

DO YOU FEAR
CANCER



by **WILLIAM BRANHAM**

DO YOU FEAR CANCER?

Doctors have no cure for it—but an angel sent from the presence of the Lord has given Brother Branham an infallible prescription that will heal any sufferer. Listen to the angel's words:

"If you can get the people to believe, nothing shall stand before you, NOT EVEN CANCER."

In the three years I have been about the country in the Branham meetings, I have noticed that cancer is the demon most often defeated through Brother Branham's ministry. Many more sufferers of cancer are defeated through Brother Branham's ministry. Many more sufferers of cancer are healed than any other sickness. I am so glad for this as cancer is on the raging spread, and as yet doctors have no remedy to cure it.

Many of the people who are called in the prayer line look strong and well, and one would judge that they have no need of a prayer card; while others sit in wheel chairs, or are on cots and their number is not called. But I have never seen it fail, as they stand there before the angel of the Lord, it is revealed that a dark shadow of death follows that person and cancer is taking his life. Truly the Lord is good to those who would soon die to willingly guide them to complete deliverance.

My dear friend, if you have cancer or have a fear of it, remember there is a God-given healing.

The fear of anything is often the reason we fall victim to it, whether sickness or something else. The Word of God tells us not to fear or set our minds on such things.

I recently read in LIFE magazine an outstanding article on cancer. The medical doctor told of how people fear cancer over heart-trouble and arthritis, which are

far more painful. It was his opinion that the fear of cancer had engulfed the American people to such extent that it contributed to the fact so many people are stricken with it. They indirectly worried themselves to the place where they injured their nervous system and hurt their bodies in other ways.

Surely if a medical doctor can reason that fear is an impelling force behind cancer, then we as Christians should realize all the more that we should NOT FEAR, but praise the Lord for His goodness and mercy and let our minds rest in trust and love upon the good things of God.

I am sharing with you the pictures and testimonies in the Herald of Faith to help you see the success of God's plan of deliverance for you.

Feel free to write these people and ask about their healing. They will be glad to write you. A look at how many years they have been granted to live on, and not die, will encourage your hearts. Give God praise for the work He is doing through His servant, Brother Branham. Should you know anyone who suffers with this sickness, witness to them and tell them of the things God has done, and is doing, for others.

It was four years ago that, Brother Branham, led by the Holy Spirit, entered the city hospital in Phoenix and prayed for Wilma Baghy, who was dying of tuberculosis. Wilma Baghy lives and was made whole by the Power of God to restore life to dying tissue. But this was only the beginning of the blessings that God would shower on Wilma Baghy.

Shortly thereafter her husband was struck down with cancer of the stomach and was in serious condition. A little later pains in her breast revealed cancer which spread over her ribs and all through her body. There were, without doubt, very dark hours for Wilma Baghy. But still the enemy struck harder yet. Her six-

year-old girl grew ill and in the process of time had to be taken in for examination. The doctors said, "Your daughter has leukemia and cannot live very much longer."

A mother, a father, and a daughter all ensnared by this wicked killer of mankind!

Then two years ago Brother Branham came to Phoenix, and Wilma Baghy, very ill, came to the meeting and stood before him as her prayer card was called. That night Brother Branham told her of her illness, and that of her daughter's, and also her husband's. God rained down His blessings from heaven and all three were healed.

It was my privilege just a short while ago to talk to Wilma Baghy and her little daughter. They were both the picture of health and she told me her husband was completely healed also. Write to her, she will gladly tell you how she accepted God's prophet's prayer and was made whole. Her address is—Mrs. Wilma Baghy, 1407 South 21 Pl., Phoenix, Arizona.

The following is the story of Hatie Waldrop, 1701 East Glendale Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona, as she told it to me—it filled my heart with faith and courage and I want to share it with you. As you read it, it will bring peace and a presence of victory to your heart.

"I want to greet you in the Name of Our Lord and tell you of my healing which took place ten years ago as I lay dying on a cot in Rev. Branham's meeting. This effort is to help anyone who may be suffering with cancer.

"For twenty-six years, off and on, I had a hurting in my right side, just above the hip. In the year 1957 I began having spells when I could not retain food or water. This was later contrasted with spells when I could not satisfy my appetite and would eat all the time.

"One day I saw an ad in the local paper by a certain doctor in town who would take a head to toe fluoroscope for the small fee of \$5.00. My husband asked me to go to him and perhaps it would help to find the nature of my illness. So on Monday I arrived at the doctor's office for the fluoroscope.

"The doctor was not pleased with what he found and asked my husband to come in early the next morning. We came the next morning at ten o'clock and the doctor told us I had acute colitis, and he thought he could help me with six treatments. We consented. The treatments consisted of running hot water, slightly above body temperature through my colon for one hour and sometimes longer.

"Toward the last part of the second week I fainted on the table and when the doctor and nurse revived me, I asked, "Do I have cancer?" The doctor answered, "Yes, you poor woman. Why did you wait so long to come for help?"

"When the doctor discovered this he gave me another X-ray, and it showed that the upper colon in my right side was hanging just like threads. He requested I have another doctor come in to look at me but I declined as I feared they would take me to a hospital, and I didn't want to go. He then told me there were doctors in town who could operate and remove my lower stomach, but I would be dead in twenty days. I had nothing to do but go home and wait. . .

"I got worse and worse and had to take pills to relieve the pain that increased as the days wore on. But oh, thanks to Jesus, and to the saints who prayed with me and for me during those dark painful days! How they stood by me, and stayed with me nights, when I was so low!

"The doctor increased the pain-killing pills until

my heart began to react to the effects of the strong narcotic. Then heart medicine had to be taken to keep up under the heavy load of poisoning.

"One Sunday morning a sister in the Lord came to our little home. She called me 'Ma,' as they all did at the church. She brought the news that Brother Branham was coming to town and told me of the gift of healing God had given him, and how he prayed for the sick. She said, 'He is coming to Phoenix, Ma, and I know you are going to be healed. Please hold on eleven more days until he gets here.' These were the pleading words of my friend. The doctor had told my husband that the next bad attack would be fatal, and to be prepared for it. I was aware of this.

