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# ZACCHAEUS

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Thank you very much, Brother Vayle. And I noticed the people are just sometimes a little . . . You're turned sideways; if you want to turn right around, I would just do that. Just move your chairs right around, so we can all look at each other. That's a . . .? . . .

As the brother has just said, that I belong to one organization, the Christian Businessmen's organization. I just happened to show him my card of the fellowship, so you know how I think of the Christian Businessmen. It's the only organization that I belong to, because I think they have something that we all have in common, Christ.

<sup>2</sup> And I want to greet you fine group of people here this morning. And night before last, I was talking to your president, Demos Shakarian, which is a very bosom friend of mine, and he sends special greetings to each and every one of you from the chapters around the world. And he just called me to come as quick as I could, from Africa back to—to Stuttgart, Germany, where they're holding off now, to see if we could be their night speaker. And he sends a—a—a special invitation to all you people, for the service that's to be held in Philadelphia, the—beginning the thirtieth, I believe it is, of June, until the fourth of July in Philadelphia. And there, the Lord willing, I'm to speak for them again at this great convention at Philadelphia Hall, I believe it is. I'm not sure. But you're all invited to come.

<sup>3</sup> And now, it's such a privilege to stand before such a lovely group of people. And it . . . We do not realize that . . . What could happen right at a breakfast like this, this morning. Around the world, I've spoke for the Christian Businessmen. Los Angeles, sometimes we have about a thousand at the breakfast, which I've had the privilege of speaking many times. I've seen the blind get up with their sight; the cripples walk away; and hundreds of people, businessmen, doctors, attorneys, critics would come in, just fall right under the power of God and just a . . . You've got something gentlemen.

Now, remember this one thing; we're all in here of—one belief this morning. Here's what we got. We got something in common, but we got to know how to use it. See? It's like the gun's good to hunt with; but you've got to know how to use it. So that's the way the gospel is. So let's use it to the glory of God, to get every soul in the Kingdom that we know how to get into the Kingdom.

<sup>4</sup> And now, may God bless this little group here that gathers, and just keep having these breakfasts, and above everything keep it spiritual.

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Never let that Spirit die. Sing those old fashion songs, clap your hands, praise the Lord. That's the way you've got to keep . . .

I'm a Southerner. I'm—I'm emotional. I can prove to you anything without emotion is dead. And if your religion hasn't got a little emotion in it, you'd better bury it, and get one that has. It's dead. So we got to have emotions; Jesus said, "If they hold their peace, the rocks will immediately cry out."

Something, life and death can't exist together. Where Christ comes, He never preached a funeral in all of His life, 'cause death can't stand around where life is. They raised from the dead. When He comes into a group of people, Life comes, because He is Life. And we love Him this morning, supremely with all of our heart, and we offer Him in these little meetings, the very adoration of our hearts, that we truly love Him. And it's little meetings like this . . .

<sup>5</sup> Excuse me? [An announcement is made concerning a car to be towed away—Ed.] That let's me clean. But it could be not in our group here; it could be someone upstairs visiting or anything, just run their car in. So we appreciate the brethren doing this though, so that no one will be inconvenienced when they—they leave.

This is where I have my joy, just get a group of . . . You know the old Southern expression, "Birds of a feather flock together?" I'm so glad to have feathers like these birds here this morning. There's just something . . .

It's—it's not any healing service. The healing service, you're under that strain of my, the anointing, and when I go in the room in the afternoon, and there stay alone with God, and come out. Then you have to watch, because Satan is—is a real enemy. And he's setting at any time to confuse, and as tired as I am now, it could be easy to be—get confused. But when He comes this way, you can just feel like you got fifty miles of elbow room. You can just set around, and have a good time. Look at all your faces, and see the smiles, and the—the cheer, and the Presence of Christ. Well, that's just a—a real spiritual, gastronomical jubilee . . . ? . . . just we get together to hear it.

<sup>6</sup> And you hear that singing, I love that good old fashion singing. If there's anything I love, it's singing. And I . . . If there's anything I—I hate is an overtrained voice, you know, one of them kinds that holds till they gets blue in the face, and see how long you can hold your breath, and come back down. They're not singing to the glory of God; they're seeing how long they can hold their breath.

I think there's nothing more beautiful than good old fashion, pentecostal singing, just singing in the gospel . . . that's right. If you couldn't carry a tune in a coal bucket, just sing anyhow. Make a

joyful noise to the Lord. There's nothing formal about this, and God is without form. That's what the Bible says. So He doesn't have a formal people; He has an informal people. Everywhere, the Spirit doing anything. . . . Oh, we're so happy for that.

7 And now, in these coming services, I am trusting. . . . I want to say this with all sincerity, 'cause I realize there's people here from different places, but I have never, since I left New York, ever met a night, where the first time, the first service, that faith was right there to meet us, as I have in this city. Prayer has been made here somewhere, I don't know where it's been, but somebody has been talking to the Lord.

