
BELIEVEST THOU THIS?



. . .? . . . Thank you. My, he shouldn't have said that. Now, to you dear strangers, he was just making—trying to make me feel a little more encouraged to stand up here; that was all. I don't even claim to be a preacher. I—I just like to get around where there is preachers and I. . . Mine is praying for the sick.

And I'm happy to be here this afternoon to—to see this audience, and to feel the Spirit of the Lord here, and to enjoying those blessings since last evening. I was noticing in the last evening service, those cripples and setting in those wheelchairs, how that they got up, walked out of those wheelchairs. And I. . . Now, they're not here; I don't see a one of them this—this afternoon, not a one that was there as I see, knowingly. But I notice one thing: just the ones that was dealt with the longest was the first one'd got up (Did you notice that?), the very first ones that got up. And there's something about it that I don't understand. And since last night I been praying to wonder what that. . . Why? Why would that? So you pray with me that God will make it known.

² Now, I thank you all so much for the missionary offering for this afternoon. If our Lord tarries and permits me, I want to go over to Africa, and then we come back to—to India, and from there to Jerusalem to—in this next missionary tour. And my heart is bleeding for all those countries. Sister Hall was saying; she said, “None of that for me, over way in there,” said, “I don't think I. . .”

I said, “Fleshly speaking, I—I don't desire it, but there's something back there that's making me go (See?), just—just making me go.” And with the love for those who need Christ, I want to go.

³ I got a—a book from Africa not long ago and it's the colored man, old, he said, “White man, white man, where was your father?” He said, “Here, I'm old, and dull at mind, and I've just now learned of Jesus. If I would've knowed Him earlier, I could took Him to my tribes.”

And I thought, “Well, I won't have to answer for my father's generation, but I will have to answer for mine, for what I do.” And under the difficults that I have to labor under, and so forth, I want to do all that I can for our Lord, all that I can.

⁴ As far as I know of in human life, I only have. . . Thanking God as far as health and everything, knowing that I was once a blind man and—and—or so blind they had to lead me around. . . And my eyes sight's 20/20 now.

And so I—I was once real sick: I couldn't eat nothing and stomach trouble so bad. And I'm healthy and happy, can eat anything. There's only one thing that bothers me, as I know of. And there's none of us perfect; we know that. And that is, the meetings, when they carry a little long, it puts such a mental, nervous strain on me, because you're just on the point at any moment. See, in my meetings there's setting hundreds, sometimes in big meetings where is many thousands gather, of critics that would—just trying their best to find one thing to talk about. And I'm conscious of that when that's coming against me. Then the Holy Spirit moving down to be able to know what's wrong with the people. . . . And I know that He knows all things. And that. . . . Under a few minutes under that (Oh, my.), it'll take more off of you than you could hit with a sledge hammer and—and rock pile for two days straight without even laying down, resting.

⁵ You know, according to modern science that speaking, ministers, who just speaking to an audience of people, takes more strength for them in twenty minutes of speaking than eight hours in physical labor. That's what a—a tear down. Now, multiply that by about one hundred and you get some conception of what it is. And so that's the thing that I desire all you dear Christian people to pray for me that God will somehow. . . . I don't know. I once wondered how He could—how He got tired, and being the Son of God, but I know now what it is. It's a. . . . It isn't a—it isn't a physical stain. It's a more or less, I'd say, a mental strain: nerve and mental. See, it—it moves over you and you're just at the age, coming in the meeting. . . . Not this afternoon, but at nighttime. . . .

⁶ There's sets one out there, maybe out. . . . Maybe here sits a poor person with a cancer, setting there. Just one word will do the work.

Here come a minister up, a few moments ago, setting over here; an aged man had had a growth on his lips. He told me he'd been preaching, I believe, nearly forty years, and—a Pentecostal preacher for forty years. And said I told him all about his conditions in a line somewhere, and God taken that thing off his mouth. And there he sets. You see? And a. . . . and I thought, "That man was preaching the Gospel 'fore I was borned."

⁷ And here, come up here. . . . Now just one word here, the Congressman, Mr. Upshaw from the Congress of the United States, setting here. Invalid for sixty-six years and me standing here under inspiration and seen a vision when the man had just been brought in: of where he was, and what he done, and what happened. And here he is today, walking around like the rest of us. See? That set under things for years. . . .

And last evening, I watched that woman laying there that was bound with arthritis. I was told when they brought her in, taken three men to bring her in there, she was—how she was, and how that . . . There she's . . . After dealing with her a little while, going down there and laying hands on her, she got up.

8 Here set a woman in a wheelchair: her feet hanging down and such a condition there. And I—I talked to her. And while speaking to her, the Holy Spirit begin to reveal to her. And—and I said, “Now, in a few moments when I go to the platform, now if I look down at you, I want you to obey what I tell you. And when I got to the platform, up she got out of the wheelchair. There she was . . . ? . . .

Oh, well, now, those things is what makes a . . . Did you know that most all poets and—and prophets, and so forth, are considered neurotics? Did you know that? You—you don't believe that, but I'm going to . . . I'll prove it to you.

