

---

## GOD PROJECTING HIS LOVE

---



Thank you very much, brother. Shall we bow our heads just a moment for prayer. Our blessed heavenly Father, we come to Thee tonight as Thy believing children, believing on God's Word: that He promised us in this Word, if we would ask anything in His Name it would be granted.

And our hearts are happy tonight, because that last evening we not only seen You heal the sick, but we seen the mighty working power of God to change the sinner to a Christian. There was happy homes today because of that. And, Father, we are grateful for this. And we pray tonight that You'll double the number. Send every sinner to the altar; heal every sick person.

Speak to us now through the Word as we, as Your humble vessels, endeavor to try to bring the Word of God, the Word of Life, to the people. We pray that You will bless our feeble efforts. In Jesus' Name we pray. Amen. You may be seated.

<sup>2</sup> See we have on the pulpit tonight several letters. It's perhaps handkerchiefs to be prayed over; I do that each night, try to pray over them. And now, I usually wait until the—the anointing of the Spirit is in the room that we feel. So definitely then we feel that it'll be more forceful to do that. It's not a superstition. If it is, then Saint Paul had superstitions. For the Bible teaches this and we're to practice what the Bible teaches. And they taken . . .

Now, many people anoint them with oil, the handkerchiefs. Well now, that's all right. Anything that God will bless, I'm for it. But if you'll watch the Scriptures close, Paul never anointed the handkerchiefs; he taken from his body handkerchiefs or aprons.

And I believe Paul was very fundamental in his teachings. And I think he got that from where the Shunammite woman went down to Elijah about her baby that had just died. And Elijah gave his staff to his servant and said, "Go lay it on the baby." For Elisha knew that everything that he touched was blessed, if the woman would believe the same thing. See? I think that's where Paul must have got it, from there.

<sup>3</sup> Now, before we open His Book, let us ask the Author to bless His Word just a moment. Now, Father, this is Your Word, and we now open the pages; open the understanding to us. In Christ's Name we pray. Amen.

My subject tonight is the "God Projecting His Love." And I want to read a text out of Saint John the 3rd chapter and the 16th verse, which

---

---

should be known by the smallest and youngest (I suppose) Sunday school boy or girl in the building. It reads like this.

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

This is perhaps one of the best known Scriptures in all the Bible. It's referred to many times as the golden text of the Bible. And it deals with love. And I have had the privilege of preaching the Gospel to many, many heathen lands. And I've heard the theories, but I have never seen nothing yet that would ever come up to the Christian love of God. No one could explain it. The poets has tried to do it, the song writers, and failed. Ministers could never do it.

4 One poet wrote it like this:

If the ocean was all ink,  
 And the skies was a parchment;  
 And every stalk on earth was a quill,  
 And every man a scribe by trade.  
 To write the love of God above, would drain the  
 ocean dry;  
 Or could the scroll contain the whole, though  
 stretched from sky to sky.

I've often thought this great poet that wrote this:

Ever since by faith I saw that stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply;  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

And I think if one thing is needed in the great universal Church of God tonight is love. We do not need other things as much as we think we do. And all these other things, our emotions and our gifts, they are wonderful, and to God we give praise. But if those gifts are not governed by love, then they are not effective.

5 Love should govern the home. Love is the greatest force that was ever put into the power of man. A—a home that's not disciplined by love is not much of a home. If the husband and wife doesn't solemnly love each other, they cannot trust each other. That's why I think that instead of resting our faith upon some emotion (which is all right) or some gift (which is all right), like shouting, speaking with tongues, or with other things that we take for—saying that we have the Holy Spirit when we do this. . . Those things are all right. But if we would come back to the principle, love first, and then those things, I think our church would progress a lot faster, if we would get God first; and God is love.

6 Now, love is in two different words, two different meanings. In the Greek, one of them is called “phileo”; that’s the love that you have for your wife. “Agapao” is the love, Divine love. Now, the love that you have for your wife, and the love of God is so contrary. Just listen to this. The love that you have for your wife, if a man would insult her, you would kill him on the spot, with that kind of a love, a phileo love. But with Agapao love, you’d pray for his lost soul. That’d be the difference.

There’s two different types of love. And I’m almost sure that many of us has been deceived with having phileo love and thinking it’s Agapao love. Phileo love is intellectual; Agapao love comes from the heart. That’s human love, affectionately love, and godly love. Godly love doesn’t question. Human love reasons, but godly love doesn’t. It’s perfect in its trust. It’s perfect. . . It just produces faith when you really love.

7 Now, when. . . To face an audience like this tonight of several hundred people, then someone would say, “Do you mean that you would just read those one little verse of Scripture?” Well, there’s enough in that verse of Scripture to send you to heaven or condemn you forever. And if I had the power, I would in no wise change it. If I would be offered all the money in the world, and to be the king of the universe, and a million years to reign in health, I still wouldn’t change one Word of that text. Because it’s God’s Word, and It can never change. No matter how small It is, It’s just the same. It’s got the same value in It that the entire Book has got.

Your—your action or your attitude towards this little piece of Scripture will seal your eternal destination. And if that Scripture is that valuable, it’s plenty enough for us tonight to think on for just a little while.

8 Some time ago over in (I believe) Louisville, Kentucky, I was told of a little boy who was ransacking his—his—the attic in the house. And turning over some old papers, he come across a little postage stamp just about one half inch square. It was a very old stamp. So quickly the little boy had two thoughts: one of them was the ice cream store, and the other was a stamp collector down the street, which he knew very well. Grabbed the little one inch—half inch square stamp, just a letter or two written on it, very fadey from age, and down the street he went quickly to the stamp collector, and said, “How much will you give me for this stamp?” The collector looked at it under a glass, and he knew it had age on it. The little fellow expecting to collect the five cents for an ice cream. . . But the stamp collector bargained with him for one dollar. Oh, the little lad was very thrilled to get one dollar for that one little half inch piece of paper. The stamp collector sold it for

---

---

five hundred dollars a week later. The last I heard of that little half inch postage stamp, it's worth a quarter of a million dollars.

So it isn't the size of things; it's what's on it. That's the way this little text is tonight. It's—we are taught, "It's not the big things that we do; it's the little things that we leave undone."

