
LIFE



Thank you. Let's remain standing just a moment for prayer, if you will. Shall we bow our heads while we pray?

Dear God, we are grateful to Thee, indeed, for this grand privilege of assembling ourselves together and worshipping Thee. And we would ask Your blessings to continue, Lord, upon this service tonight. And we pray that the Holy Spirit will take Its position at every seat and every aisle, and may men and women become conscious of His Presence. And if there be sin in our midst, Lord, forgive us. And if there's sickness, heal us. And get glory out of the service, Lord. And now, when we read Thy Word, we pray that You'll bless Your Word, and may we have fellowship around the Word. For we ask it in the Name of Thy Son, the Lord Jesus. Amen. You may be seated.

² I just come a little early, tonight, and was sitting back there on one of the—the benches, when I heard that good old fashion singing, and the choir, and the—the music. My, I thought maybe the Millennium was about ready to start. That sounded real good. If anything I like is good singing. And I wished. . . I always thought I'd like for the Lord to give me voice to sing. I—I just can't hardly make a joyful noise. So but. . .

If you want an appointment with me, as soon as life is over, and it's all finished, there's a. . . Where the river of Life comes out from under the Throne, and comes down, this way, and goes around the mountain of—of salvation, and there—where the trees are on either side of the mountain; over on that side, there's a choir sings. All the great voices sing over there. There'll be Sankey, and all of them over there singing.

And over on this other side, there's this little tree; I'll be setting under that tree listening. So now. . . That's where I want to be to hear that great, Angelic choir join in with the mortals. But you know, I was thinking, that the Angels, when Jesus comes. . . And one singing I want to be at, the great singing, is to hear the time that when we stand upon this earth and sing the songs of redemption.

Angels will stand just out—off the earth with bowed heads, not knowing what we're singing about. They never had to be redeemed. We are the ones will be rejoicing. We were the ones that were lost, and now we're found. And we'll sing the redemption stories, when they won't even understand it. They'll just stand with bowed heads, and listen to us sing. Won't that be a wonderful time? Oh, I long to see that.

³ I love good singing, but it's one thing I don't like is an overtrained voice, overtrained, one that holds their breath just so long, till they get

blue in the face. You know, they're not singing to the Lord, they're just trying to see how long they can hold their breath.

There's nothing any prettier than old fashion pentecostal singing, with the glory of God in the meeting. That's real joy to my heart, and I was so glad to refresh myself in the presence of that good singing tonight. The Lord bless you, and keep that up.

⁴ Last night, I thought I'd kindly choked you out a little bit, by being just a little long, and we are . . . Our program drop—drawed out. I met the chairman just now, a brother, and he said, "No, Brother Branham, that was all right; we don't close our church till ten o'clock." He maybe, oughtn't to have said that to me. But I'll try to hurry right through tonight, being a night . . . evangelistic night, and tomorrow, why . . . And tomorrow night, we go right into the preaching and prayer for the sick again.

Now, tonight, I want to speak from a text out of the Scripture. And I just love to read the Word. Don't you love the Word? How many Bible readers are here, just raise your hands, real high? Oh, that's fine.

⁵ And to come down when he . . . Usually before we come for that anointing to—for the prayer line, I have to stay shut up, fasting and praying. But when you don't have to do that, in coming down to just speak, you just feel different. You know, it's the same Spirit, but a different operation.

And now, I love to read the Word, because the Word is God's Word, and God is just as good as His Word is. And now, I wish to read from the book of Psalms, the 63rd Psalm. And I want to read the first three verses:

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsts for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen it in thy sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better to me than life, my lips shall praise thee.

I like that 2nd verse, real well.

To see thy power, and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in thy sanctuary.

But the subject would be, tonight, on the 3rd verse:

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

6 And I want to speak on the subject for about twenty, thirty minutes, of "Life." Life is what controls us. We are known by the life that we live. And it's been said that your life speaks so loud that I can't hear your testimony. So therefore, to live a sermon would much better, than to preach one. The life you live, shows what character you are, because your life always builds your character.

And Jesus said, "By their fruit, you shall know them." So no matter what we would say, or how much we would testify, if our lives doesn't coincide with that testimony, we are doing the Kingdom of God an indetbment, by giving that testimony. Because people know what we are.

7 And I've often thought at a funeral service, to hear a man preach the funeral of some person, that had lived ungodly, and had never done anything right, and yet preach as though they were a great person, that had gone right on to heaven.

Now, no matter what you'd ever say, the people already has their minds made up, by the life that that character has left behind.

And I like to think that of Longfellow right here, when he said, "Parting's leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time." That's the "Psalm of Life." Oh, I think it's beautiful.

8 Now, the Christian church should have real character then. And if the Life of Christ is in the church of Christ, then it's got to have the character of Christ. It'll produce the Life of Christ. It's just no more than just what we call in the south, common sense. If the Life of the Spirit of Christ is in the church, it has to produce that Life, because the life that's in you, makes your character.

And what kind of characters ought we to be, who have solemnly promised that we would serve the Lord Jesus as long as we live, and we have been baptized to His death, burial, and resurrection, and have put our names upon the church rolls, take out place in Sunday school, and then go out, and live something different.

Oh, it's more . . . It's more of an indetbment to the cause of Christ, than all the bootleg joints we have in America. God grant the day, that when men will live just what they are. And you can always tell them by their nature, their make-up.

9 Now, you cannot get a—a dove and a crow to agree together, although they were both birds and set on the same roost in the ark. Both of them are fowls; they both have wings, but when the crow was let loose, he was satisfied with eating the dead carcasses, that was floating around from place to place, and he never returned back again to the ark.

But when the dove went out, she could find no rest for the soles of her feet, so she had to come back. See? The dove cannot eat with the crow.

And the crow is a hypocrite; he can eat his own food, and go over and eat with the dove also. But the dove cannot eat dove food and come over and eat crow food. So that's the way it is with hypocrites. They can get in the church, and just rejoice like the rest of them, and go right out into the world and eat again. But a genuine Christian can only eat the food of God.

¹⁰ Why can't the dove eat carrion and stuff from the old earth, and the old carcasses, because it's a make-up of the dove. The dove is one bird who does not have any gall. If that dove would eat off of an old carcass, that dove would die immediately, because it doesn't have any gall. It just can't digest that stuff.

And a man or woman, that's ever been born of the Spirit of God, just can't eat the things of the world and tolerate with sin, because they have no more gall. They're made up different. And we're always known by the life that we live.

¹¹ Some time ago down in the south, when they had slavery, taking human beings and selling them just like you would an automobile. . . . And there they would. . . . Had lots, like you'd have today, used cars. Brokers came by and would buy slaves. Maybe, this plantation had a hundred slaves, and some broker would come by and say, "That big fellow. I'll take him." And over here, he had a—a big woman. Maybe not his wife, breed them, make bigger slaves. And they would go around and buy them, just like you would a animal.

And one day, a certain broker came by a plantation, and he said, "How many slaves do you have?"

And he told them, "A large number."

"Any for sale?"

Said, "Look them over, and price them." And he looked. . . .

¹² And of course, the slaves were brought over here from Africa by the Boers, and they were sold to the southern people for slaves, and they were sad. They would never go back home again. They'd have to die away from their own land. They'd never see their father, nor their mother, no more. Sometimes their children or their wives, brothers or sisters, they'd never see them no more. So they were very sad.

They were in a strange land, with strange people. And the white people would, slave owners would whip them sometimes to make them work, just like they would whip the horse. And they had to drive them around to do it.

¹³ But this certain plantation, where this broker was, he noticed one young fellow there, that they didn't have to drive him, had his chest out, his chin up; he was be just right at the spot, any time. They didn't have to scold him or say anything to him. So this broker said to the slave owner, the plantation man; he said, "I want to buy that slave."

"Oh," he said, "he's not for sale."

He said, "Do you . . . Is he the boss over the rest of them? He's so much different."

Said, "No. He's just a slave."

"Well," said, "maybe you feed him better than you do the rest of them."

Said, "No, he eats out in the galley with the rest of the slaves."

He said, "Well, what makes him so much different than the rest of them?"

