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## LETTING OFF PRESSURE

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Good morning, friend. I was just speaking to the pastor just now. And it's such a privilege to come in these little havens of rest like this. You just feel like, well, just setting down and listening to the services. And—and there is something about this little spot. I said to my son, coming around the building a few moments ago, that you just look like . . . I just—I just like to come here and set down and just listen a while, and listen what others has got to say. We ministers know that that's a great time for us. Usually we're always having to do the talking, somebody listening to us. But we like to set down and listen too.

2 You got a fine pastor, and this lovely little choir here, and the songs of Zion. The place is just pretty and not too elaborate, and just—just what we'd call homey. And so I—I like that, real well. God ever richly bless you all. Hmm.

3 I was . . . thought in my heart, to hear this little sister here, a while ago, sixty-five years of service for the Lord. I thought I was about old enough to quit, but I guess I'm not, after this. Here is someone been serving Him sixty-five years. That would be about, well, I guess about twelve, fourteen years 'fore I was born, she was serving Him. So, that's wonderful.

4 I was speaking at a funeral service, other day, for a little old lady, that about eighty-five years old, that went to meet the Lord. And—and she was a sweet little old woman.

5 You that read my life story, the . . . where I asked the boy if he'd save me that suit, you know, that he had one of these little Boy Scout suits. And I always wanted to be a soldier, so I asked him if he'd save it for me after he wore it out, and he promised he would. And when I went to get it, he only had one legging left. And that was . . . I wore that legging to school. And it was . . .

6 That was his mother that just passed away, Mrs. Ford. And they're among the poorest of poor people. Lloyd, the boy who gave me the legging, we've been chums since little boys. He's just a little older than I. And I said to him, "Lloyd, what would you want me to take the—the funeral text from?"

7 And he said, "Brother Billy," he said, "just . . . I—I would like for you to speak this, if it's the will of the Lord, just some assurance that my mother will be back again."

I said, "Very well."

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8 So I took the text from over in Job, “If a man die, shall he live again?” And I taken it from the . . . I believe, Job 14, I think it is. And how Job seen the . . . How the botany life, when it died, it lived again. So I took the subject of, “Anything that lives to the will and purpose of God has a resurrection.”

9 And being a missionary, and traveling the world, I’ve had the privilege of seeing many gods and their . . . the philosophies of life, and what people worship. And in all of it, that’s about all it is, a philosophy, outside of Christianity. Christianity has the truth.

10 Now, we know that this world is a creation. And before there can be a creation, there has to be a Creator of that creation. And this Creator expresses Himself in the creation. If we did not even have a Bible, we would still know that—that—that, the truth, just as we do. This Bible only sets it in order.

11 Now, God, creating the creation, is expressing Himself back in the creation. And He is not a God just of one solid Sears and Roebuck Harmony House. He—He—He is a God of variety. He makes big hills, and little hills; and He makes the deserts, and—and He makes lakes; and He makes little trees, and big trees; and white flowers, and red flowers; and makes little men, and big men; and red-headed women, and black-headed women. And He—He makes us different, ’cause He wants us that way. He’s a God of variety. And He makes some rich, and some poor, some in between. But we got a place to serve God, and that’s the place that He’s placed us in, if we’ll just abide in that place.

12 I said, “Now, if you watch the little flower.” This was along about October. I said, “The seeds . . . We’ve had frost now, and—and they knocked the little seeds out. And the flower died, and the little seeds turned back to the earth. And God is having a funeral service, in these fall rains, these great big drops of tears dropping from the skies, burying them. And coming up through Kentucky,” I said, “the other day, upon the big chest of the mountains, He set out his bouquets across the earth, the leaves red, brown, yellow.” See?

13 And He is in bereavement because the little seeds is dead, and He’s buried them beneath the ground. And He knows, just as sure as that earth comes back around with the line of the sun again, every one of them will rise up again. But it’s just a routine He goes through, to speak to us, that there is a resurrection.

14 Now we notice the sun. It’s born of a morning, and it’s a little baby when it’s born. It’s supposed to warm the earth and resurrect the seeds that’s in the ground. And that, at about eight o’clock, it starts off to grammar school. And about ten or eleven o’clock, it’s out. It’s got its education. At noontime it’s in its middle age. Two o’clock in the

afternoon, it's striking my age. Five o'clock, it's my father's age, and sister back there. And after while, that glorious thing that lit up the earth, served God's purpose, dies out yonder in the West. Is that the end of it? It's born anew, rises up the next morning again. See? God, in every phase!

I took about twenty minutes, just explaining what all that was.

<sup>15</sup> Now, you see, then. I said, "Why?" There's one requirement. And I love to say this in a church like this. There's one requirement that's required there. No matter how beautiful the seed is, it must be germitized. It's got to be germitized. And if it does serve God's purpose, it is germitized, because the bee packs the pollen, and so forth.

<sup>16</sup> Now we find out, what if the little lily, if it . . . pretty, toiled day and night, opened up its little self, and the bee come by and just took its honey, just as free as anything. Didn't say a word about it. And it toiled just to give out its honey. And then the passerby sees its beauty. And just keeps itself pretty, so the pass-by can see it, loves beauty. The one who desires its fragrance breathes it in freely, and the little lily toils just to make itself benefit on the earth, see, to produce honey, beauty, and funeral flower, whatever it's used for, wedding flower, anything. It just gives its little self freely. And when it dies, it rises up again next year. See? Everything.

<sup>17</sup> What if the little stalk of corn would say, "I'm so sorry. There's nothing pretty about me. And I didn't have no honey to give out. I didn't have *this, that, or the other.*"

<sup>18</sup> But then the Master of all of it say, "Yes, but the little lily couldn't make corn flakes either." See? We all—we all have a—a thing that we do. We serve God in the category that we're put in, and it comes back just the same.

<sup>19</sup> Now, in the face of all that, I said, "Here is little Mother Ford, as I know her. She washed my little dirty face when I was a little kid, a many time. They was as poor as poor could be. But she was born a female, a lovely girl. And if she was born a female, that was for a purpose, to have a mate, a male. And she did. A loyal mate she was. She lived with her husband for some sixty years, or better, and a loyaler woman wasn't born, as I know of, a real lady. Being that she was that in the union, they were to have children.

<sup>20</sup> "Here is her nice, fine children setting here, just as lovely. You children would never want a better mother. Or, would you? See? No. Her husband could not want a better wife."

<sup>21</sup> I said, "She was as poor as poor could be, but nobody could ever come to her door, or need, but what she would give to them. The neighbors, no matter what trouble they was in, Mrs. Ford, any hour

of the night, was there to help them, do anything she could, with what she had to do with.”

22 And I said, “Above all that, I had the privilege one time of seeing that seed germitized by the Holy Spirit. She was born again of the Spirit of God.” I said, “Now we’re going to plant her, in a little bit, in the ground. And who intelligently could stand up and say she will not rise again?”

