
THE WORST SINNER IN THE CITY



My favorite hymn. . . The background of it, if you would only know what, how it come about. . . My friend, Brother Booth-Clibborn wrote that on his knees by inspiration in a cornfield one night with pasteboard pieces in the bottom of his shoes for soles on his shoes, sold it to WyCliffe for one hundred dollars, and he taken the copyright of the song. And that's my favorite of the hymns. It expresses the ex—the extreme Deity of the Lord Jesus, and especially in a day like this, when they try to make Him just a prophet. He was more than a prophet. He was God.

² In the Scripture lesson tonight in Saint Luke the 7th chapter and the 36th verse. . . And then when you go home, finish reading this chapter, I just read this, because I know tomorrow is Sunday. We don't want to stay long, but we. . . Tomorrow you have Sunday school and many services.

³ And while visiting here, I certainly had lots of good friends that I really would've liked to have visit, the Stadsklevs setting here, and the Petersons, and so forth. But my reason is for the preaching services, but looks like wherever I go, it starts healing services. And then, of course, I can't visit while we're in healing services. I have to place my time on fasting and waiting on the Lord. I'm sure my friends understand this, so. . .

The 36th verse, we read this:

And one of—the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went unto the Pharisee's house, and sat down to eat.

Shall we pray. Heavenly Father, we pray that You'll bless these words to Your glory. In Jesus Name, we ask it. Amen.

⁴ There seems to be something wrong. This is not just exactly right. Why would a Pharisee ask Jesus to come eat with him? Well, that's—that's not just right. Because the Pharisees didn't like Jesus; they hated Him. They had no dealings with Him at all. And usually, when we want somebody, when we love somebody, we want them to come eat with us. But you don't ask your enemies to come eat with you. So there's something wrong with the picture when this Pharisee wanted Jesus to come and eat with him.

And usually, it's fellowship we want. And the Pharisees had no fellowship with Jesus, 'cause they were a stiff, starchy, sectarian group. And Jesus was the lovely Son of God. And you know, just like, young women, they have things together. They have their own talks; they like

to be together: young women. And the older women, they have their times together. They like to associate together. And the young men, and the old men . . . The little children, they have their fellowship with each other. They get in the street and play. You know, the Bible speaks of that in Isaiah, the little children playing in the streets.

5 But what could this Pharisee want with Jesus? You know, you take a—a little girl, little girl, and let her follow around with grandma all the time, there's something wrong. There's too much difference in their age. They don't have things in common. You can depend on this: that's either grandma's pet, or grandma's got a sack of candy somewhere. There's something up the sleeve when you see a little girl following grandma.

6 And you notice people gather together. Like in the city, the Kiwanis gathers. When they do, they have things in common. They like to talk about the affairs of the city, and relief for the poor, and every . . . Everyone . . .

My mother had an old proverb she used to say. "Birds of a feather flock together." There's a lot of truth to that. Because we have things in common. That's why we're here tonight. We have things in common. We're . . . Reason you didn't go to the bioscope or something on that order, because that you—you . . . We had things in common as Christians; we come to fellowship around the Word of God and to talk about the Lord Jesus.

7 But what could this Pharisee want with Jesus? That's the next thing. It was getting late. The sun was just about ready to go down. And as it begin to sink across the western horizon, I can see him standing, this courier, that had been a runner. He had been two day's journey coming up through Palestine, trying to—to find the thing that he had just discovered. He'd go into the city. "Well, He was here a week ago, but He is gone."

So now we see him standing just outside the great huge crowd that had gathered, listening to the words of a Man that never a man spake like this. He spoke with authority. And He was speaking. And this courier, his legs dusty from running over the hard Palestinian roads, and from city to city, seeking, trying to find where this Jesus of Nazareth was, 'cause he was on an errand for his rich master, the Pharisee.

8 And after Jesus left off speaking, perhaps, He starts the prayer meeting for the sick. I can see Him as He stretches forth His sacred hands to touch the lame, and the feeble, and the blind. And this little courier, a running for the Pharisee, I can see him elbowing his way through the crowd, coming up to where he could get in contact with

Jesus, many people trying to push him back. But after while he comes to the final line, where there's twelve apostles standing with the line drawn, that no one could get any closer than them, unto the Lord Jesus. And he bumps into somebody; maybe it was Philip, or maybe, Peter. And he says, "Could I see your Master? I have a message from my master to Him."

"Well," the apostle said, "He's speaking now. I will ask Him when He finishes the healing service."

And as the healing service went on for a length of time, after while they thought it was just about time to have Him to—to leave off praying for the sick. And some of them said, "Master, I think we ought to stop the line now, because this is enough for today. We have other places to go."

And then Peter spoke up and said, "Now I will ask Him now, if He will have a word with you."

So he said, "Master, here in our audience stands a young lad who's come from south Palestine, and he's been two day's journey. He says he has a message from his master for You. Would You be able to speak to him just now?" And you never ask to speak with Jesus, unless He always gives you the opportunity. He was then as He is now. For He's longing and waiting to have an interview with every person. No matter what your errand is, or what your trouble is, our lovely—lovely Lord Jesus is always waiting and trying to get an opportunity to speak to everyone.

And so, certainly, He said he would be glad to see what he had.

9 This young man walks up and he said, "You are Jesus of Nazareth. And my master, the Pharisee in a certain city, a doctor, and he's going to have a great banquet. And he wants You to come and be his guest at this banquet."

I can see all the eyes of the apostles looking. What's He going to say? He said, "I will. . . Tell your master that I will be there at such-and-such a date." Ask and you shall receive, always with Jesus. And He said, "I'll be there at such-and-such a date."

I can hear Peter say, "Oh, no, Lord. You don't want to go down there. Why, that Pharisee's got something up his sleeve. He—he don't want You for any good thing. Why, there's too many sick people here to be ministered to, and people who love You are—are crowded around You, trying to get just a moment with You. Why, you don't want to go see that Pharisee."

But no one ever ask Jesus, but what He always replies to your—your desire. He said, "We will go."

¹⁰ And this runner, young fellow, flunky from the house of this rich Pharisee, well, his errand was over, and he turned away from Jesus and started his road back down home feeling satisfied that he'd completed everything, because he'd carried out the wishes of his master. What an error. The man standing in the Presence of Eternal Life, standing before the very God of heaven, and yet, after he had done all of his religion, his church duties, walked away without even asking for pardoning of his sin.

¹¹ I wish I could stand where he did. Wished I could stand in that place where he was standing. You know what I'd do? Oh, I wouldn't be interested in so much church affairs; I'd fall on my face and say, "Dear Lord Jesus, the Master of Life, give to me Your pardoning grace," if I had the opportunity to stand before Him.

I believe that's about the feeling of everybody here tonight. We'd do the same thing. I . . . But today it's just like it was then. We're so taken up with so many things in the church we got to do, so much the church requires us, and so much places to go, till really, we fail many times to receive the opportunity. And maybe, some night we got to go practice for song service. We got to do something else. Something, maybe, religious nature, but when the Holy Spirit is speaking at your heart, the best thing you can do is answer always, no matter what it is, what time of night, or what kind of an errand you're on, 'cause He might not speak no more for a long time, and maybe never.

¹² But this young fellow standing that close to Eternal Life, and never even ask for It . . . Well, we condemn that man, but you know what, perhaps maybe you and I have been guilty of the same thing, standing at mouth or voice distance of Eternal Life, looking at It, watching It, and walk away from It just as blank as he did. That's right. We're too took up with other things.

So many people today, you have so many things you have to do. You have to do your shopping. You got to hurry, the—the, this, that. We're just hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, and getting nowhere, getting farther away from God all the time. Now, that's right. And . . . But he thought he'd completed just exactly what he was supposed to do and that's all.

Many times we come up to the church, and sign our name to a paper, and shake hands with the pastor, be baptized with water, and think, "We've done our religion now." And you leave off the main thing, a talk with the Lord Jesus. Many times you have the opportunity and don't do it.