He said, "I wondered myself, until I found out the truth." He said, "That boy is the son of the king of the whole tribe. His father is the king of all of them, and though he's an alien, away from home, he still knows that he's a king's son, and he conducts himself like that."

¹⁴ Oh, what ought we to be as sons and daughters of God? How ought we to conduct ourselves in this present world of sin and slavery? Our characters and our conduct should be the highest to keep the morale of the rest of them moving, because we are aliens, and we are strangers and pilgrims, but our Father is the King. Oh, He's rich with houses and lands. He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hand. Oh, I'm so glad to be a son of that King.

¹⁵ Now, when I first read this Scripture here, I thought, "What must the prophet be speaking about?" He said, "Thy love kindness is better to me than life."

Now, I can't think of anything better than life. And there's only one type of Eternal Life, and that comes from God. And God had no beginning, so He has no end. That great Spirit, we would call it the— the colors of the rainbow, the best way I could illustrate it. One was the Spirit of love, the other one, the Spirit of righteousness, and so forth, the seven Spirits of God, that make up God. And anything . . . We'll take like the word, "love," there's two different words. We call "love," like we have for you wife, that's called in the Greek word, "phileo." And the love you have for God, is "agapao."

¹⁶ Now, phileo love, like you have for your wife, is a perverted love. Then from that kind of love, it perverts again to lust and on down. And all those kind of things must have an end, to come to back to that which had no beginning or end.

Now then, *agapao*, came all the way down from the highest to the lowest to redeem His creature and bring him back to Himself. Oh, no wonder that people can't even express it. One said:

If we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
And was every stalk on earth 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.

And no one will never know, what *agapao* love meant to stoop down, and to condescend to the lowest pits of the lowest hell, to bring the fallen creature, from a creature of time to a creature of Eternity. We could not express it.

But I was thinking as He said, "Thy love kindness is better than life." What could be better than life? Everything else has an end. But life has no end, so what could be more valuable than life? So I drew this kind of a conception of what David was speaking. And he must have been talking about a different kind of life.

¹⁷ Now, life has many interpretations, and we notice that sometimes life has an interpretation like this: "Oh, we're really living it up." That's not life. Somebody said, "Making a lot of revelry," and saying this is life.

Some months ago, I was in a great city. And I was having a meeting. And that night . . . It was in another nation, Canada. And that night, a certain organization of America, they was having their convention up there. And I noticed as I left this great mammoth hotel, there were many people coming; the Americans were swarming in, and they were drinking, and women and men, all alike.

After my services was over that night, I got on the elevator . . . ? . . . and started up. And the whiskey bottles were everywhere. And I said to the elevator boy; I said, "It looks like that somebody's sure been drinking."

He said, "They sure had." And he stopped up, just about the eighth or tenth floor, to let me out, and when I got out . . . I was in the elevator by myself with the boy; when I stepped out, I heard something up the hall. And as I'd come out of a little—a little place where we'd come out from the elevator, I looked up the hall, and I never heard such a noise, of all the dirty words I ever heard. And I stopped just a moment.

¹⁸ Oh, this is shocking. Two young ladies, about, oh, in their late twenties or early thirties, with just their underneath clothes on, both

women married with wedding rings, and they had a big bottle of whiskey. And they were passing it one to another, and then pulling up their little underneath clothes and screaming. And you know what? Maybe, a husband at home taking care of the baby, while they were having a little innocent fun. It's sin! And vice versa, some woman home taking care of the baby, while her husband was up there with her having, little innocent fun. It's rank, ungodly, filthy sin. And the wages of it is death, separation from God forever.

And here they come down the hall, and one man grabbing them, pulling this way and another one that way, the man out of their doors.

I just stepped back and watched just a moment with my Bible. And finally, when they got loose the last man, and he sprawled on the floor, and had to climb in on his hands and knees, to get back in the room . . . And somebody pouring whiskey over the top of him, bringing him in.

¹⁹ Oh, such an ungodly sight. And I looked at that, and I thought, "Oh, God." I've seen these two beautiful little women, just with their underneath garment, and they stopped just a little above me, and they tried to pass the bottle one to the other, and one reached down and picked up her little skirt, and kicked her feet up in the air, and she said, "Whoopee, this is life."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I stepped out; I said, "Sister, you are mistaken; this is death." So death—life has more than one interpretation.

The Bible said, "She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she is alive." That's what God said.

²⁰ And she looked over, and she took the bottle; I said, "Just a moment." This same Bible in my hand. She blared her eyes and looked at me. I said, "I'm a Gospel preacher. And I'm an American too. But I'm almost ashamed of my country, that you've come here and represented it in the way that you're doing." I said, "Shame on you."

They dropped the bottle, and down the hall they went, as hard they could go. They thought they were living, but they were dead in sin and trespasses. Oh, what a condition.

²¹ In Hamilton, Ohio, recently, I was having a meeting, and they'd gotten up to seven, eight, ten thousand people, and I had to stay outside the city. We were eating at a little Dunkard restaurant. The ladies were clean and nice-looking, as they come in and waited, and everything just so decent looking. Well, we enjoyed that. Sunday came, and Sunday afternoon, I was going to speak. Dr. Baxter was let—let me speak, who was the campaign manager, and I'd speak on Sunday afternoon, then wait till Sunday night for the healing service. I got hungry; I

thought, “I believe I’ll go get something to eat, just a sandwich, kindly hold me over.”

As I went out the door, the little Dunkard restaurant, they’d closed up, and they were gone to church. And I seen, just across the other side, a typical little roadside place, with sandwiches and things. I stepped in there. And when I stepped in, there was a policeman with his arms around a woman, playing a slot machine. And gambling is illegal in Ohio. And a man of my age, which was, perhaps, a married man with a bunch of grown children. I looked down at the other end, there was a young teen-age girl setting by a bunch of them motorcycle-jacket boys, with a, you know, with their clothes half hung off.

²² And God bless that man in that college the other week, made that bunch of hoodlums straight up. He said, “You’ll either wear different clothes or get out of this school.” If more men had more American spirit and backbone like that, we’d have better schools and less juvenile delinquency, stabbings on the street and things.

And here they was setting back there, and the little teen-age girl, and her skirts hanging down, and them boys with their arms around her hips and things. I thought, “Oh mercy, let me get out of here.”

And as I turned to look, there was an old grandma, would have been sixty-five easy, if not more; her skin was all wrinkled up. And she had on that manicure on her lips (or I—ever what you call the stuff, blue looking); and the little lady with here hair cut and all frizzled up, and a pair of these little old ungodly clothes on, setting with two old men. It was summertime, and one of them with a great long government overcoat on. And they excused themselves and went out. I thought, “God, how can You stand to look upon sin? If it would make me, a sinner saved by grace, feel like it, what it do to a holy God, look like, You’d just destroy the thing.”

²³ And as I looked at it, I stepped behind the door and started out, and a vision came before me. I seen the world, and around the world was a spray. And it looked red. And then all of a sudden, I seen a—through the vision, the Lord Jesus, and sins were catching against Him, and it was my sins. And it was beat her from one side to the other, like a bumper on a car. And every time I’d do something, it would strike Him. And He looked at me with weary looking eyes; I said, “My, God, have I caused that?” I looked. Laying there was my book open, my name at the top, all kinds of dark streaks in it. And I said, “Lord Jesus, forgive me.”

And He touched His finger to His side, and wrote on it, “Pardoned,” and threw it behind Him.

And I said, “Oh, Lord God, I really don’t know what to say. I just love You for that.”

He said, "Now, I forgive you your sins, but you want to blow her up."

And I seen the woman. I come from the vision; I walked over to her, and I said, "How do you do?"

And she said, "Howdy do." She was drinking, almost drunk.

And I said, "May I set down?"

She said, "Thank you, but I have company."

I said, "I didn't mean it that way." I said, "May I just speak to you a minute?"

She said, "You may."

I said, "I was standing there at that door, wanting to know why God didn't strike you dead." And wanted to know if my little Sarah and Rebekah, when they get to be women, if they'll be raised up under such stuff as that. And I told her about the vision.

²⁴ She said, "I perceive that you're a minister."

