
GOD HAS A PROVIDED LAMB



Let's read out of—the Book of Saint Mark, I believe I would, have chosen to read a little while and talk about, and the 46th verse of the—of the 10th chapter. Let us stand in respects of the Word, while we read. The Word is God. We all know that. So you stand, pledge allegiance, which you should do; you stand to salute the flag when it goes by; why not the Word of God when It's being read?

And they came to Jericho: and as they went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great multitude of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging.

And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.

And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more the great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me.

And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.

And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do to thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

. . . Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith has made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

² Let us pray. Great Holy Spirit, quicken this Word to us, tonight, in this little drama. And may we see this scene lived over, and, by doing so, take faith that God still lives, and He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We ask it in Jesus' Name, His beloved Son, our Saviour. Amen.

You may be seated.

³ Our subject tonight is: *God Has A Provided Lamb*.

⁴ And now this morning we had such a great time, as we seen Jesus enter Jericho. And we found out that there was a little fellow there by the name of Zacchaeus, he—he climbed up in a sycamore tree and camouflaged himself, because he didn't believed Jesus was a prophet. But his wife was a disciple of Jesus, and she had been praying for him. And when Jesus come right under the tree, He stopped, looked up and called him by name, and said, "Come down, I'm going home with you

today.” And I thought it would be a good thing tonight, too, while we’re here, that we’d just continue with Jesus. We asked Him this morning to go with us, and we wanted to go with Him, and let’s just continue with Him through Jericho.

⁵ Now, tonight, our scene opens at the same place, at Jericho again, and Jesus is in the house of Zacchaeus now, having His—His meal. And it’s a cold October day, and it’s still quite early in the morning, yet, and the wind is coming down off of the—the mountain. Up around in Judaea, she gets pretty cold up there, early of a morning, especially in that time of year.

⁶ And the country at that time, even like it is over in the old country now, it’s full of beggars. They get around on the street corners and beg. I . . . Down in those countries yet, the streets set full of beggars. India and, oh, Africa, and many places, they still have the beggars; lame, halt, blind, withered. And sometimes the people who can’t make a living for them, theirselves, they just beg, and sit there sometimes and starve.

⁷ I, in India, I’ve just went down through the streets, with some money that had been given me by these people, and I changed it from dollars to rupees. And trying to—to pass it out, why, they had to get a militia to get me out of the street; they was stampeding me. And there was poor little women laying there, starving to death. A little baby, and it done starved till the meat was cleaving to the bones, and where you see the little skull put together. And hand you the baby, trying to get you to take the baby so it won’t die. If you take *this* one, what about *that* one, what about *this* one, what about . . . ? Oh, my, it’s, you—you . . . If you would see what we rake off in the garbage can here, would feed them people, almost. You just don’t realize how well off this country is, when you see the rest of the world starving.

⁸ And it’s full of beggars. And this day, as our scene opens, there was a . . . We find that all these beggars come down, usually, in Jericho, at the north gate, which come down from Jerusalem. Jericho wasn’t too rich a city. But Jerusalem, the great self-styled, famous place of the temple, and—and the rich all moved to Jerusalem, and it was a great glamorous city. And the people who came from there were rather wealthy. And the merchants, and so forth, when they would come in, in the daytime, these beggars had their stalls; it’s an unwritten law, they knowed just where each one would lay for his, begging for his bread, his alms.

⁹ And they had to get there early when the merchants came in, because maybe the man only helped one beggar a day, had a coin he’d put in his pocket before he left. And, of course, that time, Rome was ruling Palestine, and the currency was Roman denarii. And so they had

a—a little coin, he would pitch it to the first beggar, maybe, and that did it for the day. He couldn't afford to—to give to every beggar. So the one that met him first, course, got the coin. So they had their places outside the gates, even before the people got into the city, the tourists, and so forth. And they laid out for that north gate, especially, getting the tourists coming down from there.

¹⁰ And as we see this morning that we're talking about, the sun beginning to rise up now, about nine o'clock, there was one blind beggar that arrived kind of late.

¹¹ He had had a bad night. He was blind. He had been blind since he was a little boy. And he had arrived late. He didn't . . . He overslept, that morning, because all night long he had been dreaming that he could see again. And he had tossed in his bed. And—and he could see, he thought he could see, and to wake up with this disappointment, that he couldn't see. Really, it was only just a dream.

¹² And he had made his way down to his place. And when he got there, (now this is a drama now, to get to my point) there was no one there. There was something strange had happened. Yet no more than about nine-thirty or ten o'clock, and—and there was no more beggars there. Usually, every person was at their place. He didn't know what had happened in the city; that we had in our morning breakfast this morning, and talked about. Jesus had entered from the gate and had went into the city, and—and many people had went in to find out what it was all about, and the beggars had gone. And he didn't know this, arriving late. So we could see him as he begins to call different names, and there's—there's nobody there. Kind of a lonesome affair. He wondered, well, maybe the—the Roman officers might have run them off of the place, or something. So he heard nobody, so he . . . It was kind of chilly, and he was ragged and his clothes was pretty well worn out.

¹³ And he fumbled around till he found him a rock that was out in the sun, that had probably fell off the walls when God had shook the old wall down, the days of Joshua. He sat down on this rock, and was trying to think about his dream the night before, how real it would be if he really could see. But, he—he couldn't see. He was blind. And he begin to think about these things, and his mind drifted back to boyhood.

¹⁴ You know, I—I like to do that, sit and think about things that's gone by, pleasant things, of victories I've seen the Lord win, and—and the times.

¹⁵ And Bartimaeus, as we know him by name, dreaming that night that he received his sight, he begin to think about how real it would be if he really could see. He thought, "Oh, I've been blind so long, I

don't know how I'd even know how to get around again." So he begin to think about many years back, when he was a little boy. He used to play out there on the hill, the side, it's on the bank where the Jordan comes down; and the valley is down there, which they raised grain. And he lived up on the side of the hill, we'll say. And he remembered how pretty it was in—in the Springtime, to—to watch the—the little flowers as they growed; and how he would pick little handfuls of them, and sit down and look at the pretty blue skies.

¹⁶ You know, blindness is a horrible thing. When I see a man, blind, my heart goes out for him. But, yet, I know of a blindness that's worse, spiritual blindness; how God made man to—to visualize Him, and they can't do it.

