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# ONE OF THE MEANEST MEN IN TOWN

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Brother Carlson, and honorable guests, Brother David duPlessis, and Brother Roy Weed, Brother Mattsson-Boze, and all, we are happy to be here this morning to, in the service of the Lord.

<sup>2</sup> And I just feel full this morning to hear all these wonderful testimonies, watch how they react on the people. I was hearing the testimony of the alcoholic and watching Rosella setting there, to see what effect it had on her; watching this Baptist brother here, his prophecy that God gave him that there was coming a sweep across the nation, watch it react upon the people, hearing the Holy Spirit speak in tongues and interpret, and tell us we're right at the end, it's right here now, and how that God give him that message, and then brought him right into it.

<sup>3</sup> See, just how that if we would just look around and see how glorious that God is moving, and doing just what He said He would do, how we must wake up, and remember, it isn't in the future, it's now, just keep moving, right now, just—just keep moving.

<sup>4</sup> And hear Brother David there, I'm sure you'll hear some great things this afternoon at the afternoon meeting, as Brother duPlessis . . . whom I was talking about the other night at the platform, and then last night there he was, right there, I had no idea that he'd be coming, but always has been a grand fellowship with Brother David and I, in this world travel and ministry in this last day.

<sup>5</sup> And the Chicago chapter, here, has been so nice to me, and many times I've been here in this fellowship, I appreciate it every time. Every time I speak of going to Chicago, why, Billy and Leo, and all of them just jump for joy, they just, they like to get to Chicago. They just said, "We just feel so good around Chicago, somehow." So, we're very happy.

<sup>6</sup> Was thinking here a few moments ago of a real, royal friend of mine, Brother Roy Weed. I remember him standing by me in a hour of need when I first started on the field, and how he stood by me when he didn't have to, but, just God, out of the goodness of his heart stood right with me.

<sup>7</sup> And every time I think of the Assemblies of God, or—or meet some brother, maybe, that I think that he did something that wasn't just what

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he ought to do, and I guess he thinks the same about me, but I always think of Roy Weed. See, I think there that we . . . Put his shoulder to a place and stood with me in a hour of, when I, there had to be a decision made, because I'd made the decision upon my promised word, Brother Roy thought maybe before his brethren it might throw a reproach or something, then Brother Roy stood right with me on the platform; never forget him.

8 Then I think now that I'm, uh, the Lord has helped me to have friends, everything, I might see some other friend that I could help like that too, remembering from where I come from also. Think we all ought to do that, remember the place that we were hewed out of.

9 Now, we don't have enough time here for me to preach, we know that, 'cause I'm so long at it. And I was just thinking, I wish some of the brothers would just stay up there, you know, so that when I got up there, I could just give a testimony and—and set down. But now, it does leave me time to read a Scripture, I think, to get out. I won't . . . we don't want to stay longer than eleven, if we can possibly help it, because I think that's the time; Brother Carlson's so gracious.

10 Billy's setting here clearing up this throat and laughing at me, because he still don't think I can preach a thirty-minute sermon, get off the platform. But, he always laughs at me, because he said, "Daddy, I know," said, "now, I met you out there tonight, you said thirty minutes, but I watched the thirty minutes," said, "you hadn't started when thirty minutes come."

11 By way of reading the Scripture, so we can get right into it . . . And that wonderful welcome that you people gave me, I'll never forget that, I'll, never will. And I—I'd do anything for you.

12 Sometimes I . . . Now, this is just kind of on us home folks here, as we say it down south. Sometimes you hear me cutting, and really, I go home and set down, and sometimes pick up one of those tapes, and say, "Surely, I didn't say that. Surely, I couldn't have said that." And—and then I think, "Well, what I have said, I have said. And it was—it was under inspiration, as far as I know, inspiration, so I'm never ashamed of it." And I—I don't mean to never hurt anyone, if that would be my—my motive, then my objective is wrong, you see. I—I just . . . I—I wouldn't be . . . to do that.

13 But sometimes I get up there, think, "I'll read a text . . ." I've got about five texts here I was going to speak on this morning, you see, and I—I said, "Well now, if I got thirty minutes, I'm going to speak on *this*; if I've got twenty minutes, I'm going to speak on *this*; got a hour and a half, going speak on *this*."

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14 And so I got my thirty-minute text here this morning. Course, I believe in multiplication, you know, but time isn't quite long enough, so, but let us turn, if you'd like to, over in the Book of Saint Luke, the 7th chapter and the 40th verse:

*And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he said, Master, say on.*

15 Knowing that the PA system is very bad, and I suppose you can hear me back in the back now all right? Our brother here, set here, had a worried look on his face, because his . . . watched him and felt sorry for him, and watched how that song picked him up a while ago, that sister was singing, and how that there's grace, we believe that, the amazing grace of Christ.

16 And I thought maybe that this morning we'd speak on a subject that would be, maybe, just shortly, kind of a little drama, more like, on *One Of The Meanest Men In Town*. Now, that's a quite a text to take at a business men's breakfast. But maybe some people don't know just what a real mean man is, so we—we would like to talk about one.

17 The sun must have been going down when the courier arrived. It had been a great day, and Jesus had been praying for the sick, preaching, and, oh, the people gathered around just to hang on to one Word that He said. I would have loved to have been there. I've often wondered how it would have been when I heard Him stretch out his arms, and say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." I perhaps will never even live to see the day when they pick up that vibration to hear how It sounds, then not knowing Hebrew, I would not be able to grasp it. But I do hope that Day to hear Him say, "It was well done, My good and faithful servant."

