
BLIND BARTIMAEUS



Thank you Brother . . . ? . . . You may be seated. Sure glad to be back again tonight. I was just talking to the wife recently, and I told her, I said, “You should have been down, honey.” She has to take care of the children, of course, and they’re in school, the little fellows. And I told her; I said, “You get to meet some of the finest people in the world right here in Texas, Louisiana, and these southerners here.” Wished I could go home with each one of you. I’m sure I would have some grits for breakfast, hominy grits. That’s good; that’s living. Black-eyed peas, and turnip greens, corn bread, nothing any better I know of. . . That’s good.

² The love of God does strange things for us, doesn’t it? How it constrains our hearts, and binds us together like nothing else will do, the love of God.

Tomorrow night is our closing of this campaign, and I’ve got to meet many of the brethren, and seeing them, and I just . . . This is one campaign that I certainly hate to see close. It’s just . . . They’ve been so nice. Everybody’s so nice.

And my mother was from Paris, Texas. I guess I’m just a little bit of Texas. So—so I certainly think you got a wonderful country. And what makes any country is the people that’s in it. Fine . . . Louisiana, and Georgia, and Alabama, and all these southern states, they talk about southern hospitality, that’s true.

³ And tonight we are planning now . . . I asked Brother Moore to speak a little for me . . . ? . . . so I won’t have to preach. And just . . . Last night we had a little drama, a little story. Maybe we could have another one of those little ones tonight just before I pray for the sick.

And then tomorrow night, I trust maybe, if it’d be the will of the Lord, I’d like to speak to you again, maybe on a text, the sermon at the closing service. We sure appreciate all that you’ve done. You’ve been so—really so nice.

⁴ And I’m glad that the love of God makes us reach out, way out. We can see things that we never seen before. And sometimes meetings like this has a special influence upon the people to influence them to—get the vision of what God means. I think it helps people. Now, tonight I . . . ’Fore we open the Scripture, I want to say that . . .

I want to wait till I start to pray for the sick before I pray over these little handkerchiefs, and aprons, and so forth, or whatever they might be. And now, if you miss putting one up here, I wish you’d send and

get one anyhow. They're free. We charge for nothing. Even our books, somebody else prints them; and most that we buy at forty percent off, that we might bring them, and you don't. . .

'Course they don't make nothing on them books, because of the loss that we have on them, and the damage. And I've always told the boys, if somebody come by and they didn't have the money to get it and want it, give it to them. See? Just let them have it anyhow. But those books are printed, one of them by Julius Stadskev (two or three of them), and by Brother Lindsay, and so forth. And we buy them with, I think, it's forty percent off. I think that's what it is. And however, the boys takes care of that.

⁵ We have no program of money. Money's not even in it at all. Minister called me the other day and said, "Now, what's your financial program? How much money do we have to have?"

I said, "Nothing."

And he said, "Well, what do you do for a living?"

I said, "Well, usually at the end of the service they give a love offering," I said, "if they. . . people feel like doing it. If they don't, why, that's perfectly all right too." And if they—they don't make the expenses, put that in on the expenses, and let's make it up. If they don't make that, then we'll send home and let my church stand for it. We want to always carry that name of never. . .

⁶ I would not permit one of my men to ever, ever, beg or bum for money. When it gets to that place, it's time for me to come off the field then. See? If God don't liberally provide everything we have need of, it's time to leave. I think many a meeting is ruined by all that, "Who will give a ten? Who will give a five?" I don't like that. There's only one thing that I like to hear about, that. . .

Did I say something wrong? I—I hope I didn't say nothing wrong. I was just expressing my heart, just the way I felt. But I believe there's only one thing I want you to give: give your heart to Christ. That's all I require. Give your heart to Christ. That's what we're here for. And so I'm sure that God will take care of the rest, if you will just do that.

⁷ And now, before we approach the Word tonight, let's pray, as we bow our heads. Who would like to be remembered in prayer just tonight saying, "Remember me, Lord. I—I'm needy. Remember my request, Lord."

Our heavenly Father, we come approaching Thy throne of mercy. We would not come approaching justice, because we could not stand it. We could not approach Your law, because it has no redemption. But

we approach Jesus, Who is Thy mercy. And we come asking for Divine mercy upon us all.

Forgive us of our shortcomings, and our mistakes, and the things that we have did, or said, or even thought that was wrong.

And we do not believe that we are holy, Lord. We believe it's not a holy mountain, but a holy God on the mountain; not a holy church, but the Holy Ghost in the church; not a holy people, the Holy Spirit. So, Father, we pray, now that the Holy Spirit will deal with us kindly tonight as we're dealing with the sick and the afflicted. Lord, they are tenderly . . . And they're sick, and they're needy.

⁸ And we don't know how to . . . what to do, Lord. I'm standing here between two opinions at this time, just how to approach a little subject here, wondering if You would bless it to the hearts of the people. May I be able to say something that would encourage faith, that'd stir up the gift that's within the people, that they might receive their healing tonight.

And above all things, Lord, that sin-sick soul setting here, wherever it is, I pray, God, that they'll see the Light of day breaking through, and will come and be reconciled through the shed Blood of the Lord Jesus. Grant it.

I pray for this fine bunch of Calvary-bought servants of Yours here behind me, Lord. I feel very little to stand out here on the platform ahead of those men. And some of them was preaching the Gospel when I was just a sinner boy. God, I pray that You'll bless them gallant hearts. May they cling together, Lord, by the love of God wrapped around them in such a way, Father, that they'll—they'll prosper in whatever they do. May they be gallant servants to bring Christ to the people in this closing hour of the world's history.

Heal all the sick and afflicted, both soul and body, Father, we pray. Bless us together, as we wait upon Thy Word now, for we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

⁹ Over in the Book of Saint Luke's Gospel, the 18th chapter and the 38th verse . . .

And he cried . . . Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me.

And in the 42nd verse . . .

. . . Jesus said . . . Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee.

Our little story starts tonight. And it was on a cool, spring morning just at the east side of the gate of Jericho where the road comes down from Jerusalem. It had been a bad night on the poor fellow. He just wasn't able to sleep at all. He'd just tossed about, would wake up, and toss about. Those horrible nights, we know what they are, most all

of us. Suffers with nervousness, and seemed like it'd been a terrible night. He. . .

¹⁰ And when he got up, and he was late getting over to his post, to where he done his daily work by begging. There was many beggars in the city and around the country in them days: very poor country, and poor people under bondage of the Roman Empire. The beggars would have to get to the street pretty early. And each one had a place where he stayed. It was lotted to him. And they would stand there.

And when the merchants would come down the street, they would cry out for alms. And the merchant, perhaps the first beggar he met he'd give him a piece of money. Why, that probably ended it for the day, because he couldn't afford to give too much, because maybe he couldn't afford each day giving a coin. Roman denarius, or something, might been a whole lot to him. So he placed in his coin, and then he went on. And maybe the next fellow got a coin from somebody else.

But they must be there early when the merchants came into their places of business, and the markets. There's many places the beggars couldn't stand, so they would. . . The soldiers would 'lot them a place, and they had to stand there.

¹¹ And our friend tonight as we know him as Bartimaeus (some of them pronounce it Bartimaeus), while we find him late at his post of duty. . . And his place was just out on the north side of the gate, where he stood at the gate to catch the merchants as they come in. And looked like he had a pretty good place. And he had been blind since he was a little fellow. And that night. . . The reason he was late that morning (we'll say to make it a drama), that he had dreamed all night that he could see again. He'd thought that he could once more see the skies, and the stars, and the sunlight.

But now, he lived in a world to himself, all shut in in darkness, blind. I think it's one of the most horrible things is a blind person. And I feel sorry when I see a man or woman on the street with that white cane, pecking along. Many times have I stopped my car, and run over, and see some poor old mother about to go into a post or something, down along the street, and help her across—some young fellow or old man. Blindness, I think it's the most pitiful thing.

¹² But I. . . There's—there's a blindness that's worse than physical blindness, and that's spiritual blindness. I feel more sorry for them than I do for the physical blind. So why wouldn't our hearts reach out for them, instead of condemning them? Let's love them. Then they'll see Light, if you'll just love them. The world's a dying, not for a better economics. The church is dying, not for better buildings, a bigger denomination. But it's dying for somebody to reach out a hand

of love, to show that we care one for the other. And that's the very sign that Jesus told us that, "By this all men would know that you were My disciples," when we got love one for the other.

¹³ I was thinking, a blind . . . (It's a little off my subject, but not off either.) There was blind Fanny Crosby. She could see better than a lot of people's got two good eyes. They tried to get her, one time, to write music, or poetry for a dance world, and for the entertainment world, and she refused to do it. So they were making fun of her.

I thought, "What a difference it is between her, and a certain young Pentecostal boy, who's set the world afire with rock-and-roll." I've often thought that he's worse than Judas. Judas . . . Esau sold his birthright. And what a horrible thing that young man will have to answer for at the day of the judgment: sent more souls to hell than all the bootleg joints there is in the country. Right.

¹⁴ And then, when Fanny Crosby . . . one day when they come to her with these big bargains . . . She was poor too, and they come to her, and said, "We'll give so much, if you'll just give your talent over to making songs for the entertainment world." She flatly refused it. She would not do it.

She said, "If there's anything that I have, it belongs to Christ."

And so they, the men who were talking to her, said, "Then I suppose that you're expecting to go to a world where there is Everlasting Life, and so forth?"

Said, "Yes."

"So what do you expect this Christ to be?"

Said, "He will be a man."

And said, "Then if you're the same over there as you are here," said, "you'd never see Him." Said, "You're blind."

She said, "Oh, I'll know Him anyhow."

