

AUGUST 2008

WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH PROVERBS 29:18

# CATCH THE VISION

The Eternal  
Reformation

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VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS

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We were all once prisoners of sin. It doesn't matter if the prisoner is confined to a cell or living in a house in the suburbs, the enemy has imprisoned the people of this world.

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The greatest wickedness the world has ever seen has been met by the greatest Power the world has ever seen.

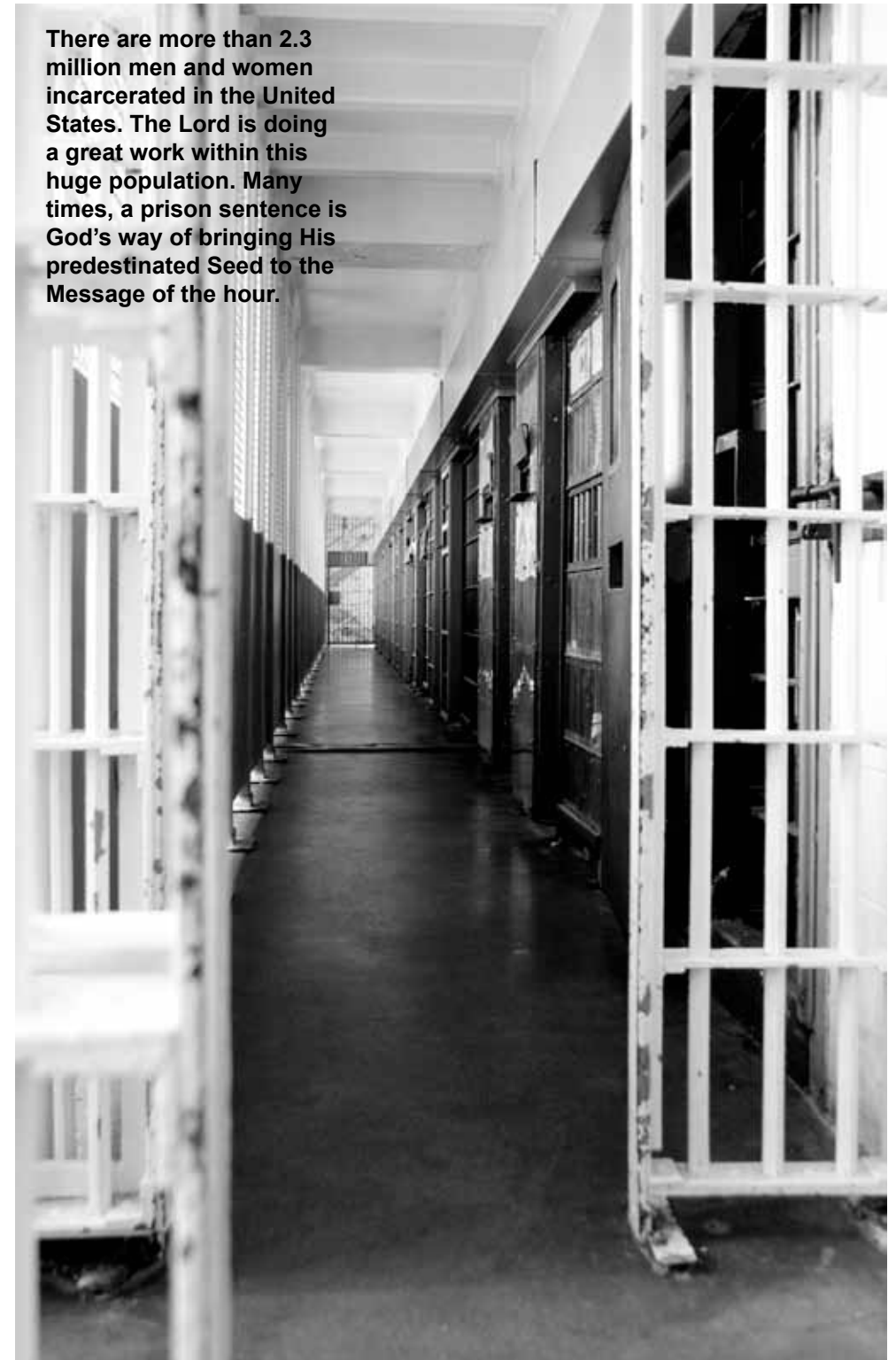
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## **My Thoughts - Brother Joseph Branham**

Where would the Bride be if we didn't have this life-giving Word that was given to us by His prophet?

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There are more than 2.3 million men and women incarcerated in the United States. The Lord is doing a great work within this huge population. Many times, a prison sentence is God's way of bringing His predestinated Seed to the Message of the hour.



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# The Eternal Reformation

*Christ come to set the captive free. You don't have to be bound down with habits, halfway Christian life. God don't want you to be that way. He wants you to be free. God anointed Christ to preach freedom to open the prison doors.*

55-0410M Proof Of His Resurrection


There are more than 2.3 million men and women incarcerated in the United States. Every one of these prisoners has a soul that is worth ten thousand worlds. No matter what their crime, each of these inmates deserves a chance to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and receive forgiveness for their sins.

The Lord is doing a great work within the huge population of the American correctional system. It is written, *All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.* Many times, a prison sentence is God's way of bringing His predestinated Seed to the Message of the hour and protecting them from the horrors of the outside world. The cold, concrete walls of their cell can be a refuge where the Lord Jesus can speak to their wayward souls.

## THE INTERVIEW

Upon meeting Brother Don, your first impression would be that you might not want to cross him. He is an intimidating man with deep-set eyes, a huge frame, and a raspy voice. He greets you with a strong handshake and firm pat on the shoulder. As we sat down at the table and started the interview, Don's demeanor changed from the gruff, strong, mountain of a man, to a humble Christian. He described a life filled with pain and tragedy. In his eyes, you could almost see the little boy that knew nothing but suffering while growing up. He never complained, and seemed to think that he lived a pretty normal life. In fact, his story is not out of the ordinary for a prisoner. Brother Don is a typical example of the loving Father giving an Eternal Reformation to His wayward child.

The first memory I have of my dad was when he was trying to beat my mom. She stood up to him and kicked him out. She was a tough woman.



Brother Don's life was filled with tragedy. It wasn't until he fully accepted the Message that the Lord gave him peace. His story is moving, but he says that his life is not out of the ordinary for a prisoner.



Mom had four kids and no job, so she asked if she could move in with my grandmother. Grandma still had four children of her own living at home, so she told mom that she could move in, but the kids had to go.

It was tough. Mom dropped us off at the orphanage. I watched from the second story window as she drove off. I wish I knew how to pray back then.

Don's eyes gleamed with love and adoration as he began talking about his older brother. It was obvious that he still had very fond memories of Johnny.

I was only four years old. My brother was 10 months older than me. It'll always be "Johnny" to me. He was everything. I loved my big brother. He was the only thing I had. The nuns let me sleep in Johnny's room, because I would run away from them if they didn't. I was so scared of the nuns. They would beat you with sticks, their hands, anything within reach. One of them didn't like the way my sister brushed her teeth, so she shoved the toothbrush down her throat. If you wet the bed, they would make you stand next to your bed all night without moving. They humiliated you all the time. What do you think a four year old is going to do if his mom leaves him in an orphanage? I cleaned it up the best I could and hid it from the nuns. They never noticed the sheets. I guess I got away with that one, didn't I?