I appreciated the little brother there, this morning, that led in prayer, and that's giving a testimony. As soon as the man got up and was speaking to the Lord, I said, "He talked to Him before." Because he knows Who he was talking to. And that's good soul winning, the greatest thing. And brethren, we're at the end time. We're—we're here at the end of the road; you'll—you are saved, and I believe you're going to heaven, that's true, but you'll never have an opportunity like you got right now. And the aeons that is to come, what if you knew that if you had the opportunity to come back as a mortal, to do some witnessing after you had been there before Him, and you see how lovely He is. It will be—it'll be too late then. Let's do it now, while we have the opportunity. Let's be on, day and night.

8 Some time ago down in the southland, there was an old negro. And one night at an old plantation meeting, where they would have had their supper. . . . Now, course, I believe it's dinner to you all up here. See?

You have your dinner at night, you have just. . . . I'm at home then. When you talk about that dinner, I—I feel like I've missed a meal. . . .? . . . We have breakfast, dinner, and supper. If I. . . . If—if supper is my dinner, then when do I get my dinner? So I. . . . This. . . . And you know, we're right in that folks. Sure we are, because it was the Lord's supper, not His dinner, you know so. . . . We are sure right.

So then, down there they were having a supper on the old plantation, and there was a—an old negro, who had gave his life to the Lord Jesus.

Afterwards I tell you, it's—it's wonderful to hear those, when they sing that old-fash—old fashion songs and it's such a melody, it just like this,

I will arise, and go to Jesus,  
He will embrace me in His heart.

Did you ever hear a melody like that? Well, that's the way they sing it. But, oh, my, the Spirit's there. Yes, it's from their heart.

<sup>9</sup> And at such a place, this old negro got saved. And the next morning, he was out telling the folks that he was—he was saved, and he was free. Now, this was during the slavery. And he said . . . And it got to the—the plantation owner’s ears, so he went out to him, he said, “Mose, what’s this I hear, you’re saying, this morning among the slaves, that you’re free?”

Said, “Yes, boss.” Said, “I’m free this morning.”

Said, “Come up the office, Mose.” And he went up to the office; he said, “Set down.” He said, “Mose, what did you say you was?”

He said, “Boss,” said, “I’m still your slave, but,” said, “I’m free from the law of sin and death. Christ set me free last night at a little old meeting.”

And he said, “Mose, do you really mean that?”

Said, “Yes, I do, boss.”

He said, “Well, Mose, I’m going down to sign the emancipation this morning, I’ve set you free as a slave. Preach your—the gospel to your brethren.” He said, “I’m a Christian too.” Said, “You go among your brethren and preach the gospel.”

<sup>10</sup> After years of service, the old negro come to his death. Many of his white brethren had gathered in to see—see him and shake his hands for the last time. And he was laying in—in a coma. And after while he woke up, looked around, and he said, “Oh, am I back to earth again?”

And they said, “Mose, where were you?”

He said, “Oh, I just got in the door.” And said, “I looked, and I saw Him.” And he said, “This old darkie’s heart was so thrilled, I never wanted to come this way again.” And he said, “While I was standing there,” said, “there was an Angel walked up and said to me, ‘Mose, come over here, I want to give you your robe, and your crown.’”

He said, “Don’t talk to me about robe and crown. I don’t want no robe and crown.”

Said, “What do you desire then, Mose for that long life, and the service you give?”

Said, “Just let me look at Him for a thousand years.”

<sup>11</sup> I think that’s the feeling of all of us. It isn’t the interest in our money, and our businesses, or what we do, or the testimonies you give, sir, just let me look at Him. That’s what I expect to do someday, crawl up to His feet, kiss those precious feet that was scarred for me, let me look at Him a little while.

I don’t want a mansion, just to corner, somewhere where I can fellowship with you brethren.

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<sup>12</sup> Setting here looking this morning, and I was looking across to these young people, lovely. . . I asked about a young couple here, that's just been married recently, and Brother Sweet told me they're on fire for God.

I noticed an older man, some of you gray-headed, probably older than I, preaching the gospel when I was a boy. And I thought to myself, while I was eating listening to different ones talk, "Wonder if this is our last time to meet like this on earth." Could be, you know. But it isn't our last time meeting.

I think some of you men was out here on the corner, preaching the gospel, and beating an old guitar, throwed in jail, and run out of the city, for the very cause, paving the road that I'm running smooth on. You're the men should be honored; you're the women that should be honored. It should be you up here, and not me. When I was a sinner boy, out yonder astraddle of a horse, trying to see who could ride a bucking horse the longest, or roping calves or something. You were on the corner preaching gospel; I was running horse races.

<sup>13</sup> You're the men and women that deserves the honor; you should stand here. But you were making a road, that I could come behind on. I'll meet you again, brother and sister. It may not be another breakfast, but there'll be a time when that great wedding supper will be spread out across the sky yonder. And when we get there, will be different.

When I look across the table and see you men and women, no doubt the little tear of joy will trickle down our cheeks, as we shake each other's hand. "Yes, Brother Branham, I was at that Bangor meeting that morning."

