
LOVE



Good evening, friends. So happy to be out again tonight to serve the Lord, and to speak of His goodness to You, His people, the purchase of His Blood.

And last evening we had a marvelous time. The Lord Jesus certainly blessed in an outstanding way, which we were very happy about it. And feeling that was the second time that ever happened in my career, was immediately after being under the anointing for maybe twenty-five or thirty minutes, and then just before to make an altar call, snapped right back to myself again. I . . . That's the second time that's ever happened. And that was a time, meeting just before this at the close of the meeting in Cadle Tabernacle in Indianapolis.

² Always, I might try to explain it if I could, just for a moment. It's another world. And after a vision or two, you see people there, and see what's happened, or just another life, another time maybe, forty years back from now, or maybe years ahead from now. And it's just as real, as it is, I'm standing right here. Then imagine after a few times, you begin to wonder, really, where you're at. See? And it isn't me a doing that. It isn't God doing that. It's you doing that. It's your faith. Your faith is what does that. Now, I might explain it just for a little a bit and you would understand.

³ Now, I—I've usually explained it like this. And maybe to the newcomer here, that never heard me try to explain it . . . See, a gift, all the Fullness of Godhead bodily dwelt in Jesus Christ. We know that. He was all . . . He was God in complete. The—the dove came down, as we preached the other night on "The Dove and the Lamb." And the Dove abode in the Lamb. He stayed there. He was Emmanuel. God was in His tabernacle. The—the Son of God, which was Jesus, was the flesh of God, a tabernacle that God dwelt in here on the earth. And now, that was—that was Christ and God became united. And that's the way God could be seen. No man has seen the Father at any time, but the only begotten Son has declared Him. See? In other words, God was in Christ, showing His attitude towards the people. See? What He was, what God was, He was expressing Himself through Jesus His Son. See? As He dwelt in Him, making Jesus and God . . . Jesus being the Tabernacle that God was dwelling in here on earth . . . "A body has Thou prepared Me." See? And God dwelt in Jesus Christ. And that made the Father and the Son united together, now, and become One.

Now, notice, now, what was in Christ, was the Fullness of the Spirit, the entire Fullness of God. God gave Christ the Spirit without

measure. But He's give It to us by measure. Christ had all the measure, everything. He was Emmanuel. But you and I are little cupfuls out of that Seed. But when the Spirit that's in us, is of the same quality, not as much in quantity, but the same quality, 'cause it's part of the same Spirit. See?

4 Now, if I taken a spoonful of water out of the ocean, why, you'd never miss it, the spoonful of water. Yet, if I took it to the laboratory, the same chemicals that's in the entire ocean would be in this spoonful, the same type of chemicals.

Well, that's the way the Christian is. His makeup after he's received Christ, is the same makeup with the same attributes that Christ was. Exactly. Because it's the spoonful of God, as would be measured out and give to each individual, makes you a son and daughter of God.

Now, Christ when He was here on earth . . . Let me just explain this as I tried last night. He said, "I . . ." The Son, talking about God's Son, Christ, that the Spirit dwelled in. "The Son can do nothing in Himself, but what He sees the Father doing." The Father used the eyes of the Son; He used the lips of the Son. Now, He uses your eyes and your lips.

He said, "When you're brought before governors, and rulers, and kings, so forth, for My sake, take no thought what you shall say. For it'll be given to you in that hour. It's not you that speaketh, but My Father." God that's in you, He does the speaking. If you premeditate, then—then you do your own thinking. But if you're just willing to be the lamb, that the Dove will do the speaking. . . See what I mean? The Dove does the speaking.

5 Well, that's the same way, that He . . . See, how the Spirit of God runs right on down to the church? Now, now, watch here. And this will explain something else about the weakness. Now, when, Jesus said that He did nothing till the Father showed Him. Now, let's take for instance the resurrection of Lazarus.

Now, in the resurrection of Lazarus. Why, was it strange, Jesus had been right there with them all of His life? And all of a sudden He take a notion to go away. And He went away. He knew Lazarus was going to die. So then, after He was gone a few days, Lazarus took sick, and they sent for Him to come pray for him. He just went on, went to another city. They sent again. Still He never went. And after so many days, He said, "Our friend, Lazarus is asleep."

Then they questioned. "Let Him rest."

Said, "He's dead. And for your sake, I'm glad I wasn't there." 'Cause they would be try to persuade Him to do something against what the Father had showed Him.

Now, how many believes the Father had already showed Him what was going to take place? Had to be. 'Cause He said, "He did nothing till the Father showed it." Said, look, watch. Said, "But I go wake him." He knowed what was going to take place. The Father had showed Him.

6 Watch Him at the grave. "Father, I thank Thee, Thou has already heard Me. But for these that stand by, I said it. I don't have to pray, 'cause You done told me what was going to be done. But I—I'm an example to them." See?

I—Paul said, like in . . . Now, just a change of it slightly here. "All things to me are—are lawful, but not all expedient." See?

Now, Jesus didn't have to pray because He said, "Father, I thank Thee, Thou hast already heard. But for these who stand by, I said it for their sakes." See, see?

Then He said, "Lazarus, come forth." And a dead man that had been dead four days stood on his feet and lived again.

7 Now, a few days before that, a little woman went through a crowd of people and touched His garments, and He declared that He got weak. Now, which was the greatest miracle, that little woman being healed of a blood issue, or a man with—with skin worms crawling through his flesh, to come back to his normal flesh again, and a soul that had been gone four days, bring its flight right back and stand on his feet and live again?

Well, it was a thousands times greater miracle, than the woman healing. But that didn't bother Him. But the woman touching His garment bothered Him.

"Well, Brother Branham, can you explain that?" Yes. See, Christ was God's love gift to the world. You believe that? [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Greatest gift that God ever give was His only begotten Son. Is that right? That was God's greatest gift.

Now, God had His gift in His Son, and could use It any way He wanted to. Now, when God showed Him something to do, that was God doing it. Now, God hadn't showed Him this, and the woman done it; but her faith in God moved God through His Son, because that was her point of contact. You see what I mean?

Now, she pulled from God by her faith, what she desired as she touched the garment of the Son of God. Now, that was the woman doing something; the other was God doing something.

Now, this morning, or last night, when I left here, after I had been gone a few minutes, I thought I'd go get something to eat. See, I only do that after one of those meetings. Now, if I'm preaching, I always go

eat. I went and got something to eat. And I come back. I went to my room. I set and talked to Billy awhile. We went to bed, prayed.

⁸ Just a few moments, Something come in, and a vision, that there's a great crash coming, and for me, real quickly, to be on my knees a praying, right at once, 'cause there's somebody in there that was praying, for me, to pray for them. And this morning in the paper, two big liners crashed together, one of them from Italy and one from Sweden. There it was. And some was killed. See? The Holy Spirit, going ahead, through prayer.

Mr. Ekberg, many of you all know him, don't you? Einar Ekberg, one of our singers from Sweden. He was making a forced landing after he'd flew over the world, and was going in, and the hydraulic wouldn't let the wheels down on the plane. They told him he was going to have to skip it in on the grass and try it. Take his glasses off, laid it on the floor, and he begin to pray. He said, "Lord Jesus, help me at this time. And I pray that somewhere that You'll let Brother Branham be praying for me." And at the same time, I was driving down the road.

⁹ And Something said, "Pray." And Brother Ekberg come in front of me with his hands up. I slipped off the side of the road, and prayed for Brother Ekberg. And just at the time the plane come down the pilot gave a great shout back, "The wheels has come down." And they landed safely.

I didn't. . . I stood and asked Brother Ekberg. We just got to California about two months after that, and standing in the tent meeting he said, spoke it. And I said, "Brother Ekberg, what day was that?" And I told somebody else, "Find me out," I said, "what—what day it was." I said, "What day was it?" Just exactly the same time. See? That's the Holy Spirit making intercessions. You see? And how marvelous. Oh, I've seen it done hundreds of times, the things. But that's. . . That's the sovereign grace of God.

Now, the pulling, the people, you people is the one who—that. . . I have not one thing to do with that. It's just the gift of God, that I yield myself to it, and you draw from it yourself, you out there in meetings. You can sit and begin to pray to God. Watch Him turn right around and say something to you, tell what you was praying about, and what you ask for. How many seen it done, let's see your hands. Why, sure. See? That's you doing that, not me.

¹⁰ Well, that was the woman doing that to Christ. See? It's strict to the Bible. Maybe, it might not be just the way you expected it to be, but that's the way God made it.

Now, they. . . The Pharisee's and all of them, they had their way that Jesus or Christ was to come, and God sent Him in such a different

way, that they failed to see Him. See? But now, they . . . That's the way it is today. You might think that God operates His business a different way. But God doesn't change; He stays just the same all the time.

And so now, last night, usually when them visions are so many, it makes me so weak. And in Indianapolis, they were taking me from a meeting, where a great mighty . . . There'd been a girl had been on the platform. First, a lady setting down there, that was paralyzed, and had been paralyzed for months . . .

Oh, wait a minute, I beg your pardon. I think about six, seven years. And all at once the Holy Spirit come over the woman, before thousands times thousands of people, and said to her what she was, and all about it, and told her to rise up in the Name of the Lord, that she was healed. She was paralyzed, or arthritis. And the lady got up normal and well.

The next day her doctor called me up and wanted to know what happened to that woman. That was his patient. Now, come down to the hotel room.

¹¹ Now, this deaf and dumb girl, that a little alcoholic, that was healed once in my meeting, had brought up from Joliet, Illinois . . . And she'd had a couple of prayer cards, but couldn't get in the line. And that night, it happened to be, that I stayed longer. I think I had close to twenty-five people that come through the line, just looked like I had super strength that night.

And the little mute come up in the line, and the Lord Jesus made her perfectly whole right there before the audience. And I—and I felt myself weaving, and Billy kept hitting me in the side, and some of them speaking to me. And I knew that was for me to go. And as I started to go, I looked up, and here was another Cadle Tabernacle up here. And I seen people just screaming down the aisles. And I made my own altar call. And about five hundred souls come to Christ.

¹² And till next time I had a one of the day's meetings, was last night. And just as I was leaving, and Billy and them taking me from the platform, all of a sudden, I snapped right back and feel better than I do right now. And that's how I made the altar call.

God, perhaps, I pray that He has—has done something for me in that line, that I can make my altar calls afterwards, because after all, that's what the meeting is for, is to make altar calls. Amen.

¹³ Now, you love Him with all your heart? All right, fine. Now, maybe in a night or two, we'd say Saturday night, perhaps, we'll have another healing service. And maybe, Sunday night . . . And I want to announce, if it's all right with Brother Moore, in—in his church Sunday morning, I'll have a drama. How many likes drama?