23 “If you say she won’t rise again, the leaf didn’t go down to the bottom of the tree before the frost fell, to hide itself, to come back next year with a new leaf. If that lay, that sap stayed up in that tree until the frost and freeze hit that, it would kill that germ of life in that sap, and the tree would die. But some intelligence . . . It has none of its own. That’s botany life. It has no intelligence. But something controls it. Before we have a frost or anything, in that country, way in August, them leaves go off the tree because the sap leaves the tree and goes back down into the roots, way beneath the ground, to hide that germ of life, to bring it back again next year with some more fruit.”

24 What does that? What intelligence? That same intelligence controls our life. That’s right. And before we could say there’s no resurrection for a little saint like that setting there, that served God sixty-five years . . . I was thinking of her laying there in that oxygen tent, and her breath just coming. My, she’ll rise again someday. She’s just got to. That’s all.

25 Before you could say she would not, you’d have to say there is no springtime, there is no resurrection of the seeds, there is no summer and winter, there is no rising and setting of the sun, there is no such a thing as the Word of God. Why, it would be crazy to say such a thing. There is a resurrection. And just as sure as that world floats around, around in face of this sun again, that sun will . . . is give commission by God, to raise up with its warm rays, that botany life.

26 And just as soon as time floats around, till Eternity breaks again, and that S-o-n rises out there, something is going to happen. All them lives that’s germitized in Him will rise again. It’s just got to. There’s no way of any other way. See the Creator expressing Himself in His creation? See? That’s what God is doing. And we could look out, anybody that’s—that’s half intelligent, could look out and see that God, that Christianity is based upon resurrection.

27 Now, if I drop *this* piece on the floor, now, it went down. And I come over here and pick up something similar. Now, that isn’t resurrection. That’s replacement. But, resurrection, is to bring *this* same one up. And we’re coming back again. Just . . . You plant a yellow grain of corn, it’ll produce another yellow grain of corn. See? And we

go down, a mortal, raise up an immortal. And we're so glad of that today. And that's. . . Our whole Christian hope is built right there, right there, alone.

28 So, to come together and set in Heavenly places like this in Christ Jesus, what a privilege it is to all of us, young and old, looking for that time when Jesus shall come.

29 Now, with a congregation like this, and the Spirit of God in here the way It is, I could speak on till nine o'clock tonight, or eight o'clock, time to go down to the Foursquare church, and still be feeling good. But we got to give way. They don't want the beans to scorch, and so forth, you know. So we just come in for a little time of fellowship, and be here. This lovely brother and his little flock, that you're sojourning here. And we come in to share under your tree, to set down and have a little fellowship.

30 So let's read some Word out of God's Bible, and take just a little text and—and speak for a few moments. Before we do that, let's just bow our heads and speak to the Author of This, before we approach His Word.

I wonder now, with our heads bowed, if there would be a request somewhere in the building, that you'd want to make mention of, before God? You keep it in your heart, and just raise up your hands, just a moment. God bless you.

31 Our Heavenly Father, we are indeed a privileged people this morning, in the face of this changing world. And we have a hold of the hand of the unchangeable God. Times may change, but He is Eternal. And His Word is in our heart. It's an Ultimate of our—of our thoughts. They always drift back to that Word. No matter where we stray, it comes back to the Word. It's the tie post in our heart. We're so grateful for that.

32 I thank Thee, Lord, for this little spot out here on Forty-Fourth Street, where the Gospel being preached and a place that's dedicated, and the people are consecrated to Thee. And I pray that Your blessings will ever be with them. Increase them in knowledge of Thy Word and of Thy grace, and give to them the good things of life, and Eternal Life, that we might all come to one place, that great Heaven, someday when Jesus comes.

33 Bless us, together. And look at those hands, Father, that was raised a few moments ago. Down beneath that hand was a—a reason for its being up. I pray, God, that You Who knows the secrets of the heart will grant that request. I offer my prayer with theirs, upon Thy altar today. Answer, Father. I pray in Jesus' Name.

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34 Bless the Words this morning. “The meditation of our hearts be acceptable to Thee.” Bless Thy Word as we read It. And the little notes of contexts, that we would explain It. You be with us and help us. That, when we leave here, we might go and say, “Our hearts burned within us, because we have heard the songs of Zion, the testimony of the heart, and the Word testified to our heart.” In Jesus’ Name. Amen.

35 Now, many times, I just love to talk. And I can’t do too much of it, it being almost twelve now. And so we are going to ask you, maybe, to turn in the Scriptures, if you would like to—to read the Scriptures with us, or mark it down.

36 First, I want to read out of the Book of Proverbs. I believe that I turned to that this morning, when I was searching around. Proverbs, 18th chapter and the 10th verse.

*The name of the LORD is a strong tower: the righteous run into it, and is safe.*

37 And then in Isaiah 32:2, I want to read this, 32:1 and 2.

*Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and a prince shall rule in judgment.*

*And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

38 This might seem like a very odd text, to draw this conclusion from, but I want to take the subject this morning of: *Letting Off Pressure*. It seems very fitting in this day. And I was up late last night, and—and about, around, between twelve and one o’clock, I was—was trying to think, “Now, where do I go in the morning?”

39 And they told me, “Up to that little Church of God that you thought was so pretty, up there on Forty-Fourth Street or Avenue, whichever it is.”

40 And I said, “Oh, I remember that.” And I thought, “What will I say?” I said, “Well, now, I remember the last time there, I just felt so at home, just relaxed.” And I thought, “That would be a good text, just, ‘Let off the pressure.’ That’s a good thing to speak on, from that little church, in the morning.” And now . . . And I jotted down a few little notes here, that I might comment on for a few moments.

41 And we are living in a day of much pressure. Everywhere, everybody is so tense. And down the street with the hot rod, and they can’t wait for the stop light, and, you know, and run over you. The . . . They’re not going anywhere, not at all, not going. They’re just as hard as they can race, but just racing towards Eternity, is all I know. And they . . . And you have to watch *this* way and *that* way. And—

and—and then it's. . . I said, "There's just two classes of people live down there, and that's the quick and the dead. And them that ain't quick, die quick." And I—I. . . My! Dangerous to be safe, these days, it's hurrying, racing.

<sup>42</sup> Temper? Oh, my! A poor little lady, yesterday, I. . . Brother Williams, I guess, wasn't noticing it. But we was going to make a turn. We had went to see his son, and he wasn't home. And we were making a turn. And some little lady, we have to allow for that, she made a kind of a little bobble. And, why, anybody ought to have, be gentleman enough to said, "It's all right, madam. Go ahead. It's all right."

<sup>43</sup> But she happened to turn on the left, turn in front of some fellow, and, oh, my. His face was as red, and he had the window down, and just saying everything. Course, the little lady was just pushing up her hair and going on. She. . . See? And he stopped right in the street, was almost holding us up, you see, just to get to bawl her out.