<sup>9</sup> It was said once that the . . . King George, the late King George of England visit one of his cities here in Canada. And all the schools turned out to see their king as he passed by. And the teacher of the school gave each little child a flag to wave in honor of their king. And how they loved to display their loyalty, to show to their king that they were citizens of his great domain. And as the king rode by in his carriage, all the little children waved their flags and cheered the king as he politely bowed to each of them with grateful heart.

And when all the street had cleared out, the teacher went out to look on the street, 'cause there was one little, tiny girl missing. And the teacher, walking through the streets, calling her name, she noticed a little form leaning against a telegraph pole, weeping. And she run up to the little girl, embraced her as her mother would do, and said, "Darling, why are you weeping?" And she looked at her and the tears was making their way down the little, fat cheeks. And she said, "Did you not wave your flag?"

She said, "Yes, teacher. I waved my flag."

She said, "Did the king not see . . . Did you not see the king?"

And she said, "Yes, teacher, I saw the king. But I am so little, the king could not see me."

<sup>10</sup> Now, it's different with Jesus. No matter how little or small a thing that you do in His Name, He knows all about it. It might seem insignificant, but yet if it's done in His Name, no matter how little . . . He once said, "If you will give to one of these My servants, as much as a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, verily, verily I say unto you, you shall not lose your reward." So it doesn't matter how little that you do, Christ always sees the little things that we do. And I'm so glad of that (Aren't you?), that He sees the little things we do. And this little portion of Scripture, if it's properly received, He will understand.

<sup>11</sup> During the time of the Revolutionary in the States, it was said that a soldier was tried and court-martialled for a certain crime, and was to be shot at a certain date at sunrise. Day before, some of them went to the notable President and begged for his life. And the President being in a hurry, picked up a small piece of paper and wrote on it: "I pardon this man," and signed his name, Abraham Lincoln.

---

---

And the carrier brought the piece of paper to the cell and said to the man, "You are free."

And as the man looked, he said, "It doesn't seem official to me. I just don't believe it, and I'll not leave here." He rejected it because it was on a small piece of paper and not a great letterhead, or something, from the President. The next morning the man died as sentenced by a firing squad. Then the paper was written with the President's name, the man is pardoned, and they shot him after the President had pardoned him. And it was tried in Federal court. And here was the decision: that a pardon is not a pardon except it be received as a pardon.

<sup>12</sup> So John 3:16 is a pardon to every mortal man and woman on earth, if it's received as a pardon; but if it's not, you're still condemned. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but would have Everlasting Life." What a pardon to Adam's fallen race. To any man or woman that wants to receive it it's a free pardon for you and for me.

<sup>13</sup> That love that God had . . . Love is a powerful force. And when love is projected, and it comes to the end of its strength, sovereign grace will take it up from there and project the object that love has asked for. That's the reason we have a Saviour tonight, is because God so loved the world that His love, being projected to the world, produced a Saviour. God wanted to see you well so much, His love went out and it produced an atonement for your sickness, as your sins. It was the love of God that constrained Him to do it.

<sup>14</sup> Love is a powerful force. It'll run a woman, a mother, right into the flames of fire after her baby, if she knows she's plunging herself to death. There's nothing more strong than love. Love will make you trust. You might go and know that you belong to the greatest church in all the provinces of Canada. You might know that you're the charter member of the greatest church in the nation. And then you would do things that you would not do if you belonged to a little mission somewhere in some corner and had the love of God in your heart.

Love has no fear. Love casts out fear. And I notice in my meetings, so much that when I come into the people . . . One of the great things I find among them is fear. And what makes fear is lack of confidence. If you lack confidence it'll make you fear. But if you love, it casts away that fear. And that's the way God wants His Church, not so many as charter members; He wants members that's loyal, and loves, and believes, and has confidence in Him.

<sup>15</sup> For instance. . . My wife is somewhere in the meeting tonight in the audience. I love her with all my heart. And when I get ready to go overseas. . . Now, what if my wife, I caught her by the arm and said,

---

---

“Listen here, Mrs. Branham. While I’m gone overseas, thou shalt not have any more husbands. And if I ever hear of you flirting with any other man while I’m gone, woe unto you when I get back.”

And then if she’d catch me by the coat collar, and say, “That’s very well, Mr. Branham. But I want you to have a little law too. If I hear of you going out with another woman, woe unto you when you come back.” Now, wouldn’t that be a home? Well, that’s just about the way we made God’s place a dwelling, some kind of legalistic laws that we have to keep.

What do I do when I go overseas? I love my wife. And as long as I love her, I got confidence in her. We just get down in the floor and pray together, bring our little children around us. They pray, “God, take care of Daddy, bring him back.”

I pray, “God, take care of the family while I’m gone.” I raise up, kiss her good-bye, kiss the babies.

She said, “Billy, I’ll be praying for you while you’re gone.” That settles it. We think no more about it.

<sup>16</sup> And if I was overseas. . . Under the law, I know I’d be divorced when I get back, if I went out with someone else, I’d be a miserable man. But if I was over there (no matter what kind of a condition I was in), and I knew that I could cheat on her, and come back and tell her, and she would forgive me for it, I still wouldn’t do it. I wouldn’t hurt her for nothing. No, sir, if I knowed she’d say, “Bill, I understand; I forgive you.” I couldn’t look her in the face; I think too much of her.

<sup>17</sup> And I tell you, brother, when the love of God comes into the human heart, it’ll drive all these things; you don’t have to worry about smoking, drinking, and running to bioscopes. When the love of Christ comes into your heart, you wouldn’t do nothing to hurt Him. Not walking around, saying, “They’re narrow-minded, and they’re this way and that way.” Just let the love of God strike you once, those things die. Your whole affections is placed on Christ. You got Eternal Life then, when you believe Him, when you really believe Him, and get married to Him, and die out to the things of the world.

<sup>18</sup> God projects His love. And His love makes you what you are. Oh, there’s many things we could say about it. I’m just going to let my collar down (as it was) for a few minutes, and tell you, my Canadian friends, some of the inside. If you’ll excuse it as a personal testimony, I want to let you know something on the inside of my life, that I’ve found, ’cause it seems very fitted right at this time.

Many people wonders what takes place, think it’s some sort of a mystic. It isn’t; it’s love. That’s the main thing, is loving Christ, not just saying you do, but from your heart love Him. I’ve seen the cruelest of

devils conquered. I seen wild animals floor themselves in the presence of God's love. Love casteth the fear away.