I said, "I am." I said, "My name is Branham."

She said, "Oh, you're the Mister Branham down at the armory."

I said, "Yes ma'am." I said, "I'm sorry that I said that, or thought that in my heart."

And she started weeping, and then she caught me by the hand; she said, "Preacher, I'm going to tell you something. I was raised up in a Christian home, and my father was a Baptist preacher." And she told me about her marriage to a—a boy that drank, and she had two daughters then, that was married and had children. They were all Christians, but she took the road that's wrong, and she said, "I guess I'm finished."

I said, "No. As long as you've got life, you've got hope, because the Blood of the Lord Jesus has this world encircled, and God can't see your sins. But someday when your life passes beyond that circle of Blood, then you've already judged yourself."

And there on the floor in that little old place, I had the privilege of leading that precious soul to the Lord Jesus, sent her back home rejoicing.

Oh, the depths of the love of Eternal Life that God desires to give to His people. It was a changed life; she thought she was living over there, but she was dying. Now, she's living, and will live forever, because she has Eternal Life, from death unto Life.

²⁵ Now, some people think that drinking, and smoking, and gambling, and, oh, trying to do the things that they do in revelry, they think that

that's life, but it's death. And what makes them do that anyhow? Here's the reason they do it. Because God made a human being to thirst.

You were made for that purpose. Every organ in your body was made for a purpose. Everything is for a purpose. And God made a man to thirst, because He wanted him to thirst after Him. But the devil has perverted it, and he's trying to make you think something different and trying quench that blessed holy thirst by filling it with sin. He's giving you death in the stead of life. It's a perverted life. It cannot be the right life. And the devil is doing that, because that God made you to thirst, but thirst after Him. That little flame in you that makes—that wants to rejoice, get on the dance floor, and carry on, that's perverted. That thing that makes you to want to drink, and act the way the people do, that . . . The devil is trying to take sin and quench that God-given thirst, when God made you to thirst for Him. And you can never be satisfied until God comes in and satisfies that thirst.

Oh, how dare you to try to quench that blessed holy thirst with the things of the world, when God give it to you to thirst after Him.

²⁶ Now, I hope I don't hurt anyone's feeling, unless it's deserved, but I just want to call some things to remembrance to you. What's happened to the church lately? The church used to be a separated people. I didn't know what group I was speaking to until the man told me here, I was speaking to Pentecostal people.

Now, let's go back just a little bit. You know, a few years ago, it was wrong for Pentecostal women to cut their hair. What happened? If it was wrong then, it's wrong now. Now, you say, "Well, my pastor . . ." Well, you need a new pastor.

The Scripture says, "If a woman cuts her hair, she dishonors her husband. And if she's dishonorable, she should be divorced."

You won't like me after this, but I'm going to be honest. But at the day of judgment, I don't want to stand with that wishy-washy bunch, who was ashamed to tell you. Preaching's not a meal-ticket, it's a responsibility to God to tell the truth.

²⁷ And it used to be wrong for Pentecostal women to wear that make—make-up, manicure stuff on their face. It used to be. Don't tell me, I remember. And you Free Methodist, and you Missionary Baptist, and Pilgrim Holiness, and Nazarenes, it used to be wrong. What happened?

As old brother, Methodist preacher, friend of mine, by the name of Kelley, and he used to sing a little song, "We let down the bars, we let down the bars. We compromised with sin. We let down the bars, and the sheep got out. But how did the goats get in?" It's because we let down the bars. You're supposed to be a different people, a peculiar

people, a called-out people, a separated people, a people walking after the things of the Spirit and not the things of the flesh.

Oh, we used to be down on the corner with the guitar, and some salvation. And today, we're in a great big, swell, half-a-million, two million dollar cathedrals, with a big bunch of creeds like the old cold formals we used to talk about. Pot can't call kettle black. That's right.

28 And you Pentecostal women wouldn't let your girls put on them little old vulgar-looking clothes and get out on the street. Then talk about juvenile delinquency. Not only do they do it, but mammy, you do too. "Oh," you say, "I don't wear them shorts (I believe that call it) and halternecks, I—I—I don't wear them; I wear slacks." The Bible said that a woman that'll put on a garment that pertains to a man, it's an abomination in the sight of God. That's what the Bible says.

And today, you take women come down the street with these little old skirts on, that's so tight, and so sexy dressed, and call themselves Christians. Don't act up like the—the King of heaven's daughter, not conducting yourself. And look, let me tell you something, sister; and I'm only saying this for your good. When the judgment comes, you're going to answer for committing adultery.

29 You might be as pure as a lily to your husband, or to your boyfriend, but when you put on clothes like that and walk out on the street, if a sinner looks at you and lusts after you, the Bible said that he has committed adultery with you in his heart. And at the judgment bar, you're going to answer for committing adultery, because you presented yourself to him like that. Jesus said that. Who's guilty, the sinner or you? You are. He's a hog and a pig by nature. He's never been converted. But if he answers for committing adultery, who did he commit it with? Whosoever, sinner or saint, looks upon a woman to lust after her, has committed adultery with her in his heart already.

Think of it. "Oh," you say, "Brother Branham, that's the only kind of clothes they make." They still got sewing machines. There's no excuse for that. You know that's right. Does that act like a daughter of the King? "Well," you say, "The rest of them do." But you're different. You're an alien. You ought to conduct yourself like the daughter of the King.

30 And these women here, might say, "Brother Branham, we heard you was a woman-hater, so now we know you are." That's not so. I'm a lover of the Lord Jesus and responsible for His Word. "So why do you pick on us women?"

All right, you men, here you are. Any man that'll let his wife smoke cigarettes, and wear shorts, shows what he's made out of. He's no man. He ain't got an ounce in him, a Son of God, the head of the house.

That's right. Now, you know that's the truth. It shows what you're made out of. Man's not measured by muscles; that's beast, brute. Man's measured by character. And if you're a son of God, you're measured by your character. And you're supposed to be the ruler of the house, and God will hold you responsible for what she does. But she's a god in America.

³¹ And you remember, I've already predicted in 1933, a woman would rule this nation before the chaos, by the annihilation. See her face on the money; she's everything; she's a goddess; she's. . . Hollywood's done it. The reason that takes place, is because you stayed home on Wednesday night from the prayer meeting to watch some old dirty play of "We Love Sucky," or something like that.

Showed what was in you to begin with.

And you women, instead of having your prayer meetings, on the morning, the ten o'clock prayer meeting, you stay home to watch some vulgarity stuff, and dirty jokes, like that Arthur Godfrey or Elvis Presley, some scavenger feeding on the carcass of their own people.

Only one difference 'tween Elvis Presley and Judas Iscariot. Judas got thirty pieces of silver, and Elvis got a million dollars and a fleet of Cadillacs. He's a traitor to Christ. And yet, he becomes a god almost to the teen-ager, working up in such a condition, that a little young ladies get in there, and jerk their underneath clothes off, and throw it on the platform for him to autograph. Talk about devil power.

³² Go over to Africa, and see if that old boogie-woogie, or ever what they call it, rock-and-roll, that's originated with the Hottentots in Africa. And you're trying to satisfy that longing and blessed holy thirst by poking that trash down in the place where God wants to live and to give you freedom, and holiness, and happiness.

What a disgrace. What a letdown to the American people. And to you, Pentecostal people, and Pilgrim Holiness, and Nazarenes, who profess a higher calling than that, shame on you. You're dying and rotting in your own corruption.

No wonder, we can't have a revival in America. No wonder God can't place His gifts in the church. What has He got to place them in? You think He would place gifts in a thing like that? He just couldn't do it.

I hope that you understand what I mean. It's time for a housecleaning in the house of God, all the way from the pulpit to the janitor, an old fashioned, God sent, Saint Paul's revival, and the Bible Holy Ghost back into the church, back to make men and women, sons and daughters of God. Can't you realize that old dirty spirit of the devil gets into you and makes you act like that?