When Johnny went into the next grade, they tried to separate us. Every time they would turn their heads, I would run to Johnny. They finally gave up and put me in the next grade with him. As long as I had my stuffed dog Dukey and I could see Johnny, I was okay.

Johnny was mean to me, but I didn't care. He would look at me in the eyes and tell me, "You're my little puppy." Oh man, I would melt. Then he would kick me as hard as he could. I'd fall over crying, but I still loved him. He was my big brother. He was my Johnny.

He leaned back in his chair and smiled while reminiscing about his brother, "I loved him so much." Don then leaned forward and continued with his story:

Mom finally got us all out of the orphanage four years later. We moved into a house, and things were pretty good.

When I was 13, my dad showed up again. He was just crazy. He'd be driving us around, and he would pull out his pistol and fire off a few rounds out the window. I'd say, "Dad, you're going to get in trouble." But he would just say, "They got to catch me first." He was into organized crime and dealt with the most filthy people you could imagine.

Johnny started getting in trouble too. He started robbing houses and drinking. He had a few run-ins with the cops. My grandma, who was a cruel woman, found out about him getting in trouble. Her, my mom, and my grandfather brought him into the back room and beat him real

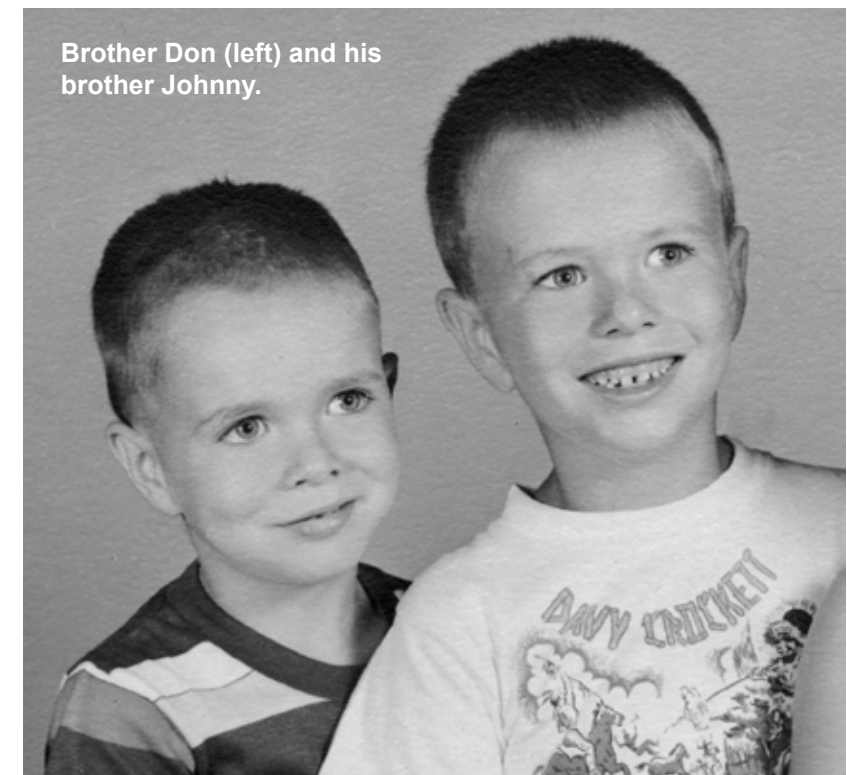
bad. I was standing there outside the door listening. I couldn't get up enough courage to go into the room and stop them. Just as I got up enough courage, they quit. He was pretty beat up.

Just after my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday, Johnny and I were over at my dad's house. Johnny went to the dresser and pulled out my dad's pistol. I said, "Johnny, that's dangerous. Don't mess with that." He pulled out the bullets and held them in his hand, "See, I took the bullets out." I started playing with a Rubik's Cube and watching TV. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Johnny put the gun up to his head... The gun went off.

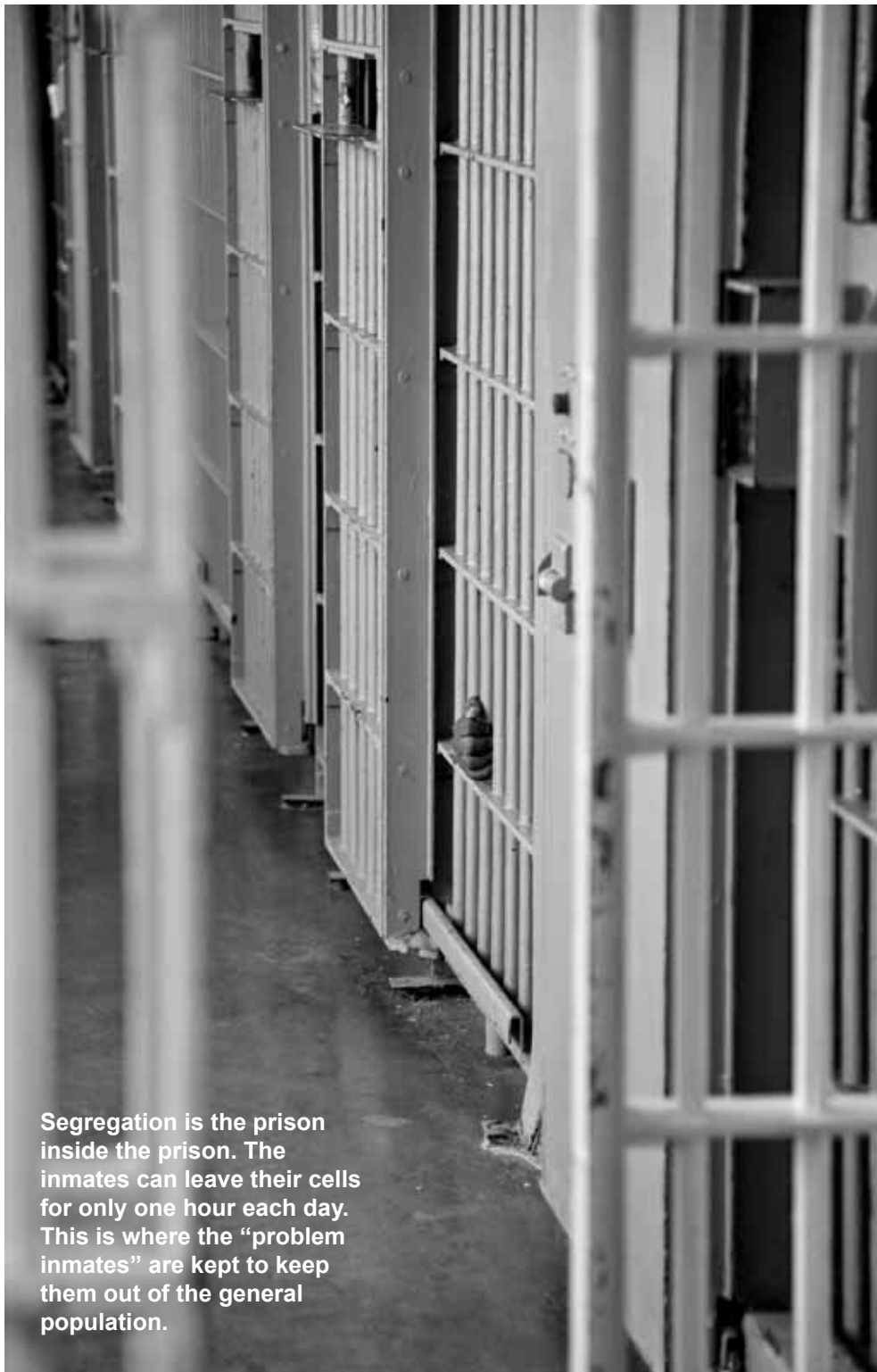
Don's eyes looked down at the table in front of him, his broad shoulders slumped a little, and his eyes started to glass over. He paused, slowly shook his head, and continued in a shaky voice.

