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## FROM THAT TIME

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Father, I pray that You will bless our gathering tonight. May it be that if there, by chance, be those in here who has not yet known Him as their Saviour, may something be done tonight that'll bring Him so real to them that He will be irresistible to them. May they find Him sweet and precious to their soul, as we, Thy servants, have.

We would ask especially, Lord, for those who are here that's sick and needy. Some of them, no doubt, is near death. The precious physicians of this earth has done all that they know how to do, and no help. Then we come to Thee, O Jehovah-jireh and Jehovah-rapha. We pray that, in Jesus' Name, that You'll meet these things that we ask tonight.

We would remember those who are convalescent and cannot get out. Let the Holy Spirit visit them in the hospitals, and home in bed, a—afflicted. Let Thy mercy reign upon us, Father. And we'll give Thee the praise, for we ask it in the Name of Thy dear Child, the Lord Jesus. Amen. Be seated.

<sup>2</sup> It's a privilege to be here tonight and to be ministering again in the Name of our precious Lord.

I had the privilege, a few moments ago, talking to my wife and my little Joseph, the little boy who I believe that God will let take my place when I'm finished in this life.

So we are very fortunate today, to be living in this day, to see the nearing of the coming of the Lord.

Last evening was a very unusual evening. Every evening and every minute with the Lord Jesus is unusual. And we are—can expect most anything to happen when His gracious Presence is near.

Now, the little things that we do, invite somebody to the meeting, speak a little word for Jesus, testify, sing, or pray, is . . . And like bread upon the waters, it'll return to you someday.

Sometimes we feel like that if we—not some big person that we cannot do sufficient . . . But it . . . I believe it's written in the Scriptures that it's not the big things that we do, it's the little things we leave undone. But Jesus knows every little thing that you do.

<sup>3</sup> Some time ago in Canada, up in Vancouver, I believe it was, the late King George was making his visit in Canada. And that afternoon, to play up the loyalty to their king, the—the Canadian children was all dismissed from their schools. And they took their little flags, their little

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British flags, and stood on the street to wave to the great, mighty king as he passed by.

That scene always had two things to me. His lovely queen, of course, was setting by him in her pretty blue dress. And he was suffering then (that was before he was healed) with stomach trouble. And he had cirrhosis also. And he was setting up, and you could tell in his face there was agony. Mr. Baxter, associate with me, was saying when he'd passed—when they passed by he just put his hands into his face and begin weeping.

Of course, I, myself, I didn't know any reason to weep, but he said, "Think of it. Our king passes by." And I thought, if that would make a Canadian weep to see their king, King George, pass by, what will it be when our King Jesus comes by? What—what kind of an influence will it throw upon us?

<sup>4</sup> The little children waving their flags, and after the king had passed by, why, they all was to return back to school. And all of them returned back. But at a certain school, a little girl was missing. So the teacher, worried, run out into the streets, calling her name, trying to find where she was. And after while she found her leaning her little head up against a telegraph pole, just weeping her little heart out.

And the teacher run up to her, and grabbed her in her arms, and said, "What's the matter, honey? Did you not see the king?"

And she said, "Yes, I saw the king."

Said, "Well, did you not get to wave your flag at him?"

Said, "I waved my flag."

Said, "Well, why are you crying?"

She said, "You see, teacher, I'm little. And I was so little I waved my flag, and I screamed, but," said, "I saw the king, but the king didn't see me." She was too little.

<sup>5</sup> But you can't do anything too little but what Jesus will see it, no matter where it is, what it is; any little testimony or display of loyalty to Jesus. He knows the sparrow that falls into the street. He knows the very thoughts of the heart. The Bible said that—that He knew the sparrows that fell into the street. And we're so glad to know that, that every little thing that we do, Jesus sees us do it. And He knows the objective and the motive that we have in it, and He will reward us.

One time He said, "Verily, I say unto you, if you give as much as a cup of cold water to one of these, you shall in no wise lose your reward." The little things that we just forget. . . Don't forget, when you see a cripple on the street, poor, blind, and lame, or halt, instead of having an entertainment for somebody, help him. Jesus said, "I was sick and

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you didn't visit Me. I was in prison; you didn't visit Me. I was hungry and you didn't feed Me."

"When were we this a way? When did we see You?"

"Insomuch as you have done unto the least of these, you have done it unto Me." Oh, how we should thank our precious Lord Jesus.

<sup>6</sup> Now, tonight, Brother David does the preaching, and I just have a little—a little something at the end. We haven't give out any prayer cards yet. Is there any sick people here, raise up your hands if there's sick people? We gave them out the other night and then taken them all up. And now, would you like to have a prayer line, then tomorrow night? If you would, raise up your hands, you . . . I want to see what you all think. If you'd like a prayer line, give out prayer cards, I'll send the boys down to give them out. If you want it, just raise up your hands. All right. All right, we'll have them to give out prayer cards then, tomorrow night again. About six-thirty is that when you give it? Six-thirty. All right. That'll be fine.

<sup>7</sup> I wish you would turn in the Scriptures, if you have your Bible handy, and turn to the 4th chapter of Saint Matthew. Let's read just a moment together, the 16th and 17th verses.

*And the people which sat in darkness saw great light; And to them that sat in the region and shadow of death, light sprang up.*

*From that time, Jesus began to preach and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*

I want to take the first three words of the 17th chapter: "From That Time," those three words, "From That Time," for a little thought for just a few moments.

You know, as a little boy or girl (a child), some things happens that we can point back and say, "From that time . . ." such-and-such a thing, we did. Such-and-such a thing taken place, and from that time it was thus-and-thus.

And maybe, the immoral woman, could say something like this, "I was a virtuous girl. I was raised in a strict Christian home, by a godly father and mother. And I was just as pure as a lily, until one night I took a ride with a certain boy. And we drove up to a dance hall, and from that time . . ." You always relate back to sometime something happened.