¹³ I wonder what caused this young man to do this. I can see, maybe, a week beforehand, way down in another city, a great gray synagogue,

and a pastor there, a . . . We'll call him Doctor Pharisee just for a name. And I can see him as he walking up and down his great halls, and his great rugs on the floor, and fine furniture, and a house, rubbing his little fat, chubby hands, and saying, "Well, you know, I'm a respected man of this city. I have a—a degree, a Bachelor of Art. I'm called Doctor. Everybody, when I go downtown, they regard me as Doctor Pharisee. 'Good morning, Doctor Pharisee.' Oh, I'm the head of a lot of lodges and things. And when the clubs meet, they ask me to speak. I'm a very fluniential speaker too. And the city looks up to me." There is just so much, I in it: "I, I, I, I."

¹⁴ Here some time ago, an outstanding minister, wrote me a letter, and a less than a half a page, and I counted twenty-two "I's" in it. "I, I, I, I have this. I have that. I have . . ." And after all, you haven't got nothing that God didn't give to you. So you ought to see where Jesus comes in.

I went to a city where they was going to have a meeting one time. And the pictures of the minister all over the city, "The man of the hour. God's man for this, the man with a feeling for the people." And I never seen Jesus' Name anywhere.

I thought, "Why, maybe Jesus isn't coming to the city. Maybe it's just the man." So that's about right.

But just, "I, I, I." This Pharisee had it, and it's—it's still loose.

¹⁵ So we notice that he walked up and down the—his floor and he would say, "Now, I have such influence in this city. And they all regard me as a holy man, because I pastor, you know, the biggest church in the city. And I—I'm sure that everybody regard me highly. I do my religions every day. And I—I think it's about time that I showed some—some of my religion, and I think I'll just have a—a dinner. And I'll bring over Doctor Levy Pharisee. And I'll bring over Doctor Ezra Pharisee. And I'll bring over . . . I'll have them all over. But it looks like that I need a keynote for that—for that dinner somewhere. If I only had a—a keynote, trump card, what they call it. If I just had that, that would just be what I would need. Now, where could I find such a—a something for a great entertainment to just really show these other pastors what a great man I am? And you know, by doing something like that, it'll perhaps throw a lot more influence of this city my way. And maybe by that, many of them will come over and join my church."

It's too bad, that kind of a spirit still exists (That's right.) in too many of our churches today.

¹⁶ So after while I see him as he rubs his little chubby hands and walking on his great Egyptian rug in his fine place. Those Pharisees were rich. They had plenty money. And they lived in the best of homes.

That didn't mean they were right with God, not at all. And they were smart, educated. That didn't mean they were right with God.

I've seen lots of people that had smart degrees of—out of all kinds of seminaries and colleges, and knowed no more about God than the first a-b-c of the Bible. That's right. When it comes to heart . . . They're educated, but they don't know Christ.

¹⁷ As I said the other night, to—to know Him is Life, not to know the Book, not to know the church, not to know the catechism, but to know Christ is Life, the Person Christ. And he . . .

They got a cut out of all the offerings, and all the sacrifices; they got the tithings of the people. And they were rich people, many of them, lived in fine homes, and they could afford to throw a great big (As we'd call it today,) a big dinner like that. And there was many poor people in the day.

¹⁸ Now, a lot of my information I get on my text tonight, I've got it from Josephus and many of the historians, of the way that they lived in that day. And I've been there also to see the modern days and the old ancient customs. And many of them are right yet today. And their great fine homes and things . . .

¹⁹ And I can see him as he walks back and forth, up-and-down the floor in his big fine robe trailing behind him, like that, and all of his religious hats on, and his garb. I can see him say, "Ho, ho, why didn't I think of that? Well, that's just what I should do. Well, I ought to have thought of that a week ago. That's what I'll do. You know, Pharisee Jones just hates that Galilean anyhow. He—he just thinks because that He bawled him out one day and told him that he was a snake in the grass . . . And I tell you, does he hate Him. Hum. And I'll invite Him over. And I will have also, Pharisee Levy; I'll bring him over, and does he hate Him too. My, how he hates Him. So why didn't I think of that, just exactly the thing." So that's why the courier was up there.

²⁰ Now, he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Now, He claims to be a prophet. And He claims that He sees things and foreknows things, but we know that He's a faker. We know there's nothing to Him. We church people, we who's got the education, we who are smart and know all the degree, we know there's nothing to that guy. He's nothing in the world but a Beelzebub. And did . . . You ought to have heard Rabbi Jones when this Galilean told him what he was. Oh, did he blow up. And now, will he have fun to know that I've got Him right down here, and we'll pin Him down good, right here, and prove that He's nothing but a faker. So we'll get Him here. So I'll just send my favorite runner, flunky, up there. He will get Him. Oh, I ought to have thought of this a long time ago. Well, I better get busy now and get my invitations

out.” ’Cause you couldn’t attend a Palestinian banquet without having an invitation.

²¹ So, then I hear him say, “I tell you what I believe I’ll do. You know, instead of having out here so that people can see what I’m doing, and I’ll send and have the very best of cooks to come. And I’ll get me a lamb and I’ll—I’ll barbecue it and roast it in spices, and oh, I’ll make everybody lick their lips and—and I’ll have a great big dinner for everybody. And . . . That I want . . . Or not everybody, not the poor, but them that I select. And then, after the dinner is all over, will we have some fun out of this here Jesus of Nazareth. We’ll prove that He’s no prophet. And will Jones and them laugh. Oh, that’ll be wonderful.”

“You know what, I believe I just won’t have it inside the houses here, and the corridors of the house. You know, I’ve got a nice big front yard there, and those delicious grapes, white grapes, oh, they’re just now coming in ripe. And won’t that be wonderful just to set my table out there?”

²² And can they put on, what we call, “the dog,” they sure can. And they really fix things up in a big way. You ought to see the way they do it. My. But that’s just about the way we try to entertain Jesus, cooking up a big soup supper somewhere and selling it for fifty cents a plate to pay the preacher. That’s right. We’re not much different. That’s right.

I told you I was going to talk to you tonight on the worst sinner in the city.

Now, so he had everything. He said, “I’ll fix that up out there and what a time I’ll have. And we’ll be right on the outside, right back under the—where these great big grapes are hanging down. It’ll be beautiful. The odor is fine. And I’ll cook up my lambs. And . . .”

²³ Could they really . . . They got those Indian servants over there. And many times, they’re so trained, the Indians are, till they wear little bells on their shoes. And when they walk, they just almost can play a tune with that, as they’re walking. And they’re so polite how they handle the platter, you know, just with all the—the dignity that you could think of.

Said, “Oh, I’ll have it really fixed up.” And in that day, poor people all over the country . . . Well, he was going to get it all fixed up. So he gets everything groomed and everything together.

And after while, the final time is just about to draw near at hand. So he goes in and he decorates his room. He fixes it all up beautiful, and how they can decorate too with their interior. You know, how they put on that, fix everything looking so nice.

24 You know, we have a lot of that yet today in America. The President can come to the city and what do they do? They hoist all the flags up, and the colors, and they fly them. And they have flower girls to meet him out at the—at the train, and they strew the flowers along the street, and everybody standing out with your very best clothes on and waving at him. That's all right. That's okay. But the thing of it is, Jesus can come to the city, and there's nothing said about it, nobody don't know about it. You don't welcome Him like that. Yet we pray all the time, "God, give us a big—big revival." But when He comes, you never make Him welcome. You always give Him third or fourth place.

25 You know, lots of times, we have so much to do, so many things to do that keeps our mind so occupied, we can't worship Him when He comes. He will come to the meeting where they was having a revival in the city, the whole city, the ministerial association will get together and have a breakfast, and they'll draw up plans, and they're going to have a big meeting. And then when Jesus comes to the church, and begins to deal with somebody, they'll say, "Put that fanatic out."

Jesus wants to bless you. He wants to—He wants the first place, and we give Him the last place. Oh, yes. We got time for everything else, but you see Him just a few minutes before you jump in bed, maybe, at night, once a week. See?