I grabbed him before he fell out of his chair and held his head to my chest. I could feel the bullet just under his scalp. My dad came running up the stairs yelling, "What happened!" I said, "Johnny shot himself." We didn't have a phone, so he told me to go find help.

I was covered in his blood when I went running down the street looking for someone to help. I was calling out to God, "God, if you will let my brother live, I'll do anything. I'll become a priest. Just let my brother live."



Brother Don (left) and his brother Johnny.



Segregation is the prison inside the prison. The inmates can leave their cells for only one hour each day. This is where the “problem inmates” are kept to keep them out of the general population.

When my brother died is when I turned against God. He didn't care about me, so I didn't care about Him.

How could God be so cruel? How could this young man be expected to live a Christian life with these horrible influences? He was abandoned by his mom. His beloved role model treated him awfully, and then died in his arms. His father was a criminal. There was no hint of religion in his home. How would you expect this child to turn out? God seemed to turn His head from this boy and throw him to the wolves. As the gambler would say, “he was dealt a bad hand in life.” Or was he? Was God using this miserable life to call out to His child? Does it make sense that God could show love in such a brutal way?

*I guess you've heard the story of the shepherd that broke his sheep's leg one time. Many little stories has been told about it. And was asked this shepherd, “Did the sheep fall off of a mountain and do this?”*

*He said, “No.”*

*Said, “What happened?”*

*He said, “I broke its leg.”*

*Said, “Why did you break its leg? Are you a cruel shepherd?”*

*He said, “No, I love the sheep. But the sheep got to running away from me. And he kept straying out to itself. And I know the nature of sheep. And I know if they stray too far away, the wolf will get them. So I had to break the sheep's leg to keep it with me, to draw it to my bosom, to give it a little special food. And I'll be so kind to it, that when its leg gets well, it'll never leave me any more.”*

57-0308 THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP

Don's life continued the way it had started. Soon, he was drinking and using drugs. He joined the army to get away from his dad and just went deeper into sin. He was placed in a platoon nicknamed, “The Jumpin Junkies,” because they were all heavy heroin users. Dreams of his dead brother tormented his sleep. The rage inside was calmed by the drugs and alcohol, but it was always there, ready to raise its ugly head.

One day while laying in a ditch on a military training maneuver, he called out to God for the second time in his life, “I'm so tired of doing drugs. I'm so confused. I'm losing my mind. Help me Jesus.” It was there in that ditch that God placed a burden deep in Don's soul.

He married and had a son. The drinking subsided a little, but the temptations were always present. “Everywhere I looked: on the billboards, on TV, on the radio; there was a beer advertisement.” His wife started drinking heavily and soon left him. He went from woman to woman and from beer to beer, but he could never find comfort. Along the way he had two daughters, both of whom died as infants. His life was miserable, but that burden was still inside.

After his discharge from the army, he started attending a Pentecostal church in southern Indiana. The pastor often mentioned Brother Branham. He preached that

every story Brother Branham told about the miracles was true, but his doctrine was wrong. He said that Brother Branham should have stayed out of the teaching ministry. Don didn't know any better than to believe his pastor, but he still enjoyed reading the book about Brother Branham, *Footprints On The Sands Of Time*. That book seemed to give him a little comfort in his troubled life.

At 30 years old, he was in a drunken stupor at a party and assaulted someone. He woke the next morning, realized what he had done, and went straight to the police station. He confessed to the crime. The officer told him that he did not need to tell them these things. He responded, "I did something wrong, and I need to make it right before I can confess it to the Lord." That still, small, Voice was speaking to him from the depths of his soul, convicting him for his sins. He admitted his crime to the judge and went to prison. It would not be the last time.

## Inside Prison

The inmates may be shielded from some of the temptations of the world, but prison is still a dangerous and violent place. Weapons are made out of everything from toothbrushes to pencils. Inmates often relax with their backs to the wall so attackers cannot approach from behind. Gang warfare is common. Prison is obviously made up

of criminals, so the population is, as a whole, much more violent than outside the walls. With the most evil members of society penned up in one area, you can imagine the dangers.

A recent trip into a state penitentiary was an eye-opening experience. We chose to visit a medium-security correctional facility where VGR was not currently sending material. Not only would this give us an understanding of prison life, but more importantly, it would give us the opportunity to plant a few seeds.

The warden graciously gave us a tour of the entire facility while allowing us to take pictures and visit with the inmates. Razor wire was everywhere. There were three perimeter fences; each was about 12 feet tall. The two outer fences were covered in razor wire and the inner fence was electrified. Armed guards were

posted in towers throughout the facility. An escape attempt would be nothing short of suicide.

Inside the perimeter, the general population of inmates seemed to have liberty to come and go from their cells. It was a pleasant day, so they were enjoying the sunshine while walking on the track, lifting weights in the outside weight room, or visiting with each other on park benches. It seemed peaceful, but the warden cautioned us that there was a darker side. "We may have a peaceful prison, but we also have our share of

**The outside of a prison looks like an impenetrable fortress. Not only do these fences keep the prisoners inside, they keep some of the influences of the world outside.**



**did something wrong, and I need to make it right before I can confess it to the Lord."**

Almost every cell we saw  
had a Bible on the shelf. All  
the mysteries contained in  
the Bible are unlocked with  
the Voice of Revelation 10:7.





violence. There are problems here too. Murders, rapes, gangs: we've got what every other prison has."

We met just about every type of criminal during our visit: a serial killer, a rapist, a hitman, a drunk driver, you name it. Each story was intriguing, and it seemed that every inmate claimed some sort of prayer life. From the most hardened criminal to the small-time drug user, almost all of them had a Bible in their cell.

"Segregation" is the prison within the prison. A long corridor separated a string of cells on both sides. It was hot, humid, and dark. This is the area that inmates go when they break the rules. These men are confined to a small cell for 23 hours a day. During their one hour of recreation time, they get to leave their individual cell and walk into the six-foot wide corridor between cells. While we were touring the segregation area, we saw a pair of black hands protruding from the last cell in the block. The man inside earnestly asked for one of Brother Branham's books. It took me off guard that he would ask me for a book. I didn't want to break any rules, so I said that I would get permission from the warden and return. We asked and received permission to hand out books.

