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# ABRAHAM

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Let us remain standing just a moment. I was sorry to be a little late tonight, but I was in the emergency room out there, and I was delayed a little. So before we set down, I'd like to read a Scripture here found in Genesis, to finish up the subject that I started last evening. In Genesis 22, we read it—this from the 7th verse:

*And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?*

*And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering: so they both . . . went together.*

And the 14th verse again:

*And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the mouth of the Lord shall it be seen.*

Let us bow our heads now, just a moment as we approach the Author of this Word in prayer:

<sup>2</sup> Most gracious, Father, we are glad tonight, that Abraham's God is our God, that we are His children by the promise through Jesus Christ. Then as He's just the same tonight to His children, as He was to father Abraham . . . For what He was to Abraham, the blessings do not promise only Abraham, but also his children after him. And when that great and mighty One came, that mighty Child, the Lord Jesus, He was offered for sin, for our sins, that we might, through His righteousness, become the children of Abraham, which is the children of God by promise.

Now, Father, we pray that You'll give us tonight the faith that Abraham had. And as we speak of the Word, may the Holy Spirit confirm all that you have written. And may, when we leave here tonight, after this prayer line is over, start to our different homes, may we say like those who came from Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as He spake to us along the way?" Let Him do tonight, the things that He did before His crucifixion, that this Emmaus tonight, might know that He has raised from the dead, and quickly, we'll go telling others, "Truly, the Lord has risen from the dead, and has appeared to us here in Yakima." We ask it in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen. May be seated.

<sup>3</sup> There are many are laying handkerchiefs up here. I do offer prayer for them each night. I remember in South Africa, one of the books, I believe it was written by Chaplain Julian Stadsklev. He wrote the book,

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I believe, "Prophet Visits Africa." And they had several big, burlap sacks across the platform, laid full of mail. And the editor of the paper, The Reporter, said, "Brother Branham is very superstitious." Said, "He was praying over a cloth." They just—they never heard of it. You see? And of course, that is part of the Gospel. That's something that God has promised that He blessed. And we have a—a chain of prayer around the world for these cloths. Some people gets up at twelve o'clock, some three o'clock in the morning, and we all travel and pray according to Eastern Standard time. We send those out from the Tabernacle around the world. People get up, praying for the others, not for themselves, for others, and others are praying for them, like we do here at night. And I tell you; you ought to see the testimonies that come in of the great things the Lord has did.

<sup>4</sup> Just speaking, last night, in the emergency room, there was a little German woman, sent not long ago, and she got a prayer cloth, and on the—the little piece of ribbon. I used to send a handkerchief. But when they got too many, I couldn't do that; so I just get hundreds of yards of ribbon, set down praying over it, send it to the sick and afflicted. And just . . . A little German woman, she got the instructions, and they interpreted it to her what it was in Germany, how that first you call your pastor. And if your pastor can't come, some good Christian, out of the neighborhood, or some member of your family, confess all your wrongs, if you have any. Pray.

Take this little piece of cloth, and pin it on the underneath garment. Lay your hands upon it, and tell God that you'll serve Him the rest of your life, if He will let you get well. And then, when you do that, then each hour at the old sacrificial hours, at nine o'clock, twelve o'clock, and three in the afternoon, Eastern Standard time, that's when I'm praying at the same time, and we go around the clock. Like that and around the world. And you just . . . God can't ignore that. All over the world, at the same minute. It's prayers, hundred and hundreds of people blasting forth at one time.

And this little German woman put that upon her, and she called her neighbors, her pastor; she'd had arthritis for twenty something years in a wheelchair. It was kindy cute, and sensitive, but she said, when she put that on there, said, "Now, Mr. Devil, you cannot hold me no longer, so just get out. Here I come." And out of the wheelchair she went, and away she went walking.

Just that simple. It's just that simple, faith is. And what I've taken these nights for, to speak on faith, is because people try to make faith complicated. It—it . . . God doesn't make it complicated, it's us that makes it complicated. We're going way out there, trying to get something way out there, and here it is right here by us, simple. If

you've got faith enough to walk across that floor, you got faith enough for anything God promised. If you've got faith enough to raise up your hand, why, you—you've got faith enough for anything else. It's simple faith. Just apply it with the hyssop, that I've told you in the messages. Just take the Blood and by simple faith, just like you eat, drink, walk, drive your car, speak, or anything else, it's just that simple. But when, you go to thinking, "Oh, can I do it? Can I do it?" See? Then you're—you're going plumb away from the—the main thing. You've got to come back here to simple, childlike faith, just to believe God. Say, "God promised it. My possession. Christ died for it. And it's mine." And just go right ahead, and believe it, and don't think nothing else about it, just . . . It's all right. It's all over. And you'll get well.

5 Now, I know that is the truth, because I have tried it. But now, if you've got unconfessed sin in your heart, it sure won't work. You've got to confess your sin. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; accept Him as your Healer, just like you would as your Saviour.

They say, "Is salva . . . Is Divine healing lasting, Brother Branham?" Just as long as faith is lasting. When you get to a place that you say that you're not saved no more, remember, you're lost your ground right there. When your confession goes down, then your faith goes down.

And now, the first thing that Hebrews says this that Jesus Christ is the High Priest making intercessions upon our confession." And before God could do one thing for you, you have to first, confess that He has done it. He's the High Priest of our . . . 'Course, the King James says, "professing," and profess and confess is the same word. See? Profess that it is, or confess that He is. See? Profess, I profess I'm a Christian, or confess I'm a Christian. Makes no difference.

And then, and the woman touching His garment, it said, "Thy faith has saved thee."

6 Now, these Greek scholars here, would tell you, that that word there in the Greek is "Sozo," which means just exactly "like saved physically or saved spiritually." Same in translation. So "Sozo," thy faith has "sozo," saved thee. Thy faith saves thee from hell. Thy faith saves thee from death. Thy faith saved thee from sickness. See? It's "Sozo," the same word. So the same faith that you have in God for your salvation, is the same faith you use for your healing. Just simple; believe it; act upon it. Doesn't take any sensations; it doesn't take anything in the world, but just common faith. You don't have to feel nothing. You don't have to . . . Only thing you have to do is believe something, believe that Jesus died that you might be saved, and it's yours. Faith is so simple.

7 The other day, there was some . . . I was walking around, and there was a—some minister setting out under a tree. The Holy Spirit said to me, “Go talk to him.” And I went over there, and his wife come out, and a group of people that had been here; and they couldn’t get a prayer card, and didn’t know there was an emergency room; they had to go back. See the grace of God?

And then, well, while I was there, the Holy Spirit came down, and begin to reveal all kinds of things. And them people begin weeping and going on. I said, “You brought an Indian with you, where’s that at?” And so I said, “The Indian’s a little girl, and she had a fever and it paralyzed her brain.”

And that man begin to weep. He was a missionary to the Indians. And he said . . . I said, “Get the girl; we’ll pray for her.” And I said, “Her father hasn’t got money to stay another night.”

That’s what hurts me. I wonder how it ever happened. I—I—I’m going have to change doing what I’m doing, because I don’t get in contact with enough of the people through these visions.

8 The people in America, we been taught too long, we must lay hands on one another. And really, that’s exactly what my calling was to do. The Angel of the Lord told me, I was born to pray for sick people. It was me that questioned, then He said, “By these signs, it would cause them to believe.”

I said, “They wouldn’t believe me. I’m uneducated, and they wouldn’t believe me.”

He said, “By this they have to believe, ’cause you’ll know the very thoughts of their heart.”

Many times, I wished sometimes I’d had something else. For many times I stand before people, that’s put their hands on my back, and call me brother, and I know that’s wrong. See? I’ve stood with—even with people that stay, and say, “Oh, Brother Branham, I’ve got the Holy Ghost,” and things like that. And know living with another man’s wife, or some other woman’s husband . . . Stand and have to swallow that when you know different, cuts and hurts. Don’t never covet it; don’t never want it. You don’t know what goes with it. See?

9 A good friend of mine, we was just setting at a table, a minister. And I’d wrote to him, and he was a fine man. I met him, and I was just setting at a table eating one day, and down in Louisiana, something happened. I looked across the table, and I wished I would not have done it. It’s hurt me ever since. If I just wouldn’t have done it. That’s the reason, I try to keep it away as much as possible, to keep from seeing it. I don’t—I don’t want to have that feeling. I want to believe that there’s . . . that love me anyhow. See? And you don’t want to have

it, and you don't realize what you have to battle against, knowing . . . And then, what someone says, and what someone means in their heart sometimes, is two different things. And you hate to know that, because I love people, and I want to love them with a true love, not knowing what they even think. But that don't make any difference, but I—I want to love anyhow. And then, but the more simpler we can get, the better off we'll be.

<sup>10</sup> I was just speaking of Indian. I remember my first dealing with Indians. I promised the—the Lord, to this missionary, when I prayed for the little girl, and sent her home, if . . . And said, “Lord, if You will let that child recover, I'll go to the reservation.”

I remember in Phoenix, the first time was out at San Carlos, the Apaches, first Indians I prayed for. I always felt sorry for Indians. They didn't get a very good deal. We know that. And so that night at San Carlos, back many years ago, they'd . . . We'd went over there, and we said, “Indian only.”

And so they were out on their reservation, and oh, when the sun went down that afternoon, it was beautiful to see the—all setting on blankets, and so forth, standing and setting. And I was in the little Assembly of God mission, out on the porch, one speaker and one interpreter, and that woman . . . They don't have any sentences or paragraphs, or punctuations, the—the talk's kindly rough. And so, I . . .