¹⁷ One time, the Cincinnati zoo, I was down there, my little daughter and we were. I'm a great lover of outdoors, as you know. And I seen they caught an eagle and—and put him in a cage, and that poor fellow! I heard a noise; and I was holding little Sarah by the hand, and we—we went down to the cage. And there this great big bird, bloody all over his face, feathers all beat off of him. I thought, "What a pitiful sight!"

¹⁸ He got down. He walked back across the cage. He got a start, and here he come, flopping his wings again, to—to burst his head against the side of the—of the cage, flopping his wings up-and-down, trying to get out of the cage, and beating the feathers off. But he was captured. He fell back on the floor and laid there, and his eyes rolled around, he looked up and seen the blue skies which he was born for. He is a heavenly bird, you know. But, you see, some wise achievement of man had put him in a cage.

¹⁹ I stood there looking at it. I thought, "I'd give anything if I could buy him. If I could buy him, I'd turn him loose, say, 'Go ahead, old fellow, you'll—you'll like that. I do too. Be free and go on up there. You belong up there. You were born for that.'" I thought, "That's the most pitiful sight I ever seen."

²⁰ I picked up Sarah, held her on my arm. I said, "Honey, there is one of the worse sights your eyes will ever look at."

²¹ I stood there, thinking. I thought, "No, I—I know a worse sight than that. Look up on the hill there; them man with a can of beer in their hand, women with shorts on, a cigarette." When they were actually born to be sons and daughters of God, and there they are in a cage of sin that Satan has put them in. Pitiful, spiritually blind, caged up; maybe belong to some church, sing in a choir, but yet caged in sin.

²² And as Bartimaeus tried to think back of the time when he was a little boy, how that along about two o'clock, in the evening, his pretty, little Jewish mother would call him, "Bartimaeus." He could almost

hear her voice again, as it echoed around the hills, and he would come running up. And she would get out on the front porch and get the old rocking chair, and get him up in her arms. And he remembered how he would look at her pretty eyes, and what a pretty mother he had. And how she used to rock him to sleep, for his taking his evening rest. And how she did that, she would tell him stories, stories of their people, and of the great and mighty prophets of God that had been among them. And how that he loved that, he loved to hear it.

23 It's too bad that mothers set their kids down to a television program of some scandal of Hollywood; instead of doing the same thing, telling them Bible stories.

24 But she was a genuine Hebrew mother, and she would tell the little fellow stories. She would say, tell him about God sending the great, mighty Moses, when they were slaves down in Egypt. God had promised Father Abraham that He would deliver them. And He appeared to a—a—a great prophet that God raised up among them, called Moses. And He come in the form of a Pillar of Fire, and sent Moses down in Egypt, and the great, mighty signs and wonders He had brought them out. And how that in the wilderness, with no bread or nothing to eat, yet they were walking in the line of obedience, and God rained bread down out of the sky.

25 And I can hear little Bartimaeus say, "Mother, just a moment. God must have all of His Angels working up there, and He's got great big ovens all up through the skies, and the Angels work overtime, getting the bread ready, and push it out on the . . ."

26 "No, honey, you're too young to understand. You see, Jehovah don't have to do that. Jehovah don't have to have ovens. He's a creator. He just speaks it, and it's so."

27 Then what we going to say about Jesus, when we seen Him take the same thing? There must be something godly about Him. He must be some relation to Jehovah. Somebody today trying to make Him just a prophet, or an ordinary man, or a philosopher, a good teacher. He was nothing less than God manifested in flesh.

28 There as she would speak to him and tell him about how that the coming across the—the—the great wilderness, to which was just beyond the Jordan then, and how that in the Springtime, when the month of April, when the snow was melting, up in Judaea, and all the mountain waters coming down, and all Jordan was—was just filled with water, the great backwaters in the river bottoms. It looked like Jehovah was a poor guide, to bring His people up to that time that the rivers was flooded, at their worst. How would they ever be able to build a bridge across it? And little Joshua, or little . . . not Joshua.

But little Bartimaeus might say, “Mama, how did He do it?”

²⁹ Said, “Honey, remember, Jehovah is still the creator. He just spoke, and the . . .”

³⁰ God likes to get things in a . . . when it's in a muddle, and show Himself God. Right in Spring! When Summertime, you could probably cross the Jordan pretty easy there, there is a ford from the city. We know that, by the spies going over and coming to this. But God let the whole valleys get filled up with water, and then He come and pulled His great power down from Heaven and made a dry road across it. There stood the rocks just below, where Joshua had had them to pile up, as a memorial to Jehovah, how that their people was cared for. And he . . .

³¹ Another one he—he liked real well, was about the—the Shunammite woman. He remembered that. And his mother used to tell him the story of the Shunammite, and of the great prophet, Elijah, in his day, and how that this woman was kind to this prophet. Yet, she wasn't exactly an Israelite. She was a Shunammite.

³² So she believed that Elijah was a prophet, a great prophet of the Lord. So when . . . One day she said to her husband, “Let's build him a little room on the side of our house, and show him kindness, because he's a—he's a great man.”

³³ And how that one day when Elijah and Gehazi, his servant, came up and they seen all this kindness, he said to Gehazi, “Go in and—and—and ask, ‘What can we do? Can I speak to the king or the chief captain?’”

³⁴ She said, “No, I'll just dwell among my people. It's all right.”

³⁵ But Gehazi said, “She is barren. She is old, her husband is old, and they have no children.” And said . . .

³⁶ And Elijah must have saw a vision. He said, “Go, tell her, **THUS SAITH THE LORD**, she is going to have a little boy.” And, in nine months, the little boy come along.

³⁷ [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . old, he was with his father, out in the field, in harvest, and he must have had a sunstroke. He kept crying, “My head! My head!” And the father sent him into the house. The mother held him on her laps, and rocked him, and perhaps give him all the remedies there was to give him. And the little boy got worse until, finally, about noon, he died.

³⁸ And how that little mother wasn't going to be defeated! When the father come in, and the neighbors all come in, and they were wailing and screaming, the little fellow dead, but she still had faith in this prophet, a Hebrew prophet; her, a Gentile. She said, “Saddle me a

mule, and—and don't—don't—don't stop, but let me go to that cave where this prophet lives, up at Mount Carmel."

39 And her husband said, "It's neither new moon or sabbath, and he won't be there."

She said, "All will be well."

Said, "Go on."

40 And when Elijah saw her coming, he and Gehazi come out of the cave, and looked, standing out there. And here she come. He said, "Here comes the Shunammite, and she is troubled, but God has kept it a secret, to my heart."

