
BLIND BARTIMAEUS



. . .? . . . And may Thy great Holy Spirit, Lord, come tonight in power and perform great miracles among us, healing the sick, calling home to the shelter in a time of storm, those who are weary along the road. May those who have wandered off the beaten path, come back tonight and be reconciled to God. Grant it, Lord.

And when we leave tonight, we pray that You'll do something among us, that will be so outstanding that'll make us go to our homes saying, like those coming from Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked to us along the way?" For we ask it in His Name and for His sake. Amen. May be seated. (Thank you, Brother Roy.)

² We are. . . These letters, we pray over them. We appreciate your confidence in our prayers. Some of them are stamped. Some, that comes to the—to the place I'm staying. I don't. . . They don't stamps, so we're putting them right back just as quick as we possibly can.

Had a wonderful night, last night, did we not? The Holy Spirit blessed us.

Now, I see down in the—the orchestra pit here, people on the stretchers and cots. Now, just make it in your mind now, that this is the last night you're going to suffer. You're going to go home tonight to be well. You're going to just believe that in your heart. You'll not be disappointed. Usually we receive what we expect to see, just what we expect.

If I could come down in that little pit, and take you people out of there, and make you well, I'd do it. I'd just be so happy to do that, but I can't do it. I'm just a man like this man here. And I—I wished I could. But I know that our Lord is here. And He's the One Who can make you come off of the stretchers, and go home, and be well. I trust that He will. Not only that, but all you out through the audience. . .

³ Very nice seeing this nice audience tonight, nice crowd of people. And our precious brother has already spoke the Word. And I just want to take a few minutes now. As each night, I do not try to preach at night, just to kinda give a little drama, till I get the feeling of the audience. I'm sure you understand what I mean.

And then, if the Lord's willing, I want to preach Sunday afternoon on the subject, "As the Eagle Stirreth Her Nest and Hovereth Over Her Young," that is, if the Lord permits, Sunday afternoon.

⁴ Now tonight, just to—till we get kindly acquainted and. . . All this is spiritual: I look at you as human beings like myself, but each one of

you has a spirit. And then when the anointing of the Holy Spirit comes, It's like a breath almost, and you can feel belief, unbelief, and what-more. Now, you say, "That's psychology, Brother Branham." Maybe it is. If it is, our Lord used it, because He—He took a man outside the city one time to pray for him. And then another time, we know that there was a dead girl in the house, and the people were making a great lamentation over it. And He put the people out, and just left the parents, and Peter, James, and John, and Himself. And He raised the get—the girl from the dead. See, there's something about it.

And each one, you're looking. Your eye is the gate to your soul. You can look at it; it almost governs the other senses. You look at it before you taste it. You look at it before you smell it, and feel it, and so forth. It's usually the eye is the gate to the soul. And when you're watching. . . . And if you could only let that be a blessing to you, when you see with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, the Lord Jesus moving among the people and doing things that He has been doing, it should make you have real faith then.

⁵ Now, you won't see Him in a physical body, until He comes for you at the great general resurrection. Then we'll see Him. And then we'll know as we're known, see Him as He is. That's the hour we're all longing, waiting for, that time. Until that time, His Spirit is here. And the church is becoming more like Him all the time.

From the great first reformation in Luther, church had a wide stretch. that was still the Holy Spirit moving in the days of Luther. Then He come into the minority again when John Wesley, sanctification; the second work of grace, he called it.

And then, along come the Pentecost, the restoration of the gifts, still narrowed down. And it's narrowing on out now until the Church and Christ will become one. When it does, the coming of the Lord will be, and the resurrection of all of those that sleep in Him shall rise: Lutheran, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterian, all that's got His Spirit, will rise to meet Him in the air. God, grant that time right away. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

⁶ I was. . . . It's on my mind; I must say it. I had a case of that, here, some time ago, that I went into a—a city. We were holding a meeting, and I. . . . Somewhere in Ohio (I can't think of the place right now), and it was having a great meeting, so much that, I went out into the country to stay in a little motel.

There was a little Dunkard restaurant just across the road. The nicest, cleanest-looking little women worked in there, and so Christian-like. And I'd been fasting for about three days. And the brethren went on to service. I was to preach that Sunday afternoon. I wasn't going to

have a healing service. And I was kindly a little hungry, so I thought, "I'll go over to the little restaurant." But they'd closed up and gone to church; it was Sunday. And just the other side of the road, a filling station and a common little, ordinary American restaurant, like there, and a little sandwich shop.

7 (This is horrible to have to say this, but it's true.) And when I walked in, there was a policeman standing, about my age—surely married—and had his arm around a woman, playing a slot machine. Gambling's illegal in Ohio. And there he was gambling. I thought, "Well, the law . . ."

I looked back at the back, and some of those boys, beatnik-kind with them long hair hanging on their neck, and—and overall jackets, and oh . . . and pulled down, you know, or clothes down on their hips . . . Was standing there with their arm around about a sixteen year old waitress where they ought not of had it. I thought, "Oh, mercy . . ."

And looked to my right, there was a man—summertime—with a big overcoat on (government overcoat), big gray scarf around his neck, another man setting by him, with an—an old woman, old enough to be my grandmother. And she had this manicure on her face, ever what you call the stuff, the little black . . . I say that wrong every time. What is it you call that? It's something . . . And . . . It's . . . somehow . . . I tell you, it doesn't belong on Christians; that's one thing sure.

8 I'm a missionary. That's a heathen trait. That's exactly right. Pentecostal people used to not do it, but I don't know what happened when . . . They used to not cut their hair, but I—I don't know what happened. Somebody let down the bars somewhere. We used to say a little song . . . An old Methodist preacher used to sing:

We let down the bars,
We let down the bars,
We compromised with sin.
We let down the bars;
The sheep got out,
But how did the goats get in?