"Dear God, bless me, and my brother, and father, and mother, Mr. Jones and . . . Amen," get to bed. Last place, but He never turns you down. He's good to you anyhow. That's what makes Him real to me.

26 You know, last Easter you put on your most lovely dress and that beautiful hat. Oh, you went to church last Easter, and the pastor sees you again next Easter. It's about the way it goes. But you give Him just a few minutes. And if the pastor spoke over twenty minutes, "Oh, my. How does he think of so much to talk about?" Isn't that about right?

Oh, you had to get out and show that beautiful dress. But He never condemned you for it. He accepted it. That's what makes Him so real to me. No matter what little . . .

"Lord, will You take second place?"

"Yep, I'll take second place." The God of heaven to a creature . . .

"Will You take second place?"

"Yes, I'll take second."

"Will You take third place?"

"Yep, I'll take third place."

"Will You take fourth place?"

“Yeah, I’ll take anywhere you give Me.” He never turns you down. He will come any time. Any place you give Him, if it’s up in the attic. You don’t want Him in your parlor, when your friends come in you can all go in and talk about Jesus, and kneel on the floor, and let that be your main conversation, and—and talk about Him, and pray, and thank Him for what He’s done, and testify to one another.

Oh, no, that belongs to the—a bunch of jokes and carrying on. And then when you talk to Jesus you have to go up in the attic, and somewhere, or down in the basement every once in a while and speak to Him. You can start to go to . . . You . . . your . . .

²⁷ God is just burning on your heart to want to—want you to worship Him and love Him a little bit, and you—you just figure, “Well, I’ll do it when I wash the dishes.”

And Miss Jones can call up and say, “Liddy, we’re going downtown to do some shopping today, dear. Do you want go?”

“Oh, yes, I’ll go with you.”

Then at night when you jump in the bed, say, “God, be good to me, and bless my mother and daddy, and all them,” and jump into bed. That’s about the way we do with Jesus, give Him the last place.

²⁸ Why, when Jesus comes to the city, there ought to be the flags out, and people on the street talking about Him, and glorifying Him, and the sick and afflicted accepting His healing blessings, and out on the street testifying everybody.

But we give Him the last place. And still He’s continually comes on back again. He’s willing, not willing that any should perish, but that all might come to repentance.

Now, the day is drawing close at hand. After while, he has all of his flunkies out. They have lots of flunkies, just guys that’s around the place. So he puts them all out to their duties. And the first thing, a chariot run—comes up. Most of the travel in those days in Palestine was by foot. And that’s the only transportation they had, besides the animals; and most of those were beasts of burdens that packed the—the burden.

²⁹ But the great chariot rides up, and the Doctor, Reverend So-and-so got out. And he come in, and he embraced him and took him into the house. And the flunky took the—the horses around, and groomed them, and put them into the stable, and—and made everything ready, and shined his chariot up while he was at the banquet. Everything just all polished, just like a modern day “blow-out” today, as we call it (That’s right.), in the name of religion too.

³⁰ And most of the people walked. And when they walked along the roads, the animals walked the road also. And they didn't have concrete roads and asphalt like we have today. It was just a little dusty path along up over the hills and down through the desert.

And as they went up that way, and the beast walking along there too, the dust taking care of the odor from the animals, as the droppings and so forth. And it got into the dust, and it awful smell along the road. And the Palestinians in those days wore a robe. And they had an underneath garment, just come to the knee, and they wore sandals. And as they walked, this robe swept up the dust, and it got for the perspiration on the legs, and on the face and hands, and it caused an awful an odor. The odor from the animals on—that traveled the road was on the person when they come.

And when they come to the door, they were in no condition at all to be entertained at that time, because they smelt from this road. And their face were burning from the hot rays of the Palestinian sun.

³¹ And so, what they did, when they were—a guest was coming, why, they always had a flunky at the door; the first fellow that you met was the footwash flunky. The worst job in all the other flunkies was the footwasher.

And to think of it, our blessed Lord Jesus become a footwasher, come down from the highest place in Heaven to take the lowest flunky's job on the earth. And then we think we're somebody because we wear good clothes and ride in a nice car. Shame on you. It's a pity that we got so far away from God. Oh, we're very religious. But, I mean, get close to God.

³² So few . . . I hate to say this. But so few of professed Christians today in our land knows so little about God. Oh, they know all their religions, but to know God.

Humbled Himself, and that's what makes Him great to me. That's what makes Him real to me is to think that He was willing to come down here and not be some great somebody, take some great name, or something like that. He made Himself humble and become a servant to all of them. That's my Lord Jesus. That's the One I love; that's the One, I'm—want to give my life entirely to serve Him, and to work for Him, and do everything I can to get people to look at Him, and believe Him, and love Him. He's lovely. He's precious.

³³ Becoming a footwasher, taking the towel and girded Himself and washed the disciples' feet, said, "Let him that's great among you be the servant of all." That was His example. But us today, oh, hostile: "Yes, sir. I wouldn't stoop to that fellow though; that old drunk, you know, I wouldn't have nothing to do with him. Oh, I'm Doctor Jones."

See? That's the reason we're not getting anywhere. That's the reason our pulpits are weak. That's the reason today, we don't have signs and wonders in our churches. That's the reason today we don't have an old fashion revival. We're thinking we're somebody when we're nothing.

The Bible says when a man thinks him something when he's nothing, he deceives himself. He knows nothing that he ought to know. And he ought to know that he's a sinner.

³⁴ And then the first flunky that met the man, he set him down in a chair, and at first it was a little, what we call, a vestibule in the south. And he sets him down in the chair something like this. And he sets his foot up; he takes his shoe off, gets some nice clean water, and bathes his limbs because they're sweaty and stinky with the manure and stuff on the road and the dust that's come up, and it smells bad. And he washes his feet, then he dries them all good with the towel, wipes them good, then he takes the other foot and does the same. And then if he's invited to a banquet like that, then as the host, always provides him with shoes to walk on his fine carpet. He has a little rag or a satin slipper. He reaches up here and he gets one till he gets it, fits his feet right good, so he puts it on his feet.

³⁵ Now, he feels very much better. His feet and legs are washed and the smell is going away. So then, he starts to the next door. And when he goes there, to the next door, there's another flunky who meets him. And this flunky here that meets him, is the one who has a pitcher of oil in his hand.

³⁶ Now, and this oil is made of olives, and it's got a very fine spikenard smell to it. And this spikenard is a very famous apple, kind of like a rose apple. You know when the roses quit blooming and the wintertime comes on, they have a little apple. Well, way up in Egypt, or some of those countries down in there, they get this little thing. I seen one once. It's a little apple-like. And you can rub it in your hands just once or twice, and it so saturates into your hands, until weeks later you can still smell it. And it's a very expensive thing to make this spikenard oil. And they grind these and put them into the oil, because oil will actually become in a few days, or a few weeks, or months, it gets an old smell. So this keeps it very fresh all the time. Very expensive. . . . That was some of the treasures that the queen of—of—of Sheba brought and gave to Solomon, was some of those things. They had to climb high in them, high in the mountains to get these apples to make this oil.

³⁷ And then with this cruse of oil, courtesy of the host, he holds his hands out, and his hands are dusty and—and sweaty too. So he takes his hands and gets some of the fine oil; he rubs them all over his hands. Then he gives him a towel, and he wipes his hands off right good. Then

he gives him some more of it. He puts it all over his face and the back of his neck. And it's rather soothing. If you ever put it on you, if any of you people has ever been visit Palestine, and know what I speak of, it soothes.

³⁸ And the direct rays of the sun of Palestine, burns the flesh bad. Both men and women use it. And they put it on their face, and then they wipe it off with another clean towel. And now their feet is clean; they have on a nice clean pair of moccasins, we would call it. And their hands are clean, and their face is clean, the perspiration and smell from their face. And now they feel refreshed and ready now to enter in to meet the host.