41 You know, God don't tell his prophets everything, just what He wants them to know.

42 So he—he looked, and he said, "She is. . ." Said, "Go, meet her, and say, 'Is all well with thee? Is all well with the husband? Is all well with the child?'"

And this is the part I like, too.

43 When Gehazi met her, he said, "Is all well with thee? Is all well with thy husband? Is all well with the child?"

44 She said, "All is well." A baby laying dead, a husband screaming, tears dropping down in her heart, but, "All is well." She had come before the man that could tell her and bless her, and, she had the baby, surely God would reveal why He took him. "The Lord gave, the Lord taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord!" She wanted to know why.

45 And then how that she come up and fell down at Elijah's feet, and Gehazi jerked her up; that wasn't becoming around his master. And she revealed what was wrong. And Elijah went down and raised up the little boy, by laying his body upon the little fellow.

46 And I want you to notice the mother's faith, too. She laid the baby upon the bed that Elijah had been laying on. I want you to . . .

47 I want to clear up Paul's idea here, to my way of thinking. You know, Paul put handkerchiefs upon the sick and the afflicted, and aprons. I don't believe Paul was unscriptural. I think here is where he got it. You remember what the first thing Elijah said to the—to the Gehazi? "Take my staff and go lay it upon the baby." He knowed everything he touched was blessed. And so, you remember, Paul didn't pray over the handkerchiefs. They just took off of his body. That was the people's faith.

48 So, you see, he said, "Take my staff and (if anybody salutes you, don't salute back) lay it on the baby."

49 But the woman's faith wasn't in the staff; it was in the prophet. And she said, "I'll not leave you till . . . Sure as your soul lives, I—I'm not going to leave you."

50 So Elijah, to get rid of her, had to go with her. So he went in and laid his body upon the little, dead baby, and it sneezed seven times and come to life.

51 My, what a—what a great story that was to this little Barti- . . . Bartimaeus, when he was a—a—a little boy. How he used to like that little story, because it was a resurrection of a little boy. That was one of his favorite.

52 "But that was in the days gone by," the priest tells him now. "Alas, that was days when Israel had great, mighty man; great, mighty prophets walked the land." But the priests said, "You know, Jehovah don't need prophets anymore." Not only priests say that. But—but they did then, "Jehovah don't need prophets anymore. He gave us the law, and we built a church, a temple, and that's all we need." And it's just about the same way they believe it today, but still Jehovah remains Jehovah and He cannot change His way; He is God, and change not. Now they believed that that's—that's all they—they needed.

53 And so while he was sitting there in this daydream, as it was, thinking about it, and his blinded eyes turned up towards the warm sun; all at once, he hears the clicking of a little mule's feet coming down the—the rocky road, coming down from Jerusalem, cobblestones, coming in. As . . . and he listened close, and there was somebody with sandal feet running in front of the little mule. And he knowed that must be a rich man, because his travel was by mule and he also had a servant to lead the mule.

54 So he rises, knowing that he had to get some money in order to—to live. So he rises and puts his robe around him, and a little ragged robe, and runs out towards the street, and he said, "I would like an alm. I was late this morning. Would you please give me an alm? I'm blind."

55 And we hear a real voice coming, "Out of the way, beggar! I am the servant of Jehovah. I'm a priest. I'm coming down from Jerusalem, sent by the association, to stop that healing meeting that's going to be down here this morning in—in Jericho. I got to meet the brethren down here and see that that thing doesn't go on, get the people. There is a false prophet in the land, see. We're . . . we hear He is in Jericho this morning, and I'm on my road. Out of my way!" Priest. "And, all right, servant, on your way." And the little mule trotted off again.

56 Then the beggar feels his way back till he finds the rock, sit down. He continued his dreaming, and when he begin to think, "Out there

at that little road where I was standing; not too long ago, the great and mighty prophet, Elijah and Elisha, come, arm in arm, walking down that same road, arm in arm, going down to the Jordan. And Jordan was going to open again. And on the other side, for this tired old prophet, Elijah, there was a chariot of Fire and horses of Fire, hitched to some limb over there, to take him home. And he was to see, this young Elijah. . . Elisha was to look back and see the ministry before him, what was set before him. He had to keep his eyes on this prophet.”

57 And I’d imagine Bartimaeus said, “If I could have only lived in that day, and been sitting here, I’d have run out to those prophets, fell upon my face, and said, ‘Oh, prophet of God! Pray for me, and Jehovah will give me back my sight.’ But the priest says, ‘That’s, there is no such a thing no more. We don’t have that. Jehovah doesn’t heal by His power, no more. We have doctors and things that does that. And we don’t need that no more, so Jehovah doesn’t heal. That was of the day gone by. We just keep the law. And we get sick, and die and go to Heaven, and that’s all. That’s all we need.’”

58 Then as he begin to think, then he remembered. Not five hundred yards from where he was sitting; after Israel had crossed and camped, and all setting in order, all the tents all in places, waiting for orders to march up to Jericho. . . And probably the very rock he was sitting on was one that Jehovah had blasted off of the—of the walls.

59 And said, “Just think of it! Not too long ago, a mighty warrior, Joshua, great, mighty servant of God, crossed the river, in the Springtime, set up the tents, right in front of the enemy. One day, while studying his a strategy for the attack upon Jericho, one evening while walking out, or one morning, looking the gates all over, and how great it was. They could run chariot races on top of it, horses, several abreast, around the gate. How Joshua was looking. He looked standing over against the wall, and there stood a Man with His sword drawn. Joshua drew his sword and went to meet Him. Joshua screamed out, said, ‘Are You with us or are You one of our enemies?’ He said, ‘Nay, I’m the Captain of the host of the Lord.’ The mighty Joshua threwed his sword on the ground, and took off his helmet and fell at His feet.”

60 Blind Bartimaeus thinking, “That wasn’t five hundred yards from where I’m sitting right now. Where the mighty host of the Lord, the Captain of the host, and Joshua bowed at His feet. Oh, if I had only been there in them tents, blind then, I’d have asked the mighty Captain of the Lord’s host if He would give me my sight, and He would have done it.” Little did he know that that same Captain was less than a hundred yards from him.

61 That’s what we make our failures, tonight. We try to place all the glory, and Christ, way back in another age. The Bible said, “He is the

same yesterday, today, and forever.” He is just as much here in this building, tonight, as He ever walked in Galilee or Jerusalem.