<sup>11</sup> She was interpreting, then I went ahead, and I said, “Now, you people, I feel sorry for you.” I said, “But I'm just one American.” I said, “I don't think it was right to push you off out here in these places and so forth.” I said, “I think it's one of the biggest stains that ever went on the flag.” And I said, “How would we like if Japan had won the war, and push us off in a place like that. It wouldn't set very good. So and you live out here with TB and everything, half starved, and everything else, and send millions over the seas for relief and there we are.” See? So what . . . Charity begins at home, says the Bible. And to a real American . . . Remember, we are not Americans. They are. God gave them this country. We come in over the top of them, took it away from them by power, pushed them off out in the desert somewhere, in the poorest of land. So that's how . . . Give them a little pension or something another, about enough to feed one child. And I always felt sorry for them. My grandmother drew the pension.

<sup>12</sup> So then, I—out there, that night . . . A Indian's a strange person. He's like a mule; he won't eat out of a strange stall, so he—he set there and looked around for a while, and you could see them head down. He will stand and listen at you, but you won't know or think he's listening at you, but he's taking in every word you're saying.

So when the service . . . When I got through speaking, I said, “Now, I come to introduce to you Someone, Who will give you the right deal. That’s Jesus Christ.” I said, “He loves you. And I’m here to represent Him.” The government and so forth, can represent the nation, but me, I said, “I’ve come here to represent Him. And He will give you the right kind of a deal.”

And then, when I got through saying that, I said, “Now, all that want to be prayed for . . . No need, you couldn’t give out prayer cards, ’cause there was no way of lining them up. You just have to hold a little place over here, and let one come through as he would. So I said, “Now, all of you that wants to be prayed for, stand up.”

Well, I’d left down at Phoenix with the Spanish people, and oh, my, it was horrible. They—how they would come in the line, thousands of them. And then, I said, “Now, the thing . . .” I said . . . And I looked. And I thought everybody would jump up and run. But there was nobody jumped up and run. Everybody set still. I said, “Did you say what I said?”

She said, “Yes, sir.”

I said, “Say it again.” I said, “Everybody that wants to be prayed for, come up the steps on this side, and cross this a way, with faith believing in Jesus Christ, what I’ve told you.” And so nobody got up; everybody just set perfectly still. Nobody got up at all. And after while, the missionary went back into the room, and brought out an Indian woman. Well, I turned around and looked behind me, which I had not yet, and they had all these little babies, in this little carrier, they have on their back, you know, hanging along the wall. There was a bunch of women in there. Here come one woman coming through, you know, with this little baby. She looked at me, and I said, “Could I have a hold of your hand?” And great big, wide wrist, and she looked at me a little bit, and I looked at her, and I said, “Now, the woman is suffering with a tubercular. And—and she has glaucoma of the eye also.”

And the interpreter said that, and she turned and looked at me, “How’d you know that?” Prayed for her . . .

<sup>13</sup> The next one come through, not because of immoral living, but the way she had to live, she had a venereal disease, unclean. But not of immoral living. And told . . . And she looked at me, and all them Indians then, looked at one another. The next was a little girl, and the mother was with her; and so I said, “The little girl had a fever, and in the fever it made her go deaf. She can neither speak nor hear. She’s a mute.” And when the interpreter said that to the mother, mother nodded her head, yes. And—and her father was one of the chiefs, and I took the little girl up in my arms, and I prayed for the little thing.

Her little hair was as coarse as a horse's mane, you know. So I prayed for her, and set her down like that. I said, "Look here, sweetheart." I said, "Do you hear me?" I turned her head like and I [Brother Branham claps his hands—Ed.] done like that, looked around. She . . . Them little black eyes, looked around at me. I said, "She can hear, and I'm sure she could talk."

She went blee-blah-blah, something other like that. "Oh, I said, "she'll talk better than that."

And the interpreter said, "Her talk, heap good now." So she was ready to . . . all right.

<sup>14</sup> So then the next was a little, cross-eyed boy. Then the Indians begin to watch. Next, one come out; had his head down, kindly backward, his little, Apache fat cheeks hanging out, hair hanging down in his eyes. And I said, "Now, the little lad, is it the boy wants to be prayed for?"

And the interpreter said, "Mother, yes."

And I said, "Now, the little boy is cross-eyed." And so it said that, and the mother took that hand, and grabbed him by the nap of the head, and pulled it back, and his little eyes setting in like that. And I said, "Let me have the little lad." And I had a piece of chewing gum in my pocket, and I handed it to him, and he held it, and looked at me kindly a wild look. I picked him up in my arms, and I thought . . . I said, "Don't interpret this."

I said, "Heavenly Father, please give me grace [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] that I might lead these real Americans to . . . ? . . ." I said, "to the Holy Spirit, something that would give them peace, and—and take them home to glory. Let this little ones eyes be opened. I charge Satan to turn him loose."

<sup>15</sup> I looked in front of me, and I saw a vision of the little boy looking right at me, this way, and his eyes just as right. The Indians just was setting, looking. And I said, "Now, before I turn the little lad (And he had his head laying on my shoulder.), if this baby's eyes isn't straight then I'm a false prophet, run me off the reservation. If it is, how many will receive the Lord Jesus?" All of them throwed up their hands. I said, "What do you think, mother?" To the woman like that.

And she blared out something back to the interpreter, said, "She said, 'If she could, if God could heal deaf and dumb, He could make eyes straight.'" That's good philosophy. That's . . . So I turned the little lad around; his eyes was straight as mine. Oh, my, you talk about a prayer line, we had a stampede. It was just coming everywhere. And I asked the interpreter, said, "They thought first, you were false. But they know now, that it's true."

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<sup>16</sup> Just one more thing. There was a—a Brother Jack Moore. How many ever knowed Brother Jack Moore? You ministers from Shreveport, Louisiana, he was one of the Christian Businessmen. You know him in . . . ? . . . and perhaps, some—many of you, out there, knows Brother Jack Moore from Shreveport. Yeah, look at the hands. He was with me, he and Brother Brown. And there's a—an old Indian mother was really next in line to come out of here, but there was a little Indian boy, about eighteen, a little chunky fellow. He just pushed right in around the rest of them. And I had a prayer line plumb down to San Carlos. Just—just all lined up there. Everybody wanted to be prayed for. So I—I couldn't make the little boy get back, and the interpreter couldn't make him get back. So the old woman was really next, and Brother Jack just caught him by the arms. Brother Jack's a pretty stout little man. Just picked him up and set him back.

<sup>17</sup> Well, next coming was an old Indian woman, looked to be about seventy-five years old with broom sticks cut off for crutches, and rags wrapped around a stick that went over the part went over her arms. And she was holding herself like this in the door. And I motioned to her. And she put one stick out like that, and moved her foot, then the other one. I just took my time, and waited for her. And she come up close to where I was, and I thought, "What's the old lady going to do?" And I seen her hair hanging down, old leather platted in it, you know, and turning gray. I thought, "Poor old thing, probably raised a bunch of children. How pitiful. Wished I could speak her language."

And she looked up to me like that, and them little bitty, deep set eyes, turning kindly a pale looking, great big wrinkles in the cheeks, and tears cutting their way down through them wrinkles. Oh, my heart just went out to the old thing. And she looked at me like that, kindly smiled, reached over and got one crutch and put it in the other hand, and handed them over to me, and went walking off the platform just like anybody else. Now, I tell you, just no prayer; she didn't ask for any. Her faith made her well.

Now friends, here's God's Bible. That's truth. I have this very same Bible, this Bible you—they give to me in Houston, Texas, way back in 1947. And I had this same Bible then. The God that wrote the Bible knows that's true.

<sup>18</sup> About three o'clock in the morning, I said, "I'll pray for everyone that comes in the line." I stopped the discernment right then, so I could pray for them all. And so then, about three o'clock in the morning, I noticed them coming by wet, way up around in here. And I said, "Oh," the interpreter, "Why, are they so wet?"

Said, "They wade—not waiting to go down to the ford about ten miles." Said, "They go out into the desert and get their love ones, and wade across the river with them." And they was bring them in on everything.

<sup>19</sup> So I looked and there was a great big, husky, warrior standing there, his lips real blue, and just shivering. And I looked; there was an old man, him and another fellow had on a—a board. And they had a board laying like this with a cross timber on it, and went up like this, and had the old man's legs laying over the pen—the two sticks across this way, and two across this way. They had his arms, and he was shaking with palsy like that, just as gray as he could be. And I said to him; I said, "Speak English?"

He said, "Little."

I said, "You afraid you'll take pneumonia like that?"

"Nope." Said, "Jesus Christ has take care of me, I brought my dad." Simple faith . . .

I said, "Oh," I said, "you believe God will heal your father?"

"Yep, wouldn't have brought him."

I said, "Pass him by." Must have been his brother back there. Looked a whole like him. And passed by, went by, laid my hands on the old man; I said, "God of heaven, bless the old fellow. Give him the desire of his heart." Passed him on. Next one come in, lay hands on that one. First thing, I heard a lot of noise out there. Here the old man had the board on his own shoulders going out waving everybody like that. Just simple faith. That's all. They don't—they're not all tied up with this and that. They—they just believe, that's all.

<sup>20</sup> Now, may God help us tonight, to have Indian faith (That's right.) to believe. God heals the little girl, it'll be a sign. That's 'fore I went to San Carlos the first time, went over there, because God healed a—a woman come in the prayer line, which was a alcoholic, and the next one come in was a tubercular. Them two Indians, and they brought back the certificate from the doctor, that . . . About a month later, when I was in California, that this woman was dismissed from the doctor. Her TB was gone. And the alcoholic had never had another drink.