I believe the last time I was here I had a drama of the woman washing Jesus' feet with her tears and bathing Him. How many heard that? All right. I have one Sunday, the Lord willing, and—for the tabernacle, for this coming Sunday morning. And it's dedicated to the young folks. And of course, you're always young from eight to eighty, you know. So just. . . All of you, the old ones will get just as much enjoyment out of it as the young ones. The Lord willing, we'll have it Sunday morning. And you're invited out.

Now, tonight—today, I've been so tired, I was up late last night, and the vision had me up. And then, usually visions work on me pretty hard. That's the reason that on these meetings, I'm trying to maybe take a few nights off, preach, then, a few nights, and have a healing service, and then back. I'm trying to make myself adjusted to meetings where we're going to get a big tent, and stay for three and four weeks at a time in a place. And so, we pray that God will help me to do that. And now, I couldn't go every night like that, I'd just. . . One meeting and I'd be done. But God didn't give it to me like that. I've misused it. And I've tried to, just because to rally the people, but I'm beginning to think it's best to listen to God instead of what anyone says. It's always best.

¹⁴ Now, tonight we want to speak to you for a few moments. And now, how many thinks, feels like, we ought to have another healing service in a night or two. Let's see your hands. Just kind of get the general opinion of the people. Well, that's about half and half. All right. Then we'll. . . You bring your sick folks in again, let's see, say, Saturday night. And then, well, maybe, tomorrow night, and then have it again Sunday night. Maybe that'd be better, have it tomorrow night and then Sunday night. Yeah. Tomorrow night we'll have healing service. All right. We'll pray for the sick again tomorrow night, and then have it again Sunday night, and then make it every other night. Then next week, right down towards the close, I've got to leave here and drive just as hard as I can, thirty-seven hundred miles to the next meeting. Way, as far as roads go, the end of the world, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. No more roads beyond that, cross the top of the world.

¹⁵ Last time we was there, we had ten thousand in a meeting, Indians and Eskimos. And so we're expecting a great time there, five days. And I'll you tell what happened. The preachers was so at one another's throat up there, and fussing with one another, through Canada, until the farmers got sick and tired of it. One said, "Well, if they have anything to do with it, we'll bring Brother Branham in, but we. . . If they have anything to do with it, we're not coming." So. . . "They have it, we're not coming. We'll not have nothing with it."

So the farmers got together and rented the auditorium, and we don't have to even take up an offering. Amen. It's all paid for. Amen.

Now, that's the love of God. The farmers is showing up the preachers. God's lamb is laying on the farm, looks like. Amen.

¹⁶ Oh, I just love Him. Don't you love Him? Isn't there something about it, just lightens up your heart when you're thinking of Him? Just to think, that it's all finished now, and we're resting, and loving, and worshipping Him, and passing by, throwing out the lifeline to everyone we can, saying, "Come along, brother, this is wonderful. There's nothing like it." All of eternity for ever and ever, it's all settled now; it's all over. Isn't that wonderful? How many has got that hope in them tonight, raise your hand. Oh, my. Two-thirds, better than two-thirds of the audience has that blessed hope in them, that they are anchored in Jesus. How wonderful.

I asked my wife, not long ago, I said, "I want to ask you something, honey, I . . ." I said, "What is real true value placed on?" I believe I told you that though, the other night, what the true value . . .

Nothing but lost souls, is the only thing that's got any value in it. Money passes away. Homes decay and go away. Everything in the earth moves away. The only value, lasting value, I'd rather have one soul in glory, that I won to Christ, to know and see that that Light of God circles around that soul, through all eternity, my name to be associated with that, than to have every penny of money in the whole earth, 'cause I'd have to lose it all. But what you send up there, is Eternal. And that's the reason we're trying.

My lost brother and sister tonight without hope without God, that's why I'm here to speak to you, to try to get you to love the Lord Jesus. I want to read some of His blessed Word. Before doing it, let us to speak to Him in prayer and bow our heads.

¹⁷ Sister, on the organ, if you will, or piano one. Just a little word of "Abide With Me." I just love that song. And all right. "Abide with Me," while we have our heads bowed.

How many would like to be remembered in this prayer? Would you just raise your hands. God bless you. That's fine. How many here that's really not feeling real good in your soul? With every one of your heads bowed now, just let the Holy Spirit, and I, look. Would you raise up your hands? God bless you. God bless you. Oh, wonderful. God be . . .? . . . About a dozen or more.

¹⁸ Our heavenly Father, we just love Thee, Lord, because that Thou has first loved us. And we're thinking tonight, those who raised their hands just now, saying in their soul they wasn't just exactly feeling right.

Now, the reason they did that was because You spoke to them. You said, "There's no man can come to Me, except the Father draws him

first. And He that will obey that drawing, I'll give Him Everlasting Life and will raise him up at the last days."

O God, may, before this service ends, may those who are weary with hands that are hanging down, face down towards the earth, walking, may their feeble hands be lifted up, tears of joy running down their cheeks, looking towards the Lamb of God, in gratefulness of pure and holy salvation. Grant it, Lord. Remember, the others who raised their hand, some might be sick, Lord. Heal them tonight, will You? Just let the Holy Spirit go right out over the audience everywhere, and heal the sick, save the lost. Bring near to these—to You, Lord, those who are a little wayward, indifferent. They're Your children. They just can't find rest nowhere. May they come back to the Ark tonight. Change their spirit to a lamb, meekly and humbly come to the Lord. For we ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

¹⁹ Very familiar chapter tonight to read a verse out of it: John 3:16.

For God so loved the world, . . . he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

I . . . Pray with me, for those who raised their hands, and for those who are needy of Christ. I want you to give me your undivided attention for just twenty or thirty minutes before the altar call, and we'll see what the Holy Spirit will tell us to do.

Now, I'm going to speak tonight, on "Love."

²⁰ I think love is the greatest force there is in the world. There's nothing more powerful than love. If I had the choice tonight, and was a sinner, and was standing here before God, and He have said, "Now, boy, I'm going to give you all nine spiritual gifts. I'm going to let you prophesy, give you the spirit of prophecy. I'm going to make you a mighty preacher, give you the word of wisdom and understanding. I'm going to give you the gift to speak in tongues and to interpret. I'm going to give you a gift of healing that you'll have great faith for the sick. And I'm going to do all these things for you. I'll give you all that, or I won't let you have any of those things, but let you have real love in your heart."

I'd say, "God give me love." That's right.

"For where there is tongues, they shall cease. Where there's prophecy it will fail. Where there's knowledge, it'll vanish. But where there is love, it will endure forever. That's what drove the heart of God to send Christ to the earth.

²¹ Here some time ago, a little story was told me of a mother. And a young girl had been away to college. And on the road back, she brought

a young girl home with her. And the girl was one of those little modern snicklefritz, we call it, you know, just kind of a little feisty.

So her mother was out to meet her. And so when the young lady looked around and seen the . . . Oh, the mother, the young lady that was with her said, "Oh, who's that old hag?" 'Cause she was all scarred up. And the young lady that had been away, she was ashamed to say it was her mother, because her little self-styled friend had said she looked like a hag.

So when they had to finally leave the train, why, the—the mother run up to the daughter and said, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad to see you." And the girl turned her back and walked away, 'cause she was ashamed of her ugly-looking mother in the sight, in the presence of her little girlfriend from college.

And happened to be the conductor that was standing there knew the case. He caught that young girl and turned her around. He said, "Mary, what makes you act like that? What's happened to you since you've been away?" He said, to the girl, that was with her. Said, "No, doubt but what you're looking at that ugly mother of hers." She said, "I've seen . . ."

²² The conductor said, "I've seen the day when she was twice as pretty as her daughter will ever be." But said, "I happened to live in the neighborhood, and this girl was a baby upstairs; her mother was in the backyard washing. And all of a sudden, the fire engines run up, and come to find out the house was on fire. And it was hot. And there was no possible chance for the baby to be saved.

And this mother ran through those blazes, a beautiful woman, and run through the blazes, and grabbed the baby, and jerked her clothes from her body, and wrapped the baby's face up in it, and rushed through those blazes, back, and that's what made her ugly, it tore the meat from her face, and that's what her . . . She's all bent over, where the fire had drawed her down."

And said, "And the reason she's . . . You're pretty; that's why she was made ugly, so you could be pretty. And then you're ashamed of her."

²³ I thought when I heard the story, "That's right. What Jesus became for us, He became death and sin, that we who were really guilty and sinners . . . Oh, my. You say, "If that'd have been my mother, I'd have been proud about her." What about your Lord tonight? Are you really ashamed of Him, or are you really proud that He saved you, and you're willing to give a testimony? Divine love is one of the most powerful forces. It's—it's one of the greatest forces in the world. And when

Divine love has been projected and comes to Its end, then sovereign grace will take its place.

Now, that's my text. When Divine love has been projected . . . Project Divine love and it comes to its end, till it can't go no farther, then sovereign grace will come in and take its place.

Now, do you realize, being a son or daughter of God, that you are a minor creator? Do you know you create the atmosphere that you live in? Do you realize that the atmosphere that you dwell in, you influence somebody else? What makes people act the way they do? Is because . . . What makes the drunks like to be with drunks. As my mother used to say the old proverb, and I think it's southern here too: "Birds of a feather flock together," because they have things in common.

²⁴ You don't see crows and doves dwelling together, because they don't have no fellowship. They don't have things in common. The crow can fly on a dead carcass and eat it. And . . . But the dove will go to the wheat field and eat the grain. Now, I want you to notice what the devil can do. Now, the dove cannot set on the dead carcass and eat. But the crow can eat the dead carcass and also eat the wheat. He's a hypocrite. See? The dove can't do it, because her makeup is different.

Now, a person can impersonate Christianity, but a Christian can't impersonate sin. The Spirit that's in him won't let him do it. He has . . . The dove, the reason she couldn't eat that, it would kill her. She had no gall, as we spoke the other night. She has no gall. If she'd eat it, it would kill her; the poison would kill her. She can't do it.

But the crow can both eat the dead carcass and the wheat also. So that's what an impersonator can do. But a real genuine Christian can be nothing else but a pure article of God.

Now, a few weeks ago at the Christian Business Men's Convention in Minneapolis, I heard a testimony that struck me. And the man is a great plowman. What is his name? I forget now. Brother Krause, very fine man. Brother Krause made a testimony which brought this to my mind. That when he got sick, he was a bosom friend to Oral Roberts. And Oral Roberts is a fine Christian brother. And he and Brother Oral were just like that together.