⁶² That great Captain was coming out of Zacchaeus’ home, and the people were—were waiting for Him on the outside.

⁶³ In a few minutes, he hears a noise, and the noise has a mixed voice.

⁶⁴ One is saying, “Hosanna to the Prophet that comes in the Name of the Lord! Blessed is the Prophet of Galilee, the Servant of Jehovah!”

⁶⁵ Others said, “Away with such a Person! We’ll have none of This around this city here.” And as they come forth, and some of them throwing overripe fruit at Him, as He moved through the gate.

⁶⁶ And he—he had never heard anything like that, so he said, “What’s going on? What’s all this noise about? What’s happening around here?” And people pressing.

⁶⁷ After a while he heard the voice of that same priest that went down to get the association not to have the meeting. He heard him say, “They tell me that You raise the dead. Now we’ve got a whole graveyard full of them up here on the hill, let’s see You come up and raise some before us.”

⁶⁸ But, you know, He was headed for Jerusalem, going up to be crucified. All the sins of the world was upon Him, and He was going to Jerusalem to be offered up as a sacrifice. And they mocked and made fun of Him; and some of them blessing Him, and some of them cursing Him. Just like there is in practically every meeting where He is at; some is for Him, some is against Him. But he never seemed to bother Him. He had His face set towards finishing His course. And on He walks, steadily, as He went on, looking towards Jerusalem. And twelve little man had Him garrisoned there, trying to hold the crowds back. And some trying to touch Him. And some screaming and making fun of Him, and—and so forth.

⁶⁹ And the crowd kind of run over the old blind man, as we have as our character tonight, and they had pushed him down. And let’s think that there was some nice, young lady came by, perhaps maybe might have been a sister to Rebekah in our story this morning, or it was a—a believer in Christ. And she seen them pushing the old man along, and seeing that he was . . . they was unkind to him. But being that she was a believer in Jesus, it made her kind. It always does. It makes it considerate to the old and to those who are needy. And the old fellow had been pushed down, and she stooped to pick him up. She . . .

⁷⁰ He might have said to her, something like this, “Young lady, I can tell, by your voice, you’re a young lady.”

71 “Yes, I am. Would you stand up, old man? I believe they might hurt you.”

72 He said, “What’s all of the—the racket about? What’s all the confusing, confusion out here? What’s it all about?”

73 “Why,” she said, “have you not understood that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of David, is in the city? That’s Him going by, the Prophet of Galilee. Do you mean you don’t know?”

“No, I—I—I have never heard of Him.”

74 “Well, let me tell you what happened this morning in the city. Do you know Zacchaeus, the restaurant man?”

“Yes.”

75 “He’s always been kind of a critic. His wife was a believer. And this morning, Zacchaeus, up in a tree, to watch Jesus come by. . . . And we all know that He is the Prophet. And when He came by, He stopped and looked up and called Zacchaeus by his name; never was in Jericho before.”

76 The old beggar lightened up. He said, “Then that’s the fulfilling of Deuteronomy 18:15, ‘The Lord our God shall raise up a prophet likened unto Moses.’ That must be Him. If He is, where is He at now?”

“He is just about a hundred yards down the road.”

77 Done passed him by, he thought. So he begin to cry out, “Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy upon me, O Son of David. While You’re passing by, have mercy.”

78 Now, physically, He could have never heard his voice, because of all of the commotion. Some praising Him and some blessing Him, and some cursing Him. And, the commotion, He could have never of—of heard him.

79 But He was the Word. And when a soul is crying out; like that woman with the blood issue, that touched His garment. The Bible said, “He stood still.” It stopped Him. Think of it, just think of it; that the—the call of that one blind, insignificant old beggar, and with the sins of the world and the burden upon Him, going to Jerusalem to become a sin offering, yet the call of one human soul made Him stop and stand still.

80 He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. One call, tonight, will bring Him on the scene, just the same as it did then. How He remains the same!

81 I remember, one night coming from Dallas, Texas. It’s been several years ago. I was grounded at—at Memphis. And they put me up there in that famous hotel, the airlines did, Peabody Hotel. And they told me

they'd call me the next morning, in time to catch the limousine, to go back to the plane.

82 And I had slept good through the night; got up the next morning, had written some letters, was going down to the post office, to mail them. I went out and started down the street. And all of a sudden, I felt Something said, "Stop, and go back."

83 Well, you know how people get impressions. And I thought, "Well, that was probably what it was."

84 Went a little further, and It kept saying again, "Stop, and go back."

85 Well, I—I got up in a corner, there was a big Irish cop out there on the corner, and I didn't. . . I was looking at fishing reels and things, in a window. And I might have stood a little too long and he might get suspicious that I was trying to get one of those reels, so I just turned around and started walking back. And as I walked back, faster, faster, and I passed right on by the hotel, and went down towards the river, way down. I don't know, I guess I could find the place, tonight. And I thought, "Here it's getting late, but Something. . ."

86 Do you believe being led of God? And as I went on down along, I—I. . . It was getting late and I knowed I had to hurry, but Something just kept saying, "Go on, go on."

87 And as I got almost too late to go back and catch my plane, I thought, "Well, I—I must follow this leading." And I happened to be singing this little song, I just met up with you Pentecostal people, about:

They were gathered in the upper room,
And all praying in His Name,
And baptized in the Holy Ghost,
And power for service came.

88 Did you ever hear that song? "And I'm glad I can say I'm one of them." I was trying to repeat that over, saying:

Come, my brother, seek this blessing
That will cleanse your heart from sin.

89 And as I went along, down the street, I looked, and there was an old typical Aunt Jemima leaning out over a little fence, and a little, colored house there, a little, whitewashed cabin like, leaning out over the fence. She had a man's shirt tied around her head.

90 And I just quit singing and started walking on. I didn't know where I was going; He just said, "Keep, just keep walking." And so when I got pretty close to her, I seen she was kind of smiling. And I looked over at her, and turned my head and walked on.

91 She said, "Good morning, parson." Now, in the South, *parson* means "minister."

And I—I said, "Good morning, auntie."

92 I looked back, and I thought, "How did she know I was a parson?" And I didn't have a Bible or nothing.

I turned back. I said, "How did you know I was a parson?"

She said, "I knowed you was coming."

And I said, "Kind of strange, to me."

93 And—and she said, "Did you ever read in the Bible about the Shunammite woman?"

I said, "Oh, yes, ma'am."

94 She said, "You know, she didn't. . . was barren, she couldn't have children."

I said, "Yes, ma'am, I remember the story."