<sup>19</sup> Here's . . . In this little book is written a testimony. At Portland, Oregon, one night, I was preaching on faith. And all of a sudden up through the building came a great big man about two-fifty. I thought he must have been a messenger until I noticed the whole group of preachers (maybe a hundred and fifty or more) just scatter from the platform. And when he run up, he looked at me in the face, drew back his big arms . . .

Little did I know he was an insane man out of an institution. And he had just hit a preacher out on the street and broke his jaw and his collar bone, knocked him way out in the street. And there was about six thousand people present (what could get in the building), pouring the rain on the outside.

And this fellow run to the platform, and he looked at me, and he said, "You hypocrite," he said, "up here posing yourself as a servant of God. I'll break every bone in your body." I weighed a hundred and twenty-eight pounds; he weighed right on two-fifty or better, nearly seven foot tall, well able in strength to pack his threat out. I knew better than to say anything, for he was well physical able.

But when I turned to look at the man, something happened. Oh, if it would always happen. Instead of flying loose and wanting to fight the man or to call the police on him, I loved him. I thought, "That poor man doesn't want to hurt me. That's the devil in that man; he wants to hurt me. That man is a man, probably, with a family, who loves, likes to eat, associate, and—and be a citizen. But the devil in him is doing that." I thought, "That poor brother . . ."

<sup>20</sup> And he walked up close to me, and he said, "I'll show you whether you're a man of God or not." I never opened my mouth; I just looked at him. Everything was quiet. I had just led two little policemen to Christ back in the dressing room. They run out to the platform to grab the man. I shook my head at them, "It's not a flesh and blood affair."

And the man walked right up to my face; And he went [Brother Branham demonstrates—Ed.] spit right in my face. And he said, "You snake-in-the-grass. I'll break every bone in your body, for I'm going to knock you way out in the middle of that audience." Great big arms . . . I never said a word, but I was no more afraid than I am right now. That's it; it's love. I never went there by my own will, God sent me there. It's up to God to take care of me while I'm there. I looked at him; I thought, "Poor fellow."

---

---

And he raised back his big fist and started to strike me, six thousand people just setting breathless. And as he started to strike, I said, "Satan, come out of that man."

First . . . I missed some of it. When he told me that he was going to knock me out in the floor, I heard my own voice tell him, "Tonight, you'll fall over my feet."

He said, "I'll show you whose feet I'll fall over." And he drew back to strike me.

And I said, "Satan, leave the man." And the man threw his arms in the air; his great eyes bulged out; his mouth went open; he turned around, and fell on the floor, and pinned my feet to the floor till the policeman had to roll him over.

<sup>21</sup> Don't be afraid. God still lives. I seen Him in the challenge of witch doctors in Africa, with all the Hinduism in India. Don't you think the devil won't make you prove every inch of ground you claim. But if you love Him, there's no fear left.

<sup>22</sup> Some time ago, a few weeks ago down in Old Mexico. We was supposed to get the bull ring, but they wouldn't let us have it. And we had to take a great big field, where they run a ballpark or something. Thousands of people swarmed in; we couldn't get to the building, or to the place. They had to let me up a ladder and then down into the bull ring. And then while preaching there that night . . . The night before a lady had come there at three o'clock in the afternoon, and people gathered at nine o'clock at morning. No chairs to set in, they leaned against each other. And they were waiting till nine that night. What will they do in the day of judgment against the self-styled groups that wouldn't even darken the door of such a place?

Then that night Mr. Moore standing and it pouring down rain . . . And Mr. Moore kept telling me, "There's something going on at the prayer line."

And a Mexican minister from California, Brother Espinoza (Many of you may know him.), he was giving out the prayer cards and trying to keep the people line, and he couldn't do it. And Billy come to me (my boy) and said, "Daddy, he can't hold that line any longer. There's a little woman down there with a dead baby that died this morning, and she's climbing over the top of the men."

I said, "Well, Brother Moore, you go down there and pray for the baby."

And Brother Moore started down, and I looked out here in front of me, and a vision come of the little baby raising up. Now, we can't say these things unless they're authentic. And the little baby . . . I noticed

---

---

the little mother down there screaming, “Padre.” The word “padre” means “father”; she was Catholic. And when I said, “Bring the little lady here.” . . . And she had a blanket over it, it soaking wet. I couldn’t speak to her, no one there to interpret. I just laid my hands over on the little baby and offered to God a little prayer. And this Bible laying open here now, God knows the truth, the little fellow let out a squeal and begin to kick as hard as he could. That just alarmed the whole Mexico.

<sup>23</sup> The next day, or night, when I got in there . . . The platform was about as wide again as this entire building across here, the floor space, and it was piled full of old coats and hats, that I might pray over them hats and things for the people.

Coming on the platform that night, about the fourth or fifth person, I noticed an old wrinkled-faced man. And as he come up, he was blind, and he kept saying something. The interpreter was speaking it, “Was he approaching the man that was going to pray for him?”

As he kept telling, “Yes.”

He fumbled in his old ragged coat pocket, brought out a little pair of beads and begin to say something over these beads. I told him; I said, “Put it away, brother. You don’t have need of that now.” And he stuck it in his pocket. And I looked at him; I begin to think.

<sup>24</sup> Now, to you pastors, here’s something for you. You know your congregation knows whether you love them or not. You can’t put on love; it’s got to be real. It’s just like people trying to . . . A freezing man, you’d show him a painted fire. He can’t warm by a painted fire. It’s got to have some heat in it. And love has got to have some action to it.

<sup>25</sup> And the old man, as he stood there I begin to feel sorry for him. I looked at his old ragged coat. I put my shoulders up the side of his to see if my coat would fit him. I looked at his feet: no shoes on, great callouses on his feet, dusty all the way up as far as you could see, where his ragged trouser leg. My shoe wasn’t nothing like big enough for him. And I begin to look, and I thought, “That poor old man maybe never had a good meal in all of his life.”

Oh, the economics of Mexico is very poor. The brick mason gets about eight pesos a day. And it takes about four days good hard labor to buy himself a pair of shoes. That’s Pancho Frank. What does Pedro do, working for about two pesos with six or eight children to raise? Oh, it’s terrible.