9 There's a land somewhere that the human person . . . And one out of every ten thousand Christians knows no more about but just by faith to believe about it. But there's a place that a human being, while yet in here, can be lifted up into that spot. Now, it is not a rejoicing time like you just lifted up in joy. I seen much joy, not enough real solid faith to cure a toothache. You see? That's the joy of the Lord, not the power of the Lord. See? I—I want more joy of the Lord. That's what I desire. And that's what you have need of.

But, not long ago, Stephen Foster . . . My little son's setting in the back of the building, it's—was his favorite poet. Many of you know Stephen Foster, know of him: He was—gave America some of its best folk songs it ever had. Now he was considered a neurotic. And he'd . . . When he wrote, “The Old Kentucky Home” . . . “My Old Kentucky Home . . .” that's just a little ways from—from where I live now and just about seventy miles from where I was born. And two—about two summers ago I visited “The Old Kentucky Home” for my first time.

And I was setting at—at the bench or the desk where he wrote that song. (And it's world famous.) And I was looking at his picture and where the seraphim, the angel was supposed to have touched him to give him inspiration to write it. The guide and so forth had done left out of the room. I was setting there, and I thought, “Mr. Foster, you look like a very intelligent looking man.” I thought, “Why? What made you do what you did?”

Now, he would write a song and he had it in his mind. But after he'd get through writing a song, coming down out of that inspiration, he'd get drunk: go out on a drunk. And finally, he got to such a place

till he called a servant, ordered a razor, and committed suicide, cut his throat: Stephen Foster.

¹⁰ Not long ago, I stood by the side of William Cowper's grave. He wrote,

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins.
And sinners plunge beneath the flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

In London, England. . . And I stood there by his grave, and I laid my hand over on the tombstone, and I thought, "God rest your gallant soul." I thought, "Mr. Cowper, why were you considered a neurotic?" You know, after he wrote that song, "There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Emmanuel's vein," he came out of that inspiration and got—went down to the—to a cab—tried to find the river to commit suicide, to drown himself in the river. William Cowper; that's his history right there by his grave.

Then I remembered the prophet Jonah, how that he was going down to Nineveh, take him a ship to Tarshish. And the inspiration of God fell upon him, and he went down and gave his prophecy before Nineveh where God sent him. And they even put sackcloth on the cattle on the hills. And God spared that great city. And such inspiration. . . Then went up and set down under a gourd, or a tree, and prayed for God to take his life. Is that right?

¹¹ And I thought of Elijah, who went out there and set by the brook Cherith, and was fed by the ravens. And he closed the heavens that it wouldn't rain. Then he opened up the heavens and brought down water, brought fire out of heaven the same day, and then when the inspiration left him (by the threat of a woman), run out into the wilderness and prayed for God to let him die. Is that right? Now, I could go on and on, but what is it, friends? Men who are—are brought under such tremendous inspiration of another land. . . You go out of this world, somewhere else, way up. And then when you're—when you're up there it's all right. Or when you're down, it's all right. But when you come in between there. . . Now, as long as the inspiration was on them, they were all right. But when the inspiration leaves, that what hurts.

¹² Now here, not long ago, standing in meetings and finding so many people desiring. . . And I just stayed for discernment, so much, and one meeting right after the other, not having no interv—just—just constantly. . . And for eight months I couldn't get up or down. I stayed right in between there. You know the time it was, when they rushed me everywhere. Even to the Mayos' clinic said, "There's not a earthly chance for him." That's right. See? Now, when it's. . . You're up or

down. When you get down, why you're seem to be all right, when you're up . . . But in between there, that's what hurts.

And now, what does this all say? It all says this, friend: that there's a land beyond the river somewhere, way yonder, somewhere, that we're going to. It's heavenly there. So we do not understand those things, but misunderstood, but we try to do the best that we can for the imbetterment of human beings by Jesus Christ, while we have time to work.

¹³ And I desire your prayers for me that I will maintain the strength. Since the time of that, I have been healthier than I ever was in all my life, more healthier. I never weighed over a hundred and thirty-five pounds in my life. And I weigh a hundred and fifty-five now. See? And because that I—I took Christ. I promised Him that I'd never abuse myself any more like that, that I would . . . I'd . . . When I got tired and so forth, I'd leave. I didn't care what the meeting was doing, I'd come apart into the wilderness and rest awhile (See?) and then go out again somewhere.

But under management and so forth, where they've got these itineraries made up, and you have they get the auditoriums, it just certainly keeps you pushing like that to go, to keep it up. So God bless you.

¹⁴ One word I want to say about . . . Someone asked us about if I would speak the time that our—our baby was born. Mrs. Kopp just told me she'd just received a letter from my dear little wife at home. If there's anybody at the Branham family that deserves credit it's the—the—my wife, Mrs. Branham; she's a lovely little character. I wished I could've brought her with me, but I can't because the baby was too young. I went for her to bring her here. I want you to meet her. Sometime on my return I hope to be able to bring her. She's only . . . (Thank you. Thank you. I appreciate that.) And she's thirty years old and almost white-gray. And five years ago, her hair was as black as it could be. But you set at the phone where sometimes sixty long distant calls an hour, day and night, and at the door where this, that, and (Oh, my.), it won't take it long till things will change.

But, friend, I say this with her: we're only sorry that we haven't got a thousand lives to give for Him Who gave His life for us. That's right. The public, sometime . . . You have your individual case to deal with, but when this case, in the spirit line, you've got the—literally millions pulling to you. See there? And there . . . It's more than what people think it is.