By the way, that woman held up her hand here, the other night, got saved. Are you still here, sister? The woman that held up her hand in the back, the young woman? All right. That's fine. All right. That's good. How you feeling now? How's your husband, all right? Going on okay now? Fine. God bless you. Happy home to you. Her husband was healed also, an alcoholic. And—and just—it's been glorious to know that you trust the Lord God. There's nothing like it. Now, if God will

do that for that home, He will do the same for your home. He will take sickness out, take everything out. God's no respect of person. He only ask a simple faith to believe it. God bless you.

<sup>21</sup> Now, we left Abraham, last night. Are you enjoying Abraham? One time, in the—I was preach—a year at home in my Tabernacle on Job. And I got him over as far he was on the ash heap, and I kept him on the ash heap about six weeks. The people got real nice, you know, but they was tired. That was where I was making my killing point right there: Job on the ash heap. That's when the Lord did something for him. One fine sister, she didn't want to hurt my feeling, but she wrote me a letter, and said, "Brother Branham, you ever going to get Job off that ash heap."

I think . . . ? . . . think I'm going to get Abraham up to—to the mount. But last night, I was aiming to come to the climax of it, but the Holy Spirit stopped me. I'm so glad He did, 'cause souls came to Christ. And obedience is better than sacrifice.

<sup>22</sup> Now, a little background. And my son told me tonight, said, "Daddy, the—they're the finest bunch of people we've ever been around." But said, "They sure show that they're long suffering." He said, "You let them out so late."

I said, "Well, Billy," I said, "I'm getting just as much out of that as they are. See?" I—I got to be charged too.

It was just like one of the brother said the other day in the breakfast there. I believe it was Brother Hobson said, "We, ministers, need to—we're always up against, meeting, going to the hospital meeting unbelief, and in the platform, unbelief, and everywhere else unbelief. We got to get together, you know, kindly set under the oak once in a while."

<sup>23</sup> I used to have an old minister preach a little while at my church. His name was John Ryan. He's gone on upstairs tonight, and he—he'd preach a little while, and then he'd run over grab you by the hand. Shake my hand.

One night I said, "Brother Ryan, what are you doing that for?"

Said, "I'm just charging the battery. You're setting back there praying. I've preached out." So we have to charge the battery ever once in a while.

<sup>24</sup> So we find that God called Abraham. Was he a—a special man? No, just an ordinary man. And was he a young fellow, ready for service? No. He was a seventy-five year old man, 'fore God ever called him. So you see, God's no respect of age, or ability, or prestige, or . . . God just calls whoever He can call. And so, then we find that God told

him to separate himself from his kindred and his people, and . . . But he failed to do that, and God never blessed him until he obeyed exactly what He said do.

Now, couldn't we not type that and make a message out of it tonight, to the Pentecostal church? Until we completely surrender ourselves to God, in obedience to all of His Word . . . God don't give us the Holy Ghost and say, "Well, I got it. That's all there is to it." No, sir. He give you the Holy Spirit for action, for Word, for service. Until we obey, hunger in our hearts . . . There's enough Pentecostal people setting right in here tonight, to start a Pentecostal revival through this country here, that would—it would certainly do things around here, if we'd just get the fire burning good, you know, and get the high wind blowing from heaven, like rushing mighty wind, something would take place.

<sup>25</sup> So then, we left Abraham, last night, when he had been turned back to a young man. I'm not going to ask you if you believe that or not. But I—I believe it myself. But that doesn't make it right. But something happened to Sarah and Abraham. We know that, don't we? Something happened, because he was sterile, and she was not fertile. And they were a hundred years old; he was, and she was. And how would a man fall in love with a hundred year old woman? I just can't . . . Now, someone said, "Oh, they lived longer in them days."

My brother, read the Scripture there, it said, "They were both well stricken in age." They were old. And we find out, that not only that, but his strength was renewed, and she become back to young, beautiful woman; and Abraham had come back to a young man; and they were enjoying life. And remember, as soon after they left, there at Gerar, Sarah became a mother, and bore Abraham a son. Aren't you so glad that we're going to turn back? I don't what to say here; I'm so happy about that. I know I'll—I'll promise to let you out a little early, but something's on my heart. I just got to say it.

<sup>26</sup> Now, I want to make this clear before I say it. I believe that gifts and callings are without repentance. Now, the Bible says that. See? There's nothing you do; it's something God does. See? No man . . . You—you say, "I sought God, and sought God." No, You did not. God sought you, and sought you. It wasn't you seeking God. It's God seeking you. See? That was the beginning, man trying to hide, God calling, and Jesus said, "No man can come to Me, except My Father draws him first. (See?) All the Father has given Me, will come to Me."

Now—now notice. Since I was a little, bitty boy of about two—two years old, I started seeing visions. First vision I ever seen was in a bush, and the Angel of the Lord was in there like a wind, and told me that

I'd live near a city called New Albany. I was two years old, living in the mountains of Kentucky, and I spent my life within three or four miles of New Albany, Indiana, two hundred, three hundred miles away. And then, started from there, on down through life, and not one time has it ever been wrong. But this, I don't believe, was a vision.

<sup>27</sup> I want to confess something. I was always a little afraid of dying. Even since I've been a Christian. Not so much as I was afraid I would be lost, but I—I did not want to be a—a spirit. And I always thought if we died, we'd have a spiritual body; and I'd meet you people up there, and I'd say, "Well, that's the people I preached to down at the Yakima. Oh, my, wished I had a hand to shake them, but my hand was rotting in the grave. Theirs is too." And if we have no senses at all. Just like a little white cloud, a spiritual body, form of a body, spiritual. And I don't like anything that's spooky. I just can't stand that. I—I—I don't like that at all. I'm just—can get away from that right quick. So I don't . . . I always dreaded that. I said, "I hope I live to see Jesus coming, because I knowed I'd return from there, and have a glorified body. But I—I wanted to know as I know now. So I can meet my brother and shake his hand, and have a wonderful time." I said, "If I can just live till Jesus comes, I wouldn't be a spirit; I would just be changed." I wouldn't have that time to go through.

<sup>28</sup> And I always feared death because of that. About four weeks ago . . . No, beg your pardon, about seven weeks ago, I'd come in off of a meeting, and I was laying in my bed; and I'd woke up that morning, and I raised up, kindly put my hands . . . Which I sleep like that, behind my head, and laid against the foot board, or the headboard of the bed. And then, I said, "Well," I said, "honey, you awake?" to my wife, and she was sleeping away. And I said . . . I laid there a few moments, and I said, "Well, Bill, you're fifty years old." Best I know. I was born in Kentucky where they don't have a birth record. And you know what my birth mark is, birth record in Kentucky? The year the old stump blowed away up over on the hill. That's all they knowed.

They say, "When was that child born?"

"Tomato picking time."

"What tomato picking time? When was this one born?"

"Corn cutting time."

"What corn cutting time?"

Now, that—that was the birth record up in the mountains of Kentucky. So I don't know how old I am, but anyhow, I'm—I'm—I'm every bit of that. So then . . . so then when . . . That's what my mother told me, and I think she'd be pretty close to right. And so then, I said, "You're fifty years old, and you haven't done nothing for the Lord yet."

You'd better hurry up, 'cause there may not be too much time left." I said, "Oh, I hope I live to see Him coming. I hate to be a spirit." I said, "I—I don't want to get out there, so I can't meet people." And I said, "I—I love the Lord." And—and just then . . .

<sup>29</sup> How the Spirit works, as I told you the other night. These on the platform are visions, but they're little minor visions. You're making them yourself. You're using God's gift that He sent to the earth, the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit works through a channel. How many knows that? How many knows even when you're speaking in tongues, it's the Holy Spirit making intercession? See? To you who's been gifted, and clean so He can speak through you. Well, then He had set in the church, apostles, prophets, teachers, pastors, evangelists, and so forth. See? And He uses that channel. How I could stop here, and tell for—till the in the morning the things that's happened.

<sup>30</sup> Now, and so then, something begin to talk to me, and said, "Just keep pressing on."

And I said, "Well, I've been pressing on."

It said, "The reward is at the end of the road. The reward is at the end of the road."

I said, "I believe that the . . . Wait, who am I talking to?"

I looked around, I said, "Meda? (My wife.) Meda, you awake?"

Said, "Huh?"

And I said, "Okay."

And this went on I think for an hour; I thought, "Father, was that You? Was that You speaking to me?" And you've heard the story, the opossum, and the little fishes, and things that's taken place down in the natural . . . ? . . . in the life and things. That's just the way it starts talking. Just the same as you hear my voice.

And when the Man come walking to me, on the first time that He visited me in the human form, He was not a vision. He—I know what a vision is, the Man stood there and talked to me. He said—told me He was sent from God, that I was to pray for sick people, and needs to be. He wasn't a vision. He was a man. I—I don't know Who He was. And He said He's sent from God. And He was standing as close as my hand is right there. And I looked at Him, talked to Him, talked in words to him, then this Light was hanging over Him, went down over Him, picked Him up by the feet and He went out of my sight. And everything He said has come exactly to pass. Just exactly. See? So I—I know it's true.

<sup>31</sup> And the Lights, the scientific world's taken a picture of it. If I die tonight, my testimony is the truth. The church knows it around

the world. The scientific world knows it, by research that they took a picture of it, in a photograph and put it on with George J. Lacy, the head of the FBI, on fingerprint and documents, and of photographs and things. And he's kept it in there for about a week, and said, "I swear a statement that it is not psychology; the light struck the lens. The Light was there." And said, "This mechanical eye of the camera won't take psychology." Said, "The Light was there."

