
WHEN LOVE IS PROJECTED



Be here again this morning, look at all these faces that's been enjoying the blessings of the Lord for little did I know I was going to have to come up here and testify. But it's always a pleasure to me to speak to God's people at any time, because I feel that it's . . . They said in the Bible time, "I'm one of them." And to be associated here with such a lovely group . . .

Through the week I have certainly enjoyed immensely, all these wonderful testimonies of the brethren who has gave us these great testimonies of their healing and of their . . . these businessmen who have told us of their—how their business prospered. And Brother Gardner last evening, I appreciated his testimony and talk. And so many things has happened, that I have come to get full.

² As I said, "William Booth Clibborn one time said that down in London, England, that they was—he walking around with the police one night, because he missed his car, couldn't go home, it was a streetcar, too late, and it was raining." And said, "He found a man that was over-intoxicated laying in the street. So they just picked him up and threw him in the paddy wagon, taken him over, threw him in the jail." Mr. Clibborn said, "Well, down at the . . . ? . . . of the Salvation Army," said, "well, we would take him in, fix him up, give him a hot bath, and give him some coffee and such." And said, "You just let him lay there on the floor?"

Said, "Sure, that won't hurt him."

Said, "Well, why do you mean, it won't hurt him?"

Said, "But he's too full of drink." said, "He's . . . The whiskey so much in him, it's got every pore just filled up; the—the cold and stuff can't get in."

³ I think that's the way our meeting ought to be: so filled up with the Holy Spirit, the world and the devil don't even have a chance. That's right. This thing just keeps coming off, maybe I'm supposed to hold it in my hand.

One of the outstanding things that struck me greatly amongst the testimonies, which has all been very great. But one of the things was a testimony of the Brother, plowman, Brother Krause, of his . . . How the Lord dealt with Brother Krause. How many heard his testimony? Dr. Ham and I were talking about it a little later.

⁴ And now, you see, Brother Krause, being a very fine Christian, he had tried hard, and his good friend, and our friend too, Brother Oral

Roberts had prayed for him, and he didn't seem to get any different. Then he thought, "Oh, Brother Branham pray for me, I'll get all right." So well, I prayed for him, no different. I stood by him for forty-five minutes, almost, one day, he and his lovely wife, to see if the Lord would speak in a vision to say something to him. But nothing happened. And then finally, at the hospital, when the doctors had operated and give him no hope, or not much hope of ever see him come through again, then when he was at the end of his road, then sovereign grace stepped in. And the glory of the Lord came down on him in the room, and he was just, said, just bathed in God's beauty.

And when love has been projected, then it's time for sovereign grace to step in. It'll do it every time.

⁵ You know, it's a strange thing that how we human beings like to do things ourselves. But we are children of God, and many times we have to just take a seat and set down till God comes around and does it His way.

And notice the little child; I was just setting back there a few moments ago, talking to a very fine medical doctor from Chicago, who I had the privilege of having breakfast with this morning. And we were speaking, and he perhaps . . . He knows this; I'm sure he does.

Many times you have a little child, and he gets on a little temper tantrum, we call it, at our home. Oh, he's just kicking and squealing and going on. He's going to tear up everything, and go to holding his breath. And usually a mother will come, and shake him, and throw him up in the air, and try and to get him to get his breath. I don't think there's a case in history where one of them ever died in one. He just has to run to the end of his road, and then nature takes over.

That's the way with us Christians sometime, we just have to run to the end of the road and let grace take over. We have to run all of our theology out, so God can really get to work. You believe that? And God does work in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

⁶ Now, I've noticed this, that each one of us, as sons and daughters of God . . . Many times I have thought of Pentecost. There they said they were all in one place and in one accord. Now, where's there's unity, well, there's power. And then if we only knew, that each one of us in a—an amateur way is a creator. Now, we're sure that you understand that. Usually, the little success that the Lord has given me, as I'm to testify this morning, of success, is because of this one thing: that the patients that I'm praying for in the sick line, I have to enter into their fellowship of suffering with them. And that's the reason that I can't have a prayer line where you just run them through like a bunch of sheep coming

through a yard. You got to feel the—the need of that individual that’s standing before you. If you don’t, you can’t have the feeling of it.