<sup>8</sup> Here, not long ago, I was in New York City with Dr. Berg. He's a pastor of the Bethel Tabernacle. And they have some missions down on the Bowery, and I always wanted to visit the Bowery. I went down on the street with him, and oh, it was as I used to hear as a little boy (a song), "It's a picture of life's other side." Someone who's fell

by the way, a soul that's gone out with the tide that might have been happy someday . . .

There were men laying all under that great trestle, some of them perfectly helpless, laying on the street in the—oh, an awful, impure condition. Chinatown, just below it, where they buy their dope . . . And I said to Dr. Berg, I said, "Perhaps these men come from real bad homes and never had a chance."

He said, "Very surprising, Brother Branham; those men, many of them are great men." And he said, "Here, that fellow laying over there," said, "I know him." Said, "Let's see if we can wake him up."

<sup>9</sup> And I went over and shook him. And his whiskers, gray all over his face, and—and the stuff running from his mouth, and his shirt dirty, and he almost smelt like a pig pen . . . I thought, "It might be somebody's daddy, some poor soul that's fell by the way."

And I said, "What is your name?" And he wanted me to give him money for a drink."

"Oh," I said, "I couldn't do that, sir. I'm a minister, and I—I just couldn't give you money to drink. I'll buy you something to eat." I said, "Tell me, how did it ever happen? Was you always in this condition?"

"No, sir." And he begin to talk to me. And he said, "And you're a minister?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Help me up."

And I'd put my arm around him and tried to stand him up. He was too helpless; he just—just kindly squatted down on the street and then fell over. And I stooped down, lean him over on my shoulder.

He said, "Mister, you don't want to believe my story, I suppose," but said, "not no more than five city blocks from here, I was a president of that bank."

I said, "Sir, is that true?"

He said, "Ask them."

And I said, "What happened?"

He said, "I come home one day, where I had a lovely family," but said, "I found a 'Dear John' letter laying on the table." He said, "I loved her so much I couldn't forget her, and from that time . . ." There you are. "From that time," something marks it.

<sup>10</sup> You can ask the drunk, the alcoholic, "When did you start drinking?"

“Oh, I never drank in my life until one night I was out with a bunch of fellows in a little celebration, and I take my first drink, and from that time . . .” That’s the way it goes, starts at a time.

Here some time ago, in—we had the world war, the First World War. After that war was over, they formed what was called the League of Nations. Why, I was just a little boy, but I remember hearing ministers say, “We’ll never have war no more, because we set a time that we’re going to police the whole world with the League of Nations. But it didn’t work.

They got the U.N. now, but it do—it isn’t working even now. It won’t work. People try to do something, and . . .

<sup>11</sup> Like—talked to a lady, here, not long ago, trying to renite—unite her home together again. I said, “Bring your husband and come and see me.” She said, “I can’t do it, Brother Branham.”

I said, “Why can’t you do it?”

She said, “I just don’t want to face it again. Will you go and talk to him and see if he will take me back?”

I said, “What’s so bad?”

Said, “Brother Branham, John and I were married. I was as virtue a—virtuous as a woman could be.” And said, “We moved into a neighborhood, and we went to church and did what was right. But one day a tall, dark, handsome salesman knocked at my door, and I invited him in. And from that time . . .” Every new year,” she says, “I’ve tried to straighten up and start back again.”

<sup>12</sup> Here, some time ago, I went into the emergency room in a certain building, and there was supposed to be the insanity. When I walked in the door, there was a lovely, pretty young woman about twenty-five years old setting there looking at me. I said, “How do you do.” And some of them in strait jackets, and beard over their faces, and cursing and oh, filled with demon power. And I looked at her, I said, “Well, it’s kindly hard to tell where to start praying first.”

She said, “If you don’t mind, I wish you would start with me.”

I said, “With you?”

Said, “Yes, sir.”

I said, “You’re not a patient?”

She said, “I am, sir.”

I said, “Well, what’s wrong with you?”

She said, “I suppose I’m insane.”

I said, “You sure don’t look it.”

She said, "Could you listen to my story."

I said, "Certainly."

<sup>13</sup> And she said, "When I was a young girl, Brother Branham, I was raised in a real Christian home. And I started going with a boy that smoked." And said, "First thing you know I was smoking. And one night he spiked a Coke with whiskey, and that started me drinking." She said, "I started from that to prostitution." And she said, "I've lived in the very gutters of the blackest of hell." She said, "I served four years in the Catholic institution, Good Shepherds Home." And said, "In there, I turned a new page, and I said, 'When I get out of here, I'm going to go straight.'" Said, "I meant it, but as soon as I got with the crowd again, it was all over. Then," said, "I did two years in a woman's state penitentiary, here in this state." And she said, "There I thought, truly I was reformed. I come home and joined another church. I told the pastor; we went down to the altar and talked it over, but," she said, "I just can't keep from it." She said, "It started one night."

I said, "Lady, don't you want to be a real lady and have a hubby and babies like a real woman was?"

She said, "Oh, with all my heart." She said, "But look at me now." I said—she said, "I've tried and I've tried."

I said, "But you haven't tried my Lord, yet."

She said, "Yes, I have too, Brother Branham." Said, "I've signed pledges and vows and made promises to God."

I said, "That's just not what I'm talking about." And I said, "As old fashion as it may seem to be, it's a devil."

She said, "I've always believed that."

And I said, "He drives you to do things that you don't want to do."

She said, "I believe that." And she said, "Would there be a hope for me?"

I said, "Certainly," and we knelt down to pray.

After while, she raised up—beautiful woman, great soft looking eyes—she looked up, and the tears running down her cheeks, and she said, "Now, Brother Branham, I—I believe I'm going to go out and make a new life."

