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# AS THE EAGLE STIRS HER NEST

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Thank you very much. The Lord bless you, brothers and sisters. So happy to be back in the Tabernacle again this afternoon, church. You know . . . You say, “Well, this is not a church. This is the Legion building.” It’s a church while the church is in here. And God is in His church. Is that right? God is in His people. So His people is His church.

So here we are, all setting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, enjoying blessed fellowship while the Blood of Jesus Christ God’s Son cleanseth us from all uncleanness. Isn’t that wonderful? Just free at any time the Lord want to call us, we just take a little flight and jump right into heaven, just in about two seconds after we’re gone. isn’t that fine? What blessed assurance.

<sup>2</sup> I was speaking some time ago in a Christian Business Men in, I believe it was in Tijuana. No, I beg your pardon. It was at—at Jamaica, Kingston, Jamaica. And they had all the celebrity and a lot of the Cubans up there. And that night somebody said to me, after I got through speaking, said . . . We’d . . . We hold our services on the race track, but I went down in some big place with the celebrity, you know, to speak that night. And he said, “Say,” he said, “you’re—you’re that preacher up here, aren’t you?”

And I said, “Yes, sir.”

He said, “What you doing down here with these business men?”

I said, “I am a business man.”

“Oh,” said, “I didn’t know.”

I said, “Yeah, I’m a business man.”

Said, “What kind of a business you in?”

I said, “Insurance business.”

He said, “What kind of an insurance business?”

I said, “Eternal Life insurance.” [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] I’m still in the business. Now, if anybody here is interested in talking over a policy with me, I’d be glad to talk with you at any time: Eternal Life insurance.

I went to school with a boy, Wilmer Snyder, very fine chap.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Book of Deuteronomy 32:11 . . .

*As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young . . .  
taketh up on her wings, and beareth them up.*

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Now, the subject that I give out to speak on today was, “The Eagle Stirring Her Nest—As The Eagle Stirs Her Nest.” And so I won’t keep you too long now, that there’ll be time you can get ready and go to church. You have a good service this morning, everybody? Oh . . .

<sup>4</sup> [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . likened His heritage to an eagle. You know, I got to reading about eagles one time, and I find out there’s about forty different kinds of eagles; and about eight different kinds are mentioned in the Bible.

Some of them. . . They claim as the—that some of them were vultures because they eat carrion, but that was wrong. I would just differ with the man that wrote, because I know eagles. Eagles only eat live meat. Vultures eat—eat carrion. But a real eagle kills his own meat. He has to have it fresh, just like the grizzly bear and the black bear. The black bear is a scavenger. He—he eats carrion. But—but the grizzly bear, he has to kill fresh every night or when he’s going to eat, he eats.

And so is the eagle. A eagle gets fresh meat. He doesn’t want anything that’s stale, or left over, or hand-me-downs. He—he wants to get his—his own meat.

<sup>5</sup> So we are looking in the face of a great subject and a great bird. And I have always loved the eagle, though he’s caused me a lot of trouble. He’s eat up a many deer that I kill, but I—I still got a respect for him. He’s a bird of prey. And the very word “eagle” itself means “ripper with the beak.” He rips with his beak and then feeds.

And that’s a good way to look at a—a call of God, because God feeds with His mouth, and His mouth is His Word, where His Word comes forth. And He likened His heritage, us, unto His eaglets. And He Himself is Jehovah Eagle. Did you know that? God claims Himself to be Jehovah Eagle. He’s a Eagle Himself. He’s Papa Eagle, and we’re little eaglets, His children.

<sup>6</sup> And I’ve learned much of eagles, as I’ve studied them. And I’m a great lover of nature. Nature’s where I first found God, to watch Him. I’ve watched the flowers. When I was just a sinner boy, and see the little flowers; frost would hit them, and they’d bow their little head, and little black seed would drop out of them.

And you know they have a funeral procession for flowers? Did you ever know that? Sure, God has a funeral procession. Certainly does. The fall rains come over, and just cry great big tears down, and buries them flower seeds. Certainly does. He has a funeral procession.

And then they lay there; in the wintertime, why, the ground freezes, and the little stalk dries up; the bulb dries up; the petals gone. The little seed freezes, pops open. All the pulp in the seed runs out. You might

get a handful of that dirt, take it down to the laboratory, and test it over and over, and you'll never find anything of that seed left in there. But just let the sun start shining. There's a germ of life somewhere that God has hid in that seed somewhere in that ground. From that seed it'll live again.

And I thought, "If God made a way for a seed to live again, how much more has He made a way for me to live again and you to live again?"

<sup>7</sup> I was eating some ice cream one day when I was State game warden of Indiana. There was an old Methodist preacher named Brother Spurgeon, a very fine old man: Henryville, Indiana. We were setting up on a stool eating a little ice cream having some fellowship, and the Agricultural Hour was on.

The little 4-H Club there in Louisville had—had a machine over there that they had perfected, that could make a grain of corn look just exactly like the one you made in the field. And you put a sack full that the machine had made and a sack full that grewed in the field, put them in your hands, mix them up, you could never tell them apart. Take them down to the laboratory, cut them apart. They each had so much calcium, and so much moisture, just exactly. And the only way you'd ever know them again was to bury them. And both of them would rot. But the one that man made, that was the end of it. But the one that God made had a germ of life. It rose again.

<sup>8</sup> We can be church members, try to live a good life, but, brother, God's Life is what counts. Two men look just alike. Go . . . Both of them go to church, both of them deacons, both of them pastors: one have a germ of Life, and the other one does not have the germ of Life. So the difference is that where you find that nature, new birth; that something that's in there that takes away all the—the doubt out of it, and gives you an assurance in here that you know you've passed from death unto Life. Because your spirit and His Spirit is the same; they bear record one with the other.

Oh, how wonderful it is to know the grace and the glory of God that's come to us and been shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit: nothing like it.

<sup>9</sup> Studying and watching these fellows, these eagles, watching their nature . . . One year up in Colorado . . . I—I like to hunt, and I don't like . . . I'm not a killer; a hunter. And I like to just go out, get up on the mountain, set down and watch the animals, see how they move.

Never in my life, as I remember, taking over a limit of anything, because . . . And you hunters remember that. It's sinful for a Christian to break the law. You shouldn't do it, and you remember . . .

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<sup>10</sup> And you little boys around here, don't shoot my robins. Huh-uh. They're mine. See? Did you ever hear the legend of the robins, you little boys? Now, if you want to shoot at English sparrows, that's up to you, and papa and mama, and so forth. See? But my robins and doves, don't shoot at them. You remember, that—that's my birds. See? Do you know how he got his little red breast? How many ever heard how he got it, the legend?

One day there was a Man dying on a cross. Everybody had forsaken Him. Even God Himself had forsaken Him. You know what happened? A little brown bird looked at Him there and felt so sorry for Him. He looked, His hands was pierced through with nails, and His feet was drove to a cross. He was in prison.

You know what this little brown bird did? He was so sorry for Him, he just run right in and tried to pull those nails out. And in doing so, he got his little breast all red with blood. Since then he's had a red breast. You don't want to shoot him, do you? He's a nice little bird. (You ought to see them little bright eyes looking up at me.) Oh, nature . . .

<sup>11</sup> I remember learning of the eagle. Once I was setting in Colorado, and I was watching . . . It was in the spring roundup, bringing the cattle in. And I climbed up on a hill, and I was watching an eagle, how she was bringing her little ones, and what she did with them. And I thought, "How amazing." Taking my binoculars, to get right up close to where she was at . . .

<sup>12</sup> And one year, I was up there elk hunting. And the snow has to run the elk down. If it don't, they're wild. They don't get down in the valleys, where sometimes fishermen and things comes up the creeks and . . . But they stay real high. And there had been no snow to run them down. So the rancher and I was—had parted. We'd see one another in the next two or three days, and we'd meet where we were hunting across: he on one side of the divide, and me on the other.

And I had about a couple of pack horses and a saddle horse. So I climbed way up where I didn't take my horse, early that morning, and went on up high: just hobbled him, so he could pick awhile. And went way up high . . .

In the fall of the year around October there, it'll rain awhile, and snow awhile. Oh, you know how it is, almost like a March down here. Then the sun will come and dry it all off.

And come up a storm, one of them quick Northerners. And there was an old blow-down close. I was almost to timber line. And I'd just got behind a tree, and stood like this till the storm was over. And after the storm was over, I stood there. And the wind got real cold when

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it was storming. The wind blowing, and the rains falling (the autumn rains), and the evergreens was freezing.

<sup>13</sup> Then way back in the west, the sun came out. And I noticed it shining down, and struck against the side of the mountain, those evergreens froze. It formed a rainbow across the canyon. That great big eye setting back there into the west looking that way, I thought, "That's like the eyes of God running to and fro through the whole earth."

You know, you just can't go anywhere 'less you can see God, if you'll just look for Him. He's just—He's just everywhere. You've got to get Him in here first though, then let Him use your eyes to look. Get Him in here, and He will use your tongue to speak. Just . . . He will just use your whole being. Just as much as you will yield to Him, that's how much He can use.

God has an awful time getting a fellow to yield to Him. Like Samson, Samson was kind of a ladies' man. He yielded his strength to God, but wouldn't give his heart to God. He give that to Delilah. And that's all God could use was his strength. And just as much as you'll give to Him, that's what He can use of you. Oh, let's just give all to Him, say, "Here I am, Lord. Just take me."

<sup>14</sup> While we were . . . I was standing there. I looked at that. I seen that rainbow, and I said, "Looky here. God's plumb up on top of this mountain. There He is in the rainbow." You see Him in Revelations 1, to look upon, you know: a rainbow, walking in among the seven golden candlesticks, to look upon as jasper and—and sardine stone; Benjamin and Reuben, first, last. And I looked at that and I thought, "Isn't that beautiful."