18 And the crowds was restless, and many hadn't got prayed for, and they were wondering where He'd be the next day, because they didn't know one day from the other where He would, the Spirit would take Him.

19 And the disciples were worn threadbare from pushing back the people, and saying, "If—if you'll just don't press, just be reverent, and our Master will get to you just soon as He can."

20 And this courier came up, and he must have talked to, let's say, Philip, and he must have said, "I have a—a message for your master. I come from a business man, and I must get this message to him."

21 And Philip might have said something like this: "Our—our Master is well worn, sir, because He's been busy all day. We have witnessed with our eyes great miracles and signs that God has did by Him."

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22 But the courier wasn't interested in what the miracles was, he was only interested in what his master had sent him to say. Finally, Philip, being a Christian gentleman, weaved his way through with the courier, until he got in the Presence of the Master, and he said, "This young man has a message from another city, where there is a great man that . . . wants to speak with You about his master."

And I can see the tired, weary eyes of our Lord when He turned and said, "What would you have, say?"

I've often thought, "What if I could have been that courier?"

23 But he said, "My master has give you an honor: He's having great feast, and he wants you to be his special guest at this feast. And we would like for you to promise us that you would meet us on *such-and-such* a day. It's," maybe, "an annual affair, and—and out of all the men, he chose you to come."

24 You know, I believe if I'd have been standing there that close to the Lord Jesus, I'd have forgot all about what Simon had told me to say. The first thing I would have said, been, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

25 But that's the way many of us get, we feel that our daily task and what our work calls for is more important than anything else. And I believe, if we're ever in the Presence of God, our earthly prestige, our earthly associates, our message, or our work should be last, let's get our confession out to Him.

26 Oh, I'd loved to have fell down at His feet there, and said, "I have a message from my master, but first I got a message, too: Be merciful to me, O God, I'm a sinner. And I know that Thou art the Son of God, and I've longed for this opportunity, and now I am kneeling here at Your feet, be merciful to me."

27 But he, like many of the young people today, had other things on his mind. And he wanted to get the message off, and he was tired, and his legs were sweaty from running, and, to get over there, because he didn't know where the Master would be the next day, so he had Him cornered into a certain place, that he could talk to Him.

28 I want you to notice the—the attitude that Jesus taken toward the man. There's no doubt but what He looked upon that modern teenager of that day in respects, and knew that maybe he should ask forgiveness of his sins. But let that be as it may, He, all of His great schedule, He had no earthly schedule as I know of, but just to do the will of God in every move that He made, not knowing exactly where the Father would call Him the next day, but was willing and ready to go, in all of His busy schedule and all that He had to do, He still turned His weary eyes to this courier, said, "Go, tell your master I'll be there."

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29 Now, no doubt in my heart, and I believe in many of us today, but what Jesus knew what was in store for Him when He got there, because He knew the secret of men's heart. And He knew that there was something up Simon's sleeve, for how could a man, a Pharisee, have any fellowship, and want to see Jesus, Who he hated? The Pharisees had nothing to do with Jesus.

30 And when you see people that, like that, that, the people of the world that wants to call you out somewhere to a party, take you to a Christmas party, some of you Christians that work for the Lord, and your, have to work here for your daily livings, when you hear your boss, who drinks, smokes, tells unclean jokes amongst the peoples, when he invites you over to a certain party, got something up his sleeve. Darkness and light doesn't fellowship together.

31 When you see a little girl about five years old hanging around with grandma, there's something wrong. See? Now, she's either grandma's pet, or grandma's got a little sack of candy somewhere. There's too much difference in their age, the little girl wants to talk dollies, and so forth, and grandma's an aged woman, she has something else to talk about. So you see, the little girl, as we would say, has got the card up the sleeve somewhere. There's something that she's hanging around grandma.

32 And when the world tries to pat you on the shoulder and say, "Would you just come on over *here*?" or something, there's something wrong somewhere.

33 And Jesus knew when this Simon, Pharisee, invited Him over to a banquet dinner, there was something wrong somewhere, yet in all of that, He was willing to go. He's . . . He will always come where He's invited, regardless of the circumstance and what He knows will happen, you invite Him, He will be there. Yes, you can depend on that.

34 Now, he said, when the time drew near for this great banquet . . . I can imagine seeing this Pharisee, which was rich. There was no middle class of people in them days, like in perhaps in India and around now, that's really the poor and the rich. Those who are really rich are *rich*, and those who are poor, are extremely poor, there's no middle-class people. And the rich had all the money, the poor had none. And sometime, when these rich people could give a banquet, they *really* put on a real banquet.

35 So as the time, set-date, become drawing nigh, no doubt that Simon set it in time that when his grapes would all would be ripe, and there'd be a— a lovely odor all around the place of the great vineyards full of ripe grapes, the bees humming. And they would kill their fatted lambs and have barbecue. And they could really bring out the choice wines,

and spread it out on the front yard, and invite their rich guests, and they really had a *real* time, but the poor could not even come inside the gate.

<sup>36</sup> And then when the day arrived, and the banquet all got ready, and they . . . the animals were killed, and the barbecue pits was smoking with fancy-dressed meat, fine sauces over them. I imagine the poor going by, licking their lips.

<sup>37</sup> Then to come to one of these feasts, you had to be invited, an invitation. And then when you come, why, they always, they . . . you had to be welcomed when you come. When . . . Someone was there to meet you to take your—your invitation, and they had you down, who was supposed to be there, and “This is *So-and-so*,” and strike your name off, and, “has arrived.”