The answer: you let down the bars.

9 Poor thing, blue looking hair and was setting there, and little bitty sh—short cl—clothes on, that a man would have been ashamed to have on. And setting there . . . And she was drunk. And I looked around, and I thought, "Oh, mercy." I thought, "God, how can Your . . . How can You, being holy and righteous, ever look upon such as that? Looks like You'd just smite the thing off. Does my little Sarah and Rebekah have to be raised up such as that?"

And the two men excused themselves and walked away. They would be back in a few moments they said. And I was standing there looking at the woman, criticizing her with all that was in me, and thinking, “What a horrible thing.”

But many times, we shouldn’t do that. We don’t know what’s the inside story. And it happened to be, God taught me a lesson right there.

¹⁰ I just stepped back behind the door. Something said, “Move back.” And when I—I knelt down to pray, I looked and saw a vision of the world turning like this, looked like a crimson spray around it. And I seen myself, as it was first, standing on the earth. And every time I would do something wrong, my sins would start up to God, but Jesus act as a bumper to keep me—my sins from getting to God. And every time I would do something wrong, then looked like that my sins would go towards God. And then Jesus would catch it, and I’d see the tears running off of His cheeks and blood down over His face, and He’d look up and say, “Father, he doesn’t know what he’s doing. Forgive him.” And it—like that.

And I thought, “Is that my sins doing that?” And I went up close to Him; I looked, and there was a book laying open. And my sins were awful on it. And I said, “Dear Lord Jesus, You mean that my sins is what hurt Your sides, and made tears in Your eyes, and—and Blood in Your face?”

He said, “It is.”

I said, “Please forgive me.”

And He touched His side, wrote across the book, “Pardoned,” threw it over behind Him.”

I said, “Oh, I’ll ever be grateful to You.”

And when He did, said, “I forgive you, but you want to condemn her.” And when He did that, I was looking back at the woman again.

¹¹ I walked over where she was. I said, “How do you do?” She was drinking quite extensively and I said . . . She looked up at me and she said, “Oh, how do you do?”

And I said, “Could I set down?”

She said, “I’ve got company.”

And I said, “Not like that. I just want to tell you something.” And I set down and told her . . . And I looked at her, and she was crying. And I said, “Aren’t you ashamed?”

She said, “Who are you? Are you this minister down here in the armory?”

I said, “Yes, ma’am. Brother Branham.”

She said, "I'm ashamed to face you, Brother Branham." She said, "My father was a Methodist minister. I've got a—two daughters. One of them is a real renown Christian. The other one's a Sunday school teacher." And she told me the story of a drunken husband, and what she started. She said, "There's no hopes for me."

I said, "If there's no hopes for you, why did God show me that vision?" And there, I took her by the hand, knelt down there beside of that booth, and led her to the Lord Jesus, right there in that room.

When I got up, the policeman was standing there, and that girl was standing back there, crying, and made a difference. You see, we must look at things the way they are. See? Now, we don't know what's behind the story.

¹² Let us turn now to Saint Luke, the 18th chapter, 38th verse. I would like to read this just for a little talk before we pray and have it for the sick.

And he cried saying, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

Our scene opens at the north gate of the city of Jericho, A.D. 33. It must have been a cold morning. He was late. He had been dreaming all night, that he could see. And he got up late and made his way to his little station or post where he begged. And oh, in that day there was many beggars. If they didn't get to the gates early, when the people were coming into the business in the city, why, they had to catch the person. Maybe they could afford one coin a day to a beggar.

But they'd all gone in, seemingly now, and there he was left alone. He couldn't hear no one on the road. He looked to he—I mean, listened to hear someone coming. No one was coming. So he goes over, and gets him a rock, and sets down. And he begin to think of the night when he was dreaming. Then he remembered that warm Palestinian sun begin to warm him up a little in his ragged coat, as he set on this rock near the wall, just out of the shadow. And he had his wrinkled face turned towards the ground.

¹³ And he might've been thinking something like this. His mind went back to many years, on that same hillside or near Jericho as a little boy, when he could see. . . . And how he used to love to run up-and-down the hill and pick little buttercups in the early spring, and lay down on the hillside and watch the white clouds go by and the blue skies reflecting. What a beautiful world it was.

And now he was old, and everything is gone, and he's blind and begging for his living. How cruel, it seemed like nature had been to him. And while he was thinking on that, he remembered of how that his mother used to call him from across the hill. Here along about two

o'clock in the afternoon, call him in. And after he'd had his midday lunch, he would—she'd set out on the side porch that faced off towards the Jordan river, and she would get him in her arms, and she would stroke his little dark Jewish curls back, and—and kiss him and say, “Bartimaeus, you are the sweetest little boy in all the world. I'm so glad that you're my little boy.” And how he would look and see her pretty cheeks, and the big brown eyes as they would smile to him, as she would hug her little boy to her cheeks and kiss him, and . . .

¹⁴ And he used to love to hear her telling stories before she rocked him to sleep. One of his favorite stories was about a little boy.

Once in the Bible time . . . She'd tell him the story of a great mighty prophet that lived, by the name of Elisha, that wore the mantle of Elijah, with a double portion of his Spirit. And how that this man was a great servant of God; how God honored his prayers and honored those who honored him.

And he passed through a certain city, and there was a woman in this city that was a great woman (not a Hebrew, but she was a Shunammite), but she honored that man because he was a great man of God. And she believed in God. And how she would tell him of the courtesy: the great woman would have him stop in and eat with she and her husband.

And one day she said to her husband, “I perceive that this man that dines with us when he's coming through, going up to his cave in the mountain at Mount Carmel to pray, I perceive that he is a godly man, a holy man, a great man of God. I think we ought to do something for him. And they would—said, “I pray thee, on the side of our house here, let us build him just a little house to himself, that . . . He feels embarrassed, perhaps, to come in and eat with us all the time, so let's just put him a little table out there and a—a little wash basin, a little candlestick, and a bed, a chair that he can rest in, and he can refresh hisself as he comes by.