About that time, an old gray wolf howled up on the hill, and the mate answered it down in the bottom. I thought, "Yeah, there's God in that."

The storm had separated the elk herd. There was about . . . I got eighty-some-odd elk in that herd. And just try to get the biggest bulls, as anyone understands. I like them just like you would your cattle. You don't want to butcher them out and—just because you can shoot them. But just take out the old ones, 'cause if you don't, why, it hurts your herd.

<sup>15</sup> And I heard an old bull over on the side, bugling, because he'd got lost from the other herd. Oh, my. You talk about . . . As David said, "the deep calling to the deep," standing up there, and hear that wolf howl yonder; hear this elk over here bugling.

Something way down on the inside of me begin to gurgle up. I thought, "O God." I thought, "It's good to be here. I wish I could build three tabernacles." I got so happy. I set my little old rifle against the side

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of the tree, and around, and around, and around that tree I went, just screaming at the top of my voice; jumping up and down, and flopping my arms back and forth. I said, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah," around the . . .

Why, if somebody had been in the woods they'd thought they had a maniac out there. Around and around the bush I went, just as hard as I could go, and saying, "Praise God, praise God, hallelujah," just running as hard as I could; 'cause I was feeling good. I didn't care for anybody else see me. I was just . . . I was just blowing off the steam. If I didn't, I was going to burst. So I just had to whistle—put a little out the whistle.

So I was just going around, and around, and around as hard as I could. After while I stopped and throwed up my hands. I thought, "There He is, over yonder in the rainbow. Here He is down here, howling in the wolf. Here He is, bugling in the elk. Here He is, in my heart. Oh, You're just everywhere." And around, and around, and around the tree I went again. I thought, "Oh, it's good to be here. Wish I could build me a cabin, and stay here."

And then I thought, "No. Like it was with Peter, James and John . . . There's a sick child just below the hill. You see? Got to go down."

<sup>16</sup> So while I was standing there, I noticed I must've excited a little old pine squirrel. I don't know whether you Tex . . . Oh, sure. If it's anywhere else, you got it in Texas. But a little pine squirrel jumped up on a stump there where there was an old blow-down. And he begin to just say all kinds of things to me. I guess I must've scared the little fellow half to death. And I was running around like that, I looked over, and he was setting there switching that little tail, just chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter-chatter-chatter.

I thought, "What's the matter with you, little guy? I'm worshipping the very God that created you. You want to see some more of it? Here I go." Around, and around, and around, and around again. I thought, "How'd you like that? Why don't you run around a little while?" But the only thing he could set there and go chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter-chatter-chatter.

I thought, "Now, God, why did You attracted my attention to that little fellow for, when I'm just having such a big time here, You and I?"

<sup>17</sup> I looked at him and . . . He's—he's got great big, bug eyes anyhow, you know. Look like sticks out on his cheeks, especially when he gets all excited. And he was looking down, like this. I thought, "He's not watching me." Come to find out, the winds a blowing in that storm had forced a big old eagle down under this stuff, under this blow-down.

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This great big, old brown eagle was coming, moving out of there. That's what the little squirrel was excited about. He wasn't bothering me at all; he wasn't bothered about me. So he was watching that eagle down there, because that eagle could pick him up right easy, you know.

So I . . . He jumped out there, this big eagle, and thought, "Well, now what do you know about that?" I seen this big eagle jump out there, and those great big, velvet eyes looking around, you know. And thought, "Isn't he a pretty thing?" Stand about ten feet from me . . .

<sup>18</sup> And I thought, "God, why did You attract my attention now to that eagle, instead of letting me run around and around this tree? I—I don't know why You'd let me look at a fellow like that. If I just kill a deer, and don't cover him up good, he'd pack him away. So why would I have to look at a fellow like that? I'm looking at You out here in the rainbow, seeing You out here in the—in the—hearing you in the wolf, and in all these things." I said, "Where would You be in that eagle? Yet, the Bible said that You're Jehovah Eagle, and we're eaglets. So now, I wonder how would You ever be in that eagle?"

I thought, "What—what could I see about that fellow? I can see the—the—the elk; he's a great big monarch. He's the monarch of the woods. I can see the wolf with his lonesome howl, and—and I can see the rainbow. But that fellow? What's about him godly?"

<sup>19</sup> I happened to notice. He was setting there, and I said, "You know what?" I said, "Old fellow, I could shoot you if I wanted to." I said, "I—I could shoot you. Do you believe that?"

He just never paid me any attention, just sat there, and that great big head looking up, you know, and them eyes gazing over the skies, then look back at me. And I kept noticing him watching that chipmunk.

I think he had his eye on getting that chipmunk, is what I think, or that ground squirrel, or pine squirrel. We call them chipmunks in Indiana, but they're actually pine squirrels. So I seen him watching that.

I thought, "Well, what—what about him?" I said, "Well, there's one thing. He's not scared." And I said, "I'll see how scared he is." I said, "You know I could shoot you?" He just looked at me. I started raising my hand towards my gun. I seen him moving them feathers. I said, "I see it. I see what it is."

See, he knowed that he could be in that timber before I could ever get my hand on that rifle. That's right. Why? He had two wings. God give him two wings to escape danger, and I watched him feeling them feathers. I thought, "O God, I see where you're at now."

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20 Somebody said to me, “Aren’t you afraid you’ll make a mistake sometime up on there?”

Oh, no. Oh, no. As long as I can just feel His God-given Presence is around, let them say anything they want to. It don’t make any difference.

“Aren’t you afraid somebody’d take a crack shot at you?”

No, no. Huh-uh. I ain’t afraid as long as I can feel His Presence, that God-given power (that’s all), just feel His Presence around.

“Aren’t you afraid they’ll class you as a holy-roller?”

Done did it. Didn’t do any good. I’m going right on just the same. So it doesn’t matter. Just feel His Presence around, you know, see that every feather is laying just right . . . Oh, my.

We ought to take inventory once in a while, and just see how everything’s feeling. Don’t you think so? I like that. Just feel that real comfortable feeling, like I do right now. See? He’s right around now.

21 And I thought, “Well, I see what it is. And another thing, he’s not afraid, because he knows where he’s standing. He knows just how much he can do, and how much he can’t. And he’s trusting his God-given gift to take him away from danger. And if God could give an eagle that much confidence by instinct, how much more confidence ought we to have (Amen), with the power of the Holy Ghost upon us, take us away from danger. Fly away. Sure. Get right away from it. Just rise up and believe it.

No need of us being this way, being sick, or broke up, and divided in a hundred and—nine hundred and sixty-nine different organizations and things. Let’s fly away from it. Amen. Get on out of it. We’re not bound by anything. No. But fly right away.

People say “Oh, days of miracles is past.” Don’t you believe it. Just feel that God-given power around you that saved you and filled you full of the Holy Ghost. What—what’s that? Keep your—keep your feelings of the Holy Spirit around you. See everything, the gears is all running right, oiled up good with eyesalve, you know, and everything, so you can really move out when it comes time.

22 Then I watched him a little bit, and I found out that—that he wasn’t afraid of me. But he—he got tired of that little old chipmunk setting there, little old pine squirrel setting, going, “Chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter-chatter-chatter.” He got enough of it, and I guess maybe by instinct he knowed that I wouldn’t have shot him anyhow, ’cause I admired him setting there.

I like anything that’s brave. I hate a coward. I hate a man or . . . for a . . . See a man get in a pulpit and afraid to preach his convictions . . .

Brother, I tell you, I'd say it if he shot me, just the same. I—I want . . . And go to an office, and somebody be healed by the power of God, and afraid to say something about it. Somebody say that they . . . “Yeah, I believe the Lord’s a Healer,” and then afraid to testify of it. Oh, brother. Ashamed of the Holy Ghost, God can’t use you. God wants men of—of bravery. Amen. We are kin to the Lion, the Lion of the tribe of Juda. That’s right. Sternness, firmness, bravery . . . Oh, how I could take on that Lion and leave my text here.

<sup>23</sup> But on—on this eagle, I watched him for a few minutes, and after while he got tired of hearing that there chatter, chatter. So he just made one big jump, and he flopped his wings about . . . Flapping his wings about three times like that, he was done beyond that timber.

Then I thought, “My, what a powerful . . .” The wind almost knocked me down when he raised up there, the power of that wing coming up, “Phew! Phew!” like that. He was right up into that timber. I thought, “My, he could fly a long ways.”

But you know what? He never flopped his wings any more. No. He just knowed how to set them. And every time the wind would come in he’d ride up a little higher. He’d set them again. When the winds would come up the canyon, he’d ride a little higher, not—not flapping one more time. He just rode away.

<sup>24</sup> I stood there. I started crying. I thought, “Lord, I’m going to have another spell, just as sure as the world.” And I looked, and there he went. And I watched him till he come just a little black dot, way in the air. I thought “That’s it, Lord. It isn’t join this, and go join that, and flap, flap here, and flop, flop there from one place to another. It’s knowing how to set your wings in the power of faith and fly away.”

Leave that earthbound chipmunk set there, saying, “Chatter-chatter: days of miracles is past. Chatter-chatter-chatter: no such thing as the Holy Ghost. Chatter-chatter-chatter; it’s all nonsense. That’s just worked up. That—that’s enthusiasm. No such a thing.” Oh, my.

Just set your wings. Hallelujah. When the Holy Ghost comes in like a wave, just ride right on it, like that. Go on out of the way of it, up, up, up, till you can’t even hear it no more. That’s the way. Get so high in the atmospheres of God’s grace until you don’t even hear that chatter-chatter here, becomes dead to you. You’re up in the heavenlies.