I said, "Sister dear, you're just simply turning a page. It won't do any good." I said, "You've done that so many times." I said, "Just stay here until God speaks back to you."

<sup>14</sup> We got down there together and prayed. And I left her praying, went on, pray with the other people. After while she rose up from there

and looked around in the room, those big eyes looking at me. And she said, "Something happened to me."

I said, "Now you've got it. Now you've got it. You don't have to turn new pages now; it's happened. You've got it." And from that time she was a changed person. She's married, got a lovely home, and two children now. She can point her fingers to a time that something happened to her that was immortal.

Things happen and life change, but there is something that can happen to a person, that won't change. You cannot be the same after this happens: that's when a man meets God. He's changed; something happens to him. He's never the same after He once meets God, face to face, where he has to come to the fact to either receive Him or walk away from Him. He will go away . . . ? . . . a worse person, or go away a new person. But when you meet God, something happen, immortally.

<sup>15</sup> Let's just call on a few tonight, that we know has met God. Let's take father Abraham. He was just an ordinary man. He came down from—perhaps his father, up around Babylon . . . And he was old, about seventy-five years old, nothing so good about him. But God, by election, saw something in him, and God appeared to him, and he was a changed man.

There's something about it: When God appears to a man, he's a changed creature from then on. And sometimes He causes you to do things that you did not think that you would do when you meet God.

Could you imagine an old man of seventy-five years old, Abraham, and his wife sixty-five years old, had been living together since . . . She was his half sister. They had been living together since they were young and youthful. And now, here they are, sixty-five years old, she is, about twenty years past menopause, and Abraham, seventy-five years old; and God met Abraham and told him he was going to have a baby by her. And they made arrangements for this baby.

<sup>16</sup> Could you imagine a man seventy-five years old going down to the hospital, and see the doctor, and making arrangements for he and his wife of sixty-five years to have a baby, coming into the hospital? The people would say, the doctor'd say, "The old man's kindy off at his head." But he had met God; that's what made the difference. Sometimes when you meet God, He makes you believe things that the natural mind can't conceive. There's something about Him; when you meet Him, it changes you and makes you a different person. You look through different eyes from that time on.

Could you imagine, an old mother of sixty-five years old, setting back, knitting little booties, getting ready for the baby? Why, the women would have said, "The old lady has lost her mind," But she

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believed God, and they had the baby twenty-five years later. And she was still waiting for it. Instead of getting weaker . . .

Now, we call ourself “Abraham’s seed.” And Abraham believed God when he met Him and He talked to him. And if we are in Christ, we’re Abraham’s seed and heirs with him, according to the promise. By faith Abraham believed God, and called those things which was not, as though they were, because he met God. Any person that ever meets Him, and knows Him, and takes on the seed of Abraham, will call anything contrary to God’s Word, as though it’s a lie. He will take God’s Word first.

<sup>17</sup> Then we take another man, Moses, a runaway prophet, way back on the backside of the desert. All the hope of ever delivering his people, which God sent him to do, all hopes was gone, no more deliverance. He’d settled down and married a beautiful woman, had a—a little boy. And he was well satisfied, knowing that someday he’d fall heir to all of Jethro’s sheep and so forth. And he could live in peace back behind the Mount Horeb.

But one day along the side of the bush he seen a bush burning that didn’t burn up. (God has strange ways to attract His children.) And when he stepped over on the ground, there was a voice said, “Take off your shoes, Moses, for the ground you’re standing on is holy.” What a difference it made in him. He’d been afraid and run from Pharaoh, because he had slew an Egyptian. But the next day, we find him with his wife, setting straddle a mule with a little boy on her hip. Whiskers hanging down, a crooked stick in his hand, the gray hair blowing, eighty years old, going down . . . “Where you going, Moses?”

“Going down to Egypt to take over.” A one man invasion, why, that sound ridiculous. But the good thing about it, he did it because he had met God. It didn’t care what it looked like, he had met God, and he knowed God was able to keep His Word. He met God.

If that wasn’t a ridiculous sight: one man, with his wife on a mule, and a little boy on her hip, and an old crooked stick, the whiskers a blowing like that, going down to take over a nation like Russia. But it didn’t make any difference as long as God had met him and commissioned it. That’s all that matters when God sends you. That settles it forever. Amen.

<sup>18</sup> Take the little virgin Mary. Just an ordinary little girl in Nazareth, mean little town where wickedness, night parties and everything. . . . But she kept herself clean. One day, on the road up to the city well to get her morning supply of water. . . . Might have been studying about a certain dream she had or a certain Scripture that she had read—perhaps, Isaiah 9 and 6.

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And on her road up there with her waterpot under her arm, walking one morning, there was a great Light flash before her, and an Angel stood there. Said, "Hail, Mary. Blessed art thou amongst the women. You've found favor with God. And your cousin Elisabeth, up in Judaea, she's past the age of bearing; but I was a few days over there and met her husband Zacharias. God's sending a little baby to their house. She who was called 'barren' is now going to be mother. And Mary, you've found favor with God, and you're going to have a Child, a Son. And you shall call His Name Jesus."

She said, "How can these things be?"

He said, "The Holy Ghost will overshadow you. That holy Thing which shall be borned of thee, shall be called the Son of God, for with God nothing is impossible." How it changed that little girl.

<sup>19</sup> Listen, we could all take a lesson from Mary. She never waited till she felt life. She never waited for anything positive. His Word was enough for her. She started on her way rejoicing, saying, testifying, she was going to have the baby before any visible sign appeared. That's the way a real believer takes God at His Word, and starts testifying, giving God praise as soon as you can settle on the fact that God said so. That's what makes the difference: God said so.