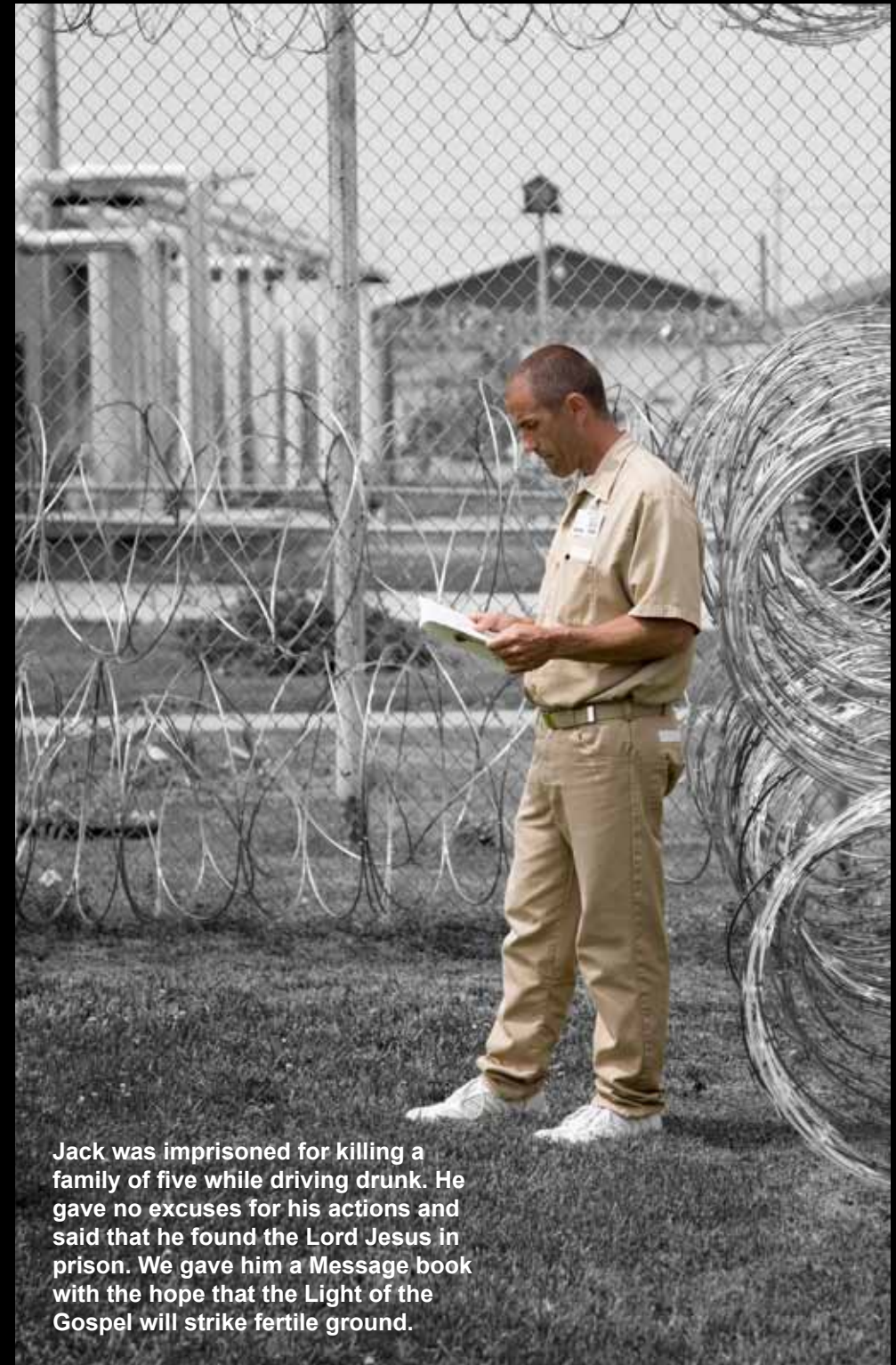
The one thing that the prisoners have is time. They have time to lift weights, take classes, visit with other inmates, watch TV, and read. Almost every prison in the United States has a library where inmates have access to books. Many prisoners receive degrees in prison. These libraries are also stocked with just about any type of religious material in existence. Some prisons allow MP3 CDs or cassette

tapes. The prisoners can listen to these sermons in the chapel or the library. Most denominations have a prison outreach that stocks the chapels with their material. Books on religions from Buddhism to Catholicism are readily available. The prison chaplain is a civilian minister assigned to oversee all religious activities within the prison. The chaplains often don't agree with Brother Branham's teachings, but they are usually happy to receive our shipments and allow our material on the shelves.

The inmates are not the illiterate thugs that one might think. Prisoners don't have many activities, so many of them spend a lot of time reading. Some of these inmates devote their lives to studying the Scriptures. Felons ranging from tax evaders to murderers spend hours every day reading book after book about the Bible. Their knowledge of religion is as good as any theologian, so you must know what you are talking about if you witness inside prison.

The chapel definitely had a different spirit than the rest of the prison. The entrance was marked by a huge concrete cross embedded into the grassy courtyard. A few inmates were sitting in the shade of a maple tree, making wooden birdhouses. Two inmates named Oscar and Jack were sitting on a bench watching us approach.

I quickly struck up a conversation with Oscar, who obviously knew his Bible very well. I asked him if he had heard of Brother Branham. He said, "no." As I introduced him to the Message, I could tell that he had been exposed to Brother Branham's teachings by the things he was saying. I then asked him how he baptizes.



**Jack was imprisoned for killing a family of five while driving drunk. He gave no excuses for his actions and said that he found the Lord Jesus in prison. We gave him a Message book with the hope that the Light of the Gospel will strike fertile ground.**





(left) Rick could neither hear nor speak, but he had a sweet spirit. The tattoos covering his body show that his influences have taken their toll. He had a Bible on the shelf and claimed to read it often. We gave him the book, "Influences."

(right) This old fellow wasn't the most friendly inmate we met, but he was definitely interested in the books we were carrying.

(below) There was a different spirit at the chapel. They didn't seem to be the hardened criminals that we met in other areas. By meeting these men, it was obvious that the only way to reform a criminal is through religion. For these men, prison is a sanctuary dedicated to studying God's Word. The enemy hits them with full force when they are released.

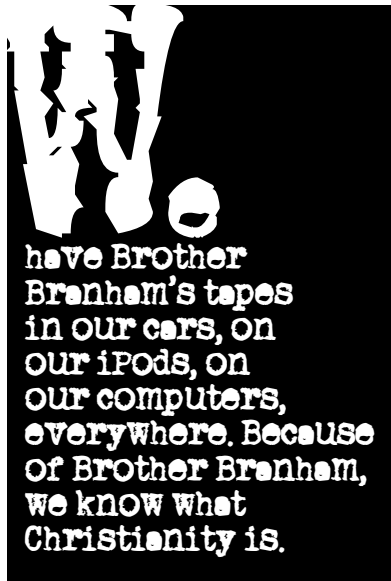


He looked down as if to be avoiding an argument, then gathered enough courage, looked me in the eye, and said, "In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ." I shook his hand and said, "It is rare to find someone who believes the Book of Acts." He was surprised and gave me a big smile. I then said, Matthew 28:19 says to baptize in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." He interrupted me and said, "Those are just titles." Then I knew he had heard of Brother Branham. I asked him again, and he told me no again. I then told him that Brother Branham was the leader

of the great healing revivals of the 1950s and 1960s. His eyes lit up, "I saw his video! We used to have a video of him." I handed him a Church Age Book. He immediately lost interest in me and started reading. The first page he opened to was page 27. His eyes widened and he pointed to the page, "See, right here. Baptism in the Name of Jesus Christ... Can I have this book?"