And then they walk into the parlor. And when they walk in there, the host is standing to greet them. First, before he does anything, he reaches his right hand, and then he touches the right hand, they put their left hand on each others shoulders, and the host brings his guest to him, and kisses him on one side, and then kisses him on the other side. And then, he is a full-fledged brother. Oh, he's at home then. He is washed; he's refreshed; and now he's kissed welcome.

³⁹ Now the kiss is the welcome kiss. After the—the host has kissed the guest, then the guest, he can go to the icebox or whatever he wants to. He's just at home. But until he does that, why, he isn't presentable to be kissed. He can't be kissed, because he's not presentable. He smells bad, and sticky perspiration on him. And then . . .

And after he's cleaned up, and refreshed so he can meet his host, then his hands are shook, and he's kissed from one side of the cheek to the other one, and then he's a real brother. He can just go around, do whatever he wishes to. And that's the way it was done.

And this rich Pharisee how he was entertaining his guests. And many had come in, and they were drinking wine, and tipping the glasses to each other. And as the—usually a party like that, joking, and jostling, and going on, jesting, rather, just as they do today, the same thing. . .

⁴⁰ But I happen to look. And I hear somebody say, "Who is That setting over there?" And there set One over in the corner with His head down, His hands hanging down, His head dropped, His disciples on the outside looking at Him. And there He set, sweaty, dirty, smelly, not kissed welcome, and been invited to the—the party.

When I think of it, Jesus setting there with dirty feet, how did that flunky ever let that pass? How did he ever let Jesus get by? It must have been this.

Jesus was dressed in such a common clothes. He dressed as a peasant. He walked as a peasant. And they must have thought that He was just a peasant coming in.

41 And many times today people look at people by the way they're dressed and judge them the same way. Brother, let me tell you something now. Some of the truest old hearts I've ever knowed that beat was under an old blue shirt. That's right. It don't have to be a tuxedo suit with a collar turned in the back. No, sir. God can beat in an old heart under a blue shirt sometimes.

I've held a many revival and a great big old boy, hair hanging down in his eyes, didn't know his abc's, and a blue shirt on, patches on one another, reach up and get me by the hand and say, "Preacher, I mean it." Brother, you can believe that. That's right. I'd rather have him with me any time, than some slicker with a collar turned around or something walking along, his pigeon-tailed coat on, and called Doctor, Reverend, Father, or something. And you couldn't trust him as far as you could reach your hand. That's pretty rough, but that's true. They failed to recognize Him.

42 Oh, how did he do it? How could he do it? I wished I could've been the flunky at that house that day. Oh, I'd have washed His feet. Amen. I'd have been standing there waiting for Him. I'd have been watching if I'd have knowed. But as it was then, He was a fanatic. He was just fanatically.

And that's the reason today that we fail to see Him. You call it fanaticism when it's the power of God, when it's Christ resurrected from the dead, and people fail to recognize It. You call it slain, slant it over sideways, say, "I don't have to fool around with that bunch of holy-rollers. I go to church. I'm as good as the next one." And you don't realize what you're doing to my Jesus.

43 There He was setting there with dirty feet. It kind of does something to me. They call Him there, "Jésus." Instead of Jesus, they say, "Jésus." And I think of Jésus with dirty feet. Could you imagine it, the King of heaven with dirty feet?

Well, that's the way it is today. You do nothing about it today. They talk about Him, say everything about Him. What? About Him when He comes into the meeting and the things He does. They talk about it and say everything, "Oh, it's Beelzebub. It's a spiritualist. It's a devil. It's . . . There's nothing to it. Doctor So-and-so knows all about it." All right. You see who Doctor So-and-so was in the Bible? He hasn't changed much today on that.

44 There Jesus was setting there with dirty feet, unwelcome, and nobody paying any attention to Him. That's the way it is today. We pray for a great meeting. And Jesus will come. And then nobody will pay any attention to Him. God comes into the place, "Well, our

programs take up all of our time. We got too many things to do, so much we got to be taken care of.” And it’ll all . . . Taken up like that . . .

And Jesus, many times, is not entertained as a Guest when He comes to the church. God help us to recognize that. Jesus wants to be entertained. Then when the Holy Ghost comes into the church, and wants to bless the church, people set just as cold and starchy. That’s the same thing the Pharisee did: too busy with other things. We got too much to do. We’re afraid we’ll interrupt something. Don’t worry; you won’t interrupt nothing when you’re entertaining Jesus. You’ll be right in the program of God. You might be out of man’s program, but you’ll be in God’s program when you’re entertaining Jesus.

⁴⁵ There He was, dirty feet. I can see the disciples. They couldn’t come in. They wasn’t invited. He was the only One invited. And He got by the flunkies. And He walked over in a corner and set down, a “wallflower,” we’d call it today.

“Oh,” you say, “Brother Branham . . .” Well, that’s the way He does—He’s treated yet in the churches. He’s a “wallflower” or a picture hanging on a wall, or something He used to be.

But I declare to you tonight if tomorrow night’s my last night, maybe forever, for here, I don’t know, maybe for some time. But I declare to you; that same Jesus is raised from the dead and is here in Minneapolis tonight in His same Power. And people are turning their back on it, and call it fanaticism, and treating Him tonight the same way they did then.

⁴⁶ Oh, you got your big churches, and your orthodox, and stiff as a board, and straight as a gun barrel. That’s don’t spell nothing. Oh, you like to have your entertainments, and your social parties, and set around, and carry on, and giggle, and joke, and everything. That’s not what religion consists of. It’s a worship, not set with your heads bowed, and holler “Amen” like a calf bellowing. But it needs to get into the Spirit of God and to worship God in power and in Spirit. That’s right. But oh, we’re so stiff and starchy today. We can’t do that, you know. They was too. And that’s the reason Jesus, after being invited, that’s the welcome that He got.

⁴⁷ How many times in Minneapolis and across this America and everywhere, have people fasted, and prayed, and cried, and say, “O God, come down. O Jesus, we want You for a revival.” And He will break out somewhere, and they’ll throw Him in jail. They won’t accept Him. They’ll call them a bunch of fanatics and holy-rollers. It’s because that you’re not looking for the right Person. He’d walked right by that flunky. And there He was setting there, poor Jesus with His dirty feet.

I hate to say that; it just does something to me when I think about my Lord setting there with dirty feet, and when He had been invited and unwelcome. And that's the reason, gets to me today, to see people who claim to be religious and things like that, say, "Oh, the days of miracles is passed. Nonsense, Brother Branham. Don't you believe nothing like that. Oh, you're just mentally worked up. There's nothing to that kind of stuff."

⁴⁸ I know Him in the power of His resurrection. And I know that He's real. He's my Life. He's All in all. And when I see these people calling themselves Christians, and making that kind of entertainment to Jesus, some political rally, or standing around, and have an old soup supper, and that old upper room's done gone. They don't have no more upper rooms. You're too busy, taken up with your little fantastic things around the church, and you got too many things to do, instead of an old fashion prayer meeting like you used to have. You got suppers, and you got lawn parties, and—and you got rides, and—and all these other kind of recreations and things.

Christ is not a recreation. Christ is God to be worshipped. Put too much . . . That might burn and scorch a little, but that's what's going to do you good.

What we need today is a little more scorching, little more of God's Holy Spirit to scorch the world out of you and get the starch out.

There, Jesus setting there not entertained, nobody looking at Him or nothing after being invited. And He was . . . He—He—He—He wasn't—He wasn't . . . The dung on His feet and on His hands, and—and sweat all over Him, that smell, and He—He—He—He was in a terrible shape. And they let Him set like that.

⁴⁹ And I think today that you people who call yourself ministers, lot of you . . . Now, this may hurt; but call yourselves ministers, and stand and let the critical hypocritical, infidelic world, say, "Oh, that Bible's just fiction. There's nothing to It." You Unitarians, and you people that don't know God, let me tell you; you just having a form of godliness and deny the power thereof.