"After eleven long days Brother Branham started his meetings in Brother Outlaw's church. The first service was on March 2, 1947, and the little church was packed out so they had to move the meeting to a larger place. I went to the meeting Sunday night but there were so many ahead of me to be prayed for I did not get called. The next night it was the same thing, but Brother Branham said he would pray for the sick Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

"Early Tuesday morning I was putting away some things in the kitchen, and a voice said me, 'Run for your life.' I called a sister who had spent the night with us and I said, 'We must hurry,' and we started running for the church. In my condition I could not run far and Jesus knew this, for as we were leaving the yard another brother and sister in the Lord drove up in their car and rushed us to church.

"At about 8:30 we entered the church and Brother Outlaw greeted me and said, 'Go right to the front, sister Waldrop, I want you to be the first one prayed for this morning.' I hurried to the front without

another word. While sitting there an usher came up to me and asked me if I was blind. I answered that I was not. Then he said that he was sorry but I would have to move four rows back as the front seats were for blind people only. As he spoke I could feel the cancer rolling in my stomach.

"As the usher left I tried to move across the aisle, but couldn't. He came back and found me gasping. I said, 'Take me to the back room.' He said 'I'm sorry, Sister, but I can't. I whispered, 'Go get Brother Outlaw,' and I pushed him away. Brother Outlaw and some other sisters came to me and said, 'You are just nervous, Sister Waldrop. We will pray for you.' Then the sister who came with me spoke up and said, 'No this is not nervousness, but death.' Just then Brother Hooper and Sister McDaniel came up and told Brother Outlaw that it was very serious, and if Brother Branham was there they had better get him quickly. Brother Outlaw called for someone to get a cot, and someone else ran to the back room for Brother Branham. I heard what was going on but could not speak, and it was getting darker and darker. Brother Branham came in quickly and went to the microphone and told everyone to be very reverent as a sister was dying of cancer. Then Brother Branham turned to me saying, 'Look at me, Sister,' His words were a low whisper to me but he kept saying them until the thick darkness lifted. Then he asked me if I believed the angel had come to him. I could not speak but he felt that I believed him. He then said, 'Thank the Lord, Sister, your faith has saved you!'

"The first time he prayed I didn't feel a thing, then he prayed again and as he did a warm feeling swept over me, starting at my head and ran outside

and inside, and as it did every pain left my body. I got up off the cot. Brother Branham told me that in 72 hours I would be very ill and suffer much as the cancer left my body. He said it was dead, every root! He also told me to stay on a liquid diet as the doctor had advised, and Jesus would let me know when to eat solids. He said a bite of solid food would kill me.

"For 72 hours I suffered with pain until I would freeze in tears. I would try to call my husband who was sleeping, but the pain was so intense I couldn't speak. So I crawled to him for him to pray for me for strength to stand the pain. Then the pain would let up for a few hours and I could rest. This went on for a period of four to six weeks, but the pain was diminishing all the time.

"Finally I called the doctor and asked if he would x-ray my stomach and he said he would. The x-ray showed my colon and everything else was just as it should be—in perfect order. My heart, which was enlarged from all the poison, was normal, and the stones which had been in my liver and as big as my thumbnail, were gone.

"That night for supper I had pinto beans, onion, pickles, roast beef, and apple cobbler. It was the next day I was to look at the x-rays, but Jesus told me I could eat and I really did. This was all ten years ago, and today everything is still perfectly healed.

"If you have cancer and are prayed for and the pain still continues, just keep praising the Lord for your healing. The devil will try to steal your healing away, but keep praising Jesus and looking up.

"After Brother Branham prayed for me I have never since been confined to bed, and have never missed a meeting.

"At the time of my healing, my six-year-old

grandson was also prayed for and healed of a goiter which was inside his throat. Today Marvin is 16 years old and perfectly healed.

"If you are trusting God for your healing, I invite you to write me and I will be glad to encourage you in any way I can."

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The following is the testimony of Rev. Laura Walker, Hessel, Michigan:

"Six years ago I was dying with cancer of the intestines. The bowels had no feeling and seemed lifeless. At times even the lower part of the abdomen felt like stone and was cold, inside and outside. The only elimination was by enemas. The bloating and suffering were so severe that some days several enemas were necessary for relief.

"In August 1951, Brother Branham was holding a meeting in Erie, Pennsylvania. The Lord spoke to me and said, 'Go to that meeting and I will heal you.' We lived in Port Huron, Michigan, at the time, which was several hundred miles away. It seemed almost impossible for me to go, but the Lord provided a way and the strength to go.

"At this time Brother Branham was using the sign in his hand. He told me I had cancer, then prayed for me. He then turned to me and said, 'Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.' At the time I didn't feel any special change but about an hour later I felt something inside me let go and drop. From that day to this I have been perfectly normal. Praise be to my wonderful Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"Many references can be furnished concerning my healing."

IT COULD BE YOU

Have you ever thought of yourself as a servant of God—or desired to be an elder and lay hands on the sick—or had a burning in your heart to preach the Word of the Lord? Perhaps today you long to do something for your Lord whom you serve. You may not carry the gospel across the nations or have the prayer of faith to deliver people in bondage. You may not be a gifted person, or ever manifest a spiritual gift such as healing, or miracles, or prophecy. But there is something you CAN do, and God has asked you to do it. Perhaps you've overlooked it, but here is a commission for every one of you in the Word of God.

It could be you who could be an angel of mercy to a lost soul—it could be you who brought news of the glad tidings. You could be a key figure in another person's life that would be the greatest blessing any book could record.

Let me in the next few moments tell you a true story of such a person—an angel of mercy. This could be you . . . in the most important role in your life . . . being a witness of Him and telling the good tidings.