¹⁵ And when the great prophet came by and found this, it just blessed his soul to see that she loved God well enough to honor His servant. So she . . . Then the prophet said to his servant, Gehazi, “Go, ask her if I could speak to the chief captain or some favor I could do for her.” And the servant came back and said, “No, she says she dwells among her own people, and she has need of nothing. Thank you, just the same.”

But Gehazi said, “Her husband is old, and they have no children.” So it must've been God gave the prophet a vision.

Then when—he said, “Call her to the door.” And when she stood in the door, the aged old prophet raised up and said, “THUS SAITH THE LORD, according to the time of life, you'll bear a son.” Yet, the woman

could not see how that could be possible, but in the time for appointed she had a nice little boy. And how she loved this little boy.

¹⁶ And I can hear her say, “Bartimaeus, you know, little boys and girls are God’s blessings to a family. It’s something about it that ties the family together. You see, Bartimaeus, God gave that lonesome woman a little boy. And God gave you, Bartimaeus, to hubby and I, your daddy. And now, you are our little treasure here at home. Oh, we love you so much . . .” And he’d put his little arms around her neck and hug her.

And there he was now, wrinkled and old. And She’d been gone for years. Then she would tell the story how the little boy wanted to follow his father, said, “Just like you, Bartimaeus.” Go out into the field . . . And one day, must’ve been about noontime, high noon in Palestine. And the sun must have stroked him, ’cause he screamed, “My head, my head . . .”

His father sent him home. And he set on his mother’s lap until about noontime and he died. But how God dealt with that woman. How she took him and went over to that little place and laid him on the bed where the prophet had laid (God’s representative), laying him on the bed.

¹⁷ She saddled a mule and went to Mount Carmel. The prophet did not know what her trouble was. He sent Gehazi and said, “Go, see what’s wrong with the Shunammite. She’s got sorrow in her heart and God has hid it from me.” God don’t tell His prophets everything. He just tells his servants what He wants them to know, nothing else. See? They can’t make God tell them anything. God just says what He wishes to say. And then, how that the—the servant taken the Elijah’s staff to go lay on the baby, but the woman held on. She knowed that God was in that prophet, and she said, “I’ll not leave you.” She wanted to know why that God gave her the baby and then took it away. But you see, all things work together for good to them that love the Lord.

She’d teach Bartimaeus those lessons. Then he would stop and say, “How could it be to the good that I’m blind, then?” But mother, no doubt, was right.

¹⁸ Then he went on with his dream. And after a bit, he begin to think again, “Now, you know Elijah went into that room, walked back and forth, up-and-down in the floor, went and laid his body on that little dead baby and the baby sneezed seven times and it came to life.” Oh, how his little eyes would brighten, say, “Mama, is that God still living?”

“Oh yes, dear. He lives right here in these hills of Judaea. He stays right around His people. He never leaves them. That was ringing down in his heart. All night he’d dreamed of having his sight again. He thought, “Oh, how glorious it would be here, if I could see the

autumn leaves a falling. If I could once more look around. (Blindness is a horrible thing. The whole world is shut off to you, the visible world.)

¹⁹ And there, setting there . . . And then he used to think of another great story. His mother was setting on the porch, facing off to Jordan, and she'd say, "Bartimaeus, just right down there, less than a half a mile, just below the ford, in the month of April when all the snows had melted and the river was way up here in the—in the valley, God led His people to the other side, and then opened up the way and come across Jordan on dry land.

And he would think of them stories. He'd say, "Oh, but alas, wonder what happened to that great God? Our priest tells us that the days of miracles is passed. Those things can't happen no more."

That's what's the trouble today. We have too much of that thing that God "was," but "isn't" now. The Bible said He's the same yesterday, today, and forever, just as much God today as He was then, and He always will be God. If He ever was God, He will always be God. He cannot die. He—He cannot get old. He cannot change His mind. He cannot make new decisions on things He's already made decisions on. His first decision was right and has to forever be right, or He made the wrong decision when He made it. See? He has to ever keep with His first decision. He's perfect, infinite, and cannot change. Oh, that's a consolation that we must have. Anybody seeking God must have that firm consolation that God cannot change.

²⁰ I can say something, say I'm sorry I said it. I might've been wrong. But He can't say that, because He's perfect, He's infinite. We're finite. We can make any kind of a mistake, but He can't. And if He ever was called on the scene to heal a person, and He healed that person according to their faith, the next time He's called, He's got to heal the next one, and the next one, and everyone that ever comes to Him. If He's called on the scene to save a person, and He saves him upon his faith, everyone that calls with faith, He has to save. That's right.

And remember, when God gives you a call, blessed are you, when you feel God calling, 'cause "No man can come to me except My Father calls him first." It's God knocking at your heart's door. What if He never did knock? Think of it. What a horrible thing that would be. But God gives everyone a chance. You turn it down yourself.

²¹ While Bartimaeus was setting there, all at once he heard the coming of a little mule's hoofs coming down the big cobblestones, coming down from towards Jerusalem. "Oh," he thinks, "This must be a—a rich man coming. About the only way of travel then, was by foot or by donkey. And—and the rich people could ride a mule. He might have said, "This must be a place I can get an alm." So he throws back

his arms, running towards the street, or towards the highway, saying, "Have mercy on me, I am a blind man. I overslept this morning. I haven't a coin. My winter's wood is not in. There's no meal in the barrel. Would you please help me?"