95 Said, "And she promised the Lord, and she was going to raise that baby to the Lord, of course." And said, "You know, I was that kind of a woman." She said, "I couldn't have no children, the husband and I." And said, "I promised the Lord, if He'd give me a baby, that I would raise it for Him." Said, "He gave me a baby." And said, "I raised that boy the best I could, to serve the Lord." She said, "But, you know," she said, "he got in the wrong company, and he got a—a—a disease in his body." And said, "The doctor man has done give him all the shots that he can give him. And it's done went in," said, "his blood is four-plus, social disease," syphilis. And so said, "The part of his blood drops back through his heart. His heart has got holes in it." And said, "He is laying in there, unconscious." And said, "A doctor man was here, two days ago, and said, 'He'll never wake up no more. He is gone.'"

96 And said, "I just can't stand to see my baby die like that." And says, "Then I—I—I prayed all night, 'Lord, if You're going to take him. . . You give him to me; but I—I—I want to hear him say he is saved, so I know I'll meet him again.'" And said, "I—I prayed, and I prayed the prayer like about mentioned the Shunammite woman."

97 And said, "I—I went to sleep, and I dreamed a dream." She said, "And I said to the Lord, said, 'You give me the baby.' And said, 'I was like the Shunammite woman, but where is Your prophet?' And said, He said, 'Look, coming here.' And I seen a man with a little hat sitting on the side of his head, wearing that gray suit, coming down the street."

98 And said, "That was about four o'clock this morning." She said, "I have been standing here ever since."

He is still God. He answers on both ends.

99 I said, "My name is Branham. I pray for the sick. Did you ever hear of my ministry?"

100 She said, "No, sir, Parson Branham, I never did hear of you." And she said, "Won't you come in?"

101 And when I went to open the gate, it had a—a little ol' fence there, and the gate had a plowpoint hanging on it, like back in Arkansas. It was just across the river from it, anyhow, so you know what that was. So I pulled back the gate and went in.

102 When I went in that home, I been in kings' palaces, three or four different kings, king of England, King Gustaf of Sweden, many places, going in, praying with them, and I been in some of the finest homes, I guess, in Hollywood, but I never was any more welcome than I was in that one. Just a plain little old room, two rooms, little kitchen on the back, little bedroom here, and a little old poster bed. There was no pin-ups on the wall. But there was a sign there, said, "God bless our home."

103 I looked, laying there, and a great big negro boy, looked to be about eighteen years old, great, strong, healthy-looking boy. And he had the blanket in his hand, and he was going, "Uh! Uh!"

And I said, "What's the matter with him?"

104 She said, "He—he thinks he is out on a dark sea, lost. And says, he keeps saying he is 'lost, out on the sea,' and he can't find his way. He thinks he is oaring a boat." Said, "He has been doing that for two or three days." And said, "I—I just can't let him die like that." Said, "Will you pray for him?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am."

105 I got to talking about healing. She wasn't interested in that. She wanted only to hear him say he was saved. That's all she was interested in, that he was saved. And I—I said he is . . .

106 She walked over and took him by the head and pulled him back, kissed him on the cheek, and she said, "God bless mama's baby."

107 Me standing there looking at that, and I thought, "Yeah, yeah, that's it." No matter how much disgrace he has brought to the family, how far away he is, no matter what trouble he is in, he is still "mama's baby."

108 And I thought, "The Bible said, 'A mother can forget her suckling babe, but I can't forget you. You're . . .'" How much love there is! "Your names are engraved on the palms of My hand."

109 She kissed him. We knelt down. I set at the foot of the bed. I put my hands upon his feet, they were hot, sticky.

110 And I—I said, “Auntie, will you pray first?” And, my friend, I knowed she had talked to Him before. Oh, what a prayer she made to God!

Then she said, “Will you pray?”

And I said, “Yes, ma’am.”

111 I said, “Heavenly Father, I’m at least an hour late for the plane. You told me to—to come down here, and just keep coming. And then I don’t know whether this is where You wanted me, or not, but this is where I’ve stopped. If You sent me to pray for this boy . . .”

112 And about that time, he said, “Oh, mama!”

She said, “What does mama’s baby want?”

113 Said, “It’s getting light in the room.” About five minutes, he was sitting up on the bed.

114 I rushed out, went on down. I thought, “Well, I can just only get a cab, that’s all, and wait over a day, or whenever I can get another plane.”

115 Just as I was going into the gate, two hours and something late, I heard him say, “Last call for flight number sixty-seven, to Louisville, Kentucky.”

116 What? What? The sovereignty of God! See? The prayer and faith of that poor, little, insignificant, negro woman, grounded that plane and held it there. He is the same God that could stop and turn around to a blind beggar at the—at the walls of Jericho. He is the same God yesterday, today, and forever. It’s faith that does it. He wants you to believe it.

117 By the way, about two years later I was going through there on a train, going, coming back to Phoenix. And, you know, they charge you so much for them sandwiches, I usually try to get off at a station and get me some hamburgers, a sack full of them, to do me till I get off, ’cause they charge you seventy-five cents for a little old sandwich that’s sliced so thin it’s only got one side to it. And—and it, now, it’s awful. And I—I jumped off at Memphis. And if anybody was ever at Memphis, know how the train pulls up on the turntable here. I jumped off and run down there to a hamburger stand.

I heard somebody say, “Hello there, Parson Branham!”

118 I looked around, here is this little redcap standing over there, head up. I said, “Hello, sonny,” started back.

Said, “You don’t know me, do you?”

I said, “No, I don’t believe I do.”

119 Said, "You know, one day you come to my house." And said, "My mama had been standing out, and you patted her on the back, wet."

I said, "You're not that boy?"

120 Said, "Yes, I is." He said, "Yeah, I—I is that boy." He said, "I—I am not only healed," but said, "I—I—I've got saved since then, too." So, that, that was it.

121 Oh, amazing grace! The same God, that a blind beggar could stop Him, an insignificant, little, negro woman could ground a plane. Her prayers and faith in God! She was believing it.

122 Jesus stood still. That blind beggar's face stopped Him right in His track. I'd like to have a few nights, to preach that subject, "And then Jesus stood still." But there He stood, said, "Bring him here." Amen.

123 I was reading a story about blind Bartimaeus, here some time ago, when I was taking Bible history; it's probably a legend. But it said that he always believed in healing. No matter what the priests said, he still believed in it. Said he was a married man, had a wife, and a little girl that he had never seen. She was about that age then, about sixteen years old. He had never seen her. Said what he did for a—a . . .