Paper after paper has taken it. We've had it several times in Germany, in Switzerland, and other places where they've taken it, scientifically, in that country, proving that it was a supernatural something, like a Pillar of Fire coming down. He does it. You see the reaction of it here in the church. That's just like It did when It was on earth in the flesh of the Son of God. Now, It's on earth in the flesh of the adopted sons of God, bringing the church together for the Son of God to come get a Bride. Amen. That's exactly right.

<sup>32</sup> And now, laying there, I heard It say, "Keep pressing on. The reward is at the end." And I—I felt something happen to me. And I heard that song, being sang, we sing it in our church:

I'd like to hear the sweet harbor bells chime;  
It would brighten my faith, and would vanish all  
tears;  
Lord, let me look a past the curtain of time.

You've heard it, many of you, that glorious old song. And it did—I felt something was ha . . . I thought I was dying, and I looked back, and there I was laying on the bed. And I turned this a way, and it was like a— a hill coming down, right in front of me, ever where it's at. Remember, my Bible on my heart, I tell the truth. What good would it do me to say that if it wasn't true? What good would my preaching do? All my sacrifice and suffering, what good would it do, if I'm a liar? See? It wouldn't do a bit of good. I don't have to say this. But I'm saying it that it might help you, because it's the truth.

<sup>33</sup> Wherever that place is, whether it's another dimension. I could not tell you, but I was somewhere that I could look back. And everybody's always accused me of being a woman hater. I—I don't hate women. No, sir, I do not. I—I like my sisters, but I don't like the way some of these modern American women dress and act, and smoke, and drink, and carry on. It's a disgrace to the nation. It's the greatest fifth columnist, we ever had, is the way these modern women do and things, when they can't even raise their baby by the breast; they have to give it cow's milk. It'll die in eighteen months because of nicotine poison. Yes, sir. You talk about a fifth columnist; that's it. That's what breaks the back of every nation, is it's womanhood, always has been.

I like real women, real mothers. God gives us more real, old time mothers, that we wouldn't have as much juvenile delinquency if we had a mother stay home and take care of her kids, instead of out somewhere with a cocktail party, and these little babysitters trying to take care of it somewhere. That's right. That's what poisons the mind of the children. The—America's rotten with it to the core, getting worse all the time, and will continue to get worse. There's nothing. . . I'd give my voice against it, but it's going on, because the Scripture said so. It'll die in its youth, this nation.

Now remember, in Revelations 13, when it appears, it always is youthful. That's the little—the Lamb's come up.

<sup>34</sup> Now, so I was kindly a little rough about women, and maybe this is kindly done to hold me down just a little. And I happened to look, coming to me, and there was look like a million women. They were young, looked to be about twenty years old, and they every one was—now, excuse me sisters, for this remark. But they every one was very young, had long hair down to their waistline, wearing white dresses, and was barefooted. And they'd run up to me, and throw their arms around me, and scream, "My precious brother."

Well now, I hope that I have found grace in your sight, that you'll understand me. You listen to your doctor. I'm your brother. I don't care, when I was a—when I was a sinner, I lived true that way, 'cause an Angel that met me, said, "Don't never smoke, drink, or defile your body in any way." That was immoral living. God in heaven knows I lived that.

But there isn't a man, that's—that's red-blooded and healthy, that a woman could throw her arms around him. . . I don't mean the man would be wrong or think wrong, but there'd be a human sensation. But in that place, it wasn't. It was truly a sister. And they. . . I—I looked, and I said, "I can't explain what it was. There was no yesterday, no tomorrow; it was now. They didn't get tired, yet they could shake hands. They could talk; they had a body; and just like they was here, only young." And I said, "I don't understand this."

<sup>35</sup> And that Voice that was above me, said, "This is like—something like Jacob when he had gathered with his people."

Just then, I looked, and men was coming, oh, by the groups, just like millions of them. And they were running, throwing their arms around me, and screaming, "My precious brother." And my, you know I was married before, and my wife died when. . . That's Billy's mother. And that's the reason Billy and I stick together. I—She died when he was eighteen months old, and his little sister was eight months old. She died with the mother, and I've been papa and mama both to Billy. And I seen Hope coming, working her way through the crowd.

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And I thought, “Surely, she’ll call me her husband.” And when she got close to me, she—I could see her. Bless her heart. Black eyes, German girl, you know, and black hair, she threw her arms around me, and she said, “My darling, brother.”

I thought, “I don’t understand this.”

And this—there’s another woman that just a girl there, put her arms around me, and said, “My precious brother.”

And she hugged this woman, said, “Think of it; he’s finally arrived with us.”

These men, they picked me up and set me on upon a little place like this; they said . . . I said, “Why is this?”

He said, “In earth you was a leader.” And said . . .

I said, “I don’t understand it.”

And just then, this Voice spoke again, and said, “This is when you gather with your people.”

I said, “When I die, you mean this is what I’ll be?”

“Yes.”

I said, “Oh, why did I ever fear this? This is wonderful. Oh, my, just perfection. That won’t reach it, superb. That wouldn’t reach it. There’s not word in the English dialect would reach it.” God knows that I’m telling this from my heart; it happened.

<sup>36</sup> And I would turn, every once in a while and look back, and there I was laying on the bed. It wasn’t too far away.

Now, I’ve heard since I’ve been telling it; there’s a man named Doctor Price that had a similar experience as that, and was in a book. And if anybody’s got that book, I’d sure like to read it, ’cause I want to know something about it. So then, he was a man who prayed for the sick, years ago, before my day.

And then I—I looked again, and then It said, “This is when you’ve gather with your people.”

I said, “All these are Branhams?”

He said, “No. They’re your converts.”

I said, “Converts?”

Said, “You see that woman, that you were just admiring, that put her arms around you, and said, ‘Darling brother.’”

I said, “Yes.”

Said, “She was a past ninety when you led her to Christ.” Said, “No wonder she’s screaming, ‘My darling brother.’” Said, “She’ll never be old no more. She’ll never be sad. She’ll be that way forever.”

I thought, "Oh, if I only could live it over again, I would cry; I would pray; I would persuade. I'd—I'd do everything. If I had to push in, I'd get everybody to come into that place. Oh, my, if the people could only understand what it is."

<sup>37</sup> And I went on that way for a few moments, and just then, someone, when I told this about a few weeks ago, someone kindly made a little light of it. I looked. And I had an old dog, he used to school me, help feed the family. I hunted all my life; this old dog would catch opossums, coons, skunks, and everything for me. And I'd hunt and then I would—I'd sell these hides, and I'd get school clothes, and help feed the family of ten children. And so, a policeman poisoned him, when we moved downtown. Oh, when I patted his grave, I said, "Fritz, if there's a heaven for dog's, you'll be there. And I remember my little horse, Prince, how I used to ride him on going hunting, running my traps and things. And he'd went on. And when I looked coming down across the hill, and here did come old Fritz. I can see that come now. He went up and licked me on the hand like that. Here come old Prince, nickered, and put his . . .

<sup>38</sup> Someone said, "There's no animals in heaven." Now, that's just all you know about the Bible. Where is them horses that come down and took Elijah up? Where's that horse that the Son of God come and riding on a white charger, dipped in Blood? When's the wolf and lamb going to feed together, and the ox and the lion eat straw together? Where's that going be at? See? If there isn't there? Sure, they're there. God loses nothing. Certainly, they'll be there.

And then, we happened . . . I noticed, and he licked me on the hand. And I said, "If I'm gone on, if this is paradise, where I'm waiting in glory, I want to see the Lord Jesus."

And that Voice said, "But you can't see Him now. He's higher. Someday He will come back."

And then ministers, and people all standing around, I begin to recognize them then. After I seen they were my converts of people I'd knowed in life. They were young. I didn't know them then. You see, they went back to young men and women. "Oh," I said, "there's brother and sister . . ." I—I was just so happy. I—I never was so happy in my life. And I said, "If I'd only knowed this beforehand." And I looked around, and I said, "Do you mean that He will come to me?"

Said, "He will come to you, and He will question you on the Gospel that you preached, because you were borned a leader."

And then, and I said, "Well, will Paul have to stand the same judgment by it?"

"Sure."

I said, "Then if Paul makes it, I will too, because I preached the same thing he did, without compromising on one word."

And all them people screamed out, "We are resting assure on that." Said, "Then we'll go back to earth and receive a glorified body, and live together through forever in this condition."

<sup>39</sup> See, everything in the Bible is in a trinity. You know that. I said, the other day, "You're a trinity: soul, body, and spirit." You live in a trinity: kitchen, and living room, and the bedroom. You might have eight or ten different rooms, but bedrooms and spare this, but you only live in three rooms. God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in a trinity.

And we find out that the coming of Christ is in a trinity. He came first to redeem His Bride, comes next to receive His Bride, comes next with His Bride, as King and Queen, to reign through the Millennium. You know that. Everything is in a trinity. And we're in a trinity, we have a mortal body, a glorified body, or, I mean, a celestial body, and then a glorified body. Three stages brings us back to our perfection again like in Eden.

<sup>40</sup> And then, I said, "Well, I assure of that."

And just then, a Voice said, "All that you ever loved, and all that ever loved you, God has given you."

And I felt something happening to me. I said, "Surely, I don't have to go back." And I felt it a little closer, and I turned and I looked back towards my body, and I seen myself move on the bed. In a few minutes, I was back.

Brother, sister, that done something to me. I realize now, that if this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, we have one already waiting, a—a body waiting.

And that, I think now, to coincide with what Abraham and Sarah had received, that type of body, just a comment or two, then to the climax of my message . . . Then we'll start the prayer line.