<sup>44</sup> Oh, it's a terrible time! Isn't it? Where we going? What's the hurry? We used to drive a old horse around the corner, take our time, lived a lot longer. And we're the same kind of people. And there we are, oh, everybody smoking a cigarette, just—just puffing it.

<sup>45</sup> Down in Tucson, last week, I noticed the children standing. A little girl, pretty little thing, she was about ten years old. And she, her little cheeks, was all sunken in. And her little, dark hair, a lovely-looking little fellow. And she was standing around, smoking a cigarette before she went in. Now, that child probably had TB, maybe just a nervous wreck. Now, perhaps the reason she smoked, her mother smoked before her.

<sup>46</sup> I was at the World's Fair this year, and I guess many of you were. And I enjoyed one thing, that was the Medical Room. And when they were there, proving what smoking does, they had this Yul Brynner, and—and you were there, noticed it. And they took a cigarette, and put it on a—a thing, and pulled the smoke out, and strowed it across a white piece of marble, and wiped that nicotine up with a piece of cotton, and put it on a rat's back. And in seven days there was so much cancer, the rat couldn't even walk, from the nicotine of one cigarette.

<sup>47</sup> Then the doctor said, "You've heard people say. . ." And he turned it around, and put it under a tube, and let this smoke be pushed up through some kind of chemical, and there was a white streak. He said, "There is the cancer."

<sup>48</sup> Then he said, "You've heard people say, 'I don't inhale it.'" So he pulled it in his mouth like that, puffed it in, and then put his mouth on this tube and blowed it up, and there was hardly any in it, at all. He said, "Where is the cancer? In my mouth. I swallow it down through

my throat. Picks up, my throat, and goes into the stomach.” And then that was the world’s best, remember.

And then he goes ahead and says, “The people say, ‘Use a filter tip.’”

<sup>49</sup> You’ve heard that, “A thinking man’s smoke,” or some kind of a slogan. If the man thinks, at all, he won’t smoke, at all. Uh-huh. It’s not a thinking man; it’s the unthinking man, would smoke one.

<sup>50</sup> But, he pulled this tobacco. He said, “Now, you see, the only thing it is, is the public is not smart enough to catch this, and yet we’re supposed to be intelligent people.” Said, “If you get no smoke, you get no results. And when you got smoke, you’ve got to have tar to get smoke. And tar is where cancer lays. It takes tar to make smoke.” And said, “The only thing, smoking them with the tips on them, you smoke about three, to get the satisfaction of one the other time. You got the same amount in you, exactly.” See? And the American public wants a rabbit out of a hat. They got it. That’s right. There you are. See?

<sup>51</sup> And then when they brought that rat out. They had brought one out, every seven days. It was the most hideous looking sight I ever seen. There was a great big fellow setting by me, said, “Whew,” sweat running off of him. He said, “Very striking!”

I said, “Do you smoke?”

He said, “Yes.”

<sup>52</sup> There you are, but yet, we go right on doing it. Why? We’re trying to find something to quieten, some anesthetic. It seems like the world is in a breakneck speed, and I don’t know what—what they mean.

<sup>53</sup> But there is a Christian anesthetic. There is the—the opium, comes from a lily. And the Christian church has some opium, and it’s from the Lily of the Valley. Uh-huh. Soothes all the pains. And it’s all over then, when you get this Christian opium. This new Wine that they had on the Day of Pentecost, see, it soothes out the pain.

<sup>54</sup> People, so arrogant, and they’re doing things that they ought not to do. Instead of trying to get rid of the cause, they’re just putting another cause with it. You can never find the cure until you get rid of the cause.

<sup>55</sup> Man is trying to find something to satisfy, and he thirsts. And God made him to thirst. That, he was built up that way, but God built him that way so he’d thirst after Him. But he tries to satisfy it, and hush that holy call in him, with things of the world. And we have no right to do that. Now, but people do wrong, constantly. Instead of going to the place to get rid of the cause, we try to hush it with anesthetics, and liquor, and smoking, and putting more to it, heaping it up, all the time,

making it worse. And all this only builds up pressure. It just makes it worse, all the time. Not long ago . . .

56 You, all—all of you perhaps know that I do a lot of target shooting and hunting. That's what I have as a hobby. Some brother had sent over to—to Weatherby Company and had taken a—a model 70 Winchester, as some my hunting partners in here would know. And it was rebored to a Weatherby magnum .257. Art Wilson give Billy Paul the gun, and he's left-handed. And it had a bolt, and he just give it to me.

57 Another fellow come in, said, "You haven't got no Weatherby, so I'll rebores it for you."

58 And in reboring it, they didn't want to admit it, but they didn't rebores it right. And what they did, back . . . You hand-loaders know, that, back behind the ring it was getting pressure. And when I fired a few rounds of shells in it, I noticed the primer was pulling back, and there was a pressure. Well, I knowed the shell was absolutely loaded under the maximum load, so it couldn't been getting pressure from that. But it wasn't bored right.

59 And the next shell that laid up, hadn't been for God, I'd lost my life. It just, the whole gun, exploded and blowed the trees out around me, like that. About as high as this building, red fire blew. And the rifle barrel went out on the fifty-yard range, and the bolt went over my head back, *this* way. The scope exploded, *that* close to my eyes. And—and I didn't have nothing in my hand; just blowed up.

60 Blood spurting every way, from around me, and we was way away from a doctor. And they seen me. And I couldn't speak or anything. And I was holding the blood in, like *this*. I took it away, and just spurted all over a brother standing there, and I put it back.

61 I said, "Lord Jesus," in my heart, "You are my Healer." I took my hand down. It was quit.

62 So what was the matter? The gun was trying to shoot a shell that wasn't actually made for the gun. If the gun had been built up from the beginning, a Weatherby Magnum, it would not have blowed up. But it was trying to put a Weatherby shell in a Winchester rifle, and it won't work.

And you see scars around *here* and over my eyes, and fifteen pieces went just below the sight. When the doctor looked in my eye, he wrote back to my friend, the doctor. He said, "The only thing I know, that God was setting on that bench with His servant. That man was with him, out on the . . . calling the shots, just ought to have found from his waist down." Said, "God was with him." And said, "The shot, the—the pieces of the primer, put fifteen pieces plumb behind the eyeball, just

under the sight.” Never bothered me one bit. Two or three days after, the face looked like hamburger, it was all dried up and gone.

<sup>63</sup> But what was it? It was because that it was a shell in a gun that it wasn’t made for. It had built up pressure. Now, if the gun had been made, and in this holder where the shell slipped in from the magazine into the barrel, the chamber, if that chamber had been made correctly, it would have held the pressure. And the pressure goes out this way. But instead, it was loose. And that pressure, the shell being weaker than the barrel, of course, it blew *this* way, and blew the gun back *this* way.

<sup>64</sup> The barrel wasn’t hurt; just blew it off. Course, it completely tore everything from around it. It could not be used no more. But the hull was still sticking in the barrel. See, it wasn’t. . . Now, if it’d been an overloaded shell, it would have bursted the barrel. But, you see, in here, the thickest part of the gun, it blew back *this* way and knocked the lock loose. Now, if it’d been built up, a Weatherby Magnum, it would have never blowed up. It was trying to put something in something that didn’t belong there.