Our story begins with Mrs. Eckenburg: she has said goodbye to her husband and has boarded a bus. Her husband cannot accompany her on this trip as it would be too long for him to take time off from his work, and it would be added expense which they could not afford. Mr. and Mrs. Eckenburg are a couple 50 years of age—they have a modest home, and a simple way of life as this is what their income can accommodate — but they've had a lovely lifetime together and enjoyed many things together through the years. They are common folk who have had to work to make it; oftentimes it's been hard, sometimes a little easier.

Now the bus was carrying her to a destination she did not know of, or anticipate. It was a short time after her first illness she was treated at the San Francisco Stanford University. It was here in June 1955 she became an experimental patient. Mr. and Mrs. Eckenburg chose this university as they could not afford the expense of other treatments or doctors. Here all treatments were free to the indigent, and the finest of doctors would attend her. She was registered in as an experimental patient. This meant you got well as they learned, and if not . . . well. . . With little finances this was the best choice—and their only hope.

This was her third attempt to go for treatment. There would be no cutting in this case as the doctors had already told her the cancer was too deeply rooted, and had involved the liver and other organs of her body. When they had wanted to cut into her earlier she somehow had managed to say "No." She didn't want that. And so her next appointment was due in January shortly after the first few days of the new year were past. Mrs. Eckenburg cancelled this appointment for no apparent reason, and when her third appointment was made she started out to keep it for she realized the pain in her body and the speedy growth of the cancer left her no alternative.

She took with her for that appointment a small overnight case which she checked through to the San Francisco bus depot. She had her ticket and a little change in her purse. She had told her husband she would need but little money as it would be a trip straight to the bus depot, and from there to the university. Her husband was to pick her up with the family automobile at the hospital whenever she was discharged. It was October 18 and tomorrow was the day the doctors would begin the experiment. What they would do, and what the family would do if she should die went

through her mind—on and on trailed her thoughts. She also thought of God, but as she was not a spiritual woman, nor even born-again, these thoughts did not penetrate too deeply. But for Christian guidance she did decide to take her little Unity book along. This she would read at random when thoughts of her future pressed too close.

It was early morning on October 19 that the bus pulled into Oakland, California, for a 10-minute stop before going on to San Francisco just across the bay. As the bus came to a stop all the passengers got off, but Mrs. Eckenburg, tired from her trip, remained in her seat. She soon would be in San Francisco, she would get off there she knew. While sitting there Mrs. Eckenburg heard a voice speak to her and say, "Go to the street and walk," with such strong emphasis that she immediately obeyed. While walking aimlessly she heard the voice continue, saying, "Stop at 14th Street." At 14th Street her strength abated and she paused long enough to notice a coffee shop across the street. She entered Foster's Cafe and had a cup of coffee, and after a few minutes started out on the street again. Walking a short distance she soon tired again and leaned against the side of a building to rest. It was then that her eyes rested on a lady who was sitting on a bus bench waiting for the local bus to come. She paused a brief moment then decided to go to the bench and sit down. As she sat down she noticed the lady beside her was reading a book. The thought came to her that she too could read her little Unity book for comfort. Our scene is deceptively simple—just two ladies sitting on a bus bench reading books. They were complete strangers—but not for long.

God had led Mrs. Eckenburg to an Angel of Mercy who had news of good tidings. He had led her from the bus depot, and now had her sit down beside another

woman He had chosen to bring to her the "good news," the tidings of the gospel, and to care for her. In a short while they had struck up a conversation. They exchanged a few remarks and soon Mrs. Eckenburg found herself telling this total stranger of her illness and her destination. The woman said, "Take a look at this book I'm reading, 'A Man Sent From God'—this man is here in Oakland and starts his meetings tonight. He will pray for you. Many are healed of cancer."

Mrs. Eckenburg looked at the woman strangely for a moment not knowing what to think. She had not thought of God healing today, or of such things taking place. Her new friend interrupted her thoughts with many thrilling accounts of God's mercy and healing today upon suffering humanity. Mrs. Eckenburg had never heard such inspiring words and they brought a peace to her heart, and she was comforted as well as encouraged. Never before had she heard anyone talk like this, and of such great and wonderful things!

Again her thoughts were broken by a direct invitation from the woman saying, "Come to my room and rest, this evening I will take you to the meeting. I have a room right across the street." Mrs. Eckenburg and the lady crossed the street and entered the hotel, and the lady got Mrs. Eckenburg a room across the hall from hers. When the room was taken and they were settled, Mrs. Eckenburg decided she would rest a while and went to her room to lie down. She began to think about what the woman had told her, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Eckenburg broke into the spirit of prayer, and she prayed on, and on, until a peace she had never known filled her heart. In prayer and tears she spent the afternoon, and in fellowship with her new-found friend.

When it came time for the meeting to start her friend took her to the meeting place at Civic Audi-

torium in downtown Oakland. On arriving, her friend helped her find a seat and looked after her with gentle concern. In a short while, Billy Paul Branham asked her if she wanted a prayer card. She said "Yes," and thanked him. Soon the service started and it was a sermon such as Mrs. Eckenburg had never heard in her life; it left her weeping and filled with awe. She had never been treated so kindly as she was today, nor had she ever heard of these marvelous things. And now her prayer card was called and she was to stand before this man of God. As the other 14 were prayed for ahead of her, and others called out of the audience, she knew that this man would tell her answers that she and the doctors did not have.

Within a few moments Rose Eckenburg stood before Rev. Branham. He told her she was shadowed with death, and had cancer of the liver, and asked her if she would believe God would heal her if he prayed for her. Her answer was "Yes" and she burst into tears.

The next day, October 20, 1956, at 7 A.M., Rose Eckenburg passed from her body large pieces of corrupt flesh and badly infected blood. The following week on October 24, 1956 at 11 A.M. she passed a large hardened tumor and more corruption, followed by a normal hemorrhage which cleared her blood of corruption and odor.

Friends, Rose Eckenburg lives today and is a real convert to the Lord. It truly is a blessing of God, but remember where it began for Rose Eckenburg—on a bus bench where she met a messenger and witness of the glad tidings of the gospel.