³³ Some time ago, I was crossing the America, and I had to take a bunch of books over in a truck. I hired a sinner to drive it, 'cause I couldn't find no one else. When I landed onto the ground, a great denominational Pentecostal people, and this sinner got out of the truck and was unloading the trucks, and with the books and so forth, and he was smoking a cigarette. And one of the great high officials come up the me and he said, "Brother Branham, I'm surprised at you."

Said, "What's the matter?"

He said, "That man's a smoking a cigarette, that unloaded your truck. We Holiness people, do not believe in smoking cigarettes."

I said, "Neither do I."

He said, "But our people, it'll be a stumbling block in their way."

I said, "I couldn't have no . . . Get no one to drive that car. I had two trucks; I had to drive one myself, and get him to drive the other one. I'm going to lay him off in a few minutes. He knows that."

He said, "Well, don't you never do that again." Said, "Because our people are holiness people."

I said, "I'm sorry I did it, sir. If I'd had anyone else, I wouldn't have done it."

³⁴ We turned around and walked to the place where there was several thousand people assembled together. And he . . . He said, "Here is my wife. I want you to meet her, Brother Branham." And I looked, she said . . . "She'll be your pianist this afternoon."

And not for jokes, this is no place for a joke. That's the trouble of today, we too much Hollywood evangelism and not enough of the old fashion conviction of the Gospel.

And that woman stood there with a dress on so tight, looked like the skin was on the outside. And she had great big earrings on, and stuff all over her mouth, and her—blue places behind her eyes, and real short-cut hair, and it all fuzzed up like a fuzzy worm.

And she said . . . look at . . . She said, "How do you do, Dr. Branham?"

I said, "Howdy." I said, "I want to ask you something, sir?"

Said, "Yes, Brother Branham."

I said, "Is your wife a saint?"

Said, "Certainly."

I said, "I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but she looks like a haint to me, from the way she's standing there like that."

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . ? . . . and they got the manicure stuff on . . . “Listen lady, let me tell you something as your brother: there was no woman in the Bible, that painted her face . . .” [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] So you can see what God thinks of painted face women, dog meat. That’s God dog meat. What do they do it for? Not to meet God. That’s not a joke; get that out of your minds.

³⁵ What does a woman do it for? What? To appear before men; that’s the same thing Jezebel does. She likes to hear the boys go, “whee whew” [Brother Branham imitates a wolf whistle—Ed.] that hound dog call or wolf call. That’s right. It’s because the pastor has let down. And you wouldn’t have an old fashion, God sent minister; you got some little Hollywood type of a guy that likes to beat on a drum, and jump up-and-down, and holler, “Hallelujah.” The devil can do the same.

Holiness becometh the Lord. And if you love the world, or the things of the world, the love of God’s not even in you. That’s what the Scripture said.

³⁶ Now, you see what you’re doing? The wrong spirit’s got among you, and it’s making you try to satisfy that blessed holy thirst, that God give you to worship Him with, you’re trying to satisfy it with television, radio, all the fancy things of the world, and make-ups, and carry on. I believe you should look clean. Don’t think I have to . . . ? . . . you ought to have dirty clothes on. I think you should look the best, but be decent, clean, honorable looking.

Laying out in the backyard, with a little old lawn mower, when a man’s coming on the . . . them little old clothes on, that you oughtn’t to even stand before your husband with. And men come in and permitting such as that. And then deacons in the church, shame on you. No wonder we’re gone.

³⁷ Listen, don’t you worry about Russia whipping us. It ain’t the robin that pecks on the apple that hurts it; it’s the worm at the core. Why, our own rottenness is what’s killing us. We need . . . ? . . . of the Lord God. If you want to act like children of God, He will protect His own. You know that’s the truth.

Now, that blessed thirst, what made it come? God made you that way? And the devil turns around and said, “This is life. This is life.” But you’re receiving death all the time. You don’t know what pleasure is, till you really get those carnal roots out of your heart and get God in there, where you can fellowship, and worship God, and rejoice, and sing in the Spirit, and wash His feet like a real lady or gentleman, house under control, and your children all obedient.

³⁸ A few days ago, down in Ohio, in a court they said that all children had to be sent to college. They want no illiteracy in Ohio. And the

Amish people don't send their children to these modern high schools. And they've never had on the record of all the Amish in . . . ? . . . history, of one case of juvenile delinquency. Let them dress different, and act different, and be peculiar, and act . . . But they haven't had no—no juvenile delinquency. Not one case on their records of—of America. They don't send them to them kind of places. And they passed a law that they'd have to go their own high schools and colleges.

And the old mother and father was called in because they didn't send their son.

And the judge said, "You'll either send them, or you'll serve two years in prison." I was in Middletown, Ohio at the time it happened.

And the father said, "I refuse to do it, sir. Not for being different, but because that I come to America, thinking that this was freedom of religion (We don't have no more democracy.)—freedom of religion.

He said, "You'll either abide by our laws, or you'll pay—you'll pay the penalty like the rest of them would."

He said, "I refuse to send them."

Said, "I sentence you and the mother, two years in the penitentiary."

³⁹ The last flower of democracy faded in that courtroom. The father got up and said, "Very well, I'll spend it to save my son. I don't want any of your rock-and-rolls and your nonsense." And when he started out, the unjust judge tried to justify himself by saying that, "Remember the Scripture says, 'Give Caesar what's Caesars.'"

And he turned around and said, "And to God . . . ?" But it bloomed again just in a few minutes. His whole bench quit the job, and resigned their office. God be blessed for a few real outstanding Americans yet there. What should the Church do? Take a stand and stand there, without moving.

⁴⁰ What's that thirst in you for? To worship God. Oh, David, he wrote the Psalms, the prophecy. He was an outdoor man; he loved the outdoors. Oh, how wonderful it is to love outdoors. How I remember mountain streams and there go hunting, not to kill the game, just to be alone with God, see Him moving in His bushes, and hear Him in the call of the elk, and the wolf, and all in the bears that squeaking for the . . . Oh, all in nature, the birds, everything, God's just everywhere.

One day, standing in the Rocky Mountains, I was way high. I was hunting up there with a rancher, and I . . . There was nobody within, oh, I guess, fifty miles, forty miles anyhow of us, the closest place was way back in behind the Corral Peaks on the . . . ? . . . pass, many, many miles. And I ranched in there, many, many times, running the

cattle, and so forth, even riding the roundups. So we knowed about all the country. I go there to hunt. So it was early, and the elk hadn't come down yet, while we were hunting, because they were up high. The snows hadn't come.

⁴¹ And I . . . ? . . . he said, "Now, Billy, I'm going to take the—the northern slope of the mountain, and you take the southern—eastern slope, and we'll meet about three days, and if you happen to get a big bull, hang him up, and we'll pack him on the pack horses coming back."

I said, "Okay, Jeff."

We started out to meet at a certain day. I was in the second day, I was way high, because of some real elk tracks, and they were up high yet. And in the fall, late, the storms come over, and rain, then will snow, and . . . ? . . . The sun will come and dry it out, and stormy.

And there come a great, sudden gush of wind was coming down with the storm and rain, and I got behind a tree. And I was standing behind the tree just a minute. And the storm went past, and oh, it did blow. And there'd been an old a blow-down there. And after the storm passed, it was cool while it was raining, and icicles was hanging all over the—the evergreens. You know how it gets, and—and just then the great sun begin to set in the crevices in the west, and a great, like a eye of God began to peek through, and a rainbow formed over the valley. I said, "Oh, God, it's good to be here."

Just then I heard the old bull elk bugle, and the herd answered him, the herd being broke up in the time of the storm. My mother's a half-Indian, that come off the reservations.

⁴² And then that began to call, the deep. David said, "Calling to the deep." The old gray wolf howled, and the mate answered it down in the valley. Oh my, something set my spirit to screaming. I got so happy, I said, "God, it's so good to be here. I set my rifle down, and around and around the tree I run, screaming as hard as I could, shaking my hands. If someone would have come in the woods, they'd thought there was a maniac out there. I didn't care; I was a worshipping the Lord, just having a glorious time.

After while, I noticed a little old pine squirrel, a little guy about that long, the fussiest thing in the woods. Jumped up on a stump and begin, "Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter," like he was going to cut you to pieces.