And the servant stops the little mule, and he hears a—a gruff voice saying, "Out of my way, beggar. I am the servant of the Lord. I'm a priest from Jerusalem. There's to be fanatic, so-called prophet, in here today, to have a healing service. Out of my way. We're going to take the ministerial association down here and see that nothing like that happens in our city. We don't want none of that down here. We don't have such things as that down here. You'll what? Out of my way, beggar. I must be on my way." And the little mule moved on.

²² Bartimaeus finds his way back. Now, the sun had raised way up and the shadow of the wall had went back a little ways, so he found him a rock near the gate, feeling around the old stones that—where the walls had fell. And he'd set down on this stone. And he thought, "Where was I dreaming about? My boyhood, when I could see. When I was a little boy. I was thinking of a great Jehovah God, that once was. Oh, surely, God's servant wouldn't act like that. What was that he said to me about a prophet? Oh, I guess I didn't get it." And on . . . He set down and thought, "Well, you remember years ago, my mother has told me many times, that right down that same road, over those same stones come Elijah and Elisha, arm in arm, going to open up the Jordan."

²³ Right over the same stones, not twenty yards from where he was setting. One day, two great prophets walked arm in arm to the Jordan. Same road, same stones, "Oh, if I could've lived then. I would've run out there and said, 'Great servants of the Lord God, just ask God. God will hear your prayers.' My eyes will come open (like that little boy standing here last night, born blind). My eyes will come open, and I'll be able to see. And I can work, and—and make a living, and so forth. If . . . But alas, those prophets are gone. They say there's no more prophets, and there's nothing else left, and Jehovah has forsaken us and there's no more . . . Days of miracles is past. And He just expects us to live for heaven above. And then when we die, we'll go up there, but there's no help for us any more. And I believe, if I would've went out there to Elisha and Elijah, I would've not been treated by them servants of the Lord like I was by this one, just passed by. I believe they would've considered my case and at least offered a word of prayer for me as they passed by."

²⁴ You know, as a servant of God, you ought to watch what you're doing, because you're written epistles, read of all men. You Christians, always be willing to lend a hand or to do something to help somebody make life a little pl—more pleasant for them as they're . . . You say,

“Well, I—I don’t have any gift of healing.” You don’t have to have. At least offer something. Offer a prayer. Do something. Make them feel. . . Do the best you can by them, anyhow. Never turn a shoulder, a cold shoulder, to anyone, no matter what it is, even if they’ve mistreated you. Do it anyhow. If you can’t do it from your heart, then you ought to come to the altar and stay till that spirit comes in you that from your heart, you can love those who doesn’t love you. That’s when God will answer your prayer, for as long as there’s anything in your heart. . . “If I conceive iniquity in my heart, then God will not hear me.” That’s what David said, and that—that’s true. He won’t hear you.

²⁵ Then, Elijah had passed by there and Elisha going down, but the poor blind man had been taught that the days of miracles were passed. Then he remembered after Joshua had crossed over the Jordan, that about five hundred yards from where he was setting, Israel camped, made their camp.

And one day, that great mighty warrior, Joshua, who took Moses place to lead the children into the promised land, and when he was out one day, walking around, looking at the walls of Jericho, which was his first objective to take that city. . . They was all in, the doors closed, and their big rocks hanging on top to throw off at them when come up. And he was wondering just how that he’d be able to take that city, because it was given to them, and just what would be the way that God had planned to do it. And he happened to look, standing before him there stood a mighty Warrior with His sword drawn. And Joshua drew his sword and went out to meet Him. He said, “Are You for us, or are You for our enemies?”

And the sword glistened over His head, He said, “Nay, I’m the Captain of the host of the Lord.”

The mighty Joshua threw his sword on the ground, took off his shield, laid it down, his helmet, and fell to his feet in front of Him.

²⁶ And then blind Bartimaeus thought, “You know what? That happened just right out here. That great Captain of the Lord’s Host was standing on the ground, right out there, but the days of the miracles is passed.” Little did he know, that less than a hundred yards from him, stood that same Captain of the host of the Lord, making His way out.

It’s when we think of God, when we begin to dream dreams of being well, when we dream dreams of being saved, when we get to thinking about our sins and how cruel it is before God, that’s when He draws near. That’s when these disciples, brokenhearted, going on the road to Emmaus, that Jesus stepped out of the bush and begin to talk to them, while they were thinking of Him.

27 You see, the trouble today, we got so much money and stuff on our mind, God can't have a place to get in our thinking. We want to go downtown, shop for new dresses, or new hats, or something another; and we got to see Suzy and John. We're going to play cards tonight; we can't go to church tonight, because "We Love Susie" on, or something like that, the television programs. We got everything else on our mind.

The churches has got so many orders and things to keep us so busy, prayer meetings is left out. We need to draw nigh unto God, so He will draw nigh unto us, friend. That's right. But everything else has took the place of the prayer meeting. Everything else has took the place of the real spiritual worship. Oh, maybe two or three minutes in church. But I just love to lay and bathe before Him in His . . . Don't you love that? Oh, just lift up your hands and drink from the fountain, until you just can't drink no more, just bubbling over in His sweetness and His goodness.

28 I was talking to a noted evangelist, my brother, T. L. Osborn. He said, "I was thinking, Brother Branham, of how that—that my whole objective is to save souls and give all my time to save souls to Christ." Said, "Then I happen to think, what a—what about my own love and devotion to Christ?" Christ loves him too. He loves us. We put a lot of time and things, but God wants us to come apart, and just set down, and worship Him, and talk with Him, talk it over. I love that. Oh, that sweetness. That's the greatest time of anybody's life, is just to set down and meditate, take everything off your mind. If you would do that, there wouldn't be so much nervousness around the country, if we would just think on God. "Draw nigh unto me, and I'll draw nigh unto you."