Let's follow her a few minutes while we're on her. She's takes up into Judaea. And she goes up the mountainside. And Elisabeth was her cousin. Jesus and John were second cousins. And Elisabeth was up there then, at six months it was with her, to be mother. But the little baby had never moved yet. That's altogether subnormal. Anyone knows that. Elisabeth had hid herself. Maybe she was setting back in the little cabin, making some little booties and things for the baby. And she looks out the door and she sees the pretty little Mary coming, running, that little Jewish maid, and just as hard as she could come. And she pulls back the curtain, and she seen that it was her own cousin. Oh, I can see her run out just as quick as she can, grab Mary around the neck, and begin to hug her and kiss her.

I like to see women act like that. I like to see men give a good old fashion handshake.

<sup>20</sup> Here some time ago, I was with my wife downtown. Some lady said, "Hello there, Sister Branham."

And I said to her, "Didn't—didn't you speak to that lady?"

She said, "I spoke."

I said, "I never heard you, and I'm sure she didn't."

"Oh," she said, "I—I smiled."

And I said, “Now, honey, a little old silly grin don’t take the place of ‘How do you do’ or something.” Oh, you know, people are too cold with one another today. We’re just—today—used to be you could go out, and—and somebody get sick, the neighbors would come in and help them. Had real fellowship. But today, you don’t know your neighbor’s dead unless you read it in the paper. There’s something there; the people are getting too far away from one another. We need fellowship, God be merciful to us.

<sup>21</sup> Mary runs out and grabs Elisabeth and Elisabeth grabbing Mary, and they were both of them sweetly embracing each other and talking. And I can hear Elisabeth say, “Oh, Mary, I never seen you look so pretty. Your eyes are so sparkling, and your—your face is so pretty. You made such a darling woman. I suppose maybe you and Joseph are still going together?”

“Yes, we are still together.”

And she said, “You know, Mary, that I am to be a mother?”

“Yes, I know it. I know it, and I’m to be mother too,” said Mary.

And she said, “Oh, I see. You and Joseph is already married.”

“No, Joseph and I are not married.”

And such an astonishing look must have come on Elisabeth’s face. “You mean that you’re to be mother and you and Joseph are not married?”

“That is right.” Oh, and the smile on her face . . .

“Mary, what’s the matter?”

<sup>22</sup> See, she’d met God: that made the difference. Something was taking place. “Oh,” she said, “The way I knowed that you was to be mother, there was an Angel met me yesterday morning as I was going to the well. And he give me a great salute and told me I’d found favor with God, and the Holy Ghost was going to overshadow me. And told me that I was to have a Son. And said that you were to have a son, too.”

She said, “But honey, the baby’s dead. It’s six months with me as mother, and the baby’s never moved yet.”

She said, “Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. You know when He oversh—said the Holy Ghost would overshadow me, and that baby that would be borned in me, from me, would be called the Son of God, and I’d call His Name Jesus . . .”

And just as soon as she said, “Jesus,” the first time that Word ever come from a mortal lip, little John received the Holy Ghost, dead in his mother’s womb, and begin to jump for joy in the womb of his mother.

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Oh, if the Name of Jesus Christ would bring a dead baby to life and fill it with the Holy Ghost, what ought it to do to a borned again church that claims to be full of the Holy Ghost?

<sup>23</sup> The—soon as I said, “Blessed art thou”—said, “for as soon as thy salutation come to my ears, ‘When come the mother of my Lord,’ as soon as I heard His Name, my baby leaped in the womb for joy. John begin to shout when he heard the Name of Jesus Christ spoke—come to life.

From that time, there wasn’t any worrying about the baby any more, because they knew it would be there. The great things of God was on the road.

<sup>24</sup> Simon, the fisherman, a doubter, scorner, to Andrew his brother about Jesus being Messiah. . . One time, Andrew persuaded him to come to the meeting, and as soon as he came in the Presence of God, He looked at him and said, “Your name is Simon. You’re the son of Jonas.” And from that time, Peter was a believer.

Is—was the great saint Paul who was first Saul, a persecutor of the church, on his road to Damascus with letters in his pockets from the high priest to take all those people that were shouting and speaking in tongues and so forth and put them in prison. About noontime, there was a light shined out of the heavens, and he fell to his feet into the dust. And there came a voice saying, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?” And from that time, Saul was changed to Paul and become a real believer and a worker in the church.

<sup>25</sup> It was also in our service, last night, when an old blind beggar, who didn’t even have food in his house, perhaps, set by the roadside, begging—blind, and could not tell daylight from dark— but he come in the Presence of the Lord Jesus. He called out till his faith touched Him, and from that time he could see. When he touched God, from that time his life was changed.

There was a leper, laying at the gate, crying, “Unclean, unclean.” And Jesus passed by. And his first contact with Jesus, he touched Him, and from that time the leprosy was gone.

It was a maniac in Gadara, who was so powerful possessed of the devil, till they would chain him and he’d break the chains and cut hisself with pieces of stone. Was such an awful man until no one could pass by: he would murder them if he could get a hold of them, so possessed of the devil. Everybody bypassed the way. And one day Jesus came along, and from that time he was a changed man, and had his right mind, and could go home to his family. From that time, he had met God.

<sup>26</sup> It was the woman at the well, how that her sins were so bad that she couldn’t come to the well at a normal time of day; she had to wait

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till all the decent women got away from the well. Nobody in the city would listen to her, because she was a woman of ill fame.

One day, while she was standing there at Jacob's well outside of the city of Samaria, she looked setting against the wall, and she seen Someone there that said, "Bring Me a drink."

And she said to Him, "It's not customary for Jews to ask Samaritans such."

He said, "But if you know Who you were talking to, you'd ask Me for a drink." The conversation went for a while. After while, He found where her trouble was, and He said, "Go, get your husband and come here."

She said, "I have no husband."

Said, "That's right. You've got five, and the one you're living with's not your husband."

