
THE UNWELCOMED CHRIST



Shall we ask Him first while we bow our heads. Now, Heavenly Father this is Thy Word. It is said in the Book, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” So if the Word was God, It’s still God. So we’re thankful to have the Word before us tonight.

Now, we realize that this Book has been written in such a way that You’ve hid It from all the scholars, the wise and prudent. And You said You would reveal It to babes such as would learn. Now, we’re willing to learn tonight; that’s why we’re here. And we’re here expecting the great Teacher to come and teach us tonight, the things that we should know, the Holy Spirit of God.

² And sanctify our hearts tonight, Father. Move back all doubts and fears. And may the great Holy Spirit just come right down and speak to our hearts, each one of us. And save all the—the sinners, Lord, that’s unkind to You. We pray that You’ll just deal with their hearts tonight. The backsliders, bring them back home, Father. And we pray that You’ll heal the sick. Get glory out of the service. For we ask it in Jesus’ Name. Amen.

In Luke the 7th chapter and the 36th verse, I’ll just read one verse. And when you go home tonight, perhaps, you read the rest of this chapter. It’s very outstanding. And I’ll read this just to start with, the 36th verse.

And one of the Pharisees . . . (I—I like this to begin with) . . . desired him that he would set with him at . . . in . . . at meat. And he went into the Pharisee’s house, and sat down to meat.

³ Now, may the Lord add His blessings to the reading of that Word of—of a story that happened long years ago. Now, the . . . I love the Lord Jesus with all my heart, and I know you do too. So now while we’re talking, let’s just open up our hearts and let the Holy Spirit come in and speak to us.

Now, there’s something wrong here. In the beginning with our text tonight, there’s just something that’s not right. What did this Pharisee want with Jesus?

You know, usually men ask you to come eat with them when they love you, and they want to set down and have some fellowship with you. And usually, that’s the way Brother Joseph and I has a lot of fellowship. We get out here to one of these places and get us a hamburger and some

French fries, and we have a lot of fellowship over those hamburgers. We love each other.

4 And . . . But what could this Pharisee want with Jesus? He hated Jesus. And why was he asking Jesus to come eat with him? When . . . the Pharisees didn't like Jesus. They didn't—they didn't believe in Him, and they hated Him. And why would the Pharisee ask Jesus to come eat with him?

There's just something wrong somewhere. They just don't cooperate together, when the Pharisees hated Him so bad, and here one of the chief Pharisees has asking Him to come eat dinner with him, come to one of his—a great banquet he's going to have and eat with him.

There's too much difference there. That's the way it is. Just no . . . People usually that hang around together, why, they have fellowship with each other, when they got things in common. Now, if you got things in common, like a—a little children, they—they play with each other. They have things in common.

5 The Bible speaks of that. Isaiah said, "The little children playing in the streets . . ."

Now, when you see little children, they all . . . maybe one can speak German, and the other can speak Swedish, and the other one English, but they got a lot of things in common, because they're children. They spin their tops and play with their dolls and things. They've got things in common.

When you see a little, like a little girl hanging around with grandma, there's something wrong there. Now, when you see a little girl hanging around with grandma, there's too much difference in their age. Now, there's something wrong. Either she's grandma's pet, or she's . . . Maybe grandma might have a sack of candy in her pocket. You see? So might be some reason there. There's some motive that that little girl is hanging around with grandma. Because there's too much difference in their age.

6 Now, young people have things, and they associate together and have things in common. And the—the middle age have things in common. And the—and the old people have things in common. And like clubs, the Kiwanis, they have things in common. They like to get together and eat together, the Kiwanis club, because they talk about the affairs of the city and how . . . taking care of the poor and so forth. They have things in common.

As my mother used to say, the old proverb, "Birds of a feather, flock together," there's a whole lot to that. Did you know that?

That's why you all are here tonight. That's why we've gathered tonight. We've got things in common. That's why you're not out to roadhouses and picture shows tonight. You—you come here to the church of God tonight. We got things in common. We like to talk over things and have fellowship one with another. We all believe in the same things. We got the same purpose. That's why all these ministers are setting around here and so forth. We got . . . And that's why that spirit is moving among us like it is. We have things in common.

7 Jesus, you know when the Holy Ghost fell, they were in one place and one accord, everything in common. They were waiting for the Holy Ghost to come. They had things in common. Every one was waiting for the promise of the Father. And that's why we are here tonight. We are—have things in common, 'cause Jesus said, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My Name, I'll be their midst. And whatever they ask, I'll give it to them."

So now, we have things in common. We believe in the full Gospel. We believe in the Holy Spirit. We believe in the second coming of Jesus. We believe in Divine healing. And that's why we've all gathered around, to have . . . We got things in common. "Birds of a feather, we flock together." I'm so glad to have your kind of feathers, and so we can have this fellowship.

8 Now, that is true, the old proverb "Birds of a feather." You ever notice? You take for instance, crows and doves. They don't have any fellowship with each other. Because why? Their diet is different. They couldn't invite one another to dinner, because the crow is a scavenger. He just eats on an old dead carcass somewhere, and the dove doesn't have any gall. So if it'd eat that stuff, it would kill it. Very good picture of the sinner and the Christian, I mean when he's a real Christian. See?

Now, the dove will set down in a wheat field and eat all day long with her kind and coo. And the old crow will set over there on an old dead carcass, and caw, and eat all day long. See? They don't have no fellowship at all. But now, the strange thing is, if the dove would go eat on the—on the dead carcass, it would kill the dove. But the crow can eat there and also eat the wheat, also. That makes him a hypocrite. See? So you have to watch that. See? You have to watch that. See?

