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## THE EAGLE IN HER NEST

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I am sorry that I did not get to attend just every night; my little boy Joseph had a bad cold, and I got it from him. And Brother Thom, and to the people of South Africa, I certainly am grateful for this little coat of many colors. Ha-ha-ha. And I will place it on Joseph sometime tonight or in the morning, the Lord willing. That's very fine.

And this is a—is a great time in any man's life, when he can stand before the purchase of the Blood of Christ. I've had many burdens recently, and concerning the overseas trips and so forth.

<sup>2</sup> And just to show what little things mean, a while ago there was, before we had our dinner, there was a little lady who walked up here, and she said, "You've been looking tired and weary, Brother Branham, I just bring you a little courage." She said, "Twelve years ago in Vandalia, Illinois, my boy had just a third, or one third of his mind was gone, his brain cells or something, which had caused him to have epilepsy, up to twenty five spasms a day of epilepsy." She said, "When you prayed over a little cloth and put it on him, he's never had a spasm from that time since."

And the—the little lady's here somewhere; I . . . She'd raise her hand so that people could see her. She's setting around here. She shook my hand just a while ago. Here, back over here. Yes. Would you stand up just a moment, sister? We're grateful for the healing of your son through Jesus Christ. God bless you.

<sup>3</sup> Then also, a little lady walked up here and shook my hand. And a little lady that a few years ago, some five years ago, was an alcoholic, and I'd met her out there in the hall. And she come up and shook my hand and renewed our fellowship again of what the Lord had did for her, being in the Alcoholic Anonymous. And many cures had been tried. But one night the Lord Jesus persuaded her to the meeting, and there on the platform where she was told of her sins, and God forgave her, and she's never tasted alcohol from that time since. Rosella, are you here somewhere? She was out in the lobby. And here she is. God bless you . . . ? . . .

Then just before this, Rosella, knowing you knew nothing of this, there was a—a lady, I believe she'd been a famous dancer, and she was also a narcotic and alco—narcotic addict. And the same night in which Rosella, I believe, was healed, she was either called from the balcony or from the platform. I do not know which. Her name is Helen R-o-m-i-g, Romig I believe. She's in the buildings now, so I understand by this.

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Helen, would you stand? There she is back there, a narcotic alcoholic in the . . . How it would make us sing Amazing Grace that . . . And I see here that she's in the work of the Lord, both of them, out in the work of the Lord. From the—from the slums of the city to the highest position there is in the world, to work for Christ. Amazing Grace, what God can do.

<sup>4</sup> Just a . . . Didn't want to take this part, but I know you—your businesses is over now, and the convention is closed to that part, as far as I know, but now we're going to talk about Jesus, which you have all along, but I am just so happy to know that this convention is a Christian convention. Where the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered, always. And so we are happy tonight for this privilege.

Now, I'll try not to take too long. I just love to talk so much, till I may, seem like I might take you a little too long, but I hope not. I wish to read for the . . . I have had on my heart in the last few hours for a little closing message. Now, if the man on the—the engineer of this, I hope you can get my voice right. Can you hear me all right everywhere? Well, that's—that's very fine. Back in this way too? That's good. I have had a little cold in my throat, or a little hoarseness, laryngitis, from speaking so much, and I will try to speak just as loud as possible.

<sup>5</sup> Now, in the book of Deuteronomy, the 32nd chapter and the 11th verse, and the first two lines of the 11th verse, I wish to read for a—a text, as it was for the next few moments. And while you're turning to it, you with your Bibles, I want to express my feeling towards the Full Gospel Christian Businessmen's Fellowship. It's a wonderful organization, if there's any men here that is not in it yet, that's businessmen, it would certainly be advised by me to come into this wonderful fellowship, where we have no denominational barriers. We have no law but love; we have no creed by Christ, and no book but the Bible. And we, it's just open for all.

When I was a little boy we used to run swimming. And they would . . . We would dare each other as we run to the old swimming hole. And the last one into the water had a penalty, had to get mud thrown on him. I was usually the first one in, 'cause I had less clothes than the rest of them. I just had a pair of overalls with a foulard twine wrapped around them, with a nail for a button. Does anybody in here know what I'm talking about? Thank you. Only thing I had to do was pull one string, and I was ready for the water. Ha-ha-ha.

<sup>6</sup> And then we had a signal. And when the . . . If the water was cold, we held up one finger, the first one in. Be careful coming in it's too cold. If it was good we held up two fingers; it was all right, jump in.

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Come on, it's all right; let's jump in, this is—this is good. The water's warm and ready.

And now, I hope that the Lord blesses each of you brethren, ministers, businessman, and your business this year. And especially to those who are going to be about the Master's business, as I hear missionaries going out. And I pray that God will be with you. I hope that God will find in His great grace, that next year when the convention's held in the city of brotherly love, that we'll be there with a double portion altogether. The Lord bless you.