She said, "Sir, I perceive that You are a prophet. We know that when the Messiah cometh, He will be a God prophet. Moses has told us that the Lord our God would raise up a prophet like him. And when Messiah cometh, He will tell us these things."

Jesus said, "I am He that speaks to you." Something happened to her. From that time, she was in the city giving testimony, "Come see a Man Who's told me the things that I've done. Isn't this the very Messiah?" Things had changed when she'd met God.

<sup>27</sup> One day, God which is Life . . . Life and death met together. Death always doubted Him to be the Son of God. When the devil had Him out there, he tempted Him. Said, "If you be the Son of God, turn these stones to bread, I'll believe You." He was tempted.

He wondered just what that was. "Was that a prophet or was that really God?" He didn't know. He didn't know then that God had to be made flesh and dwell among us.

One day a Roman soldier put a bandage around His face, took a reed and hit Him on the head, and said, "Now, and if you be a prophet, if you be this prophet, tell us who hit you." Still He couldn't answer, because He'd been minding the devil.

On the cross they asked Him, "Come off the cross; we'll believe You to be the Son of God." All that temptation . . . The devil didn't know Who that was in that body of flesh.

So, going up the hill to Calvary, Satan still wasn't satisfied that that was God, Emmanuel, the virgin born Son of God.

<sup>28</sup> Let's take a trip to Jerusalem for a moment. It's on a terrible morning. The sun looks funny. When the morning sacrifice was

offered, the smoke from the brazen altar, instead of going up to God, He refused it. It was hanging over city. It was a gloomy looking time.

We're standing in an upper room. I hear a noise. There's been a riot down in Pilate's judgment hall since early, about three o'clock. There's been a riot down there. What is it? Let's go to the window; I hear a noise. Pull back the curtains. I hear something bumping along the street as you go out towards Golgotha. There comes a Man coming down the street, old rugged cross on His shoulders, bearing it, dragging on the back, bumping over those hard stones. It rubbing the place, meat off of His shoulders, a crown of thorns on His head, mixed with tears and blood streaming down His face, with mockery soldiers spit all over His beard, where there's face bleeding, where they jerked the handfuls of beard out of His face. . . Old cross dragging out the bloody frit—footprints as He walked down the street. . .

I noticed on His back, He's got a robe across His shoulders, wove throughout without a seam. There's little red dots all over that coat. As He goes on up the hill, those dots get bigger and bigger and bigger, spreading. After while, they all run into one great big splosh.

<sup>29</sup> The bee of death comes down. And begin to hum around Him, buzzing, "I've got Him now, on His road to Calvary. I'll get Him up there, and that'll be the last of this thing called, 'Messiah.'"

That bee of death, it anchors in everyone. But I—I. . . Like any other bee, if that bee ever stings deep enough, it'll lose its stinger. Any insect or bee, if it ever stings real deep, it can never sting no more. He couldn't sting deep enough in mortal blood. But brother, sister, when it anchored its stinger in the Son of God, it took the stinger out of it. . . ? . . . No wonder one could stand and say, "Oh death, where is your stinger? Grave, where is your victory?" When death met God, it lost it's stinger. It cannot sting a Christian no more. It can buzz and make a noise, but it's lost its stinger. I'm so glad. I'm so happy tonight to be a Christian, to know that death doesn't hold any stinger any more. It can buzz, and make the noise, and try to stir us, but we know that the stinger was anchored in His flesh. And from that time, God pulled the stinger out of death. And today, death has no stinger. Oh, "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, with His stripes we were healed." Do you believe that? You accept that of being. . .

<sup>30</sup> One time, I myself, laying on a hospital bed, a little Irish boy, laying there dying, my daddy crying. . . A little nurse standing there, and my heart only beating seventeen times to the minute: a block of anesthetic had went to my heart from an operation from a spinal block. And the doctor said, "There's no way for him to live," and I heard it. And they

pulled the curtain around me. Then I heard a sound coming through, like noise coming like leaves a blowing. I thought, "This is it."

"God, I can't offer you my life like this, like an old rose with the petals falling off." I said, "Sir, I don't know how to pray, but I've been told that You're a great Doctor, above all the doctors. If You'll just let me live, I'll never be ashamed of You no more. I'll scream it from housetop, from street corner . . ." And from that hour, I begin to live and I've lived ever since.

And today, after thirty-nine years?, I'm glad to be standing behind the pulpit tonight to say, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever," because one day I met God.

Each one of you has a similar experience. There's a time when man is brought face to face, to meet God, to accept Him or to let Him go. That might be your time tonight, sir. It might be your time tonight, madam, that you'll have to tonight receive Him or let Him go. Let us bow our heads just a moment now, while we're thinking on these words.

<sup>31</sup> I wonder, in the building tonight, on the balcony to my right, would there be someone up there in this balcony to my right, would raise up their hands and saying, "God, from this time . . . I've lived a lukewarm Christian life, or maybe I haven't accepted You at all, but from this time, I'm going to accept You as my Saviour," would you raise your hand? Balconies to my right, anybody up there that's not a Christian, would say, "From this time, I'm going to receive the Lord Jesus."?

Balconies in the rear, would somebody up there raise your hand, say, "I'm not a Christian, Brother Branham, but I want to accept Christ as my Saviour."? Balcony to my left, would you raise your hand up there somewhere and say, "I want to accept Christ."? Down on the bottom floor to my left, someone raise your hand, saying, "I want to accept Christ as my Saviour. From this time, I want to be a Christian." The center aisles here, someone raise your hand, say, "I want to accept Christ." Balconies to my right, would there be one that would raise your hand and say, "I want to accept Christ"? God bless you, young fellow. That's very good.

<sup>32</sup> One little boy, about twelve, fourteen years old out of the whole house of people. . . I wonder if it's because you're all Christians and you've already accepted Him? If not, would you be just that kind to raise your hand to Him and saying, "From this time, I'll make You this promise, Lord. I feel that I ought to be Your servant. I'll raise my hand to You." Is there one, besides this young lad?