124 You know, you have to have something a little different from the other fellow, when you're begging, or you can't attract the attention of the people. In India, they—they let one of these little mongoose kill a cobra, and something another that they can do to attract attention. I seen a—a monkey take a stick and just beat the ball, over the street, something another, to get the attention, then they give them money.

125 And said Bartimaeus had two little turtledoves that would make, do tumbles, like little . . . over each other, and that entertained the—the people, the tourists, and they would give him money.

126 And said that one night his—his wife got real sick. And they had had the doctor, and the doctor said, "Bartimaeus, there is nothing I can do. She, I can't break that fever."

127 And said he felt his way around the wall, and got outside of the house, and said, "Jehovah, I love You. I believe You. I have nothing I can offer You. I got two little turtledoves here, that I make my living by. But if You'll just let my dear wife stay with me to help raise my child; and I'm blind, and I can't see; if You'll just let my wife get well so she can help me around, I'll promise You, tomorrow I'll make a great sacrifice. I'll take my little turtledoves up, an offering for my offering."

128 Well, they say his wife got all right. He took the turtledoves and offered them.

129 Sometime after that, his little girl got sick. She also was at the point of death, so he went out to pray again. He said, "Jehovah, I don't have

nothing left, but I've got my lamb." And in them days, a lamb led the blind like the seeing-eye dog does now, they were trained to lead the blind. And he had a lamb that led him to his post where he begged. He said, "The only thing I've got left, Jehovah, is this lamb." And said, "If You'll just let my little girl live, yet I've never seen her, but she is such a comfort when I stroke her hair with my hands." And said, "She loves me, and I love her." And said, "Jehovah, if You'll let her live, I'll—I'll give You my lamb, for a sacrifice."

130 And his girl got all right. And here he was, going down to the temple with the lamb. And the priest come out and stand upon the balcony, and said, "Blind Bartimaeus, where goest thou, this morning?"

131 He said, "I'm going to the temple, to offer this lamb for a sacrifice."

132 "Oh," he said, "blind Bartimaeus, thou cannot do that." Said, "I'll give you some money, and you go to the—the stalls, and you buy a lamb and offer it."

133 He said, "I never promised God a lamb. I promised God this lamb."

134 He said, "But, blind Bartimaeus, thou cannot give that lamb, for that lamb is your eyes."

135 He said, "If I obey my promise to Jehovah, He will provide a lamb for my eyes."

136 He had, this cold October morning, a Lamb had been provided for blind Bartimaeus' eyes. Said, "Bring him here." He laid His hands upon his eyes, and that provided Lamb of God opened his eyes.

137 Friends, you know, could be a lot more said to this story about Him going on to the crucifixion, but we'll pick that up some time later. Do you know, that same Lamb is provided tonight for your eyes, too? That same Lamb is here tonight. God provided. He has no other, never will have another. That's God's provided Lamb. Do you believe that?

138 I looked at my watch, I'm already about twenty minutes until ten, and I was going to try to stop at nine o'clock, get out at nine-thirty, at regular time.

139 But let's bow our heads just a moment. I want every eye closed now, and your heads bowed. Be real reverent for a moment.

140 "O Jesus, Thou Son of David," cried the beggar, "have mercy on me." And he would not keep still. He—he must . . . he—he must attract His attention. And don't you believe tonight that our same cry will bring Him on the scene again? It did then. Why wouldn't it do it again?

141 Now as you bow your heads and your heart, I want you to cry out to Him, "Jesus!" Don't call Him Son of David, because He is not Son of David to you, He is Lord. "Jesus, Lord, have mercy on me. Open my blinded eyes. I have heard this minister that's with us tonight, say

that You promised to manifest Yourself to the seed of Abraham, in the last days, the way You did to Abraham and his seed of that day. You promised it, that You are the Word.

¹⁴² “In the last few nights, I—I have been noticing strange things. He said, in Saint John, I know, 14:12, ‘He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he also.’ And the woman touched His garment, and He knew what her trouble was, and because that—that she exercised that much faith. Why, to believe that He was, His faith in what she had done, He pronounced her well, said, ‘Thy faith has saved thee.’ And a blind man at the gate of Jericho, the same thing. A man in a tree, this morning, his sins was forgiven him.

¹⁴³ “Open my blinded eyes, Lamb, that I might recognize that I’m in His Presence, that He is here. You said, ‘Wherever two or three are gathered in My Name, I—I’m in their midst.’ Open my blinded eyes, and be merciful to me, O Lamb of God.”

¹⁴⁴ And while you pray that, just if there is any doubt in your mind, there has been any doubt anywhere along . . . We’re just now on the eve of a great healing service. If there has been any doubt about it, won’t you ask Him to roll away all the scales from your eyes, that you might understand clearly?

¹⁴⁵ These few nights that I’ve been trying, with all my heart, to get you to see something, that He is giving His last sign to the church, before He turns to the Jews. The Gentile Bride is to be called.

¹⁴⁶ [A brother speaks tongues and interprets—Ed.] Amen. Now if I understand right, while you’re praying, the Holy Spirit speaking and then giving the interpretation, God giving you an invitation.

¹⁴⁷ How many in here would like for God’s provided Lamb to open your eyes, so you can see Him here now, present? Would you raise your hand, say, “God, open my blinded eyes. Let me have my veil took off of my heart, Lord, that I might understand.”

¹⁴⁸ And now how will He be known? How will we know Him? By His nature, what He does, His works. He said, “I am the vine, ye are the branches.” Now, the branch bears the fruit, not the vine. The vine energizes the branch. And if the branch ever brings forth, or a vine brings forth a branch, it has grapes on it; the next vine comes out, or branch out of that vine, will have grapes on it. If the first church that come off of that vine, was a pentecostal church, with all the gifts, if that ever really puts out another branch, they’ll write another Book of Acts behind it. And that’s what they had in the days of the apostles, and the apostolic age never ended.

¹⁴⁹ Peter said, on the Day of Pentecost, “Repent, every one of you, and be baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, you

shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to them that's far off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." And as long as God is still calling, the apostolic age still goes on. "For the promise," the promise like it was then, "is to you, and to your children, them that's far off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

¹⁵⁰ Lord, open our eyes, and let us see that provided Lamb. You promised that the . . . that You would reveal Yourself in the last days, like You did at Sodom, when the Son of man was being revealed. We pray, God, that You'll grant it now. We are Your subjects, Lord. We are Your vines.

