. They'll die tonight. Don't let them die, God. Take me to them, so that I can see that they don't die. I'm lost! I'm lost, God! I--I can't find my way around. Won't You please help me? And forgive, me for my own self-centered way! I can't do nothing without You, You're my Guide. You help me, Lord."

I got up, and I said, "Amen." Picked up my handkerchief; my coat, picked it up; put my hat back on; picked up my gun. I said, "Now I'll fix myself in the very best way that I know how to go, the very best of my understanding; and I'll go straight one way, 'cause I'm walking around a circle somewhere, I don't know where. But I'll go the way You tell me, Lord God, my Guide."

I started walking this way. I said, "This is it, and I have to make myself believe it. I'm going this way. I'm going straight this way. I'm not going to vary, I'm going this way. I know I'm right. I'm going this way." If I'd have went that way, I'd headed off over in Canada. See?

Just then I felt Something touch me on my shoulder, a hand, it felt like a man's hand, so quick that I turned around to look. There was nobody standing there. I thought, "What was that?" Here's the Bible laying before me. God, my Guide and Judge, is standing here. I just looked up. And right back this way, that fog just cleared back till I could see the tower on top of Hurricane Mountain. Going right straight away from it, the best of my hunting ability, I was going away from it, getting real late in the evening then. I turned real quick, directing myself like this. I took hold of my hat and raised up my hands, I said, "Guide me over, God, You're my Guide."

I started. I had to go right straight up bluffs and everything getting there, later and later. Then it got dark. Deers was jumping in front of me, and everything. I couldn't think of nothing but keeping myself one way, right up this mountain.

And I know if I could get to the tower, Mr. Denton and I... I helped put the line up that spring. We tacked the telephone wire from the Hurricane Mountain, all the way down about three and a half or four miles, right down to the camp. And it went right down a little trail, but, the snow on there, you couldn't tell the trail. See? And the wind blowing and everything, it was dark and blizzard and, going, you couldn't tell where you was at. Well, the only thing I knew to do, after it got dark, and I didn't know... I know I was going one way, and right up the mountain. Cause I was supposed to go up the mountain, and the tower set right at the top of the mountain, and I had about six miles to get to it. Just think, that fog clearing back, six miles, just one hole, till I could see it!

And then I--I'd pack my rifle in this hand, and hold this hand up, 'cause I had tacked the--the wire on the trees like that going down, the telephone wires to the cabin, so he could talk to his wife, and then call out from there, from the mountain. And I was going to help him take it down that fall. And I had my hand up like this, saying, "O God, let me touch that line." Walk, and my arm would get so sore, tired, I couldn't hardly hold it, and I'd have to let it down. And I'd change the gun and put it in that; step back a couple steps so I'd be sure not to miss it, then raise my hand up, start walking, walking. Getting late, dark, wind blowing. Oh, I'd grab a hold of a limb, I'd say, "That's it! No, that's not it." Oh, it give... Don't let it give an uncertain sound.

After while, when I just about ready to give up, my hand hit something. Oh, my! I had been found, when I was lost. I held to that wire. I dropped the rifle right down, took my hat off of my head, and I stood there. I said, "O God, what a feeling it is to be found, when you're lost." I said, "Right down to the end of this wire, I'll never turn it loose. I'll hold onto this wire. It'll guide me right straight to where all on this earth that's dear to me is laying, right down there. My wife and baby, frantically, not knowing where I am, not knowing how to make a fire, not knowing what to do, and winds blowing, and limbs popping and falling off of trees." I was daresn't to let go of that wire. I held that wire until it guided me right in to where all that was dear on earth was to me.

That was a horrible experience, and a great experience to find my way out, but that wasn't half of it. One day I was lost in sin. I went church after church, trying to find Something. I went to the Seventh-day Adventists, they told me, "Keep the Sabbath, quit eating meat." I went over to the Baptist church, first Baptist church, he said, "Just get up and tell them that you believe Jesus Christ the Son of God, and I'll baptize you, that's it." There wasn't nothing. But one day, out in a little coal shed, I held my hands up, I caught a hold of Something; or, may I say, Something got a hold of me. It was a Lifeline, the Guide. And He's led me safe this far, I ain't going to take my hand off of that Wire. I'm holding my hands to Him. Let creeds, the denominations do whatever they want to, I'm holding onto the Guide. For all that was ever on earth and all that's in Heaven, ever means precious to me, is at the end of this Line. He's brought me safely this far, I'll trust Him the rest the way. "When He the Holy Ghost is come, He will guide you and lead you into all..."

Friends, It's brought me where I am today. It's made me what I am. I can gladly introduce It to you. It's the only Guide that I know anything about, for here on earth or up There. He is my Guide when I go hunting. He's my Guide when I go fishing. He's my Guide when I talk to somebody. He's my Guide when I preach. He's my Guide when I sleep.

And when I come to die, He'll be standing at the river. He'll guide me across the way. "I'll fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they'll correct me and guide me across the river."

Let us pray"

**(62-1014e A Guide)**

## A thinking Man's Filter Produces a holy Man's Taste

I was going down through the woods hunting, and I was attracted to turn around. And I looked, and there laid a empty cigarette carton or package, ever what you call it. And it's the company; I don't feel I should call their name. But the tobacco company had, they have a slogan, "A thinking man's filter, a smoking man's taste."

I started walking on down a little further in the woods, and Something attracted me, "Go back to that cigarette pack." I thought, "Heavenly Father, I'm going down here to that tree where those squirrels was spoke into existence by You one morning. Why would You call me back?" And Something said, "You've got a sermon coming for Sunday. Your text is wrote on it." I thought, "On a cigarette pack?" I went back. And I begin to think, "A thinking man's filter," what a deception that is. If a man was a thinking man, he wouldn't smoke at all. But, you see, people swallow that.

I believe it's two years ago, when I was in one of the conventions, I went up to the world's fair when it was on the west coast. And they had Yul Brynner's picture and many of them there. And the scientists... (Many of you was in the same hall.) About the danger of smoking, how they pull that smoke across a marble, and took a little Q-tip, and took up the nicotine off there, and put it on a rat's back, and put him in a cage, in seven days he was so full of cancer he couldn't even walk. See? He said... Pulled it through water.

Said, "Filter..." Said, "Filter? There is no such a thing." Said, "You..." Now, this is science themselves. They said, "You cannot have smoke unless you got tar. Tar makes the smoke."

And the only thing it is, is a gimmick to sell more cigarettes. When that, if I... Don't hope you think I'm sacrilegious or a fanatic. That devil in a man, that makes him smoke to kill himself... When he--he wants the nicotine of one cigarette, that will supply his desire, now the company comes around with this deceiving gimmick, and says, "A thinking man's filter." He will have to smoke four or five cigarettes to make as much tar in you (to satisfy him) as you did with the one. Americans selling death to their brethren and sisters. I don't get it.

But yet in there, I thought, "There is a thinking man's Filter that's right." Now, if a man was smoking, remember, it produces a smoking man's taste. Then if you cannot have a--the--fill the desire of a smoke until you get the smoke there and get--have to produce the taste. So you smoke four cigarettes, or five, and pay more for it than you would if you just smoked one regular cigarette. See, it's a gimmick, a sales gimmick, deceiving the people: Americans. When I think of Valley Forge, George Washington, with two-thirds of his soldiers, and no shoes on their feet on that cold day, to make us the economy that we are, and then Americans sell American, his brother and sister, death, under a false gimmick for filthy lucre, the root of all evil, the crave of money, love. The whole thing's gone mad, knowing not that this whole thing will perish. But if you don't get no smoke, you can't have the taste.

Then I thought, "There is a thinking man's Filter," a thinking man's Filter. And I took my text from "A thinking man's Filter produces a holy man's taste." "

**(65-0911 God's Power To Transform)**

## Amerikee was Amerikee

Sometime ago, I talked to an old man down at Corydon, Indiana. He told me about when the capitol was in Corydon, and how he said how he went in a ox cart down to hear the governor speak. And he and the governor was the only two that had two piece suit on. Said that he raised the sheep and sheared them, and washed their wool, his sisters spun it and made him a coat to go with his trousers. And the old fellow setting there, then of about eighty-five or ninety years old, pulled his beard like that, and he said, "Billy, that's when Amerikee was Amerikee."

**(Jezebel Religion 61-0319 March 19, 1961)**

## Aunt Jemima – The Shunnamite Woman of Our Day

In Memphis one day... You've heard me tell it, I guess. I just thought of it. I was coming, singing that little song. The airplane had stopped. A storm come up the night before. And I was coming from over at--at Dallas, Texas, and it stopped at Memphis. Storm brought it down. They put me up in the big hotel, told me next morning they'd call me, seven o'clock. And I was going to mail some mail real early, about five o'clock. I didn't sleep too much. And on the road down the Holy Spirit said, "Turn and go back the other way."

I walked a little farther, and there was some reels and guns and things setting in a shop, a big old Irish cop standing there. I walked over to this reels, and looking up and down, I thought, "He's quit looking at me." I said, "Lord, was that You?" Don't you believe sons of God are led by the Spirit of God? Said, "Turn and go back the other way." I just started and went back. And I went across, went way down in south Memphis there, got amongst where the colored people live. And I was going along there, thought, "My," looked at my watch, "It's time for the plane to leave." Something just kept saying, "Go on, on." The sun was up big, you know.

I was going along there, and directly I looked, and hanging out over a little gate... And there stood a typical colored sister, looked like one of these Aunt Jemimas, her big fat cheeks hanging there. Tears was running down her cheeks; she said, "Good morning, parson."

I said, "Good morning." I said, "Auntie, how did you know I was a parson?" Now, down in the south that's what a minister's called. I said, "How'd you know I was a parson?"

She said, "Aw, I knew you was." Said, "There's one thing I just missed." Said, "You was supposed to have on a little gray suit, and a little hat put on the side of your head," said, "but where's that briefcase you had?" I'd just set it down.

I said, "Left in the hotel."

She said, "I knowed you was coming."

I said, "My name's Branham. Did you know?"

Said, "No, sir, Parson Branham, I don't know you." She said, "But did you ever hear in the Bible about that Shunammite woman?"

I said, "Yes."

Said, "You know, she--she had a baby. She was too old to have a baby, and yet she had one." And said that "Elijah, that prophet, went and told her about that baby 'cause she was kind to this prophet."

I said, "Yes, I know the story very well, auntie."

She said, "Well, I is that kind of woman." And she said, "I prayed to the Lord, me and my husband, to give us a child. I said I'd raise him like she did." And said, "He gave us a fine boy." And said, "But my boy took the wrong road." Said, "He got out amongst sinners and so forth, and went the way of the sin." And said, "He's laying in there dying. He's caught a venereal disease." And said, "He's in there dying." And said, "We didn't know it, we Christians here." And said, "It went so long till it turned into syphilitic." And said, "He's a--he's dying."

And said, "The doctor come and said that they couldn't do nothing for him. His blood was four-plus and they'd give him Salvarsan, 606, and mercury, and everything, but it didn't do no good. And it was--it was too far advanced: done eat holes in his heart." And said. "He's dying." And she said, "I just couldn't, parson, stand to see my baby die."

Said, "His father went on to work this morning." And said, "All night long I was up, and I prayed. I said, 'Lord God,' said, 'You're the same God was back in the days of Elijah.' And said, 'Now, I--I--I is the kind of a woman she was, and You give me my baby here.' And said, 'He's took the wrong road, Lord. But I've washed over boards and tried to serve You, and went to Your church, and listened to Your parsons.' And said, 'I--I tried and done everything I was told to do.'" She said, "'I don't want to see my baby die like that.'" She said, "'If...' And I said, 'Lord, what can I do?'"

And said, "I fell asleep, and I dreamed I seen you coming down the street. And when I woke up He said, 'Go out there and stand by the gate.'" And her back was still wet. She had a man's shirt tied around her head. And as I looked down there, I looked at her, I thought. "My."

She said, "Won't you come in?"

Oh, my. I opened that old gate back, a little old plowpoint hanging there for a gate weight. You know what they are. And then went on the inside. I been in kings' palaces, you know, but never was I any more welcome then I was in that little colored house that morning, little old floor, and that little old iron bedstead there, poor. But laying on the bed was a great big, fine-looking boy. Looked to be about a hundred and ninety pounds, just strong, husky. And he had the sheet in his hand, or the little thing over him, going, "Uh, uh, uh."

I said, "Good morning, sir."

"Oh," she said, "parson, he hasn't knowed nothing for three or four days." Said, "He--he thinks that--he thinks he's out in the ocean or some big place." Said, "He--he talked about it being dark. And he's in a boat, and he can't find his way back." And said, "That's what breaks my heart." Said, "If I could just hear him say he was saved."

I said, "Auntie, I pray for the sick."

She wasn't interested in that. She wanted to see that boy saved. That's what she wanted to see, that boy saved. She knew she would see him again on the other side then. She said, "Now, he's took the wrong road. Won't you pray for him?"

I said, "Well, let's pray." I said, "Well, let's pray."

So we got down, and I said, "Auntie, you pray first." Oh, my. When that dear old saint went to praying, you... It wasn't something new with her. She talked to Him like she'd talked to Him before. Yes, she did. I just felt chills run all over me like that. I thought, "O God, how did You ever lead me down here like this?" I thought, "O God, You're so wonderful."

I'd watch her, and I raised up, and watched her. And she'd, tears running down. She said, "Lord, here I am." Said, "I prayed, and You give me a dream and said this parson was coming. And waited right there." I believe God works on both ends of the line. That's...?... Said, "I waited right here till he come." And said, "Now, here he is." Said, "Lord, if I could just hear my baby say 'I--I'm saved,'" said, "it'll be all right." And she prayed, and then she stopped praying, said, "Amen." She said, "Would you pray, parson?"

I said, "Yes ma'am, sister." I put my hands over on his feet, cold.

She raised over and wiped the tears off her cheeks, like that. She kissed him on the cheek. No matter if he was in disgrace, she said, "Mama's baby." Now, see, that--that... No matter what he was, it's still her baby. See? No matter... See, that's it. You think of a mother's love. Now, but God said, "A mother might forget her baby, but I can't forget you." See? "Your name's engraved on the palms of my hands." He loves you, don't worry. If you're taking His Word, just keep on.

She knelt back down. And I put my hands on his feet. He kept saying, "Uh, uh, it's dark in here." Said, "Uh, uh, dark in here. Oh, mama."

I said, "Can't you talk to him?"

* Said, "No, he don't know where he's at." Said, "He's just been going like that for days."

I said, "Heavenly Father, I don't understand that why that plane come down. Now, I'm too late. I won't catch it. And here You had me come down this way. And this sister standing out here, this little humble house. I come here just to... I don't know why I'm here, Lord. I just kept on following..."

He said, "Oh, mama. Oh, mama."

And I said, I listened a little bit, she said, "Yes, honey."

Said, "Mama, it's getting light in the room."

A little while... About a year after that I was going through to Phoenix. I come on a train. You know how sandwiches are on train; they're so high, and little bitty things. So we pulled into Memphis, and I jumped off, get me a sack full of hamburgers to last me till I got about to Phoenix. And so... We'd be that day and that night. And I could get them there for about fifteen cents apiece, you know. And was I go get me a sack full of hamburgers... And I went to get me... Run down like that. And I heard somebody or another, "Hello there, Parson Branham." I looked right over, a little redcap standing over there. I said, "Hello, there. How are you, brother?" Kept on going.

He said, "Wait a minute." Said, "Don't you know me?"

And I said, "No, I don't believe I do, brother."

He said, "You 'member one time," said, "you come down to my house," and said, "my mama was standing out at that gate waiting down over here, or something?"

I said, "You're not that boy?"

Said, "Yes, I am." He said, "I--I not... I's healed." Said, "The--the--the doctor done said I's well." And said, "Not only that, but I'm saved now."

What is it? Listen, friends. God works on both ends of the line. That same God Who could say to that woman, that Shunammite, the same God Who could speak and say to that woman at the well, "Go, get your husband." That same woman could touch His garment to turn Him around in that midst of that people; He's God.

Let me show you something. I have... I've noticed some colored people back there in the back, I believe, and two, three brethren setting here. I don't say this now. See?.. But look, any grace of God (not to the potentates and monarchs), but to a poor, illiterate colored woman living in a little haunt down there, the grace of God that could hold that plane down there...

And listen, after I left that house I went out and caught a cab to go back. I was about two and a half hours late. And I said, "Drive me on over to the cab station." No from cab--not cab station, but airport. I said, "I've got to catch a plane when I can." Now, it was back there right after the war and you couldn't hardly get a plane. When I walked in, got inside, said, "Last call, Louisville, Kentucky."

What was it? God, for the faith of that woman that maybe didn't know her ABC's... Yet she knowed her ABC's: Always Believe Christ. See? For that woman, poor, illiterate woman, hardly knowed where the next meal was coming from. But her sincerity to the God that she loved could ground that plane, and hold that plane until the prayer of faith was prayed over her boy; and could take a man and move him so I couldn't go up in the plane; the Spirit of God turning you around. No matter how you try to go, it turns you back. You get God in you, brother, you can't walk that other road; something turns you around. Held that plane there for that... That's the same God that's in this building tonight. You believe it? Put on the full armor of God. You believe Him?"

**(62-0607 Putting On The Whole Armor Of God)**

## Be An Example Worth Following

Of some years ago in England... There was a man; he thought he would go out and have a little friendly drink at Christmas time just for fellowship. And he went out among hiYou know, the walk that we make makes an example for others. It really is.

An old story s neighbors, and he was exchanging presents. And everybody would say to him, "Now, John, just take a drink of this." And a little sip here, and a little sip there, and he got really intoxicated. And on his road home, there'd come a snow of about six inches. And--and his little boy was following him. He couldn't pack him; he was too drunk. And he was on his road home, and he happened to turn around and noticed his little boy just almost wallowing in the snow. And he said, "Son, why are you wallowing in the snow?"

He said, "Daddy, I'm trying to follow your footsteps."

And he picked the little lad up in his arms and said, "God, from this day on, I'll never take another drink."

Somebody's going to follow your footsteps. Let's walk that straight line from the cradle to Calvary. That's the footsteps let's have them to walk in"

**(59-0301e What Does Thou Here)**

## COULD ANYBODY EVER SEE GOD ?

Up at my home, I live on the Ohio River, and oh, I just love water. And there was a little boy that lived down in the city, and he went to a church, and he was a fine little lad. And he said, to his mother one day; he said, "Mother, I want to ask you a question." Said, "I hear the preacher talk about God being so great." And said, "Now, I just wonder if anybody could ever see God?"

"Why," she said, "honey, you ask your Sunday school teacher." Said, "Mother couldn't answer that. I don't know nothing about it."

And so they ask the Sunday school teacher, and she said, "Oh, I wouldn't know about that. You ought to ask the pastor."

So he went and ask the pastor. The pastor said, "No, sonny, no man can see God. No man can see God and live. You just can't do it."

So the little fellow was disappointed. He associated with an old fisherman that lived on the river. And one day, they was up around close to... Pardon me. [Brother Branham coughs--Ed.] the six mile island, and there come up a storm. [Brother Branham coughs and clears his throat--Ed.] Excuse me. And there come up a storm, and the waters... You know how it gets after rain, the leaves are all washed off.

The old fisherman got back out in the boat and started down in the river pulling his boat. And just as the oarman, or any boatman knows, the--the harmony of that tip of the wave on the oars, like that, as he bringing down, just pulling a box of fish behind. And there was a--the sun come out in the west, over this a way, and was looking towards the east, the old fisherman was, and there come a rainbow across the skies. And the little fellow was setting in the stern of the boat, and so he begin to notice the old fisherman with his gray beard, tears begin to run down his cheeks as he looked at that rainbow going along.

And the little fellow got enthused and he ran up to the center of the boat, and grabbed the old fisherman by the knees and fell down there at his feet. He said, "Sir, I'm going to ask you a question. My Sunday school teacher, my mother, my pastor, no one could answer. Could anybody see God?"

And the old fisherman so overcome, he just pulled the oars in the boat, threw his arms around the little boy; he said, "God bless your little heart, honey. All I've seen for the past fifty years has been God." There's so much God on the inside of him; everything he looked at was God.

That's how you see God is when you get God inside of you. Let Him look through your eyes. That's how you'll work for God, when God can use your hands, use your feet, use your lips, use your tongue, use your ears, use your eyes. God, in you, sees God on the outside. God is in His universe. He was in the rainbow, settled the question there that none of them could settle.

I'm a hunter, as you all know. My mother's a half-Indian, and I--and my conversion never taken that out of me. I still go up into Colorado where I'm a licensed guide, and--every fall, and go way high in the mountains where I used to herd cattle for years, and set there many times, learn so much about God.

I remember setting there, my leg across... Where the Hereford Association grazes the--the Troublesome River Valley, and watching the ranchers as we bring in the cattle, putting them up in the springtime to herd them. And here's one thing I--reason I'm interdenomination.

The ranger stood there at the drift fence, and he watched those cattle. If you can raise a ton of hay on your ranch, will produce as many tons of hay, you can put cow on the forest. I guess you still have the same laws here. And then, the rancher standing there watching those cattle, he never paid very much attention of what brand they had on them. Ours was the Tripod, and the others... The name above us was Turkey Track, and just above there was Grimes, the big outfit that had the bar--diamond bar, and many of--some of them put hundreds and hundreds head of cattle on there. But you know, that--that ranger never noticed them brands. He watched for the blood tag in the ear. You couldn't put a Hereford on that forest without--or cow on that forest without being a thoroughbred Hereford. It had to be a registered Hereford.

And I think at the day of the judgment, God will not notice whether I belong to the Assemblies, or the Church of God, or what church I belong to, the brand that I wear; He will look for the blood tag; the Blood of His own Son. That's what He will--will look for. Nothing will go in there but a borned again Christian"

**(60-0731 Show Us The Father And It Will Satisfy Us)**

## CREATE A GOOD ATMOSPHERE BY PRAYER - PERSONAL TESTIMONY

And then, here sometime ago... I will tell you a little story that you might not think was just right. I come in the room where the kitchen, and the whole house had been piled full, this room, that room, downstairs, and everywhere, and--and then when I was getting through, along about from early that morning... It was about five o'clock, we'd been turning everybody away. The boys at the gates and so forth, they keeping the people away. And I went out into the kitchen; there my wife sit out there crying as hard as she could cry. Two little girls, they was setting on in the floor and fighting over their blocks, and the house all tore up. Everything that Meda said, my wife said, "Billy, I am going wild." She said, "These children hasn't had a bite to eat all day long. The kitchen's standing full, the house standing full. And oh," she said, "I..." Thirty-five years old, and snow-white headed, and it... Stand between me and the public.

And I said, "Well, honey," I said...

She said, "Oh, why, I just don't know what to do." And the poor little fellow, I felt sorry for her.

Now, let me tell you something: Each man that's borned again with the Spirit of God in him is a miniature creator. Now, that might shake you a little, but that's the truth. We're in the image of God. God is a Creator. That's the reason that you can believe that God could heal a person, because God is in you, and God made this world. He just spoke it, and His Word become material. The very ground that you're setting on is the Word of God made manifest. If He didn't, where do He get it? See? He just spoke it, and it turned into existence. He believed in His own Word. And if a man's borned of the Spirit of God, he's an offspring of God; and that part of God is in him, and he believes every word that God says will materialize. See? And so, that makes him part of God. The Holy Spirit in the man makes him a part of God.

And now, did you ever see people, nice people, but you just couldn't hardly stand to be around? Sure you have. You don't have nothing against them, but you can't stand to be around them. Then you seen some person that's, oh, maybe a little old scrawny fellow, or a little old woman bent over a washtub, but you just love to be around that person. You just love them, somehow. It's the atmosphere that they've got around them, the way they live; they create an atmosphere that you like to be into. That's lovely people to be with.

Now, my wife setting there, and she was crying, so I said, "Now, the only thing for me to do now, heavenly Father," in my heart, I said, "is to create a different situation here." And I said, "Now, heavenly Father, I love You, and I've been ministering to Your people, and here my poor little wife is all tore up. The babies setting there pulling one another's hair and fighting over the blocks," and I said, "we don't want that. So You help me, Father, and I believe You're going to do it."