<sup>25</sup> Now, a eagle was made a heavenly bird. He certainly was. And there’s no other bird that can touch him. No, sir. He’s the king of the bird family. That’s true.

If a . . . You talk . . . You say, “A hawk’s got a hawk-eye.” You’ve heard that. He’s an amateur. He don’t know what he’s talking about. If that hawk would ever try to fly with that eagle, he’d disintegrate in the

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air. The eagle is a special-built bird. He has to be, because he can fly higher than any other bird. Well, now, if he didn't have a special-built body when he got up there, he would disintegrate too.

That's how people try to impersonate, to be something that they're not. That's what causes all your wrecks on the road, what I mean, on the road of life; because they're trying to impersonate somebody else, and they wasn't built that way. They wasn't made for that. I don't know whether that sunk in or not, but I hope it did. But anyhow . . . Oh, yes. Amen.

We find out, you know, the—the uncircumcised Egyptian trying to follow the circumcised Israelites, they got disintegrated too in the bottom of the sea. They couldn't cross. Their wheels mired down.

<sup>26</sup> Now, we notice, as the eagle . . . And if he . . . What good would it do . . . Now, that's the reason God likened His prophets to eagles, because they could go so high.

Now, he's a special-made bird. And oh, his feathers are so tight you can't hardly pull them out with a pair of pliers. They're so tight, because if they wasn't, when he got up there, up in that spheres up in there, he'd—he'd—they'd come out of him. He'd fall back to earth, and just—he'd disintegrate.

And if a hawk tried to follow him, or the crow tried to follow him, he'd just leave him in the dust. And that . . . If he got any higher, he'd go so high, that's all the higher he can go, 'cause he's a crow, or a hawk. But an old eagle just keeps on climbing.

Now, what good would it do him to get up there, if he wasn't equipped with some eyes that could see a way away too? That's right. What good does it do to climb high, unless you live high too? Live the way you're climbing. High as you jump, live that high. You know what I mean. That's what brings so much reproach on the church, is people jumping way high and living real low. See? That's the thing we ought to do, yeah: live just as high as you jump. See? That's right.

<sup>27</sup> Now, if the eagle didn't have some reason to be up there, he'd never be made that way. So that's the reason God made him and called him His prophet, because the prophet rises higher, like Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and them. They went way up in. Farther up you go, the farther away you can see. Now, some people just stays on the ground all the time, so his vision's just right here. But as you raise, higher you raise, further away you can see. Oh, my. No wonder some people's so nearsighted. They have never got their foot off the ground yet. Oh, higher you can raise. . .

And the eagle is the highest of all. He can raise higher than any other bird. Nothing can follow him. Why, I doubt whether an airplane

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could get to him, or not. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] There making it, generating its own air.

But when you get up in there, this bird, the live bird up in there, he look around; he can see. His eyes so far beyond the hawk, he can get up there and see things. Like if—if there was a storm coming, and you could be high enough in the air, you could see it hundreds and hundreds of miles away. If you was high enough up, you could see it.

Well, God took His prophets and raised them up so high like Jeremiah, and Isaiah, John, and them, till they saw plumb on down into the Millennium (Amen.), way out.

<sup>28</sup> I was over to visit a brother in Phoenix not long ago, a Brother Outlaw. He said. . . That's a horrible name for a Christian brother, but he's a fine man, and he's one of my. . . Brother Kidson, when you and I were there, we was at his church. And he had a choir up there. They were godly looking little women, with no manicure on their face, and had long hair, and dress. I—I always. . . What is that? What is that, you call that? I always get. . . Mascara. That—that—that don't sound right. Oh, anyhow, it's on the lips, and on the. . . Just all over. See? So paint is really what it is. Well, I guess that's it too, ever what it is.

Well, anyhow, they wasn't dressed like that. And their little old faces, just as shiny as a peeled onion. And there we was standing there, and they—his little boy standing out there singing, "We're going up, up, up."

And he said, "The first round was justification, second round, sanctification. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . glorification. Then the Holy Ghost came down." Said, "I started up-up, up-up-up, up-up, up-up till I struck the Milky White Way."

I thought I was gone then, 'cause we was just feeling. . . That's that eagle mounting up, going up way up in there till you can see the coming of the Lord.

<sup>29</sup> Oh, no wonder, when that little woman seen Grant come into—to Richmond up there, she said, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. . . trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Sure, catching the vision of the coming of the Lord, going up. . .

<sup>30</sup> Now, he's a special-built bird. He can fly higher; and if he gets up there, he can see far off. And Jehovah, Papa Eagle, sits all the way up in the heavens. Oh.

When He was here on earth, He was given the lowest name could ever be given: Beelzebub. He went to the lowest city there is in the world: Jericho; and become so low until He had to look up in a tree to

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see the smallest man in the city. That's right. He was called everything on earth: bad names, and everything.

But when He was exalted, He was given a Name above every Name that's named in heaven and in earth; that all the family, both in heaven and earth, is named after Him. He is exalted so high above, till He has to look down to see heaven. Now, that's how God did Him when He got up there. That's the difference.

<sup>31</sup> Now, you have to start up. Now, we're just as low as we can be when we're sinners. Let's start up, up the Milky White Way, just strike it and keep going on. Now, we find that . . . Going up, up, going up to the Kingdom of God . . .

Now, these prophets, when they get up there, go so far up where other birds of intelligence couldn't see, they didn't know . . . They couldn't get up there in the first place, but God said His prophets were His eagles. And now, God told us, you know, in the Bible that He brought Israel out of Egypt on the wings of an eagle. That was His wings. Oh, that Pillar of Fire for a direction, He carried Israel on His wings.

<sup>32</sup> Oh, here not long ago, when they were bringing . . . Palestine being stirred again, seeing Lewi Pethrus sent down a million New Testaments to those Jews coming up from down in Iran and so forth. And they were reading that New Testament. And they never heard of such a thing as the Lord Jesus being on earth. They'd been down there since the Romans had packed them away. And they said, "If this be the Messiah, let us see Him do the sign of the prophet. We'll believe it."

Oh, what a setup for the ministry. I took right out. When I got down to Cairo, Egypt, I had my . . . Thirty minutes, I'd have been in Palestine. And something struck me, and I went out behind a hangar. Said, "The hour is not yet." I returned back, and went to Greece, then on over into India. The hour wasn't yet . . . Call them Jews out . . . They believe it, brother. Yes, sir.

And I thought, "What a time to bring those brethren out there, and say, 'Is it true that you said if this Messiah was the Son of God, He was the Messiah that was spoke of, you want to see Him do the sign of the prophet, and you'll believe Him.' Is that right?"

<sup>33</sup> And I'd say, "Now, pick yourself out some men and come up here. We'll find out whether He's still the prophet or not, whether He is. Right on this same ground where your forefathers denied the baptism of the Holy Ghost, now receive it." Oh, then the—the Gospel's gone to the Jew, and the Gentile day is finished then. Just a little piece, the door open . . . You little eaglets, you better be flapping and getting ready to

get out of here, because the door of mercy will be closed one of these days. That is true.

Oh, what a great thing, how God . . . those . . . When they brought the airplanes down in there . . . I guess you read it in—in the “Reader’s Digest.” No, I tell you, it was in “Look” magazine. I’ve got a film that shows “Three Minutes Till Midnight,” “Three Minutes Till Midnight.” And it’s in life-size figure of being into Palestine, Brother Arganbright, many of the friends down there . . .

<sup>34</sup> And this . . . They had these, packing these Jews in, old crippled ones on their backs. So they went up to interview them. They said, “Are you coming back to die in the homeland?”

Said, “No. We’re coming to see the Messiah.”

“When the fig tree puts forth its branches . . .” Oh, brother, Israel’s becoming a nation again there. The old six-point Star of David flies, the oldest flag in the world, the first time it flew for twenty-five hundred years. They’re in their own land now. That’s God’s calendar. Messiah will come, just as sure as they’re standing there waiting for Him. We’re at the end time. Oh, little eaglets, press through the door of mercy and go flying as hard as you can.

<sup>35</sup> When they brought them up, those airplanes come down to get those Jews, they were still plowing with old wooden instruments, like they did hundreds and thousands of years ago. (They still do it in South Africa.) So then when . . . We find out that they was afraid of that airplane. They was scared to get in it. One old rabbi stepped out there and said, “Don’t be afraid.” He said, “Our prophet promised us that someday we’d go to the homeland on the wings of an eagle.” That big TWA plane raised up with them Jews, that’s what the prophet saw. He—he didn’t know what it was. He should’ve called it an airplane. He said, “It’s eagles’ wings they’ll come back on,” seen that old airplane raise up down there twenty-five hundred years ago. Now, it’s coming to pass right now, bringing them back on the wings of the eagle.

<sup>36</sup> That eagle is a bird, quite a bird. Up in Cincinnati Zoo . . . I like to take the children up there. One way, I hate to see anything penned up in a cage. I feel so sorry, for I love wildlife. But I—I don’t have any, not even a dog at home, ’cause I’d have to keep him tied. I hate to see anything in prison, anything but a prison house. Put them poor animals in there for everybody to come and stare at them, look around. I think it’s—it’s just pathetic. And then I think about if I just had the money, I’d buy them all, take them back to their homelands, and turn it loose, and say, “Go on, now run as hard as you can. Get away.” I don’t blame . . .

A bunch of painted-up things standing around looking at them, puffing cigarette smoke in their nose, oh, my, I’d hate to be standing

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there like that myself. It ought—it ought to be just the other side. The cigarette puffer ought to be in there. He'd be more of a thing—something to cage up. He don't know enough to take care of himself.