"Oh, I remember you, oh, here's So-and-so. And us setting there weeping, I can just see the King come out in His glory, walk down along the line, wipe all the tears off your eyes, and say, "Don't cry, children, it's all over now. You're home. Enter into the joys of the Lord, which has been prepared for you since the foundation of the world." That's the day I look forward to.

I'm your brother. I'm here to help you, put my shoulders to the wheel to push the load, that you've got rolling down the road, paving the way. God bless you now. Let's bow our heads just a moment now for prayer.

<sup>14</sup> Merciful God, it's such a privilege to come to You, to come into this Divine presence, where the units, and the gift, and the movings of God's Holy Spirit is working amongst His dear children. And here we are, today, setting here as maybe strangers to each other. But we're not strangers; we're fellow citizens of the Kingdom. We're pilgrims and strangers to the earth, but we're citizens of Thy Kingdom.

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First time meeting, but beloved in the Lord. We would ask that You would bless us together. Continue this Spirit, Lord. May It never die away from the people. May every minister be blessed, and every worker, ever member of the laity; may souls be born. We love You, Father. And our hearts just burn, when we hear Your precious Name, and hear these old songs of the redeemed.

We ask now, that You'll bless our little effort in the city. O God, start an old fashion revival fire in every church and every heart. Call the elected, Lord, from the pool rooms, and the gambling dens, and from the places of ill fame, and off of the streets into the Kingdom. Heal Your poor, suffering children, Lord. Declare Thy presence and love to them.

Bless the Words that we shall now read, and may we fellowship around the reading of the Word. For we ask it in the Name of the Lord Jesus, our Saviour. Amen.

<sup>15</sup> Just for a little text, and I know we can't keep this too long, but I'd like to speak to you just on a little subject, or a little drama (if I could have your attention for a few moments.), and it's found in the book of Luke, 19th chapter, the 4th verse:

*And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him: for He was to pass that way.*

It must have been a terrible night on the little fellow; he couldn't rest. He would toss from one side to the other side of the bed, because he—he happened to live in a strange day, very odd, because the church and the message that was going forth was at ends with each other.

You see, he was an orthodox, a Jewish believer. And it came that in that day there had been a—a rumor of a Nazarene Prophet, One called Jesus of Nazareth, which was claimed to be the Son of Joseph, a carpenter.

<sup>16</sup> And it must have been very strange how the people felt in those days, that a Man Who came along with a supernatural ministry, that was absolutely contrary to the Jewish belief. They didn't believe in such a thing. They thought all the days of these things had passed with Moses, many years ago, and not spiritual minded enough to know that God remains the same, and that they were at a junction of time.

So it must have been very hard on him, because he believed what he's preached at, and was forbidden by the church to attend any of such meetings, that this Prophet was holding. And there was all kinds of talk about this Prophet.

<sup>17</sup> And so, he had a restless night, for his wife, Rebekah, she was a believer of this Prophet. She attended the meetings, and she had told

him many strange things that had happened, which he consulting his priest, said, "Now, that's nonsense. There's just no need of believing nothing like that, Rebekah. We belong to one of the finest churches there is in the country. Our synagogue is the greatest. And here I am, a businessman of this city; my name is Zacchaeus. And I own the greatest restaurant there is in this city. And I have the greatest business, and we're respected people. Therefore, it's not ethical for me to degrade my prestige to dip myself down into a group like some fanatic Prophet, as you would call Him, Who is going about, which none of the priest or rabbi's will have anything to do with. And in my position as a businessman, it would hurt my business, if I become associated with such a thing. And Rebekah, it would be better for you, if you just discontinued your following this so-called Prophet."

<sup>18</sup> This got on Rebekah's heart, so you see, she begin to pray for Zacchaeus. Though him being a businessman, very much in the world, and the church league, yet she thought that if this Prophet was what He said he was (the Son of God), that she wanted her husband to believe on Him. That's a real true wife. Every businessman should have that type of wife, that would pray for him. Don't criticize him; just pray for him. That's the best way to get Him to Christ.

And you know there's something about it, when you pray for someone real sincerely, you know, it—it kindly makes them restless. I don't know whether you ever had an experience of that or not. But God begins to move in answer to prayer. Sometimes a husband becomes more irritable than ever, but just remember, God's answering prayer. He knows how to do it.

A man has to come to the end of his rope sometimes before he will recognize . . . Or maybe God has to lay him on his back, sick, hurt, until he will look up. But God has strange ways of doing things, but His ways are always right.

<sup>19</sup> So Rebekah had been praying for her dear little husband, Zacchaeus. And all night long he had tossed, and rolled, and tumbled. See? God was answering Rebekah's prayer. I wonder if there's any Rebekah's here, that's ever been praying for their businessman husband?

Then when . . . Come close to morning, Rebekah had kindly dozed off to sleep, but all night long, in her heart, she had been saying, "Thank you, Lord, I know You're working with him."

I can just tell He said . . . "What's the matter, Zacchaeus?", she'd say often through the night.

"Oh, I don't know; it must be my business is on my mind." See, He's just trying to find a little escape, that's all. It was God dealing with him.