Why don't you clean up? Why don't you preach the Gospel? He's real Jesus tonight, just the same as He was then. Don't let Him set dirty like that. You claim to invite Him to your home; you invite Him to your church; and then when He comes, that's the way you treat Him. That's the way today, Pharisees. Walk around and you condemn the Pharisees.

Jesus said, "You polish the tombs of the prophets and you're the one put them in there." That's right.

⁵⁰ What we need today is the entertainment of the Holy Spirit, Christ. There He was, setting there with dirty feet. He felt unwelcome among such a crowd as that; He does yet today. A great big starchy crowd telling jokes, and all kinds of religious forms and everything like that, He's—He's just left setting. He doesn't feel welcome. He'd feel more welcome tonight right down in a little old mission somewhere on the street, than some of these big starchy churches you got around here. That's right. They're not ashamed of Him. And you think you got the best class in them. I don't know whether you have or not: wasn't the best class then.

⁵¹ There they was tipping their glasses, and drinking, and—and going on, and saying, "Now, Pharisee Joseph, you know what? I'll tell you. The other day when we had that convention over there that the . . . Ha. Ha. Did you remember that?" Oh, them kind of things. "I'll tell you one about the Jones what he did over at the . . ." That's just about what the association talks about today when they come together.

I went to a meeting here not long ago of a great fine church, group of people, and twice as many people as setting here, where it was supposed to be for the spiritual benefit of the city. You know what they done? I—I was surprised they invited me. But when I—I went, you know what they done? In a famous denominational church they said, "Now, we haven't got one of the best, but we've got the best fiddler and the best guitar player in the country."

I thought, "Well, that's fine. We'll see what they play."

You know what they played? God's my Judge. They played: "Turkey In The Straw," behind the pulpit at a ministerial gathering. Oh, my.

Now, he said, "We got the famous quartet from a famous church in a city just above. And they're going to sing for us." You know what they sang? "Home On The Range." That don't belong in church. What's the matter with the people today?

Then I got to the floor and they throwed me out. I said, "Shame on you, the spiritual leaders of the country here and play, "Turkey In The Straw," behind the pulpit. No wonder you hate me. No wonder you don't believe in Divine healing. You can't. You ain't got nothing to believe with. I said, "What you need to clean up here is a old fashion altar call and you bunch of preachers around the altar getting right with God."

He knocked on the desk like that and said, "Set down. Set down."

I said, "I've got the floor now." And they throwed me out. I got to say what was right anyhow. It'll go to judgment with them anyhow. Certainly. Yes, sir.

⁵² What we need today is a cleaning up, the house of God get ready for an entertainment of the Holy Spirit, the power of the Lord Jesus. We've asked, and begged, and pleaded, and then turn Him out when He comes. Amen. It's true. What a pity.

There set Jesus, dirty foot, stinking, nobody paying any attention to Him. And He was—left His place up there where He was ministering to the people, walked two days down through that sun, come, had to start a little early, 'cause He—He never misses an appointment. He always keeps His appointments. I love Him for that. He keeps His appointments. That's the reason tonight I got confidence in Him. He keeps His appointments. Hallelujah. He's never failed, and He won't never fail.

⁵³ And remember, man and woman, boy and girl, you got an appointment too with Him. You're going to either meet Him in peace here, or you're going to meet Him at the judgment. But you're going to keep that appointment; that's one thing you're going to do. That's right. He keeps His.

And He was right there on time, not a minute late; He come right in at the banquet. And there He was setting there, unentertained.

Look down the street there, there's a sight. I see a door come open in a little old shack, kinda up, comes down the steps. I see walking down the street, come a woman; she's kind of ashamed to look. She has a veil over her face. She said, "It's quiet tonight. I don't know what's the matter. Seems to be nobody on the street." She's a harlot. And she's walking around in the city. "Oh," she says, "that's right, Doctor Pharisee, the pastor, has a big banquet up there." And so she said, "I believe I'll walk down to the end of the corner and look up." And she looked up. And oh, that aroma, and all the poor standing outside, their mouth watering, these Pharisees in there eating this fine lamb, and drinking wine, and just having them a big time. And she could smell it. She said, "Oh, that smells so good. Wonder if I'd walk just a little closer. Nobody will know me, maybe, with this veil over my face, because I have an awful name in the city."

⁵⁴ So she goes up a little closer, and, "Oh, that's wonderful." So she slips up, keeps somebody from shoving her away. She slips up between two men, and she said, "Oh, listen at them. That's the right party. They're all drinking wine, carrying on in there. That's just the right place. So I. . . This is the rich Pharisee here. This is the—the man who can really do this. But look at those poor people. Look at that mother over there with that little baby. Wonder what she's doing here? Well, it looks to be sick. I wonder what she'd bring a sick baby here for. I don't understand why. Why—why, looky there's that cripple, that there blind

man too, that used to be down on the street begging. I wonder what he's doing here. What would he do around Pharisee's house? I don't know why he'd be up here."

⁵⁵ And she looks up; she said, "No. No. I . . ." She rubs her eyes. "There—there's something wrong; I'm—I'm surely not seeing right." She looks over again. She said, "That's Him. That's Him. Oh," she said, "look at Him. Well, they . . . He had to be invited, or He wouldn't be in there. But they're not paying any attention to Him. And look how sad He looks in the corner, setting there humbly with His head down."

⁵⁶ And raises up, and His feet—face is dirty from sweating, walking, trying to get there. Nobody paying any attention to Him, like He was a tramp, walking. And she said, "It's—it's . . . Am—am—I just . . . I—I must be out of my mind tonight." She said, "I—I—I . . . That . . . Surely That isn't that Prophet. Yes, that's got to be. Oh, He . . . But no wonder they're not entertaining Him. He—He—He's—He's all full of dirt. And they haven't washed His—washed Him yet. That's the reason."

⁵⁷ And she puts her little veil around her face again. And down the street she goes, and around to her house, up a little creaking bunch of steps. And she closes the door. She walks over to a little cabinet; she opens the door; and she takes out a little sack about like this, maybe a stocking-top. And she sets down. It clinks. It's money. It's all she's got. And she looks at it. She pours it out on the table. And the tears are running down in her eyes. She said, "You know, there was just something about Him," said, "looked different from the rest of the crowd."

I tell you; I don't care who you are; if you ever get a direct look at Jesus, it changes you. It makes a difference out of you."

She said, "Oh, I don't know why I'm weeping." She said, "But I—I must do something for Him. It's just not right for Him to be like that. I just . . . Something in me just tells me that—that He . . . It's not right. I got to do something about it."

So she picks up the money, and she starts towards the door. And she said, "Oh, I can't do this. I just can't do it because He's the Prophet. He would know where I got this money. He'd know how I got it. He would know how I got this . . . And I—I just . . . But it's all I got. It's all I can do. And there's something on my heart telling me that I must do it." That's the way. That's it.

⁵⁸ There's something about women that—that seems to be different from men. They seem to be, sometime more receptive to spirit. That's right. And they—they seem to catch It quicker. And she said, "Oh, I—I just must do this, something just telling me, I must do it." And she picks up the little old stocking again, wraps up the money, puts it her

bosom, pulls down her veil; down the little creaking steps she goes, and down to the perfume shop.

⁵⁹ And when she goes in, one of these old long hooked-nose fellows setting back there, you know. . . And there had been a bad day that day, and nobody buying any perfume. And he was all crabbed. She walks in the door. He looked; he said, "Oh, now look who my customer is. Hum. My. Look who my customer is now." Didn't come with the courtesy of a gentlemen and say, "Could I help you?" Said, "Well, what do you want?"

And she said, "Kind, sir."

He noticed she had been weeping. He thought, "What's she weeping about?"

⁶⁰ Said, "Kind, sir. I want the best alabaster box you got in the store. I want not one, but I want the best you got." That's the way. Give Him your best. He deserves the best you got. We give Him the seconds. We give Him the last. But He deserves the best. See, something had touched her. She'd got a direct look at Jesus. And she said, "I want the best you've got." We give Him the last we got.