<sup>38</sup> And—and I remember, as I was studying on how they entertained in those days in the Orient, people, their only travel was either by cart, or by horse-driven, or—or by walk. The rich could ride in a carriage, or chariot, some rode on animal’s back, and others walked.

<sup>39</sup> And when you were walking, why, they had a loose garment, something like a robe, hangs loose, and beneath that garment they had a underneath garment. Because the walking, and so forth, the loose robe . . . Then when you come to a guest’s house, when you were invited . . .

<sup>40</sup> You hear where the church, yet, we do at our church, observe Feetwashing. Now, they say it’s traditional, but yet it—it’s a commandment. They say they did it then as a tradition, and they did, but Jesus left it as an example, and then if He did, it’s a commandment. So then we, when . . .

<sup>41</sup> The lowest-paid man on the job was what they called the foot-wash man, he was really just a flunky, he made the—the least money of any of them, because at the home he only washed the guests’ feet when they come in.

<sup>42</sup> Then I think of our Lord! Sometimes we think that we’re *somebody*, when the God of Heaven changed His cast from God to become man, and He took the position, not of a king, but a foot-wash flunky to wash His disciples’ feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. Then if we don’t have the highest honor when we’re to entertained, or, going to be entertained! We have to be noticed by everybody. Then I think about our Lord, how He give us example of taking the lowest place there was, to wash the feet of the guests.

<sup>43</sup> And now, their feet got dirty as they walked, because they had sandals, something like the Roman sandals they wear today, that was considered their shoes, and then also, upon their limbs, for the

underneath garment came up high. And as the—the robe swished along on the little trails that go up over the mountains . . .

44 They didn't have the broad ways like we have today, animals traveled these trails also, camels, and mules, horses, and different ways of travel. And along the road it become dusty, and—and a stink in the dust.

45 And as they walked in this dust, that robe sweeping in the dust picked up dirt. And while they were perspiring, which the heat of the Palestinian sun is very hot, and their perspiration got, they got sticky, and this smell of the horse, and the animals along the road, picked up this dust and got on them, they—they would smell bad, because that they were walking, and this dust sticking to them.

46 Then when you invited a guest at your home, the first thing happened to make this guest welcome, after the invitation, first they had to be invited, and then, before they could really feel at home, they had to be prepared for that.

47 I only wish I had time to express what's in my heart about us when we have a revival. We invite Him, but I wonder if we take care of Him when He comes, or do we shove Him off to one side?

48 Then the—the foot-wash flunky, as I would call him, when a man come to the door that's the first man he met, because he—he was, didn't smell right, dust all over him. So the first thing they did was slip off his sandals, wash his feet and legs, and then take his sandals and set them up, and give him a little pair of something like a slipper, a little cloth that he put over his feet to walk on the beautiful, imported rugs of these rich people's home.

49 And then the next thing they did, after the foot-wash flunky, then he reached up on the mantel and he got some perfume. And sometimes this is very, very costly. And the guest held out his hands, and he poured the perfume in his hand, washed his hands over, then put it on his neck, washed off his face and his beard, then taken a—a towel, wipes it off, and sometimes their neck was burning.

50 And this certain perfume was made up of a royal, expensive (the rich people had) frankincense. They claim that some of it was even some of that like the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon. It's found way up in the mountains, very rare, they make it out of a little bud of a rose, that becomes an apple. And they have to climb high, and it's very rare to make this perfume that the rich people use to—to anoint their guests when they come in.

51 And then, they took the towel and wiped his face off, and his neck then would feel cool, and his feet was clean, and he was rested. He felt

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more like meeting the master of the house. Then he went to the next room, and who stood there, but the master of the house.

<sup>52</sup> Then it was. . . They would meet them (Stand up just a minute, Brother.) something on this order: When the guest come in, now, he wouldn't feel like meeting the master of the house if he was, his feet was dirty, and his body was stinking with the, smelled like the animals that has crossed over the trail, and his feet all sore and dusty, and his neck burning. He would, after he was washed up, and—and was, the stink was off of him, and the, he was perfumed and clean, he would meet the master.

<sup>53</sup> And then they would put their hands, and pat one another like *this*. And then when they did, they greeted each other with a kiss on both sides of the neck, see, so then they (Stand up a minute.), like *this*, kissed each other on both sides of the neck. (Forgive me. I ought to have went through with the rest of the demonstration.) And then after he was washed and perfumed, his neck not with the dust on it, not with the smell of manure, but his perfume was on there, then the, he felt fresh, so that the—the one that had invited him would feel *released* to kiss him on the neck.

<sup>54</sup> And then when he give him the kiss, the kiss was the welcome: “Come on in, everything, just make yourself at home,” when he kissed him and greeted him, “come in, everything is yours, you're one of us now, your feet is washed, and you're—you're perfumed over, and groomed, and now I have kissed you welcome, now, just come into my home, and just go at the refrigerator and get something to eat, lay down, do whatever you wish to, you're just at home now, because I have made you welcome.”

<sup>55</sup> How did that foot-wash flunky ever pass Him? I wish that I could have been there, I—I—I would have been watching for Him. I'd have had a special bowl of water ready for Him. I would have loved to have met Him. I don't know, something must have happened, he was—he wasn't there, he missed Him. And nobody kissed Him, nobody washed Him, nobody groomed Him, nobody made Him welcome, but He come anyhow, because He was invited.