<sup>7</sup> Now, to the sincere side of the reading of the Word. "Faith cometh by hearing, hearing the Word of God." Now, in this Deuteronomy the 32nd chapter and the . . . We read this:

*And as the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttering over her young. . .*

And I would like to use for a text tonight: "The Eagle In Her Nest." And that's a—a great subject; I trust that God will let us get through it all right.

Being an outdoor person, I have often wondered how that God always reckoned the eagle to His heritage. My first Bible was nature. I just love it. You see God if you look at Him in nature, for He's the Creator of nature.

And those great birds and experiences of being high in the mountains where their dwelling place is. . . I am reading the Bible and herd cattle, and was a game warden for years, and even conversion never taken it out of me; I just love the outdoors and to watch how that God moves in His universe.

<sup>8</sup> And this great eagle, that we're going to speak about, I'm going to liken it tonight unto the heritage of God. And I read that in Palestine alone, there's forty different types of eagles. The eagle, the word means, "one feeding with the beak." Which is a very beautiful type of God. God feeds His children by His mouth, His Word. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." So He is the Eagle that feeds His little eaglets with His Word. I believe in the Word.

Then he is also likened, the eagle was, to renewing the youth. The Bible speaks that the eagle . . . As the eagle renews its youth. It's been believed that the eagle every so often, would renew its youth, bring itself back young again, which the eagle has a long life. But later we have found out that it doesn't exactly renew its youth, but it has times that when it just feels so good it acts young. So I would liken that unto a revival. That we're God's eaglets; they might be just a little aged, but when the revival comes, they all get young again, get to feeling young

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and feeling good. I feel better when I know that the Presence of God is, than any time I ever was in my life, to know that the Presence of the Lord is near.

<sup>9</sup> Then we find out again, that the eagle had two great wings. And those wings was for deliverance. And they meant also, the New and Old Testament. And then we find out again, that the eagle could soar higher in the skies than any other bird. You've often heard them say about hawkeye; he's an amateur to the eagle. Why, he can't see half the distance of the eagle.

And the eagle goes so high into the air, until he has to have a certain makeup. No other bird could ever follow him. If the hawk would dare to try to follow the eagle, he would perish in the air. Therefore the eagle is a special made-up product, so that he can go high.

God likened His prophets unto eagles, that they go . . . And higher you go the further you can see. And in order . . . If you're going to go high, and you haven't got the eye to see farther away, it would do no good to go any higher. So God, when He takes us up higher, He's got an eye that He can let us see farther. I like that. Higher you go, the farther you can see.

<sup>10</sup> Many people try to point their finger to someone that tried to go too high. Well, it is true that we find people who try to jump, instead of fly, and they make a wreckage on the side of the shore. But they never try to point their finger to those who doesn't go high enough. Now, they go higher, because they can see farther.

Now, the eagle is a bird, and so is the chicken. But the chicken knows little about this heavenly atmosphere; he knows little of it. And in speaking of eagles, how that many times out in the West, and up in the North woods, have I watched that great masterpiece of a bird.

<sup>11</sup> I remember one time at the Cincinnati Zoo, in Cincinnati, Ohio, I was looking at an eagle had just been captured. And it was one of the most pitiful sights that I have ever had the privilege of seeing. This great heavenly bird had been captured and netted by someone and thrown into a cage. And that poor fellow was so out of place, that he would jump with all that was within him against the big bars, flopping his wings only to find himself to fall back on his back. And that poor eagle had beat himself against those bars until all the feathers was beat from his wings and his head and face, bruised.

And as I watched him again proudly walk back, and with all that he had he poured himself against the bars, to only find himself knocked backwards again. And as he laid there on that floor and his weary eyes soared the skies, I thought, "What a pitiful sight. Made not to be on the earth here, he's a heavenly bird. His whole makeup was to live in

the blue, way above the haunts and cares of this world. But to see a bird like that made up, borned in the earth, to soar the skies, and yet caged in such a way, that he could never again soar the skies.”

<sup>12</sup> And as he laid there looking at the place where he had been made and born to soar . . . But by the cunningness of man, had been caged for life. Oh, what a pitiful sight that was.

But brethren, that’s not a sight at all. To walk out here on the streets of Chicago and of other great cities, and find men who were borned and shaped in the image of God to be sons and daughters of God, and to find them caged by sin, and habits, and the cares of this world, it’s a far more pitiful shape than the eagle is.

Man was not made to be bound; man is a free man. “He who the Son has made free is free indeed.” He doesn’t have to be bound like that. Oh, it would take me hours to try to express the feeling in my heart, and the different things that cage men and deny them of their privileges. Man’s in the image of God, and he doesn’t have to be a bondslave to Satan. He wasn’t made to be a slave; he was made to be a son. God made man in His Own image. He placed in him an immortal soul and a thirst to thirst after God. And he tries to satisfy that blessed holy thirst with whiskey, alcohol, tobacco, big times, and luxury. It is a disgrace to try to quench that blessed holy thirst with the things of this world. You’re . . . Men and women are only caged and kept away from the real God-given privilege that they have. Bound by sin, not that the will of God would permit that, but because wilfully they do it.