Then the first thing we know . . . I went down, took my little girl, Sarah. We was walking along hand-to-hand. We went down to the birds, and there was a great big cage down there. They just must've caught this big fellow—was a great big eagle. They'd put him there. Oh, he was mammoth big fellow, great big feet, looked like could pick up a calf and fly away with it. Well, I—I heard a flopping down there and the feathers a flying. I thought, "What's the matter?" So Sarah and I walked down there. She was a little bitty tot.

<sup>37</sup> And I just have so much fun out of my children. Don't you love children? This little Sarah . . . Just a few years ago I'd been in a meeting, and I come home one night, and they was waiting up for daddy to come in. They're both daddy's little girls, you know. So they—they was waiting and I didn't get in till real late. So mama put them to bed. And I got in about two or three o'clock.

And I was so worked up from the meetings, them visions and things work me up so bad, till I couldn't sleep. So I got up about six o'clock, went into the parlor, and sat down in a—in a chair. I was just setting there, thinking about the meeting. All at once, I heard down in the—the girl's room there a lot of noise. And—and I looked and here come Becky, my oldest. She's kind of long-legged, you know. And—and Sarah's a little bitty fellow. And so, here come Becky as hard as she could, just a running. And she jumped right astraddle my lap like that, and threwed both arms around me, begin to hug me, hollering, "Daddy, daddy, daddy."

And I looked back there. You know, that just makes a man's heart swell out. And I looked, and here come her little sister, Sarah with hand-me-downs. You know how the second one always gets pajama feet about that much too long, you know. She put me in mind of the little interdenominational church, and the—the other long-legged had been around a long time, you know, so kind of been here a long, knowed a lot of things.

<sup>38</sup> So she threw her arms around me and she beat Sarah there. And she said, "Sarah, my sister . . ." Little Sarah stopped. Said, "I want you to understand this, my sister. I was here first, and I've got all of daddy, and there's none left for you."

Poor . . . That's just about the way they try to tell us (That's right.), them long-legged, that's been way back yonder for a long time ago, you know. So she said, ". . . got all of Him." So she said, "I got all of daddy, and there's none left for you." (Might as well close up your doors. See?)

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Little Sarah standing there, her little lips dropped down, her little black eyes, little tears come out on them like that, I looked over at her, winked at her, motioned my finger, and stuck out my other leg.

<sup>39</sup> Here she come, feet flopping every way, you know, jumped up on my leg. And she was kind of . . . couldn't . . . She—she hadn't been ordained long enough, you know. She—she—she's kind of topsy-turvy. So I had to reach and get her with both arms or she'd fall off. And hugged her up close to me. She hugged me, and held tight a minute. She turned around, them big eyes, you know, and that smile on her face.

She said, "My sister, Rebekah, I want to tell you something too." She said, "It may be so that you was here first and you got all of daddy. But I want you to know that Daddy's got all of me." So I . . . ? . . .

I want Him to have all of me. I don't know . . . ? . . . I don't know all the theologies, and the D-ologies, and the Ph., H.H.D.'s, and Q.U.D.'s. Only thing I know, He's got all of me, wrapped up in here. That's all I care for, as long as I know that His Spirit has me wrapped into His mercy and goodness. Nothing I try to merit, nothing I could merit, nothing I can do: Nothing in my arms I bring, just simply to thy cross I cling. "Lord, take all of me." That's the way.

<sup>40</sup> Little old Sarah and I was going along, a few days after that, holding her by the hand, and we went down to this eagle cage. And I seen one of the most pathetic sights I thought I ever seen. It was a big old eagle had just been caught, and he was setting in this cage. He was laying on his back when I went up, great big wings flowed out like that. I noticed he was bleeding all over the front of his wings, and his head was all bleeding, the feathers knocked off of it (the edge of his wings). I thought, "What's the matter with that poor bird?"

And I raised little Sarah up and put her legs across my neck, so she could see in the cage. And she said, "Daddy, he's a bleeding."

I said, "Yes, maybe . . . There ain't nothing there for him to fight. I don't know what he's fighting."

<sup>41</sup> After while, he got up, shook that weary head, and turned his head, and looked like that. You know, he's a heavenly bird. He got back in the cage like that. Here he come across the cage just as hard as he could, flapping them big wings, and banged his head right into that cage again, knocking him backwards on the floor, and the blood running out of his wings where he tried to beat them against that cage to get out. It hit him so hard that time, till he laid there. And his weary eyes looked up to the sky.

I thought, "O, God, isn't that pitiful." Then something struck in my heart. I thought, "No, that's not the most pitiful thing I ever seen, an animal in a cage. The most pitiful thing I ever seen is a man born to

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be a son of God (Hallelujah.), pinned down by some organization, or some creed that tells them, "The days of miracles is past, and there's no such a thing as the baptism of the Holy Ghost." When he lays in those old denominational creeds and looks around like that . . .

<sup>42</sup> He was born to be a son of God. Creeds put him in a cage. God wants him out. Amen. Oh, he was born . . . That was the work of a man put that eagle in there. It's a work of a man that puts you in them creeds and denominations. They're all of the devil. Yes, sir. Creed a man down: "Days of miracles is past; no such thing as joy of the Holy Ghost; no such a thing as shouting; no such a thing as speaking in tongues; no Divine healing." Oh, my. It's pitiful: sons of God, born to be free, then caged down.

Brethren, don't despise those men. Don't despise . . . That—that ring that's got them bound in there, that's the thing break for them. That's right. Don't despise them. They're . . . They were born to be sons of God. They were born to be free. Just don't let nobody cage you up in something another like that. That's the thing. Keep out of those old cages. That's exactly right.

<sup>43</sup> The old eagle, he's such a wonderful bird. His habits, I like to watch his habits, what he does. I've watched them build their nests many times on the roundups, say—put my glasses on them, watch them.

Oh, I'd, when it's early of a morning, 'fore we even start on the drive, I'd get up there, and get my binoculars, see what that old eagle was doing to that nest yet. He goes out, and you ought to see him. He never builds his nest on the ground. An eagle won't build his nest on the ground. The eagle builds his nest way as high as he can get in the highest peak.

<sup>44</sup> That's the reason God likened him to His church. You are a candle that sets on a hill. That's right. High ambitions, high anticipations, we're expecting great things. We're not . . . Say, "Well, I'm Pentecostal. That settles it." That don't for me. I'm expecting greater things.

"I'm Baptist. I'm Methodist. I'm Oneness, Twoness, Threeness," or whatever you are. That don't satisfy me. I got the ambition to move on till I meet Him: up-up, up-up-up.

"I received the Holy Ghost. That settles it." It didn't with me. I'm just still taking it, and moving higher and higher (That's right.), just moving on way high: high ambitions, high expectations, ambitions.

Not, "Well, we got a pretty nice little church. We'll just settle down. Me and this little crowd, we don't want none of the rest of you in our group." Not me. I want to reach out a hand to every fallen creed, brother, ever what it is; bring him in. Ambitions, do something. Expectations for a man that had ever walked in truth to see truth . . .

You'll never get him in there that way by downing him. You've got to put your arm around him, and love him, and let him know that you're a brother. Then something will happen. If you're a kin to Jehovah you will do that. You got His Spirit. He come to ones that hated Him, despised Him, and spit in His face. He still prayed they'd be saved. Certainly. That's the Spirit of God in a man.

<sup>45</sup> Now, now, how much different that eagle is from a chicken. Oh, why, a chicken's a bird just the same as an eagle is. Did you know that? Why, a chicken is just as much bird as the eagle, but a chicken is his denominational brother, you know. They just ready to settle down in some creed, builds his nest right out in the barnyard somewhere, where every rat can run in and tear it up, scatter his little ones: whiskey, cigarette-smoking, short-wearing women, bobbed hair, oh, everything just cut them to pieces.

But a real eagle takes his nest high. Every old filthy thing of the world can creep right into it, but an eagle takes his nest and puts his little ones that's going to be born so high till that foul breath don't even blow on him. Whew. You know I feel—I feel real religious right now. Somehow or another, I just feel good. Yes, bring him way up high . . .

I watch him, how he takes that nest. First he takes some great big sticks, and places them right down in the crevices like that, builds it around so no wind can disturb it. Then he goes out, and gets brier vines, and wraps that around, around, and around, ties it in. There isn't a architect in the country could build one any better. That's right. He knows how to do it, way up on a peak. No animals or rats can climb up there, so his little ones are safe.

<sup>46</sup> Some time ago a noted evangelist said, "I go into a city . . ." Well, it was our Brother Billy Graham, I think a mighty evangelist. He said to Louisville there, talking to the ministerial breakfast that morning . . .

I was there with Mordecai Ham, which was a good Brother of mine, one that led him to the Lord, led Billy Graham to the Lord. Mordecai and I are neighbors there, so we're real good friends. And he was . . . We was setting at the table together, and old Billy got up, he said, "This Bible is the standard." He said, "When Paul went into a city," said, "he had one convert. He went back the next year and that convert had made thirty." Said, "I go into a city." Said, "I'll get thirty thousand converts. When I come back next year, or two weeks from then, hardly a month," said, "I can't find thirty." Said, "What's the matter?"

Now, here's what he said. He said, "It's you bunch of lazy preachers. Set back there with your feet on the desk and send them a card instead of personal contact them." I admired his—I admired his . . . but that wasn't it. I thought . . .

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<sup>47</sup> I want to ask you something: “Who was that personal one to—that . . .?” Paul didn’t go back. He just left that convert. That’s all. “The thing of it is, Billy, you’re not taking them far enough out of the sight of all these things.” That’s what it is. Get that thirty thousand with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, then come back in thirty days and find that one. Yes, sir. Just fanned a little creed over them. They take them out, and say . . . Show them your name. “Here, take your letter out of some other and put it over here.” That’s not it.