7 Like Paul Rader once said—said, “He was going to work one morning, so he . . . He and his wife had had a little, well, a disagreement.” And he said, “As he started out, he kissed his wife good-bye, she was crying.” Said, “He always walked out to the end of the gate and turned back and said, ‘Bye.’ And she said, ‘Good-bye.’ So that morning when—the same routine, parting time he said, ‘Good-bye,’ and she said, ‘Good-bye.’” So he went out on the street and begin to think, “What if something would happen to me today, or something would happen to her?” Said, “I’d knowed we’d never meet again on this earth.”

He got to thinking about it and said, “God begin to deal with him. He ran back to the house real quick, jerked open the door; she was standing behind the door still weeping.” Said, “He never said one word to her, but just pulled her around and kissed her again, turned right back around and went out. Went to the gate, and turned back, and said, ‘Good-bye.’” Said, “She said, ‘Good-bye,’ latched the gate.” And said, “The—the difference was, the last time there was a feeling in it; he meant it.”

So that’s the way it is, there’s got to be a feeling in it. There’s got to be something that—that’s projected from you to meet the person you’re talking to.

8 Few weeks ago down in Mexico, we were—were talking down there, and on the platform there was an old man came to the platform who was blind. I looked at him; his old wrinkled feet, and they were—probably never had a pair of shoes. Just, oh, the poor man, and he wanted to kneel down and take out his rosary, or prayer beads, and what they say, and so I raised him up, and through the interpreter I said, “No need of doing that.”

But when he put his arms around me, blind . . . And I thought, “You know, if my daddy would lived, he’d just have been about his age. And here I am with a pair of shoes on.” I looked down and they—they wouldn’t fit him, or I’d have give him my shoes. But to feel that poor man, so deprived. And then to know after all of that, never maybe a good meal, no clothes hardly to wear, maybe a life that had a lot of burdens that only a—a man of . . . ? . . . like he would know, then to be shut off in darkness where he couldn’t see. Something inside of me begin to bleed, “Oh, God, that poor mortal, a man like I am, has a feeling, he loves, eat, drink, lives; he’s a man, and he is in this condition.” While praying for him, put my arms around him, his old hands laying across my shoulder, patting. I said, “Heavenly Father,

if this would make me feel to see he's like that what does it do to You?" In a few moments I heard him screaming and going on; he had received his sight.

⁹ Now what it is, is love. Love, my brethren, I realize I'm standing here this morning with a seventh grade education talking to scholars. But it no makes it—make any difference, of how much theology, and of how many ways we turn the Scriptures to make it fit our point, there'll never nothing take the place of love: "Where there is tongues, they shall cease, where it's prophecy it'll—it'll vanish, and where it knowledge, it'll do the same thing, but love will endure forever."

And if we this morning, as Christian people, and facing the great crisis that's on the earth today, and in meetings like this if we could concentrate for one thing, to purpose in our heart, that we love the heritage of the Lord Jesus, that we could feel it . . .

The other evening while I was speaking in the tabernacle, the church behind the place here, speaking on love and how that we must have the feeling of the people, we must feel for them and love them . . . Love is the greatest weapon that God ever put into the hands of man. And through that . . . You can't fool people. You can't . . .

¹⁰ You knowing I was a game warden, conservationist . . . My mother's a half Indian, and I—I love outdoors. And just a little sideline now to life, to let you know what I mean when I'm speaking this. Until the burden gets on the Christian Church for lost souls, we're fighting the air. Let us stop speaking . . . I believe in gifts and signs and wonders, why, certainly. That goes with the body, but let's not put that ahead of love and lost souls. Let's get into—a burden on our hearts.

¹¹ The Holy Spirit marking the Jews in the . . .? . . . to Jerusalem, He only come to those who sighed and cried for the abominations that was done in the midst of the city.

And now, perhaps this morning, we take up to this challenge . . . All the glory, all the power, all that God has given to us here in this meeting, and the great things that we've seen, how many laid on their face last night and last cried and sighed for the abominations of Minneapolis? See, there you are. He only marked those kind. See?