So I said, "Well, praise the Lord, honey." I said, "This has been a marvelous day." I said, "You see that kiddie walk out a while ago, and took them braces off, and walked away?"

And that man out there in the ambulance said, "Brother Branham, just speak the Word. That's all they have to do, and my child will come out of here." And oh--oh, a lot of faith, you know. I got talking.

She said, "Oh, honey," said, "it's so wonderful," but said, "Oh, look at these kiddies." Said, "They haven't eaten since this morning." Said, "I couldn't get--even get around in the kitchen."

And I said, "Oh, yeah, but that's all right. Just think when it's all over, what we're going to do then." I said, "My, when we sit down with them over there, and when they ring those golden bells some of these days, and the jubilee songs begin to sing, and there comes Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," I said, "Just watch me shine then." And I said, "Honey, going to have you right on the arm, like that, and we're just going to walk right up those streets of gold." She...

I seen a little smile come out of the side of her face, and I thought, "Thank You, Lord." Just kept on, I said, "Let's... Now, we will get supper ready right quick." And I said, "We will shove out right quick, and we will go somewhere. And get in the old car and puddle around down along on the hill somewhere." I said, "We will just have a good time."

And she just started getting supper ready. Every once in a while I--I would walk over. And I was praying, "Oh, Lord, now just let me create this atmosphere being happy instead of being like this." I laid my hands on her like that, and I said, "Honey, you know what?" She thought, I just put my hands on and talk to her, but I was laying my hands on her in Jesus' Name. See? Then, "Honey, you know what?" I said, "It's just marvelous." I said, "You know, at--this coming summer," I said, "we're going up into the mountains," I said, "as soon as I get a little time for vacation." I said, "I'd like to see them kids catch one of those trout. Wouldn't you like that?"

She said, "Oh, that was a lot of fun." I said... Well, it's coming right along. I said, "Yes, honey, that's just fine." ("O Lord God, please... ") And I just... And the first thing you know, she was a laughing and singing. The kids had their blocks in there just a playing, and having a big time.

See, that's the way it is. You just keep believing, create the atmosphere. Let... Never let doubt come around you. Believe all the time. Don't--don't accompany any of that doubt at all. No, sir. No matter what the circumstances is, push away doubt. Walk right on through it. Just refuse it. Yes, sir. Don't give no grounds at all. Yes"

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**(55-0610 Do You Now Believe)**

## Does It Still Attracts You..?

I cannot mention the man's name, 'cause I can't think of his name now, but many of you will remember him. They say there was an island where that the men would go in ambush, and the women would come out singing. And their songs were so tantalizing, that the sailors passing by in the ships, would come in, and then the ambush soldiers would--would catch the sailors off of guard, and slay them. And a certain great man wanted to pass by. And he had his sailors to tie him to a mast pole, and--and--and put something in his mouth, so he could not scream; and--and put plugs in his sailors' ears, so they could not hear and sail by to hear it. And the women came out, dancing, and--and screaming, and singing. And, oh, it was so great, till he turned the hide on his wrist, screaming to his sailors, "Turn in, turn in." But they couldn't hear him, they had plugs in their ears.

And then he sailed to a certain place where they was to unmask his, or untie his hands, and he was to take the plugs from their ears. And there, when walking on the street, he heard a musician that was so far supreme to that down there, that when he passed by again, they said, "Oh, great rover, shall we tie you to the mast pole again?"

He said, "No, just let me loose. I have heard something so much greater, till that'll never bother me no more."

That's the way it is to a borned again Christian. They've found something so much greater than the rock-and-roll's and the entertainments of this world. They are entertained by the Holy Spirit. And It's so much greater, till the world is dead to them.

But when you go to this cheap entertainment, you must remember that you've got to take lots of money. A young fellow who takes his girlfriend to these parties, and these dances, and so forth, is going to pay great lot of his week's earnings. And the old people who try to find pleasure in going to the beer parlors to drink away their sorrows of the week, they're going to have to pay great money. And what do they get from it? They don't get nothing but heartache.

And remember, you've got to settle up with God someday for it. "And the wages of sin is death." You don't make nothing here on earth by it. It's a false mirage. Drinking will only add sorrow. Sin will only add death upon death. And your final check will be separation from God eternally into the lake of fire. And you cannot gain anything, but lose.

Then God comes and asks the question, "Why do you spend your money for those things that satisfies not? Why do you do it?"

What makes man want to do it? They spend all that they've got, and all that they can earn to buy drinking, to clothe some woman that they run with, or some kind of a worldly, lustful pleasures.

But we are told in the Bible, and are bid to come to God and to buy eternal joy and Eternal Life, without money or without price.

Those things cannot satisfy, and the end of them is eternal death. And it costs you all the money that you can muster together to be the--the big shot of the entertainment, or the fun-boy, or whatever you might be, or the popular girl, or whatever it is. It costs all you can get together to do that. Dress in the very highest of dressings, and--and do the things that the world does, only to reap a check of eternal damnation.

God said then, "Why?" What are we going to do at the day of judgment when we're asked why did we do that? What's going to be our answer? What's going to be the answer to modern America, who says that they are a Christian nation? And there's more money spent for whiskey in a year's time, than there is for food. Why spend your money for those kind of things? Yet, the government would send you to penitentiary for five dollars worth of taxes that you had sent maybe to some institution that wasn't correctly set in order to receive taxes to send some missionary overseas. We're going to be asked someday, "Why did you do it?"

**(59-0802 Without Money Or Without Price)**

## Ghosts Are Real

The other day in the Tucson paper, I was reading an article that where there was a--a woman driving down the road, I believe about forty, fifty miles an hour, and she hit an old man with an overcoat on. She screamed and stopped her car. It threw him up in the air. Right out in the plain desert! And she run back to find him, and he wasn't there. So what did she do? Some people behind her saw it happen, saw the old man fly up in the air, and his overcoat turning. So they run back to find out. They couldn't find the man anywhere. They called the police force. The police come out to examine the place; there was nobody there.

Well, each one of them testified, "The car chugged, hit the man. He went up in the air, and everybody saw it." Witnesses, and two or three carloads of them, they seen it happen. Come to find out, five years ago, there was an old man with an overcoat on, hit and killed on the same spot.

When you leave here, you're not dead. You've got to come back, even if you're a sinner, and be judged according to the deeds done in the body. "If this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we have one waiting." En morphe, that's the word"

**(65-0221e Who Is This Melchisedec)**

## God with Skin On

Reminds me of a--there near our place. We live on the Ohio River. And there was a little boy who went to a certain Sunday school, a Baptist Sunday school in our country, and he was very much enthused. One day when he asked his mother, "If this great Person that's called God, that we go to church to worship, if He is such a great Person, wonder if you could let me see Him? I'd like to see Him." Oh, the mother said to her little junior; she said, "Well, sonny, you must ask your Sunday school teacher; mother's not able to provide that answer." So at Sunday school he spoke to his teacher, and she said, "I'm not able to provide that either, so you'd better ask the pastor." After the sermon, they asked the pastor. And the pastor said, "No, sonny." Said, "No man can see God." Said, "God is just like the air, and you cannot see Him." And, of course, that didn't satisfy the little lad.

And he used to chum with an old man down on the Ohio River. And he was an old typical fisherman, the graying in his beard, and he was some sixty-five, seventy years old, batching, living in a little shanty-boat. And I've fished with him myself, and we used to go up around the islands and fish, set jumper lines. So this little lad was with him one day up the river. And on the road back there come up a storm, and they had to rush quickly to the bank to land the little boat; because the waves was so awful big and whitecapping, until it would turn the little craft over. So after the storm was over, and they came from behind the trees, they pushed the little boat off the bank, and got out into the current of the river, which was about one mile across the Ohio River there. Started down the river, drifting along, as the old fisherman was pulling the oars.

And while they were behind the tree, the old fisherman had told the little boy the story (as he'd asked him) why he wasn't married, and didn't have anyone to take care of him. And he said, "Oh, sonny, there's Someone Who takes care of me. And the reason that I am not married, my wife is in heaven waiting for me." And he went on with the story. And as he got out into the current, they were going east with the little boat--or going west, rather, with the little boat, and the old fisherman facing back up the river towards the west, it was in the afternoon, and--and the sun was setting. And after the rain, come a rainbow. And, oh, I think that's a most beautiful time. When the rain has washed all the dirt off the trees, and--and they look so pretty and green in their original colors, and all the flowers are pretty, and the atmosphere's low, and brings the smell of the rose out. It's just a beautiful time after a rain. I think it somehow reminds me after a revival, when the Holy Spirit has come in and washed all the dust out, and--and got us sweetened again before the Lord. Just to stand in the Presence of, like I am this afternoon, just bathing here in the Presence of the Lord Jesus, the Holy Spirit taking all doubts and fears and things away from us, and we stand together, after a--a shower from heaven has filled our souls.

As the old fisherman started pulling his boat on, the little fellow noticed that tears begin to come down the old fisherman's face. And the little lad turned to see what he was looking at, and there was a rainbow across the sky. So the little fellow setting in the stern of the boat, become enthused. So he was holding onto the side of the brail, and he raised up, and run up into the stern of the boat, and fell down at the old fisherman's lap. And he said, "I want to ask you something that my mother, nor my Sunday school teacher, or pastor, can answer for me." And the old fisherman stopped his oaring and said, "What is it, lad?" He said, "I noticed you looking at that rainbow." Said, "They tell me that God put that up there." He said, "That's true, my lad." He said, "If God is so great, could anyone see Him?" And the old fisherman embraced the little boy to his bosom; he said, "Blessings on you, my little lad. Let me tell you something. All that I've seen for the past fifty years has been God." There was so much God on the inside, till he could see Him on the out. Now, that's the only way you're ever going to be able to see God, is get Him on the inside of you, let Him look through your eyes, and He will declare Himself"

**(Let Us See God 59-1129)**

## How The Eagle Renews Its Youth

Oh, I remember here not long ago I was reading a book on an eagle, a certain kind of an eagle. I think he's in--over in the orient. And I--I preached here some time ago on it, "As the Eagle Stirreth Its Nest." And I was reading up on eagles, and I found out there's forty different types of eagles.

But this certain eagle... The Bible says as the eagle renews his youth, renews his strength; we shall mount up like eagles, and so forth. And this certain eagle, when he begins to get old he knows he's going to die pretty soon. There's a crust comes over his head. He's bald, you know.

And that's the reason God likened Himself to an eagle. He likes His children to eagles. And because they're the highest soaring bird, they can go higher than any other bird there is. His eye's so keen. It wouldn't do him no good to get up there unless he seen what was going on down here, see far off. He likened His prophet to eagles that can sail up like this, and look way off and see things coming, come back down and tell the people what's fixing to happen: the eagle.

And these old eagle, when he begins to get old, he finds... And he goes way up high into the cleft of the rocks, and he finds a certain rock. He gets up there. He's getting so old he can't hardly walk around. This crust is killing him, over his head.

And he takes his head and he starts beating against that rock, beating it against the rock until he knocks the crust off his head. Oh, it hurts him. You can see him up there flopping around. He will jump back (watching him through glasses), he will knock his head again. What's he trying to do? Knock that crust off. And he will bleed, and the blood will run all over him till he knocks that crust off.

And if he can't knock it off, he dies. But if he gets it knocked off, he will start rejoicing and screaming. You can hear him for miles, just screaming. Why? He knows that he's got all the crust off of him. He knows that his youth's going to be renewed because that he got the crust off. That's wonderful. I appreciate that for the eagle.

But brother, I know a Rock. Amen. I know a Rock that the weary sinner can beat his, not his head on there, but beat himself in prayer till all the crust of the world is took off of him, all the unbelief, the shackles are broke loose. And that man can beat himself in prayer there till every sin-shackle is broke away from him.

I know where prostitutes can beat till they become ladies. I know where drunkards and gamblers can beat till they become saints of God, men of God. I know a Rock. That Rock is Christ Jesus, our Refuge. And as soon as you get all the world beat off of you, you renew your youth"

**(62-0518 Letting Off The Pressure)**

## I AM THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR

"Did you know Jesus was the Bright and Morning Star, the greatest Star of all the stars of Heaven? Who is the Bright and Morning Star? Jesus of Nazareth, the brightest that ever lived in human flesh. He is the Bright and Morning Star. He is also like the north star, He is, to a man that's lost. Your compass can only point to the north star. That's the only place it can point. If it's a true compass, it'll strike the north star every time. A compass, it is magnetized to that North Pole.

And the only way, no matter how much jungle you're in, or how deep the thickets are around you, or how foggy it is at sea, that compass hand, you can turn it any way you want to, and it'll swing right back and point to the north star. And when we're in trouble, and trusting Christ, there's one thing sure: the Holy Spirit will point us to the Word that will guide us to the North Star, and to deliver of everything we have need of. He is our Absolute"

**(63-0304 A Absolute)**

## STAR JESUS, THE ROSE OF SHARON

"And Jesus was that Rose of Sharon. And, notice, a rose is a beautiful thing, it has perfume in it. But before the perfume can come out, the rose has to be crushed, and then the perfume is squeezed from the rose. Jesus, in His life, was the most beautiful life ever lived; but He couldn't remain that way, 'cause He had to anoint His Church (to approach His Holiness), so His life was squeezed out. It cost God His Son. It cost God the greatest price.

It cost Christ His life. He was the Rose of Sharon; but to get the perfume out of a rose, you have to crush it up. His beautiful life was crushed at a young Man of thirty-three and a half years, that we might live"

**(61-0108 Revelation Chapter Four #3)**

## MAGNETIZATION – YOU MUST BE MAGNETIZED

Not long ago, standing here, Gary, Indiana, I was taken by a man into the mills. And I was watching them as they was sweeping the... About time to quit they swept their little--little shavings out into the floor. And the man told me, said, "Now, watch this a minute." And he pressed a button, way back into somewhere come a great magnet; it came down, and as it passed through that great pile of shavings, those shavings just clung right onto this great magnet. Went out there and demagnetized it, dropped into the--to the great foundry and was molded over, the great molding kettle.

I stood there for a moment and my--my heart was a jumping. I said, "Praise the Lord."

And the man said, "What's the matter Mr. Branham?"

I said, "I was thinking."

He said, "You surely must." I think I scared him.

And when I said, "Way back yonder somewhere is a magnet setting." And I said, "I want to ask you a question." I said, "Why didn't all those shavings go?"

He said, "Some of them, Sir, is aluminum; they were not magnetized to the magnet."

I hollered, "Praise the Lord." And I said, "But why didn't that piece of iron go?"

Said, "It's bolted to the floor."

I said, "Praise the Lord."

Oh, brother, the Lord Jesus is coming someday, the great Eagle of heaven, and only those who are magnetized by the power of the Holy Ghost will take that ride. Bolted down creeds, and denominations, and shavings of aluminum light thinkers, light ambitions... I think the Church of God should be the highest thinker, the highest ambitions that there is in the world ought to dwell with Christians: To press the mark to the high calling of Christ, certainly"

**(57-0705 The Eagle In Her Nest)**

## MR. CROW CHURCH MEMBER

Oh. I read a story one time; it's a--may fit in good right here. A farmer caught a crow, and he tied him. And he said, "I'll teach the other crows a lesson." So he tied the old crow, and--by a leg with a string, and the poor old thing like starved to death. He was so weak, he could hardly walk around. That's what some of these organizations and churches has tied the people down. Just can't... "Well, this is all the farther you can go. Days of miracles is past." Yeah, you're just tied. That's all. "There is no such a thing as the Holy Ghost. He don't speak in tongues like He used to." He's God. "He's just the same yesterday, today, and forever," Hebrews 13:8, living in all the churches. We'll get to it after the setting of this morning. See, He's God that lives in every church age. He will live in every church age, and will live in His people for eternity. For we have now within us Eternal Life.

So this denomination had tied him down (See?), "Well, the days of miracles is past. There's no such a thing as Divine healing." The poor old fellow hobbled along till he was so poor he could hardly walk. And one day there was a good man come by, and he said, "You know, that poor old crow, I feel so sorry for him. After all, he might've been getting his corn; that's the only way he makes a living; he's got to have something to eat. So he didn't know any difference; he was just out there getting corn." So if... Then he took his... And he took his knife and cut the old crow loose. And you know... Here come the other crows, come over and said, "Come on, Johnny Crow. Let's go south, cold weather is a-coming." You know what? That crow would just go as far as he could go out there, and he said, "I can't do it. It's not... It's just not for us in this day. We--we just can't do it." See? He had been tied so long, until he had thought he was still tied. See?

And that's the way with a lot of people; you're tied down with creeds and denominations from the old mother prostitute back there, telling you that Jesus Christ isn't the same, and there's no such a thing as healing. There's no baptism of the Holy Ghost. There's none of this stuff like that. Trying to tell you them... You been tied so long till you still think you're tied. The good Man, Christ, gave His Blood that He might wash us and loose us from our sin. What is sin? I'll ask anybody to tell me what is sin. Sin is unbelief. That's right, "He that believeth not is condemned already." And your sin is your only thing that keeps you from being free. Is because God cut you loose from your unbelief, but you're so bound with creeds till you still think you're tied, just starving to death (See?), hobbling around, "I'm Presbyterian. I'm Methodist. I'm Baptist. They tell me I'm Church of Christ. The days of miracles is past; there's no such a thing." You poor starved crow, why don't you come along this morning? Why don't you fly away? Hallelujah. Rise up with the wings of a morning, and fly away to the Son of Righteousness with healing on His wings. Amen. That's it. That's it, brother, sister. Oh. He who the Son has cut free, is free indeed. Yes, sir.

"Well, my pastor..." Nothing about that, the Bible said you're free. That's right. You're free. "My church..." Well, get cut loose. "Has washed us and loosed us from our denominations in His own Blood," and has made us free so we can think for ourself, and do for ourself, and talk for ourself, and act for ourself. "Well, if I went back and told the pastor I had to be rebaptized, he would..." What about, "You are free"? This is a revelation, you know. All right, you're free. If you've been sprinkled with a little salt shake like this, in the name of "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," there's a pool setting here, ready this morning, with water in it. See? Yes, sir, it's not right. So you're not bound anymore. You're free, but maybe you don't know it. But let me tell you this morning; the Bible said He loosed us from our sins, our unbelief, that we might receive the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Go away free... Have to take what any church says about it. Take what God said about it. Here's His Revelation revealing Who He is"

**(Revelation Chapter One 60-1204m)**

## PROSPECTOR - SECOND VERSION

215 Years ago, when they used to have gold out here in the mountains. I read a story, many years ago, it's always stuck with me. It said there was a--a prospector went out here somewhere beyond the mountains here, and was prospecting for gold, and he struck a rich claim. And he come back, thinking; when he got to the city, what he would be, his troubles was all over. And--and he--he tried to--to say, "Tomorrow I'll get in and I'll..." Just one day's journey, he would be into the city, and he would have the gold. And he had big sacks full of it.

216 He had a dog with him. Not comparing now the dog to the Holy Spirit, but as I'm making an illustration. But this dog...

217 Through the night, the prospector laid upon his bed, and--and he begin to think, "Now, tomorrow I'll--I'll take all my gold in, and I'll become just what I've always wanted to be. I--I--I always wanted to be a rich man. I--I wanted to own fine things, and so forth."

218 And--and then this dog begin to bark, and because there was an enemy approaching. And he--he went out there, and he said, "Shut up!" And so the dog quieted down. And no more than got back in bed, he started like he was going to go to sleep, and the dog started again, just jumping at the chain. And he went to the door again, said, "Shut up! I want you to know that tomorrow I'm a rich man, see," and that was his great dreams. But the dog started barking again.

219 And finally, he got so discouraged, he went and got his shotgun and shot the dog, and killed it. He said, "I won't have no more use for you, anyhow. Tomorrow I'm a rich man. I will become a rich man, tomorrow."

220 And he sit the gun down in the corner, turned his back over to the door, went to sleep. And the man had been following him, for days, slipped in and killed him. He wasn't a rich man, see, he stopped that warning buzzer that was trying to tell him his life was at stake.

221 And, brother, sister, you will never be able to... Don't never try to hush that holy calling in your heart, see, by joining a church, by reciting a creed, by belonging to a certain organization.

222 There is only one thing can satisfy it, that's the Person, Jesus Christ. "As the hart panteth for the water brook, so my soul thirsts after Thee, O God. My soul thirsts for the living God!" See, there is something in you, that wants to see the moving of God. Your soul thirsts for It. Don't stop anything short of That.

**(65-0919 Thirst)**

## RESPECT GOD

Sometime ago in New Albany, while I was standing there talking to a sinner, leading him to Christ, a big old rough-handed man in the garage. A man was a friend of mine, his son-in-law run the garage next door. I was standing there preaching at a dinner hour, eating a sandwich and talking to him about God. Through the daytime I'd find somewhere where I could go at dinner time and try to win a soul to Christ. He said, "Mr. Branham," he said. I was just a boy preacher myself. He said, "Mr. Branham," said, "my mother had that kind of religion, that heartfelt religion." And the tears was running down his cheeks.

I said, "How long she been gone?"

Said, "Years. She always prayed for me."

I said, "The God that heard her prayers is trying to answer them right now for her."

And this man walked in there, he said, "Hello." He was drunk. Said, "Hey, Billy, listen. Anytime you want to come over to my garage, you come," but said, "don't bring that old holy-roller religion of yours over there." I turned and looked at him, I said, "Anywhere Christ is not welcome, I'll not be." And so he turned around and said, "Aw, get next to yourself, boy."

And I just heard in my heart a Voice say, "You reap what you sow. It'd be better for you that a millstone was hanged at your neck and drowned in the depths of the sea." And his own son-in-law, that very same afternoon, run over him with a two-ton Chevrolet truck loaded down and mashed him down in the ground. See, you've got to respect God. You've got to. God demands respects"

**(Respects 61-1015E - October 15, 1961)**

## sHE KEPT HERSELF LIKE A LADY - ARTIST

Let me tell you a little something that happened. I'm a missionary, as you know, do evangelistic missionary work, about seven times overseas, and around the world. Here, not long ago, in the city of Rome... Rome's a great city for art, and they had a school of art there. And several of our American young folks go over there every year to take a year or two's training in art, to learn to paint pictures. There was a group of young Americans came over here a few years ago, as the story was told me. And when they get over there, they just go hog-wild. When they're in Rome, they do as Rome does: get out and drink and strip themselves, and everything else, and carry on, both boys and girls.

And there was a certain school. And in this school, this--this group of young Americans come over. And every one of them, almost, did the same thing. But one certain little girl, she wouldn't tolerate it at all. She stayed in. At nighttime she read while they was all out drinking. Daytime, she worked steady. Well, she was the laughingstock of the whole school. And she kept herself like a lady, conducted herself like a lady. Although there were young Roman boys and everything around, trying to get her to go out, she refused it. No, sir. She stayed right with her lessons, learning to draw, and to paint, rather. And she stayed with it.

Finally, an old custodian at the place kept watching her, seeing she was so much different, although he was a Roman Catholic, kept watching her, how she conducted herself. One evening, the young girl in the park where the--the studio was, why--or the place where they had the school, she walked out upon the campus, and went up towards the top of the hill, and the sun was setting. And she was standing up there with her pretty, clean face, and her hair hanging down, looking across that way towards the setting of the sun.

The old custodian was raking down there in the yard, and kept watching the girl. As he raked, something just kept telling him go talk to her. So he laid his rake down, took off his old slouch hat, walked up to where the young lady was, cleared up his throat. She turned around. He said, "Pardon me, Miss."

She said, "Yes, sir. Certainly."

And he noticed she'd been crying. All the rest was out on a big spree for the night. He said, "Madam, I hope that you understand me in the right way, that I'm going to speak to you." Said, "You've been here most for over two years now. And I've noticed the group that you've come with, continually they're out on parties, and coming in all times of the night, drunk, and clothes half off of them, and everything. But I noticed that you don't attend such parties."