<sup>56</sup> I wonder, sometimes when we invite Him, do we think of those things? Make Him welcome, don't be ashamed of Him. Just when He comes in your heart, worship Him. “Lord, come to my heart,” then when He comes, are you ashamed, because you're standing in the presence of somebody else? When you hear someone take His precious Name in vain, are you ashamed to walk up and say, “Don't do that, that hurts me so bad, That's my Master, is you're taking His Name in vain.” I wonder if we really welcome Him? I hope we do.

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57 There's so many today, will invite Him to the city for a revival, and then He can come, and then they just say, "Oh, pass by that stuff, there's nothing to it." We ask Him, but we never make Him welcome. Sometimes, maybe, we think He would say something would be against our belief.

58 Why wasn't Simon? Why wasn't he interested in Him? How did they miss Him? But there He sets over in the corner, just like a wallflower, His precious, little head hanging down, everybody passing by. Oh, they were interested in the affairs, and the pastor was there, and they had their social gatherings and their talking, but what about poor Jesus? Why, He wasn't welcome, He . . . nobody . . . Why, He—He didn't even have His feet washed. There was a stink, He was unlovable, He was unwelcome.

59 And I wonder, sometimes, in this great, beautiful way that we call holiness, sweetness, I wonder if the lives, sometimes, that we present the people doesn't make Him just a little unwelcome, too, because of our character, that we don't live just right, the right kind of a person to represent Him, take back, and back up, and wishy-washy *this* way and *that* way. If He's come to our house, we ought to be thankful, that Stranger of Galilee.

60 But there He was, setting over in the corner, yet leaving His busy schedule, and He was right there on time. Jesus never fails an appointment, He keeps them all, you can depend on that. When He makes an appointment, He is there to fulfill it.

61 And there's one appointment that we're all going to stand, because He's made it with all of us, that's at the Judgment. He's going to be there, and you are too, we're all going to stand there.

62 But here He was over in the corner. When I think of it sometimes it just makes my heart feel funny, I think, "Jesus, setting in the corner, with dirty feet." As the Frenchman calls Him: Jésus. Jésus with dirty feet. Sounds sacrilegious, but that's the way He was, that's the way that they'd left Him, that's the way they let Him set: with dirty feet. A honored Guest, supposed to be, and they were *so* busy with their doings, till Jesus set with dirty feet. I wonder if we are not so interested today in see that our group grows bigger than the other, that we don't leave Him set the same way. But Jesus, with dirty feet, unwelcome.

63 There was a little woman in that city who made her living in a very bad way, she was a woman of the—the red-light, the, prostitution, you understand. And perhaps she was a little late that morning getting on the street. And she counted her little Roman denarii that she was saving, maybe to buy her a better dress someday. And the way she made her money was ill fame.

64 She had a bad name among the people, yet let's think she was just a young woman that had been turned out on the street, not because she was delinquent, maybe, but because she had delinquent parents, they didn't try to take care of her. That's the reason many of them are on the street today: Not juvenile, it's parent delinquent.

65 Was hearing this morning when I left my room, that five little children perished in Chicago last night in a fire, because a mother left a little teenage girl to watch, and the house burned down, burnt up her children, out to a party somewhere.

66 Wife and I were passing down the street yesterday, and seen about four little children setting in a car, and the oldest little girl wasn't over about seven years old, with a little nursing baby. One of the little boys wanted to go with his Mama, and her get out of the car, and light up a cigarette, and slam the door, said, "You set there," and on downtown she went, went into a barroom. And a seven-year-old child, on the streets of Chicago, a real busy street, lower Lincoln, and there setting there in that car with a little baby, little nursing baby, and that wind blowing so hard I nearly froze, myself. I don't know, sometimes I think it's the parent's fault.

67 Maybe this little girl was brought up in a home like that, and she'd just been turned loose on the street. She'd had a praying mother, like this alcoholic brother had, things might be different, he said his mother had prayed for him.

68 Let me say this: When the Roman was converted, Paul . . . the Philippian jailer, down at Philippi, he said, "What can I do to be saved?" Most of us would tell him what not to do: quit drinking, quit stealing, quit lying, quit smoking. But that wasn't his question, "What must I *do*?"

Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thy and thy house shall be saved."

69 Say, "When a man gets saved, does that save his house?" No, but if he's got enough faith to get saved himself, he's got enough faith that his house will be saved also, the same faith that saved him. That's what that mother thought, in the grave long ago, but her prayers just was answered.

70 Delinquent mother and delinquent father makes a delinquent child. Maybe, let's say, this little lady had a father and mother that didn't care for her, and she got on the street in the wrong crowd. When she did, she became an outcast, nobody cared for her.

71 This little preacher setting here, taking this note down now, when he was telling me, that he had about forty corners here in Chicago that he preached on, or sent people to preach on, God bless that boy. Give

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us them ol' street meetings, that's how you get these drunks and things in. Some of us get too high and classy to stand on the corner anymore, go down in the slums. Jesus said, "Go in the hedges, and highways, everywhere, compel them; the hour is at hand."

<sup>72</sup> But how, perhaps, in them days they didn't have one on the street, down there in her city. But she come out, after locking the door, and coming down a little, creaky steps back in a alley, and moving out, groomed herself to meet the public, and, for more money through the day, of her way of making her living. And the strange thing was, there was nobody on the street, everybody seemed to be gone. So as she passed on down the street, why, she wondered, "What kind of a holiday is it? What's wrong? The people's all gone away for some reason."