So they said, "How would you ever know Him, if you are still blind over there, as you never had sight in this life? And on the other side, if you had no sight there, how would you know Him then?"

She said, "I'll know Him."

And they laughed at her, and she turned and started through the house. When she had made her decision, "No, sir, nothing of the world. All my talent is given to Christ." . . . And they said . . . She started back across the house and raised up her hands. She said.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
 And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him, I shall know Him
 By the prints of the nails in His hand.

¹⁵ It's those great crucial moments that the—the strain is put upon us that God moves in, when we make the decision for Him. That's between Life and death, that little sharp edge. Sometime at the last moment when you think you're not going to be well, and somebody's making fun of you, still hold your testimony. It's that time that God moves in.

¹⁶ Bartimaeus had arrived on the scene kind of late. So it was a early spring morning, I believe, along April, 'cause it was near Easter. And his clothes was all ragged, I suppose. He got up to the gate. It was quiet, so he said, "Well, I'm a little late, because I overslept." But the sun in the Palestinian skies was just perhaps rising in the east. And him kind of on the north side threw a . . .

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] over the wall, where it was shook down by God, when Joshua came in.

Let's think he got him a rock, and set down in the sunshine, and said, "Well, maybe there's one merchant a little late. I'll get a coin, maybe, today for my family, 'cause we're really in need."

¹⁷ And he got to thinking about . . . While he was setting there in the warm sunshine, his ragged coat wrapped around him, he begin to think about his dream, how real it was. Then his mind floated back in a daydream, like . . . I know we all have those experiences.

Many times I could climb so high in the mountain till I'm out of hearing distance from any—anything, just set up there only with the—the animals and dream, oh, just dream of God and the coming of the Lord; and look out and hear Him scream in the birds, and watch Him in the eagles, and see Him in the sunrise and sunset. He's just all around you. Be alone and dream.

¹⁸ So Bartimaeus, perhaps, was setting out there in a dream like that. And being it was spring, he said, "Oh, I dreamed last night that I had my sight. I can remember when I was a little boy. We lived just around the mountain here, a little cabin around the side there in my . . .

Remember when I used to be in this early spring, when the little buttercups would come up, how I used to run out as a little boy and play, and mother would let me pick her a little bouquet of flowers. And how I would look, laid out there on the soft beds of the grass, and look up and see the white clouds passing over in April, the warm sunshine bathing down upon me.

How pretty this world must be. But I've long lost sight of it for many years of blindness, so I guess it'll never be. But oh, how I appreciate that dream last night—to even dream that I could see.”

¹⁹ Then he begin to think. His mind got caught (Oh, that's when you get into the spirit of anything.), got caught back to when he was a little boy. I know all of us do that. I do—go back to the time when I was a little boy, see my father come in with . . . Little short fellow, a logger, and how he had strong arms, I'd see him . . . He didn't weigh but about one hundred and forty pounds; but a fellow told me the other day he seen him load a nine hundred and fifty pound log by himself on a wagon.

And I'd see him, when he'd roll his sleeves up . . . An old apple tree there, and a little piece of looking glass mom tacked up on it, and a little pitcher pump. She had a meal sack there for a towel. I'd see Pop pump the water and—and take soap and wash his hands—that old lye soap we used to make, you know; and make the lye, and make the soap out of it, and wash. When I'd see him pull his arms up like that, to comb his shaggy black hair, I said, “You know, my daddy will never die. He's too strong to die.” But he died at fifty-two years old.

Then I think of Hebrews 13, “Here we have no continuing city, but we're seeking one to come.” We have no abiding place here. We're pilgrims, and we're strangers here. We're seeking a city to come.

²⁰ Now, Bartimaeus, thinking when he was a little boy, and I can imagine he was thinking this: “Oh, I remember when along lunch time, I'd hear that sweet voice of that beautiful mother of mine around the hillside, ‘Bartimaeus, your dinner, son.’ And how I'd run to the house, and she'd wash my little face, and brush my hair back, and kiss me on the cheeks, and I'd see her big, soft, eyes. And I'd look up in the face of that pretty mother, and she'd set me down to lunch.

And then, after lunch, in a little while she'd call me again, 'cause it was nappy time. And she'd set out on the porch as we looked off over the Jordan, and she'd rock me in her arms. And I'd put my little baby hands on her pretty cheeks, and she'd kiss me. And—and she'd tell me Bible stories. And how I loved to hear them stories, of how the great Jehovah God brought our people over into this promised land.

And she'd look over at the little buttercups that I brought her in, the little flowers from off the hillside, and she'd say, ‘That's some of Jehovah's promise too, Bartimaeus. This beautiful land is ours. And Jehovah led us up from the great sand dunes of Egypt and put us in this land.’”

²¹ How she'd tell me of that great mighty Jehovah, how He thundered out for His people; stood in the breach, drowned Pharaoh's army behind him; how He rained bread out of the heaven, and brought

quails in from the fields, fed our people; and how He performed signs, wonders. When they was thirsty, the great prophet Moses smote a rock, and out come water.

Oh, how great Jehovah was, what a great, powerful God that we serve. How that great Jehovah had promised that prophet Moses, “Someday the Lord your God will raise up a prophet like unto me, and He will take us out from under this Roman dictatorship.”

And then, you remember when they crossed the Jordan (just a little bit below where their cabin was), and how that Jehovah rolled back the sea, the Jordan, in the month of April when the hills of snow was melting up in Judaea, up around the mountain, Hermon, and so forth? And this icy, snow water was gushing through, and muddy, twisting. The great, mighty Joshua marched down to the sea, and he spoke, and Jehovah moved back on powder-dry land, and walked them across it, right in the month of April. Oh, how that great God . . .”

²² Then Bartimaeus looked over a little bit, kind of shivered, and said, “You know, I wish that Jehovah was still Jehovah. Somehow I believe He is, but my priest tells me that all those things are past. He isn’t right.”

All at once he hears something coming: click, click, click, click. It’s a little donkey. Well, it must be a rich man, because transportation then is usually by . . . The poor went by foot; the rich went by cart drawn by donkey, or either rode on the back of a donkey. So he rises, runs out about twenty feet to the big cobblestone road. And run out, and said, “Alms for the blind. Alms for the blind.”

²³ All at once the little donkey stopped, and he heard a cruel voice saying, “Out of my way, beggar. I am the servant of the Lord. I’m on my way to Jericho this morning. I’m going to meet the ministerial association. I’m going to see that there’s no healing services around here, none of that fanaticism. Any so-called Galilean prophet ain’t coming around here with none of His fanaticism. Out of my way, beggar. I must be on my way. I’m on the Lord’s service.”

“Pardon me, holy one.” Backed back . . .

On into Jericho he goes, to hold the—get the ministerial association to stop all campaigns of such. (Maybe that’s a little rude. Maybe I oughtn’t to have said that.) By the way, you know, the man dies, but the spirit doesn’t. So it’s too bad, but that’s the way it’s supposed to be, for every generation rising in the judgment will have to stand the same thing. You see, you got to go through the same exactly thing.

²⁴ Then as Bartimaeus made his way back, it was getting up in the day (Let’s think a little piece). And the sun now coming across had shadowed the rock. So he felt around till he found him another one,

set down. He thought, “Well, I guess I won’t take nothing in tonight. I guess we’ll just have to do without.”

And as he set down, he thought, “Well, I was having such a wonderful dream about days gone by, and about great Jehovah.” Then he picked up his thought again and said, “Yes, I remember mother telling me one of my favorite stories. One of my favorite stories was this: She used to tell me of the prophet Elijah. I like that one so well, because she’d say, ‘Bartimaeus, you like the story about Elijah, the Tishbite, with the Shunammite woman?’”

“Yes, Mama, because it’s about a little boy, and how God worked his plan by a little boy.” And he loved that, because he believed in Jehovah too.

²⁵ And this Shunammite woman, being a Gentile, yet God showed her favor. How the great, mighty prophet Elijah come to the city, and she perceived that he was a holy man. And he lived in a cave up in the mountain. And he had his servant with him, Gehazi, who was kind of a like a campaign manager that went around, and helped him get things ready when he would speak. And somehow another she liked this man. She thought he was a wonderful person.

So her husband was kind of an elderly man, and she was growing old. And she said to her husband, “I pray thee, let’s show favor to this man, because I perceive that he is a holy man.”

And they built a little chamber on the side of their house, a little prophet’s chamber: put him a little bed there and, also, put him a little jug of water, and a little stool to set on, and a little pan to wash his tired, weary feet and limbs when he set down. And no doubt the servant would bring him out something to eat, when she heard him out there in the chamber.

²⁶ And Elijah was so well pleased with this, till . . . I hear her say, “Bartimaeus, you know what that woman needed worst of all when he asked?”

He said, “What favor could I do for you? Could I speak to the king or could something I do?”

She said, “No, I dwell with my people. There’s nothing I have need of. I just done it out of my heart because I respect the God that you serve, and I respect the life that you live.”

And then Gehazi said, “She’s old. Her husband’s old, and they have no children.” (Bartimaeus liked this.)

And the great prophet Elijah said, “Go, tell her to stand here at the door.” (He’d saw a vision.) He said, “THUS SAITH THE LORD, you will embrace a son.”

And when this little boy became about the age of twelve years old, oh, how his papa and mama loved him. (That must have been about the age of little Bartimaeus.) And how that papa and mama loved him. How that papa had taken him out in the fields, and showed him all the way to raise grain. And one day when he was out in the field, he must got a sunstroke, because he kept saying, "My head, my head." (That Palestinian sun's hot, the direct rays of it.) "My head, my head."