And said, "I--I notice that, seemingly, that you're always looking across the sea. Of a evening, you walk up here, and stand here each evening, and watch the sun go down." And said, "What causes that?" Said, "I'm an old man. And I--I'm curious of knowing what causes this difference between you and the others."

She said, "Yes, sir." She said, "Sir, I'm looking towards home when the sun is setting." She said, "Across, beyond that sun yonder is my homeland." And she said, "In that land there is a certain state. And in that certain state there's a certain city. And in that certain city is a certain house. And in that house is a certain boy."

She said, "He too, is an artist. When I left to come over here, I pledged my love to him. We're engaged to one another." And she said, "No matter what any of the rest of them does, that has nothing to do with me." She said, "I promised to live true and right." And she said, "I'm longing for the day, that when I feel myself on the top of the wings of that big plane that'll take me across the sea and set me down at the airport where he will meet me. He's building a home, and we'll live together in that land."

And said, "That's the reason I act the way I do. I'm true to the promise that I made a boy. And he's true to the promise that he makes to me." Said, "I hear from him now and then, and I write to him." And said, "Corresponding with one another, we're still holding our vows, waiting for the day we meet."

Oh, how that would do for a real Christian to get away from the things of the world. And someday you talk about coming into the port on the wings of a dove; He's coming for a bride, one that don't fool with the world or the things of the world. She's washed in the Blood of the Lamb. She's pledged her--her love to Him only. The love of the world is gone and dead to her. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and His bride has made herself ready.

Let's think of it while we bow our heads just a moment."

**(62-0121E Marriage Of The Lamb)**

## SON OF A KING

One time in the south, I read a story from down here where they--when they used to have slaves. They'd take those people and sell them on the market, just like you would a used car. And then, there was a buyer--broker who would come by and pick up these slaves, and trade them and just like you would a car, or something. And those slaves was away from their home country. They were from Africa. The Boers kidnapped them, brought them over here to the islands, and then smuggled them into the United States and sold them for slaves, from out in Jamaica and around. Now, we find that those people were sad. They'd been kidnapped from their own home. They'd been taken out by an enemy, and they were sad. They'd never see their husband no more, their wife no more, their father, mother, their children. They were absolutely. They had to whip them with whips to make them work, for they was sad people.

And one day a broker came by a certain plantation; and he saw a bunch of slaves out there working. And he went in and asked the owner, he said, "How many slaves you got?" Said, "About a hundred." Said, "You got any you'd swap or sell?" He said, "Yep." Said, "Let me look them over." And he went out in the field and watched them. And he seen them have to whip them around. And after while he saw one young man they didn't have to whip. He had his chest out and his chin up: didn't have to whip him. So the broker said, "I'd like to buy that slave." And he said, "But he's not for sale." He said, "Well, what's the difference with that slave?" Said, "Is that slave the boss over the rest of them?" He said, "No, he's just a slave." He said, "Well, maybe you feed him different?" He said, "No, he eats in the galley with the rest of the slaves." He said, "Well, what makes him so different from the rest of the slaves?" He said, "Well, this I wondered too for a long time. But one day I learned that over in the homeland where he come from, his father is the king of the whole tribe. And though he be an alien, and away from home, yet he knows he's the son of a king, and he--he conducts himself like the son of a king."

I thought, "But that... If a Negro coming from Africa and knowed that his father was a tribesman, and a king over a tribe, what ought it to do to a Christian that's borned again, a man or woman that our Father is the King of heaven in glory?" We should conduct ourselves as Christian men and women. We should act like it, dress like it, talk like it, live like it. Though we be an alien, yet we are children of the King."

**(Spiritual Amnesia 64-0411)**

## SPRAYED HORRIBLE POISON SPRAY

Here I want to stop just a minute and tell you a little story. I heard a chaplain from the First World War. They'd throwed...

Like Satan at the beginning, when he come into the garden of Eden. He could not dig up those seeds. He could not destroy them. But he sprayed them with poison, and it deformed the seed; it didn't bring forth its right kind. It deformed the original Seed.

And that's what all these programs of religion. They are still sons and daughters of God, but it's being deformed. They go to church, wanting to do right. A nun never enters a nunnery to be a mean woman. A minister never goes through school just to be a--a--a bad man. You never join church, and shake hands, put your name on the book, or whatever you do in your church to be a bad person. You do that to be a good person. But it's the deception; it's the deformity that does it. Satan sprayed it. See?

God never had an organization. There's no such a thing anywhere found in the Words of God. God is our organization; we're organized in Him, a Body, in God, in heaven. That's right. Our names are on the Lamb's Book of Life. See? Notice.

But, see, I know it's very hard, but I--I want you to suffer just a little longer if you will. In the time of the world's war... Excuse me for getting away from my subject, but to make this point, I--I wanted to give you my analysis of what Satan done in Eden: sprayed horrible poison spray. Would you like to know what that spray was? I can tell you. I got the formula of it, two words: "unbelief," which is contrary to faith, sprayed unbelief, "doubt." And science filled its place. Where the cavities that went into the seed, Satan filled that cavity with knowledge, and science, and civilization, and it's deformed the whole entire creation of God.

**(65-0911 God's Power To Transform)**

## sTEP OFF FOR A WHILE - FRENCH SOLDIER

A French soldier– They got a bunch of soldiers in from the army, and they had this amnesia, it's from shock on the battle. And they had a program. And they called up, and let people who had missing loved ones to call, and see if they could identify these boys. No hope for them, maybe one or two out of it caught it. And then they took the rest of them; they was going to put them in a sanitarium, where they'd have to stay the rest of their life. They was going up the hillside, train pulling, and they stopped at a station, let the boys get out and stretch their legs. And the guards got out on the hill to watch them, because with amnesia, why, they had to watch them.

So they watched one young fellow there. He got out and begin to look around at that water tank, looked all around over the hill. He rubbed his face, and studied, and he looked again; he seen that water tank. He looked all around at the station, and he started walking.

Instead of the guard stopping him, he followed him. He went up over the hill, down a little path, turned to the right, went up over another little hill and come to a little log cabin. He looked. Coming out on a porch, an old man with a cane in his hand come out, throwed his arms around him, said, "My son, I knowed you would return. They told me you were dead, but I knowed you would return." And the boy come to himself. His amnesia left him. He could identify who he was. He knowed that was his father.

Oh, soldier of the cross that's been shocked with so much training, so many shocks of denomination, and creed, and things of the world, why don't you just step off for a few minutes, and go looking around at the Bible? Might wander around, and you might find yourself identified here in the Word as a believer. One of these days, you might not know Him. You may come to yourself, like the prodigal son did, and find yourself. You might find your identification in the words of God."

**(Spiritual Amnesia April 11, 1964 - 64-0411)**

## TELEPHONE..? GOD’S GOT BEAT A MILLION MILE

I remember Brother Thoms; I don't know whether you know this or not. But that same night I got in the car and went out on the river. We was riding around up over some big bluffs down in Indiana. It's not leveled out quite as well as Georgia is down here.

So we was riding around some big river bluff, and all at once, my windshield just become white. And I heard my wife say, "Bill?" And it been about five minutes later. And I had seen old Brother Bosworth get off of a train and was stricken down. They took him to a hospital, and the Lord said, "Pray for him right at once." And I pulled on the brakes; she said, "You don't mean you've been having a vision all this time?" Said, "You've been setting there about ten minutes driving around a bluff a hundred feet below me, like that, and said, "And you..."

I said, "I didn't know nothing about it."

And oh, stopped, we got out and prayed for Brother Bosworth, went home. That was on a Saturday, and on Sunday night, about the same time, just before going down to the Tabernacle... Well, the phone kept ringing, and so they was answering it, and finally said, "This is long distance, a..." I mean the operator out of Louisville, my home town's a small one, so exchange... The Western Union closes up about six o'clock, so they called me out of Louisville. And said, "Come to the phone." And said, "Rev. Branham, Rev. Bosworth sends a telegram from South Africa, and wants you to have prayer for him." And that was signed by Brother Yeager, over there, one of the Presidents of the big association.

So I said, "Lady, could you tell me what time that--that telegram left Africa?"

She said, "Oh, yes." And she told me when it left. And I went and got the Pan-American chart that I had, and you know what? It was just twenty-four hours from the time that Brother Bosworth started that telegram over here, the Angel of the Lord beat it here twenty-four hours, and told me to pray for Brother Bosworth. And this... The Angel of the Lord had spoke to me. And time I could get him back on the telephone, the Lord had already healed him, and he's up and going. That's the love in contact.

Oh, brother. You talk about telephone. My, God's got that beat a million miles. The Angels of the Lord are encamped about those who fear Him. And how His marvelous works...

That old man loves me; my, my, he'd lay down his life for me and I would for him. We're brothers; contact"

**(55-0610 Do You Now Believe)**

## THANK GOD FOR THE NUTS

Brother Troy, of the Full Gospel Business Men, a very good friend of mine, he--he's a meat cutter. And getting some kind of a germ in his hand, from cutting pork one time. Some man who knows, or woman, might know what the germ was; but it--it'll eat you up. So, in order to save his life, they had to--to amputate three fingers. And he only has two fingers on one hand, but yet he remains as a butcher.

And there was a little German who worked with him in a--a butcher shop, down in Los Angeles, so he--he kept trying to lead the little Dutchman to Christ. And he said he was a "Lut'eran," and it was all right with him. He was satisfied that he was a Christian, because he belonged to the "Lut'eran" church, as he stated it. So one night Brother Troy had the privilege of getting him to go to church.

His name was Henry. And Henry, in German, is "Heinrich," and so they call him "Heini." You've heard that expression. He said, "Heini, how about going to church with me tonight?"

"Well," he said, "I believe I'll go." So he went down to an old-fashion meeting where they was having a prayer meeting, and he really got under conviction, and give his heart to Christ.

Oh, the next day, this little Dutchman was enjoying himself. Every once in a while he would just walk through the building, with his hands up in the air, saying, "Praise be to God! Thank You, Lord Jesus!" and he attracted the attention to all, of all of them.

You see, he become an oddball to the whole line of meat cutters. And he would be cutting meat, and he'd start thinking about the Lord, and he'd start crying. He'd lay the knife down, and walk up-and-down the aisles, not hysterically, but just making love to Christ, saying, "Oh, how I love You, 'Yesus!'" You know, just walking back and forth.

And the boss came by and seen him do this, and as he went walking down, crying. And, the boss, he never noticed the boss; he was thinking about Jesus. And he started down, with his hands up in the air, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, saying, "O God, how I love You!"

And the boss said, "Heini, what in the world has happened to you?" He said, "Everybody in the--in the whole line is talking about it. What in the world has happened to you, Heini?"

The little Dutchman said, "Oh, boss!" He said, "Glory to God, I got saved!"

He said, "You got what?"

He said, "I got saved!" He said, "I went with Brother Troy here down to a little mission, and I--I got saved. And Jesus came into my heart, and I'm so full of love!"

He said, "You must have went down to that bunch of nuts."

He said, "Yeah!" Said, "Glory to God!" Said, "Thank God for the nuts!" He said, "You know, you take a automobile coming down the road, and you take all the nuts out of it, you ain't got nothing but a bunch of 'yunk!'"

Well, I don't know but what the little Dutchman was just about right. Take all the nuts out? The nuts is what holds it together. And I think that's what holds the church together sometime, holds civilization together"

**(64-0614e The Oddball)**

## THE ANGRY BULL AND BRANHAM'S LOVE

All my ministry has been wrapped around love--if I can love, or be in sympathy with whatever is before me--something happens! When I was a game warden some years ago, I was out in the woods and fields going about my job when I remembered that not far from where I was patrolling was a friend who was sick and needed me. I thought I would just go to this friend now while I was so near, so I started across a field that had been fenced knowing this was the shortest route. So I laid my gun down in the seat of the truck, hurdled the fence, and started across the field to my friend's house.

When I was about 200 yards or so from the fence I saw a great black bull rise up before me. Oh where did he come from? Then I remembered it was a killer bull that had been taken from the Burk's farm. Only a few months before he had killed a man, but being a real fine breeder bull they had sold him to this farm--and I had forgotten he was here. There he stood but 30 yards from me--I reached for my gun but it wasn't there, it was in the truck where I'd left it. Oh I'm glad I left it there, otherwise I'd have killed the bull, then gone and paid for him. He pawed the ground a little and started for me. I knew the fence was too far away, and all there was near me were the little scrub oak that he'd been lying behind. Oh what could I do? No matter where I turned he had me--it was death! Then I thought of my Lord, and in my heart I said, "I'll walk to my death just as brave as I CAN walk, trusting Jesus Christ." No sooner had that come from my heart (now please don't take this as juvenile) than something happened.

Oh I wish it would happen right now! Always in these cases "that something" happens. Instead of hating that bull I sympathized with him, I loved him, and I was no more afraid of that animal than I am standing here with my brethren. All fear had left and I thought, "Poor creature. I am on your territory--you're an animal and you don't know any difference--you only know to protect your rights." Then I said aloud to the bull these words, "Oh creature of God, I am a servant of God and am on my way to pray for my sick brother. I am sorry I disturbed you, but in Jesus' Name go lie down." With that he threw his hoofs forward into the dirt and stopped. I stood there just as calm as I am now. That great killer bull had stopped his on-coming charge to kill me only 5 feet from me. He was so bewildered he looked this way and that, then turned around and went over and laid down, and I passed within 5 feet of him and he never moved any more. Oh, when love is put to the test it will defeat every enemy and torment that there is on earth. The God that closed the lions mouths in the den still lives today, my brother!"

**(The Eleventh Commandment Page 7-8)**

## LOVE THE ARMOUR BRIDE

Reminds me of a little story. Once I... You--all of you know, I used to herd a few cattle. And I thought I was a genuine cowboy. And so, I remember at a ranch that we was working on, there was a... The Armour Company owned it, really, and the cattle out there they was branded, and we grazed them. And so they was... The story goes... Was before I come on the place. But they had a bunch of young girls, the rancher did. And they were all these little flippy type girls in them days. I think we called them "flappers." And now days they're called "chorus girls," or something. But however, they was a... Flapper mothers is what brought forth chorus girls. Now, what's the chorus girl going to bring forth, what I wonder? I'll preach one of these nights on sowing to the wind and weeping--reaping the whirlwind. That's what we've done.

Now, notice this. Then before that the... they... The ranch got all fixed up nice and everything, because the Armour's boy was coming out to visit the ranch out in the west. And they were going to have a big time. Of course, all these girls were going to vamp the boss's, the head boss's boy. You know, they'd marry him. Well then, they understood he was looking for a sweetheart. So they were all fixed up that night, and they was going to really give him an old Western reception. And the shooting their guns and having a big time. And they happened to have a--a girl there, which was a cousin. Her mama was dead, and her daddy was dead. And she had nowhere to go, so she came to live with her uncle. And of all that had to do the work, was her. The other girls just stayed all prettied up all the time, and she had to do all the work.

You, many of you maybe have had that expan--experience, an orphan. It reminds me of the Church of the living God (That's right.): laughed at, made fun of all the time. So she had no clothes seemingly to clean up in when the rancher's son come, the owner's son came. So that night, they had a great big blow-out. And--and she had to stay back in back of the--the bunk house. And so, when they all got out of the dining room from eating, why, she went in and got all of the dishes and washed them. So it happened to be the--the owner, Mr. Armour's boy, walked out at the back and was looking. And it was true, he was looking for a sweetheart. He noticed that little girl, standing in there washing the dishes. There was something about her that seemed real to him.

After a few days' visit, one night she was pouring out the dish water at the back of the place, after a hard day's work, and she heard somebody say, "Good evening." And she looked, and it was young Mr. Armour just standing there. And she pulled the straw over her feet; she was bare-footed. And she bowed her head; she felt ashamed. He said, "I've been watching you. And I have found, to what I believe, that you are a virtuous young woman." Said, "I'm out here," said, "I'm so sick and tired of that fancy going-on of the city in Chicago and so forth." Said, "I--I come out here to hunt me a wife." And said, "You just meet that specification." Oh, her heart like to of went... A man of that caliber? ask her, a poor little orphan to marry him? That's about the way I felt one night when I got a invitation to come to the wedding supper. "Want me? a man like me would--would have an invitation to come to the Lord Jesus?" But He asked me. I--I was... I imagine just about as--felt about like she did. "Who am I?" But He told me to come, and I come.

Then he said to her; he said, "Now, you make yourself ready. One year from this night, I'll be back to get you." Said, "Will you marry me?" She said, "Well, it... Of course I would. But" she said, "I'm not worthy." Isn't that about the way you felt? "I'm not worthy, Lord." He said, "Don't think of that. I'm not looking for clothes and things; I'm looking for virtue. And I--I--I want you for my wife. Will you be?" And he kissed her. And you remember when the Lord put that kiss on your heart, how you felt? Oh, my. Oh, kissed away all my sins, and all my sorrows, and... He--He just made something different. He--He--He said I could... I--I... He's going to bring me to the wedding supper one night.

So he said, "Make yourself ready." You remember, the Bible said, "And the Bride has made herself ready," in the robes of the righteousness of the saints. You see? So that little girl only got seventy five cents a week. But, oh, how happy she was that year. Just washing and singing, saving every penny she could. Rest of them went to town and bought new packs of cigarettes, and what more, you know, and their whiskey, and carrying on new decks of cards, and had their big time. But she's just labored away. Why? She was getting ready, making herself ready. And then finally, first thing you know, she got to town, and she got the wedding garment, and got the money that he sent her, and got the wedding garment, and come back. And did them little cousins make fun of her. Ummmm. That's just about the way some of these cousin denominational religion, social gospel, said, "You bunch of little holy-rollers."

I talked to a girl here not long ago in Oregon. She said... She's belonged to another denomination. And she said, "Well, what's 'tending your party? If they ever... If they'd be the ones that would be in heaven, I wouldn't want to be there." I said, "You won't have to worry very much unless you change your attitude." See? I said, "You won't have to worry very much." She said, "All that there screaming and carrying on." I said, "Now, wait. You worship Mary. And the Virgin Mary, before God would ever put the wedding garment on her, she had to go up the day of Pentecost and get so full of the Spirit, till she staggered like she was drunk. You ain't coming in anything less." Just remember that. Yes, sir. "And that was, as you call, the mother of God." See? I said, "If Virgin Mary had to go to Pentecost and get the Holy Ghost before she could ever go to heaven, you'll never get in; anything less. Just remember that. That was the Virgin Mary." "Oh, that isn't so." I said, "Do you believe the Bible? Here it is. And Mary was right with them in the upper room. And she got so full of the Spirit until she danced under the Spirit, acting like somebody drunk. And you think you'll get to heaven anything less than that? You'll never do it. Yes, sir. Virgin Mary and all the rest of them had to come the way of the Lord's despised few." So... Yes, sir.

The people make fun, and they call them a bunch of idiots. Paul said, "In the way that's called heresy..." That's crazy. See, "heresy" is some "heresy, crazy, idiotic." Well, we are called that, because the supernatural is so much different from the carnal things of this world, till it makes people think they're crazy. They said... Why, Paul said to Agrippa, said, "I'm not mad. It's..." "Mad" means "crazy." "I'm not crazy, you think I am. But in the way that's called heresy, I worship the God of our fathers." That's the way I do too. I like that. "In the way..." I'd like to join hands with Paul. I'd like to be there that day when I see him robed in the righteousness of Christ, when I see him crowned. Hallelujah. I want to have the same kind of robe on he had. That's the same kind my Lord wore. That's the reason I'm not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it's the power of God unto salvation. And tho--Gospel came not in Word only, but through power and demonstrations of the Holy Ghost. That's the way the Gospel is. It's the Word made manifest in our hearts.

Now, this little girl, she got ready. She didn't care what... They laughed. Let them laugh if they want to. But she knowed that that kiss that night meant a seal. And so did I, so do you, and every one that had that kiss of the Lord Jesus, that give you the promise, you know what it means. You don't care what the world says. If your cousins wants to make fun of you and say, "You've lost your mind, and you're old fashioned," just go ahead; that's all right. Make her no different, she just kept getting ready. So then, finally come the hour, the sun was going down. So she robed her little self, you know, and got all prettied up. Oh, my. That's the hour the Church ought to be in right now: all robed in His righteousness, filled with His Spirit, powered with His Being, walking in the Light, waiting for the coming of the Lord.

There she was, got herself all ready, all cleaned and washed, and the wedding garment on. And you know what? As it got closer, the more critical got her little cousins. They said, "You poor little simple-minded thing, do you mean to tell you that if--if the Armour's son would marry somebody, he would marry somebody like us, somebody who would fit in his society, someone who had education, who had some glamour about them." See, that's what the Church thinks today. But how far off they are. That's right. Way off they are. They...

And so, then after while, she... they... She thought he'd delayed. It got later, later. And finally, they said, "Oh, where's he at?" That's what they're saying today. "Where is that One. I heard that stuff forty years ago, He was coming. Where's it at?" Didn't the Bible say they'd say, "Where is that coming of the Lord. All things are just like it was from the beginning?" We're living in that day, friends. Let's take courage now while we're together this afternoon. Go out with a new courage. Go out to win souls. Get ready. The coming's at hand. And the first thing you know, they all got around her, begin to dance, little songs around her, said, "Oh, we'll make fun of her," you know. And made the bride like they was pretending, a bride. That didn't bother her. She watched the little old clock tick around. First thing you know, it was just about one minute. Somebody said, "You... I thought he was going to be here at such-and-such a time." "Don't worry, he will be here," she says. That's all I want to know. He promised He'd be here. That's all I want to know. He's coming; that's all. When, I don't know. But He will be here.

Right while they were making the most fun, and saying the--all these different things about her, and--and teasing her, and making fun of her and everything, they heard the wheels a coming, horses hooves a beating, the old grinding of the sand under the buckboard. My, my, she broke through those lines. Out into the yard she went. Who was it? There he was, dressed. The carriage was ready. She run through the little trellis at the end of the yard like that. He jumped out of the carriage and grabbed her into his arms, and he said, "Sweetheart, all year long I've had people watching you." Oh, I'm so glad. The Holy Ghost: The eyes is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me. "All year long, I've been watching you. I seen your virtues. I seen the flirts of other men. I seen all of this, but I seen you were true. Oh, it swelled my heart to know that the woman I was going to marry was true." God, let that be our testimony, let that be our desire today. Live true to Christ. Be true to the calling. Be true to the Spirit.

And he grabbed her in his arms, set her up in the buckboard, and turned the carriage away, and on to Chicago. Said, "You've worked and you've toiled, and your little blistered hands will never be blistered again. The things that you've done without, you'll never have to do without again. For one of the swellest homes that can be bought on--on Lakeside Drive in Chicago is waiting for you. We're going to get married now and go live there in peace for the rest of your days." I'm so glad that we might work and toil, and have the spit of the outside, and the frowns, and the scorns, and everything, but someday He will come. Oh, we'll be taken up with Him to meet Him in the air. And those little old cousins just stood there and looked. Oh, some of these days, we'll be caught away. God will catch away His Bride, them who are wearing the wedding garment. Let us bow our heads."

**(God's Provided Way 59-0415a)**

## THE BEARS AND THE PROPHET'S MOLASSES - FIRST VERSION

Little Mr. Osborn setting out there reminds me. He was talking this morning, he and I, the little boy, and it reminds me of one time... See a good, old fashion Holy Ghost meeting... Who likes them kind? Do you like it? Say, "Amen." Why, sure we do.

What we used to call a popcorn meeting... You know what a popcorn meeting is? You take a little yellow grain of corn and put it on a hot stove. It gets twice the size and twice as light, and it turns from yellow to white. That's a popcorn meeting. That's what it takes.

A little fellow scared to testify and bumps up all at once, ready for the rapture and changes his garment from a little yellow to a white...

Reminds me one time I was a fishing one morning. I guess I got plenty of fellow friends here, fisherman. This lake this close, and I was way up in north woods a fishing and I--I just--just love pancakes. How many likes pancakes? Oh, my. I just love pancakes, and I used to take me a bucket of molasses, you know, a whole, big bucket 'cause I'm a Baptist. I baptize them. I don't sprinkle them. I pour it on heavy when I get it on there, the molasses, you know, get them real thick all over it.