<sup>65</sup> That’s the way of a Christian experience, when people are trying to put a cold, formal confession into a powerful pentecostal Church, or experience, unless that person is built from ground up, built up, born again, regenerated. Impersonators of today, going around, trying to impersonate speaking in tongues, trying to impersonate *this* and impersonate *that*, the gifts, if they are not born again.

<sup>66</sup> And if they are born again, they cannot impersonate, because they were built for those things. They’re born, regenerated, remolded; not just something that’s patched up, and shook hands, and got emotion, and danced around the altar a few times, and says, “I got it.” It’s something that’s been remolded, and regenerated, and become a new creature. Then it can stand the pressure of the persecution and the things that follows the spiritual life. You’ve got to be made and built to stand the pressure. And only one thing can do it. That’s when you come into God’s molding house, and be torn down and rebuilt, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

<sup>67</sup> I was out to the hospital here, not long ago, and I—I was going to pray for a lady. And there was another lady laying next to her. And I seen her all nervous, and I was beginning to talk about prayer. And I said, “Well, we’ll bow our heads for prayer,” I said.

<sup>68</sup> She said, “Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Pull that curtain.”

I said, “Yes, ma’am.” I said, “I was only going to pray.”

And she said, “Pull that curtain.”

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I said, "Yes, ma'am. Aren't you a believer?"

And she said, "We are Methodists."

<sup>69</sup> I said, "Well, that certainly expresses what I asked." See? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. See? Yeah. I never asked her what lodge she belonged to. I asked her if she was a believer. See?

<sup>70</sup> All these lodges get us all mixed up. You cannot join church. There is no such a thing. You can join the lodge. You can join the Methodist lodge, the Baptist lodge, the Presbyterian lodge, or the Pentecostal lodge. But you can't join the Church. You've got to be born. That's the reason, got so much blowup. See? The pressure builds, and there you go. Say, "Well, I belong to *this*." But that doesn't mean . . .

<sup>71</sup> You've got to come up from the ground, up, to stand the pressure of this day. When God puts His big charge of the Holy Spirit in there, you better know what you're doing. You better be ready for it.

<sup>72</sup> Now, if you—if you kind of rebore out something, say, "I tarried all night for a gift," you better be careful. It might explode, see, and it'd backfire.

<sup>73</sup> Coming to a hospital, thought, I was coming down one night, and—and there was sent me . . . It was Brother Neville, the pastor's call, and I—I—I took it, 'cause I was coming from Louisville. And it said the lady was very serious. And I went out to the hospital there at Jeffersonville, and there was a lady there. And I . . . They told me, "Go to room 322. The lady was there."

<sup>74</sup> I walked in. I said, "Is there a 'four' bed, ward?" I said, "Is there a lady, *So-and-so*, here?"

"No, sir. She isn't here."

I said, "I probably made a mistake. Excuse me."

<sup>75</sup> And I walked back out. And the nurse was coming down the hall, and she was kind of in a hurry. I said, "Lady, could you tell me if a certain lady is up here on this ward, or where she's at?"

<sup>76</sup> She said, "I have no time for to do things like that. And can't you see I'm in a hurry?"

I said, "Pardon me."

<sup>77</sup> I walked up to the desk, and—and the lady was setting there at the desk, a nurse. And I said . . . She was writing out something. I kept waiting. She looked up at me; just kept on writing. Well, I waited around a few minutes. I said, "Good evening." She never said a thing. And I thought, "Well?" I said, "Could you tell me where a certain lady is? It . . . I'm a minister. I been sent here to a certain place, to room 322, they told me."

And she said, "Well, then go to room 322."

And I said, "Lady, I have been to room three- . . ."

She said, "Why ask me, then? Go to the desk downstairs."

I said, "Well, thank you."

<sup>78</sup> I started downstairs, and I got down there. And I asked the nurse on the floor. She knowed nothing about it.

<sup>79</sup> Here come a little doctor, down through the floor, with his stereoscopes in his hand, whirling them around and around, like *this*. Little . . . I never seen such a fat man! He was—he was . . . Honestly, I believe he was broader than he was long. He was walking . . . or, he was high, rather. So he was walking down, whirling these stereoscopes in his hands. And I said, "Excuse me, doctor. Could you tell me where . . ."

He said, "Yes, yes, it's on back, *that way*," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

<sup>80</sup> I went on down the other way. I thought, "Well, now, what am I going to do?"

<sup>81</sup> And he went down, set down behind the desk. And I didn't see anybody else. I thought I might as well walk up and ask him again. I said, "Pardon me, sir." He just kept looking at something else, you know. And I said, "Did the . . . I am wanting to know where the room . . ."

Said, "It's back *that way*."

I said, "Room 222, I can't find which way to go."

He said, "Just go *this way*, and *that way*. You'll find it."

<sup>82</sup> What is it? Pressure, see, pressure built up. He might have come from surgery. He might have thought that he had . . . that I oughtn't to be asking him that. It was out of the visiting hours, truly. Then he thought, "Just some preacher. Let him go." See?

<sup>83</sup> The world is just built upon pressure. It's going to blow up, one of these days. The world, built full of pressure, and the doctors don't know what to do about it. The psychiatrists has got psychiatrists doctoring them. That's right. They don't have the answer, but God does. God has the answer to all of this.

<sup>84</sup> In the Old Testament, when a man had did something wrong, now, it was tooth for a tooth, and eye for eye. And if this man did something wrong, he had a place of escape. I believe Joshua had built houses of refuge. And if the people did something wrong, and they were subject to be killed, but they had a place of refuge where this man could run to, this city of refuge. And he was safe if his pursuers didn't overtake

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him before he got there. He . . . But if the pursuers overtook him, they—they killed him, in the way.

<sup>85</sup> But if he got there, and if he had did this crime not willingly and could plead his case, and show that he—he was sorry that he did it, then he could be brought into this city of refuge, and the pursuers could not enter the city. No. He—he was safe. What a feeling that must have been, to know that you did something that—that was wrong, and you know it was wrong, but there is a place where you won't have to worry no more, go into this place and are safe.

<sup>86</sup> Now, if the man wilfully did it, well, then he had to . . . He, he couldn't come in. If he'd have wilfully committed a murder, his trial was tried at the gate. And that's . . . But the man who wanted, and had not wilfully did it . . .

<sup>87</sup> Just like I'd give a type of it. If a man has done wrong, and he really wants . . . he, he is sorry that he sinned, there is a place of refuge. But if he just don't care, then there's no place for him, 'cause he won't accept it. He's done mean, and he wanted to, no chance for them. And that's the same as it is today.

<sup>88</sup> And then, the thing was, if he had did wrong he must want a place of refuge. He must want to be there.