9 The—the dove, the real true Christian, cannot go over and indulge in the world, but the hypocrite can be a low-down hypocrite, and be a sinner now, and go out and act like a Christian. That's bad. That's real bad. But the real Christian can't come over here and partake in this; he hasn't got any gall. He can't digest the thing. Amen.

I hope you know what I mean. And I'm not just trying to hurt your feelings, sinner, but that's right. That's just what it is. See? He couldn't

go in a barroom and drink, and go out, and gamble, and things like that. He—he just hasn't got the gall to digest it. That's all. Something else that has took place; he's been changed. He's had an operation. Amen.

God laid him out on the operating table and took the gall out of him when He give him the Holy Ghost. And he just can't take those things no more. That's right. So he can't have fellowship.

¹⁰ But something's wrong with the picture when this Pharisee, now, to my opinion, the crow . . . But he—he's trying to bring Jesus down there to have—like he wanted fellowship with Him, but there's something wrong. It just won't work.

The first thing . . . You know what Pharisee means? The word "Pharisee" means, "actor." The Greek word for Pharisee means "a actor," somebody who acts, puts on. You know, America's so full of that anyhow, actors.

I preach in Los Angeles. My next meeting is down in Los Angeles. And I noticed there, you take the people, the screen people there, the movies and so forth. They're before the camera so much, till they're acting like somebody else, impersonating somebody. And they do so much of it before the camera, till when they get on the street, they're still actors.

You know, that's not only in Hollywood; that's in Chicago too. You just look at televisions and movies and things like that, then you try to act like that. You Pharisee, quit doing that. It's not right. You shouldn't be that. I don't like that stuff. I like—I like to be original, don't you? Just be yourself.

¹¹ And you know, a lot of times that's among preachers. But that's true. Actors, they get in a pulpit, and then they get a pulpit voice, "Well, you know, brethren."

"Oh, you Pharisee, quit acting like that. Talk, be yourself. People will like you better if you just be yourself."

Oh, but they have a pulpit voice and then a street voice. I like for them to be just on the pulpit like they are on the street. Be the same person; don't be a Pharisee.

You know, and some of our sisters get that on them too: actors. In home they say, "John." And John jumps like he was shot. "Get over here. You know better than that. What'd you do that for?" The telephone rings, pick up the receiver, "Oh, hello." Pharisee, stop doing that. Be original. Be yourself.

Oh, I don't like a put-on. I like to be genuine. I like to see people who are genuine.

¹² I was enjoying that beautiful, Holy Ghost singing a while ago. You see a lot of actors in singing. That's right. I seen singers . . . I went to a place one time, and see an overtrained voice, overtrained, hold a note till they're blue in the face and hold on for dear life, and come back down, and make a oracle and don't even know what they sing themselves. That's no good. They're not singing to the glory of God.

To me, I love old fashion Pentecostal singing, hands up in the air and singing to the glory of God. You lose the organ, piano, and everything else, and just sing to the glory of God. Amen.

Turn loose and be yourself. Yes, I love original. The glory of God, there's nothing closer to Heaven, than hearing that real beautiful singing. Don't you believe so?

¹³ I was setting behind that curtain a while ago wiping tears out of my eyes, when I heard those brothers sing. And peeped around the curtain; see the glory of God on their face. Oh, my. There's any life in you, that'll sure bring it to the top. That's right.

But when you get just where you have to go that way yonder, and hold on, and turn blue in the face, you're just trying to get somebody to hear you then. See? I like real singing. I like to be yourself, not a actor, Pharisee. That's bad.

¹⁴ Sun was almost going down, and I see him standing there. This courier had run all day long, and his feet was dirty, and his face full of sweat. His master had said to him, "Now, you must find Him." And he crossed Palestine, trying to find Him. The sun was almost down. Thousands were setting listening to One speak, that never a man spoke like Him. People were standing on their tiptoes looking over. They could only see . . . And I can see the courier who'd had come from this rich Pharisees house, looking over to see if he, on his tiptoes, to see what he could see.

And after awhile He quit speaking; then He begin to minister to the sick. Oh, I'd love to have been there, wouldn't you?

¹⁵ I can see this courier making his way through the crowd till he gets up and he bumps in to somebody, who's standing there, wouldn't let him go any farther. Might have been Philip, or Nathanael, or one of them. I don't know who it was. Somebody was standing there, he bumped into.

Said, "I would like to speak to your Master, sir."

And being busy keeping the people away from Jesus, so He could pray, one at a time. I can imagine him placing him back to . . . "Stand aside. Leave the Master alone. He's busy."

And then he pushed on again; He said, “But I have a message from my master, a very prominent man in our country. I must see your Master.”

¹⁶ And I can see then, Philip, probably, taking him up to where Jesus was. And he politely bowed before Him, and he gave Him the message, “My master, Pharisee, Simon, the Pharisee, who’s a great man, he’s great in the church. And You’ll be honored, sir. And he has sent for You to come on a certain-certain date to his banquet. And he’s going to have a great feast, and he’s a rich man. And he’s. . . Oh, he can put on a real kind of feast. And You’re invited to come.”

Could you imagine what Peter would say to him? About like I would’ve said or you, “Oh, Jesus, that Pharisee, he’s just making a trump card out of You. Why, he—he don’t need You. He’s got all the wealth of this world that he needs, and—and he don’t have any need for You. He’s just going down there to make a show—make—make You a show card. That’s all. Don’t go. Look at the thousands here that’s calling for You. Your time is needed here. Don’t go with that down to that Pharisee.”

Perhaps Andrew run up and said, “Jesus, don’t do that, Master. Don’t go down there.”

But yet, all the persuading that they could do, Jesus politely, I can see Him bow His head and say, “I will be there.”

¹⁷ Jesus is never invited, unless He comes. Just remember that. If you want Him in your house, invite Him. He will come. No matter who you are, or how rich or how poor, how bad off, or how well off, He will come if you’ll invite Him. He never turns down an invitation. Jesus never did and He never will.