And I thought, “After all that, and then nature . . . The devil has given him evil to blind his poor, old, blinded eyes. How cruel it was to him.” And I begin to enter into something; I can’t express it; it was a love of sympathy. And as the old fellow come and laid his head over on my shoulder, and I hugged that old ragged coat, I said, “Merciful

---

---

God, please help this poor old blind daddy. If my dad would've lived, he'd have been about that age. Will You help him?"

And I heard him hollering, "Gloria Dios." And the man could see as good as I could. The people begin screaming everywhere. What was it? It was entering into that fellowship of his suffering in his blindness. You must do it.

<sup>26</sup> If ever I had a time of success of praying for anyone, is when I could enter into the fellowship with them, feel their infirmities, feel their conditions. Then something in you goes down beyond the reasoning and prays the prayer of faith for the sick. You've got to feel for a man. You've got to sympathize with him. You've got to be with him before you can help him. Then you enter into some sort of a deepness; it's the love of God. It's beyond human love.

I'm going to tell you something. You may class me a fanatic after this. But I feel like I want to tell you anyhow. Many things happen like that. Frankly, all my ministry has been wrapped around that one thing. If I can love that, or fall in sympathy with it . . .

<sup>27</sup> I was a game warden of Indiana for several years, while I was still a Baptist pastor. One day I was—left my truck and was going across a field. And I had a little old gun, pistol, revolver that I was supposed to pack. And I was going over across the hills to see a sick friend to pray for him. And I took this little old gun off, and throwed it up in the seat, and started across the field. And as I walked through the field, a lot of little shrub oak (I don't think you have it here, little scrub oak, we call it there) in the field . . .

I was about two hundred yards from the fence, or better, when all of a sudden a great bull raised up. And I recognized him; he was that killer from the Burke's Farm down near the Walnut Ridge Cemetery. A few months before that, it killed a colored man, gored him through and killed him. And they'd sold him up there because he was a famous guernsey bull, a breeder. And they had him up there, and I forgot that he was in that field. And he rose up, not over about thirty yards from me. And anyone knows what those vicious animals are, and this fellow a killer. And as he rose up (I was excited, of course), I reached for the gun, and it wasn't there. And I am glad that it wasn't there. I'd have killed the bull then went and paid for him.

I reached for the gun, it wasn't there. Then I looked to the fence: too far away. Not a tree nowhere, but just little scrub oaks, about four or five foot high . . . And he'd been laying down with some cattle in this midst of these trees. What was it? If I turn my back, he got me. No matter where I went, he got me. It was death.

---

---

28 Then I thought of my Lord. “I won’t end my life as a coward. I’ve tried to tell others to be brave in the time of trouble.” I said, “I’ll walk to death just as brave as I can walk, trusting Jesus Christ.” No more than that come from my thinking. . .

Now, please, don’t take this as juvenile, but something happened. Oh, I wished it would happen right now. Always in those cases—that something happens. Instead of hating that bull, there was something; I sympathized with him; I loved him. And I was no more afraid of that animal than I am standing here with my brethren. All fear had left. And I thought, “Poor creature, I’m on your territory. You’re an animal; you don’t know any different. That’s the only thing you know is protect your rights.”

And I said to this bull in these words: “Oh, creature of God, I am a servant of God. And I’m on my way to pray for my sick brother. I’m sorry I disturbed you. But in Jesus’ Name go lay down.” And he threw his horns in the ground, throwing the dirt; he fell to his knees and threw the dirt again. I stood there just as calm as I am now. And he rushed towards me just as hard as he could come in a charge. I just stood there, for I wasn’t afraid. And when he’d gotten about five feet of me, he threw his big feet out like that and stopped. And he looked this a way and that way so depleted, and turned around, and went over there, and laid down. And I passed within five feet of him, and he never moved no more.

29 Jesus Christ, God’s Son. . . When love is put (Him) in its place, it’ll defeat any enemy there is on the earth or in torment. Now, you say, “Brother Branham, I had a lot of confidence in you till now.” Well, let me tell you, brother, we’re all going to answer at the day of judgment. And the God that could close a lion’s mouth in the den with Daniel, still lives today. Certainly.

30 My wife will probably (I don’t know where she’s at.), she don’t—always got after me for mowing the yard with my shirt off. I have about a half acre in—in the parsonage there. And one day, I was pushing my lawn mower; I’d run a few rounds and somebody would come in to be prayed for. I’d have to slip out and take off my overalls, and put on some clothes, and run in pray for them, maybe get a couple rounds that day. And the front yard would be growed up ’fore I could get in the backyard.

So one hot afternoon I was in the backyard, no one around, no one could see me; I pulled off my shirt. Now, you all don’t have hot weather here. You have to have some of that in the Indiana on that Ohio River. And I was a mowing the grass just as hard as I could run, afraid somebody would come in all at once, and I wouldn’t get but a

---

---

few rounds made. And I forgot that in the corner of the fence was a nest of hornets. And I rammed that mower right into that nest. And, friends, as God being my Judge, I was covered all over with hornets just in a moment.

Now, anyone knows what a hornet is; he will kill you. One hornet can flatten you on the ground, and me with no shirt on. And I was standing there, and something happened. I don't know what it is. It's just something that happens; it's love. Instead of hating those hornets, I thought, "Poor little creatures of God, why, I have nothing again' you. That's your home and I disturbed you." Sounds like a child. But the trouble of it is, we try to be grownups when we ought to be children. We take things just as we're so intelligent. We'd happen to measure our intelligence with God's grace one time, I wonder where it would come up.

But in this, these hornets was all over me. And I wasn't afraid of the little fellows. I said, "Little creatures, go back into your nest. I will not harm you." And as God lives, them hornets whirled around me three or four times and went right straight back into their nest. That's just the truth as I stand here.

<sup>31</sup> Last summer, Mr. Mercier here, Mr. Goad which is here also, and many of the—the—some of the campaign party that's not with me now, we were setting on my front steps. There'd been a—a Negro girl. . . It was in the paper that morning, a lovely, beautiful-looking, colored girl. And she had had a baby illegitimately born. And she'd took this baby, and smothered it in some blankets, wrapped some wire around it, and hired a cab. And she went out on the Ohio bridge and looked off, and like she was going to throw a bundle over, and she threw the baby in the river. The ta—cab driver reported it back to the authorities; they seined it out and found it was a baby.