<sup>73</sup> And she smelled the aroma of that roasted lamb coming through the air, and maybe she hadn't eat for a few days, trying to save some of her money to get her decent-looking dress. She smelled that aroma, and she said, "Oh, someone must have a—a feast going on." And she followed it until she came close. And outside of the bars of the big, fine mansion that Simon lived in, where is, the feast was going on, the poor people were standing there, *sniff*, breathing in the aroma and licking their lips. And the rich was in there, drinking wine, and making ready for their dinner.

<sup>74</sup> And this little woman pushed her way through, and when they'd see her coming, course they'd get back, because she was a bad character. And she finally made her way up, till she got to peep inside the bars, to see if she could just get a—a view of that, that was giving that satisfying aroma, to look at the barbecue pit to see how the lamb was being barbecued, and just think that one time in her life she might set down to a decent meal. And probably she took her pretty hair and fixed it all up, you know, for she was out on the street.

<sup>75</sup> And as she looked all around through the audience, she seen Simon the Pharisee standing up there, with his speeches before the dignitaries of the city, here's Doctor, Ph.D., LL.D. Jones, and the pastor, and here's his associate, and here's all the dignitaries from the different cities, standing there, you know, *real* and dignified.

<sup>76</sup> She thought, "Oh, look at that, how the rich have it all!" Looking around, she thought, "Well, I'll tell you, it's . . . they always invite, of course, the, their own class, and we never have a chance."

<sup>77</sup> But after while her eyes fell to the corner, there set a little, unnoticed Person. And she could tell that the dust was on Him, "Well, how did He get in there? Wonder Who that is." Had His head down, nobody was paying Him any attention. She thought, "Well, wonder how He ever got in. Why, He must have slipped in without being

invited. His feet's not washed, His—His—His being, His face is not groomed. Nobody's paying any attention to Him. I wonder why."

<sup>78</sup> And as she looked, He raised His head, her eyes caught His. You know when that ever happens, *something* goes on. She looked Him in the face, she said, "I've never seen anyone *look* just like that. Wonder Who That could be. I wonder!" And maybe, somebody standing by. She said, "Why is that Man setting there?"

Well, here's one of the, Simon's church members just coming up, so he might have said. . .

"Why is that. . .?"

"Oh, don't you understand? We're going to have some fun, today, out of him. Simon, our master, he invited him here. You know who that is?"

"No. I wonder."

"Oh, that's that Galilean prophet, called Jesus of Nazareth."

And when that Name struck that little prostitute's heart, she said, "Jesus of Nazareth?"

"Yes."

<sup>79</sup> And she looked back in the corner, and there He set, and she said, "Oh, to think that He's invited, and He's not groomed, neither is His feet washed! I remember that they tell me that a woman was drugged into the street, or, dragged into the street for prostitution, to be stoned like I—I would be, and He forgive her every sin. If I could only do something for Him, maybe He would forgive me my sins. But what can I do? I can't even get in the gates. If I could only get to Him, I'd like to ask Him to forgive me."

<sup>80</sup> So she thought, "He's not anointed, neither is He washed, or He's not made welcome. If I could only get His attention, I'd make Him welcome. If He'd only talk to me, I would make Him welcome."

<sup>81</sup> So she turns, and slips down the street, down, up the little, creaky steps in the back. She thought of something, she reached down in her stocking that she had locked away, and she picked up these pieces of Roman silver, and she thought, "Oh, I can't do this. If I go and buy this alabaster, why, He would know exactly how I got that money, because they tell me He's the Messiah, and I believe it, and if He's the Messiah, He will know that I'm the wrong type of person."

<sup>82</sup> And she took the money and started to put it back in the box, but Something said, "This is your opportunity, you may never get it again."

<sup>83</sup> So it's a lesson: Don't never turn away that first opportunity you could ever meet Him. No matter what the price is, how much you have

to confess you're wrong, do it now, because it's going to be knowed at the Judgment anyhow.

84 She took the little silver that she was saving, she said, "But this is all I got, but what difference does it make, as long as I can get to Him!"

85 Down the street she goes, and she drops into the perfume shop, and here comes this one out that, he wouldn't leave for the feast, of course, because he thought he'd miss a sale somewhere. You know, the one that said, "What profit it is, if we leave Joseph in the—in the hole here? Let's sell him, get some money out of it."

86 Come out, she knocked at the counter, and he come out and seen what it was, he started to turn back, but she poured out this Roman denarii on the . . . Oh, sure, money, anybody can come in now. He didn't want her in his place of business, till he found out she had some money, then when she had money, oh, well, that's different, you see, "What do you want?"

87 "I want the best that you've got. I want, not just an ordinary alabaster box of this *anointment*, I want the best you got on the counter. It's for a special occasion." That's what you got to give to Jesus. Take your first opportunity to get to Him, and give Him your best. Give Him your heart, give Him all that you got, for He might not pass this way again, let's do all we can for Him while we can.

88 She gets the alabaster box under her arm, and up the street she goes, and she comes to the bars, and there was Jesus with dirty feet, still setting, no one paying any attention to Him, she thought, "How can I get in?"

89 After . . . Just a few minutes before the toasts was all made, and the fine, fancy wines drank, and everything, she must have seen the foot-wash flunky was gone, so she slipped in, slips around in the back. You know, there's something about it, if you ever get a look at Him, you'll do anything to get to Him, I don't care what it is. You have to slip under the back of the tent or whatever is, you'll do something to get to Him, if He ever looks you in the eyes, and you can see Who He is.

90 And she slips in to the back way, and she slips around through the crowd, keep anybody . . . 'cause she was, had a bad name. Why, Simon would have had her throwed over the fence, so, but she was determined, no matter, she was going to make an effort anyhow.

