

CTV

Catch The Vision



Garnett Peake

Treacherous Waters

MEXICO
DISTRIBUTION TRIP
PART 2

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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

My THOUGHTS

by Bro. Joseph Branham



For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be earthquakes in divers places, and there shall be famines and troubles: these are the beginnings of sorrows. MARK 13:8

Truly we are living in the last closing moments of time. We see earthquakes on every continent, volcanoes erupting around the world; we hear of wars and rumors of wars. The financial state of the world is in total chaos. Huge corporations are crumbling, the government mixing church and state; all the things that the prophet told us would happen are happening before our very eyes. What a glorious time we are living in, seeing the Word of God being fulfilled before our very eyes.

As the world fears what is happening, His Bride finds comfort in *The Word*. We have been told these things were coming and to get ready, to have our lamps trimmed and cleared, for we have nothing to fear. We are not worried about tomorrow: "Will the banking of the world collapse and we loose everything? Will California have a great earthquake and slide beneath the ocean? Will President Obama totally turn against the Jews and welcome Islam? Will we be denied to assemble ourselves together to hear *The Word*?" These are just the signs of the time and *His Word* being fulfilled, but we, His children, have total peace as we are resting in *The Word*.

There is only one place that we can have that peace: *IN HIS WORD*. What a comfort His children have to be able to push a button and hear the Voice Of God. To not worry about all the things that are happening around us, we have found a refuge in the cleft of the Rock, the ONE place we can hang our soul on every word: The Message of the hour.

God is sustaining His Bride around the world with this Message, and you are providing His children with that Food that has been stored up for this very time.

Now, this is what I'm saying this morning, is storing Food. Storing Food, so that you'll have something to eat, so that you'll have something to feast upon. Get It on your tapes. Set in the cool of the room. Maybe, when I'm a long ways away, you'll still remember these things are true. Set in your room and listen. See? And this is Food, storing in, in the storehouse. I don't know where the trip is. But, wherever it is, He knows where He's leading; I don't. I just follow.

62-0311 The Greatest Battle Ever Fought

What peace we have in *This Word*. To know Father had His prophet speak *The Word* that would PERFECT His Bride and sustain them during this time. When the world is truly falling apart, His Bride is at rest.

As we are going through these times my heart jumps with joy when I think of this quote:

"I preached It just exactly like Paul said It. I never divvied; I never took into any church creeds or anything else. I stayed the same."

And all of them screamed with one accord, "We know that. We're resting with assurance." Said, "You will present us to Him, and then we'll all go back to earth again to live forever." Oh, my.

60-0522e Adoption #4

How thankful we are that God sent His Prophet beyond the curtain of time and saw us there. As time goes on, these words that the Bride shouted out mean more to us each day, we are resting on every *Word*.

Bro. Joseph



Catch The Vision *mail*

I love the great, beautiful, new *Catch The Vision* magazine with stories and pictures. My favorite was the old man sitting on the porch in Utica, remembering Brother Branham. Keep them coming!

Thank you.

Thomas A. Lawrence
(the old man sitting on my porch here in Texas)

Catch The Vision *website*

I wanted to thank you for the new *Catch The Vision* magazine. It is so beautiful. We started reading it last night at the end of our evening devotional. My heart was so touched while reading about the great need our brothers and sisters had after the Typhoons hit the Philippines. I had to keep pausing because I was so choked up with tears. I kept wondering to myself, "Did I pray sincerely enough, long enough, hard enough when prayer was requested for the believers during that time? Could I have done more? Been more concerned?" God forgive me, if there was more that I could have done, and didn't!

Sister Carol and Family

Dr. Jesus *website*

Praise the Lord. This really encouraged me a lot. I too struggle with being overweight, and am diabetic. I have heard him call people with weight problems before, and have claimed it as well, but your testimony, about how the quote was played right at that moment, was incredible! How encouraging to know that these sermons weren't just to the people who heard them then, but are for us now! Just as current as any newspaper.

Anonymous

Sacrifice *website*

Little time do I find to think about prisoners. Maybe because the word *prisoner* is a no-no or some word that ought not to be spoken. But if I'm not careful of my circumstances and surroundings, the enemy, which at times can be myself, becomes a prisoner of doubts and fears. A prisoner of TV or computer. A prisoner of idle murmuring or negative and incorrect thoughts. *Prisoner*, wow, what a word with such impact. Only by God's grace can I be set free from the above things, and with God's strength, become a prisoner for Christ. To serve Him as each day is given to me by the Lord Himself. To become a prisoner of the very thoughts of Christ, a prisoner in which the Holy Spirit would direct my every move, my every step. Prisoner, which side are you on?

God's blessings and mercies are my desires for you.

Anonymous

William Branham *website*

I like the teachings of this man. I like the fact that there is nowhere he contravenes or conflicts with Bible. Ontshiametse Edison Seidisa, Botswana

Tapeboys *website*

Many people today look for a hero. One who is brave enough to face the enemy and take him on singlehanded. These Tapeboys do that every day. May God protect them and keep them out of the enemy's hands. A hero doesn't have to have metals line up on his coat and brass buttons on his sleeves. He may be dressed in a pair of pants with bags in the knees and not even enough money to own a pair of shoes. But he has the Word of God burning in his heart and love for mankind that he puts before his own life. What a hero! I am so happy to see the work of the Lord in the nations overseas. We know He is not a God of yesterday, but also today. He still proves He is Hebrews 13:8.

The Reece Family

Haiti *website*

I have been greatly disturbed by your ideas of sending relief to only Message believers in Haiti. You are only providing it to the people who believe in the Message. Do you believe this is right? I believe you must sincerely search your heart my friends and look for the voice of the God of hosts during this time. Do you believe that William Branham would only provide relief to those that accepted the Message? You should try and help as many of these

poor people as possible. If being Bible believers, you should believe this:

I Corinthians 13:1-13 (the email included the text to the Scriptures)

Did Christ ever refuse anyone charity? We must remember the Parable of the Good Samaritan. Let us help the strangers with love in our hearts, Amen. Is helping those in need not the way which Christ taught? May God open your eyes to His love that you may open the eyes of others. There are too many blind leaders today. Why? Because we have no love!

May God's love and mercy be upon those in Haiti, Amen.

Sincerely from a follower of Christ,
Desmond

The believers are in more need than anyone. The large humanitarian organizations like the UN, Red Cross, Samaritan's Purse, and others do a wonderful service to mankind, and we applaud their efforts. These companies take in tens of millions of dollars every year, which is needed to help massive populations. However, they cannot escape the fact that the most aggressive people will get the largest share of the relief supplies. Believers, on the other hand, are timid, meek, and giving, and these types of people are almost always left without. Right now, there are fights in the food lines and mobs following the humanitarian trucks. The believers, as is their nature, will stand back and go without before they will join an angry mob. We don't have the money or the resources to help everyone, so we are concentrating solely on the believers, who need help the most. Don't worry, unlike the rest of the world, a believer of the Message cannot stand to see anyone go hungry and they will share what they have with the needy, even if it means that they will have less.

Haiti *website*

Brother Joseph, thank you for this update. This is such a tragedy for the believers there, and it hurts that many are missing and may never be found. We are assured that if they lost their lives in Haiti, they are alive with those on the other side right now. But for survivors, I cannot imagine the pain they feel. For those survivors, the fact that the library was not destroyed is a miracle. We all need to keep in prayer for them and help in the donation efforts. And too, we must stay prayed up for Brother Branham told us on "Choosing of a Bride" that when California goes under, it will be worse than the last day of Pompeii. It feels very close at hand.

Anonymous

Getting Rid Of The Idols *website*

About 30 years ago, after my husband would leave for work and the children were off to school, I would go to my piano, and play and sing. Some mornings, weather permitting, I'd have a kitchen window open. It was on mornings like this that the Lord gave me some of the words to the songs I sing. One day, my next-door neighbor called me over to her fence. They were a Catholic family. She asked if we saw their fire in the backyard a couple nights before. I said, "No, we hadn't noticed." She stated, "Well, your singing finally got to us." I said, "You could hear me? I'm sorry. I didn't know I was being that loud." She said, "No, you don't understand. We had a bonfire and burnt all our Catholic statues." They became Christians and started attending a little charismatic church. This story reminded me of that incident.

Sharon Johnson

Contact Us *website*

I found a Scripture this morning as I was doing my morning reading, and I immediately thought of you all at the Voice Of God Recordings.

Psalms 68:11

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it."

My Bible gives a reference to the word "company," and when I went to the reference column in the middle of the page and looked up the reference word for "company," it said "army."

I speak for so many when I say how much we appreciate all you do at the Voice Of God, and how important your job is. This Scripture encouraged my heart and I thought of you folks, and wanted to share this with you! God bless you!

Stephanie Duvall

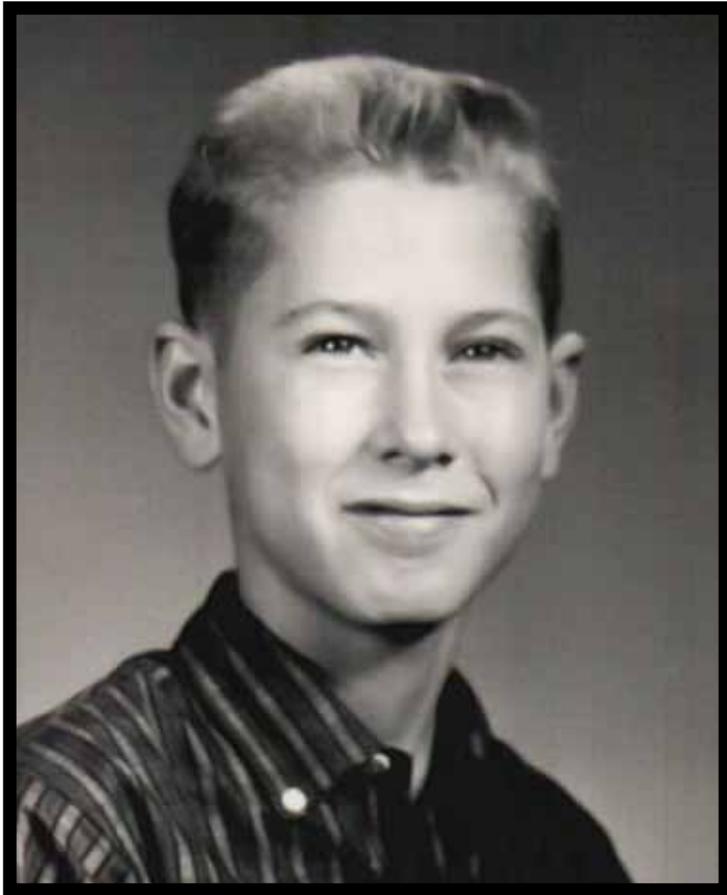
Iron Curtain *mail*

Return to sender. Don't send any more lies to me.