Well, first thing you know, he thought, "Well, if something would ever happen to me, only thing I'd do would be go to Oral and that'd be over with."

²⁵ Now, when you get those ideas, you're wrong. That's right. Don't you never think that man has anything to do with it; it's God alone. It's all right for you to respect men and love them as your brother, but don't never put the love of anybody in your heart like you have of God, or before God. Keep Him first. Love one another. But that love in the

Greek love is “phileo” which means “human love.” But the love you have for God is “agapao” love, which is a Divine love.

So now, keep God’s love first. But then, Brother Krause said that he always had such great faith in Brother Roberts. One day he—he found out he had a kidney trouble: kidney stone. He said, “Oh, my, that’s easy. I’ll just go down to Brother Roberts. When I have dinner with him. . . .”

Oral said, “Sure, we can take care that. Right away, Brother Krause.” Raised up, laid his hands on him, said, rebuked the thing.

Said, “He felt better.” Went home for a day or two, it was back again. Goes back to Brother Roberts, and said, “Brother Roberts, the thing’s back on me.”

“We’ll pray again.” And he rebuked the thing again. Felt better for a few hours, back again. Kept doing that, till he found out that He didn’t—wasn’t getting anywhere. Oh, there.

“Oral, fails, I know somebody won’t fail, Brother Branham. He sure won’t fail.” So he said, “I know, I’ll go down stand before the—that gift, he will tell me just exactly what to do.” Said, “I’ll find where he’s at.”

²⁶ I was in Shreveport, Louisiana, on my last meeting here. He come over to the Washington Rio Hotel, him and his lovely wife. And he said, “Brother Branham, I’m going to try to get a prayer card.” They give it to him every night; he never was called in the line.

²⁷ Loving him the way, just—just when he was starting to leave, he was down in the—the lobby. I was there when he come by. He started to crying, and he went out and shook my hand. I said, “Brother Krause, I want you to come up to the room. Come with me.” And I went to the room.

And I said, “Now, Brother Krause, let us pray. I’ll stand before you and before God, before God and you, rather, and I’ll see what the Lord tells me.” I humbled myself before the Lord, went out the way I always do, to try to find. . . . And the Holy Spirit come down and struck me, and refused to say a word to me.

I said, “That don’t happen very often. Let us try it again.” And we prayed again and said, “Now, Lord, if we did anything wrong, why, You forgive us for it. We don’t mean to be doing anything wrong. But Brother Krause is my good brother, and he wants to know what Your will is for him. Will You speak to me, Father? And now, I offer to Thee, not myself, for I have nothing to offer, but I come in the Name of the Lord Jesus, for His sake. And now, Brother Couch, my brother stands before me, who’s helped me many times in great troubles and things and—and so forth, and we’ve been brothers. Now, will You speak,

Lord?” And I humbled myself before the Lord, and the Holy Spirit refused to say a word. Then nothing I could do. Very seldom, about once or twice in my life, I ever seen it do that.

²⁸ So then, I didn’t know what to tell him. I said, “Brother Krause, I don’t understand it.” And I said, “I’m afraid to ask again.” So we went ahead, and I prayed for him, laid hands on him, went away.

And he said, “You know, I feel better; I ain’t got a pain right now.” Went away for about, for about three or four weeks. He was all right. All at once, one night it begin to come again.

Now, he said, “Lord Jesus, I love You. And I’ve been to both Brother Roberts and Brother Branham, and what am I going to do?” He said, “Now, I’m. . . Don’t want to go to any doctor. I don’t want to go. But I. . . What shall I do?”

And so then, finally he was drove to a doctor. And when He went to the doctor, they sent him to Mayos’. Mayos’ looked him over and said, “Well, friend, you got about one chance out of one thousand of ever living over another month.” Said, “Your operation might be, if we would remove the stone, but it’s set in something.” And said, “If we remove that, it might kill you on the operation.” He said, “You’re just near death. And you got one chance out of a thousand of ever pulling through it.”

“Well,” he said, “let me think it over.”

²⁹ And he loves the Lord, anybody that knows Brother Krause; he’s a real Christian. He said, “Dear God, You know I love You. I’ve done everything I know to do, but then, now, if it’s my time to come Home to You, I’m ready to come. But I love You, and my last words to You is: ‘I love You.’ And You know my heart that I love You.”

And he went on to the operation, and the doctor kind of hesitated a little bit to do it. But after the operation was performed, he woke up, and he said, “The whole entire room was lit up by the Glory of God.” And the doctors couldn’t even understand how quickly and what happened.

When love has been projected and come to its end, sovereign grace stepped in and took its place. It’ll do it every time. That’s God’s nature. He can’t do nothing else for anybody. But when you really, truly, love Him. . . Loving Him is not just a mythical thought, but I mean in your heart He becomes dear to you.

³⁰ Now, just like you put trust in Him. You believe Him just like you do your wife. When I leave home, I don’t have to say, “Come in here, Mrs. Branham; we’re going to have a little talk now. I’m fixing to leave.

Don't you have any other husbands while I'm gone. Don't you do this, that, or the other."

And she said, "Now, my dear man, that's very good. But I want to tell you. Don't you have any more wives while you're gone And you better be true to me." We never think of that. Why? We love one another. I never even think about it.

I just go in and I say, "Good-bye, sweetheart. Pray for me."

Said, "I'll be on my knees every night praying for you, Billy. God be with you." That settles it till I get back. She don't worry about me. She knows I love her. And as long as I love her like that, she'll never have to worry. If I thought I could do something and get by with it, and I tell her about it, and she'd forgive me for it, I wouldn't do it anyhow. I love her too much to do it. I'd look at her and think, "That poor little old girl, thirty-five years old, and completely gray-headed, and stood between me and the public, the mother of my three children . . . There's something in my heart wouldn't let me do it."

When I look at my Lord and see He died yonder on Calvary, the Lovely for me the unlovely, He, the Pure for me the impure to save me from a death of sin, and an eternity in hell, something in me . . . If I could get by with it, I don't want to do it. I love Him. Yes, sir. I love Him. Even I thought if I'd go do it, and He'd forgive me for it, I don't want to do it anyhow. I don't want to do nothing to hurt Him. I love Him too much. That's what we have to have. It's something in your heart: Love.

"Oh," say, "it don't condemn me to smoke. I—I drink a little. I . . ." Well, brother, you don't love Him. Something's happened. If you really love Him . . .

³¹ I remember the first little Bible I ever got, when I first started to preaching. Used to be in the Baptist church, somebody keeps asking, "Brother Branham, you think it's wrong to smoke? You think it's wrong to drink?"

And I wrote a little answer in my Bible; I had the answer the man. I said, "Don't ask me foolish questions. Make this up in your mind. If you love the Lord with all your heart, you won't smoke, chew, or drink any shine." That still holds good tonight. Right. If you love Him, though you could do it and get by with it, you wouldn't do it anyhow, if you love Him. That's what real true genuine agapao love does.

The Christian loves the Lord. And he loves Him in such a way, that, "There's nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, Paul said, "neither death, sorrow, neither perils, or in prisonments, and anything, can separate us from the love of God that's in Christ Jesus." Oh, my. The real true . . .

And my brother, when you get that in your heart with that type of love, that'll beat anything else that you could substitute for. That's exactly right. I don't care how much you've spoke with tongues, how much you shouted, how many great services you've had, or been in, how well your name's on the book, how many times you've been baptized, and which way. It never will amount to one thing until that real genuine Holy Ghost love sinks into your heart, till you love Him above everything else there is in the world. Right.

³² We put so much stress on the evidence of the Holy Ghost. The Methodist said you have to shout 'fore you got It. A lot of Methodist shouted and didn't have It. The Pentecostal said speak with tongues when you got it. A lot of them spoke in tongues and didn't have It. That's right. But, brother, when you come to a place where you got love, it never will fail. That's right. If my wife trusted me because I give her ten dollars every time I left, well, brother, that wouldn't be very much sign I loved her. I'd be right or true. But when she knows that I love her, when I know she loves me, then there's a perfect trust between each other. No—no worry at all. Then when you got perfect love of God in your heart, you don't question God about anything. When the Bible said, "I'm the Lord that heals all thy diseases," you say, "Amen, Lord, that's right. That's me."

"Tarry in the city of Jerusalem till you're endued with power from on high."

"That was me, Lord."

³³ Peter said, "Repent, every one of you and be baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins. You shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Promise is to you, and your children, to them afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

"Amen, Lord, that means me." That settles it all. Anything God says, you love Him so much you believe it. Oh, I feel real religious right now. To think, that perfect love casts out all fear. You're not scared about nothing; you're just resting. You're not, "Oh, I may backslide tomorrow. I may backslide next week." I won't worry about that. I'm not trying to hold on. I—I. . . He held on for me. And He put a love in my heart that holds there. It's Him holding me, not me holding Him. If it was me holding Him, I'd probably turn loose. But as long as He's holding me, He will never turn loose. He promised He wouldn't.

"I'll never leave thee nor forsake thee." Amen. Oh. "He that heareth My words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath Everlasting Life, and shall not come into condemnation, but's passed from death unto Life."

34 I will rest my solemn soul upon that Word of God and stand and say, "As long as I know there's something in me, making me love the Lord Jesus so well I don't want to do wrong." I'm anchored. Amen. Something there. . .

If I tried to say, "Well, I—I quit this and I quit that." I—I doubt that. But when something in here happens, that's what does it. I remember, after I lost my wife. I stood there by the side of my baby, and it dying. I put my hand over on its head; the mother had just been taken from the hospital where she died and was taken to the morgue.

A man come, said, "Billy, I got some bad news for you." I went home; I was crying, laying on the bed. Said, "I got some bad news for you."

I said, "What? I know, she just died a while ago, Brother Frank."

Said, "That's not all, your baby's dying too."

And I rushed to the hospital. Just a little bitty thing, eight months old, just in her three-corners. And she. . . I used to blow the horn on my truck, and things, coming around, she'd goo and raise her little arms for me. How I loved that child. My first little girl. And I went in to the hospital quickly.

The nurse said, "You can't go down there, Mr. Branham." I waited till she left. I run around behind the door and went in anyhow. Said, "She has meningitis, tubercular meningitis."

35 I went into the room; there she was laying there. The windows was up, and flies had got in her eyes. I run the flies out, and put the little mosquito bar over her. I looked at her again. She was laying there kind of quivering. I said, "Sharon, honey, you know daddy?" My poor heart breaking, my wife laying down there in the casket, the mother of the baby. . . And her little arm was moving up and down, she had suffered so hard till her little eyes were crossing. One little blue eye was already crossed. I said, "You love daddy, honey? Daddy come to. . . And I seen her quivering; I knowed she recognized I was there.