<sup>32</sup> Mr. Mercier here and Mr. Goad, I call them my student ministers. If you ever knew who they was, one's a Catholic and the other one (I think) is a steam-fitter. And they made themself a little FBI to come find out if these visions were right, and come in town posing as somebody else. And the Lord revealed it all to them right there. And they become friends of mine. And they were setting on the porch and I was teaching them. I said, "That woman isn't a mother. A mother wouldn't do a thing like that. No, sir." I said, "She's a female that gave birth to a baby, but she's not a mother. A mother's a greater name than that."

<sup>33</sup> And while we were talking, coming down the road. . . I don't know whether you know what they are here (the animals), was a opossum.

---

---

Now, I live about two hundred yards from a little woods on the riverbank. There's three houses between me and the woods with no fences. My house has a fence around it.

<sup>34</sup> And this old opossum come up in the middle of the day, about ten o'clock (I guess) at morning, turned in the gate. And I said, "That opossum has rabies." Because a opossum, anyone knows, a opossum prowls at night. When the sun goes down they go out and prowl; in daytime they're practically blind. And here come this opossum, right in the hot summer, in the middle of the day, coming right up and turned in my gate.

<sup>35</sup> Mr. Wood, who formerly was Jehovah Witness and his boy was healed with infantile paralysis, his legs drawed behind him. He don't even know which leg it was now, 'less his mother would happen to tell him which it was. He'd quit his contracting and moved in next door to me just to be with me. And he had been cutting, helped me cut the yard. And the rake was laying there, where I'd been raking the grass, 'cause it had gotten tall.

<sup>36</sup> And Leo and Gene and I run out to the yard, and I took this rake and throwed it over the opossum to stop it. And when I did, it just started gnawing on the rake. Now, that's unusual. Because the opossum, usually when you touch him, he (what they call) play opossum; he just lays act like he's dead. And while he was in that condition, Mrs. Wood come up and Mr. Wood; and Mrs. Wood is a veterinarian. And while he was laying in that condition, I said, "Oh, I see what's the matter. The dogs had got her a few days before, or a car, and it mashed her left shoulder till it was swollen about that big, broken, hanging back behind her. And (this is an awful word to say, but) the flies had blowed it and maggots was working on it. And I said, "Just look at that." I said, "That poor, old thing is dying." I said, "that's what made her fight like that."

<sup>37</sup> And just then, the milkman come up, and he was looking at her, all of us standing around. And a opossum and a kangaroo is the only two animals that have a pocket to carry their young in. So the old opossum had let down her string that held the—the pocket together, and nine little baby opossums, naked, about that long has crawling on the ground. I said, "Look at that. Now, come here, Leo, Gene." I said, "There is real mother's love. There's really more mother about this old opossum than there is about that woman that drowned her baby. She doesn't have over thirty minutes longer to live, and she's willing to give that thirty minutes to fight for them babies. It's mother's love that's in her, that makes her do it."

---

---

38 And while we were looking at it, Mrs. Wood said, “Brother Branham, what are you going to do with it?” Said, “Won’t you—you kill her now.” And said, “Take them little ones and just kill them quickly, because they got a round mouth and they can’t nurse a bottle. So you’ll have to kill them.”

I said, “I just can’t do it.”

“Why,” Mrs. Wood said, “I . . . Go and get you a gun and kill it.” Said, “I thought you was a hunter.”

I said, “I’m a hunter, but I’m not a killer.” I said, “I—I just couldn’t do it. That’s a mother, and she’s fighting for her babies. I haven’t got the heart to do it.”

She said, “Well, let Banks do it (that’s her husband).”

I said, “No, I can’t do that.”

Said, “You don’t mean you’re going to let that poor thing lay there and suffer.” The woman was right in her way of thinking. Said . . . Being a veterinarian, she knowed the humane thing to do was kill them.

And I said, “That’s right, Mrs. Wood, but I just can’t do it.”

She said, “You going to let her lay there like that?”

I said, “Yes.”

39 And I let the rake up and she made her way up to my doorstep and collapsed. We went up there and poured water on her. Every once in a while she looked like she grinned just a little; how the opossum does make the grin.

40 That night after long days of service, Mr. Wood said, “Brother Branham, you, service long enough today,” said, “let’s go out and take a ride.” Coming in that night at eleven o’clock, there laid the old opossum, still laying there. He said, “Now, you know if she’d have ever moved any more, she’d move when the sun went down.” Those little babies still nursing that almost dead mother . . .

All night I couldn’t sleep.

41 The next morning I went out about six o’clock, there was the old opossum still laying there, dew all over it, flies all over the leg. Well, I thought, “That poor old thing, and I can’t kill her,” those little babies still nursing at her. I thought, “Suppose she’s dead.” And I kicked on her a few times with my foot; I seen her move just a little; she’s still alive. I thought, “Oh, my.”

And just then I heard my little girl, Rebekah, here. She’s going to be a spiritual little girl. She just saw her first vision, recently, in school. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

42 Quiet just a moment. I'm going to do something that or try something, if God willing. I'm going to ask Him. . . I'm going to ask you people tonight. . . I told Billy not to give out any prayer cards. We already got prayer cards out, not to give out any more tonight, which we usually do. But I'm going to ask those who's got prayer cards just hold your peace for a minute.

43 Now, I'm going to ask our heavenly Father, that if we have found grace in His sight, that He will move over this audience now, and will heal the sick without you coming here. I believe He will do it. I'm asking Him to upon the merit of His Word, on the merit of these people coming to Christ. I've done my best, all I knowed how to do. Immediately after the service, I'll ask you to come to the altar and pray just a moment. We been late each night, and I'm going to ask you to be reverent, and pray, and look this a way. And if Christ, the One that I have spoke of, God's Atonement, if He was standing here in this pulpit. . . And the Bible said that He is a High Priest that can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities. How many knows the Bible says that? That's right.

Well, when a woman touched Him when He was here on earth, He turned around and said, "Who touched Me?" And He kept looking over the audience till He found the woman and told her her condition and told her her faith had saved her. Is that right? The Bible said He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. That was the sign of the Messiah in the Bible when He was here, because He did those things to the Jew and Samaritan and Gentile and all. How many knows that to be the truth? That was the seal of His Messiahship.