¹² Now, to show how love is projected, this is . . . You might laugh at this. But it—it's true as I'm standing here. One time I was out in a—a field, when I was game warden. And there had been a—a bull had killed a colored man at the Brook Farm, just below where I lived, great Guernsey bull. And he had—he'd been sold away to another man. And he just turned him loose into the pasture. And I knew that bull was there, but I never thought. I was over on the creek turning loose some fish, and I thought of a man that called for me to go pray for him.

So going up across the hill to pray for the man, being about, right at three or four hundred yards from the fence in a little clump of bushes, this Guernsey Bull was bedded down there. And I got close to him, he raised up, and he was a killer. I looked back to the fence; it was too far for me to run; he was so close to me. There was no tree for me to get into. Well, I thought, "This is the end; I can't go no farther. For if I try to run, he will catch me, so what can I do?"

¹³ Now, that's when we come to these crisis that when sovereign grace steps in. Then something happened in—in my life that I wish it would—if it ever comes again, that It'll never leave. And I only wish that there was some way that I had the power this morning to project this to this group of men and women here, and it never leave you. Like when the maniac at—up at Oregon, when he ran to the platform to kill me, many of you read that book. Something happened there.

You've often wondered, I guess, how those things happened. It's something in the stead of despising that man though he was there to take my life, a Divine love set in for him. And he called me a hypocrite and a snake in the grass, and thousands of people setting there, and spit in my face, drew back his fist, and said, "I'll break every bone in your body."

People probably setting here was there. But instead of despising the man, something—grace came in, in a moment when I needed it. Grace sets in and projected a Divine love into my heart that I could project to him, and thought, "There stands a man, like a man—like I am." Said, "He—he likes to eat and drink and his family; but the devil has him bound." So the love of God constrained me, and the man humbled himself and fell across my feet. Grace stepped in when love was projected.

¹⁴ And in the case of this bull trying to kill me, he got up on his feet, looked at me, and snorted three or four times, and threwed his horns into the ground. I looked around, there was nothing. And as a officer I was supposed to pack a gun, and I wondered why I didn't have it; I would've killed the bull, and then went and paid for it. But I had no gun. God seen to it that I had no gun.

So He wanted to show His Divine grace in a crisis hour. And something struck me, way better than a gun or any weapon of this world. It was the Divine grace that took my heart, and thinking of that animal, wanted to live the same as I wanted to live. And instead of hating him, as he was planning to take my life, I loved him. That sounds juvenile, but it's the truth.

¹⁵ And as he rushed towards me, I said, "Creature of God, I am the servant of God; I'm on a legitimate call to a man who's dying. And

our Creator has sent me, and I'm sorry to disturb you out of your rest, but in the Name of He Who created us both, go over and lay down under the tree."

And when he got so close to me, within ten feet, I was no more scared of that animal than I would be of my brethren here this morning, come Divine love, perfect love cast out all fear. And he stopped. He just looked so depleted; he looked both ways, turned around, walked over, and laid down under that tree and I walked in three feet of him, passed by through the field safely.

¹⁶ When love is projected, Divine sovereign grace of God takes a hold. That's what happened to our brother. When he had trusted in me and Brother Roberts, or Brother Roberts and I, rather, and every man, God had to show him that He's God. And when His love comes about to a place God in the great crisis of even the doctors could do no more for him, I couldn't help him, the vision of power, my own—the gift wouldn't work. Brother Roberts' gift of healing wouldn't work; my gift of vision wouldn't work; the doctors couldn't work; then sovereign grace stepped in and brought a blessing.

¹⁷ One day while mowing my yard, I'd be mowing the front part, and cut—cut a few rounds, and I had to get back to the back real quick, and—and change my clothes, and go and pray for people. And our front lawn was growing up 'fore I could get to the back yard. And one afternoon, hot, I pulled off my shirt to try and take a few more rounds while nobody was at the house. Way down in the corner of the fence, I forgot there was a hornets' nest down there. And I ran this electric mower into the fence and shook those hornets, me with no shirt on, and you know what hornets are. And they were all over me, just in a second, very angry. Well, one of them can kill you, sting in the head, in top of your head, or somewhere in the temple it would kill you.