<sup>89</sup> And that's a very good type of the church today and the people. A man has got to want a place of refuge. You've got to feel your need of it. But if you think you want to fight your own battles, go ahead. See? But you're sure to be caught by your pursuers. But someday it's going to find you. But if you want a place . . .

<sup>90</sup> And then when the man want the place, and found a place, he must be willing to stay there. You don't go out no more. You stay there, then you're safe while you're there. Oh, what a relief that must have been, to find a place. As soon as you enter the gates, and the gates close behind you, I'd be satisfied. Yes, sir.

<sup>91</sup> He must want to stay there, no complaining; walk around and say, "Oh, why did I ever come in here?"

<sup>92</sup> Now, that's just the way people does today. They say they want to be free from the cares of the world, and then they get into the . . . amongst the believers, and then they say, "Now, if I'm going to have to give *this* up, if I'm going to have to do *that*, if I'm going to have to pay tithing, if I'm going to have to do *these*, and *this* other things, how, oh, my! What?" See? Then that man, complaining, was put back out again, shift for yourself. But if he would . . . He must be satisfied, and no complaining.

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<sup>93</sup> Oh, how I love to say this! I've never wanted to go out no more. Oh, it's Heaven, to me, to set in Heavenly places in Christ Jesus, with men and women who has fled for their life, from the things of the world, and anchored their soul in a haven of rest. Oh, what a fellowship! Oh, what joy Divine! Leaning on His everlasting Arm, pressure all gone. Not scared of nothing, amen, for I'm safe in Christ.

<sup>94</sup> "He is a mighty Tower, the righteous run into Him and are safe. He's a Rock in a weary land, a Shelter in the time of storm." What a place to be! I—I see nothing to complain about. The only complaint I have, why didn't I do it a long time before I did? I waited till I was about nineteen, twenty years old. I ought to . . .

<sup>95</sup> Some fellow met me the other day, young fellow. And I was talking about these, this scandal of these ladies out on the street, with these garments on, look like men. And I was laying it on pretty heavy. A young fellow met me out the door. He said, "Just a minute."

<sup>96</sup> And doing this here shindig, you know, twist, breaking their legs, and everything. I said, "It's insanity." And I said, "The real Christian. . . If that's in their heart, and they claim to be a Christian, their—their fruits show what they are." It shows an emptiness, for any man or woman to try to satisfy themselves upon stuff of the—of the world, the carrion of the world; trying to satisfy themselves, when Zion is full of beauty and power. Satisfy, to let off the pressure, why would you change Angel food for garlics of Egypt, like Israel wanted? Oh, there's a place to let off the pressure! Come into it, and you'd be safe when you come in there. What a wonderful thing it is to know it! All right. No complaining.

<sup>97</sup> This young man said to me, he said, "Look, Mr. Branham." Said, "You're a man, fifty years old." Said, "You don't admire beauty in the women as you see them walk." I said . . . Said, "If you was my age. . . ." He was about twenty-five. He said, "If you was my age, you would see different."

<sup>98</sup> I said, "Mister, I was preaching this same Gospel, years younger than you are now. I just found something that satisfied, something that's real, something, that everything else is blind."

<sup>99</sup> I'm inside of a Tower. I don't have no desires to even look out. "He that puts his hands to the plow, and even turns to look back, is not worthy of the plowing." What a place to come! Yes. Outside you die; inside you're safe. Just come in and let off the pressure. That's the thing to do. And Christ is our Tower, yes, God's provided place of safety. Joshua built those houses and those cities of refuge, and God built us a city of refuge, that's in His Son, Christ Jesus. "The Name of the Lord is the mighty Tower. The righteous run into it and are safe."

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Now you say, “What if you get sick in there?”

<sup>100</sup> He bore our sickness, in this Tower that we’re in. He bore our sickness, in His body. We have . . .

<sup>101</sup> “Well,” you say, “what if you get weary when you’re in there, all cares and things?”

<sup>102</sup> Cast your cares upon Him. It’s wrote on every wall, all the way around, every door. “Cast your cares upon Him, because He cares for you.”

<sup>103</sup> Trust in His promised Word. His Words are written on our heart. Our hearts are the tables of His Word, like Martha and Mary, and all along. See?

<sup>104</sup> Even death itself doesn’t worry you in here, when you’re in the Lord. Why? He rose from the dead. We don’t have no worry about that. Death comes, like the little sister we was speaking about there. If it’s time to go, let’s go. That’s right. What do you do? “Change this old vile carcass that we got, for an immortal body made like unto His own glorious body.” Who wouldn’t change this pesthouse for something like that? Tell me somebody that wouldn’t. An older person, a younger person, no matter if you’re only fifteen years old, or twelve, or whatever it is, death lays at your door. You don’t know what time. That human heart that beats like *this*, has got to stop, someday. And it might stop when you’re ten years old, twelve years old. It does, by the thousands, every day. But in here, in the . . . This body that we’re going to exchange it for, the blood don’t pulsate it. The Holy Spirit does. And it can’t die. It’s immortal, Eternal, and it can’t die. What a promise! Yes, even death, holds.

<sup>105</sup> Look at Israel. Now, there was coming a death shower across Egypt, and God made a provision. He made a refuge for them. And He said, “Take a lamb and slay it, and put the blood on the lintel post and on the door. And when I see the blood, I’ll pass over you.” Egypt laughed at it, but it was a God-provided way from death. And now, when those great dark wings of death swept down through the—the city, and city after city, over all Egypt, and that death started moving into every house, and screams coming up; I can see Israel, just as relaxed, let off the pressure.

<sup>106</sup> The little boy might walked up to his father, and say, “Daddy, you know, I just heard that runner going through the street. Little Johnny that I played with down there, he’s dead. And, daddy, I’m your firstborn.”

<sup>107</sup> See the old father raise up, take off his spectacles, as it was, lay down his Bible, say, “Come here, son.”

“Daddy, it’s coming down the street.”

“Let off the pressure, son. Come here a minute. See that blood?”

“Yeah, I see it, daddy.”

“Well, let off the pressure.”

<sup>108</sup> Junior, you don’t have to speed through the street with your hot rod. You don’t have to do these things. Just examine and see if the blood is there. Let off the pressure. If death is knocking at the door, it can’t do nothing.

<sup>109</sup> No pressure with Israel. They could let off the pressure, because they were safely under the blood. Oh, my! That great night of the passover, they must have been calm, let off the pressure, ’cause they could examine and see they had the blood. And when they seen the blood, they knowed He promised He’d pass over. Oh, after they had followed all the instructions of God, God promised to pass over them.

<sup>110</sup> Now, what a picture that is for the church today! Now I’ll hurry, but I just got to lay this down here, just a minute. Today we are constantly leaving one congregation to another, taking our papers from one church, our letters, to the other. If the Methodist don’t do something that you think ought not to be done, you’ll take it to the Baptists; from the Baptist to the Presbyterian; from one to the other. See? What’s the matter? It just shows that you’ve never come to that spot yet. You’ve never come there where you can let off the pressure. See? You’re watching something that you ought not to be watching. Christians, to go from one denomination to another, it shows that they have never come to that refuge. See?