⁶¹ You take yours first, and go out, and—and spend, and have your big times, and then when you go to church on Sunday morning, you give Him a quarter. But you go and buy a fifty dollar present to give to Joneses that lives next door to you, or something enough to get up in your society ranks, and then to give Jesus the last. He deserves your best. That's all she had. Jesus deserves everything that you are and all you've got. That's the reason we can't get nowhere.

She said, "I want the best you got."

He said, "Well, now first, I got to see the money."

⁶² So she poured it out; he counted it, thirty pieces of Roman denarii, just exactly right. Reaches up on the box, and gets the spikenard, and hands it to her, like that, in the alabaster box. And she tucks it into her bosom. She stands a little. She wipes the tears from her eyes. She looks out the door, looks this way and that way, see nobody's coming; she pulls her veil down over her face.

He—he said, "I wonder where she could be going?"

I look, and she steps out and starts up through the street just as hard as she can. There's two men standing on the corner, said, "Look, look, look, look, look, what's going up there?" You're always wanting to scorn people that's down and out.

⁶³ Let me tell you. Before there was a bad woman, there had to be a bad man too. That's right. Remember, that's some mother's darling. And today, the reason the church is in the condition it is, you want

the big class in your church. And you failed, the church is failing to go get the prostitute, and streetwalker, and bootlegger, and what there is with the city. That's where Jesus wants us to go. That's where He desires us to bring them in. But, oh, we want the guy that's got the money, that can pay best, and pay off the church debts and things like that. You call it "the upper crust." There's a lot of crust to it. That's right. Don't know how upper it is, but a lot of crust. We must go in the hedges, and highways, and byways, and compel them to come to Christ: the outcast.

⁶⁴ She goes up. I see her moving her way up. She looks in. She looks up over the top of their heads. Now, she says, "Wait a minute. I shouldn't do this. I—I. . . Must be something wrong with me. I—I—I'm beside myself tonight. And I—I can't go in there; they'd throw me out." But she looks over again. And there He sets humbly, looking at His dirty hands. And the people passing by, and all the rest of them eating lamb; they never passed it to Him. He never had nothing, just let Him set there. And there He was setting at the feast. And all of them on their tables, how they lay down and eat there. . . That's good for your boys, see now. They lay down in Palestine and eat like this, laying down on a couch. And so all of them laying down and eating, and poor Jesus just setting there, looking. . .

⁶⁵ She said, "Oh, if I go in, Pharisee'd throw me out. That's all." Said, "But, I—I can't stand it. I—I just can't stand it. Look at Him the way He looks. Look at those sad eyes, as He looks around. She looks down, and she sees Peter and James and them, standing there, just prancing. He looks over to the Peter and them, looks back down again, just waiting.

⁶⁶ Said, "I just can't stand it any more." So she said, "I've got to go in. But me, if I go in there, me, a woman of my type to go before Him, why, I couldn't do it." After while she said, "But I remember in Galilee, I heard Him say this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, I'll give you rest. Whosoever will let him come.'" Said, "Surely that means me then. If whosoever will, that's me. And I sure laden, heavy laden. He told me to come. So here I go." I wish you'd get that kind of an idea tonight.

Right down through that crowd of Pharisees she went, on her way, elbowing her way to Jesus.

God help us tonight, say, "I elbow our way through all this stiff, starchy ideas of the church today and get to Christ." Amen. Yes, sir.

⁶⁷ She went right on through pushing Pharisees every way. And she got right to where He was. And she broke the alabaster box, and poured it on Him, and she fell down on the floor at His feet, and she begin to weeping. And she was petting His feet. And she just kindly. . . got

kinda beside herself. She—she was weeping and she begin to rub His feet and [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] kissing His feet, and . . . Well, she was at the Fountain of Life. She was at the only place that she could ever get help. No wonder she was hysterically. No wonder she was beside herself. God help us to get beside ourself long enough to get saved anyhow.

68 I remember when I got saved. I was beside myself. I didn't pay attention to the old starchy, ritual program, no more than she did. She busted right in on the party. And she went on, 'cause she wanted to get saved. We get people like that, with that determination, you're going to get saved. Yes, sir.

69 She was breaking up the party, but who cares about the party? She was getting saved. She was getting to Jesus. And here she stands, up there, kissing His feet, rubbing His feet, and the tears running down her cheeks, just bathing, she just couldn't stand it. She was a rubbing His feet, right with the Fountain of Life. No wonder she felt the way she did. No wonder that she had never stood before a man before and felt that way. And the tears was just a rolling down her cheeks. And she was rubbing His feet, and she got hysterically. She was rubbing His feet, and [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound again—Ed.] kissing His feet, and . . . You know, Jesus . . .

70 The Bible said, "Kiss the Son." Is that right? There they were setting there, and not kissed welcome, and not feet washed. But she was washing Him with her tears. What beautiful water that was that was washing Jesus' dirty feet, the crystal tears of a repented sinner, washing the feet of the Lord Jesus. Hallelujah. Somebody's going to entertain Him. Somebody's going to come to Him. Glory to God. My heart burns when I think of that, the tears of repentance out of a sinner's eyes, washing Jésus' dirty feet. Oh, my. Wash what? And no better, no better, best water in the world . . . I believe Jesus felt just a little more comfortable then. He always feels more comfortable around somebody that—that loves Him. You do too, always.

71 And there He was, her washing His feet. And she was kissing His feet. And she—she got so beside herself, she had her hair all done up like that, you know, and she was washing His feet like that, and kissing them. And after while her hair fell down. And she took her hair and begin to—to wipe His feet, and to kiss them, and wiping His feet. And the hair fell down.

72 Now that's the only decent thing there was about her was her hair. The Bible said, "A woman's hair is given to her for her glory." Too bad you cut your glory off. That's right. I'm still old fashion enough to believe that that's the Bible, and that's true. You're doing wrong when

you do it. That might scorch a little bit, a lot of preachers . . . If they throw me out I'll preach on the street. And, God, He ain't going to do that anyhow.

⁷³ But let me tell you something. A lot of you women tonight would have an awful time doing that; you'd have to stand on your head to do it. Shame on you. The Bible said, "The hair is given to a woman for her glory." And the Bible rights gives any man a right to leave and divorce and leave his wife, that'll cut her hair. That's the Bible. That's THUS SAITH THE LORD. Too bad you got away from the old fashion trainings, isn't it?

Used to sing a song: "We let down the bars, and we compromised with sin. Let down the bars, and the sheep got out, but how did the goats get in?" You just let down the bars; that was all.

And here she was with her glory. What did she have? Everything she had was laying at Jesus' feet. And whenever you get to a place that you can lay all you've got at His feet, all your glory . . .

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] all the money, everything she had, the spikenard and oil was poured out, the whole box full upon Him. She didn't spare nothing. She poured it all on Him. That's the way you got to come to Him. Give Him all the praise; pour out all the glory on Him; lay everything down. Hallelujah. That's why we can't have a revival, is because you're stingy with it. Amen. You want to share some of your glory with something else. Go out . . . Miss Jones, you know, she wears these kind of clothes; she does this. Oh, you Pharisee. You walking along, you want to pattern after somebody else. No wonder Jesus can't break through this nation on a revival.

⁷⁴ I don't know what's the matter with me tonight. But that's truth. Too starchy, too stiff, too cold, too indifferent, you're sharing with others. You're sharing with the devil. That's the reason you can't. That's the truth. If I never see you again, I will meet you at judgment with a clean heart. I know it's the truth. There you are.

But this poor mortal, she was washing His feet and wiping them with her glory. What a place. What a time. Wished I could've stood there. I'd like to stand where she stood. Oh, my, what a time she was having, washing His feet, taking her glory and wiping His feet, and the tears running down, crystal tears of repentance to wash. And she was rubbing them, kissing His feet, just beside herself.

⁷⁵ You say, "What happened to the party?" Who cares what happened to the party. A sinner come to God. Amen. The trouble of it today, we got too much ritualistic routine. Sinners can't get to God on them kind of grounds. Hallelujah.