Minister in Florida

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything at Voice Of God Recordings, we would love to hear from you. We can be reached at vogr@branham.org, or by mail at PO Box 950, Jeffersonville IN 47131. For more information, visit www.branham.org



Garnett Peake

Everyone who met him loved him.

One day, last time I seen Garnett in this life, we stepped in unexpectedly into the... his lovely little home. He was staying with his people. And what did we find, but it would be a—a real example for any Christian minister to—to see this. He was setting up, and out of the rocking bed, had his arms in a little sling. And we walked to the house, as we was always so welcome, there was Garnett. And before him was the Bible. And the little lady that was taking care of him was setting over on the little duofold affair, and they were having Bible study. And I looked at him, and my heart just melted.

And I said to him, asked him a question. I said, “Garnett, perhaps, what if this had have never happened to you?” And I said, “You’d... I was called, say, up here tonight, there had been a young boy by the name of Garnett Peake’s had just got killed out here on the highway, with his car. And the boy was drunk, and his soul had gone on to meet God. Or, would you just rather keep the scene the way it is?”

He said, “Just let it be the way it is. Long as I know Jesus the way that I know Him now,” he said, “it’s more than life, even though I’d have to stay here all my life in this condition.”

63-1118 I Am The Resurrection And Life

Sister Shirley Noel still lives in the same backwoods Kentucky house and works the same dairy farm where she first met a young man by the name of Garnett Peake over 50 years ago. He was the hard working teenager with a magnetic personality that made everyone love him, but he was especially loved of the Father. So much so that God used a tragic turn of events to make Garnett’s short life an inspiration to the Bride of Christ around the world. This is Sister Shirley’s testimony of her beloved brother-in-law Garnett Peake:

The first time I met Garnett is when Dorland and I were dating, and he brought me home to meet his grandparents. Garnett came running out and said, “Hmmm, is this the one you been talking about? Are you staying for supper, cause I’m cooking?” Their mom and dad were divorced, so the boys had to do a lot around the house to help their mother. Garnett wasn’t much of a cook, but he tried.

I just loved him from the moment I met him. He was always so sweet and had a wonderful personality. He’d milk the cows by hand, and it seemed like he enjoyed every minute of it, even though he was only 14 or 15 years old. We all had to work hard back then, even the kids. Dorland and I moved into his mother’s house to help work the dairy farm when we were married in 1957.

Garnett rode the bus to school. I remember him going out there one day to catch the bus and he said, “I just don’t feel like going today. I got a bad headache and my neck really hurts.”

I talked Garnett into letting me take him to the doctor because he was in quite a bit of pain. That was in 1960, when the polio epidemic was going around. The doctor examined him and said, “I hate to tell you this, but he’s got all the symptoms of polio.” They put him through the tests and told us to wait for an hour or so for the results to come back. We visited family for a while, and when we got back to the hospital, the doctor told us that he already made arrangements at the children’s hospital in Louisville. It was clear that there was no time to waste because he did, in fact, have a severe case of polio.

The ambulance took him to Louisville right away. I felt so badly because I couldn’t go with him, but he just smiled



Polio struck Garnett when he was 15 years old, and he died a few years later, but not before he had a great impact on all those who were close to him.

and told me that he would be fine. His condition rapidly got worse and eventually, he was completely paralyzed from the polio. His diaphragm was the first thing to go, so they put him in an *iron lung* to help him breathe. He was so completely paralyzed that all he could do was bat his eyes. The polio took effect very quickly.

My husband believed in healing a lot more than I did because his aunt was healed during the Acton Campground meetings, where Brother Branham preached *Leading Of The Spirit Of God*. I believe she was the first one in the healing line. She was in bad shape, with cancer and nervous problems so bad that the doctors were giving her shock treatments. Brother Branham called her out and she was completely healed. In fact, she’s still living today.

My husband and his mother had never followed the Message, but they believed that if they could get a hold of Brother Branham, that Garnett would be healed. They had already seen the power in his ministry. So his mom went straight to his house and asked him to pray for Garnett. Brother Branham came to visit him and prayed for him, and he started to improve. They eventually sent him home after several months in the hospital.

After that, he always wanted to keep in touch with Brother Branham. If he started to fail, then he would call Brother Branham. He would get better every time he prayed for him, but the Lord never completely healed him, he always had to stay in a rocking bed that helped him breathe.



Garnett saved his money to buy Brother Branham's tapes, and then he played them on this tape recorder. Sister Shirley used it to record *I Am The Resurrection And Life* at Garnett's funeral.

His dad wasn't much of a father to him. He never visited Garnett, but he sent him his child support check every month. Garnett insisted on paying tithes to Brother Branham from his little check. His grandpa always tried to talk him out of it, but Garnett insisted. I remember him saying, "I want them to go to Brother Branham because I believe he is right." His grandpa pointed out that Brother Branham didn't even care enough to write him a handwritten thank you note. Garnett said, "Well, he signed it and that's good enough."

He saved what was left of his check to buy Brother Branham's tapes. They were expensive back then, so he didn't have many, but he had all that he could afford. He loved those tapes, especially *The Way Of A True Prophet*. That was his favorite. He listened to that sermon over and over. He could listen to his tapes while in his bed, but he couldn't read his Bible there. For a little while each day, we would set him in a special chair with a chest respirator, so he could read his Bible. He held a stick between his teeth that he used to turn the pages.

One day he was reading that Bible, and he glanced up like there was something there. There was a light that appeared just over the door face of the bedroom that came over and shined over his Bible. He didn't know what it was until he had the opportunity to ask Brother Branham.

Every time Brother Branham came down here hunting with Brother George Wright, he would drop by and see Garnett. On one of those trips, he told Brother Branham about the light. Brother Branham asked him to describe

it. Garnett said that it was yellowish in color. Brother Branham told him, "That was me coming to see you." That made Garnett very happy. Brother Branham told him stories about Africa and said that he would like to take him there some day, so Garnett always talked about that. He wanted to go to Africa to witness to the people.

When he wasn't talking about Brother Branham or listening to his tapes, Garnett loved nature. About all he could do was turn his head, so he would watch the birds out the window. He just loved to hear them sing. Still today, I think of Garnett every

time I see a pretty sunset. He preached a sermon to us without saying a word. He got pleasure out of the simple things and he made us ashamed of ourselves. He even appreciated the little cuckoo clock in his room. Here we would be complaining, and he couldn't even breathe on his own, but you never heard a complaint from him.

I remember hearing little parts of the tapes from Garnett, but I never thought much of it. He always wanted Dorland and me to go hear Brother Branham for ourselves; it was so important to him. I was a Baptist before I got married, so I didn't think much of divine healing, and I certainly didn't agree with the long hair and not wearing makeup. They used to tell us that it was always the ones you didn't know that got healed. They said that just to put doubt in there.

Finally, we heard that Brother Branham was going to be at the Tabernacle on November 10, 1963 to preach *Souls That Are In Prison Now*. Garnett wanted us to go really bad, so we gave in and committed to attend service. He was so excited that we were going. We got up real early that morning to milk the cows, because we heard that it would be crowded. We got there and there was not an open seat in the building, so we had to stand up on the right side of the church, where the organ is today.

Brother Branham started preaching, and I just kept looking around at the different women. They all had long hair and long skirts. My hair was short and I had makeup on, but I wasn't condemned in the least. I thought, "These poor people. They just don't understand."

The last thing I remember is Brother Branham talking about the gun going off and shooting him through the legs. Then I passed out. I had never fainted in my life and I haven't fainted since that day. The deacons and Brother Doc brought a wet handkerchief and placed it on my face to rouse me. Brother Branham noticed that I had fainted and told them to bring me to the front so he could pray for me. I never remember seeing his face, but I remember hearing his voice. I remember him saying that the devil was trying to beat me out of the Message, and he was! When he was finished praying, he told them to set up a chair in the doorway to his study, and I could sit there. As I sat in that chair, things just started to open up. I looked down at the handkerchief that Brother Doc had given me, and there was all that makeup. I felt so condemned. My life changed right there.

After service, we went to Brother Walter Noel's house (Dorland's cousin). They told us that Brother Branham was going to have a healing service that night. I had never seen a healing service in all my life. The problem was the cows back at home needed to be milked, but Dorlan said we would just milk them when we got back. Now that is a no-no for a dairy farmer, because it will ruin your cows. But this was more important.

So we all went to the healing service and oh, it was wonderful. As he spoke, more things opened up that I never understood before. We were so excited and couldn't wait to get back home to tell Garnett. When we told him, he was the happiest thing, just overjoyed. By the way, the cows were fine too.

Garnett started getting sick the next day, so we had to call the ambulance and they took him to the hospital. He was trying to tell my husband something, but he was so far



gone that he couldn't get it out. He just kept trying, but he couldn't speak. Dorland told him that if it was something good that he was trying to say, to close his eyes. He just squeezed his eyes shut, so I think he was trying to tell us something about the other side.

Dorland tried to get a hold of Brother Branham, but he was preaching in New York, and by the time they got word to him, Garnett had already passed on. We asked Brother Branham if he would come down to preach the funeral, and he did.

Garnett really cherished those tapes, so I took his old recorder, and gave it to the funeral director to make a tape of the funeral. After the service, Brother Branham came to the car at the cemetery, shook hands with my husband, and told him that he knew how it was to lose a brother. Then he went to every car and spoke to every person in the funeral procession. That really meant a lot to my husband.