²⁷ And he . . . the father was busy, so . . . The boy was sick. He said to the servant, "Take the child to its mother." And the boy got sicker, and sicker, until finally on his mother's lap he died.

And the gallantry of that famous woman, who showed favor to a servant of Christ . . . She knowed exactly, and was led by the Spirit what to do. Oh, I like that. Not only Bartimaeus, but I like that. She took him over to the prophet's chamber and laid him on the prophet's bed. What a place to lay him. Just right.

And she said to her servant, "Saddle me a mule, and don't you stop until I bid you. Go forward."

And her husband said, "There's no need of going after him. This is neither new moon or sabbath. He's not up there."

She said, "All is well."

"And another thing, Bartimaeus. Do you know God don't reveal everything to His servants? He just reveals to them what He wants them to know (See?), just what He wants them to know. So when the woman come in sight of this great, mighty man of God . . ."

²⁸ He walked to his cave door, and set his staff up side of the wall, and getting rather aged. And he put his hands up like this, and he looked out. He said, "Who is that I see coming?"

Gehazi said, "It's the Shunammite. She looks like she's full of grief." (She was crying and going on.)

So he said, "Her heart is grieved, but God's hid it from me. I don't know what's the matter with her." Said, "Go, meet her."

And he went and met her. And when she come close to this great prophet, he said, "Is all well with thee? Is all well with thy husband? Is all well with thy son?"

Oh, I love that woman's expression. She said, "All is well."

²⁹ I think that's where Martha and Mary . . . Martha's always kind of dilatory, seemed like. But when she knowed that if (referring back to this woman), if . . . This Shunammite woman knowed that God was in that prophet; that was God's representative of that day. And if God was in His prophet, how much more was He in His Son?

And she said, "Lord, if thou would've been here my brother would not have died. But even now, whatever you ask God, God will give it to you." That's it. That's the idea.

³⁰ And the Shunammite woman, she said, "All is well." Why? Her husband wringing his hands and screaming, all the relatives screaming and wailing, and going on, and here she was with a broken heart, the baby laying on the prophet's bed dead, her only son, and an old woman, an old man . . . How she loved that little fellow. But "All is well," for she was standing before God's representative.

And he knowed . . . She knowed that God could reveal through that representative of His whatever it was. God gave, and God taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord. But she wanted to know why God took it. I like that.

And God has a representative in the world today. We call it the Holy Spirit. Stand in His Presence. Oh, God. I wish people could get that. Stand in His Presence and find out what He said.

³¹ And she said, "All is well." I suppose the heart of the prophet become cheered up. So she came, and fell down, and grabbed him around the legs. That was kind of misbehavior, the servant thought. This woman shouldn't fall around his master like that. So what did he do but jerk her up.

And so Elijah said, "Let her alone. Her heart's full of grief, and God's hid it from me."

And then she revealed what had happened, said, "Why did God give me this son? Why did you tell me that to deceive me? Now, the boy's laying dead."

³² Watch Elijah. He said . . . He knowed that everything he touched was blessed when he was anointed. He said to Gehazi, "Take this staff and you go forward. And if any man salutes you, don't you salute him. Don't stop for any social affairs."

I think that's what God does with His Word. It's Anointed. It's Him, and we're His messengers. We ain't got time to stop to do this, and argue this, and fuss this. The Message is urgent. People are dying. Let's get there. Stop our denominational barriers, and everything else, and let's break through. Yes, sir. Get the Message to a dying world. Then . . . Don't want to get on that, I start preaching.

³³ Now, however, he started on. But the woman's faith wasn't in the staff. Her faith was in the prophet. And she said, "As the Lord God liveth, your soul never dies." She knowed He was alive for evermore. ". . . your soul never dies, I'll not leave you." Oh, my. That's it. Now you got it. Hold on. Take a hold of the Holy Spirit like that and don't

turn It loose. “My arm’s any better today, it don’t make any difference. Tomorrow, don’t make any difference, whenever it is, I’ll hold till it does come right. I’ve got Your promise. You give Your promise. I know of others who was healed by it, and I’ll hold right here. I’m on Your hands.” Amen. Something’s going to happen then.

³⁴ When you take God’s promise and hold it, “Lord, You told me that if I would meet the qualifications of repentance, and so forth, that You’d give me the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I’m right here on Your hands till You do it.”

I like kind of Buddy Robinson’s testimony there. Got out in the middle of the cornfield, said, “If You don’t give me the Holy Ghost,” said, “when You come back to earth, there’ll be a pile of bones laying right here.” I like that. Yes, sir. That’s when he got something. That’s the way you want to do it. Hold on to it.

³⁵ I admire that woman. Her faith was in the prophet. She held him. She said, “I’m not going to leave you.” So well, it’s just . . .

Now, Jesus taught that same thing. How about the unjust judge and the widow? He wouldn’t revenge, and although she cried day and night, why, he—he revenged her enemies just to get rid of her. Said “How much more will your Heavenly Father give them the Holy Ghost who ask Him?” That’s what we want.

³⁶ If you don’t believe the Holy Spirit’s real, take a hold of God’s promise, and just stay with it. Hold on to it. Don’t leave it. If you don’t believe He’s a Healer, whatever disease or trouble you have, right now, don’t wait for the healing line; just take a hold of it right now, and say, “God, I’m on Your hands.”

And Satan will say, “You’re no better.”

That’s what he told me. I said, “Looky here, old slewfoot. If you don’t . . . If you want . . . If you like to hear me testify about the glory of God, stick around. But you ain’t going to shake me away from that. If you like to hear the testimonies of God, and the praises of Divine healing, stand around. I’m going to ring it out just as long as I can. Just stay right with it. Stick around and listen at it. I invite you to listen at it. Stay around.”

First day, no better; next day, no better; next day, no better. I just kept staying, testifying, praising God, pressing through the dark clouds. He made a promise. Finally there it was. He get tired after while and run away.

³⁷ Then, we find then that the prophet seen he couldn’t get her off his hands, so he said, “All right. I’ll gird up my loins, and here I’ll go with you.” Oh, my. So Gehazi met them coming back. Her faith . . .

Now, the—the stick would've done the job, but it's where your faith is. So her faith wasn't in that; it was in the prophet.

So here he comes up there, and all of them bewailing, and the carrying on, and screaming, and all hope's gone, and everything. I can imagine him saying, "Shh, shh, shh, shh! Keep still." What's he going to do?

I want you to notice. He went in the room where the baby was laying on the bed, shut the door behind him, just he and the baby. That's where the most successful times when you get alone with God. See? Get alone with God.

Jesus said, "Enter into a closet and close the door. Pray to your Father what seeth in secret. He will open. . . He will reveal it to you openly."

³⁸ So I can see the prophet. Now, the Bible said he walked to and fro in the room, just walking. "Lord, here I am. What can I do?" Walked to and fro, he was waiting on the Spirit. After while it struck him. Goes over, and lays his body over the baby's body. Began to get warm, got up, and started walking again, walking back and forth.

He felt the anointing coming greater, so he laid his body on the baby, and it sneezed seven times. Picked it up, brought it out, presented it to its mother.

Oh, how little Bartimaeus liked that story. He'd say . . . ? . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

³⁹ "See, God has to work His purpose, Bartimaeus. See? God has to do something, bring up somebody for a certain thing. He ordains things."

"Oh, Mommy, you're so pretty. I—I just love you, Mommy."

"And you know, Bartimaeus? Before you were born. . . You don't understand it now, honey. But before you were born, I dedicated you to God, to Jehovah. You know what? It wouldn't surprise me a bit but what your little eyes will see the Messiah."

And he thought, "Oh, Elias. . . If he'd ever come now, I'm blind."

"But you know, Bartimaeus, God uses little boys for His glory. He's got a purpose. And I believe He's got a purpose in life for you."

Then, as he thought that, "Oh, it couldn't be now. Look what it was. Poor mother, she prayed. She's gone on years ago. But I guess what she prayed for was lost. You know, on them cobblestones. . ."

⁴⁰ No, no. There's never a sincere prayer ever made but what it's answered. I'm fifty-one years old, and I've been in the ministry thirty-one years. And I'll say before God's Bible; I never did sincerely ask for anything but what God gave it to me or told me the reason why He

couldn't. I say that as a servant of Christ. That's right. Of the tens of thousands of times that I've asked Him for things, sincerely asked Him for anything, take, single out something and asked Him for it, He'd either tell me . . . He'd give it to me, or tell my why He could not. So I know it always is best, if I can't have it.

Your little baby boy would ask for your straight razor to shave with it, you'd be a poor father to give it to him. He'd hurt himself. He knows what's good for us and what's not.

⁴¹ So then Bartimaeus would think this: "You know what? Just a little bit below here is a ford where Israel crossed over. And just think, Right down this same road where that priest come a while ago, that great prophet Elijah with Elisha come arm-in-arm down that road, walking down to the Jordan to open her up again." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁴² Then, from the time that Israel crossed until the great prophet, Elijah, God spoke and opened the sea. He could open the waters. He thought, "Oh, if I'd only lived in that day, them two great prophets arm-in-arm, walking down to the Jordan: one of them was coming back, the other was going up. And the old one had fought Jezebel and Ahab, and sins of the world. And just across the river was . . . A horse was tied over there to some bush, and a chariot of fire was going to take him up to glory. The young prophet is going to receive a double portion for his ministry to come back. Walking arm-in-arm . . ."

He said, "If I'd been setting on this rock then, I'd have run out and . . ." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁴³ "Cause you're a man who brings God real to the people. Just ask Jehovah, and I'll receive my sight. But the priest tells me that all those men . . . Jehovah quit doing that years ago." They still think the same thing, but He goes on just the same, just . . . Yes . . . Still Jehovah.