God bless you, over here, sir. That's good. Make your decision now, "And from that time . . ." Is there some here who can remember that

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once you had a sweet Christian experience, but something happened? Something took place, and from that time, you haven't felt right bef—since that time. Would you raise hand, say, "Pray for me"? God bless you. God bless you. That's—that's right. In the balconies, "From that time I. . ." God bless you. That's right. To anywhere around. . . God bless you. Yes, that's good. I'll certainly pray for you. God bless you.

<sup>33</sup> Now. . . ? . . . Down on the bottom floor, raise your hand and say, "I once had a sweet experience, Brother Branham, but something happened one day and from that time, I haven't felt close to God since then." Raise your hands. God bless you. That's good. He knows a honest heart. Certainly, He knows. That's it.

I'm watching, waiting. Just keep praying, every one with your heads bowed now. I'm watching someone. . . Just keep praying, keep your head bowed. . . From that time. . . Oh, the Lord be with you.

<sup>34</sup> Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this young man who raised his hand tonight, and wants to become a Christian. May this be the hour, Lord, that You'll receive him into Your Kingdom. May, from this hour, he can say in the years to come (if there is a coming year), "I was down at the auditorium one night. Something strange spoke to my heart, and from that time. . ." I pray You'll make a missionary out of him, Father, if there is a tomorrow to missionary. And he will go to the people, and his testimony would be, "And from that night on. . ."

Many of these precious ones who raise their hands, that they'd once loved You, and believed You, and had a wonderful experience, but something entangled their life; from that time on, they haven't felt just right. God of heaven, make it tonight, that from this night on, they'll feel different about it. Grant it, Lord. May they receive Christ back, sweetly, humbly, into their heart tonight. Father God, grant it in Jesus' Name we pray. Amen.

<sup>35</sup> Let's sing our little song now, and. . . We don't know what the Holy Spirit will do at our good old song now, "I Love Him." Let's have the. . . if you will. "I Love Him, I love Him, because He first loved me." All of us together now, while we worship Him in the song.

I love Him, I love Him,  
Because He first loved me  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

How many's Christians now, that really love Him? Raise up your hand to Him now.

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I (Just close your eyes and sing it.), I love Him,  
Because He first loved me  
And purchased my Salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

Oh, isn't He wonderful. Don't you feel real good in your heart? Just all scoured out, thinking, "From that time . . ."

<sup>36</sup> I remember, back in a little coal shed, one night, I was so hungry for God. I went down to my own Baptist church, and the pastor said, "Come up, Billy. Give me your right hand. Turn around to the audience and tell them you—you believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. You're a good boy." That didn't settle it.

I went down to a little Adventist Church, and they told me, I have to keep the Sabbath day, and not eat meat, and so forth. Then I . . . That didn't satisfy.

I went back, got me an old sack and went out in the shed, and knelt down there; and oh, my, from that time; something happened from that time. I remember, there was a sweet peace that come over my soul that, oh, it just m—meant so much to me. You know that same Jesus is here tonight. He loves us, don't you believe that?

<sup>37</sup> Now, we haven't give out any prayer cards, as I said, for the last couple nights, but it's my contention (And all Christians believe this, that's really borned again.) that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Do you believe that?

I was trying tonight, on something else to see if sinners, I could get them. Remember, Divine healing is a minor. You'll never major on a minor; you can't do it. So I thought maybe there was maybe a group of sinners that'd be around, I could invite them up to receive the Lord Jesus.

Brother duPlessis usually makes the altar call. The other night I made one. A few come, but looks like that it's nearly all Christians.

<sup>38</sup> What you need here in Oklahoma, as I see here, is just a good old fashion revival. You've got the material to do it with. You got great men here in the city. Who is a greater man on the field than Tommy Osborn, Brother Oral Roberts? Some of the greatest men in the world has, is anchored right here in your city. This ought to be the most spiritual place there is in the world, right here where those great "Abundant Life," and—and the "Faith Digest," and those big papers, and things just spread out all over the world, everywhere. This ought to be a, just a—just like a honeycomb where the bees fly in and out, bringing in honey. It should be.

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What Oklahoma needs here now, is a good old fashion revival, a breaking up. Our churches has become too much to the world, too starchy, too intellectual, too much of—too much, just style. We need the old fashion Pentecostal Gospel and the old Pentecostal revivals, all night prayer meetings, and . . . That's what we need, friends. Get back to God, where the church can receive its blessings and receive its . . .

<sup>39</sup> Now, those things—your denominations are growing in membership. I appreciate that, every one of you. I do appreciate that with all my heart. I've laid everything that I could to it.

When I first come from the Baptist church, I seen . . . When I met the Pentecostal, I thought, "This is it." Then I come to find out they were broke up in different denominations like the Baptists was. One said, "Come, go with us." The other said, "Come, go with us," but I've stood right in the breach and put my arms around all of them, say, "We are brothers." We are brothers; that's what we are, friend. We are not divided: all one body are we. That's right. Onward Christian soldiers.

We ought to be in prayer, constantly looking for the coming of the Lord, for we believe He will come soon.

<sup>40</sup> Now, if Jesus was here, tonight, in a visible form, then it would be wrong. If Jesus Christ stood on this pulpit tonight, the Jesus Christ of Heaven, stood on this pulpit tonight and claimed to be Jesus Christ, He'd be an antichrist. It's exactly He'd be. For when Jesus comes, the Rapture takes place. "As the light cometh from the east even to the west, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man." Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess. But the Holy Spirit that was in Him, He's here tonight. He's here tonight, in His Church. "Wherever two or three are gathered, I'll be in their midst. The works that I do, shall you do also. More than this shall you do, for I go unto My Father." We've been over it and over it again. And His Presence is here.