44 Now, if you will, give me your attention just for a moment. Everybody believe; everybody look; everybody believe; look to Christ, say, "Lord Jesus, I'm in need."

And we're got a day where I feel sorry for the people. One says, "This is the way." "That's the way." "We got the truth". "We got. . ." Poor people don't know which way to go. American and Canadian people are the worst confused people in all the world. (That's right.), the worst confused of all the world. If there's anywhere that missionaries belong is not in Africa, it's in the North America continent.

I'm sure if Brother Thom is standing here, he could almost answer and say that's true. That's right. What do you think about it, Brother Thom? That's right. If missionaries are needed, it's here.

45 Now, I don't say this to slur. I say this through reverence and respect. But an educated heathen is harder to deal with than an uneducated heathen. And what does the word "heathen" mean? "Unbeliever." That's right. One who's smart and self-sufficient, you

---

---

can't deal with him. Let one that knows he knows nothing, he will know Christ in a little bit if you'll tell him. That's right. They won't try to figure nothing out. He just believes and that settles it. Tens of thousands come at a time.

<sup>46</sup> Now, look this a way. I won't take up no more time. I feel that the Holy Spirit is here. God is always here, but I believe His Presence here. Now, through this audience, especially here where I can see plain in the audience, 'cause I been preaching hard . . . And in this audience, if the Holy Spirit will come and perform the same miracles right here from this platform into that audience that He did when He was on earth, how many will say, "It'll increase my faith and make me happy." Now, we won't even . . . We want people out of the audience, all around, wherever you are. Now, just be reverent and set quiet just for a moment.

I'm just want to look at this side and pray. Now, I have no way in the world . . . I—if somebody would come here . . . If this man would raise up and say, "Brother Branham, what's wrong . . ."

If my mother was laying here and say, "Billy, what's wrong with me, honey? I nursed you when you was a baby. I took care of you. I fed you. I—I—what all I've done for you. Honey, what's my outcome?" I wouldn't know. God would have to tell me to my poor mother. I have no way of controlling it. It's God's grace that does it, the same grace of God.

<sup>47</sup> But you're sick people, many of you here. And I . . . God wants to heal you. And He's already done it; He just wants your faith to believe it. Now, let's just try to go across the audience one way or the other. Let's look in this way. And now, you people over here go to praying and just saying, "God, be merciful to me," and pray. And I will just watch. "How do you do it? What do you see, Brother Branham?" There's something takes place. There's no need of trying to explain it; but this Spirit, that you see on the picture; that's scientific. If this is my last message tonight, remember, my word is the truth. Because the Bible says it's the truth; my ministry proves it's the truth, the Holy Spirit in it; and the scientific world knows it's the truth. So there's the three witnesses. May God give us three witnesses here tonight, at least three people. If God will do that, I'll be happy about it: three people.

<sup>48</sup> Now, just pray and be real reverent. Wherever you are in the building, doesn't matter. All the way at the back, wherever you are . . . See there's lots of spirits; everything's a con—every one of you is a spirit; everyone's a spirit. If you wasn't, you wouldn't be here. Now, here. I hope that the audience will look at me at this time; just watch now.

Standing right here, right in between here and where that step goes down there, you see that circle of Light, that little Light circling there? Now, that's the Light that's on this picture. Now, It just now appeared. If I say, in the Presence of It, and in my Bible, and before the Creator of heavens and earth, I believe that that's the same Light, the Pillar of Fire that led the children of Israel. I believe that Pillar of Fire was made flesh and dwelled among us in the form of the Son of God, Jesus Christ. I believe that Jesus Christ said on earth, according to His Word, "I come from God, I go back to God." And I believe that when He returned back, He returned back to that same Light that led the children of Israel. I believe that that is the same Light that Paul saw on his road that was so bright to him, It struck him down, although, those who was with him did not see the Light.

I do not know whether anyone sees this or not; I can't say. I believe It's the same Light that come into the prison that night with Peter, the apostle. And he thought he dreamed when the prison doors opened and let him out. I truly believe that Almighty God is the Creator of heavens and earth, and Jesus Christ is His Son, Who is present now.

<sup>49</sup> And He's answering prayer to a little woman setting right here, over the top of this little blond-headed woman's head. She's a little black-headed woman, and she's suffering with a nervous trouble. If you'll look this a way, watch, give this attention . . . The little lady that's looking around the head of that man, right here. You're suffering with a nervous trouble, lady, a little black-headed woman. That's right.

Right next to you is a man, and that man is suffering with a back trouble. Do you have a prayer card? You don't? You don't need one. You're husband and wife. That's right. Raise up your hands if them things is said is true. I don't know you, never seen you; you have no way . . . That's true, is it? You are both healed. Jesus Christ makes you well. Amen.

<sup>50</sup> God, gave us—give us another. Here's a man right in behind them; he's looking at me. He's got a gallbladder trouble. Your name is Clarence, isn't it? And you want a . . . You didn't come from here; you're from a place called Grande Prairie. That's right, isn't it? Well, your gallbladder trouble is ended, sir. You can go home and be well. Amen.

You say, "Brother Branham, you called that man's name." Didn't Jesus Christ, when He was here in a body of flesh, tell Simon his name was Simon, and his father's name was Jonas, and he'd be called Peter after that? Is that right? He's still the same. Amen.

<sup>51</sup> I don't know what you believe about it. To me, the Holy Spirit is here. I just . . . What are you think about it, sir, setting right here?

Do you believe? You're suffering with a skin trouble, aren't you? If that's right, raise up your hand. You believe God for healing? I'm going to tell you something else. As soon as I mentioned skin trouble, that man holding that baby there, has got skin trouble too. That's right, isn't it, sir? Put your han—put your hand, sir, over on the baby. O Jesus, the Son of God, heal them both; I ask in Jesus' Name. Amen. I challenge your faith.

<sup>52</sup> Here, there hangs that Light over a woman. She's suffering with high blood pressure; stand to your feet. Her name is Mrs. Fishbrook. You're from this city. You live on a street called 125th Street. Your number of your house is 13104. That's exactly right. If that's right, raise your hands—raise your hand. All right, go home. You're healed, lady. Jesus Christ makes you well. I challenge your faith in the Name of the Lord Jesus, if you'll only look, and live, and believe. Be reverent.