¹⁵ I had prayed so earnestly, reading in my Bible one day, after I come back from overseas. My first wife died many years ago. We lived together three years. Two little children was born in our family. One

of them remains: is at the back of the building now, our little boy. The little girl died with the mother.

I was single for several years: her begging me at her death, “never to live single, but to get some good Christian girl who would take care of the children,” not knowing that the baby’d be buried in her arms; but it died immediately after her—few hours. Which was perfectly healthy at the time of her going. . . I lived single for several years. Then my little boy entered school, I—I got married again.

¹⁶ And we lived together four years and God gave back another little lump of sugar. . . My little girl, little Sharon that was taken from me, He gave me a—a little Rebekah. And I love her with all my heart and I feel that God sent her. She’s a very living image of the other little girl. And then, seemed like she was going to have no more children. Four more years have passed. And when I come back from overseas, I was reading in Cleveland, Ohio, or not Cleveland, but I believe it was Minneapolis, taking the Old Testament, a subject to read. And I was reading of Joseph. And he just outstands to me, Joseph does, of all the patriarchs. And I got down on my knees, and I asked our Lord if He would give us another child: possible, give us a little boy. And I would name him Joseph, if He would give me another little boy.

Immediately, after that, about a month or so, I knew my wife was to be mother. I looked forward for the coming of a little boy: Joseph. And when he was born, or to be born, I said, here at the tabernacle. . . You all sent so many nice presents and things which will always be remembered in our hearts. And I’m sure the heavenly Father has a record of everything up there. And I pray that He’ll bless you.

¹⁷ And I wanted to go home to go to meet the child, to see what would happen. I wanted him to take my place. I wanted someone to take my place, that I would know that the mantle would be on my children, if it could. And it’s always been a little place out there, if I could just press over. . . I see things in part, but I. . . It just seems like I’m just living a little tributary to a great lake just beyond. And I always thought if I could just get past that one place, oh, my. . . And maybe I. . . My background’s being so sinful, as I explained, that my people were all sinners before me, and I was raised in a sinful home. And then, trying to keep myself from sin at that time, as much as I knew how, I thought maybe God would let my children come into the blessing, the full blessing. And maybe my little boy would fully be a prophet sent from God; I pray to that.

When I went to meet the little baby, as a nurse from Mayos’ had been healed of a cancer a few years ago, given up to die, she was our nurse. When the—the baby was brought and—or come to meet

it, instead of the Spirit falling to the baby, it fell back this a way again. And I—I believe it's just ahead of me. I— what I've ask for is, I believe that God has it just ahead. I believe I'll live to see it. And that's what I pray for.

18 My little boy which is with us now, soon be sixteen years old, he was . . . He seemed to be a good boy. He minded me, and was very lovely little fellow. But I talked to him about being baptized and making his public confession of Christ. He lived good and everything, the little fellow. But about a week after that, I walked into the house, and he come without me asking him anything, said, "Daddy, I want to be a Christian; I want to serve the Lord." My Joseph was right with me when—and I didn't know it. The little baby that I thought would be Joseph is a little girl and I called her "Sarah." I'm thankful for her. I love her with all my heart.

I had a boy and a girl; either which way it went would be all right. But I so wanted a—a—a boy. As far as so I—he could be a minister of the Gospel. And I believe that God is calling my little boy back there, going be minister of the Gospel. I . . . Thank you. Thank you. Seeing the wisdom of God, now, I more understand. If you ask God, God will give you the desire of your heart. I don't believe if the little baby would've been born to have come up to the age to be a minister, Jesus will be here before that time, I believe. And God just throwed it over on my little boy back there and that—and we thank you for your kindness and God bless you.

19 Last time . . . Now, I've taken about fifteen minutes, or twenty, there, in explaining those things, so I'll try to get out real quick now, in the next hour. As I've told you before, and many of you people now . . . As a preacher, I am not. I—I just . . . Oh, I don't know . . . I used to think that . . . When I was first ordained in the Baptist Church, oh, I'd carry the Bible down the street, and they call me, "Reverend." My, I was a big fellow. When I got to meet some real right down preachers, I—I kinda decided I wasn't.

You know I told you about riding the horse, you remember the last time? I believe I was here about . . . I thought I was a cowboy at one time, when I'd put cockleburs under our old tired horse and get up on him and he would—on the saddle, you know, and he'd just bawl a few times. And I thought I was a real rider. My father was, but I was—wasn't my—wasn't he.

So then, I went to Arizona one time and I seen them really ride in one of those rodeos. And I went out to be a rider too like my dad, but when I seen them riding them outlaws, I—I knew I wasn't no cowboy by a long ways. So . . . I thought I was a preacher when I first ordained,

but when I got around where some preachers could really preach, I quit saying I was anything about a preacher, because it was another case of maybe “the cockleburs under the saddle.” So . . . But what I do know of it, I like to tell it to someone else. That’s right.

²⁰ Sometimes, in the meeting this way, just to have . . . ? . . . relax myself and speak to then, oh, I take a little old text somewhere in the Bible and speak on it a little bit. And I was going, ask Brother Kopp a while ago, what was that I spoke on the last time I was here. And I think he said it was a—it was, “Four Ways of Seeing God: God in His creation, and in His Son, and so forth like that.”