¹⁵¹ We're not worthy, we're not worthy to ask for anything; but if we would think about that, then we would be so little, we would be so no good. But, Lord, when I look up There and see there is a Lamb provided for me, there is a Lamb provided, then God doesn't see me, He sees my Lamb. And I know there is nothing wrong with that Lamb. It's already received.

¹⁵² Now, Lord, let the Word of God manifest Itself in our midst, tonight, that the faith of this Bartimaeus that's in here, every one of them, and the women with the blood issues and whatever it was, and the Simon Peter's, and the different ones that's in here, that's needy, the Zacchaeuses in the tree. Manifest Yourself, Lord, through human flesh. Let Your Word become alive among us, tonight, that we will know and see that Thou art God. And may every blinded eye be opened to the understanding, Lord, that when this great healing service shall start, may every one of them be healed. All these little children, and—and people on crutches, and—and whatever is wrong with them, with the white canes, may they be able to walk out of here like blind Bartimaeus did. He received his sight. Grant it, Father. We ask it in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

¹⁵³ Now we have prayed. And now—now solemnly now, quietly, believe. Now what I . . . This little drama, what it is, it's either the truth or it isn't the truth. And Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Now how would you know Him?

¹⁵⁴ What if some man walked out here now with a robe on, and beard and hair like the artist paints Him, nail scars in his hand, and blood running out of his face? That wouldn't be Jesus. No. He sits at the right hand of the Majesty; when He comes, every knee will bow and every tongue shall confess. So . . . but how would you know Him? Just any hypocrite could paint themselves up like that and act like that. Sure.

155 But how will you know Him? He is when you see His nature, His Word being manifested and doing just exactly what It's always done, then you know that's Him. Is that right? "The works that I do."

156 Now, see, you just let yourself believe Him now. Come. Don't let your mind go dormant, as people says. Don't do that. You don't come to God, haphazardly. You come to Him, intelligently, with His Word. You bring the Word before you, and say, "Lord, You made the promise. I've asked you to open my eyes. Let my faith stop the Lord Jesus, tonight. May He turn to me, and tell me like He . . . the woman that did, many years ago." And you believe with all your heart.

157 Now, as far as I can see, in the audience, there is not a person that I see that I know. You're all strangers.

158 And sometimes you think it's just these people up here in front get it. No, no. Way . . . I don't care where you are, you just believe. I don't care, anywhere in the building. He knows who you are and where you are.

159 Now see if He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, if your faith can stop Him, like Bartimaeus' did. You don't have to be a beggar. You don't have to scream out like he did. The scream didn't stop Him. He didn't hear that. It's the faith that stopped Him. "Thy faith!" He didn't say "thy scream has saved thee." "Thy faith has saved thee." See, "Thy faith has saved thee." All right.

The Lord be blessed!

160 I wonder if that minister sitting there, the elder brother that's been preaching for sixty-five years, would do me a favor? Will you do it, sir? Lay your hand on that woman sitting next to you, and the heart trouble will leave her. All right, that's it. Do you believe it, sister? All right, that's all.

161 What did she touch? I've never seen her, but it happened. "If thou canst believe!" Do you believe now?

162 Does that identify Him? Is your eyes open? Then look at Him, He is wonderful, the Mighty Conqueror! There is nothing, no creed, no denomination, no scientist, or nothing, can stop Him. He is God. Amen. I challenge any person in here to believe it, that He is present now.

163 How many ever seen that picture of the Angel of the Lord on the paper, that they got in Washington? He is standing right here at this platform right now. Right! I know It's here. I know it. I'm not a fanatic. I'm far from that. I'm telling you the Scriptural Truth. You believe it and see what happens.

164 Here, here It is again. This little colored lady sitting out there on the end, looking around. Really, she is wanting a favor from God. She is a minister, and she is praying for God to help her in her ministry. Isn't that right, lady? Raise up your hand, if that's right. I never seen her, she is just as much stranger to me as that little, colored woman was down in Tennessee that time.

165 There is a man, colored man sitting there looking at you, kind of overjoyed by it. Do you believe me to be God's servant, sir? You do? That woman touched you just like they did, say, "Be of a good cheer." Not me calling you, but He is calling you. If you believe that with all your heart, that sugar diabetes will leave you. Do you believe it? Amen. All right, then you can have it. Amen. Praise the Lord! That's it.

What did he touch? He never touched me. He touched Him.

166 Here, here sits a young, white boy, sitting here looking at me. A deep desire in his heart. I never knew you, but you're seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Right, you. You believe it? You will receive It. You believe it, young man? All right, you can receive It if you'll believe it.

167 Here is a little woman way back here. She is suffering. It's her left arm. She has had it broke. It's got a knot on it, the left arm. In her right arm, she has got neuritis and rheumatism. She is going to miss it. Mrs. Council, do you believe with all your heart? You believe that God will make . . . You're healed. Jesus Christ makes you well.

168 I never seen the woman or heard of her, in my life. Jehovah knows that to be true. Amen.

169 Here is a little, colored lady sitting here. She is suffering with complications, many things. One thing, you got trouble with your eyes. Not because you're wearing glasses; but your eyes are going bad, anyhow. You have arthritis. If that's right, wave your hand. You have pains in your chest. That right? Wave your hand. You have a stomach trouble. If that's right, wave your hand. You believe that He will make you well? You believe God can tell me who you are? Edna Gerald. You believe it with all your heart, believe it, and you can have your healing. Amen.

170 Do you believe He is the same yesterday, today, and forever?

171 What about this woman sitting here on the end, the second row here, looking right at me? She has got trouble with her feet. Do you believe that God will heal your feet? If you do, raise up your hand. I don't know her, never seen her.

172 What about the lady sitting next to her? Do you . . . Look this a way, sister. Do you believe me to be God's servant, with all your heart?

You have neuritis that you're bothered with. If that's right, wave your hand. Now you can be healed.

¹⁷³ The lady sitting next to her, do you believe it, with all your heart? You're suffering, too. Do you believe God can tell me what's your trouble? Kidney trouble. If that's right, wave your hand.

¹⁷⁴ Lady sitting next to her, do you believe? You suffer with a nervous trouble, and with your eyes. If that's right, wave your hand.

¹⁷⁵ Lady sitting next to her, do you believe, sister? You are shadowed. You've got stomach trouble, it's cancer in the stomach. Do you believe God healed you? Amen.