I imagine he thought, "If I could've ever got out there and a stopped . . . Why . . . Them prophets, they sure would've blessed me and I would've had a healing. But it's all over now. Days of miracles is past, so there's nothing that I can do about it, I guess, but just set here blind."

The winds blew, and he shooked his . . . covered himself up into his coat, and he begin to think about another story, the great Joshua one day. Not over hundred or two yards from where he was setting, Israel crossed that mighty river by that great prince Joshua.

⁴⁴ Then he remembered another story, that while they were encamped out there, Israel, God's great Pillar of Fire hanging over them, one day Joshua, the great captain, walked out to view his—get his strategy on how to take those walls out of the way, of Jericho. While he was walking around, he seen Someone walking out to meet

him, was another Warrior. Joshua pulled his sword, because he was a fighter. He swung his sword up, and he said, "Are you for us, or are you for our enemy?"

Then that great fellow pulled His sword, and the lightning flew off the end of it. He said, "I'm the Captain of the host of the Lord. I'm the Lord's Captain."

The great mighty Joshua threwed down his shield, throwed down his sword, took off his helmet, and fell at His feet.

⁴⁵ Oh, he might have said, "If I would've lived in them days, I would've liked to fell before His feet too." But little did he know that that same Captain of the host of the Lord was not a hundred yards from him, the same Captain. While he was thinking on those things . . .

It's usually when you think about the Lord . . . It's usually when you got your mind not on something else, the things of the world; or how you're going to make a lot of money, or what kind of a big organization you're going to build . . . That's what's the matter with the world today. We got our mind on the things of the world instead of on God.

Let's think about God. The Bible says, "If there be any praise, there be any virtue, think on these things." Our mind strolls off. And first thing you know, we strayed out in there somewhere, we're thinking about something else. Let's keep Jesus on my heart, in my mind all day long, day and night. That's the way.

⁴⁶ While he was thinking about that, he heard a noise. It's strange. Wherever Jesus is there's a lot of noise. I don't know why, but it usually is. And a lot of noise come from on the inside. First thing, the gate burst open, and . . . hears a great noise, and people running, and some hollering, "Hosanna, Hosanna to the prophet of Galilee," the women, and some of the men.

Then he could hear some hollering, and making fun of Him. "You're nothing but a fake," overripe eggs and fruit throwed at Him.

He heard that same priest awhile before, before they had the association to meet together. "And you say you're a prophet. We heard that you raised a dead man out of the grave. We know you, faker. They laid that man there, and your disciples did that. That's nothing but a fake. If you can raise the dead, we got a whole graveyard full of them up here. Come, raise some of them, and we'll believe you."

⁴⁷ Jesus don't mind the devil. He never did. That same old devil said to Him one time, "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones to be turned to bread." He could've done it.

One of them put a rag around his face one day down there in the courts, put it around his face, his eyes, and hit Him on the head with a

stick—the mockers, and said, “If you’re a prophet, tell us who hit you.” See that old devil?

The same old devil lives today. “Go down here and heal old man so-and-so on the corner. Go over here to so-and-so, and heal them.” We don’t take orders from the devil. Jesus said, “I can do nothing till the Father shows Me first what to do. For He worketh and I worketh hitherto.” And He’s the same yesterday, today, and forever.

So you hear anybody say anything like that, walk away; it’s the devil. We don’t take orders from Satan. We just come from above. When He shows us what to do, then we go do it. If He wants Mr. Jones on the corner healed, He will tell His servant, and he will go over and heal him (That’s right) just by His orders. “I do nothing till the Father shows Me first what to do,” Saint John 5:19.

⁴⁸ Now, I can hear that priest call out to Him, “You’re nothing but a fake.”

Jesus, the burdens and sins of the world on Him, He was going straight to Calvary, right up to Jerusalem to be offered up into the hands of sinful men, the Gentiles. They was to crucify Him. All the burdens and sin of every sin that was ever committed on the earth, or ever would be committed, rested upon Him. And they were laughing, making fun of Him; others hollering, “Hosanna to the prophet of Galilee, the Son of David.”

That’s the way it is today right in Beaumont, Texas. Some of them will laugh and make fun. Some believes the story. It’s always been that way, and it always will be that way, until the consummation. It’ll be that way: a mixed multitude.

⁴⁹ Every revival produces twins. The two sons of Jacob—or Isaac is well represented. Every time there’s a revival, there’s a Esau born and a Jacob born. One religious man of the world gets starchy, and takes some seminary experience; and the other one wants that birthright regardless of how he has to get it. If he has to be a holy-roller, or anything else, he wants the birthright, I don’t care.

That’s what’s the matter with the people today. They’re afraid of that birthright. Oh, how that they hate that. But it produces twins. The men of the world, very religious inclined, do good alms and things, but cares nothing about the birthright . . . Those two great factions has been fighting since the world begin. And they’re about ready to come to a head right now, where something that Jesus said, “they’d be so close alike they’d deceive the very elected if it was possible.” It’s true. You see what a deceiving hour that we’re living in.

Stay with the Word, brother. Don’t leave that Word. That’s right. The Word will speak for Itself.

⁵⁰ Then I can imagine poor old Bartimaeus trying to raise up, saying, “What’s it all about?”

“Set down.”

“What’s the noise about? What . . . Who’s done something?”

Nobody would help him. He was blind. I hate to see that, just push a poor old blind man around. Then the first thing you know, there must’ve been a, I’m going to think, a young lady came by. And the old fellow had been pushed back, and he was trying to get up on his knees in his old rags. She helped him up nicely and tenderly. She said, “Sir, I perceive that you’re blind.”

“Yes, madam. You’re so kind to the blind.”

“Yes, I have a feeling for the blind, or for anyone in need.”

“Madam, would you tell me? Nobody will tell me. What is the noise about? I have been here for many years. I’ve never heard such a noise. Everyone’s saying one thing, and one another.”

“Oh, sir, have you never learned that Jesus of Nazareth, the prophet, is passing by?”

“Who?”

“Jesus of Nazareth.”

“Why, Who’s Jesus of Nazareth?”

“You are a Jew, aren’t you?”

“Oh, yes I. . . ”

⁵¹ “Well, did you ever know in the Scriptures that—that the Lord our God was going to raise up a prophet like unto Moses, and He will be the Messiah?”

“Oh, yes. I was just thinking about that. I was just thinking about it. Oh, yes. He will be the Son of David.”

“Well, that’s Who’s passing by.”

“What’s His Name?”

“Jesus of Nazareth. He’s the Messiah. I’ve seen Him give sight to the blind. Oh, you should’ve seen Him this morning. He certainly proved His Messiahship when He come into the south side of the city. You should’ve seen Him. Do you remember a little fellow in the city here by the name of Zacchaeus?”

“Oh, yes, Rebekah’s husband.”

“Yes.”

“He’s give me alms many times. He’s a merchant.”

52 “Uh-huh. Well, he was kind of small in stature, you know. And Rebekah’s been attending the meeting, and I am a disciple of this Lord Jesus. And we’re taught as Christians, His disciples, to honor and be kind and true. That’s. . . All Christians do that, show courtesy. And that’s why I want you to understand, sir. And this morning I was present, for we knew He was coming. And Rebekah had prayed so long that Zacchaeus. . .

“He’s a good man, but he’s kind of self-styled, because he leans so hard to the synagogue. And you know Rabbi Kavinski, over there. He—he just simply doesn’t like Jesus of Nazareth. And they had a ministerial association here, and they met this morning and stopped Jesus from doing miracles in the city—drove Him out. So He just walked out.

“But you know, Rebekah had prayed so hard that Zacchaeus would become to believe the Lord Jesus as being God’s Messiah, and she’d told all the things that Messiah done, and how that He’d be a Revealer of the secrets of the heart, and so forth. And you know what Zacchaeus done? He was kind of short in stature, so he was down at the gate pretty early where we know it was to be. And you know, when. . . He seen he was going to be too little to see Him. So I’m sure. . . Rebekah and I had made a covenant with one another. He was going to pray that if the Messiah would be. . . he would recognize the Messiah.”

53 “So I watched Zacchaeus. He ran way down Hallelujah Street, until it come to Glory Road. And you know them sycamore trees that stands there. . . in other words, there was palms?” Said, “He climbed up in there, and he said, ‘Now, I’ll get me a place to set down right here on a forked limb. I’ll set down, put one leg over this way, and one over this way. I’ll get a look at Him when He turns the corner, ’cause He always follows Hallelujah Avenue and Glory Road. He always stays right on them. So I know I’ll meet Him there.’ So he sat down where two limbs met.”

Now, that’s where a lot of people set tonight, where your way and God’s way comes together. There’s got to be a decision made. You may be here tonight in that same condition.

54 “Well, he got to thinking up there. He told us a while ago after what happened that did. . .”

“So the Ministerial Association wouldn’t let Him go to the auditorium to have the meeting so. . . He was going to have. So Zacchaeus, he got up in the tree, and he said, ‘Rebekah told me that this Man could discern the thoughts of the heart. Now, I don’t believe in. . . Rabbi Kavinski, my pastor, told me that that thing never happened no more.’” If there is a Rabbi Kavinski here you forgive me. I’m just using this for a. . . See? Or I could say the state presbyter, or something like

that, or district superintendent; or you know, just anything will do like that. You know what I'm getting to.

"So then, anyhow, he gets up in the tree, and he . . ." (or doctor, Ph. D., LL.D., or any of them, you know)

"So he gets up in the tree. He said, 'You know what? I'm going to be sure that that Guy don't know nothing about me.' So he got all the leaves and pulled them all around him. He camouflaged himself. He was a little bitty guy anyhow, setting upon this limb, you know, like this. So he left one little leaf there, that he—like a door, he could look up and see Him when He turned Hallelujah Avenue, going up Glory Road, 'cause it was right close there on the corner. And after while, while he's setting there . . ."