In a city of five million people, God led her to a perfect stranger. This could be you, dear friend, the next time you are alone on a bus bench, or in your car, or on the street, or in a cafe. Wherever it be, you can have in your heart and on your lips words that can

bring life to dying, hopeless, staggering mankind. Henceforth remember to witness, and the Angel of Mercy . . . could be you.

THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR

Tonight I wish to read from the book of the Revelation of the Lord Jesus, in the 6th chapter, the first two verses: "And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer." My subject for a few moments tonight will be The Mighty Conqueror.

I believe with all my heart that the rapture will take place before the tribulation. Now there are many teachers who will disagree with that, but I have no education and I just study the Bible in types often, and how the types are shadows. And if we understand the shadow of anything then we have a general conception of what the positive looks like. Like the flood in Noah's time: not a drop of water had ever fallen until Noah, and all that would be saved from the flood, were inside the ark and the door closed. And we see that before one lump of fire could fall upon Sodom and Gomorrah from heaven Lot had to leave the city and be free from the judgment to come upon these cities—for the righteous judge would not judge the just with the unjust because the believer has already been judged when Christ was judged in his place. Therefore it would be unjust that a Holy God would judge one of us again after He has already accepted our judgment in Christ.

Now to our subject The Mighty Conqueror. Man likes to conquer, and it is a great thing to conquer. A conqueror is one who has overcome his enemy—that is the

reason, I believe, the scripture says "We are more than conquerors" for He has conquered for us. And men in these great times, when they are moving forward and conquering, often have a great celebration afterwards.

We are told that when the late German leader, Adolph Hitler, conquered France, he took his seat at the Arch of Triumph and watched his great army go by, his tanks rolled by, and his planes roared overhead till they darkened the sky. But . . . it didn't last because if a man will be a conqueror his objectives must be right, and his motives must be right—and if you don't play the game fair you will lose, no matter how much conqueror you are. You have to be true to be a winner, no cheater wins a game. But Hitler never followed the rules, he wanted all the power to himself, all the glory to himself. Therefore he was wrong in his objective—and any man with the same motives and ways of Hitler will end up just as he did.

We are told that the great Constantine when he was on his road to Rome had a dream just before the battle was to take place. He was worried that evening before he went to sleep as to the outcome of the battle he proposed to fight in the morning. That night he dreamed a dream of a white cross, and a voice said, "By this you will conquer." So he got his fellow soldiers up in the night and they painted on their shields a white cross, and he did conquer.

I am now thinking of another man: a few years ago I stood in Waterloo, Belgium where a man named Napoleon met his defeat in blood and disgrace. As I stood there someone handed me a little book, and I began reading the history of this great man. He began a great warrior, and he had conquered the entire world at the age of 33, but he too had the wrong objectives . . . he wanted power to himself, and he wanted everyone to fear him. At the age of 33 the whole world

trembled at the thought of Napoleon—he was a bad man, a murderer. He started out a prohibitionist and died an alcoholic. You can't conquer by wrong. Only right will conquer.

You will never conquer by building up one denomination above another—you will only conquer as you let down the bars, and let the Holy Spirit come into the entire body of Christ. We will never conquer with selfish motives. God hates sin, and He will not let it triumph over wrong. Napoleon died at 33 as the conqueror of the world, and sin had conquered him—but oh there was another man who died at the age of 33 who conquered the world, and conquered Hell, and conquered death, and conquered every enemy to the human race. That was our blessed Lord Jesus, the Mighty Conqueror. He did not come to conquer for Himself—His objective was to do the will of God who sent Him. He did not fight for Himself, He gave Himself. At the cross He said, "I could speak to my Father and straightaway He would send me legions of angels." But He came to conquer for Adam's fallen race, and He conquered every enemy of Adam's fallen race, and they were put under His feet.

I can see the Mighty Conqueror, our Lord, when He was here as He stood by a man who was chained and bound by demon power. No army could hold him for his might, and often he broke the chains asunder. None could conquer him, and the evil spirits drove him from among mankind, and he made his home out in the tombs, and whosoever passed his way he would conquer them. But one day there came a little man down the road—the Bible said "There was no beauty that we should desire Him"—and this demon thought, "Here is the time that I'll overcome that little fellow"—and they possessed the man, and out into the road they went to meet Him. And when they ran to Him

to conquer Him, He raised His eyes and they changed their tune. Instead of trying to conquer Him they said, "Thou holy one of God, why do you come to torment us before the time comes?" They knew they had met their match—the great Mighty Conqueror of heaven was standing present. He was not physically big enough to break chains, He was not physically able to hold a man who was demon-possessed, but in Him was the power of Almighty God to whom demons had to bow. And He conquered this enemy that Adam's race hereafter who are bound by such a spirit has the privilege of taking the name of this great Mighty Conqueror and casting him out.

I can see Him, our Mighty Conqueror, as He comes into the room of Peter's mother-in-law, lying sick with a fever—He doesn't say a word, He just walks up and touches her hand and the sickness was conquered. He conquered sickness for Adam's race. One day when His close bosom friend had died and He was four days journey away, by the time he got there the skin-worms were crawling through his body, and the hand that he had shook, and the shoulders He had embraced now were conquered by corruption and death. I can see Him standing by Lazarus' side, His eyes full of tears as He spoke, "Lazarus, come forth," and corruption gave back its victim, and death delivered the soul of the man, for the Mighty Conqueror had spoken. This He could do for all Adam's children. I am so glad He is also my friend, for sometime, if Jesus tarries, that is the way we will all lie.

One night when He was crossing the sea, the mighty elements of the earth became disobedient. He had been resting in the back of a little boat as the winds became violent and upset the sea greatly. Soon the little boat took on much water and the disciples feared greatly and they hurried to awaken Him. When He awoke He

rebuked them saying, "Oh ye of little faith—where is your faith?" In other words, "You've seen me do all these things day after day: you've seen the maniac delivered and set free, you've seen the fever leave your mother-in-law, you've seen the dead raised! Where is your faith?" Then He put His foot on the brail of the boat and looked up and said, "Peace, be still." And all the waves hushed like a baby in the arms of its mother. The winds and the waves obeyed Him.