While Oscar was reading his new book, Jack gave us a tour of the chapel. The little building was set up like a church, with pews and an altar. Jack said that he often prays at this altar. He said that he opens his Bible to II Chronicles 20, and brings his requests to the Lord. After prayer, Jack gave us his testimony. He had been drinking at a Christmas party and made the mistake of driving home.

He killed a family of five. Although he touched my heart, my thoughts immediately went to Brother Branham's words, "And they go out here on the road, and you let a drunken driver go out and run over somebody and kill him, he's excused. And, to me, it's premeditated murder." Jack made no excuses for his crime and didn't disagree with his five life sentences. He just gave thanks that he found the Lord Jesus inside prison. Again, I was reminded of the story about the loving shepherd who wanted to keep his sheep from running away.



When the tour came to an end, I had one more request. I needed to see the man we visited in segregation. When we returned to segregation, the inmates were enjoying their one hour of recreation outside their cells. They were still locked in the cell block, but they were able to walk up and down the short hallway. An inmate with a cart of well-used books was

standing on the outside of the bars, passing the books through the gate, to the prisoners. I didn't know his name, but I asked the guard if I could talk to the last prisoner on the right. "Uzel! Upfront!" The guard bellowed. They shackled him through the bars and brought him out. I apologized for not giving him a book when he asked. I gave him the tract – *How The Angel Came To Me*, the Message book – *Influences*,



**Oscar knew his Bible. He had no trouble explaining to us that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are just titles for Jesus Christ. When he opened his new Church Age book, the first page he turned to said, "...and there was not one place in the Scripture that they baptized any other way than in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ."**

and the most recent *CTV – India*. He gave no facial expression, just shook my hand and thanked me. There seemed to be no happiness in this man's soul. Maybe these books will put the Joy of Jesus Christ into his heart. The Lord also gave us a special blessing in allowing us to give him these books while the inmates were outside their cells. The options for reading were limited to a few old novels, so the other inmates would surely want him to share these bright, shiny booklets.

We left segregation and walked through the many gates towards the front reception area. After we exited the last gate, we noticed an inmate sitting by himself, seemingly waiting for something. The warden whispered, "He was released this morning. The bag next to him has his clothes and belongings. His family didn't show up to pick him up. He doesn't have anywhere to go. One of the guards is going to give him a ride to his family's house." Needless to say, our visit ended on a very sad note.

The prisoners' deepest desire is usually not to serve the Lord; it is to be released from prison. They may find religion inside the razor-wire fences, yet they will fall right back into sin as soon as they walk out the prison gates. They need something



We overlooked him the first time, but the Lord led us back. We don't know anything about him other than he wanted a Message book.



that won't leave them when they are released. The little bit of comfort they receive from reading their Bible needs to grow into a life-changing experience. In short, they need the Holy Ghost. This is where they will find their eternal reformation.

It is ironic that once they receive the Message, the most difficult obstacle these prisoners face is baptism. They usually don't have access to a pool or a tub, so there is nowhere to be baptized. The chaplains often baptize the inmates, but many refuse to baptize in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. However, when His children call, the Lord is there to answer. At a different prison in Maryland, three inmates were asking the Lord to provide them a place for baptism. While in the prison yard, they noticed a water hose. The wheels started turning. "What can we fill up that will be deep enough?" The Lord answered their prayers with a 50 gallon trashcan. They emptied the can and filled it with water. One of the inmates wrote the following: "We filled the trashcan with water for baptism. Three pieces of trash went into the water and three children of God came out."

The prisoners can earn money. Jobs range from laundry to food preparation. Some of the minimum security prisons allow the inmates to work off prison property and then return in the evening. The earnings can be applied to the prison commissary, where they can purchase goods such as personal hygiene items and snacks. Wages range from a few cents an hour up to a couple dollars a day. The inmates often pay tithes on these wages by sending us postage stamps purchased at the commissary. These stamps are used in our mailroom.

Our only form of communication with prisoners is by the U.S. Postal Service. We usually cannot send books or tapes to the prison libraries, unless the inmate requests the material in writing. We receive hundreds of letters each month from prisoners in all parts of the world. Most of the letters are asking for two things: prayer and more books.

The prison system is built to punish criminals for their crimes, and reform them so they can contribute to society once they are released. Unfortunately, the failures of prison reformation greatly outweigh the successes. The majority of prison sentences are handed out for non-violent violations. Often, these people go into prison as relatively harmless drug addicts, but return to society as hardened, aggressive brutes. Many times the crimes they commit after their molding from prison life are much worse than before they first entered the correctional system. But like the shepherd that broke his sheep's leg, God has placed some of His chosen people in prison to receive their eternal reformation. Each of the prisoners that we met had a testimony just as gripping as Don's.

### *The Interview - A Familiar Book*

A few days after he was admitted, Don went to the prison library. Hundreds of books lined the shelves. His eyes immediately went to one book. It seemed to jump off the shelves. It was *Footprints On The Sands Of Time*. "Praise the Lord!





This is the psychotic ward. The inmates are paid \$1.20 a day to alert the guards when the prisoners inside the cells try to harm themselves. This is the highest security area.

A breath of fresh air.” He then found *An Exposition Of The Seven Church Ages*. He read the address on the back cover and started corresponding with Voice Of God Recordings, asking for more books. It would be a long road, but his reformation had begun.

Soon he had more books in his hands. He read *The Revelation Of The Seven*

*Seals*, then *William Branham A Man Sent From God*, then *Impersonation Of Christianity*, and every other book he could get his hands on. He didn’t have anyone that would write to him, so he cherished the letters he received from VGR. They were uplifting and gave him a friend on the outside that seemed to care. It was almost as if VGR was his family.

He was released from prison after 24 months. Two weeks later, he drove to Georgia where he found himself in prison again after another drunken assault. This time it was a four-year sentence.

He again found Brother Branham’s books and continued to make the most of his incarceration by reading his Bible and studying Brother Branham’s

Message. He enjoyed reading the books and listening to the tapes, but there was always doubt there. “Was he inspired when he said this? Is this false teaching that the pastor was talking about? What should I believe, and what should I not believe?”

During his time in Georgia, Don was introduced to two men, Brothers Mike and Joe, who routinely visited inmates



The majority of prison sentences are handed out for non-violent violations. Often, these people go into prison as relatively harmless drug addicts, but return to society as hardened, aggressive brutes. Many times the crimes they commit after their molding from prison life are much worse than before they first entered the correctional system.

throughout Georgia. During one of the visits, Brother Joe made a profound statement to Brother Don, “You’re just toying with the Message. You’re saying that you believe the miracles, but not the teachings? How could a prophet be from God and have teachings that are wrong?” This struck deep into Don’s heart. “That’s what I’ve been taught,” he responded. He then looked at Brother Joe, “Why are you always talking about the Holy Ghost? Are you saying that I don’t have it?” His reformation took another step.