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So as the night passed on, in early morning, Rebekah kindly dozed off to sleep. Early in the morning, she found Zacchaeus up, grooming himself. And he goes to the—to the robe, and—or wardrobe rather, and he gets the best robe that he's got and puts it on. You see, there was a special occasion going to be in the city that day. It had been noised abroad that that Prophet was going to visit that city, that day, and was going to dine while He was there.

<sup>20</sup> And Zacchaeus was all tore up, because He's going over to Mr. Levinski's restaurant. "Well, of course, my restaurant is the best, and if my wife be a follower of such a Fellow, why wouldn't He bring that business my way." You see, he was Jewish, and he wanted the business.

And he knew this Prophet, so-called, would attract a lot of attention, so there must be . . . The business come his way. And he was one of the great businessmen of the city, so why shouldn't this Prophet come his way, or pass his way? So he . . . That night, after a restless night, and many dreams of—of torment and so forth, the next morning he grooms himself real nice, and Rebekah pulled her head out from under the cover and said, "Zacchaeus, dear, where goest thou so early?"

<sup>21</sup> "Oh I thought I'd step out and have a—a bit of fresh air." You know you can find plenty of excuses, when conviction is on. We all know that. "I'm just going out for a bit of fresh air." And he is—put some perfume on, and fixes his hair down, and, oh, he's just all groomed up. And out on the street he walks, and Rebekah sits up, and raises up the window shade, and looks out. She sees Zacchaeus all straightened up, you know, like a real typical good businessman, walking down the street, with the best of his clothes on, you know.

She gets down on her knees and she says, "Dear God, I thank You, because I believe that You're dealing with my husband, today. And now, we know that Your dear Son, although with the bad name that He has among the people, as a fanatic, and some evil spirit possessing Him, yet I believe Him to be Your dear Son. And I pray Thee, dear God, that somehow You will have my husband, in His presence. (That's the way to pray.) And don't let him be critical, but just let Your dear Son do something that'll convince my husband that that is the Messiah." And she thanked God for it, and went about her work.

<sup>22</sup> Let's follow Zacchaeus for a few minutes. Walks down the street; it's very early. Not many people out, but he said, "You know, if that certain Fellow . . . I'm going to meet Him today, and I'm going to give Him a piece of my mind." You know conviction sometimes works that way.

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And he said, "I'll tell Him off. And He's got my wife to leave her church. Why, I'm one of the presbyters. So I tell you, I'm—I'm going to tell Him all about it, when I see Him. Just wait, I'll tell Him." As he walks down the street, you know, well groomed. "And I hope that when I'm standing around, that many of my business associates are standing there. I would like to have the rabbi standing near, so he could see where I stand. And I want to let them know, that I don't believe in no such fanaticism. So I'll go down . . . He surely will enter from the south gates, because He's been in Galilee, and He will be coming this way. So I'll go down to the gate and meet Him. Right there when He enters the gate, I'm going to give Him a piece of my mind, when I get there." Not knowing that Rebekah covered that all over with prayer. You see?

<sup>23</sup> So when he gets down, he begins to hear a noise, and he tries to get a little closer. And when he does, he finds all around the gate, people are hanging on the fence, and on the walls, and why, he—he couldn't even get close at all. And then everybody crowded, and the—the police trying to get the people back, "What's the matter here?"

So he said, "Well, I guess maybe I'm not the only one down here. And just look at the kind of people there is, who stands here though. These people are the poor people. Of course you know, I'm just a businessman, so I—I—I shouldn't be associating with such, but anyhow, I'll get myself up here to the corner."

<sup>24</sup> Well, come to find out, he was little, just a little, bitty guy. So there was so many there, he couldn't look over their heads.

And he would arm his way through, and "Get back out of the way, I'm Zacchaeus." You know sometime people gets that idea in their head. You're somebody. Who are you anyhow? Six foot of earth. When you die, you got a soul. And that's soul either going to take either a journey upward, or down, one. And it's going to determine by the way you accept Christ. Turn Him down, you go down; receive Him, you go with Him. But you're not very much anyhow, none of us.

<sup>25</sup> I was standing at a little museum here not long ago, and looking at two boys who were giving . . . looking on a little card there that said, "The actual weight of a hundred and fifty pound man, and the value of that weight."

Do you know how much you're worth, if you weight a hundred and fifty pounds? That's the male. You're worth eighty-four cents. That's right. You got just about enough potash in you to . . . And enough calcium, and a . . . Just enough of it to sprinkle a hen's nest. And eighty-four cents, and then you put a five hundred dollar mink coat on it, a hat, a hundred dollar suit, turn your nose up; if it would rain you'd

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drown, and then think you're somebody. What are you? You're worth eighty-four cents.

<sup>26</sup> And you'll go to a restaurant, and you'd pick up a bowl of soup, and it had a fly in it, you'd turn it down that quick. [Brother Branham snapped his fingers—Ed.] “Yes sir, I won't have nothing to do with that. Well, I'll see if the paper knows it, the Chamber of Commerce, what about the president of the restaurant, the owner, what it is?” See, you watch that eighty-four cents. You won't put nothing poison in that, but let the devil pack anything in that soul that he desires to, and that soul's eternal. That's right.