So then I--I thought, "Oh, my, now if I can just get this..." Took me a big bucket molasses, you know, and I was up there, and I had a little, old tent. There was a lot of black bear in that woods. Your boy had some experience the other day with one. So, oh, they are nothing to them. I don't know where they ever got that bad name he's got, but he's--just what he tears up. Oh, my. He's--he's awful.

And so I had a little old tent setting up, and I was catching some big rainbow trout. And I'd been down the stream, and I had a little old chopping axe here in my hand, a little scout axe, and I come up and my tent was down. And I looked and here set an old mother bear and some little cubbies setting there: two of them. And she kinda run off when she seen me coming out of the willows and she kinda run off and upon the side of the hill; and she cooed to them cubs, and one little cub come.

The next little fellow he had his back turned to me, just like this, you know. He just wasn't moving at all. Well, I thought, "Looky what they've done. My, they've tore up everything." Well, a bear with cubs will scratch you. So I--I didn't want to get too close to her, and of course I had a gun there, but I didn't want to leave them orphans in the woods. So I--I just... I said, "Get away from here," like that, and the old mother run off a piece; and she kept cooing to that other cub, and he wouldn't come.

And I thought, "What's the little fellow so interested about?" I looked around. I kept getting around this a way trying to throw a rock at him, and he wouldn't even turn his head. He just down like this, doing something. I thought, "Well, what's that little fellow so interested about?"

Always, you haven't got your camera when something like that going on, you know. So I got around this a way, looked. I said, "Get up from there," like that, and he turned around and looked at me.

That little fellow had got my bucket of molasses. He had them all hugged up in his arm like this. He had the lid off of it. He just sock his little paw down in it like that, and he was molasses all over his face. His little belly was just as full of molasses. His eyes, you know, he couldn't even open them. He was batting his eyes back and forth looking at me like that. Licking like that and he'd sock his little paw down and then just lick molasses.

I said, "Have a good time, fellow." It just reminded me of a good, old fashion Holy Ghost meeting, when we opened up the jar of honey, you know, and stick our fingers right down in and just get it all over your eyebrows and all, you know, just get a real old time where you just forget where you're at. But the funny thing was when he got enough molasses, he had them all over him.

The old mother kept cooing to him. He set the bucket down and run off and when I got over there, the mother and the other cub started licking him. So... Amen! That's what we need is an old fashion meeting where you can almost lick it. Isn't that right? Yes, just a real old fashioned meeting"

**(53-0906a Believest Thou This)**

## THE BEARS AND THE PROPHET'S MOLASSES - SECOND VERSION

Now, we one time was thinking about something on the order, the morning star reflecting the light. I used to like to go to a certain stream, a little--up in the mountains, where you go sometimes to fish and to hunt.

I remember being up there, here not long ago, when I was fishing one morning, had my little old tent set up, was catching trout. How I love to do that. And I was fishing one morning, and I--I come along and come back to my tent, and my tent was tore down.

There was a big bunch of little old black bears in that country. And an old mother bear, and her little cubs, had got into that tent, and they had tore it to pieces. It wasn't what they eat; it was what they tore up. And so I--I noticed when I come up... I just had a little chopping axe in my hand; I'd been cutting some bushes so I could get down and throw my... to fish.

And I noticed the old mother bear; she run off a little piece, and cooed. One of the cubs jumped up and run with her. The other little fellow, I wondered what in the world he was doing. He was just sitting there with his little head down like that. Now, I thought, "Well, he's a pretty game little fellow."

Well, I heard the old mother bear cooing to the other one. I thought, "Well, I don't want to get too close, because she can climb a tree as good as I can. So I don't want to get too close on her." And... She was out there, and she'd raise up and coo a little bit.

I had an old beat up rifle laying in there, but I guess it was stomped to pieces by that time. So I thought, "She could outrun me." And I--I didn't want to get scratched by her. So I--I kept watching the little cub, and I was noticing he was doing something. And I--I wondered what that little fellow was doing. And when I got over there, to find out around like this, moved around closely, and watching the old mother, and to notice what the little bear was doing...

You know, I--I like pancakes. I don't know whether you do or not. Down in the south, we call them flapjacks. And they're really good. And I--I like to put molasses on them. And I had me a bucket of molasses. And I... That little fellow liking sweets, you know how bears like sweets. So he'd got the bucket, the lid off the bucket. I had a nice big full bucket, 'cause I like plenty molasses. You know, I'm a Baptist; I don't sprinkle them; I baptize them. I pour it on good and heavy.

So then, really on... This little old bear got the bucket off of there. He'd sock his little foot down in, and then lick it like that. He was molasses from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet. I never seen so much... And he looked around at me, and the little fellows, his eyes all stuck together, you know; he looked at me. He turned back around, stuck his little paw down again, just kept licking molasses.

I thought, "There's no condemnation to them that's in Christ Jesus. No matter how much danger is around, if you're licking it, you don't notice it." That's all.

Put me in the mind of a good old fashion Holy Ghost meeting, no condemnation at all, hands plumb down to the--up to your elbows in the honey of God, in the power of God. You don't care what's going on. You just keep on. They say, "Well, I don't believe in Divine healing." Don't make any difference to you, if you're licking honey or 'lasses just keep licking. That's all. That's what we need.

Then I noticed after he got enough of it, the little fellow went off. And the funny part about it, he was so full of molasses, and when he got over there, his mammy and the other little cub, licked him. That's puts me in the mind of a meeting. Somebody go up to meeting and have a big time, come home, and the rest of them wants to lick on him the rest of the night. That's right. Watch God when He's moving in His great power in His nature.

I used to go to an old spring there and drink. And every time I'd drink from that old spring, I noticed that... I set down one day, just talked to it. And oh, it was just so happy, and jumping, and bubbling.

I said, "Wonder what makes that spring so happy all of the time?"

I looked at it, and I thought, "Now, if you could talk, I want to ask you a few questions. 'Why are you so happy? Are you so happy because I drink from you?'"

If he could speak, he'd say, "No."

I said, "Maybe you're happy because deers and bears drink from you."

Say, "No."

"Well what makes you bubble all the time?"

And if he could speak, he'd say, "Well, Brother Branham, it isn't me bubbling. It's something behind me pushing me, making me bubble."

And that's what it is in an old fashion Holy Ghost meeting. It's not them shouting; it's the power of God moving in them, bubbling up, pushing outside the powers of the living God, God's provided way of providing water, the artesian well, springing up... joys...

God's dealings, He's always had a way to deal. He's got a way today of dealing with individuals. Sometimes if you won't listen to Him, He will permit the devil to do something to you, so that He can bring you, lay you on your back sometimes so you have to look up. That's God's provided way many times of doing that"

**(54-0305 God's Provided Way Of Dealing With Sin)**

## THE BEARS AND THE PROPHET'S MOLASSES - Third VERSION

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Reminds me of one time on this little fishing trip... I love to fish. And I was way up in northern Maine, or New Hampshire, the home of the white tailed deer. Lot of brook trout in there, and I packed back for three days with a pack on my back. And I had a little old rusty .22 rifle laying there, but I was fishing. And one morning early, I walked away from my little tent and went down there to cut some sticks so that the--that I could get my fly down in a nice hole there where I seen some fine trout. I thought, "I'll get some trout in there for dinner."

So I went down early and was cutting down some limbs; I got to fooling down around there, watching these trout and pitching them little bugs and watching them grab them and so forth. And I thought I better go back to my tent, maybe, and get me some breakfast.

So when I got back to the tent, there'd been an old mother bear and two cubs got in there. They had deliberately tore the thing to pieces. And there they was. And a bear, it isn't what he eats; it's what he tears up. He just get a stovepipe and just jump on it like that to hear it rattle. And he's just mischievous.

And these little cubbies, they're born in February; the mother knows nothing about it. They're just a little bitty thing like about like a rat when they're born. And the mother's sound asleep. But she produces milk for those until about the middle of May when the thaw comes, and then the bear's a pretty good size fellow when the mother sees him and he comes out. And then along this time of year, around June like this was, they're pretty good size bears, oh, something stand on all four, about this high, and standing up about...

So I happened to look, when I come up the old mother spotted me, and so she cooed to her cubs, cuffed one of them on the ear with her hand and run off. And she got over there, and one cub followed her, and the other one wouldn't. So she--she cooed... You have to know; they got like a little warble, like a bird. If you hear a bear, he doesn't act so bad as people says he does. And he was making a little noise, and he tried to get that other cub. Well, I seen this little old cub setting with his back turned. And I said, "What's the matter with that fellow?"

Well, she act like she was coming back. Well, she can climb better than I can. So I--I didn't want to--I didn't want to kill her (I had a hatchet in my hand.), and leave them orphans in the woods. So I thought, "Get away from here, fellow. So go on over there to your mammy." But he wasn't going. He was just going to set right there. So I didn't know what he was doing. And the mother cooed several other times and kept running around this other cub, and I see she was getting all worked up.

So I thought, "I'll see what's interesting that little fellow to hold his attention, even me a man standing here, and this axe in my hand, little chopping axe. And I said, "Wonder why he don't run?" Usually a bear will just take off. But I walked around to one side, and to my amazement, that was the cutest thing I ever seen.

You know, I--I like pancakes and molasses. I don't know whether you do. And when... I like plenty of molasses on my pancakes. And I'm a Baptist, you know, and I don't believe in sprinkling; I just pour it on real heavy. So I always take me a big bucket of molasses. And this old bear had got in there and got in my bucket of molasses. And he had that lid off it; he was setting down like this, with it all hugged in his arms, socking his little foot down and licking it. That's it. Well, I said, "Get away from there." And when he looked around, he couldn't see me; his eyes was all stuck from molasses; he looked at me like that, looked back and started sopping his little foot again till he cleaned that bucket out.

And I thought, "Brother, if that ain't an old time Pentecostal meeting he's having, I never seen one." Got his hand in the honey bucket come up to his arm like this, just sopping away, no condemnation at all, no fear, no nothing else. Only thing he's doing is sopping. And, oh, it tastes like honey in the rock. But the strange thing was, when he finally sopped the bucket out, and he went over there where his mammy was, his little brother and his mammy begin to lick him, getting some of the honey. Oh, it's wonderful. Notice, how marvelous"

**(56-1006 A Wedding Supper)**

## The Caged Eagle

I remember one time at the Cincinnati Zoo, in Cincinnati, Ohio, I was looking at an eagle had just been captured. And it was one of the most pitiful sights that I have ever had the privilege of seeing. This great heavenly bird had been captured and netted by someone and thrown into a cage. And that poor fellow was so out of place, that he would jump with all that was within him against the big bars, flopping his wings only to find hisself to fall back on his back. And that poor eagle had beat hisself against those bars until all the feathers was beat from his wings and his head and face, bruised.

And as I watched him again proudly walk back, and with all that he had he poured himself against the bars, to only find hisself knocked backwards again. And as he laid there on that floor and his weary eyes soared the skies, I thought, "What a pitiful sight. Made not to be on the earth here, he's a heavenly bird. His whole makeup was to live in the blue, way above the haunts and cares of this world. But to see a bird like that made up, borned in the earth, to soar the skies, and yet caged in such a way, that he could never again soar the skies."

And as he laid there looking at the place where he had been made and born to soar... But by the cunningness of man, had been caged for life. Oh, what a pitiful sight that was.

But brethren, that's not a sight at all. To walk out here on the streets of Chicago and of other great cities, and find men who were borned and shaped in the image of God to be sons and daughters of God, and to find them caged by sin, and habits, and the cares of this world, it's a far more pitiful shape than the eagle is.

Man was not made to be bound; man is a free man. "He who the Son has made free is free indeed." He doesn't have to be bound like that. Oh, it would take me hours to try to express the feeling in my heart, and the different things that cage men and deny them of their privileges. Man's in the image of God, and he doesn't have to be a bondslave to Satan. He wasn't made to be a slave; he was made to be a son. God made man in His own image. He placed in him a immortal soul and a thirst to thirst after God. And he tries to satisfy that blessed holy thirst with whiskey, alcohol, tobacco, big times, and luxury. It is a disgrace to try to quench that blessed holy thirst with the things of this world. You're... Men and women are only caged and kept away from the real God-given privilege that they have. Bound by sin, not that the will of God would permit that, but because willfully they do it.

It would do us good to study the life of the eagle and see his makeup, and pattern our condition with the condition the eagle is. And I hope that in these few, maybe misplaced words, that the Holy Spirit will help you to put them together and see the meaning that I mean by them.

The eagle, first, he does not make his nest down here on the earth; he makes his nest just as high in the rock as he can get. He's a type of the Church of the living God. Ye are a city, not in the valley, but set on a hill. She makes her nest way high. She does that, because that the common enemy can't find her young.

Oh, what a blessed privilege it is to know that God has hid us by the Blood of Jesus in the rock of Calvary, far beyond the howls of the enemy, way high. Oh, when I think of it, how to know this great privilege that we have.

Then as she gives birth to her little ones, as they're hatched out, how she cares for them. She nurtures them. She's so high on the rock, that the coyote could never climb to her nest; she's beyond that.

I'm so glad that we have a heavenly Father that if we'll just permit Him, He will place us in a place where the devil's howls, and all the whiskey, and nightclubs can never touch us, far beyond the screams of this world, and all of its pomp, and all of its worldly mixture, and all of its frazzle fantastics. If a man's ever tasted of that good gift of God, these things become as dead as midnight.

And as she goes up there and well places her nest back into the rock, she feeds her little ones. And one day she decides that she'll not have her brood to be like chickens. You know, a chicken is a bird just the same as the eagle is. But he's an earthbound creature. Oh, he can flop and fly a little bit, but he can hardly get his feet off the ground. It reminds me of some of this so-called Christianity we got today, just enough religion to make you miserable. That's right. Oh, you can say, "I got my name on the book," but have you ever soared the heavenly?

Now, the chicken knows not what the eagle's talking about. But the mother eagle is certainly decided, because she is a real mother. She decides that her babies will not walk like chickens. So she watches them until they fully feather out. She watches over them. And one day she decides it's time to change the position. I'm so glad that God don't keep us stale; He's got something new all the time, just one blessing after another.

I heard the famous poet, as I sang his song, when we used to sing it down the old Kentucky Baptist Church, "Floods of joy over my soul like the sea billows roll." And standing my first time by the sides of any large body of water, was out here on Lake Shore Drive about twenty five years ago, and watched those great waves come in. They just come in to go out again and come in again. That's the way I think, or what I think the prophet had, or the poet, when he wrote: "Floods of joy over my soul like the sea billows roll." Roll in and roll out, roll in and roll out, constantly blessing.

And the mother eagle was going to change the church, her children. So the prophet here in speaking, he was talking of course, principally about Jacob, how there was no other God before him; he knew no other God. But he said, "As the eagle stirreth up her nest." It is a time that when the eagle thinks that her little ones has matured enough; she's got to stir her nest.

And God does the same thing in His Church. When we have got all settled down on something, then God stirs the nest again. He brought Martin Luther from Catholicism, and they got so starchy that He stirred the nest and sent Wesley in. Then Wesley got so starchy, He stirred the nest and sent Pentecost in. It's nest stirring time again, 'cause we got so settled down"

**(57-0705 The Eagle In Her Nest)**

## The Christmas Doll

Oh, I read a story, come to my mind not long ago of something on that order. There'd been a great city here in this nation, and... New York. And it was on Christmas eve. And there was a poor family, little old daddy, he had TB, and he was--and his wife had TB. They had been underprivileged, and he--he was kinda... He was weakly and so nobody would hire him. He had no education, and he--he... People didn't want him. He just was an outcast, become a tramp. Just... You know what a tramp is, just go by and--and pick up something, and peddle it and get what you can; what little royalty they make on it, they try to live by it. Just a, like a peddler or something, on the street; go buy some pins and needles and thimbles, and whatever they can. And--and take it, and--and maybe buy for a penny a pack, and sell them for a nickel; and make four cents on the pack, and maybe in the run of a day. You say, "That's--that's a great commission." But just think, all he'd sell in a day. Maybe he made twenty, thirty cents a day, and he had a family.

And the--the little wife, being weakly, she--she died. And it was coming Christmas time. And the little girl, she had developed, from malnutrition, not having the right food and thing; she took TB, also. And she was a little fellow, and about eight, nine years old, ten. And she'd never had a doll for Christmas. And that's what she wanted for a gift, was a doll. And the father, not able to give her medical attention and so forth, and he--he seen the little girl was going fast, and he tried his best to--to--to--to get enough money together to get her a doll for Christmas; if he could just get enough to buy her a little doll. And so the Christmas time was coming on; the bad weather set in; the little girl developed some kind of a pneumonia; and--and, my, just a few weeks before Christmas. And the father, of course, broken-hearted, he went to his little tin can and got the money out. And he thought of his little girl, and she wanted a--a doll like little girls. See, it's a little mother coming on.

You notice how a little girl, she goes to a doll, because she... That's her nature, she's a--she's a coming mother. She will be mother someday if she lives and everything. You know, her nature. That's the reason a little girl likes a little doll, she wants to take care of it; 'cause after all, she--she's a little, potentially, a--a--a little mother. And she wanted a little doll, and she'd never had one. And Daddy had saved everything he could to--to get her a little doll. And, so, she died. And the father kind a had a lapse of mind. His wife had been taken, his little girl, and his mind kind a got to a place till he --he... Still he'd--he'd go to bed every night and talk to this little girl, though she was--been buried. But he thought he was--he was talking to her, and telling her, "Now, honey, it won't be long, and daddy's going to get you this dolly for Christmas. And--and daddy's promised you the dolly, and I--I'm--I'm going to get it."

Finally, Christmas arrived. And, 'course, you know how it is. The rich had their--their big parties; and the candles burning, and the great high masses in the churches, and talking about Jesus and--and so forth (the churches were), and going through all kind of a routines and mass, and singing, and carols and everything. Little did they know what was going on back in the alley, behind all this. This little fellow back there; he got beside himself. He wanted that little girl to have that doll so bad, 'cause she had begged so for this little doll. So he went out, and he bought her a little rag doll, a little--a little thing, probably about thirty cents, a little dirty something he'd bought, down on the side of the street. And it was a real cold night, the--the--the blizzard winds a-blowing, the snow a-falling hard there, in New York, right on the coast.

And the streets filling up; and the people in their great big limousine cars. And drunken parties, out drinking, the celebration of the birth of Christ and of these things that we speak of tonight, trying to think that that's the right way to do it; just drink off their old sorrows and things, and that that's the way to do it. All of them... Stand in the store, the other day, and a woman talking about what... Two girls met and they wanted to know what they got for their daddy. And one of them said, "Well, he..." She got him a carton of certain kind of cigarettes. And the other one said she got him a fifth of whiskey and a--and a--and a deck of cards. Now, if that ain't giving a memorial gift for the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ. And that's the way it goes (You see?); it's just a big bunch of tinsel. It hasn't got Christmas in it at all.

And so we find now, this little man, he wandered along. And he knowed in his heart his little girl was gone, but he went and bought the doll anyhow. And he thought, "I'll just start walking; I'll find her somewhere. She'll be along the street here and I'll find her." And he started walking. He--he couldn't fool himself, she wasn't back there in the little shanty, in the little, ragged, dirty bed; but she was buried. So he--he knew, He thought he'd find her on the street. He said, "I'll just keep walking." And he was going down through the alleys, while they were singing their carols and going on. And going down the alley, a-packing this little, dirty doll; holding it in his coat, up to his heart, thinking of his little girl.

nd finally a policeman happened to see him, and the policeman had a few drinks himself, and he ran into the alley and grabbed the old man and turned him around. He said, "What are you doing hanging here?" He said, "I'm taking this little doll, sir, to my little girl." He said, "Well, where do you live?" And he told him where he lived. He said, "Well, you're going away from that place; you're drunk. Go back the other way." Said, "Sir, I'm--I'm not drunk. I promised my little girl I'd--I'd get her a gift for Christmas." And said, "An appropriate gift for a little girl is a little doll." And he said, "Let me see it." So he showed him a little, dirty like, rag doll. And he was holding it in his--next to his bosom, holding the little doll as he... So the policeman, half drunk, himself, shoved him on and started him down. The old man went down the alley, and snow falling fast.

And, well, the midnight parties broke up. The next morning the snow had let up; the sun had come out. And so they was... All the people from their great gaiety parties with ice sacks on their heads, from too much drinking and celebration of the--the birth of Christ. And--and many of them were hoarse from carrying on, from all the going-on. But way down in the alley, they found the old man. And when they turned him over, he had the little doll next to his heart. I suppose he took his gift to her. He found her in a land not here. He--he--he took the gift. It was an appropriate gift. (God, merciful.) Yet it cost him his death. There's no other way in the world he could've give her the gift; she was buried. But don't the only way you do it would be go like that... The little doll didn't mean too much, I guess, the little dirty-faced doll, but it... What did he do it? It fulfilled a promise he had made. No matter what the people thought about it, his dirty hands on a little, dirty doll, but it--it fulfilled a promise to his little girl.

Sometimes they look upon the Gospel as singing, playing, they didn't want it when God brought It, but it fulfilled a promise that He would give His Son. And you know what? They left Him to die too just like a tramp on the street. That's exactly right, they've left Him to die like a tramp on the street. And today they treat Him like a tramp on the street, but He fulfilled what He was supposed to do. He was the Gift that God promised to the world. Tonight, let me take Him as my Saviour in my heart. Let me walk in the face of my death, or whatever it is, like that. I promised my life to Him. I'm want to take it to Him. No matter what I have to go, if I have to go through death, if I have to be shot; no matter what takes place, I have to be laughed at, called crazy, everything, excommunicated from the rest of the Christian churches and so forth, I... It's a gift of God that I hold in my heart. He give it me, I want to take it to Him. Let us bow our heads just a moment

**(God's Gifts Always Find Place 63-1222)..**

## The Eagle Among The Chickens

I was amazed one time, speaking of an eagle, I heard of a farmer, and he was setting a hen. And used to be women knowed how many eggs went under a hen for a setting. I doubt whether there's a woman here that knows how many eggs it takes to make a setting. Ha-ha-ha. I'm sorry; it takes fifteen, I told you. Ha-ha-ha. Fifteen is a setting.

So this farmer went; he got a eagle's egg. And he lacked one in having a setting, so he put the eagle's egg under the hen. And when that hatched out, it was the funniest looking little thing to all those little chickens. Why, he couldn't understand what they were chirping about; he spoke in a different language. He didn't know what them chickens was talking about. I hope you know what I mean.

So then, he watched them, and he didn't know what to do. And they all picked on him, 'cause he said he was an odd fellow. He perhaps was. But he was an eagle to begin with. They could stretch their little wings and flop around, and he'd look at them. And they were, all the way they were. Old hen would cluck, and they knowed every one of the clucks, so here come the little chickens all running in. But the eagle didn't understand that cluck. And he wouldn't come in, because he didn't know that kind of clucking. I'm not going to say much, but I hope you know what I'm talking of. He didn't understand it. He talked different.

You know, I'm talking about some of these old hens that take you out to a little bathing beach, and all these other places, strip your clothes off of you, and set you out there and... Oh, you know what I'm speaking of. You guys down the pool room, where they take you down there, and give you a little friendly glass, and all like that. A real borned again child of God don't know nothing about it. They say, "Oh, we belong to church." But you don't understand a cluck. That's right. You're borned an eagle; God knows His own. He knowed you before the foundation of the world; predestinated you to be sons and daughters of God.

Notice, then we notice that this old hen, every time she'd find a little bug or something, she'd cluck to her little chickens and all the little chickens come, the little eagle come in the back looking around. He was a funny looking little creature.

But you know, one day she happened to be out in the barnyard feeding, and the old mother eagle happened to fly by. And as she flew by her great shadow swept over the top of the barnyard; she looked down, and she seen her own. He knows His own. And she screamed to him, and when she did, the little fellow turned his head and begin to look upward. That's the way he ought to have been looking all the time. And when he looked up, she screamed back, and she said, "Son, you're not a chicken; you're mine."