She said, "You ought to have heard him testify of it, sir."

⁵⁵ Jesus was going on by. And the old blind man was listening to the story, 'cause he knowed what mother told him that Messiah would be. So he's listening to this story. Jesus was going on. They was throwing stuff at Him, and making fun of Him, and telling Him, come raise the dead; they'd see there was no hoax in it and so forth like that.

And—and so, as they . . . Said, "And he told us then that he hid under these leaves, and he left this little door open. Then when—when . . . You know what? Said, 'When He comes by, I'll just peep over and get a look at Him.' Said, 'Because of everybody else was looking at Him, why for prestige sake, I'll just look at Him.' So he hid so He wouldn't see him."

"So he raised up the lid, and after while here come Jesus along, and a woman coming out, and a great big apostle in front, Simon Peter, with eleven others, saying, 'I'm sorry. The Prophet is very tired. We have to take Him on now. He's—He's kinda—didn't get to have the meeting down there, so we have to go back out of the city.'"

⁵⁶ And said, "He watched Him. In a few minutes He come right over, raised up the lid a little bit more, and looked, said, 'You know, I kind of like the looks of that Fellow.'" There's something another, you can never look at Jesus right straight and ever feel the same any more: something about it, it'll get a hold of you.

"So he took his little leaf like this, and raised it up, and said, 'Huh, I sure fooled Him this time. I got up in the tree. And that's the Guy that knows the secrets of the heart? Huh. Well, He—He might be a prophet, for all I know.' And he gets over like this."

"He stopped right under the tree. He looked up and said, 'Zacchaeus, come on down.' Not only did He know he was in the tree, He knowed his name."

“Oh!” Bartimaeus said, “That’s Him. That’s the Son of David. Oh, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” There He goes, in a crowd of thousand, maybe seven or eight thousand people, screaming one thing and another, “Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy on me. I believe that You’re the prophet that was to come. O Thou Son of David.”

⁵⁷ Now, he could not touch Him. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] I could preach on that right easy. Oh, what faith in God will do. Who has to be a bishop, district presbyter, Doctor LL.D. Jones? No, sir. A beggar, ragged, blind, but had faith enough.

Look at the burden on Him, with all that facing Him. No doubt but on His clothes was the stink of rotten fruits, and things they’d—vegetables, they’d throwed at Him. But He kept His head. He was facing Calvary. All the whole world was laying on His shoulders, but the faith of a blind beggar stopped Him and made Him stood still. Amen. The same mighty host of the Lord that stopped the sun for Joshua. Joshua stopped the s-u-n by faith; but blind Bartimaeus stopped the S-o-n by faith. And that same faith will bring Him from glory, where He controls the solar system, and the universe, will bring Him down into this tabernacle tonight, that same childlike faith.

⁵⁸ He stopped and stood still, looked around. They brought him over. He said, “Your faith has healed you.” Oh, my. There he went walking on.

The little lady holding him by the arm, she must’ve said, “Did you hear what He said?”

“Oh, yes. Oh, think. He told me I’d get my sight.”

The procession was moving on down the road. He was heading on up the mountain to go to be crucified. He said, “Receive thy sight. Thy faith has saved thee.”

Just the same as your faith saves you from hell. Same Greek Word’s used “Sozo.” Yes, same time—every time it’s translated, physically saved or spiritually saved, same faith does the same thing. “Thy faith has saved thee.”

Oh, his faith stopped Jesus, and had Him to stand still. So he said, “He told me . . . He is the Messiah. He had . . . He’s got all the signs of Messiah, and He told me I’d receive my sight. I’m satisfied I will receive it. Oh, I’m satisfied. I’m satisfied.” He starts saying. . .

Directly he seen a shadow. “Huh, oh, I have received my sight.” And down the road he went. When He says anything, just keep believing it.

⁵⁹ I read a little story (maybe fiction, maybe not, I don't know) on Bartimaeus. It said he had a wife and a little girl, and said that one night his wife got sick, so he—he went out and he said, “Jehovah, the only thing that I have to offer You . . .” They had to have some kind of entertainment to attract the attention, the beggars did, like they do in India. If a beggar in India hasn't got something to attract the attention of the—of the passerby, he will never get a coin: seldom will, anyhow. They got little monkeys. The little monkey will beat the guy, and he will run like he's screaming and crying. They got a cobra, or snake, that fight a little animal, and they—and everything to entertain, for something another to make them give a coin.

So they said that Bartimaeus had two little turtledoves, that'd do tumbles over one another. He said, “Jehovah, I haven't got much. But if You'll just let my wife live . . . The physician's just left and said she's going to die. I need her so bad. If You'll just let her live, tomorrow morning I'll give you my two turtledoves for a sacrifice.”

⁶⁰ And his wife got well. So he offered the turtledoves. Some weeks later . . . He said he had a little girl that he'd never seen in his life, a little curly-headed girl. One night she got real violently sick, and the good physician come again and he said, “Bartimaeus, the child is almost in hysterics. I think the child is going to die.”

“Oh,” he said, “good physician, are you sure?”

“As far as my medical training will let me know, the child is dying now. The fever is running into a spasm, and there's nothing that can be done for it.”

And he made his way out the side of the house in the moonlight, feeling along the side. He said, “Jehovah, I haven't got but one thing left.”

I don't know what kind of a dog they call that today, that leads the blind. I forget. [Someone says, “A seeing-eye dog.”—Ed.] A seeing-eye dog . . . Well, instead of a dog leading the blind in that day, they had a lamb that would lead the blind.

⁶¹ So Bartimaeus, they said, had a—a lamb that led him. He said, “That's all I got to give, Jehovah, but I love my little girl so good. If You'll just let her get well and not die, tomorrow I'll go to the—the temple, and I'll—I'll give You that lamb for a sacrifice.” The little girl got well.

The next morning he was on his road taking the—the lamb up to the sacrifice. And said the priest come out, and said, “Where goest thou, Bartimaeus?”

He said, “Oh, priest, servant of God, I go up to the temple to give my lamb for a sacrifice.” He told him the story of his little girl being sick and said, “I offered Jehovah. . . When He healed my wife, I offered the doves. Then when my little girl got well, I told Him I’d give Him the lamb.”

He said, “Oh, Bartimaeus, you can’t offer that lamb. Here, I’ll give you money, and you buy you a lamb from the changers out there, the pens. You buy a lamb. I’ll give you the money to buy it.”

He said, “Oh, priest, that’s awful kind of you. But I never offered Jehovah a lamb; I offered Him this lamb.” There you are, brother. I’m sure you get the spiritual application there. “I never offered Him a lamb; I offered Him this lamb.”

“Why,” he said, “Bartimaeus, you cannot offer that lamb. That lamb is your eyes.”

He said, “Oh, priest, if I’ll be true to my promise to Jehovah, Jehovah will provide a lamb for Bartimaeus’ eyes.” That’s what He’d done. He provided a Lamb. On this cool spring morning, Jehovah had provided a Lamb for blind Bartimaeus’ eyes.

⁶² Let me say this to my waiting congregation tonight: That same Lamb is provided for you tonight. “He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquity: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; with His stripes we are healed.” And our faith tonight can bring that same Lamb of God right down in our midst to perform the same miracles and signs that He did before Jericho and the rest of them. You believe that? Let us pray.

⁶³ O Lamb of God that take away the sins of the world, I come to Thee now with all my heart for these sick people. They wait patiently, many of them standing, their limbs aching. But Thou art God, You will reward them.

They have laying here handkerchiefs and little parcels of goods; I lay my body over them in the Name of the Lord Jesus, asking that You’ll send Your power and blessings with them, healing every sick person that these represented—to that little fevered baby waiting for this one, to that poor old, blind daddy setting there tonight in that little house with that white cane beating against the door. Oh, Jehovah, go out through the midst yonder, Lord, and heal them. Thou art God.

There’s many yonder in that—in the hospital waiting; a sick person dying, all hopes is gone. Thou art still Jehovah God. They could not come to the meeting, but Thou can go to where they are, Father. I pray that You’ll grant it so.

⁶⁴ I pray that Your mercies rest upon the peoples now. Grant the healing of every sick person that's here, the salvation to every soul that's lost, the baptism of the Holy Spirit to every believer, that this meeting might close in a great climax with the Lamb of God leading them into paths of righteousness to the great healing fountains of God's mercy, to the great salvation pools of His Holy Spirit. Grant it, Lord.

I commit them to Thee now, with myself, that You might show Yourself, that our faith tonight, as the blind beggar that we have just talked about, can bring the Presence of the Lamb of God in our midst to show the same sign that He did when He was here. And all the people will believe You, Father. I—I trust with all my heart as I commit ourselves to Thee, waiting on Your Spirit to confirm the Word that's been preached with signs following. Amen.

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

⁶⁵ Oh, isn't He wonderful? [Brother Branham begins humming "I Love Him"—Ed.] Let's just raise our hands tonight and hum it. [Congregation hums "I Love Him"—Ed.] Now, shake hands with a pilgrim around you somewhere.

I . . .
. . . purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.
Wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
Oh, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;
Oh, saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name.
I once was lost, now I'm found, free from
condemnation,
Jesus gives liberty and a full salvation;
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise . . .

Oh, let's just raise our hands when we sing it.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;
Oh, saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name.

⁶⁶ Oh, don't He make you feel good? My, what a feeling. You know why I have you sing? I love singing. Don't you love singing? After the Message, it just feels like the Word of God just scours you out. See? And then I love good old Pentecostal singing. I do despise an overtrained voice. That's not singing, holding your breath till you're blue in the face, and . . . You're just putting on then. I just like good old fashion singing. Oh, my. I like . . .

Wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name.

⁶⁷ Isn't He wonderful? You know, there's been one song I always want to sing and that was, "Nothing Between My Soul And The Saviour." And I never could sing. I couldn't sing at all. But one of these days when you all get over to your big palace in heaven (I'm going to give you a little insight of something.), and all down . . . Way down there, when you're standing in your big palace door, walk out some morning. Way down there, and around where the river makes its turn after it comes out of the throne of glory, you know, there's a little bit of woods setting over there, and there's a little log cabin. That's mine. And then, when—when you get down there some morning, walk out on your porch, you listen. Standing down there on that old porch . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁶⁸ "I once was lost but now I'm found; was blind but now I see." You know what I want you to say, "Praise God, old Brother Branham made it. There he is, right down there now." Yes, sir. Oh.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We will have no less days to sing his praise
Than when we first begun.

Let's sing it everybody.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] lost, but now I'm
found
Was blind but now I see.
Oh, how I love Jesus.
Oh, how I love Jesus.
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me.

Amen, Amen. Singing in the Spirit; I love that, don't you? Oh I want to sit over on the side of the hill where there's a little bush sets

over on this side the tree of . . . from the fountains of life and I hear the great, all you all's great voices; the Angels blending in with you over there singing on the other side of the river. I want to set and listen for ten thousand years. Oh how I love Him. Isn't He wonderful? Certainly is.

Now, you feel real good? Now that's what I call old-fashion singing; singing in the Spirit. I'd rather have that than all these little chopped up songs you sing. I think them inspired writers, when they wrote them songs, like Eddie Perronet wrote the inauguration song when he picked up his pen. Everybody was, wouldn't buy his poetry and things, and one day the Spirit fell on him, he grabbed the pen, wrote the inauguration song:

All hail the power of Jesus name.
Let Angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Another one wrote:

When I survey the wondrous cross,
Whereon the Prince of Glory died
All my fame is but loss

Another one wrote:

Living, He loved me;
Dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever.
Someday He's coming, O glorious day.

I think of blind Fanny Crosby, said, "What does Jesus mean to you?" [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Thou the Stream of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee Lord?

⁶⁹ How wonderful He is. Now, that great, wonderful Christ, the One we sing the old hymns of the faith, our forefathers . . . Back in the days of Spurgeon, John Wesley, and Charles Wesley . . . Brother Moore and I stood at the grave not long ago. I just cried. I thought, "Oh, God . . ." When I stood by William Cowper's grave there, when he . . . They thought he was a neurotic. Any man that's spiritual is considered crazy (We know that.), anyone.

So he got in the Spirit and wrote that famous song.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
 When sinners plunged beneath the flood,
 Lose all of his guilty stain.

You know what happened? Immediately after the Spirit left him, he tried to commit suicide, drowning in the river. Yes. The Spirit had left him; he didn't know where he was at hardly. Them great men, misunderstood . . .

⁷⁰ I stood there, and I thought . . . When Charles Wesley was down on the river that day, or the lakeside in his little cabin, a storm come up, and he was trying to make his way back. A little sparrow flew in his bosom, and he held it till the storm was over, went out and held it on his finger. And inspiration come.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 While the . . . ? . . . waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high,
 Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storms of life is past,
 Safe into thy bosom climb . . .

Oh, my, great men.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 With partings leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps Another,
 While sailing over life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 In seeing, shall take heart again. (I like that.)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 That life is just an empty dream!
 The soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Yea, life is real! And life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 For dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul. (Oh, I like that.)

Let us be up and doing,
 With a heart for any strife,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle! (Don't be drove into it.)

Be a hero in the strife.

Oh, my, them poets and things certainly thrill my soul when I read of those godly men that wrote them—like the “Psalm Of Life” there, Longfellow. And how that . . .

I think that God penned them things. Them men of old, as it said in the Bible, moved by the Holy Spirit wrote those old Blood songs, “I See A Crimson Stream Of Blood,” all those famous old songs of the church. It's a lot better than some of this little old chopped-up stuff we have today, brethren. I tell you it is. I love that old-time religion, love all those good old songs of the faith.

⁷¹ All right. While the Holy Spirit is here, we'll call the prayer line, and pray for the sick. Everybody get your faith now, and in your heart . . . You don't have to say it in your mouth. You remember, your—your thoughts are louder in heaven than your voice is on earth. See? Say this, “Oh, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” See if He will do the same thing He did.

Zacchaeus, just pull out your fig leaf one time and look down, see if He isn't still the same yesterday, today, and forever, see if He doesn't do the same thing. He will pull you out, speak to you. And the good thing, He will go home with you tonight; have a talk with Him before you go to bed, you and your wife. Home will be changed. It won't be like it used to be then, when He goes home with you.

⁷² Billy, where you at? Gene, Leo, who give out the prayer cards? You? Oh, oh, Billy? Where's Billy at? What? D-1 to a 100? Prayer card D's was give out today. Now, so that we won't be able to get mixed up . . . Have we got enough room there? I guess we could stand a few there of our brethren. Who has D number 1? All right, lady, go right over here. Now, answer your call. Number 2?

⁷³ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . take place beautifully. There was a man and his wife, first time they was ever in one in my meetings; they were setting in the audience. A lady come in, and set down by the side of them, and the little lady resented it. The lady was setting close, 'cause she was in her way—made her move back.

After while the little lady made her move back. She re . . . This woman that had to move back, she resented the woman resenting her. So she got to praying. She said, “Lord, I oughtn't to have done that. Forgive me. I didn't mean it.”

And then, the lady that was in front that had resented her said, “Sister, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that.” And the two, the husband and wife were sick. And oh, just a little bit after it was done, I seen

the Angel of the Lord standing over them, called them by name and healed them both, and sent them back to their home. Lake Charles will know about it.

⁷⁴ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . take the back seat, sister, brother. Prefer one another. 21, 2, 3, 4, 5? All right. 21, 22, 23, 24.

⁷⁵ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . Spirit come down, told him what he done through the day, and what he'd been doing, and what he wanted, and oh, my. He said, "There's no need in me saying any more." And out the door he went. Oh.

I'll never forsake Him,
I'll never forsake . . . (Do you really mean it?),
I'll never forsake Him,
Because He first loved me.

Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down . . . for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!
Glo . . . (40 to 50 now. 41, 2, 3, 4, 5.)
Glory to His precious name!

There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name! (46, 47.)
[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . wondrously saved from
sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
. . . at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name!

Singing, glory to His . . . (Let's bow our heads now
while we sing it to Him.)
Glory to His precious name!
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!

⁷⁶ Now, quietly. [Brother Branham begins humming "Glory To His Name"—Ed.] Now, get in the Spirit.

What . . . to my heart was the . . . (Is all the prayer
cards up now? You got a prayer card, go over to
the line. Now quietly and reverently now.)
Oh, come, to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Now, cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,

Plunge in today, and be made complete;
Singing, glory to His name!

Glory to His name!
Glory to His precious name!
Where to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!

⁷⁷ Precious Lord, as the organ is playing that beautiful old hymn, there's many in here, Lord, can share in this fellowship, to know that there's where our sins were all gone when we plunged by faith beneath that crimson stream. The lightning flashing, the thunders roaring, the Blood of the Son of God, Emmanuel's veins were bleeding. As that rain poured down across the cross, mixed with blood and water, poured over our souls, Lord, by faith. We always will sing "Glory To His Name." We thank Thee for this, Father.

Now, as I have just maybe . . . Just forgive my rude ways, Lord, of bringing Your Word. But I . . . It's the best that I can do. And I pray that You'll receive it, and plant into the hearts of the people the purpose of it, Father. It's to bring faith to the people.

Now, they know what You were. Every night we've approached a different Scripture somewhere to prove that You—them same Messianic signs . . . Everywhere in the Scripture it's just full of them, Lord. Maybe they'd never read it before, read right over it.

So did the Pharisees and Sadducees of their day, the teachers, read right over it, that He was to be that. No doubt the very day that He was crucified, they might've sang in the temple that morning Psalms 22, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" O God, open spiritual eyes. Give understanding, as we commit ourselves to Thee, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

⁷⁸ Now, just a moment. Now, you see that great line of people. There's no way for me to have . . . Is there anybody here that's never been in one of the meetings when discernment is . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

And—and just like I do. He eats like I do. He sleeps like I do. He's—He's a person that Jesus died for.

Now, I condemn the doctrine of the Catholic church (That's right.), but not the Catholic man. Certainly. And if I ever get to a place I can't reach my arm out just as far for a Catholic as I do for a Pentecost, then I ought to go back to Calvary again; there's something wrong with me. Jesus came to reach out for anybody. And for Oneness, Twoness, Threeness, Fiveness, whatever it might be, there's no difference. I want to reach an arm . . .

⁷⁹ When I first come into this as a Baptist minister, why, one group said, "Come, join our group"; the other one said, "Come join our group."

I said, "Brethren, I love you both."

"You'll have to come to one. We just won't permit it."

I said, "Oh, but God will permit it. See? I'll stand right between you with a arm out to both sides and saying, 'We are brethren!'" Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die. That's right. Get love in your heart, and be true and honest, and have the right kind of a motive, and the right kind of objective, and God will take care of the rest. If your motive is right, and your objective is right. . . If your objective's right, and your motive's wrong, it won't work. But when you get your. . . If you know it's the will of God, then your motive right, and your objective right. . .

⁸⁰ Like now. Here's a group of people. I've been talking about Him being Messiah that you can still touch. I'm not talking about it because I think so; I'm talking about it 'cause the Bible said so. Now, the reason. . .