<sup>13</sup> It would do us good to study the life of the eagle and see his makeup, and pattern our condition with the condition the eagle is. And I hope that in these few, maybe misplaced words, that the Holy Spirit will help you to put them together and see the meaning that I mean by them.

The eagle, first, he does not make his nest down here on the earth; he makes his nest just as high in the rock as he can get. He’s a type of the Church of the living God. Ye are a city, not in the valley, but set on a hill. She makes her nest way high. She does that, because that the common enemy can’t find her young.

Oh, what a blessed privilege it is to know that God has hid us by the Blood of Jesus in the rock of Calvary, far beyond the howls of the enemy, way high. Oh, when I think of it, how to know this great privilege that we have.

Then as she gives birth to her little ones, as they’re hatched out, how she cares for them. She nurtures them. She’s so high on the rock, that the coyote could never climb to her nest; she’s beyond that.

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<sup>14</sup> I'm so glad that we have a heavenly Father that if we'll just permit Him, He will place us in a place where the devil's howls, and all the whiskey, and nightclubs can never touch us, far beyond the screams of this world, and all of its pomp, and all of its worldly mixture, and all of its frazzle fantastics. If a man's ever tasted of that good gift of God, these things become as dead as midnight.

And as she goes up there and well places her nest back into the rock, she feeds her little ones. And one day she decides that she'll not have her brood to be like chickens. You know, a chicken is a bird just the same as the eagle is. But he's an earthbound creature. Oh, he can flop and fly a little bit, but he can hardly get his feet off the ground. It reminds me of some of this so-called Christianity we got today, just enough religion to make you miserable. That's right. Oh, you can say, "I got my name on the book," but have you ever soared the heavenly?

<sup>15</sup> Now, the chicken knows not what the eagle's talking about. But the mother eagle is certainly decided, because she is a real mother. She decides that her babies will not walk like chickens. So she watches them until they fully feather out. She watches over them. And one day she decides it's time to change the position. I'm so glad that God don't keep us stale; He's got something new all the time, just one blessing after another.

I heard the famous poet, as I sang his song, when we used to sing it down the old Kentucky Baptist Church, "Floods of joy over my soul like the sea billows roll." And standing my first time by the sides of any large body of water, was out here on Lake Shore Drive about twenty five years ago, and watched those great waves come in. They just come in to go out again and come in again. That's the way I think, or what I think the prophet had, or the poet, when he wrote: "Floods of joy over my soul like the sea billows roll." Roll in and roll out, roll in and roll out, constantly blessing.

<sup>16</sup> And the mother eagle was going to change the church, her children. So the prophet here in speaking, he was talking of course, principally about Jacob, how there was no other God before him; he knew no other God. But he said, "As the eagle stirreth up her nest." It is a time that when the eagle thinks that her little ones has matured enough; she's got to stir her nest.

And God does the same thing in His Church. When we have got all settled down on something, then God stirs the nest again. He brought Martin Luther from Catholicism, and they got so starchy that He stirred the nest and sent Wesley in. Then Wesley got so starchy, He stirred the nest and sent Pentecost in. It's nest stirring time again, 'cause we got so settled down.

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17 This old mother eagle flies into the nest one day all ex—unexpected to the little eaglets, and as she comes in . . . Oh, how I’ve laid and watched them and weep like a baby, with my binoculars trained on them, my horse tied off somewhere, watching them. And she’ll fly into the nest, and she’ll take those great wings, and she’ll give them a great shower of wind. It shakes every loose feather out of them. Because she’s fixing to give them their first little solo flight. And you can’t have loose feathers when you’re solo flying for the Lord. She flies in, and they have a mighty rushing wind. They never felt it before, because they were born in the cleft of the rock. Why? They are eagles. But God changes it, He gives them something new.

As the Church was borned in the cleft of the rock we cannot be satisfied there; God stirs up the nest sometimes, comes in with a mighty rushing wind like He did on the day of Pentecost, and all the old worldly loose feathers fly out. He sends a Pentecostal revival and shakes up the nest.

Then He gives a certain scream. Oh, all the little eaglets know something is fixing to happen. They’re eagles; that’s the reason. When you see a shaking time come, eagles are ready for a blessing. The Church is ready for something, the true Church of God, when they see a shaking time coming.

18 The old mother then throws her wings out, and those little baby eaglets somehow knows by nature; just like a little calf he knows when he’s born, to get up and go nurse the mother. Nothing there to tell him, but it’s God that tells him. Those little eagles know just how to place their little feet in her wings, and take their little beak, and hold on to a big strong feather; God tells them.

And the Church of the living God knows how to take a hold of the Word of God, those great strong wings of His deliverance and hold on to every Divine promise, when a mighty shaking strikes the place. They know how to hold. Something just tells them. The world might say, “Fanaticism,” but they take a hold of the wing, and they hold on, because their nature is eagles. They know what to do.