And so now, this afternoon, I want to—to read some Scripture. And probably some of you has been here; I’ve read this before. I was going to speak on, “Come and See a Man.” The woman at the well, she said, “Come, see a Man that told me all things.” Kind of lengthy, so I’m going over to the resurrection of Lazarus here, if the Lord willing, at the eleventh chapter of Saint John, in the Gospel. If you’ll listen closely now while we read, and go right straight into the service. And you pray for me, will you? all of you? And tonight, come out believing there’s going to be a great outpouring tonight. I want to see the time in this meeting that there will not be one wheelchair, or blind person, or anything left that isn’t healed, that . . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

²¹ Meetings that’s going on around the city: Brother Freeman, and—and the other brethren and sisters who’s holding . . . And I pray, out of this meeting . . . Some colored Brother came, said, “Brother Branham, pray that God will send me into the harvest.” Another minister come, “Pray that God will send me . . .” Go, brethren, God bless you. Just go right on out. They’re just everywhere. Dash out. There’s a many, many peoples in need.

And now last night, there’s been three or four wheelchairs been made empty now. And we pray that God will heal every one of them and make them well.

²² Eleventh chapter of Saint John, listen closely now, beginning about the eighteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of Saint John. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing of the Word. Is that right? Read the Word. Now, you can mark it if you’d like to refer back to this Scripture. And I’ll try my best, watching the clock, to be out within forty minutes or forty-five, fifty minutes, somewhere along there if possible. Now, the eighteenth verse, we—we begin reading.

Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off:

And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.

When Martha, as soon as she had heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary set still in the house.

Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask . . . God, God will give it thee. (I like that, don't you? "Even now, whatever You ask God, God will do it. No matter what's happened, what You ask God now, God will do it.")

Jesus said unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. (When that kind of faith comes, something has to happen.)

Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which . . . come into the world.

²³ Let's bow our heads just a moment. Our heavenly Father, many years has passed since these words were first written, since this scene took place down there in a lonely little graveyard, where two brokenhearted sisters and loved ones weeping. But way down beyond the tears, there was an expression in their heart to believe that God's Prophet stood on the earth, the Son of God, and was able to deliver to them the desire of their heart.

And we, this afternoon, after many years, and these things are written that we might understand, we too believe that God will withhold no good thing from them that walk upright before Him. He'll give us the desire of our heart. And You know my desire this afternoon. You know the desire on every heart in this building this afternoon.

And Father, while we're here in this healing campaign, if it should be called such, we pray, God, that in this hour while I'm to speak on faith, I pray that faith will move over this audience and there'll be such a great response to it, that the cripples will just get right up out of their chairs and walk out; the blinds will throw down their canes and raise up and receive their sight; cancers will vanish; and sin will fly from the sinners; backsliders will rush to the altar. Grant it, Lord. And may there be such a great hour now, like we've never seen before. Grant it, Father, because we ask this for Your glory, in the Name of Your beloved Child Jesus Christ. Amen.

²⁴ Our setting of the scene for this little text, if I would say it'd would be, "Believe This . . . Believest Thou This?" for this afternoon.

Now, I just . . . Will you give me your undivided attention just for a few moments, and pray for me?

Now, during the time of our Master's life, this had come to the place to where He had become very popular. When He was first here, in His first claims, He was not very popular. But when they begin to see the physical results of His ministry, then they were willing to—to admit that there was something about Him, especially the common people, they heard Him gladly. They still hear Him gladly.

²⁵ I've never desired to be rich. I've . . . I—I believe Solomon, I believe, had the most level prayer to God that I ever heard. He prayed that God wouldn't make him so rich that he would forget God, and yet, not to make him so poor that he would have to steal. So just the comforts of life is what we desire. Is that right? And that's about where the most of us stand, I guess, and very fortunate and thankful to have that.

Jesus dwelt amongst the poor and the humble. If you'll notice Him in calling His ministry, He—He never—He never called the—the rich; He—He called the poor. When He was born, why, they never—the angels never went down and sang in the temple, about—to Caiphasis and the high priest and those, and told them about, "There's born tonight, in the city of David, Christ the Saviour." But there, the angels came down and give this salutation, or the visitation, rather, to the shepherds and peasants, the poor people.

²⁶ When He called His disciples, He never went and got the educated priest out of the seminaries. He went down on the river and got fishermen, peasants, poor people that they would have nothing. That the—the world could say, "Why, yes, they become great men because they had a great background. They had this . . ." They had no backgrounds at all, and He just picked them up like jewels out of the dirt and made their names immortal among men today: Peter, James, John, and so forth, fishermen of lowly peasant-type people.

And I'm so glad that God still deals with poor people and common people, for we don't have much of this world's goods. We don't desire this world's goods. If there's anything that we ought to—not to desire is too much of these things: just enough to live by, that's all.

²⁷ If I'd probably taken the money that had been offered me, I'd be an independent rich man. But today, as far as I know, I own this old backslidden Chevrolet truck, out here, about six years old, and a Pontiac about three years old, that I take my wife along in when I take her. And the clothes that we have on and what we have at home, that's all we own (That's right.), everything that we have. But I'd rather

live like that and have favor with God, than have the best movie star home there is setting on Hollywood hill over here. That's right. That's right. I'd rather feel in my heart the Presence of Christ that I feel now, than to have the riches of this world. That's right. I love Him and He's Wonderful.