I'm so glad that God's got children all walks of life, businessman, whatever they may be, but God knows His own. And when they hear the Gospel of the power of Jesus Christ, they know that voice. "My sheep know My voice."

Oh, how I was all bent down with a big denominational pen behind me, but one day I heard a voice coming from above me, not from headquarters, not from the Presbyter, not from the deacon board, or not from the Bishop, but I heard a cry come from heaven. Oh, how the real thrill that give my heart.

The old mother said, "You're not a chicken; you don't belong there. You are mine." And he wondered what he could do; that's what he wanted.

And you know, there may be a many a little eagle been walking in some old denominational chicken yard for a long time, setting here tonight. That's right. But I hope that He calls you and says, "Son, you're Mine."

"What must I do, Lord?" That was the cry.

She said, "Just make the first big jump and flop your wings."

And he made the first jump and flopped his wings; he found out he wasn't earthbound any more, 'cause he set on a barnyard post, right in a center of a Pentecostal organization. His mother said, "Son, you've got to come higher than that, or I can't get you." Said, "Just give another jump, and I'll bear you up on my wings."

If there's anything the Church of the living God needs tonight, is another jump from all the barriers of denomination, from all the isms. Just cut loose every life, every line, and go free, and jump, He will bear you away on the wings of a great Speckled Bird.

It's such meetings as this; it's such times as this; it's in such audience as this where we can make that great jump to feel His power, reach under us with His Word, and bear us away from these little earthly cares and things that we have. He's your Father; He loves you. And nest stirring time has already come, but we need another jump. We got to the barnyard post, but we need to get free, so we can just ride on His wings for our first solo flight. What a joy it will be, when that great final day comes. That those who know how to jump and flop their wings, those who know how to do it, someday He shall come, the great Eagle of the sky shall come in glory, and He will spread forth His great power, the Holy Spirit, and those who are magnetized to it shall take a ride for eternity, forever

**(57-0705 The Eagle In Her Nest)**

## The Eagles That We Are

And this great eagle, that we're going to speak about, I'm going to liken it tonight unto the heritage of God. And I read that in Palestine alone, there's forty different types of eagles. The eagle, the word means, "one feeding with the beak." Which is a very beautiful type of God. God feeds His children by His mouth, His Word. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." So He is the Eagle that feeds His little eaglets with His Word. I believe in the Word.

Then he is also likened, the eagle was, to renewing the youth. The Bible speaks that the eagle... As the eagle renews its youth. It's been believed that the eagle every so often, would renew its youth, bring itself back young again, which the eagle has a long life. But later we have found out that it doesn't exactly renew its youth, but it has times that when it just feels so good it acts young. So I would liken that unto a revival. That we're God's eaglets; they might be just a little aged, but when the revival comes, they all get young again, get to feeling young and feeling good. I feel better when I know that the Presence of God is, than any time I ever was in my life, to know that the Presence of the Lord is near.

Then we find out again, that the eagle had two great wings. And those wings was for deliverance. And they meant also, the New and Old Testament. And then we find out again, that the eagle could soar higher in the skies than any other bird. You've often heard them say about hawk eye; he's an amateur to the eagle. Why, he can't see half the distance of the eagle.

And the eagle goes so high into the air, until he has to have a certain makeup. No other bird could ever follow him. If the hawk would dare to try to follow the eagle, he would perish in the air. Therefore the eagle is a special made-up product, so that he can go high.

God likened His prophets unto eagles, that they go... And higher you go the further you can see. And in order... If you're going to go high, and you haven't got the eye to see farther away, it would do no good to go any higher. So God, when He takes us up higher, He's got an eye that He can let us see farther. I like that. Higher you go, the farther you can see.

Many people try to point their finger to someone that tried to go too high. Well, it is true that we find people who try to jump, instead of fly, and they make a wreckage on the side of the shore. But they never try to point their finger to those who doesn't go high enough. Now, they go higher, because they can see farther.

Now, the eagle is a bird, and so is the chicken. But the chicken knows little about this heavenly atmosphere; he knows little of it. And in speaking of eagles, how that many times out in the West, and up in the North woods, have I watched that great masterpiece of a bird

**(57-0705 The Eagle In Her Nest)**

## The Execution Of The Man With A Pardon Why ?

So no man is any better then his word. I'm no better then my word. You're no better then your word. God's no better then His Word. And His Word is part of Him. Your word's part of you. My word's part of me. So God being infallible, His Word has to be infallible. God being omnipotent, His Word has to be omnipotent. So you see, it's the value of it. And it's a--it's a--an invitation to every mortal on the earth if it be received right. But if you turn it down, then it's no value at all.

Here some years ago there was a case tried on that in the federal courts of our land. A man had committed a crime, and the governor of the state had sentenced him to--to be shot, or to be killed by public execution. And while the man was in the prison waiting his time of execution, someone interceded to the governor until the governor found reasons to pardon the man. The governor wrote just a little line on a piece of paper and signed his name, "This man is pardoned, Governor So-and-so."

And when it was brought to the man, showed him by his attorney, he said, "I will not receive it. A pardon's got more to it then that. I believe it's bogus. Therefore, I believe someone's trying to put something over on me."

How that the devil says that same thing to the church tonight, "The Bible's misinterpreted; and it doesn't mean the same. It was only for another generation." But oh, my friend, let me say this tonight; it's for whosoever will, let him come. Just as forceful tonight as it was the night that it fell, or the day it fell from His lips.

The man, by rejecting this pardon, because it wasn't enough wrote out, the man then to reject it was executed the next morning. And then here is the governor's pardon, and here is the man executed after the governor had signed the pardon. So it was tried in federal court. And the decision came to this, and I want every one of my listeners tonight to think this real seriously. And when the decision of the federal courts of our land, and the Supreme Court, rather, of our land made it's decision, here's what it said, "A pardon is not a pardon if it's not received as a pardon."

And God's pardoning grace, God's Divine healing is the property of every believer if it's received as that. But if it's turned down, then it's of none effect. God is not guilty, because He's offered it to you"

**(56-0611 Hear Ye Him)**

## The Flaw Made It A Masterpiece – Physical Version -First Version

The subject that I feel to speak to the congregation today is: The Masterpiece.

It may seem rather strange to take a--a Scripture reading like this, of--of one of the most bruised and murderous pictures of the Bible, that when the Bible says, that, "This perfect Servant that was afflicted, and bruised, and torn," and yet take a text from that, as, Masterpiece. Very strange. But I'm...

My mind is thinking, this morning, as we journey back, I do, for a few years. I was invited up to Forest Lawn, in--in California, up above Los Angeles. My first purpose for going up there was to visit the--the grave of--of Aimee Semple McPherson, the founder of the Foursquare movement. And I went to her--her tomb. And although I--I different with the woman, as a minister, but, yet, in my heart, I give admiration and a respect for--for what she stood for, in the--the hour, and the persecution and things she had to go through with, and in time of her being here on the earth. And then for her--her beloved son, which is a bosom friend of mine, Rolf McPherson.

And a group of ministers, we went up there. And they... we didn't have time to go into the--the... into the--the place where they have the cremation, and put the--the bodies in a--a little box on the side of the wall.

And in there they have some outstanding things, such as the Last Supper. And it's lighted by the actual light of the sun. And they--they have a shutter that it gives them... When they go in, it's light; and then as--as they begin to speak, it darkens up. And after a while it all becomes dark, and then the people go out. And they have all the Supper.

And the woman that held the secret of how to beat this glass into this place, why, make these pictures, why, it--it come through a family, for many years back. And the art was just given to the children, and the last one was a woman. And they was fixing this picture. And when they went to mold and burn the--the glass, bake it, of Judas Iscariot, it busted. So then they tried it again, and it busted again. And she said, "Maybe our Lord doesn't want His enemy picture by His side." And said, "If it bursts again, we'll not complete the picture." But it held that time. Then, course, that was a striking thing, and how that such things would happen.

But, then, one of the main things that interest me in Forest Lawn, was Michelangelo's, the great sculpture, the--the monument of Moses. It's a--a reproduction there, of course. It isn't the original, but it was such a--a great masterpiece. And as I stood and looked at it, I--I liked that, something that looks like it's (represents) got something to it.

I like art, real well. I believe God is in art. I believe God is in music. I believe God is in nature. God is everywhere. And anything that's contrary to the original is a perversion. God is in dancing; not the kind of dancing you do here. But when the sons and daughters of God are in the Spirit of God, see, that's dancing. But like we had to contend with till two o'clock this morning, up there in the lane, that's the perversion of it.

But, this, and the masterpiece that Michelangelo had--had made, it--it cost him something to do that--that. He was a great man, and it cost a big part of his life, because he was many, many years in carving out. Just take a rock and of--of marble, and keep carving it. And, see, only the man, the sculptor himself, has in his mind what he's trying to do. He, he is the one. You might walk up and say to him, "What are you pecking on that rock for?" To the outsider, who doesn't know what's in his heart, it's nonsense. But to the man, the sculptor himself, he--he's got a--a vision in his mind, what he's trying to make, and he's trying to reproduce what he has on his mind in the form of a--of a monument. That's the reason he's digging it out of the rocks.

And this, to do, you have to start off right, at the beginning, and you have to follow the pattern. See? You can't get a little piece, to start off, "We'll make it this way; no, I believe..." No, he's got to have a exact pattern. And in his mind he's got that pattern. And he cannot vary from that pattern. Now, in order to do this, he had to draw in his mind, because we have no real pictures of Moses, but he had to get a mental picture in his mind, of exactly what Moses was.

Now, a genuine sculptor is inspired, like a genuine poet, or any genuine singer, musician, whatever it might be. All real has to come by inspiration. Michelangelo must have had the inspiration of what Moses really looked like. And he caught it in his mind, what Moses must have been. So he set forth on this great piece of marble, the cutting to the pattern, and bringing down, and honing down, until he got to the real picture of what it must have been in his mind.

And then when he got it all so perfect, every corner off, and every place rubbed, and the eyes just right, every hair, and beard, all just the way it was, he stood off and looked at it. I--I think of--of many, many hard years of labor, and how he had to hold that same vision all the time, in his mind, of what he was going to do. And just think, that vision on his mind for so many years, to make it look just exactly to what it was! He caught the vision first, and how he had to work to that vision, cutting off and making down! And when he got it to where he perfected it, till it really got perfect; he stood and looked at it when he finished up that morning, with a hammer in his hand.

And he was so inspired when he looked at it, because the vision of his mind was standing before him, in reality. What he had seen, and the... his conception of what Moses was, there it was figured before him, what he had had in his heart all these years. And toils, and hours of sorrow and distress, and critics, and everything else, but yet he stayed right with the vision until it was completed.

And then when it was completed, he stood back with the hammer, or sculptor's hammer, in his hand, and he looked at that monument. And the inspiration of the vision that he had seen, of how to do it, inspired him so much till he... The inspiration struck him till he got beside hisself, and struck it across the knee, and said, "Speak!"

Now there's a flaw on that great image, on the knee, on the right knee. Just above the knee, about six inches, is a place (I've put my hand on it) about that deep.

After he had spent all that time, for years and years, to make this; then under the--the influence of seeing fulfilled what he had seen in his heart and in his vision, and desired to see, it was completed. And when it was completed, he was so inspired by it till he thought his own masterpiece should speak back to him.

And he struck it across the leg, and holler, "Speak!" And it made a flaw on it. It put a flaw on the image.

To me, the flaw was what made it the masterpiece. Now, maybe to the--the mind that might think different, you think that spoiled it. No, to me, it--it made it what it was. It--it... Because of after so many years of careful work and toils, and inspiration, and so forth, of making it, his toil had proved not in vain. It was perfect, and that's why he cried out, "Speak!" Because, he had seen before him that he (was) had been able to achieve, to bring to pass the vision that was in his mind. And therefore, under inspiration, he done something out of the reason, out of the ordinary. He struck it, and hollered, "Speak!" See, he wouldn't have done that if he had thought. But he didn't think. It was inspiration of seeing what he had in his mind setting there perfectly before him.

His toils, and wearies, and long nights, and housed away from the world for days, and maybe eat a sandwich. And--and rub on it, and get back, and, "No, that's just not the way it was. Now it's got to come down to this," and rubbing it. Then when he saw it, just perfect, then he saw in reality. The negative of the what was in his mind had become real, it become positive, therefore it sprung into him. And it was so real that he must cry out, "Speak!"

To me, it was a reflection. It was--it was a compliment to his work, that his own work so inspired him, that he would become beside himself to smite it and to say, "Speak!"

I stood there and looked at the monument. I thought of the hours that the man must have put, in making that. They said how many years it was. But it--it was a reflection to him, because it was a contribution to his--to his great art, his great work of what he was doing. And when he finally was able to achieve it, it was so great"

**(64-0705 The Master Piece)**

## The Flaw Made It A Masterpiece – Spiritual Version -Second Version

Now let us turn the page, of Michelangelo, and close the book.

And let's open another Book and read of the great Sculptor, the Almighty. Who, before there was a world, and before the foundations was laid, He had in His mind what He wanted, and He wanted to make man in His Own image. He wanted to make something in--in reality of what was a vision to Him, what was in His thinking.

Now, to Michelangelo, that was an attribute of his thought.

And God wanted to make a man after His image, the great Sculptor, and He went to work on him. And we notice as He brought up from the materials. The first perhaps was fishes, and then the birds, and--and then the creeping things upon the earth, and--and many things that He brought. But, finally, as He brood, of being Creator, He had... He wasn't like a man, now, a sculptor that has to take something that's been created, to hew an image. He was the Sculptor of Eternal things. He was the Sculptor that could create and bring into existence that which He has in His mind to do. Or, otherwise, He can make material what His attributes desired.

And as He begin to work upon creeping things, like upon the--the--the little animals upon the earth. And then He began to bring it from that into something else, higher. Then finally He brought it into the larger animals, such as the lion, tiger, bear. Then He brought it into the--the--the life of maybe of--of monkeys and apes, and so forth. Now, not an evolution, as we think that one came from a e-... That was a complete creation; God working in a pattern.

But finally there came forth upon the earth, a perfection, and that was a man. And then He could see in that man, that it looked like Him. So now when He looked upon him, he was a reflection of what his Creator was. God had now been able to achieve the thing that He wanted, a man in His own image.

And then I might say, to this, that, when He made this man, there was something about him yet that didn't look just right, because that he--he was by himself. And that's how God had been, by Himself; He was the Eternal. And the man now, in the image of God, also existed on the earth by himself. So He must have struck a little blow over on his left side, and from there He took the piece that struck off of it and made him a helpmate, a wife, then he wasn't by himself. He was--he was, he had somebody with him. And that's His great work.

And, He, as any great sculptor would take his--his--his masterpiece...

Now, first, He had a masterpiece of Himself. But now He seen that the masterpiece was lonesome, like He was, so He divided the masterpiece by striking it in the side and brought forth a helpmate.

And now, to make the two one, He put them, like any great sculptor, in a place that--that's beautiful.

A--a sculptor wouldn't make a great masterpiece, and then take it and set it in an alley somewhere, or hide it behind buildings. As our Lord told us, "A man doesn't light a candle and put it under a bushel." When we become God's masterpieces, we're not hid in a alley somewhere. We--we must give Light.

So we see that--that He, after He had made this masterpiece, He placed it up here on the earth, and put it in the most beautiful place there was, in the garden of Eden. He placed His masterpiece, the two being one, in the garden of Eden. How it must have pleased Him, that He saw this masterpiece was well. He, after that, we find out that He rested; He was so well pleased with His work.

Now remember that, my opinion, the masterpiece is the stroke that marred Saint Angelo's Moses masterpiece in the monument.

And it was the stroke that cut the side of His masterpiece, that brought out the bride. And now we see them as a masterpiece family in the garden of Eden. How beautiful it was! And it so pleased Him, till He--He took rest then. He said, "I, I'll rest."

But while He was resting and trusting to His masterpiece, His enemy come in and found this great masterpiece. And he, by deceit, he--he crawls under the--the garden walls, and then he--he marred this beautiful masterpiece. He--he marred it, so that it--it fell.

Now I'm trying to watch that clock. And I asked Mike, my nephew, to ring that bell in thirty minutes, but I... He's not done it, and I've already been thirty minutes. But, it's, we continue on a little bit. See? Now, I don't want to--to break these rules. I--I made these rules, see, and I--I... and here is breaking your own rule.

Now notice, then, this masterpiece. When Satan got a hold of it, the deceiver, broke through the walls, and--and he marred this masterpiece. Because that the way he did it, what... How did he do it? I'll go more in detail of it. How he done it, was... This masterpiece was walled by the Word, God's Word. And the masterpiece, itself, of the family, was fortified by this Word. But the broken part, that was broke off of the original, went out beyond that wall, it gives Satan a chance to mar it. And now as you know what I believe on those things, so I won't have to say that. But the masterpiece was broke.

But, the great Sculptor, when He seen the fall of His family, the masterpiece, He wasn't willing just to leave it lay there, face down, and ruin. He went to work, immediately, to build it up again. He wasn't willing that it should perish, lay there like that all the time. Because, He is God, and He will not be defeated. So, He went to work immediately and begin to build, again, unto His Own image, a man.

Now, we find that the antediluvian world come along and destroyed the whole thing, because the covenants that was made, was made conditionally, "If you will not do this, or if you will do that." God, the great Sculptor, seen that man could not--could not keep a covenant. He just can't do it. There is just no way at all.

On the interview a few moments ago I was speaking to a person in the room, that's present now. Said, "But, Brother Branham, I have so many things that I--I know that's wrong," and a--a godly little woman.

I said, "But--but, look, sister, you don't look at yourself. It's just what your desire is and what you try to do. And if you really love the Lord, you try to serve Him with all your heart, and then all your mistakes is hid in the Blood of the Lord Jesus." See? See, He made a way.

So He begin now, taking man from His covenants, of--of saying that, "If you will, I will." And He begin with the man called Abraham, and give to Abraham a covenant, unconditionally. Every time He would start a masterpiece, Satan would get it, because the Word... But when He started with Abraham, He said, "I have already done it. Now this is unconditionally, not what... that--that, 'If you will, I will,' but I've already done it." Now He, the--the Sculptor, is determined to have this masterpiece.

Then, from Abraham, come the patriarchs. And the patriarchs really... Now what's God doing? He is rebuilding this masterpiece that had fallen. So, in the patriarchs, the first we find was Abraham.

Now watch, every masterpiece is put on a foundation, a sculpture. Angelo's monument of Moses is on a three- or four-foot piece of marble. It's got a foundation. So, God, in preparing this masterpiece, He put it on a foundation of the patriarchs. And the patriarch foundation, first, was Abraham, then Isaac, then Jacob, then Joseph, the four corners.

And, now, Abraham was the foundation of faith. Let's say it had four foundations. The foundation of faith was Abraham. The foundation of love was Isaac. The foundation of grace was Jacob, God's grace to Jacob; anyone knows that. But in Joseph was perfection, there is where He could set the monument; upon not the first foundation, the second foundation, the third foundation, but on the fourth foundation.

Abraham portrayed Christ, of course; so did Isaac, in love. Abraham did, in faith; Isaac did, in love; Jacob did, by His grace. Because, Jacob means "deceiver," and that's what he was, but God's grace was with him. But when it come to Joseph, there is nothing against him, just one little scratch, for the foundation must also be a masterpiece. When he told his father, the prophet, "Say to Pharaoh that your people are--are cattle raisers and not shepherds, because a shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptian."

But when the old prophet got before Pharaoh, he said, "Your servants are herdsmen." So it scratched it, see, that's why it still makes it the masterpiece.

Now the foundations is laid, through faith, love, grace, and to perfection, through the patriarchs.

Now the bodywork that come on to this great masterpiece was the prophets, which was the Word. I hope you can read it. See? The prophets; not the laws! The prophets, for the prophets was the vindicated Word which makes the body; not the patriarchs. The prophets, they were the Word.

Finally, as He started way back in the days of Moses and come down through the prophets, to each one. And, finally, building up the body, coming closer all the time. And the greatest of all of them was John. The Bible said so. Jesus said it. "There is not a man, ever born of a woman, as great as John the Baptist," for he was the one that could introduce the Word.

And then come, finally, the great Head, the Head of all of it. The rest of the body just spoke of It. The foundation was laid by the patriarch; but the body was built by the Word, which was the prophets; and here comes the Head of all of it, Jesus came on the scene. There, when this Head piece was put upon it, we find in Him the entire handiwork of God. We find in Him the perfect reflection of the Word, for He was the Word, the fullness of the Word. Now, again, God has the perfect Masterpiece again.

As Isaiah said, "Behold My Servant, My Masterpiece, that I have portrayed through all the ages of this perfect One coming. And here He stands right before Me, a perfect!" There, in His Own image, reflecting God! For He said, in Saint John 14, "When you see Me, you see the Father."

And, then, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God," and the Word was hewed out and reflected what the Word was at the beginning. Him, the Word, reflected in the Masterpiece in His Own likeness, God back again in His Own likeness, the Word form being reflected in the image of a man, the Masterpiece.

All the prophets had flaws; all the ones was a portion. But here, at last, coming up through that, finally comes the Masterpiece, the perfect One, no fault in Him at all, so perfect reflected of the Builder Himself, His Own image was reflected in His work. "God and Christ were One," insomuch until He put His Own Spirit into Him, and then even the image and the Builder became One. God and His sculpture work, His Masterpiece! Where Mose--Moses was, in the work of Saint Angelo, was a... or Michelangelo, rather; was a--a sculpture work that was dead, because it been made out of stone. But here, the Master Builder, when He got His handiwork perfected, He stepped into It.

So perfected a Redeemer of man, so perfect, so godly; yet, there was no beauty we should desire Him. When this virgin-born Son of the living God become so perfect, and humble, and in the image of God, until the great Master Who had brought His Life up through the prophets... And He was the fulfilling of all the prophets. He was so perfect, until, God seeing this, He smote Him and has cried out, "Speak!" as Michelangelo did. "Speak!"

You say, "Is that so?"

Saint Mark 9:7, we find, upon the Mount Transfiguration, when there stood Moses, the law, there stood Elijah, the prophets. All the way back from the patriarchs, the fathers, the law, the prophets, and all of them standing there. We hear a Voice coming down from the cloud, and said, "This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him!" And if they're going to hear, He's got to speak. It was just a few days before He was smitten. "This is My Son, Who I'm pleased to dwell in. I have molded Him. I've been four thousand years bringing Him to this. And now, He is so perfect, I've got to smite Him so He can speak. Hear ye Him! He is the perfected One. He, He is the Masterpiece."

Remember, He was portrayed all times, back through the Old Testament.

We find Him being the Rock in the wilderness, that was smitten, Rock in the wilderness. "I am that Rock that was in the wilderness." But that was a stone that had not come to its perfection yet. But in type form It followed the church, to draw from It that that He could draw, give Life to those Who He could give Life to. But He was that Rock in the wilderness. He had not been made man yet. He was only in type.

Moses saw Him standing on this Rock. He saw Him pass by, and he said, "It's the back part of a man." You see, the Sculptor was presenting to Moses, which was a potential image of Christ, what the great Masterpiece would look like when It was perfected. He passed His... He injected, or--or projected to Moses the vision of what the Masterpiece was going to look like. It was the back part of a man, when It passed by in the wilderness.

Remember, Angelo could only cry out and smite the image, and say, "Speak!"

But how different it was to God, the great Sculptor. When He made a man in His Own image, so perfect that It reflected Him, God spoke through the image of man, showing what He would do. He spoke through the prophets as they were in their potential image, as He was bringing it up to the Head. But when He come in the Head, He was all the image of God; He was portraying Himself. Then, smitten for us, now He is the Masterpiece to us, the Gift of God, Jesus Christ, Eternal Life. I hope we never forget that.

God, when He looked upon Him, He was so inspired! He was so... to see Him the way He looked, and to see the--the form of Him, He was so inspired that it would be the perfect Masterpiece of a Redeemer, Jesus the Redeemer. So, God, in order to be smitten, Himself; because, to pay His Own penalty, God and Christ became One, so God could be smote in the Image, He could be scarred. And that's why Isaiah said, "We did esteem Him smitten and afflicted of God. Yet He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquity; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we were healed."