I said, "Don't get so excited, little fellow, I wouldn't hurt you. Did I make you scared? I'm worshipping the God that created you." Watch this. And around, and around, and around the tree, I went again. I said, "You ought to do that."

And I noticed the little fellow, his eyes bulged out almost on his cheek. Wasn't watching me, but cock his little head, looking around like that. And the storm had forced a big eagle down in there. That's what he was scared of.

⁴³ The big eagle jumped up on the limb, and I thought, "Now God, why did You stop me from shouting? Now, why did You put that eagle out there before me? Why? I'm here worshipping You. I know You're everywhere, but would You be in that eagle?" And I happened to notice that eagle. He wasn't a scared of me. And I said, "Are you afraid of me?" And that great big galded eyes looked at me; he wasn't afraid of me.

I said, "Oh, I see God in that eagle." I said, "Because he's not a scared. God's not a scared."

You're afraid; "If I accept my healing, I can't hold out. If I give Christ my heart, I'm afraid somebody will laugh at me." Now, you're not condition yet. You ain't dead enough yet.

⁴⁴ So this eagle wasn't a scared. I thought, "Why is it you're not scared?" I noticed him feeling his wings, you know how they scuffle their feathers. I thought, "Oh, that's it. I see; God's give you two wings." And if God give that eagle two wings, and he knowed he could be in that timber 'fore I could get the rifle in my hands. If he could trust his wings like that, what ought a church do that's filled with the Holy Ghost? Long as you can feel Him around you, know that He's there, what you afraid of? You afraid your boss will say, "How'd you get well?"

"Oh . . ." Don't be a scared, say, "The Lord God healed me." Don't be afraid. And I noticed he got . . .

⁴⁵ I said, "You know I can shoot you?" And I grabbed at my rifle. He watched, looked at me again. I noticed he wasn't afraid of me, but he was getting tired of that little old chipmunk, setting there, "Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter," just all fuss. So he got sick and tired of him, he just made a big jump. He made about two flops, and he was plumb out of the timber, and then I wept. He just took his great wings and spread them out like this. He never flopped his wings any more. He just knowed how to set his wings. And every time the wind would come up, he'd ride upon it, ride upon it, until he become just a little spot.

I stood and looked, and the tears running down my cheek. I said, "Oh God, that's it. That's what You wanted me to stop here and sent the storm for. That's the idea. Just know how to set your wings in the power of God, your wings of faith, and when the Holy Ghost rolls in, ride upon It. Just keep on going; get away from this little old woodchuck

chatter, chatter, saying the days of miracle is passed, and there's no such a thing as Divine healing. Ride over it. God wants to fill that heart.

⁴⁶ David said, "As the hart thirsts after the water brook, my soul thirsts after Thee O God." Listen close, I'm closing. David was in the mountains, and being a woodsman or hunter, he knew about the deer. I seen them many times, down in Louisiana, they—they hunt them with dogs. Over in Africa there's a wild dog. And it's very strange, and any deer hunter here knows, if you wound a deer, hurt him, and if he can get to water, you've lost him. As long as he can find water, he can live. But oh, if the dogs would hurt the little fellow. You see—you see them deer standing, and the dogs has the trick of the wolf either. And he slips up real easy. Now, he's technically got two blood fangs right here inside of his mouth. And he grabs the deer just behind the ear where the jugular vein crosses, he sinks those teeth in, the coyote, the wolf, the wild dog. And when he does, he throws himself. When he does that, I've seen them cut steers throat, coyotes. And he—he's sneaking; you don't know where he's at. And he grabs the deer, and he swings his weight and cuts the jugular vein, and the little deer makes a few drops, and he's gone. Then he's covered over with dogs, and coyotes eating on him, pulling the hide and meat right off his bones.

⁴⁷ How true that is tonight, with a many little innocent Christian. You little girls, with this little Elvis Presley, rock-and-roll, and Pat Boone, and Arthur Godfrey stuff, the devil to hang it—put that rouge stuff on your face to get the boys to give that (That's wolves, that's what they are. That's true.), to give that whistle. You dress yourselves in little clothes like that, and say, show that little body of yours. Oh honey dear, I've got two little girls at home too. God be merciful child. You don't realize, honey, that that's the trap of the devil. Don't never dress yourself so a man look at you like that. Keep yourself for your little sweetheart-husband that's coming someday. God will give it to you.

And there the wolves of hell is right after you, and you're coaxing them on. And one day the jugular vein will be cut. You'll be gone. Then you'll stumble a couple of times, you're gone. Innocent, "Oh, just a little rock-and-roll won't hurt anything." And I noticed our YMCAs are teaching it. What's that "C" in there call for, is that Christ or Cursing? It's a disgrace. She's gone, the whole nation's polluted; it's rotten to the core, because the church let down. It ought to be a standard.

⁴⁸ The deer . . . The dog has another technique to grab at the deer. If it misses it's ear, it'll grab it in the side. The hind quarters of the deer is heavier than the front quarters, and if he can grab him right in the flanks with those teeth, and take a big bite in the deer, if he's not a smart deer, he will—the dog will—in the mid-center of him or the wolf will throw the deer on the ground. If he misses this part, he will catch

him in the side. But if the deer's real smart, and jumps quick. It can't slowly jump, it's got to jump fast. And if the little deer will quickly turn sideways, the—the dog will pull a whole mouthful out. And then if the deer's quick and fast, he will get away.

Listen, sister dear, if you're right on that verge, and the devil has dragged you, jump quick. Don't wait till the next revival. Jump now. If you've had your first rock-and-roll date, don't never go again, jump away from it quick as you can. If you've been dressing like you oughtn't to, dress decent, act like a lady, a Christian. The hounds of hell's galloping after you.

⁴⁹ Then when she's grabbed . . . The little fellow will run as hard as he can, the blood's pouring out, watch here. He's got to find water. They're right behind him. He must find water. If he don't find water, he's gone. Let him find water, and he will live. But he must get to water right quick. And if he can pass over a stream . . . You hunters know what I mean. He will get his drink, run over the hill, freshens him up. He will come down and get a drink again, leave the dogs one way or the other, the hunter, either one. Back and forth and cross that river, he can live.

⁵⁰ But think of David, when he said, "As the hart panteth for the water brook, so my soul thirst after thee, O God." If that deer don't get the water, he's dead. And if you can't get to Christ, not the church . . . The devil tries to put a false thing in you there, tries to make you satisfied, that great thirst in you, by saying, "Yeah, I joined church." That's just as almost as bad as doing something else. He tries to . . . "Oh, I'm a Presbyterian, I'm Pentecostal, I'm Catholic, I'm a Baptist." That don't mean one thing to God. You can be any church member and go to hell like a martin to its box.

Jesus said, "Except the man be borned again, he will in no wise enter in."

"Well, I pay my tithes; I do this." That's all right, brother dear.

"Well, I tell you, our church has got the biggest missionary offerings in the country." That's very fine. "We got the loveliest church there is in the city, more members." That's fine, but that don't have one thing to do with salvation, not one thing at all. God don't even recognize it. "Except a man be borned again of the Spirit, and of the water, he will in no wise enter."

⁵¹ Intellectual won't help; it's got to come down here to a birth. Join church as much as you want to, good holy churches, that still won't have a thing to do with it. Be baptized face forward, backward, poured, sprinkled, won't . . . You just go down on a dry sinner and come up a wet one. It don't do one thing to you but pollute you. You're a twofold child more of hell than you was when you started. Most miserable

person in the world, is someone trying to impersonate Christianity, miserable. To live for Christ is a joy. It's wings that you fly over it, and your soul begins to thirst like the deer. "Oh, if I can't find it, I'll die." You'll find it. If you thirst after God like that, you'll find Him. "Oh, my soul longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. I long to see Thy power like I seen it in Thy sanctuary." Is your soul thirsting like that tonight?

"Lord Jesus, come to us. Bless us. Do for us like You did for them in the early days. Take the world from me, and let me worship You." Is your soul thirsting like that? Quickly, there'll be a spring break up in the inside of you. You'll live.

⁵² "Brother Branham," you say, "I'm just as good as the rest of them. I don't have to do these things."