On the other side of the lake where they were going, there lived a little woman who had spent all her money to be made well, and still was ill with a blood issue. The doctors who took her money had tried hard and faithfully to help her, but they did all they could and still the blood issued forth. She heard Jesus was coming her way so she departed for the seashore—on she struggled through the crowd until her strength was gone. But her faith was set to but touch the border of His garment, and this she did. Upon touching the Mighty Conqueror the disease that had defied the doctors' medicine obeyed the will of the Mighty Conqueror and the blood issue ceased.

Remember when death struck the home of Jairus? His little girl twelve years old had taken very ill, and they came and bade Jesus to come; but as He was nearing Jairus' home the messengers met them again saying, "Don't trouble the Master for the daughter is already dead." It's all over now—that's the way we get sometimes—we think there is no hope. But He is still the Mighty Conqueror—when all hope is gone He is still the same. Sure, they thought it was all over, but the precious eyes of our Lord turned to Jairus and said, "Don't fear, only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of the Lord."

And Jesus went into the death chamber where only

the end of time could reveal the outcome of Jairus' little daughter. But do you realize the Beginning and the End was standing beside her? And He took her by the hand and said, "Maid, arise," and death was conquered, and she rose to her feet and lived. The greatest enemy man ever had was death—to all men—and He went to Calvary one day and there on the cross He bore—one time, for all—the victory for all mankind; He conquered the greatest enemy man ever had—He conquered death—for us all. Then when He died that did not end it, He still had to be the Mighty Conqueror, so the Bible said He went and preached to the souls that were in prison, those who had rejected the message of Enoch, and of Noah, and those in Sodom, and they who had rejected the prophets. He witnessed to them that He was the answer to every prophet's message, the Mighty Conqueror, but they had passed between death and life, crossed over the separating line, and there was no hope for them. He went into the regions of the devil—demons—and He scattered them, and right to the very pit of darkest hell He went, still in existence though His body was quiet on the cross. He was still the great and Mighty Conqueror, and after 1900 years have passed He is still the Mighty Conqueror, and He will forever be the Mighty Conqueror. When He reached the very doors of hell (we'll use a little drama here) I can see the devil step out and say, "So I finally got you—so you finally arrived! I tried to destroy that seed all along. I thought I had you when I destroyed Abel; and I was sure I had you when I destroyed the prophets; and when I got John beheaded I was certain I had you. But NOW here you are, you are in my kingdom, and you're under my dominion, and you're in my power, for you died as a sinner." Oh I can hear Jesus say, "Satan, I am the virgin born son of God, my blood is still wet on the cross, I have met

every just requirement for Adam's fallen race, and I have come down here to conquer, and to take over!" He reached over to the devil, grabbed the keys of death and hell, hung them on His own side, and kicked the devil into the pits where he belonged! Still the Mighty Conqueror!

He started back to the earth, triumphant over death and hell, to win the victory over the grave. But as He went up along the great paths He heard some hymns being sung, and He knew He was coming near gates of Paradise where those who heeded the message of Noah, and those who heeded the message of the prophets were waiting, because they could not go up, there was a mist of sin hanging over the earth, and the blood of bulls and goats and sheep could not atone for the human. Therefore they were kept in a place called Paradise. There was a mist of sin over the earth and they could not ascend up — only He who had come down.

He walks up to the door of Paradise and knocks lightly upon it. Father Abraham opens the door and he stands spellbound for a few seconds, then he cries, "Sarah, come here just a moment. Isn't that the same one you baked the cakes for? Isn't that the one who sat under the oak tree that day?" Sarah says, "That is the one who had His back turned to the tent and He perceived my thoughts when I laughed in my heart after He said I would be with child in my old age." Jesus spoke and said, "Children, I have come to take you now — I have conquered that horrible thing called sin." And just then there came up a man behind Abraham, and as that man looked closer over Abraham's shoulder he too stood spellbound — it was the prophet Daniel, and he cried, "That is the stone I saw cut out of the mountain without hands that would destroy the kingdom's of the world." Just then another man came

up — it was the prophet Ezekiel, and as he beheld Jesus he said, "There is the wheel in the middle of the wheel that I saw turning high up in the air." Each one had seen Him in the form they had preached Him in. Then three men came running up and they sped past Abraham to look up the Lord — they were Shadrach, Meschach, and Abed-nego, and they cried and wept aloud, "This is the man who stood with us in the fiery furnace when Nebuchadnezzar threw us in."

Oh my friends, tonight we have sung of Him, we have praised Him, and we have told His story to nearly all the earth, but what will it be when we see Him as the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, as the fairest of ten-thousand to our souls, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the King of Glory!

And the Lord said to them, "Follow me," and He started with all the Old Testament saints to the earth above, He leading them, and with His vesture dipped in His own blood He conquered the atmosphere above. Blessed be His name! He cut through the fog of hell surrounding the earth until He'd cut a space in the sky in order that all Adam's lost children could pray through to the victory. He conquered the atmospheres, He conquered sin, He conquered death, He conquered hell and the grave, and He rose triumphantly — on beyond the highest stars, beyond the moon and the sun He rose with the Old Testament saints. Oh what a grand march that must have been with a REAL Conquerer! After while they came in sight of that glorious city, and Abraham said to Sarah, "Come here, honey," and she called to Isaac to come, Isaac called to Jacob, Jacob called to Joseph, and as they came up to Abraham's side he said, "That is the city I saw whose builder and maker is God. I walked about the earth looking for this city, never finding it, but now we are coming near the great gates." Although great men that

they were, yet it took the Mighty Conquerer to conquer sin, and lead them to this beautiful city.