So they see. . . He bowed and he went. . . And the courier sighed a little bit and oh, brushed back his hair out of his dirty face and back down across Palestine he go, to take his—to take his message back down.

How could he ever do it? What was the matter with that courier, that runner, a flunky from his masters house? How could he have done it? I’d said something different from that, wouldn’t you? If I’d ever got in the Presence of Jesus, I’d fell at His feet first and of worshipped Him.

¹⁸ But that’s what the matter with too many of us couriers today. We’ve got to talk about our denomination, and talk about everything that we belong to, and forget about being in the Presence of Jesus. We got too many things to think about, other things that interest us, seemingly, more than Jesus: how dignity, and how we can conduct ourselves, and how we can make our voice sound, and how we can

put on this program and that program. Forget it. What we need is to get in the Presence of Jesus and worship Him.

Sometimes we have a revival, and the ladies aid's got to put on theirs, and *this* has got to do this, and *this* has got to do that. The first thing you know, there's no room for Jesus. We so carried up with all our societies and things, till we forget what the revival's about. Let's don't do that in Chicago this week. Let's invite Him and then worship Him when He comes.

When we get in His Presence, forget about who you are. What are you anyhow? Six foot of earth (That's right.), worth eighty-four cents, if you weigh one hundred and fifty pounds: not very much to you anyhow.

¹⁹ So then, here he was up there in the Presence of Jesus, carried out his masters orders. The Man he was talking to would be in Judge someday, and he failed to recognize it.

And in these meetings where the Holy Spirit comes down and speaks to the people, shows signs and wonders, and heals the blind, deaf, dumb, paralytics, and so forth, people turn away sometimes, "Well, we . . . that they carried that church too late tonight." Pharisee, what's the matter with you? You're in the Presence of Christ.

²⁰ You can ever be sure that you see His Word's a moving, you ought to fall on your face and say, "God, be merciful to me."

But we got time for other things. "Oh, I wished he'd hurry up and quit preaching. Twenty minutes is long enough for any preacher to preach."

Why, you—you're starving to death. You're so thin you look like a shadow. You need a good four hour sermon sometime, fatten you up on Gospel vitamins. That's what the Church needs today.

Just quit . . . you put your pastor . . . Fellow said the other day . . . This is no place for jokes; I don't believe it. But he said, he'd preached a sermon for ten years. Twenty minutes is all the people would let him preach, and he had to time hisself to twenty minutes. And one Sunday he preached about an hour.

²¹ The deacons called him back and said, "Pastor, what'd you do that for?"

Said, "Well, my time machine didn't work right."

Said, "What was it?"

Said, "Well, when I start to preach I put a—a lifesaver in my mouth, and it always takes me just twenty minutes to suck it down." And said, "I missed it this morning and put a button in my mouth, never did get it out."

Oh, my. What we need today is some good old button sermons. Amen. Don't be in no hurry.

²² That fellow, as soon as he could get his message out and what he was there for, his motives was just to please his master and away he went.

What we need today is, "Hold on. Stay there."

Here he goes. Had to go all the way down in Palestine. Oh, I can see that big Pharisee, when he come back and told him that Jesus said He would come. I can see him walking up on his great Persian rugs in his floor, rubbing his little, fat, chubby hands and. "Ha, ha, ha, why didn't I think of that before."

²³ Said, "My. I'm going to have a big banquet. Everybody knows I'm Simon, the Pharisee. Oh, I'm so religious." Huh. We still got them. "Oh, you know I'm the doctor of the church. Everybody in this city looks at me and they know that I'm a religious man, because I am Pastor Simon, the Pharisee."

²⁴ That great big fat roly-poly Pharisee, walking up-and-down the floor trying to get my Lord Jesus there. "Why, He ain't no prophet. Why, certainly He's not. Oh, we Pharisees knows there's nothing to Him. It's mental telepathy. If I could ever get Him down here and bring Him . . . What will Pharisee Jones say about that? Ho, Ho. Won't it be a joke? Ho, ho. When Pharisee Jones hears that I've got that there so-called Prophet down here for my meeting, won't he—won't he be surprised, when he sees that this here Jesus of Nazareth has come down to my meeting, now, to my banquet."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't have it inside. I'll put it outside, because, you know, I can really fix a dinner, a real dinner. The people around here, are all poor and everything."

But that man was rich. Brother, he got the cuts at the temple besides his salary, and he could really put on a feast. And so he—he was worthy; he had plenty of money. He was a rich man.

²⁵ And he said, "Then the public, if I can get them all up here in front of my place, out on the veranda somewhere; I'll fix it out there, and I will put my tables. And those great clusters of grapes is just now ripe, and everything and smell good. And I'll have it in the evening; it'll be cool. And oh, how it all . . ." Had it all planned out how he was going to fix it, and have everything just to the place.

²⁶ "And I'll take my table and scoot it out there, and—and I have all the Doctor Joneses and Doctor Ph.D. and so-and-so, and so-and-so, and I'll have them all over. And then all the people of the city will know that I am a great man. I can do this and I can do this. I—I—I . . ."

Boy, that's an awful habit people have isn't it? "I—I—I. . ." God has no place in it at all. Oh, what all he could do, and how he ought to have thought of that before, to get this—this appointment with Jesus.

Now, he said, "I'll push my table out." Now, in—in the Orient you almost have to be there to know how they eat and things.

²⁷ Now, you know, a lot of the little children, for instance, this little boy here setting in front with the little checked shirt on. He's leaning over on his hand like this. Papa and mama knows that he likes to eat that way too (yes) at table; he likes to lay over on his—on his arm. Now, I got little children at home too, and I know they like to eat like that.