Later, he was listening to a taped sermon from another minister. The minister was telling a familiar story, “You can believe Brother Branham’s miracles, but he was mistaken in many of his teachings.” The minister then went on to say, “It doesn’t matter how you were baptized. That’s silly. Someone asked me how I was baptized, and I said, ‘None of your business.’ It doesn’t matter.” Brother Don took off the headphones and threw them on the table. He knew the real Trumpet, and the voice he was hearing was an uncertain sound.

Don served his four years and returned to Indiana. His probation officer immediately sent him back to prison for six months, because his jail term in Georgia violated the conditions of his parole. Over the next 11 years, he was in and out of prison. He lived a good life while incarcerated, because he was constantly studying the Word. But he would quickly yield to the temptations of the world as soon as he was released. However, there was something steadily happening in his life.

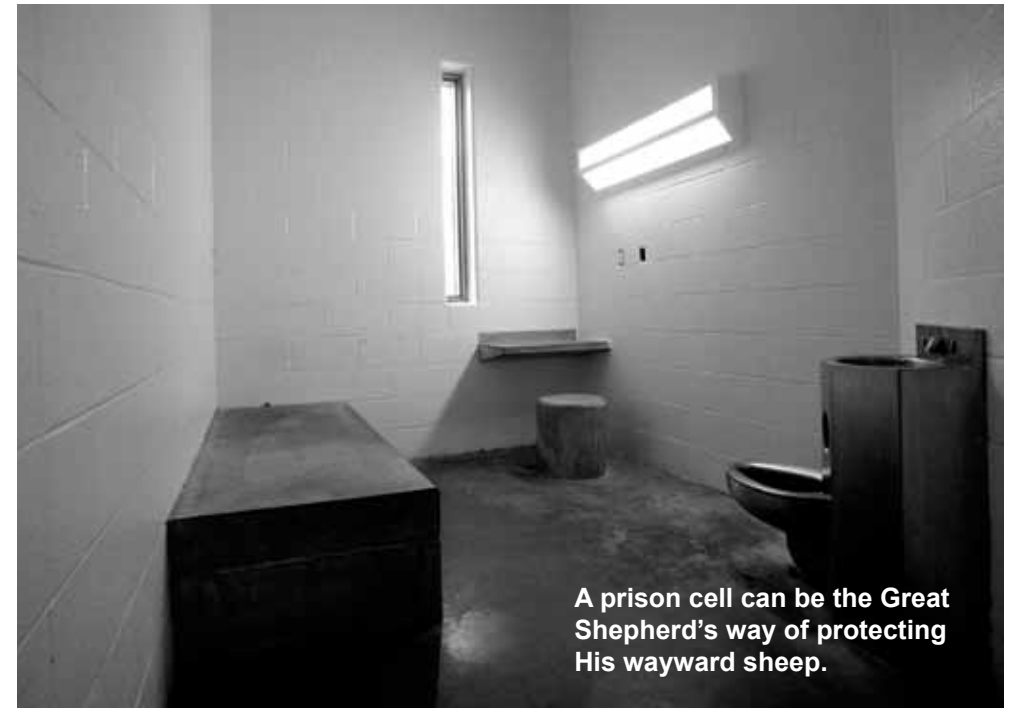
As the interview went on, he finally began talking about something that genuinely made him happy. The joy in his face was unmistakable.

I listened to those tapes hours after hours. I believe that Brother Branham is doing more today than while he was on earth. I don’t believe he made mistakes. That’s just a lie to keep people from believing this Message. If it was not for the books and tapes, I would have gone crazy. That’s how I kept sane.

I got out in 2001, and I haven’t been back. It’s by His Grace that I am sitting here in front of you. There’s been a lot of people that tried to kill me, but God protected me for some reason. Maybe he has something for me to do. My biggest temptations were women, alcohol, and drugs. Everywhere I went, I saw beer and women. It’s everywhere.

Not long ago, I had some real trouble. The way I always made it feel better was to drink. I knew it was wrong, but I stopped by the liquor store and picked up a six pack. The first drink made me sick. I have no desire any more. I just want to keep feasting on that Word! That’s all I need. That’s what makes it feel better.

The Great Shepherd held His sheep close to Him until his legs were strong enough to stand on his own. Every time Brother Don left prison, the world was too strong, and he ended up right back where he started. Although he hated being there, prison



**A prison cell can be the Great Shepherd’s way of protecting His wayward sheep.**

was a refuge from the world. There were no women there. There was no alcohol there. Drugs were hard to come by. What he did have was the Word. Every time he left prison, he left the Word. Now his life has changed. He has immersed himself in the Message outside of prison, and his reformation has taken a new path. He no longer has the desires that used to dominate his thoughts. The rage has been replaced with love. He can now turn his head from the billboard on the street. The thought of alcohol sickens him. He has accepted God’s Message, and received the Holy Ghost that Brother Joe spoke of.

## *A Release From Prison*

Once the inmate has served his sentence, he is released to a half-way house, where he slowly integrates back into society. This is where the cruel reality of the world often strikes with vengeance. The temptations are everywhere. They now have full access to TV, internet, and all that the world has to offer. The storm hits with full force, and only the strongest foundation will hold. Sadly, most former inmates fall to the tempest.

Without doubt, prison life is difficult and dangerous. However, thousands have been given the opportunity to hear the Message within the prison walls. The Lord is doing a great work among the most unlikely people. Even death-row inmates, who have no hope to see the outside of their cellblock, have received their Freedom through reading Brother Branham’s books. The most popular Message book on





These are the hands of a serial killer. Jesus Christ died for his sins the same as He died for ours.

death-row at Jackson State Prison in Georgia is *Beyond The Curtain Of Time*. As the inmates wait for their looming day of reckoning, they can close their eyes and dream of an innocent Man who was sentenced to a vicious and wicked execution. This Man committed no crime. He lived a perfect life, yet He was forsaken by all, including the God of Heaven. No matter the crime, He took their punishment. The prisoner can rest assured that even though the crimes

may be horrible, they will be presented to the Lord Jesus as trophies of Brother Branham's Ministry. While strapped to the bed in the death chamber, he can close his eyes and rejoice in the Word of the Lord: *"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:"*

Brother Don's testimony is surprisingly typical of the long struggle that these men and women face. Their prison

sentence is usually not the most desperate time in their lives. It breaks our hearts to hear how brutal this world has been to Brother Don, but what if he lived his life in mainstream society and never experienced his many sorrows? Would he have accepted the Message of the hour? Would he have fully believed God's prophet? Would he be numbered among the chosen few that have been loosed from the bonds of sin? The answer to these questions is probably

"no." However, the little sheep's leg has healed, and now he is staying close to his Shepherd.