He read a Scripture and prayed at the grave. Some of them thought he might raise up because Brother Branham was there, but Garnett was already gone.

Garnett preached us a sermon every day. The thing I remember the most about him was that he never complained about anything. He had such a good spirit about him, and he loved Brother Branham. You know, the tape that we made at his funeral has gone to Africa, so I guess Brother Branham did bring him after all. 🕊

Notes:

The name of the sermon preached at Acton Campground, when Sister Shirley's husband's aunt was healed, is titled *Leading of The Spirit Of God*, 55-0807e. Brother Branham speaks to her about 1 hour, 4 minutes, and 40 seconds into the sermon.

The name of the sermon preached when Sister Shirley fainted is titled *Souls That Are In Prison Now* 63-1110. She faints about 32 minutes into the sermon.

Brother Garnett's favorite tape was *The Way Of A True Prophet Of God*, 62-0513m.

The name of the sermon preached at Garnett's funeral is titled: *I Am The Resurrection And Life* 63-1118.

Garnett with his niece, Phyllis Noel, before he was stricken with polio.

SPECIAL REPORT

MEXICO

DISTRIBUTION TRIP

PART 2





MAP: The first leg of our trip brought us to Las Mochis, where we took a flight to Mexico City. From Mexico City, we traveled southeast to Coatzacoalcos and Oaxaca, stopping many times along the road to deliver Spanish material to the believers.

OPPOSITE: Mexico City is massive to say the least. The population is a burgeoning 8.8 million people that stretches across over 3,000 square miles.

Mexico City, The Sea of Souls

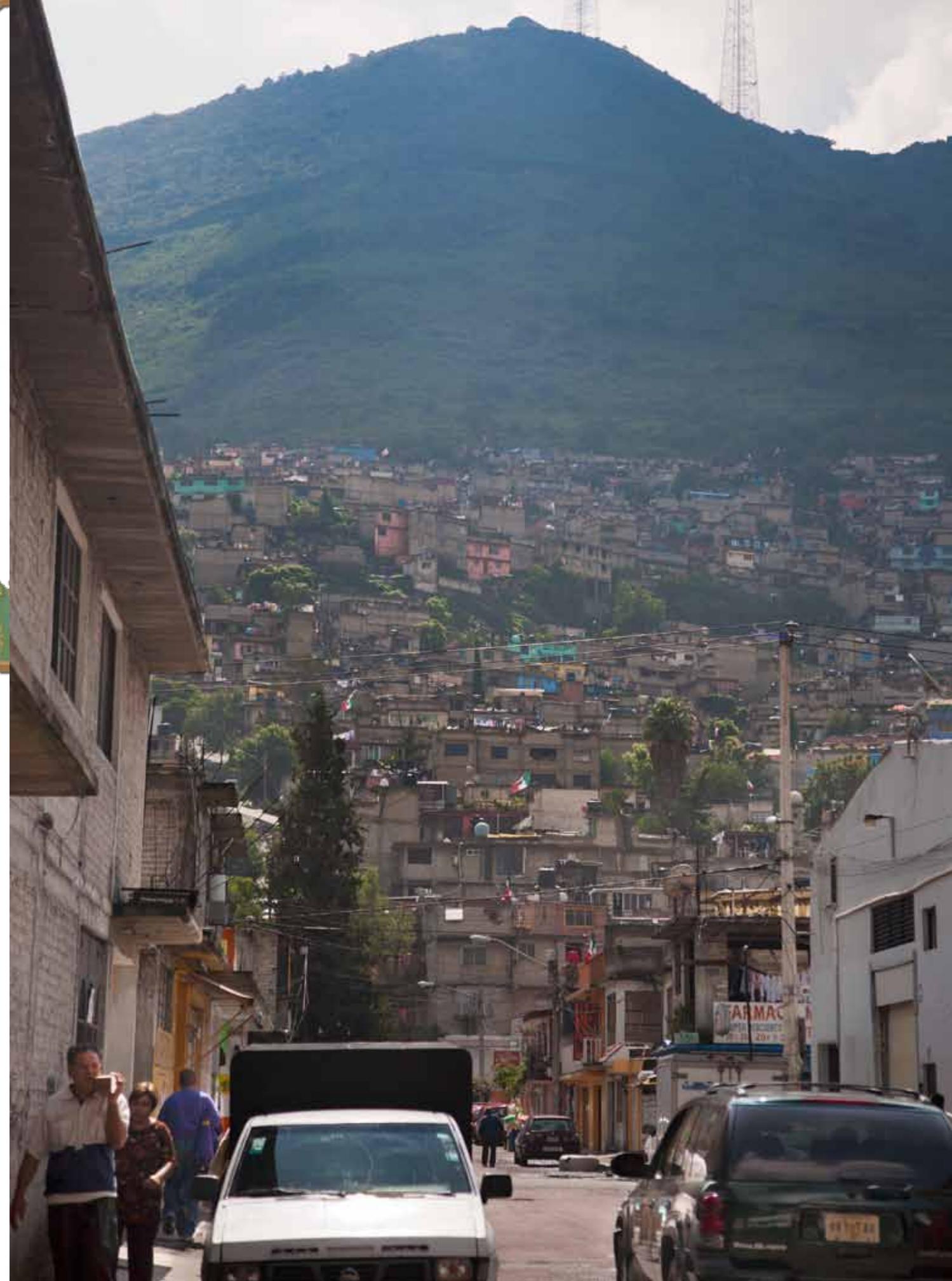
We fastened our seatbelts when the plane started its descent. There below were literally millions of houses. Out the window we could see rooftop after rooftop joining together in what seemed to be one enormous sea of tin and concrete that stretched for hundreds of square miles throughout the valley and began climbing the surrounding hills. There are millions upon millions of people in this city. Each of them has a soul that will either be claimed by God or the devil. Down there somewhere, within the concrete jungle, are a handful of churches that believe the end-time Message. These are the Lighthouses in this sea of souls called Mexico City.

Brother Jorge Paez, a charismatic young minister who is not afraid to call himself a “Tapeboy,” and our office manager, Brother German Calva, picked us up at the airport. It was late in the afternoon, so they brought us to the hotel, where we rested up and prepared for the services the next day.

After what seemed like a very short night, Brother Jorge and Brother Calva were waiting in the lobby when we came down from our rooms the next morning. With Bibles in hand, we loaded into Brother Jorge’s borrowed SUV and traveled the confusing urban streets.

Brother Branham said, *We look out upon the streets and see sin wrote everywhere, and that the Glory of the Lord is swiftly departing*, and Mexico City is no different. Sin abounds on every corner, with liquor salesmen, scantily clad women, dirty billboards, and all the other sins you find in inner cities throughout the world. It’s almost as if we can’t take a deep breath for fear of taking some sort of filth into our bodies. The drive to the church seemed to take forever.

We finally turned into a narrow alleyway and saw the pastor waving us into a parking area in front of an inconspicuous open door. As soon as we walked through that door, our lungs seemed to open up, and we took a deep breath of Holy Spirit charged air.





that morning. We were there for Al in Texas, Danilo in Philippines, David in Arizona, Jerry in Wyoming, Jessie in Australia, Saboo in Trinidad, Schalk in South Africa, Svein in Norway, and you: the reader of this article. We wish we could have mentioned every name to them, but it wasn't needed. They all knew very well who is responsible for providing them with the books and tapes, and the pastor spoke on behalf of his congregation when he gave his sincere thanks for all that the Bride of Christ does for them through VGR.

In typical Latin American custom, the congregation exited the church and formed a reception line outside. The first person out took his place at the front of the line, then shook hands with the next person out, who took her place next to him, and so on until everyone was out of the church. This gave every believer the opportunity to shake every other believer's hand.

We had a few hours before the next service, so Brother Calva took this opportunity to take us to a hospital that he considers to be a very special place. He began the story by telling us that an American businessman once owned this land.

Their name is *The Church Of The Corner*, and the contrast between this place and the streets we had just traveled was like night and day. The brothers were humble, with such an inviting way that it seemed we had known each other for years. The sisters, starkly different from the outside world, had long hair and held themselves with that certain virtue that only a Message believer can. Although we had never been there, we felt as if this was our home church. It seemed to be overflowing with the recognizable Spirit that is present in every assembly that believes Brother Branham.

An immediate applause erupted through the congregation when the pastor introduced us as representatives from Voice Of God Recordings. Most of them raised their hands as shouts of "Gloria a Dios!" rang out. We were all humbled by their respect, and to say the least, we were undeserving. We each knew that we could never be worthy of the confidence that this precious little church has in us. It was not who we were, but it was the people we represented that meant so much to them. That is why there was such love for us in the congregation



The businessman heard that an evangelist by the name of William Branham was receiving stiff opposition from the local clergy about having his meetings in the local bullring. The bullring canceled the meetings with the excuse that they would be hosting a boxing match instead. At this news, the businessman offered his land, then a large vacant field, to Brother Branham for his meetings.

A spotlight that could be seen throughout the city was pointed into the air, so people could follow the light to see the prophet. Pastors told their people to look for the light shining towards heaven and follow it. As soon as word got out, the people started coming. They stood for days in the rain, waiting for Brother Branham to arrive. The people were desperate, and when the prophet came, all expectations were exceeded.

The meetings lasted three days and hundreds were healed. Many sick people heard that there was a prophet in Mexico City and came to this place. They wept when they found that he had left days or weeks earlier, but some asked to just

sit where he stood. Many of those people were healed by touching the same ground that the prophet touched.

Brother Jerry Amalong added to Brother Calva's testimony.

That's true. I met a 70-year old woman in 1968 while I was giving out literature. She was dying of TB and went to Brother Branham's meetings right here. She said that he pointed at a woman and said, "You are healed of TB." He then pointed at her and said, "You are healed too." She said she was totally healed that day. I

LEFT TOP: *The Church Of The Corner* was an oasis in a sea of sin. We walked into this little church and were greeted by some of the finest Christians any of us had ever met.

LEFT BOTTOM: After the service, the people exit one at the time so every person has the opportunity to shake every other person's hand. This is common in Latin American countries.