29 While our blind beggar sets there on that cold morning, shivering, and the warm sun trying to bathe his back, and he thought of that great mighty Warrior that stood right outside the gate from where he was setting, and talked to Joshua and give him all the instructions, how the walls would fall at the sounding of the trumpet, and so forth . . . He was thinking, "But that—that great God can't die. He's forever alive."

Just about that time he heard a noise. That same great chief Captain, was on His road out the gate, coming through Jerusalem. And you know, there's something about it, where Jesus is, there's usually a lot of noise. I don't know why, but makes a lot of noise.

You know the high priest, when he went into the holiest of holies, he had—he was anointed with the—a perfume and with anointing oil. And on his—the hem of his garment, they had a pomegranate and a bell. And every time he walked, that played, "Holy, holy, holy, unto the Lord." And the only way that they knowed he was alive, when he was back in the holiest of holies, because there was noise. I wonder

if there isn't some deadness somewhere? All right. That's the only way they knowed he was alive, because he was making a noise back in there. They were listening to see if there was still life in there when he went into the holiest of holies.

³⁰ And when Jesus came forth out of the gate, there come a great multitude rushing and perhaps run over the poor old beggar; and he was blind, and he said, "What's going on? Wha—what's the matter?" Nobody paying any attention to him, and he heard the—somebody saying, "Hosanna, Hosanna, to Him that cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna." Women was screaming. Men was screaming. Then he could hear others mocking and making fun.

Then he heard the—the head of the association of Jerusalem, that priest scream out and said, "Say, you fake prophet, they tell me you raised a dead man. We've got a whole graveyard full of them up here. Come up and raise these and let us see you do it." But you see, Jesus never did mind devils; He just let them go on. He had . . . He minded the Father, what . . . He did what the Father showed Him to do . . . ? . . . He didn't turn any stones to bread. They put a rag around His face one time and hit Him on the head. Said, "Now if you're a prophet, tell us who hit you. We'll believe you if . . ." Put a rag. . . And He never opened His mouth and said a word.

³¹ Hanging on the cross, they said, "Tear your hands loose. Come down off the cross, if you be Christ." He could've done it. Sure He could. He could've done it, but if He'd done it, He'd been minding the devil. That's right. So as Billy Sunday said one time, said, "Every tree had fifty Angels setting in it, said, 'Just—just tear your hand loose and point towards us and we'll change this scene here in a few minutes.'"

Caiaphas said, "He saved others, himself he can't save," not knowing he was giving Him the greatest compliment He ever had. If He saved Hisself, He couldn't save others, so He gave Hisself that could save others. I'm glad that He was able to resist the temptation of the devil.

Jesus . . . When you hear people say, "Let me see Him heal this one; let me see him heal that one," just know that's the devil. That's the same voice. See?

³² "There's a little old man down here on the corner, he's got—sells pencils, I know he's a good old fellow. Come down and heal him. Let me see your divine healers do that." Just remember; that's the voice of the devil. That's right. Just remember; that's what the Scripture says.

And there's a lot of them that's just lot like that, but course, devils don't die. The—the devil takes his man, but never his spirit. God takes His man, but never His Spirit. The battle goes on just the same.

³³ And then, these crowd rushed, out and they screamed at Him, and this, that; then finally he said, “What’s going on? What is wrong? What is wrong here? What’s all this rush about? What’s all the noise?” No one was paying any attention to him.

And I believe . . . Let’s think it was a nice little believer on the Lord Jesus, maybe a little lady stepped down, “The poor old fellow . . .” And you know, people that follow Jesus, have sympathy for people like that, followers of Christ. Stepped down, picked the old fellow up, and said, “Sir, have—have they pushed you off of the rock, here?”

“Yes, miss. What’s going on?”

“Oh, you don’t understand?”

“No.”

“Well, did you ever hear of Jesus of Nazareth?”

“I don’t believe I ever did,” said Bartimaeus.

“Well, Jesus of Nazareth is that great Prophet that Moses said would be raised up among us of our own people. He’s passing by. Oh, if you could’ve seen Him, I’m sure He would’ve restored your sight.”

“Oh, where’s He at.”

“Oh, He’s about a hundred yards or two, down the road.”

He raised up. “Oh, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy on me.”

Some of them said, “Oh, shut up. You make so much noise you give me a headache.” The rest of them around here, hollering also, ‘Shut up.’”

“Oh Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.”

I don’t believe He could’ve heard his voice. There’s too much screaming and going on. But he knew that if He was that Prophet of God, He could be touched. I believe, maybe he slipped down and said, “O Lord God, please stop Him. Please Lord, be merciful to me while mercy is passing by.” And Jesus stopped, looked back.

³⁴ I believe it. The woman touched His garment. He felt virtue go from Him. That’s the same Jesus, just a few days later. His—not his—his screaming stopped Him, but his faith stopped Him. And the Bible said, “Jesus stood still.” Oh, brother, when a faith of a blind beggar can stop Him still in His tracks, a man that was setting outside the gate, excommunicated from—from a what we’d say, “Society,” and he was a beggar and poor and ragged, and blind, and miserable, but his faith stopped the Son of God.

What was on the Son of God? He was on His way to Jerusalem to be crucified for the sins of the world. The whole weight of every sin that

was ever committed in the world, laid upon His precious shoulders. His head was in the air. Over ripened fruit and vegetables was being thrown at Him. “Away with such a man.”

Others hollering, “Hosanna, Hosanna.”

The other one hollered, “Come, raise the dead. Show us something You can do.” Such a confusion as that, but He kept His face towards Jerusalem. He knew He was going there to die for the people that was crying for His Blood.

³⁵ Could you imagine what that was? His own children crying for the Father’s Blood. That’s exactly right. And then, with all that upon His shoulders, with all that facing Him, and He knowed He come to do that, yet, the cry, and the prayer, and the faith of that one old blind beggar stopped Him still in His tracks. And He turned around, and He said, “Your faith has saved you.” Oh, my. “Thy faith has saved thee.”