91 Sometimes the church might think if you go down amongst this bunch of holy-rollers, that you'll get throwed out the door. Well, what difference does it make? Long as you get to Jesus, that's the main thing, that's the main thing.

92 She came down around the side, around the side of the wall, and here He was sitting there with His head down, His hair dusty, and His—His face all dusty, His beard dusty, His feet with His ol' walking sandals on, His limbs dusty and stinking. I can see her fall down at His feet. She come the right way, she fell down at His feet.

93 She looked up at Him, she got scared, she thought, "What—what if He—what if He says, 'Who are you? What are you doing here?'" But I can just see Him reach His foot out. He knew she was coming.

94 She said, "Oh, if He—if He looks at me and knows I'm a prostitute!" He knows it anyhow. "But I'd like to do something for Him. I'd like to show Him my appreciation, because I believe He is God. And I want to show something, some appreciation."

95 And when she looked up at Him, and He looked, she knowed that she was at the feet of Jesus, the great big tears begin to roll down her cheeks. She patted Him on the feet. She was at the feet of her Lord. She begin to pat His feet, and the great big tears of repentance begin to roll down, spattin' on His feet. She was so grateful to be at His feet.

96 And she looked, and His feet had become wet with her tears, she was weeping with her head down, her—her pretty curls must have fallen all down around like *this*, she had no towel, and her clothes were too dirty, probably, to wash His, or, wipe His feet, so she just took her hair and begin washing His feet, and *kiss, kiss* kissing His feet; she was grateful. Oh, how we ought to feel the same way! Not some stuffed shirt.

97 Lot of our Pentecostal sisters would have to stand on their head to do that, they done cut their hair off. But her hair, she was washing His feet, kissing them. Oh, she was at the feet of her Lord, kissing His feet.

98 And after while Simon turned around and looked, "*Hmm!*" My, his face raged, and . . . "Now, look what's in my house! I invited this holy-roller here, and look what, his—his own class come, there's birds of a feather." They still got that same idea, I'm so glad.

99 I want . . . like to have tears to wash . . . What beautiful water: tears of repentance washing the feet of Jesus, tears rolling off of the cheeks of a ill-famed woman, washing the feet of Jesus. Sweetest water He ever, His feet was ever washed with, tears of repentance dropping off on Jesus' feet.

100 This beautiful young woman setting there. Simon turned around, he whispers over to his sect, said, "You see? That shows what a prophet he is. If that man was a prophet, he would know what kind of a woman that was washing His feet." You ol' hypocrite! You think He didn't know it? Said, "You see, I told you he wasn't a prophet."

101 See, they had their own idea about religion, they had their own idea about God, but it was a million miles from the real thing. That's the way today: "We have our own-made creeds and our thoughts about it. Long as we're Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or Pentecostal, it's all right." But for me, I'll take tears of repentance. Take my life and all I got, to help wash that dirty name of holy-roller away from that real Lord Jesus, that true Son of God. He's thought of today as some fanatic, a telepathy, or some mental-upset person.

102 Let me in my life, pour out not only my tears but my heart, and all that's in me, stand and try to live what's right by His grace, never compromise on that beautiful Gospel, that Holy Ghost that saved me. Call It whatever you want to, to me, It's Jesus. And the world's letting Him set with dirty feet, with a dirty name as *holy-roller*, some delinquent-minded person, or something is the only kind that He has, that's what they think.

103 Simon, red in the face, "Ha! Looky here, we had this holy-roller here to have some, we thought we'd have some entertainment out of him, I'd prove that he wasn't a prophet. Calls himself a *prophet*, he's only a telepathist. He's only possessed of the devil, he's a fortuneteller. And that proves my point, there he is, setting there in the corner, and his own kind with him. And there this ill-famed woman, standing there, washing His feet."

104 Maybe the foot-wash flunky was bidden not to wash His feet, just so they could have some show out of Him. Lot of people comes to our meetings just to laugh, think they can make a show out of Him. He knows your heart, you'll stand before Him someday, sinner.

105 Here recently a group of people gathered in the back, student ministers, and every time I'd start to preach, they'd say, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord, hallelujah," not knowing that same God that they're making fun of, will be their Judge someday. Right.

106 But she continued on, no matter what Simon said. Now, Simon clearing his throat, and red in the face, and his righteous indignation rose up, and he was ready to explode, caught the attention of all the people, as he turned and straightened himself, "*Hmm!*" Self-righteous Pharisee, hypocrite, church member, that's the meanest rascal I know of, is an ol' mossback make-believer. He's meaner than all the prostitutes and teenage racketeers there is in the country, he will drive people farther from God than everything else, every barroom there is on the street.

107 There He's setting there. And then she raises up, and she taken the alabaster box, and she tries to break it. She's nervous now, because when she looks up, He's looking right at her. Don't worry, He's

watching you, too, He's looking at you right now. We can just feel His piercing Presence. She was nervous, she tried to—to knock the top off, she just broke the top off, and just poured it upon His head, begin to anoint Him.

<sup>108</sup> Oh, all the crowd's looking, "Yes, looky there. There he is, we never noticed him before, he's setting in the corner, a prostitute around him."

<sup>109</sup> I can hear Simon say, "Did I tell you? Uh-huh. There's your prophet, there—there's him. See? He would know what kind of a crowd he was associating with."

<sup>110</sup> Oh, how many times I've had that thrown in my face! "Brother Branham, if that gift was of God, you wouldn't be with that bunch of Pentecostals." They're the ones that receives it, they're the ones that believe it.