Now that we have caught a small glimpse into the lives of these prisoners, what is the burden that you feel upon your heart? Has the Lord broken your leg and allowed such sorrow that you were forced to turn to Him? Or did He freely give you His Gospel with little or no suffering on your part? We have Brother Branham's tapes in our cars, on our iPods, on our computers, everywhere. Because of Brother Branham, we know what Christianity is. Have we taken His Word for granted? We can each pray,

*"God, take us in Your hand. Make us bond-servants of Your love. Use us for tool, to bring the realization to this sinful, cursed earth that we're living in today, that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. For myself, God, let me be a prisoner. If all my brethren turn me down, if all my friends turn me down, I want to be a prisoner of Jesus Christ and His Word."*

63-0717 A Prisoner

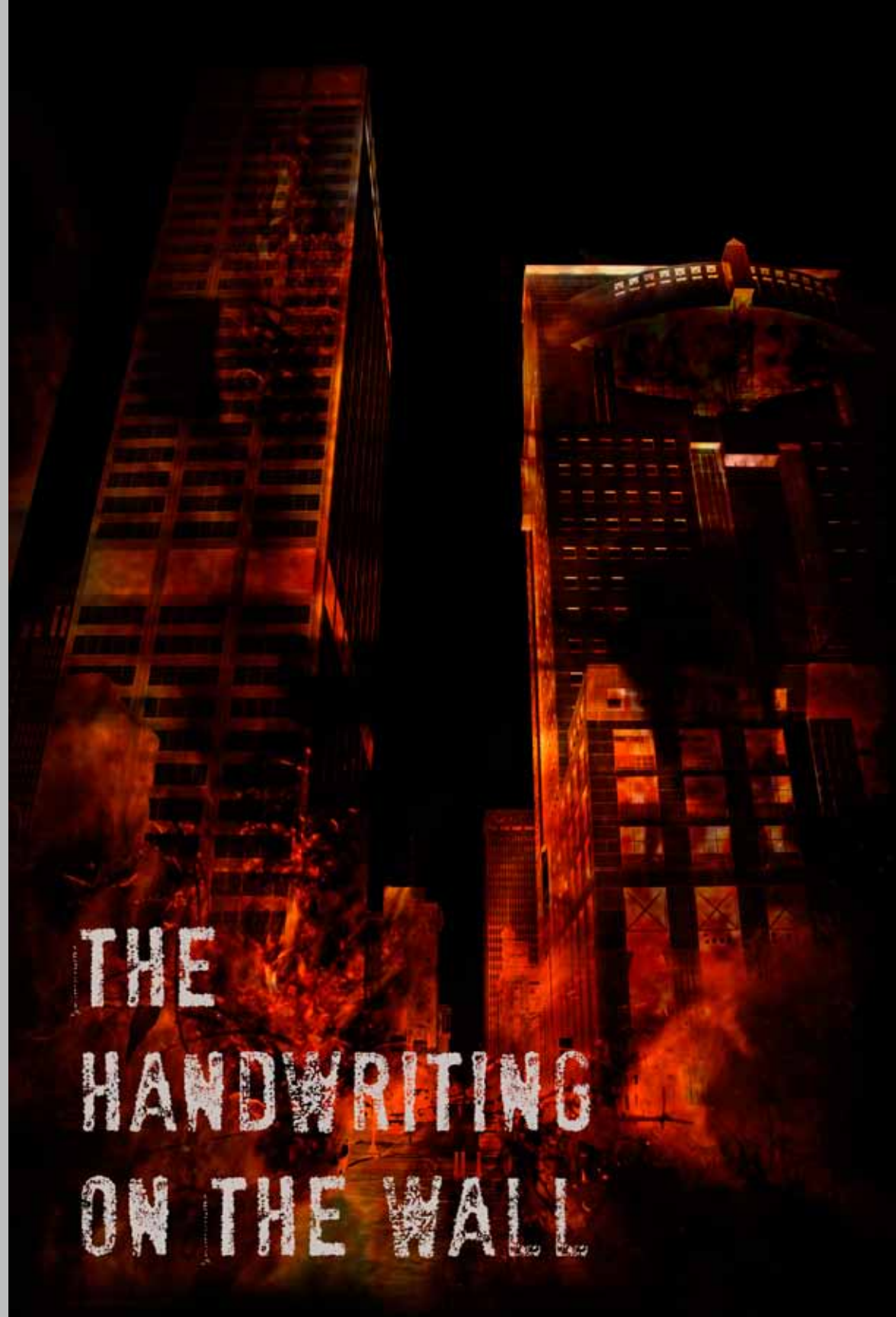
We were all once prisoners of sin. It doesn't matter if the prisoner is confined to a cell or living in a house in the suburbs, the enemy has imprisoned the people of this world. The sin of the tempter is much sharper than the razor wire surrounding the prison. The devil's walls are built high with unbelief. His shackles bind the soul. His guards cloud the mind with doubt. But his cells are unlocked with the Message of the hour, and his prison walls fall at the feet of Jesus Christ. ✕

## *Prison Missionary Report*

1. The United States has less than 5% of the world's population, but it has almost 25% of the world's prisoners.
2. There are 2.3 million people behind bars in the United States. China, with four times the population of the US, has 1.6 million people incarcerated.
3. The most commonly requested book so far this year is *Influence Of Another*, 62-1013. The second most requested book is *An Exposition Of The Seven Church Ages*.
4. Over the years, *An Exposition Of The Seven Church Ages* has been the most requested book in the prison ministry.
5. We send many prayer cloths to prisoners. Some prisons will not allow us to ship these prayer cloths to the inmates. Ironically, prisons that do not allow prayer cloths have allowed the Jesus checkbooks.
6. In 2007, we sent 27,359 pieces of Message material to US prisons (directly from VGR, this does not include shipments through third parties).
7. We send the largest amount of material to the State of Georgia.
8. Almost 40% of the material sent to prisons in the US is in foreign languages.
9. Over the past three years, the amount of material we sent to prisons has doubled.



This man had completed his sentence and was free to go. His family didn't show up to take him home. He had nowhere to go.



THE  
HANDWRITING  
ON THE WALL



*You remember as THUS SAITH THE LORD, I said, America made her final decision in 1946. Watch, since then. She's gone, and there's nothing left but judgment and chaos. Look what's happened in that much time. Just watch it, how it's going to keep faster and faster. We're at the end. We're living in the shadows of His coming. "There'll be signs in the heavens above and in the earth, men's hearts failing, fear, perplexed of times, distress between the nations." How the people will be heady, high-minded, how the daughters of Zion, the church will walk haughty, high-minded, with the way she'd walk, and mince and twist as she went. Where are we at? We're with Belteshazzar's big rock-and-roll party. And the church has been caught in the tide through television, through radio, through Hollywood. There we are... Real Christian women bobbing off their hair, wearing make-up on their faces, dressed in them little old dirty clothes, because reprobate people has told them there's no harm in it.*

58-0309 The Handwriting on the Wall

Where has the United States of America gone since Brother Branham spoke those words in 1958? Only spiritual eyes can see. A simple stroll down a busy street in any city should turn the stomach of a true believer. Sin abounds at every turn. Posters of indecent women line the storefronts. Wicked music pollutes the air with the whisperings of the devil. When we finally get back into our car, the drive home is littered with disgusting billboards, road rage, and sinful streetwalkers. Once we are safely inside our homes, the enemy fills our mailboxes with worldly advertisements and fraudulent scams. The newspapers are packed with reports of murders and foreign wars. The economy is constantly teetering on recession. Rogue countries are acquiring weapons of mass destruction. The signs are staring us in the face, yet the people of this world overlook the looming destruction.