Did you know what? You're right. Mama trying to make you set up like this, but that's the way they used to do it a long time ago. That's the way Jesus eat. See?

They didn't set down at the table like we do. They have a big table and then. . . And when they do they kind of scoot a couch in, angle ways like this, and everyone instead of setting down, he goes down here sits down at the end of the couch, and lays down and puts his hand up like this, and eats that way. That's the way you like it, isn't it? Yes, sir. Well, that's the way Jesus eat. That's the way they eat in Palestine and those days: still do.

²⁸ Now, had this table out there, and oh, could they serve. My, they could really serve. And they'd. . . Some of those people in Palestine, they even was rich enough, them Pharisees to have Indian waitress, which. . . A waiters, which they're—they're the most famous in the world. And they had on shoes that. . . little bells on the end, that they could. . . They'd play music as they walked. And could they know how to put it on. They'd put the platter in their hand like this, and they would have lamb cooked with—spiced up real good. And oh, my, they'd bring it out and the poor would stand on the outside [Brother Branham makes a sniffing sound—Ed.] smelling that odor, and they'd serve it in such a way, just make you hungry to look at it.

²⁹ So they knowed how to put it on, and them Pharisees knowed how to do it. So this fellow was no exception. He knew how to put on a real feast. So then he'd get everything ready, get all fixed up, ready for the people to come.

Well, finally the—evening drew near, that when he was going to have the banquet. And the first thing you know, as soon as everything was fixed up in the—out in the piazza, and in the yard, under the clusters, and everything was just to its place, just where it ought to be, just everything so spic-and-span. . .

³⁰ A great chariot drove up outside and Doctor Jones. . . (I hope there's not a Doctor Jones here tonight.) But anyhow, he got out of

the chariot. And my, you know, the—the to be—the hospitality of Palestine, as soon as, he—you get out of the—the chariot or wherever you come, if you're invited, the host, when he invites you. . . Well, then you come the first thing, most of their travel is by foot, and when Doctor Jones got out, of course, Pharisee when in and greeted him, "Hello, Doctor Jones, I'm so happy to see you. Why, enter into my place."

And up come another chariot, and—and the groomers taken their horses, and put them in the stables, and fed them, and so forth and taking care. And then if someone come on foot, they. . . All those Pharisees had a lot of flunkies around their place: one fellow to do one thing, and one another.

And the first thing when you entered into the place, the lowest paid flunky of the whole bunch was a foot-washer. The first thing you did, when you walked into a place you got your feet washed.

³¹ And I think of my Lord. . . That's what proves to me He was God, when He came from the highest position in Heaven, and became the lowest flunky on the earth.

Who do we think we are 'cause we own a change of clothes? The God of Heaven came down and became a flunky. The worst paid person in the category of the home was a foot-washer. And Jesus, my Lord became a foot-washer.

And who are you now? And who am I? What are we so big about, when we can ride in a big fine car and everything, and stick our nose up and think we're somebody? And the God of Heaven became a flunky foot-washer. Shame on us. What a pity.

³² It's customarily the first man that met the man when we was invited, the hospitality of the Orient and Palestine in those days, there was a. . . When the travel was by foot they didn't have paved streets like they got here, and they had dusty roads. And the Palestinian garment comes down as a robe, but the underneath garment buttons just below the knee.

And when they had robes on and sandals in those days, if they could afford sandals, or they walked bare-footed. . . And their travel was by foot. And when they would. . . Along those little old trails and things where they walked, many caravans and animals went down that trail, and the droppings from their animals, the birds would peck in it, and then the. . . twist it around on the road and it would. . . The dust it would dry. And it would get dusty and the traveler walking like this, why, the dust would. . . Robe would pick it up and it'd get on his feet, and all that droppings from the animal and along the roads, and stink

and . . . A persons feet was dirty and really needed washing, before they could come into a nice home like they had there, this Pharisee's house.

³³ So the custom was that they would bring the foot-wash flunky. He would come out, and when the man came, he would take his foot and put it up under his arm, like this, remove his sandal, wash his feet, take a towel and wipe them, set his sandals upon a place, and reach over and get a pair of satin slippers like, which that was courtesy of the host that invited him. And he'd try them on his feet until he got the—the ones that would fit him just right.

And then . . . And the next thing he would pass him on. When he come back out he pulled off the slippers, walking on those fine rugs and things, and he would be refreshed by his feet.

³⁴ Now, the next thing, the Palestinian sun, the direct rays of there, makes a real hot and blisters the face. And they had oil that they would anoint. And the next man, when he come into a little place, why, they would anoint you, your hands, give you some oil, and you'd rub that, put it on your neck and around your face like that, and it was soothing.

Now, oil will get old in a few days; we know that. But they had some sort of a little bean that comes out of Arabia, like a rose when it's done, and there's a little apple there. And you can take that little apple and put it in your hand and rub it, and it goes so deep into your pores with perfume, until weeks you can still smell it on your hands. And they would take that and make a perfume and put it in this anointing oil that they used to anoint their face.

³⁵ That was part of the treasures that the—the queen of Sheba brought to Solomon, very expensive, spikenard. So they—they'd anoint the face and so forth.

Now, he had his feet washed and dried, and his slippers put on. And all the stink of the road was off of him. And now, the rays of the sun, he'd rub his face real good, and took a towel and wiped the oil from it.

Now, the next courtesy the host showed when he walked in to the door, as he went in, why the host would be standing there when his visitor came. And when he came up to the door, he would reach over and get him by the right hand, and he would kiss him on one side of the cheek, then take him by the other hand, and kiss him on the other side of the cheek.

³⁶ Now, when he was kissed, he was welcomed. He was a full brother then. He felt welcome. He could go in and go to the icebox get what he wanted. He was at home. He was kissed welcome.