The light from within the city was great and bright, the pearly gates all aglow, and there was Jesus in the forefront marching on. Soon all the angels were ascending to the tops of the buildings and looking down upon the great marching hosts. And as they neared, the Old Testament saints give a mighty shout, "Open up ye everlasting gates, and be ye opened, and let the King of Glory come in — the Mighty Conquerer." The angels screamed back and said, "Who is this King of Glory?" And the Old Testament saints called out, "The Lord of hosts, mighty in battle" . . . and the gates opened . . . and He placed at the gates the old rugged cross so that every man or woman who ever comes through that gate will have to bow before that cross and recognize Him as the Mighty Conquerer.

And the angels, thousands, and many times ten thousands of thousands, screamed and shouted and praised the Lord as this great mighty warrior led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men, marched down the street of this great city. Not at the Arch of Triumph like Adolph Hitler, but in the realms of glory the angels sang and praised the Morning Star as He moved down the streets as the Mighty Conquerer who had conquered the sins of the world, and brought forth the righteous triumphantly. On down through the city they went until they came to the throne — there upon the throne sat the mighty Jehovah — and as Jesus came to the throne He fell to His knees and said, "Father, I have finished that work which you gave me to do: I have paid the debt for sin, I have the keys of both death and hell, and your enemy is defeated, and these are your children who have waited patiently for this hour." And I see the Father as He says, "Climb up here on my throne, my Son, and sit here until I make

every enemy Your footstool — and there He sits, the Mighty Conqueror!

Trusting in His word, believing everything He says, trusting Him as my all, as my breath, as my life, as all that I have, tonight I fully surrender myself to Him — body, soul, and spirit — looking for His second coming in glory. When I am sad I trust Him, when I am glad I trust Him, when I am sick I trust Him, and when I am lost I trust Him — whatever befalls me I trust him!

A little incident that happened some time ago comes to my mind. I have never told this in public before. I had been hunting up in the Adirondack Mountains. My mother is part Indian and I love the woods, you know that even my conversation never has taken it from me — I love the woods and the mountains, they are my recreation. And I was telling my wife the other day, I said, "Honey, God has helped me in everything I have ever done. I am a poor fisherman, yet I have caught some national records in the most mysterious places where a fisherman would never go. It's the Lord! I have made shots of 600 and 700 yards — altogether out of reason with a rifle, and have hit the object 33 times in a row when I'm a poor shot. It's the Lord!" I thought I was just a little too good a woodsman, I could never get lost. I had just got married, and Billy was a little boy then — his mother had been dead about five years — and I had taken Meada my wife, and Billy my son, 'way back into the Adirondacks, and we were in a little lean-to, I was waiting for the ranger to come up, and I said, "I believe I'll go out and get some venison. You wait here and when the ranger comes Meada he will open the cabin for you." So I left them in the little lean-to, and started for the woods.

Down through the mountains I went—I had thought

I knew the Adirondacks so well I knew every tree—but when you get to a place where you think you know something, then you don't know anything you ought to know. On I hunted deeper into the forest, following this track, and then that. Finally I came upon the big buck deer I had been tracking, and I shot him. It was early, near my time to be getting back, as I promised Meada I would return around two o'clock—so I dressed my buck and headed for the cabin. As I started out I noticed a fog had lowered into the valleys, and snow, but I kept on walking. Finally, after a long time I came right back to my buck. This troubled me but I started again, and again I returned to my deer. The Indians call this the death walk, you're walking in circles.

By this time the winds were high, and anyone knows that in the mountains when that fog came down you can hardly see your hand before you, and the only thing to do is go in somewhere, hole up, get something to eat if you can find it, and stay there until it is over. But I couldn't do that, I had a wife and baby in that woods and they'd die in that storm, so I couldn't do it. I had to try again and after I'd gone as far as I thought I should go, I thought, "Well, I'm lost!" Then I thought, "Wait a minute Bill Branham, you're not lost, you just think you are. Sit down a minute and get your bearings." And as I started to sit down, the snow blowing and the winds twisting the trees and laying them over, I thought again of my wife and baby. Meada was never out of the city in her life unless it was just to ride out into the country and back. What would she do with me lost in the mountains? She'd go wild, she'd die before morning, she and my baby. But I said "Oh, you're too good a woodsman to be lost. Now you know instinct tells you to go right this way, because the wind was in your face when you came up the hill and it

has to be at your back going down the hill." So I started out again and as I did something began to speak—"I am a very present help in time of trouble." I said, "Now I am getting beside myself, I think I can hear a voice speaking to me." I shook my head and said to myself, "Come on boy, pull yourself together, keep going—you're headed straight for your camp." But I was wrong, I was headed straight for Canada, not knowing it—and that voice kept speaking, "I am the Lord, I'm a very present help in time of trouble." And it spoke deeper and deeper within me until finally I stopped and rested my gun against a tree, I laid my old hunting cap on the ground, and knelt down and said, "Lord, I'm not a woodsman—I'm a lost, miserable, wretched boy. I am not worthy to live, but please have mercy on my wife and baby." I'd thought I could conquer any storm, I could conquer any woods, but I found out I was NOT a conqueror, and as I prayed I felt real good about it. I rose to my feet and started out again, and as I did I felt the Mighty Conqueror put His hand on my shoulder and I stopped, startled, I'd thought I was alone in the woods. I turned about to see who'd put their hand on my shoulder, but there was no one there—but as I looked backward I saw the tower on the mountain, a landmark I always used in these woods. The rangers and I had put a telephone wire up to that tower, and I knew the way well along that wire as I'd helped lay it. Looking at the tower again I realized I had been going to my death, not knowing it, but He is "a very present help in time of trouble." What was it? It was His mighty hand rolling back the snow to let me see the tower. It was He who conquered the wind and waves for His disciples—and now He was conquering this storm for me, stopping a mighty storm to save one lost wretch such as I.

I set my face toward that tower, keeping a straight

direction—it grew very dark but I did not change my face from the direction of the tower. I knew that I now would hit the wire that went from the tower to the cabin, and by the cabin was a lean-to where I would find my wife and son.