And so in that crisis, in that moment when I was standing helpless, then sovereign grace took a hold and something happened. As kiddish as it may seem, I loved those little creatures. And they . . . I thought, "They were in their nest, God in His wisdom, He put them here for some purpose, and they were in their nest and I disturbed them." They never come disturbing me; I disturbed them. And I said, "Little creatures of God, I am the servant of God, and I am trying to pray for His sick children, and I've got to mow my grass, and I disturbed you. And I'm sorry I did this, and I love you." If you mean it, it'll work. If you can't fool a bee, how much more a man. You've got to have what you're talking about; you have to know.

¹⁸ I said, "Little creatures of God, go back into your nest, and I'll watch and not disturb you any more." Covered over with hornets. And

as I have to meet God at the day of the judgment and you people, those hornets swarmed two or three more times and one took a beeline and every one of them went right back into the nest in the Name of Jesus Christ, by the grace of conquering love.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

¹⁹ How wonderful He works. How He can do those things. Here some time ago, last year you Christian Businessmen packed the article. It's on my mind, I might as well tell it. Mr. Mercier and Mr. Goad is setting here this morning, was up, my house; showing in nature. God moves in nature. Love conquers everything. And when love is projected, grace comes in to help it. Then it's real conquering love.

Then standing on the porch about ten o'clock one morning, down the lane, came an old opossum walking. Many of you has heard the story. Here he come, walking in there, and his—her arm, or, leg was all chewed up by dogs or something, and blowflies all over it, and maggots, where that it had been bloated for so many days. I thought it had rabies. I said to the boys . . . A young colored girl, we was reading it in the paper, had taken her baby and wrapped it up and drowned it in the river.

²⁰ And then when we went out to find out, this old mother opossum, had nine little bitty naked babies about inch and a half, two inches long. Now, opossums don't travel in daytime; they prowl at night. So when I seen her in there, I thought she had rabies. And we put a rake over it, and found out that she was biting and fighting with that rake. And I said, "Looky here, there's really more motherly love in this animal, the opossum, then there is in that colored girl who drowned her baby." That's right.

And then I looked at that poor leg, instead of her laying there playing opossum, she took out to the house and exhausted and fell over. I said, "You see, she only has just a few minutes to live. But there's such a mother love to her, that she'll spend those—spend those moments that she's got left to that motherly love constraining her to give those moments to those babies. There's more love to the animal for her baby than there was to that ill woman."

²¹ All day she laid in the sun nobly, her little opossums nursing the milk from her. That night Mr. Wood come by and taken me out for a while to rest, come back eleven o'clock, she was still laying there. Said, "She's gone." Mrs. Wood said to me, said, "Billy, why don't you kill it."

I said, "I can't do it, Mrs. Wood; she's a mother."

Well, said, "Them little babies will die a horrible death. You have to punch her to see if there's any life in her."

I said, "She hit all over; her head's chewed up; her legs is all chewed up."

Said, "But she's—she's got to die." And said, "She's just suffering." Said, "It's only a humane thing to take her life."

I said, "But, Sister Wood, she's a mother; she's fighting for those babies."

Said, "Well, the babies are going to die a horrible death. Kill her and just pick up the little ones. . . ." And she's a veterinary, said, "Throw them on the ground, kill them or something," said, "and they'll die quickly." Said, "You're a hunter, why don't you take your gun and shoot them?"

I said, "I'm a hunter, but I'm not a killer."

²² Then the next morning, getting up, my little girl Rebekah, setting here somewhere this morning, she was out on the porch early. And she—I looked at her, and I got up; I couldn't rest very well through the night. And I know, as studying conservation, that that, an animal life, if that opossum would have ever moved, she'd have moved when the sun went down. And any other hunter, conservationist, knows that. She'd have moved when the sun went down. But she laid all night, and those little opossums were still trying to nurse their mother. Becky said to me, my little girl of eight years old; she said, "Daddy, are you going to kill her?"

I said, "No, honey." I said, "What you doing up so early? You run on in the house with mommy."

I went over there, I kicked her on her foot, dew all over her, she still laying there, but I see her—part of her mouth move; she's alive. I thought, "Oh, what can I do?" I made Becky go back in the house. I went in the den room and set down. Set in there, rubbing my forehead, I thought, "Well, I don't know what to do with this animal."

²³ And just then something said, "Well, you were talking yesterday about love. And this opossum loves her babies so much, I sent her up here to your door, and she's laid here for twenty-four hours, her turn to be prayed for."