²⁸ And He came to this world as my example. And He came as your example to be—to just be content with such as we have.

And when He was borned in the world, He had a—a hard start. When He was born, He was borned in a manger in a barn. Could you imagine a birth of that type? No lower birth could be, I don't expect, than to be born in a manger. And before He even got here, it was tacked onto Him of being a illegitimate child, that He was absolutely a—an illegitimate child; that Joseph was his father and he was going to be born out of holy wedlock, and that was not nothing but just Joseph's boy.

Now, that . . . And you know, that old curse hasn't left today. Many people actually believe that.

²⁹ Why, here not long ago, I was up in the mountains where I go for a little retreat to rest and hunt. And I was up there, and there's a—a man, a cowboy riding along with me, the rancher. And I'd met him, and he said . . . I was hunting, and he said, "Well, get on my horse here, ride along."

He said, "Where you from?"

And I said, "Indiana." That's been a few years ago.

And he said, "What do you do for a living?"

I said, "I'm a game warden."

He said, "Well, they're not welcome in this country."

I said, "Well, I'm here . . . I . . ." And he said . . . I said, "That's what I do as—to make a living," but I said, "otherwise, I'm a preacher."

He looked and said, "A what?"

And I said, "A preacher."

Said, "You look too intelligent for that."

And I said . . . I said, "Well, . . ." I said, "I tell you . . ." I said, "I—I—I think that's a mark of intelligence."

And so he said . . . "Oh," he said, "you don't believe that story, do you?"

I said, "Yes, sir. I believe it with all of my heart."

He said, "Do you really believe that He was—the virgin birth, as it was said?"

I said, "Yes, sir, I really believe it."

³⁰ Well, we went arguing along about it for a long time, and he—he said, "Why, that couldn't be so, preacher." He said, "That's against all scientific. . . It's against. . . All science." says, "it can't be so." Said, "Trees has to be—have pollen, one to another." Said, "They have to actual be a—a literally a father and mother before a baby could be born."

And I said, "Do you believe that there's a God?"

He said, "Certainly not."

And I said, "Oh. . ."

He said, "That's a Santa Claus story."

And I said, "Oh, you think so, do you?"

And he said, "Yes, sir."

And I said, "Well, every man. . ." I said, "Good thing this is America: we all have our own ideas," but I said, "for me He's more than life."

And he—he just got right back at me, fiery, you know. He said, "You know now, right down to the bottom of your heart, that's just because you read it in the Bible."

I said, "No, sir. That's one reason. But the next reason, the reason I know He is: He lives in my heart." I said, "I know that He is."

He said, "Could—could you—could you prove that He lives?"

I said, "Yes, sir." I said, "Go back over my life and see what I was, and what I am now," and I said, "There proves that something has happened."

He said, "Well, it's against. . ."

Said. . . I said, "You will admit that that woman, that He had an earthly mother, as the Bible said?"

Said, "Oh, yes. He had a earthly mother."

"But it's impossible now, for a child to be born with a heavenly father, a Spirit, without being a natural man."

Said, "Yes, that's right."

I said, "Well, I want to ask you something. If that's. . . If He. . . If you'll admit He had a mother, and He couldn't have a—a supernatural being for a father, then how did the first man get here without father or mother? How'd he ever get. . . Let him be monkey, tadpole, whatever you want to call him, how did he get here? He had to have a pappy and mammy from somewhere. Isn't that right? He had to have. . ."

He walked on—went on a little farther, riding along. And after while, I said, “Can you answer me where the first man come from?”

³¹ He walked—rode on a little piece, and after while he pulled his big hat down over his eyes. I didn’t know what he was doing. I looked. He looked sideways and was looking towards them snow-peaked mountains. We were up there hunting; the tears was dropping off his cheeks. He looked right at me, and said, “I lift up my head unto the hills, from whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord.” He rode back there with his horse and put his arms around me, said, “Preacher, I got respects for you.” Amen. He said, “There’s been a lot of preachers up here that come and tell me. . . .” Said, “I wanted to find one man that really believed it was so.”

I said, “I believe it with all my heart.”

We go up there hunting and we sleep out on the snow. And at nighttime, after the day is over, we’ve been different places, coming in. . . . And he. . . . I usually go up in June, sometime (I won’t this year.) and salting the cattle. When the rounds—they’re putting out the salt and things, I ride right with them. Then when we all round through the daytime, then at night he pulls his camp bag right up next to me. And everybody gets asleep, and he reached over and got my hand; he said, “Parson,” said, “Isn’t He wonderful?” Amen. Oh, hallelujah. Yes, sir, brother. He’s still the Lord Jesus. . . .

³² You know, springtime here in California now. I’m amazed of a morning to hear those birds and doves out there, how they’re mating and fixing their nests. And I just think that bird could lay a whole nest full of eggs. And no matter how much she would hover them eggs and try to keep them warm, if she hasn’t been with the male bird, they’ll never hatch; they’ll lay right there and rot in the nest. Isn’t that right? And friends, that’s. . . . We know that the germ of life comes from the male sex. You’re your mother’s flesh, but your father’s blood: life comes from the male sex. A hen can lay an egg, or a bird, and it won’t hatch.