You're dying and you don't know it. "As a hart panteth for the water brook, my soul thirst after Thee, O God." You must find water or he died. Ye must find God or you die. "I must see, Lord, or I'll perish."

Oh, how we need Him tonight, in an old fashion God sent revival, where men and women really get right with God. Let us pray:

⁵³ Dear God, this little broke up salvation message here tonight, but I hope that it will not return void, which Thou has promised. You said, "It would accomplish that which it was purposed for." And Thou knowest everything, Father, so Thou knowest it was purposed to try to save the church, and the people, not to be different, or anything, but to be—to bring the church back into fellowship with Thee.

We would pray You would grant it tonight, Lord. Let these thirsty souls begin to look and wonder now. Let them search, saying, "O God," till he gets back again. Let the preacher forsake his little petty doctrines, and come back, and bring the church to Christ again, no matter if he's Baptist, Presbyterian, Pentecostal, whatever he may be. Let the members go to thirsting for You, Lord, and just got to have You.

Then there is the Fountain filled with Blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
 Where sinners plunge beneath the flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That Fountain in his day;
 There may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

⁵⁴ May that be the thirst of these young women, and old women, young men, and old men. Grant it, Lord. Create in them a thirst tonight, thirsting after Thee. Let them know that even this worldly stuff, that they're—they're trying to satisfy themselves. "Oh, I belong

to church. It's no harm to do this or that." O God, wake them up to know that Satan's doing that, and that thirst that they have for a good time, and so forth, was put in them to worship You, and to have Your blessings, and to enjoy Your fellowship, not the fellowship of the world, but the fellowship of Christ. Grant it, Lord. We ask it in His Name. Amen.

55 While you remain just a moment. Now, tomorrow they're going to give to the prayer cards for healing, tomorrow night. Tonight, was a—I want to make an altar call just a minute. So how many's here for their first time, that's heard about the meeting, and how the Lord gives visions, but you've never been in one? Let's see your hands. Is there anybody here? Oh, the whole front part of it here is full of them. All right. The newcomers. . .

You've heard that how our Lord Jesus said He did nothing until the Father showed Him by vision what to do. You remember that? Did you read that in the Bible? But Jesus, if He would appear today, would He do the same that He did back there? Would it make your soul thirst after Him, if you could see Him stand here in this building, among us all, and perform and do the same things that He did when He was here on earth, would you be thankful for that? Raise up your hand, say, "Oh, it would create another thirst." Blessings be on you.

56 Now, I don't—I just want to pray and ask the Lord, from right here, not to bring you up here. I feel real led as I look down here, and seeing that picture here with that—the Pillar of Fire on it, that led the children of Israel through the wilderness, and know . . . I looked out here, and I see It hanging right over the audience. So I . . . Whether we got prayer cards or not, I believe God wants to do something here that you thirsty souls will go to thirsting for.

Now, you out there, that's sick and afflicted, the Bible said, that Jesus Christ is a High Priest, right now, that can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities. All that know the Scriptures say that, say, "Amen." [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] When He was . . . The Bible said in Hebrews 13:8, "He's the same yesterday, today, and forever." Is that right? Then when He was here on earth, a woman was sick one time with a blood issue. So the men was all crowding around, and patting Him to the shoulder, and was a blessing Him, and so forth, and "How do You do, Reverend. And we're glad to meet You. Thankful You're here in this campaign," and you know like that, and going on as men and people do.

57 But there was a little woman; she had a blood issue, and the doctor's could do her no good. So she slipped through the crowd, and she said,

“Oh, He is the Son of God. If I can touch His garment, I’ll get well.” And she touched His garment, when back out.

Jesus stopped, and said, “Who touched Me?” That was Jesus yesterday, wasn’t it? For the feeling of infirmities.

And Peter said, “Why, Lord. . . He rebuked the Lord, and he said, “Well, all of them is a touching You. Why do You say, ‘Who touched Me?’”

He said, “But I’ve gotten weak. Virtue’s gone out of Me. Strength.”

And He looked around over the audience, perhaps, maybe the size of this tonight, maybe larger, maybe smaller. Looked around, and He found that person that touched Him. And He told her what her infirmity was, that her faith had made her well. How many knows that’s true?

⁵⁸ Well, if He’s the same yesterday, today, and forever, He said, “A little while, and the world won’t see Me no more. Yet, you’ll see Me, for I’ll be with you, even in you, till the end of the world. I am the Vine; ye are the branches.” The branches bears fruit of the vine.

Now, He’s in His Church, working. I wonder if—if there’s that kind of faith tonight, in this audience, that could touch His garments, while I would submit myself to Him, with you, that He’d come back down in the form of the Holy Ghost and do the same thing here on this platform tonight. You out there without your prayer cards, this new crowd in here, if He would. . . You see Him by the card. But now, if He come down and—tonight, and do that from the platform here, and do the same thing that He did when He was here in the flesh, would you believe that He was in His Church then, working? Would you believe that, the same yesterday. . . ?

Let us pray again. Now, sinners, be real reverent.

⁵⁹ Lord God, I’m trusting that You’ll do this. I don’t know. I’m praying that You will, because of the little vision just a moment ago. Grant it, Lord, that it’ll be so, in Christ’s Name, I submit myself to You, and ask that the Holy Spirit will get into the hearts of the people. May Angels take their positions by the side of these sick people, and beside of the unbeliever, and the sinner, and let them know that You’re here. And that thirst that they have longed to see, grant it, Lord, that You’ll be standing right by them.

Some of them are here thirsting for healing. You’re the waters of Life. And I pray, God, that You’ll act in the same way, through Your mystical body here, the church, that You did when You were here in Your corporal body in the form, in the Name called Jesus. Grant it, Father, through Jesus’ Name. Amen.

60 I'm asking for reverence. And now, just be real reverent. Every person in here, as far as I know, is a stranger, except my son, and Mr. Vayle, and Mr. Goad right here. Others, I do not know.

Look like I ought to know this man sitting right here. I. . . Do I know you, sir? I. . . Your face looks familiar to me, but I—I don't remember your name, but that's the only one that I know.

61 Now, let us be real reverent, and just look to the Lord Jesus and say, "Now, Lord. . ." You out there, you that's sick, you say, "Lord Jesus, the man has told me that if we thirsted, why, You was the One to— to give us, sufficeth this thirst that we have. He told us that You was raised from the dead, and You're the same all the time. Now, I did read in the Bible where a woman touched Your garment, and You knew her trouble, just like You could tell them—Philip, where he was, and Peter, what his father's name was, and all them things in the Bible. And the—the Pharisees called You, a devil, said You was a mind reader or a— a Beelzebub, which is a devil. But them people, who that miracle was performed on, knowed You was the Son of God. You told the woman at the well, where her sins was, and she ran into the city, said, 'Come, see the Man that told me the things I done. Isn't this the very Christ?' Now, Lord, if You remain the same, it's a dark day. Some people say, 'The Methodist is right, the Baptist is right, the Lutheran is right, the Pentecost is right.' God, what is right?" Jesus is right.

62 And I believe He's in every one of your churches. Certainly He is, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Pentecost, but He loves you. Don't make any difference what church you belong to, just look at Him now and say, "Lord, I believe You." May He grant. . .

Now, while we're in prayer, everybody just reverent. But if you're praying, and you hear me call, look up. See? Because I have to speak quick. Here is the picture. They've told you about it. George J. Lacy, head of the FBI, fingerprint and documents, took the picture of an Angel of God, the Pillar of Fire that led the children of Israel. And all knows that that Pillar of Fire was Jesus Christ. Do you believe that? [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Why, He said, "I come from God, and I go to God." And after He went back, Paul met Him on the road to Damascus, a Light, Pillar of Fire again, put his eyes out. Peter in the prison, Pillar of Fire come and let him out. Here It is again, appearing at the end of the Gentile age, the same Jesus. The scientific age that we live in, He's appeared to the scientific world. They can't say it's wrong. Examine it.