<sup>53</sup> What about you in this district over here? Look over this way. Have faith and believe. God's no respect of person. What about you, the gray headed man setting here praying so earnestly, "Lord, let it be me." You believe God would heal you of that rheumatism, you get well? If you do, raise up your hand. All right, stand up on your feet. Raise your hands up-and-down. All right, you can go home now. Your faith made you well. Amen.

<sup>54</sup> There's a lady setting right on the end of the seat back there, looking right at me now. She's got rheumatism too. She's got a back trouble. You believe, lady, that God will heal you? If you believe it with all your heart, you can have it, and go home and be well. What do you think? Respond to it, quickly. Now, the lady missed her healing, 'cause the Light come right down here. Yes.

<sup>55</sup> Got heart trouble, haven't you, the lady here on the front row, Miss Farr. You believe God will make you well? Father there has got spiritual troubles. That's right. Uh-huh. You don't come from this city either; you're from the States. You're from a place called, got hills in it, rolling country, mountains; it's Pennsylvania. The city's name Warren, Pennsylvania. If that's right raise your hand. You're healed now, both of you. Jesus Christ makes you well. Amen.

<sup>56</sup> You believe on the Lord? Certainly you do. You believe His Presence here? Now, I want every man or woman that's backslid, or accepted Christ a while ago, come here before we finish the prayer for the sick. Come here just a minute while this Anointing is here. Come forward, you that raised your hands a while ago. Walk right out down here just a minute to—in the Presence of Christ, so I can ask the blessing over you. Come right down here now, right quick, so we can finish with the prayer while the . . . Come right on down now.

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins.  
When sinners plunge beneath the flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

In the Presence of Jesus Christ, come forward now. Will you do it? All right. All right, who's the song leader now? You, sir? [Brother Branham talks to the song leader—Ed.] Won't you come now?

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath the flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
Lose all their guilty . . .

Come, sinner friend, backslider, cold, lukewarm, indifferent. Come from the balconies. We're giving you this opportunity to come now and accept this Lord Jesus Who takes the sting out of death.

<sup>57</sup> Surely I know what I'm talking about. He wouldn't let me do these things, prove that He's here.

Lose . . .

You want to lose your guilty stains? Come right on down now, each one. What's the matter with you, Canadians? What's the matter? It's a good thing to be conservative, but don't be too starchy. You're going to grieve the Spirit away from you, and you won't have no revival. Listen at me. I speak in the Name of the Lord. Break up that stubbornness among you, that starchy . . . Get to your knees. You know you need repenting. I speak in Jesus Christ's Name.

<sup>58</sup> Yes, sir, if you want to have a revival, warm your heart to God. There's a dozen or two of you more needs to be around this altar tonight. And if I'm the servant of God, if I'm the prophet of God, I speak in His Name, and you know who I'm talking to. Plan your place here at the altar. You're too starchy. You better get right with God, 'cause the hour is coming when you're going to scream to find this, and you won't find it. That's THUS SAITH THE LORD. That's God speaking. All right. Find your way around this altar. You who are indifferent, shame on you. When the Holy Spirit come and do the things that He's doing right in the midst of you, and you set like a—like you was froze to death. Get out of the seat and get to the altar; repent or perish. That's true.

Don't know why I'm saying this. Something is saying to me to say it. I'm giving you a warning. This may be your last one too. You repent. I don't care what church you belong to. If you're not repented and the love of God's not in your heart, you're a sinner and on your road to hell. That's THUS SAITH THE LORD. The same God Who

---

---

discerns the spirits here and tells them their condition, is speaking right now. I speak in Jesus Christ's Name. Fly to the altar and get to your repentance, quickly, before God turns the page over on you, and you're doomed forever. That's THUS SAITH THE HOLY SPIRIT that's in the midst of us now.

<sup>59</sup> That's blunt, but that's Him. I can only speak. God knows that I wouldn't say that within myself for nothing. Something grabbed me and said, "Say that." I only obey God. While we're singing one more verse, every soul of sin oppressed, you'd better come right now, for that was Him speaking. He's speaking to your heart. You know He is. If there's anything this country needs in here, is a breaking up. You got to have a breaking up before you can be remolded again. You've just went to church so long you got so mossed back, and stiff about it. That's right. You need a repentance. You need an old fashion experience of God's love in your heart. And you remind, my voice will haunt you as long as you're a mortal. That's true. I speak in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
 And sin . . .

Let me say another thing. You got something against somebody, you better be making it right, right now. It's shutting off dark in this building.

. . . their guilty stains.

"My spirit will not always strive with man . . ."

. . . their guilty stain,  
 Lose all their guilty stain;  
 And sinners plunged . . .

(I believe I'd raise right out of my seat and come. If my heart wasn't just warmed up to God, I'd make my way to the altar.)

. . . guilty stain.  
 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sin away.  
 Wash all my sin away,  
 Wash all my sins away;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sin away.

<sup>60</sup> Friends, if God Almighty has spoken the way . . . I have not seen this happen in years. I never had such a feeling as come on me just a

few moments ago, when I seen look like blackness waving through this building. Something struck me and that was not my words or my will for my words. God knows that's the truth. There's something wrong. You just remember that.

Listen, friends. I—I'm not a compromiser. I'm not a person that comes wishy-washy. I tell the truth, and God vindicates that I do tell the truth. That's right. And you just get so churchy until you leave Christ out. People just get churchy. I'm glad to see your convictions. Your pastors are here. Don't think they'll laugh at you. You'll win a place in your pastor's heart that will never sink away. I admire a man who's wrong and will walk up and say, "I'm wrong." Any other God-saved pastor would do the same thing. They would admire it.

<sup>61</sup> I'm going to ask the pastors to come here, pray with me, with the rest of this audience. All the pastors, and—and the—the missionaries, whatever you are, clergy, come forward now. Come around here and let's pray. All of you together, walk up here. Let's stand around this group of people. This meeting's gone on long enough, when—when it ought to be great things happening. Why, the blind ought to be seeing; deaf. . . Here's wheelchairs setting here in the middle of the aisle, and we haven't seen a wheelchair get up yet. Why, shame on us. There's something wrong. We got to get this thing out of here. God wants a revival here in Edmonton. I know He sent me. I've waited ten years to come back to Edmonton, and the devil's trying to cheat this revival. And you're going to know the truth. Now, what you think about me that's—don't make any difference, but you're going to know the truth. There's something wrong. God sent me here for a stirring and a revival, and you're going to be guilty if you don't jump in, and do everything you can.