The perfect Image, the God-Man! God, in en morphe, had changed from Supernatural to the vision, and the vision was projected into the Image. And the Image was smitten so that the Supernatural could taste the feeling of death, God's perfect Masterpiece.

He could not do it in Moses. He could not do it in the prophets; Isaiah, who was sawed with saws till he was sawed to pieces. He could not do it in the prophets that were stoned. He could not do it, because He couldn't feel it; there was just a portion of Him.

But in this perfect Masterpiece, He was the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He could not only project Moses; He could project His entire Being into this Person, and taste death for the whole human race. God's perfect Masterpiece! God, so inspired by seeing It, He become the Redeemer of all ages; to speak for those in the backgrounds, who had been before, and now.

All promises was met in Him. He was the Perfection of the perfection. All types was fulfilled in Him; our Kinsman Redeemer, in Ruth and Boaz; our Law-Giver, from Mount Sinai; our Prophet, from the wilderness, as He come from the mountain, as He come from the wilderness; as He come from Eternity and become man, the perfect Image!

God, down through the age, hewing away, by the patriarchs, and made His platform, and brought them up from the different things that He would lay this foundation upon. Upon this He begin to build His Word, the prophets. And then, finally, come out to the perfect Prophet, the perfect Foundation, the perfect vision God had.

And now, in order for this to speak, He is the Word. And for the Word to speak, He must come into the Image. And then for the Image to speak, it's got to be smitten. He comes into the Image, and then in order to speak, the perfect Redeemer.

All the types of the Old Testament was met in Him. As I said the other day, Jehovah of the Old Testament is Jesus of the New. Yes.

Like many of you, man, women, my age; we used to have, around the country, a lot of Chinese laundries. When the Chinese first started in, they come from the West Coast, moving eastward, coming over from the Eastern country, moving this way. And as they did, they were a people who were not acquainted with our language and our ways, but they were fine laundrymen. And they couldn't write the ticket so you could get your right laundry back.

But, the Chinaman, he got himself a bunch of little cards with nothing on it at all. So when you come for your laundry, he would take this card and tear it in a certain way; and hand you one piece, and he kept the other piece. And, now, it's a little better than what we have now, because when you come back to claim what was your own, those two pieces must dovetail. You couldn't impersonate it if you had to. There's no way of doing it. You can make copies of letters, but you can't impersonate that tear. It's got to fit exactly with the other piece. Therefore, your dirty clothes that you brought in, you could redeem them by this ticket, because it matched the ticket that was turned in.

And when God, by the prophets, and under the law, condemned us to sin; and the law has no grace, it's only tells you you are a sinner. But when Jesus came on the scene, He was the fulfillment, He was the--the fulfillment of everything God had promised. He was the perfect, identical image of the promise. Therefore, all promises of the Old Testament was met in Jesus Christ. It couldn't be met in Moses, it couldn't be met in any of the prophets, but it was met in the Masterpiece. It matched all that It said It was going to be.

So will the Church have to be a match to everything God has promised. It must be the piece that's smitten off of It. So if the original is the Word, so will the subjects that's been taken from It be the Word, to match Its side.

Therefore, the Chinaman, you could claim... Where, the law condemns you and said you were dirty, and you were guilty, and could put you in the prison. But when He came, He was the Match-piece for it, that could take you out; and bring you back, to--to be the complete ticket, the redemption that God had promised back in the garden of Eden. "Thy Seed shall bruise the serpent's head. But, His heel shall bruise--bruise its head."

Now we find this perfect Masterpiece that God had completed. Now, we notice that He was all that it was promised to be. He's all the promises, all of the prophecies, everything that God had made a promise of. "Thy Seed shall bruise the serpent's head." Now, He could not bruise it with the law, He could not bruise it with the prophets, but He did do it when the woman's Seed became the Masterpiece, Christ. He was the Stone that Daniel saw hewed out of the mountain. He was the One could smite. He is the One that could bruise, bruise the serpent's head.

His life matched, exactly, the life of Moses. His life matched David"

**(64-0705 The Master Piece)**

## The Flight Training Of The Eaglets

This old mother eagle flies into the nest one day all ex--unexpected to the little eaglets, and as she comes in... Oh, how I've laid and watched them and weep like a baby, with my binoculars trained on them, my horse tied off somewhere, watching them. And she'll fly into the nest, and she'll take those great wings, and she'll give them a great shower of wind. It shakes every loose feather out of them. Because she's fixing to give them their first little solo flight. And you can't have loose feathers when you're solo flying for the Lord. She flies in, and they have a mighty rushing wind. They never felt it before, because they were born in the cleft of the rock. Why? They are eagles. But God changes it, He gives them something new.

As the Church was borned in the cleft of the rock we cannot be satisfied there; God stirs up the nest sometimes, comes in with a mighty rushing wind like He did on the day of Pentecost, and all the old worldly loose feathers fly out. He sends a Pentecostal revival and shakes up the nest.

Then He gives a certain scream. Oh, all the little eaglets know something is fixing to happen. They're eagles; that's the reason. When you see a shaking time come, eagles are ready for a blessing. The Church is ready for something, the true Church of God, when they see a shaking time coming.

The old mother then throws her wings out, and those little baby eaglets somehow knows by nature; just like a little calf he knows when he's born, to get up and go nurse the mother. Nothing there to tell him, but it's God that tells him. Those little eagles know just how to place their little feet in her wings, and take their little beak, and hold on to a big strong feather; God tells them.

And the Church of the living God knows how to take a hold of the Word of God, those great strong wings of His deliverance and hold on to every Divine promise, when a mighty shaking strikes the place. They know how to hold. Something just tells them. The world might say, "Fanaticism," but they take a hold of the wing, and they hold on, because their nature is eagles. They know what to do.

And this old mother, when she turns her proud head and sees her brood on her wings... I've often thought what God would do when He sees His Church take their position at the Word, to claim every promise that God made. How He turns His proud head to look and see how He loves them with real love. Sees every member of the body positionally take his place, the Christian businessmen at their place, the minister at his place, the prophet at his place...

Then that old mother lets out a certain scream for her heart is thrilled, and she's full of joy, for her little eaglets knows their place and they're all ready. And she lets out a scream and takes to the sky. Oh, what a day, when God gets His Church on the Word, and there comes a certain hour that we fly away on the wings of the great Speckled Bird, the great Eagle of God, the great Holy Spirit, anchored in the Word.

Now, it's a very peculiar thing what she does then. She goes just as high as she can go, where... Those little eaglets not murmuring a bit. They got their little beak set in them feathers, they just can't murmur. And that's--that's the way God takes His Church. If you're really set in the Word, you don't murmur, you just hold on. If God made the promise, God can keep His promise.

So they just hold on. And she--he--she takes them into places they never thought they'd ever be, when she's soaring up. On she goes into the bright blue sky. And now the strange thing, when she gets up there, she shakes them every one off, right up in the middle of the air.

That's the way God does His Church, shakes them off; fly for yourself. And the strange thing, as she shakes them off, she doesn't leave them; she makes a big circle, and goes out, and flies around watching them. And there those little fellows knowing what to do, for the first time they're flopping their little wings. Oh, they're turning over somersaults and everything else, but they're flopping anyhow; they're making some kind of an effort. And if there ever was a time that the Church needs to do some flopping, it's now.

Now, the little eagles are not wearied, because they are altogether aware. She just flies down, swoops right under him, picks him up and brings him back into grace again. That's our great Mother, the Holy Spirit. So don't be afraid of fanaticism, or wild fire; our Mother is watching over us.

She makes those circles, and is she fast? You should see her. And the thing of it is, she can pick as many up, and if a little fellow is exhausted, just turned over and over and over and can't catch his breath, she can catch one with a foot and another with a foot or catch it in her mouth. Oh, the little eagles are so carefree, because they are not resting in their own ability, but they are resting in the ever Presence and the ability of their mother who's watching over them.

Oh, my. As long as He's a watching, as long as it's His Word, as long as He's packed you out here, what are you scared about? They're just having an old fashion Pentecostal jubilee up there, just a flopping, trying to act just like mother. And she's watching over them because they're hers. Oh, how beautiful.

Then when she gets done with them, having all their fun, when they're get down kind of low, she runs and spreads her big wings and all of them just a rejoicing, the convention's over. And they--they set their little beaks back on her wings and like this, "Oh, mama, what a great time we had." And she takes them right down to something new again. Sets them down in a great big green place. They've never had their feet in them places before. So they jump off and just have another jubilee. And they're just there picking just as carefree. And when she gets through, she flies way off to a great high peak, and there she sets watches over them little eagles. Oh, woe unto a coyote that would ever come around. No hawk had better not try to do anything. For she's watching over her own.

That's our Christ tonight. When He died for us at Calvary, He climbed the great ramparts of glory, and He sets at the right hand of the Majesty, He's watching over us. What do we care what this world says, what the people think? Just have a wonderful time; rejoice yourself. The world's full of neurotics. I find out today, that some of these great comedians, I could call names, Elvis Presley, Arthur Godfrey, many of them; they have to have three or four psychiatrists to keep them going. But brother, if they'd just forget that thing and change them dirty jokes into a good old fashion praise of God, I will introduce them to Somebody Who will watch over and protect them; they won't need any psychiatrist. That is right.

So how easy; they just at ease; they're having another jubilee, just picking green grass that they'd never thought ever growed. If you don't believe God's got things for you that you don't know this world can't produce, just come one time and take a ride. That's right.

She watches over them, she... That's her heritage; that's her loved ones. That's the ones that she'd die for; she's watching. And sometimes when a storm comes... I was laying here not long ago in Colorado; I was watching an old eagle take her little ones out for the first flight, their test flight. And when she taken them to the valley, she went up. There come a northerner; the skies turned green a little bit, Brother Ford knows what it means to see that turning dark over the mountains; it isn't very long until the great winds are sweeping down the valley.

And she watched them as long as she could, because the breeze a blowing, and then she let out a great scream and come from the top of that rock into the valley; she throwed out her big wings and every little eagle jumped on. And as she spread her big wings, and that wind coming nearly forty miles an hour or better, down that mountain, she just pierced that wind and went right straight into the rock with them, to safety.

I laid there; I cried like a baby. I said, "Oh, Jesus, You have purchased Your Church; You set them by the still waters and the green pastures. They have a wonderful time rejoicing and praising You. And You climbed the ramparts of glory; You're watching over them. And someday You're coming again to spread forth Your wings to take them back into the heavens above, out of the great tribulations and things that's coming upon the earth"

**(57-0705 The Eagle In Her Nest)**

## The Game Warden And The Killer Bull - First Version

But love... You've noticed in this book. How many has read the book? Let's see your hand. Did you notice when that maniac...? Or, I believe it... Is that the book you have, Brother Wood? It's it, yeah. The--the one where the maniac, up at Oregon, run out on the platform to kill me, that time. You remember that, of reading it in the book?

You know what conquered that fellow? The love of God. I didn't despise that man. There was something happened to me there, that I loved him. I thought, "Poor fellow, bound down with this evil spirit; that's what makes him feel like he wants to kill me. The man wouldn't want to do it, himself, he's a human." That's what it was.

What would you think, if I told you of a fellow I knew, that he used to be a game warden, down in Indiana. And one day he was going over to make a call at a place, and usually, crossing through the field, he... they... usually, he carried a gun, 'cause he had to. That's just like the police on the force or something. It's a--a law, a rule.

And this man, while crossing the field, there was a great big bull over there in that field, that he didn't know was in the field. He knew this fellow had bought it, but he forgot about it.

And going through the field, this big fellow raised up. And he had just killed a colored man about six months before that, down at the Burke's Farm; and he was up here on--on this other farm. And he had long horns, they had the ends of them cut off. But he was an awful... he was a fine specie of an animal, but he was--he was a very bad killer. He had killed this colored man, gored him to death. And they had sold him.

And while crossing the field, out, two hundred yards from a fence or a tree or anything else, in a little bunch of cluster of bushes, this big fellow raised up and snorted and took after this minister, who claimed to have the baptism of the Holy Spirit. And instead of being... start to run or scream, he loved the animal. He felt sorry, because he disturbed that animal.

And that fellow come right, just as hard as he could come, and his head down, snorting, throwing his horns into the ground. Many of you knows, that's fooled around cattle. And here he come. Well, he got, oh, perhaps, within twenty yards. No need of trying to run. You couldn't run anyhow, no bush, tree to get into. You just have to stand and face it. That's all. He could outrun you, and you had two or three hundred yards to a fence, no trees at all. So, here he come.

And something just happened, and instead of--of hating the bull, or wanting to kill it, a perfect peace settled down. I thought, "I disturbed the poor fellow." And when he got coming to me real close, I said, "Now, I'm sorry I disturbed you. I am the servant of the Lord, and I charge thee, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Creator, that you go over there and lay down."

And here come the bull, coming right on. But somehow, I wasn't a bit more afraid, than I am right here, before lovely Christians. He got within, about, ten feet of where I was standing, and I just stood there, looking at him, not a more afraid than I am of this meek looking little lady, setting here, looking at me.

And he run right to me, and when he got right up close to me, he just throwed his feet out, and stopped. And he looked this way, looked around, so depleted, turned around, walked over, and go lay down under the bush.

What did it? See? The trouble of it is, people are scared today"

**(54-0829 I Will Restore Saith The Lord)**

## The Infidel and the Apple Tree

Well, they loved me so much till they just moved over, my neighbor to me. And a real Acts 2:4 neighbor they are too. They really are, both of them receiving the Holy Ghost. And all of his family, practically every one of them been readers in the Jehovah Witness, through the visions and powers of God, turned them every one to the baptism of the Holy Ghost. His wife's people all being Methodist, good women, good men, and everything, and every one of her people, the whole group, has come in and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, excepting of one. Watching God... And Brother Banks and I likes to squirrel hunt. I don't know whether anybody... How many ever went squirrel hunting? Oh, my. What part of Kentucky are you from anyhow. See? And there's no hunting like it, nowhere at all. And we hunt squirrels with twenty-two rifle, fifty yard shot, eye shots. And we just don't get too many squirrels, but we have a great time when I go on vacation.

And one day down there, it was... The fall was real dry, two years ago, and we was camping out: hadn't took a bath in a couple weeks, and beard all over our face, and squirrel blood. We were a mess. But I was relaxing from meetings, kinda getting away back into nature. I always see God in His nature, watching His provided way. Notice. And then it got so dry, when we'd step in the woods, them flat woods, one little break of the leaf... And you talk about Houdini at being a escape artist, he's an amateur the side of one of them squirrels. He's gone, like that. And to shoot a rifle shot, and then an eye, it's a hard thing to do. So Brother Banks said, "You know, I know where there's a man that's got five hundred acres of woods all in the hollows." How many knows what a hollow is? All right. And that's down in the valley like, where the water runs through. Said, "We could get down there and walk." So we went down to see this man. He said, "The only thing is, that this man is an infidel, a very awful unbeliever."

Well, we went through fields and everything till we got back to his place. And when we got back to the place where this infidel, unbeliever lived, there he set out under the tree, him and another old man setting out there, with their hats pulled down, chewing tobacco and spitting, like that. So Brother Wood got out of the car, and goes over, and said, "Could I squirrel hunt on your place a little while?" He said, "What's your name?"

He said, "Wood." He said, "What Wood are you?" And he said, "Banks." He said, "Are you Jim Wood's boy?" He said, "Yes." That was his father. He said, "Well, any boy or any of Jim Wood's people is welcome anywhere on my place they want to come." So he said. "I brought my pastor along. Could he hunt too?" This old fellow spit and said, "Wood, you don't mean to tell me you got bad enough till you have to carry a preacher with you wherever you go."

And so I thought it was about time for me to get out of the car. So I got out of the car and walked around there. I said, "How do you do?" He said, "And you're the preacher?" I said, "Yes, sir." And before Brother Wood got a chance to introduce me, why, he said, "You know, the trouble with you fellows," he said, "you're barking up the wrong tree." You know what a... Coon dog that barks up the wrong tree, he's a liar (See?), and the coon's got away, and he ain't barking at nothing. So he said, "You fellows are barking up the wrong tree so much." I said, "What do you mean?" He didn't believe there was such a thing as God, and he knowed nothing about it. "Well," I thought, "now, that old fellow isn't bad. He don't mean to be that way." He said, "They talk about this, and they talk about that, and there's nothing to it. I've been right here, and I've never seen nothing that looks like it. I can look up that way, and I don't see nothing; look this way, don't see nothing." Said, "Why, they're..."

You see, the trouble of it is, it's just like people coming to one of the meetings; there's so many trees you can't see the woods. That's just it. See? So then, he set there, you know, a little while. And thought, "Lord, if You'll just help me now, maybe we can catch the old fellow for the Kingdom of God." And there was a apple tree standing there, and the yellow jackets... How many knows what a yellow jacket is? He was... They was eating on the apples. And I reached down and picked up... I said, "Can I have one of these apples?" Said, "Help yourself. Yellow jackets are eating them up." So I begin to rub it, like that. And he said, "There was one preacher one time here about three years ago, or four, that come over here to a little town called Acton." And said, "Acton's a little bitty place where they have a Methodist campground." Said, "This preacher come down from Indiana, and he had that place packed out full of people there for three nights."

And said, "Old lady (some name) up here on the hill had cancer in her stomach." And said, "She got so bad they couldn't put her on the bedpan no more. They had to use a draw sheet." And said, "Wife and I'd go up there twice a day and change her bed for her." Said, "Doctors give her up to die weeks before that," and said, "wasn't nothing could be done. She could hardly speak anymore. Couldn't even keep warm water on her stomach." And said, "Her sister went down to that meeting that night." And said, "This preacher, standing up there (never was in this country before in his life) looked back over the audience and said, 'This woman setting back here is named So-and-so. When she left home tonight, she put--took from a drawer of a dresser on the right hand side a little handkerchief with a blue figure in it, put it in her pocketbook. If... She's got a sick sister. She has a sick sister by the name of So-and-so that lives up here, and she's dying with cancer. THUS SAITH THE LORD, take this handkerchief and go lay it on your sister and she'll be healed.'"

And said, "The woman got up out of the chair from where she was setting, and went and laid that handkerchief on that woman." And he said, "Why, they... I thought they had the Salvation Army up there on top of the hill." Said, "I never heard so much screaming, about twelve o'clock that night." Well, it was a bunch of them up there putting the handkerchief on the old lady, and she was healed, just according to the Word of the Lord: Got up, jumping all around, shouting, praising the Lord.

And said, "The next morning wife and I went up there." Said, "It was late, about midnight. We thought the old lady... We was looking for her to die any minute anyhow. We thought that was her children screaming, that she'd already passed away." And said, "We went up there the next morning. There was she and her husband setting at the table eating fried apple pies and drinking coffee." And said, "She does her own work and the neighbor's work." I thought, "Oh, oh. That's why... I'm glad you said that." And Brother Banks started to say, "Well, that..." "Don't. See? Don't." I said, "Is that so?" He said, "Yes, it's so." I said, "You don't believe that?" He said, "Go right up there and find out." See, he was preaching back to me then. You see, see? "Go right up there and find out. Her name's So-and-so. She lives right around the corner." The other old man setting there said, "That's right." See? And I said, "Do you mean that's the truth?" Said, "Well, go find out for yourself." I said, "My." I said, "What was that guy's name?" Said, "I don't know." Said, "I forget it." Said, "Some preacher from up in Indiana," he said.

And I said, "Yes, sir." And I was eating on that apple, you know, and I said, "That's a good apple." Said, "Oh, yeah." Said, "She's a dandy. We can off it every year."I said, "How old is that tree?" "Oh," he said, "we... I planted that tree there myself about fifty years ago, something like that." He was seventy-six, I think it was. I said, "Yes, uh-huh." I said, "I want to ask you a question." And he said, "Yes, sir." He'd just got through saying, "If that preacher ever comes back here, seemed like he had something on the ball." He said, "I'm going to ask him how did he know that woman was in that shape, and how did he know she was going to be made well?" And I said, "You say you planted that tree there so long ago?" "Yes." I said, "I want to ask you a question. It's just about the middle of August; we haven't even had a cool night. Why is those leaves dropping off the tree?" "Oh," he said, "the life has left them." "Oh," I said. "Is that right? Well, what happened to the life?" "Oh," he says, "it went down into the roots of the tree." I said, "Why did it go down there?" He said, "Well, if it doesn't, it'll die. The winter will kill it. The germ of life can't stay up in this tree here." I said, "Oh. Well," I said, "what causes it to go down before there's any cold spell?" "Well," he said, "it just goes down." And I said, "Well, now..." He said, "It's just nature. It just actually goes down."

I said, "Well, if I get a bucket of water and set it out here on that locust stump, will when fall of the year comes along, will that water go out of the bucket right down to the bottom of the stump, and next spring come back up, bringing up another bucket of water?" He said, "No." I said, "Then there's bound to be some Intelligence. That tree has no intelligence. It's a--it's a tree, a plant. There's got to be some kind of Intelligence to cause it to go down to hide its life, and then come back up to bring you another bunch of apples." He said, "Well, you know what?" he said, "I hadn't thought of it just that way."

And I said, "I tell you, you think of that. And whenever you can find out the Intelligence that says to that tree, 'Drop your leaf. Hurry back down into the roots, and stay there, and next spring come back again.' When you find what Intelligence that directed that tree to do that, I'll tell you what Intelligence that told me that woman was dying with a cancer, and put the handkerchief on her. She'd be healed." He said, "You're not that preacher?" I said, "Yes, sir, I am. I'm Brother Branham." He said, "That's the name."

That old man become a Christian, gave his heart to Christ. Last year Brother Wood and I were down there, and I drove over to see the old man. And his wife was setting on the back porch peeling apples off of the same tree. And I come up and talked to her. And she said, "Brother Branham, that simple little story led the old brother to Christ. He died in Christian faith a year ago." Now, what was it? He found God's provided way. By looking the way He could provide a way of escape of death of that tree, he found a provided way that God had provided for him to live again."

**(God Has A Provided Way 62-0728)**

## The Lily of The Valley

"Wasn't He the Lily of the Valley? Where do we get opium? From the lily. Is that right? Lily is where you get opium. What does opium do? It soothes every pain. First thing, the lily, before it can become, get the fragrance out of it, in the opium, it had to be crushed, mashed up and squeezed out. Jesus, He was crushed at Calvary. And all the opium of that Lily was squeezed out.

God's got a great cannon full of it tonight and can, by faith, inject it into every sick person here. And you know, when you're on, you get opium, you just, everything is calm, every fear has left. Every pain is gone. All the sickness is gone: the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the blind see, the lame walk. Isn't that right? So, He is the Lily of the Valley"

**(50-0827E Take The Rod And Gather The People)**

## The Little Eagle Story

Like my little eagle story, all of you's heard it. A hen... An old farmer set a hen one time. See, he didn't have enough hens--eggs to go under the hen, so then he found an eagle egg and he put it under it. When the eagle was born, it was the funniest looking chicken, them chickens had ever seen. Little old eagle going along; the hen would go, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck." The little eagle said, "I don't know what that thing sounds like, but I'm following her anyhow. And he went out in the barnyard and begin to scratch in the manure piles, and she went, "cluck, cluck, cluck. This is good. This is good. You join ours. And this is..." That little eagle, he couldn't eat that stuff. He just--He just went along with the chickens, because he didn't know. He didn't know what to do. And then she went out there, and she'd get this and that; and the little eagle just; he just had to stomach it. He didn't know how to do it. But he'd seen all the chickens doing it, but there's something different. He didn't like that. So one day the mother knowed that she'd laid two eggs.

So she begin to hunt for that other one. Flying around, searching, like the great Holy Spirit, one day it flew over the barnyard, that denomination.

She looked down there, and she seen her baby. She screamed.

It was the voice of something that echoed from the inside of him. "Oh, that sounds right." Oh, let a real predestinated born germ, predestinated by God; hear the Word of God, it's music to him. He knows it's the Truth. He's tired of that denominational stuff anyhow: "Join us. Come, go with us. We got a social party. We got this, we got..." It just didn't sound right to the little fellow. She said, "Son, you don't belong in that group anyhow. You belong to me; you're mine." He said, "Mama, that sounds real. How am I going to get out of this?"