63 Now, just be real reverent. Now, let's pray. Each one now, that's got sickness, pray. Now, you're the one has to touch Him. I just. . . He will. . . I could no more. . . Knowing you not, I could no more

know anything about you, than this thing can speak without something behind It to speak; it's a mute. Just pray. Now, I have no idea. But you promised you'd believe Him.

Now, Lord, I pray that You'll grant it for Your glory.

Just in a spirit of worship, say, "Lord God, I—I'm so needy. Let me touch You." Don't get nervous. That's where you get hysterical, and get away from Him. He's right with you.

⁶⁴ Now, now, you may raise your heads, just a moment. The Light of the Holy Spirit, that in this (to you scientist), dimension, to you Christians, this atmosphere of the Holy Spirit which now takes me. You couldn't hide your life if you had to. I can't heal; God's already did that. But It's hanging over a colored woman, setting right here, with a little ball on her hat.

You're praying for something, aren't you, Auntie, the colored woman? Yes, Uh-huh. You're afflicted or something's wrong with you. You don't. . . You have a prayer card? You don't have a prayer card? You don't? You don't need one. If the Lord God will reveal to me here, Auntie, what your trouble is, will you believe me to be His Servant, telling you the truth out of the Bible? You will? You believe. The Lord bless you, sister. That's the reason It's hanging over you.

⁶⁵ Now, just a moment. It's coming down; there It is. All right. The woman is suffering with arthritis. That arthritis is in her spine, and she also has—created from that a real, extreme nervous condition. That's exactly right, the colored lady setting there with the little ball on her hat. If that's right, lady, yes. . . Raise up your hand if that's right. I'm talking to the colored lady, back there, lady. All right. That does it. You don't have that now. It's gone from you.

I don't know why the grace of God, all you white people. . . I've just been talking about colored people and telling how they were saved. God loves them. That poor little woman there, may have less education than anybody setting here, but she knows God.

⁶⁶ It happens to be, being that the Lord has blessed her; there's a colored lady setting right next to here there. It looks like, that there. . . It is forming around her. She shouted just a few moments ago. I don't know you, do I, lady? If the Lord God will tell me what your trouble is, what you're suffering with, will you—you'll know whether it's the truth or not, won't you? You're suffering with sinus. That's right. If that's right, raise up your hand. It's gone now. God bless you.

⁶⁷ You with your hand up there, the other colored lady, setting there waving your hand, do you believe me to be God's servant? The young woman, do you believe me? I don't know you, do I, sister? I've never seen you in my life. You believe me to the servant of Christ? And it's

not me? This is a case like Jesus talking to the woman at the well. She was a Samaritan; He was a Jew. You are a Ethiopian woman, and I'm an Anglo-Saxon. It's two different . . . It's the same Spirit. Now, if Christ . . . The woman believed me. Now, Jesus didn't know what her trouble was, but when He found her trouble, He told her her trouble; she went to the city and said, "That's the Son of God. That's the Messiah."

If He'd tell you the same thing, working through you and I now, as total two different races of people, first time ever meeting. But you're aware that's something going on aren't you, lady, a real sweet humble feeling around you. If that's right, raise up your hand, the little colored lady with the pink shawl. You are suffering with heart trouble and with a tumor. If that's right raise up your hand. Jesus Christ healed you. If thou canst believe.

⁶⁸ Some of you white people believe, you newcomers in here. And just . . . Oh, isn't . . . You should be in a real spirit of worship. We're in the Presence of Jesus. Please, friends, if ever you believe, as your brother, let me enter my Bible on my heart, you believe right now. Just lay aside your theology. Just say, "Lord Jesus, I realize there's Something here. There's got to be."

Here—here it is right over a little man standing right here, right at the end of the row. He's suffering with a skin trouble, little fellow there. You believe in God? That's right, isn't it, sir? If that's right, raise up your hand. I don't know you, do I? All right. You're going to get over it now. Don't worry. The blessings of God is on you. Where it was dark, it's turned light. Have faith in God. Do you believe? All of you believe?

Here's . . . Now, here friend, get these people, these new comers, if we can, right in here, where they all held their hands . . . Or anywhere, I just have to . . . Wherever He calls, that's where I have to answer.

⁶⁹ There's a little lady setting right here, looking right at me, second row. Yes. Do you believe the Lord Jesus would heal you? You were suffering, wasn't you? You are suffering. And you were setting there in your heart praying, "God, let him speak to me tonight. I believe You, Lord." Now, if that's true, raise up your hand. The lady . . . ? . . . Thank you. If the Lord God will tell me what your trouble is, will you believe Him, that He wants to make you well?

I see you getting up kindly slow out of the bed, of a morning. You got rheumatism. That's right. Now, I want to ask you something, sincerely, you don't—you don't feel it now, do you? No, the Lord healed you. That's right.

⁷⁰ The other lady setting next to you there, she's suffering too. The little lady with her head down, praying. You're praying, "Lord, let it

be me next.” That right? You believe me to be His servant? Setting right next to the little lady there, that was just called. Would you love to go eat your supper and enjoy a good meal again? You’re suffering with a stomach trouble, aren’t you? That’s right. It’s a peptic condition, caused from a—a deep thinking; you cross bridges ’fore you get to them, and things like that. It’s a—more like a mental nervousness. You’re not shaky nervous, but you’re just—you’re just, you get deep thinking. You oughten to do that, be happy. Now, your stomach trouble’s gone. . . ? . . . home now.

⁷¹ What do you think? The elderly lady setting next to her, looking around there praying? The Light’s went right over on you, with the little rose on your coat. Do you believe me to be God’s servant? Please, please, don’t let. . . ? . . . That’s what does it, friend. See you rob the people of their healing. Please, please, be reverent, just a moment.

See, you’re a soul, and when you move, it moves the Spirit. You say, “Brother Branham, psychology.” What about Jesus then when He put them all out of the house, Jairus’ house, when He went in to raise the daughter? Be reverent. Have respect at least for the sick, respect for Jesus.

⁷² Now, be real reverent again, now, let’s see. What was it? It was a vision breaking? But I don’t know what it was. Just keep praying. Seems like I was right down here in front, somewhere. God surely in His mercy will do it again. Where was It? It was. . . Here It is back.

It’s the lady with a rose on her coat. That’s the one it was. She has a hernia. That’s right, isn’t it, sister? If that’s right raise up your hand. You believe God for your healing? Will you do me a favor? Lay your hand on that lady next to you; she has arthritis. She wants to get well too. Isn’t that right, lady? All right. Good, now, you have it.

There’s a lady setting next to you; see that dark spirit across there coming there? That’s that spirit calling to this one over here for help. Lay your hand on the woman next to you; she has arthritis too. And that’s the lady there. You have arthritis also, didn’t you? You’re both healed, so you can go home, be well. God has made you well. Have faith.

⁷³ Back in this way, somebody. Have faith, friends, believe God. Don’t doubt Him. Just believe Him.

Here It is. Look with your eyes, friends. Don’t. . . You mean to say you can’t see this Light here, right over the woman setting on the end. Yeah. You were praying, wasn’t you? Sincerely. I do not know you. Is that right? You don’t know me. This is our first time meeting. If the Holy Spirit will tell me what you’re praying about, you believe me to be His servant then? You believe? You know now that you’re in contact

with Something. You are a Christian, a believer. You got trouble with your back. It's a back trouble. Isn't that right? That's what you was praying about. You're not from this city. You're not even from this State. You're from Rhode Island. That's right. Mrs. Leighton . . . ? . . . L-e-i-g-h-t-o-n, Mrs. Leighton. Is that right? Raise up your hand. Now, you're going home well. Your back trouble's left you. Jesus Christ has healed you. Do you believe? Does the whole audience believe? Let's bow our heads, just a minute then.

⁷⁴ Father, we're conscious we're here in Your Presence. Maybe there's . . . ? . . . people here maybe never be back again. This may be their last night. While You're present, Lord, I pray Thee, in Christ's Name, be merciful.