<sup>41</sup> God had showed in Sarah and Abraham here, exactly what He was going to do to all of Abraham and Sarah's seed. All the seed of Abraham should be that way. And here on earth, He brought them back to a young man and a young woman. And I told that story just exactly as close as I know how it happened. And I—it was . . . I don't . . . Don't . . . Let's call it a vision, 'cause if I would say, that it was a little translation there . . . If it was a vision, I never had anything like it. Now, I'm not trying to impersonate the great Saint Paul, 'cause I don't . . . I seen too much of that in my life, carnal comparisons. But say it was a little translation. I went to the first heaven, and if they it's that way in

the first heaven, what did Paul see when he went to the third? My . . . No wonder he said, “Eyes not seen, or ears not heard.”

If it’s that glorious in this heaven here, when you go into the third heaven, what must that brother have seen?

42 Now . . . Now, immediately after that. After being come back, God renewed them. He made them a young man and a woman. He started anew. They were both fertile at that time. Then they bore the little boy, which was called Isaac. Abraham circumcised him the eighth day and had a feast, and when they weaned him, and so forth. And then, we find out that he grows to the age of about, let’s see about, twelve years old, just a pretty, little Jewish boy with black, curly hair, and little, black eyes. And how that father and mother must have cherished that little lad. And one night, the Lord woke Abraham up and He said, “Abraham.”

Now, let me just stop there. He called Abraham, but I want to say this. This isn’t Scripture, but it certainly will blend with the Scriptures. “Abraham, I want to show your seed from hereafter, that what a man will do when he really trusts Me. I know I promised you this boy twenty-five years ago, and you didn’t stagger with unbelief at My promise, but you believed it. Now, I want to make the people down in Yakima, and different places, where this Gospel will be preached, to know that I keep My Word. I’m going to give you a double trial to— to show that the people who accept My Word, no matter what comes or goes, they must hold onto My Word. Now, I give you this son; now I want you to take that son up on top of a certain mountain that I’ll tell you. I’m going to make out of you, out of your seed here, a mighty nation out of this boy; and I—I’m going to make also all the nations of the earth; and you’re going to be the father of many nations. And now, I want you to take the only hope that you have of ever Me keeping My Promise for you to be a father of nations, I want you to take him up on top of a mountain and kill him. Destroy everything that gives the evidence that you’re going to have it.” Oh, I hope you get that.

43 Then course, poor old Abraham, he didn’t want to wake up Sarah and tell her about it. So he got up early, took the little boy, and the two servants, and their little mule, and he chopped the wood and put it in a sack with something, and took off into the wilderness.

Now, any—an ordinary man, when I was on patrol for seven years, I had to walk average thirty-two miles a day through the wilderness. And we got gasoline feet in these days. Then men had to walk everywhere they went. An ordinary man, ought, you know, ought to walk twenty-five miles a day. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

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<sup>44</sup> Look to things that you don't see with your eyes. You don't see with your eye anyhow, you see with your heart, and you look with your eye. So then, standing in that door of faith. Look what Jesus said, here. Let me read here: "Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased in goods." Look at our churches. We used to be down on the alley. We used to be on the corner with a tambourine. But now, we've got some of the best buildings there is in the country, sometimes, some of the best polished scholars in the pulpits. "Because thou sayest, that I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest thou not that you are poor, wretched, naked, blind, and don't know it?"

Now, if I seen a man on the street that was poor, and he didn't even have any clothes on, and he was blind, and if I could go to him, and talk to him about it, and say, "Sir, do you realize that you're naked?" . . .

"Oh, am I sir?"

"Yes, come in here; I'll give you some clothes." But what if that man is naked, miserable, poor, and blind, and don't know it? That's a delinquent person. That's a mental deficiency. And the church has become a spiritual deficiency. They don't realize that God is shaking every gift before the church, and they don't recognize it: blind, and don't know it. Think of it: naked, a naked person, a blind person, poor and miserable and wretched, and don't know it; that's pathetic. And Jesus said, "The church would be that way in this Laodicean age, and it's here.

"I'm so-and-so. I belong to this denomination. I'm as good as you are."

But brother, He said, "Counsel Me, and buy white raiment." White raiment in the Bible is called the righteousness of saints. "Buy of Me white raiment. Buy of Me gold tried in the fire," the fire of Calvary. "Buy of Me gold," the holy oil of God poured out, buy that kind of gold. Buy the righteousness of the saints, that thou may be hid.

<sup>45</sup> And now look, and, "Buy from Me some eyesalve for your eyes." Oh, my! "Buy some salve from Me, that'll open your eyes," to what's going on around us. Oh, God, I wished I had some way that I could get the church to see it. Buy salve. Salve is a hard oil. And oil is the Holy Spirit. "Let Me oil your eyes that you can see that I'm the same yesterday, today, and forever, let you see that the promises that I made for the last days, is here. Buy from Me salve."

We were kids, raised very poor. My grandpa was a hunter. A famous hunter, known throughout the country for hunting. And when the weathers got bad, he used to trap. And when he trapped, he used to trap fur-bearing animals. And he had dogs, and he caught coons, raccoon. I guess you have them here in Washington, raccoons. And he

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used to take those coons, and we would eat the meat, sell the hide. We wasted nothing.

<sup>46</sup> And the grease was a cure-all at our house. You'd have a cup full of coon grease. If one of the kids got sick, dropped a couple of drops of turpentine on it for a bad cold, and swallow it. I don't know how we lived, but we did it. But it was a cure- all. If somebody got a bruise, they'd put coon grease on it. A headache, they'd rub coon grease across your head.

And we had to sleep upstairs, there's a little two room house, and mother and dad, and five of us children, before the others come. We slept upstairs, the boys. Pop and mom, there's no floor in it at all, dirt floor. Had a stump cut off for a table. And then they . . . In the room there, they had a— a bed built out of straw tick on it, with a shuck pillow. Daddy used to have a shaving brush made out of shucks. We were way up in the mountains.

My grandmother died at a hundred and ten years old and never seen a train in her life. Only seen one car, and I brought it up there, and it taken me all day long to travel four miles, putting rocks in a creek so I could get it up there. All the neighbors standing out, never seen such a thing in their life, when I brought this little '26 Chevrolet up through those mountains. I got stuck down there; I asked the man if he'd take his horse; he was plowing, said, "My mare if you get it close to there, it'd tear that thing to pieces. She'd never seen anything like that."

<sup>47</sup> So we were poor. And then we had . . . Cut out a couple of saplings, and had an upstairs when the family got kindy big, a loft, big cracks in the walls where the chink mud had fell out, old clapboard shingles put on in the light of the moon; they turned up. Lay there at nighttime . . . And mom would put a feather tick over the top of us in the wintertime, and then she'd put all the old coats and things we had, then a piece of canvas, where if it rained, we'd just duck under that canvas like a rabbit, if it rained or snowed.

And you could lay there and count the stars any time. And there'd come up a cold spell, and if we didn't get under that canvas, we'd get cold in our eyes. And there . . . Mom called it matter. I don't know what it is, but it'd stick our eyes together. And I'd have to get up of a morning make the fire, come down these two saplings with sticks across them, and make the fire in a old chunk stove . . . And so then, mama would call me at morning, and she'd say, "Billy." Bless her little heart.

I'd say, "Yes, mama."

She'd say, "Come on down, it's four o'clock. Your daddy's got to leave."

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And I'd try to get up, me and my brother, and our eyes would be full of matter, all stuck together; the cold done it. I'd say, "Mama, I can't see."

"Call Edward, your brother."

I'd say, "He can't see either, mama. His eyes is stuck together."

Mama'd go out to the little step stove in the kitchen, setting up on some chunks. And she would make the fire, and go over and get the coon grease can, set it on the stove and get it hot. She'd come up there and massage our eyes with that coon grease. It worked good. We was able to see after she oiled up our eyes with coon grease.

<sup>48</sup> Brother, we've had a lot of spiritual drafts; a lot of coldness has struck the church. It'll take more than coon grease to open our eyes, it'll take God's Holy Spirit and His eyesalve to open the eyes. We've had so much theology: "The days of miracles is passed. There is no such of a thing as Divine healing; it's only mental telepathy. Don't hear nothing about it. Don't you have them in your town. They're this, that, and the other." It'll take more than coon grease to open our eyes, that's had that kind of a draft to hit it.

But God's got grease that'll do it. Yes, sir, it'll do it. Then when He opened your eyes, you'll be like Gehazi was with Elisha was at Dothan. You remember that night that the old prophet went down there, and slept. And the Syrian army was—come over and surrounded the whole city. And Gehazi woke up with his servant, looked out and there was, just all around the city was just nothing but soldiers, arms. And there laid the old, bald-headed, long-whiskered prophet laying there asleep. He shook him and said, "My father, my father, wake up quick. We're surrounded. We've been trapped."

I can see the old prophet get up; his eyes was open. Got up and looked around, "Yeah, I see them, but there's more with us than there is with them." There's more with us than there is critics.

Looked around, Gehazi still had—needed a massage in his eyes. Said, "I don't see nothing but Syrians."

<sup>49</sup> The old prophet stretched forth his hands, laid his hand upon him, and these signs will follow them that believe you know. And his eyes come open. He said, "Lord, let this man's eyes come open that he can see." And God opened up his eyes, and around that old prophet, all around over the mountains was chariots of fire, and Angels of fire. His eyes was open.

If we could only open our eyes to see this afternoon, setting around, standing around, moving up-and-down the aisles, Angels of God, the Holy Spirit. Hallelujah. Moving around through the audience, you'd

see there's more with us than there is with them. God open our eyes. Open our heart. Open every door in our heart.