You say, "Brother Branham, aren't you afraid He'll. . .?"

"No, sir. Now, if I wanted to say, "Look here. I could do this. See what a big guy I am?" I'd better shut up, and walk away from the platform right there, 'cause it'll never work. See?

What's my motive? To melt these people together, as God's people. Say, "I tell you, all you people, I belong to the Baptist. You all come over, join the Baptist." "I'm a Oneness." "I'm a Trinitarian." "I'm a Threeness," or "Twoness," or whatever you have, I don't know. All the. . . "I belong to that one."

No, sir. I'm your brother. I belong to Christ. We belong to one another. So that makes my motive, my objective right. My motive's right. So therefore, He said, "Say to this mountain, 'Be moved,' and don't doubt. . . ." And it's the will of God for me to do it, or He'd have never sent me. There you are. You get everything working right, and your motive and objective right, you can say to anything. . . As long as it's the will of God, it'll do it.

⁸¹ But if I want to, say, to be some big stuffed shirt, to make me a great program somewhere, and put me on some telecast, universal or something, now that's wrong. I don't. . .

Jesus lacked one thing. You know what it was? Showmanship. He wasn't a showman. See? No, no. No. They said, "Why do you fool with this bunch of holy-rollers down here, fishermen and so forth?"

His brother said, "Come on up to the high priest. Come on up, and show yourself, what you can do, if you're the So-and-so."

He said, "Your time's always. Mine hasn't come yet." That's right. He didn't go up with—even with them. He doesn't today. He isn't a showman; He's the Son of God. Amen. We believe that. Oh, isn't He wonderful? Jesus, the Son of God. . . .

⁸² Now, I can't have discernment in this line (See?), but we're going to pray. Before I do it, I want to be sure, if I can—the Holy Spirit will help me—to know that the power of God is here, so you can see the anointing.

Now, look. All this audience. . . . Let's just make this a showdown tonight. This audience out here, every one a stranger to me. . . . There's only one person. . . . These two little girls setting here; that's my buddy's girls, the little Evans girls. Brother Evans, where you at? I haven't seen you. . . .

Tell you something on Brother Evans while we're waiting. I'm waiting for something. We was fishing not long ago. How I come to get acquainted with this fine man and his wife, Brother Mercier introduced me to him.

The morning before I left the hotel. . . . Wasn't that in Philadelphia? With Theo Jones at the Met. And Brother Mercier said, "There's a fine man by the name of Welch Evans. He wants to meet you." Wife was with me. I got up that morning, and my little boy, Joseph. . . .

⁸³ You all know about little Joseph. Six years before he come I saw him in a vision. The doctor said my wife could never have another child. I said, "Oh, yes."

So when the next child was borned, it was a girl. They said, "Uh-huh. You meant, Josephine."

I said, "I meant Joseph. God never tells lies."

And so about four years later, she. . . . We knowed she was going to be mother again. They said, "Is this Joseph?"

I said, "I don't know."

The doctor said, "She can't have it, Brother Branham."

I said, "She'll have that one."

So when the nurse came down, I was walking the carpet off on the floor, you know. And come down, and said, "Reverend Branham?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am?"

He said, "You have a fine boy, seven pounds and three ounces."

And I said, "Joseph, you've been a long time getting here. Daddy's glad to see you."

And so, she said, "You called him Joseph."

I said, "That's his name."

⁸⁴ And Joseph was with me there, four years old: been two years ago. No, three years old. He's five now, and he sees visions. And when he got up that morning, he said setting on the side of the bed . . . He and I sleep together in one another's arms, and we're real buddies. And he said, "Daddy," he said, "David is going to get hurt on a motorcycle. He's going to skin his leg on that side."

I said, "Did you dream that?"

He said, "No, Daddy. I saw it right there."

We just marked it down on a book. And when we got home, David, the little boy next door to us, two days after we was home, rode down the lane on the motorcycle and skinned his side up, just exactly what he said.

I'm going one of these days, friends. I'm going to leave the world. I pray that God will take the Spirit that He's let me have, and put a double portion upon my son, Joseph, to shine the Light while I'm gone.

And so then . . . I expected Billy . . . Billy's one of the finest boys the world could . . . He wasn't called in the ministry. Now, I don't want to leave without having somebody to represent, take my place when I'm gone.

⁸⁵ And I started to move, and I seen Brother Welch Evans . . . I oughtn't to say this, Sister Evans. Will you forgive me? He caught too many fish, and he was hiding them from the game warden. And I seen him up there in a vision; they had them in a sack; and he hid them two or three times. And I said, "I wonder if that's that same man? They tell me he likes to fish down in Florida."

So I went over there that morning. When I walked in . . . Brother Mercier back there and I, we walked in together. And I said, "That's the man. That's him."

So after he introduced me to him, I said, "Mr. Evans?" and I talked to him. I said . . . After we talked a little while, got ready to leave, I said, "Brother Evans, do you love me?"

He said, "Sure."

I said, "Here not long ago you was fishing in some kind of a bayou. You had a sack full of fish you was trying to hide them from the game warden."

He said, "Oh, my, my."

I said, "Just one thing I'm going to ask you. Take me fishing there."

He said, "All right."

⁸⁶ So his brother's a sinner, and he got snake bit by a ground rattler. Anybody knows what a ground rattler is? He's really rank. And his brother was in the hospital, and walked on a hook for a long time, wasn't it, Brother Welch? On a hook . . .

So Brother Welch and I went back there, got eleven big fish that day. Oh, my, how fine. And I had a great big bass on, and I just couldn't hold him. And Brother Welch come up there, had his trouser legs all rolled up. He said, "Can't you hold him?"

I said, "He's too big. He must weigh fourteen, fifteen pounds." And I had him on there, and he just run over them pads, and I threw a little bumble bee out again. Here he come. And one hit again, and it was a good one, around eight or ten pounds. But I couldn't hold him. And after while I got him kind of whipped down, started to bring him in.

Brother Welch said, "I'll get him." And without thinking, he jumped in those tules and under those pads, to grab the fish barefooted, and a ground rattler grabbed him. There went the snake through the . . .

⁸⁷ He jumped out of there, holding his foot like that, like bone-freezing in there, and his teeth set together, and the tears running down his cheeks.

And I looked, blood coming out in two places, about that wide apart. Oh, my. Well, I . . . He's a great big man. How am I going to pack him about two or three miles through them swamps? And I happened to think. And I said, "Oh, Brother Evans, oh, my, Brother Evans."

And something said to me, "I'm a very present Help in the time of trouble." I've never seen it before.

And I lay my hands over on his foot, and I said, "Now, Brother Evans, just—just a minute."

And I said, "Heavenly Father, we're in a state of emergency. And I—I know that Your Word says, that these—that they shall tread on the heads of scorpions and serpents, and nothing shall harm them. This man is a believer. He's Your child. And I put my hand over on him. In the Name of Jesus Christ, I rebuke that poison venom from that snake."

And I heard him quit groaning. I took my hand off. He said, "I haven't got a pain." We went on fishing all that day. That night when they come in, they was around there talking. We had those great big, black bass, about that long, hanging up.

⁸⁸ About eleven o'clock his brother come out there. So he was still limping a little on his foot, and he wasn't a believer. He was a sinner

boy: a fine fellow, a very fine man. I'm expecting to lead him to Christ next time I go down, baptize him out there in one of them pools.

And so, then when a . . . We went out there. And he runs a bait shop. And we was at a place in a little motel across the street from it at Fort—Fort Pierce. And so, his brother come out there, and I was telling his brother about it. And he seen that snakebite.

He said, "Now, brother, it's good to be religious, but not crazy." He said, "You'd better get to a doctor right now." Said, "You know how that made me lay in a hospital like that."

Brother Evans said, "I was bit this morning at eleven o'clock. This is nearly eleven o'clock tonight. And if God has taken care of me by His grace this long, He will take care of me the rest of the way out." Never had a rub or smell of anything. It's amazing grace—our Lord Jesus Christ.

⁸⁹ I know those little girls, Brother and Sister Evans. And I believe this is Brother Willie setting here, the artist that drew the pictures of them . . . church world. Was you . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] wall that Pillar of Fire. Was you there, Willie, to see that? Was you there, Brother Evans? Sister Evans? How many's in the building was there at the church that morning, to see it? All right. For fifteen minutes it stood right there, visible before nearly four hundred people standing there looking at it. Amen. That's right.

He's the Lord Jesus, and that same Angel of God is right here now. Have faith in God.

⁹⁰ Now, for you out there, we can bring that line through in about ten minutes, if we can just get the Holy Spirit moving with us. Lord knows I'm testifying just so that you'll see to build your faith.

If I'd start telling what I've seen Him done—do in these, my ministry, that I've seen Jesus Christ do before my eyes, they'd make volumes of books. Just every day, every hour . . . You can just ask Brother Moore, these people who go around. Anywhere, any place, it's just constantly all the time: home, out there, and wherever, the Holy Spirit just showing, bring me off place, take me over here, over here. If you just yield yourself to Him . . . See? That's right.

The brethren that knows, that's been in the meetings, and knows, or been around with me in the meetings, up—up home and everywhere else, are those things so, brethren? Raise up your hands if they're so. That's right. Thousands can witness that.

⁹¹ Now, have faith, and if the holy Spirit will show us . . . What is . . . Two or three's a witness. Is that right? Two or three's a witness. Have faith now. Raise up your hands again now, so I can see.

There's no prayer cards. If you got a prayer card, get in line. If you're sick, and I don't know you, or you got a request on your heart, or something, hold your hands up: solid. You got one? You? Let's you and I talk; you're right close to me.