Well, then all these Pharisees and things taking their place. . . The first thing you know, we look around and find setting over in the corner,

Jesus. How could it happen? What was the matter with the flunky at the door? He was setting there with unwashed feet, unanointed head, not kissed. He wasn't made welcome. Why?

Pharisee, Simon the Pharisee, was too busy cracking jokes with Doctor Jones and all of them. He didn't have time. He let Jesus slip by and get in. And the flunky let Him slip by. Oh, I—I wish I could've took that flunky's place: an opportunity to wash Jesus' feet, and to anointed Him, and made Him welcome. That's the way it is. He invited Him and then didn't make Him welcome.

That's what we do. We invite Him, and then won't make Him welcome.

³⁷ When the President would come to this city, or any city, you'd hang out the streets full of flags. You'd strow the streets with flowers. You'd send the band down to the—to the depot, where he got off the train. You'd do everything to make him welcome.

But Jesus can come to your city, into your home, and you'll give Him a place in the attic, a little prayer room out in the side, or it may be down in the basement. If your company's there, you have nothing to do with Him. You'll wait till after while, maybe He's at the house, you slip up in the attic and shut the door, and say a few little words to Him, and come back down, ashamed of Him.

³⁸ That's the way Simon was. He was ashamed of Him. "Will You come anyhow, Jesus?"

"Yeah."

"Will you take second place?"

"Yeah, I'll take second place. I'll take any place they give Me."

Remember not long ago when you went to church (before you was saved, of course) on Easter Sunday, and you wore your gorgeous dress? Your beautiful little Easter hat sit on the side of your head. You went down and struggled through a twenty minute sermon and come back and hung it up and said, "That's enough religion for this year."

Jesus didn't rebuke you for it. He accepted it. You give it to Him, whatever you want to give Him, what little time He will take it. He never rebuked you.

³⁹ And you ask Him to come to your church sometime, and He will fall in an old fashion way, and you're ashamed to let loose and let Him have His way. You quench Him away. You invite Him to your home, and then you're ashamed of Him before your neighbors, let Him set there unentertained. Jesus wants to be worshipped. He wants to be entertained.

How do you entertain Jesus? Say, “Come, Lord Jesus. Come into my heart. I love you, Lord.” Entertain Him.

⁴⁰ If someone come at your house, and you didn’t entertain them, they wouldn’t come many times. Maybe that’s what’s the matter tonight. Maybe that’s what’s the matter around our homes and around our churches. We’re afraid, or ashamed to entertain Jesus. You’re afraid somebody will hear you say, “Amen.” You’re afraid to raise up you’re hands and give Him praise. You’re ashamed ’cause your neighbor setting there or somebody else. What do I care about your neighbor? Worship the Lord. You asked Him. You invited Him. Then worship Him when He comes. Hallelujah.

What we need tonight is an old fashion Jesus Christ entertaining place, where men and women can forget theirselves and entertain Jesus.

But He comes anyhow. If you just give Him five minutes a day over in the closet, down in the basement, He will take it. He will take whatever you offer Him. He will take it. That shows to me He’s God to me. Amen.

⁴¹ You know big men act little. Little peanut brain acts big. When you see a guy that thinks he’s something, just remember there’s nothing to him. I’ve got with some of the biggest men in the world, and they make you think you’re the big man, when you get away from them. But some of these guys that’s got a change of clothes or something another, Pastor something another, or some big church, why, they want you to think they’re something big. That’s the person that becomes nothing.

Notice, Jesus had entered this Pharisees home. I believe He left a little early. He’s never late. And Jesus always keeps His appointments. Hallelujah.

⁴² Jesus is here tonight. Jesus keeps His appointments no matter how you—where you are. He kept His appointment with Jonah in the belly of a whale. He kept His appointment with Daniel in the lions’ den. He kept His appointment with the children in the—Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. Praise God. He kept His appointment with me on the deathbed.

He’s here tonight. “Wherever two or three are gathered together in My Name I’ll be in their midst.” Jesus keeps His appointments always. He leaves glory maybe a little early so He can get here on time. He keeps His appointments.

⁴³ And here He is setting in this Pharisee’s house. And God walked in the door, and nobody paid any attention to Him. They were too busy. And that’s what we are today. We’re too busy making proselytes. We’re too busy to see if this persons baptized correct or not. We’re too

busy to see what position he has, and what we can do with him in the church. We're too busy with the people and the things of the church, to let Christ come by without entertaining Him. We're too busy to see that the . . . Everything's carried on just so-and-so.

We fail to entertain Jesus after we have invited Him to our place. Many times you're too busy at home in your home life. You got too—so many things you have to do, you can't take time to pray, just too busy. That's what happened there.

⁴⁴ Oh, I wish I could have been that flunky there at the door. If I knowed He was a coming, brother, I'd have had the pan of water waiting. But before I washed His feet I'd say, "Lord, I'm not worthy to wash the—worship You after I washed Your feet. Let me worship You first." Oh, I'd love to have done it.

But there He sets, unwelcome. Think of it. Unwelcome, setting over in the corner, nobody paying any attention to Him. And Pharisee too busy with his doctor friend. He didn't notice Jesus setting over in a corner. And He's setting with His head down.

You know, I'd imagine He never feels very welcome around the rich people that don't want to entertain Him. He's setting . . . He feels more at home with the people who's willing to humble themselves. Entertain . . .

There He is setting with His head bowed, His disciples standing outside; they couldn't—wasn't invited, so they couldn't come in. You had to be, really had to be invited to be in one of those banquets.

⁴⁵ But the disciples couldn't come, and here He is setting over there in the corner, nobody paying any attention to Him. He's so uncomfortable. You think that's the way you'd be here tonight, if He come? You think that's the way He is in your home uncomfortable, setting there with dirty feet? Think of it: Jesus with dirty feet. They call Him "Jésus." When I think "Jésus" with dirty feet . . .