Take the sin out of your life and let your name be written on the Lamb’s Book of Life in glory up there, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost come down there, and you’ll fly like an eagle. That’s right. You’ll come out above all this old stink of carrying on we have on the earth here. It’s really the truth.

<sup>48</sup> Some time ago an old rancher and I was together. We’d been partners a long time. I never could just lead him to Christ. We were way high in the mountains. And he kind of got a little hump on his back, and he was carrying a great big old bull gun on his back, walking around. The—the light was shining down through them trees where hardly a man had ever walked. He stopped all at once, and he looked around. He said, “This looks like a cathedral.”

I said, “Jeff, I felt Him in here ever since I come across the hill.”

He threw his arms around me, said, “Billy, I want to find Him right here in His cathedral.” That’s it. He turned up . . . He never smoked or anything. And he hated automobiles ’cause he was a rancher. He said, “You don’t smell no gas, neither cigarettes up here, do you, Billy?”

I said, “No, this is where He lives, Jeff. This is why I come up here.”

<sup>49</sup> Get up high. That’s what you have to do in the spiritual atmosphere. Don’t stay down here like a chicken. Fly away of it. Get away. Chickens, every old rat coming out of a barn will catch him. Yes, sir. If you don’t take it no farther than just, “Join the church, and come every Sunday, and we’ll have a little bunco game, and we’ll play croquet in the back yard.” That’s not what it is, brother. “Have a soup supper and pay our pastor off,” and all of these . . . “Put on your bathing suits, and go swimming, get a suntan.” You need a son-tan.

I got two girls. They may try it one of these days, and they’re going to get a tanning from a son, but not the s-u-n; the s-o-n of Mr. Branham, be with the barrel slat behind them, just as hard as I can . . .? . . . That’s what they need, is that kind of a tanning. Yes, sir. Oh, my.

What we need today is a good old Saint Paul’s revival, and the Bible Holy Ghost back in the church again. Right. His ambitions are high. Chicken stays down on the ground, builds his nest and every rat, snake,

and every scavenger there is comes in, eats the eggs 'fore they're even born, even hatched out. That's right.

<sup>50</sup> That's the reason Billy's losing all of his converts. That's exactly right. Every rat in the country, every old cigarette smoker, dancer, everything else comes in, takes them out. Let him build that nest a little higher up yonder sometime, lift them up just a little bit higher. Get out of the reach of them.

Jesus said, "If you love the world, the things of the world, the love of God's not even in you." John said that. Get them out of the things of the world. Get them out of the reach of it. And a man that ever tasted Jesus Christ, the world is dead to him.

<sup>51</sup> I got a little Bible at home (one of my first), and I picked it up the other day and looked in it. I had in the back . . . people kept asking me questions. It said, "Is it wrong to smoke?" (That's when I was in the Baptist church.) Said, "Is it wrong to smoke, is it wrong to drink?"

I wrote a little poem in there, and I said . . .

Don't ask me foolish questions.  
Just make this up in your mind.  
If you love the Lord with all your heart,  
You don't smoke, chew, or drink any shine.

So I think that still stands good. That's right. How would you ever eat out of a garbage can after once you'd eat from God's table? No such a thing. So you can't do it. Certainly.

<sup>52</sup> Now, the next thing he likened the eagle . . . Oh, I got so many things, but we haven't got time to get to them all. But the next thing is: the eagle restores his youth. You know the Psalms said that. Proverbs said it. "As an eagle restores his youth . . ." renews his youth. He renews his youth. An old eagle, every once in a while, all them feathers drops out, and he renews his youth again. Well, that's likened to His church.

<sup>53</sup> I remember the first time I ever seen Pentecostal people. It was up at a tabernacle, Brother Raugh, up here in Indiana. I . . . Michigan, that's where . . . Dowagiac, close to Dowagiac. Oh, I forget the name of the place now. Oh, my. It was up in Indiana, there right on the Michigan border, and . . . Mishawaka, Indiana. That's right, Mishawaka.

And I went in there. And they had about sixty preachers on the platform that night. He said, "All preachers come up." So I went up there. I was a Baptist. And so, I set down. And so, they'd heard some of them preachers, them young fellows that day, all preaching how Jesus was, and what a wonderful Saviour He was, and so forth.

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<sup>54</sup> And that night for the main message, they brought an old colored man out there, and the poor old fellow, almost had to lead him out. He had a great big old, blue-looking cutaway, Prince Albert coat, with one of these here collars on it, old preacher's coat, you know. He come out there, just a little rim of white hair. Here he come out to the pulpit like that. And I thought, "Well, why don't they put some of these young theologians out there, bring a message?"

The old fellow come out there, you know, and got around at the pulpit, like this, and he said, "I's wants to take my text tonight," said, "from over in Job." I believe it's 7, 7:37, or something like that. Said, "Where was you when I laid the foundations of the world (where they're fastened to), when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy?"

I thought, "Why did they put that old man out there to preach for?" And all them fellows had been preaching what Jesus done down here. He started back yonder before eternity begin; brought Him all the way across the skies, and had Him coming down the horizontal rainbow in the second coming.

About that time the Holy Spirit struck him. He hollered "Whoopee" jumped up, and went dancing around like that (there was twice as much room as there is here), walked off the platform, said, "Not enough room up here for me to preach." Walked off the platform. . . .

I said, "Boy, that's what I want. If it'll make an old man act like that, what would it do to a young man. . . ? . . ." That's right.

<sup>55</sup> "As an eagle renews his youth." Yes, sir. The revival takes and shakes all the old funny feelings away from you, fly out into an atmosphere yonder. Likened His heritage to an eagle, because the eagle renews his youth.

Now, makes him shout. You watch the church. It'll be setting, all dry. First thing you know, the Holy Spirit strikes them, their youth. . . . Why, the old people is just up on their feet, jumping and shouting and praising God, renews their youth again. That's right. Do anything a young person can do, just jump, and holler, and scream, and shout. He renews his youth. That's right. I believe in that, don't you?

<sup>56</sup> There was a farmer up there in Indiana. One of them was a . . . He was a good farmer. His barns wasn't very good: oh, cracks in the barns, and everything. And there was another farmer down there, but he had plenty of money, so he built the finest of barn that you could ever see. (This is good for the preachers.) So I say, he built the finest barn that you ever seen. He had tractors and everything. But that guy was too lazy to farm.

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So each one of them. . . And the other farmer, the farmer that had the bad barn (the little mission somewhere), he had a—he was a real farmer, up and at it. So he raised plenty of good alfalfa hay, and everything that year, and put it up.

And the next. . . In the barn that year (both barns) was borned a calf. And the next spring the warm winds begin to blow. They let. . . The—the—the rich farmer down there let his little calf out, poor little fellow—so thin, he come staggering out, the winds almost blowing him sideways, couldn't hardly get along. He hadn't had nothing to eat: had some old weeds up in there, you know, old denominational weeds. "We are so-and-so. We are the big-shots." That'd never fatten a soul, no, no.

<sup>57</sup> But this other little calf, he didn't have very much of a barn to stay in. But, brother, when they let him out, he was all full of vitamins and fat, my, just as round and fat as he could be. Man, he just kicked up his heels, and started hitting that wind, you know, and it hit him. And he was just—he was just having. . . When that rushing wind struck him, he was just having a big time, just running around, kicking up his heels.

You know what the little poor calf done? Stuck his little poor head through the crack of the fence, and said, "Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, Such fanaticism."

What was the matter? He was starved on denominational weeds. What we need is some Holy Ghost vitamins in the church. It'll renew the youth. It'll renew the youth of the church, take it back to Pentecost again, bring you over with an experience (Amen.), fattened up.

We're putting too much. . . And that's what's the matter with us Pentecostal people. We're putting too much on our buildings nowadays and claiming Jesus is coming. Yes, sir. What we ought to do is be on the job, out getting somebody in there, saving souls, feeding them God's vitamins through the power of God. That's exactly right.

<sup>58</sup> Now, finally the old eagle takes the place to. . . I. . . Several things about him, but I got to just hit the high spot now. My time's getting away. So we. . . Let's see him build his nest. They're going to have—they're going to have a nest full of little ones. He's building his church, you know, way up on top of the hill, and binds her up real good.

Now, that nest is all full of stickers. Well, he don't want that thing. . . You don't want your new converts to know all the stickers about the thing, you know, how you had to battle to get there. But you know what the eagle does? He goes out and pads that nest. You ought to see him. That old mother eagle will go out and get rabbit skin, eat the rabbit, then take the skin, and poke it up in every little crack like that, just make it just a little fluffy place, oh, the prettiest little cozy nest for the little ones to be born in.

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<sup>59</sup> That's the way God does it, you know. Oh, my. When—when you're first saved, don't you feel good, walking on that little fine fuzz, you know? Oh, my, them little tender feet, you know, just good. . . Oh, that's real good.

Oh, how papa walks up and down the nest when them little ones are born, looking at them. My. Oh, you ever saw him strut, throw them shoulders back and strut, looking at his little ones.

"All look just like me." That's right. "He that believeth on Me the works that I do shall he also. Can you drink the cup of persecution, being made fun of, and called Beelzebub like Me?"

"Yes."

"Can you be baptized with the Spirit I'm baptized with?"

"Yea."

"Just like me." (Looking at his little ones. You see? Oh, how he struts.)

<sup>60</sup> Now, what if all at once one of them little fellows would happen to be a crow, fly up on the nest and holler, "Caw, caw, caw, caw?" That'd be a hybrid. That's what's the matter today. We got too many hybrid buzzards and crows in the nest, and not real eagles that believe: too much hybrid religion, trying to mix oil and water together. It won't mix.

You know what would happen? If that little crow jumped up there and hollered, "Caw, caw, caw, days of miracles is past; no such a thing as the baptism of the Holy Ghost; all this is fanaticism," he'd kick him out of there.