Oh, this poor sinner with the tears of repentance running down her cheeks, dripping off on His feet, washing them with her hands and kissing them with her lips, taking her glory and wiping His feet, what a beautiful picture. Jesus felt right comfortable then.

⁷⁶ Oh, what about Pharisee? Oh, the party stopped. Sure. The embarrassment, oh, I can see that Pharisee. There's the sinner, not the woman, the Pharisee. Sin is unbelief. That woman was a believer. The Pharisee was all religious, but he was the worst sinner in the country. And it's still the worst sinner the world has got . . . is the stiffy, starch, backslidden church, the pastor the same way. Hallelujah.

⁷⁷ You'll hate me after this, but God's the One that's telling me to say it, so there it is. Amen. There it is. That's the sinner, that starchy one.

This poor woman, after washing His feet . . . Pharisee stood there with a . . . [Brother Branham makes a noise to imitate the Pharisee—Ed.] . . . My, I can see his face turned red, and then white around the lips. Oh, my, he's raging.

He said, "Now, you see, Jones, all of you?" Said, "You see? If that Man was a prophet, or a seer, like He says He is, He'd know what kind of a woman that is." Ha, like He didn't." Said, "He'd know what kind of a woman it was." Said, "Why, she'll ruin His reputation." Why, Jesus' reputation's made among sinners. Sure, that's the ones that'll receive Him. His reputation can't be made before you, starchy, and stiff and indifferent, and read some old ritual off like that, and call it preaching the Gospel. How in the world is He going to have a reputation with you? You got your reputation in the church. Amen.

⁷⁸ There He is. He said, "You see, if He was a seer, if He was a great Man, He would know that that woman was a sinner that's touching Him. See? That's around Him."

What had happened? Let's look. Oh, my, she's just beside herself. Would Jesus would have moved a foot? She'd have jumped up. No, He set perfectly quiet and watched her. I believe He felt real good about it. He was watching that sinner repent.

After while, he said, "You see, you see."

Now, watch. First thing, He moves aside, and He raises His head; He looks up. The woman stops, halfway up. Look at her hair hanging down the side of her face, the dirt off of Jesus feet, the oil, all over her lips and face. She's been kissing Him, kissing His feet. And she's standing. Her eyes are staring now. Jesus is fixing to speak. And she's looking right at Him. He looks right down to her. Then He looks off at Pharisee. And He said, "Simon, I have something to say to you." Oh, my. Watch this, what it'll be at judgment too.

79 “Simon, I have something to say to you. Doctor Simon, you invited Me down here. And when I come because you invited Me, you never give Me any water to wash My feet. You never anointed My face and hands with oil. You never kissed Me, Simon. You didn’t love Me, Simon. If you’d have loved Me, you would’ve washed My feet. If you’d have loved Me, you’d anointed Me. If you’d have anointed Me, loved Me, you would’ve kissed Me; but you never made Me welcome.”

Oh, that Pharisee, big fat, roly-poly thing. . . That’s the way it is today. “Oh, with all the degrees?” Yes.

Said, “You giveth Me no kiss.”

Oh, I’d like to kiss Him. “Kiss the Son,” the Bible said, “less He be angry.” Kiss Him.

Said, “You give Me no kiss. But this poor woman, ever since she’s come in, she’s continually kissed My feet, and washed them with her tears, wiped them with the hairs of her head.” O God. “And this little woman, she’s washed My feet with her tears; she’s wiped them with her hands—with her hair. And she’s kissed, not My cheeks, My feet.”

80 She’s standing. She don’t know what to do. Her eyes are staring.

Then He turns and looks to her. Oh, my. He said, “And I say unto her, ‘Her sins, which were many, are all forgiven her.’” [Brother Branham weeps—Ed.] That’s what I want Him to say to me. “Her sins which are many, are all forgiven.” . . . ? . . . I can’t preach no more.

81 Let’s bow our heads a minute. [A brother speaks in another tongue—Ed.] You love Him? Do you love Him? What’s He going to do with you, brother, at the judgment? You can be ever so religious. I’d rather hear Him say that than . . . ? . . . the world. I want to stand there. I wish I would have stood there. Someday I want to stand by Him; He say, “Well. . . It was well done, My good and faithful servant. You were faithful. You stood at the post of duty. You didn’t shirk it; you told the truth. Regardless of what it took, you told the truth. And it’s well done now.” That’s what I’m looking for, not for a better car, better position; I want Him. Ever what anyone says about you, that don’t matter.

82 I wonder, with our heads bowed just a minute . . . Organist, would you give us a little note there, please? I wonder tonight if there’d be a person here like that woman? Don’t have to be. . . You might not be a prostitute, but you may be a prostitute on a higher more—level. Prostitution don’t mean sexually every time. You can prostitute your time. You can prostitute your faith, go out and join some cult, or some old sold—cold formal church; you’re a prostitute. You are. You’re just as guilty as she was. But the same Lord Jesus that forgive her, has the same pleading mercy for you tonight.

83 Will you come here and stand at the altar with me just a minute? Someone of you will walk down here at the altar just a minute, say, "I want to accept Christ as my Saviour." Would you raise your hand first? Say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham."

84 You mean there's not a sinner in the building? God bless you, sir. God bless you. God bless you, brother. You like Divine healing, don't you? Sure, fish, loaves and fishes. But when it comes to coming to Him, you crawl back in the shell; you want to slip off back down.

Oh, they say, "Well, I don't know about that stuff." Better be careful. I hear that ambulance siren all the time through the night. Every time you pass a graveyard, remember, your number's there. And yonder is eternity, and you're going to stand before Him someday. You can't repent then. Now is your time to do it.

Will you raise your hand, say, "God, be merciful to me. I now accept Jesus right now as my Saviour."

God bless you, boy. God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister.

Someone else raise your hand, say, "God, be merciful to me. I want Jesus today." God bless you. God bless you, son. God bless you, mother. Someone else? God bless you, up there at the balcony. Yeah, I see you, brother. God bless you. God bless you, young lady. God bless you, sir.

85 Oh, I know you might have made mistakes, but He loves you. He stands with an outstretched arm, wanting you to come. Come just as you are.

I see you up in the balcony, sister. I see you. God bless you. Never forget that. You raised your hand to that same Jesus Who had dirty feet.

Many years ago that happened. And, my dear sister, brother, it's happening right here in this city, right here tonight, oh, there's . . . ? . . . They never want to think He said it. I know if I was in your place, I'd walk straight to Him, say, "Lord Jesus, forgive me my sins. I'll take the dirt. I'll take my way with the Lord's despised few. I'll do it."

86 Someone else that hasn't raised their hand, would you put your hand up, say, "Jesus, this is me. I'm coming now"? God bless you over there, sir. You here, God bless you, little girl.

87 Someone else put up your hand? I wonder while we're . . . God bless you, my brother. If you believe and notice here in the building in the healing service, how God healed the sick, how He knows the secrets of your heart . . . I know there's a dozen or more in here should raise your hand. I know it.

Oh, you—you claim to be a Christian, yes, but that's not what I'm talking about. Pharisee did too. I'm giving you an invitation.

With your heads bowed, and while the piano, or the organ's a-playing, every one of you that raised your hand, and you that didn't, won't you come down here and stand just a minute for a word of prayer? Won't you come right out of your seat? Come right down here and stand here. If God will hear my prayer to open the eyes of the blind, give sight to them who never seen, ears to the deaf and the afflicted, if He will do that, certainly, He will heal your soul. My soul is moved tonight. Oh, He's here.

⁸⁸ God bless you, brother. God bless you, sister. Someone else, raise right up. "I surrender all. All to Thee my blessed Saviour. I surrender all."

Would you come right down here, stand right along this side of it? It may be the last time you'll ever have an invitation. Maybe you never will, no more, be able to do this. It might be the end of the road for you pretty soon. Why don't you come now, stand right down here?