I waited, I said, "Heavenly Father, if the rejecting of a human being for the love for her baby, and You put love in that animal which could not. . . it hasn't got a soul, it had to be guided by the Holy Spirit up that lane, everywhere from the woods, and turn into the only place that had a gate or a fence." I said, "I'm sorry."

And went out there and said, "Heavenly Father, if You have directed this dumb animal to be prayed for, and I've been stupid enough, or so busy, that I never recognized it was You, then I pray God, that You'll heal the opossum."

And as God Almighty, Who we stand before, my solemn Judge, the opossum turned over and looked at me, raised up, picked up her babies, stuck them in her pocket, put that tail up in the air, marched right down that road, got out in the gate, and turned around as if to say, "Thank you, sir," and went straight to the woods with her babies.

²⁴ What was it? When love is projected, Divine grace takes its place and helps it And when love failed in that colored girl's heart, and the love of that opossum to her babies, Divine grace to an animal, sent to the place for a prayer of delivery. If Divine grace will act that way upon a animal, what will it be to a human being who will consecrate themselves to Divine love of the Lord Jesus Christ and has recognized Him.

²⁵ Not long ago, coming from conference out of Texas, and we got into a storm, and the plane came down at Memphis, Tennessee. And I went into the Peabody Hotel there to stay all night. And while I was in there they told me, "Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock the plane will go, and there'll be the car will come to pick you up."

I said, "All right."

The next morning I got up at five, wrote some letters; I thought I'd run down to the post office and mail them. I was going down the street. This has been about eight or ten years ago when I first met you Pentecostal people. I was going down the street, a humming a little song, "Jesus keep me near the cross, there's a precious fountain."

And as I went down the street, something said to me, "Stop." Do you believe in being led by the Spirit of God? Surely you do. Something said, "Stop." And I stopped. I was quite a little distance from the post office, and it was the Holy Spirit. I'm so glad today, that He's still the Holy Spirit.

And as stopping, I got up into a little place; I prayed; I said, "Heavenly Father, is that You talking to me?"

And just as plain as you hear my voice, something said to me, "Turn and go back the way you come."

²⁶ Did you ever have something like that to happen to you? Follow the leading then. So I turned and went back, on a past the hotel, way down, way over into another place, I thought, “My,” looked at my watch, thought, “It was time for the plane to leave.” And something kept urging me. As I moved on, something kept saying, “Move on.” I moved out of the better part of the city, down towards the river, way down. I thought, “What am I doing, going on here?” I didn’t know. Many times you don’t have to know, as long as Divine grace is leading.

And as I walked on down towards that river, I looked at my watch, hour had passed, past the time for the plane to go. But the Holy Spirit said, “Move on.” I kept on moving till I got down amongst the colored folks.

²⁷ Down there in a little colored district, there was many little houses, as you went down a little hill like, I was walking along there, and I looked, leaning over the gate, there was an old typical Aunt Jemima, colored lady. And I was singing that little song you that Pentecostal people sing, “I’m So Glad I Can Say I’m One Of Them.” I was going along, thinking about it, beautiful morning, springtime, sun had rose high, the odors besides the hill and the honeysuckles and roses was perfuming together, such a beautiful place to be. And then being led by the Holy Spirit.

I looked at this old colored woman, when she seen me coming she begin wiping her eyes; she looked again, she wiped her eyes and she started smiling. I thought, “What’s on her mind?” I quit singing, started walking on by, and then she said, “Good morning, Parson.”

I said, “Good morning, Auntie.” I said, “I want to ask you something, how did you know I was a parson?”

She said, “Parson, just a minute,” she said, “Did you ever read the story about the Shunammite woman in the Bible?”

I said, “Yes, Ma’am.”

²⁸ She said, “I’s was that kind of woman.” And said, “I prayed to the same God, the God of Elijah.” And said, “I asked Him and promised Him if He’d give me a child, that I would love it, take care of it, and would dedicate it to Him.” And she said, “The Lord give me a boy.” Said, “I’ve loved him, and I still love him,” and said, “I dedicated him to the Lord.” But said, “Parson, I’m sorry, he’s gone astray.” And said, “Two days he’s been unconscious,” and said, “the doctor man was here and said he will never wake up no more.” And said, “He’s unconscious. And I was setting on his bed last night.” Here’s sovereign grace to a mother’s love.