You believe me to be His prophet? You believe me? If I can, by the Holy Spirit, reveal to you what your trouble is, will you accept it as from the Lord? Will the rest of the audience do the same thing? (God, it's for Your glory.) You got trouble with your knees and legs. That's right? Wave your hand. All right, go home and receive your healing. Jesus Christ makes you well.

⁹² Anybody else believes with all your heart? Wait. Here it goes. Here it is. Wait just a minute. That man setting right there, praying for his mother in the hospital: heart trouble. You believe she'll be healed, brother? All right, sir. God bless you. I'm a stranger to the man. I don't know him. That's right, raise up your hand. That's right. That's true, though, isn't it? You believe now? What—what are they touching?

Here's a little lady setting here praying just with all of her heart; it's not for herself: for the salvation of her husband. If that's right, stand on your feet, lady. All right. If you just believe God . . .

There it is back there, a hernia, heart trouble. Oh, my. It's just everywhere. You believe now? How many believes with all your heart now? Just raise up your hand. That just goes to . . . I can't get into that too deep, 'cause I couldn't take the line through.

⁹³ Is He God out there? Is He God up here? He's God in heaven. He's God on earth. He's God everywhere. (I have to just get a minute, Brother Jack, to get this way. See?) Do you believe what you've heard and seen? You believe it comes from God? Do the people out there believe the same?

If God will reveal to this woman what's her trouble, or whatever it is, I don't know. We're strangers, I suppose, to one another. You're a . . . She's the one . . . She had a prayer card, did she? All right.

The prayer card . . . The boys just come and mixed these prayer cards up, and you just happened to draw one. That's all. See? You see what He can do out there. Now, is that the very same sign that Jesus showed and proved that He was the Messiah when He was here on earth? You believe that? You do.

⁹⁴ And do you believe that Jesus is here on earth tonight in the form of Spirit, called Holy Ghost? And He lives in His church through the Blood of His Sacrifice. He opened and tore down the veil with the shedding of His Blood and made a way that you and I could come into that Shekinah Glory, that He could talk here, take my lips and speak to you as two believers, and walk between us, and speak between us,

and reveal to me the very things that He did there to prove that He's not dead but alive for evermore?

You're not here for healing; you've been healed. That's right. But you're here for your husband. Do you believe that God can tell me what's his trouble? All right. He's got stomach trouble. That's right. You got a son. That's the reason you're still standing with your hand up. You want me to tell you what's wrong with your son? He's got trouble with his shoulder. That's exactly right.

I see some other boy. It's a nephew. Yes, sir. You believe God can tell me his trouble? All right. The trouble with your nephew, he's got stomach trouble and he's nervous. And here's two things they both need, is salvation, 'cause they're both sinners. That's THUS SAITH THE LORD. Believe now with all your heart.

⁹⁵ Father God, this darling little girl. . . All of you pray with me, please, now for these people. Father, I pray that You'll heal the little thing and make her well, in the Name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

That's fine, sister. God in Christ's Name heal. . . ? . . .

Come, sister. Everybody praying now. Now, sister, if I could straighten your hand, I'd do it. I can't, but I can pray. Heavenly Father, I pray that You'll heal her. May this hand come straight. May she go like Bartimaeus, with his eyes, go off this platform believing in Jesus' Name. Amen. God bless you.

Our heavenly Father, I take the hand of this woman and pray that You'll heal her, in the Name of Jesus Christ. Amen. God bless you.

⁹⁶ Now, you know I know what's wrong with you. But whether I said it or not, would you believe it anyhow? See, If I keep on, all come, speak discernment, you know what it does? Breaks me down. But your back was healed setting in the chair. See? You can go home. . . ? . . .

And if you'll believe with all your heart, arthritis won't bother you any more. Go, believing.

Lord, I pray that You'll heal her and make her well, in Jesus' Name. Amen. Believe it. . . ? . . .

Our heavenly Father, I lay hands upon my sister and pray that You'll heal her, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

Keep praying. Keep praying. Your prayers, friends, you're the church of God. Pray for these people. What if it's your mother, father, your husband, wife?

Our heavenly Father, I pray that You'll heal him and make him well, in Jesus' Name I ask, amen.

While the anointing of the Holy Spirit is coming on now, you just come believing with all your heart and God will heal you. Do you believe that? You believe it?

⁹⁷ I—I. . . Listen, friends. Just . . . if I get you quieted just a minute, listen. No matter where . . . See, you mustn't think that the Holy Spirit's gone away from here, because I don't speak to every one. I'd. . . They'd done been taking me out, if it'd been that. How many realizes that our Lord, when a woman touched His garment, He felt virtue go from Him?

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . How many knows that a prophet called Daniel, seen one vision, and was troubled at his head for many days over it?

How do you think that I know those people, and all about them and things like that, if it wasn't vision? How would I ever be able to know it? Then you see what I mean? The strength . . . I. . . If I just . . . I see the people coming. You feel that vibration strike them, and then you just have to . . . You just have to turn your head, and lay your hands on them and go on. Why the Holy Spirit's here; It'll do the same work. The Lord will reveal. It isn't just because that one passed by or something.

⁹⁸ Here, where's the next one? Is this. . .? Here. All right. We're strangers to one another, aren't we? I don't know you; you don't know me. If that's right . . . You heard me preach before. But to know you, you just probably sat out in the audience somewhere. You believe that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever? If I will be able then, by the grace of God, to reveal to you by the Spirit of God, the things. . .

You said, "What are you talking about me, brother? Why. . .?"

I'm catching your spirit, just exactly like He did the woman at the well. You have to take my word for that. But if He declares it to be right, then it's right. I told the truth. See? And then, if I claim that it's not me, that it's Him, I've told the truth. There's His Word declares it. See? It's by His permissive will that I do it. See? He permits me to do it.

Now, you're suffering with nervousness, real nervous. That's right. And you've had an operation, surgery on the stomach. That's exactly right. You're not from this city; from a place called Vidor, or something like that. Right. You believe God can tell me who you are? All right, Miss Beech, you can go back home, be well.

⁹⁹ You believe? Now, just keep praying. Keep in prayer as these people pass by. Just keep praying.

Lord Jesus, heal this man, I pray in Jesus' Name. Amen. God bless you. Go on the road rejoicing now.

Our heavenly Father, I pray that You'll heal our sister.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . this, I pray, the prayer of faith for my brother in the Name of Jesus.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . now, with all your heart. Don't doubt. Believe with all your heart, you'll be all right.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . person, seem to have a nice spirit. You're a Christian. Do you believe with all your heart God can tell me what's the trouble? You think your husband will get all right, that eye trouble, having an allergy, and so forth? Go believe now, and he will get all right.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . heal him in Jesus' Name. Amen.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . God bless you, sister. Our heavenly Father, I can remember the time when I went into a den room to pray when the emergency was on and what a great thing you done in their home. I pray, Father, now knowing what's wrong, and I pray that You'll bless and give the desire of her heart, in the Name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

¹⁰⁰ Believe He will make you well? Yes. Save that operation, make you well, if you believe it. What do you think it is? Well, you thought it was a tumor. It's a growth. You thought it was a tumor. You thought it was cancer. You had many things. But what difference does it make, as long as He heals it? Is that right? You know what you need is a little lift in faith, isn't it? to make you come up. Sarah, go on home, and be well.

Father God, in the Name of the Lord Jesus, heal him. May the mercies of God be with the child. Make him well. May the mother see such a difference in him, Lord . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] Jesus, may it be so . . .

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . In the Name of the Lord Jesus, may my sister be healed. Amen. Ask and it . . .

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . give him courage to have faith and believe. Your blessings is on him, has been since the breakfast. I pray that You'll let him see it, Lord, and know that these stretched nerves be mended, in Jesus' Name. Amen. Don't doubt. Go, believing. Come my brother.

Our heavenly Father, as I lay hands upon her in the Name of the Lord Jesus, may it . . . Her loved ones leading her, may Christ do the leading from henceforth, dear Lord, making her well, restoring her right back again. Amen. Don't doubt. Come, believing.

¹⁰¹ You believe? Everybody believing with all your heart? Just have faith.

How do you do? Mighty young, healthy-looking, but you can't always go by that. You think the Holy Spirit can tell me your trouble? You do? The audience believe the same thing? If Christ remains Christ, He can.

Something strange about you. That's the reason He stopped me. Oh, I appreciate you. Now, to heal, I cannot heal, lady. I'm a man. But the life cannot be hid now. You're here for somebody else dangerously sick. You call it cancer in the bloodstream. The right name is leukemia. In a hospital; not here, over in Louisiana . . . That's right. That's good faith for a sinner to have. Will you accept Jesus as your personal Saviour now? You do? All right. Raise up your hands. May your sins be forgiven you. [Congregation prays and worships—Ed.] . . . ? . . .

Amen. You believe? How many in here is ready to receive Christ as Healer? I challenge you to believe it. Can your faith stop Him? Then in the Name of Jesus Christ, every one of you that wants healing, stand up on your feet. I don't care what's wrong with you. Stand up and accept your healing. Raise up your hands.

¹⁰² O Lord God, Creator of the heavens and earth, and the Author of Everlasting Life, Giver of every good gift, I challenge the devil in a pure faith. Come out of this people, Satan. You've lost the battle. In Jesus' Name, free them.

Raise up your hands now, and praise Him.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him . . .

Raise up your hands, and praise Him. Give Him glory, all ye people. Do you accept Him? Say, "Amen." Do you accept Him as your Healer? Do you accept Him as your Saviour? Then raise up your hands and say, "Praise God." . . . ? . . . In the Name of Jesus Christ . . .



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