Just any little creed, that you want to say a few prayers, and run over a few beads, or—or do a certain thing a certain way, make a certain vow, or . . . See how it is? Oh, ho-ho. Satan's a better businessman than you'll ever be. That's right.

<sup>27</sup> But I want to ask you something. Then when you—we feel that we're somebody, that's when we're nothing. So, we . . . When he stood there, he begin to have that inferiority complex; he said, “I'll know what I'll do. I know where He's going to pass, because He's going over to Levinski's restaurant, and then has to come down the street Straight just to . . . after He leaves Hallelujah Avenue here. So I go down to the street called Straight, and there I'll wait for Him, 'cause He's got to pass by that way. And when He passes by, there I'll tell Him.”

So down the street went this little strutting fellow, with his face red, because he wasn't respected as a businessman; so down the street he went. And he gets down there to Straight Street, and he stands on the corner, well groomed, waiting. . . . “Just wait till He turns the corner of Hallelujah Avenue; I'll tell Him, as He passes by.”

<sup>28</sup> And he stand there, and he happens to remember, “That same crowd that were meeting at the gate will be double, time it gets here, and I'll be just as little here as I was down there. So I won't be able to see Him; they'll just run over the top you.” See, God has a way of doing things. He made him little for that purpose. See?

But he—he said, “Well anyhow, you know, I've just got a good idea.” And he had to stand and look, and there was a sycamore tree standing there. Now, that's my native tree of Indiana, but in them days it was called, I think, an olive tree or something, was the right name for it.

<sup>29</sup> So he said, “You know, the limbs are kindly high, but if I could get up there in that tree, nobody would step on me up there, and then I'd see Him when He passes by. And as soon as I lay my eyes on Him, I'll make up my mind, right then, what He is.” See, Rebekah was still praying. See?

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So Zacchaeus happened to think, “But I’m too short to get to the first limb.” That’s the way a lot of us get . . . ? . . . “I’m too short for the first limb.” So well . . .

If you want to see Him, you know, God will make a way for you to see Him. It may be ridiculous, but God will make a way for you to see Him. And you know, it—you might have to even come to a Full Gospel Businessman’s meeting some morning, very ridiculous to your prestige, but if you want to see Him, God will make a way for you to see Him.

<sup>30</sup> You say, “I hear they’re having a meeting down there, and oh my, they’re—they’re shouting, they’re . . . You know, I’ll just go in, ’cause I don’t really believe it. But I’ll just go down and see what they do at one of these breakfasts.” You see? God will make a way for you to see it, all right.

And then little Zacchaeus got an idea. Excuse me, I’m about to deafen you here. I been used to preaching out doors in stadiums, and so forth, so I don’t mean to be yelling at you, friend.

<sup>31</sup> But Zacchaeus got an idea, that if he could get to that first limb, there’s nobody that’d be that tall. So when Jesus came down the street, he would see what He looked like, and then he’d draw his idea what He was. Then if he didn’t like Him, he’d tell Him off, right out of the tree.

So then . . . How’s he going to get up this tree now, is the next thing. So the garbage collector hadn’t come by yet, and there was a garbage pail setting on the corner.

“Well,” he thought, “that would be ridiculous, but it’s about the best way to hit the first limb.” So he looked all around to be sure that nobody’s around. He goes down to the garbage pail, and he tries to lift it up. And the collector hadn’t been by yet. you know, so it was filled up. But that’s the only thing in sight, so he will have to use it. Well, he’s got his best robe on. Now, what’s he going to do?

<sup>32</sup> Well, you know, if God’s determined for you to see Him, you’ll see Him anyhow, no matter what you have to go through. If there’s something there pulling, you might be intellectually over the top, thinking one thing, but God’s down here working in your heart. Rebekah had been praying. That’s what made that faith last night (See?), been praying.

So he thinks, “Well there’s just one thing to do; that’s get this garbage can in my arms.” And he gets down (businessman), gets a hold of the garbage can, and here he comes. And he looks around, and if there isn’t Levinski himself, with more of them watching him. Just like he went to the breakfast, and he happened to look over, and there’s Jones setting there. My, how God can move on a man when his wife

will pray for him, or vice versa. He may be a big shot in the city, but God knows how to make him a little shot. Prayer does it.

<sup>33</sup> So he gets the garbage pail, and he looks, and his little face turns red, and he looks this way, here's the shoe man, here's the man that sells the robe, and he . . . Oh my, he's caught now, so he just might as well go ahead.

So some of them said, "Have you noticed gentlemen, this morning, there's Zacchaeus at that breakfast . . . I mean at the a . . . With the garbage can in his hand?"

And here he goes, and he gets down to the tree, and his face is red. And he's already caught in the act, and so there's no need in getting up, and going out now. You're done known; you're here. If you get in a meeting, if you get up, that just—that shows you already been there, so there's something moving.