That does something to me to say it. Jesus, my Lord, setting in a religious house with dirty feet unwelcome, parching cheeks, unwelcome, not kissed welcome . . . The very feet that was going to be pierced with the nails was setting there dirty, with dung from the road and sweat all over his feet smelled, and in that great fine home with His head bowed unwelcome. Nobody washed His feet.

Oh, I—I wished I could be there. Wished I could've been there, don't you? I wished I could've been standing there. Oh, how I'd run to Him.

⁴⁶ How did that flunky let Him get by? I don't know. Unwashed feet, dirty feet, Jesus, my Lord with dirty feet . . . Somebody neglected; somebody has neglected their duty. And there He is setting there, oh,

so uncomfortable in the house, nobody paying any attention to Him, and with dirty feet, smelling bad, and the people passing by Him.

Look on the outside there where all the Easterners are gap anyhow, they was looking over to see Pharisee, and smelling of the food and things, a line drawn, they couldn't come no farther. And Pharisee over there just a rejoicing with his friends and so forth, and Jesus setting there with dirty feet. Think of it.

I see walking along the side of the crowd on the outside, a little woman with a veil over her face. I hear somebody punch another one and say, "Look who's come up."

47 The Bible said that she was a awful sinner. We won't have to go in detail about that. She was a prostitute, a foul woman. Listen. Sometimes you push them people back. But remember, somebody introduced her to that life. Before there can be a foul woman, they has to be a foul man. That's right.

Maybe some boy fell in love with her, and—and enticed her, and made her promises, and ruined her life, and introduced her to such, and then pushed her off to one side, and run off to get some other woman. That might've started her. She's some mother's daughter.

I think, "Oh, we're so righteous though, you know." Oh, my. We can't go down and talk to people like that. If they don't live in the finest of homes and they have the best societies, why, we don't want to bring them into church.

48 Brother, Jesus said, "Go in the hedges and byways and bring them in," no matter who they are. Sometimes they're the ones who receive the Kingdom of God before some of these stiff-necked so-so's will.

There she comes by. She's looking around, and someone says, "Look—look what come up to Pharisee's dinner. Oh, look who she is. We know; keep your distance."

She walks by. She knows she's hated. Nobody. . . The self-righteous, "No, sir, give her. . . Stand back; give her room."

49 But I see her go up, and she looks over there, and she sees Him. "Oh," she said, "that can't be. Surely, is that—that must be Him. Well, it is Him. And He's got. . . He's not welcome. He—He's got dirty feet. And He's unanointed, and nobody's paying any attention to Him." She said, "It's, surely, somebody's got to do something."

And I see her pull her—her little shawl up around her, and down the street she goes as hard as she can. She goes up in the little old creaky steps up into her little room, and she goes into a little chest, and gets out her little sock, or something there with some money in it. And she

said—she said, “No, no, no I—I can’t do this. I can’t do it.” And she starts weeping; she said, “Oh, those eyes, how He looked over at me.”

⁵⁰ Nobody could ever look at Jesus and ever be the same. She said it, “I must be beside myself. Look. I know He’s a Prophet, and He’d know where I got this money. He’d know how I got it. I can’t take this to Him. I just can’t do it.”

She puts it back; she’s weeping, said, “Oh, think of it. Oh He. . . . Nobody wants Him. Oh, I’ve got to do something about it.” And she takes her little sock out again, her little chest, and she looks at it, and she said, “Oh, surely, but it—it’s all I got. It’s all I can do. Surely He will understand.”

And I see her tuck her little money down in her bosom, and throw her shawl over her, and down the street she goes; and she goes into a little Jew store down there where they’re selling some spikenard and stuff in a perfume shop. And she goes in, and some old fellow setting back there, grouchy, counting out his money, “My, it’s been a bad day. Didn’t hardly make the rent.” Oh, my.

And the first thing you know, this prostitute walks in.

⁵¹ “Well, look what come in.” He didn’t go out as a polite salesman, or gentleman should be, and say, “What could I do for you?” He said, “Well, what do you want?”

She said, “Sir, I want the best alabaster box you got in the house, not just one, I want the best.”

Look, she was giving everything she had, every penny; she had to give the best she could. You and I, we just give a little side thing. Are you giving your best? If you’re not giving your best, don’t make fun of her. She was giving her best in her oil she had.

She said, “I want the best alabaster box you got of ointment.”

“Well,” he said, “let’s see how much money you got?” Of course, the clink of the money changed his—his idea. He counted out two hundred and eighty pieces of Roman denarii, and just—just enough, he gives her the alabaster box. He noticed she had been weeping. Her eyes were stained. She dumps it in her bosom; she takes out the door.

⁵² Somebody nudges, “Look, going there, Look, going there.” That’s the way they do today. Nudge, nudge, “Look at there; that’s a holy-roller. Look, going there. You know you they are? They’re one of them. That’s one of them gang.” Oh, I’m so glad to be one of them; I don’t know what to do. Yes, sir.

“There they go. Look where she’s going to now, and she’s been weeping. Oh, she’s one of them fanatics. Look where she’s going, right straight up to where they’re at.”

There she goes up. She's late. She's got to hurry. But brother, it's better late than never. You may wait a long time, dad; you may be sixty or seventy years old, but it's better to be late—be late than never get there. Come on now.

⁵³ You said, "Oh, well, I want to get the Holy Ghost sometime, Brother Branham." Right now.

You say, "Well, I'm getting pretty old now; I couldn't be much service." Get It anyhow, better late than never.

She got there. And when she gets there, all the party . . . She knows she was at the right place, the glasses was tipping together, and the big hoorays, and times of the wine being poured out, and everything. She knowed she was at the right place. Now she tipped on her toes, and she looks back there, and there she sees Him setting.