I can hear some of them say, “Be of a good cheer. Be of a good cheer.” He goes on down the road. He stands. He said, “What did He say to me? What did He say now? “Thy faith has saved thee.” Standing, looking. . . After while, he begin to see his fingers. Something was happening. His faith was being confirmed. Your faith can stop Him tonight. In the great rush, the coming of the Lord Jesus, and all that there is, there’s not a person in here too poor, or too ragged, or too insignificant; you’re not too low in morals or life, but what you can stop Him right where He’s at now, and He will stand and call you.

³⁶ Some time ago I was taking a little lesson on Bartimaeus that said that he’d been blind for many years. He had a wife and a little girl. And one night, his wife got real sick. And he—he went out and prayed. He said, “Lord, heal my wife. And if You’ll let my wife get well. . .

He had—he had to do something to make little enchantments for the public, or you would never be able to stop them. Like in India. . . (And Brother Osborn, if you’re here tonight, you understand what I mean.) They got a little monkey or something another that they have to do to—or have a—a cobra snake, or some kind of a something, enchantment, to stop tourists to get money when they pass by.

³⁷ And they said Bartimaeus had two little turtledoves and they done little tumbles over each other. And that would attract the attention of the—the pass-by, tourists, and the people coming in out of the city. He said, “Lord, I love my wife. If You’ll let her get well, tomorrow I’ll give You them two turtledoves for a sacrifice.” Well, his wife got well, and he took the turtledoves for a sacrifice. Then later on, his little girl that he’d never seen in his life (She’d been born since he was blind.) about twelve years old. Said she had real pretty golden hair. (It’s a little story, of course.) And said that she got sick one night. And the doctor had

been there and said, “Bartimaeus, she’s got a fever. She’ll—just can’t live with this kind of fever.”

And after the doctor left, he felt his way outside of the house, when the wind was blowing around by the rosebush. And he looked up to where he thought God would be, and he said, “Father, I don’t have nothing. I have one thing left, and that’s my lamb. (And today, you seen . . . I forget what they call it when a dog leads a blind man, and a blind leads the blind—the blind dog leads the blind—or the dog leads the blind man.) In them days they had a lamb that led the blind in the stead of a—a dog. They trained the lamb. Bartimaeus had a lamb and led him over to his place where he begged. And he said, “Lord, if You will just let my little girl get well, I’ll take my lamb, and I’ll sacrifice it for you.”

³⁸ And the little girl got well. And the next day he was on his road to take the lamb up to the church to the sacrifice spot. And the priest was standing up at the—upon the banisters of the building; he said, “Where goest thou, blind Bartimaeus?”

He said, “I go to the temple to sacrifice this lamb unto the Lord.”

“Oh,” he said, “blind Bartimaeus, you cannot sacrifice that lamb. Here, I’ll give you the price of a lamb, and you buy it out at the stalls and sacrifice it.”

He said, “I never promised God ‘a’ lamb, I promised Him this lamb.”

He said, “Blind Bartimaeus, but you can’t do that: that lamb is your eyes.”

He said, “If I’ll keep my word to God, God will provide a lamb for blind Bartimaeus’ eyes.” This cold November day, that’s what God had done, had provided a Lamb for Blind Bartimaeus’ eyes. May I say this, tonight, my dear brother, sister, that same Lamb is provided for you and for me. God has provided a Lamb of our eyes of understanding, for this Lamb was provided for our healing. He was provided so that His Spirit could live among us through this day, to bring Christ in a reality to us. God’s Lamb is provided.

³⁹ “Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” Let us pray. Gracious God, full of mercy and truth . . . “Thou the stream of all my comfort,” said blind Fanny Crosby, “More than life to me, Whom have I on earth beside Thee, Or Whom in heaven but Thee?” And she screamed out again, “Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, do not pass me by.” Dear Jesus, that is our humble plea tonight. Do not pass by this auditorium here in Tulsa tonight, without stopping, Lord, and visiting us. We love You with all of our hearts. We praise Thee with all that is within us. And we believe that You are the same great chief Captain, the Captain of our salvation.

And we're looking for You to come in glory someday, bringing with You the host of Angels, and to receive Your precious Church, that's been called out of the world and washed in Your Blood, bearing in their body, Your name.

⁴⁰ I pray, heavenly Father, that You will grant tonight, that if there be one in here, or many (I do not know their hearts, Thou doest), if they do not know You as their precious Saviour, and feel that warmth of fellowship, God, let it come to pass at this very hour that they will receive Thee and love Thee, and You'll draw nigh unto them. May they think on Thee now and be drawn nigh. Grant it, Lord. May there not be a sinner, boy, girl, man, or a woman, walk out of here tonight. May there not be a backslider walk out tonight, but what has come to God and had their sins forgiven. May they cry in their heart, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy on me." Grant it, Lord.

⁴¹ And while we have our heads bowed and our eyes closed, I wonder, in this visible audience tonight. . . I want you to be real honest and everybody pray, pray especially for those who doesn't know Christ now.

Is there any here, while you're praying, would just like to lift up your hand? Here on the bottom floor, lift up your hand, not to me, but to Him, and say, "Thou Son of David, I've trespassed against Thee. I've broken Thy commandments. Be merciful to me at this hour." Would you raise your hand, so that I can just see and pray for you? God bless you. God bless you, all down along the floor here. Over to my right, God bless you. Raise your hand, say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham." God bless you. That's good. God bless you. "I've trespassed against Thy laws, O Lord. I want You to be merciful to me." God bless this man laying here in the—this cot laying here. God grant it tonight that you can go home and be well, sir.