I knelt down; I said, "O God, oh, I love her. Don't take her, God. Don't—don't take my baby. Please don't, God." And just then I looked up, and there come a black sheet, unfolding, coming down like that. I knowed He was going to take her. I put my hand on her little head. I said, "The Lord gave; the Lord taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." I said, "God, You gave her to me; You're taking her back." I said, "Sharry, honey, I'll lay you in your mother's arms in another hour. But someday yonder in glory, by the help of God, daddy will meet you."

36 Oh, how everything was gone. I stood upon the hill up there when the baby laying on the mother's arms. . . I heard the preacher say,

“Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.” They buried my heart. When I seen that young wife of twenty-two years old, been married a little over two years. Holding little old Billy on my arms, and him looking, “Mama, mama,” reaching for her, and his little sister laying on the mother’s arms. . . An old turtledove set in the bush a cooing. I heard the clods drop. We were poor, had to bury her almost in a potter’s field. I heard the clods drop on there; the preacher said, “Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.” It seemed like coming down through them pine trees, there was a breeze blowing, saying, “There’s a land beyond the river, that they call the sweet forever, and we only reach that shore by faith’s decree; one by one we gain the portals, there to dwell with the immortal. Someday they’ll ring those golden bells for you and me.”

About two weeks afterwards, I couldn’t get over it. I went back to work. About a month or two, I was going up the road. I had my hands behind me, an old pair of boots on; I couldn’t go home; I couldn’t go nowhere. My heart was broke. And the state senator of Indiana, Mr. Isler, comes to my church. I was going walking up the road like that. I heard a little old truck coming. I looked around. He stopped. He jumped out, run over there, and he put his arms around me. And I was crying.

He said, “Billy, how are you feeling?”

I said, “Mr. Isler, you know how I’m feeling.”

Said, “I want to ask you one thing solemnly, Billy.”

I said, “All right. Ask me, Mr. Isler.”

Said, “What do you think about the Lord Jesus now, after taking your baby, your wife, everything you had?”

I turned around, took him by the hand, looked him in the eye. I said, “Senator, I want to tell you something. He’s more than life to me.”

He said, “Do you love Him?”

I said, “With all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength.”

“After taking your wife and baby?”

I said, “Though He would send me into hell, if there’s such a thing, as I could love Him there, I’d love Him anyhow.” He’s right, and I’m wrong always. And He’s always right. I love Him.

³⁷ Oh, I’m so glad to know that by grace He put that in my heart. That powerful thing of love, it conquers. It’ll. . . You can conquer your husband. If he won’t go to church, and he fusses at you for going, just pray. Now, don’t try to put it on. If you do, it won’t work. But if you really get such a love in your heart for his soul, he will know it. Don’t you worry. The husband is sanctified by the believing wife, vice versa.

You can't fool it. You can't bluff it. It's got to really be there. That's the reason where genuine faith . . .

People sometimes think they got faith when they haven't got it. You've got to really have it. I've seen that same conquering power.

³⁸ As you know, I'm a lover of outdoors, and love the wild, raised in the woods, my mother about a half Indian. And I love the wild. I was game warden in Indiana for years, studied wildlife, lived in it all my days. My old granddaddy was a noted national known hunter. And I've hunted all over the world nearly. I love wildlife. But I tell you; there's something about genuine. There's something about real that everybody will know. You won't have to go around testifying, this, that, or the other. If you're a real lover of the Lord, everybody you come in contact will almost know it. You are written epistles. You're sealed. And a seal is on the backside the same as on the front side, both going and coming. People know that you're a Christian. You walk different, live different, act different; you are different when you become a Christian.

I remember one time . . . I might've told you this, how that I have seen wildlife conquered by the love of God. How many ever read my book called, "Man Sent From God," was wrote here by Brother Lindsay? Many of you.

³⁹ You remember the maniac that fell on the platform that night across my feet, you remember that story? What happened? I wished I could explain that. I've had it happen many times in my life. I have it to happen every time that a miracle is performed. I . . . It's something. You have to enter in.

Here a few weeks ago, Brother Jack and I were standing on the platform before thousands of thousands of people down in Mexico. And a poor old Mexican brother come up. He was blind. And he had a shawl laying over him, dirty, dusty. And the poor old fellow had a little cross in his hands, to say a "Hail Mary," or something. I told him that wasn't necessary.

So he come up. And he wanted to know . . . Come up to where I was. I looked at the old fellow. I seen his gray hair from under his big old straw hat, where he'd pulled it down. And he was saying something in Spanish. I couldn't understand him. Brother Espinoza was telling me what he was saying. And he come over to where I was at. And he put his arms upon my shoulders. Something struck me. I looked at him, about seventy. I said, "That would be about the age of my old dad if he was living."

⁴⁰ I looked at his feet. Didn't have on any shoes. I thought, "He, maybe, he never had a pair of shoes."

All of a sudden, Something begin to move me. I put my foot up beside of his to see if my shoes would've fit him. I thought, "If my shoes fit him, I'll take them right off now and give them to him. He maybe never had a pair of shoes." I thought, "Here he is." I pulled him up close to me to see if my shoulders and his. He was wider. I'd give him my coat. I loved him. Something another, I loved him. I thought, "Looky there." There the poor old fellow, maybe, never set down to a good decent meal in his life. Maybe he never wore a pair of shoes, his old rusty, scaly-looking feet, and his toenails all turned up. I thought, "Poor old fellow. He has got just as much right to a good pair of shoes as I got, got just as much right to wear a good coat as I can, got just as good a right, as much right, to sit down to a good meal as I have."

⁴¹ And besides all that, the devil has blinded him. See what it was? Somehow I entered in . . . Not me, the Holy Spirit (O God) was taking me into the feeling. Oh, when you can project your life, by taking me into a feeling of love for the old man . . .

And just then, he put he put his arms over my shoulder and begin weeping on my shoulder. Then something happened. I thought, "That cursed blind devil, that blinded this poor old man, that's never had any privileges. . ."

"Well," I said, "you blind spirit, come out of him." And all of a sudden, he opened his eyes and he begin to scream, "I can see." What was it? Projecting the love of the Holy Spirit. That's the way it happens.

When that poor man run to the platform to take my life that night, threatened he would do it, rolled up his big arms before sixty-five hundred people besides the hundred standing in the streets in the rain, he said, "You hypocrite, tonight I'll break every bone in your body."

I never said a word. I looked at him. I weighed a hundred and twenty-eight pounds and him nearly three hundred, seven foot something tall, maniac out of asylum. And he run up there and he . . .

⁴² Now, instead of . . . Well, I was scared sure. But when I looked at him, something begin to happen. Instead of thinking, "Oh, if I was big enough, I'd whip you." Instead of that, I got to thinking, "Poor brother. The devil's got him bound. Why, he'd want to love me as much as I love him. He can't help being like that. That's not him cursing me. That's the devil." That is with any man. It's not the man that's cursing you, that you want to get angry with and kill him in a few minutes. It's the devil making him do that, not your brother. It's the devil he's possessed with.

And he made a great big threat. And before I could say anything, the Holy Spirit begin to speak. And instead of hating the man, I loved him. And the love of God was projected to him, and he rolled around his big eyes like that, and fell on my feet in the floor. Love conquered.

43 I've heard them talk about bad dogs. I . . . Happens to be I'm not afraid of a dog. You're not . . . What makes the dog bite you is because you're afraid of him. Now, that may sound silly. But it's not. Wild animals, I never seen one I was afraid of, because I love them. I've been face to face with grizzly bears and everything else. Because I love the animals. You have to have it; you can't bluff it now. Did you ever see a dog raise his nose and go . . . He knows whether you're afraid or not. Don't you try to bluff him. You might've bluffed your neighbor, but you can't bluff the dog. He knows. And you can't bluff God. And I say this with all reverence; you can't bluff the devil. I don't care how loud you holler, how much you scream, and kick your feet. He will just lay right there.

But when you really got the article, you don't have to say very much. He knows whether it's real or not. Them disciples was screaming and hollering, trying to make this lunatic well. Jesus said, "Come out of him." What happened? The disciples were defeated. But that devil had to know where that Voice was coming from. It was from a Fountain were the Dove of God was setting. He recognized that vibration when it went from Him. He knew that was more than a disciple. He knew that was more than Moses. When it . . .? . . . in Moses and he made Moses sin. But when He said, "If Thou be the Son of God, make a miracle here before these children . . ."

He said, "It's written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'" He knowed he hadn't met Moses then. There was something about it. Right.

44 Here some time ago while I was game warden in Indiana, over at the old Burke Farm, where the old quarry is, there's the Walnut Ridge graveyard, just below where my dear loving wife is resting tonight, her body, her and the baby, right down in there, it was called the Burke's Farm, there was a big old bull. And he killed a colored man down there. And they sold him up there to a fellow named Guernsey, this side of Henryville. I was letting some fish loose down there, at a—in a big lake where a steam went through it. This fellow made a lake in there and he was going open it up to the public; and we stocked it for him, the conservation.

Well, we're supposed to pack a little old pistol around wherever we went. That was a law; we had to do it. So I happened to know of a brother across the field that was sick. So I thought, "I believe I'll go over and pray for him. I'll turn these fish loose."

I unbuckled this little old pistol and throwed it up in the car, and went out over there where the . . . started across the field where the brother was. I forgot that that killer was in the field.

So on my road across the field, over, going across that way, there was a little bunch of shrubs out there, little scrub oaks. And I happened to get about two hundred yards, or three hundred from the fence, about the same distance the other side, little swamp of a pond in the middle there. And out . . . And all of a sudden within thirty feet of me, this killer bull raised up. And there I was.

⁴⁵ First, I reached for the gun: No gun. See how God takes care of things just right? No, gun. I looked to the fence; he was too close to me. No tree to get into, death laid before me. He was a killer, warnings all around, “Don’t enter here.” Well, I forgot about it. And there I was.

Well, there’s only one thing for me to do, straighten myself up and don’t die like a coward, die like a man. I straightened myself up; I thought, “Well, this is the end of it.” I pulled myself up, no need of trying to run. He was in twenty feet of me. Oh, just threw his horns in the ground, like that, and bellowing with all he could, fall on his knees, and threw his horns, and kicking the dirt, and getting ready.