"Just make a jump; I'll catch you. That's all you have to do." The anointed Word of God being vindicated before any man that's born to be a son of God with the predestinated germ into him for this hour, he'll see God's message as sure as there's a God in heaven.

(AS THE EAGLE STIRS HER NEST 58-0316A) She screamed back, she said, "You're not a chicken. That's the reason you've never been satisfied. You wasn't born for a manure pile of the world. You're a heaven born bird. You're not bound by some creed and denomination. You got plenty of room; the heavens is yours." Say, "You must be my mama.

Mama, how can I get out of it?" Said, "I'll tell you, son, just give a little jump and try your wings once." That's all you have to do. Just take God at His Word, and step out on It one time. Yes, sir. If you're all bound down, froze to death in some denomination, just take God at His Word and step out one time, say, "I believe You, Lord. I heard a voice that spoke to me, saying, 'Come up higher.'" Take Him at His Word, one time, see what happens.

Well, you know what he did, this little eagle? He made a big jump, and flopped his wings, he set right on the top of the barnyard post, right in the middle of a denomination. That's as high as he ever got. She's hollering, "Honey, you've got to jump higher than that or I can't get you..." "Well, I belong to the so-and-so, mama."

"You come out of that. Just jump again; flop your little wings and I'll get you." Amen. And she made that big swoop. And when he took that all sufficient step to say, "I'm no longer Baptist in denomination. I'm no longer Presbyterian; I'm no longer Pentecostal, but I'm Yours, Lord, here I am, flopping with all that's within me." she catches him, and away she goes to the heavens with her bird. How high have you jumped?

How much have you trusted? If you're God's eagle, you're ready to take Him at His Word. You're ready to trust in Him in the face of death or anything else. You're there to trust Him."

**(Invisible Union Of The Bride 65-1125)**

## The Magic Flower and Prospector

Little story one time I heard of a man who was... Oh, he was poor, and he--he always wanted to... It's a little fairy story like. It always stuck with me though. And one day he picked a flower. And the flower was magic, and the flower answered to him, and said, "You've been poor all your life." He said, "Now ask what you will and it'll be given to you."

He said, "That yonders mountain would open up, and I could go therein and find the gold in the mountain."

"Well, the..." he said, "you'll have to take me with you wherever you go." See? "You'll have to take me with you, so wherever I am, then you can ask what you will."

He walked to the mountain, and the mountain opened up, and he went in. And the shelves was full of gold and diamonds, as the little fairy story goes. He laid the flower down on a--on a table, or a rock. And he run and grabbed a great big gem. And he said, "I must go show this to my friends. And now I'm a rich man. I have everything now. I must show this."

And so the flower spoke and said, "You have forgot the main thing."

So he runs back and picks up... said, "Well, maybe I'll--I'll get a piece of gold. I'll get a piece of silver." And so he said, "I'll--I'll hurry out to tell the people how rich I am, what all I've got."

And he got to the door, and the flower said, "But you forgot the main thing." So he runs back again. He said, "In here we find all kinds of materials." So he picked up a stone. He said, "I'll go take this stone and show the people what kind of a stone this mountain's made out of so I can find my way back to it." See?

And he started out the door and the flower said, for the--its final time, "You have forgot the main thing."

"Oh," he said, "oh, shut up."

See, he didn't want to hear it any more, "Forgot the main thing." And he ran out the door. And when he did, the door closed behind him with the flower on the inside. The main thing was the flower. See? The main thing was the flower.

Years ago as a kid, as you all are, here, cattle ranch above here, above Phoenix, I was reading a piece of prospect--a paper about a prospector. Then there was no roads through here then, just little sand paths. They still do a lot of prospecting in here, you know.

But this prospector had come in, and he'd found a lot of money. And he struck a lot of gold. And on his road in he stayed in a cabin he'd found. And he had a dog with him, and the--the dog tied up on the outside. And that night there'd been an outlaw following him to get this gold. He'd picked it up in old Spanish mines, and he was coming in with it. And the dog started barking. And the man didn't want to be bothered with that dog. He said, "Shut up." He said, "Tomorrow I'll take this in to--to the city." And the morals of the story was this. "And I'll have it weighed up. And I'll be a rich man. And I'll buy great cars. And I'll have all kinds of women and big parties. And I'll be a rich man, because I've already struck the claim. I've got the gold here, much of it." And said, "I'll..."

And while he was trying to go to sleep the dog kept barking, because the dog seen the outlaw coming up, slipping up, waiting for the prospector to go to sleep. And he raised up again and screamed at the dog again, said, "Shut up." And the poor dog whined and tried to warn his master that danger was lurking.

And when he... The next time when the dog started barking... The prospector had a shotgun. He didn't want to be bothered, so he just raised up and shot the dog. And the prospector was killed that night by the outlaw. All of his fancy dreams done him no good. Why? He stilled the voice that was warning him.

There's nobody can try to do anything... You kids would never be able to do anything wrong, after being raised the way you are, unless you'd feel something tell you not to do it. Now, don't never still that voice that's warning you. And always remember, accept that Voice that said, "Follow Me." And you'll always come out right. I believe you will. I got confidence in you.

**(63-0601 Come, Follow Me)**

## The Master Violinist

Closing I might say this. There was a... I read a story many years ago about an old violinist. And he had an old violin, and he was going to sell it. (You've heard the story many times.) And they wanted to sell it for a certain thing. And the auctioneer said, "Who'll give me so-and-so?" And I believe he was offered a few coins, maybe fifty cents or something. "Going once, going twice..." Directly, a man raised up in the back; he said "Just a minute." He walked up and got it. Let's think that he played this: There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; When sinners, plunge beneath the flood, Lose all their guilty stain: Then when he laid it down, there wasn't a dry eye in the place. Then he said, "Who'll offer..." One said, "Five thousand." "Ten thousand." It was priceless. Why? The--the old master of the violin had revealed its true quality. Oh, brother, sister, now let the Master of this Word who wrote It, the great Holy Spirit, rosin up His bow with love and pull it across your heart. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins... You'll see the full value and see the unveiled God come right in view, that He's just the same as He was when He fell on the day of Pentecost upon the people, when He kenos Hisself, emptied right into them. That's right. You say, "Brother Branham, I've tried. I've tried. I've done this, that, or the other.

One day, I was having a meeting at Carlsbad, New Mexico; and we went down in this big old bat den down there; and it was kinda spooky-looking. And we got down there; and the--the man, when he got down there in this place, he--he snapped the lights off. And oh, my, you can imagine how dark it was. It's just--it's so dark you could feel it. And that's just about the way the times are getting. When we see the church that fails to recognize God's Word; when you see that our daughters of Zion doing the way they're doing; when you see our brothers that smokes, and drinks, and--and tells dirty jokes, and things, and still trying to hold their confession in Christ (Oh, my.); it's dark; it's pitch dark. We see the sign of His coming. There'll be... It's always darkest just before day. Then the Morning Star comes out to hail the day, and to herald it and show that it's coming.

Notice. In there, when they turned that off, there was a little girl just screamed to the top of her voice. And there was a little boy standing by the guide. And he seen that guide when he switched the lights off, like that. And that little sister was just about to have a fit. She was screaming and jumping up-and-down, "Oh, what's going to happen next? What's the matter? What's the matter?" You know what he screamed? He said, "Don't fear, little sister. There's a man here who can turn on the lights." Listen, little sister, you might think we're small and in the minority, but don't fear. There's a Man here Who can turn on the lights; that's the Holy Spirit. Do you believe it?

**(Mighty God Unveiled 64-0629)**

## The Production of The Creator And The Hybrid Reproduce

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**(64-0614e The Oddball)**

## The Prophet And The Hornets

I remember, here not long ago, mowing my yard, out front; I was mowing, a little mower, and any of you that's been down at my place, I got quite a front yard. And I had put on my old, we call them overalls, I think you all, up here in the North, call them dungarees, or something; I'd get out there and mow the yard, and I'd have these on. A carload of people drive up to be prayed for, and I'd slip around the back, go in, put on my other clothes, and go in, pray for the sick; come back after they'd leave, and put on, maybe make about two rounds, and here come another load, and I'd run in again. And the front yard was grown up before I could get in the back yard. It was growing up ahead of me.

So one day, is in the back yard, I was mowing. They had a little fence runs down, and I put the children up, a little martin box, there. And a big bunch of hornets had inhabited that box. So, I had forgot about it. And I took off, being in the back yard, where no one could see me, just strip down to my waistline, here, with just my overall. And my, oh, it's awfully hot and I was just shoving the lawnmower, you know, a little old putt-putt-putt, and I was hitting, and I hit the fence, and before I knew it, I was covered over with hornets. You know what hornets are, those great big fellows. And they just swarmed all over me.

And something happened, I thought, "That's strange, I..." Now, this sounds like a kiddie story, but it isn't told for that, and Almighty God, who will judge us at the judgment, knows it. I said, "Little fellows, I'm sorry I disturbed you." I said, "I haven't got time to play with you this afternoon. So you hurry back, in the Name of our Creator, the Lord Jesus Christ, and run back in your box. I won't hit it no more. I'll get away from there."

Just kept on mowing, and the God of Heaven, Who knows this to be the truth, them fellows circled around me, and took a beeline, and went right straight back in that box, and settled down. That's exactly right.

**(54-0829 I Will Restore Saith The Lord)**

## The Prophet And The Killer Bull

Many people said about wild animals, "Aren't you afraid of them, Brother Branham?" Never. I love them.

Here sometime ago... My first seven years was a conservation officer, a game warden. And one time while I was going up to dig a little ditch to throw some water over to turn some fish into a stream... We were supposed to pack a little old pistol. And when I went over across the field, there was a man sick over there that I knew... I was a minister at the time. And I was going over to visit this minister, that had... or this man to pray for him

.And on my road, I just pulled off this little old gun and throwed it up in the car, and locked up the door, and took out across the field, which is about three quarters of a mile. I had forgotten that in that field was a killer bull, that had just killed a colored man, down at the Brook's Farm and they had sold him to Mr. Guernsey on the pasture up there. He was a famous bull, good stock, but was a killer.

And I was going out across the field, singing to myself, and I come up to a little bunch of scrub timber; and all of a sudden out of that scrub timber raised this big killer bull. And he looked right at me. What was the first thing? I reached for the gun to kill him. I had no gun. I looked for the fence about three hundred yards. He was standing about twenty or thirty yards from me. There was no trees, nowhere to go, but was stand on and take your death. So I said, "Heavenly Father, I suppose this is the end."

And I'm glad I didn't have the gun. I'd have killed the bull then and then went and paid for him. But I stood to look at the animal; he backed off, snorted, threw his horns down in the dirt, twisting his tail. I knew he was coming, and I stood and looked at him a moment, and something happened. Somehow or another... This may seem foolish, but all the fear left; when love come in, fear went away.

And I thought the same thing as I did about the bees. I thought, "Here it is again." And I said to him, "The One that created you, I am His servant. And I'm on my way to pray for one of His children that's sick. I'm sorry I disturbed you, but in the Name of Jesus Christ go lay down and I won't bother you." And the bull shook his horns, two or three times in the dirt, and here he come. I wasn't no more afraid than I am right now. Something took place.

Now, this sounds like a laugh, but it's not for that purpose. Neither is it a joke, for this sacred desk is no place for a joke and carrying on, it's the place for the Gospel. And the bull, I loved him and was sorry that I disturbed him. And he run right straight to me within about ten feet and stopped with his feet out. And he looked to the right and to the left, looked so depleted. And he turned right around, and went over there, and laid down; and I walked within five feet of him, and he never moved a time.

What is it? It's love. And brother, no matter how much we try to bluff, we're negative without love. That's right.

**(57-0305 Divine Love)**

## The Rambling Man and the Tornado

Some time ago a young colored boy rushed into the meeting when the altar call was being made. He come from the outside. And he come up, and he said, "I want to become a Christian tonight." "Why, certainly, we're always glad to see that." And said, "The reason I want to become a Christian, I've been a rambler." And said, "I was out rambling around once, and--up in the north woods," and said, "I got without money." And said, "I hired myself to a lumber camp where there was an aged colored woman that done the cooking, and I was going to assist her and--and then to wash dishes and so forth for her, to get enough money to go on." Said, "We slept in a little back room with a large piece of canvas to separate her part from my part." And said, "One night with my head under the cover, I was awakened by voices that was speaking loud by my window. And I pulled my head out from under the cover," and he said, "I heard one man say, 'Jim, let's hurry back to the cabin as quick as we can, because we may be swept completely into eternity in the next few moments, for that tornado is headed right this way.'"

Said, "Then I could not but wonder when I jumped to the window and looked and seen that long funnel shaped cloud, and just one constant blast of thunder and lightening. And see when the lightning, the trees rooting up, and that great long serpent tail was coming right towards our cabin." Said, "I heard the canvas rake, and the aged old woman said, 'Son, come over on my side; I've got a lantern lit here.'" And said, "I went over, and she said, 'Are you a Christian?'" Said, "I said, 'No, I'm not a Christian.'"

Said, "Did you ever pray?" Said, "No, I've never prayed." Said, "Well, you better be praying, for these twisters lay everything flat on the ground."

Said, "Reverend, I got down by the side of that old woman on that little box where the lantern set. But I was too scared to pray." He said, "I couldn't get my thinking right." And he said, "Every time I'd start to pray, a tree would root up and slam against the cabin; the windows would go out." He said, "I was too scared to pray." He said, "And now, the only thing I could do was sit and watch that calm old saint with not a bit more worry of nothing in the world, constantly speaking to Somebody that she was acquainted with." And I said, "Lord, I'm too scared to pray. But if--if You'll just let me live, I will pray after this."

You see, it takes trouble sometimes to make us realize, to turn our hopes to God, turn ourselves over to Him. I believe it was Job who thought on his ways, and he wanted to make them sure, not only on his ways, but his children's ways. And he come God's only way that God ever did make for man, the burnt offering and under the blood. Many of you are sure that... You have read the story of Job. And he said, "My children's been out having parties. And peradventure they have sinned; I'll make an offering for them." He wanted to be sure while he was normally and right.

You know I think if mothers and fathers tonight in this fair land of ours, if they spent more time on their knees praying, bringing their children to God through prayer, instead of out in these parties drinking and running around, we'd have less juvenile delinquency.

The Rambling man and the Tornado

ONCOMING STORM 60-0229

I was in a meeting not long ago. I'm looking at a--a colored brother setting here, I suppose, him and his wife. And I've been watching him since I been preaching, nodding his head, and re--rejoicing in the meeting and just brought me to a--a thought.

There was a boy come into the meeting one time, and as soon as the service was over, he--he ran to me, and he said, "Parson." He was a southerner. And he said, "Parson, I's wants to find the Lord Jesus tonight." I was having a healing service.

And I said, "Certainly, my brother, I am more than happy to lead you to Him." He said, after he had gave his heart to the Lord; he said, "I wonder... I guess you are wondering why I run up out here like this." Said, "I heard you were in the city, and I just come up to see what--to see you." He said, "I'll tell you my story." He said, "I more or less been a wanderer." Said, "My old mother was a real Christian. My sisters was Christian. I had one Christian brother." Said, "I was the baby of the family, and a spoiled child to begin with, 'cause they babied me, was so good to me." But said, "I would not take heed to my mother or my godly relation. I wanted to be a wanderer. I wanted to live a man's life." He said, "I thought that being a Christian was more like for the women or the weak." He said, "And I become a cook, and I was very good at my trade." And said, "Something, another, I wanted to go to the north. And one day I staggered in on a pulp camp, where they were cutting pulp wood. And I was broke. And I said to the foreman, 'Could you use a cook?'" He told his recommendations, that he had in his pocket, from different great places where he had been a chef.

And he said, "Well, we have one now." He said, "But, however, until you're able to get around, we can give you a little bit of money on the side. We got an elderly colored woman in there now, which is a good chef. But go in, talk with her, maybe she could use you. And if she could, we can give you a little spending money till you get on your feet." He said that was as good as he wanted. And said he went in there, and he met the old woman, and said he helped her around for two or three days.

And one night, said he was laying there, and he said he kept noticing the flashes across the side of the wall. And after while he wondered, "Is that... Is somebody outside?" And said, after while he heard a--a deep roar, and it was a thunder. And said, outside he heard some voices talking, and they said, "You know, we better get back to the horses, and take care of them, because we may not be here very long." Said he took the cover off his head, and listened up to the wall. And the lightning flashed, and he saw his boss and the teamster. And he understood by their talk, that there was coming a storm across the mountains, which we call up in the north lands "a northerner," comes quickly, without warning. You don't have time to do nothing. The mountains are so high; they just break right over at once.

And that flashing had been lightning. And he said, "You know, we may not be here after while." Said, "That sounds like a terrible twister coming." And then he said, "I begin to think, 'Well, I hope it doesn't strike here,' said, 'because I know I'm not ready to go.'" And sometimes you wait too long, you know. So then he said, "Just in a few moments, the wind begin to blow, and the trees begin to rock." And said he listened. The canvas was between he and where the--the old lady slept, and said, "She was beating on that canvas. She said, 'Son? Oh, son?'" He said, "Yes?" She said, "Would you come over to my side? I have a lantern lit." And said, "I went over to her, because I was scared to death." And said, "She had a lantern setting on an old soap box. And she said, 'I'd like to ask you something.'" Said, "Yes, ma'am." Said, "Is you ready to meet the Lord?" He said, "Then I really got scared." Said, "No, ma'am, I'm not." "Why," she said, "honey, I want you to tell me something. You'd better make ready now, 'cause you may have to meet Him, unprepared in the next few minutes." Said, she said, "Will you kneel with me here?"

Said, "We knelt down by the side of that old soap box." He said, "Parson, I'm going to tell you the truth; I was too scared to pray." He said, "The trees was slamming against that building, and the lightning a-flashing, the thunders a-shaking. I was too scared to pray." Said, "I started to say, 'Lord, be merciful,' and bang would go the lightning. I'd said, 'Where was I at? Lord, be merciful,' bang would go the lightning." He said, "But I learned a lesson." He said, "That old sainted woman set just as cool and happy as she could be." Said, "She talked to Him like she'd knowed Him since she was a baby, like He was her father or her mother." Said, "She was no more disturbed than nothing." Said, "I was scared to death." Said, "Finally I got these words out, and I said, 'Lord, if You'd just let me live, and I'll find a place where it's more quieter, I'll come to You." He got another chance, but you might not. When the judgments of God begin to pour out, there's no more chance. You've got your chance now. This is your chance.

The storm was on him. He said, "Parson, is it possible for a man like me to be tucked away in that safety, that when death begins to come upon me, that I can enter up to talk to Him like that old saint did?" I said, "Son, the Blood of Jesus Christ that made her that way can make you that way right now." I was standing by my automobile. He was a well-dressed boy, cultured, educated. He fell on his knees in the muddy yard and there he found that hiding Place, that Refuge in a time of storm, that Rock in a weary land. You don't have to be weary as long as you're in the Rock. The Rock is one place that's not weary. The Rock is a satisfying place. You can just set back and look out, just as safe as you can be.

There is a hour coming, and now is (and the sealing is about over), that where every man and woman on the face of the earth is going to be in that place of Refuge, like it was in the days of Noah, or on the outside of It. You have to make your decision. That safety is Jesus Christ. That... He is the only Place, the only One Who has Eternal Life. No man can come to the Father, but by Him. He is the Ark of our safety. The Holy Spirit bears record with us now, that we've passed from death unto Life. And when we look at the grave, and know that each one of us is going there...

We see the newspapers and the oncoming storm. When you go home tonight, do me one favor, don't go to bed till you read Revelations the 8th chapter. You see the oncoming plagues and storms, that shall hit the earth, and thunders and lightnings are going to shake the heavens. Woes are going to pass over the nation. Men will rot in their flesh. Diseases will strike them the doctors knows nothing about. But remember, before that took place there was a sealing went forth. And the death angels and the plagues was commissioned by God, "Don't come near any of those who has the Seal in their forehead." And the Seal of God is the baptism of the Holy Spirit; Ephesians 4:30 says, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby you are sealed until the day of your redemption." No matter how hard the ark rocked, no matter how many times the lightning struck close to it, "Ten thousand shall fall on your right, and thousands to your left, and it shall come not nigh thee." The Holy Spirit...

**(As I Thought On My Way 59-0610)**

## The Scoffer and the Oncoming Storm

And these prophets of the weather in Florida are pretty accurate with their prophesying. They are set for that purpose to warn the people. I was reading (I forget just now, I believe it was in the newspaper.) of a storm a few years ago, that was on its way across Florida, central Florida, and all the regions around Okeechobee was--was warned. I just left there about five weeks ago. And there was a neighbor man who kept in contact with radio all the time, because of these storms, and he was a very renowned Christian. And he heard that the great typhoon was coming that way, twisting down trees, and everyone was warned to get to safety. And he thought of his neighbor who had a chicken farm, and some light buildings with their chickens in them, their brooder houses, and so forth, and their pens, where all that they had in life was tied up with these chickens, of their living. And he rushed quickly, frantically, up to the gate, and stopped his car, and jumped out, and said to this fellow, "Take all the chickens and put them in your storm shelter, and you rush over to mine, because there is coming a typhoon or a--a storm that's going to twist everything down."

And the man stood and looked him in the face, and laughed at him, and said, "Nonsense. I've heard them predict such things before, and it never did happen." And the Christian neighbor was so excited; he said, "But what if it does happen?" We hear remarks like that along the line; "I've heard of this is going to happen, and that's going to happen." But it is going to happen one of these days. And it behooves us to listen to every warning.

But this man said, "I have no time for such foolishness. I raise chickens, and I have no time for such." And he cried out. The neighbor said, "In the Name of God," he said, "leave those chickens alone then, John, and come quickly, you and your family. If you don't want to believe it, let your family come." And he said, "I will not have my children to be excited over a few radio warnings. My children and I have decided we'll live as I live. And my wife will listen to me because I am the breadwinner of this home, and she must listen to me. I'm boss here, and I will not have my children all excited or tore up about some nonsense." And the neighbor was turned. And he went to his home into his shelter.

And all of a sudden, the cloud was upon him before they knew it. That's the way judgment strikes. It comes so sudden; you wonder how it can get there so quick. How I have seen cruel men, who once cursed God, fall and scream, and say, "How could You treat me this way?" The whole, every foundation was swept out from under him in a moment. It pays to take warning. Oh, you might laugh at the messenger; you might be able even to kill him; but you cannot kill the message. It'll go on just the same. God's message is eternal. His Words will never fail. Paul was successfully in having Stephen stoned. But all through his life until he surrendered to Christ, was he never able to get away from that message, "I see heavens open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Something got ahold of him. It wasn't the messenger; it was the message he had.

While the storm swept through the country, it caught the chicken house and the farmer, and they never found his body. And his wife, frantically fighting... And they lived close to the great Okeechobee Lake, and the waters begin to rise as the typhoon lifted the waters all the way from the bottom of the lake. That's what makes them so dangerous; they're shallow; the boats rock, and that's how the waves come up and turn the boats beneath them. The storms comes and just whirls up the water and packs it for miles. And the water is sweeping, until the mother knowed there was no hope but to get her children on top of the building. And she got her children, and got them on top the building, holding onto the chimney of the house.

And then the wildlife, the Cottonmouth moccasin, I believe, a more deadly snake than your Diamondback rattler, they was crawling for safety, and they come on the roof with her. And by listening to her husband, not taking heed to the warning, she had to... She stomped and she beat, but she had to stand and watch those vicious snakes bite her children until they died on the roof. And the mother herself was bitten so much until finally she died; that's the only way we got the story. After the storm had quietened, and the search parties hunting for bodies, and so forth, they found her laying on top of the roof, with her children laying by her side.

Oh, it pays to take warning. The first thing to do, before there can be a warning, there has to be a preparation made for safety, or there's no need of sending a warning. And the warning is only a voice of one having you to prepare for the danger. There has to be a preparation made first. And then if the preparation is made, then the warning can go forward to cause you to make your decision whether you want to listen to it or not. If you don't want to listen to it, well, that's up to you. If you do listen to it, there's safety.