¹⁷⁶ Do you believe? Can your eyes come open and believe that He is the Son of God? Then, if you do, stand on your feet and accept Him, and believe it with all your heart, that He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. "O Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"

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

Thou the Stream of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Or whom in Heaven but Thee?

¹⁷⁷ What's happened? Your faith, just like that blind beggar, has called Him on the scene. Amen. Do you believe it? Oh, there is no need for a healing line. How many believes you're healed, anyhow? Raise your hand, praise Him! Amen. You are healed.

¹⁷⁸ Jesus Christ is in our midst, the same One that walked through Jericho, that knowed Zacchaeus by name, that knowed Bartimaeus. The same Lord Jesus, in the form of the Holy Spirit, is here, tonight, doing the same things He done, infallibly proving that He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Don't let creeds, and the theologies, and cold spells, choke you out. You're in the Presence of Jesus Christ, Who is made manifest among you. Amen. I believe it with all my heart. Amen.

¹⁷⁹ Accept your healing, say, "Praise the Lord! I accept it."

¹⁸⁰ Let's sing the praises to Him then. "I love Him, I love Him." Do you love Him? "Because He first loved me." Do you love Him?

I love Him,

¹⁸¹ Worship Him now in His Presence. You know He has got to be here.

. . . love Him
Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation

182 That's healing, too. That's part of your salvation. Where do you do it? On Calvary's—Calvary's tree. All of our hearts!

I love Him, I love Him
Really mean it. Worship Him!

Because He first loved me
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree.

183 Oh, don't you love Him? Shake hands with somebody, saying, "Praise the Lord!" You love one another, you love Him. Just turn around and shake hands with somebody, saying, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! We are glad to be here, brother, glad that we're in the Presence of the Lord Jesus." Amen. Amen. Wonderful! Oh!

184 Paul said, "If I sing, I sing in the Spirit." Let's worship in the Spirit, again. Let's sing in the Spirit.

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

185 Oh, don't you love Him? Isn't He wonderful? Sing!

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

Oh, wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
He's the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, the Mighty
God is He;
Saving me, oh, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Oh, wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His Name!

186 What could happen right now in the Presence of God, like this?

I once was lost, now I'm found, free from
condemnation,
Jesus gives liberty and a full salvation;
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Oh, wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His Name!

Oh, let's sing it like we mean it!

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

¹⁸⁷ Oh, don't it just do something to you, scours you out, on the inside? Fellowship, oh, what a feeling! I wouldn't trade this for all the money that you could pile all up, everything else. Throw it away, but give me Jesus. Oh, my! Yes, sir. Fellowship!

¹⁸⁸ Oh, how sweet it is to walk in this pilgrim way, leaning on the everlasting Arm, know that here He is! Oh, love at the first sight, something within us that calls out! Oh, something like a—a . . . the lid took off of an artesian well, just spurting out the water; and the more it spurts out, the cooler and fresher it gets. Amen. Oh, He is wonderful! Isn't He? I love Him. Don't you? Oh, my!

¹⁸⁹ Don't you love one another? Now all you Methodists shake hands with the Pentecostals, and you Baptists, and just be real friendly. If you can't do that, you don't love Him. That's right. Cause, they love Him, you love Him; He took you with your peculiar ways, He did the other one, so let's just agree now. Oh, isn't He wonderful? We believe it with all of our hearts.

¹⁹⁰ Oh, let's sing it again, this wonderful old hymn of the church, "I love Him, I love Him."

¹⁹¹ I just can't get enough of saying that, because He first loved me. He loved me, a poor, deliberately blinded, sin-loving, wretched drunkard's son, in the gutters, and He stooped down by His grace. I had nothing to do with it. He chose me. Yeah. How can it be? How can a cocklebur be changed to a wheat? It takes the power of God. Amen. I love Him. Oh, I—I feel kind of religious right now, myself. I—I—I feel good.

¹⁹² I know He is here. It's Him. He promised it. He—He is here in our midst. How I love Him! He is wonderful. It makes you feel good to know that we don't have to guess about it. Here He is, identifying Himself right in the Word, like He always has, making it Him; not some creed, not some mythical something; but the living God Himself. How did He make Hisself known? Not down in Sodom, but to Abraham; and now to Abraham's Seed, after Him, shows we're Abraham's Seed. Amen. Oh, my! I feel really good, right now.

I love Him, (Oh, what a shower of blessing!) I love
 Him
 Because He . . .

Just think; before you loved Him, He loved you!

193 Lord Jesus, grant the healing of these people, Father, that they may be healed, each and every one of them. In the Name of Jesus Christ, I pray, Lord, for Your glory. Amen.

. . . Calvary's tree.

194 Oh, let's bow our heads now, sweetly, quietly. You know, we're just children, anyhow. We're God's children. Did you ever see how free a child was around his parent? His parent is watching him, see. Let's hum it.

195 Just to see Him standing here, great Pillar of Fire! He said, "I come from God; I go to God." He was the Logos that was with Moses in the wilderness, the Pillar of Fire. He died on Calvary, raised again. And when Saul was on his road down to Damascus, that same Pillar of Fire struck him down; he said, "Who are You, Lord?"

He said, "I am Jesus."

196 He came from God; He went to God. Identified with us by scientific proof, by the proof of the church, by everything.

I . . .

Bringing forth His same thing, declaring His Word. He is the interpreter. [Brother Branham hums *I Love Him*—Ed.]

197 Wouldn't it be a wonderful time for Him to come right now, look around and see everybody being changed, going away? He will sometime.

198 Now with our heads bowed, real slowly. [Brother Branham hums *I Love Him*—Ed.]

199 Remember, services in the morning. If you're a stranger here, and you don't have a church; these fine pastors, they believe this same Gospel or they wouldn't a-had me here. They're welcome to go to their church. Have a good service tomorrow, a good night's rest tonight, and then come back tomorrow afternoon for the healing service.

200 All right. God bless you, brother.



GOD HAS A PROVIDED LAMB

64-0620E Vol. 20-5

This Message by Brother William Marrion Branham was delivered on Saturday evening, June 20, 1964, at the Municipal Auditorium in Topeka, Kansas, U.S.A. This sermon, number 64-0620E, is one hour and sixteen minutes. Every effort has been made to accurately transfer the verbal Message from the magnetic tape recording to the printed page, and is printed herein unabridged and distributed by Voice Of God Recordings. Reprinted in 2010.

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