ABOVE: The ABC building is now a hospital, but this land was once the scene of a healing service that lasted weeks after Brother Branham left. Those who sought healing simply sat on the ground where the prophet once stood.



This new believer captured our hearts. She said that she had always wanted a real church that believes. She finally found a home in the mountains surrounding Mexico City.

complete with chairs and a pulpit. About 40 people were packed into the little room that overflowed into the kitchen and stairway. There was no piano; the song leader led the congregation with a guitar. Two light bulbs, one at the front and one at the rear of the room, hung from the ceiling. This was the most humble of places, but the atmosphere was electrified with the Holy Ghost. These people were excited about their religion!

The pastor, Brother Hilaizio Melchor, shared his testimony with us. He said that they have not believed the Message for very long. His sister in flesh gave him a Message book, and he hasn't looked back since that day. He told us that they meet a lot of opposition from the local denominations, but they can't stop them, and they are doing their best to keep moving forward. We witnessed that opposition first hand as we walked up the driveway earlier.

At the close of service, the pastor brought Brother Calva to the pulpit to distribute the Message books. As is his custom, Brother Calva insists on placing each package directly into the hands of the believer. He counts it the greatest honor of his life for a Message book or CD to go from his hands to the hands of God's predestinated seed. He read the names of each believer as they came up to the pulpit to receive their allotment of newly translated messages from Brother Branham. This was a sight to behold. Some of these people had never in their life read books from the prophet. It was truly a landmark occasion.

One sister seemed especially thankful when Brother Calva handed her a Message book. At the end of service, the pastor later brought her to the front of the congregation to give her testimony. She was so nervous and overwhelmed that she could barely speak. She gathered her composure and testified to the mercy of our Lord Jesus:

I've always wanted a real church that believes. I'm used to being in denominational churches, and now I have heard the real Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am here because He did not permit me to stay in the depths where I was at.

I just want to say that William Marrion Branham, the great servant of God, was a real believer of Jesus Christ, and he is my prophet.

showed her a picture of Brother Branham, and she broke down crying. She said, "This is the man that prayed for me, and I was healed."

Brother Calva then brought us into the front lobby of the hospital. Appropriately, a plaque in the entrance said:

*To The Glory Of God
For The Relief Of The
Sick And Suffering*

We were soon on our way to the evening service high in the mountains surrounding Mexico City. As we ascended in elevation, we could see more of that

grand city with the slums in the foreground and the towering skyscrapers of downtown in the background. The mountain we were climbing was splendid in its beauty. The terraced side was dotted with clusters of shanties and plots of corn. Brother Jorge slowed the SUV and turned into a steep and heavily potholed driveway. We drove as far up the hill as was safe, then got out and walked. Higher and higher we climbed up the little road. The sun was setting to our left and the city lights stretched as far as the eye could see. Soon, we heard a joyous sound. It was tambourines and singing. This was not the sound of revelry that is so common in the city; this was the sound of worship!

A few residents came out of their homes as we walked up the hill. Their attitudes were not what we were used to. It was almost hatred as they stared us down, ignoring our smiles and efforts to be friendly. They knew why we were there, and they did not like it at all. With camera in one hand and Bible the other, we hurried along our path, following the sound of the music.

Finally, we found a narrow hallway and breathed a sigh of relief when the pastor welcomed us into his little lighthouse on the mountain. The lower level of the pastor's house was made into a church,



I will confess that in the beginning, I did not believe. I said, “You consider him to be a prophet. How can he be a prophet? Just stay with the Bible.” It was the enemy coming against me. Now I know that the Message is another instrument of the Holy Scriptures that God uses. I want to give thanks to all the people that help send this material to this church.

I used to run from church to church, but now I have a pastor. I just want to keep singing and hearing. Amen.

Service ended late that evening. The lights of the city were a beautiful backdrop as we walked back down the steep path to the vehicles. We could imagine that beam of light shooting upwards in the middle of the city, announcing the arrival of the prophet of God. Some came because they were curious and some came to see a miracle, but some, like this sister, came to hear the Word of God.

We planned to leave this extraordinary city early in the morning, but the people of Mexico City burned a place in our hearts that will never leave. These feeble words on paper can’t describe the bond that we felt with them. It was as if we had lived our lives with them, and we were leaving for the first time.

The Road South

Our friends were waiting for us in the lobby of the hotel before daylight the next morning. The next stop was hundreds of miles to the south, so we took this opportunity to get to know Brother Calva a little better.

If we could describe Brother Calva in one word, it would be “passionate,” followed by an emphatic exclamation point! On Sundays, he often preaches at local parks, crying out to all who will listen that God sent a prophet in our day who proved that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. When he visits Message churches, he leans far over the pulpit, thrusts his hand out toward the audience, and compels the people, “Hear these tapes! If you do not hear the prophet, spiritual amnesia will follow! You must hear the prophet with your own ears! Read these books we are giving to you! You must feed on this Word every day!”

His traveling companion and loyal wife, Elsa, is with him every step of the way. She organizes the

distribution list, answers the office phone, and keeps him awake on the 4,500-mile drives associated with his distribution trips. It was her that gave him his first Bible in 1970. She was a Methodist with a burden to win souls to Christ, and he had no religion at all. That was the last he saw of Elsa for about a year, but he treasured his Bible, reading it religiously. He later had an experience of seeing a light in a window, leading him to follow the Lord Jesus. He testifies that the Lord told him to preach



the Word. He heard a tape at a friend’s house, which he immediately believed. He began preaching in restaurants, parks, even at a bank; anywhere he could find someone to listen. His passion (don’t forget the exclamation point) definitely drew the attention of anyone in the vicinity. He finally decided to attend a pretty little Methodist church near his house, where he met Elsa again. He invited her to go with him to listen to the tapes. That first tape was enough for her, and the two were married a few years later. “I was strong in my preaching, but my wife was, and is, timid. She makes a balance for my mistakes.”

LEFT: We followed the sound of worship as we walked up this steep drive. The setting may have been beautiful, but we found the real beauty when we walked into the tiny church.

ABOVE: Brother Calva counts it the greatest honor in his life to give the Word of God to a predestinated seed. His passion is evident both in and out of the pulpit.



“Hear these tapes! If you do not hear the prophet, spiritual amnesia will follow! You must hear the prophet with your own ears! Read these books we are giving to you! You must feed on this Word every day!”

The two make a worthy team as they travel the mountains and coastal plains of southern Mexico, distributing the Message that they hold so dear to their hearts.

The next few days of our distribution journey were spent delivering material at strategic locations, where Brother and Sister Calva had impeccably organized packages prepared (thanks to Sister Elsa) for each pastor to bring back to his congregation. The most memorable of these distribution locations was at a place called Coatzacoalcos.

The pastors came from miles around to receive their material. One Cho’l Indian brother, Miguel Gomez, and a fellow pastor from a nearby community traveled five hours to meet us in Coatzacoalcos. Brother Miguel spoke very little Spanish and no English, so he went through two translators in speaking to us.

We know that we are purchased by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and we are one through Him. We are separated today and live in different places, but we know that one day we will be together and spend eternity with our Lord. We believe that the Message of Malachi 4:5 is the Message for today. I know very little Spanish, all I know is my language. I am thankful that we can understand each other through a translator, but we are looking forward to the day when we will all speak the same language. We are thankful to all that make it possible for us to have the Message of the hour in our midst. It will certainly be a blessing when we take It back to our own people.

One pastor, Carmen Olan, arrived with his wife, three sons, and a member of his congregation. They live in the rural areas of Tabasco, where they have one of the most close-knit groups we have ever heard of.

As you just heard from my wife (Sister Laydy’s profile was printed in the previous issue of CTV), there are many things happening through listening to the tapes. We have seen the sick healed and homes restored where the enemy has tried to come in among us, but above all is the unity that this Message has brought to us. I pastor a small group of about 20 people, and I distribute material to about 7 families.

We all gather to eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner together. We know that it is not possible to do this in the flesh, but we know that we are able to do this because it is the Spirit of God in our lives. We have church service every day. We have done this for nine years now, always endeavoring to do things exactly as the prophet has instructed. There is no end to the testimonies that I could give, but the main thing that I testify to is what the Lord has done in our lives.

Brother Carmen’s 17-year old son, Jesús, then stepped forward.

We see the efforts that you all put forth through the brothers that do the distribution of the Message, and we want to respond to

this by doing our part to spread the Message in our part of the Earth. We realize that the Coming of the Lord Jesus is very close, and this Message of Salvation has come into our hands to prepare a Bride that is without spot or blemish. I just want to say that with His Word, and only with His Word, will that be done. Not with any traditions of man or with the philosophy of some individual, but only with the Message of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we know that is the Message of this hour. I especially want to give thanks to all those brothers and sisters who have a part in getting this Message out and making this work possible. *You* have caught the vision.

Our young Brother Jesús summed it up well, and we would add that *he* has certainly caught the vision.

LEFT: Brother and Sister Calva make a wonderful team. Both of them have a great burden for the people, which shows in the work they do.

ABOVE: We met many pastors in Coatzacoalcos, who picked up material for their congregations. Brother Calva loves to place the material into the hands of the believers.



Brother Branham Preaching At A Country Church

Most of the pastors that visited us in Coatzacoalcos were from the rural surrounding areas, and most of the congregations consist of between 50 and 100 people. This is typical for Latin America. Of course, the believers are not usually the more affluent members of society. Like the disciples of old, they are ranch hands, farmers, mechanics, fishermen, brick masons, and housewives. They are usually uneducated and live in the most modest of homes, but they are close knit, and do everything they can to help their fellow believers during hard times. The churches are very neat and well constructed, and usually built adjacent to the pastor's house.

Our next stop was one of these rural churches in a country setting that would rival the most beautiful of tropical islands. One of the brothers in our party gave the following account of our visit to this charming country church.

Brother Calva and Brother Jorge are true missionaries. At the last checkpoint before we left the highway, we were stopped by armed guards who questioned us about our cargo and our reasons for traveling through their section of the highway. After the initial deluge of questions from the guard, Brother Jorge began asking him questions.