<sup>34</sup> So as he raises the can up, and runs over, and sets it down, and now look at his pretty robe, all full of garbage—the businessman of the city, outstanding businessman. All right, the first thing he does then is climb up on top of them. Levinski and them goes on down the street, saying, "You know, our friend Zacchaeus here runs the famous restaurant down there at the Grouch Avenue. (See?) He—he also has become the collector; he's the garbage disposal of the city." Oh, his little face was burning; oh, my, his righteous indignation had rose.

"Maybe we should tell, the rabbi that he has . . . The . . . ? . . . doctor, you know, Ph.D., that he has . . . One of the members of his church has become a—a—the collector of garbage in that great aristocratic church, that he goes to." See?

<sup>35</sup> And so, after they had past, little Zacchaeus gets up on the garbage can; he still can't reach the limb. Now, he's in an awful place, so he just shinnies up the tree. Well, I don't know whether you know what "shinny up the tree" means; that's a southern expression: "climb her up, get a hold of it, just pull up."

And so he gets to the first limb, and he looks over here, and there he sets. And if that ain't a good look at a—at a Chris . . . at a—a man, businessman of the city, with his robe full of garbage, hands full of splinters, getting in a tree to look at a holy-roller Preacher coming by. You can imagine what kind of . . . Oh yeah, that's what He was considered: Somebody that's called a devil, a Beelzebub, a Galilean, which had a bad name to begin with, born a illegitimate child, as they thought. See, the—the world never knows Him, brethren. They don't know it yet. They think we're crazy. They just haven't met Him yet; that's all.

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<sup>36</sup> So as he's setting up there, cross-legged, weaving back and forth on this limb . . . Now, if that isn't a pretty picture. A man of his standing in the city, the garbage can, the flies all around it. Now, the flies is on Zacchaeus. And here he sets up here, full of garbage and stinks, splinters in his hands, all to get to see some fanatic Prophet of Galilee, called a Prophet. His own church against it. But you see, Rebekah was still praying; that's what does it.

So he thinks, "Now wait, if I set here, He might see me. Do you know what? I'm just remembering that Rebekah told me that that Man could discern the thoughts of the mind. You know what, I'll hide from Him." So he goes just a little bit higher in the tree, and he finds where two limbs meet. That makes a good place to set down. That's a good place for us all to set down, where two ways meet, yours and God's. There's where the decision has to be made.

<sup>37</sup> So he sets down on this limb, and he said, "Now, wait a minute, if this Galilean Prophet . . . Now, when I go back home, Rebekah will say, 'Did you see Him, like He did to Philip, or He did to Peter, or He—He did to some of the rest of them? How He could look out into the audience and discern what they were doing or their thoughts.' So sure, me setting right here before Him; He might actually look up, this olive tree is not too tall, and what if He happened to see me setting up here? Well, sure He'd look at me. But—and then again, what if Levinski would happen to see me up here, and then all of them get around the tree and point their finger to me?" Now, wouldn't that be something? So the best thing for me to do is to disguise myself."

<sup>38</sup> So he gets the limbs, and he pulls them all around him, covers himself up like a good camouflage; no one can see him. And he only leaves one little leaf, so he could raise it up like this, look out. And that little leaf, you . . . There's no one can see him; the tree limbs are all pulled around him, and he's a little bitty fellow setting back up against the trunk of this tree, limbs all around him, the leaves all around him, with the little leaf, he could raise up and look. He said, "Now, they'll never know. No one will ever see me here. I'm really hid." Don't you worry, somebody knows where you are.

And as he sits there a few minutes, mediating, and the flies getting on him again, and he happens to hear a noise. He said, "He must be coming." There's usually a noise where He's around, you know. They always hear . . . ? . . .

<sup>39</sup> You know, in the old temple, when the priest was anointed and went into the—the temple, on his . . . Aaron, on his garment was a special made garment, and there was a bell and a pomegranate, and it required a certain type of walk. That when he walked, these garments, the bells

and the pomegranate, played, “Holy, holy, holy unto the Lord,” as he walked. And the only way the audience knew that he was still alive was by this noise. I wonder sometimes.

Bangor ought to know that somebody’s alive around here, and it’s knowed by the walk you do too: Holy, holy, holy unto the Lord. The noise gives praise and glory; we’re a high priests offering spiritual sacrifice, the fruits of our lips giving praise to His Name. That’s what we are. The fruits of our lips giving praise to His Name.

<sup>40</sup> Then when He was coming around the corner, there it was, the great noise. And he raises up his little leaf to see. He said, “No one will never see me here.”

So he looks around the corner, and he noticed, pushing around the corner, came a great big man, pushing . . . ? . . . it, “I’m sorry, you’ll have to step out of the way.”

Two or three men behind him, “I’m sorry, the Master’s on His road to His breakfast this morning, and we—we can’t interrupt, sorry. Stand back.”

He said, “That must be the description of the fellow called Peter, that man that He told who he was, his father. That must be him, that’s in the lead there, pressing the people back.”