What would happen to him up in that nest then? He'd disintegrate, 'fore he'd get down among the chickens. He sure would. Yes, sir.

<sup>61</sup> No, sir. Papa Eagle, they look just like Him, they believe the same thing He does. They look like Him. Yes, sir. They're made like Him. They're built like Him, and He knows they're genuine eagles. Oh, my. That's what God wants, a genuine Messiahette. Yes.

He is Messiah. "Messiah" is "the Anointed One." And we are His children, which have a lesser anointing. So we're. . . As Jehovah Eagle is, great Eagle, and we're eaglets; He's Messiah, and we with the same anointing are Messiahettes. Amen. Anointed, "Messiah" means "the Anointed One." Are you anointed? Amen. What with? The same Spirit that He was anointed with. We have it in measure; He has It without measure. He was God manifest in the flesh, and we're sons of God, parts of Him, come on. Yes, sir. "The very works that I do shall you do also."

<sup>62</sup> I might take a spoonful of water out of this ocean out here, and you'd never miss it in the ocean. That's the way we'd be missed if we happened to drop out. But remember, the same chemicals that's in the entire ocean is in that spoon, same water. That's just more of it out there. So that's what it is.

You say, "What is that out there?"

"Ocean water."

"What's this here?"

"Ocean water." It's exactly.

<sup>63</sup> That's the way Papa Eagle thinks about His little ones, how He struts around. He will scream at them; they'll scream back. He said, "That's it. I'm He that was."

"Amen, Papa."

"I'm He that is."

"Amen, Papa."

"I'm He that is to come."

"Amen, Papa."

"I'm the same yesterday, today, and forever."

"Amen, Papa."

"I'm still the Healer."

"Amen, Papa."

"I still give the Holy Ghost."

"Amen, Papa."

"I'm the same yesterday, today, and forever."

"Amen, Papa."

"Amen."

Little old crow say, "Caw, caw, caw."

"You little buzzard, what you hollering about? Get out of the nest. Little vulture, you couldn't eat eagle food anyhow." That's right. Oh, my.

<sup>64</sup> Then the first thing you know, he finds out that they're—they're fine little eagles, he walks around. And first thing you know, mama is determined that her—that her little eagles ain't going to be like an earthbound chicken. They ain't going to get to walk on that all the time: going to give them a few trials to see how they come out.

Every son that cometh to God must be chastened, tried. And when they back up, say, "No, I ought . . ."

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Oh, why, you wasn't a son to begin with. If you cannot stand chastisement, then the Bible said you become a bastard child and not a son of God. So that's the way you pull them out.

<sup>65</sup> Like a man went forth. . . He said, "The Kingdom of God. . . threw a net into the sea. And when he draw it out, he had terrapins, crawfish, lizards, and everything else." Pulled them out on the bank. That's the preacher's job. We don't know which is which. Some of them's fish; some of them's lizards; some of them's snakes; some of them's crawfish. Watch the old crawfish when he's there. Somebody say, "Glory, hallelujah. Praise the Lord." Say, "Hump, hump, hump, hump, hump, hump. I can't believe that," right back to the water he goes.

The old snake just sticks his head up, say, "I thought I was in church, but it's holy-rollers." And here he goes. What was he? A snake to begin with, a crawfish to begin with. An old lady spider, plunkety plunk, right back to the mud hole again, right back out, with shorts on, cutting her hair. Yeah, but. . . "As a hog goes to its wallow, and a dog to its vomit," there you are. Don't get mad; just set still.

<sup>66</sup> When I was a little kid, we lived up in Kentucky, and we had a hard time living. Mama used to take old corn pone (I don't know whether you know what it is, or not), black-eyed peas and turnip greens. And when she'd take that old corn pone. . . We didn't have any lard. She'd render out meat skins. And then she'd make that (the grease) the shortening for this corn bread out of them meat skins.

And you know, it was kind of bad living. So every Saturday night we all used to have to take a big bath, and we had a big old cedar tub. And then they'd pour water in there and get hot. There was about nine of us, and so all of them would take a bath. They never changed the water, just add some more hot water. I was the last one had to take my own. Boy, I got a bath all right.

But. . . And then, the thing of it was after that, to get ready for school Sunday. Now, this was on Saturday night. And on Sunday we'd all take a good round of castor oil on account of the way we had to eat. I got so sick of it. I'd hold my nose and just gag. I said, "Mama, I can't even stand the stuff." I can't yet.

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

That's the way this Gospel is. If it don't get your spiritual gastronomics all stirred up, make you real sick, you won't go to digging and finding out whether it's right or not. That's right. Yeah. Oh, yes. It's—it's good for you. It'll stir you all up, and fix you up, make you ready for the—the rapture when it comes. That's right. Yes.

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67 So this mother's decided she don't want her little eagles to become just denominational chickens. My goodness, no. She's decided that. So she has to get them out of that nest. When everything's working right, she has to give them a trial. So you know what she does?

She gets right in there, and takes her big bill (her and papa), and throws every bit of that—of that packing out of there. Then it gets rough (oh, my.), like it did after Pentecost. Persecutions rose and everything else, you know. Every time the little eagle starts to set down, he'd jump. He was on a sticker. Did you ever have that experience? Every way you go, stickers.

I don't want to get adjusted to the world. You don't want to get adjusted (no, no), and walking on soft things. Oh, my. Let's take the way with the Lord's despised few. That's right.

68 Little eagle kind of got. . . She—she done that purposely, so he wouldn't be so adjusted to that nest. He's a eagle; he's not a chicken. She want to get him out there so he can trust his own. So after while, he just can't set down. He's just having an awful time. And mother decides then that she wants to make him a . . . knows he's a eagle. She looks him over, and she finds out, "Yep, he's an eagle." So he's ready to leave the nest now. He's dissatisfied with these old things of the world.

So first thing you know, she said, "Now, if he's a eagle, if he stays like that all the time, he will become a chicken. So I've got to get him out here, and get him some experience. So she comes down over the nest. She spreads out her great, big wings.

Oh, you ought to see it. My. Some of them eagles stretch fourteen feet from tip to tip. She'd throw them big wings out like this and holler, "Caw, whir-r-r," what a big scream, like that. She'd wave them big wings. Them little eagles lay back like this, that wind fanning in like that. My, when she brushed them big wings like that. . . Now, she's got to get all the loose feathers out of them, 'cause if you don't, they'll die when they get up there. They'll—they'll. . . Them feathers will come out up there, well then, it's in a bad shape.

69 And that's what's the matter with the church today. It needs a good nest-stirring to get some of the loose feathers out of it, out of its wings. Packing a chip on your shoulders, and grudges, and things like that, you'll die in the flight.

How can God ever have a church with signs, and wonders, and miracles, when you're fussing one another, "I'm this, I'm that," and grudge grudges, and everything. Fan up till. . . The Holy Ghost come down like a rushing wind, fan all the differences and denominationalism, all them little old loose feathers, "I'm this, and I'm that." You're nothing that you ought to be, what the Scripture said.

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Fan out all the loose feathers (Oh, my.), get them all tightened up, because she's going to take them on a real ride pretty soon, a solo. Oh, my. That solo flight, the first one. . . Then she—she fans all the feathers out, and the nest just boils like that. The loose feathers are flying everywhere. Get all the feathers flying out, so they get good tight ones in there. And she examines them over and see if they're ready.

That's what God's trying to do to His church now. Just can't get her ready, them feathers just keep getting loose. You need some more spiritual vitamins to tighten it up, some eagle vitamins. That's the Word. Tighten up them feathers.

<sup>70</sup> Then the first thing when she gets it all out, then she's got to get them to believe her. So she spreads her great big wings out and screams to the top of her voice. She fans them like that, that rushing mighty wind, you know, that comes down. Oh, my.

And the little eagles just fall back. They don't look out and say, "Let's see what Dr. Jones said about it." No, no. They look up. Oh, and they see them great big wings. See what she's trying to do? She's trying to get them little eaglets to realize how great she is, the power. They got to trust in them big wings.

That's the way God does. He fans all the feathers out of you. Then He's got two wings, God has; you know, that Jehovah Eagle— that's the New and Old Testament. He fans them before you. Oh, my. "I'm the God of Moses. I'm the God of Abraham. I'm the God that raised Lazarus from the grave. I'm He that was dead and alive again, alive for evermore."

The New and Old Testament, fanning back and forth, the little eagles lay back there, and say, "How great Thou art, how great Thou art."

"Trust me."

<sup>71</sup> What good does it do to give a canary bird vitamins for his wings, and make good bones, and wings, and then keep him in a cage? What good does it do to educate preachers of theology, and history, and everything else, and then tell them the days of miracles is past, and cage them up in some denomination? Nonsense. Turn him loose, and let him fly. He's an eagle. Amen. Tell him days of miracles is all past, that's not an eagle; that's a buzzard (yes, sir), eating dead things.

Now, notice what happened. Then when mother gets them to see them little eagles lay out there, and say, "How great Thou art, how great. . ."

<sup>72</sup> Did you ever go out at nighttime and look? I was out here at Mount Palomar, I believe it was.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . it runs all the way around Beaumont. Still wouldn't have it broke down in my . . . and beyond that. And what did he do? [Brother Branham makes a blowing sound—Ed.] Just blowed them off his hands. How great Thou art, how great Thou art.

Look at the God of Moses, Who opened up the Red Sea, took the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, Daniel out of the lions' den, Lazarus out of the grave. "I have power . . ." God raised Him up; that's true. But He said, "I have power to lay My life down. I have power to take it up again." Amen. How great Thou art. "Trust Me; I am the same yesterday, today, and forever."