My Spanish is limited to say the least, but I did pick up a few key words such as "revelación, siervo de Dios, profeta," and the two Spanish words that we heard the most on our trip: "Hermano Branham." Brother Jorge then handed him a Spanish tract through the open window, which he promptly opened and started reading.

My attention then turned to Brother Calva, who was dealing with another armed guard searching his vehicle. The guard's head was buried inside the open tailgate of his camper-shelled pickup, while Brother Calva was speaking a mile a minute. The guard had a sawed-off shotgun strapped to his shoulder and what looked like a well-used billy club on his side, but Brother Calva, in his fearless nature, continued to witness while the guard was doing his best to block him out and search the contents of the truck. The soldier finally stopped and looked at Brother Calva when he finished his search. Brother

Calva boldly pointed to the tract, then offered it to the soldier, who accepted. Once through the checkpoint, and after a quick stop to pass out tracts to a crowd of curious (and heavily armed) soldiers, we were back on our way. Brother Calva led the way onto a narrow dirt road, where we spent the next hour traveling the tropical countryside.

Talk about beauty! This place is gorgeous! It seemed that we went back in time a hundred years. Each little village is its own solitary community. The ranchers and farmers make the trip to town every so often to sell their goods and purchase provisions just like they have for centuries. Some of them ride in on donkeys, others on horse-drawn wagons, and some of the lucky ones drive their pickups.

Finally, we noticed a familiar sight. Two young ladies, dressed in long skirts and smiling from ear to ear, were walking up the two-track dirt road. It never ceases to amaze me, whether we are in Jeffersonville Indiana, downtown Mexico City, or in the most remote reaches of the world, all believers have the same Spirit. These young sisters seemed to glow in the character that is not present in any person in this world other than those who believe the end time Message.

Brother Calva and Brother Jorge stopped the vehicles in front of a long concrete building that looked to be brand new. Pastor Joel Guillen immediately broke into tears when he shook our hands. "I can't believe you would come to my church. We are nothing."

With the emotion that this brother was displaying, I could tell that he had been through some hard battles lately. To spur the conversation, I mentioned that he had a beautiful church that looked brand new. He went on to tell one of the most heart-wrenching stories any of us have ever heard.

He pointed out into the countryside and said, "We had service under a tree for a while." He then went on to tell how the townspeople burned down their church because the former pastor fell into sin. That pastor took his flight, so Brother Joel was

We were more than an hour off of the highway when we saw these two young sisters walking up the road. Yes, it was easy to recognize that they were believers.



left with a group of about 15 people, no church, and no pastor. Tears were streaming down his face when he said it was the hardest time of his life, but the Lord was watching over them. Brother Joel assumed the role of pastor and made the stand to listen to the prophet himself. A shady tree was their church and Brother Branham was their minister. Brick by brick, they built the church that stands today. Brother Joel said Brother Branham preaches in his church every Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday morning. They now peacefully worship the Lord in harmony

with the surrounding community, while still holding strong to their stand on the Message of the hour. This story certainly had a happy ending!

The sun was getting low on the horizon, so we said our goodbyes and loaded back up into the vehicles. We were all a little down because we were worn out from the day's work, and we also knew that this wonderful trip through Mexico was soon coming to an end.

The ride back was quiet. Brother Joseph likes us to check in often, so I was waiting for the "no service" icon on

my phone to change, and then I would send him a text with a brief report of our visit to this remote area. In the mean time, I scrolled through my iPod looking for a fitting end to this incredible journey. My eyes fell on The Choosing Of A Bride; "Yes, I think this would be an appropriate message this evening."

The sermon was still playing on my iPod when the icon changed. I began to type my short message: "Brother Joseph, we have no words to express our joy. How could Brother Branham be preaching in

such a faraway and remote area as this, and in a foreign language no less? I believe that he would be pleased." As I was in the process of typing those words, Brother Branham said,

Now, in this, it doesn't exactly mean that I'm speaking this to this congregation present,

Local villagers burned down the original church, and the pastor left soon after. All the responsibility of shepherding the little flock fell on the shoulders of Brother Joel. They listened to tapes under a tree for a while, but the Lord eventually provided this church.



Brother Calva travels about 4,500 miles during each distribution trip. These are grueling, long days that often end at a church late at night. This humble congregation, located on the coast near Coatzacoalcos, patiently sang songs of praise while waiting for us to arrive with their material.



This old fellow patiently waited for Brother Calva to hand out the Message books. Once Brother Calva opened the back of the truck, he was first in line to receive his material. He didn't waste any time in digging into his new book.

Calva opened up the back of his truck. He was first in line to receive his new Message books and his wife received her own new Scofield Bible. The old brother just couldn't wait any longer; he thanked Brother Calva and walked away from the crowd. He took off his hat, stared at the cover for a while, turned it over and read the quote on the back, and then started reading from the first page. What an exchange! This is the reason we came to Mexico! Watching that brother get his material may very well have been one of the greatest things any of us has witnessed in our lives. This was the capstone of our 12-day journey through this beautiful country.

Each stop we made in Mexico strengthened our resolve to give these people the very best material that can possibly be produced by human hands. As we watched that old man read his new book, we could not help but think about the importance of the work we are doing. The book covers must be beautifully designed, not only to attract the attention of the potential believer, but also to represent the treasured Word within. Each sermon must be translated to the strictest conditions to preserve every sentence, word, and punctuation mark. Then the translations are checked, double-checked, and checked more before it is printed. Even the paper and the CDs themselves must be the highest quality so they will be a blessing to the believers for years to come. The utmost care should always be taken to preserve the integrity of the Word because the people that read these books and listen to these tapes are none other than the Bride of Jesus Christ, and they deserve the very best.

but these tapes go around the world. They're translated in, practically, oh, a great deal of the languages, even into the heathen lands around the world. We send them tapes, free, on a society of the church. And they're translated. And all out through the jungles of Africa, and to India, and around the world, goes these tapes.

Now, choosing a Bride!

Well...What are the chances of that? I couldn't help but think of those two young sisters walking down the dirt

road with their long skirts and hair hanging down their backs, marching in step with the Gospel. Yes, I think Brother Branham would be pleased with that little tape service in the Mexican countryside.

Oaxaca, The Capstone

Our journey through Mexico ended with a brief visit with the believers in Oaxaca. Once again, it was like visiting precious family members. We could see how much the Word means to these people through their

passionate testimonies. One soft-spoken old brother and his wife patiently waited for us to finish recording the testimonies of the different believers. Every time the testimony would end, their eyes would perk up and they would make their way to the front, then humbly back off when the next person came to give another testimony. Finally, we asked if the old fellow had a testimony to give. He just shook his head and stepped back again, still waiting for something.

We realized what he was waiting for when Brother

I always have success with Mexican people because they believe.

56-0801 The Arrow Of God's Deliverance Shot From A Bow



Note: Brother Jorge Paez Lopez (our driver for this trip), Sister Laydy De La O Perez (The wife of Brother Carmen Olan), and Brother Miguel Gomez Torres (the Ch'ol Indian pastor) have their profiles printed in the previous issue of CTV.



At about 7:30pm, at a distance of about 100 km (62 mi) from Lisala, we found ourselves surrounded by a band of pirates. They were in dugouts also, and were armed with spears and machetes. They believed our boxes were full of valuables or money.

Them waters was treacherous. You know, a storm came up and it still does the same thing, if you're ever around Jerusalem. I guess, Jack, you remember. Them storms still sweep right down through that crack there, and hit that sea and drown the fishermen, just like it did then. Come up, you can't even see the storm coming; all at once, it's there.

"And just think now, we've all, all of our lives, dreaded to cross this dangerous water here. But remember, the very One that we know is the Creator, is laying right there in the boat, with us. I feel good! Don't you, boys?" They'd say, "Amen. Yes, sir. There He is in the boat!"

And what it is to know the day that we're living in, that they had seen the identification, that, and was satisfied, no matter what anybody else has said. Their discussion had been about believers, and make-believers, and so forth. But they themselves believed It. And they knowed that they had Him with them. No matter what any of the rest of the people, they were happy to have Him.

I am, too. Aren't you? No matter what the rest of the world says. I'm happy to know that He is sailing life's troubled seas with me, right in the boat. Amen. Amen. Sailing over life's solemn seas, as He does, and in all the treacherous waters, not knowing what time you could be shot, killed, drop dead, whatever might take place.

63-1130E GO AWAKE JESUS

I am your brother in the Lord, Gindo Malukelo Leon, pastor of the Christian Church of Mobeka, at the edge of the Congo River. I would like to tell you my testimony of how the Lord protected us as we were working to establish the first library of the prophet in my village.

I was invited by Pastor Manze (VGR Librarian and pastor in Lisala) to travel to Lisala and pick up a load of Message books and tapes to establish a sub-center of VGR in Mobeka. This is a small village, but there are many believers around this area and many who have yet to hear the prophet. A library, where the people could get the Message, was greatly needed for the people.

Traveling to the VGR office is a dangerous and difficult task, because the only way to reach Lisala from our town is by rowing 213 km (132 mi) in dugout canoe on the

Congo River. We were in a time of war, which made the journey even more dangerous. The Lord protected us, and after many hours in the canoe, Pastor Manze finally welcomed my four paddling companions to Lisala.

We decided to stay over Sunday and return to Mobeka the following Monday morning. During the Sunday morning service at the church of Pastor Manze, a prophetic message was given by the Holy Spirit concerning our return. The brother said that we had to be prayed for, because the devil had placed traps for our way back. Pastor Manze and the assistant pastor prayed for us.



On Monday morning, we loaded up our 18 boxes of material into our dugout, including 16 boxes of French Message books and 2 boxes of tapes. We then started our journey back to Mobeka. We paddled all day long on our journey back home.

At about 7:30pm, at a distance of about 100 km (62 mi) from Lisala, we found ourselves surrounded by a band of pirates. They were in dugouts also, and were armed with spears and machetes. They believed our boxes were full of valuables or money.