19 And this old mother, when she turns her proud head and sees her brood on her wings . . . I’ve often thought what God would do when He sees His Church take their position at the Word, to claim every promise that God made. How He turns His proud head to look and see how He loves them with real love. Sees every member of the body positionally take his place, the Christian businessmen at their place, the minister at his place, the prophet at his place . . .

Then that old mother lets out a certain scream for her heart is thrilled, and she’s full of joy, for her little eaglets knows their place and

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they're all ready. And she lets out a scream and takes to the sky. Oh, what a day, when God gets His Church on the Word, and there comes a certain hour that we fly away on the wings of the great Speckled Bird, the great Eagle of God, the great Holy Spirit, anchored in the Word.

<sup>20</sup> Now, it's a very peculiar thing what she does then. She goes just as high as she can go, where . . . Those little eaglets not murmuring a bit. They got their little beak set in them feathers, they just can't murmur. And that's—that's the way God takes His Church. If you're really set in the Word, you don't murmur, you just hold on. If God made the promise, God can keep His promise.

So they just hold on. And she—he—she takes them into places they never thought they'd ever be, when she's soaring up. On she goes into the bright blue sky. And now the strange thing, when she gets up there, she shakes them every one off, right up in the middle of the air.

<sup>21</sup> That's the way God does His Church, shakes them off; fly for yourself. And the strange thing, as she shakes them off, she doesn't leave them; she makes a big circle, and goes out, and flies around watching them. And there those little fellows knowing what to do, for the first time they're flopping their little wings. Oh, they're turning over somersaults and everything else, but they're flopping anyhow; they're making some kind of an effort. And if there ever was a time that the Church needs to do some flopping, it's now.

Now, the little eagles are not wearied, because they are altogether aware. She just flies down, swoops right under him, picks him up and brings him back into grace again. That's our great Mother, the Holy Spirit. So don't be afraid of fanaticism, or wild fire; our Mother is watching over us.

<sup>22</sup> She makes those circles, and is she fast? You should see her. And the thing of it is, she can pick as many up, and if a little fellow is exhausted, just turned over and over and over and can't catch his breath, she can catch one with a foot and another with a foot or catch it in her mouth. Oh, the little eagles are so carefree, because they are not resting in their own ability, but they are resting in the ever Presence and the ability of their mother who's watching over them.

Oh, my. As long as He's a watching, as long as it's His Word, as long as He's packed you out here, what are you scared about? They're just having an old fashion Pentecostal jubilee up there, just a flopping, trying to act just like mother. And she's watching over them because they're hers. Oh, how beautiful.

<sup>23</sup> Then when she gets done with them, having all their fun, when they're get down kind of low, she runs and spreads her big wings and all of them just a rejoicing, the convention's over. And they—they set

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their little beaks back on her wings and like this, “Oh, mama, what a great time we had.” And she takes them right down to something new again. Sets them down in a great big green place. They’ve never had their feet in them places before. So they jump off and just have another jubilee. And they’re just there picking just as carefree. And when she gets through, she flies way off to a great high peak, and there she sets watches over them little eagles. Oh, woe unto a coyote that would ever come around. No hawk had better not try to do anything. For she’s watching over her own.

<sup>24</sup> That’s our Christ tonight. When He died for us at Calvary, He climbed the great ramparts of glory, and He sets at the right hand of the Majesty, He’s watching over us. What do we care what this world says, what the people think? Just have a wonderful time; rejoice yourself. The world’s full of neurotics. I find out today, that some of these great comedians, I could call names, Elvis Presley, Arthur Godfrey, many of them; they have to have three or four psychiatrists to keep them going. But brother, if they’d just forget that thing and change them dirty jokes into a good old fashion praise of God, I will introduce them to Somebody Who will watch over and protect them; they won’t need any psychiatrist. That is right.

So how easy; they just at ease; they’re having another jubilee, just picking green grass that they’d never thought ever grew. If you don’t believe God’s got things for you that you don’t know this world can’t produce, just come one time and take a ride. That’s right.

<sup>25</sup> She watches over them, she . . . That’s her heritage; that’s her loved ones. That’s the ones that she’d die for; she’s watching. And sometimes when a storm comes . . . I was laying here not long ago in Colorado; I was watching an old eagle take her little ones out for the first flight, their test flight. And when she taken them to the valley, she went up. There come a northerner; the skies turned green a little bit, Brother Ford knows what it means to see that turning dark over the mountains; it isn’t very long until the great winds are sweeping down the valley.

And she watched them as long as she could, because the breeze a blowing, and then she let out a great scream and come from the top of that rock into the valley; she throwed out her big wings and every little eagle jumped on. And as she spread her big wings, and that wind coming nearly forty miles an hour or better, down that mountain, she just pierced that wind and went right straight into the rock with them, to safety.