I think that’s just about what that I said, a lot of times, the matter with our churches today: like a—an old nest full of rotten eggs that ain’t never been with Jesus Christ. And that’s the reason they just got it reading, writing, and ‘rithmetic, don’t know nothing about Jesus Christ. Might as well dump the nest out and start over again. Don’t you think so? Time to get an old fashioned Holy Ghost church: somebody that’s been in contact with God; got a borned again experience, till they can stand for what they know that’s right. That’s right.

³³ Said, a while ago, some of them said something about Peter on the day of Pentecost. Well, listen. I’ve been along these Holy Ghost meetings now for some five years. And Peter said on the day of

Pentecost, “This is that.” And if this ain’t that, I’m going to keep this till that comes. I’ll tell you that. You can criticize it, say what you want to, but I believe it’s the real old fashion baptism of the Holy Ghost just exactly like it was on the day of Pentecost. Amen.

³⁴ Oh my, I can see our Master when He come with that blackness behind Him and saying: that He was an illegitimate child. But God sent a warning always before the coming. He sent a man by the name of—of John the Baptist. He was a great forerunner of Jesus. God always sends a forerunning before some great event. Whenever you see angels will come to the earth. . . For instance, maybe the Angel that deals with God’s humble servant here. That’s a minor, no doubt, Angel of healing, or something. Or the Spirit of some great something that’s—that’s here, one of God’s attributes. I do not know Who He is.

But when you hear of Gabriel coming to the earth, something’s going to happen then. Gabriel announced the first coming of Jesus, and He will announce the second coming of Jesus. Gabriel, the great Archangel Who stands in the Presence of His Majesty. . . How marvelous.

³⁵ Now, I could think of when Zacharias. . . God setting Hissself in order, getting His church ready. . . Zacharias, the great high priest—or great priest, rather, he was to burn incense. He had a home that was consecrated to God.

God give us some more homes like that. Yes, sir. They believe God and waited on God. And Elisabeth, his wife, was barren. She was way past the age now, and she was barren. And down—had pray for years for God to give them children, but seemingly, He had not done it.

Sometimes God holds off to the very last moment, just to see what you will do about it. Oh, my. I feel kindly religious right now. I—I really do, when I think of His goodness, how that many times that He holds it right off to the last moment to see what you’ll do about it.

³⁶ Down in Babylon, if I can you jump back for a minute. . . Thinking down there, that how that the Hebrew children, He let them get right up to step off into the fiery furnace before He ever showed a hand. Is that right? Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, there they was. They had purposed in their heart that they wouldn’t bow down to the king’s image. And He let them come right up to the last moment.

Let’s just look at that just for a moment. It’s a little off the lesson, but let’s look: God waiting to the last moment. No doubt, brother, you’ve been in that chair a long time, but God may be waiting till the last moment, see what you’re going to do about it. Maybe you setting there too, sister, it may be just waiting till the last moment. Maybe this is it.

³⁷ I can see Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego say, “You can burn us. You can do what you want to, but we’re going to hold fast to that what’s right.

And you today, you can make fun of me, call me holy roller, whatever you want to, but I’ll hold to God’s unchanging hand. If He could bring one from a wheelchair, if He can bring the Congressman of the United States, from a cripple from sixty-six years, to a perfect, well man, He can do me the same way. Though it linger, yet will it speak. The vision will speak; it has to. “He that readeth, let him run.”

³⁸ Notice, then when it come down to that great hour, I can see king Nebuchadnezzar (representing the world) saying, “Well, all right, we’ll just burn some of that religion out of them.” You know, that he may not be called Nebuchadnezzar today, but he’s still in the earth, his influence, the laugh, “Burn it out.” Mockery. . . And said, “We’ll just take some of that religion out of them. We’ll heat the furnace seven times hotter than it ever was het.”

And I can see Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in a prayer meeting, knowing God was able. There they go on the death march. The next day the king sets up and says, “Now we’ll see what takes place. When we put the heat on them, they’ll deny it then, like the rest of them.” And don’t you think the devil ain’t here to put the heat on you when you claim your healing, or salvation, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost? He’ll throw the heat to you. Yes, he will.

³⁹ Then when they got at that great hour, walking up the gangplank, as it was, to drop off into this furnace, seven times hotter than it ever was het. . . Notice, I hear Shadrach say, “Meshach, you’re sure you prayed through?” Oh, my. You better know it.

He say, “Yes, I prayed through.” Take a hold of hands then. Here they go walking on up, up to the very next to the last step.

Men begin to get fainty from that hot heat coming out of there, the intense heat of the foundry. Or push them on up into there, or this furnace, rather, with these spears. . . Looks like God has just forsaken and turned His back upon His people, no answer to prayer, no nothing. Fainty, sickly, staggering right on up, going into the furnace standing firm on their conviction: “God is able to deliver us from this fiery furnace, but nevertheless. . .” Going right on, and the heat’s on. Amen.

⁴⁰ That’s the way it was, Congressman. You said, “Don’t give up.” All right, stay right there. “God is able to deliver us from this fiery furnace.” Just a few more steps, I can see Shadrach look at—at Abednego, to see the last time before they step into the furnace. Looks like pretty dark, doesn’t it, the picture I’m painting?