When they were almost to us, suddenly hippopotamuses emerged from the water and began capsizing and sinking their dugouts. Other pirates continued pursuing us, because there were so many of them. The hippos continued their attack, and capsized more of their dugouts.

Seeing that the hippos had done such damage, the remaining pirates gave up the chase and went back to try to help their comrades. Meanwhile, we were free to escape into the darkness. We were able to carry our cargo the rest of the way to Mobeka, where it was distributed to the churches in our area. We thank God, our Lord Jesus Christ, that He gave the prophecy of what was going to happen, and He protected us.

Brother Gindo Malukelo
VGR Librarian and Pastor of the Christian Church in Mobeka





AROUNDTOWN

Riding a bicycle around the sleepy town of Utica, Indiana may not sound like the most eventful way to spend your time, but this place is full of surprises. After my initial experience of meeting Henry, an old fellow who claimed to have been present in Brother Branham's first meeting and was later baptized by him in the Ohio River, I was excited to find more stories about Brother Branham.

Once again, I strapped on my helmet, tucked my camera into my backpack, and went looking for old folks sitting on their porches. It wasn't long before I had my first opportunity of the day.

Two older couples were enjoying each other's company and the warm afternoon sunshine, so I hopped off my bike and asked if I could talk with them for a moment. The couple that was visiting, Clarence and Betty, were neatly pressed and looked like they were ready for a night out on the town. On the other side of the porch was Jerry and his wife. He was barefooted and sitting on the porch swing, wearing nothing more than a pair of ragged old shorts. It took me a moment to notice that he wasn't wearing a shirt, because the color of his belly perfectly matched his tan shorts. His wife, a quiet little lady about a third of his size, said nothing and just smiled.

I asked, "How long have you all lived here?"

Clarence answered, "We've all lived here all our lives. Right here in Utica."

I then asked, "I'm doing a project on William Branham. Have you ever heard of him?"

Jerry's bloodshot eyes narrowed, "He was a great man. A great preacher."

I asked, "You knew him?"

He said, "You know, those people go to his tomb every year, waiting for his resurrection."

I asked, "To his tomb and wait for his resurrection? That sounds like a strange group of people. Have you ever seen them do that?"

Even with his skeptical tone, it was obvious that Jerry had a certain respect for Brother Branham and the people that follow his Message, and, although he may have believed the tale he just told, he quickly caught himself and gave what seemed to me to be a compliment, "Well, I won't say anything about them people. I just got my own ideas about that."



“By now, I really shouldn't be surprised at the answer to this question, but, once again, I was.”

“I wish I could’ve seen Billy preach more. We just didn’t have transportation to get down there to the Tabernacle. He was sure something special.”

Clarence then said, “We’ve been to his meetings. He was really a great preacher. He had these big, long, healing lines.”

Of the two couples, Clarence and Betty were far more friendly and easier to talk to. They both told me how “Billy Branham” was a local evangelist, who started a church in Jeffersonville and used to preach “right here in Utica.”



I asked if they had ever seen anyone healed. Jerry then interrupted and looked at me with a skeptical look: “A lot of ‘em acted like they was healed. One man came up in the line with a broken arm, or crippled; something like that. It was in a sling. Billy Branham prayed for him, and that man started throwing his arm around like there was never anything wrong (he mimicked the man by shaking his arm in the air). But I got my own ideas about that.”

I said, “So you don’t believe in healing?” His bloodshot eyes narrowed again and he took a more stern tone, “I just have my own ideas about that.”

I could see that I was about to wear out my welcome, so I decided to forgo taking pictures and move along my way.

A few blocks to the north, I spotted an old fellow napping out in his yard on his bench swing. He woke when I slowed in front of his gate, and gave me a welcoming wave of his hand.

I stopped and called out, “Good afternoon! It sure is a pretty day isn’t it?” He sat up, hollered out something I couldn’t quite understand, slapped on his University of Indiana baseball cap, and walked over to the fence where I was now standing. Unlike my last stop, this old gentleman was more than willing to talk.

Bill spoke with a speech impediment and his single, bright-blue eye never left my eyes as we talked. I asked him if he had ever heard of William Branham, and that was all he needed.

Oh yeah! He was a bear hunter. He used to go bear hunting and bring

the meat back. Hunted a lot. Everybody liked him around here because he used to read the meters. He was a small man with black, curly hair: a really nice looking man. He was a full Gospel preacher; preached right here in Utica. He preached hell fire and damnation at big revivals all over the world. He preached the Book of Revelation too; the Seven Seals. He knew that Book better than anyone I ever seen.

I asked him if he knew that Brother Branham’s ministry was still going, and he taped over a thousand of his sermons. He wiped the drip of tobacco from his chin and continued.

I never heard his tapes, but I heard it straight from his mouth. He preached my dad’s funeral. One thing I’ll never forget that he told me about his dad. He said, “My daddy was a drunk, but he was still my daddy.” That stuck with me forever.

Reminiscing about the old times, he mentioned a name that rang a bell in my mind:

An old fisherman that lived around here named Wiseheart used to go to Billy Branham’s meetings.

He lived up here in a shanty boat on the river. He used to fish with nets on an old wooden ‘dog boat.’ He was a nice old man that died, oh, I’d say before 1945. That’s back when the fishing was good on the Ohio.

The old fisherman named Wiseheart has a special place in every believer’s heart. We are all familiar with his story:

Now, in my city there was a little boy some time ago, he got all enthused in his Sunday school, and when he went home he said to his mommy, “Mommy, can anyone see this great God that they’re telling us about?”

She said, “Ask your Sunday school teacher.”

And as he asked the teacher, he would, rather, ask the lady teacher, and she said, “Ask the pastor.”

And they asked the pastor, and the pastor said, “No, son, no one can see God and live.”

Well, the little fellow, that did not satisfy his enthusiasm. So he used to fish up on the river with

an old fisherman down there by the name of Wiseheart, used to be a deacon in our church. And then, one day coming down on the river, there come a storm. Been a dusty summer, and the water had dust all the leaves off, and the sun was setting in the west, as the old fisherman, and the little boy made their way down after running the net. And there was a rainbow came out. And as the old fisherman watched that rainbow, the little fellow noticed the tears begin to run down his bearded cheeks.

And the crystal tears dropping off of his white beard, kindly stirred the emotions of the little boy. So he ran from the stern of the boat up into the middle and fell down upon the lap of the old fisherman and said, “Sir, I’m going to ask you something that seemingly no one can answer me.”

And he said, “What is it, my lad?”

He said, “God is so great, the God that made that rainbow.” Said, “Can anyone see God?”

And the old fisherman overcome by the child’s enthusiasm, put him in his arms, and he said, “God bless your little heart, honey, all I seen for forty years has been God.”

Bill remembered old Mr. Wiseheart, but it was a man by the name of Billy Branham who, in his opinion, had no equal in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

He had a big following. Graham Snelling, from around here, tried to be Billy Branham, but he couldn’t make that deal. No sir.

I like a full Gospel minister. Billy’s preaching’s got more pep to it. It means something. I don’t go with any other book but the Bible. I read it every day. I just wish the people would wake up. I don’t like a minister that asks for money. What about

OPPOSITE: Bill had fond memories of “Billy Branham,” especially noting that he knew the Book of Revelation better than anyone he had ever seen.

Peter, Paul, and Isaiah? Did they ask for money?

There is something holding everything up. People have forgot to love their neighbors. I remember when someone would die, they'd set up with the family all night. They don't do that no more.

I wish I could've seen Billy preach more. We just didn't have transportation to get down there to the Tabernacle. He was sure something special.

There was no question in my mind that Bill loved the Lord, and much of the faith he has today came from the limited time he spent with Brother Branham. He wanted to keep talking, and told me that I needed to come back and talk about the Bible some more. His sweet spirit certainly made an impression on me.

It wasn't more than a few turns of the crank on my bike when I saw an elderly woman sitting on her front porch watching the cars go by. I thought, "Well, things have been going pretty good so far. I wonder what the Lord has in store at this humble little home."

"Hello ma'am. I'm doing a project on William Branham. Have you ever heard of him?" By now, I really shouldn't be surprised at the answer to this question, but, once again, I was: "Billy Branham was a great man." The lady, her name was Barbara, smiled and leaned forward in her chair.

They called us 'holy rollers!' I went to his and Graham Snelling's meetings, and that's what they called us: 'holy rollers.' Everybody in Utica worshipped that man. Charlie Wiseheart picked us up and drove us down to Jeffersonville whenever they had church, and Billy would be there. Everybody knew when Billy was going to be there. Boy, that church would be packed with people lined up around the church and down the street. Billy baptized me right there in the Tabernacle. They had a pool inside the building.

Yep, they used to make fun of us and call us 'holy rollers.' Well, you ought to be a holy roller if you asked me!

She spoke with such enthusiasm and admiration of Brother Branham, that I couldn't help but ask her why she didn't stay with his Message.

Well, back then nobody drove. You probably don't understand, but we were lucky if we got to go to Jeffersonville for a meeting. I just didn't have a way to get to the Tabernacle.

I didn't know what to say. I could see excitement in her eyes as she spoke about witnessing his Ministry, but when God called him home, those supernatural experiences became just fond memories to her. This little old lady is truly a witness to the effect Brother Branham had, not only on those of us who loyally follow his Message, but also on those who simply cherish a few memorable experiences with him. His impact on the world could never be measured by numbers of believers. We can only imagine how many may have found Eternal Life from going to one meeting or just one conversation with God's prophet. I thanked her for her time, snapped a few pictures, and went on my way.

The ride home seemed especially long this evening. The sound of my tires rolling across the pavement relaxed my mind as I enjoyed the cool evening and the breeze in my face. To think, the prophet walked this very road and watched the same sun set over these same fields. He certainly spoke to the same people that I spoke to.

I wondered how many in this forgotten part of the United States have testimonies like the ones I heard today. All these people are far up in years and won't be around much longer. My pace quickened in the fading light. How many memories of God's prophet will die today? What testimonies will I miss if I don't stop at these houses? There must be one more person waiting for me on his porch.

Then, something seemed to speak to my heart: Brother Branham is touching far more people today than he did 50 years ago. As long as his Voice, the Voice of Revelation 10:7, is being heard in this world, there will be testimonies about the man named William Marrion Branham.