And what—what shakes me, friend. . . (Brother David is setting here.) In South Africa, in Durban, when them blanket natives, thousands of them . . . There set the Mohammedans by the thousands, all different kinds of religions, and—that you never thought of . . . I ask Sidney Smith (I think that was the, that's the mayor? Sidney Smith, Durban.) the Mayor of Durban . . . We was going out. He said, "Brother Branham, Africa has never had anything like this," going out to the ground.

And there was a man with a tag on him, packing an idol. And I said, "What's that tag for?"

Said, "He's a Christian."

And I said, "And packing the idol?"

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He said, "He's a Basotho." I believe it is. Basotho, something like . . . Zulu.

Said, "I can . . ." said, "I can speak his language. Talk to him. Call him anything you wish to."

And I spoke to him. I said, "What you packing that a—a idol for? Are you believing God?" He believed in, I believe he called Amoyah, something like that, the wind, unseen force. He believed in Amoyah. But one day, his daddy was packing the idol, and the lion got after him, and he built up a little fire, and—and the —the lion run away; so this idol was god too. Now, that's not Christianity. That's not Christianity. No, sir.

Then I said, "Sir, I'm a hunter myself. The fire run the lion away; the idol had nothing to do with it. It was the fire that scared that—the lion."

"Ahh . . ." he'd pack it anyhow. So . . . "for safety." If Amoyah, the unseen god failed, this one wouldn't. Now, that's—that's sometimes caused strength of Christianity in many realms. It's too bad.

<sup>41</sup> But on the day when I gave them the simple story, "If Jesus Christ, that's spoke of in the Bible, if He will come here and do the same thing that He did, if He will perform the same things that He did when He was on earth to prove to the people He was the Messiah . . .

How'd they know He was Messiah? How'd the Jew know? The real Jew, when they seen Him . . . Nathanael came to Him. He said, "Behold, an Israelite in who there's no guile."

Said, "Rabbi, when did You know me? You've never seen me in Your life."

He said, "Before Philip called you, when you were under the tree, I saw you."

He said, "Rabbi, You're the Son of God. You're the King of Israel." That was a real predestinated, elected Jew, to Eternal Life.

<sup>42</sup> There was some of the priests, standing there, said, "He's Beelzebub, the fortuneteller."

Jesus said, "You speak that against Me, I'll forgive you. But someday, the Holy Ghost will come and do it. One word against it will never be forgiven." That's how He made Hissself known to the people. That's how the woman at Samaria knowed that He was Messiah, for He told her the thoughts that was in her heart; for Moses said the Messiah would be a God-prophet.

Now, if He stood here tonight, wearing this suit that He gave me, He couldn't heal you, because He's already done it. He couldn't forgive your sins, He already done it. Healing and salvation is a finished work,

that's already completed when Jesus died at Calvary. "He was wounded for our transgressions. With His stripes we were healed." That's the Gospel, if I know it.

43 Faith cometh by hearing. Then God has set in the church apostles, prophets, evangelists, teachers, and pastors, all for the perfection of the saints. Now, if He can get a hold of your heart, then He can work His works. But as long as you can get yourself out of the way, as long as you can relax yourself, and let the Holy Spirit take over. . . He said, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." And the—the branch doesn't—the vine doesn't bear fruit, but it energizes the branch to bear fruit.

Now, what kind of a fruit would it bear? The kind of life that was in the vine. Well, that's the same thing the church does. Today, if you want to get—if you want to get grapes, you go to a grape vineyard. If you want to get pumpkins, you go to a pumpkin vine. But the thing today, people comes to churches and find a dry, cut theology, no Spirit at all. What we need today, is a revival of the Spirit of God among us to bring us back the true and living God.

44 Now, if you will do like that woman did. . . (Now, as far as I know, there's not a person in this audience that I know, except it would be Pat Tyler, setting right there, and Brother Gene setting right here. That's the only people that I know in this audience.) If you—if you believe that Jesus Christ died, rose again, ascended on high, setting at the right-hand of the Majesty (His body is), His Spirit come back to the church as we been teaching, then if He doesn't keep His Word, then He wasn't the Son of God. If He does keep His Word, then He's alive. After nineteen hundred years, He's still living. Now, the thing of it is, will He do it? If He promised it, and He's God, He has to do it. He's duty-bound to His Word. And He's no better than His Word. And I'm no better than my word, and you're better than your word. God's no better than His Word. If He won't keep it, then He isn't God. If He does keep it, it proves that He is God, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever.

45 Now, you sick people out there, if you believe it, and you have faith to touch Him like that woman did. . . Does the Bible say that He is, right now, a High Priest that can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities? Does the Bible say that? All right. Then if He's the same High Priest, how would He act? The same way He did at that time, is that right?

Now, let us bow our heads just a moment and pray. And you pray that God will—you'll be able to touch His—the border, as it was, of His garment.

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Now, just keep praying. I'll pray. And everybody be real quiet. I'll ask them if they'll turn the fans off, if they will, just for a few moments. Now, be real reverent and be in prayer. Now, this is a crucial moment.

I'm sure that every Christian could appreciate where I'm standing right now. The things that I have said and been talking about, it's either right or wrong. Now, just be reverent and pray and everyone keep their seat. No matter where you are, just be praying, believing with all your heart.

<sup>46</sup> Now, Father, this meeting . . . One Word from You would be more than any man could say in a lifetime. Just one word, that these people could go from here tonight, and say, "from that time . . ." Let them say this . . . Like Blind Bartimaeus, in our lesson last evening, he touched Jesus and stopped Him.

The woman with the blood issue touched Him and stopped Him. He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. Lord, let these people touch Him. Send forth Your touching grace, Lord, that they might touch You for their infirmities, that the world might know that You're true, and You—You are the Son of God, and that I have told them the truth of Thy Word. Grant it, through Jesus Christ's Name.