<sup>26</sup> I laid there; I cried like a baby. I said, “Oh, Jesus, You have purchased Your Church; You set them by the still waters and the green pastures. They have a wonderful time rejoicing and praising You. And

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You climbed the ramparts of glory; You're watching over them. And someday You're coming again to spread forth Your wings to take them back into the heavens above, out of the great tribulations and things that's coming upon the earth.

I was amazed one time, speaking of an eagle, I heard of a farmer, and he was setting a hen. And used to be women knowed how many eggs went under a hen for a setting. I doubt whether there's a woman here that knows how many eggs it takes to make a setting. Ha-ha-ha. I'm sorry; it takes fifteen, I told you. Ha-ha-ha. Fifteen is a setting.

<sup>27</sup> So this farmer went; he got a eagle's egg. And he lacked one in having a setting, so he put the eagle's egg under the hen. And when that hatched out, it was the funniest looking little thing to all those little chickens. Why, he couldn't understand what they were chirping about; he spoke in a different language. He didn't know what them chickens was talking about. I hope you know what I mean.

So then, he watched them, and he didn't know what to do. And they all picked on him, 'cause he said he was an odd fellow. He perhaps was. But he was an eagle to begin with. They could stretch their little wings and flop around, and he'd look at them. And they were, all the way they were. Old hen would cluck, and they knowed every one of the clucks, so here come the little chickens all running in. But the eagle didn't understand that cluck. And he wouldn't come in, because he didn't know that kind of clucking. I'm not going to say much, but I hope you know what I'm talking of. He didn't understand it. He talked different.

<sup>28</sup> You know, I'm talking about some of these old hens that take you out to a little bathing beach, and all these other places, strip your clothes off of you, and set you out there and . . . Oh, you know what I'm speaking of. You guys down the pool room, where they take you down there, and give you a little friendly glass, and all like that. A real borned again child of God don't know nothing about it. They say, "Oh, we belong to church." But you don't understand a cluck. That's right. You're borned an eagle; God knows His Own. He knowed you before the foundation of the world; predestinated you to be sons and daughters of God.

<sup>29</sup> Notice, then we notice that this old hen, every time she'd find a little bug or something, she'd cluck to her little chickens and all the little chickens come, the little eagle come in the back looking around. He was a funny looking little creature.

But you know, one day she happened to be out in the barnyard feeding, and the old mother eagle happened to fly by. And as she flew by her great shadow swept over the top of the barnyard; she looked

down, and she seen her own. He knows His Own. And she screamed to him, and when she did, the little fellow turned his head and begin to look upward. That's the way he ought to have been looking all the time. And when he looked up, she screamed back, and she said, "Son, you're not a chicken; you're mine."

I'm so glad that God's got children all walks of life, businessman, whatever they may be, but God knows His own. And when they hear the Gospel of the power of Jesus Christ, they know that voice. "My sheep know My voice."

<sup>30</sup> Oh, how I was all bent down with a big denominational pen behind me, but one day I heard a voice coming from above me, not from headquarters, not from the Presbyter, not from the deacon board, or not from the Bishop, but I heard a cry come from heaven. Oh, how the real thrill that give my heart.

The old mother said, "You're not a chicken; you don't belong there. You are mine." And he wondered what he could do; that's what he wanted.

And you know, there may be a many a little eagle been walking in some old denominational chicken yard for a long time, setting here tonight. That's right. But I hope that He calls you and says, "Son, you're Mine."

"What must I do, Lord?" That was the cry.

She said, "Just make the first big jump and flop your wings."

And he made the first jump and flopped his wings; he found out he wasn't earthbound any more, 'cause he set on a barnyard post, right in a center of a Pentecostal organization. His mother said, "Son, you've got to come higher than that, or I can't get you." Said, "Just give another jump, and I'll bear you up on my wings."

<sup>31</sup> If there's anything the Church of the living God needs tonight, is another jump from all the barriers of denomination, from all the isms. Just cut loose every life, every line, and go free, and jump, He will bear you away on the wings of a great Speckled Bird.

It's such meetings as this; it's such times as this; it's in such audience as this where we can make that great jump to feel His power, reach under us with His Word, and bear us away from these little earthly cares and things that we have. He's your Father; He loves you. And nest stirring time has already come, but we need another jump. We got to the barnyard post, but we need to get free, so we can just ride on His wings for our first solo flight. What a joy it will be, when that great final day comes. That those who know how to jump and flop their wings, those who know how to do it, someday He shall come, the great Eagle

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of the sky shall come in glory, and He will spread forth His great power, the Holy Spirit, and those who are magnetized to it shall take a ride for eternity, forever.

<sup>32</sup> Not long ago, standing here, Gary, Indiana, I was taken by a man into the mills. And I was watching them as they was sweeping the . . . About time to quit they swept their little—little shavings out into the floor. And the man told me, said, “Now, watch this a minute.” And he pressed a button, way back into somewhere come a great magnet; it came down, and as it passed through that great pile of shavings, those shavings just clung right onto this great magnet. Went out there and demagnetized it, dropped into the—to the great foundry and was molded over, the great molding kettle.