Say, "I stand and knock. If any man will hear My voice, and open, I'll come in and sup with him."

<sup>50</sup> Let's go back a little bit. Some nineteen hundred years ago . . . We'll close. Let's put ourselves in a little room on the street Straight that leads—led up towards Golgotha. And I hear something coming. Sounds like a knock on the door: bump, bump, bump, like someone's knocking at the door. We go to the door and open the door. It's nobody exactly at the door, but yet, it is a knock. But it's an old rugged cross coming down the cobblestone, dragging out the bloody footprints of the Bearer: bump, bump, bump, Oh, it ought to go way down today, and you ought to feel it. On His shoulder it was rubbing: bump, bump. Look like anybody would open the door to that, a Man dying, that knowed no sin, yet was made sin for us. Making a way to that bumping . . . Oh God, let that bump open every heart in here, this afternoon. Bump, bump, as it goes along . . .

<sup>51</sup> Look at Him. They tell me He had not a place to lay His head. Said, "The foxes has dens. His creation, His birds has nests, but He, the Creator of heavens and earth, had not a place to lay His head or a friend to stand by Him." Can't you feel that knocking at the door this afternoon? [Brother knocks on the pulpit three times—Ed.] He was doing that so that bump would knock your heart's door open this afternoon, to let Him in as God and as Saviour, as Healer, as King.

He had one robe. He was wrapped in swaddling cloths when He was born. That's the wrapping off the back of a ox—ox's yoke. Didn't have no clothes to put on Him. And now, He's dying with one garment to His name. Yet He made every garment, made the heavens and earth. Hasn't got a seam in it; they throwed it across His shoulders. I notice there's some little red spots on it. As I noticed that bumping fading out, am I going to let it go by without accepting it?

Oh God, may the meeting not close till you accepted it, know that He's bumping at your heart. He died that He might come back here in the form of the Holy Ghost and do the things He's been doing for you. Open up your heart, believe Him.

<sup>52</sup> I notice as He goes on them little, bitty red spots gets bigger and bigger till it comes in all one great spot. Satan was walking along there. He said, "It can't be Him. That can't be God. I questioned Him one day, and said, 'If You're the Son of God perform a miracle; let me see You do it.'" That devil still answers that question—or asks it. "If You've got healing power, let me see you heal this one."

Jesus said, "It's written."

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“And then I got Him by the soldiers,” Satan said. “I got my Roman soldiers half drunk. I put a rag around His head, covered up His eyes, ’cause, you know, He said He could perceive their thoughts; He wouldn’t have to have His eyes open then. And I put a rag around His head, had my soldier to, and I got—had them take a stick and crack Him on top of the head, and said, ‘Tell us who hit You, if You’re a prophet.’ He was a fake. He couldn’t tell us. And then, I had them drunken soldiers to spit in His face. And could that be God in that flesh, going there with the gobs of spit hanging off His face, a mock crown on His head? And I questioned Him, and challenged Him to do something, and He never opened His mouth. That can’t be God.”

<sup>53</sup> So when they hung Him on the cross, he said, “All right death, come on, take him. He ain’t God.” I see that bee of death come up buzzing around. Said, “No, that ain’t God. God couldn’t scream on the cross for mercy. God wouldn’t do that.

The high priest said, “He saved others, but Himself, He can’t save.” The biggest compliment they ever paid Him . . . If He saved Hisself, He couldn’t save others. But He gave Himself that I could be saved, and that you could be saved.

<sup>54</sup> After while, that bee reached down with his stinger, and stung Him. Anybody knows that a bee or any insect that has a stinger, when it once stings deep, it can never sting no more, because it pulls its stinger out. Death socked its stinger in the wrong flesh that time. He pulled the stinger out. Now, death can make a buzzing noise, but he—he can’t sting no more. One of them that opened the doors said, “Death where is your sting? Grave where is your victory? But thanks be to God Who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Death can buzz and act like it’s going to sting, but it can’t sting a heart where all doors are open, and the Son of God lives and reigns in the heart. Don’t you want Him in yours this afternoon?

While the bumping of the cross is going on. That’s Him standing, saying, “I stand at the door, in the Laodicean age and knock. And if any man will hear My voice, and open, I’ll come in and sup.” Will you sup with Him? Will you make Him Lord? Will you let Him rule your life? Will you let Him guide you and direct you? If it’s against your thoughts, you—you sacrifice your thoughts. Let the mind of Christ be in you. Will you do it, while we bow our heads just a moment for a word of prayer.

<sup>55</sup> “I stand and knock.” Look what He did for you. The bumping of the cross. “If any man hears My voice, and will open, I’ll come in. And let him set Me down, and give Me a chair, and make Me feel comfortable, not misery, not let him say, ‘I don’t want You in

my private life. I've got enough faith; I don't need You any more for that.' Don't do that. But make Me welcome; set me in a chair, a nice comfortable chair, and say, 'Yes, Lord. Here's a little praise in my heart. Here's my hand going up, just a little sup. Here's a little soup that we could sup together, set and talk it over with You.'"

Would you like to do that? Raise up your hands, say, "Brother Branham, I now want for Him to sup with me. I want to sup with Him." God bless you, lady. Some . . . Would there be another? God bless you, lady. God bless you, sir. God bless you, young man. God bless you, sister. All right.

Someone else on the bottom floor before we go to the balconies. Raise up your hand, and say, "Lord come in. I—I—I want You to sup with me. I want You to talk with me. I—I—I want make You, Lord in my heart. I feeled You knocking. I—I want You to sup with me." Raise up your hands, someone else that hasn't raised their hands on the bottom floor, would feel that urge just now. Can you feel the bumping of that cross? Why, it ought to make every muscle in you quiver to know that He did that for you. And you won't as much as raise your hand for Him? Not as much as raise the hand . . . God bless you, back there, sir.

<sup>56</sup> Up in the balconies to my left, would you raise your hand. You with your heads bowed, say, "Sup with me, Lord." God bless you over here, my colored brother. God bless you, young boy, setting there. Someone else up in the balcony? Say, "Will that do anything, Brother Branham?" If you really mean it, you pass from death to Life. He will come right in. Have you felt the cross in your heart this afternoon, that bumps down the street, Him trying to knock at your door to get in to do something good for you? Raise your hand.

Balcony to my right, up in the audience there, would you raise your hand, say, "Brother Branham, pray for me. I now . . ." God bless you. God bless you. That's good. Someone . . . God bless you. Bless you. Bless the little one there. Bless this one. That's right. Someone else, just raise your hand. God bless you. Someone else? Say, if . . . God bless you, back here, sir. Somebody else? Yes, the little boy setting here. Oh, sometimes them little hearts that hasn't been pulled through so many disappointments and things of the world. They're tender.

<sup>57</sup> You know the Bible said in Isaiah 10, a—a child shall lead them. Won't you raise your hand just before we stop now? God bless the young girl. God bless the little fellow over there. Someone else? Raise your hand. Say, "I now want . . . I feel the bump." God bless you, young lady. God be with you. That's a gallant thing to do. God ever be with you. Don't fear. It's the greatest thing you ever done, honey. Someday

when death comes, you'll remember that you did the right thing. You'll remember that before that time happens. Bless your little heart.

Someone else? Raise your hand. Say, "I feel the bump and the knocking on my door, Brother Branham. I'm going to open the door and look at Him. And when I see the Blood there, know that It's Him, I'm going to say, 'Come in, Lord. Come on in, and set down, get the best in my home. I'll make You welcome. I'll go tell everybody that Jesus tended my little abode this afternoon, my poor, little, old heart. Not much, but He sure come to it, and knocked at the door, and I let Him in, the most important Person that could knock on my door.'" Don't turn Him away.

<sup>58</sup> With your heads bowed now, while we're making the altar call, reverently, quietly. I'm just going to let it bump for a few minutes. [Someone speaks in tongues—Ed.] Jesus, Jesus. [Someone interprets—Ed.]

Pass me not, O gentle (Will you rise from your seat  
and come in for prayer now?)  
. . . my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.  
Saviour, (Will you come now and stand around the  
altar?)  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on other Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

<sup>59</sup> Why don't you rise now and come around the altar here. You that want to let that heart's door open, let Him be Lord in your life. Come and stand here for a word of prayer just before we start the prayer line. Won't you do it? We'd be glad to have you here. The pastors will welcome you right in. You don't have to go anywhere else. They got churches right here, plenty of them that believes this same Gospel. And they'll certainly take care of them, of you. God bless you, lady. That's the correct way to do it.

While we sing again, will you come now? Let everyone that raised their hand walk up and stand around the altar for prayer. Will you?

Pass me not, (Rise up and come, won't you? If you're  
coming from the balconies, we'll wait.)  
. . . my humble cry;  
While on other Thou are calling,  
O, do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour,  
 Hear my humble cry;  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

Saviour, (God bless you, young man, and young woman. God bless you. God bless you, my brother and sister.)

. . . my (Won't you rise out of your seat, and come right on down? Let personal workers come at this time too.)

While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

<sup>60</sup> I noticed one of our precious colored boys. I suppose his wife come walking up. You know what I think must've come on his mind? There's was a colored man during the time of that scene heard that bumping. He watched Him stagger, Simon Cyrene. He went over and put the cross on his own back, and said, "Lord, I—I'll help You bear it on up the hill."

There's two of his children this afternoon; they heard that bumping. The hour of criticism on the church, they're ready to take up the cross, and say, "Lord, I'll help you bear it. No matter what anyone else says, I'm coming right on to help You bear it." He remembers that. He don't forget nothing.