She said, "I can't. It—it must be . . . If they catch me in there, what will they do? I'd be out of place if I go in there. If I'd get into that kind of a group in there, I'll be out of place, a person like me. Well, they'll—they'll throw me out. I—I can't go . . . Maybe He wouldn't want me to do it. I must be dreaming. There must be something wrong," the tears running down her cheeks. She said, "But one time I heard Him preaching, and He preached on this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and heavy laden and I will give you rest. Whosoever will let him come.' Surely, He meant me."

⁵⁴ Then I see her duck her head, and elbow her way through the crowd. She's trying to get to Him. That's the way to do. Elbow your way through the crowd till you get to Him, no matter who says, "Days of miracles is past. There ain't no such a thing as Divine healing. No such a thing as heartfelt salvation." Elbow your way. Get right through the crowd. You don't care what the people says; get to Jesus. That's the only Fountain of salvation she had. The only Fountain you've got, only Fountain anybody's got, is make your way to Jesus. If you have to elbow your way through every denomination and everything else, get to Him, quickly.

⁵⁵ Oh, my. She got beside of Him, and she . . . There set Jesus. She took a hold of His . . . She didn't know what to do. She fell down before Him; she was weeping. The tears was a rolling down her cheeks and off her chin. And the first thing you know, she picked up His feet, and she begin to rub His feet. She was so happy. She was standing by the Fountain. She was standing by the only cleansing place that her soul could ever be cleansed. She was standing by the only Fountain of Life that ever sprung up in the earth.

There she was in her condition. She was rubbing His feet. And the first thing you know, she—she got beside herself. She didn't know what

to do—she was doing. And she was crying, the tears running off her cheeks, and she was rubbing His feet, and she found herself washing Jesus' dirty feet with her tears. What a water, and washing Jésus' dirty feet with her tears. The greatest water that ever come, the tears of a penitent sinner, washing the feet of the Lord Jesus.

⁵⁶ As she wept, and she was washing His feet, she—she was beside herself. She didn't know what to do. God help us to get beside ourself long enough to get saved anyhow.

Sure she broke all of the rules of the party. What was the party taking place now? What do we care what the party was doing, how many rules she broke? She was getting before Jesus and getting saved. And that's what we need to do tonight is to get before Jesus and get saved.

No matter what you're breaking the rules, or the regulations, that has nothing to do with it. The thing of it is, is get before Jesus. And she was washing His feet with her tears, and she was . . . First thing you know, she was so excited she started to raise up and all of her hair, that she had pinned up on her head, fell down. And she begin to wipe His feet with her—with the hairs of her head.

It'll be a hard time for a lot our Christians sisters to do that: have to stand on their head to do it; they ain't got enough hair to wipe His feet with their hair. That's right. I don't say that for a joke. But let me tell you something. The Bible said, "A woman's hair is her glory." Yes, sir.

⁵⁷ Look what a beautiful place it fit there. Her tears of repenting, she was washing His feet. And the only decent thing she had about her was her hair. And her glory fell down. Hallelujah. Her glory, she was wiping Jesus' feet with her glory. Hallelujah.

God, let me with everything I am to wipe His feet, wash His feet, worship Him in the Spirit, do everything I can to make Him welcome in my heart, saying, "Dear Lord Jesus, here take me and make me Yours."

She was wiping His feet with her hairs of her head. And the first thing you know she found herself [Brother Branham makes kissing sounds—Ed.] kissing His feet. And I tell you, Pharisee Jones turned white and then red. The devil really took a hold of him. I can see him, "Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!" Oh, what a rage he was. Breaking up his party, it would ruin his church.

⁵⁸ And don't you never . . . Why, he said, "Looky here. If that man was a prophet, He'd know what kind of a woman that was around Him." Listen. "Why, that would ruin his reputation." No, he's wrong. Jesus' reputation is made where sinners are, not as . . . Sinners coming to Him never ruins His reputation; it makes His reputation. We need

more of that sinners before Jesus makes Him a reputation 'cause they're ready to repent.

And there wiping His feet, kissing His feet, and she was, oh, so beside herself. She was weeping. She was going on. She was . . . Just simply she didn't know what she was a doing. That's what we want to do. Get before Christ till you can lose yourself.

The old song said: "Let me lose myself and find it, Lord, in Thee." Let me lose all the prestige I got. Let me lose everything so I can find myself in Thee.

⁵⁹ Then when the first thing you know, Pharisee begin to speak and she raised up. Jesus looked over, and He said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say of—about you." Said, "I come to your house on your invitation, and you never washed My feet."

He said, "But this woman and . . . has." And said, "You never give Me any kiss. You never made Me welcome. You never give Me any anointment to go on My head." But said, "This woman ever since she has come in has never ceased to even kiss My feet."

⁶⁰ He turned to the woman for that gallant act; He said, "And I say unto thee, thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee."

Oh, what would we care what the world would say, as long as I can hear them words, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee."

Oh, God, someday when life is all over, I—I—I want to crawl up to His feet. I—I—I want to just pat His feet, them feet that was going to be nailed scarred in a little awhile, setting there dirty, and she washed them with tears of repentance, wiped them with the glory of her hair, kissed them with her lips. And the grease, of the—of the oil still on her lips, and her standing looking to see what He was going to say.

⁶¹ For all this, and all she had, she laid all of her glory down, all of her money down, everything she had, and had put—spent everything she could on Him. And there she was kissing His feet, and her lips all greasy with the oil, the tears running down her cheeks, her hair hanging down, and wet with the grease and oil on His feet like that when she broke the spikenard box and poured it all over His feet, every bit of it. She never just held any back; she poured it all on His feet.

And there He was—she was setting there. He said, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee."