<sup>111</sup> The other day I was talking to a man from the Methodist church, he come to write him a thesis on Divine healing, he said, "Why don't you come to the Methodist church?"

I said, "Why don't you invite me?" I said. . .

He said, "I'm a pastor."

I said, "Well, you get your deacons, and your board together, and your state presbyter, and all of them together, and see if they'll invite me."

He said, "Oh, they wouldn't do it, Brother Branham."

I said, "That's what I thought."

He said, "The only thing they can hold against you is you're a Pentecostal, you left the Baptist church and become a Pentecostal."

<sup>112</sup> I said, "That's the one that's receives it." That's right. They're the ones that's willing to wipe Jesus' dirty feet, stand the Name of Jesus, the reproach.

<sup>113</sup> "There, if he was a prophet, he would understand what kind of a person that he's associating with."

<sup>114</sup> So now she gets scared when she sees everybody, all the hush comes, and everybody's standing looking. I can see the society women, you know, with them glasses out like *this*, you know, all the dignitaries standing, looking, you know, with their necks stretched out. Jesus not paying any attention to them, He's watching who's ministering to Him. He don't care how many Ph.D.'s you have, or LL. D.'s, He don't care what society your church belongs in in the city, He's wanting to find somebody that'll minister to Him.

<sup>115</sup> Whether they're white or black, yellow, brown, poor or rich, bond or free, male or female, He wants somebody that'll minister to Him.

He's in the . . . His cause is needy today, it needs washing. He don't care how many organizations we have, how many great men we bring up, how many schools we build, He wants somebody to minister to Him, somebody that'll live the life, somebody to testifies of having the Holy Ghost, to live a life above reproach, that's right, somebody to live the life that can produce. And they talk about Jesus, then produce Jesus. Somebody that'll help wash the dirt from the name of Pentecost.

<sup>116</sup> The woman was scared, she thought, "Oh, now what have I done?" Maybe, and we see Him then. . . If He'd have moved one toe, she'd have jumped up and been out of there, like *that*. But He didn't, He just held perfectly still and watched her, He was just watching what she was doing.

<sup>117</sup> Now, when the hush come, she wonders, "What's happened now?" And she looks up, "What's He going to say?" I see Him rising up, He stands up. She's on the floor, her pretty hair is all down around her face, the tears has cut down through the streaks of her face, her great big eyes was looking up at Him, "Oh, is He going to throw me out? What's He going to do for this service? Oh, I just wanted to do it, because I—I know He forgive a woman like me one time. And I know He's God, and—and if I could just do something! And because I've done it, oh, I'm scared what's going to happen."

<sup>118</sup> Stands up, He looks around, He said, "Simon, I've got something to say to you." Oh, hallelujah! "I've got something to say to you. You invited Me here as your Guest, and I left My revivals to come be your Guest. I left those who were crying and begging for Me to stay, to come be your Guest because you invited Me. I left those who were hungering and thirsting, to come to you. And I was here just on time," as He is in this last days, "I was here just at the right time, but when I arrived, nobody washed My feet, they wasn't willing. And then there was nobody who anointed My head, there was nobody who to—to—to anoint My head, and to, and My neck, and to wipe My face off, so I'd be presentable to the people.

<sup>119</sup> "And, Simon, when I entered the door, you wasn't standing there to kiss Me welcome. You wasn't standing there, Simon, you were too interested in the new building program and some things you got going on, you were too interested in getting more members in your association. You wasn't there to kiss Me. You was ashamed of Me before this company, you wasn't there to—to make Me welcome, to kiss Me into your heart, to make Me welcome. But ever since I. . . this woman has come in," (He knowed who she was. Now, what about the Prophet?) "she has continually kissed My feet, she hasn't ceased, but she's kissed, kissed, kissed My feet. You didn't give Me any water to wash My feet with, but she's washed them with her tears. You

didn't give Me any *anointment*, but she has continually anointed Me since I've been in here. And I know she's a woman of the wrong kind, but I say unto you. . . ." Oh, how He bawled Simon out, how he got turned down!

<sup>120</sup> Now He turns to her, and His eyes flashes upon her. And, oh, let me hear this, let this be—let this be what He says to me at the Day: "You was the one invited Me, you church members, you invited Me, but you didn't make Me welcome. You didn't wash My feet, you didn't give Me nothing to clean Myself up with, you didn't give Me the opportunity to speak through you, and other things to do. You wouldn't do it, 'cause you was ashamed of Me. You let Me set in the corner with dirty feet, but this woman has continually washed My feet with the tears of her eyes, that beautiful crystal water of repentance, wiped them with the hairs of her head. Verily I say unto you, her sins, which were many, are all forgiven her."

<sup>121</sup> That's what I want Him to say to me: "Thy sins, which were many, is all forgiven thee." I don't want to be classy, don't want to belong to any *so-and-so*, so they say, "He belonged to *this*," I just want to take my life and wash His feet, what I have left. At that Day, I want to hear Him say, "Your sins, which were many, are all forgiven."

Let's bow our heads just a minute.

<sup>122</sup> We are at this breakfast this morning, invited guests, and Jesus is here, in gratitude eyes are dampened, handkerchiefs are wiping eyes. What is it? It's Jésus in the form of the Holy Spirit.