<sup>41</sup> And just then, little Zacchaeus looks over, and there stood one of his—of his customers. “Why,” he said, “they’ve got that child out here this morning. When I know that the doctors said, two days ago, that child was dying. If they should move that child in this early morning air, it would be death; they cannot do that. How fanatic can people get? And there the father and mother standing with this fevered baby, rolled up in a blanket, and the doctors said in my restaurant the other day, when I asked about that baby, ‘That it’s dying. And it’s seriously with a disease that just a little air exposure would kill it instantly.’ And here that father and mother has so worked up by this fanatic preacher, that they brought that baby against the doctor’s rules, out on the street.” And now look, they’re being pressed back. Those twelve men along with Him, must be the one who protects Him, and keeps Him away from the crowds. That’s what Rebekah said. Well, I tell you, that man ought to be put in jail for taking that baby out.”

All at once the faithful little father takes the baby into his arms, and a lovely little mother runs right on out into the street, and almost falls on her knees.

This great man Peter, gentle, says, “Sister, dear, we are so sorry, our Master can only stand so much.”

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“But oh, kind sir, my baby is dying. It hasn’t got but just a few minutes to live, and I believe that one word from your Master will change the whole course.”

Zacchaeus raised the leaf a little higher, said, “What’s that?” Just one word, He knows about it. Not even a sparrow can fall in the street; He knows it. He knows your prayers for this meeting. He knows all that’s gone on. He’s lovely, kind, sweet, and . . .

And He stopped, like He did to blind Bartimaeus, just out the gate, a few hours later. He couldn’t have heard Bartimaeus’ cry; there’s too many people screaming, carrying on. His faith touched Him.

He stopped and turned and looked back, and He said, “Daughter, take your baby back home, for your faith has saved the baby.”

Now, I can see Zacchaeus, “Did ever you hear such a fanaticism as that?”

And at that time the father also, raised his hands, and he said, “Praise be to the living God, I believe and accept my baby’s healing right now.” Unwraps the baby, sets her on the street, and a little six or eight year old girl starts down the street skipping the rope. That was Jesus.

<sup>42</sup> Zacchaeus said, “That’s amazing. You know what, I’ve just decided I’d better keep my big mouth shut. Maybe I been wrong. I sure don’t want Him to see me.” So he picks up his little leaf again, saying, “Wonder if He’s close.” And he looks down. Here He is coming right under the tree. And He stopped. Zacchaeus said, “How glad I am that He can’t see me.”

And He stopped; He looked up in the tree, said, “Zacchaeus, get out of there; come on down. I’m going home with you today for dinner.” Didn’t even know—only know he was up there, He knowed who he was.

I guess all the days of his life he was glad that he went to that place where Jesus was to pass that way. He became a member of the Full Gospel Businessmen’s Association of Jericho. I’m glad to be a member of the same.

He never was the same after that. Rebekah was rewarded for her prayer. Her husband got saved that day, and Jesus eat dinner at her house. “I must go home with you today,” He said.

<sup>43</sup> And friends, He can go home with you too. There may be a Zacchaeus setting here, I don’t know. He does. If you try to hide behind something, to really keep from making your real confession and receiving Christ, the Holy Ghost, in your heart, He knows right where you are. He speaks to you right now. Let’s bow our heads just a moment.

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Dear God, something unusual struck me at that time. I felt; I don't have how to express it, Lord, if not for these people was here, I'd be a hypocrite, but I didn't finish my story. It seem like this must be the time. Maybe, there is a Zacchaeus here. Of some man and some woman that You just spoke to their heart, "I want to go home with you today too."

<sup>44</sup> You found them setting here at the table. They heard that You were to pass this way this morning, and they slipped down. O Lord God, may they be like Zacchaeus, climb down out of the tree, and say, "Lord God, if I've did anything wrong, I'll make it right." If they've neglected the church, if they've neglected their prayer, if they've neglected the duty as a Christian, or as a believer, or a church member, if they've neglected receiving the Holy Spirit, inviting You, You're knocking at their heart this morning.

Grant Lord, that right now, that such a person will move back the little camouflage, and slip right out into the open, say, "Lord go home with me today and abide with me. I want to take You . . .? . . . Maybe my praying wife prayers is being answered, or my praying husband, or mother. The prayers is answered, Lord. You found me right here at this table. I want You to know, Lord, that I recognize it's You. I raise my hand to You, and ask for mercy."

<sup>45</sup> And while we have our heads bowed, and every person praying. Right down in the bottom of your heart, I want you to be honest now. If you receive me as your brother, the same Holy Spirit Who knows of the thoughts of every heart, is here now. He knows your heart, and something stopped me in my message, said, "This is the hour." He's spoke to somebody. Don't no one raise your heads here, we have a little sister to play.

But I want you, if you feel in your heart, you here that feel that God has knocked at your heart; consecration of life. If something maybe they receive Him as your Saviour. Would you just raise your hand? Say, "It's me, Lord." Be honest with God. God bless you. Someone else? The Lord bless you. God bless you. Someone else?