<sup>111</sup> They go away sometime to seminaries. That’s all right. And they learn the Word just as close as they can. They come home, and they try to talk that Word just as close as their denomination let them do it. And that’s good. But that ain’t it. Not to know His Word, but to know Him. Him! Why, sure! It’s not how much of the Word you know, how good a church we have, what our denomination means to the world, how much exemptions we got by *this*, and how much fellowship we have with the world, what kind of a crowd we have coming. It’s you. Are you under the Blood? If you, as an individual, I don’t care if every one of the congregation is wrong, you’re still secured. You’re under the Blood.

<sup>112</sup> Sometimes God placed you in a congregation that’s wrong, to shed some Light. Don’t jump up, just keep jumping from place to place, from one thing to another. Just stay under the Blood. Go to running out, then your security is gone. Stay under the Blood.

<sup>113</sup> “Name is a mighty tower. The righteous run into it, and they’re safe.” Let off the pressure. See Him in the hours that we know that

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there's people that's under that Blood. We see it vindicated. We see God, what He does to vindicate His Church.

114 Promised anything when we're in this Tower. "Anything that you ask in My Name, I'll do it. If ye abide in Me, and My Words in you, ask what you will, it'll be done to you." What a place! It's written, "Do all things, whatsoever you do, do it in My Name," not do it in the name of the church.

115 You say, "Well, I'm giving a testimony because I'm thankful tonight I'm Presbyterian. I'm thankful I'm Pentecostal. I'm thankful I'm . . ."

116 I'm thankful I'm of Christ. See? "The Name of the Lord is a mighty tower." See? "The righteous run into it and are safe." Then, in His Name we have fellowship.

117 Now, if we go out here, and one says, "I belong to the church of God." I believe this is church of God. And the other one says, "I belong to the Assemblies," well, that might make a friction. One says, "I belong to the United." The other one says, "I belong to something else, the Oneness," or the whatever it is. If you're going to fuss that way, you're going to fuss.

118 But if you have actually reached that Tower, no matter what group you're with, you're under the Blood. And that's the only place that you can have fellowship, while the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin. We have fellowship then, one with another. What a fellowship it is! We can reach across, and take the church of God, the Assemblies of God, the Oneness of God, and whatever it might be, no matter what it is. There we have things in common. We have Christ, and Christ is our Refuge. Each one of us, if he's a Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Catholic, whatever he is, if he's under that Blood, you can fellowship with him because you are one. You're in this Divine fellowship of Christ. Oh, what a great thing!

Isaiah described it, "He's a Rock in a weary land."

119 That's this kind of a land, where he's so worried, people don't know what to do. They say, "Well, is this right? Is that right?" Christ is right. "Is *this* the way? Is *that* the way?"

He said, "I am the Way."

"Which is Truth, *this* or *that*?"

Jesus said, "I'm the Truth. I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life." See?

120 We've quit worrying about that. That way builds up pressure. You say, "Is the Methodist right? Is the Presbyterian? My mother was *this*. And my . . ." But Christ was your Lord. See? No matter what it is, you build up pressure, and that makes you fuss. See? If you're just depending on your organization, that builds up a fuss. You're trying

to build your organization. But if you're in Christ, you just let off the pressure. Amen. There's just food for all of us. My!

<sup>121</sup> Jacob dug a well, and the Philistines run away from him. I believe he called it "strife." I forget the name. Was that? And he dug another one, and they run it away from him, and he called that "malice," or something. Then he dug another well. He said, "There's room for all of us. Let's all come in." So I think we need to get around that third well. So in . . .

<sup>122</sup> The only way we can do that, is under the Blood, then the Methodist can come right in here and feel just at home as a Pentecostal could. Yes, sir. A Methodist pastor, filled with the Holy Spirit, could take every Pentecost in the country, right in there, and be right at home. And we can be at home with one another, not because, say, now, "All you Methodists, all you Pentecostals." When you say, "All you Christians." Amen! Oh, that takes in the big thing. Then we have fellowship, and just let off the pressure. I like that. There's no pressure built up then. We don't care what you belong to, what brand you wear.

<sup>123</sup> I used to herd cattle. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . the Troublesome River Valley. And then if you can raise two ton of hay, and on this ranch, why, you could put a cow on the pasture. And some of them men has thousand, two, head of cattle. Grimes was up there, the bar, Diamond Bar, ours was the old Turkey Track. Why, they, they had many brands, maybe twenty or thirty brands, up-and-down that, that association had in it. Then, there is a drift fence that keeps the cattle back up on the national forest, as you go up the canyon, and keep them up there.

<sup>124</sup> And then the riders ride through the summer and put so many bulls, so many cows, and so forth. Then we . . . They have a drift fence, and the ranger stands there to check those cattle as they go through. Sometimes a whole bunch of us would get together when we're bringing them cattle up, in the spring. And there's literally thousands of head of cattle up-and-down that valley. And how many times have I set there with my leg wrapped around the horn of the saddle, watching that ranger stand there. He's checking those cattle as they go through.

<sup>125</sup> Now, I noticed there was about . . . many different kinds of brands went in there, but the ranger never noticed the brand. He watched for the blood tag, 'cause nothing can come on that forest but a thoroughbred Hereford. Therefore, that keeps your breeding rights up. See?

<sup>126</sup> I think that's the way it's going to be at the Day of Judgment. God ain't going to say, "Was you belong to the Assemblies, church of God?"

He's going to watch for that Blood tag. "When I see the Blood, I'll pass over you." Regardless of the brand we got, that don't mean nothing.

127 Are you a Hereford? Are you registered? Are you a born-again Christian, filled with the Holy Ghost, washed in His Blood? That's what God is going to look forward, that Day, see that Blood tag. "When I see. . . Not when I see the brand. When I see the Blood tag, you can pass in." Amen.

128 I'm beginning to feel religious. Here it's almost twelve-thirty, and I ought to have been done twenty minutes ago, and just getting to feel religious right good. Oh, praise God! "When I see the Blood, I'll pass over you."

Now, for another minute or two, if you will.

129 I'm told that there's a certain type of eagle. Many of you tape men got my message on *The Eagle Stirs Its Nest*. And I was studying eagles. I like eagles. I know they think he's an old rascal, but he was here for a purpose. Like if I. . . I said to my wife, other day. . .

130 Then, you all seen, in *Life* magazine, where they killed that four hundred-and-something thousand coyotes last year, just taking them and shot them down. They got a bunch of domestic hogs went wild down here. They're just going to take, go in there with airplanes, and machine-gun them down. That's murder. That's not right. It's not right. That coyote can't help being a coyote. He has to kill, to eat.

131 Many times they say he kills off the lambs and things, like that. If that lazy bunch of herders they got up there. . . When them ewes are lambing, if they'd get out there and take care of those ewes, instead of sleeping up till ten or eleven o'clock, the coyote have a better name. That's right. He's not Don El, the—the mask over his face. He's a coyote. Sure. I've seen human beings worse than him. But. . .