In the name of "entertainment," the enemy offers us a way to forgo prayer and gain comfort in sin. Movies are the world's favorite pastime. The popular ones are full of violence, profane language, and immorality. Even the most decently-rated movies have ungodly innuendos and foul humor. And things have become even worse inside the home. Brother Branham said, "*The devil put one over on you. He stuck a television right in your house, and brought the movie to you, all kinds of corruption, everything else, and you permit it.*" The average person doesn't think about the economy or world politics, because all

the news is bad anyway. He just relaxes in front of his TV and allows his soul to be bombarded by the bullets of Hollywood. Even something as "innocent" as a ball game is loaded with subtle images and advertisements that tear at a person's soul.

Fantasies of war and killing are clouding the minds of today's youth. A young man can take aim at a fellow human being, squeeze the trigger, and see the blood fly as the man falls to his death; all within a video game. What was once a "harmless" video character moving through a maze while gobbling up dots has turned into automatic weapons mutilating their targets. Why is there such an obsession with the killing of another man?

What kind of role models do our daughters have? The pictures of young women on the walls of the department stores plainly tell our daughters, "This is what you should look like. This is attractive." Television is filled with programs glorifying promiscuity and infidelity. Even the seemingly innocent shelves of toy stores are lined with filth. Packaging of toys display young girls dancing on stage with electric guitars or painted up dolls dressed in provocative clothing.

Satan has created his own Eden here on earth. Movie theaters have enormous high-definition screens, and the walls shake as the speakers bellow out the surround sound. Satellite TV companies are quick to deliver an unlimited number of channels to any home. Even the most innocent of these channels is loaded with filth. Every desire is now at your fingertips through the internet. Even a child can search the web, and yes, children are often exposed to the most horrendous things the world has to offer. What foundation is the world providing for our youth?

What kind of a world do we live in? "*Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:*" Revelation 3:17

Like in the days of Noah, the people of the earth have become so evil that God will soon rain His wrath down upon every inch of this sinful world. However, the same judgment that destroyed the earth is the same judgment that saved Noah and his family.

The greatest wickedness the world has ever seen has been met by the greatest Power the world has ever seen. Within this *wicked and adulterous generation*, a Bride of Christ is making Herself ready. She has replaced the



time that was once spent in front of the TV with hours of prayer and study on the Word. Parents are spending time with their children, teaching them about the prophets of old and the prophet to this generation. Rather than worldly music, tapes of Brother Branham are being played in their cars. Church services that were once empty on Wednesday night are now starting to fill up. There is an urgency among God's people to get closer to their Savior.

The handwriting is on the wall. These are perilous times. Each of us should examine ourselves. Are we part of the Bride of Christ? Are we perfectly in line with everything Brother Branham said? He told us that the Bride would be "without spot or wrinkle." Are we giving the Lord Jesus our best? Do we greet Him first thing in the morning and give Him our love just before bed? Is He always on our mind? Do we bring our problems to Him and have the confidence and patience that He will meet our every need? There are those who have separated themselves from the things of the world. Are we among those chosen few?

How many times have we heard that the Lord Jesus is returning? One day soon, He will come. Those who have made themselves ready will be raptured. The ones who are not ready will go on predicting the coming of the Lord. Unknowingly, they will have missed the rapture and fallen into tribulation. That day is close at hand.

This is the greatest time in the history of the world. Satan may be at his strongest, but the Lord has given us the strongest refuge the world has ever known. The Voice of the Seventh Angel Messenger is calling out to this sinful generation. The Trumpet of the Lord is sounding. The mystery of God has been revealed. Our questions have been answered. Now it is time to do our part and make ourselves ready. ☞

#### REVELATION 21:3-4

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

As I was reading a report from one of our distributors, he was telling me how the Bride in remote areas were anxiously awaiting the coming of their new Message material. We can only begin to think how their hearts must be so excited to know in just a few days, a new message from God's prophet will be arriving in their village. They may not even be able to sleep that night just thinking about the great blessings that are in store for them when the books and tapes arrive, "Just think, in a matter of hours, I will be able to read and hear what God's Messenger has said to the Bride of Christ. What new revelation will be in store for me? What things in the Word will be brought to light for me? I know it will answer many questions that I have on my heart, and it will prepare me for the coming of the Lord." The anticipation is almost more than he can bear.

How wonderful is our Lord! How great is His plan for His Bride! He sent us a prophet with the Message that will perfect a Bride for His Name sake. He has made a way for this great end time Message to reach the Bride of Christ in the most remote areas of the world. The prophet said that this Message will get to His Bride, and they will be listening with little tubes in their ears, "these tapes go around the world." Truly, this vision is being fulfilled today, because the Lord has placed a burden on your heart to support the ministry of VGR.

After praying all night, the morning finally arrives. "The distributor will be here in just a few hours, I can hardly wait." As a truck approaches the village, the people start to gather. There is a noise going through the village. The man hears the commotion in the street. What is it? In his heart he knows what the noise is about.

*"What's the noise about?" You know, usually where Jesus is there was always a little noise, a little upsetting. Why? Life comes in; life brings noise. 54-0809E The Manifestation Of Thy Resurrection ...*

The anointing of the Holy Spirit fills his heart, "Here comes the WORD!"

Where would the Bride be if we didn't have this life-giving Word that was given to us by His prophet? The Father knew that the only way His Bride could make herself ready was by hearing the Word. We can't take another man's word for it, or their interpretation of what the prophet said. We MUST hear it for ourselves...THUS SAITH THE LORD.

*This nature of the coming will be the same. It'll not be a group. It'll be one man. God never did deal any other way but one man. Now, Elijah was not a group, John the Baptist was not a group, they were one individual. God, Malachi 4, doesn't say, 'I'll send a group.' Said, 'I'll send Elijah!' The Word cannot be changed. 64-0313 The Voice Of The Sign*

Thanks be unto the Lord, He sent His prophet with the Word and has called out a people that believe every Word.

I thank the Lord for a people that love this Message with all of their hearts, and have a burden to see that this life-giving Word reaches His Bride, and have sacrificed their very livelihood to support this work.

I thank the Lord for true ministers of Eph. 4:11, that have stood true to the Word and point the people to the Message and Messenger of the hour, for they are the same.

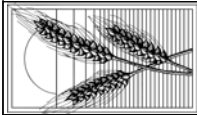
*We find out that when a man comes, sent from God, ordained of God, with the true THUS SAITH THE LORD, the message and the messenger are one and the same. Because he is sent to represent THUS SAITH THE LORD, Word by Word, so he and his message is the same.*

65-0718E Spiritual Food In Due Season

How these words bless the heart of the believer.

"Thank you Lord for sending your prophet with a Message that is to perfect Your Bride."

May the Lord's richest blessing be with each of you for your prayers and support that are given to VGR to send this Message to the Bride of Christ.



CATCH THE VISION IS PUBLISHED BY VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS, INC.

Dedicated to the ministry of God's prophet, William Marrion Branham.

*"But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets."* REVELATION 10:7

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