<sup>47</sup> Now, just pray and say, "Lord God, Brother Branham is a man. He doesn't know me."

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] And of course you all knowed the great visions that's went forth, been told. Never one time, did ever one fail. First vision come, I was eighteen months old.

Now, if you'll be real reverent, the Holy Spirit is begin entering into the room. I'm looking now to my left, from me. I see a man praying. That Light is over him. He's setting to my left on the end of the row out there. He's got a rupture. He's got nose trouble and arthritis. And he's praying for deliverance. Do you believe, sir, that your faith has touched His garment now and you want to be healed? Will you accept it? If you will, just raise up your hand, say, "I accept it." He's setting right back here to my left. Hands over your face there, praying. All right.

<sup>48</sup> There's a man right behind him, praying also, but he's not praying for himself. He's praying for his little girl there. That little girl has low blood pressure. Your wife setting by you, also has trouble with her limbs, doesn't she? You believe that God will make them well? You believe it? Raise up your hand then, say, "I'll accept it and God will make them well." God bless you. All right.

Back over here in this center aisle, somebody down through here believe, and may the Lord grant the blessing. Now here, right—right in the center aisle, on the outside, to my right, there's a woman setting there, she has gland trouble she's praying about. That you might know

what I'm—who I'm speaking to—you got a husband at home you're praying for and he has a hernia. You believe that God will heal him? Do you believe it, sister? Raise up your hand if you'll accept it with all your heart. You believe it? All right.

<sup>49</sup> Here's a woman setting right out here from me, in a aisle. She's praying. She's praying for her son. Her son is in a bed of affliction. He isn't here. He's not even in this state. He's in Arkansas. His—he's an alcoholic. Miss Kelly, that's who I'm speaking to. Do you believe, Miss Kelly? Stand up on your feet so I . . . Get up. Stand up, Miss Kelly. Now, I don't know you. I've never seen you in my life. Is that right? Now, now you go find him the way you have believed. God bless you.

A—if you believe, friends, just have faith. Are you believing God now? Have faith now. Just believe with all your heart.

<sup>50</sup> Here's a man setting right down here, right to my right again. He's setting out here on the end. He's got lung trouble, very bad. Do you realize that that's cancer, sir, in your lungs? I don't know you. Is that right? If the people will just raise their head, it's all right. I don't care when you're—when I'm talking to someone. I'm a stranger to you, is that right, sir? I do not know you. Do you believe that God would heal you and make you well? Got cancer in the lung. You're a minister too. That's right. That's . . . You are a minister of the Assemblies of God. And I'm a stranger.

You believe that God knows who you are? You believe He could tell me who you are? Would you believe—make you believe now, 'cause you've got to believe or you're going to die? Reverend Lee Hildreth, that is your name, isn't that right? Raise up your hand. All right. I never seen him in my life. If that's right, raise up your hand? The Holy Spirit, He wants to spare your life, sir. You believe with all your heart.

<sup>51</sup> Do you believe now, all of you, with all your heart, all that's in you? Everywhere, do you believe? Somebody else want to believe?

Here, I see another minister. No, it's his wife praying for him. He's got stomach trouble. He's not here, but he's home. Mrs. Philips, believe with all your heart. Jesus Christ will make the brother well if you'll believe it. Amen. Do you believe with all your heart? All right.

<sup>52</sup> You believe the Holy Spirit is here now? All right. Then I want you to do this. How many believers that's here, raise your hands. Now, how many believes that that's the sign that Jesus gave that He was Messiah? That's what He give to the world. That's what the Bible said. That's what He promised: “as it was in the days of Sodom . . .”

What was the Sodom sign to the elect church? They found—there was a great revival went on down in the Sodom, but up here, in the elect church (Abraham), there was an Angel Who knowed that

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Abraham was married, had a wife, her name was Sarah, and He asked where she was at.

Said, "She's in the tent behind you." And she laughed.

And He said, "Why did she laugh?"

Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Sodom, so shall it be in the coming of Son of Man." Is that right? Well then, that makes Him here.

<sup>53</sup> If you're believers, with all your heart believe Him, raise up your hand, each one that's a believer. Now, you lay your hand over on somebody next to you. Just lay your hand on somebody next to you. I'm going to quote to you a Scripture. Jesus said, "These signs shall follow them that believe." Is that right? Now, don't you pray for yourself. Let that person that you're praying for pray for you. And now, you pray for one another, and God promised "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." And the whole group of you, the Holy Ghost is out there. He's right over you now. Now, bow your heads. And there's only one thing to keep you from receiving it, that's that little shadow of darkness. I'm going to ask God to make that devil leave here, that devil of unbelief. And each one of you can be healed. Now, you pray for the person that—that you got your hands on.

<sup>54</sup> Heavenly Father, we bring this audience to You now, seeing that You have proven Yourself alive after nineteen hundred years. Your Scripture says, "These signs shall follow them that believe." O Lord, You are here. Your power is here. Your children is praying. Your Spirit is here. We cast out this doubt. We defeat Satan by the power of God. In the Name of Jesus, may the devil turn these people loose, every one of them. And may the power of God fall into this building. May every person here be liberated from the powers of sickness and the powers of darkness. May the Holy Ghost have the right-of-way in every heart. Grant it, Lord. We give them to You. In the Name of Jesus Christ, I cast out the evil powers of Satan. May he leave this audience and each of them be healed.

Do you believe Him? You believe you're healed? I don't care how crippled you are, how bad you are, I command you, in the Name of Jesus Christ, in the Presence of Him that knows all about you, stand on your feet and receive your healing. I don't care what is wrong, stand up. Amen. There it is. Praise the Lord. You are healed. God Almighty makes you well. I pronounce it in the Name of Jesus Christ, as I turn this service to Brother David . . . ? . . .



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