I stood there for a moment and my—my heart was a jumping. I said, “Praise the Lord.”

And the man said, “What’s the matter Mr. Branham?”

I said, “I was thinking.”

He said, “You surely must.” I think I scared him.

And when I said, “Way back yonder somewhere is a magnet setting.” And I said, “I want to ask you a question.” I said, “Why didn’t all those shavings go?”

He said, “Some of them, Sir, is aluminum; they were not magnetized to the magnet.”

I hollered, “Praise the Lord.” And I said, “But why didn’t that piece of iron go?”

Said, “It’s bolted to the floor.”

I said, “Praise the Lord.”

Oh, brother, the Lord Jesus is coming someday, the great Eagle of Heaven, and only those who are magnetized by the power of the Holy Ghost will take that ride. Bolted down creeds, and denominations, and shavings of aluminum light thinkers, light ambitions . . . I think the Church of God should be the highest thinker, the highest ambitions that there is in the world ought to dwell with Christians: To press the mark to the high calling of Christ, certainly.

<sup>33</sup> One day up there in the mountain, I’d been hunting elk. It was early in the season; the snows hadn’t come to run them down yet. So I had to go plumb up in around timberline. I was walking down through there; there was no person within seventy miles of me, as I knew. Mr. Jeverez, the rancher, he had took another trail and went another way, and we was to meet about four days later.

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And I tied my horse that morning and went way high up in the realms, where years ago I used to chase out the cattle. One day while up in there, I was walking, hunting for the elk, and all of a sudden there come up a rain. And I got in behind a tree by an old blow down, which had crossed over the mountains years before, and the rain passed over. And it will rain awhile; then little snow awhile; and the sun will shine, so forth, in the early fall, in October in the high Colorado mountains.

<sup>34</sup> And I was amazed by something that happened that day; it's always been on my heart. As I watched the rain pass, I got a little bit wet, so I was wiping my face off and walked out from behind the tree. While standing out there I heard way back up into the head of the hollow, an old wolf got to hollering, and his mate answered him down in the valley.

My mother's a half Indian, as you all know, and oh, when David said, "When the deep calleth to the deep. . ." Something down in here calling, and I love the wild. And when I heard that old wolf howl, and the mate answered it, something way down inside of me begin to call out.

I looked; the sun was peeping through the rocks in the western horizon, as it was going down; and I seen that sun moving. And it was shining against the evergreens, where they had froze from the rain, and there formed a rainbow. Just then, the elk herd I'd been after, I heard the big old elk male bugle way back over in the great thickets. Oh, I begin to weep; I couldn't help it. Something in me loves nature. "And when the deep calls to the deep, at the noise of Thy waterspouts. . ."

<sup>35</sup> If there's something in here calling for a deep, there's got to be a deep to respond to it. Before there's a fin on a fish's back, there had to be a water for him to swim in, or he'd have had no fin. Before there was a tree to grow in the earth, there had to be an earth first or there would be no tree.

Here some time ago, a few years ago, I read where a little boy eat the erasers off of pencils. And then his mother found him eating a pedal off of a bicycle. And come to find out, he was eating that rubber, and an examination at the clinic showed that the little fellow was craving sulfur. If there's something in here craving for sulfur, there's got to be a sulfur to respond to it.

<sup>36</sup> And otherwise, before there is a creation there has to be a Creator to create the creation. There's not a man and woman in here, that's ever had a taste of God, but what right now you're longing for more of God. You're reaching out for more of God. If there is a desire in here for more of God, there's got to be more of God to receive somewhere. We just ought to jump off the post. That's it.

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And as I heard that going on, I seen that rainbow color; I thought of Joseph's coat, the many colors. I thought of the rainbow in Revelations 1, the covenant God made in Genesis with the people of the earth and confirmed it through Christ. And as I was going around that tree like a mad man, just screaming to the top of my voice . . . I didn't care. There was something down in me that I couldn't hold my peace. I could see God in the rainbow; I could see God in the sunset. I hear God calling through the wolf; I could hear God calling everywhere. If you get God on the inside, you'll see God anywhere you look. That's right. He's got to come in here first. He's got to change you from a chicken to an eagle. He's got to give you a desire in here to do something. That's right.

<sup>37</sup> And as I watched it, all of a sudden I heard a little pine squirrel. If any of you brethren know what they are, they're the policemen of the woods: make more noise and get nowhere. And there they was setting on a stump, just chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter. And I thought, "Little fellow, what are you doing?" And the old rancher, he was a pretty rough old fellow until he was converted. And he used to tell me they were cursing. And I said to the little fellow, "Tsk, ts, tsk, such language." And he was just carrying on.

But I watched, he wasn't chirping at me; there'd been a big eagle forced down in the storm and was under this blow-down. And the big fellow jumped out. "Oh," I said, "I see what you was so noisy about." He wasn't watching me; he was watching that eagle.