And with your head bowed just a moment, the organ playing sweetly lowly . . . How many in here now, in the Presence of Christ, knowing that He's here, how many would like to raise up your hand, and say, "Brother Branham, pray for me, I want the real experience with God that you been talking about. I'm tired of living this half life, and I—I'm . . . Maybe you're a sinner, and you want to be saved. Raise your hand, will you to God, way, way up high. That's right. God bless you. Oh, my. Forty, fifty, hundred hands or more, up in the air. God bless you. I'm going to ask you something, if she'll play . . . While she's playing on the organ. If you believe God hears my prayer for the sick . . . 'Course, He heard me for this altar call. I want you to come here and stand right down here, around here, let me come down and pray for you. Will you?

⁷⁵ Right—rise slowly now, we're going to sing, "Almost Persuaded." Now, I want each one of you, that wants God to change your life, right now . . . If He can change your body, He can change your life. And all that place that He made in you to be thirsting for Him, you want to worship Him, and Him to come in and take all the desire of the world from you. Will you come right down here for prayer? Will you do it while we sing, *Almost Persuaded*?

⁷⁶ All right, sister, on the organ, if you will give us a chord. All right. Almost persua- . . .

Come out just a moment. Everyone be reverent . . . ? . . . seat now . . .

Come right up close now, right here, right along . . . ? . . . God bless you, sir. God bless you. That's right. Come right out, and come right on down. The Holy Spirit's calling you. Somebody will raise up and give you space to come. That's right. Oh, there's a great audience worshipping here. Come right down, will you.

Almost . . . (Be sincere now.) but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail:
 "Almost," but lost!
 Almost . . .

Oh, there's many of you should be coming, come right up. come on. That's right, colored folks there, that's good. No matter who you are, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish . . .? . . . whatever, come on down. If you don't know God, that little place that's never been filled up to give God all praise; come right down now, won't you come?

not away:
 Oh, it seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On thee I'll call."

[Brother Branham begins humming—Ed.]

⁷⁷ Be honest now, there's more in here. Did you mean that that soul in you, that's really knows that under the message tonight, you been condemned, you're not living the way you should live. Then see that same Light, that you see here in the Bible, come down and produce the same things It did when It dwelt in a body called Jesus. He promised to be in His church. Here He comes right down in His church and does the same thing, proving that He's here, and your soul in you condemning you, Angels of God standing near, and saying, "You should go." This may be your last opportunity. You may not get home tonight. You may be laying dead in the bed in the morning. In a year from now, you may be molding into the grave. And now, you might not, I don't know, but I'm just saying you could be. Someday you will be. Why not now?

⁷⁸ Do you know that old southern altar call, "Oh, Why not tonight?" Does the people know that? Give us a chord on it. And I'm going to ask you something. Come on, you lukewarm church members, you know that you've done wrong. You women, you men, boys and girls, stir yourself right . . . I feel led to do this, friends. Surely, God . . . Don't you know I'm telling you the truth? God's proved it. Now, I'm telling you the truth. There's loads that need to be standing here. Won't you come now? Won't you come?

Oh, do not let the word depart,
 And close your eyes against the light,
 This is the time, oh, then be wise,
 Oh, why not tonight.

All together . . .

Oh, why not tonight? (not tonight?)
 Oh, why . . .

That's right, get right out and come on. Come right down the aisle. Take yourself around here. God is ready to give it to you, if you'll raise up and say, "I need it." He can't bless you till you're—feel that you're needy. If you feel you're sufficient, okay.

. . . not tonight?
 Tomorrow the sun may never shine,
 To bless thy long deluded sight;
 This is the time, oh, then be wise,
 He saves all tonight. (I give you Jesus.)
 Oh, why (tell me why) not tonight?

What reasoning can you give for not coming?

. . . not tonight?
 Just Thou be saved, and why (That's right, come right
 on down.) tonight?

[Brother Branham begins humming—Ed.]

⁷⁹ What excuses can you give now? Now, let me say this to you that's back there, me knowing in my heart by the Spirit of God, you're grieving Him by doing what you are doing. Let me say with the Bible over my heart, the Angel of God is with me, "The blood not upon me, I've told you the truth. You need a walk with God; you're walking out of the fellowship. Come on down. This is the hour for you. Come on now, while we sing once more. This is the last. Why? Give me the excuse, why? Why shouldn't you?

Say, "My job." Quit it.

"My mother, she'll drive me away from home." Many has walked alone with Christ.

"My father won't appreciate it." Your Heavenly Father will accept you. "I'll give you fathers, and mothers, and . . ." I had to leave my home too because of it. But God give me tens of thousands or fathers and mothers around the world. Greatest thing that any man ever did, when he—or woman when they come from their seats down to an altar of prayer. That's right.

⁸⁰ I'm not asking you to come join a church. I'm asking you to come, receive Christ while His Presence here. What more could He do? If He healed the sick, still wouldn't be as great as this. He does heal the sick. He couldn't appear in a visible body, because when He does, time shall be no more then. But He's here in His Church, showing you that He's raise from the dead, trying to get you to come, accept as your risen Lord. Once more now, while we sing, "O, why not tonight?" All right.

O, why not tonight?

Church member, sinner, why don't you come? Remember in the Name of the Lord Jesus, I'm offering you Christ, if I never see you again till judgment, this is your time.

And why not . . .

When the rainbows are sweeping through the skies, fires are falling, the sputniks has done dropped their bombs, and the handwriting's on the wall, time shall be no more. They'll be one split second they'll not be . . . There'll be millions times millions in the New England States that's not here will be swept into eternity without a chance. Remember, He Who speaks tonight, the Spirit knows what's truth. Come.

⁸¹ All right. While the workers now come and stand around these people now, get in your positions around, these who are trained here to do personal work, make their places. The rest of you that wants to come with them, come at this time now. Those who . . . Have you got a— a room in there somewhere you're taking them, an instruction room? All right. Just one moment then, they're coming around now. Others are coming to be saved. Let's bow our heads, everywhere while . . . I want to pray as I offered to pray.

⁸² Dear God, be merciful to these people. This may be our last meeting time, dear God, until we see You standing yonder. Oh, if You're going to come for Your Church before destruction, before one drop of rain could fall, Noah and his group was in the ark. And the Angel of the Lord, Who went down into Sodom, His message was haste; it was deliverance and mercy.

The same Angel, Who had His back turned to the tent, and said, "Why did Sarah laugh?" O God, may the people realize, that same Angel's here tonight that knows the secret of the heart, the same as He knew Sarah laughed back in the tent.

She said, "I didn't."

But He said, "Oh, yes, you did." What was that Angel's message just before the fire fell. Here you are again, Lord.

⁸³ I pray now; there's nothing more I can do. They are the fruits of the message, Your message. They are Yours. They've come. "No man can come to Me," You said, "except My Father draws him."

Then God, You had to be here to draw them here. Many, many people, the altar's packed full, and up-and-down the aisles. And I pray Thee, God, that You have brought them up here, that You'll give them to Your dear Son, as love gifts. And then, we know that no one can pluck them from His hand. You said, "He that heareth My Words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, has Everlasting Life, and shall never come into the judgment, but has pass from death unto Life."

⁸⁴ God, may this group of hungry people walk into this little room here now, and be filled with the Holy Spirit, for when hands is applied to them in there, according to Apostolic rules, may they be filled with the Holy Ghost, and that fountain of their heart that's been touched tonight, and all of the old tin cans and rubbish of the world has been cleaned out, make it a new heart for God to worship. Grant it, Lord. That thirst now is coming for You.

Sanctify them at the altar, that when they walk in there, they may be filled with the goodness of God, and His Spirit take them in. Grant it, Lord. I present them to You, in Jesus Christ's Name.

⁸⁵ Now, while you're here, workers are here, places are for you to go right here, so we can go in and pray with you, to be filled with God's Spirit. File right in now, as you're coming. While we keep—continue to sing, "O Why Not Tonight?" Again, the audience . . .

Oh, why not tonight?

Come right here, every one of you, standing around here now. You that want to come with them, and receive the Holy Spirit. Come right on in. Go right on it. This is your hour, your time. We're going right in to pray with them, going right in, lay hands on them. If God will grant . . . I done prayed for them. If God will grant this out here, what will He grant in there?

. . . tonight? (Come here, reverend)

O why (Will you take the service?) tonight?

(Come right on in now, as they go for prayer).



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