Said, “I was setting on my bed last night, Parson, I said, ‘O Lord, You give me the baby in answer to prayer. I turned it back

to You according to what I promised You. Now, Lord, he's got—made a mistake, got in the wrong company, and he's dying with venereal disease, all pus in his blood.' And said, 'Now, Lord, I love that child.'" There's love. And when love is projected, Divine grace has got to step in.

²⁹ She said, "Now I pray Thee, Lord," said, "here am my baby, You give it to me, but where is Your Elijah?" Said, "O Lord, have mercy." And she said, "I prayed pretty near all night." She said, "This morning, just before the day broke," she said, "I dreamed a dream." She said, "I seen a man come walking down the street wearing a light tan suit and a tan hat." And said the Lord said, "I'll send him." And she said, "I's been standing here ever since daylight," that's just the way I was dressed.

When love is projected with the right motive behind it, Divine grace has to step in.

Not knowing, I said, "Well, your boy's dying?"

Said, "Yes."

When I patted her on the back and she was still wet from the morning dew. Had a man's shirt tied around her head. I thought, "Oh, God, this must be it." Just led by the Spirit of God. All hopes was gone, but love was still there. Love doesn't fear; it waits on grace.

³⁰ And when I walked in that morning, with a little old screen running across and a plowpoint hanging down, walked into the room. . . I've been in king's palaces, I've been in some loveliest homes that America has, but I've never felt any more welcome in my life then I did when I walked in that little old colored house that morning. The first thing met me on the wall, was not a pin-up of some sort, but was a motto, "God Bless Our Home." Throw rug on the floor and a little old iron poster bed, but it was home, and Christ was there.

I looked on the bed, and a great big, fine looking colored boy of about twenty years old, maybe not that old, say eighteen, sixteen. He had his blanket in a hand, was going "Ummm, ummm."

I said, "How long he's been doing that?"

Said, "All night, parson."

I said, "Lady, my name is Branham, did you ever hear of me?"

She said, "No, sir, parson, I never did."

I said, "My ministry is preaching the Gospel and praying for the sick."

She said, "I've never heard of you, Parson Branham."

And I said, "I left the hotel; I'm almost two hours late now, for my plane." But I said, "The Holy Spirit told me to come back this a way."

She got that little old . . . ? . . . “And He told me you were coming this a way.” Grace, abundance of grace.

³¹ Then I said, “Well, shall we pray?” And he said, I said, “What’s he saying?”

Said, “He’s mumbling. He thinks he’s out on a great big dark sea, and he’s lost.”

I looked at him a minute. He said, “Oh, it’s so dark; it’s so dark; it’s so dark. Oh, I don’t know where I’m going.” Pulling, like he was pulling oars in a boat.

And so I said, “Shall we pray auntie?”

She said, “Yes, parson.”

I said, “You lead us in prayer, auntie.”

When that little old godly, saintly woman knelt on her knees, she prayed a prayer that would shake the heart of an Archangel. As she prayed to God, she said, “Now, Lord, I don’t know what the next move is, but I know You on the job.” That’s it.

And when she got through praying I was just weeping. I took a hold of the boy’s feet, he’s—look like he was dying, he’s getting cold. The doctor said, “Full of pus; you know he’s so running, a big hole in his heart. He got it too late.” They give him Salvarsan 606, penicillin, everything else, couldn’t stop it; too far gone.

³² So I said, “Heavenly Father,” she asked me to pray, I said, “I don’t understand this, here I’ve missed my plane, and You have me to walk down this a way. And now this is the only thing you . . . seemingly, that You’re here. Now, Lord, hear the prayer of this poor old sainted mother.”

And while I was praying, I heard him say, “Mama, oh, mama.” What was it? Grace was taking a hold. Said, “Mama . . .”

She raised up; she begin smiling, wiping her great big fat cheeks; she said, “Yes, honey.” Said, “This is your mammy.”

He said, “Mama, it’s getting light in the room.” That old ship of Zion, the grace of God, had picked him up, calmed the sea. What was it?