Barbara didn't care what they called her; she wanted to serve Jesus Christ. She used to catch a ride to the Tabernacle with an old man named Wiseheart when Brother Branham was in town. Brother Branham baptized her in that same church.

“They used to make fun of us and call us holy rollers. Well, you ought to be a ‘holy roller’ if you asked me!”

blog/20100105_Out_of_the_Mouth_of_Babes
 Children are so wonderful. Last year at Christmas time, VGR gave the children little mp3 players in the shape of a cross with stories by Brother Branham and his singing also. When we came home, my lil boy Joshua put his on to listen. One of his siblings tried to talk to him but his response was "Shhh! I'm listening to the Voice of God."

YF FEEDBACK

Numerous people are blessed through the many articles posted on our website at youngfoundations.org. We receive thousands of feedback every year, telling the simple but sweet reflections that are left on their hearts. We've decided to share a few of these thoughts with you in our little corner of the spring CTV. You'll find that the comments range from young children, to growing parents, and even to elder grandparents. Each one is thankful, touched, or blessed in a different way by an article that was sent to us by a tender heart toward God.

blog/20091211_Hurricane_Mountain
 I am so thankful to our Lord for allowing me to grab hold of that wire and help me to find my way home. God Bless you there at the VGR for sharing these testimonies. My life would be empty without them and this Voice.

blog/20091221_The_Christ_in_Christmas
 May the Lord bless you all in the work you do for the Lord. We really like your website. Timo isn't able to read English yet, but he likes to tell you all that he really likes the games. I myself am very blessed by the articles you put on the website. Greetings from the Netherlands

blog/20091027_The_Youth_Of_The_Bible
 I enjoyed doing this quiz with my daughter and came to know that Bible names are not that easy to spell. Thank you all for the effort you make to keep our eyes on Christ!!!

God bless you all :)
blog/20091221_The_Christ_in_Christmas
 May God richly bless you for your labor of love for me in 2009. Thank you for all the messages, do u know notes, and everything. Thank you Young Foundations for encouraging me in my walk with Christ.

20100213_Don't_neever_eever
 God bless you! you may not know just how encouraging your testimonies are until we get to heaven and someone testifies that your testimony brought back their straying soul!

tapequiz/59-1217/?code=59-1217
 Young Foundations is very good. Not only for the young but for us older ones also. I love to take these quizzes and I am 49 years old. God Bless you all.

blog/20091224_The_Frozen_Chosen_God_bless_the_frozen_Chosen_from_the_Boiling_believers_in_Arizona
 Thank you for this crossword puzzle. Helped this great grandma to remember and sharpen her knowledge of the Bible. God bless you for following God's leading in all you do to help the youth.

20091020 The Deep was Calling out to The Deep - Wonderful testimony and absolutely the truth. You give me a reminder that if He's done it for one, He can do it for my daughter also (who is not saved at this present time but soon will be). God bless you sister and thank you for encouraging a mother with a teenage daughter!

Subject: Thank You. It is not very often that I find a website that I can really connect and relate to. It is delightful to be able to have a resource such as this one to give great thought provoking ideas to help me be able to minister to youth in my Bible study class!! God bless this ministry.

Dear Bro. Joseph Thank you so much for putting these Messages on the website. I searched so long for the answer to what the Holy Spirit is and how to receive it. I went to a lot of youth meetings where preachers preached, but nobody could give an answer like brother Branham did. The Lord is doing great works inside of me and I'm so glad I finally found the answers to the many questions I had. May the Lord richly bless you and may the Lord richly bless the work Voice of God Recordings is doing, the Netherlands.

BLOG/20100216_Not_So_Different_After_All
 For Cindy...thank you for your sweet and honest testimony. I was once young like you and had to come the hard way also. I am now past 60. I have young grandchildren, a granddaughter now 22, a grandson 20 and others who are younger, and they face Satan every single day. They probably don't listen when I tell them I wish I had served the Lord Jesus from a very young age. But maybe they will read your testimony and listen to you, one of their own. Thank you for writing, and may God bless you and your family. Praise the Lord for healing your mother! He is wonderful, wonderful, Hebrews 13:8.

20090430_Tucson_Youth_Gathering
 These testimonies were so very lovely, it brought tears to my eyes and my heart. I'm about to turn 27 soon, and still I never had the experience these young people had. I have no suggestions to an already perfect work, just a request: When there is such a gathering again with such wonderful grace being expressed, please whisper a prayer for the youths in Trinidad W.I. at the Little Flock Tabernacle. We need such blessed experiences to come to be in our midst. Thank you and God bless. A sister in Christ.



David and Carol Botazzi
Tucson, Arizona, USA

When Brother David's dad first witnessed Brother Branham come to the platform, he heard an audible voice saying, "This is my servant." After that, they went to hear Brother Branham as much as they could.

Brother David took Sister Carol to hear Brother Branham in the spring of 1955. They were married the next year.

(Brother David) We always heard Brother Branham say "Christian baptism," and that is how we thought we were baptized until we got our first tape in 1959. It all made sense after that. A couple weeks later, we went down to the Tabernacle and got baptized correctly. I was on top of the world after I received the revelation of baptism. When I talked with Brother Branham at an interview, I was so enthusiastic that I couldn't stop talking about it. I really thought I had a great revelation. Brother Branham told me that I was just getting started.

After the Botazzi's received their first tape and were baptized, they began making the trip from their home in Chicago to the Tabernacle as often as they could.

(Sister Carol) We didn't have money to go down one weekend. The only thing we had of value was our wedding rings, so we sold them to make the trip. My ring had a big diamond in the center and two diamonds on the side, and diamonds all around. I felt bad, but I didn't know what else to sell. We couldn't sell the kids.

Brother David and Sister Carol now live in Tucson, where Brother David pastors a church.



Clyde Collins
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

In about 1955, my brother came by and told me he had a tape that he wanted me to hear. I can't remember what the name of the tape was, but I sure liked it. When it was over, I told him that I believed every word of it. We were Methodists back then, but we started making the trip from southern Kentucky to Jeffersonville as much as we could. I thought it was important for our children to be around other believers, so we eventually moved to Jeffersonville. We've enjoyed being here and always counted it a great privilege to be in the Message.

One of the most outstanding memories I have is on January 8, 1961 when I saw the Seven Church Ages drawn out on the back wall of the Tabernacle. If you were standing at the pulpit, looking out at the congregation, it was on the right wall, towards the back. One at a time, they appeared on the wall. The first one was almost full, then they started getting less and less as the ages went along, until the last one was either completely blacked out, or there was just a little. It was something I will never forget.

Brother Clyde Collins is now a deacon at the Branham Tabernacle. Brother Willard Collins, his brother who introduced him to the Message, is serving a portion of the Bride of Christ as pastor of the Branham Tabernacle today.



Holland Hickerson
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

Brother Branham came by the station to pay me for overhauling his car. Of course, I wasn't going to take a penny for that blessing, so I didn't let him pay me. After a while he said, "I want a people that will follow me up to a place, and I'm going to point up in the air like this (pointed his finger into the air) and say, 'There He is, exactly the way I told you.'"

I want to warn all the young people who might hear my voice today: Don't ever add one word or take one word away from what Brother Branham said. I think the safest route today is the Malachi 4 route. I've been around this for about 58 years now, and I've watched what he said. In all those years, I've never seen one thing he said fail in the least bit. It's going to be exactly the way he said it. It can't change, because if it changed, it wouldn't be God. Some said that you are worshipping a man. I said, "No. I'm worshipping the God that was in the man." Somebody asked me one time what attracted me to the Message. I told them that I saw something real. You could hang your soul on whatever that prophet said.

Brother Hickerson is another one of Brother Branham's friends who could write a volume of books on his experiences. Not only was he a friend of Brother Branham, but he was also a deacon in his church.



Mary Ann Norman
Tucson, Arizona, USA

We first saw him in July of 1950, in Minneapolis, and we knew right away that he was God's prophet.

In February of 1958, we sponsored one of Brother Branham's meetings in Waterloo Iowa, about 20 miles from our home in Parkersburg. The meeting at the Hippodrome Auditorium was well attended, and a wind even rushed down through the structure with a great noise that sounded like a roar. During the service, Brother Branham said, "The Holy Spirit passed through this place just now in a confirmation of the Word." However, even with the signs, he still felt unbelief from the audience.

At the next morning's breakfast, Brother Branham preached *The Oneness Of Unity*. As he was preaching, ten ministers got up and walked out. Of course we were embarrassed. Later, Gene (Sister Mary's husband) tried to apologize for their disrespect, and Brother Branham asked him, "Brother Gene, do you love me?" He asked him this three times. After stammering for words, Gene answered, "Brother Branham do you want me to prove it?" Brother Branham then said, "Brother Gene, if I were you, I would leave here and move west. This place is under judgment." We later moved to Tucson, where I live now.

The Normans were among Brother Branham's closest friends. This entire magazine could easily be filled with Sister Norman's testimonies of Brother Branham.

Of special interest, on May 25, 2008, a mile-wide F5 tornado – the strongest tornado rating – devastated Parkersburg Iowa, killing 7 people, injuring 67, and reducing the southern part of that town to rubble.



Roberta Jean Embry
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

I heard Brother Branham for the first time in my hometown of Owensboro, KY, and I said, "Lord, I cast my lot with this man and his Message." From then on, he was our absolute. I never doubted him to be a prophet.

We had an apartment building, and a woman with a four-month old baby came by and asked if she could stay. She just up and left the baby one day, so we took the little boy in. She later came back and asked if we wanted to adopt it. We raised Clarence as our own until he was seven years old. The woman returned one day and told my husband, "I'm going to take Clarence to my mother's for a little while." It turns out that she took the baby with her to Pennsylvania, where she married into a family of organized crime. We found Clarence at a Catholic church and took him back home with us, which started a legal battle with the woman, and a judge gave the child back to the mother.