As I walked I kept singing, "I am trusting in my Lord, I am standing on His Word," and I thought, "Oh, if I could just feel that telephone wire," and I kept on walking with my hand raised up in the air so that if I should pass under it I would hit it. I had just about given up hope when my hand hit something—it was the wire! I wouldn't turn loose the wire, I threw down my gun, took off my hat, and there in the dark wept like a baby for I knew God had helped me, and at the end of that wire my wife and baby waited for me. I held onto the wire all the way down the mountain and was brought safely to my loved ones.

Brother, one day when I was lost worse than that, I heard a voice speak to me and say, "I am still the Mighty Conqueror who can clear away all your sins," and I laid my hand on the power of Almighty God that shook me from the top of my head clear to my feet. I will keep my hand on Him, for at the end of this road my Saviour waits, and my loved ones. I will hold to the wire that leads from the cross to glory, and trust Him till I die, for He has conquered all my enemies, He has conquered my sicknesses, He conquered my sins, and He has made me "more than conqueror in Christ Jesus." Who conquered all for me.

Oh, sinner friend, if you're lost—if you need to lay hold of His hand that will lead you to safety—now is the time! The storms of this life will overtake you and you will be lost forever—reach up and lay hold of Him while we bow our heads and pray . . .

My sincere appreciation to Leo Mercier and directors for their labor and willingness to work with me and bring you this little book, which I pray will be a blessing to you and will further the Kingdom of God—

William Branham.

By Miss Rosella Griffith of Joliet, Illinois

I'd like to give my testimony here, for Jesus said "Go and be a witness unto me" . . . and we overcome by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of our testimony. I could not give a testimony like this if I were in my old self, but I'm not in myself, I am in Christ Jesus.

I am an only child, and as long as I can remember I kept looking for something to make me happy. I kept seeking something, I knew not what. I was seeking peace and joy. I had had to play with the other children in the neighborhood, and it seemed I never fit in. I was sent as a child to the Methodist Church in our small town in Southern Illinois. When I was six years old I went with my grandmother to revival, and went down the saw dust trail to give my heart to Jesus, but nobody helped me. I'm afraid I did not live for Him. I went to Sunday school, church, and in summer went to Youth Camp from our Church, but through all of this, I did not know Jesus Christ as my Saviour. . . . (I knew stories about Jesus, but I did not really know Him at this time.)

Then we moved to another city, and after graduation from High School, I started working in an office, 6 and 7 days a week, 3-11 p.m. shift. So when the girls did have an evening off, we would go out together. Many times we would go into Chicago. We thought we were having fun. We would dance, and needless to say we would have a few drinks. They could stop when they wanted to stop drinking, but I could not, for I'd order extra drinks, being way ahead of them. I was not immoral, but God said one sin is as great as another in His eyes. I resented the fact that I was compelled to do something beyond my own will. In the year of 1949 I knew I was a confirmed alcoholic (I did not want to admit it even to myself). I was at the bottom of the ladder and seemed like there was no hope for me. My parents wanted to help me, but they didn't know how to cope with me, for neither of them drank. In my heart I wanted to be free, and I tried

everything to get my mind off of drinking, but it did not take the habit away.

Finally I decided I would try going to Alcoholics Anonymous, thinking they might help me. I wasn't really happy in this organization, although I stayed sober for 9 months through going to their meetings. I prayed every day at the bottom of my bed, for God to keep me sober. HE did keep me sober, but I was not happy or free. Before I joined Alcoholic Anonymous, I was in and out of hospitals, until they got tired of seeing me come in. I went to an Alcoholic Hospital in Chicago, where it cost \$150.00 for 5 days, and my folks were not wealthy people, for with hospital and doctor bills mounting up. At this period of my life, I was so weak, losing weight, and just miserable. Five doctors had given me up completely, one doctor said in six months time I'd be in a mental institution. Neighbors had given me up, ministers did not know what to do. One minister came out and tried to reason with me over the Scriptures. (What I needed was someone who could do like the disciples did, command the demon of alcohol to leave in the name of Jesus Christ.

My Dad told my Mother to give up praying for me, for I'd never change, but she did not listen to him, for she said maybe I wouldn't change, but she knew God was able to change me. Mother bought me a fur coat, thinking if I fell in the cold I'd not freeze. I slit the pockets of the coat and put bottles all around the lining of the coat. I'm so glad my Mother stood by me, and clung to God's Word when all said I could not be different. Even though I disgraced her, and she did not understand why I did as I did, she still stood with me. When I lifted a cup or glass to drink out of, I shook so, I had to lap it up like a little dog.

I turned Catholic looking for peace of mind, even though I did not believe in it. They told me I needed help, but did not forward me to Christ. All in all, everyone but my Mother on earth had given me up as hopeless. When I was at the worst I ever was, my Mother

saw me in a vision as being saved, behind a pulpit unzipping a Bible. She believed God. Because God showed her in a vision, rather than believing five earthly doctors, later this vision was fulfilled. When I was at the worst, in the end, a doctor waited all night long at the foot of my bed, for me to draw my last breath. I'm so glad that there was a Greater doctor than that doctor standing there, knowing I'd not die, but live to glorify HIS Name. Jesus said "The thief cometh to seek and devour and destroy, but I am come that you may have life and have it more abundantly."

Groping for a ray of light when life was the darkest, some people told me of a meeting in Hammond, Indiana, where a Prophet of God, Rev. William Branham, was praying for the sick, where the lame walked, where the blind were healed, cancers healed, and miracles were done in the Name of Christ. I clung to these words, for I thought if these people could be healed surely then I could be healed, too. We went to the meeting the third day after I was told about the meeting. My mother, her friend and I went to the Civic Center that day on July 11, 1952, where the meeting was being held. I saw the people sing and praise God. I thought they surely were happy. (I still looked out of the corner of my glasses to see how they were acting, and thought I'll go along with them, if I could find help). Later I was to find out that here is really joy in serving Jesus Christ. No wonder they were so happy. We came back after the afternoon meeting, and I got a prayer card. One thing I remember of the meeting was how they stressed "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." I did not know one Scripture for healing, being brought up in a modernist church, only I thought if God made the universe and all its wonders and made me, then it would be a small thing for Him to heal my body. I bowed my head and asked God if it were His will to heal me to find a way. That is all I said. I did not know the Bible says "By His stripes we are Healed." I got a prayer card.