God help us tonight to get—and lose ourself away from our self-styled starchy ideas and find Jesus Christ and love Him. Oh, may He grant that to every lost sinner in here tonight while we bow our heads.

⁶² Our Heavenly Father, as we think of our Lord Jesus coming and being not entertained in the house that He was invited . . . O God, may

the people here in Chicago, may the people here now, along with myself just lose ourself in Thee and entertain Thee, Lord, with all of our heart, with all of our strength, with all of our mind.

May we worship Thee in the Spirit and in truth, in the beauty of holiness may we live every day. Not noticing what the world's got to say about it, but what You say about it, Lord. Grant it.

Bless these people here tonight. And if there be one here, Father, who doesn't know You as their Saviour, may they look up and say, "Lord, many times I've ask You to come to me, but I've been just a little bit ashamed of You around my boss. I've been a little ashamed of you around my neighbor. And I—I—I just put You off in the basement, or somewhere, somewhere when I was off to myself. I—I been ashamed of You, but God if you'll forgive me for it, from this night on I'll never be ashamed of You again. I'll testify of you everywhere. When my company comes, I'll lead them all in prayer. I'll do everything that I can, Lord, to worship You."

God, grant that that'll be the attitude of every person in Divine Presence tonight.

⁶³ While we have our heads bowed. I just wonder anywhere in the building if someone here would say, "Lord, I'm . . . I'll just raised up my hand not to the preacher, but to You, God. I've been slothful in entertaining You. I've been kind of backward. I've been ashamed. I've joined that starchy party of Pharisees, and I've really been ashamed of You. But if You'll forgive me, Lord, from this night on I'll never be ashamed of You again."

Will you raise your hand and say, "God, be merciful to me?" God bless you, you, you, you. That's right. Up in the balcony, up above, God bless you; that's good. May the Lord bless you. Put up your hand. That's right. "God, be merciful to me." God bless you all over here on the right. I see your hands all up and down. All down through the center aisle now, God bless you. Over in these other aisles to my left, the Lord bless you.

⁶⁴ "Jesus, by this I'll raise up my hand." Say, "I'll never be ashamed of You again if You'll forgive me for the way I've entertained you. You've come to my heart; you've told me lots of things to do. You just bless me, so I just want to cry out, but I'd be ashamed to do it. I'll never do it again it, God. When You speak to me I'll answer You. I'll love You. I'll testify of Your goodness everywhere."

Now, if someone else, that didn't put up their hand, would want to put up their hand before we have prayer, before we start praying for the sick, would you raise your hand? All right. That's right. God bless you. God bless you, dad. God bless you way over in the corner; I see you.

Way . . . That's good. I like to see you do that. Way back in the back, I see you. So does God see you. Down here I see you, brother. God bless you, sister. Yes, you, brother, I see your hand. God does surely. Yes, sister, yes, brother. That's right.

⁶⁵ Way back there I see you, sister. See you back there, brother. That's good. Way back in the back, I see you, sister, with your hand up. Down here in front, yes, brother. God bless you. That's right. That's right. God bless you. Sixty, seventy-five hands has went up already. Would somebody else say, "God I'm raising my hand."?

People's got their heads bowed, but God, "I want You to make me a real, real worshipper of You, a real Christian that You'd be pleased. If I have to do . . ."

God bless you, sister, I see your hand. You over there, I see your hand. You there, with the checked dress, I see your hand. Way back in the back, brother, yours. God bless you, sister. God bless you, brother, you, you back there, yes. Oh, my, hands continually going up.

⁶⁶ "I want from this night on, God I—I know You're here; I know You'll meet . . . But I've just put You off. Now, if my boss would come home with me, I'd want all of my neighbors to know that my boss was home with me. But, Jesus, I invite You to come. And if somebody comes in, I'll put You off in the corner till after they leave. I—I won't go ahead with prayer. I won't ask them if they'll bow in prayer with me, because I have—was in prayer when they come up. I've been ashamed of You in church. I've been ashamed to testify when I was called on. I've been ashamed to lead in prayer. I've been ashamed to talk to the group, the boys I run around with, or the girls. From this night on, Jesus, I'm going to talk about You. I'm going to testify of You everywhere."

Would you raise your hand, somebody that has not raised their hand? Somebody else now? God bless you. That's good. God bless you, dad, I see you back there, a real old man, trembling with his hands up. God be merciful to him. God bless you, young lady. That's mighty fine. God bless you, sister, down here. That's mighty fine.

⁶⁷ I'm just so happy to see you do this. God bless you, my colored sister. God bless you, brother, back there. That's very fine. Anyone else in the balcony, now when looking up that way? I say . . . Raise your hand say, "Jesus, be merciful to me."

God bless you little fellow. That's good. I'm glad to see you do that, honey. Just a boy, but that's good. You love the Lord Jesus? You're young now, and He's here in the building tonight. He's looking at you. He's speaking to your heart. He's telling you to put up your hand. Are you ashamed to do it right here on the very start of it? All right? That's right. The Lord bless you now, while we bow our heads.

⁶⁸ Heavenly Father, You see those who put up their hands. You know all about them. Now, I pray, God, that this will be the moving and the breaking time, that there'll be such a revival sweep this week, until homes will be reunited, Lord, and the power of God will come into every home: old fashion prayer altars, where dad and mother and the children are around the—the table a praying, and down in the bedroom, and in the living room, praying, and worshipping Jesus and making Him welcome.

When the Holy Spirit strikes them and says, “Go talk to John about coming to church,” may they go right straight and do it. For it's You, Lord. Let them not be ashamed to go talk to John, or the girl, or whoever it is about You. Grant it, Father. May it be a great time.

Bless all these who raised their hands. Save them; forgive them of their sins, and—and make them Your children. We pray in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.



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