We told the story to Brother Branham, and we just knew he would tell us that we should keep trying to get custody. We asked him, and he told us not to get the child back. When we got back home from our visit with Brother Branham, there was a letter from the woman's lawyer stating that we could legally have him. It broke our hearts, but we couldn't do it because Brother Branham said not to. You don't disobey a prophet; you do what he says and you're blessed.



Jerry and Rita Jones
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

I met my wife in the spring of 1957. We were attending the local junior college in El Centro, California. That fall I went to a fellowship meeting with her and started attending the little nondenominational Pentecostal church she had attended since she was five. She would frequently mention Brother Branham when we would talk about church or religion. Her family had begun attending Brother Branham's meetings in Long Beach in 1947. That summer, nine-year old Rita, her parents, and her grandparents attended Brother Branham's meetings in Jonesboro, Arkansas. They also went to other meetings around the Los Angeles area until 1955. Our pastor did not tell us any more about Brother Branham until 1961.

We started going to the meetings in Phoenix in 1963. After Brother Branham preached *Choosing Of A Bride*, our ultimate goal was to move to Jeffersonville, which we did in 1970. We raised our sons here, and this is as close to home as any earthly place can be, especially since Brother Joseph felt to start VGR here.

Those early days started a long line of Joneses that would dedicate their lives to serving the Bride of Christ. Today, three of their sons: James, Nathan, and Ben, and three of their grandsons: Randall, Ben Jr., and David work at VGR. Brother Jerry also works part time, line checking the Message books and giving tours of the building. The old cliché of *trying to keep up with the Joneses* is tough in this case. This family of Joneses sets the bar pretty high.



Helen Borders Mullen
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

I was working as a legal secretary, and Brother Branham told me to learn all that I could. He then asked me if I ever thought of working for the Lord. I told him that was what I always wanted to do, but he just smiled and didn't say anything else. My husband, Roy Borders, had

been Brother Branham's campaign manager, setting up his meetings. It was important to Brother Branham that all the Pentecostal churches in each area cooperated, and he tried to schedule the meetings at a neutral location. I took care of the correspondence involved with the campaigns.

Ever since Roy and I were married in 1960, I wanted to have a child. I took treatments, but the doctors told me it wouldn't happen. Then, in Grass Valley California, Brother Branham mentioned my name in a prayer line. I had an overwhelming feeling of faith, but he just went

on to the next person, without saying anything. The next morning he told me, "You know my policy to not call out people I know. That's why I tried to get past you, but you held me right there, so I had to call you." He then said one of the hardest things I ever heard, "You were wanting a baby, but I didn't see a baby." I don't know where it came from, but I said, "That's all right Brother Branham, but I believe I'll have one anyhow."

Finally, we decided to adopt a child. Of course, we asked Brother Branham for his opinion. He said that adoption would be the answer, and the Lord gave us Stephen. Not long after that, I got to talk to Brother Branham for the last time. It was in Bakersville, CA, and I had my new baby with me. Brother Branham said, "That's a fine baby you have there...Now that you've adopted one, you'll probably have one."

A few years later, "Probably" was born. We named him Samuel Joseph Borders.



Samuel Borders
Jeffersonville, Indiana, USA

I remember watching Dad (Roy Borders) spend hours listening to tape after tape to make sure every word Brother Branham said was transcribed correctly before the *Spoken Word* books were printed. Although he passed away when I was 13, my mom raised us right

by playing the tapes in our home so we would always know the truth. Growing up, I thought I would work for Spoken Word or VGR one day, because my dad devoted his life to the same work.

It all started when Brother Joseph called me one evening. I was only 17 years old, but he asked me to come to work for him. I have been working here ever since.

I have gone full circle in the 23 years I have worked at VGR. I started in the *Tape Duplication Department*, making the cassette tapes. Then I moved to *Typesetting*, where I helped make the Message books. Now,

I work in the *Public Relations Department* where I get to work for both the believers who receive the Message material, and the believers who support sending the material overseas. I have been very blessed.

I remember when I first started at VGR and a minister brother came through on a tour. He struck me as an arrogant person, and when he walked by me while I was duplicating cassettes, he tried to make fun of my job and said, "So, what do you want to do when you grow up?"

I didn't know how to answer when he asked, but I couldn't get his question out of my mind. I ended up writing him a letter saying that I am doing exactly what I always wanted to, and there is no greater work than this.

I believe that getting the Message to the people is the greatest work there is. It is humbling to think that God would choose someone like me, who has no talent, to do something for the Bride. Where would I be without predestination?



Rev. William Branham

IT IS WRITTEN

Now, brother, sister, listen. What's taken place now? We're at the end time. We're going into the Millennium. Every hand pointing that way. The old clock's ticking away about two minutes till midnight. Omnipotence is speaking. Angels are appearing. Prophets are coming. Prophets are prophesying; visions are being poured out upon your... The Gospel's being preached; the sick's being raised up; the blind sees; the deaf hear; the devils are raging; impersonators, Jannes and Jambres, are here. But Omnipotence speaks. Hallelujah. We're in the last days. We're at the junction.

Men's hearts are failing for fear, perplexed of time, distress between the nations. The earth's getting so nervous, till it's bursting forth earthquakes everywhere. Jesus said it would be that way. There'll be earthquakes in divers places. What's the matter? The earth knows she's doomed. She's nervous. The world's nervous. But the church is rising in the Gospel, tucked away with security. "He that cometh to Me, I'll in no wise cast out." Hallelujah.

Except a man be borned of water and Spirit, he won't enter the

Kingdom. In the Kingdom you got God's seal of approval: the Holy Spirit in your heart. Let the waves ride wherever they want to. The times are getting worse. Omnipotence is arising. The impersonators are trying to act like it. And all kinds of things are trying to do this. And the Bible said that great final impersonator would rise up yonder and set on seven hills; he'd wear a triple crown, and he'd give power and have power, even so much as to make fire come down out of heaven in the presence of the people. He would do all of that, all of that in the last days.

And how that they'd stand and impersonating people, bowing at shrines of dead people and everything, and rubbing bones and everything. But while they're rubbing bones and bowing their shrines, Omnipotence speaks and the miraculous takes place. If there's a bunch of nonsense, but the church is growing. Great healing revivals all over the country. Signs and wonders are going everywhere. Angels are appearing to people. Signs and wonders are here.

What is it, friends? We're at the end time. We're at the junction.

"Lift up your head," He said, "your redemption's drawing nigh." Do you see what I mean? The junction time? "And it shall come to pass," saith God, "That in the last days I'll pour out My Spirit; your sons and daughters shall prophesy." Prophets promised. "Your young men shall see visions, and I'll show wonders in the heavens above." Flying saucers and everything, great distress. The earth will be shaken with divers...big earthquakes will be coming, and great volcanics will take place, and great troubles and distress between the world. The nations will be trying to find peace with a knife behind their back; they'll be troubled and everywhere: all these things. And men shall grow worse and worse. "And when the enemy comes in like a flood, I'll raise up a standard against it," For the glory of God. The junction time, the end of the road...

56-0115 THE JUNCTION OF TIME

"The earth's getting so nervous, till it's bursting forth earthquakes."



The

FAMILY

of

GOD

About two and a half years ago, a massive earthquake rocked Southern Peru, devastating a number of Message churches and destroying hundreds of believers' homes. As soon as we received word that there were believers involved, Brother Joseph sent the local distributors out with emergency supplies, and asked for a quick report so we could start organizing the relief effort. Instead of relying solely on the international humanitarian organizations, the devastated believers breathed a collective sigh of relief knowing that their fellow members of the Bride of Christ would be helping them during this disaster. Then an amazing thing happened: believers from all over the world began emailing and calling VGR, asking how they could help and where they could send donations. A fund was quickly set up, and the work continued as originally planned before the donations started coming in. The VGR distributors began regular trips into the devastated zone with food, clothing, and even toys for the children. As the humanitarian organizations began to pull out, we stood firm with the resolve that we would not let one of our own go hungry.

The economic crisis in Zimbabwe has continued over the last few years, and we have been there to help those believers who could not help themselves. Over the past two years, we have sent more than 10 tons of

mealy meal to supplement their needs. South of Zimbabwe, in Swaziland, there is a refugee camp predominately made up of Message believers. There is no food and little opportunity for work in the area, so we are sending a highly nutritious blend of corn and soy called ePap that will help to feed the entire camp.

Last year, three devastating typhoons ripped through the Philippines, causing widespread flooding and a great need for food among the believers. Once again, the VGR distributor was quickly on the scene, assessing the needs of his fellow countrymen. An unprecedented cooperation between 65 pastors resulted in over 3,000 believers receiving the life-sustaining natural food that was so needed. It also broke down many long-standing barriers between churches.

Earlier this year, the world watched in horror as an earthquake flattened Central Haiti, resulting in the deaths of a quarter million people. Again, the Lord was working on all ends as the Bride of Christ from around the world saw the great need among the Haitian believers and began sending donations to help. As soon as we could safely enter that country, we sent representatives to Haiti to institute an efficient distribution network that is still in place today. A few months have passed, and now that the relief organizations are slowing their efforts, we have again sent representatives to that country to assess the needs of the believers and continue to give them our support. These precious people understand that they will be in a dire situation for months, or even years to come, but they are encouraged that so many people have pulled together to support them. We will be reporting on the ongoing work in Haiti in future issues of CTV.

Then, in late February, one of the most massive earthquakes in recorded history shook the country of Chile, spawning a tidal wave that killed hundreds. Although the destruction and loss of life was on a much smaller scale than that of the Haitian quake, there was still an urgent need among the believers, and once again, the Bride of Christ around the globe answered the call. Our distributor, though he and his family were in the most devastated area, was quickly out checking on the believers and delivering supplies. Like Haiti, the work is continuing in Chile.

How loving is our Father? First, He warned us that these times would come. Then He sent us the Holy Spirit as our Comforter. Even more, He sent a prophet in the last days to show us that Jesus Christ is still alive and working among His people. And in these hard times, when the enemy is trying to destroy both our natural and spiritual lives, the Lord gave us another gift to help us along the way: our fellow believers. The world may not understand, but for the Bride of Christ, we truly know what it means to be called "brother" or "sister." The Family of God is looking out for our own. 



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