³³ I left the place, hurried real quick, went down, got me a taxi cab and went to the plane; they were making their last call, it had been held up two hours. What? When Divine love, led by the Holy Ghost, is projected . . . Think of it. The love of God and the grace of God brought an airplane out of the skies, and set it on the ground, and held it there, because of a ignorant colored woman’s prayer in faith, and her love for

her little boy. If that will do it for that, what will it do to a borned again group of people who's setting together here like we are?

A little later on, I come in on a train. I got out. If you all ever went into Memphis, how the train pulls up this a way. Just stops. . . Well, Mordecai Ham, my friend setting here would know the place. I went up to get a hamburger. I couldn't eat on the train; it cost too much. So I went up to get a hamburger. Jumped off the train while we're waiting to make a change, was going to California. And I started walking along there, somebody said, "Hello, Parson Branham." A young colored fellow with a cap on said, "How are you, parson?"

I said, "Good morning, sir." Started walking, I thought, "Maybe he been in some of the meetings."

Said, "You don't know me, do you?"

I said, "No, I don't believe I do."

Said, "Remember that morning that the Lord led you down to my mammy?"

"Yes, but . . ."

Said, "I's the boy."

He said, "I'm not only healed, but now Parson Branham, I's saved, and I'm serving the Lord Who healed me."

³⁴ Oh, all that mother's prayers and dedication and love, when she had tried everything, taking him to the church and he was baptized. All that she had done, yet just as the man was the other day, sickness come and death laid at the door, and Divine grace stepped in at the crucial moment. But obedience to Divine love.

My brethren, let me say to—this to you, after her pray—prayer this morning in the great move of the Lord, in this great Divine time, near the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are trying to do this and do that, and have this, and this denomination work up this and do that. We have come to the end of the road. Isn't there a meeting, all the land—everywhere has just been waiting for a great move. We got at this, that, or the other, speakers have spoke and everything else. But still the love of God's present in our heart believing that God's going to move in a mysterious way.

³⁵ Then when we are at the end of the road, it's time for Divine grace to step in and take its place and revolutionize and turn it into an old fashioned, God sent, Holy Ghost meeting. Do you believe it, my brothers? Let us stand to our feet.

We've had healing services; we've had denominations; we've had all kinds of things going on, but O God of heaven, we're at the end of our road. We can't . . . ? . . . with this revival. For You sent Billy Graham,

Jack Shuler, they come from great high, scholarly, educations and seminaries. You sent men with Divine gifts who's delivered the sick. You sent men speaking with tongues, interpretation; You sent signs and wonders among us. But O God, our human hearts are still moved at love and compassion believing that You're going send us something exceedingly abundantly above all we've ever seen before. And we are at the end of the road, standing with our hands in the air, loving You.

³⁶ O God, let Divine grace take its place now, and step in and do that which man could not do. Grant it, heavenly Father, for the glory of God. May the Holy Ghost testify in this meeting, that sinners might come to the altar, that people might renew their vows, that all prejudice and difference might be taken from the heart, and men and women would live together. And they, with that Divine love for God, projected into the hearts of each other, and draw a circle of fellowship through Divine love will take its place in here and do signs and wonders in the next few hours in this meeting, as it goes on through the day, that the world has never seen nothing like it before. Almighty God, grant this in Christ's Name I pray, Amen.

³⁷ Now as we stand and look this a way, my brethren, my sisters. Sister over there, give us a little chord of:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Let that be our prayer in our hearts as we take a hold of one another's hands as fellow citizens, and realizing that we're leaving this world one of these days. Let's reach around and take a hold of somebody's hand and look now, not to one another, but look to Divine sovereign grace of God, that comes as a love gift from the rest of the rest of this meeting and do something we never seen done before. All together now.

Blest be the tie (Raise your hands up) that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

³⁸ Now heavenly Father, look down upon this scene this morning, hungry hearts who love You. And may their love creep into each other and around this room, until Your grace will baptize every one of them

by the Holy Spirit, grant it, Lord. And make Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, Pentecostal, all shake hands as we stand this morning, say, "Together we stand and divided we fall." May the great Church of the living God march from victory unto victory . . .? . . . God give a vision to us, speak to the people this morning and let them see Your Divine plan, and may the grace of God be spread abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, in Christ's Name we ask it, Amen.



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