Let's turn our camera now. Amen. All the time there's something going on down here, there's something going on up there at the same time. Amen. We only look to the earthly side. But let's look up there. My, I can see Him setting there in His majesty (Oh, my.), His kingly, priestly garments hanging around Him, setting there. I can see a great Angel coming up. You believe God's got angels in heaven? They're at His command. Is that right?

⁴¹ I can see one of them come up; he's called Wormwood. He's the angel over all the waters. I can see him rustle up, quick up beside of the throne and say, "Master, have You looked down, down there? Why, they're fixing to burn up three faithful believers."

I can hear the Master say, "Yes, Wormwood, I've watched them all night long." Brother, His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me. I know He sees everything that's going on right here now. He knows. Not even a sparrow could fall in the streets.

I hear Wormwood say, "Back in the antediluvian destruction, You give me the authority and I broke up all the fountains." You know Wormwood in—up there has control of the waters. He said, "I've washed the whole thing off. Let me go down this morning and I'll wash Babylon off the face of the earth." I believe he could've done it.

You say, "Well, I tell you . . . You can . . ."

"I can't let you go."

⁴² Here comes another Angel. Who's he? Let's see, maybe he's Michael. Let's think he's Michael, the great Angel that stands in the Presence of God. I can see him draw his sword and say, "Master, look down there. One more step and death's right before them! Have You considered them?"

"Yes."

"Let me go down there; we'll see who's boss when we get down there." I believe He could've done it, don't you?

I can hear Him say, "Michael, you have obeyed Me since the day that I created you, but I can't let you go because I'm going Myself. This is a Man-size job." My, my. I can see Him rise up from His seat; His robes drop 'round Him; walk out there and say . . . Way back over there in the north, I can see a great big white thunderhead; I can hear Him say, "Come here." Amen. Everything in the heaven obeys Him, but man thinks he knows more than He does (You see?), so he can't obey Him.

⁴³ I can see Him say, "Come here, East wind, North, South, and West. Get under this thunderhead; I'm going to drive you like horses this morning." He'd takes that big thunderhead, step out on it like a chariot, reach up and get a hold of a zigzag lightnings out of the skies and crack

it across the sky. King Nebuchadnezzar could hear it down on the earth down there. And about that time He passed by the sea of life and picked off a palm. When they made their last step into the fiery furnace there was One like the Son of God, standing there fanning away the—all the breezes like that; talking over the future for them. I tell you; He's God today. He knows all things.

⁴⁴ He has angels in charge. When He knew His Son was coming to the earth, He said, "Now look, there's a good man down there by the name of Zacharias. I want you to go down and stand by him, and I want you to speak to him." And I can see Zacharias go in now. He's down at—at the temple, and he's making his wave here before the altar, burning incense. The people in the congregation was praying. And as he turned, there stood Gabriel (Oh, my.) standing by his side, said, "Zacharias, fear not!" Hallelujah. That's the Word: "Fear not."

You got faith in God, stand pat, God will do it. Now, I'm not excited, I just feel a little good. See? Notice, I get a little noisy, but I don't mean nothing by it. If you felt like I did, you'd be noisy too maybe.

Look. All right. I can prove anything without emotion is dead. So your religion hasn't got any emotion about it, bury it somewhere and get one that's got some life in it. Amen. That's right.

⁴⁵ Now, notice. I can hear him say now, ". . .? . . . when you go home after the days, your—this administration here, you're going home, and your wife is going to bring a child, and you will call his name John. Now notice, that man who had read the Bible over and over, prayed and so forth for God to give him children . . . "How could these things be?"

And he said, "Because you have doubted my word . . . I'm Gabriel. My words will be fulfilled in their season." Hallelujah. Oh, when He speaks it . . . When He sends an ordained angel out of heaven, it has to come to pass. Amen.

Said, "I'm Gabriel. And because you've doubted my word, you will be dumb till the day the baby's born. My word will be fulfilled anyhow." Amen.

All right. And when he come out and beckoned to the people, he went home after the days of the ministration, and his wife conceived. Now look, he ought to have believed it: there was Sarah and Hannah and many examples in the Bible that showed it had been before, but he doubted it in his individual case.

⁴⁶ Now, to you people here in a wheelchair, if those people here last night walked from a wheelchair; if this man from a crippled bed, and so forth for all those years, it's so in your case. Amen.

All right. Notice, there he was. He went home. And after the days his wife conceived. And at the point she was about six months, along something like that, then God sent Gabriel back again. Amen. Here he come. I see a little old girl living down there in Nazareth, just the—out of a poor humble family (And her name was Mary.), about eighteen years old, engaged to a man that had been married before, had some children.

And here they come along. She's walking. Maybe it's wash day. She's got the water on her head. Maybe it's Oriental type packing water from the well. And all at once a big bright light flashed before her. And there in the bright light stood Gabriel, the Angel of God. Said, "Hail, Mary. Blessed art thou among women. You've found favor with God. And you're going to have a child, knowing no man. And He'll be called the Son of God."

⁴⁷ Look, the priest doubted Gabriel's word. But Mary . . . And he had something to believe that'd happened before that time; but Mary didn't have nothing; never a baby had been born without being, well, like man and wife. But she was going to have a baby by the Holy Spirit. And instead of doubting him, she said, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to Thy Word." Hallelujah. Oh, that's what we need is some more Marys. Take God at His Word.