⁸⁹ God bless you. God bless you, son. Just stand right here, if you would. Someone else? God bless you, little boy. Look at the little fellow coming down about twelve years old. Shame on some of you old people, your heart calloused, smutty, and black. Statistics shows that ninety-eight percent of the people are saved are saved before they're twenty-one years old. You get so set in your ways, and you think you're right. "There's a way that seemeth right."

Will you come? Won't you make your way down here at the altar? Look at them kneeling here, come here. God bless you, young lady? Up in the balcony, you that raised your hands, will you come down?

I give you an invitation to the same Jesus Christ, that someday you're going to bow to anyhow. You're either going to die a sinner, and no mercy, no mercy then . . . Now is the day of mercy. Remember, when one day meets the other one, the day that . . . ? . . . And when this day of grace meets Jesus Christ, it's the day of judgment after that. That's right.

⁹⁰ Come right on down; that's right. God bless you. Four young people coming to the Lord. Amen. No matter what your sins are, brother, sister, Jesus is here to forgive you.

The little—little lady coming, hurrying, getting to the altar. That's the way to come. That's the way to come right on down. God bless you; that's fine. Many of the rest of you needs your place right here. Won't you come?

What about the brother that raised his hand? You really meant it, didn't you, brother? Didn't you, sister? Didn't you really mean it? Come down now and kneel down here at the altar with us, will you do this? Come on while I give you the Lord Jesus, promising you this, that He will forgive you of every sin. Would you come? God bless you.

⁹¹ Many are coming, coming down out of the balcony. That's right. Just come right on down; we're waiting for you. Come right on down. Come right now, around the altar, plenty of room. There's room at the Fountain for me, plenty of room. Come right on out now. God bless you, brother, that raised his hand; they helped him out back there. God be merciful. That's the way. Come right on; don't let Satan rob you. Don't let the outside crowd, don't let the—the world today rob you. Come. God bless you, brother, coming right down to meet Him.

⁹² Now, slowly sing: *I . . . I Surrender All*. (Will you help me here, Brother Gordon, if you will.) Won't you come and give Him your all? Give all your suffering, all your indifference. All of you will come down . . . ? . . .

All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.

Do you really mean it? You ready to surrender your church for Jesus? Would you surrender your membership to become a friendship? Would you surrender your letter to have your letter written in heaven? Would you do it? God bless this man and his—the wife, coming here tonight. Greatest thing they've ever done in all their life is coming right now to accept the Lord Jesus. How wonderful, how marvelous.

⁹³ Jesus said, "He that comes to Me, I will in no wise cast out. He that heareth My Words, and believeth on Him that sent Me has Everlasting Life." Is there just a few more . . . ? . . . come.

Come on. Yes, it's you. That's right. It's you. Come right on. Amen. More of you too, come on; will you come just now while we're waiting?

I surrender all,
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.

⁹⁴ "I will give You all that I am, all that I've got, all my pride; everything I have, I surrender here at the altar to You. Just be merciful to me, dear God. I want my tears to wash away the stain. I want Your Blood to wash away my stain." What will do it? Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. Won't you come while we wait just a little longer 'cause I feel constrained. You know I'm not a fanatic. You know that. But I do feel that there's more people in here ought to be standing around this altar right now.

⁹⁵ Backslider, what about you? You're away from God. If you die, you're lost. Come on. This is your time. Come in; there's room for you. Won't you come?

We sing once more now, while we sing, "I Surrender All," will anyone else come at this time? All right.

I surrender all,
 I surrender all,
 All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
 I surrender all.
 I surrender all.
 I surrender all.
 All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
 I surrender all.
 I . . .

Will you do it . . . ? . . . Are you wanting the Holy Ghost? He's right here to fill you, come on. He's here to bless, give you the Holy Spirit. You want it?

. . . to Thee, My blessed Saviour,
 I surrender all.

Are you finished? You're sure? Is there some more here just now. Let's sing, "Just As I Am," sister; give us the chord there. "Just as I am," no matter what you've done.

Just as I am, without one plea,
 That Thy Blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Let us stand while we sing that. Come on now right down the aisle.

. . . as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood . . . (Will you come right now?)
 Was shed . . . (Come right down to the altar . . . ? . . .
 Come right on down. Oh, come.)
 Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Just as I am, and waiting not (Listen!)
 To rid my soul . . . (How many?) of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

⁹⁶ Slowly, now, sister. Let us bow our heads now as we hum this. [Brother Branham begins to hum—Ed.] Our heavenly Father, around this altar just now are many sinners. They're bowing at the feet of the Lord Jesus. You said, "No man can come to Me, except My Father

draws him. And all that come, I'll give them Everlasting Life, and raise them up at the last days."

You promised it, Lord. Many of them are standing here, just like that poor prostitute that stood at Your feet, doing a service to You, Lord.

And then, You, turned and looked at her and said, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven." You're no respect of person. You'll do the same for them, Lord. I pray that You'll grant it tonight.

⁹⁷ Many more out there in the—off the altar, Lord, that should be here tonight giving their souls down here; they got away from God; they've got starchy and got indifferent. They just got formal and got away from You. They seen You this week come into the city, do signs and wonders and miracles to prove that You've raised from the dead. You're standing here tonight with outstretched arms. You're—You're tearing my heart to pieces, God, when I think of You. You're stand here, begging and pleading to the people.

⁹⁸ O God, I don't know what's the matter with me tonight. But I pray, God, that ever who it is in here You're calling too, that they'll not go out of here without finding You tonight. My heart is burdened deeply for some reason; I don't know. I pray, dear Jesus, once more, I call. Let that person, if they're not here at the altar already, come quickly, Lord. Grant it. May be their last call, You've just saddened my heart for some reason. And I pray that You'll grant it through Jesus' Name.

⁹⁹ Everybody in prayer, will you? I'm just strangely feeling tonight something wrong. Something's wrong somewhere. What's wrong? Come on. Everybody seek out your heart. Find out just what's wrong, as we sing once more. As we sing come now. God's speaking to somebody, I know it. . . ? . . . God bless you.

. . . waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Just as I am, Thou will receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

While we sing this next verse as the last verse, I want the ministers to come around here and pray with us, if you will. The clergy here in the church believes in an old fashion altar call, where here come twenty, thirty people have knelt, sinners repenting of their sins. If you want to come, stand around the altar, and pray with them, will you do it? Will you come now while we sing this next verse? Any Christian worker

that knows—got burdens of souls upon your heart. If you haven't, you should have. God knows you should have.

¹⁰⁰ I charge—challenge you to come tonight and make a real old fashion Pentecost, then watch what God does tomorrow night in the healing service. You get this thing straightened out and . . . ? . . . here. You get this thing fixed out and watch what God will do. You just do it; I challenge you.

I don't very seldom get worked up like this, but something's a doing it, something moving me. And I feel very constrained. And I'm very interested in this call, feeling that there's more here, should pour down around this altar here, still burdens my heart.

And if I be God's servant, and knowing that I know this is coming from God, and I say it in Jesus' Name; you know I wouldn't say that 'less I meant it. There's something wrong. And I want you to come while we sing once more. The workers and so forth, and sinners, and all, gather around the altar that wants to pray now. Help me sing once more?

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

¹⁰¹ Dear Heavenly Father, here in Minneapolis, I've done the best I knowed how, Lord. I haven't shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, feeling, Lord, knowing if I'd be back a year from tonight, many setting here is going to be already in eternity. And I know, 'cause I see You, Lord. And I told them that You love them, and You got the same respect for them that You did for the woman that night many years ago. Many of them are laying around the altar, here now, Lord, bathing this altar with their tears.

I pray, God, that somehow the Holy Ghost will break through tonight in this building, and just shed forth the power of Almighty God, and will make everyone here, dear God. Grant it. Oh, may they prick their stony hearts up, and come down, and be saved, through Jesus Christ's Name.

Let's raise up our—our hands. Raise up our hands to God. Everybody offer a prayer now to God.

Brother Gordon, come here and lead us in prayer. Take Christ just now, while Brother Gordon is leading.



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