Them big wings . . . Find out that Jesus of the New Testament is Jehovah of the Old. Them big wings, fanning up and down that rushing mighty wind, feeding in that, oh, how I like to lay in them breezes. How great Thou art, how great Thou art. Stirring up the nest (yes, sir), getting it ready . . .

<sup>73</sup> Then one day she decides . . . It's a pretty blue day. So she decides to take her little eaglets on its first flight. They done read their Bible through and they see how great she is. She's just the same as she ever was, her great wings, her great feathers. She's equipped to take care of her little ones. So she spreads forth her wings, lays herself back like that, says, "Jump on, children."

Oh, I'm so glad you don't have to jump onto a creed. You jump onto the cross. Amen. When I seen Him spread . . . Nothing in my arms I bring, I'm trusting You, Lord. I don't know how I'm going to do it.

When they put me out of the Baptist church, "I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't know, Lord, but I'm going to hold to God's unchanging hand. I don't know how it's going to make it. God, You've ordained me, told me to go pray for the sick. They tell me they'd have me in the insane institution in a few weeks, but how great Thou art. How great Thou art."

"Where you going to?"

"I don't know. Just wherever He leads me."

A brother ordained me in the church, said, "You know what you'll wind up as?"

I said, "Someday in glory. But I'm holding to the cross, holding to God."

<sup>74</sup> Mother eagle says, "Jump on now." And you ought to see them little fellows, how they get a hold. They take their little paws, and they find them a good handful of feathers like that. They grip down and take their little beak, reach down and get hold of another feather. "All right, mama. I'm ready."

She leaves that nest. She's way up in the air anyhow. See? 'Cause they're not buzzards now; they're eagles. They're borned up there.

Don't be born down here. Be borned up there. If you're born down here, you're a denominational brother. That's all right. You're a bird too. But if you're borned up here, brother, you're born in the Spirit of God (Hallelujah.), not born to some creed. You're way up here in the air.

<sup>75</sup> The old mother gives a little jump like that, and she sets them big wings. When the wind's coming just right, she moves way up, on up. Little eagle, I can hear look over and say, "Brother Jones, what do you think about that? Oh, isn't this wonderful?"

"Hm. Suits me just right. Don't it you?"

"Yes, sir."

Holding right on, oh, my, on, on, on, on, on, till she goes plumb out of sight with them little fellows. Well, if them was buzzards, they'd fall off long ago. If they was crows, or even hawks. . . They have to be eagles, or they can't stand it. They're tested before they're taken on a flight. That's the reason we don't get so many flights. Uh-huh. Whew! Hmm. I oughtn't to have said that maybe. But it's done said, so. . .

<sup>76</sup> Anyhow. . . Oh, when they get way up there, you know what she does when she gets up there? Does she look over and say, "You've done very well, children? I'll take you right back to your nest again."

No, sir. She dumps them, every one, off. They're eagles. They can fly. If they're eagles, they can fly. Amen. They're eagles. They can fly if they're eagles. She dumps them off, and flies away from them, just let them alone. There they are up in the air, brother, just flip, flop, flip, flop, flip, flop, flutter.

"Fly higher, children. Just keep on flapping your little wings. You're eagles."

They're having them a Pentecostal rally, just turning over and over, just having a great time up in the blue (Amen.), way away from them denominational chickens, way up there in the blue (Hallelujah.), way up in the blue, just flapping around having them a great time.

Now, you know why they're having such a great time? They're not looking down towards the earth. Boy, that feels good. Boy, they're up there where they belong. Any borned again Christian likes to get in them spheres up there. You know why? The mother, she scoops off to one side. She holds those big wings and watches them.

<sup>77</sup> Oh, they've got—they've got perfect confidence in their mother. So have I. Oh, the One that brought me up here, He will take care of me.

The One that made the promise, He's able to take care of His promise. And the mother—her ability to catch them again.

If one happens to get out of rule, you know, they say, "That's too much wild fire." I'd rather have a little wild fire than none at all. At least you've got enough room to flap your wings. So if one of them gets topsy-turvy, they don't worry about it. Mama watches him. She sees he ain't going to come out of it. She just swoops down, picks him up on her wing, and bears him up to grace again.

That's good Calvinistic doctrine, but, brother, that's good. That's right. It brings them right up into that grace again, bear him up. Gets him on her wings of the Word and say, "Here, honey, you're off the Word now. You're going off on the wrong end. Come back up and try her again now." Take the Word of God and bring him right back up into grace again. . . Amen. Oh, they've got confidence. They believe. Brother, they're having them a big time, just a flapping, and a screaming, and a hollering and carrying on, having them a regular Pentecostal rally.

Now, them chickens down there don't know one thing about that. Look up there and say, "What's that all about? I never heard of such a thing." Go ahead. Stay on the ground if you want to. Yeah.

<sup>78</sup> You know, it was said one time that a farmer was going to set a hen. Let's see, what is a setting? Fifteen? I think. Fifteen is a hen setting. I heard some good old mother out there say, "Yep." I remember mom used to put pencil marks all over them, so she could tell if there be a fresh egg in there or not, you know. We had to watch that. See? Fresh egg meant something. So she'd set the hen fifteen.

And the farmer only had fourteen eggs. So he climbed up a cliff and got a eagle's egg, brought it down, and put it under the hen. When it was hatched out, there was fourteen chickens and one eagle. That's about the average: one out of a setting. That's right. That's about the way they run, sure, about one in a setting.

So when this little eagle was born, you could imagine what a odd duck he was in that denomination down there. Why, he didn't understand what the old hen was going around and say, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck. Now, you see the days of miracles is past. Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck."

He said, "What's the matter?"

<sup>79</sup> She got out there and scratched around, you know, in that barnyard. "I'm going to have a soup supper tonight. All of you attend," you know, all like that.

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Why, he didn't know. He didn't like that kind of food. That made him nauseous. All of them made fun of him. Oh, we've all had that experience, haven't we? Made fun of us. I imagine the little female eagles, there was something another about her. She didn't have short bobbed wings either, she had long wings, 'cause she was . . . ? . . .

Hmm. I don't want to hurt you. I love you too well. But, brother, sometimes you rough the fur back a little bit once in a while it helps you.

So he walked around, you know, in his little wings. Said, "Well, why—why don't I look like the rest of those? Why is it I can't indulge in such things as that? Why is this?"

Well, you're just a different creature. That's all. See? You—you . . . We were destined before the foundation of the world to be eagles, not a buzzard or a chicken, walking along there, you know.

<sup>80</sup> The old hen find . . . Out there on the manure pile, she'll go to scratching the old dead things of the world, saying, "Now, we're going to have a hoop race down on the beach, where they're all going swimming."

"My, goodness." He couldn't stand that.

"We're going to have a bunco game in the basement." That little . . . Bingo, that's what it is, bingo. I just . . . I don't know them kind of names. All right. What is bunco? Is it? Maybe I was wrong. Bingo (See?), ever what it is. Anyhow, "We're going to have that."

That little eagle couldn't understand that. That wasn't the thing he'd been eating. It didn't fit him just right. Did you feel that way when you was out there? Boy, I did. My goodness. The stuff stunk to me. Calling yourself Christians?

The pastor has to dismiss church fifteen minutes early to smoke before he come back in the pulpit. That didn't sound right to me. All the deacons run around there, and—and I knowed them run with women in the church, and things like that. That didn't sound like Christians to me. See? Just didn't fit just right.

<sup>81</sup> So he walked around. He had to be in the back all the time. They'll never put you in nothing. Don't worry about that. So never . . . They got to get out there where they look like chickens, you know. So first thing you know, walked around through the lot. He—he really was a—he was a—he was an odd number; and any borned again Christian in a mess like that . . . Any eagle in a place like that's an odd number. That's right. So he didn't know what to do. The little fellow didn't know any better. Maybe we didn't. Didn't know any better.

And one day you know what? Mama knowed she laid two eggs, former rain and latter rain. What become of one of them? So she begin to hunt for him. Here she come, flapping these wings. She was looking around with them great, piercing eyes. They could look everywhere. She flew over the barnyard. Once she did, she said, "Sonny." That didn't sound, "Cluck, cluck, cluck." No, no.

He turned his little head, and looked up, and said, "That sounded real. Where did that come from?" Oh, my.

<sup>82</sup> You remember the first time God ever spoke to you? Oh, glory. Going to call me holy-roller anyhow, so you just might as well get started now. Oh, my. When I first heard His voice, it spake like many waters. Oh, my. By the brook and stream, where a rippling stream, so he can lay down, bathe, look up. My.

He looked up, and said, "What was that?"

She come back over. She said, "Honey, you're mine. You don't belong in that place anyhow."

"Come out from among them. Be ye separated," saith the Lord. "Touch not their unclean things, and I'll be God to you. I'll be God to you. You'll be son and daughter to Me." See?

"You don't belong to her, that old organization says the days of miracles is past. You're mine. You're eagle." See?

"Oh, that sounds good," he said. "I understand that kind of talk."

Yes, sir. Why, he was an eagle to begin with. He was actually an eagle, just got in the wrong nest, that was all.

I hope I don't hurt you brethren, but I—I'm just telling you the truth. That's right. Many of them today is in the wrong nest.

<sup>83</sup> "Oh," said, "in the wrong nest, huh, mama? Is that what happened?"

"Yeah."

"You're my mama?"

"Yes, I'm your both father and mother, sister, brother. I'm all in all to you."

"That sounds good, mama. Now, mama, what must I do?"

Said, "I tell you, honey. The way you got to do, you got to jump. You got to jump and get your feet off the ground. And then just go to flapping them little wings of yours. Just flap them as hard as you can. You can rise, 'cause you're an eagle. See, you got long feathers. Fly. Just jump off the ground, and start flapping your wings real hard. I'll get you."