<sup>38</sup> So as the big fellow had been forced from the skies into this blow-down, I watched him a few moments; and I thought, "God, why did You change my thoughts from way over here in this down to here. What's in this? There's a little old pine squirrel not worth a penny. There's an old eagle; the only things he does is fly in the sky." But I thought, "What did You change my opinion to look this a way?"

And as I watched the old fellow, he kept moving his wings. I thought, "Are you afraid of me?" I said, "I have a rifle here; I could shoot you if I wanted to." And I grabbed the rifle like that. I watched him, he . . . Them big eyes looked over at me, and he kept moving his feathers. And I thought, "Yes, I see why you're so brave. Here's the reason you're not a coward. God gave you two big powerful wings. And you've got confidence in those wings."

<sup>39</sup> If we could only take the wings of the Bible, God's written Word, that God give His Church to fly away with, and have as much confidence in the Word of God, by the Holy Spirit, to furnish the breeze to pack us away. . . . If we'd only had as much confidence as the eagle did in his wings. . . . He knew that he could make one jump, and he'd be

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in that timberline, above that timber, and I could never shoot him if I had to. And he had confidence in it.

And I watched him. After while he got tired of listening at the little old pine squirrel, and he just made one big jump, and he just flopped about twice, and you know what he done? He never flopped no more. He just knew how to set his wings. And he just held his wings out like that, and every time the wind come in, it just lifted him up, lifted him up. And I stood and watched him, until he become just a little spot. There I wept like a baby. I thought, "God, that's it; that's it."

<sup>40</sup> If the Church only knew how to set its wings, its wings of faith, into the promise of God, and not beat from here, beat from there, and join the Methodists, join the Baptist, join the Presbyterian, join the Oneness, join the Assemblies, every little 'ism comes along, to join it. That's not it. It's just set your wing in His promise and let the Holy Ghost just lift you up, lift you up, on, on, on.

He left that little old earthbound woodchuck setting there, pine squirrel, "Cha, cha, cha. The days of miracles is past. Ain't no such thing as baptism of the Holy Ghost. You're just a bunch of idiots; that's all there is to it." That's about the way it is. "There's no such a thing." He just went on and on and on and on, leaving that little old chatter, chatter here and chatter, chatter there behind.

<sup>41</sup> God help us, to take the wings of the eagle and fly away to every Divine promise God give in the Bible. That's the reason that insane epileptic boy tonight is perfectly whole because, his faith was set in the wings. God packed him from sickness to health. That's the reason that lovely little woman sets there, and this one back here: Was alcoholics, and narcotics users, and dope fiends, and so forth; it wasn't because they went to the Anonymous, and they did this and they took shots. They didn't do it. They just set their wings of faith in the promise of God, and said, "God, You promised it; the promise is mine." And here they are tonight in their right mental conditions, healthy, strong. And the dope and whiskey still laying in the gutters.

<sup>42</sup> That's the reason you're not out here, woman, tonight, as a prostitute on the street. That's the reason, gentlemen, you're not out here in the streets as a bootlegger or drunkard, is because you set your wings in the promise of God, and by faith the Holy Ghost lifted you up on beyond denominational barriers. That's why the Christian Businessmen's here tonight, and this convention's going on, is because they set their wings, drove their stake far out. That's why this fellowship is here tonight, because men dared to set their wings.

My friend, let me say to you tonight: The eagle is stirring her nest, and if there's anybody in this building tonight would dare set your

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wings or prom—in God’s promise in His Word, God will take you from that miserable unrighteous, ungodly, selfish life that you’re living and make you free, happy, and live above sin, and live in a blissful atmosphere, that the world and the chickens know nothing about.

<sup>43</sup> Let us bow our heads just a moment, while we think on these things. Now, the convention’s over. The Bible said, “If there be any praise, if there be any virtue, let us think on these things.” As the convention, it didn’t accomplished much. But sinner friend, what has it done for you? If you seen the attitude of men, who once walked the streets as you walk, and now here they are tonight as sons and daughters of God. . . You see businessmen, who used to cheat, and steal, and lie, who used to beat their neighbor. You see women who lived immorally, and how they live tonight. You see alcoholics, and—and dope peddlers, and everything else, of the life that they lived, and look where they’re living tonight. They thought on something different. Christ is the one. Christ is the Eagle of the Church. Christ is the great One. He’s the One Who stirs your emotions.

He’s the One Who stirs your mind of thinking right now. Won’t you tonight, by faith, reach up and take that only thing that you got, your hand, and your heart, and lay it on the wings of His Word and say, “God, pack me away from all this cares and worry of world, and let me be Yours from this night on.” Before we pray, and your heads bowed, and all Christians praying, I wonder tonight in the Name of Christ, if such a person is here has never experienced a real free, happy feeling in Christ Jesus, away from the things of the world, would you like to be free? Would you raise your hand to Him tonight, by that say, “Brother Branham, pray for me. I now want to be the Christian that you’re speaking about.”? Would you raise your hand? God bless you. Someone else. God bless you. Someone else raise your. . . God bless you, lady. Someone else.