<sup>123</sup> Oh, Simon, or little woman or man that never has accepted Him, why don't you do it now? This is your opportunity. While we're praying, where are you at? He sees you, He knows your heart. While every eye is closed, and heads are bowed, this great moment, how many in here that doesn't know Him that would just like to say, "Lord Jesus, I'd like to wash Your feet this morning with my repentance." [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] You want to slip up your hand right quick, and say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham"?"

God bless you, God bless you. God bless you, bless you. Others would raise your hand, say. . . God bless you. God bless you, you, you.

<sup>124</sup> Others back to my right, slip up your hand, say, "Jésus, O Jésus, You're my Lord! I've stood a many a time when I was ashamed of You. I've heard people use Your Name in vain, I—I was even ashamed to say anything about it, I'm sorry I did that, Jésus. I'm repenting, won't You receive me?" Will your raise your hand, say, "Remember me, Brother Branham," as you pray?

<sup>125</sup> Back to my right, over in the audience, I see your hands. God bless you. God bless you, lady. God bless you, Sister. God bless you, Brother.

God bless you, Sister. God bless you, another one. God bless you, Brother. God bless you, Brother. Could there be some more? Just raise your hands, and put them down.

Right straight in front of me now, God bless you. God bless you. "Jésus!" God bless you, yes, sir. God bless you. God bless you.

<sup>126</sup> To my left, God bless you, sir. God bless you. The Lord bless you, Sister. God bless you, way back in the back there. God bless you, yeah, I see you, around almost behind the shade there, but God sees you. God bless you. All over the building: "Jésus, this morning I'm repentant."

<sup>127</sup> How many of you church members now? After about thirty or forty sinners has held up their hands, how about you church members that's had the opportunity before others to claim the Name of Jesus, but you was ashamed, and turned your head, and walked away? We talk about Divine healing or His power, you're just a little bit ashamed to say, "I'm a Pentecostal." You say, "Jésus, I let You set there too, but I'll never do it again. I'm repentant, let me wash your feet, Jésus."

<sup>128</sup> Let the church member raise their hand that's been ashamed, and . . . God bless you. God bless . . . That's real confession. God bless you, that's good. God bless you. God bless you. Yes, yes. God bless you. God bless you, all around. Members, yes, God bless you. "Passed up the opportunity. I was ashamed, it was my boss, or it was my neighbor, and—and they said evil things about the meeting, but I didn't say nothing, I just kept still and went on. But from this on, I won't do it, I'm going to stand for the Name of Jesus, I'm going to do it. Jésus, I want to . . . I want You to take me this morning, I want You, tell me I'm forgiven." That's good. God be with you.

While we have our heads bowed, and I want you to repent in your heart:

. . . of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt . . .

He will never turn you down.

. . . receive;  
Wilt welcome . . .

Our sins which are many are all forgiven.

. . . cleanse, receive;  
Because I promise I believe,  
O Lamb . . . God, I come! I come!

[Brother Branham hums—Ed.]

<sup>129</sup> Jésus, many in here this morning has recognized that they have let You set, they passed You by, but they won't do it anymore, Lord, never no more, they'll remember this little cafeteria in this school room, Jésus passed by. They promised they'd believe, they wanted to be remembered in prayer. They raised up their hands towards God, saying that "I—I—I now believe, I surrender, Lord. I'm—I'm finished with the life of unbelief, I come as Your servant now."

<sup>130</sup> Many people, I even seen ministers raise up their hands, that they was ashamed at the opportunities that they had to testify, the things that they have done, church members, but yet slack. Forgive us all of that sin, Lord. Forgive of us of it, that we can go from here a better person, knowing that . . .

<sup>131</sup> We invited You down here this morning, we invited You, come, Chicago to this meeting with us. Night after night, day after day, we see Your great hand moving among us, we know it's You. And we're so thankful, Lord, we—we just welcome You, we just thank You with all of our hearts.

<sup>132</sup> We pray now that You'll bless these people. May they take a good church-home somewhere, some good Full Gospel church, become Your servants and live for You until that Day when we meet again. We may never meet at another breakfast, but we'll—we'll meet some Night at a Supper, the Wedding Supper.

<sup>133</sup> I pray, God, until that time, that the grace of God will give us sufficient power and testimony to praise our God, and to live for Him and never be ashamed of Him, for I present these people to You, in the Name of Jesus Christ, myself with them, Lord. I present myself as a service, here am I, Lord, after I've interceded for them, take our lives together, let them be used for a wiping rag, Lord, for Thy feet, just a foot rag, anything, Lord, anything. No matter what the people say about us, let us live, and live for Jesus, that has washed our hearts this morning with forgiveness of our sins. We ask it, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

I love Him, I love Him  
 Because He first loved . . . (You mean it with all your  
 heart?)  
 And purchased my salvation  
 On Calvary's tree.

Let's raise our hands now and sing it.

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

<sup>134</sup> Now, let's just, in sweetness of fellowship, turn right around, while we're, sing it again, and shake hands with somebody around you, saying, "Greetings, fellow citizen of the Kingdom."

<sup>135</sup> Those people who raised your hands, be sure that you shake somebody else's hand, say, "I was one who raised my hand. Can I go to your church?" Or invite them if they tell you that, do it.

<sup>136</sup> Find some good minister that'll baptize you into the fellowship of believers, and there God will baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Let's live for Him the rest of our days, no matter what the price is, we don't care, we're embarrassed, or whatever about it, just live that right life and live for Jesus.

I love Him, (God bless you, Joseph.) I love Him  
Because He first loved me  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

All that really mean it, raise your hand now.

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



*ONE OF THE MEANEST MEN IN TOWN*

61-0429<sub>B</sub>

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