⁴² Up in the balconies, to my right, would raise your hands. . . God bless you, lady. God bless you; that's good. Someone else raise your hand. Just slip up your hand, while every eye closed and everyone praying. Let it be just the Holy Spirit and I, if you will. The balconies to the—to the center here—would there be any up there would raise your hand, say, "Pray. . . ?" God bless you, sir. God bless you. That's good. The balcony to my left, raise your hand. God bless you, lady. I. . . God bless you, young fellow. That's a great stand for a teen-ager. God. . . That's the greatest thing you ever done, son. You might've done a many a great thing, but that's the greatest.

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, I want Your mercies now. Now, ere my death, I want You to receive me into Your Kingdom." I don't know when that'll be. . . May be before the service closes tonight. Maybe before I get home. . . ." One of these nights, somewhere, some place,

some time of day or night, you're going to feel the pulse coming up your sleeve. It's all then. Oh, my, don't let it happen until you know the Lord Jesus as your own dear personal Saviour. If be another now, before we pray? Anywhere, boy, girl, man, or woman? God bless you.

⁴³ Our heavenly Father, be merciful now. They—they've raise their hands, crying, "Thou Son of David, be merciful to me." And may they, this very hour, receive Jesus as their personal Saviour. May He come in great power in their life. This young man up here, Lord, that raised his hand, something's dealt deeply with my heart on that boy. I pray, Father, maybe You're calling a minister to the service. Oh, I pray that You'll bless him and all these others that raised their hands, young and old, may they receive Jesus just now as Saviour. And then go out of here and be baptized in some good church in Christian faith, receive the Holy Spirit, and go out into the service of God to do whatever they can do to help bring Jesus to this dying nation and dying world. Grant it, Father. Pass by us tonight, Father, and visit. We pray in Jesus' Name. Amen.

⁴⁴ Let's sing just one verse of that before we go any farther—"Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour."

. . . me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Sweetly now, let's all believers raise our hands while we sing it real quietly.

Saviour, (A Spirit of worship now, the message is
over; let's worship the Lord.)
Hear my humble cry.
While on others Thou art calling,
Oh, do not pass me by.

Let's just hum it. Your eyes closed, just praying.

⁴⁵ Oh, don't you love Him? Tell me something greater than Love? God is Love. No one will ever be able to express how God is such Love. He is Agapao Love, the greatest Love of all.

Now, I was just going to preach and make an altar call tonight, and then I got here, I was all turned around. I met Billy; I said, "You give out any prayer cards?"

Said, “Nope.” Never give out any prayer cards. But we don’t need any prayer cards for a healing service.

Are you wanting. . . You think, tonight. . . You love Him? You believe He’s the same Lord Jesus? You believe that your faith could reach up and say, “Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. I am needy. I need Thee. Oh I need Thee. Every hour, I need Thee. Oh bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee.” You believe you could touch Him, cause Him to turn around, say, “Thy faith has saved Thee.” You believe you could do that, out there, without prayer card? You believe you have faith enough to do it? You do, raise up your hand, say, “I believe I have faith.” Oh, that’s the way I like to see you put your hand up. “I believe.”

⁴⁶ All right. I know none of you. The Holy Spirit knows you all, but He’s here. His Presence is here, and He—was here today, He would do just like He did then. If you had faith to touch Him, He’d turn around. That’s always what it did. Was that right? Faith is what touched Him. The woman touched His garment, and He turned around, said, “Who touched Me?” He looked all around till He found the little woman; He said, “Your blood issue stopped, because your faith has saved you. (See?) Your faith did it.” And Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Is that right?

If blind Bartimaeus’ faith could stop Him, if Philip, standing there looking at Him could go get Nathanael. . . Nathanael could be brought before Him, and He told him where he was at before he left. . . When Andrew went and got his brother, Simon Peter (or Simon, it was then) and brought him to Jesus. And Jesus looked over at him, said, “Your name is Simon. Your father was Jonas.” That’s the same Jesus tonight. See?

⁴⁷ Now, as far as healing or saving you, that’s already done. You understand that, don’t you? He “was” wounded for our transgressions. He “was” bruised for our iniquity. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we “were” (past tense). . .

Now, you in the cots laying here. . . ? . . . of them. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . tonight. . . You in the cots. . . You out there with whatever disease, whatever you have, need for prayer. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] someone else. . . no matter what it is, God knows you [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] and. . . ? . . . your faith. Now, He will do that. . . If He will do that, how many of you in the building will say, “Lord, I love you. I believe that You’re here. I appreciate You. I’m going to even renew my covenant with You.” Would you do that? Say, “I’ll just. . . I’ll renew myself to You.”

⁴⁸ Now, precious friends, I’m your brother. This is the Word of God. The Bible says if we’ve been preaching (any newcomers here). . . We’ve

been preaching this week and seeing the Holy Spirit do that. The Holy Spirit promised, through Jesus Christ, that in the last days, He would do that same thing before the church, just before His coming. How many's been here this week, and heard it taught on, Jesus said, ". . . was the days of Sodom . . ." See? And the Angel even had His back turned to the woman when He asked Abraham, "Where is your wife, Sarah?"

And he said, "In the tent, behind You."

And she laughed within herself. He said, "Why did she laugh?"

Jesus said, "That same thing will take place just before the coming of the Lord. It's the last sign. We've had healing. . . Watch when Jesus declared Himself. The first thing He did, He was baptized by—with the Holy Ghost, when John baptized Him. The—we notice, the next thing He started out in His ministry, He started healing the sick and His fame went everywhere. Is that right? Then, when that taken place, the next thing, He begin to show them the sign of the Messiah. And that's when He was rejected. That's when they crucified Him and taken Him up. Now that's just exactly. . . We've come to the Holy Ghost baptism, the Divine healing services. Now we've come into the great sign of His appearing among us; how happy we should be, when we don't know what time the world will go into ashes.