All right. He's knocking at . . . You want to go home with Him? Want to take Him home with you? Are you still going to . . . Say, "Well, we've found Him." But you refuse to come down out of the tree. Can you do that? Do you want to home with Him?

<sup>46</sup> You'll want Him to go to your deathbed. You might refuse Him this morning, and He wouldn't be there at the deathbed. You can grieve the Spirit of God. God bless you. Someone else now?

You say, "What does it do, Brother Branham, if I raise up my hand?" Well, it changes death to life. You break every scientific rule when you raise your hand. God bless you, sister.

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Science says that your hands must hang down; gravitation holds it down. But there's a Spirit around you, and one in you The Spirit around you is the Holy Spirit, and He's saying to you, "You're wrong. You're professing to be a Christian with all this evil in your heart."

<sup>47</sup> Like Zacchaeus, he thought he was a believer. You've criticized the meetings; you didn't believe them in the first place. Now, I'm speaking to you, Child, accept me. And you who raised your hands then, that breaks the laws of gravitation, you raise your hand. The Spirit in you has made a decision, "I want Jesus. I don't care what it cost me. If I have to lose my prestige and everything, if I lose myself, I'll find it, Lord, in You. I raise my hand, God, here it is. I profess a Christian, but I have temper, and evil, and everything's in my heart. Take it out, Lord, this morning. You found me here at the table as You did Zacchaeus up the tree." Will you raise your hand?

Four fathers raised their hands, but there is one yet present. God is just speaking now.

If you believe me to be His servant? One yet left. God bless you, sister. All right. The decision is yours. Jesus could not have got up in the tree and pushed him out; he had to come out on his own.

<sup>48</sup> As we continue to pray, Lord God, the Creator of heavens and earth, the Author of Everlasting Life, and the Giver of all good gifts, Your Holy Spirit is the Gift that Christ sent to us, and we love Him. He is our Shepherd, and we shall not want. And we're so glad that He leads by the side of the still waters, and restores our souls. He plants us by the rivers of water, and the leaf shall not wither, even in death shall not wither the leaf. For if this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, we have one already waiting. Nothing can wither; we've got Eternal Life, God's own Life dwelling in us by the Holy Spirit, that cannot perish. It must be raised up as Christ promised it.

And I pray now, that You'll bless exceedingly, abundantly, these who's raised their hands, and for those who should have done it, and did not. And I pray, God, that this Spirit of love among the brethren and sisters, that it will never die, it'll always be alive among them, Lord, and the differences will all be under the Blood, and that fellowship will exist until Jesus comes, and we'll be blended together as one great body. Grant it, Father.

<sup>49</sup> Bless those who are here that's sick; as I know now they are. Seeking help from You, and let them know that that which is speaking to them is the Holy Spirit. He's the Healer of all of our sickness. And we pray that He will now heal every disease that's among us, taking away, the weakness, the diseases of the bodies, of those pilgrims and strangers to the world, Your own dear children.

Grant it, Father. May when we go from here this morning, may we go happy, rejoicing, healed, and well, renewed in our spirit, and heart. We can go to the different corners, and testify at the gas stations, whatmore. Jesus remains the same Lord. Grant it, Lord.

Bless the ministers here this morning too, the businessmen, may their business prosper. Let us all know that the most, and greatest business, that has the need today is the business of our Father. God, may we be about His business as His dear children, conducting ourselves as Christian gentlemen and Christian ladies. Grant it, Father. For we ask it in Jesus' Name, Thy Son. Amen.

<sup>50</sup> Do you feel real good? Have I got five minutes more? Are you in a real big hurry? I just want to say something to you.

The reason that I am where I am today in these Full Gospel ranks is because I believe it. I believe that our bodies came from the dust of the earth. We're all aware of that. The Bible says it first; science proves it. We're made of sixteen elements of the earth: petroleum, potash, cosmic light, so forth, atoms. Then if that be so, when this world was nothing but a bleak volcanic, our bodies laid on this earth. Just a little encouragement for you.

People think I'm a mystic and an isolationist. But I'm not. I'm your brother. Yes. I'd like to go home with you for dinner, really have some real fellowship. There's a little room upstairs waiting for me. I can't be a servant of God, and a servant of man at the same time; I must stay partly to myself, pray, and just to talk to you about the matter . . . ? . . . It's later than we think.

<sup>51</sup> We must get the seed in the earth. When I left Finland, some time ago right after the first war, or the last world war, they was out there tying men, women, hooked up in harnesses; little children running before them packing lanterns at night, and they scratched the ground. If they don't break the surface some way, get them seed in there, they'll all starve the next year. They got to get that in before the snow comes. They must get it in, there's no night. They can't stop no time. Lanterns. They couldn't use tractors; they had none. They put their women with harnesses on them to pull the harrow, just to scratch the ground, the men right behind. Got to get the seed in, or there'll be no crop.

Brethren, sisters, it's later than you think. We've got to scratch the ground some way; there's no stopping day and night. We've got to get the seed, the Word, in the—in the hearts of the people. If we don't there'll be no harvest . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . and from the earth . . . ? . . .



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