So I was just standing there; that’s all I could do. I thought, “Well, I certainly will do this. I’ll not go down a coward. I’ll go down showing my love of God in my heart.” And I looked back at that bull, and all of a sudden something happened. Now, this sounds kiddish; it sounds like a little baby talk. But that’s what’s the trouble with us tonight, we tried to be an adult in God, when we ought to be babies in God. We know so much. God dwells in the center of humility and simplicity. Don’t never forget that. I looked at the bull; if anything I could’ve cried for him. Why, I thought, “Poor creature. Well, how wrong I am.” Now, ordinarily I wouldn’t feel that way about it.

⁴⁶ First, I—I was looking for the gun. I was glad I didn’t have it; I’d have shot him, and then went and paid for it. But I didn’t have the gun. I thought, “Well, poor creature.” Why, I—I’m in—I’m in your pasture; this is your home, and you’re just a brute. You don’t know any different. And you wouldn’t want to kill me anyhow. But I disturbed you. I’m sorry I did that. I didn’t mean to disturb you.” Talking like I am now . . . I just couldn’t help it; there was Something talking in me.

Oh, my! It’s—it’s too bad we ever have to leave that. Just submit it. God just took over. And the bull roaring and going on. He lowered his head. And I said, “Now, creature of God, I’m the servant of God. I’m on my way to pray for a sick man, over here dying. And I come across the field here, where your home is; I’m sorry I broke into your home.” That’s what I did. I broke into his home. That’s all the home he knows of. Now, now, stop and think; that’s true.

I said, “I—I come into your house. I broke in on you. I’m sorry. You forgive me. I’ll go across the field; I—I won’t bother you.” And I

said, "Now, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Creator, go over there and lay down again. I'll not bother you." And that bull took towards me as hard as he could. And when he got to about six or eight feet of me, I wasn't a bit more afraid than I am standing right here. "Perfect love casts out all fear."

I don't care, if death is staring you in the face, you can sing, "Happy day, happy day, since Jesus washed my sins away."

⁴⁷ No wonder Paul could stand in the face of death and say, "O death, where is your sting? Grave, where is your victory?" Sure. Through tribulations he had learned the love of God. Suffering brings patience, works tribulations to bring patience, of course. Now, patience makes love, trust.

And when that bull got within to about six or eight feet of me, he just threw his feet out and stopped. And he looked at me. He looked this way, and that way, so depleted, just quietened right down, walked over and laid down. I walked within five feet of that bull, and he never even turned and looked at me. I walked right out of the pasture. What is it? It was the love of God, the power of God.

You say, "Brother Branham, I don't believe that story." Well, you don't have to. But it's true. The same God that could close the mouth of the lion's—in the lions' den for Daniel, can certain tame a bull in a few minutes when the love of God has been projected. Then when I love the Lord, and the love in my heart comes back to that bull, then when love has come to its end, Divine sovereign grace steps in to take the place. Hallelujah.

Oh, my. Why would I fear when death comes? How I want to love the Lord, that when it comes to the place, where everything is gone, Divine grace will step in someday, and pack me across river of Jordan yonder, into a better land, where there's no sickness, or death, or sorrow. I love the Lord. You love the Lord. We have got nothing, no sickness, no diseases, nothing else can separate us. That love of God goes right on. And when you love Him, and come to the end where love can't act no longer in your behalf, sovereign grace will take love's place. Amen.

⁴⁸ Here some time ago out in my front yard, I was mowing with a mowing machine, little old power mower. And I'd mow about two rounds, here come another carload. I'd run around the house, and run in put on, take off my overalls and—and put on clothes, and somebody'd come be prayed for; I'd pray for them, maybe, in there an hour or more. Nobody else in the line, then I'd maybe be late in the evening, I'd slip out, put my overalls on, run out in the front yard,

mow a couple more rounds. Why, the front yard was growing up 'fore I could get in the back. And then I . . .

One afternoon back there, I went back there and nobody . . . I just slipped on my overalls, real hot. I didn't put on any shirt. Nobody could see me, so I was just mowing along there, the little old power mower, putt, putt, putt, putt. And I was going along, and I forgot that a big nest of hornets was in the corner. And I rammed right into that fence, and in less than a second's time, I was completely covered over with hornets. You know what they are, those great big fellows? Why, they could kill you. One of them can knock you down. And of course, me with no shirt on, and I . . . The hornets all around me, but something happened. Something . . . Instead of being scared, love come in and took its place. You might not want to believe this, but at the judgment bar, you'll see Him, when the secrets of our hearts is disclosed.

⁴⁹ I was covered over, not a one had stung me. And I thought, "Poor little creatures. Well, that's the only way you have of defense. God gave you that stinger. That's to defend yourself. You've got just as much right; you don't know that was my fence. It's just as much yours as it is mine. It don't belong to either one of us; it's God's. So you made your nest right there. I ought to have been looking out for you. And I'm sorry." But I said, "I'm the servant of the Lord. And I love you, little fellows."

Them just, bzzz, bzzz, bzzz.

I said, "I—I—I . . ." Don't you try to bluff it. You better know what you're talking about. I said, "I love you, little creatures of God. I'm sorry; I apologize to you for—for waking you up." But I said, "I—I'm serving God's people. And I have to cut my grass. And I was in a hurry. I—I'm sorry I disturbed you. Now, in the Name of Jesus Christ, go back into that nest. I won't bother you any more. I'll go around it." And the—them still all around me. I . . . My mower—mower never stopped. I just turned loose the handle to raise up my hands to God. I took right a hold of the handles, and not a bit more scared of them hornets than nothing.

And God, my sovereign Judge, them hornets made a few rounds around me, and made a beeline just as straight back into that nest as they could go. What was it? The projecting of love of God brought down the sovereign grace of God. And somehow, how would I know, that with me speaking in English, they didn't hear down the interpretation, and they heard what I said. I can't tell you, but anyhow, they obeyed the very thing I asked them in Christ's Name to do. Love, it conquers animals, conquers human beings. If God . . .

⁵⁰ You read the opossum story, all of you did, I guess. Most of you . . . They're right here; the boys is right here tonight, Gene and Leo setting

right over here. I was setting on the steps last July, I think it was, June or July. July? I believe it was July, last July. Mr. Wood had just been mowing my yard, a rake laying in the yard. And I was talking to these boys; I call them my students. And so they . . . I was talking to them about a colored girl. The day before (It was in the paper.) a young, beautiful young colored woman had had an illegitimate baby, and she wrapped it in a blanket, and smothered it to death. And she took it out by cab, and went out there, and threwed this blanket in the river, all wrapped up with wire. The cab driver got suspicious. He said, "What'd you throw in there?"

Said, "Oh, just some stuff I didn't want." The cab driver reported it to the police; the police reported it to the Coast Guard, they went and seine it out, and it was a baby. So there it was.

⁵¹ And I said, "She wasn't a mother." She was just a female. That's right. She wasn't a mother; a mother wouldn't act like that. I said, "She didn't have no mother love in her heart." I said, "She couldn't . . . And no more than I said it, coming in my gate . . . I'm the fourth person from a little woods, about, oh, a city block away, cross the highway and then down a lane. No one along there has a gate but me, and a fence. And here come into my gate, around ten o'clock in the morning, a opossum. And she was bleeding, like this. Well, anyone who knows what a opossum is, knows that a opossum don't travel in daytime; they're night prowlers. They hunt their prey at night, lay up in the day time. I've trapped them a many time, eat a many a one myself. So I know what opossums are. So I—I seen them coming in.

That's my study of wildlife. I studied the nature of them. You see God in wildlife. You see God in nature, everywhere. You see God in men. You see God in children. You see . . . God's all around you. I watch Him in the bird.

⁵² Somebody said . . . My neighbor over there had a radio on. Every time he goes to mow the yard, he has to put a radio on with that old rock-and-roll, shimmy-dig, boogie-woogie, every kind of stuff they call it. And I said to him one day; I said, "Why, do you put that on?"

He said, "You know what, Billy?" He said, "I—I can't even mow, 'less I hear the radio."

I said, "It makes me sick at my stomach." And I . . .

He said, "Well, if you just put one on one time, and listen at it, what a help it is."

I said, "I always have one on."

He said, "You do?"

I said, "Oh, yes. Every time I start to mowing, my radio comes on."

Said, "I never hear it."

I said, "Oh, you just don't listen to it."

He said, "What is your radio?"

I said, "I get out here and get this old mower started, the mockingbirds go to singing, the robins go to whistling. That's the best radio I ever heard in all my life." Right. God sings to me through His birds. O God. . . What love is. I wished I could somehow have words to tell you.

⁵³ This old opossum come on in. I said, "Looky there, boys. That opossum's got rabies." I run out there real quick. I said, "I better stop her," coming right to me. And I grabbed this rake, and threw it over her. I noticed her—her leg on the left side here was just about, oh, about that big around, three or four times the size of a opossum's leg. The dogs had either got a hold of her and had chewed her, or either she'd been hit by a car. And there was maggots all over her, where she'd done rotten, gangrene all set in, flies, green flies all over her. And I said, "Oh, what. . . Here's what it is; it's hurt. She hasn't got rabies. I had it under the rake then, the big yard rake. When he done. . . And Mr. Wood come up across the field, just then, Mr. Gilmore, the milkman, come in the gate.

I said, "Now, boys (Gene and Leo here)," I said, "come here. I want to show you something. This opossum. . ." And I happened to look. And a opossum and a kangaroo is the only two animals that has the pockets that they carry their babies in. And so, she happened to let down, and when her nerves hit her, like that, when I put the rake over her, she let down, and on the—when she let—let her pocket loose, there was nine little naked opossums, about like that, little bitty fellows, that she had in this pocket. Well, as soon as she let down, them little fellows was trying to nurse, and her biting at that rake.

⁵⁴ And I said, "Here's what it is. Looky here. She's a mother." And I said, "Now, come here, Leo and Gene." I said, "Come here, I want to show you something. What I was just talking to you," I said, "this opossum, this dumb brute here, is more of a mother than that colored girl is." I said, "She hasn't got thirty minutes to live; you can see she can't. She's dying now." So I said, "She'll spend that thirty minutes fighting for them little naked babies." I said, "That's mother love. That's the love that's in her heart for her babies." I said, "She'll die for them babies." And just then Mrs. Wood, she's a veterinary. So she come by, and Mr. Wood. And I showed it to them, Mr. Gilmore, five or six of us standing around looking. And so, I said. . .

⁵⁵ Mrs. Wood said, "Well, Billy," said, "now the only thing to do is— is kill them." Said, "Because the opossum's got a round mouth, you

know,” and said, “it can’t nurse the bottle; they’re too little anyhow.” Said, “Now, you just kill the—the mother, and then take the little ones and just hit them against the ground,” said, “they’ll—they’ll suffer like everything drinking that—the milk from her like that.” Said, “She’s dead. And I seen her biting on that.”