⁴⁹ Do you know, it could be possible before it—before we leave this building, that this earth could be blown up? Scientific, says it's midnight, right now, time for it to happen. All scientists and everything is shaking everywhere. And remember, the church goes home before that takes place. Then how close is the coming of the Lord? Be ready. Be prepared, for we don't know what minute or hour He may appear. It might be at any time. We're receiving our last sign to the Church, of His coming.

I want to pray for these handkerchiefs, just a moment, while we bow our heads.

Precious Father, these handkerchiefs maybe goes to some poor precious mother, child, father, someone that's suffering. We are taught in the Bible, that they taken from the body of Saint Paul, handkerchiefs or aprons. Unclean spirits went out of the people. Diseases were cured. Father, we know that we're not Saint Paul, but we know that You are still Jesus. It wasn't Paul.

⁵⁰ And it was said one time, that when the Red Sea had the children of Israel cut off from the promised land, that God looked down through that Pillar of Fire with angry eyes and the sea got scared, and it walled up. And Israel crossed over to the promised land on dry ground.

Now, Father, when these handkerchiefs and little parcels is laid upon the sick, don't look as much as through the Pillar of Fire, but

look through the Blood of Your own Son, Who gave the promise. And may, whenever these parcels is laid on the sick, may the devil get scared. May You look upon him, Lord, and he will know that this is sent from a meeting, where people that are filled with Your Spirit are praying sincerely. And may he depart from them, and they pass to that good and healthy place where the Scripture says, "I would, above all things, that you prosper in health." We sent them in Jesus' Name, for that purpose. Amen.

⁵¹ Now, be reverent. How many is sick out there? Raise up your hands. Ever where you are, just raise your hand, everywhere in the building. Now, be reverent.

Now, what a time. Breathless. . . Something's got to happen. Something's got to happen, or the Bible's found wrong and me a false pretender, or It's going to be found true and our faith confirmed. Don't worry. Christ is here. He always. . . He promised it; He cannot do nothing but keep His promise. If you'll believe with all your heart now, just have faith. Don't doubt.

Do you see that? A Light hanging right here over this man right here? Got trouble with His eyes. That's right. You were praying. Your son sets next to you. You believe God can tell me what's wrong with your son? You believe it? It's a nervous condition. That's right, isn't it son? Uh-huh. Do you believe God can tell me who you are? Would it make you feel better? Mr. Cullum. That's correct. See that Light? Now, you receive what you ask for.

⁵² [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . Same one . . . Here, right here a man setting, looking right at me, he's suffering with arthritis. He's had a heart attack. He's a minister. He isn't from this city. He's not even from this state: he's from Kansas. You believe that God can heal you, sir? You go back to Coffeyville and feel real good about it, would you? Your name is Reverend Midland. Go back and be healed, sir. I do not know you. If that's right, wave your hands like this. I'm a stranger to you. Your faith has saved you, sir. That was not me, my precious friend. That was the Lord Jesus Christ. He's out there among you. I'm just His mouthpiece, seeing with my eyes, what He's doing. I wish you could see what I'm looking at now. See? It's His goodness.

A man setting right out here on the end, kind of a T-shirt or sleeves—short sleeves. . . He's praying for somebody else, though. He's praying for a man that's setting right here. Looks like a Mexican man. You got stomach trouble, haven't you, sir? They haven't told you how. . . You believe God can tell me who you are? They call you Joe. They didn't tell you how bad you were, sir, but go believing, now. You can be well. Have faith in God.

⁵³ Back in this section, if thou canst believe. . . Here's a woman setting right down here, setting second one in. She had her head down. She's praying, "O Lord God, let him call me." She ain't praying for herself. She's praying for her husband. Her husband's had a nervous collapse. He's been attending the meetings, but he just couldn't come back. He's bedfast. And she's weeping over her handkerchief now, in her eyes, for her poor husband lays just at the point of death with a nervous collapse. Fear not, sister. Take that handkerchief you're crying in, and lay it upon him. Don't doubt. He will come out of it. If thou canst believe. . .

Here's a little woman setting right out from her. That just struck faith with that little woman. She's praying also. Her trouble, she's got trouble with her head, and with her eyes, and she's got a stomach trouble. It's the little woman. . . Wait a minute. Her name is Annie. Annie, stand up on your feet, Jesus Christ makes you well.

⁵⁴ Do you love the Lord Jesus? Are you ready to receive His blessings? Do you believe me to be His servant? I've told you the truth? Now, I'll tell this. . . Will you lay your hands on one another across there? Minister brothers, some of you faithful preachers, there, come down here and lay hands along these people here. I want you especially on this woman here. You lay your hands on one another up in the balconies, wherever you are.

Now, is Jesus. . . That man there, with that prostate trouble. . . Forget it, sir, Jesus Christ makes you well. Go home.

⁵⁵ You have been having pains in your lungs, setting right back there next to that post. Don't have no fear. It's left you—tubercular. You can go home and be well: Christ Jesus makes you well. There it is. It's just all over the building, everywhere. Everywhere. Can't. . . Oh. . .

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
O Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass (Pray now. Put your hands on one
another and pray.)
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear (Don't be carnal. Pray. Pray. Get your mind on
God. Don't look at the next fellow. Get your mind
on God, Everywhere.)
While on others thou. . .

(Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.)

Do not pass me by.

O Saviour, O Saviour, (Raise up your hands now to God. Say,
"Thank you, Lord Jesus.")

Heavenly Father, we now challenge the devil and rebuke him in the Name of Jesus Christ, till every power of sickness, every darkness leave the place, and may they be healed just now, through Jesus' Name. Give Him praise, all you people. He will not pass you by.



Copyright notice

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

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

VOICE OF GOD RECORDINGS
P.O. Box 950, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA 47131 U.S.A.
www.branham.org