Saviour, Saviour,  
 Hear (Won't you come? Someone else?) humble cry;  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.  
 Thou the Stream of all my comfort,  
 More than life to me,  
 Whom have I on earth besides thee?  
 Whom in heaven but Thee?

Come now.

Saviour, (Come take your place now.) O Saviour,  
 Hear my humble cry;  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

<sup>61</sup> Let us bow our heads now. Continue on on the organ while that lovely, sweet music is playing. To you that stands here, little boy, elderly man, and woman, a white man, and young woman, a colored man and his wife, a cripple even stands.

Oh God, where can we go to when death strikes us? No one but Him. You've come, because that something; you felt that bumping on your heart. Now, He's ready to take you in now.

<sup>62</sup> Our heavenly Father, it is written, I'm quoting Your Word, quoting It the best that I know in Saint John 5:24. These are the Words that You said according to the Scriptures. "He that heareth My words (which they just have knocking at the door), and believeth on Him that sent Me, has Everlasting Life, and shall never come into the condemnation, but passed from death unto Life." You said it, Lord. I believe it. That's where my soul has stayed, right there. You promised it. Every promise is true. Said, "No man can come to Me, except My Father draws him." Then the magnetic power of the living God is drawing this afternoon, and "He that will come to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Why? Because the Father has given it.

They heard, God drew, and here they are. It would be impossible for them to be cast out. You said, "I'll give him Eternal Life and raise him up at the last day." That's Your promise, Father.

<sup>63</sup> They stand here before this audience of several hundred people. And they're making a confession that God spoke to them. And You said, "He that will witness Me before Men, him will I witness before My Father, and the holy Angels." Then You put their name on the Book of Life, Lord. I thank You for this. The moment they raised to their feet, You accepted their recognition, as they have cast it into Thee this afternoon, Lord. They were sinners, and they're crying for mercy, You receive them. You said You would. That makes it so. They were saved the minute they raised up. They're standing here before the audience with bowed heads now, to take You as their Saviour, to witness before this audience that they are saved.

Father, don't let this be the stopping point, but may they receive the Holy Ghost. The hour is close at hand. They don't need to do anything else, but go to work. Give them material, whatever's in their hand. Some might sing; some might preach; some might testify. We don't know but what's ever in their hand.

<sup>64</sup> Samson, only has the jawbone of a mule, but he slayed a thousand Philistines. Shamgar had the ox goad, the Philistines was coming. He didn't have time to train to know how to fight. The Spirit of God come on him. He took the ox goad that was in his hand, and beat down hundreds of the Philistines.

David had a slingshot. Goliath had challenged, but God was with the slingshot.

And here they stand this afternoon, Lord, as new creatures. May they receive the Holy Ghost. If they have no schooling, training, or

whatevmore, send them in the field of service, Lord, for Your glory, while they have accepted that knock at the door.

65 And while you're standing, and you that come up to the altar, even to the little boys, and all, if you believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and believe that He died to save you, and you accept Him as your Saviour, raise up your hand 'fore this audience that they might see that you do accept Jesus as your Saviour.

To you at the altar here, is what I'm talking about. That's it. Raise up your hands. That's the way. God bless you. God bless you.

Now, for a little farther blessing, to be instructed, the minister's standing here, ready to lead to a room, where we can meet you in a room for prayer. Just move right around to the right, while I make another call. Come right around this way, if you will. Come to the right, right this way. Let the personal workers follow these, right now, right now, to the room. This way, the minister and the personal workers. Come right this way to the room.

While on others Thou art call- . . .

66 How many doesn't have the Holy Ghost, who want to go in to receive the Holy Ghost now? The door's open. Go right in with them. That's what they're going in for. They've been saved. They come. . . . When God spoke to their heart and they raised up, they were God's election. God called them. Jesus said, "No man could come, except My Father draws him. All the Father has given Me, will come to Me." That's right. So they've gone to the room. Someone else would want to go in with them from the balcony, that doesn't have the Holy Spirit. We've got instructors and so forth that can instruct you and stay right there the rest of the day and night, if you want to, until you come through with the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Brother, it's an essential thing. You must believe it. You must have it, or you'll perish. Go in, won't you, while we sing once more?

Trusting only in Thy merits,  
Would I see Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirits,  
Save me by Thy grace.

Let's raise your hands, everybody now.

Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

67 Our heavenly Father, may there not be one among us that'll be left. I have given unto them the best that I know how, Thy Word,

quoting it just as It is written, knocking at the door, the doors of the compartments of the heart, saying, that “Whosoever will, he may come and drink from the waters of the fountains of life freely, without money, without price. Come let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, red like crimson, they’ll be white like wool.”

And as You looked through the red Blood of Your Son, we know that red through red looks white. And without that, it’s still red. Out under the Blood, why there’s no remission of sin, and they’ve come, many of them to accept it, Father. There are many in the building here; I know not their hearts, Thou does. That when I stand, if the day of judgment shall be today yet or tomorrow, then there’ll be no man’s blood upon me, because I have offered them Thee by Thy Word, and the Spirit says, “Come.”

The Bride said, “Come.”

“Whosoever will, come and drink from the waters of the fountains of life freely.”

<sup>68</sup> God, grant that there’ll not be a lost soul here, but what shall be present on that day, saved and under the Blood. Back in the room, where those workers are working, God, I pray that You’ll fill each one of them with the Holy Spirit. Give them the desire of their hearts.

Grant it. May they find fellowship among the saints now, belong to some of these fine churches in their communities. Bless those who are seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit, may He come graciously upon each of them. Help us now, as we call the prayer line. Heal the sick and afflicted.

And when life is all over, Father, the last sermon is preached, that I’ll do someday . . . My life shall have to end here on earth, if Jesus tarries. And then, my Bible’s closed for the last time, the last hymn has been played, then may we meet Thee, Lord, in peace. Come, Lord, now, and show Yourself alive to us, as we wait on Thee for the sick. In the Name of the Lord Jesus we ask it, for His glory. Amen.

<sup>69</sup> Now, I believe Billy said he give a hundred prayer cards. I don’t know what letter it would be. E? Well, there wouldn’t be no more anyhow, cause we prayed for ever . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . medicine will heal you. If he does, he—he doesn’t know what he’s talking about. Healing is the multiplication of cells or life. Medicine will not produce life. If they had a let—medicine make life, we’d pour it in a bottle, shake it, and a man come out. See? But we’re not . . . We don’t have it. If you go . . . Now, you say, “Brother Branham, what’s your thought about doctors?”

I believe they are servants of God. I believe that there is some among them that's not. But there's some among preachers that's not servants of God too. I find more believing doctors, than I do believing preachers, in the supernatural.

<sup>70</sup> I visited a hospital here, not long ago, for a check up before going overseas; I talked to the whole medical staff, and every one on the staff believes in Divine healing. Certainly. If you'll present it to them sensibly. One of the head doctors at this certain hospital said to me, said, "Why, Mr. Branham," said, "we push people back that's dead. No pulse at all." And said, "The first thing you know, we realize that room of surgery, Somebody's in there beside us." That's right.

Now look, what if I broke my arm, and I went to a doctor, and said, "Heal it doc, right quick, I want to finish my job."

He'd said, "You need mental healing." That's right. He can set it, but God has to heal. God has to produce the calcium and stuff that goes in that bone, and knit that bone together; there's no medicine that'll do it.

Now, what if I had a appendicitis, the doctor had to operate? He didn't heal me; he just took out the appendix. Who's going to heal the place they cut out? There's no medicine that'll heal it.

<sup>71</sup> Somebody said to me, said, "Brother Branham . . ."

One time I made a remark like that. I made it like this; I said, "Any medicine that will heal my hand, if I cut my hand . . . Look, if I cut my hand, would fall down dead, you could—you could put all the medicine in the world in my hand, and embalm my body and make me look natural for fifty years, that cut would be just like it was when I fell down dead." Sure. If medicine heals, why don't it heal? Now, medicine heal the cut in my hand; it'd heal the cut in my coat. Heal a cut here.

"Why," you said, "medicine wasn't made for your coat nor this."

Well, what about my body then, if I'm—if I fall down dead, and you sew it up, and embalm my body, why don't it heal if it heals the body?"

"Why," you say, "life is gone out."

Oh, that's it. Life. What is life? Tell me what life is, and I'll tell you Who God is. For God is the abundant Life. Exactly right. It's your attitude towards it. See? You can't do it. So you must remember that—that God is the only Healer there is.

<sup>72</sup> Someone said to me one time, said, "Brother Branham, what about penicillin for pneumonia, bad colds?"

I said, "Sure. Penicillin is just like putting out rat poison in your house, when the rats has eaten holes in your house. It kills the rats, but it don't heal up the holes where eaten." Exactly right. Penicillin is

a poison in a body that kills the germs. And then it doesn't—it doesn't restore the blood cell that it tore down. God has to do that. Certainly.

So God is the only Healer there is. If it isn't, the Bible's wrong. God said in Psalms 103:3, "I'm the Lord, that heals all your diseases." I hold my . . .

<sup>73</sup> When I—I was interviewed at Mayos' Clinic. They said to me, "We do not. . ." The old Jimmy Mayo in the old Mayo brothers had a thing back there in the office, where you used to have there. They took me back and showed me, when this Donny Morton. . . How many read the Reader's Digest? When Mayos' had turned him down, and everything, and come out there to California, and down out of Canada. . . The Lord healed him, made him well. And Mayos had turned him down, and so had Johns Hopkins. The boy was made normal. And they. . . I was interviewed on that. And they said, "We do not claim to be healers. We only claim to assist God—nature. God is the only Healer." That's right.