She didn't wait till she felt life; she started right then testifying she was going to have a baby. Hallelujah. As soon as God's Word sinks in your heart, get up and give a testimony, and . . . "Hallelujah." That's it. When God takes the Holy Spirit and brings that Word to you and makes It alive to you, a reality that your faith, stand up and claim it. You don't have to feel nothing, see nothing, or nothing; you have to believe something. Amen. I'm not amening myself, but it means "so be it."

⁴⁸ All right. Watch this. There He is. She said, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to Thy word." She took Him at his Word and begin to rejoice. She had to testify about it. And as soon as real genuine Christian faith anchors in a person's heart, let them be bound in a wheelchair, blind, whatever it is, they'll tell it. That's right: "I'm healed."

"How do you know you are?"

"Jesus said so and I believe it." There you are. Yes.

Oh, I like to throw that in the devil's face. When he stood there at Mayos' . . . The Mayos', them group of doctors around me said, "Reverend Branham, you're finished."

Jesus said, "I'll heal you." Hallelujah. I took Him at His Word. Yes. He hates me; I know he does. But Christ loves me, 'cause He redeemed

me. All right. Yes, I like to push it back at him every time I get a chance. He said, “You don’t feel any better than you ever felt. When I come out come out of there, I said, “Old boy, if you want to hear me praise God, stick around. You’ll hear me.” Yes, sir. I mean to praise Him till death shall set me free. Yes, sir. Let it be little, big, wherever it is, He’s worthy of all praise and glory.

⁴⁹ Oh, my. There He was. Took Him at His Word. She started telling people about it. She heard. . . The angel told her about her cousin. Mary and Elisabeth were cousins. And so she went up out of—to Judaeon to her cousin Elisabeth, to tell her the great news and to appreciate the angel’s visit to Zacharias. She said, “Now, it’s six months with one who was called barren.”

So I can see Mary going along the road, just full of happiness (No sign of life nowhere, nothing at all.). She had the promise. That’s all she needed. Glory. Said, “Oh. . .” I wish you could see it. The promise is all you need.

⁵⁰ When I spoke to a Baptist bishop, overseer, general overseer of the conference, he said, “Reverend Branham, aren’t you ashamed to make such statements as that?”

I said, “No, sir.”

“You think that you. . .”

I said, “I can, for Christ promised it.” Hallelujah. It’s mine, I believe in it. Christ died that I could have that privilege. And today I stand still on it. Hallelujah. Yes, sir. Mine because He gave it to me. He died and He sent the Holy Ghost to persuade me to take it. And it’s mine and it’s yours. Every redemptive blessing of the Bible belongs to you. Hallelujah.

⁵¹ All right. I see her go up there now, and Elisabeth, her cousin sees her coming. She’s so happy along. And here comes Elisabeth out to meet her. Oh, my. She puts her arms around her, and hugs her, and says, “Oh, I’m so happy. . .” and so forth, like that.

They had love for one another in them days. We lost that now. That’s right. There’s no more love among people hardly, ’less it’s the saints of God. Why, used to be down on the farm, down there, if we run out of money, we could go over to the neighbor and borrow fifty dollars, maybe, till we harvest. . . [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] Hallelujah.

⁵² The Bible said, “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He was a man. When He come down off the mountain that night, hungry, and He was looking for some to eat around a fig tree.

He was a man when He was hungry. But when He took five biscuits and fed five thousand, He was God. Hallelujah. That's right.

He was a man when He was laying there on the back of that boat that night, so tired from healing the sick and the virtue going out of Him, till He was so sleepy till the waves didn't wake Him up. The sea, angry, ten thousands devils swore they would drown Him that night. He was a man when that little old boat, like a bottle stopper jumped about on the sea. He was a man when He was laying there asleep. But when He rose, put His foot on the brail of the boat, said, "Peace, be still." He was more than a man when He stopped the roaring seas and parted the waves. God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself. He was the Divine Son of God. Hallelujah. He was a man when He cried for mercy at the cross. That's right. He died like a man, crying for mercy, the cross, but when He rose on Easter morning, He proved He was God. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁵³ Every poet that's ever amounted to anything, any man that ever amounted to a hill of beans, believed in Him, had faith in Him as being Divine. One said,

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

What do you think about Him, Eddie Perronet? When he was there in prison they were making fun of him, he wrote with a pen when the Holy Ghost touched him. He said,

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

Blind Fanny Crosby, what do you think about Him? She said,

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?"

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

⁵⁴ Hallelujah. The Bible said, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] Believeest thou this? He's

Divine. Believest thou this? He's the Son of God. Believest thou this? He's here now. Believest thou this? He's the One that's made Lazarus come from the grave. He's the same great Jehovah God. Let's stand and accept Him.

O, Almighty God, send Your mercies, Lord. We believe You with all of our heart. O Master of life, pour upon this congregation now forgiveness us of sin. Heal all the sick and the afflicted. Get glory out of this service, Father. Grant it, Lord.

He's here now to save. Believest thou this? This is Him now that's moving on your heart. Believest thou this? He sent me here to pray for you. Believest thou this? An Angel met me not long ago, said if I'd be sincere when I prayed, nothing should stand before the prayer. Believest thou this? Do you believe it? Accept Him right now as your Healer. Stand up on your feet and be made well.

Every person that's in Your Divine presence...
Hallelujah...?...



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