132 And the bear, they're always talking about the bear, "He's a killer. He kills the calves." I've hunted since I was a little boy, and I've never seen a bear kill a calf. Course, he would do it, when he's starving to death. You'd do the same thing.

133 Remember, you have to kill, to eat. And every day, today, if you live, something has to die so you can live. You kill a cow; it died. You kill the sheep; it died. Say, "I don't eat meat." Well, something died, anyhow. If you eat a potato, it died. It's a life. If you eat greens, it died. It's a life. And a human can only live by dead substance.

134 Now, get it. And if something had to die, in order for you to live physically, isn't it only sensible that Something had to die so you could live spiritually? Christ died, not a creed, but a life that come from Christ. We live Eternally, through Christ.

135 This eagle, it's a great bird. I ain't . . . I haven't got time to unfold it, what he does, and how he makes his nest, and where he's not like his denominational brother, the chicken, a barnyard scratcher. He's going to be sure nothing ain't going to bother his children. He goes way high. No weasel is going to get him or his young ones.

136 Aw, no wonder God likened His heritage to the eagle! You know, He calls Himself an eagle. And we are eaglets. And the eagle is not a scavenger. He gets fresh meat every day. Amen. Eagle Food, that's what the Church has to have, not on an experience of forty years ago. An experience I got right now, something fresh from Heaven.

137 The old eagle builds his nest way up in the cliffs, so the weasels and things won't get it. His denominational brother, the chicken, puts his in any old crack in the fence down there, scratch in the barnyard, and everything else. But not eagle, he couldn't eat that. See? He's gone. That's nothing for him.

138 This eagle, when he gets to a certain place, the Bible said, "Renew our youth like the eagle." I often wondered, "renew the youth," how could that be?

139 I remember. This sounds . . . I've taken a lot of your time. But, first pentecostal group I ever got with, was two different organizations of them, together. And I was coming down from—from up on a fishing trip, and I went in. I seen these names all over this. I went in. I heard the awfulest noise, and these people in there, jumping, and running, and dancing, around over the place. I thought, "What is this?"

140 So he said, "All ministers to the platform tonight." And there was about three hundred of us, and we went up. I went up and set down. Said, "Now, we haven't got time for you all to preach." Said, "We just want you to just call your name, where you're from."

141 When it come to me, I said, "William Branham, evangelist; Jeffersonville, Indiana," set down.

142 So I had heard some fine speakers that day. And first thing you know . . . They had to have it in the North, so the colored could come to it. It was a national convention, and they had to have it in the North, them days. That's been about twenty-five years ago, I guess, or more, had to have it up there so the colored people could attend.

143 So that night I thought, "My, this great convention, this night's meeting, they'll have one of their most foremost speakers to come forth." Course, us Baptists, you know, that's the way we did it. So they got . . .

144 After while, raising up in a corner, was an old colored man, an old darkie, had a little rim of white—white fuzz around his neck. And I

was about, I guess, about twenty-two years old, twenty-three. And they had on these old preacher's coats, one of these old-fashion cut-tail, you know, back in the back, you know, like the swallow. And the old fellow come limping out like *this*, about eighty years old. He got out to . . . I thought, "What would they bring a man like that out, at a convention here, where about fifteen hundred people being setting here, and, there, one of their speakers to come out like that?"

<sup>145</sup> The old fellow come out. He said, "Well," he says, "I'll tell you." He says, "I want to take my text from over in Job, tonight. 'Where was you when I laid the foundation of the world, when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy?'"

<sup>146</sup> I listened to all those ministers that day, how they'd placed the life of Christ in the Scripture, how beautifully. I thought some real speakers had spoke that day. I thought, "This poor old crippled-up fellow."

<sup>147</sup> Well, he never talked about what went on on earth. He talked about what went on in Heaven. And he took Him up yonder about ten million years before the foundation of the world, and brought Him down the horizontal rainbow, and the second Coming. He wasn't about two minutes doing that. And when he did, the Spirit hit him. He jumped in the air, and clicked his heels together, said, "Glory to God!" He said, "You ain't got enough room here for me to preach," went trotting off the platform.

<sup>148</sup> I thought, "That's what I want. If that'll make an old man act like that, what would it do to me?" Renewing his youth! Why, he had more room than we got up here, choir and all, and yet they didn't have enough room to hold him when the Spirit struck him. I said, "That's what I want. That's what I want."

<sup>149</sup> This old eagle, he gets a crust over his face and head when he gets old. Can hardly eat. He gets poor; his mouth won't open right. Gets almost blinded. And when that crust gets to a certain spot over his head, they say he flies way up in the air, and he sets there, and he beats his head against that rock, knocking that crust off, if he can. And he rolls his eyes and looks back. He beats the crust. Oh, it must come off. It's got to come off. If it don't, he's going to die. He's got to get that crust off of his face and his mouth. And he'd beat his head one way, and then the other way. He beats until he beats that crust off. And when he beats it against that rock until the crust comes off, then he screams, and he throws his wings back and forth, and rejoices because he knows he's going to get new feathers; he's going to eat his vitamins again; he's going to renew his youth. And I thought, "What a wonderful thing that is for the eagle. That's good."

<sup>150</sup> But I know a Rock that a man can come to, and can beat, and be beat, until all the doubt is gone, until the worry and cares of the world is gone. And when he's beat the crust of sin from around him, until the Blood has sanctified his soul, then Eternal Life is sure to come. He can just set back and let off the pressure, because Eternal Life is sure.

<sup>151</sup> Oh, eagles, today, that's why you're here. You're eaglets. But if the crust has begin to blind your eyes, the cares of the world, or you can't just swallow all the Food of God, let's come to that Rock in a weary land. Let's come There and beat upon the altar until the crust is broke, and our eyes can see clearly, Jesus again, and the cares of this world has passed away. Then the pressure will go off. "He's a Rock in a weary land, a Shelter in a time of storm," a Refuge, a Haven of rest, for the weary. Let's come to that Place.

Let's bow our heads just a moment.

<sup>152</sup> Sorry to have kept you long. Was about six sheets more of these notes laying here, little thoughts and Scriptures I was going to use. But it's time. Oh, little eaglet, maybe some little girl, some little boy, or maybe some old person, or middle-age, why are you here this morning? Because that, you, you're really an eagle. But maybe the cares of life has kind of battled you around, roughly. You've lost sight. You're not too sure no more, where you're placing your foot. Let's just come up against the Rock now. "Oh, lead me to that Rock that's higher than I." Let me lay on this Rock. "He's a Shelter in a time of storm."

<sup>153</sup> Start beating against the door right now, beating against the door of this Rock. He'll open up. The crust will fly off. Then the pressure will leave you, and you can be at rest again, pressure all gone. You can come to church. No matter what the pastor preaches about. Long as he stays in that Word of God, it'll never condemn you. You've done anchored in There. You're all right now.