God has the same method. We work on God's method in that way. God, in the early days, when the antediluvian world, when people had gotten so wicked and so sinful, that God could not look upon it and be just... God is just, and He has laws. When those laws are broken... Any law that's broken, has no penalty to it, isn't law. You cannot break the laws of God without having to pay for it somewhere. You must do it. The Bible said, "Be sure your sins will find you out." And what is sin? I'd like to stop here just a moment. Many people think smoking cigarettes is a sin. It isn't. Many people think that lying is a sin. It isn't. Committing adultery, that isn't sin. That's the attributes of unbelief. You... The reason you do those things is because you are an unbeliever.

There's only two things; that's you are either a believer or an unbeliever. If you are a believer, you do not those things. If you do do them, I don't know what kind of a profession you have; but if you do that the love of God isn't in you. The Bible said so. We've got too much profession without a possession of it, too many saying and not living it. I think, even we have too much practice on sermons and not living enough sermons. It'd be a lot better if we lived our sermon; each one of us would be a minister. It's better to live me a sermon than preach me one. The Bible said that "You are written epistles of God, read of all men." So it's best to live the sermon.

Sin is because you believe not. Did not Jesus say in the days of His flesh on earth, did He not call the people that would not lie, that would not steal, that would not commit adultery, righteous men, preachers, priests; He said, "You are of your father, the Devil," because they believed not on the Son of God. "He that believeth not is condemned already."

**(Oncoming Storm 60-0229)**

## The Sudden Attack On Pearl Harbor

I was reading an article sometime ago on the sudden attack on Pearl Harbor. That wasn't no exactly any unknown attack. They had already been warned that the Japs were going to do that. But the sad part was, they ignored that warning. They had seen signs, and the Japanese army assembling themselves together, and the big ships being loaded with ammunition, and the threat was in the air. And they were just exactly in line for the invasion. But they ignored it.

That's the way it is today with the Church. The Church is in line of judgment. But they are ignoring the coming of the Lord. So it... You can't blame Him.

They said when it was noised abroad around in Pearl Harbor that the Japs could attack at any time, and that their big fleet had set out in the waters of the sea and was moving slowly but steadily towards Pearl Harbor, that they only laughed at it, and said, "Oh, nonsense. You gloom builders, you worrywarts, all you think about is some trouble."

And on the night just before the great attack the next morning, there was a great dance, or a big party given in Pearl Harbor itself. And no matter how much they tried to say that the Japs were coming, they still would not take warning.

Let's just look on them for a few minutes. There's a little radio bulletin goes out, and a little piece in the corner of the paper, about like a healing campaign would be advertised, just a small place, that the Japs were on their road in the waters of the sea, a great fleet was headed that way. "Nonsense," says the others. "We don't believe in no such stuff as that. What are you trying to scare us about?"

And then we find, getting close to the night I can see at the home place instead of them preparing for--to get out of the city, why, the young girls were all putting on their new frocks and so forth; they were going down to this great big jubilee they were going to have. And also, the officers of the army were just busy writing little passes so that the soldiers could all attend this party--big drunken party. And the trucks were roaring and humming, bringing in their best of beer, and their wine, and stuff for this party. And all the time the Japanese fleet on its road there, and they failed to hear the warning.

As the sun begin to set, and they all gathered in these great tavern of a place; maybe on the side somewhere, the bartender polishing the bar, or something said something like this, "Say, did you hear the rumor?"

"No, I don't believe I did," said the man he spoke to.

"Oh, they say something about a Japanese fleet being coming this way."

And then someone else drops in on the conversation. And a young silly girl bounces up there, sticks her foot up on the bar, and said, "You gloomy headed warts, don't you know that we're here for a have a good time and not talk about war?"

If that isn't just about the way the world is the same today about the coming of the Lord. "You old fashion fogy, back numbers, what makes you dress and act and do the way you do?"

But we're looking for that secret sudden appearing of the Lord. For there's something in the air, a message of the Holy Spirit that tells us the coming is at hand.

Then when the big shindig went on, and oh, it must have been a horrible thing that night. For it said that sometime during the night, they took a young lady--a beautiful built young girl, and stripped her clothes from her, and put her in a little wagon with just one underneath garment on, and run her down the street and so forth, just having a big time. And all the time the Japanese was gaining grounds, coming right on.

And then the next morning when the man on the post of duty, and the airplane signal watching and so forth, had been out all night drunk and running around with these women and so forth, was so drowsy and upset the next morning from the big party until they were caught asleep on the job.

And I'm afraid that it's going to be likewise at the coming of the Lord. The Church is so took up and drunken with the cares of the world, till they're going to be asleep at the post of duty at the coming of the Lord.

And then, over the city flew the planes, and the bombs dropped. And they just battered out that city to the ground. Why? Because they wouldn't take heed to the warning. And that young lady, along with the rest of them, when those Japanese brutal soldiers, run in there, they ravished them in the street, and cut them to pieces with knives afterwards, and so forth. For if you won't heed to warning, there's only one thing left; that's judgment.

Oh, if there ever was a time that this America was ever at its lowest ebb right now of its immorality, of its indifference... The Gospel's been preached from shore to shore, and signs and wonders has been performed, and great miracles has been done; and they continually go on in their revelry, drinking, ignoring, making fun"

**(58-1012 The Sudden Secret Going Away Of The Church)**

## The Unthoughtful Father

An unthoughtful father, two years ago, in Colorado, oh, he was going up into the mountains, he had a little boy about six, seven years old. He was going to take him on his first deer hunt. So they went high up on the mountain, and the little boy said to his daddy, "I'm getting tired."

"Get on my back. We're not high enough up yet, the deers are high." On and on and on went the man till he got... He didn't know, he was a city man. He didn't know nothing about how to hunt or where to go. Any man that knows anything about wilderness knows that deer don't stay up high. They don't go up there. Goats stay up there, not deer. They're down where they can feed, they got to get where there's something to eat. And, so, but this man thought, "If I get way up in the rocks somewhere up there, I'll find a big buck." He had seen a picture of some standing upon--standing upon a rock, and he thought that's where he'd find him. Don't pay no attention to what them magazines read, my, oh, my, you'll have a nightmare! That, there's only thing to do, is take a guide where you know where you're at.

And that father, it come up a rain all at once up there, one of them quick rains that comes. And the man hunted too late, till it got dark and he couldn't find his way back. And the... then the winds come across the top of the mountains, and he himself moving fast, and that's...

You have to know how to survive, if you're caught out. There's another thing, know how to survive! I've climbed up trees and slid down them, and climbed up trees and slide down, up and down like that, to keep alive. I've took snow when it would be four foot on each side, bust a stump and lay it down. And so hungry that I couldn't hardly stand it! And bust up these old stumps, and light them and let it get hot and melt the snow down. And then about one o'clock in the morning, two o'clock, pull the stumps back, and lay down on that warm ground, to keep alive. And you have to know how to do these things.

And this man didn't know what he was doing, he had nobody with him to direct him. And he held his own little son against his bosom until he felt him cool off and die. Unthoughtful! If he had just took a guide with him, he could have brought him right back down the mountain regardless of what time it was, see. But he waited till it gets dark, then he couldn't see his way around.

That's the trouble with Christians today. They wait till the darkness settles over, then you find out that you've left without the Guide. The Guide!"

**(62-1014e A Guide)**

## The Wounded Dove

But it was certainly a--a really a--a dramatic thing that happened. The American soldiers was pinned down by German machine-gun fire, and they were in kind of a pit. You soldiers, I guess, understand how they were on a reconnaissance somewhere. And they was pinned down, and they had just a little bit of ammunition left. And the Germans was moving in great units, moving in everywhere. And they knowed that unless they'd get some reinforcement, some help, that they would soon all die (they had to); the Germans coming right down off the mountain, looking right down their neck, going right into them like that.

And one of them happened to remember that he had a little mascot, a little pigeon. So he knew that this pigeon, if it could get out of there, would carry the message to the main headquarters to where they'd been stationed. And so they set down and wrote on a note, "We are pinned down in a certain position at a certain area. We're out of ammunition, in a few hours we'll have to surrender or either we'll be massacred." And they pinned this, or tied it on the--the foot of this little dove and turned him loose.

Now, he's a home-loving bird, so he... What does he do? He takes back home for his--meet, find his mate. She was worried about him; he'd have to come back home.

And as he went up, the Germans seen what had happened. So the thing they done, they started shooting at the dove. And one of them hit him with a .30 caliber machine gun, or bullet, it broke his leg. Another one tore a big hunk out of his back. His chest was bruised all the way across. One of his wings was crippled, the end shot off of it, and he flew sideways. But he kept climbing, and finally he made it. Crippled, wounded, broken, bruised, but he fell in the camp with the message. That was a great dove.

But, oh, brother, Isaiah 53 tells us of One, came down from home and all that was good:

And he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquity: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we were healed.

Sickness, superstition, and devils had us pinned down; there was no way out; the church had gone wrong; they'd went off on denominational things (and the Pharisees, Sadducees, and washing of pots and pans), and the Word of God become of no effect. But this little Dove came down, and there's only one thing could take place: there had to be a redeemer.

But being wounded, broken, beaten, torn, but He knowed His way back home. So from Calvary's cross where they bruised Him, mashed Him, tore Him, like a bunch of wolves upon Him, He made His flight from Calvary and then landed in heaven's doors, saying, "It's finished. It's finished. They're free. Sickness can be healed now. Sinners can be saved. The captive can be set free."

Though He was bruised and wounded, that great battle there when even everything against Him... Even the poet cried out.

Mid rendering rocks and darkening skies,

My Saviour bowed His head and died;

But the opening veil revealed the way

To heaven's joy and endless day.

**(On The Wings of A Dove 65-1128e)**

## There are still Christians - Drunk Husband

One time this little woman had received the Holy Ghost. And she was a very sweet little person. Well, she'd had a hard life, and her husband was an alcoholic. And so, she just kept on; she bore with him. He says, "You want to go to church, honey, take off. But I just go down to the saloon, down at the old Brown Derby, down here." So, hanging around down there, and the first thing you know, one night come up a question about church and about Christians. One of the old drunks setting there said, "There ain't no such a thing as Christians anymore." Said, "There is no such a thing. All this bunch of hypocrites," said, "you see them out here smoking, drinking, doing the same thing that we do," and said, "call themselves Christians. There is no such." This one drunk raised up and said, "Just a minute, there's one that I know about." Said, "Who is it?" Said, "It's my wife." See? She'd become salty. He was catching it all the time. He said, "I bet if she was put to a squeeze."

He said, "No, she's still a Christian; I'll prove it to you." Said, "I tell you what let's do; let's go up home, and I'll show you whether she's a Christian or not." Said, "Let's go up home, and now, let's really be drunk. We're going to act like we're really drunk." Knocked at the door, come in staggering over everything. "Why don't you set around this a-way," and everything. And she set them all a chair (his guests, you know) and tried to make them just as welcome as could be. Said, "I want you to fix us some supper." And so she went out and fixed some. Said, "we want ham and eggs." He knowed they had it, so they fixed the ham and eggs. When he got there at the table, he looked at them like that, picked up his plate, and slammed the stuff on the floor, said, "You know, I don't like my eggs like that. Come on boys let's get out of here anyhow," like that.

They went out and set down like that, you know. And she come out; she said, "Dear, I'm sorry I didn't get them fixed; I'll fix some more for you." "Oh, nonsense, you knowed I didn't want them that way in the first place," just carrying on like that. They went out there, and set down, and act like they was drunk. They heard her in there kind of snubbing to herself, singing real low voice: “Must Jesus bear the cross alone, All the world go free? There's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me. This consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,"

One drunk looked at the other one, said, "She's a Christian; she's got it." And that little woman led her husband, plus these others to Christ that night. See? Why? Just be real sweet. Just remember, He knows all about it.

**(August 30, 1964)**

## They Went Without A Guide, So They All Perished

Many of you are acquainted with the article you have read last year out at Tucson, Arizona, those Boy Scouts. Yet, they were trained to know how to take care of themselves, they were scouts. And they were not just Cub Scouts, they were full scouts. And they took a trip up into the mountains, and a snowstorm come, nature changed its position. And when they found themselves lost and all of them perished, is because that they... something, change comes along from the regular routine, they didn't know how to get out. See? And I forget how many boys there was that perished in the mountain, though they had helicopters, and the Militia out, and the National Guards, and volunteer help, and everything. But they were lost, no one know where they were at. And they could not take care of themselves. They all perished in the snow because they didn't know whether they was going east, north, west or south, up or down, or how it was, everything looked the same.

Now, a guide knows where he's at, regardless of the weather. He's--he's equipped to do that. He knows what he's doing. He's familiar with everything. He knows the looks of everything, so he can just be in the darkness and he could feel a certain thing.

For instance, here's an old trick to a guide. You know, if you can see the stars, anyone can tell which way you're going if you'll watch the stars. And you always want to watch the one true star. There's only one true star, and that's the North Star. See, only one, he stands in the same place. That represents Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Others might wander away, but He remains the same. Churches may draw you off this way, or some draw you off that way; but not Him, He's always the same.

Well, now, if you can't see this North Star, and it's cloudy, then if you'll notice, if it's daytime and you're lost, if you'll watch the trees. The tree is always, the moss is on the north side of the tree, because the south side of the tree gets the sun more than the north side. But what if it's dark and you can't see the moss? If you'll close your eyes and don't try to do any thinking, close your eyes and get a slick-bark tree, put your hands around the tree like this till your fingers meet, and then start moving around that tree real slow. And when you hit a place where the bark is real thick, broke up, that's the north side (the winds), and you can tell which way you're heading, north or south. And that way, oh, there's many things, but it takes guides to know how to do those things. Just an ordinary man get up there and say, "I don't feel no difference in it." See? See, you've got to be trained for that guiding.

And these boys, no doubt but they were fine scouts, they might be able to tie knots, they might be able to make fires with rocks, and so forth like that. But to know your way out, that's the idea! They, they did not know their way out, so therefore they all perished because they didn't take a guide with them"

**(62-1014e A Guide)**

## What Satan's DDT has Done

To my little story... This chaplain said he'd been down in the hospital, and said so many boys laying in the tent, some of... He'd just come from the outside, and said he went out there, and some officer told him, said, "Chaplain, we want to ride out to take a look at the fields out there." They had throwed this mustard and chlorine gas, as they did in them days...

And said, "I got out there, Brother Branham," said, "there wasn't a bark on a tree; there wasn't a sprig of grass. It was on an Easter morning." He said, "There was some old wrecked tanks down there; the--the officer had to get record of them, and see if there was anything could be done for them, near the great Argonne Forest. Said, "When I was standing there by myself," said, "I looked up, said, 'O God, this is the way it's all coming to.'" That's right; it's all coming. It was all burnt up, no life nowhere at all, grass burnt off; the tree, by that gases, trees killed, everything was killed, twisted, hanging down, where bullets and things riddled it.

If that isn't a picture of the world today, where Satan's spraying his unbelief, his hybreeding, his science, his knowledge. Until the--what it was at the beginning, when God put Adam and Eve in the garden, that beautiful paradise without death, without sickness, without sorrow, and everything perfect in order, look what Satan's DDT has done! She's a chaos. There's nothing left in it.

He said, "I started crying. I walked back. I was attracted to a rock." Said, "I just went over there and looked at the rock, pushed it over. Down beneath the rock was a little white flower growing, the only living thing left (See?), because it had been sheltered by a rock."

God, my Rock, shelter us today, O God, when these poisons are flying everywhere in the name of science and education. Shelter us. Keep me until that day, O God, is my prayer"

**(65-0911 God's Power To Transform)**

## Which Dog Are You Feeding - First Version

Here not long ago, I was in the west, heard of an Indian got converted. Said, "How you feeling, chief?"

After a few days, he said, "Well, pretty good and pretty bad."

Said, "What do you mean pretty good?"

Said, "Well, since I got saved," said, "there's two dogs in me." Said, "One's black and one's white; and they just fight all the time." Said, "The black dog wants me to do bad. And the good dog wants me to do good, or the white dog wants me to do good."

Said, "Which one wins, chief?"

Said, "Huh! Depends on which one chief feeds the most." That's it. The thing that's in your heart now telling you that is God's truth. That the baptism of the Holy Ghost is the way and God's preparation today is the Holy Spirit, the Blood-washed church, regenerated, filled with the Holy Ghost, signs and wonders a vindicating It, proving that He's with it, that thing that's telling you that, feed that a few minutes and you'll be numbered with them. That's right. Amen"

**(53-1111 Preparation)**

## Which Dog Are You Feeding - Second Version

Somebody told me he had one, one time was converted, received the Holy Ghost, and he said to him, "How you getting along?"

He said, "Pretty good and pretty bad."

He said, "Well, how do you mean pretty bad and pretty good?"

He said, "Well, since me receive the Holy Ghost," he said, "there's been two dogs in me, and one of them a black dog and one of them a white dog." And said, "They argue all the time." Said, "They growl and fight at one another." And said, "The white dog wants me do good; the black dog wants me do bad."

Said, "Well, Chief, which one of them wins the fight?"

Said, "That depends on which one Chief feeds the most." So I think that's a good answer here. See? There just depends on the warring of the body that's in you; it depends on which one you cater to, which nature you cater to, the carnal nature after the things of the world, or the spiritual nature after the things of God. That does it"

**(64-0830e Questions And Answers 4)**

## Whose Fool Are You ?

I'm going to preach tonight for a few minutes, the Lord willing, upon the subject of: The Oddball. Now, that's a very crude, rude text to take, but that's, I think, would more or less state it the way that I want to express it.

You know, there is so many things, today, that people become oddballs, we call it. And that expression, if anyone has never heard it, it means somebody that's "peculiar," somebody that's "odd" to another fellow. And no doubt but what many of us are odd, one to another.

And, now, I was going down the street one time in Los Angeles, California, and I seen a very odd person, acting odd. And he was walking down the street, not picketing, but he was just merely like taking an afternoon stroll. And I went to the other side of the street, to see what he was doing. Everybody was turning around, laughing at him, because of his peculiarity.

I noticed he had a sign hanging on the front of him. And I thought I'd see what everybody was laughing about, this odd, peculiar man. And so he was... I noticed him as the people looked at him, they laughed at him, and--and, but he seemed to have a different kind of a smile, a smile of contentment. The other smiles that the people were giving him was more like ridiculing him, but he seemed to be satisfied in what he was doing.

Well, that's a whole lot to think about, when a man is satisfied in what he's doing is right. Though he be an oddball to somebody else, if he is satisfied that what he's doing is right, then let him stay with it.

And as I come close to the little man, I noticed on... across his chest here, on a plaque or a board, was wrote, "I am a fool," and at the bottom, had, "for Christ." "I am a fool," in great letters; down at the bottom, said, "for Christ." And everybody was laughing at this.

And as the little man pressed on down through the crowd of jeers and carrying on, I turned to look what was on his back. And there was a great big question mark on his back, and down at the bottom, said, "Now whose fool are you?"

Well, I--I thought he had something there, you see, but he seemed to be satisfied that he could be a fool for Christ. And that's what Paul said he had become, "a fool" for Christ"

**(64-0614e The Oddball)**

## Why Your Ministry Is Not The Greatest ?

A minister taking me not long ago aside and said, "Brother Branham, do you know why your ministry is not the greatest ministry in America today?" And I said, "I don't care what it is in America; I want to know what it is on the books of Heaven, what it is there." He said, "Well, I'll tell you. It's because that you rebuke the people in such a way." Said, "You bawl them out, and it hurts them. If you'd just stop doing that, then," he said, "your ministry would grow and so forth."

I said, "Sir, let me tell you something. When it comes to a place that I have to compromise on the Word of God, then I'll stop and leave the field and let God call somebody else to do it." How can you hold your peace? If you go to be honest, be honest. I said, "You called me a prophet, I don't call it. You said yourself that. You was the one that said it. And then if the Lord anoints me for something, how could I hold my peace then? How can you do it? Somebody's got to cry out against it"

**(Hear Ye Him 60-0712 - July 12, 1960)**

## You Couldn't Hit Nothing; I Give Them To You. – God

Down in Shreveport, Louisiana, with a good, old friend of mine, Brother Moore, there was an old, colored brother down there who... He was a nice, old man. His name was Gabriel. They give him... His mother, religious woman, his daddy, they give him the name of Gabriel. But we all called him Gabe, just for short.

And his wife was a staunch Christian, very lovely person. And the pastor of the church was a wonderful brother. And they done everything they could to get old Gabe to get straightened out with God. But Gabe like to shoot dice, and--and he--he just wouldn't get straight with God.

And Gabe liked to hunt, and so did the pastor. And the pastor'd come over, and get Gabe and take him a hunting, and--and so forth. And one day when they'd been hunting, old Gabe was so loaded with game, birds, and rabbits, till he could hardly get them... He even had them over his gun barrel. Coming in, all that he could wag in...

And they were coming around a little certain path. And old Gabe kept noticing back towards the west, and the sun was going down. He's getting up in the years, his fifties. And he kept watching that sun.

The pastor faithfully making his way along the path, both of them with so much game. After while, the pastor felt a hand on his shoulder touching him. Said, "Pastor?"

And he turned around. And Gabe was looking at him, the tears running down his cheeks. He turned again and looked towards the sun. He turned back and said, "Pastor, in the morning, being Sunday morning, I's coming down to the church with my loving wife. I's goin' to go up to the mourner's bench and make my confession. Then I'm going to find me a seat just as close to the front as I can find. There I remain until Jesus comes to get me. I'll live true to God from this day on."

The pastor turned and put his arms around his brother. Said, "Gabe, bless your heart, boy."

Said, "See that sun setting yonder, pastor? My sun's going down too. And something knocked at my heart just a few moments ago."

He said, "What sermon did I preach, Gabe? What message did I preach that you heard, that caused you to turn? Or what hymn did the singers sing that caused you to turn and give your life to the Lord Jesus?"

He said, "Pastor, I've heard you preach a mighty, good sermon many times. I've heard the choirs sing till they looked like they had the anthems of the Angels." He said, "It was all so good." He said, "But that's not what done it, pastor, altogether." Said, "I was coming along here thinking how good He is to me, just how good." He said, "You know, pastor, I--I'm a poor shot." He said, "I couldn't hit nothing. And we was needing food at our house. And just look at all this game that He's give me. Surely He must love me, or He wouldn't do it for me." He said, "I turned around to say, 'Thank you.' And something knocked at my heart and said, 'The sun of your life is going down.'"

He's good to us. Gabe done just what he told the pastor he would do and, as far as I know, he's still a charter member of that Pentecostal body of believers down there. Because he looked out and seen the goodness of God, and something knocked at his heart, and said, "Gabe, I give you them things. You couldn't hit nothing; I give them to you."

I want you to ask tonight, "Who give you your automobile? Who give you that good meal you eat tonight? Who give these nice clothes you're wearing?" How can you turn Him down, when the sun of civilization is setting, the sun of time is setting. Jesus is coming and He's knocking night after night at heart's doors. Won't you open tonight, my poor, dejected friend, and let Him come into you and sup with you, and you with Him? Won't you think about that now while we bow our heads just a moment?"

**(60-0312 Door To The Heart)**

## You better use your shotgun (Television)

168 ...A couple of Sunday’s ago I was invited, by my own daughter, to come in to a television set and to watch a religious singing. It’s at Sunday morning. I wanted to hear Oral Roberts on his program, I told them to let me know. Said, “You hear this, this is a great hymn sing.” My son standing there, told me about it, too. And I turned that set...

169 We rent from a woman that has the television in her house. I never intend to have one in my house. No, sir. I don’t want that thing in my house. I would blow it out with my shotgun. I don’t want nothing to do with that evil thing. No, sir! But took a...

170 Let me tell you about you Arizonians here. You seen that analysis the other day, of schools, didn’t you? Eighty percent of the children in Arizona schools are suffering with mental deficiency, sixty-seven percent of them was by looking at television. How about that?

171 You had better use your shotgun!...

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