<sup>62</sup> I do not speak of a denomination. I don't care about denominations, any of them; they're all all right. Go to anywhere you want to. But I want to see a revival. God wants a revival. And this may be your last one. So you better come now, while you can. Every one, every one's invited, Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, I don't—Buddha, whatever you are, we're asking you to come. We're persuading you to come to the One Who took the sting out of death. And each man and woman in here is going to taste death just as sure as you're setting here. And you don't know when it's going to be.

<sup>63</sup> And surely, I speak the Word of God. No man can lay a finger on but what I speak God's Word. And God Himself comes down and vindicates, "That's the truth." And here we set here, nothing going on; these sick people laying here, come to be healed. Why, shame on us. We need a revival. We need a shaking, a reawaking. That's right.

---

---

Forget about the little denominations and the little barriers. Let's come together. This is God moving, not me; it's God. I'm just a man. I'm a mortal. I got to ask for mercy myself. But, brother, He's here that knows you and knows your heart. The same One knows your heart told me to speak this, and I speak it: "Your blood's not on me at the day of judgment." I speak in Jesus' Name. I've told you the truth. God's here. Amen.

Now, it proves I was—that I was an—the Anointing of the Holy Spirit was here. Looky here at the church members and everything else, know their conditions. What we need friends, a breaking up. Lay your burdens down here; get right with God. That's what we need.

<sup>64</sup> Now, all you that's on praying grounds, all you that's interested in these people, if you're right with God, stand to your feet in reverence and respect of God, and let's pray for these people here. Amen. Would you like to see another night of Pentecost? It's up to you. The Giver of Pentecost is here, the Holy Spirit. Sinners, repent; backsliders, get right with God. Raise your hands to God now. In your own way pray to God, say, "God forgive me. Be merciful to me; help me. And send us an old time Holy Ghost revival."

<sup>65</sup> O, eternal God, I come in the Name of Jesus Christ. Now, the devil has been rebuked; sickness is been made well; the Gospel's been preached, the power of God. Drive every demon power away from this exhibition. Grant it, Lord. And break down every middle wall of partition; tear down denominationalism; tear down ideals of that type. And let the Holy Ghost come just now to every heart like a rushing mighty wind, and fill this great big audience here with illuminating power of the Holy Ghost, and set a flame of fire in every heart. O, eternal God, Who knows the hearts of men, Who reveals Thyself as a flaming fire, forgive every sin; take away trespasses, and make these people pure and white. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>66</sup> Now, raise your hands, praise Him. Give Him thanks and praise. Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Satan has to leave. Amen. Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Keep your hands up and praise Him. Give Him praise. Say, "Thank you, Lord, for saving me." If you ask Him . . . You got a right to do it. Amen. Praise Him, give Him praise. [A minister speaks to the audience—Ed.] Believe it.

Give Him glory, all ye people,  
For His blood can wash away each stain.  
I will praise Him, (Lift your hands to Him.)

I will . . . (Get that old, cold, formal shape off of you.)  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;

Give Him glory all ye people,  
For His blood has washed away each stain.

67 I want you to shake hands with somebody standing by you. If there's anybody that you've done harm to, make your way to them and shake their hand. "God bless you, brother." Methodists, Baptists, everywhere, shake hands. That's right. Say, "Forgive me, brother, if I've harmed you. I love you. I—I appreciate you; you're my brother; I need you. I must have you. We're brothers together. We want to see God move."

68 I believe if those people in them wheelchairs and cots and things will go to praying right now, you'll see something take place. That's just exactly. That's right. Oh, wonderful. Just shake each other's hand. Now, let's raise our hands to Him.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Give Him glory all ye people,  
For His blood has washed away each stain.

I will praise Him, (Oh, praise God.) I will praise Him,  
Oh, praise the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Give Him glory all ye people,  
For His blood has washed away each stain.

69 Everybody feels all scoured out, like the Holy Spirit's done something for you, raise your hands to Him like this, just feels that the Holy Spirit has done something. Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Oh, my. Isn't He wonderful? Give us a chord of it, brother. "Isn't He Wonderful." Everybody now. "Isn't He Wonderful."

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful?  
Isn't Jesus my Lord wonderful?  
Eyes have seen, ears have heard,  
What's recorded in God's Word;  
Isn't Jesus our Lord wonderful?  
Isn't He wonder . . . (Is He to you? Is He wonderful?  
Does He mean life to you?)  
Isn't Jesus my Lord wonderful?  
Eyes have seen, ears have heard,  
What's recorded in God's Word;  
Isn't Jesus our Lord wonderful?

70 Listen. "Eyes have seen; ears have heard what's recorded in God's Word." What is it? "He's the same yesterday, today, and forever." I believe we're ready for a revival, do you believe it? I believe we're ready. How many's going to start praying, going to start moving different right now? Raise your hands. "I'm going to start right now; we're going

to move right on.” If there’s anything in your way, take it out. Let’s start from this very hour and see an old fashion, God-sent, Pentecostal, heaven-born revival break into this city. The blind can see; the deaf can hear; the dumb can speak; the cripples can walk. Sure. But we can’t do it under a cold formal starchy people. We’ve got to break our differences down and get into the Spirit. Then you begin to see things.

<sup>71</sup> When Elijah asked them to pray of him, they brought out the minstrel, and when the minstrel begin to pray, the Spirit come on the prophet. We’ve got to get the Spirit here before we can have any prophecy and any good things taking place. God bless you. Oh, how many loves Him, say, “Amen.” [Congregation says, “Amen.”—Ed.] That’s good. All right. Now, let us bow our heads, just a moment, for Brother Allcock, if you will. Walk forward now, while we dismiss the audience in prayer. All right. God bless you.



## Copyright notice

All rights reserved. This book may be printed on a home printer for personal use or to be given out, free of charge, as a tool to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This book cannot be sold, reproduced on a large scale, posted on a website, stored in a retrieval system, translated into other languages, or used for soliciting funds without the express written permission of Voice Of God Recordings®.

For more information or for other available material, please contact:

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS  
P.O. Box 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.  
[www.branham.org](http://www.branham.org)