I said, “She isn’t dead.”

Said, “But she’ll die in a few minutes, you see that?”

I said, “I just can’t do it.”

And said, “Why?”

I said, “I just don’t know.” I said, “I can’t do it.”

Said, “Well, you’re a hunter, aren’t you?”

I said, “Yes, ma’am, but I’m not a killer.” And so . . .

Said, “Well, why, don’t you go get your gun and shoot her?”

I said, “I just can’t do it.”

Well said, “Why not?” Said, “Let Banks do it.” That’s her husband.

I said, “I just can’t do it.”

“Well,” said, “Billy, you mean to tell me, you’re going to let that old mother lay there like that, and them poor little babies drink that milk from her and die at a horrible death?”

⁵⁶ I said, “Mrs. Wood, you being a doctor, you, or veterinary, you know that that’s the humane thing to do. But there’s something in me”; I said, “I can’t do it.” And I said, “She’s holding the . . . ? . . . She wants to stay with her babies till she dies.” I said, “She must stay with her babies.” So I let her up.

And when I did, she took off towards the house. And when she got right in front of my steps, she fell over. Said, “That’s it. That’s all of it.” I said, “Well, she got to live a few more minutes with her babies.”

And I went up there and those opossums trying to nurse her. I punched her. She was exhausted. I tried to pour water on her. I finally got a little kind of a way they grin on her. I said, “Well . . .”

Said, “Why don’t you kill the little ones?”

I said, “Just—just leave her alone.”

Said, “You going to let her lay there like that, Billy?”

And I said, “Yes, ma’am.”

So all that day we watched her, the little opossums still trying to nurse. That night Mr. Wood come out, said, “Billy, you’ve been going a long time now; let’s take a little ride, get away from this crowd here.” So we went out riding.

57 And that night, coming down the road, I seen an old puppy laying on the side of the road. And I stopped, I went and got him. Oh, he was so full of mange, he stunk, and there were . . . So full of fleas and lice, till they was all over my heads. I brought him, put him in the car. My wife said, "You're not going to take that?"

I said, "Yes, honey." I said, "He's a little fellow. He ain't never had a chance to live."

She said, "Bill, you ain't going to take that thing home."

I said, "Sure, I'm going to pray for him, and God's going to let him get well." He's the prettiest big collie you ever seen today. Sure. Oh, sure. I believe that. I'm sure the dog, his picture will be in the Christian Business Men's pretty soon, their magazine. So there he is, big fine collie. Prayer saved his life. He was a little fellow; he didn't—he didn't have a right to die like that. Somebody dropped him off 'cause he had mange. God's the Healer of animals, the same as He is anything.

So when we got him back over in the car, there the old opossum was laying there. Now, Mr. Wood, said, "Now, Billy, now you know if she'd ever moved." Said, "She's gone."

I said, "Well, that's right."

Said, "Let me go kill them opossums."

I said, "No, no." We went in. All that night . . . Billy come in; he'd been fishing. About twelve o'clock old opossum still laying there.

58 Next morning about six I got up, went out, six or seven. There the old opossum laid there, dew all over her. I said, "Well, there . . ." And I happened to look, standing behind there, I heard someone snubbing; it was my little girl Rebekah, the tender heartiest little thing. And so, she was standing there, she said, "Daddy, that poor old mother, is she dead?"

And I said, "I don't know, honey. Now, daddy will see." And I went out there and kind of shook her; I said, "I believe she is." I shook her with my foot again, and the little ones . . .

Said, "Is them little opossums dead?"

I said, "No, they're still nursing." So I shook her again, like that. I finally seen that she was alive.

I said, "No, she's still alive."

She said, "Daddy, what are you going for her?" Said, "I dreamed that old opossum all night."

I said, "Honey, I couldn't sleep either."

She said, "Well," said, "what are you going to do with her, daddy?"

I said, "I don't know, honey. I can't tell you."

Said, "Daddy, are—are you going to kill her?"

And I said, "No, honey, I'm not." I said, "I'm not going to kill her." I said, "You go on and get in the bed, sweetheart, it's too early for you to be up." And I said, "You go on now, and get in the bed a little while, and daddy come and wake you up." And I kind of pushed her back like that, went on back, and I went into my room on the side, the den room, where all the animals is in there. And so I set there, and my head like this, kind of rubbing my head. And I thought, "My, what will I do? I don't know what to do with that old opossum." Many people's been healed right in that room. I was setting there like that. Many great visions come. And I said, "I don't know what to do with that thing."

⁵⁹ And a Voice said to me, "Well, you preached your sermon about her yesterday, being a real mother." Now, not thinking what I was saying, or what that was, I said, "That's right. I was telling Leo and Gene about what a real mother is was."

Said, "You used her for a text."

And I said, "That's right. I—I—I did that. I used her for a text."

Said, "And she's laid at your door for twenty-four hours waiting for her turn to be prayed for like a lady. And you've never said a word to Me about her."

I said, "Well, I didn't even know that You . . ." Said, "Who am I talking to anyhow?" I looked around the room. My heart begin to jump. I said, "O God, You're here."

I knelt down; I said, "God, was that You talking to me? Where are you at, Father?"

⁶⁰ I didn't hear nothing. I run out to the old opossum again. I looked down at her. And I said, "God, I . . . You mean that You—You sent that dumb brute here? Why, I—I know that You—You direct all the sparrows, and You know all of them. I seen You send a lot of people, but this—this is a dumb brute. This—this brute couldn't think; she hasn't got a soul. How—how did she get here? Did You send her here to be prayed for? Then if You did, Lord, forgive the stupidity of Your servant." I said, "I didn't mean to do that." I said, "Then, Lord God, I pray that You'll heal the opossum, if You want her to live with her babies, and she come here." And that leg all chewed up, and laying back like that, and I'd no more than said that, love had come to its end. Sovereign grace stepped in. That mother opossum raised up on all four feet, looked at me, picked up those babies and scooted them in the pocket, strutted right down that lane on all four feet just as normally well as she ever was, a little twist in that tail.

Becky run on the porch, said, "Daddy, is that the old opossum?"

I said, "Jesus just healed her." And she went to the gate, turned around, looked at me, as if to say, "Thank you kind, sir," strutted right over to the woods, and as far as I know is over there happy with her babies tonight. Love . . . Hallelujah. Love of God, oh, how He does love.

⁶¹ I told you the other night about the hunter, when that mothers love stood there on that doe, him squealing like a baby deer, me calling him a brute for doing it. That old mother doe went out there, and yet, the hunter with a gun in his face. That doe never batted an eye. That love for that baby was still searching for it, and it brought that hunter under conviction. When he started to pull the trigger, he started quivering. I was standing behind him. He laid the gun down, and threw his arms around me, said, "Preacher, pray for me. Lead me to God. I can't help it no longer."

It's love. When you see the display of gallant love, you'll see the sovereign grace of God step in every time to take its place.

Here some time ago, I was coming from Dallas. I was flying across home. I got in a storm up here over Memphis, the big plane come down, the TWA, and landed there. He put me in the Peabody Hotel. I couldn't afford to stay in there now. They put me in there for that night. And the next morning they called me, and said, "Be down at the—at the airport at seven o'clock. The limousine will pick you up. Fixing to close now, listen close. "To pick you up at seven o'clock."

⁶² I said, "All right." Or they'll pick me up so I can be there at seven. Next morning I got up real early, 'cause I'd come out from a meeting. I had some letters I'd wrote that night, and I thought, "I'll mail these first. The limousine will be along after awhile." So I walked out, and I said to the fellow, "Which way to the post office?"

⁶³ Said, "Straight ahead, down that way." And I went out, started down there, I was going down the road singing: I . . .

They're gathered in the upper room,
All praying in His name,
Baptized with the Holy Ghost,
And power for service came;
Oh, what He did for them that day
He'll do for you the same,
I'm so glad that I can say I'm one of them.

Walking along down the street like that, singing it in my heart, all at once, Something said, "Stop."

I thought, "That just impressed me"

I said:

Oh come, my brother, seek this blessing
That'll cleanse your heart from sin,

Something said, "Stop." There was a lot of fishing tackle there in the store. I got back in this place, so I could look at the fishing tackle so nobody'd watch me on the street, busy right in there.

And I got back in the corner; I said, "Heavenly Father, was that You speaking to me?" I kept real quiet.

Said, "Turn and go back, and keep walking."

⁶⁴ You believe in being led by the Spirit of God? I turned, started walking back, walked on passed the hotel, just kept on walking. I looked at my watch, already seven. I missed the limousine. On down, on down, till I come way down there, in a little colored district, where there's colored people. Sun was way up high. I thought, "Oh, I'll miss my plane. But Something just keeps telling me to walk." So I just kept on walking. That's the way. Don't question God. Do what He tells you to do. So I just kept on walking. And after while I looked laying across the gate, and there was a typical old Aunt Jemima, with a man's shirt tied around her head. She was . . . tears running down her cheeks. And I passed by. She said, "Good morning, Parson."

And I said, "Good morning, Auntie," walked on by.

I said, "Well, how . . . She said, 'Parson.'"

I turned back, I said, "Pardon me, a minute, Auntie." I said, "You called me a parson."

She said, "Yes, sir."

And I said, "How did you know I was a parson?"

She said, "I knowed you was coming."

And I said, "You knew I was coming?"

Said, "Yes, sir."

And she said, "I've been standing here since four o'clock."

I looked on her. I said, "Well, bless your heart." She was wet on the back yet.

Said, "Yes, sir, I've been standing here." Said, "Did you ever read the story about the Shunammite woman?"

And I said, "Yes, ma'am."

Said, "It's that kind of woman." She said, "And I promised the Lord, if He'd give me a baby, I'd raise it for Him." And said, "He give me a fine boy."

⁶⁵ And she said, "Parson, I raised that boy, but when he got to be a man," said, "a young man, he got with some wrong company."

And he done wrong.” And said, “He got a bad disease, a venereal disease.” And said, “He’s in there dying.” And said, “Two days, he’s been unconscious. The doctor man says there’s no hope.” Said, “We’s good family here; we never thought of anything like that.” And said, “He’s dying,” and said, “he’s backslid.” And she said, “Parson, I just can’t stand to know my baby’s dying without knowing the Lord Jesus.”

And I said, “What?” mother love.