Bro. Branham came and preached. After the preaching service Bro. Branham called J25-J50 prayer cards, mine was third in line, J27, so I went knowing if I stood before this man of God I'd be healed. When I came into the line, Bro. Branham said he saw me in darkness. He said "Do you believe in God's Prophet?" I said "Yes." Bro. Branham said, "If God reveals to me what is the matter with you, and if Jesus heals you, will you serve Jesus the rest of your life?" I said "Yes." Bro. Branham told the audience to bow their heads, and he placed his hand on my head, and rebuked the devil of alcohol from my life, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I left the platform free. I felt so wonderful to know that for the first time in my life I was FREE. "Who the Son sets free is free indeed." Jesus Christ healed my body in a matter of seconds, where to everyone else I was a problem. Praise His holy Name. I was having a meeting all my own, when I left that platform. My, how glad I was (for I had something I longed for all my life) in Christ.

A lady came to me, and said she felt so sorry for me, and I told her she did not have to for Jesus had just healed my body, and I was fine. She asked me if I'd call her daughter and I asked her three times what was wrong with her. She said she was a confirmed dope addict. The FBI could not even find her for a matter of months, but she had come home now. She was a dancer, with Fred Astair, and needed help. Well, she gave me her phone number and told me to call her collect. I had to, for I just lost a good job. People told me not to call her. Also my Mother told me not to call her, and get mixed up again. Well, that night going home from Hammond, Indiana, after just being healed, we stopped for coffee or ice cream (don't ask me what I ate for I don't remember, I was too thrilled).

That night I came to God, asking Him to show me I was saved, for I knew I was healed. I asked God to forgive my every sin I had ever committed against

Him for I was sorry. I waited for about 10 minutes, and lying there on my bed with my arms outstretched my very soul left my body, went up to the ceiling, and I was afraid. I called my Mother, and she said I just was saved. I was so glad. The next morning after being saved and healed, I got up, ate, and told Mother I felt a strong urge to call that girl. I went to the phone and talked 45 minutes to this girl. She found every excuse to not go to the meeting, and then she asked me how I knew I was healed. I told her we had tried everything else, so let's try the Lord Jesus. I went to the meeting the next day, after I was saved and healed, and met the girl (first time I had ever seen her in my life). She got a prayer card, and her number was called. She asked me if I would go with her to the line. I did, and she asked me what she should do. I told her to forget everything else, and just believe Jesus. (Imagine I was just saved and healed the night before myself, and I was acting like I knew what it was all about.) She was last in line, and Bro. Branham prayed for her. Jesus healed her, and how happy we both are when we saw one another, tears running down our cheeks, knowing it was the power of God that set us free. How wonderful to serve Christ! The Lord is wonderful! Jesus gave me a good job after prayer, and I'd pray for a raise, and I'd get them, too. There is nothing too hard for God.

One week after I was saved and healed, I went to the meeting. (I went every day after that until the end of the meeting.) A man went with us that was an alcoholic, and also my mother and dad. After Bro. Branham had preached he called for the prayer cards. My dad had prayer card R60. Too large a number to be called, so I bowed my head and prayed. I asked God to heal the alcoholic man, like HE did me. Also to heal my daddy and save him. Bro. Branham turned around and said, "The girl up in the balcony was healed a week ago of the same thing as you are, sir. She is praying for you, and also she is praying for someone else.

It is her dad. Have him to stand up. You put your hand on his head. Have him accept his hearing and salvation.

I always pray first, then I ask for my vacations to go to Bro. Branham's meeting. I find every time I go I find help. I feel privileged to get to go to as many meetings as I do, and truly thank God. God has smiled on my life. My dad started going to Sunday School and Church with mother and me, and truly I have a brand new life in Christ. 2 Cor. 5:17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, behold old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

Let me say one thing, I have **never** craved drink since that night July 11, 1952. Also the Lord took the habit of smoking away, too. So now I go to jail services to try to win souls to Christ, also in skid row missions. I go to small churches, large churches, anywhere I can testify for Christ, for He has done so much for me. I could never thank Him enough. The Bible says, "He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me hath eternal life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

I could not witness to people like I do now, if I were in my old self, for I would be ashamed, but I am not in myself any longer, I am in Christ. Jesus said, "Because I live you shall live also." I am so glad for a Christian mother that would not give up, even though she was made fun of in our neighborhood, etc. But now our home is a happy place. I'm so glad that Jesus said "I am come to set the captive free." I truly thank God for His mercy and love to me. God heard my Mother's prayers, saw my honest heart, wanting to be free, and sent His Prophet, Rev. William Branham to Hammond, Ind., to bring Christ to my life. Truly, I have the greatest Christian respect and love for Bro. Branham, and truly he is a true Prophet of God. I am so glad that Jesus saw me and understood, and knew I wanted to be free. Praise His Name.

Rev. Branham's recorded sermons are now available on 7" 1200-foot Scotch tape. Recorded at 3¾ speed, dual track, each sermon plays from one hour and a half to two hours.

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Hear Ye Him	The Handwriting on the Wall
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The Door to the Heart	Will the Church Go Thru the Tribulation
The Mighty Conqueror	Lamb and Dove
Ye Must Be Born Again	United As One

Now you can enjoy Rev. Branham's messages without having to buy an expensive tape recorder. We have many of his sermons on phonograph records now, like the talking Bible style. They each play for an hour, on unbreakable 16 rpm records. You can play these records on any model or make of any three-speed machine, with our adapter. You must have an adapter if your phonograph is a 3-speed model. Any 4-speed player will play these records without an adapter, however.

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