Let us pray.

<sup>154</sup> Lord Jesus, I want to express again, Lord, in thanksgiving that there is a little place here in Phoenix, and all around different places. And this is one of them that, I—I myself, I—I can come and I can feel at rest. There's nothing binding me. I—I just say the Words. What a place that is; free, all pressure gone. I'm so thankful for it, Lord.

<sup>155</sup> O Lord, may that great Rock ever lay at this altar, where the little wayward eaglets, around over the city, can come in and be introduced to a place, to beat the crust of the world from them, that they can enjoy this fellowship, by letting off the pressure, in this day of atomic age when the world is scared. Each nation is shaking. The skies are trembling. All nature is crying out. The world itself is trembling because it could be blowed to bits. But we have a Kingdom that cannot

be moved. We have a City of refuge. We have a Goshen, where the sun will never go down. Grant it, Lord. Let us come to this Rock now.

<sup>156</sup> As a little rabbit, the story of he, the hounds was right behind him. He could feel their hot breath upon his feet. Just a little while, another jump or two, and the hound was going to get the little fellow. He would be gobbled up, just in a moment. But after a bit he saw a hole in a rock. And he thought, "If I could only get to that rock, then I'm safe." Just as the dog made the last jump at him, he felt his hot breath on his heels, but he run under the rock. Then he could set down and let off the pressure. The hound could not scratch through that rock.

<sup>157</sup> Lord Jesus, I pray to Thee this morning, Lord, that if some of these little creatures of Yours, that's wandered away from that safety zone; they can feel the—the breath of the hounds of hell, young women, young men, galloping right behind them, seeing their life breaking away to the other side. May they hurry this morning to this cleft in the Rock. There is one. The righteous run into it, and are safe. Grant it, Father, through Jesus, Thy Son.

<sup>158</sup> While we have our heads bowed, and your hearts bowed, too, would you, if you're not in that Rock this morning, would you raise your hand to God? And say, "God, let me come into that safety zone now, that where I can just let off the pressure. I've been a little weary. I begin to see myself drift. I felt myself get away. I haven't got the experience that I used to have. Get me back to the Rock right quick, Lord." Would you just raise your hand, say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham"? God bless you. That's good, all around everywhere. Ah, that's good. God bless you.

<sup>159</sup> "Take me back to the Rock, Lord. Take me back. I'm drifting. Oh, don't let me drift away from it. Let me. . . If I'm going to eat, let me eat around the cleft. Let me stay close where the Manna is falling. I don't have to wander out. The Manna is laid right at the door."

<sup>160</sup> Heavenly Father, Thou didst see this group of hands. I pray that You'll give to them their desire. May all the crust that's begin to blind them now, Lord, as their hearts are beating, and their spiritual heart is beating, break away all doubt, all unbelief, all confusion, all nervousness, and—and wondering what's *this* or *that*, all worries. May just now they sweetly find that the crust is being broken, as they hammer their prayer against the Rock. May Christ bring them up high now and set them upon a pinnacle. And they can flop their little spiritual wings, say, "I'm free. I'm free." Grant it, Father, in Jesus' Name.

<sup>161</sup> And now is there those here this morning who are in that refuge, and you're sick, and you don't know just what's going to

be the outcome, and you want to get anchored in something that will give you security, that will heal your body, and want to be remembered in prayer?

<sup>162</sup> Just remember, just a word of prayer; that's all. Drive down a little post there where you're setting, and saying, "This day, this day, the prayer of faith was prayed for me. And every time that I enter this church, I'll remember where I was setting this morning. There the prayer of faith was prayed by the whole congregation, for me. I'm going to be well now. This is it. I'm settling it." Now, raise up your hand, saying, "I'm driving down my post, right now." God bless you.

<sup>163</sup> Now, remember, by faith, drive down the post, right now, right where you're setting. This day, Sunday, the tenth, I believe it is, or the 13th. "This 13th day of January, in this little church of God, at this certain seat, I'm praying the prayer of faith, with the minister, and with the evangelist, and with the congregation; one praying for the other. This is the day of my healing, right here. I'm settling it, right here, Lord. I'm Your eagle. I'm in the refuge zone. I have a right to any redemptive blessing that He purchased for me. Here I am, right here now."

<sup>164</sup> Heavenly Father, I bring them to Thee. I place my prayer with theirs. And now, by faith we lift from this church, on up above the spheres, and the atmospheres, and spheres, and spheres, on past the stars, moon, up the Milky White Way up, to the throne of God our Father, the great rainbow across that beautiful ivory altar. There lays on that altar a bleeding Sacrifice. And we look upon His back, as the prophet bid us to, and said, "By His stripes we were healed." Father, I'm bringing every one of them to You. And He said, Himself, "If you'll ask the Father anything in My Name, I'll do it."

<sup>165</sup> Now, Father God, I'm praying for these sick people. They've drove down a post, this morning. I'm believing it with all my heart. This is the hour for the prayer of faith. And I believe, as I ask You to heal every one of them. They accept it. And here we drive the post, as a commemoration that we was at the throne of God this morning. It's settled. God made the promise.

<sup>166</sup> Now, Lord, it's written in Saint Mark, the 11th chapter and the 22nd verse, the 23rd, "If you say to this mountain, 'Be moved,' don't doubt in your heart, but believe that what you have said will come to pass, you can have that what you've said." Lord, it has been said, now let it be done. In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I accept it for each one, and for Your glory.

<sup>167</sup> Now, believe with all your heart. And with our heads bowed, let's sing this old hymn of the church, *I Love Him*. "I love Him because He first loved me, and He purchased my salvation on Calvary." Do you

accept that your healing, your salvation, your renewed spirit, coming into the house of refuge? You accept it? Raise up your hand, say, “I accept it. I believe it. Right now I do.” All right, all together now.

I love Him,

Let’s worship Him now.

I love . . .

Thank You, Lord, for taking the scales from my eyes.

Cause, He first loved . . .

All my coldness has faded away now. My sickness is gone.

Purchased my salvation

On Calvary.

<sup>168</sup> Now, while we sing that again, I want you just to—to take hold of somebody’s hand, front of you, back of you, at your side. Say, “God bless you, pilgrim, brother, sister. Glad to have this fellowship with you.” Continue to pray for me when you do that now, while we sing again now.

I . . .

Because He first loved me;

And purchased my sal- . . .

<sup>169</sup> Before I turn the service to the pastor, let’s just raise up our hands now, and with all of our heart sing it to the depths of our soul. Do you love Him? Say, “Amen.” [Congregation says, “Amen.”—Ed.] Let’s say it again, “Amen.” [“Amen.”] That means “So be it.” I love Him. All together now, let’s sing it, the top of our voices.

I . . . I . . .

<sup>170</sup> Pastor. God bless you. Sorry to have kept you long, though. [The pastor says, “It’s all right.”—Ed.] Thank you. 

*LETTING OFF PRESSURE*

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