<sup>44</sup> Up in the balconies, raise your hand, say, “Brother Branham, I belong to church.” That’s true. “I belong to a Pentecostal church.” That don’t matter where you belong. You’re still earthbound with the cares and things of this life, why don’t you set free tonight? Why don’t you come, step out on this promise of God? “By faith, Lord, I spread forth my little wings tonight, that You give me the little wings of faith that I have; I’ll flop them in Your Name until I can fly.” Will you raise your hand, say, “Pray for me, Brother Branham? Right now I want to accept Christ to help me.” God bless you, little fellow. God bless you, lady. Someone else? God bless you. God bless you in the balcony. That’s right.

Someone else? I don’t care, church member, whatever you are, just raise your hand, say, “Remember me, Brother Branham; I now want

to have that experience.” God bless you back there, sir. God bless you way back in the corner. God bless you back up in there. That’s right. Someone up in the balconies here, anywhere, just raise your hand. And by that . . .

<sup>45</sup> [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . preacher, and you just preach for a meal ticket, you just preach for a living. Brother, stick your hand up to Christ tonight, say, “God, cut me loose from them things.” If you just preach for what money you get out of it, shame on you, pastor, shame on you. And you just to be popular, or just to go to the conventions, and enjoy the blessings, and have the fellowship, is that all you’re a Christian for? Shame on you. You’re not willing to die to yourself and sacrifice everything you are, brother, for the cause of Christ, then shame on you. And raise your hand, say, “God, create within me a clean heart.” Will you raise your hand and say, “Be merciful to me, Christ.” Many’s put their hands up; we’re going to have a word of prayer just in a few moments. God bless you, lady. That’s right. That’s right. Stick it way up; that’s the way. Amen. Just while we’re waiting a moment . . .

<sup>46</sup> Businessmen, what about you? One of these days you’re going to leave your business. No matter how prosperous you are, you’re going to leave that business. Every penny you’ve made will be scattered among your relatives, and—and it’ll be fussing, fighting, carry on. Then how much treasures have you got up yonder in heaven? What do you know about Christ? Do you just know Him as a Blessor that blesses your soul? Remember, the rain falls on the just and the unjust alike. But I mean, do you know Christ?

You say, “Oh, I know the Bible pretty good.” To know the Bible’s not Life.

“I know the catechism.” That’s not Life. But to know Christ is Life. That’s the only way you can have Life. You might know business, but do you know Christ? You might know the Bible, but know Christ. If you don’t, in the real forgiveness of sins and the baptism of the Holy Spirit . . . I don’t mean just a lot of noise; I don’t mean just a lot of this or that; I mean to know Him: that the free pardon of sin’s come into your life, and old things is passed away, and all things have become new. If you don’t know Him like that in freedom and love, such divine love . . . If you love Him well enough, you won’t do any of the things of the world.

<sup>47</sup> Just like a man, if he loves his wife, she don’t have no worry about him running out. Same thing to the wife to the husband, the husband to the wife. If you love, real love for one another, you’ll be true to one another; you can have confidence in each other. And if you really love

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Christ, not belong to His Church. She might belong to you, and you'd run out with somebody else. But if you love her, you won't do it. Don't say you do and do that; you don't. Action speaks louder than words.

Now, if you really love Christ, and you really know Him, praise the Lord. But if you don't know Him, say, "Brother Branham, I want to know Him." Just before prayer now. One more, if there would be, one more, I feel like . . . There you are. God bless you, sir. Let us pray.

<sup>48</sup> In these fleeting moments just before the closing of this great meeting, where I've been told that many people has come to You and been saved, and has received the blessed Holy Spirit into their heart, an experience that they'll never forget as long as eternity rolls on . . . For it was there they become a part of God.

We thank Thee for everything. We thank Thee for these men, these Christian men. In their meetings, their convention, God, may You bless them. May they just grow and grow and . . . ? . . .

We pray God in a special way, somehow, that You'll come to their heart just now. And may they feel as it was, that great rushing wind, like come down on the day of Pentecost. May every loose thing in their life now be blown away. May a perfect peace, the joy that passeth all understanding, may it just come to their hearts deeply, richly. May they leave here tonight rejoicing. Grant it, Lord. May pastors find them, baptize them into the fellowship . . .

<sup>49</sup> . . . ? . . . Meetings like this, that when we set together in Heavenly places, it's when we have each other at heart, Christ with us, setting together in Heavenly places . . . To me, it just seems like a scouring out time. Now, I think what we should do just at this time, Brother Demos asked me to offer a congregational prayer just before leaving. But I think we just ought to bow our heads, every one of us, in silent prayer, and give God thanks for this great convention, for what He's done. Each one of us in our own way . . . ? . . . something, while we just . . .

Let's this real slowly, "My Faith Looks Up To Thee." And let's sing it first just before we pray. Real softly now, "My Faith Look Up To Thee," real softly, all right.

My faith looks (Now, just bow your heads now.)  
Thou . . .



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