She said, “I prayed for two days.” And said, “This morning, about three o’clock, I—I was dreaming. And I dreamed I was talking to the Lord. And I said, ‘Lord, where is Your Elisha?’” And said, “I seen a man coming with a gray suit on with a little bitty semi-western hat.” That’s the way I was dressed.

⁶⁶ Said, He said, “Just wait.” And said, “I walked right out here, and been standing here ever since. I knowed you were coming.” Said, “Now, I seen you coming.” Said, “I thought, ‘Lord, You stop him. I won’t have to say a thing.’”

Now, with all that, the Holy Spirit telling me to walk, all that in my heart, I thought, “This must be it, Lord.” Then about eight . . .

I—I said, “Well, Auntie,” I said, “My name is Branham.”

She said, “I’s glad to know you, Parson Branham.”

I said, “Did you ever hear of me?”

Said, “No, sir, I don’t believe I ever did.”

I said, “My ministry is praying for the sick.” I don’t think she was along them lines. But she said, “No, sir, I never did hear of you.”

And I said, “The—the Holy Spirit had me walking down this way.”

She said, “Won’t you come in?”

And I went in. They had an old whitewashed fence, and a plowpoint hanging on the gate. When I walked in to that little old colored room where the colored people live, there wasn’t nothing there, but a little . . . No rug on the floor, just wood like this, and a little old poster bed, but a sign hanging on the wall, ‘God bless our home.’” I’d rather have that than all the pin ups, or anything else, that you could put in. That’s shows that was a Christian home.

⁶⁷ Great big fine boy there, has about—looked like about eighteen, had the blanket in his hand, going, “Umh! Umh! Umh! It’s dark. It’s dark here.”

I said, “What’s the matter with him, can’t he talk?”

Said, “No, he has been unconscious,” said, “two days.” Said, “He thinks he’s out on a big deep sea, and he’s in a darkness and lost.” The tears running down her big old fat cheeks, she said, “That’s it, parson.

I can't stand to hear my baby die, and have that on my heart the rest of my days, that my baby was lost."

68 And I thought, "Baby?" Weigh a hundred and eighty pound. Now, but, that was a mother's love. No matter what he done, he was still baby. He was still her loving child. I looked at her. I couldn't hardly choke back the tears, looking at her. And I said, "Is he very bad?"

Said, "He's dying, parson." Said, "The doctor man said, 'Don't call him no more. He's gone.'"

I felt his feet, real sticky. Now, I don't say, I . . . Felt like, you how a person gets that real cold sticky? And his feet felt cold. I said, "Well, I guess maybe he is."

So then, she . . . He just kept pulling this . . . And so, I said, "Will, you . . . Let us pray then, Auntie."

And she got down there, looked over at me, and I got at the foot of the bed and held the boy by the feet. I said, "Auntie, will you lead us in prayer?"

She said, "Yes, parson." Oh, brother, you talk about a prayer. I just cried like a baby. To hear that old saint, and it was just quiet and cool, said, "Lord God." She said, "Last night when You spoke to me Your poor handmaid, in the dream, and told me that this parson was coming, I knowed that my baby is going to speak to me, and say he's saved before he goes." And she was talking like that, the tears running down both of our cheeks then. When she got through praying, she reached down and got her apron, wiped her tears. And she said, "Now, will you pray, parson?"

69 And I said, "Yes, ma'am." I put my hands over on the boy, I said, "God, my plane's gone; I—I—I don't know why. But You told me to walk." This must be the case. I pray, God, that You'll be merciful to this boy, somehow the sovereign love of this woman praying for her baby, You brought me down here."

Just then I hear him go, "Hmm!" Said, "Oh, mammy."

She said, "Yes, honey."

Said, "It's getting light around here now." Said, "I'm nearing the shore." In a few minutes he was sitting up on the bed.

About six months from then, I was going down, somewhere in the South. I went in on a train. They want about seventy-five cents for a hamburger on the train. I get them for about fifteen cents there at the station. I just waited till they pulled in the . . . ? . . . and as you get off the train, you know how you walk up to that little restaurant. I was going walking along there that morning. I'd got on at Louisville

that night. And started down there, and I heard somebody say, "Hello, Parson Branham."

⁷⁰ And I looked around, there stood a little Red cap out there. Said, "How are you, Parson Branham?"

I said, "Howdy do, son." I said, "How did you know me?"

He said, "You don't know me, do you?" Said, "You remember that morning, that—that you come down to pray for me? My mammy here, you know, had been waiting at the gate waiting for you."

I said, "Are you the boy?"

Said, "Yes, sir, Parson Branham." Said, "I's—I's not only healed," but said, "I's a Christian now." What was it?

That morning when I got back to my plane, I jumped in a cab as soon as I left that house, and got back, run to the station to see what train, what plane I could get next. They said, "Last call," for this certain plane. God, by the love of that poor, ignorant colored woman, had a love for God and her baby, had grounded a plane and held it there. Hallelujah.

When love is projected, sovereign grace steps in and takes its place. God knew His gift. God knowed what would happen. God had selected this to be so. And the love of that mother had held . . . The love of that poor ignorant colored woman, probably didn't know her ABC's, but she knowed the love of God, that's what grounded that airplane and held it three hours.

When I got on, I said, "What happened, hostess?"

She said, "Oh, there was something happened, somewhere something. . ."

Oh, sure, I thought, "Well, I know it was." It happened in glory. Amen.

⁷¹ I tell you, brother, there's nothing like the love of God. Do you love Him tonight? Is He your Saviour? Have you got love that you can project to Him, that in your dying hours, sovereign grace. . . Yes, I've got to come to the end of the road someday; that's true, brother. One of these nights I'll preach my last sermon. I'll close this Bible for the last time. I know probably, I hope I'm an old man, perhaps, a few gray beards hanging around. But I'm leaning on the staff, when I come to the end of the road. Oh, my.

I want to look back down through every brier patch and every hill, everywhere my footprints has been, I hope it's ground for Jesus. When I know I've fought the last hour, I know I've sung the last song, I've prayed my last prayer, I've preached my last sermon, and I'm standing on the banks of the Jordan, the old breakers is dashing against my soul,

the doctors walk away, the saints stand with bowed heads, and I feel the breakers coming in on my soul . . .

Oh, take the helmet off, lay it down on the riverbank. Oh, unbuckle the sandals and slip them off. I want to take the Sword and stick It back in the sheath of eternity, raise both hands up, say, "Send out the Lifeboat, Lord. I'm coming home this morning." Don't worry, He will be there. He will be waiting. I want to live for Him now. That I, that I go down through the valley of the shadow of death, I want two glossy wings of the Holy Spirit to bear me over the river. He will be there, if you'll just trust Him.

⁷² Let us speak to Him now. Our heavenly Father, as we are in here in this great revival in the great Shreveport, these dear southern people, Lord, kind and nicest I've ever met in my life, humble, even to the sinners . . . Seems to be such a lovely people. Not saying it before them, Lord, I'd be a hypocrite to pray like that just for them. I'm talking to You, Lord. See many of them still in sin, and still in darkness, still they don't know the love of God; they don't know the loving Lord Jesus and what, really many of them are trusting, because they belong to church. Many of them are believing if they'd be saved at that day, because that they're in good standing with their neighbor, or with their pastor, or with the church. Many of them think because they know the Bible real well.

O Christ, I'm persuaded tonight, that except a man is born again, except his whole nature, his whole lookout, that temper, that indifference towards Christ is changed and humbled her, brought down the sweetness, brought down to a place to where God can lead . . .

⁷³ I'm thinking of the hundreds of letters from Germany, Switzerland, across the world people sent in, saying, "Pray for me, like you did that old opossum."

O God, if You could lead an ignorant opossum, and lay at the steps, You could stop a fierce bull, the bear that had his paw on my shoulder, O God, You Who could ground that airplane for a little old colored woman, that society would hardly even look at, that the officials of the city probably would study where they would think whether she was worthy enough to be fed if she was starving, and yet, You loved her enough, because she loved You, that You brought an airplane out of the skies, held it down on the ground, and marched a poor ignorant boy down there to pray a prayer of faith for her.

Into my heart, the feeling that I was (knelt) by a saint. To see You project Your Divine love and sovereign grace move in and heal that poor boy with four-plus blood, made a Christian out of my happy hearted mother, perhaps in Memphis yet tonight . . .

⁷⁴ O God, the great King of heaven, stooped to even bring a—a low creature like a animal, what more would You do for a man or a woman, boy or girl that You died for? God, be merciful.

Grant tonight, dear Jesus, that some of these—these people who has been a little indifferent towards You, will realize, Lord, that this love is the only thing that'll endure after the church is finished with you. When the church has buried You, when the skin worms has eat your body up, the love of God shall still endure. No wonder the poets said, these saints and angels song, the love of God.

O God, project Your love to the lost tonight. Let them know what You did when You come here to the earth and died in their stead, was made ugly and made death for them. God made death, the immortal God humbled Himself in the womb of a woman to become death and sin, to take our ugliness and guiltiness away from us. Oh, it's too much for my heart, Lord. I just can't understand it. Why did You do it? How did You include me, poor, drunkard's boy, without God and without hope, and by grace You saved my soul?

⁷⁵ And tonight the joy bells of heaven rings, if You come for me tonight, all right, Lord. I'm so happy for You, so happy that we can introduce to a dying, shaking world, under the impact of an atomic age, cobalt bombs, sin, but introduce a love that can never be stopped by any bomb or anything.

The love of God, oh, how rich how pure!
How fathomless and strong!
It shall for evermore endure,
Saints and angels song.

Come, Lord. The Church has heard many sermons. The Church has heard about Jesus, but it's never witnessed that real touch of Divine love that makes them love the man that's cursing them, for . . . make them pray deeply from their heart for those who are doing evil, and will humble their hearts. Grant, Lord.

⁷⁶ If there's any here tonight, Lord, without that experience, may they come and receive it just now while the God of love is here.

And while we have our heads bowed, I wonder, in this audience tonight . . . Excuse me for being a baby, standing here at the platform, crying. I don't mean to do that. But if you just only knew Him. If you only knew that One was here last night, Who knows your heart, know that He's right here now. And His love is spreading forth. That's what makes you feel the way you do. He's projecting His love to you. Now, come here and He will show you His grace. He will take all your sin away, all your worry away, all that's wrong with you. He will make it right.

I'm His representative. You can't afford to go—try to go to heaven without this policy. Won't you come tonight? Will you raise your hands if you want to receive that type of love in your heart? Will you put up your hands to Christ just now? With your heads bowed everywhere . . .

God bless you. That's right now.