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And he jumped up, this little eagle coming out of them denominations, and give a great big flap four or five times, and lit right on a barnyard post, right in the middle of a Pentecostal denomination.

You can't organize Pentecost. You can't denominate. Pentecost is an experience, not an organization. It's for you Methodists, you Baptists, you Presbyterians. They try to draw fences around it, but it's not so. Eagles will fly right over it. Sure they do. Don't pay no attention to it.

<sup>84</sup> Mother come by here, he said. "Mama, ain't I doing good? Look where I'm at now, mama."

She said, "Sonny, you're going to have to jump higher than that, or I can't even get you."

There she swooped back down again. He threwed his little feet up in the air and begin to flop his wings as hard as he could. And the first thing you know, he felt himself being lifted up, up, up, till he struck the Milky White Way. Amen. Then he could fly hisself. After he got high enough, he could fly himself.

Brother, that's what's the matter with the church today. It's never raised high enough just to get out of an organization or something another, to find out whether it could fly or not. How do you know you can't fly? Use your wings. Hallelujah. Jump into it. Go to flapping your wings and find out. Jehovah will catch you. "I'll bear him up on eagle wings." Amen. Oh. Whew. My.

I find many people who can't understand  
Why we are so happy and free;  
I've been filled with the Spirit, there isn't a doubt  
And that's what's the matter with me.

Yes, sir. Oh, my. Crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land, this is like heaven to me. Is that right, brother, sister?

<sup>85</sup> Aren't you glad you're an eagle today? Jehovah Eagle with us. . . . God, Jehovah Eagle, He's with us. I love Him, don't you? Let us bow our heads. (He just said something to me just then.)

How many in here would like to fly away from the old buzzard's roost, get out into Christ and live free in the Spirit? Raise your hands, and say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham." Oh, just look at the hands. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst." This might've been an awful rude message, church. It's rude 'cause I have no education. I'm not a—a theologian. Just a little rude ways of how I've watched nature, and know God ordained nature. So He—He's God. He—He—He's still here, He—He knows all things.

Just be silent a moment. . . ? . . . I—I want to see what He wants me to do. Just be in prayer, “Lord, be merciful to me. I raised my hand. Take my hand and lift me up above the shadows just now.”

How great Thou art. How great Thou art. Isn’t He wonderful? Just bathe now. The message is cutting and bruising. Just bathe in His sweetness.

Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Oh, Jesus, blessed Jesus. . . ? . . .

<sup>86</sup> Just pray now, silently in your heart. Let the Holy Spirit soak right into your soul. Say, “Lord, take me as I am.” See, there’s nothing I can do now. He has to do the rest of it. Just pray. Say, “Father,” just pray silently in your heart, the way you want to pray. You that raised your hand, say, “Receive me now, Lord Jesus. I want to be an eagle. I want to fly away in the glory of God, be in His power.”

Yes, there is a fountain drawn from Emmanuel’s veins, where sinners plunged beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains. Just pray now.

How glorious. Don’t you just love to feel that bathing? This is what I’m talking about. I’m just standing here, my toes scooted up, and my hands drawn tight, the Spirit of God moving in the building. Let it sink way down, so people can see it just for a minute.

<sup>87</sup> Think these thoughts: “Who am I? Do I know I’ll live through this day? Where will I go if God takes my life? I know what’s truth now.” . . . ? . . .

Just think, the sweetest sight. Keep your eyes closed. I’m just watching something in the building.

See this sacredness, God making His nest now, right down in your heart, bringing in the Word now, saying “You’re Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever,” nesting that in your heart. “I’m He that was, which is, and shall come,” nesting that in your heart. He’s. . . How sweet Thou art. Do you love Him?

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I’ll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

<sup>88</sup> Now, you that feel Him, and feel that He’s nested, and placed some words, and some—something in your heart that you know you can go out of here a better person, feel that you got eagle vitamins in your heart now that’ll make you a eagle, slip up your hand real easy to Him. That’s right.

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“I believe, Lord, You’ll make me an eagle by Your grace. I’m not worthy but I’m Your eagle from now on.” God bless you. “I can fly. I don’t care what . . . Long as I look at Your great Word here and see You’re the same, I believe You’re the same. I believe You with all my heart, it’s You, Lord.” That sweet feeling . . .

<sup>89</sup> I just noticed, coming right straight towards me, comes that Angel of the Lord, that Light. I know It was here somewhere. It’s near the platform now. I take every soul in here in my charge in the Name of Jesus Christ, for the glory of God. I want you to have faith now to believe. Don’t doubt; have faith. Now, raise your head up real easy.

Now, look this way. Jehovah Eagle, His great power . . . An eaglet is His offspring. Is that right? And the things that a father eagle does, his little eagle son does likewise. Is that right? If Jehovah Eagle, then His son eagle . . . See what I mean? His daughter eagle, they’re all the same. Isn’t that right?

I guess there was at least forty or fifty hands or more went up just a few minutes ago for salvation. Before I ask them to stand, the Spirit of the Lord comes into the building just now. I was watching It right back in here somewhere in that section there. It was moving, kept moving that way, and then it moved up across over the platform, went down and went that way. And then I see It disappear back in here, and then come right back up this way again, went right around over the building.

<sup>90</sup> Now, don’t tell me I don’t know what I’m talking about. I do. I know what I’m speaking of. It’s here. I believe what He meant by that, that He was circling the entire audience. That’s right. He—He loves you. He—He wants you. He wants you to serve Him. He—He . . . You are His; He is yours. He’s your Lord, your Saviour.

Now, there’s only one thing you can do, and that’s believe. That’s all. That’s the only thing you can do. You believe, and then God confirms your faith by giving you the Holy Ghost.

Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness. But God gave him the seal of circumcision to confirm his faith. As long as you haven’t received the Holy Ghost, you may have faith, that’s right, but God hasn’t confirmed it yet. And when you’re sealed, you’re sealed until the day of your redemption. Ephesians 4:30: “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby you are sealed until the day of your redemption.” Isn’t that wonderful? Yes. Now, He don’t only save, He don’t only heal, but He saves.

<sup>91</sup> I watch that Spirit as It moves. Now, you have to be in a certain condition, surely. All of us wasn’t made that way. That’s exactly right. It was in the Bible that way. Sure it was. Always. But I was watching Him. Now, It’s back again. I’m looking right at It now. There It is again.

Just . . . You say the right word. Just say the right thing. It's what you say. How many read the book, I guess, it's in tape, where this new ministry . . . Just, that woman just said the right thing? I said, "Ask anything you wish to now, and see if God will do it. He will give it to you right now. I don't care . . ."

Said, "What must I ask, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Anything you want." I said, "Here sets a crippled sister. Your father and mother's poor; you haven't got any money; you're a widow. What do you want?"

She said, "Anything?"

I said, "Find out whether it's right or not." That's the new ministry just moving up. I've been standing here for fifteen, twenty minutes waiting for It. See? Just say what you will. He has to tell me first.

I said, "Sister Hattie, just say whatever you want to."

She said, "The greatest desire of my heart is my two teen-age boys there, that they may be saved."

I said, "I give them to you in the Name of Jesus Christ." They fell over her lap, right there. Oh, such things has happened.

<sup>92</sup> If thou canst believe. This lady setting right here, right out here, praying, she's got a nervous breakdown. No hope for her, they don't think. She's from Mississippi. Right. That you might know, your father's sick too, isn't he? He's a preacher, isn't he? If that's right, raise up your hand. I deliver you in the Name of Jesus Christ from that breakdown. Go, you're healed, Miss Hansen.

I never seen her in my life. Ask her if those things isn't true. Are they true, lady? Wave your hand, if that's right. Are we strangers? Wave your hand. What did she touch? What is it? Oh, my. Same yesterday, today, and forever. "Things that I do, shall you also." Are you believers?

<sup>93</sup> Can't sleep when you go home at night from the church, can you, lady? I see you laying there, tossing around, moving. Last night you had an awful night, didn't you? Right. Do you believe me to be God's prophet, or servant? You do? You believe with all your heart? All right. If you believe like that, what can I do to help you? If I tell you—if I tell you you're delivered, do you believe it? Where it was dark over you, it's turned light. Your name's Miss Hooser. All right, you can go back home and be made well. Jesus Christ . . . ? . . .

Lady, you setting next to her. You was awful kind to be punching her to make her know that it was her. Wasn't you punching that lady, telling her . . . ? I thought you was telling her about . . . Well, you got something on your mind, so if you . . . That's right. You believe God will work the miracle? All right. That alcoholic will be made well, if

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you'll believe with all your heart. You've been praying for your brother for a long time. You believe with all your heart?

<sup>94</sup> Now, folks, this is not playing church. This is the power of the Lord God. Here. Here sets an elderly lady, looking over there. She can't understand just exactly what it's all about, this lady setting right back here. There hangs that . . . Can't . . . I—I know, no need of asking you that. I'm looking at the Light, hanging right over her.

She's afflicted. She's sick. She's got kidney trouble, heart trouble. She's missing of it . . . Mrs. Weir, believe with all your heart. God bless you. Rise up on your feet and be healed. Now, if I don't know you, and you don't know me, wave your hand back and forth, so the people will know. Was everything He told you the truth? If that's right, wave . . . Stand up on your feet so the people will know that that's true. If everything was said true and you and I are strangers.

<sup>95</sup> Hallelujah. Walk out into the blue and flap your wings. Amen. Hallelujah.

What about it? Are you an eagle? Are you ready to take your flight? If you're ready to take your flight, rise to your feet, and claim your healing, and your salvation, and everything that you have need of. I don't care what's wrong. Come on, eaglets, rise up and fly away this here . . . ? . . . God's Presence . . . ? . . . Send Your Spirit and power into . . . ? . . .



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