So doctors is God's servants. I can't. . . I—I—I can't heal; doctor can't heal. Now, he works by taking off a growth, or pulling out a bad tooth. I don't deal with that growth. I deal with the life in that growth, the spirit, a cancer; it's a devil. The Bible said, "When the deaf and dumb spirit went out of the man, he could speak and hear." See?

<sup>74</sup> Spirit. . . If the—if the man's deaf and can't hear, the doctor says the nerves is dead. Well, why ain't they dead all over his body? Just like this, what if there's a transparent band around my hand that cut off the circulation? Soon my hand would become dead, be useless. Well now, you can't see that. The doctor only works on two senses, two of his five senses: what he can see, what he can feel. Well now, if he can't see it or feel it, then when that band's released, then circulation starts back again. Just as nature. . .

<sup>75</sup> A lady had a spastic baby over there, the other night, in emergency room. And I prayed for the little fellow; I told her; I said, "Like a stalk of corn coming up, if nothing bothers it, it'll produce a stalk of corn, good and straight, and a good ear. If a vine wraps around it, a clog lays over it, sticks, it'll crook. Well, that's the way spastic or anything else is. There's something hindered it. Well, if you can move the hindrance, the thing will grow straight."

Now, a lot of people say, "Well, I don't see any difference now." That don't have anything to do with it, not a thing. Pull the clod off the corn, it don't straighten up, right now. Just give it a chance. Laying in the warm sun, rain, watch it come right out straight. So will you do the same thing. You just believe it. It's God. One, all life but that life,

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is botany life which comes forth by the S-U-N, but Eternal Life come through the S-O-N (Is that right?), Son of God.

<sup>76</sup> Tell you what you can do, pour concrete up and down your sidewalk, put the grass down there. Where's the thickest of your grass next spring? Right along the edge of the sidewalk. Why? It's that life in there. You can't hide life. When that sun begins to warm that concrete, that little life will grow right on out, right on out, and stick it's head up and praise God. That's right. You can't hide it.

You take a— a plant, and put it in the bottom of a kettle, turn the kettle upside down, watch that plant turn right around and come right back up and praise God. That's right. You can't hide life. And when life's in the heart, God's in the heart, you can't hide it. Oh, He's real.

<sup>77</sup> Now, look at that line of people, plumb out into the hall and outside. Well now, you know good and well, I couldn't take discernment all along those people. See? How many knows that? Why, about . . . After four or five, I'd be almost fainted then.

How many in here, now . . . Well, you haven't got any prayer cards, but you believe with all your heart that God will heal? [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . get well. All right, now go and see. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] You see, the first ministry when the Lord told me to lay hands on the—they'd lay their hands on mine.

<sup>78</sup> Come here. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . Yes, sir. Now, as I just said, anything didn't have a germ, it wouldn't show. But it does show. You have stomach trouble. You believe the Lord will heal you of it? I want you to see this. I want you to look at my hand. Now, take your hand off. See? I put mine on it; it doesn't do like that. But yours . . . Now, the mysterious part, how to know what was wrong with you. See? That's—that's the Holy Spirit. Now, do you believe if I pray for you, it'll go off? With all of your heart? Watch it.

Our heavenly Father, let it be know that Thy art God, and it is written in the Scriptures, "In My Name, they shall cast out devils." I challenge this devil that's harming my sister; in the Name of Jesus Christ, come out of her. Now, you're watching yourself, lady. Now, 'fore I open my eyes or anything and brother there that was watching my hand too, it's turned back normal, hasn't it? Now, there's something happened, didn't it? You're healed. Just believe.

<sup>79</sup> Now, this lady. I'm not looking to her for a vision. Put your hand on mine, lady. Yes, sir. Shadowed to death, cancer. Are you aware of that? Now, she must have healing or die. Now, I—I'm—I just can't explain it. I—I . . . You've just got to believe it; that's all there is to it. I . . . There's no way for me to do it. Now, lady, if I could do anything to help you, I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't do it. But I—I can't do no more than pray.

If you and I will agree together, like Jesus promised in the Bible, and you'll believe this with all your heart . . .

How do you think that I know that you were suffering like that? By a gift. Is that right? Do you believe that gift comes from God? Now, if we'll agree now, I can make it leave you. You can see it go. But if a—if I—if we'll put our faith together, and then if it goes, I can't say it'll stay. Now, see I'm dealing with the growth. See? Now, life in there; the lump will probably still be there. But after a few days, that lump will swell, get bigger. Then just let it alone. Ain't got no life. It's like a little dog getting run over on the road. He will shrink for a while, but then he will swell and gets twice his size.

<sup>80</sup> Lot people say, "I lost my healing." No, that's the sign you got it. If it gets sick, it's a piece of rotten meat laying there. The heart has to purify the bloodstream, so it beats through there and starts an infection, takes fever and everything. That shows that you've got your healing. A lot of people say, "Oh, I missed it; I missed it." See?

Now, will you believe? Now, remember when it's gone out, it'll walk in dry places. Now, if you'll believe, put your hand. I want you to understand, so . . . Come up here close, 'cause you're in a serious condition. I want you to look at my hand. See? Now, it turns kindly red, and little white things running over it. Now, that's not the mysterious part. Now, you take your other hand here, and put it on there . . . ? . . . Now, it doesn't do that on there, does it? See? It'll just do it on this. But now, put this hand on. See? That's what He's doing. There it goes. See?

Now, if we will agree to show that God keeps His Word, here's a physical sign. Lay my hand down like this so that you'll see it isn't moving. All right. Now, you see just the way it's looking.

<sup>81</sup> Now, I want everyone to keep your head bowed, 'cause this is casting out an evil spirit. And when he's angered and has to be forced out, usually I leave it to the patient. If they want to believe it, all right. I've done all I can do. This time, so that the audience, this person, the ministers, whatevermore, would see it, and know that it's done. The woman looking there. Well then, let God be the judge. Now, be reverent. And as you watch, you watch my hand.

Lord, the woman's watching my hand. She knows it's something mysterious, knows what was wrong with her. I pray Thee, Father, in Christ's Name, that You'll not hold this against her. But we're wanting the people to know that You're knocking at doors, and she's watching this physical reaction here. And I pray, Thee, Father, that You'll make it go from her body. Hear me, Father, in Christ's Name.

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Now, as yet, he hasn't gone. Now, the lady's a witness; she's watching. I still feel it, just paralyzing my arm almost. Now, be reverent, everyone. I haven't opened my eyes yet.

Satan, the medical science calls you cancer, which means the crab. But we know you as a devil, a killer, death. And death and life cannot exist together. I come in the Name of Jesus Christ, bringing life. Come out of her, I charge thee; in the Name of Jesus leave her. Now, let the lady be the judge. I've never moved my hands, but it's left. That right? Now, raise your head. Now, with my hand laying on this table here, the lady's a witness. Now, look, lady, so that you'll see. It's not like that, is it? It's not like that, is it? Now, take this hand. See? [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>82</sup> In Jesus Name, may the little one be healed. If you'll just believe . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . .

It looked like the whole audience is just becoming bloomed over with . . . Why didn't you do this at the first place? All that suffering with a blood disease stand up on your feet out there, anemics and so forth, diabetes, or what-more. Stand up to your feet and believe with all your heart, all around anywhere, upstairs, downstairs, wherever it is. How am I going to call them? See? Remain on your feet. Stand here just a minute.

Come, believing. Come here, right here. Look here, sister, diabetes. And you stand right here too. All the diabetics stand on your feet. You're going to see something happen now, if you'll just believe. Have faith. Believe with all your heart. All right. You believe with all your heart?

In the Name of the Lord Jesus, may my brother be healed. Amen.

<sup>83</sup> Of course, you're a cripple. That's an arthritis condition. Stand here. Everybody's got arthritis stand on your feet. Look here. See?

All right, come, sister, right here. Look this way on me; you believe me to be God's servant? I've knowed since you've been setting there enjoying those healings, that you had that asthma, but do you believe that God's going to let him get over it? Everybody's that's got asthma, stand on your feet. Stand up. If God can heal one here, He can heal them out there, can't He? Asthmatic condition.

All right, kidney trouble. All right, all that's got kidney trouble stand on your feet. All right. Believe with all your heart.

<sup>84</sup> Come here, sister, look at me. Stomach trouble. Stand right here, all that's got stomach trouble stand up. All right. Look here at me. Oh, the whole audience is plagued with your trouble: nervousness.

Everybody's that's got nervousness, stand on your feet. Everybody's got nervousness, stand on your feet.

Look here, how could I go through that audience calling all them people? But the Holy Spirit's in here; there's just so much that's coming at one time, I can't tell where it's at.

Oh, He's knocking. [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] Do you believe it? This is the moment. This is the time. Everybody's sick, stand up on your feet. Everybody that wants to be healed, stand up to your feet, and raise up your hands.

<sup>85</sup> Come sister, the nervousness is gone. Go, believe. Raise up your hands. Do you accept Christ as your Healer? If you do, wave your hands to Him.

Oh God, Author of life, Giver of all good gifts, send Thy blessings upon this people, who I bless in Thy Name.

Satan, you've lost the battle. You're exposed. This company knows that you're exposed. You're a devil. You're a liar. You are a bluff. And we are calling your bluff in the Presence of the Holy Ghost, as a servant of God, with a gift of healing, ministered by a Angel, that exposes you. Come out of them, Satan. In the Name of Jesus Christ.

Raise your hands and give Him praise, and I'll assure you of your healing the entire group of you in Name of Jesus Christ.



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