⁷⁷ I want everyone with their heads bowed. Won't you just come right here and stand here at the altar? Will you come up here and stand right here with me while we pray, while the love of God is right here, moving around in this building? What an atmosphere. This is an atmosphere that I wish I could live in forever, this sweet humble feeling. What is it? Angels are walking up-and-down the aisles, all around these posts, around in this tent, on the outside, Angels of God are moving, their great wings spread. That's what makes you feel that way. You don't feel like this all the time. You don't see nothing. And you're different from when you walked in here a while ago. But I feel it. I'm conscious of it.

Won't you come, walk up here now and stand around the altar? Who wants to come first? I believe there's one who would made their way. God bless you. Here comes an elderly man, gray-headed. Young lady following right along, another lady that's even getting up, putting on crutches to come down. God bless her heart. May He let her go back without any crutches. Young lady just at the turning point, a young man coming, walking with his . . .

Will you come, move yourself up around the altar?

While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by (He won't!)
Saviour . . .

⁷⁸ Won't you just raise up, move out here, stand here at the altar? Just a little word of prayer might mean the difference between your place in eternity.

Can you humble your heart? "Now, Lord, from this altar, I walk humble."

God bless you, young man, a gallant thing you're doing. You're just obeying the Holy Spirit.

Someone else? How many in here wants to come? Come on. Not single out someone, all of you, come on up. That's right. You that feels you need to come, raise right up come on. Won't you come?

⁷⁹ You know what, while you're praying, what's the success of my praying for the sick? Here it is: I love you. That's what makes it. Why will He answer my prayers? Because I love Him. He loves me. I got confidence in Him.

You come. God bless you, honey. A little girl of about fourteen, two more girls, about ten or twelve, coming, making their way, beautiful little thing with long plaits, behind . . . ? . . . another one crying. Look at that. All you older people ought to be ashamed when you see a little baby coming like that, about twelve years old, just so convicted of the Holy Spirit, her heart.

. . . be at Thy throne of mercy
 Find a sweet release
 Kneeling there in deep contr . . . (Won't you come?)
 Come on up.)
 Help my unbelief.

Now, while we sing this chorus. Raise right up and come. Come on now, every one of you. Move right on up now. Everyone that's got a need of God now, knows that God will warm your soul here. Are you a little cold in your experience? You come.

You want to be brought close. God bless you, dad. God bless you, sister. God bless you, brother, coming back there, fine looking young man.

. . . pass me . . .

You see a little young lady coming here, weeping, beautiful little girl. An elderly man . . . ? . . . way, in the shadows of life coming, falls down here, his cheeks where there's tears running down his cheeks.

⁸⁰ What is this? The Holy Spirit. Remember, this meeting will be history in another hour, but it'll be brought up before you at the day of judgment. What are you going to do with it? It's yours. Won't you come?

. . . besides Thee
 Or whom in heaven but Thee?
 Saviour . . .

Won't you move out? Don't be cold. Come on. I want you to know Him this way.

You say, "Well, I belong to church, Brother Branham." That's good. I'm so glad you do. I'm glad you're lady or gentlemen enough to do that. But I want you to love Him, till where you can think of Him and tears will drop in your heart. I want you to love Him so much, that no matter whatever comes to pass, how cruel things is to you, you'll still love Him. When the undertaker comes to your door, you still love Him. O God, why another little boy coming . . . ? . . . young man, another little boy moving out . . .

Saviour . . .

Saviour, the only One that can save, won't you hear my humble cry? God bless you, little girl. Here's a whole string of little ladies coming up, several little children, coming weeping.

. . . Thou art calling
Do not pass me by.

⁸¹ Now, hum it. With a bowed heads now. . . (Brother Branham begins to hum) Can't you just feel the sweet love of God, the cooing of the dove, right around your heart? "Child of Mine, I want you to come up and talk to Me just a little while. You know what's on your heart, I want to talk it all over with your now."

Won't you come? God bless you, lady, lovely, young woman coming, hands up, tears rolling down her cheeks, handkerchief wiping the tears.

"Child of Mine, I just want to talk it over with you."

God bless you, sister. Another lady coming. Two more are coming.

"Just want to talk it over. I'm cooing at your heart. That's Me. I love you. I'm speaking to you about those things that you know that you ought to confess just now. I want a real revival."

God bless you, lady.

"I'm speaking to your heart. That's Me," He says, the Holy Spirit.

⁸² Do you believe me to be His prophet? I'm just trying to quote His Words, that's all, what's coming on my heart. Won't you come? Do you now. . . I just feel there's somebody else. Somehow I just feel constrained not to close right now. I tried twice already. Think, "Well, I'll have them all to come kneel around; we'll pray." But something keeps telling, "No, no, no, there's more."

God bless you, sis. I—I just know it. Won't you come? Everybody in prayer now.

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

⁸³ Poor, old, blind Fanny Crosby, oh, what it'll be when I see her yonder. I just feel real strange, just seem like I'm without words right now, just something, the Holy Spirit is so pleased tonight. You've done what He said do. I—I just know that you're bound to feel the same way I am, saints. Feels like the Holy Spirit said, "Now, that's just what I want. That's what I'm looking at."

Now, imagine, the same God that knows your heart is standing right here and knows that you've done just what He spoke to you to do. Now, if you want to know my true words, it seems like I just woke up, and I heard myself calling you, and speaking the words that though

my lips that He was telling you. "Come, that's Me, talking to you," He said. You've obeyed.

Will there be another? Just once more while you bow your heads, let's softly sing. Thou the stream of all my comfort. Look at little girls, old people. More than life to me. Whom have I on earth beside Thee? What's you going to do with everything you got when death knocks at the door? What's you going to do? Do you know Him? Do you love Him? Sinner . . .

. . . not oh gentle Saviour,

⁸⁴ Come on now, last call. Would you close yourself out of that sweet lovely Voice that's here tonight? Love. You know my ministry. Love, that's not. . . ? . . .

While on others that's obeyed You, God, standing around there, young and old. "Lord, if there's anything in my heart, don't pass me by, tell me about it right now. I'll get up and go to the altar right quick."

Lord, grant it now. Speak in their heart. Speak just now, God. I believe that every one of them will hear. I'm praying the prayer of faith, that You'll speak to everyone, everyone that needs to come.

God bless you, sister. Grant it, God. I believe that everyone obey, if You'll just speak, Lord.

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

"Anything in my heart, Lord. Search me."

⁸⁵ Our heavenly Father, You alone know my heart. You know how I feel. I'm so happy. I'm so happy, that's what making me cry. I'm happy just to be here tonight among these people who are willing to listen to the Holy Spirit. As long as they live, they'll never forget tonight. They may be laying someday, unconscious on a hospital bed. They may not know their mother, their daddy. They may forget their pastor. They may forget all their associates, wife, children. But they'll always know You. They too got to come down to the end of the road, someday. That's why we're standing.

Dove of God. Oh, You Who can perform miracles. You transform them now into sheep. Now, they're Your lambs. They're here ready to be shorn off. Anything that they've hung onto, anything that they thought was their privileges, they're now ready for You to cut it away, Holy Spirit. They want to live for You.

⁸⁶ Would You turn them down? No, You wouldn't have led them here if You had any intention of turning them down, You give them Eternal Life. You give them love. You give them peace. Now, they will always remember this. I feel it in my heart, Lord. I feel constrained to say this.

And God, if I know my heart, I'm not a hypocrite, I feel, God, that everyone at this altar, here around this altar now, has been accepted in Your sight. I feel it, by the witness of the Holy Spirit, that they're now safely. . . Their names are on the Book; Angels are singing; bells of heaven are ringing. Satan's defeated. They are moving back down the corridors of hell with their black flags draping. The Angels has gone to heaven to rejoice around the throne where mothers and fathers are waiting to hear the message coming back from this meeting tonight; they got boys and girls setting here, where loved ones has gone on, are waiting. The Angels coming back, saying, "Yes, they walked humbly. They come humbly, not stiff, starchy, but they come brokenhearted, weeping."

⁸⁷ And the Bible said, "He that goeth forth, weeping, will doubtless return again, rejoicing, bringing with him precious sheaves." Make them soul winners, Lord, in their neighborhood, wherever, or to the four corners of the earth. Someday, Lord, with this. . . ? . . . love, someday the lovely Saviour will come, the great Millennium will take place. Oh, when we see Him, see Him sitting there, O God, these tonight will have the privilege to help crown Him King of king and Lord of lord, and will sing redemption song, while around the earth will stand Angels with their heads bowed, while we're crowning Him. They don't know nothing about redemption. They've never been redeemed. They didn't need it. We were the ones who was lost. We know what it means to be lost; they don't. We'll know how to appreciate You God, how to worship You and sing redemption songs, because we were lost and now we're found. We were blind but now we see. How we thank You for this.

⁸⁸ O God, my heart's just bubbling over. God that they're worth the whole trial, two weeks of hot weather and. . . ? . . . just to feel this in my own heart. Then you're in the Presence of God, the great Holy Spirit, that I know is standing here. Sinners, and lukewarm, and church members have wept their way back to Calvary. We're all laying around the cross now, just sobbing in the goodness of God's grace and love. Our hearts are full of joy, unspeakable and full of glory.

I wonder, with our heads bowed, I wonder if there is a saints, or one without the Holy Spirit, would like to take your . . .

I've never felt this for years. I don't know when I ever felt the Holy Spirit so—so dense, as It seems to be right here now. Just every thing is one big bundle of love, just look like there's not a. . . ? . . . setting in the meeting. Oh, I just love this. I hope when we have the healing service, it's like this. This is wonderful.

⁸⁹ Would any of the saints or somebody out there that hasn't received the Holy Spirit would like to come and stand in this congregation? Come on up! Would some of the saints like to come and bathe in this . . . ? . . . of God? Move on up. Won't you come? That's fine. Good. That's wonderful. Maybe you, you're sick would come up, stand around. There could be a healing. Oh, it's right here. Here's the Fountain filled with Blood. Oh, just look, coming now.

. . . there filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's . . . (O God!)
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains. (Let's worship Him.)
 Lose all their guilty stains
 Lose all their guilty . . .

Oh, it's so wonderful just to sit under this baptism. This is what I call the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

. . . beneath the flood,
 Lose all . . .

Just worship Him, saints. Just look up. Tell Him how much you love Him. This is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It's all in tent; you're baptized in love.

. . . rejoiced to see, that fountain in . . . (Hallelujah.
 Hallelujah.)
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 Wash all my sins away, (Glory to God. Praise be to
 God. Lord, how I love You.)
 And there may I, though vile as he, (I just love
 Him . . . ? . . .)
 And shall be till I die,
 And shall be till I die . . .
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die . . .



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